



# The NEW BERN MIRROR

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Newsmen who handle coverage in their area for the larger State dailies make countless long distance calls. In our case, during a span of 30 years, we've found that almost without exception telephone operators are courteous, speedy and efficient.

Occasionally, there have been humorous slips and unexplained crossing of wires. Once, for example, we heard an operator turn to a fellow operator and say, "I just had THAT WOMAN on the line again, and she burped like she always does."

For the heck of it, we interrupted and expressed sympathy. One of the operators—probably the young lady who made the remark—gaped audibly and both of them snickered. If their supervisor was nearby, she may have snickered too.

Then there was the time when this writer was in the midst of dictating an important story to a desk man at the Raleigh News and Observer. All of a sudden, a woman's voice broke in. "Spot has had puppies," she proclaimed excitedly to another woman at the other end of the line."

For several minutes the blessed event was discussed in detail. Although we didn't know Spot, the course of the conversation revealed that there were seven puppies in all—five girls and two boys—and every single one of them looked just like Spot.

The voices finally faded, and we continued dictating our own grim news about an automobile accident that had snuffed out three lives. Not however before the desk man in Raleigh asked, "Who in the hell was that on the line?" To which we replied, "A couple of folks who love Spot."

Back in Coastal Plain League days, when we served as station of the loop, we had a plug-in telephone in the press-box at Kafer Park. It had an unlisted number to keep a constant stream of calls from coming in to ask what the score was at that point in the game. As a courtesy, for emergency reasons, the number was furnished hospitals, physicians and law enforcement personnel.

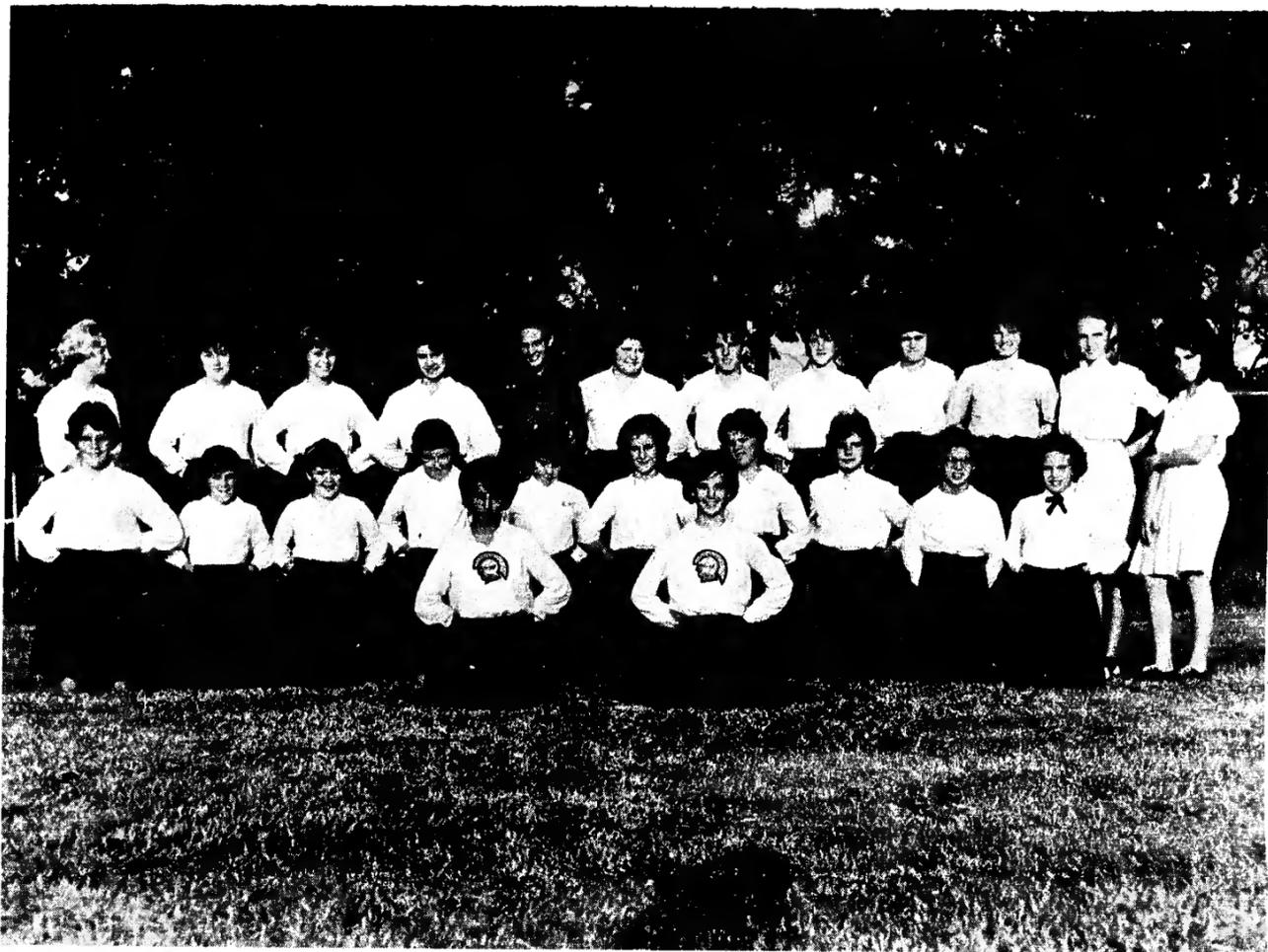
One night the phone rang during a rally by the New Bern Bears in a red hot game with Kinston. Picking up the receiver, we immediately became the target of a torrent of bitter words from a very angry woman.

"I wish you would hand up," she screamed. "Every time I try to use the phone you're always listening in. I can't open my mouth without having you eavesdrop. You make me sick, you old snooper. Just you wait, I'm going to report you to the company."

Very foolishly, we hung on until the woman ran out of breath. By that time the New Bern rally had been nipped in the bud, and the Kinston Eagles went on to win the ball game. As things turned out, a lot of fans at Kafer Park were just as unhappy as the woman who spared no words in giving us down the country for something we weren't guilty of.

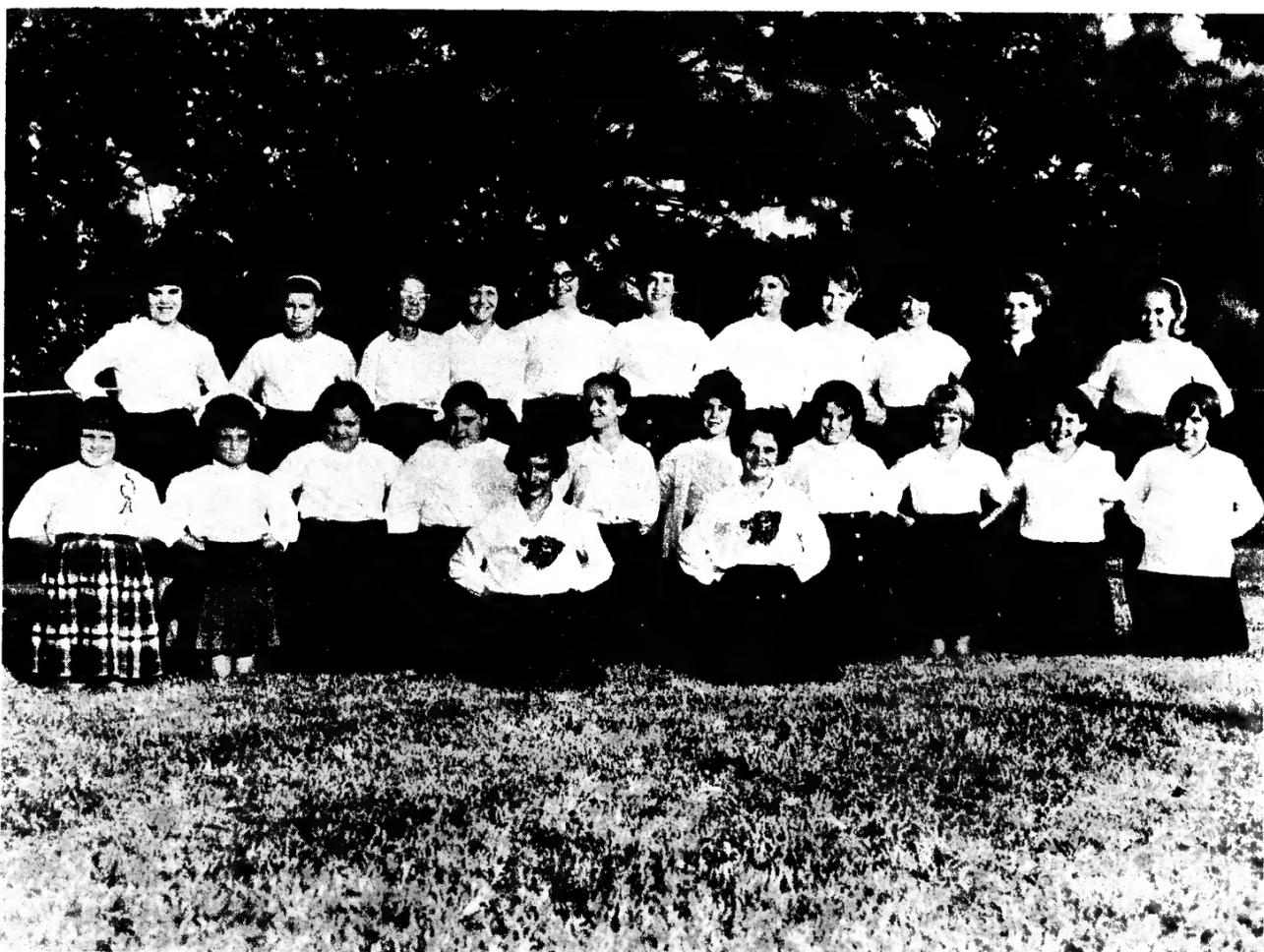
Dr. Charles Allen, the noted Atlanta pastor and author—who conducted a series of services at New Bern's Centenary Meth-

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**SPURRED THEM ON**—Although the spunky Golden Knights weren't fortunate enough to finish in front of the pack in New Bern's Midget Football League, their cheerleaders never let them down. At every game, the feminine rooters shown here lifted their voices loud

and long. Sponsored by the City Recreation Department, the gridiron loop for local small fry gave the kids experience for bigger things to come, and they loved it.—Photo by John R. Baxter.



**DIDN'T STOP ROARING**—It was a disappointing season for the determined but outmanned Lions. You wouldn't have guessed it by listening to the lusty whoops of their loyal cheering section. The tougher the going, the stauncher these young ladies became.

Everybody loves a winner, but — win or lose — you knew for sure that on the sidelines the Lions had moral support. As the New York Yankees are saying, wait 'til next season.—Photo by John R. Baxter.