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On our desk is a copy of a trade paper published by the Pacific Gas and Electric Company at San Francisco. It was sent to us because it contains an article by "another J. G. McDaniel." The other one, a doctor, is president of the Fulton County (Georgia) Medical Association.

The article is actually a speech delivered by the physician. Since it contains more wisdom than you're accustomed to getting from the J. G. McDaniel who edits The Mirror, we're passing it along.

Here is the speech, just as it was delivered:

I remember, as a small boy in knee britches, going with my father to hear an address given by Honorable Stephen Pace, then Congressman from the old Georgia 12th District. It was on the banks of the Ocmulgee River. There was a barbecue, and citizens, especially farmers from all the counties gathered--this was before the first World War.

"It seemed that someone in the Congress had introduced a bill that would give the farmers some money provided they did something. The congressman vigorously opposed it. I have no idea what it was, because I was watching a dirt dobber making a ball of mud. The congressman snapped me back to attention, however, when he said, 'I'm going to tell you a true story about the wild hogs that once lived about forty miles down the river.'"

"Years ago," the congressman said, "in a great horse-shoe bend down the river, there lived a drove of wild hogs. Where they came from no one knew, but they survived floods, fires, freezes, droughts, and hunters. The greatest compliment a man could pay to a dog was to say that he had fought the hogs in Horse-Shoe Bend and returned alive. Occasionally a pig was killed either by dogs or a gun--a conversation piece for years to come."

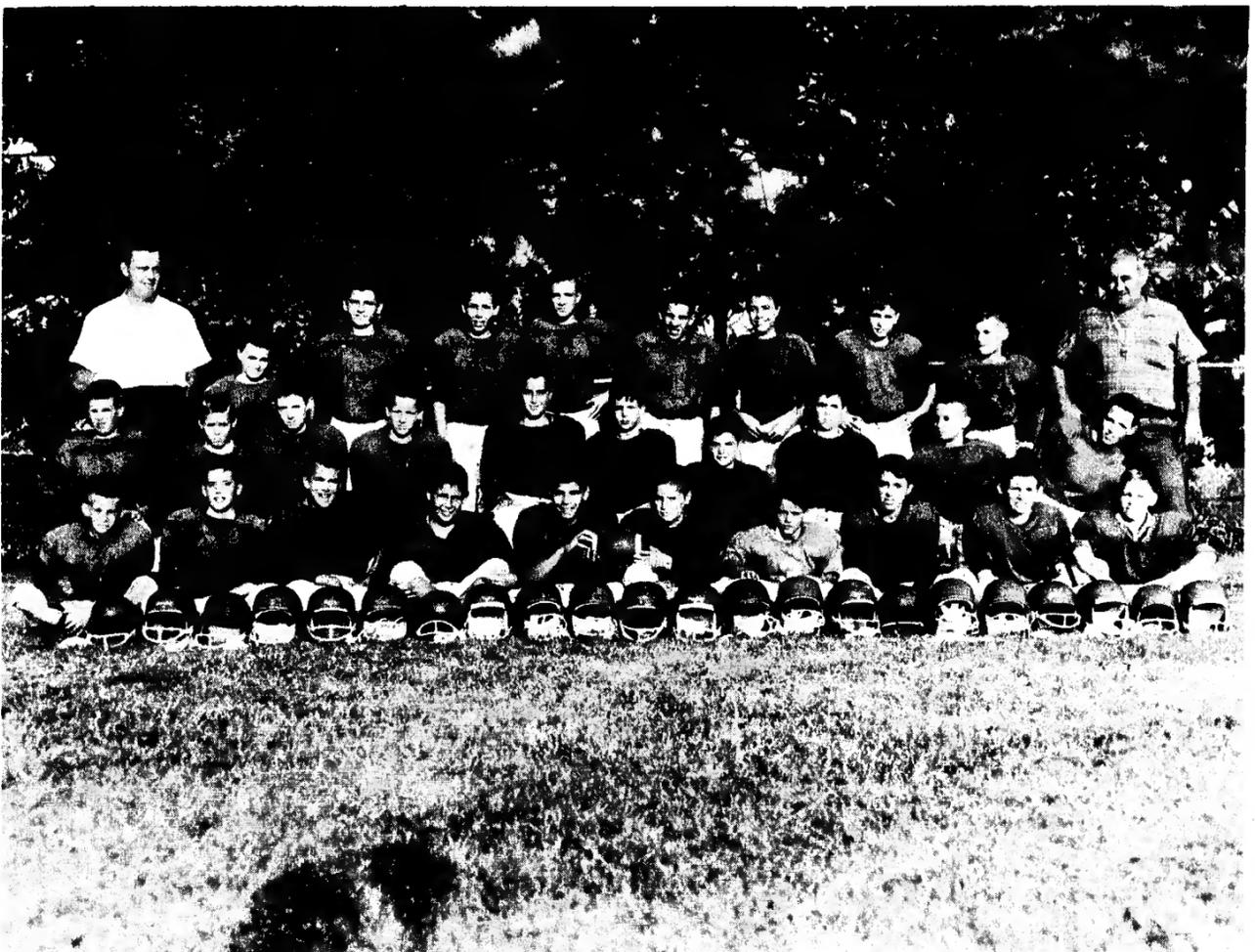
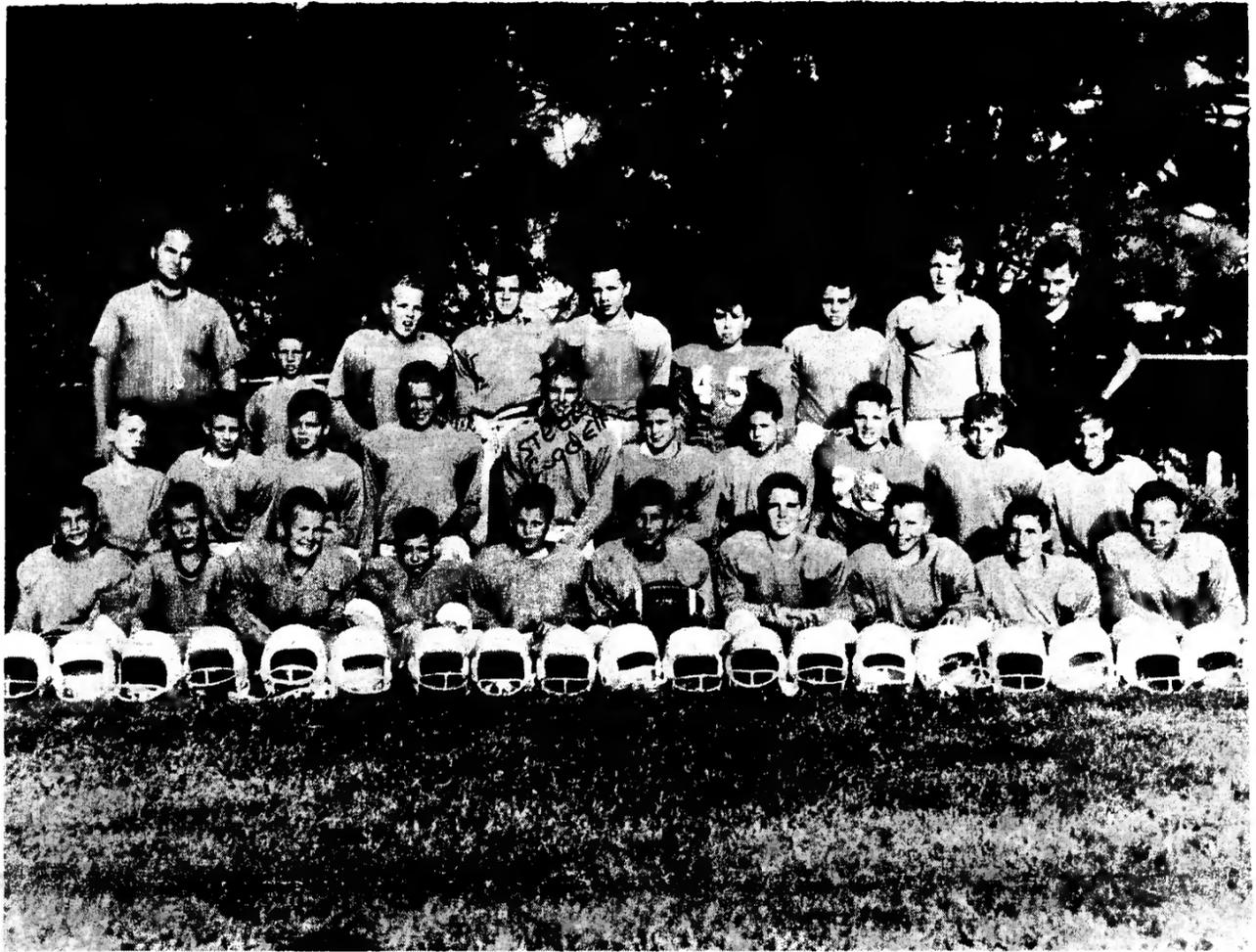
"Finally, a one-gallused man came by the country store on the river road, and asked the whereabouts of these wild hogs. He drove a one-horse wagon, had an axe, some quilts, a lantern, some corn, and a single barrell gun. He was a slender, slow moving patient man--he chewed his tobacco deliberately and spat very seldom."

"Several months later he came back to the same store and asked for help to bring out the wild hogs. Bewildered farmers, dubious hunters and store-keepers all gathered in the heart of Horse-Shoe Bend to view the captive hogs."

"It was all very simple," said the one-gallus man. "First I put out some corn. For three weeks they wouldn't eat it. Then some of the young ones grabbed an ear and ran off into the thicket. Soon they were all eating it, then I commenced building a pen around the corn, a little higher each day."

"When I noticed that they were all waiting for me to bring the corn and had stopped grubbing for acorns and roots, I built the trap door. Naturally, they raised quite a rucuss when they seen they was trapped, but I can pen any animal on the face of the earth if I can just get him to depend on me for a free hand-out."

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THEY WERE DEADLOCKED--The Rams (in light jerseys) and the Bears (in dark jerseys) can blame each other for the lone defeats that robbed them of a perfect season in New Bern's midget football league. Each won a close victory in their two clashes, while registering decisive wins over the loop's remaining foes. Take a good look at these young gridders. Among them are future stars on high school and perhaps college fields of battle. Sponsored by the City Recreation

Department, the midget league was no powder-puff circuit. The campaign produced hard running, hard tackling, and deceptive strategy. Fans, who appreciated the spirited brand of play that characterized every game, needed no coaxing to show up for the contests. Incidentally, the kids were blessed with better equipment than many a local high school team had a generation or two ago.--Photos by John R. Baxter.