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Perhaps you've noticed too that New Bern's most impatient motorists, endangering life and limb as they swerve around corners and weave in and out of traffic lanes, usually aren't going anywhere in particular.

Except for the rare instances involving a glandular condition, folks are fat because they eat a lot. However, everyone who eats a lot isn't necessarily fat. Tall and lanky Bill Bunting, one of our favorite New Bern High school basketball players, eats enormously but puts on little poundage.

It's hard to envy a kid as nice as Bill, so we'll pass him up while casting dirty looks at skinny adults our own age who cram potatoes and pie and remain disgustingly trim. If science ever finds an injection that will duplicate this miracle, we'll welcome the needle.

We won't mention any names, but one of the unusual sights in town last weekend occurred in our own neighborhood. A local youth, home from college, had been delegated the responsibility of raking up all the leaves in his family's rather spacious front and back yards.

When we spied him at work, he was being ably assisted by his girl friend, a New Bern High school student who lives beyond the far side of town. The two of them were happily slaving away. Some day marriage will supplant such doings, and he'll be wondering how he ended up washing the dishes.

Even before the front entrance to the Craven county courthouse was completely bricked up, everybody in these parts invariably used the side door on Broad street. In fact, a lot of you natives may never have stopped to think that the building's front is on Craven street.

Understandingly confused the other day was the nearsighted lady, obviously a visitor in our fair city, who walked up the front steps and tried in vain to locate the door that wasn't there. Blocked by an unyielding brick wall, she shook her head in disbelief and walked back down the steps.

Two dogs fenced in at an intersection in Colonial Heights amuse themselves by racing automobiles that pass the enclosure. On a recent morning, when rain was coming down in what approximated a constant cloudburst, they showed less than no regard for the weather, and continued their antics unabated.

Meanwhile, by far the biggest robin of the season--his paunch was tremendous--strutted about on the lawn next to ours. His disdain for high water convinced us beyond all doubt that he is a Baptist. A Methodist robin would have pushed the panic button at such a time as this.

He resembled nothing so much as a winning politician on election night. Something was missing to make the scene complete, and it suddenly dawned on us that what he lacked was a cigar protruding from the corner of his bill at an arrogant angle.

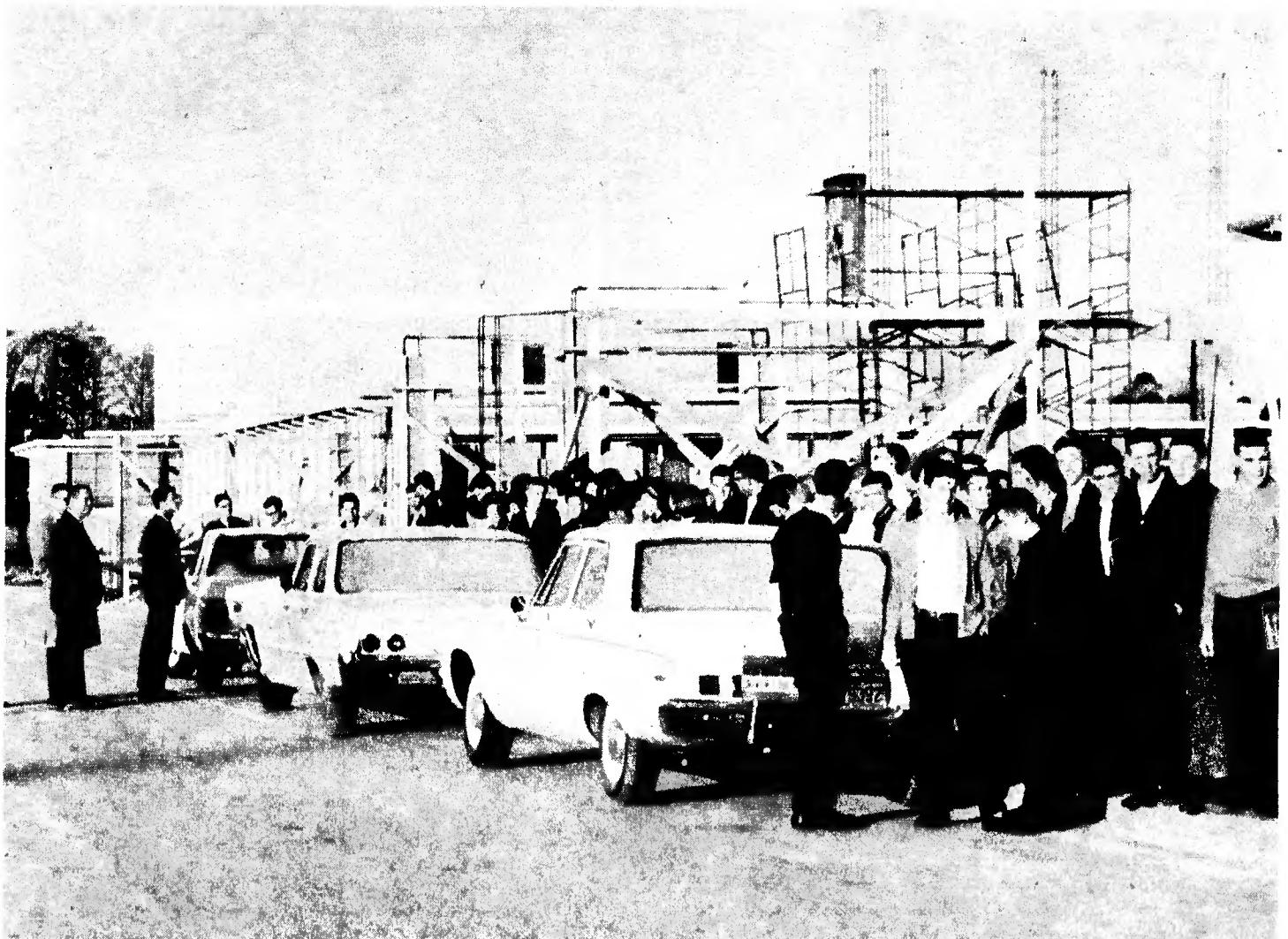
Mentioning cigars brings to mind last Saturday's long-awaited report on cigarettes and lung cancer. Who knows, the adverse findings may send some of our

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POOR SUBSTITUTE—Disappointed when only a few scattered flakes fell on New Bern this week, Mary Frances Register and her brother, Tull Wayne Register, III, had to settle for an imitation snow man. As you can see, the snow man was happy, but the Reg-

ister youngsters couldn't register much joy while accepting the next best thing. Other local kids shared their disgust and dismay, that's for sure.—Photo by Wooten-Moulton.



KEEN INTEREST—One of New Bern High school's most popular and worthwhile undertakings is its driver education program. Gathered here, around the training cars, are some of the teenagers who will make North Carolina highways safer because of adequate in-

struction. In the background is early framework of an addition at New Bern High that will tend to ease crowded conditions at the rapidly expanding school.—Photo by Sarah Green.