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As a rule, mail carriers and dogs don't get along with each other. The scars on many a postman's underpinions are proof of that fact.

Uncle Sam, cognizant of this sad state of affairs, has postal regulations requiring the owner of a vicious canine to call at the nearest postoffice for his mail.

Harold Bryant, who makes deliveries in New Bern's downtown business section, isn't plagued with this sort of animosity. To the contrary, he appeals to pooches, and some of them like to make the rounds with him.

Ann Mumford's dog, Prince, (Ann works for the postmaster and postal inspector) accompanies Bryant so faithfully in fair weather and foul that he deserves to be on the Federal payroll. Prince has a couple of friends, one of them hobbling on three feet the last time we saw him, that report for duty periodically.

It will probably come as a surprise to New Bern's hot rodders, but on this date--back in 1905--a daring gent by the name of A. G. MacDonald drove an automobile 100 miles an hour. Wanting to live to a ripe old age, he didn't do his speeding on a busy highway.

Also on this date, back in 1878, a vessel named the Metropolis wrecked off the North Carolina coast, and 100 persons went to a watery grave. And on this date, in 1953, the Princess Victoria sank in a storm off Northern Ireland, with a death toll of 133.

Thinking in a lighter vein of things oceanic, we are intrigued by the sea gulls that have turned landlubber and circle over the Charburger these days. What are they yearning for--hamburgers, French fries or apple turn-overs? Their favorite roosting place is the lawn at Craven County hospital.

Folks down at Morehead City are less than thrilled over the suggestion that cities in the Piedmont, and further east, ought to send garbage trains to the coast each night, and barge the stuff out into the Atlantic for dumping.

It would be good riddance for communities up yonder, but such a venture could be counted on to increase the rat population at the Carteret town, while giving citizens there a blending of odors worse than fish scrap.

Can't you imagine the situation when storms forced barges to remain in port, and the trains kept right on coming--night after night? Knowing the temperament of our Carteret neighbors--a bunch of rugged individualists--they would figure some way to send the rotting garbage back where it came from, if they had to tote it on their broad, sea-tested shoulders.

New Bernians are still saying highly complimentary things about the Winter Ceremonial parade staged by Sudan Temple. Nicest part of the occasion was the ideal weather. Most of the Shrine parades here, for years on end, have been cursed by rain and cold. No one appreciated the balminess this time more than the flimsily-gowned gals riding on floats and the bare-legged majorettes.

Congratulations to the town of Dunn for the fine publicity it

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A WINTER MORNING—Thirteen year old Bobby Benners, following in his father's photographic footsteps, got up at the bust of dawn to snap this buttermilk sky while fellow New Bernians slept soundly. It is

his first published photo, but it won't be his last. Bobby picked the scene himself. If we're not mistaken, those are sleepy birds at the top of that pole in the left foreground, and note the detail of barren branches.



THEY'RE OLD FRIENDS—C. Ed Hancock, Jr., who introduced Dr. I. Beverly Lake when the gubernatorial candidate spoke Tuesday at New Bern's Junior Chamber of Commerce awards banquet, didn't have to study up on Lake's background. While a law student

at Wake Forest, Ed roomed at his home and gained legal knowledge in his classes. Several other local attorneys were also on hand to greet the erstwhile professor, who has authored several books.—Photo by Billy Benners.