



Through
THE
Looking
Glass

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Since Donald T. Midyette is one of our favorite New Bernians, we are counting on him to forgive us for repeating this story.

Back in the days when the diminutive Oriental native was a student at Atlantic Christian College in Wilson, there was a Clinton youngster enrolled in the same school by the name of Shorty Carter.

As a practical joker, Shorty had few equals, and he would go to great lengths to pull a ridiculous prank. Naturally he got ideas when a traveling patent-medicine peddler set up shop at one of Wilson's corner drug stores, and starting selling Indian herb juice.

Carter purchased a bottle, took it to the campus, and left it on the dresser in his room for a couple of days. Then he went back to the salesman, and proclaimed the wonders that herb juice had done for him. "It cured me of everything", drooled Shorty, "it's marvelous, simply marvelous."

The juice man, anxious to capitalize on this bountiful enthusiasm, asked the student if he would be willing to sign a testimonial for use in the local newspaper. Shorty promptly agreed, but instead of signing his own name he signed Donald's.

Next day the Wilson Times carried a half page ad, proclaiming with bold headlines that a popular Atlantic Christian youth was simply carried away with Indian herb juice.

Underneath, in lurid detail, it told how Don was infested with just about every ailment known to man, and got rid of them all with the very first bottle. The miracle had to be so, because Midyette's name was signed at the bottom.

Don didn't see the ad himself, not right away. A sour-faced biology professor, who maybe could have used some sort of tonic himself, did see the testimonial and called it to Midyette's attention on class. When Donald professed ignorance, the professor gave him a sarcastic going over. Anyone who knows Midyette's mild, peace-loving temperament, can imagine how embarrassed he was.

As soon as he had the chance, he headed for the college library to scrutinize the Wilson Times and see for himself. Somebody had already beaten him to the paper, and had clipped the ad out.

When at last Midyette did lay his hands on a copy of the Times, he well might blow his stack. He hurried to the drug store, but the salesman had left town and nobody knew from nothing.

"Maybe I should have sued somebody," says the local dealer in stocks and bonds, "but I guess it's just as well that I didn't. More than a month later, after I had cooled off, Shorty came to me voluntarily and admitted that he was to blame".

The gag died a very slow death. For at least two years after that, Donald was the target for good natured ribbing by fellow students, and became resigned to the nickname of Herb Juice.

More important than the kidding was the high esteem he was

(Continued On Page 8)



HOME TOWNER—Jo Ann Frank, whose morning show for women viewers on WNBE-TV has a large following, is happy to be back in New Bern among the scenes of her childhood. Poised and relaxed when working in

front of the camera, she is a veteran of all phases of the broadcasting business. Well read, she has many hobbies and can easily converse with guests about a wide variety of subjects.



POINTING IT OUT—New Bern's Harold Spencer is ready to greet our town's early risers each morning with the latest weather data. He has to be wide awake when he indicates highs and lows, storms and cold

fronts on the farm show he appears on with another well known New Bernian, Paul Cox. Like all weathermen, Harold goofs occasionally, but his forecasts are usually as accurate as they are complete.