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A newspaper editor gets called a lot of things if he isn't too timid to speak his piece, and we are no exception. One of the things we've never been called is an authority on etiquette.

Believe it or not, a feminine reader has dropped us a note asking what is good manners when it comes to mailing greetings to someone. Lady, we ain't even mannerly enough to keep our elbows off the table and our spoon out of the coffee cup, but here's what you should oughta do.

When your name is not imprinted or engraved on the greeting card, be sure to sign your complete name. If you and your husband are sending the card jointly, sign it Jane and John Smith or Mr. and Mrs. John Smith. If you have a family you are correct when you add "and family."

If you want to get your money's worth by listing the whole cotton-picking family, DON'T put your name at the top. List your husband first, then your own name, and after that the children according to age. If the card isn't big enough to hold all the names, you can't afford greeting cards anyhow.

Be sure to address the card to both husband and wife, even if you know only one of them. A lot of New Bernians ignore this important rule, but it's an insult when you do it. Of course, if you want to insult either the husband or wife, this is a nice sneaky way to do it.

Never address your envelopes with a typewriter. It may prove to folks that you know how to use one of the things, but to be proper all your addresses should be handwritten. Putting your return address on the envelope looks like you're asking for a greeting or gift in return, but it is etiquette to do so.

Now that we've straightened you out on mailing greetings, do us a favor. Tell us a dainty way to eat crab stew. So far, we haven't been faced with this touchy problem, since all of our friends who eat crab stew are as ill-mannered as they are good company. On second thought, don't bother. Daintiness and crab stew weren't made for each other.

Maybe it's just as well a fellow doesn't realize how bad he is looking, when years start piling up. Judging by what happened one night not long ago, we must look something awful. How else can you figure it?

With Max Powell of WNBE-TV, the Mirror's editor was covering a 3-car accident, after barging out of bed and half-dressing hastily. All vehicles involved were folded up like an old accordion. Needless to say, the occupants had been injured. Mortals and twisted metal took a terrible beating.

While we were checking facts at the scene of the wreck, minutes after the victims were hauled off in ambulances, an old man walked up to the writer. He stood of the shape we were in, and inquired, "Was YOU in one of the cars?"

Seeing as how he had already looked over the three demolished automobiles before taking a squint at us, the question was less than complimentary. In our



WHAT IF IT RAINS—Jane Bloxton, three year old granddaughter of the Theodore Montagues, has a worried expression as she models the glad rags she'll be wearing in New Bern's Easter parade. Everything fits perfectly, including her perky hat and dainty white gloves, but she dreads the possibility of a damp and dreary day. To be completely truthful, Jane does have a parasol to go along with the rest of her finery. Un-

fortunately, it lends itself more to beauty than protection against unfavorable weather. Thousands of New Bern femmes are just as concerned as Jane is. For their sake, and for the sake of an Easter bunny that hates to wade through water, we hope skies will be blue. And may all of you rejoice in Easter's three wonderful words. "He is risen." Yes. He is risen indeed. Photo by Wray Studio.

younger days we used to kid about looking like an accident going somewhere to happen. Believe us, it isn't funny when you find yourself looking like one that's done happened.

It's time for spring house cleaning, and a pretty good time to clean hatred out of your heart. Grudges are mighty inconvenient when the weather is beautiful, and birds are singing and

flowers blooming.

Perhaps it's poetic justice. Anyhow, the first person you're apt to meet, on an otherwise lovely day, is somebody you're mad at. It sort of spoils things

for you, doesn't it?

Forget your grievances. If you can, instead, applaud a mockingbird, pick a flower, pat a dog or smile at a child. You'll have fewer ulcers.