

The NEW BERN

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Mirroring the press... "The condition of a man can best be judged by what he takes two of--stairs or pills."--Berkeley Gazette... "Dancing is wonderful training for girls; it's the way they learn to guess what a man is going to do before he does it."--South California Rancher... "Marriage: Union that defies management."--Washington Star.

If you don't believe us, ask the man who operates Avery Upchurch Esso Service, at 2601 Glenwood Avenue in Raleigh. He didn't believe it either until we furnished proof.

Standing in his drive, we saw a robin walk up as brashly as a politician hungry for votes. Obviously pleased with himself, he looked in the door, saw the station temporarily vacated and strutted right inside.

We told the gent who runs the place what had happened. Dubious, he entered the station through the same front door. When the robin saw him, the bird lost his cockiness and flew out of a side door.

How, we wondered, did the robin know there wasn't a cat around? And what was his intention--shoplifting? Without wings (you wouldn't expect them on a newspaperman) we couldn't overtake him and find out.

Only the real honest folks--or mortals who resent even the slightest intrusion on their privacy--were irritated when they went to register for voting in the Primary (or Primaries) and the November election.

Some of the nicest New Bernians we know didn't want to say whether they are a Democrat or a Republican. The law is aimed, of course, at preventing members of one party from voting in another party's Primary.

There's nothing anyone can do about switching from one party to another in the General Election. An unpredictable number of North Carolinians will do just that in November. Had Charlie Jonas run, we might have ended up with a Republican governor.

Robert L. Gavin will draw support from a lot of Democrats who won't look with favor on their party's choice for the Executive Mansion. Make no mistake about it, ill feeling isn't going to vanish overnight. Even so, it's very doubtful that Gavin has what it takes to pull an upset.

Incidentally, there don't seem to be as many mothers rolling babies on Main Street these days. Perhaps the hazard of having one's offspring kissed by a roving politician is clearing the avenues of infants.

The problem can be solved, and happily for your youngster, by giving the moppet a sticky sucker, or permitting him to decorate his face--and this comes naturally--with ice cream, preferably chocolate. Few candidates will pounce upon a child at the risk of getting his best campaign clothes smeared.

It's bad enough to be smeared in print, and the top gubernatorial aspirants have been doing this to each other in a glorious free-for-all. Punches are deadlier still in the off-camera slugging that doesn't get a play in the papers.

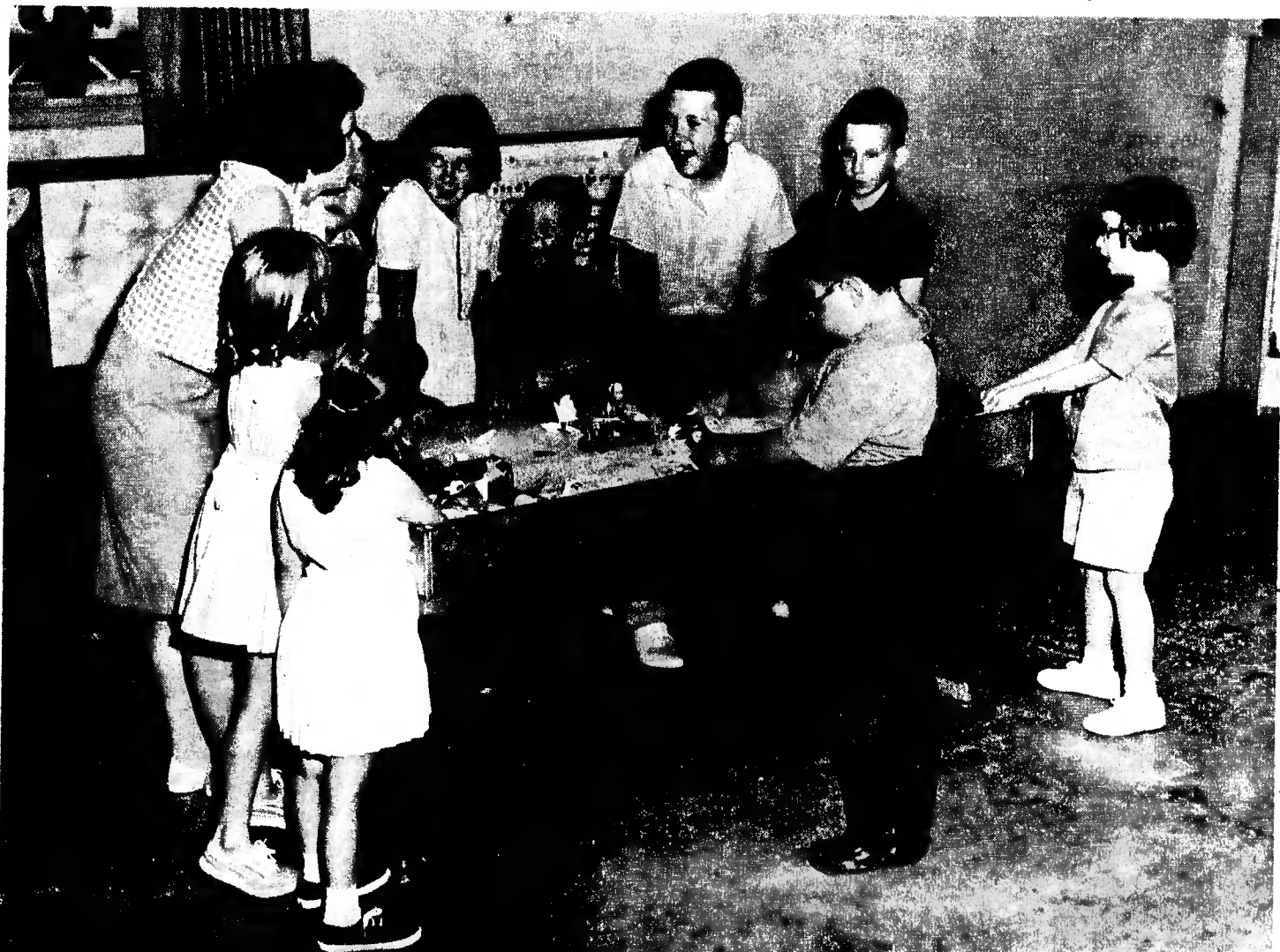
As the fair haired boy of the Sanford forces (denials of this are futile) Richardson Preyer

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JOY IN SONG--All youngsters have one thing in common. They love to make their own music with any instrument available. These are dear little friends of ours in the Craven County Class For Trainable Retard-

ed Children, at Centenary Methodist Church. Adults pictured are the teacher, Mrs. J. R. Hardin and a mother. The boy facing the wall has decided to get his music from a record player.--Photo by John R. Baxter.



FUN GALORE--Give kids a sand box, and small objects to putter around with, and they'll amuse themselves indefinitely. That's doubly true in the Craven County Class For Trainable Retarded Children. The boys and girls associate happily together. They look

forward to each morning's session, and are reluctant to leave at noon. Mothers of the pupils will continue the class during summer months because of its success.--Photo by John R. Baxter.