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VOLUME 7

NEW BERN, N. C., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1964

NUMBER 33

When Barry Goldwater complained of unfair treatment by columnists and commentators the day following his defeat, he should have exempted Fulton Lewis, Jr., from his condemnation.

For many years, Mr. Lewis has been doing a so-called news program nightly on the airwaves, devoted chiefly to spreading Republican propaganda of his choosing. If, during this time, he has ever said anything commendable about a Democrat, it escaped our notice.

Not that we're upset about the matter. Broadcasters and newspaper men who sing the praises of either Democrats or Republicans exclusively leave us cold. Finding rotten apples in both barrels isn't difficult, but somewhere in each barrel there's bound to be a few good apples.

Elmer Brock, writing in the Mount Olive Tribune, pays editorial tribute to the "Immortal Hot Dog". He refers to accounts that it made its first appearance in 1871 at a Coney Island refreshment center, and enjoyed increased popularity at the Chicago Columbia Exposition of 1893 and the St. Louis Exposition of 1904.

According to Elmer's information, a peddler at the latter Exposition got the idea for serving wieners in buns, when customers found them too hot to handle served alone. It's a good story, but not the way we heard it.

Frank Stevens, the concessions king, who with other members of his family sold millions of hot dogs in major league baseball parks, got the idea along with his father on a cold and gloomy afternoon in New York.

Other refreshments weren't selling well at all, so the elder Stevens placed a rush order for some loaf bread and frankfurters. He heated the franks and inserted them between slices of bread. Chilled fans gobbled them up.

Next morning, America's most famous newspaper cartoonist (a gent who signed his drawings TAD) delighted New York readers with a picture of the new delicacy. He called the sandwich a Hot Dog, and that's what people around the world have called it ever since.

Frank Stevens used to come to New Bern during this editor's boyhood, to hunt at nearby Camp Bryan with George Nicoll and George R. Fuller, and we first heard the hot dog story while visiting in the Fuller home when Stevens was there.

In later years, the story as we heard it appeared in print under a New York dateline. Maybe the version handed down to us isn't true, but it did come from a man of unquestioned veracity who became a millionaire selling literally tons of hot dogs, along with soda pop and Crackerjack.

We're living in a fast world these days, and always have. Every time you celebrate a birthday, it indicates you've traveled six hundred million more miles around the sun. This globe you're clinging to, thanks to gravity, is spinning through space at the rate of sixty-six thousand miles an hour.

With light traveling 186,000 miles a second, it takes only eight and one-third minutes for a sunbeam to reach you from

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ANOTHER HOME TOWNER—Donna White, an Aqua Maid at famed Cypress Gardens, is seen here performing the heel trick as part of her ballet routine, as she glides along on a single ski with effortless grace. The petite blonde is following in the footsteps (on rippling water) of Betty and Doris Bland, Beth Lansche, Sylvia Piner and Janice Shapou, all of New Bern, who were once Aqua Maids too. Donna has

been with the troupe for nine months, and stars in duet and trio combinations. She is looking forward to February, when the Aqua Maids will perform with Rock Hudson in a motion picture to be filmed at the Florida resort. Donna's parents are Jack and Carol Harker White, who have good reason to be proud of their diminutive daughter.