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Why is it that fate elects to sprawl you with an uppercut, just when you're feeling most important?

Take for instance the other day. Having carried our other clothes to the cleaners, we had on our Sunday-go-to-meeting best for the time being. As usual, several observant citizens wanted to know where we aimed to be preaching.

That's the advantage of dressing sloppily. The moment you approach neatness, folks notice the unexpected transformation. After the third person commented on our attire, we began to feel as courtly as Lord Chesterfield.

Heading for Montgomery Ward's to make a business call on Manager Lee Taylor, we could hardly wait to impress still more people. Lee was occupied at the moment, but the receptionist at the switchboard looked us up and down and accorded us the attention a dignitary deserved.

Naturally, this made us feel like a million dollars. "Are you going to eat with us in our lunchroom today?" she asked then came the blow that crushed us. "There's a special on hot dogs, they're only eleven cents."

Here we were, perched on our self-constructed pedestal, and this young lady had the audacity to think we would be interested in buying a cheap hot dog. No longer inflated with a sense of importance, we sank to our true level and took advantage of the special.

Something else happened that day which justified our faith in the goodness of man. A small dog, with a very large bone clutched in his jaws, was seen trotting happily across the rear lot of a supermarket. It was all he could do to tote it.

Glancing in the direction from whence he came, we saw three employees of the supermarket standing at the back door in their butcher aprons. They were smiling broadly at the departing mongrel. There's still hope for a world where giving a little dog the biggest and best bone available can make a man feel happy inside.

We had a house full of out of town relatives at our place during the weekend, and one of them brought along a tape recorder. He flipped the recorder on while everybody was conversating in the living room.

When the tape played back, there was a din of many voices speaking in haphazard unison. Obviously, no one was listening to anyone else, but judging by their incredulous looks upon hearing the taped remarks, they weren't even listening to themselves.

One of the editor's prized belongings, a gift from his daughter and son, is The Norman Rockwell Album. Compiled by the famous artist, it includes virtually all of the wonderful covers painted for Saturday Evening Post, Collier's, American Magazine and Youth's Companion.

There are critics who contend Rockwell falls far short of greatness. Such snobbishness can't erase the fact that his work is prominently displayed in the Metropolitan Museum of Art along with the masters. This isn't bad company to be hanging around.

Rockwell didn't go to the far
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SEEKING KNOWLEDGE—District Ranger Richard Hinkley of New Bern studies peat soil scooped up by Elwood Morris in Croatan National Forest. From research by these two men and others, the Federal Government hopes to determine the best methods

of drainage, and factors that will increase timber production and preserve wildlife in vast stretches of pocosin. Studies have been carried on for years, but there are many questions yet unanswered.—Photo by Billy Benners.



BETTER VIEWING—The vehicle seen here is ideal for travel through Croatan's underbrush and heavily wooded sections. It also furnishes an elevation for the level that District Ranger Hinkley is using. North Carolina has four National Forests. Pisgah and Nanta-

hala are in the Southern Appalachians, Uwharrie in the Piedmont, and Croatan in the Coastal Plain. They have a total of 1,124,000 acres.—Photo by Billy Benners.