



The NEW BERN MIRROR

PUBLISHED WEEKLY
HEART OF
IT. ITS. A. N. Murphy
2000 Arendall St.
Morehead City, NC
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VOLUME 8

NEW BERN, N. C., FRIDAY, MAY 21, 1965

NUMBER 8

(Editor's Note: The column today is from the Queen Anne Record-Observer, in Maryland for February 11, 1965. Dan Tabled, editor, will get his 20-year volunteer fireman's card soon. He reports he is looking forward to an additional 20 years with volunteer firemen in Maryland.)

We have had a couple of nasty fires in the past week or so, and the siren sounded twice last Thursday--on my return to the office, a conglomeration of thoughts about this business of fire-fighting went through my mind.

Here is the way the words come out of the typewriter:

The volunteer fireman is a funny sort of guy. He has a deep and abiding faith and love for his hometown and knows that his outfit is the best darn fire company in the world.

He will ride miles to extinguish a tiny chimney fire and gripe because he had to leave a warm bed--but will turn right around and complain loudly because a neighboring fire company did not call his outfit to a big barn fire that kept the men on the scene eight hours in the dead of night.

He thinks nothing of attending three-hour courses for 20 weeks in learning more about fire-fighting, but will gripe loud and long if someone suggests they spend 10 minutes after a meeting to load hose.

He is the world's most careful driver when he has command of a fully loaded 10-ton fire apparatus, but practically knocks down the policeman or private citizen trying to direct traffic at the intersection when he is on his way to the firehouse with the siren sounding.

He will pick up and go to the firehouse for a meeting or fire any time, day or night, summer or winter; but will tell his wife that he has a bad back and can hardly move around if she suggests that the house needs cleaning.

On the fire grounds, he will pull and haul on hose lines, run up and down ladders, and dash into burning buildings to rescue anything from a baby to an inexpensive table lamp--but tries to hide when the chief says it is time to put the ladders back on the truck or roll up the wet hose to return to the firehouse.

He will follow the chief into the hottest blaze without question, and then go back and tell the gang at the firehouse how stupid it was and that it should have been done this way.

He does not want to take any orders from the chief of any other company at big fires, and is quick to remind fellow-firemen just whose chief is the best.

He wishes he could be chief just once, but when election time in the company rolls around, he backs down and says, "let George do it."

He has a nice-looking dress uniform in the closet at home, and when the company marches, they look very neat, but will offer all kinds of excuses for not wanting to march in parades.

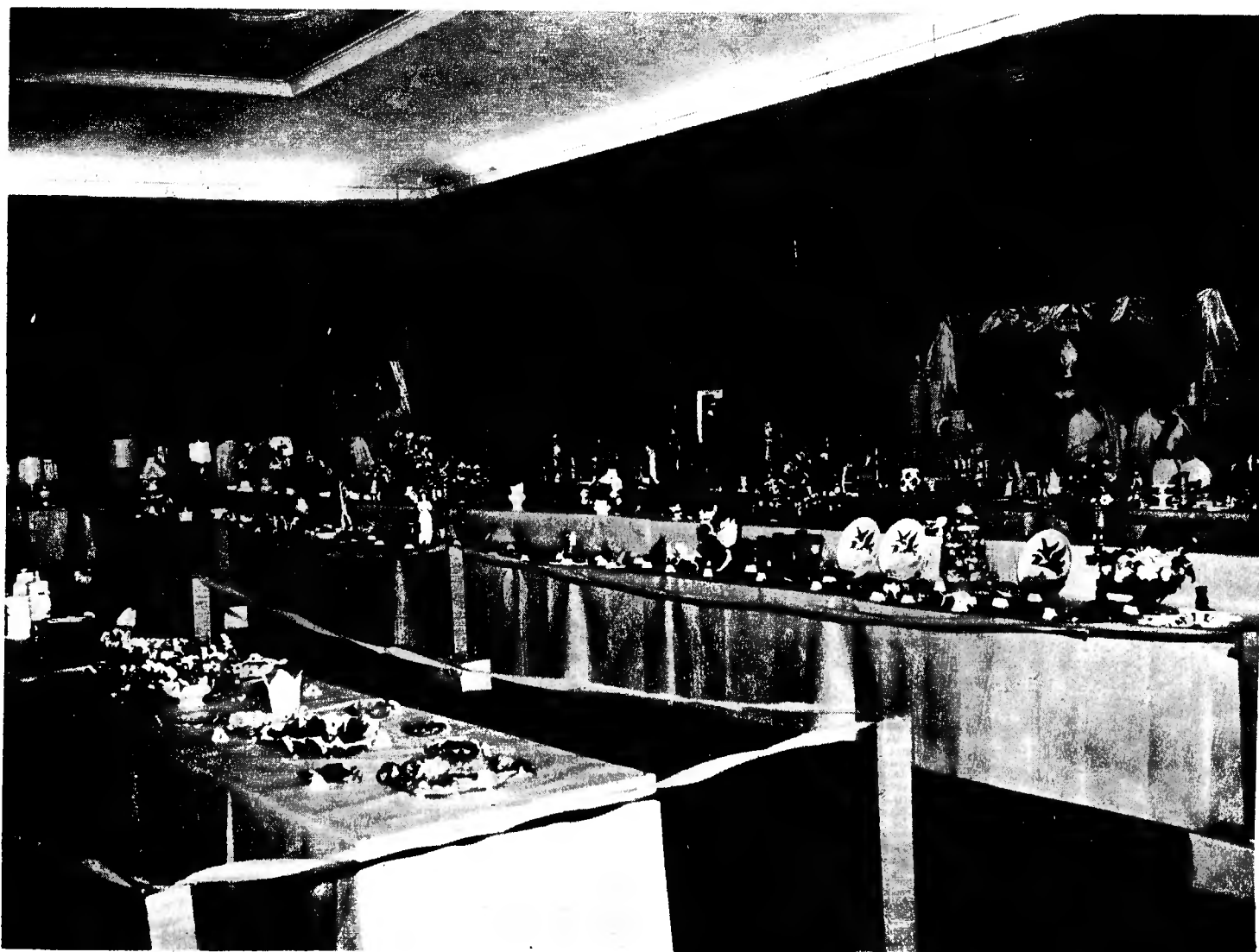
Will attend a hundred meetings without saying a word about spending \$30,000 for a new truck or \$20,000 for an addition to the firehouse, but waits 'til the meeting is ad-

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SOMETHING TO TREASURE—Elsie Wetherington of New Bern, Jo Williams of Pamlico and Phyllis Smith of Havelock, won Freddy Awards for their handiwork at the annual Bill Pierce Ceramics Show. Judges from out of town had a tough time selecting the best pieces

from hundreds of entries that turned the New Bern Recreation Center into a place of breathtaking beauty. We wouldn't have missed it for anything.—Photo by Wray Studio.



ONLY A PORTION—No camera could possibly do full justice to the marvelous display of locally created art at the show that pays tribute to the memory of Bill Pierce. If you failed to see the collection of lovely and remarkably varied items, it should occasion keen

regret. Contestants ranged from tots to oldsters, and their talent is astounding. Believe us, no finer memorial to Bill and his wife, Jo, could be established.—Photo by Wray Studio.