



# The NEW BERN MIRROR

Dr. Mrs. A. N. Murphy  
2000 Arendall St.  
Morehead City, NC  
WEEKLY  
5¢ Per Copy

VOLUME 8

NEW BERN, N. C., FRIDAY, JULY 9, 1965

NUMBER 15

More New Bernians than ever, it seems to us, are trying to grow their own tomatoes this summer. Nothing beats the ripe ones picked from your own backyard vine.

Sorriest of all tomatoes are the off-season kind that come from out of the State. Harvested, so we've been told, when they are green, they are tasteless and a bad buy at any price.

A fellow who walks a lot sees some unusual sights in the runs of a day. For example, this week we spied an Easter basket, with a faded ribbon bow, along the curb on Neuse Boulevard.

How it got there we'll probably never know. Maybe some child finally decided that the bunny doesn't return to fill empties, at least not until next Easter.

Time Magazine, in its July 2 issue, did all right by North Carolina in pointing out the nation's nicest vacation spots. Color photos snapped at Pinehurst and the Hound Ears Golf and Ski Club, 50 miles from Hickory were included.

We still can't figure why a great many people--some of them very well educated--say Massa-Tusetts for Massachusetts. Evangelist Billy Graham, whose handling of the English language is downright phenomenal, surprisingly joined the ranks of the mispronouncers on TV the other night.

The next time you're with a group of your friends, distribute slips of paper and ask them to write down the names of New Bern's founder, Baron You Know Who, and the name of the Republican President who served before Kennedy. Our guess is most everybody will misspell both names.

Memory has a way of playing tricks on those of us who are no longer young, but we're firmly convinced that folks spelled better in the old days when schools had spelling bees. Even college graduates are lousy spellers today.

If it's any comfort to you, that so called "hot line" between the pentagon and the Kremlin is tested 12 times dally, and has been during 22 months of operation.

Actually, it isn't a telephone arrangement, but a linking of teletype machines that print sample messages of no significance to check accuracy of the contraptions.

Washington's hot line is in the Pentagon's National Military Command Center of the United States Joint Chiefs of Staff. Top military brass at the center are in constant contact with the White House, the President's plane, the LBJ Ranch, or wherever Johnson happens to be.

Just in case you're wondering, there are alternate lines available in event the primary one goes on the blink. Maybe in a few years, if we're still around, Red China's development of nuclear weapons will necessitate a party line. Meanwhile, may you have pleasant dreams.

Changing the subject to something less goose bumpy, here's a heartfelt word of commendation to the thousands of residents in our town who keep their yards well groomed and



**TIME FLIES**—Because so many New Bernians have pleasant memories of Danny Kellum and Jimmie Jones when they were kid tap dancers, we dug through countless pictures in our files and came up with the talented pair on stage in one of their series of Yuletide Revue appearances. Danny (and his brother Norman) graduated from Wake Forest in June, while Jimmy is a rising senior at Spartanburg. It is doubtful that either will ever completely lose a hankering for

show business, but wisely they realized the importance of a college education and did something about it. Whatever the future holds, The Mirror wishes them well. Years pass quickly, and most of us forget rather easily, but in the annals of New Bern's theatrical history there's a lasting place for these two youngsters who found joy in dancing for a home town audience. —Photo by Wray Studio.

(Continued on page 7)