



The NEW BERN

# MIRROR

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Snails and turtles will never win many races, except maybe against other snails and turtles, but they do have one distinct advantage over the humans who belittle them. By carrying their shelters quite conveniently on their backs they escape every semblance of a housing problem.

Most especially they avoid the exasperation experienced by New Bernians when they move from one home to another. Considering all the headaches and the labor involved, it's a wonder all of us don't stay stuck in one spot until the roof over our cranium falls apart and tumbles down around our ears.

Very few of us do that. No one knows this better than the folks at the City Water and Light Department, the telephone company and the gas company. Day in and day out they are constantly transferring utilities from one location to another.

Before you shed tears for these public servants, it should be remembered that some of them would be out of a job, or have a poorer paying job if local citizens decided to stay put indefinitely. Besides, people who have moved into a new house, and are without lights and water, are exceedingly grateful for the services rendered them by public utilities.

Everyone who moves—even the most diligent housekeeper—discovers with considerable dismay that they've been living in the midst of an amazing amount of gathered dust. Spring and fall housecleaning are supposed to take care of that, but a housecleaning will never turn up the dust that a full-fledged moving reveals.

It makes one wonder just how much dust and how many undetected cobwebs there must be in a home where the occupants have lived for generations. Plan, ordinary dust must not be too unhealthy, since some of the healthiest New Bernians we've ever known have been the ones who wouldn't think of moving.

There's no better time than moving day to get rid of all the junk you've been hanging onto. Some of it does get thrown out, but unless you're blessed with strong character you'll end up carting the bulk of it to your new place.

Isn't it true of all of us that we'll sort through the mess, grumbling all the while, and save countless things that "I might need some day." You haven't needed the stuff for years and years, but you still cling to the warped notion that you might have a use for it before sundown or certainly by the end of the week.

Actually, if you ever do need some of the junk, on short notice, you won't have the remotest idea of where to find it. More than likely, as a matter of fact, you won't even recall that you've got it on hand. If this hasn't happened to you, it can be marked down that you're a rare individual indeed.

Unfortunately, very few of our local honeymooners last overly long. But if luckily yours is still in bloom, don't whatever you do make the foolish mistake of moving. No husband and wife—even a bride and groom with the scent of orange blossoms still in their

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**DOOMED TO DIE**—Upper windows glowing like the eyes of a Halloween pumpkin, and flames piercing the roof, New Bern's Hotel Governor Tryon is seen here in its death throes. On the balcony below, a patch of brightness no larger than the lighted tip of a ca-

thedral candle makes a modest bid for recognition. Hours of anguish remain for the century old landmark before it finally falls into a charred grave.—Photo by Billy Benners.



**HATE UNLEASHED**—Before dynamite blasted St. Joseph's Free Will Baptist Church, on the Streets Ferry Road, it served as a place to worship the Prince of Peace. So violent were the explosives used that the interior was reduced to wildly scattered

debris. And yet, symbolic of God's enduring strength, the little altar with its twin vases of artificial flowers remained intact through it all.—Photo by Billy Benners.