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You're trifling with truth when you say this troubled world is strictly for the birds. Judging by a local pigeon's efforts to commit suicide, our feathered friends are fed up with things in general too.

While chill winds blew the other morning, and rain pelted from a darkened sky, he approached the exhaust pipe of a parked city bus at the corner of Middle and Broad streets and deliberately inhaled its deadly fumes.

All but overcome by the carbon monoxide, the mournful member of the dove family lost his equilibrium. Lurching like a prizefighter out of his feet, he stumbled into fresh air and soon revived sufficiently to wander dejectedly in the vicinity of the Federal Building.

By that time the city bus was gone, but where there's a will there's a way. A few minutes later a motorist parked his automobile on the opposite side of Middle street, and left the motor running. He was in a hurry to get to a dentist's office nearby.

Now recuperated from his first suicidal attempt, the pigeon headed straight for the car, maneuvered into position at the exhaust pipe and inhaled still more fumes. An instant later, while no one was watching, he disappeared.

Pedestrians hurrying along the street either didn't see the pigeon, or failed to realize what he was up to. Margaret Ellits Whitford witnessed the entire episode from the window of a doctor's office she works in, but couldn't leave her duties to give the unhappy bird a talking to.

Although evidence does indicate the pigeon had self destruction in mind, he may simply have discovered a convenient way to go on a spree. "He sure did act intoxicated," Margaret said. "He was weaving all over the place."

Could it be a pigeon that high went into orbit?

Inevitably, when Robert E. Lee's birthday rolled around last Wednesday, we thought of "Miss Sophie" (Mrs. J. T.) Hollister, and the stirring way she recited "The Sword of Lee" to New Bern school children of past generations.

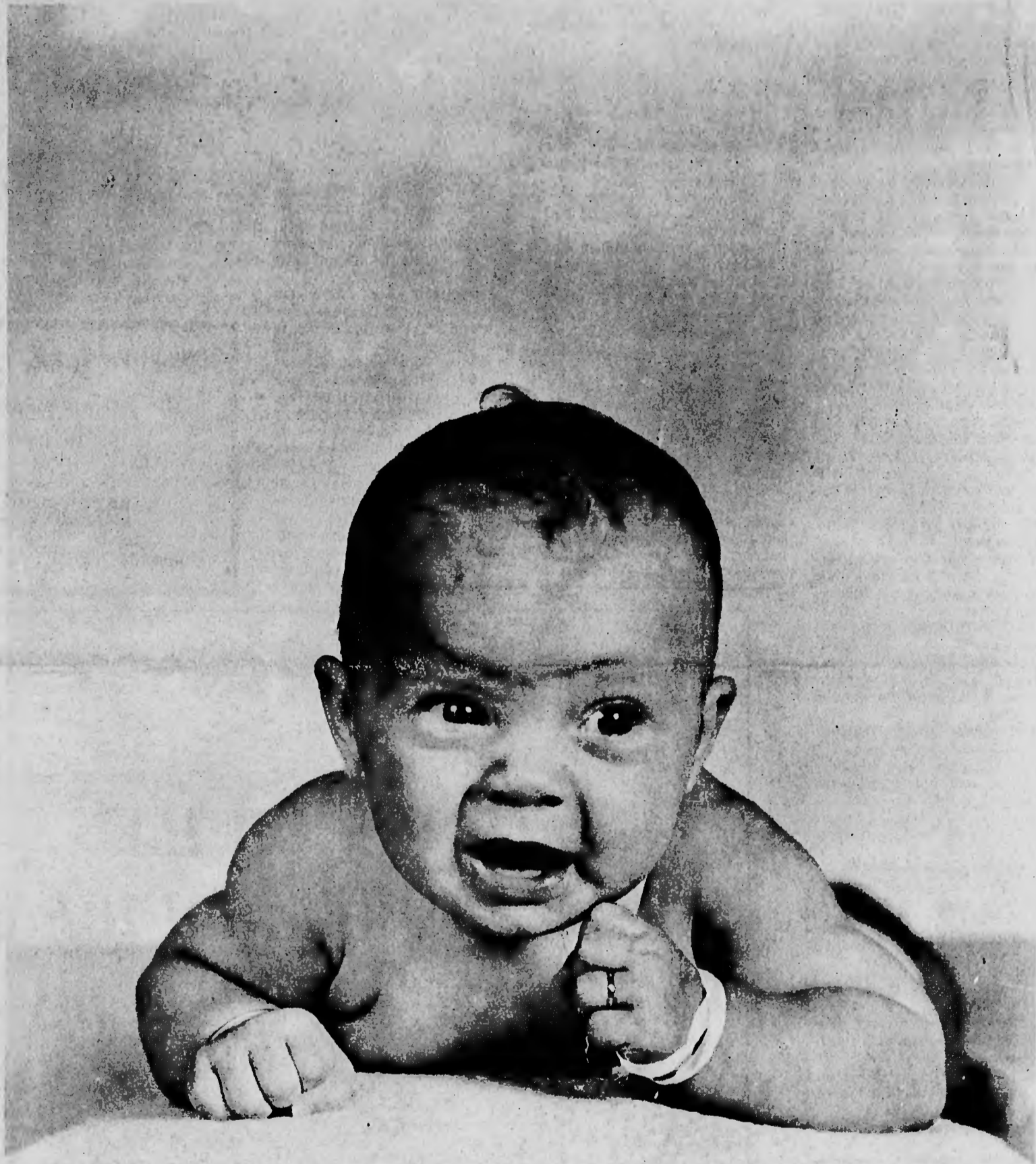
Each year the United Daughters of the Confederacy held a chapel program in Griffin Auditorium on the Academy Green, and with radiant face and reverend tones she made every kid present proud of his southern heritage.

Those days are gone forever. Playing "Dixie" is frowned on now at some colleges, while the Confederate flag is more often desecrated than honored by those who display it. Usually the emblem is flaunted in extremely bad taste, without regard for its real significance.

However, no one on either side of the Mason-Dixon line can dwarf by foolish words or rash acts the giant image and lasting immortality of a man who led the Lost Cause with courage, and accepted defeat with dignity.

Compton's Encyclopedia, in its lengthy biography of Lee says, "Could he have lived until the centenary of his own birth, Jan. 19, 1907, he would have heard his eulogy pronounced

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SEZ YOU—One glance at this scowling baby, with fists clenched, will convince Mirror readers that here is a blossoming boy who is going to be picking fights with neighborhood kids by the time he is able to walk. Sure he's tough and hard to get along with. Anybody can see he is a natural born bully. Don't you believe it. To begin with, you're looking at a girl,

not a boy, and that pugnacious appearance is strictly a pose. The young lady is the daughter of Jimmy and Mary Elizabeth Gardner Owens, both of whom teach at Tarawa Terrace. To get a glimpse of Lisa's true self, take a gander at our second Eunice Wray photo on Page 8.