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Few men in business would tolerate a catty receptionist. Frank Almon at City Fuel & Tire Co. is the inevitable exception.

He not only tolerates Faith, wearer of the best fitting fur coat in town, but downright adores her.

She comes and goes as she pleases, following a routine that has been self established. Unquestionably, she is the real boss of the place.

Actually, Faith isn't catty in the manner of women who extend their claws at teas, receptions and even church meetings. She is affectionately catty, which is possible if you're a cat, and that's what Faith is.

Her regal air notwithstanding, Faith obviously isn't of royal birth. An authority on felines, unacquainted with her aristocratic qualities, would we fear classify her as a plain, run-of-the-mill alley cat.

Believe us, there's nothing ordinary about Faith. She moves around Frank's office with the majestic grace of a ruling monarch, and acceptance by her as a visitor to the throne room makes you feel like you've made the grade at the Court of Saint James.

Only Faith has endured from an original litter that included Hope and Charity. The three, deserted by their mother, were found on the verge of starvation underneath the company's building a couple of years ago.

Aside from being emaciated and bedraggled, they had been born without ears. Almon feels sure that this deformity was the cause of their abandonment.

No one who knows Frank would expect him to decline the role of Good Samaritan in such a situation. He adopted the trio (Hope and Charity were males) and pampered all three until they were the healthiest cats in town.

The oil and tire dealer got able and loving assistance from his secretary, Matilda Jones. She quickly learned each kitten's personality, and catered to their respective whims.

"They are all different," says Matilda, so she treated them accordingly. Usually, cats are included to be aloof and somewhat disdainful, but Faith, Hope and Charity returned the kindness showered on them.

They responded to the attention of visitors to the office, after initial apprehensiveness, and made it clear to Frank, Matilda and company employees that they were grateful to their benefactors.

Hope lost all of his nine lives at an early age, when an automobile ran over him. Charity, possibly the smartest of the three, was killed by a pack of dogs as he tried to squirm through the company's wire fence after an outside tour.

Every animal lover who reads these lines will deem it proper that the staff at the fuel and tire company provided a cemetery for the two departed felines. The grief occasioned by their passing was genuine.

Faith mourned Charity's death particularly, since it left her without living kin. For days she roamed the office dejectedly, then became resigned to going it alone.

It's no secret that cats hate water, and will fight desperately.

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FIRST LOVE—The way of a man with a maid may have puzzled Solomon, but not Bill Slaughter, Jr. In the first Eunice Wray photo above he discovers Cindy Gilman is hesitant about accepting his Valentine candy and portrait. Then, in the second photo she wonders if she did the right thing. Bill takes care of that by providing sweets for the sweet, and Cindy, with her

own mouth full, returns the favor. He is the son of Bill and Judy Darnell Slaughter, and she is the daughter of Freddie and Judy Steinberg Gilman. Every romance real or fictional is supposed to have the same happy ending, and you'll find proof on Page 8 that we didn't overlook this fact. Let this teach you to plug up keyholes.

