



The NEW BERN MIRROR

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

VOLUME 9

NEW BERN, N. C., FRIDAY, APRIL 1, 1966

NUMBER 1

Even with its cherry blossoms, Washington just doesn't hold appeal for us like poverty stricken New Bern. We want no part of a town, large or small, that isn't reasonably safe for kids.

If you think the Nation's Capital, busily engaged in finding things to condemn in communities such as ours, is a fit place for children, the following facts should remove this illusion from your mind.

According to Christian Science Monitor, a newspaper respected coast to coast for its honesty, the home of our Federal Government is now so crime infested that a crimp was put in Girl Scout cookie sales this year.

During the annual drive that ended March 27, Girl Scouts were forbidden to sell from door to door as usual. "The reason is the crime wave," says The Monitor. "Instead cookie-selling Girl Scouts will be manning sales booths in public places under closer-than-ever adult views."

And even those sales, added The Monitor, will be held in suburban areas, not in "crime-pocked downtown Washington." Besides, only older girls, ages 15 to 17, can man the booths. No young Brownies on the sales force this year.

How sweet it is, as Jackie Gleason would say, to be living in this village on the Neuse and Trent where a girl in her teens (and even a trusting bright-eyes Brownie) can knock on a familiar or an unfamiliar door without fear of great harm.

Maybe, just during the weeks of the Girl Scout cookie sale, Uncle Sam could have spared enough Federal marshals to give each little Brownie a body-guard when she walked hopefully through the sunshine and approached somebody's residence.

We're ashamed, Washington Brownies, as many other American adults must be ashamed, that in the Capital of the most powerful country on God's green earth, a little girl who wants to pound the sidewalks for a worthy cause can't do so. What have we come to, when even an older girl doesn't dare sell cookies in a booth on a main street in downtown Washington?

For the sake of the record, since some who don't take too kindly to The Mirror's editorials would have you believe otherwise, we don't belong to any extremist organizations, or so called extremist organizations.

We do, of course, belong to the Half Truth Club, but seeing as how Mr. Robert Monte, director of Craven Operation Progress, originated it and personally selected us as its first member (long before he added Colonel Evans, who heads the Neighborhood Youth Corps) we don't mind admitting this fact.

Almost everyone is some sort of extremist. If your extremism is wrapped up in the dogma of an unyielding religious faith, you're called a fanatic. If you're against what's happening in Viet Nam, you're a pacifist, and if you're all for it you're a war-monger.

Who could possibly be more extreme than the young in heart

(Continued on page 8)



IT'S HERE—Like the rest of us, Aletta Dixon (adorable daughter of Billy and Molly) has been watching and waiting for April's arrival. Sweeter by far than anything sold at her Mom and Dad's soda shop, she can hardly believe her eyes when she sees March torn from the calendar and tossed into the waste basket. April is a thing called happiness for Aletta. Tired of being bundled up, she can wear her frilly dresses

in the warm sunshine, and eat an ice cream cone just anywhere without shivering. April is bringing Easter too, with all those gaily colored eggs and maybe even a live rabbit with pink eyes, a twitchy nose and the longest ears imaginable. If Peter Cottontail doesn't want to part with one of his children, a fully stuffed rabbit will do. Yes, April for Aletta spells happiness. —Photo by Eunice Wray.