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New Bern's Middle Street is made a little brighter each morning by George Holland, inevitably sporting a fresh flower on his lapel. Oldsters will recall another George--George (Rosebud) Duffy, who had the same pleasant habit in days of yore.

Colorful Clyde Hoey, during his career as Governor and U. S. Senator, found joy in wearing a flower too. His choice when possible was a white carnation. The Shelby native looked comical at first glance with his flowing mane and frock coat, but a Washington poll established him as the most popular gent in the Nation's Capital.

Don't feel like an old fogey if you prefer the King James Version of the Bible instead of the Revised Standard. Publishers who estimate the annual sale of the Holy Book at \$17 million say the version you grew up with outsells its none too successful successor by a 7 to 1 margin.

Trashy literature gets the headlines, but the Scriptures still top the best-seller list by plenty, year in and year out. So sure fire is the market that McGraw-Hill, Readers Digest and Time, Inc., according to reports, contemplate entering this phase of the publishing field.

Can it be that housewives in New Bern and elsewhere in America are awaking to the fact that prices paid for necessary items at a supermarket count for more than trading stamps and "free" prizes?

Perhaps temporarily, but the human urge to get something for nothing is as deeply entrenched today as it was when Grandma clipped Octagon soap coupons, and mailed them off for premiums. Once and for all, rid yourself of the notion that any merchant in his right mind is operating a charitable institution.

A lot of what is wrong with New Bern and the rest of the world could be cured if we faced up to the fact that expecting the good things in life without working for them is a sorry way to justify your existence on earth.

If you can't sleep too well on the eve of Tuesday's election, step outside your door about 2 a. m. and gaze at the heavens. Unless there's an overcast, you'll be able to see Mars, a reddish starlike object, to the right of the rising crescent moon. They'll move up the southeastern sky together, slowly separating.

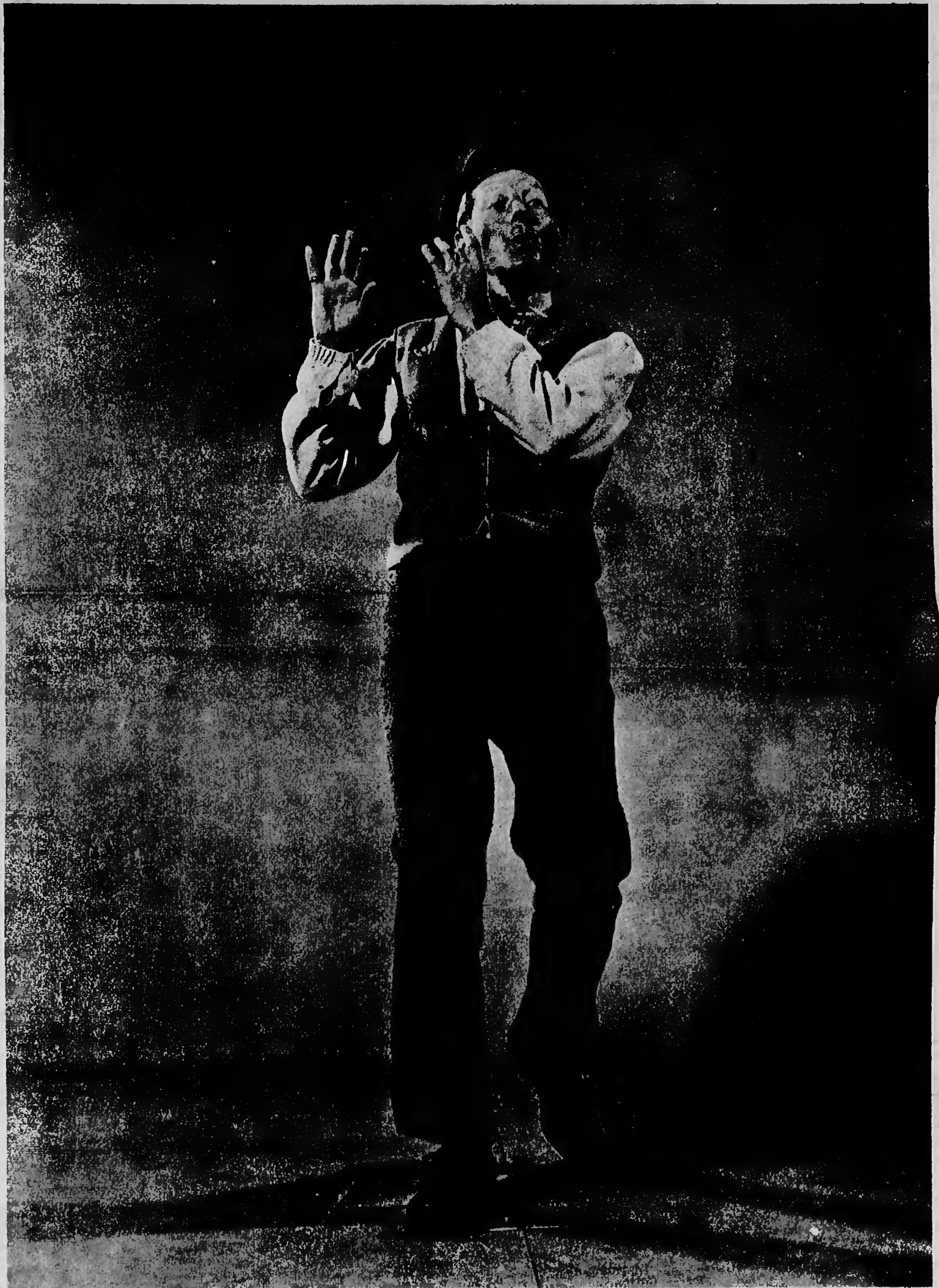
Meanwhile, if little green men from Mars really do cruise above us in flying saucers, they may snicker at a proud nation so indifferent to its glorious right to breathe free that only a minority of its citizens bother to vote.

What a pity it is that a newspaper editor can't refrain from ruffling the feathers of some of the folks living in his town. Sooner or later, unless he is an ostrich with his head in the sand, he collects haters like a hound dog collects fleas.

Caleb Bradham reminded us of this sad state of affairs the other day, as the two of us waited on opposite corners to cross the intersection at Middle and Tryon Palace Drive.

The dapper son of Pepsi-Cola's originator wouldn't

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ONCE UPON A TIME—Danny Kaye, a great favorite with New Bern viewers, is seen here playing a flute as imaginary as the Emperor's new clothes in a musical number from Hans Christian Andersen. The classic, produced by Samuel Goldwyn, is being aired at 7:30 tonight on WNBE-TV, and runs a full two and a half hours. During his lifetime, Andersen wrote fairy tales that have delighted New Bernians of tender years in every generation for a full cen-

tury. Nothing from his pen caught the fancy of youngsters past and present more than The Ugly Duckling. Most of us start out less than beautiful, and end up that way, but the thought of blossoming belatedly into unexpected splendor is intriguing. Just for tonight, turn back the clock and share with your children the story of a man who fashioned an ageless world where the inhabitants live happily ever after.