



The NEW BERN MIRROR

PUBLISHED WEEKLY
IN THE HEART OF
EASTERN NORTH
CAROLINA
Mrs. Mary Hughes
Rt 4, Box 82

VOLUME 9

NEW BERN, N. C., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1966

NUMBER 34

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 housecleanings, 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. Plain, 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 sun-down 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 honeymoons 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 blos-

(Continued on Page 8)



ON THE TRAIL—This previously unpublished photo, snapped near New Bern by Theodore Baxter, appeals to us so much that we can't resist passing it along to you. November is a melancholy month for oldsters, but the sad notes of its song were lost on these three youngsters, tramping happily through the woods with their equally happy dog. Fallen leaves, littering their path, are symbolic of the dying season, and Spanish

moss hanging forlornly overhead lends emphasis to the somber surroundings. Only a child's heart can be gay at such a time. That's part of the price paid by adults when they grow up, and find that life holds fears and frustration for those beyond the tender years. No wonder Ponce De Leon made a search for the Fountain of Youth his pet project. Wouldn't you like to discover it?