



Through
THE
Looking
Glass

The NEW BERN

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Thousands of birds migrate to and from New Bern with the changing of the seasons. Hundreds of thousands more fly over, headed for South America and other distant points.

Don't feel dumb, if you've never seen these remarkable migrations. Very few New Bernians have, except in rare instances. That's because birds migrate at night, so they can spend the daylight hours feeding.

Your best chance, believe it or not, to see our feathered friends enroute, or at least hear them, is on an overcast night. They'll be flying low, to avoid the clouds.

Some of our winged residents here, especially woodpeckers, stick around all year. However it may surprise you to learn that quite a few sparrows, and at least half of our Warblers, spend their winters in Argentina, Brazil, or maybe Chile.

When they're in the mood for travel, they cover as much as 300 miles in a single night. More energetic and ambitious is the golden plover. They fly 2,400 miles over the ocean from Labrador to South America or from Alaska to Hawaii, a distance of 2,000 miles.

It's a shame you can't strike up a conversation with some of the birds in your backyard. They've been more places and seen more things than lots and lots of earth-bound humans lumped together.

All of which explains why some of New Bern's mockingbirds hover outside your window when your hi-fi, stereo, radio, or television set strikes up a rhumba from Vienna, the haunting melodies of Hawaii, or an Eskimo lullaby.

Add this to your knowledge. A sample Mirror survey reveals that only one New Bern housewife in ten uses plain flour these days. Local husbands fortunate enough to feast on hot biscuits are almost always served the self-rising kind. Of course, many a wife depends entirely on the pre-made variety on sale at supermarkets.

Remember when reading the funnies on Sunday morning used to be a family affair in every New Bern home? It is still done in some households, but on a greatly reduced scale.

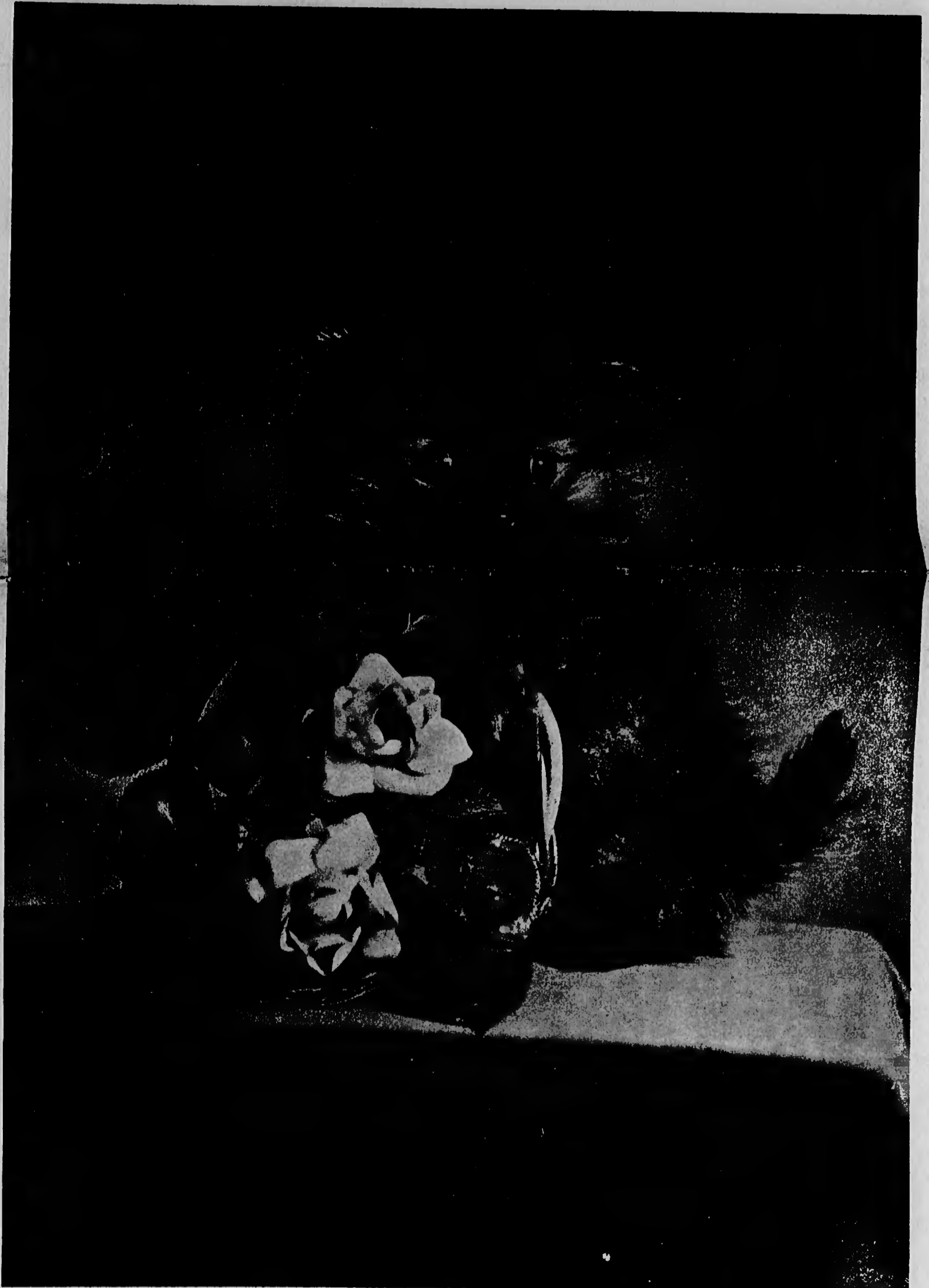
Young and old found pleasure in the ludicrous antics of Mutt and Jeff, Maggie and Jiggs, Slim Jim, and the Katzenjammer kids. Now only the young, in large proportion, are acutely cartoon conscious.

The funny thing about a lot of today's funnies is the fact that they aren't funny, and in many instances aren't intended to be. Simple humor and unadulterated slapstick have been trampled out of the picture by violence, intrigue, science fantasies, and a smattering of Historical fact.

If you're in the mood for a shocking experience, you can accomplish this several ways. For example, stick your fork inside the toaster next time the toast won't pop up. Don't forget, of course, to leave the toaster plugged in.

To make the experience more memorable, try resting your fresh hand against a metal

(Continued on Page 5)



CUTE AND CUDDLY—How else would you describe this little fellow? Born two months ago at Dixon's Pet Shop in Washington, his parents are Pomeranian and Pekingese. Snapping his Mirror portrait proved to be a labor of love for Eunice Wray, local photographer, seeing as how she happens to own the bright eyed puppy. Tiger (that's his rather implausible name) is a tiny bundle of energy, loves affection, but doesn't

hesitate to growl when he can't have his way. Getting him to pose with a basket of roses was no problem, however. So cooperative and photogenic is the young chap that any one of a half dozen photos made by Eunice could have been used instead of the picture selected by the Mirror's editor. Up to now, Tiger doesn't have a single (or married) flea on him. Except for that, he is all dog.