



The NEW BERN MIRROR

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Peep in Royston Blanford's window at 309 New Street, and you're apt to see the oil distributor and his affectionate pooch, Lucky, enjoying television together.

One of the dark moments in Royston's life came when the Blanford canine took sick, and a local veterinarian said Royston would have to give up smoking cigars. Tests had revealed Lucky was allergic to the things.

At first, the dapper oil man abided by the vet's solemn pronouncement. Then the thought occurred to him that perhaps his pet was allergic to only certain kinds of cigars. Blanford changed brands, and it worked like a miracle drug. If you think we're kidding, ask Royston.

Speaking of dogs, and we find them a pleasant subject most of the time, you've seen the sign at the entrance to New Bern's Federal (Post-office) Building that reads "No dogs allowed except seeing eye dogs."

Since the blind owner of a seeing eye dog obviously can't read the inscription, we assume that Uncle Sam expects the dog to read it for him, and pass the word along. This world we live in is getting smarter all the time.

On a recent rainy night, the Jim Brinkleys at 222 Linden Street heard their dog Brownie barking up a storm. Investigation revealed that their pet had treed a possum. The very next night, Brownie struck up another tune, and would you believe it, the Brinkleys ended up with a second possum.

Like all public schools, the ones in New Bern are damaged year in and year out by vandalism. Pity the plight, however, of New York City officials. In that metropolis, idiotic destruction of school property annually exceeds the five million dollar mark.

Our downtown business section may not have the prettiest Christmas decorations in the State, although this could be argued, but honest Injun, have you ever seen greener green? What a shame it is that last summer's grass hoppers didn't survive the frost to view the dazzling sight.

Married couples never run short of things to argue about, but the odds are heavy that aside from money matters, the top breeder of domestic strife in New Bern happens to be televised sports programs.

A lot of wives detest spectator sports, and get pretty fed up with a husband who spends hours on end watching this or that ball game. Curing him of the malady is hopeless, lady, so give up trying or better still, develop a hankering for sports yourself.

When Irvin S. Cobb, the famous author of short stories, died in his beloved Paducah, Ky., he left this request: "Lay my ashes at the roots of a dogwood tree in Paducah at the proper planting season. Should the tree live, that will be monument enough for me."

Cobb, a great lover of Nature, hunted at Camp Bryan east of New Bern, years ago. He was impressed by our Carolina coast country, and described our upper Trent as the prettiest



ANGELS IN PIGTAILS—What could be more timely for the Christmas season than a performance by the Obernkirchen Children's Choir, pictured here in the group's homeland, Germany. The youngsters, singing in 55 American cities on their current tour, appear Monday night at New Bern High School Auditorium under the auspices of the Craven County Community Concert Association. "Nobody could fail to be completely enchanted by both the sight and sound of this

delightful chorus," says the New York Herald Tribune. "The choir is a rare blend of innocence and musical sophistication," the New York Times commented. "Its singing is first rate by any standard. Altogether the concert showed what can be accomplished by gifted youngsters and a skilled conductor." You'll agree with the critics Monday night, when your Yuletide season is brightened by the lilting voices of childhood.