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It's apt to be an embarrassing day for a lot of New Bernians, if their garbage man decides to write a book.

Think of all the material he picks up. You can fool the preacher, or even your next door neighbor, but your garbage man really has the goods on you.

He can count the beer cans, or empty fifths, and tell at a glance what kind of weekend you had. And the tomato juice cans, why they'll let him know it was hard to take the morning after.

You may brag about the T-bone steaks, but the garbage man has the low-down when he finds sardine cans or hot dog wrappings in your tossed-out trash.

If he wants to be thorough about it, he can check your unpaid bills, with threats scribbled on the bottom, your discarded bank statements, or heaven forbid, your love letters.

What kind of medicine are you swigging nowadays? Do you go for tranquilizers, headache powders, vitamins or strong laxatives? Has your doctor, because of your insistence, prescribed youth pills?

What are your reading habits? Do you cram your library shelves with laudable literature, and then sneak hidden hours of pleasure from trashy paper-book novels and confession magazines?

These are revelations that repose in your garbage can. One day, perhaps, they'll end up in a book. It may not be well written, or a book of the month selection, but if nobody else buys it, your neighbors will.

Maybe, just to be on the safe side, you should oughta buy yourself an incinerator.

When next you see a fellow New Bernian looking sheepish, don't jump to conclusions and assume that he is a glutton for mutton.

He may be taking in on the lamb, as some of the boys in the back room describe a walk-out powder, but in no other way will he ever get close to a lamb.

Most especially, he won't get close to a lamb chop, a leg of lamb, shoulder of lamb or lamb stew. Never, so long as he is able to pick food for his table, will he wish for such a dish.

Elsewhere in the Land of the Free, they call it a delicacy, but in New Bern and the sunny south in general, you would have trouble giving it away.

For each pound of mutton sold over New Bern meat counters, there are something like 50 pounds of beef, 25 pounds of pork and 100 pounds of chicken purchased.

Despite Dixie's longstanding tradition favoring Southern fried chicken, its present popularity is financial rather than gastronomical. Many a rebel gnaws on a drumstick in this first State Capital while dreaming of a slab of ham and a bowl of frog-eye gravy to go with his grits or rice.

He is a hog when it comes to pork, but the price gets him down. So, fowled up for fair, he picks out a picked hen at the supermarket, and totes it home to grace the skillet or stew pot as best it can.

Speaking of pork, few New Bernians know a bargain when

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HIGH HONOR—February 11 is going to be a big day for 2nd Lieut. Herbert D. Williams, III, of New Bern. Assigned to the 101st Airborne Division, he will receive the 15th annual Robert P. Patterson Award as the outstanding 1966 graduate of the Army's Infantry Officer School at Fort Benning, Ga. Mrs. Patterson, widow of the Secretary of War, will make the presentation. When notified of his selection by Brigadier General L. H. Schweiter, Williams said, "I am deeply

honored by the distinction of the Patterson Award. This is one of the highest forms of incentive for a young officer, and I shall endeavor to justify the faith of all concerned." The honor is based on outstanding qualities of leadership, academic efficiency, aptitude and character. Williams, a graduate of New Bern High, later graduated magna cum laude from East Carolina College.