

The NEW BERN

# MIRROR

ISSUED WEEKLY  
HEART OF  
NB-Craven Library  
311 E. Front St.  
New Bern, NC 28560  
5¢ Per.



VOLUME 9

NEW BERN, N. C., FRIDAY, MARCH 3, 1967

NUMBER 48

Our thanks to Sara Shriner, a native of New Bern, for phoning us from Washington Monday to tell us about Senator Sam Ervin's automobile accident. Breaking as it did the first of the week, the story was well publicized before we would be going to press, but we passed word along as related to us to others.

Sara works in the Senate Office Building, and is one of Ervin's admirers. She visited the scene of the mishap, and later phoned the indestructible Senator to make sure that his collision with the Supreme Court Building had damaged him no more than his differences with the eight Justices who hand down opinions inside the structure.

Curious to know whether Hadicol, the tonic that swept New Bern and the rest of the country a number of years ago, was still around, we inquired at a local drug store the other day.

We were informed that the store had a bottle or two in stock, and averages selling a bottle a month. A far cry indeed from the days when folks around here bought literally thousands of bottles of the stuff. In fact, the demand far exceeded the supply, and in some places it was scarce it was sneaked from under the counter to certain customers.

In all probability, the promotion of Hadicol was the cleverest piece of exploitation in the last half century. You'll recall that a song about it was played incessantly by radio stations, providing the manufacturer with priceless publicity.

As might be expected, countless jokes attesting to the remarkable powers of Hadicol made the rounds. It is not unreasonable to surmise that this avalanche of humor had its origin from a source fairly close to the origin of the tonic itself.

Not the least of its effective ingredients was the alcohol it contained. A lot of good sisters and brethren who would have been insulted if you had offered them a toddy on even the coldest morning found their innards warmed and their spirits lifted most pleasantly by each swig of Hadicol they ushered down their throat.

We've been told that in Louisiana, the first batches of the tonic were bottled in a backyard garage, no gent expecting to have a good time would think of heading for a square dance without a bottle or maybe two on his person.

Of course, before Hadicol made its appearance on the North Carolina scene, quite a few discerning Tar Heels had already discovered that Yaeger's Cod Liver Oil could give a guy a brighter outlook in a matter of minutes, if he didn't adhere too closely to the prescribed dosage on the bottle.

In one town in a neighboring county, certain thirsty individuals were so saturated with the oil that a string of cats trailed them every time they left the privacy of their home. Of course, with so many imbibers to trawl the cats worked overtime and ended up with ulcers.

We hope you've fallen heir to a copy of the March issue of the Dodge Motor Company's

(Continued on page 6)



**BE YOURSELF**—Most of us when we get spruced up and take a trip to the photographer's are tense and self conscious. Not Joyce Ann, eight-month-old daughter of the D. R. Taylors, 1501 Old Cherry Point Highway. Thanks to the way Eunice Wray has of gaining the confidence of children before she snaps their picture, the young lady made herself at home and chewed contentedly on a ribbon adorning her nicest

dress. A child is always cutest when doing what comes naturally, and these are the sort of moments that Eunice manages to record on film in many of her Mirror portraits. Joyce Ann, like all adults, will find that the world is dominated by sham and pretense when she grows up. Only a few mortals dare to be what they really are, from cradle to grave. May Joyce Ann be one of them.