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New Bernians who are all set to pull April Fool pranks on relatives and friends tomorrow will indulge in a custom that dates back to long before the 17th century.

Somewhere in Europe, on a day obscured by the cobwebs of time, a practical joker started it all, and as early as 1600 this sort of harmless mischief was rampant in staid old England.

Currently, Americans and Britons share such antics on the first day of April with France, Portugal, Mexico and India. In fact, it is entirely possible that India's foolishness during its spring festival of Holi, ending March 31st and centuries old, inspired the European version.

Motorists traveling North Carolina highways are familiar with signs that read "Resume Safe Speed." The instructions, if taken too literally, would imply that immediately prior to this spot on the road the driver was traveling at an unsafe speed. The signs, of course, are posted to let motorists know they are no longer in a zone where conditions call for a slow down.

Whenever we journey across the State, as we did last weekend, the scarcity of unsightly rubbish on the shoulders of highways impresses us. Tar Heels, for the most part, do adhere to the crusade against litter. Unfortunately, in New Bern and all towns we've seen along the way the blemishes spared our countryside find a resting place on streets and lawns.

Prince, a boxer belonging to Howard Barnes, superintendent of buildings and grounds for the New Bern public schools, is one of this city's most conscientious residents and exhibits more concern for kids than a lot of humans do.

Several times each week day he escorts groups of Central Elementary children as they go to and from the Recreation Center on George street. At each intersection he makes sure that it is safe to cross, and then leads the young students and their teacher to the other side of the street. If you think we're spoofing, you're invited to see for yourself.

Prince inaugurated his canine patrol four years ago. Actually, the boxer belonged originally to Howard's daughter. When she moved to Country Club Park with her husband, Clifton Gentry, they took Prince with them. Prince didn't care for the idea, not even a little bit.

Early each morning he would leave Country Club Park, rain or shine, and head for Central School. Despite the considerable distance, he would arrive promptly at eight o'clock to shepherd the first batch of children to their destination.

Repeatedly the Gentrys tried to persuade the boxer to remain at home, but finally gave it up as a hopeless cause. Prince returned to the Barnes residence on Central Elementary's grounds for keeps, and a joyful return it was.

After all, it's nice to be close to your work, even when the work you are doing is strictly a labor of love. Prince expects



DON'T CRAM—New Bern's Billy Benners, touring Raleigh, found a delightful subject for his camera when he crossed the grounds of the Capitol. Well bundled against chill March winds that have delayed Spring's final victory over Winter, this young lady was busy feeding a group of hungry pigeons. If you're observant, you'll detect her slightly timid expression as she gingerly hands out a liberal supply of shelled nuts. Note how the two pigeons at the extreme left

of the photograph display excellent etiquette, and politely wait their turn. In the background are two other feathered partakers of her hospitality, sauntering contentedly after filling their tummies. The little girl and her fleeting guests couldn't care less about General Assembly doings in the new State House some distance away. After all, being kind to strangers isn't the least important thing in a world where Good Samaritans are few and far between.