

# MIRROR

PUBLISHED WEEKLY  
IN THE HEART OF  
EASTERN NORTH  
CAROLINA  
NB-Craven Library  
311 E. Front St.  
New Bern, NC 28560

VOLUME 10

NEW BERN, N. C., FRIDAY, APRIL 28, 1967

NUMBER 5

Through  
THE  
Looking  
Glass

A man running for public office needs, among other things, a keen sense of humor. Perhaps all candidates seeking victory in New Bern's City Election on May 2 will appreciate this story.

It seems a couple of hungry cannibals were cooking a most unfortunate missionary. One turned to the other and said, "By the way, have you ever eaten a politician?"

"No, I haven't," his friend replied. "To tell the truth, I never could figure out how to clean one." So, of some of the losers next Tuesday feel an urge to head for the jungle, they possibly won't be in any great danger of gracing a stew pot.

There are 25 million dogs in the United States, which isn't hard to believe if you happen to live on lower New Street. In fact, we're inclined to wonder whether some of the canines intended for another town didn't end up in our village on the Neuse and Trent.

Not that we're complaining, seeing as how we've been a dog lover for all these many years. Cats we can do without, but believe it or not there are a million more felines in the 50 states than there are canines. At nine lives apiece, that totals 234 million cat lives, which ain't good news for a lot of town mice and country mice.

Here's something to think about. Once asked if he could summarize the lessons of history in a single volume, Charles A. Beard, the famous historian, allowed as how he could do it in four sentences:

1. Whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad with power.
2. The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind exceedingly small.
3. The bee fertilizes the flower it robs.
4. When it is dark enough, you can see the stars.

Remember the good old days when you could gaze out your kitchen window most any spring morning and see a blue bird? New Bern has robins, plenty of them, but blue birds robbed of their nesting places by starlings and other feathered bul- lies become fewer in number with each passing year.

Speaking of the good old days (actually they weren't entirely good) our town's current office seekers, capable though some of them are, lack the color of various local politicians who ruled the roost 40 or more years ago.

Callie McCarthy Frank Patterson, Albert Bangert and others had something in their personality that makes them remembered. None was more colorful, nor more adept at rounding up votes one way or another, than Frank Hackney, who with Bill Milan and Frank Shriner played the role of king maker in the Fourth Ward.

Hackney, as Irish as Mrs. Murphy's chowder, knew the Fourth better than an opera star knows her favorite aria, and it invariably paid dividends for candidates who had his blessing. Other wards weren't lacking vote hustlers, but Hackney was in a class by himself.

Among Craven county office holders it has often been said,

(Continued on page 2)



**MORNING AFTER**—Our illustrious friend, Happy, (boss of the Mark Dunn family) condescended to pose for this Mirror portrait that shows all too well how candidates defeated Tuesday in New Bern's election will look after a sad and sleepless night. Happy hasn't nounded anybody for votes, made promises to constituents, or kissed any puppies. No matter what happens in the town's five wards, he couldn't care less

about the results. One thing is for sure, he won't have real need for the ice pack perched on his head for the benefit of Photographer Billy Benners. Leading a human's life isn't for Happy. It isn't like he didn't know where his next bone is coming from, and the exact location of every tree and cat in the neighborhood. Being a dog, says the buxom Basset, is better than being Mayor or alderman, any old time.