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Through
THE
Looking
Glass

Pat Moore Mohn, whose vivaciousness hasn't diminished one iota during all the years we have known her, is mighty busy at times when she is on the job as receptionist and switch board operator at Craven County Hospital.

She doesn't get flustered often, but on a particularly trying afternoon recently she came forth with a rather startling announcement on the public address system that is piped into every nook and cranny of the spacious building.

"Visiting hours are over," proclaimed Pat, "Will all patients please leave immediately?" The prospect of unexpected departure must have sounded inviting to some of the less ailing, but no one took advantage of the situation.

However, Pat did receive quite a few phone calls from personnel and patients, ribbing her about her slip of the tongue. "I realized what I had said as soon as I said it," she remarked ruefully later.

All of us have slip ups like that. Sort of similar to the day a woman we know saw a friend taking off on a trip. Asked where she was headed, the friend said, "I'm going to my sister's funeral."

"Well, have a good time," the woman told her cheerily, then flushed and feeling like a fool, fled the scene. To this day, she remembers the incident, while hoping the friend's memory of it has long since vanished.

If you've got to say the wrong thing, the safest place to get it out of your system is while you're passing along the receiving line at a reception. Everyone in the line has a frozen smile, and doesn't seem to pay the slightest attention to any remark you make.

Convinced of that, we sometimes say, "She busted her girled," or "A man eating tiger is coming in the door." We smile, of course, as we say it, and the party in the receiving line smiles back and says, "How very nice."

Newspaper editors not only have to worry about saying the wrong thing, but run the double risk of having the right thing come out wrong in print. History records that quite a few typographical errors produced words that aren't bantered about customarily in a respectable gathering.

On one occasion, a weather forecast published on the front page of a daily in this immediate section predicted conditions that had readers in stitches. It is safe to say that no other forecast, before nor since, has been more widely quoted.

So far we have been able to steer clear of unintentionally naughty words in The Mirror, but it is bound to happen sooner or later, perhaps in this very issue. When it does, please try to appreciate our anguish.

Several Decembers ago, our telephone rang early one morning. The gruff voice on the other end of the line shocked us wide awake with the accusation that we had written something very insulting about the Music Department at New Bern High school.

"That's a lie," we blurted out. "Donald Smith, the director

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WILL BE HERE—Jimmy Brown, a member of the famed Gas House Gang that led the St. Louis Cardinals to a World Series triumph over the New York Yankees a quarter of a century ago, is going to be on hand Tuesday night for opening ceremonies of New Bern's two Babe Ruth Leagues. A native of Jamesville, he starred with Dizzy Dean, Ducky Medwick, Johnny Mize, Frankie Frisch and Pepper Martin during some of baseball's most exciting years. Jimmy

spent 13 years in the Majors as a player and coach, and later managed a number of minor league teams in the United States and South America. In his college days at North Carolina State, he was a take charge guy, and continued to be a ball of fire when he climbed to the Cardinals. Still a kid at heart, Brown will be in hog heaven with the small fry Tuesday night.