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John R. Taylor is not only one of New Bern's most enthusiastic walkers, but happens to be rather well read. Being literary minded, he should appreciate knowing that many a famous writer of the past likewise enjoyed the role of pedestrian.

A bit of research on our part reveals that William Wordsworth walked an estimated 175,000 miles during his lifetime. Thomas Carlyle and Washington Irving often took long hikes together. They preferred the countryside, as did Sir Walter Scott, Samuel Taylor Coleridge and Christopher Morley.

Just as Taylor does, Charles Dickens, Robert Louis Stevenson, Charles Lamb and Leigh Hunt were quite satisfied to ramble on city streets. And it is hardly a secret that North Carolina's own O. Henry liked to roam New York City, or as he nicknamed it, Bagdad-On-The Hudson.

Walking in strange places has interesting aspects, but for our part we are happiest strolling along New Bern's familiar thoroughfares. Live long enough in the place of your birth, and every street becomes Memory Lane.

The late John Holland (we dubbed him Mr. Sunshine) never lacked originality. When he was courting Jane, daughter of the Rev. Euclid H. McWhorter, she agreed to matrimony providing her father approved of the match.

Jane was teaching school at the Academy Green here, and imagine her surprise when she came in from recess to see scrawled on the blackboard in John's easy to recognize handwriting -- "YOUR FATHER SAID YES!" -- Incidentally, the honeymoon lasted, through good times and bad, as long as John lived.

A local industry not to be overlooked is the Cutler Manufacturing Company, operating right smack in the middle of the lobby at New Bern's Federal Building. At least, we call it an industry. Day in and day out, Dora Cutler, who presides over the concession stand there, makes use of every spare moment to fashion colorful rugs for her friends.

Dora will never see the bright hues herself, or any of the other things in God's wonderful world that people with vision take for granted, but she laughs often and smiles constantly.

She and the Mirror's editor have had a make believe feud going on for more mornings than either of us could possibly remember, and no matter what our horoscope says, the first order of business each day is an exchange of insults between the two of us.

Bystanders who don't know what we are up to frequently listen incredulously to the uncomplimentary remarks. You've never had a tongue lashing until Dora whittles you down to size, and heaven help us if, in our case, she decides to do it for real.

Happiest creatures in town, during summer months, are the hundreds of dogs that belong to local kids of school age. For nine months of the year,

(Continued on Page 8)



WAY BACK WHEN—If you've reached 60, or will arrive at that milestone a few years hence, you'll recall the pictures of outstanding baseball players that used to come with each pack of Raleigh cigarettes. Here, from the distant past, is one of those photographs, and the gentleman is none other than John Cowell, one of Pamlico County's best loved citizens. Cowell threw his arm away at Kansas City before he reached the Majors, but his great hurling in the Minors had already made him a famous diamond

figure. Playing for Wilson when Jim Thorpe was starring at Rocky Mount, he won one unforgettable game 2-1 in 11 innings. For Sumter he struck out 64 men in his first four contests, and fanned 21 in a no-hitter at Orangeburg. At 80 he is still keenly interested in the national pastime, and understandably proud of his grandson, John Cowell, III, who pitched Pamlico High into the State semi-finals this year, and will be around next season.