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How do New Bern husbands compare with those interviewed in a national survey? Conducted among middle-class American males in 42 states it finds that 53 percent like to cook, and that rightly or wrongly 42 percent admitted they are good at it.

They are credited with being best at outdoor barbecues, scrambling eggs, roasting meats, making sandwiches, and in trying out gourmet recipes. Almost all of them are accused of leaving the kitchen in a mess when they're through.

This revelation is less surprising than the assertion of a home economist with the Hanes Corporation that 85 percent of men's clothing, except for suits and shoes, is purchased by women.

In consumer groups she talked to in Atlanta, San Francisco and Minneapolis, says Dorothy Buhr, she didn't find one woman who didn't do the entire purchasing for her family. Maybe she should come to New Bern, or should she?

You can't keep those junk circulars out of your mailbox, but if some crank is sending you letters you don't care to read, there's an easy way out. Simply write REFUSED on the envelope, sign your name, and turn it over to the post-office. If you're being pestered with threats or vulgarity, notify the local postal inspector, Paul Osgood.

As General Sherman said, war is hell. It is also expensive. Of course, according to figures given by Secretary of State Dean Rusk during the Senate hearings, the war on poverty is costing only 27 billion a year in American dollars while the Vietnam War adds up to 30 billion annually.

Think how much harder the high salaried staff of Craven Operation Progress works than those service men who are being mowed down by the Viet Cong. All that work, and no medals for zealously guarding the secrets of "The Program" from public scrutiny.

You're old enough to stop having birthdays if you not only remember buxom Annette Kellerman, the movie mermaid, but Mary Pickford's performance in "Daddy Long Legs." Likewise if you recall Zu-Zu ginger snaps, cuddling in a rumble seat on an Autumn evening, and swimming at Wyatt's Beach on a June afternoon.

Yesterday was when conscientious health authorities posted a yellow quarantine sign on your house if you had measles or chicken pox, but permitted the hanging of raw meat in front of local shops, much to the pleasure of flies and the frustration of passing dogs incapable of leaping quite high enough.

Kids had never heard of a band aid, but they knew what shelf their Ma kept the turpentine bottle on. Any bare-foot boy who couldn't navigate across a street freshly paved with oyster shells, and not wince, was accused of having lace on his under pants.

There was a lot wrong with yesterday, and yet we have no recollection if an attitude existing like the recent horrifying



THAT TIME AGAIN—If Frankie Collins could add a dozen years to his age, his thoughts would turn lightly to love instead of the venturesome worm crawling on his hand. And if he were even older, which would be a tragedy of considerable consequence, the Maysville lad's attention would probably be directed toward the strange political shenanigans engulfing us. Fortunately, small boys aren't smitten by romance, nor battles

for ballots. Frankie, the speckled nose son of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Collins, is of a mind to go fishing, but the finny tribe can wait until he learns all there is to know about that worm. A cynic has said youth is wasted on the young. This we doubt, remembering boyhood's golden day is an experience that can brighten one's heart for a lifetime. Frankie, never again will you have it so good.—Photo by Florence Hanff.