



The NEW BERN

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Those New Bernians who have had occasion to move from one house to another during recent days aren't by themselves. Authorities tell us that 40 million Americans, one-fifth of the nation's population, switch homes or apartments each year.

If you end up living in the same dwelling for a lifetime, you'll have done something that only three out of every hundred persons in the country do. Consider yourself an average couple if, in the course of your voyage on the sea of matrimony, you move five times.

The guys who figure such things say half of those who change scenery stay within the boundaries of their respective county, and that only one-fourth move outside their state. The transplant bonanza, it is said, produces more than \$1 billion for operators of moving vans, each and every year.

Don't be too skeptical when you see and hear "real people" instead of professional actors and models doing television commercials. New York's Madison Avenue has reached the conclusion that you or your neighbor can do a more convincing selling job than trained performers who talk and look much better than most folks you brush shoulders with.

This is hardly a new discovery. Our earliest recollections of old-time almanacs center around the advertisements displaying photographs and testimonials from suffering mortals who had been remarkably cured by this or that pill or tonic.

What confused us, at a tender age, was the fact that the photos showed each of the happily cured still wearing a miserable expression. Apparently, the ailment had left a permanent mark of extreme discomfort, or maybe there was something new ailing these sad faced individuals.

Television commercials are already too long and too frequent, but imagine what they'll be like if some of the chronic complainers we are all acquainted with get a chance to describe their condition in full detail to millions of fellow humans. If you think TV has given you a complete education in the unseemly behavior of balky digestive systems and congested nasal passages, wait until these self appointed authorities get into the act.

Any New Bernian who has reached middle age, including those from the so called best families, recalls how in childhood he or she was periodically subjected to sessions with a fine tooth comb, close to the window where the light was better. If, bless goodness, you picked up bugs at school, your Ma aimed to find out pronto.

Apparently, the little varmints aren't as prevalent as they once were, although they do crop up in local classrooms from time to time, and are not entirely unknown among some of the patients admitted to hospitals.

A fine tooth comb, in the old days, not only dislodged unwanted inhabitants, but could crease a kid's cranium permanently. We would hesitate to place our faith in such a weapon today, if the juvenile under scrutiny

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**HAPPY TRIO**—Three of a kind adds up to a full house for Charles R. and Katherine Flowers Adams, who reside at 715 Pollock, here in New Bern. Their triplets, born Easter 1967, are Sarah Katherine on the left, Nancy Kennedy in the center, and Molly Forrest on the right. Nancy underwent three serious operations shortly after birth, but threatens to be the smartest of the lot. All are strawberry blondes, although the tendency is toward a sort of chestnut

color. Sarah and Molly, identical twins have gray eyes. Nancy, just to be different, has bright blue optics. They are marvelously well regulated, awake at seven in the morning and in their beds at six thirty in the evening. They eat heartily, enjoy each other's company, and aren't shy with strangers. "No trouble at all," say their equally well adjusted parents.—Photo by Eunice Wray.