

MIRROR

PUBLISHED WEEKLY
IN THE HEART OF
THE NORTH
CAROLINA
NB-Craven Library
400 Johnson St.
New Bern, NC 28560



VOLUME 11

NEW BERN, N. C., FRIDAY, MAY 24, 1968

NUMBER 9

Attorney Wilson H. Lee, who has long found joy in the songs of God's tiny feathered creatures, tells us this one. "Each day when I come up the street," he says, "two mockingbirds are waiting on a power line and immediately start singing. Maybe they don't recognize me, but it's nice to think so."

Birds intrigue us too, and we're thankful for the ones that frequent our back yard. High in a neighborhood tree last weekend, shortly before twilight a gentleman quail was sending out a general broadcast to any lady quail that might perchance be in the vicinity.

At first his bob-white calls were loud and confident. However, when no response came, after ten minutes of steady proclamation of his availability, he tapered off into a subdued tone of disappointment and finally decided to prospect for romance elsewhere.

With a little imagining, one might speculate that he is the roving kind, abandoning normal rural life in quest of new hearts to conquer. Or it is just as likely that he is a faithful husband, trying to locate a mate consumed by a hungry cat. Anyhow, we're sorry that loneliness caught up with him in the merry month of May.

On a recent morning, as day was breaking, we happened to be the only human pedestrian on Middle street, between Broad and Pollock. Actually, there were three pedestrians, but the other two were young squirrels. Call us a liar if you want to, but they were window shopping.

At each store front they would pause, and take a gander at merchandise on display. One of them trotted up to the front door of Theodore Baxter's jewelry store, and peered in. We had his exit blocked as we passed, but he showed no fear, and appreciating his faith we didn't disturb him.

Having surveyed the block, they crossed the street and indulged in a game of follow the leader in Christ churchyard. There was really no point in proceeding to the next block of Middle for a look at the fashions in that portion of the business section. Not when they were already wearing fur coats that were a perfect fit.

Our thanks to the many who have commented favorably on the Mirror's front page photo of the Adams triplets. Their mother, the former Katherine Flowers, is a Mount Olive native, a fact we didn't include in the outline, but word got around Wayne County just the same.

The Mount Olive Tribune quickly cabbaged onto the picture, and ran it also, much to the delight of the grandparents living there, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Flowers, Jr., and a lot of other relatives and friends. With a Mount Olive background the triplets are a cinch to love pickles.

It may surprise you, as it did us, to learn that North Carolina's Travel and Promotion Division received more inquiries from Florida last year than any other state. New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Virginia rounded out the top five.

Following in order were New



AT LONG LAST—For years, those of us who in happy boyhood new and loved Albert (Crabby) Crabtree have wished for a photograph of this man who devoted his time, labor and limited money to making life a little more wonderful for youngsters frequenting his machine shop at Union Point. Crabby all the year round was Santa Claus in cover-alls, without the

beard. He converted an abandoned warehouse into a club for his "gang" and provided a dock and diving boards. He was the most completely selfless mortal we've ever known. Andy Fuller has finally come across a small print of him, and John R. Baxter has made an enlarged copy. We're proudly publishing it.