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John Parker, one of our esteemed neighbors on New Street, has a mind of his own. So much so that it surprised us not at all to see him, donned in a raincoat, watering his front lawn during a recent drizzle.

Like a lot of New Bernians, John almost lost hope in the midst of a prolonged dry spell, and nothing short of a downpour was going to convince him that Dame Nature really meant business.

Parker's determination to follow through, after he sets his heart on something, reminds us of a story that came out of the bad Louisville floods of quite a few years back.

The high water left hundreds stranded, and rescuers in small boats were kept busy picking up people from the second floors and roofs of their homes. It was an efficient operation, and nothing out of the ordinary happened until one craft stopped at a rambling frame dwelling.

While loading the family into the skiff, a member of the rescue party spied a straw hat moving back in forth in front of the house. "I can understand how that hat floats with the tide," he said, "but how does it go in the other direction, against the tide?"

"Mister, that's Grandpa," a little boy in the family explained. "He said yesterday he was going to mow the lawn today, come hell or high water." And that's the way John Parker was the other day, he aimed to get that watering done, and just a hint to welcome rain wasn't going to upset his plans.

Speaking of rescues, crossing the congested and hazardous intersection at Broad and East Front Streets a few weeks back, this editor did his good turn for the day. We happened to be toting a sack of groceries from John Blanchard's supermarket, and right in the middle of the thoroughfare discovered a puppy tagging along behind us.

Just at that moment, the traffic light changed and the puppy was trapped and bewildered. Realizing the juvenile canine wasn't long for this world unless somebody did something and quick, we scrambled to halt oncoming cars, added the pooch to the turn we were toting and headed for the curb as fast as an overweight oldster could be expected to travel.

The Jack Mortons, cooling on their porch next to Sudan Temple with their next door neighbors, the Will Pittmans, saw the entire episode. The puppy continued to trail us up East Front Street, and when the Mortons called to us, waddled up to their steps and forthwith adopted them.

Several days later, Jack and his wife, stopped by our place to inform us that the little dog had been named for us. "We were going to call it Joseph," she said, "but it wasn't that kind of a dog, so we had to call her Josie." Naturally, we were overwhelmed by the glad tidings.

Unfortunately for Josie, she isn't the sole proprietor of the Morton domain. The family already had a dog, one that has been around, as we recall, for

(Continued on page 8)



BUSY MAN—First District Congressman Walter B. Jones of Farmville, who represents us on Capitol Hill, is up to his ears in work this week. The last days of the current session are filled with important and highly controversial legislation, and Jones has been very much in the middle of things. Although a Democrat, he doesn't hesitate to differ with the Administration, and his voting record hasn't been one to win wholehearted approval from the White House.

Before election to Congress, Jones had been outstanding in the State Legislature, but was best known in New Bern for his keen interest in sports. Through his efforts, a system of booking competent officials for High school ball games was established, vastly improving the quality of officiating in eastern North Carolina. On the college level, he labored tirelessly toward making East Carolina University a reality.