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Many a tall tale is told by those senior citizens who congregate on the tree-shaded benches that line the outside fence of Christ Episcopal church. Remarkably, a lot of stories are true.

For example, on a recent morning you could have heard about a drunk's encounter on the Elks Temple corner with New Bern's most colorful cop in history, Uncle Gus Ipock.

According to well founded legend, Ipock was standing as usual at his favorite spot, chewing the usual wad of tobacco, and as usual not being too successful about keeping the juice contained within his crowded oral cavity.

Along came a character not exactly unknown to Uncle Gus, obviously loaded to the gills with a beverage that couldn't possibly have been lemonade. To say he was just staggering wouldn't do him justice. This inebriated individual was in a state of uncertain perambulation that defies description.

Clutched under his arm, presumably to guard against any dry spell that might crop up during the balance of the day, was a gallon jug. In the jug was a liquid distilled to such clarity that you knew right off it was some of North Harlowe's best white lightning.

Displaying cordiality so long associated with over imbibing, the drunk made no effort to avoid Uncle Gus. To the contrary, he tendered his jug to the elderly, philosophical policeman and invited him to have a drink.

Uncle Gus, bless his memory, figured that at such a time as this might not be a bad idea to temper justice with a double helping of mercy. Instead of exercising his authority, and making an arrest, he told the man to "Get home with that jug of kerosene."

The drunk got the message in a manner that those who subscribe to ceaseless sobriety would find it hard to fathom, and to the best of our knowledge followed these instructions explicitly, as well as he could in his top heavy condition.

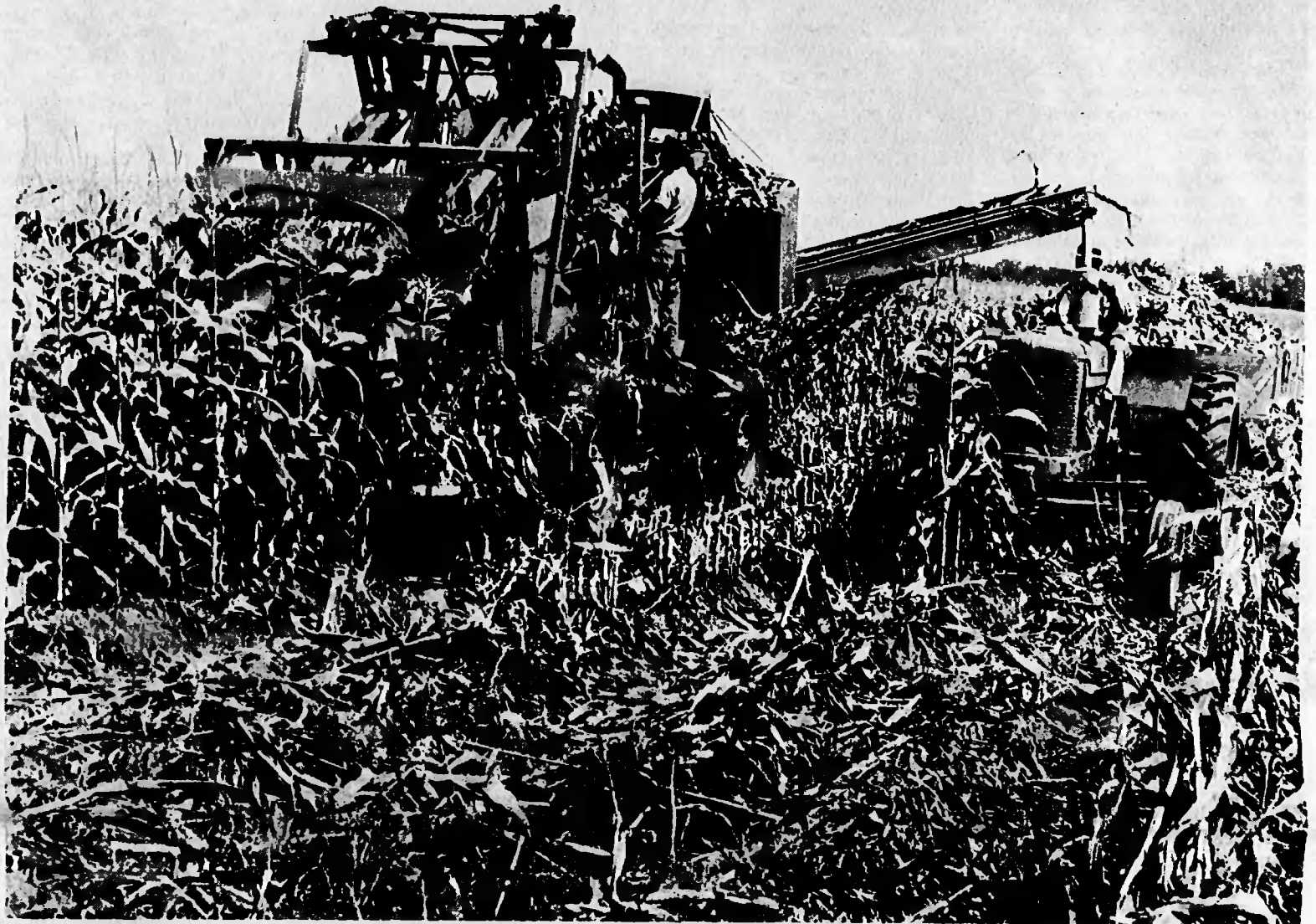
Unfortunately, Uncle Gus wasn't always able to handle touchy situations this expertly. Once at the famed guano dock off East Front street, where New Bern youngsters of male gender delighted in swimming unhampered by attire, he got the scare of his life.

Periodically, housewives in the neighborhood would call City Hall to complain about this shocking display of nudity, and likely as not, the riot squad sent to the scene consisted solely of Uncle Gus.

What Uncle Gus didn't know, but the innocent juvenile delinquents did, was that a hole existed in the dock, below the water's surface, big enough for a nimble kid to swim through and come up out of the water, concealed beneath the dock.

As the whims of Fate would have it, everybody was overboard one day, well out of reach of a passing raft of logs, when Uncle Gus showed up. Everybody that is, except Sonny Foote, who could outswim any fish, even if he had both

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NOT JUST SPUDS—Ordinarily, when New Bernians think of Pamlico County in terms of agriculture, potatoes immediately enter their thoughts. It's true that for many years our neighbors down the road have raised a goodly share of potatoes, but don't overlook the corn grown there. S. M. Jones Farms, Inc., at Bayboro, raises and markets hundreds of acres of the tasty ears annually, and here you see two photos of the big operation. A hundred migrant workers who find em-

ployment the year round throughout the South recently completed picking and packing of the Jones crop. Timed for ripening when other commercial corn below us in Dixie has tapered off, and crops to the North aren't yet matured, the Pamlico corn can usually count on a ready market for a ten-day span. Both the crop and the market are perishable, so a delay can be costly.—Photos by John R. Baxter.