

# MIRROR

PUBLISHED WEEKLY  
IN THE HEART OF  
EASTERN NORTH  
CAROLINA

Regional Library  
400 Johnson St.  
New Bern, NC 28560

VOLUME 12

NEW BERN, N. C., FRIDAY, JUNE 6, 1969

NUMBER 11



New Bernians are the closest to Mars this weekend that they'll be all year. A wonderful time for flying saucers, if those little green men can cover 44,550,000 miles as easily as our astronauts spanned 250,000 miles to the moon.

Middle Street, on a June afternoon, furnishes a fellow all the human interest he could ask for. Since people are more outlandish than caged animals, maybe they're planning to put the wrong critters in North Carolina's proposed zoo.

It actually happened the other day, and gave us a tug of the heart. On the block of Middle between Pollock and Tryon Palace Drive, a little girl of eight or nine met and passed a none too shapely woman wearing a mini-skirt.

The child turned her head for a second look, then glanced down at the hem of her own dress, extending to the knees. Unsmiling, she shook her head slightly and went on her way.

Reading the mind of a female is beyond the capacity of any male, so we couldn't tell whether she was jealous or disgusted. She had no reason to be disturbed. Mini-skirts are simply a reminder that knees, like elbows aren't exactly beautiful.

June is the month of roses, and no one in town appreciates them any more than dapper George Holland. The year round he sports a blossom of some sort in his lapel, the final touch to his perfectly groomed appearance.

Years ago there was another George on the local scene who also wore a flower, George (Rosebud) Duffy. And of course, no one ever saw Clyde D. Hoey, the most distinguished looking Governor and Senator to represent North Carolina in our lifetime, without a bright flower on the lapel of his long black coat.

Bob Pugh, who became secretary for the New Bern Scottish Rite Consistory when he retired as County School Superintendent, acts like he feels good all over when he laughs. That's the kind of laugh we enjoy hearing, and so do you.

However, he gets plenty of competition, right in the Consistory office, from one of his three thoroughly charming secretaries. Florrie Gibbs Dill. Her laugh doesn't ripple like a brook, it surges like a waterfall. Maybe the description doesn't fit a lady as attractive as Florrie, but that's the way it strikes us.

On the back porch of the house we now live in there's a cell-fan we stood under as a very small boy to buy rock candy and cookies from Sadie Kafer, at the family's bakery on Middle Street. It is still giving good service, but the whirring blades keep telling us that yesterday was a long time ago.

"Miss" Sadie could make a moppet with a couple of pennies in his clenched hand feel like a big spender. She waited patiently, her head tilted, and wearing that broad smile of hers, while you stared at the assembled sweets and pondered what to purchase.

She never rushed you into a quick transaction, and what-



**HARD TO BELIEVE** — Wendy Carey of 1304 Helen Avenue won't be two years old until July 14, but she can recite the pledge of allegiance to the flag, and sings all verses of "Jesus Loves Me." Daughter of the Ted Careys, she frequently says grace for the family's meals, and can pray a prayer you wouldn't expect from a much older child. Her father gives much of the credit for her advanced state of learning

to a lady of the Holiness faith who takes care of her during the day, while the parents are at work. He is a commercial photographer for WITN-TV, and the mother is employed by Carolina Telephone. Her religious leanings notwithstanding, Wendy isn't completely angelic. She can act up like any other tot of similar age, and frequently does, but with her vocabulary she sometimes is able to talk her way out of it.