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New Bern's Broad Street ought to smell mighty good one of these days. Down at Georgia Tech, a laboratory wizard has perfected a catalytic converter that he claims will make the exhaust from diesel engines have the aroma of freshly popped popcorn.

Think how hungry you'll get every time a big truck goes by. But don't be too optimistic. Remember, those promises to beautify this same thoroughfare, after all the trees were chopped down, didn't pan out, so maybe the popcorn odor won't materialize either.

Incidentally, isn't it about time for somebody to put a smellelevision set on the market? Right in your own home you could get a whiff of the goodies they rave about in the commercials, compare the potency of respective deodorants, and soak up the acrid smoke of gunpowder when the commercials end and the action begins.

Some odors are more appealing than others, and too much realism might not be a good thing. That should be no problem. By regulating the volume on your set, as you do now with the sound, you could sniff only what was to your liking.

However, we don't trust those ad makers on New York's Madison Avenue. It would be too easy for them to secretly project goldenrod pollen into millions of homes, just to increase sales of a hayfever remedy.

And what about the presently happy viewer who loves westerns, but is allergic to horses, cattle, or tumbling tumbleweed? There are, of course, such people, and it is also possible that some of us might develop sneezes just from closer association with Lassie or Gentle Ben.

Smellelevision, added to the viewing and listening we now get on television, wouldn't help much unless network programs improved. Although it hardly seemed possible, the quality of tv fare has continued its downward trend, which explains why more and more people are switching on their sets less and less.

"Jack of all trades but master of none" doesn't apply to Jack Honrine, whose news beat for the Sun Journal takes him into Pamlico County and sections of Craven.

Honrine doesn't claim to be a spellbinder among typewriter pounders, but he is an accurate newsman, and the copy he turns out is by no means shoddy.

Aside from this, in private life he is a talented cartoonist, an accomplished musician, and an excellent cook. Pecan brittle is his masterpiece.

Jack, like his father (Captain Dick) before him, is an exceptionally well read man. Few New Bernians know as much about as many unrelated things as this shy, soft spoken individual, and time spent in his company is never wasted.

He'll be surprised to read these lines. Guys like him, versatile though they are, more often than not get overlooked or ignored in a world peopled by loud mouths who talk big but have far less on the ball. May his tribe increase.

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WAY BACK WHEN — Recent publication of Kirby Higbe's picture aroused comment from countless older New Bernians who were Coastal Plain League fans in days of yore. To test your memory, think back a third of a century and see if you can recall this diminutive Bear, who wasn't a star but captivated the hearts of Bruin followers with his hustling brand of play. A good glove man, he was a capable infielder and

his baseknocks were usually timely. He hailed from Henderson, still lives there, and remains keenly interested in sports. Don't probe your mind any longer, if these clues haven't helped you. The dapper, talkative little athlete you're looking at is Howard Hobgood who was as cocky as a bantam rooster on the diamond, but modest and amiable when the day's chores were over, and he was out of uniform.