



# The NEW BERN MIRROR

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Changing jobs appeals to some folks, but not Roger Moultrie, who is known to many here as an all round handyman at Coleman Motor Company. He has been employed by Tommy Coleman and the Ford distributor he succeeded, the late W. C. Hagood, for 47 years.

Actually, it goes back even further than that. Roger was 11 years old when he went to work at Hagood's livery stable in Greenwood, S. C. He came along when his boss moved to New Bern, and has been around ever since.

Moultrie lives at 608 Rountree street, and is married to the former Callie Godette. They have no children, but raised her sister's child. Although time has slowed him up, Roger displays a constant smile and is just about the most cheerful person you'll see on any given day.

He loves Coleman, and well he should. Tommy, appreciating Moultrie's loyalty through the years, is patient when his elderly employee's thoroughness takes considerably longer than it once did.

Last week's reference to Smokey Joe, the medicine man, kindled recollections for Louis Howard, and he told us of an incident involving his father, who founded a men's clothing store that was a landmark on Middle street for many years.

Louis remembers too how the slick talking tonic peddler erected his show right smack in the center of Middle street's first block, and says that shortly thereafter the medicine man came into his father's store with a proposition.

"Give me that silk shirt in the window," Smokey Joe proclaimed, and I'll see that you get the best advertising you've ever had. I'll have everybody and his brother coming in here to do business with you."

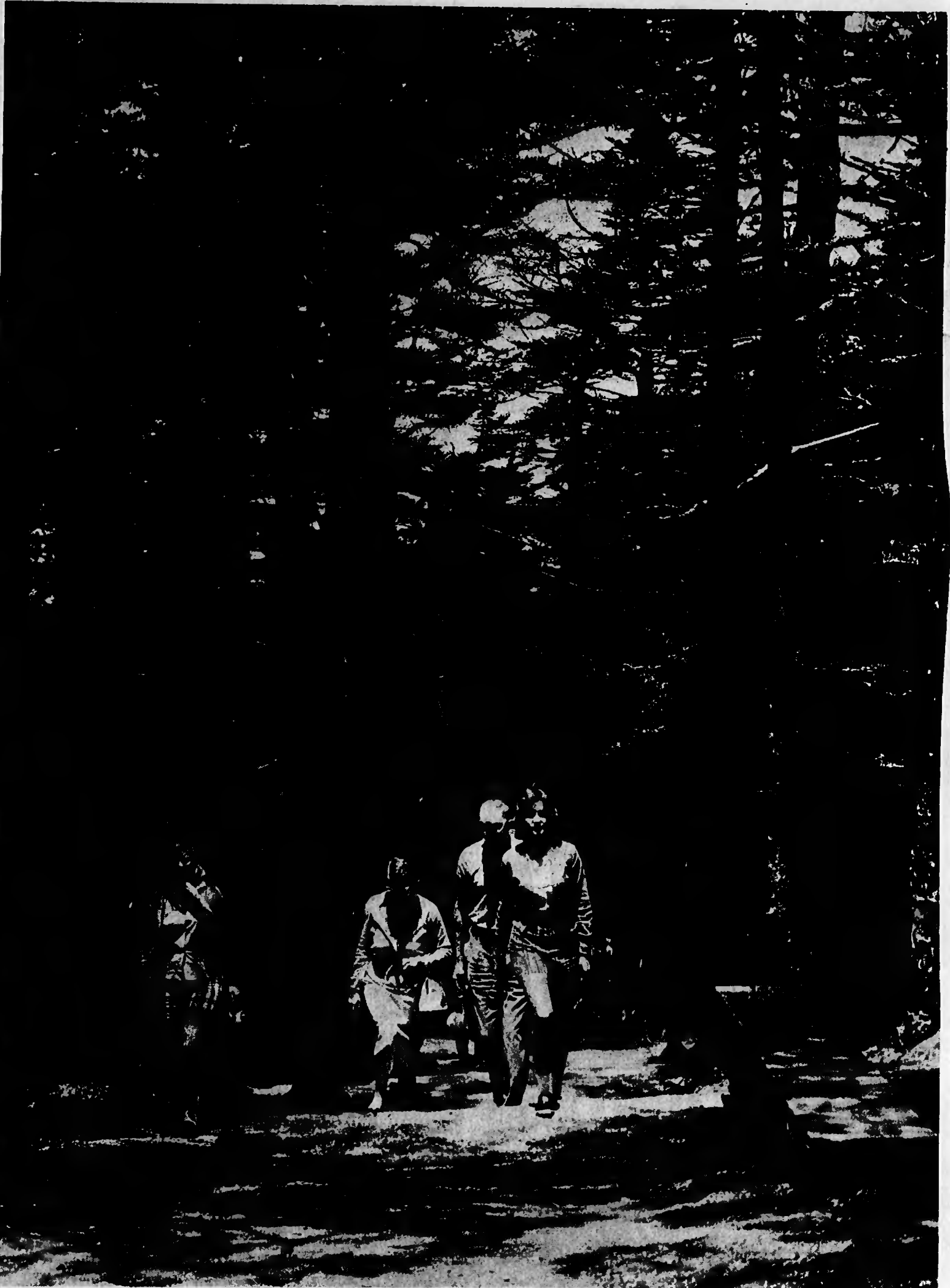
Mr. Howard, figuring he didn't have much to lose, accepted the offer. That night, the medicine man was as good as his word, even if he got the name of the clothing establishment mixed up and called it Phillip and Howard.

Unfortunately, Smokey Joe in his usual exuberance couldn't resist laying it on heavy. Pointing toward the store, easily visible from his show's location, the medicine man shouted, "Go there if you want the greatest bargains on the face of the earth."

That would have been enough, but the glib pitch man went further. He assured the assembled crowd that you could get a two pants outfit, complete with coat and vest, for two dollars.

Mr. Howard, a courtly gentleman who didn't believe in false promises, was in the crowd with little Louis, and to say he was mortified is putting it mildly. Turning to his small son, he said, "I can't stay here any longer, that man is going to ruin me."

Smokey Joe didn't ruin Howard's after all. Next day the tonic peddler moved on to other climes, and the clothing store continued to do business for many more years. It was the last time, however, that Mr. Howard entered into an agreement with a fast talking spiel-



THE TRAIL SONG IS CALLING  
IN CAROLINA'S GREAT OUTDOORS.