

The NEW BERN

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, NOVEMBER 21, 1969

NUMBER 35



Dusting off the memories: Once upon a time, Gatsy Matthews, 13, who lived in Colonial Heights, displayed wisdom beyond her years. Instead of paying a nickel to ride the City bus home from school, she invested the money each day in a candy bar. She knew sweets were bad for her already plump figure, but reasoned that the long walk would take care of that.

New Bern's Mike Holton, a pilot for Piedmont Airlines, used to go to great lengths for his music lessons. His run was from Wilmington, N. C., to Cincinnati, and he studied voice at a conservatory in the Ohio city during his brief stays there. Mike started out as a soloist in the Centenary Methodist choir here.

Jack Menius, attending a National Boy Scout Jamboree at Valley Forge, discovered a bean beetle in his picket when he arrived for the encampment. He put the bug in a small plastic case, called the insect a Hindu Flip, and traded it to an eager Texas scout for a hand-made leather neckerchief. Other boys from the Lone Star State swamped Jack with requests for additional Hindu flips. With more bean beetles young Menius could probably have ended up owning half of Texas.

Then there was the occasion when a group of kids living on Johnson street discovered that a stray hen was laying eggs in a neighborhood woodshed. A mother discovered it too when she found her small daughter and several other moppets breaking the eggs and mixing them in mud pies.

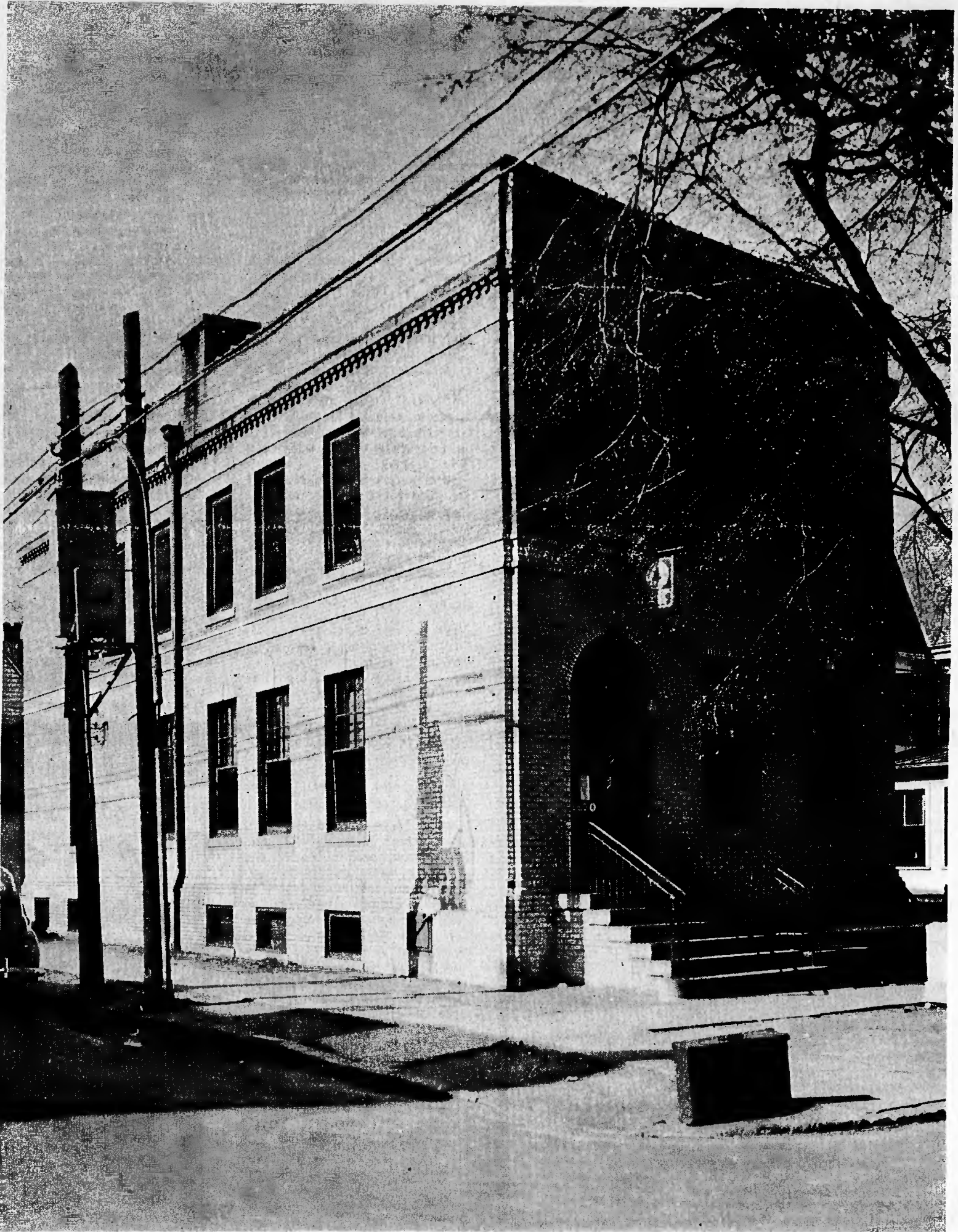
Visit the graves of FDR and his wife, Eleanor, at Hyde Park, and you'll find that Roosevelt's beloved dog, Falla, is buried with them. Although we aren't sure, it is probably the only instance that a pet canine has been entombed by the side of a departed President.

Which brings to mind something that happened when special memorial services were held at New Bern's Christ Episcopal church, the Saturday afternoon following Roosevelt's death at Warm Springs. As the local services neared their climax, a little mongrel trotted quietly down the center aisle of the historic edifice, and remained until those who had come to pay their last tribute filed out.

Great dog lover that he was, FDR would have gotten a chuckle or grown misty eyed over an incident such as this. Most of all he might have been especially pleased to note that the canine was nondescript. Whatever else may be said for or against Roosevelt, he wasn't overly awed by pedigrees.

Because of a physical handicap that needs no detailing here, FDR never knew the joy of romping playfully with Falla. Master and pet accepted this fact, and their association became even closer, we believe, than the usual bond between man and dog.

Falla was with Roosevelt when he died, and rode in the coach with his body on the train trip back to Washington. Grief is by no means confined to human experience, and the ca-



THE WAY IT WAS — If you were living in New Bern 25 years ago or earlier, you'll recognize our town's small, two-story telephone building. A handful of operators handled all calls, totaling only a tiny fraction of the thousands now cleared daily through Carolina Telephone's modern direct-dialing equipment here. The front portion of the first floor served as the business office, and greeting customers there was as gentle and considerate a lady as ever lived,

Miss Ina Brewer. Her courtesy was the one thing the company couldn't improve on in its tremendous expansion program, in North Carolina's first Capital City. What became of this structure? It was added to, and swallowed up by the much larger building now standing at Broad and Hancock. Incidentally, this free, front-page plug for Carolina Telephone was our idea, not theirs. The firm's importance to our community is far reaching.