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Craven County's Register of Deeds, Theresa Shipp, is called upon to deal with all kinds of people, in person and by mail. Printed below is the letter she received from a former service man in Detroit, and her reply.

Dear Miss Theresa Shipp: It is with warmest appreciation that I express my gratitude to you employed in the sending of my Army separation papers. They came right on time.

The atmosphere of your efficiency has reached all the way to Detroit, Michigan, and who knows, maybe farther. The two dollars in cash is yours personally. Thanks again! Sincerely, Office C. Brown.

A letter like that deserved and got an immediate answer, and if Office C. Brown is the sort of person we think he is he won't soon throw the following missive in a waste basket.

Dear Mr. Brown: Your letter of thanks arrived this morning, and what a nice way to start Monday morning. In the hustle and bustle of today it's so seldom that anyone takes the time to say "Thank You" that your note was doubly appreciated.

I am returning the money which I am not entitled to, for when I took office, I was elected to serve the Public, one of which is You. However, it was nice of you to make such a gesture.

If we can ever be of service to you again, please feel free to call on us. Sincerely, Theresa Shipp.

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Grandparents who become inflated, and establish themselves on Cloud Nine, inevitably pay the price. You come down to earth quite quickly when a three year old granddaughter, watching her very favorite television cartoon, prefers not to leave the action and talk to you on your long distance call.

The next time you call, of course, she'll eagerly grab the phone and run your bill up. Small children, unlike adults, always lay it on the line. Their brutal honesty punctures the ego, but you sure know where you stand.

As we've said before, the only mortals who don't, in varying degrees, wear the mask of pretense are the very young and the very old. Moppets haven't put it on yet, and the quite elderly, bless their hearts, have tossed it aside.

While we're on the subject of children, this gramp feels sorry at this time of year for all you mothers and fathers. Those who warn you to do your Christmas shopping early are on the wrong track.

Weeks before the eventful night of December 24, your kids tell you what they want Santa Claus to bring them. Fearful the supply might be exhausted later on, you make the necessary arrangements with the jolly gentleman.

To your dismay, shortly thereafter that offspring of yours loses all interest in what he was clamoring for. Suddenly he decides on something else, leaving you holding the bag.

Likely as not, his mind will

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AGELESS CHARM AT TRYON PALACE.