

The NEW BERN

MIRROR

THED WEEKLY
HEART OF
N NORTH
CAROLINA
5¢ Per Copy



VOLUME 13

NEW BERN, N. C., FRIDAY, JANUARY 29, 1971

NUMBER 45

You've got to get a little age on you to appreciate the advantage of being born homely. How many other New Bernians can boast with Bob Pugh, Ed Blair and this editor that they aren't much uglier today than they were forty years ago?

Men who are handsome, and women who are beautiful, dread the time when their physical attractiveness is a thing of the past. Bob Pugh particularly didn't have to face this problem, so his happiness knows no bounds.

In our case, we at least have felt younger since the New Bern Jaycees held their annual Awards banquet last Friday night. In the course of presenting the Young Man of the Year plaque to David Ward, we took our usual dig at Harry MacDonald.

No one, we thought, would take seriously our assertion that Harry, who has been City School Superintendent for 10 these many years, taught us in the third grade. But one lady at the banquet did, asked him about it, and Mac developed instant arthritis on the spot.

As we told those attending that night, quite sincerely, our biggest thrill came when Debbie Cordes, who has surmounted a physical handicap with indomitable courage, was named Teenager of the Year.

David Ward's credentials to support his selection were impressive. Not like ours, we admitted, when the first Young Man of the Year award came our way thirty years ago.

On that infamous evening, dogs howled mournfully, bells tolled their dirges, and the Hotel New Bernian where the atrocity occurred, was forced by public opinion, to close its doors forever shortly thereafter.

Perhaps it was poetic justice that the actual award didn't arrive in time for presentation. Jaycee President Billy Dowdy faked handing it to us, and we didn't really get the thing until almost a year later.

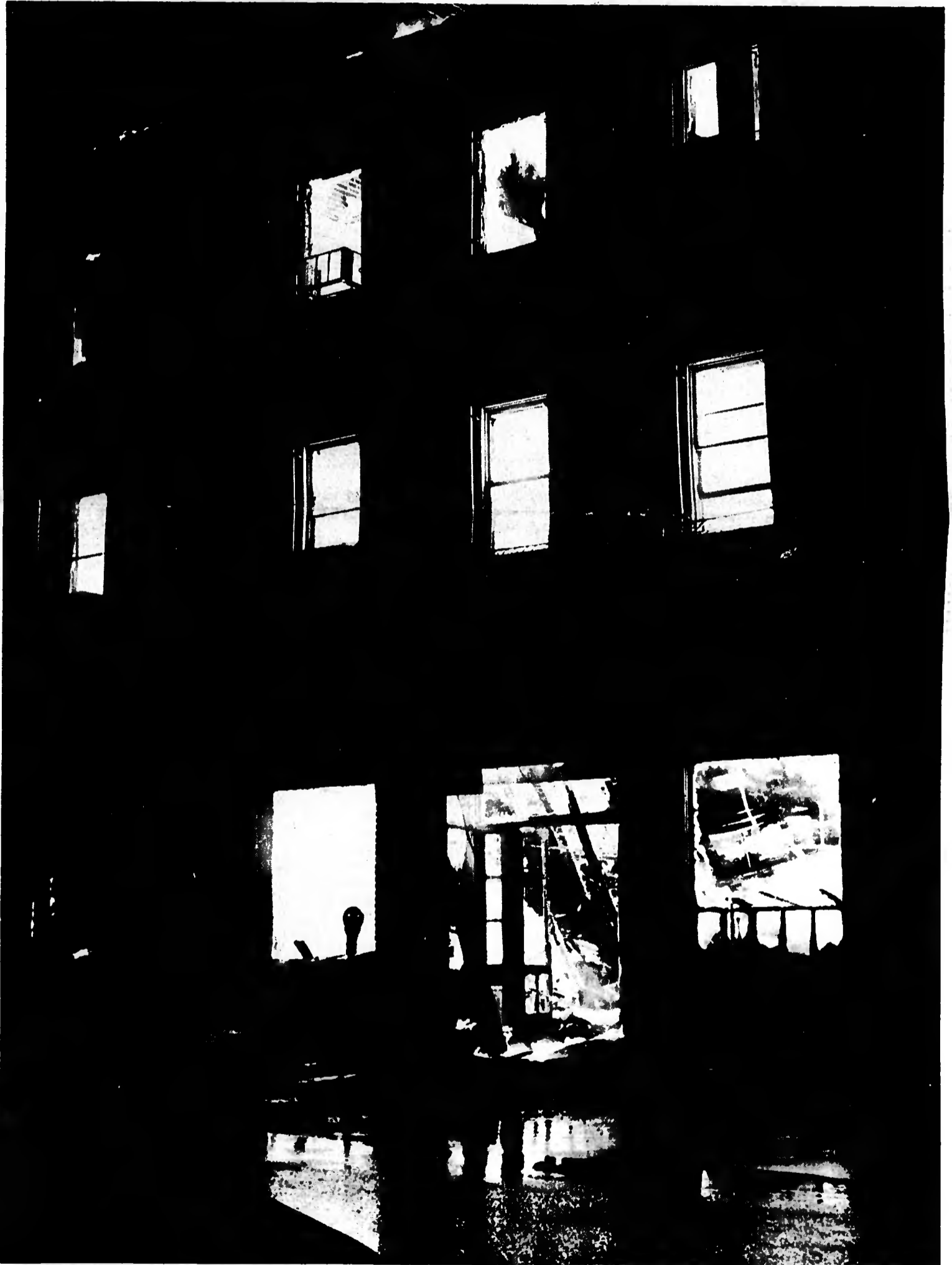
By that time the secret judges, who for good reason preferred to remain secret, had been forgiven by an outrage community. A new Young Man of the Year hovered on the horizon, and we became a has been.

One of the recipients of our day, among others, who justly deserved his Young Man of the Year award was T. K. (Gus) Mann. He wasn't the sort who threw his weight around, but he pulled more than his share of the load.

Gus grew up with us on upper Pollock street, but at this late date we still don't know how he got his nickname. We do know his mother named him Truxton King, for an author whose books she liked.

Funny, isn't it, how things turn out. Today the dry cleaning establishment he owns and operates bears that selfsame

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Have You Forgotten The Night The Governor Tryon Burned?—Photo by Billy Benners.

