

# MIRROR

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Yesterday was when W. O. Pratt, regarded as one of New Bern's truthful citizens, told us this story for acceptance at face value.

Many years before, when he was up in Gaston county, he went bird hunting with a friend. As the two came out of a patch of woods into a field, they saw a hawk swoop down suddenly, and take off with what appeared to be a rabbit.

They soon discovered, as did the hawk, that it wasn't a rabbit at all, but a cat. The captured feline, squawling as loud as his lungs would let him, managed to turn over in the hawk, and gave him a good going over.

"Feathers were flying all over the place," said Pratt, and the hawk lost interest in his prey in a hurry. The hawk and the cat finally let loose of each other, and the cat tumbled to the ground."

It was quite a tumble, but Pratt swore to us that the cat landed on his feet, and high tailed away under his own steam. The hawk managed to fly away, but Pratt said he appeared to be on his last legs, or last last wings.

Yesterday was when, on June 8, 1933, a Cove City couple got married in the front portion of the S. H. Kress store, here in New Bern. Graham Wood, Jr., was the not so nervous groom and Retha Rouse the blushing bride.

They approached the manager, asked permission to get hitched near the front counter of the establishment, and returned shortly with a preacher and the usual attendants.

The wedding was solemnized in the midst of a throng of curious shoppers, who flocked around to see what it was all about. Just why Graham and Retha picked such a spot to embark on the sea of matrimony wasn't clear.

One thing for sure, however, the genuineness of the smiles that wreathed their happy faces indicated that each was of the opinion that they had struck a million dollar bargain in a five and ten cent store.

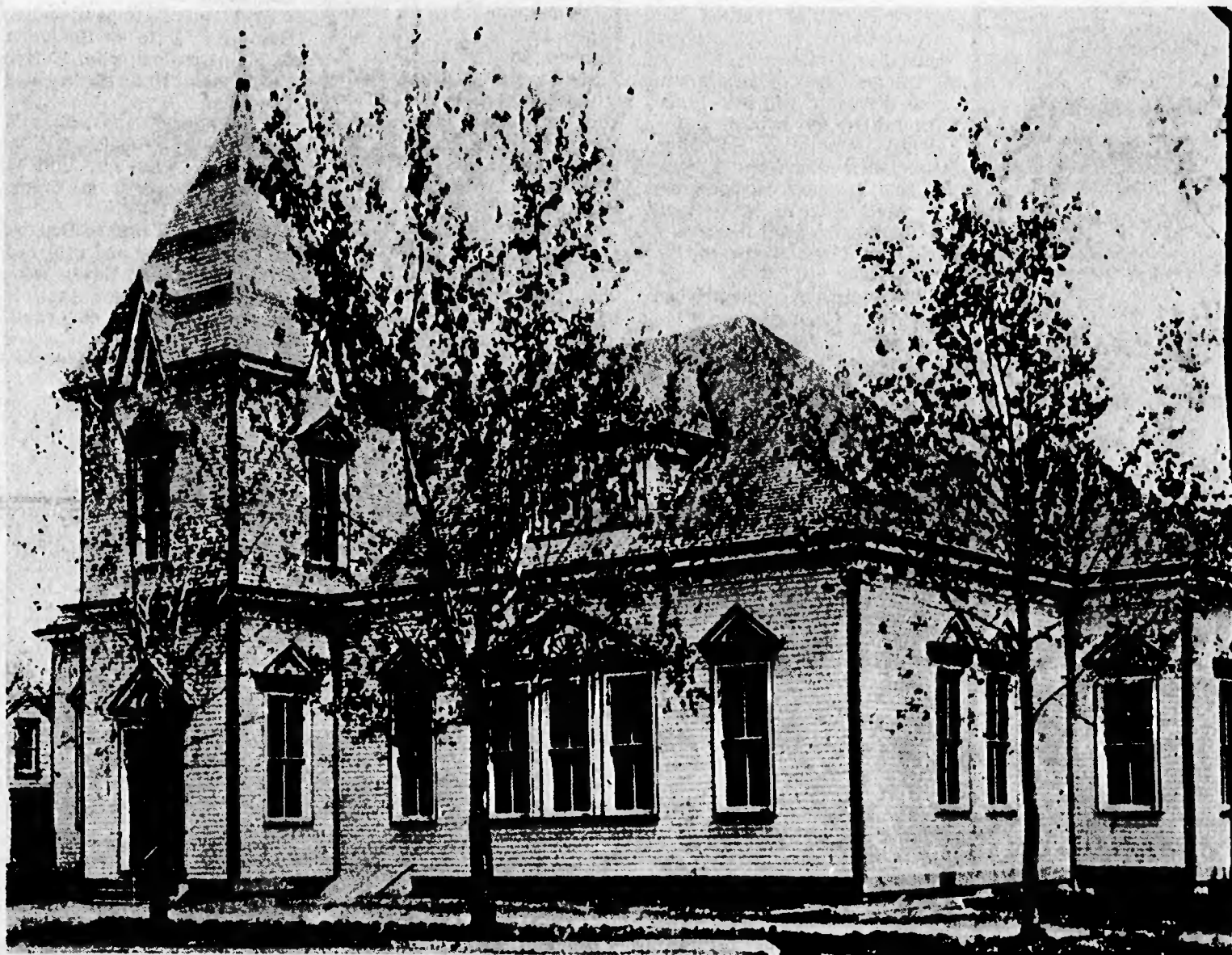
Yesterday was when Sharron Lee Cassell, an eleven year old pet lover who lived on C. Street in Bridgeton, thought it was cute when she taught her tabby kitten to drink his milk out of a bottle like a baby.

But as time went on, it wasn't cute at all. Timothy, even after he grew to be a great big tomcat, insisted on getting his bottle regularly, lying on his back like an infant, and holding the bottle between his paws.

So far as we know, Sharron never succeeded in weaning Timothy. You might keep this in mind if you have notions about adding a very young kitten to your household.

Yesterday was when Grover Hill, still spry at 70, rounded out his 50th year as an advance display man for circuses and carnivals, and returned to New Bern to spend the off season. That was 1958, and he and his wife had been residing here since 1940.

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ONCE UPON A TIME—Members of New Bern's Tabernacle Baptist Church are rejoicing this week, and understandably so. Their modern brick edifice, a necessary replacement when fire destroyed the original frame house of worship seen here, now has a steeple. The spire is a gift of Mrs. J. S. Miller and her son and daughter-in-law, J. Macon and Margaret Miller. New members of the flock have no recollection of this first church, gracing our front page today, but the Millers and others will never forget it. Nor will they forget its pastor through hard times and good times, for so many years, the Rev. J. L. Hodges. During the depression, he refused to accept a salary, advising the deacons to pay the bills, and then get around to

him if there happened to be any money left. With many members out of work, the remaining dollars didn't amount to much. Hodges had opportunities to go elsewhere, but stuck by his congregation. The fire that reduced his beloved church to ashes didn't shake his faith or diminish his zeal. He lived to see the new brick church built, and just as he would have wanted it, died in action, preaching there one night. We're happy for you Tabernacle Baptist folks. It's nice to have that steeple you've wanted, but you've got something else you can be very proud of, an inspiring place in New Bern's history.—Photo from the Albert D. Brooks Collection.