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New Bern, for some of us, isn't quite the same since Royston Blandford's wire-haired fox terrier, Lucky, died. Seeing them take their daily walk together was one of the pleasanter sights in this town on the Neuse and Trent.

Love and exceptional care kept her longer among the living than most dogs. Although 18 pushing 19, she remained active and alert until recent months. And to the last she had the mark of class, and the air of an aristocrat.

This reserve, bordering on but never actually lapsing into aloofness or disdain, stemmed from her heritage. Her father was an International champion and her mother a British champion. She had a good excuse for holding her head higher than the average canine.

Lucky came into the Blandford home as the result of one of those emergencies that happen in the lives of all parents. Royston's small son, Jay, now grown, had a German shepherd that died, and left the youngster heartbroken.

J. K. Clay, who used to operate a kennel near New Bern, tried to find a quick replacement. He didn't succeed, but Lucky, born in Baltimore, was suggested as a likely pet. Royston agreed, and she was flown to New Bern.

No dog ever had it better than Lucky. From the day she walked into the Blandford household until she ceased to be among the living, she was a queen in manner and in fact.

For years, since Royston's wife passed away, and his sons grew up and departed to establish homes of their own, the man and his dog have leaned heavily on each other for affection close at hand.

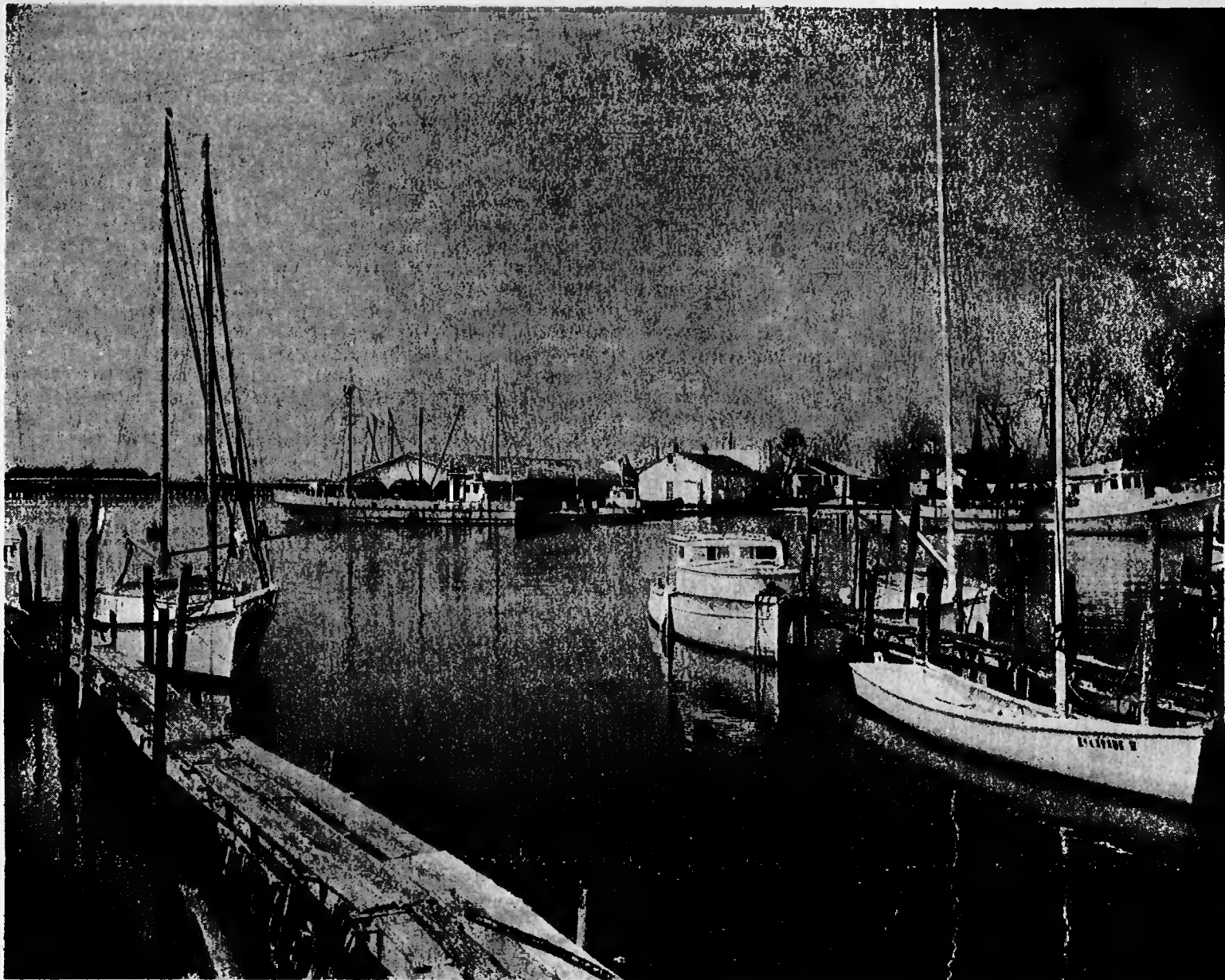
This editor, who once gave his heart to a stray dog named Lucy, and lived to weep by her death bed in the early darkness of a winter morning, can appreciate the grief that Royston feels. It won't leave him any time soon.

Lucky had her quirks. She wouldn't eat just anything. Her favorite dishes were chicken and ice cream. She loved candy suckers too, but only the red ones. You couldn't fool her. She selected her color at Clark's Drug Store. If you think we're spoofing, ask Callie at the candy counter there.

Well do we remember an occasion when Lucky showed signs of an allergy. Royston took her to the vet, and exhaustive tests revealed that she was reacting unfavorably to the brand of cigars that her master was smoking.

They weren't cheap cigars. You never saw Royston in all your born days with a cheap cigar rammed in his mouth. Nevertheless, Lucky was getting upset, so Blandford switched brands without hesitation.

Much as we hate to admit, it we never managed to get real chummy with her. About the most we could claim was ap-



OUR LAND OF ENCHANTING WATERS  
—Photos by Billy Benners.

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