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Yesterday was when life changed on upper East Front Street, after Elvis, an amorous acting young parrot moved into the neighborhood. Jim and Betsy Blades had carted him down here from Yankee Land.

What he lacked in Southern drawl, Elvis made up for with a wolf whistle that would put a freshly docked sailor to shame. A wolf whistle may be all right in some places. In this instance, the choice of location was poor.

George and Lou Ellen Slaughter lived next door, and the repercussions were tremendous. It wasn't that George and Lou Ellen hated parrots in general and Elvis in particular.

They got along well with everybody and everything, including dogs and cats. Their two sons, George and Bill, and their own dog, Aleck, were much the same way. You could judge them rightly as a live and let live family.

This wouldn't be much of a story, if Lou Ellen hadn't been a dress maker. An expert in her field, with such accomplishments as the uniforms for New Bern High School's majorettes, she sewed for some of the City's most discriminating ladies.

These good women, when they were being fitted up, occasionally got rather close to a first floor window. This gave Elvis something better than a bird's eye view of the proceedings, and put the lady involved well within the range of the parrot's unseemly vocalizing.

Imagine her startled reaction, when that wolf whistle disturbed her equilibrium, and sent her scurrying for a trifle more raiment. It wouldn't have been so bad if the young whipper snapper hadn't winked at her too, when she sighted him sunning on the Blades porch.

Not content with concentrating on Lou Ellen's emporium, Elvis conveyed complimentary whistles to other attractive ladies who happened to pass along the street. His fowl play mounted in volume if the gal obviously had more than her share of physical endowments.

All of this was a matter of great travail to Blades, Slaughter, J. T. Harlow, and other male residents of the neighborhood. They shared the parrot's unqualified approval, but were much too discreet to do it orally. However, they got many a dirty look from the opposite sex.

The story has no moral, but it did pose a question. What is the best way to cook a parrot?

Yesterday was when one of those forlorn Easter biddies, on sale here annually, proved to be the exception and remained very much alive after 10 eventful years.

A fat but rather unproductive hen, she belonged to 12 year old Tommy Davis, Jr., and ruled the roost at 312 Crescent Street. Tommy and the chicken literally grew up together.

Greenie was her name, given to her by little Tommy when he

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SWEET AND LOVELY—We can't think of a better way to describe Robin Dawn Hardison, who won't be celebrating her third birthday for almost half a year. She is the daughter of Bobby and Cheryl Smith Hardison, former New Bernians who now live in Henderson. It doesn't seem any time

since Cheryl was writing the Mirror's Teen Topic column, while attending NBHS. Doris Smith, who delights in photographing children at Wray's Studio here, got extra pleasure in doing this assignment for us. The young lady happens to be her granddaughter.