

Through
THE
Looking
Glass

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The fuel shortage won't present a walking problem for our Mayor's vivacious wife, Eula Kimbrell. Ever since she moved to New Bern, a considerable number of years ago, she has preferred hoofing to riding, any day in the week.

Citizens who feel dismay at the prospect of walking several blocks are apt to stare at her when she sets out to amble one or several miles. A trek down town from her Queen Anne Lane residence is routine.

Politely but firmly she has refused literally hundreds of rides from motorists, who wanted to be kind. Only strangers halt their vehicles now. Friends simply wave a greeting and pass by.

Yesterday was when New Bern's kids didn't get store-bought gifts all during the year, so whatever they found under the tree on Christmas morning was sufficient to cause excitement.

It was always a joyous time at this editor's house, even though Santa Claus never brought the bicycle, electric train, or Shetland pony we asked for. We did get wind-up trains and autos, but invariably an adult would accidentally step on them, and mash them out of commission before dinner.

How different things would have been at the White House if, instead of recording tape, a supply of adhesive tape had been purchased to place over the mouths of too talkative officials.

Maybe those engaged in trying to cover up Watergate should have turned to Senator Ted Kennedy for expert advice. Kennedy ought to distribute nausea pills, when he piously insists that Nixon and Company tell all.

At least there is no evidence at this point that the President or his Plumbers figured in a still mysterious death, deserted the corpse of a girl presumed to have drowned, and had the body removed from the scene before an autopsy could be performed.

And who is the Senator to suggest that spending huge sums on political campaigns is evil, and should be abolished? After all, the Kennedy family killed off all opposition in Democratic primaries, when John F. ran successfully for the Presidency, by proving that dollars can be mightier than either the pen or the sword.

Same as always, our thoughts this Christmas turn to yesteryear and Mack Henderson's portrayal of Santa Claus in New Bern's downtown business district. It took considerable padding and plenty of whiskers to approximately disguise him.

Mack, who in real life was an ex-tobacconist, salesman of sorts, and Craven County's Coroner, drawled much too much to be from the North Pole. He most certainly had to be from the South Pole, but did have a way with small fry.

Henderson could sell

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"Bringing Home the Christmas Tree," by Alfred Hunt.
From *Illustrated London News*, 1882.