



# The NEW BERN MIRROR

PUBLISHED WEEKLY  
IN THE HEART OF  
EASTERN NORTH  
CAROLINA  
5¢ Per Copy

VOLUME I

NEW BERN, N. C., FRIDAY, JULY 11, 1958

NUMBER 15

One of the delightful things about home talent plays is the way the unexpected and unintended often bobs up.

Charles Styron, now a successful Raleigh physician, has probably long since forgotten one such mishap, but for us it lingers as a vivid and ludicrous memory.

It happened at the Masonic Theatre, where the New Bern High school class of '30 was presenting its junior play. As we recall, the name of the exciting drama was "Ghost Birds", and it was a three-act mystery.

At the high point of the evening a group of mean old crooks were plotting together, when they heard somebody approaching. They turned out the lights and flew the coop.

When the stage, which was supposed to be a room, was illuminated again, there was Charles, looking around in amazement.

Striking a pose not unlike John Barrymore's finest performance, he exclaimed, "I could have sworn I saw voices and heard a light!"

Needless to say, the audience roared with laughter, putting Charles in a state of embarrassed bewilderment from which he never fully recovered until the final curtain.

Simply by getting his verbs crossed, he had brought misery upon himself and ruined what he had hoped would be a night of glory. Such is show business, but it's hard to be philosophical when you are the goat of a slip of the tongue like that.

Gerald Colvin, an old hand at home talent productions, fared somewhat better, thanks to his experience and knack for quick thinking.

His unhappy moment came when he was playing the title role in "Life With Father" or, come to think of it, maybe it "The Man Who Came To Dinner."

Anyway, the script called for Gerald to pick up a piece of candy from a nearby table, and munch it while he proceeded with his lines. It was a clever bit of stage business, but the candy stuck in his throat and made him speechless.

Finally, with the help of a swig of water, he got the stuff down, and said, "Damn that candy!" The character he was playing was a rather profane cuss, so it fitted right in and the audience never knew the difference.

Our own darkest hour came when  
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## Could It Be A Smile Upon Dog's Kisser?

Winn Hughes at Hawk Radio & Appliance Co., would sure like to know who stole the RCA dog from in front of his store two weeks ago.

It cost him \$28 to acquire the display last February. When he got it he had no need for the old dog that had become pretty well battered during years of faithful service.

Winn didn't have the heart to throw the first dog away, so he stored it. A lover of real life dogs, and an enthusiastic pet owner, he had actually become attached to the make-believe pooch.

Now, with the new dog gone but not forgotten, he has hauled the old display out and placed it in front of his establishment. Maybe it's just imagination, but we thought we detected a smirk on the face of the original dog as we passed by the other day.

After all, getting a new lease on life, even if you're only a make-believe dog, is something to grin about.



**NO FEEDING PROBLEM**—When you accuse a fellow New Bernian of having bird brains, it's a compliment rather than an insult. Unlike human mothers who fret with a formula and scold their brood for not eating leafy vegetables, Mrs. Downy Woodpecker, a local resident, has no finicky behavior from her only child to worry about.

Deserted by her husband, she shrugged it off and is rearing her child to be appreciative and have perfect manners, instead of acting like a spoiled brat.

Billy Benners, whose own young son prodded him into bird study, waited several hours to snap these remarkable photos for The Mirror. On the

left we see Mrs. Woodpecker arriving from Dame Nature's super market with the nicest worm she could find. In her hurry she forgot her save-a-stamps, but after all, it was way past Junior's lunch hour.

Junior needed no coaxing. As you see in the picture on the right, he responded pronto to Mama's chirp and put away his vitamins in a hurry.

There'll be no juvenile delinquency evident, as Mrs. Woodpecker's little boy grows up. Seeking advice from a child psychologist isn't for her. She got better results by telling Junior a great big tomcat would get him if he didn't watch out.

## Saturday Loses Its Bathing Popularity

If you've got a sneaking suspicion that Saturday night baths have gone out of style in New Bern, you're on the right track.

Official figures, furnished The Mirror by the town's Superintendent of Public Utilities, Bill Bartling, indicate that water consumption on the traditional bath night is now no more and in some cases less than the amount of aqua extracted from local faucets on other nights of the week.

There was a day in the past of course when scrubbing up all over was a weekend affair, not only for plain run-of-the-mill folks but for civic leaders as well.

Many a big wheel around the village, if he spoke truthfully, would have to admit that baths did not become a daily occurrence with him until this modern era of well-heated homes and unlimited hot water.

Climbing into a bath tub a generation ago was a necessary ordeal, rather than a casual interlude of relaxing enjoyment. Likely as not the bath room, on the second floor of a rambling frame dwelling full of drafts, was the coldest spot in the house.

That is, it was cold in winter. In weather like this, you were lucky if you didn't suffocate. Whatever the season, taking the plunge was a matter of dread not relish.

Except for the fact that having a scrubbed exterior put one in better shape for church-going the next morning, a Saturday night bath couldn't have been more inconvenient.

Any other night in the week would have been better, seeing as how the 40-hour week hadn't been

heard of, and New Bernians who worked in stores were lucky if they got home before midnight.

Stragglers customers, who didn't shop for their groceries until they ran out of gossip on downtown corners, robbed many a merchant of his needed sleep. No respectable merchant or clerk was ever too sleepy to get that Saturday night bath, however.

Why some of them didn't topple over from exhaustion and drown is one of life's mysteries. Maybe there wasn't enough hot water available to really go under, after other members of the family had taken their turn earlier in the night.

Monday is New Bern's biggest day for water consumption now, principally because folks who no longer observe the ritual of Saturday night baths still cling faithfully to the ritual of Monday morning as their wash day.

If it's a pretty Monday, thousands of extra gallons flow through the town's water mains shortly after

er the sun comes peeping out of the east. Day in and day out, New Bernians use an average of 1½ million gallons during a 24-hour period, and frequently it ranges to 1¾ million gallons.

Heaviest drain of the year is during dry spells in summer, when villagers are doing their utmost to saturate lawns and gardens. For example, on a single day last summer 2,100,000 gallons were piped out.

New Bern's water tank holds only 500,000 gallons, but don't get uneasy over that. If necessary, 3½ million gallons daily can be pumped for the town's consumption with present equipment.

## Mosquitoes, Gnats? It Could Be Worse!

Whatever you do, don't squawk if a few gnats and mosquitoes tend to spoil your summer relaxation.

Think how much worse it would be if New Bern was infested with all of the 85,000 kinds of insects common to the United States. Especially since 10,000 kinds are generally harmful to man.

Now that you've learned this from the pages of The Mirror, aren't you sorry you cussed that one little biddy mosquito that got into your bedroom last night?

## 'Purple People' Platter Pretty Popular

In case you've been wondering, the Purple People Eater is still a best-selling platter at New Bern record counters.

For a quickie that will fade as suddenly as a rainbow, once it starts downhill, the thing is proving rather durable.

Incidentally, Pat Boone in the popular field is making cash registers ring hereabouts, while such standbys as Perry Como and Frank Sinatra are sticking around

quite well.

When it comes to spiritual type recordings, the top vocalist as far as New Bern is concerned is Melalia Jackson. And, we might add, religious records remain good sellers, rock 'n' roll notwithstanding.

Since the younger set buys most of the records, it is gratifying to note that so-called finer music has its appeal too. Right now there is a leaning towards the scores of shows like "My Fair Lady" and "The King and I."

## Noses Lead in Capture of Local Males

It may be true that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach, but local girls turn up their nose at such an old-fashioned notion.

While turning up their own noses, they make a frontal attack on the nose that belongs to the object of their affections. Results are destructive, and without realizing it most New Bern males literally sniff themselves into marriage.

What else could you expect, considering the cleverly contrived perfumes enjoying a brisk sale here? If the names on those labels mean anything, it's a wonder the town isn't filled to overflowing with bigamists, or a miserable lot of wishful thinkers.

At a single cosmetic counter, The Mirror found an array of sweet stuff that included such intriguing titles as My Sin, Escapade, Devastating, Intimate, Shocking, Pretext, Scandal, Indescreet, Surrender, Danger, My Alibi, and of all things, Adam's Rib.

For sheer speed in capturing an unsuspecting male, we can't imagine anything faster than Jet, and if that doesn't work a gal can always fall back on Miracle. In the event he stills acts horsey about capitulating, Blue Grass should do the trick.

White Flame is a hot seller hereabouts, while Tigress comes in handy for taming a wolf and transforming him into the sort of mouse who ends up doing the dishes, or maybe even the family washing.

Although Snuff doesn't sound very romantic as the name of a perfume, it isn't to be sneezed at, and those who have missed the boat for that slow trip to China, can settle for Shanghai.

Romance flowers fairly often too under the spell of Blue Carnation, Red Lilac, White Magnolia, Apple Blossom and Desert Flower. Also available if the situation calls for it, are Bright Secret, Side Glimpse, Fourth Dimension, Roman Holiday, Wind Song, Heaven Scent, Beloved, Dutchess of York, Midnight, Moonlight Mist, Bond Street and My Love.

If a young lady is just fiddling around until the real thing comes  
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