

The NEW BERN MIRROR

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WEEKLY OF
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VOLUME 4

NEW BERN, N. C., FRIDAY, MARCH 16, 1962

NUMBER 45

Intriguing, or perhaps disconcerting, is the recent report from South Dakota that they're intending to make sculpture speak, out in the Black Hills.

It seems that Korczak Ziolkowski, who is carving Chief Crazy Horse in mammoth proportions on a convenient hillside, would like to wire the famed nemesis of General Custer for sound. He wants the mighty chieftan rigged to sing recorded Sioux tribal songs.

And added to this revelation is a suggestion by Senator Karl Mundt that sound be given to the gigantic faces of George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Abraham Lincoln and Teddy Roosevelt on Mount Rushmore.

Assuming that these four gentlemen, or their stone images, won't perform as a male quartet, it may be intended that they take turns making their favorite speeches. If the idea catches on, statues may start talking all over this fair land of ours.

The fad has possibilities in New Bern. Think how thrilling it would be if those iron bears on City Hall and in front of the Central Fire Station were blessed with amplified voices. Not growls or yelps, mind you, but the ability to speak English with an appropriate Tar Heel accent.

The City Hall bears could remind citizens that their water and light bills are due, urge voters to show up at the polls on election day, and warn the voters, motorists, bugs, and drivers who crash stop lights. One bear could serve as a spokesman for the Mayor, and another for lesser officials.

Or, on second thought, they could offer a constant line of rebuttals to counteract charges made on a local radio program that gives complainants the chance to remain anonymous. Not sure who is doing the accusing — which is equivalent to an attack from ambush, the bears could holler in all directions.

Around at the Central Fire Station, the bears wouldn't have to become embroiled in politics. They could simply give talks on fire protection, the elimination of combustible hazards in the home, the penalty one might expect for sending in a false alarm, and the dangers involved in chasing a truck that's headed for a conflagration.

They've got a bear on the campus at New Bern High school too. His job, thanks to the marvels of amplification, could be to remind students that exams are just around the corner, and they had better study or else. He could even lead some of the cheers at pep rallies, and announce bulletins issued by the principal's office.

How long all this would last before New Bernians decided they couldn't bear it any more is a matter for conjecture. In a world that's already noisy to an extreme degree, there is little necessity for creating a still greater din.

Maybe there's more room for noise out in South Dakota. If Chief Crazy Horse wants to sing Sioux tribal songs, it suits us fine. At this distance we won't be hearing his chants, even when the wind is blowing this way. Instead, all we've got to worry about at the moment is an over dose of rock 'n roll.

Just as some of today's sounds are annoying to us oldsters, the memory of yesterday's sounds clings to our hearts. There was something substantial about the sound of wood being chopped into stove length in your neighbor's backyard, or the boom-boom reverberations that resulted when a housewife hung the parlor rug over a clothes line, and beat it vigorously with a broom.

You never had to guess when the
(Continued on Page 7)



ADVERTISING IGNORANCE — Pictured here is one of several misspelled signs, erected at all of New Bern's approaches, to let countless motorists know about last Wednesday's Civil War celebration. Out-of-towners snicker-

ed at our historic Southern stronghold, since those in charge of the affair obviously hadn't learned how to spell CONFEDERATE. No doubt about it, quality education can't come too soon.



AND HERE'S ANOTHER—This banner, misspelled like all the others, was suspended above East-Front street, where the heavy traffic from Morehead City and Cherry Point could get a splendid view of it. In fact, you just couldn't

get into town from any direction without being confronted by one of these ludicrous things. Maybe it was the sign painter who goofed at the outset, and maybe not. Certainly someone else goofed by keeping the signs up for days.