



The NEW BERN MIRROR

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OF
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Many an old timer, when the moon sprinkles diamonds on the Neuse and Trent, dreams of sailing down the river on the Steamer Phillips or the Howard with his fair lady.

Today's suitor, looking for an isolated spot to park his convertible, is more to be pitied than envied. In his smug disdain for the joys that appealed to past generations, he will live and die without knowing just how much he has missed.

Don't let all this huiabalo about the advantages of your hot-rod era fool you, son. Grandpa got around too, and he wouldn't trade his memories of those wonderful boat rides, in the company of equally romantic couples, for all the fretful drag racing you can cook up on an empty and exasperating evening.

Captain S. J. Phillips manned the river craft that carried his name on the bow, while Captain Nick Jones was head man on the Howard. Both were used primarily for hauling freight. Fort Barnwell and vicinity depended on the Phillips to fetch staples and fertilizer, and haul produce back to New Bern. As for the Howard, its port of call was Trenton.

There were similar vessels cruising along our rivers, and they too were utilized on occasion for a moonlight sail or a church picnic. N. W. Hardison of Arapahoe operated the Three Samuels for the benefits of Pamlico folks. Captain Mart Bloodgood's boat took care of Swansboro and way points, D. M. Salter ran below Harlowe, and Clyde Morton's big freighter went to Harlowe.

None of these craft would have proven very seaworthy in the turbulent waters of the Atlantic, but for what they were fashioned they left little to be desired. Most especially this held true when it came to meandering in the moonlight.

Even better than these boats, available to the general public, were the private sailboats that a few lucky New Bernians possessed. If you've never known the thrill of having your best girl by your side, while a brisk wind filled the canvas over your head, you've never really lived.

There something really majestic about a wind-propelled craft, be it small or large, and something pretty wonderful disappeared from the local scene when these trim and graceful skiffs passed into oblivion.

The larger river boats eventually passed into oblivion too. Having outlived their usefulness they were left along our shoreline to decay into objects of ugliness. Begrudgingly, they lingered in their dispute.

Although they listed badly before their final demise, they provided an excellent vantage point for New Bern youngsters who wanted to go swimming within a stone's throw of their homes.

Of course, some of these boats were too conspicuous for splashing around in one's birthday suit, so those carefree lads who preferred unconfined freedom headed for warehouse docks near Union Point or to the Pocomoke out Riverside way.

Those are days to remember. A kid with a new bicycle was an oddity, and the privilege of driving an automobile was unthinkable. If you had a dime in your pocket you were wealthy, and a whole dollar was something you only heard grown folks talk about.

But life was mighty good. Just when things were threatening to get dull, somebody's horse would run away. Croakers were biting in the river, and crabs were plentiful under the bridges.

Nobody had ever heard of a virus. Honest injun, they didn't come along until folks started getting real sanitary. Of course, you



MANSION OF MEMORIES—No book within the walls of the New Bern Public Library is more intriguing than the historic edifice itself. Home of John Wright Stanley, the structure provided two nights of lodging for George Washington on his 1791 visit here, and was used temporarily as

General Burnside's headquarters after the Yankees captured New Bern in the War Between the States. General Lewis Addison Armistead, leader of Pickett's charge at Gettysburg, was born in the stately frame structure.—Photo by John R. Baxter.

Communications Depend on New Bern's Radio Operators

Hurricanes, or what have you, New Bern's 24 ham radio operators are ready and willing to maintain communications with the outside world.

Paced by that grand old pioneer, Albert Parker, a man with 40 years' experience, they are members of the Coastal Carolina Emergency Network and the Craven County Civil Defense Network.

Parker is coordinator for the Coastal net. A brainchild of the American Radio Relay League, it covers the nine counties of Craven, Carteret, Jones, Greene, Beaufort, Pamlico, Pitt, Lenoir and Onslow. He is also a member of the board of directors of the Tar Heel Emergency Network.

New Bern's hams, in addition to Parker, include Kenneth Rose, Ralph Hudnell, Sam Sweeny, Needham Crowe, Frank Driver, Errol Bennett, George Soltow, Bennie Epping Jimmie Paul, Jimmie Sumrell, George Bowden, Wilton Block, Al Williams, Maj. Hayden C. Coker, Bennie Tingle, Robert Brock, Dallas Waters, Milton Rogerson, Michael Blythe, Walter Baldree, Jim Wilkie of Bridgeton, and a member

Are You Guilty of This Misjudgment?

Why, a New Bern waitress asked the other day, do most people pick out a freshly vacated table, littered with dirty dishes, when they visit a restaurant?

It really happens that way a lot of times, although other tables are available.

caught measles and mumps and stuff like that, but it was bound to happen sooner or later and nobody got excited about it. Boyhood was paradise.

of the fair sex, Mrs. Welma Harman.

Another budding ham will be added to the fold shortly. Lawrence Meekins is expecting his license momentarily, and already has a mobile unit. Two other hams, Dallas Waters and Ralph Hudnell, have mobile units too, and these can prove invaluable in time of disaster.

All of New Bern's ham stations can continue operation in the face of power failure, if generators are available. Any service rendered by a ham is strictly a labor of love. He is licensed with the under-

You'll Only Holler 'Uncle' Waiting for Ants to Expire

New Bern housewives, plagued with ants this summer as never before, will have to wait a long time if they expect the pesky little critters to die of old age.

A queen lives up to 15 years, and those busy workers that invaded your pantry in such wholesale numbers have a life span of seven years.

Maybe some of the ants around your place look different from the ones encountered heretofore. That isn't surprising. There are 5,000 types, and 400 of these live in the United States.

Just how many kind you could round up in New Bern is hard to say. However, if we're lacking in variety, we aren't lacking in numbers. Whatever the species, they're up to no good as far as humans hereabouts are concerned.

Are you convinced that ants talk to each other, giving friends and relatives the low down on newly discovered food? Well, your conclusion is quite correct. Ants can't

standing that he will never accept pay for helping others, and the ones we know wouldn't think of doing it, even if authorized to do so.

If the editor of The Mirror can inject a personal note, we would like to testify firsthand that a ham is the most important person in town during a hurricane.

Thanks to Parker, we were able to reach the outside world during the height of Hurricane Ione, giving an accurate picture of the death toll and property damage to press, television and radio.

A ham in South Carolina, whose

name we don't even know, picked up our call, rigged up a one-way phone patch in a minute or two, and had us talking to distant news services in nothing flat. We couldn't hear the news services, but they heard us, and the world read the story that afternoon while Ione still raged.

Later, Parker and other hams sat by their sets for hours, sending and receiving messages that brought assurance and joy to frantic relatives of New Bernians and other residents of the coastal area.

As far back as 1933, when 22 persons in the area lost their lives in a major hurricane, we were getting the same sort of cooperation and unselfish services from Parker and other like him.

So, whatever the catastrophe may be, all New Bernians can be thankful not only for our local hams and their 2,000 Tar Heel comrades, but also for the 186,000 hams scattered throughout America.

Ham radio is a fascinating hobby, enabling its operators to converse with every country on the globe. But, more than that, it is a vital and all-enveloping means of communication when tragedy strikes. New Bern, as much as any place on earth, can be thankful for that, and bless the Good Samaritans who make it a neighborly, heart-warming reality.

Oldtimers or Kids, They Love Museum

Oldsters who visit the Firemen's Museum here are always keenly interested in the steamers and hose wagons.

Not so with the kids. They head for the mounted head of Fred, the firehorse. By the way, has anyone ever heard of another firehorse thus enshrined elsewhere?