



# The NEW BERN MIRROR

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Few memory books in the South, or all America for that matter, have been more interesting than the sports collections of clippings and photos that meant so much to the late Captain Tom C. Daniels.

Yellowed with the wilt of more than a half century's passing, the data contained in the book is priceless. It was the good fortune of the writer to have it in his possession for quite awhile. Through a close perusal we were able to get the gist for a number of Daniels stories that appeared in the Raleigh News and Observer, the Charlotte News and State Magazine.

In keeping with the wishes of this colorful New Bernian, it was turned over to Duke University at the time of his death, and remains there as an authentic source of information and a wistful memento of an exceptionally exciting era in the realm of sports.

All of which brings us around to a poem that the local football pioneer—first of the South's many gridiron luminaries—pasted in his book, back in the Gay Nineties. Unfortunately, we can't give you the author's name, but he deserves credit for penning a bit of verse that is still modern and up to date after all these years.

Here it is, just as it appears in the memory book:

#### The Athletic Girl

She boxes, fences, rides and swims,  
And keeps her blood in motion;  
While other women nurse their  
whims,

And sigh for man's devotion.  
She's never known to have the  
blues,

To headaches she's a stranger,  
You may be sure that she'd refuse  
To faint at sight of danger.

A perfect woman, full of health  
And life, all men adore her;  
To her they'd gladly bring their  
wealth,

And lay it down before her.  
But she, Diana-like, is cold,  
And hates their love sick  
sighing;

And so she stops their wooing bold,  
And sends her lovers flying.

She's cold, but there will come a  
day—

A man who's fit to woo her;  
And then, the more she says him  
nay,

The closer he'll pursue her.  
To love she'll yield, some happy  
day

She'll give herself in marriage;  
Later her strength will come in  
play  
Behind a baby carriage.

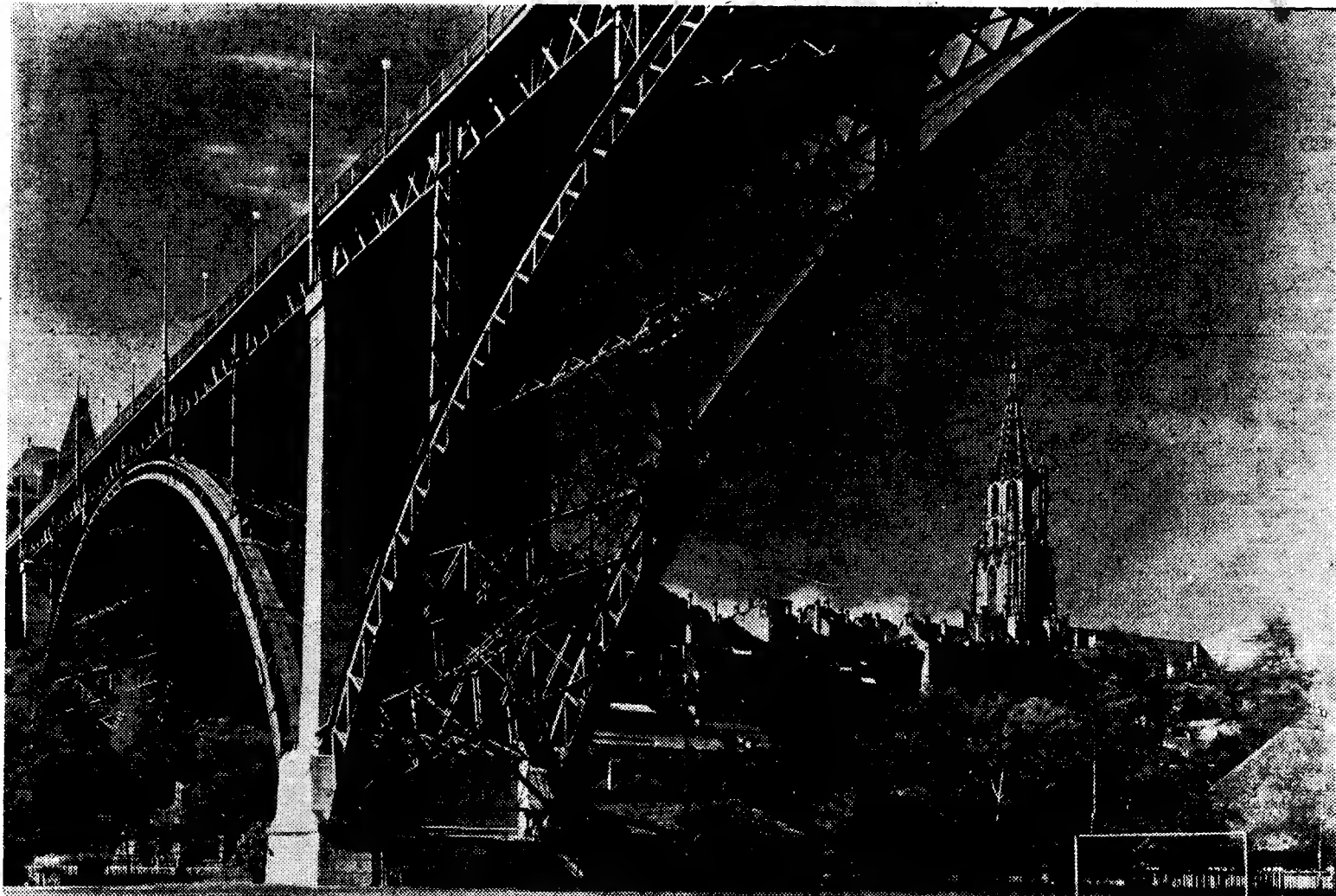
Incidentally, any mention of baby carriages, here or elsewhere, brings to mind the most quoted local quote in recent weeks. The reporter who used it—an ordained minister—tells us it was not a misquote, so as one newspaperman to another we're inclined to give him the benefit of the doubt.

At any rate, The Mirror hasn't been aware of any drastic reduction in the number of babies here, and hence no subsequent reduction in the number of baby carriages. We're of the opinion that there'll be plenty of both as long as there's a world peopled by approximately healthy humans.

We'll admit that pushing a baby carriage along Broad street between Middle and Hancock is apt to require a licensed navigator. In fact, the dimensions of the sidewalk will practically eliminate some of the fat ladies in slacks who waddled along this thoroughfare.

Ain't progress wonderful, or is it?

During the first month of operations from two airfields on Okinawa, Marine Corps fighter pilots knocked down 209 Jap planes while losing only four in aerial combat.



THEY HAVE THEM, TOO—Just like New Bern, our mother city of Berne, Switzerland, is a town of bridges. The first one was erected in 1256, 65 years after Berne's founding.

Here, in a photo flown to The Mirror from the Swiss capital, you can see much of the charm that is our heritage. We can be proud of it in this our 250th year.

## New Bern Should Be Proud of Grand Heritage Received from City of Berne



SWISS HOUSE OF PARLIAMENT

"When people aren't proud of their past, they don't deserve to be remembered."

These very wise words were spoken by the late Irvin S. Cobb—regarded by many as the greatest story teller of our time. Cobb, impressed when he visited New Bern, called our upper Trent the most beautiful river in eastern America.

Although the main attraction for him in Carolina's coast country was the hunting at famed Camp Bryan east of here, he found the Old North State an intriguing locale for those who love life and want to make the most of it.

Cobb, if he were alive today, would no doubt remind New Bernians that the heritage handed down to them by the town's Swiss founders is a priceless thing to cherish and remain ever mindful of.

Any milestone is a good spot to pause and take stock of what has been bequeathed to us. This, our 250th year, is a logical time to be doubly proud of the fact that New Bern got its name from a town as lovely as Berne in a country where peace is a world symbol.

Never in the past, and certainly not in the present, has it been a source of embarrassment to bear the name of a city so steeped in all that is fine and decent and tolerant in man's relationship with man.

Berne, with a population of 160,000, is not generally thought of as a "European city" but rather a thoroughly Swiss and Alemannic city that is extraordinarily picturesque and fascinating.

Built on a great rock, surrounded by the Aare river, the old Berne still stands in all of its un-

spoiled beauty. The moment a visitor leaves the railroad station, he is faced with this jewel of urban architecture of a past age which dates from 1191.

The old houses, untouched by time and flanked by broad streets with their splendid painted fountains, testify to the glory and the greatness of the old Berne. The peculiarity of these streets are the "Lauben" or arcades built into the facades of the houses on either side, like the glorious portici of small Italian towns.

Pedestrians keep to the arcades, and in this way they can traverse the town from end to end dry-shod in the worst weather. Berne citizens and tourists delight in strolling at a leisurely pace through these airy halls, with their great arches open to the street and on the inner side illuminated by the shop windows.

An argus-eyed municipality watches over these arcades. No house may be built or renovated without the arcade being built into the ground floor, and no facade is approved that does not fit in with the style of the neighboring houses.

Consequently all these streets have a festive air. One might well imagine that in Berne if not in New Bern the indignant citizens would have been even more aroused than New Bernians over what has happened to Broad Street in recent weeks.

Happily situated between German and French speaking countries, Berne has a decided French streak in its make-up. Its austere streets and its houses of a restrained Baroque are touched by a breath of the French spirit, and in

(Continued on back page)