



# The NEW BERN MIRROR

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New Bern, in the Gay Nineties, may not have been as gay as old timers fondly recall, but juice to make one jubilant was no problem. With 15 saloons operating, a stalwart citizen could quench his thirst quite conveniently and add one of two for the road.

Even those gents who found themselves confronted with a tongue as dry as dust in the wee small hours had no need to worry about a curfew. As a matter of fact, J. W. Harrell, who was the proprietor of Our House at 28 Middle street, stressed in his advertising that his establishment was open night to provide a sufficiency of wines, liquors, beers, ales, etc.

Just what that "etc." consisted of we're not quite sure, and Mr. Harrell is no longer around to enlighten us. Anyhow, we gather that an imbibor who couldn't find a type of interior decoration to suit his fancy was just about impossible to please, and hardly worth the trouble.

Thomas Bowden had his inviting oasis at 52 Middle street, and he too advertised wines, liquors, ales and beer in every logical media, including New Bern's City Directory. As Bowden put it, he carried a "full line of bottled goods."

E. W. Bryan had a nice location at the corner of Craven and South Front streets, and assured the public that the "finest goods are kept in stock and every effort made to please the trade." There is no reason to doubt, at this late date, that he did in truth bring pleasure to his customers.

John D. Dinkins was likewise a dealer for all popular alcoholic concoctions, but he emphasized in his advertising that "pure North Carolina whiskey is a specialty." Incidentally, his place of business was at 54 and 58 Middle street.

An enterprising man, he didn't restrict himself to selling joy juices. He also served notice that he paid the highest prices for beeswax, and hides (green or dry). In that connection, he announced far and wide that he was "always on the lookout for coon, fox and deer hides, and all other kinds of skin."

J. S. Garrett's Saloon, at 38 Middle street, always kept "the very best goods in stock" and gave "prompt and polite attention to all." Obviously, lower Middle street was something of a drinker's paradise, and what puzzles us is why more of the town's dapper dandies didn't stagger off the market dock and drown in the midst of their invigorated meanderings.

J. F. Taylor had his welcome mat out at 18 and 22 Middle street, while a gentleman we know only as "Jimmie" kept the citizenry in a mellow glow at 75 Middle. Taylor claimed the largest wholesale and retail house in the city, and in addition to potent spirits carried a full line of groceries, boat chandlery, oil and rubber goods.

For the sake of accurate history, it should be noted that Middle street didn't have an exclusive claim on all of the more frequented spots. For example, A. M. Edwards did a thriving business at 61 Broad street. In fact, he was "sole agent for the celebrated Budweiser export beer."

And, as a real challenge to the Middle street establishments, Bergeron's Cafe at 71 South Front street, under the Gaston House, advertised "the most elegantly fitted bar in the city." There, the management assured one and all, you could get "choice drinks to order."

Other saloons that were flourishing in the Gay Nineties here included Blumgardt at 126 Middle, William Coligan at 31 Queen, Davis & Arnold at 47 Middle, J. P. Rodman at Queen and Broad, L. J. Taylor at Taylor Junction, and Mark Disoway's wholesale place at 67 South Front.



**OUT OF THE PAST**—We're deeply indebted for this priceless photo to Mrs. Charles H. Hall (Mamie Berry). It is Miss Mollie Heath's class of 70 years ago, or thereabouts. Pupils in addition to Mrs. Hall shown here (see if you can pick them out) are Sam Street, Lillie Tolson, Bertha Wooten, Annie Bagby, Nat Berry, Percy Peck, Etta Wal-

nau, Sarah Stewart, John Lupton, Tommie Lasitter, Hugh Hughes, Mamie Colligan, Ethel Hughes, Jan Stewart, Alice Spencer, Frank George, Lelia Styron, Will Day, Alpheus Disoway, Maude Smith, May Moore, Richard N. Duffy, Adelaide Peck, Augusta Parks, Jesse Quidley, Herbert Lupton, Ralph Hunter Smith and Hilda Davenport.

## Ups and Downs Right Here Suit New Bernians the Best

Even though America's learned scientists and apprehensive military experts are growing increasingly excited about outer space, New Bernians show no signs of being up in the air over the matter.

It may be a case of the ancient adage—familiarity breeds contempt—or our complacency might be based on a layman's inability to grasp the significance and immensity of it all.

Whatever the reason, each new revelation gets a far heavier play in the press, and on television and radio, than the interest displayed by the average citizen warrants.

For example, the recent astounding broadcasts from a U.S. missile speeding toward the sun failed to cause the slightest stir among natives residing in this grand old town on the banks of the Neuse and Trent.

Only local small fry, and to a lesser extent the sophisticated teenagers in our midst, seemed intrigued by the mysteries that exist on the moon, on Mars and other heavenly bodies. Adults in general have exhibited collective indifference, or an emphatic opinion on the part of many that we ought to

stick to the earth and leave well enough alone. Maybe they didn't sell more joy juice than do our ABC stores today, but we rather imagine that they were a lot more colorful. What a pity it is that somebody sober wasn't around to preserve in writing some of the tall stories told by loaded customers.

stick to the earth and leave well enough alone.

A sample survey by The Mirror reveals this sentiment, but our

findings should surprise no one who is half-way discerning. All you need to ascertain the low ebb of interest is to notice how infrequently you and your friends and relatives discuss doings in outer space.

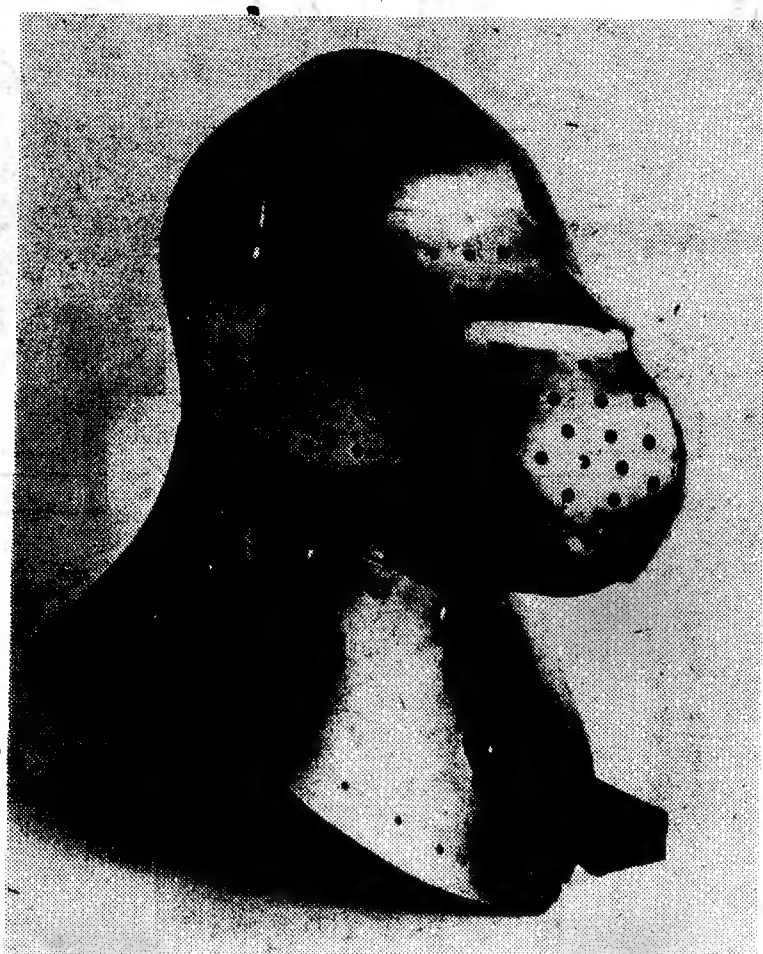
Pushing the rockets to one side, and just about out of the picture altogether is our day-to-day talk of things closer to home and closer to our hearts. Topping the conversational list of late has been the series of racial incidents here, with politics and collegiate basketball tournaments following in that order.

Since New Bern, despite its eccentric quirks, is fairly typical as Tar Heel towns go, it can be said that most North Carolinians are just as unexcited about outer space as the folks here are. They're unexcited, that is over what is sent up yonder. When it comes to what might be sent this way from the other direction, that's something else.

Hence, the New Bernian who apparently wouldn't blink an eye if the United States landed a dozen rockets on the moon is ready and willing to jump at the first report of the latest flying saucer.

And, human nature being what it is, the panic that occurred a couple of decades ago when Orson Welles did his coast-to-coast "Men From Mars" radio program would probably be repeated today if aired under the same circumstances.

It all boils down to the fact, that, in the final analysis, human (Continued on Back Page)



BERNE MUSEUM PIECE