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Spring and summer are pretty much the same each year, down here in the coast country. However, old-time New Bernians recall a number of picturesque things about our town that have vanished with the passing of time.

On any list compiled would be the vegetable peddlers who used to pull their little wagons along our sidewalks in the early morning hours. Folks didn't sleep overly late in those days, so it seldom disturbed citizens to hear sing-song shouts proclaiming the freshness of garden peas, corn, collard greens and other delightful delicacies.

Answering the clarion call, housewives would barge out of their homes to hail the peddler at their doorstep, and inspect the freshly picked wares reposing in buckets and flour sacks. Most of the vegetables had been grown in backyard gardens.

To this day, an occasional vegetable seller makes the rounds on foot, but gone forever is the era that saw scores of these highly audible individuals trudging from one end of the city to the other.

Even if you hadn't seen a crocus or a violet, or heard mocking birds showing off their versatility, you would have known it was spring just by the lusty hollering of the street peddlers.

A few of the more prosperous—or perhaps more enterprising—hawkers didn't remain content to pull a little wagon or shove a pushcart. They got themselves a horse and dray. This not only conserved their energy but made it possible to haul more vegetables.

Martha Royal, as any old timer can tell you, could yell louder than any of the other peddlers. In fact, when the wind was right her voice not only carried to the ocean's edge, it was claimed, but even extended to the outer banks.

As a small boy with a vivid and somewhat vicious imagination, we used to speculate on just how loud Martha might have yelled if she had seen a ghost on a dark night, or had been overtaken by a lion or a tiger.

Back then you didn't hear much about laryngitis. As a matter of fact, no one had heard about such a thing as a virus, and fortunately for us kids there appeared to be very few germs going the rounds. But even if there had been an epidemic of laryngitis here, Martha would have been exempt. Her vocal chords defied hoarseness, come rain or come shine.

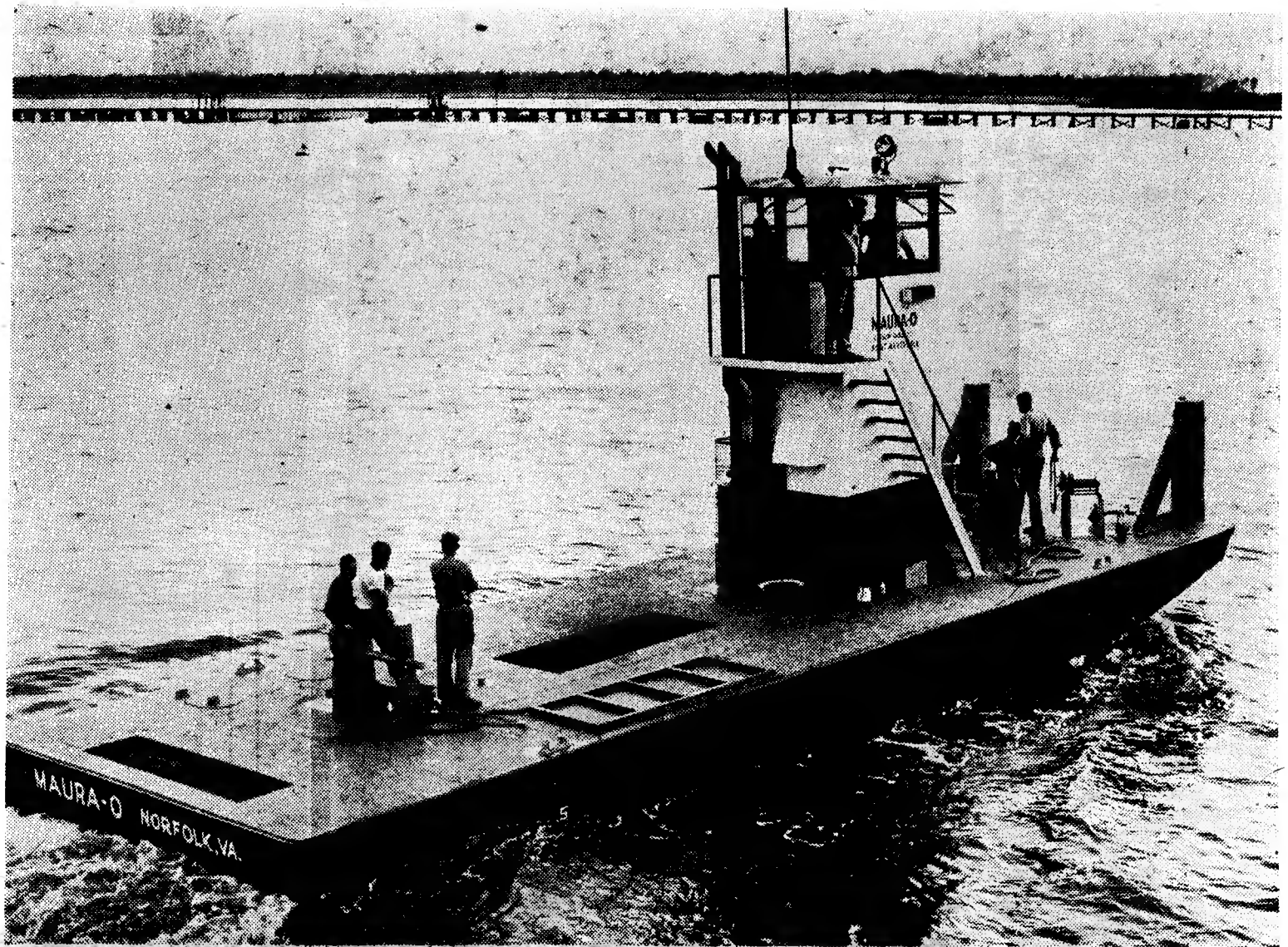
Almost as fascinating as the vegetable peddlers were the fish peddlers. Unlike the vegetable hawkers, who were usually women, the only fish peddlers we recall were men. They never took to the sidewalks, but pushed their carts in the street.

In keeping with the general absence of sanitation that prevailed so pleasantly and conveniently here, they used old newspapers for wrapping paper. Where the newspapers came from we don't have the remotest idea, but no New Bernians of our acquaintance were sufficiently fastidious to care about so trivial a matter.

Automobiles were a rarity in those days, so the fish peddler had the street pretty much to himself. His only traffic hazard was the remote possibility that a run-away horse might wreck his enterprise right in the middle of selling Mrs. Jones her croakers or spots.

Oysters as well as fish were transported on the pushcarts, but never crabs. You bought your crabs usually from kids who caught them around the bridges on the Neuse and Trent rivers. Shrimp were almost unheard of, at least in our neighborhood.

In their day, the street peddlers were a great convenience to local  
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**EASY TO HANDLE**—Pictured here, nearing completion, is a tow boat built by New Bern Shipyard, Inc., that will soon be plying Florida waters. Unlike outmoded tugs that pull, the tow boat pushes its barges. It's safer to operate on

crowded streams, and is a familiar sight along the Mississippi. Located on the site of the old Meadows Shipyard, the local firm is known for the excellent jobs it turns out.—Photo by Bill Benner.

## Craven's Battered Bushes Are Getting Final Beating

This is no day to be snoozing under a bush. At least not in New Bern and the remainder of the Third Congressional District, where any and all candidates are dashing and thrashing in a last frantic effort to round up enough votes for election.

As a matter of fact, most of the available bushes have long since been beaten to a frazzle. The few remaining are so depleted of foliage that you'd fare just as well taking your nap in the open sunshine, as far as shade is concerned.

Local parents—the ones who don't particularly care to have their babies kissed by politicians on the loose—won't have to wait much longer to bring their infants out of hibernation for the normal freedom every child should have.

You won't have to worry about those handshakes either, after the polls close tomorrow night. Any New Bernian who can boast of a good set of fingers and an undamaged thumb at this stage of the campaigning either has an indestructible paw or leads a rather sheltered life.

Christmas is the season when everybody is supposed to love everybody else, but no Yuletide has ever produced as many smiles and pleasant salutations as are encountered in the few jovial weeks before the votes are cast.

Popularity descends upon the shoulders of every individual old enough to register—the rich and the poor, and the fat and the lean. Between elections, most of us count ourselves lucky if we have a half-dozen faithful friends, but

we've had friends to spare in recent weeks. In fact, we've been virtually smothered with the affection of friends we had never seen before.

Invariably it developed that these exceedingly glad strangers were not long-lost cousins, or Mr. Anthony with a cashier's check for a million dollars, but an office seeker who wanted to save the country or something. Promises were a dime a dozen, and if everything

happens that is supposed to happen, the county, state and nation is going to be a veritable paradise.

There'll be more paved roads, more school buildings, higher incomes and lower taxes. Anything your heart desires will be yours for the asking, providing of course that you put the right man in office. Ask any candidate, and he'll let you know who the right man is. It's the way that things are done in a democracy, and surprisingly

enough the results aren't too disastrous. No matter who manages to talk himself into office, the nation is mighty apt to survive.

Before you become overly critical of the manner in which politicians carry on, as they seek votes, just remember that you would probably behave the same way if you were running for office. Enough citizens are swayed by such doings to occasionally swing an election one way or another.

Things are particularly hectic here in the waning moments of the campaign, with much of the interest centered on the Congressional race. Both State Senator Jimmie Simpkins and Mayor Robert L. Stallings, Jr., are bubbling with confidence, and fully expect to get into the second primary that is bound to come.

The Mirror is convinced that one of the two is due for a rude awakening. Our guess is that David Henderson is a certain qualifier for the run-off, with either Simpkins or Stallings as his opponent. Dr. Rose and Skinner Chalk have little chance to make the grade, although Rose may finish as high as third in the five-man field.

In the governor's race, John Larkins should get a good plurality in New Bern and Craven county. However, Terry Sanford has been far more active in the promotion of his campaign here than Larkins, and is apt to poll a surprising vote. Lake could show strength, too, with Seawell trailing the front runners.

Little interest has been displayed in any of the candidates running for other state offices, from  
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**LIKE A KID AT CHRISTMAS**  
... Candidates Are Hopeful