



The NEW BERN MIRROR

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Have you ever wondered, as we have, why the kids of today don't like licorice candy? When Mom and Dad were growing up, and their parents and grandparents before them, such stuff was a juvenile delicacy that had few equals.

Heaven only knows how many thousand pound of licorice sticks were handed over the counter to grimy little fingers right here in New Bern. If you possessed and were willing to part with a whole nickel, you received them in a paper sack. If, as was usually the case, it was a penny transaction, the sticky and decidedly chewy confection was poked at you unsacked.

This presented no problem. One of the nice things about licorice sticks was the fact that they didn't show dirt. No matter how black your hands were, and how much of the blackness rubbed off on your purchase, the licorice—even before this turn of events—just couldn't look any darker.

Aside from the pleasure of eating it, there was the added exuberance of pretending that you were chewing tobacco. New Bern's leading male adults had impressed the small boys here with their cuds, and the accuracy of their cuspidor target practice. Thanks to licorice, the village small fry could emulate their elders without actually becoming involved with the dreadful complication of that first real chaw.

Though we didn't know it at the time, the chewing tobacco that intrigued us so from afar was liberally soaked with licorice, so to that extent our imitation of various masculine heroes was authentic. Someday, we promised ourselves, we too would tote a plug of Apple, Brown Mule or a brand equally glorious, and be an important figure in the community.

Licorice is a native of Southern Europe and parts of Asia. Very little of it is grown in the United States, but believe it or not, more than 40 million pounds of dried licorice root are imported into this country each year. A hardy perennial of the pulse family, the herb provides a valuable flavoring material, not only for tobaccos, cigars and cigarettes, along with candy, but for soft drinks and chewing gum.

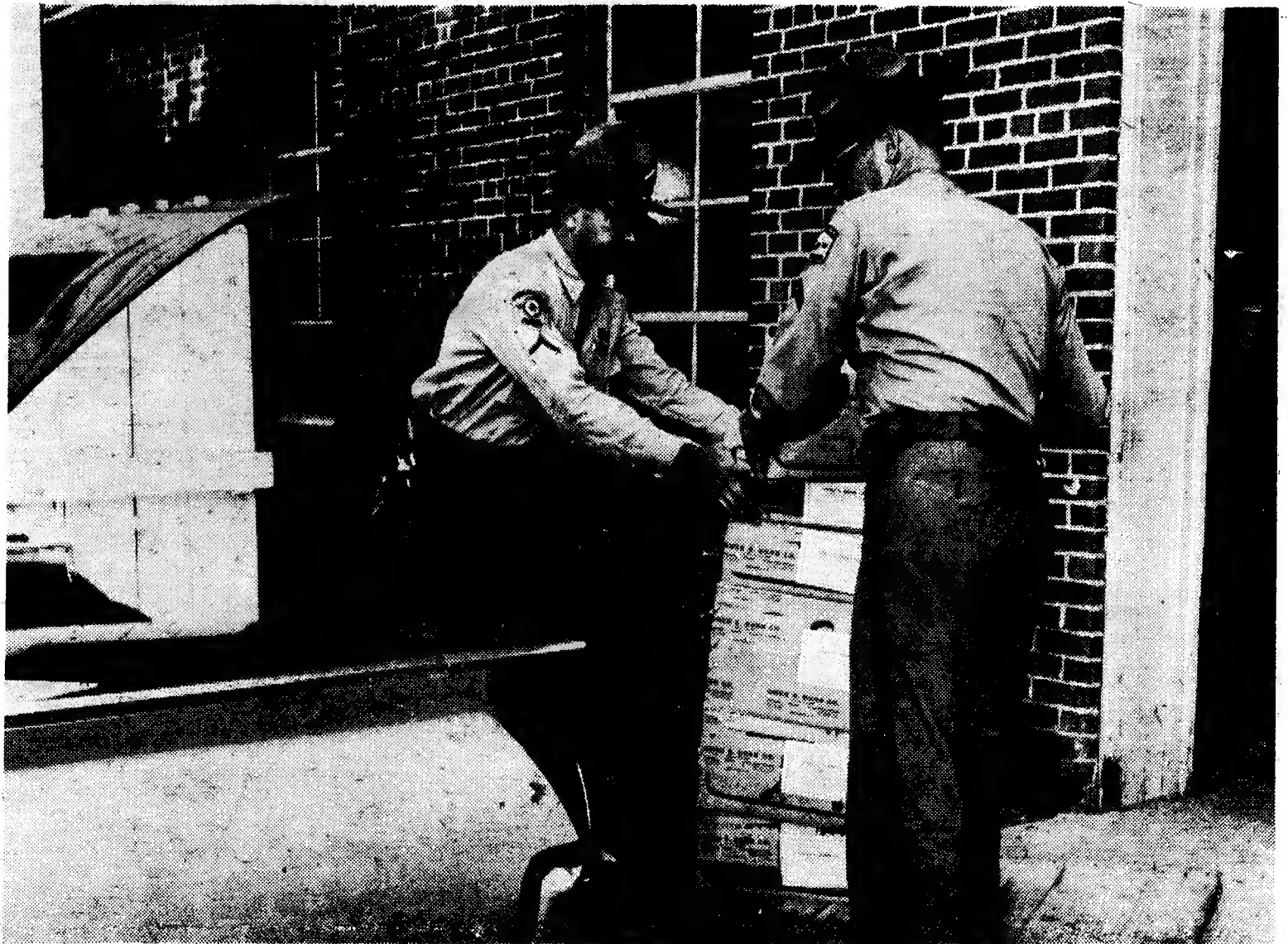
It is often used in medicine, to disguise the flavor of disagreeable drugs, and is regarded as a remedy for bronchial troubles. Commercial licorice is yellow (don't ask us why it ends up black) and is made by boiling the roots, and then evaporating the extract.

When the licorice is extracted, the fibers of the root remaining are used in the making of a fire-fighting foam, in boxwood and insulation board, and in other products. Of course, when we were a kid we didn't know these things. All we knew, and needed to know, was the quickly learned fact that a licorice stick had a charm all its own.

Another gastronomical delight in the old days was the sour pickle you bought and consumed on the way to school. You never see it happen in this more sophisticated era, perhaps for one thing because the youngster of today usually rides to school instead of walking.

The pickles you could buy for a nickel were really huge. Even in those days, you couldn't satisfy some juveniles, so a few of them got the notion of inserting a stick of peppermint candy into the pickle to get contrasting flavors at one and the same time. For our part, we didn't warm up to the idea at all, and to this day can only wonder whether we missed a treat.

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MIGHTY IMPORTANT FREIGHT — Anyone jumping at conclusions would be apt to figure that the two State highway patrolmen shown here have seized an unlawful haul of whiskey. Instead, they're loading blank ballots to be dis-

tributed all over North Carolina for Saturday's second primary. Owen G. Dunn Company did the printing, and a veritable army of patrolmen converged on New Bern to handle the distribution job.—Photo by Billy Benners.

Chapel Hill's Favorite Father Once Resided in New Bern

Just about everybody in New Bern knew and liked W. N. (Red) Tyler when he was working for the Standard Oil Company here a couple of decades ago.

As easy going as a snail with fallen arches, and as friendly as a politician on election day, he was welcome everywhere he went. Red had been short changed from birth when it came to beauty, but with that impish and disarming smile of his and a system full of wisecracks his local popularity was assured.

He wooed and won Johnette Smith, and it's still the best selling job he ever did. Then, too soon, he moved away, the town sort of lost track of him, and gradually became accustomed to his absence.

New Bern's loss was Chapel Hill's gain, and last week in that grand old University city he was named Father of the Year by the Chapel Hill Merchants Association. Portraits of him were displayed in store windows, and he was wined and dined by such groups as the Rotary club and the Exchange club.

"I don't know why they picked me," Red insisted when interviewed by The Mirror. "It came as a big surprise but a pleasant one." However, those who made the selection just did what came naturally in view of his great contribution to the Boy Scouts of America.

As chairman of the organization and extension committee, he is a glutton for work. When he became a scouter his enthusiasm was such that he gave up all other outside activity, even the golf he used to enjoy so much.

Despite his long hours as a Buick salesman for Colonial Motors, the 50-year-old former New Bernian averages two or three scout meetings a week. He has devoted hundreds of hours to the cause.

Tyler has always taken a keen interest in his two youngsters—Cotten, who is 14, and Caroline, 12. So when Cotten became a scout, Red became a scouter. Incidentally, Cotten is just one merit badge away from the coveted rank

of Eagle scout.

Red's neighbors in Chapel Hill admire him for the way he has strived to beautify the yard of his home on Milton street. He doesn't have a great deal of space, but he makes excellent use of what he has. His speciality is the iris, and he raises some beautiful blooms. He has accomplished a lot with shrubbery too.

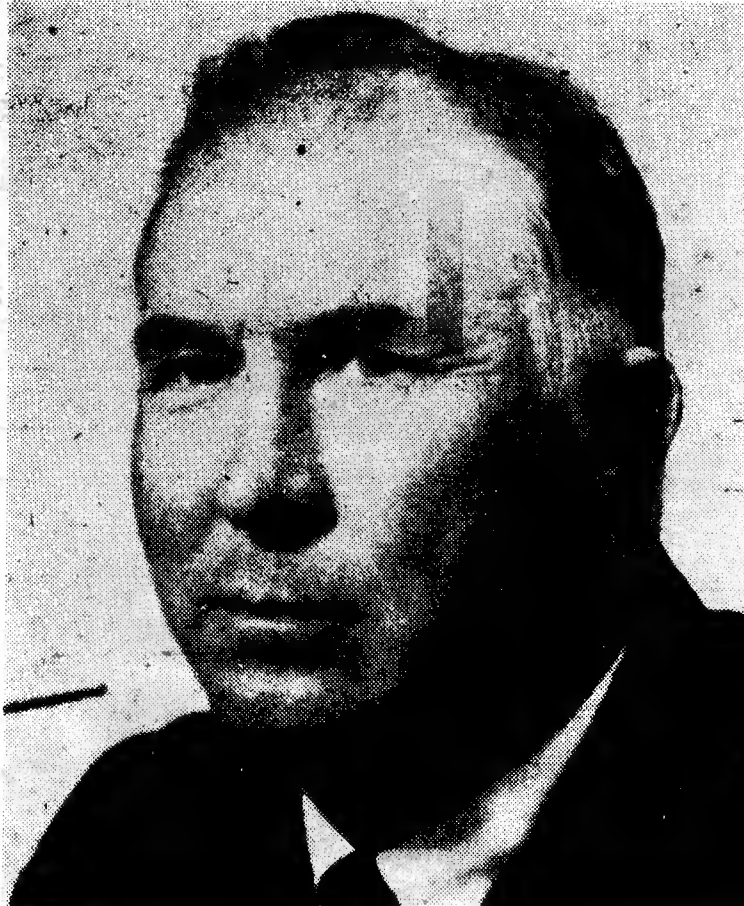
He doesn't get much time for it, but he likes to hunt and fish. It was a big disappointment when adverse wind conditions spoiled the fishing trip to Harkers Island that the Chapel Hill Merchants Association had tendered him as Father of the Year, but he hopes to go back for another try.

Tyler is pretty steamed up about his own kids, but he is fond of everybody else's kids too. He disagrees quite vehemently with pessimists who complain that the younger generation can't compare with juveniles of the past when it comes to ideals and behavior.

"There's nothing wrong with the boy of today," Red contends. "He certainly measures up to every demand and emergency at scout camporees and elsewhere. More and more youngsters are attaining the rank of Eagle scout, despite stiffer requirements, and they're achieving this distinction at an earlier age."

It is Tyler's hope that both Cotten and Caroline will be privileged to receive a college education. "Going to college is important," says Red, "but I've told my boy that three things should be upper

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W. N. (RED) TYLER