

The NEW BERN MIRROR

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GI pin-ups are nothing new, if we can believe the signed statements of Union soldiers who drooled at the sight of Lizzie Green's photograph.

In fact, it's not unreasonable to assume that General Robert E. Lee might have won the War Between the States with a few thousand carefully planted prints of this charming New Bern belle. Certainly victory became a secondary thing to the boys in blue when they got a look at the likes of Lizzie.

Unfortunately, perhaps, these Yankee yearners never got to meet the young lady personally. She left our city in great haste shortly before their arrival on March 14, 1862. But for the speed of her forced exit from New Bern, you wouldn't be reading these lines about luscious Lizzie today.

When she flew the coop, so to speak, she failed to include her photograph and an album of ultrasentimental poetry in the assortment of treasured belongings that were carted off. Until her dying day she never knew what had become of the two overlooked items.

There's still no trace of the photograph. Maybe it was buried with one of the hundreds of Union soldiers who sleep the last sleep of the gallant in New Bern's National cemetery. Or, unbelievable though it may seem, some attic above the Mason-Dixon line could, at this very moment, be the forgotten and forsaken place of its continued existence.

Before you discount the attic angle, it might be well to consider the fate of the poetry album. After you hear what happened to it, and how it got back home, you'll be in no mood to doubt the improbable.

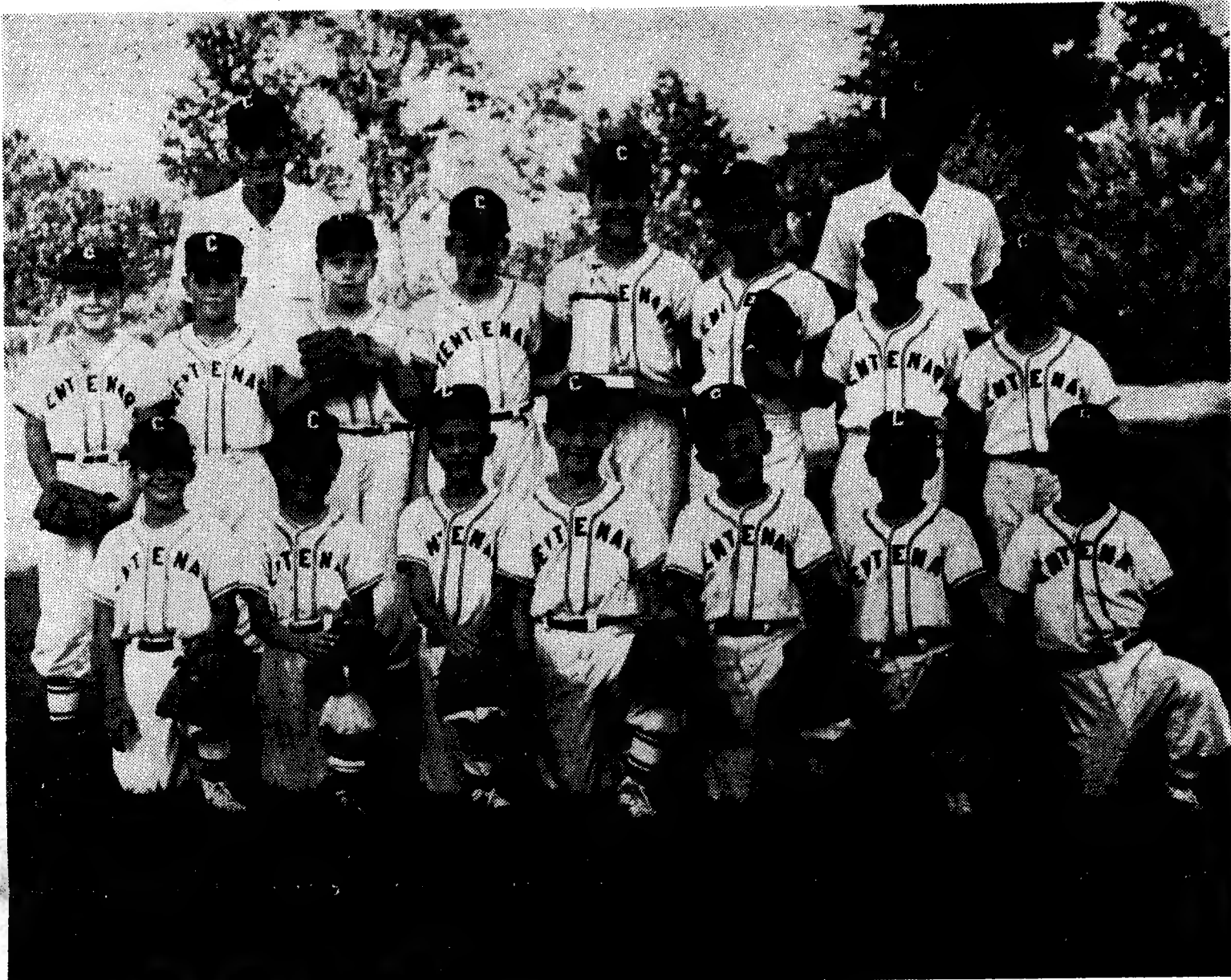
On January 14, 1953, Mrs. Lansing Lewis of Hamden, Conn., mailed a letter addressed to "Post Master, New Berne, North Carolina." When Postmaster Raymond Eagle opened the letter, he found this message: "Dear Sir, Would it be possible for you to tell me if anyone in New Berne would be descended from Elizabeth (Lizzie) Green, who would have been a young woman in 1862? My mother has recently died, and in looking over some old papers and books my sister and I found a little book which we would like some of the Green family to have if any of them can be located. Thank you for any help you may be able to give. I am enclosing a stamped envelope for your reply."

Postmaster Eagle proved thoroughly capable of handling the request. Minutes after the missive reached his desk it was in the post-office box of Albert R. Bell, the City Engineer.

Less than 48 hours after Mrs. Lewis mailed her letter from Connecticut, this reply from Albert was headed in her direction: "My dear Mrs. Lewis, your kind letter has been referred to me. Mrs. Elizabeth Green was my great-grandmother on my mother's side. There are now no surviving members on the paternal Green side.

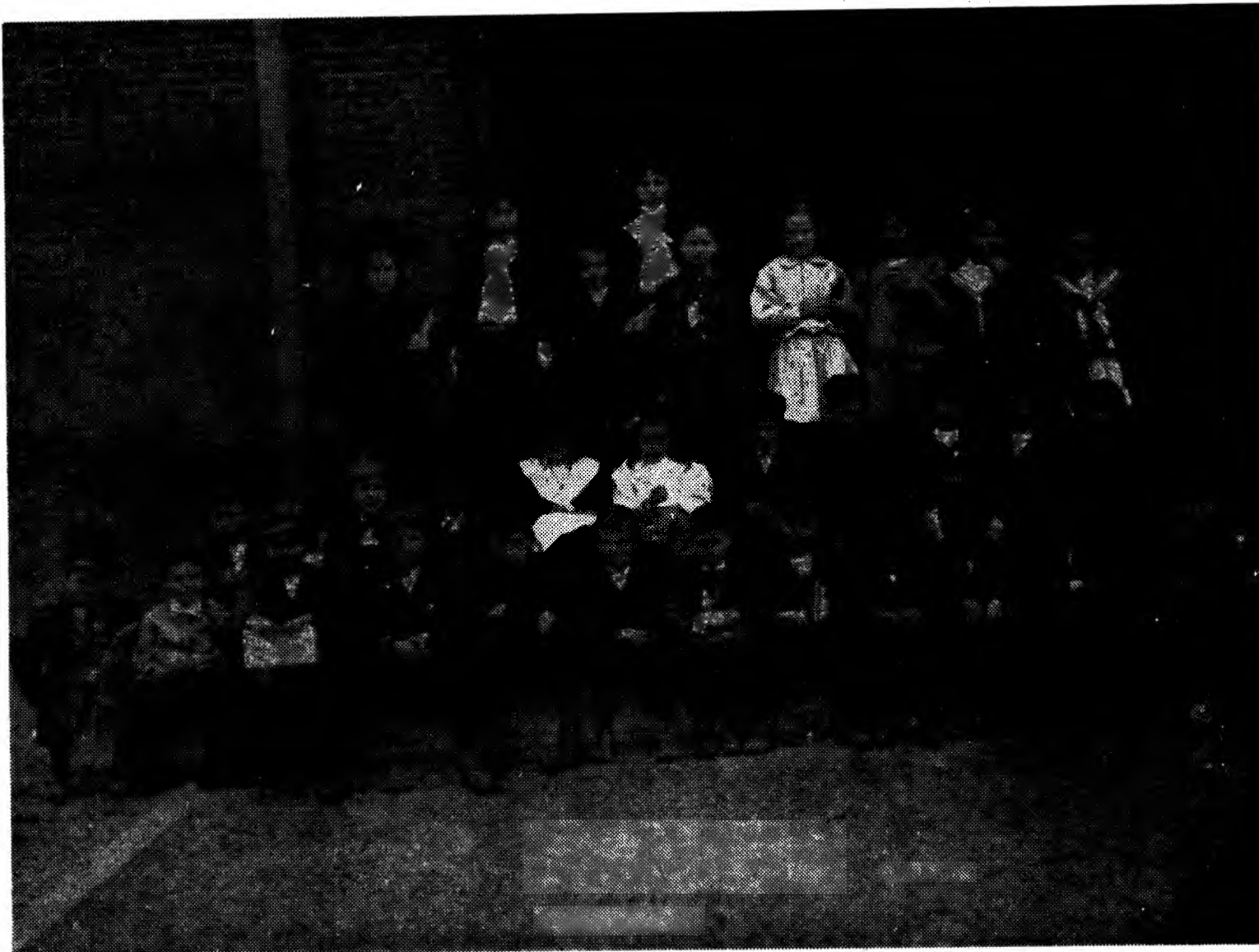
"Elizabeth's husband was a captain in the Confederate cavalry, and the book probably came into the possession of your family as legitimate spoils of war when New Bern was occupied in 1862 by General Burnside's troops of the Union Army. It is kind of you to wish to return it, and if there is no sentimental attachment I would be very happy to have it.

"I would appreciate knowing the name of the member of your family serving the Burnside's troops at that time, in order that a little history of the travels of the book could be inserted inside the cover. It is certainly strange how
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HAPPY CHAMPIONS—Roger Maris and Mickey Mantle aren't the only baseballers who are beaming with pride this season. Just as thrilled over outstanding performances are the members of a Centenary Methodist team that defeated Temple Baptist for New Bern's Church League crown. First row, left to right, are Bobby Nicholas, Greg

Jones, Earl Del Mastro, Donald Adams, Ray Hardman, Jr., Frank Crayton and Guy Boyd, Jr. Second row, Zoot Saunders, Gray Gaskins, Steve Mitchell, Louie Lynch, III, Bill Lineberger, Gregory Hamilton, Billy Albritton and Jay Jones. Back row, Coaches Tom Lineberger and Louie Lynch, Jr.—Photo by Billy Pierce.



ARE YOU INCLUDED?—Time has dimmed this photograph of a long-ago class taught by Miss Ruth Berry at New Bern's Central School. Marcus Block is in the center

of the first row. Put on your spectacles and pick out the others.