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Most of us think of landmarks in terms of weather-beaten houses, century-old churches, gnarled and bent trees. Such things are landmarks, of course, but human beings can be landmarks, too, part and parcel of the era in which they live.

Callie McCarthy, dead these many years, was that sore of a man. A jovial Irishman, equally successful at making money and making friends, McCarthy had qualities that men usually lose, or never have, when they prove themselves skilled at acquiring worldly goods.

Most of all he was humble before his God, and true to his creed. He was born a Catholic, and in a town predominantly Protestant he was recognized as a "good" Catholic. Had he been born a Baptist, a Methodist or a Presbyterian, the complimentary adjective would no doubt still have been applicable.

McCarthy is remembered for many things by many people. The politicians remember him for his terms in public office as Mayor and Alderman, and for his unbeatable popularity in New Bern's Fourth Ward.

Those who were known as the trifling colored and poor white trash remember him, or should, for the groceries he let them have when they and their families were very hungry and very broke.

Fellow church members — the ones still among the ranks of the living — remember him for his generous charities, and his faithful attendance at Sunday mass. His beaming countenance and hearty salutations smacked as strongly of the Emerald Isle as a shamrock growing on an Erin hillside.

As for the writer, we remember him for some of the magic things that played their part in a small boy's world. His ill-fated Ghent trolley, hauling a wide-eyed collection of humans to those circuses that used to pitch their tents across the railroad from what is now Park Avenue.

We remember him too for his Ghent casino, where marvelous though rather jumpy movies bounced around haphazardly on a silver screen. And we remember the wrestling matches there — not like the grunt and groan acrobatics of today but scientific battles featuring the best in the business, including Strangler Lewis, the World's Champion.

Close by the casino was Ghent Park, where future Major Leaguers got their start in the East Carolina League, and Syracuse of the International League once held spring training 40 years ago.

There was a peanut patch just beyond the left field fence, and some of us kids (today we would be called juvenile delinquents) delighted in raiding it when the goobers were gloriously green. Never again would peanuts taste so good.

Our yen for this sort of crime came to an abrupt halt one afternoon when the owner of the peanut patch loaded his gun with small pellets and fired upon us. Fortunately, no one got any of the pellets in his hide, but to this day we can hear the rattling around us as we beat a fast retreat.

When baseball games were played in the park, none of the fellows in our neighborhood had the price of admission. Because most of the home runs sailed over the right-field fence — many of them clouted by Fred Koch beyond a Sweet Rose flour sign — we would station ourselves there.

If you retrieved a baseball, just as the custom is followed today, it got you into the ball game. However, at this late date we can safely admit that some of the baseballs never arrived at the ticket office.

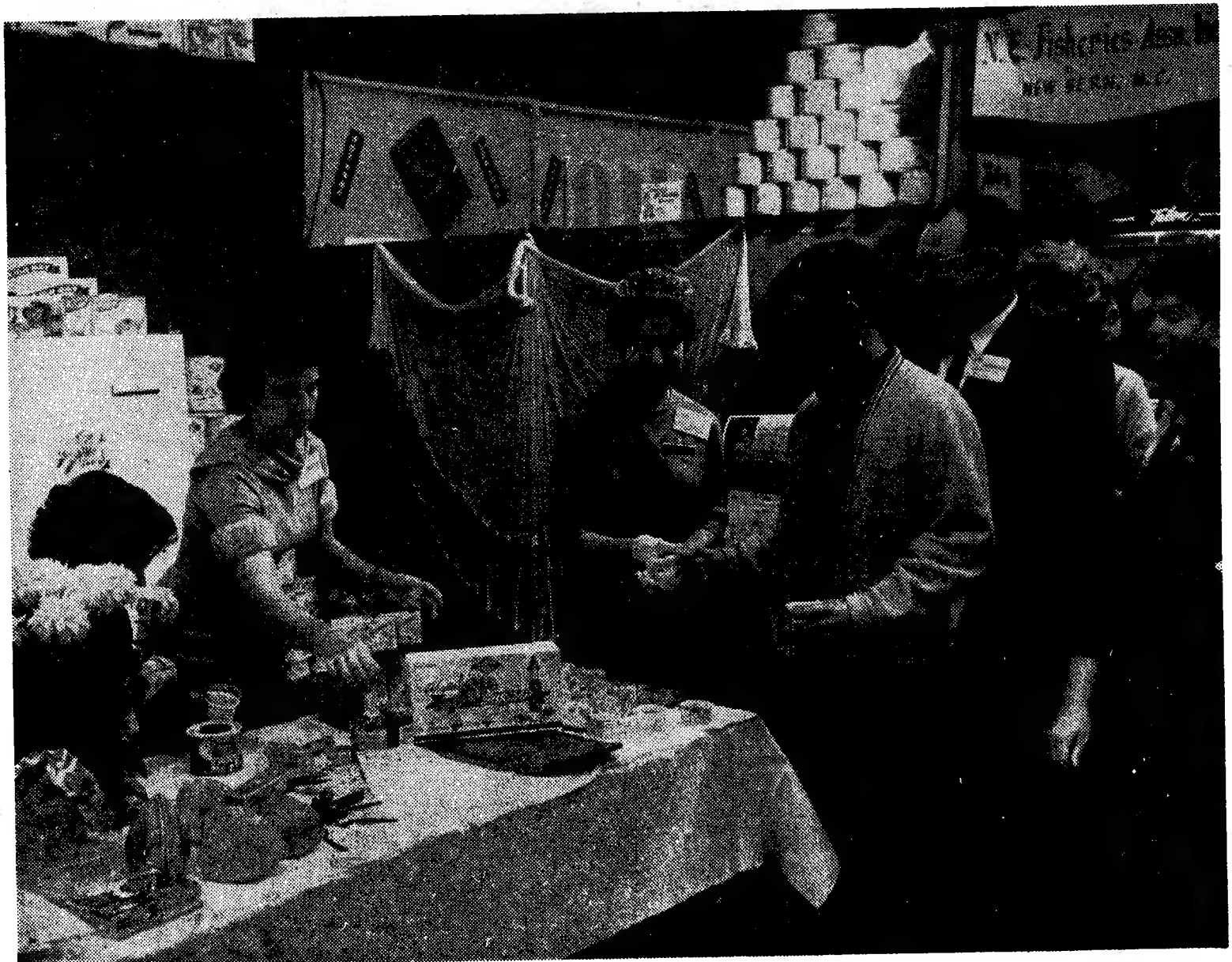
Instead, a kid would quickly locate the sphere and hide in a convenient ditch or throw it into the

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DOOMED LANDMARK—In the foreground of this scene is the famed and picturesque Streets ferry at the shoreline of Craven's upper Neuse. Appropriately, there's a vehicle

aboard that has just made the crossing. In the distance is a modern bridge, under construction, that will make the historic ferry obsolete.—Photo by Billy Benners.



LINE UP FOR SAMPLES—North Carolina Fisheries Association, a New Bern corporation, had one of the most popular booths at the International Trade Fair in Charlotte. Gail Robertson, the current Miss Rhododendron, took time

out from studies at Western Carolina College to assist, as seen here, in the serving of free seafood to eager visitors.