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MIRROR

PUBLISHED WEEKLY
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VOLUME 5

NEW BERN, N. C., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1962

NUMBER 25

There's just no telling where you'll run into rock'n roll music. The other morning, before the bust of dawn, this editor was trudging down town for his first cup of coffee. All of a sudden, he heard discordant notes that he knew full well were not instigated by a robin or a mockingbird.

A moment later we had the answer to the mystery. A newsboy making his rounds passed us on his bike, from the rear, and blasting forth from his pocket was a transistor radio. He was tossing the morning paper on New Bern doorsteps to the jungle beat of a top-ten tune.

Late snoozers might say that it served us right, at such an ungodly hour, to be exposed to such music. Anyhow, we can report as an authority on the subject that rock'n roll sounds even worse before dawn, on a deserted street, than it does when the sun gets up.

However, the newsboy seemed so enthralled that we wouldn't have halted the concert under any circumstances. Delivering a morning newspaper can be a lonesome calling, just as it was when we were a kid many years ago. Back then we whistled, to soften the gloomy solitude all around us. Then, as now, a transistor radio would have been nice equipment for a newsboy.

Turning from transistors to peanuts, which is quite a turn, we learned something slightly astounding this week from an agricultural bulletin issued by the North Carolina Crop Reporting Service. It informed us that Tar Heel growers are expecting to harvest over 325 million pounds of the goobers this year.

According to the report, generally favorable weather conditions have enabled the farmers to dig approximately 1,850 pounds of peanuts per acre from 176,000 acres. That adds up to an awful lot of ground peas, and should come as something of a shock to those of us in Craven county who think primarily of tobacco as a money crop.

Peanuts and tobacco are alike in at least one respect. Both remain in heavy demand, generation after generation. As long as hungry kids head for the pantry at frequent intervals to smear peanut butter and jam on bread, and adults and youngsters cram parched peanuts at ball games, the market won't weaken.

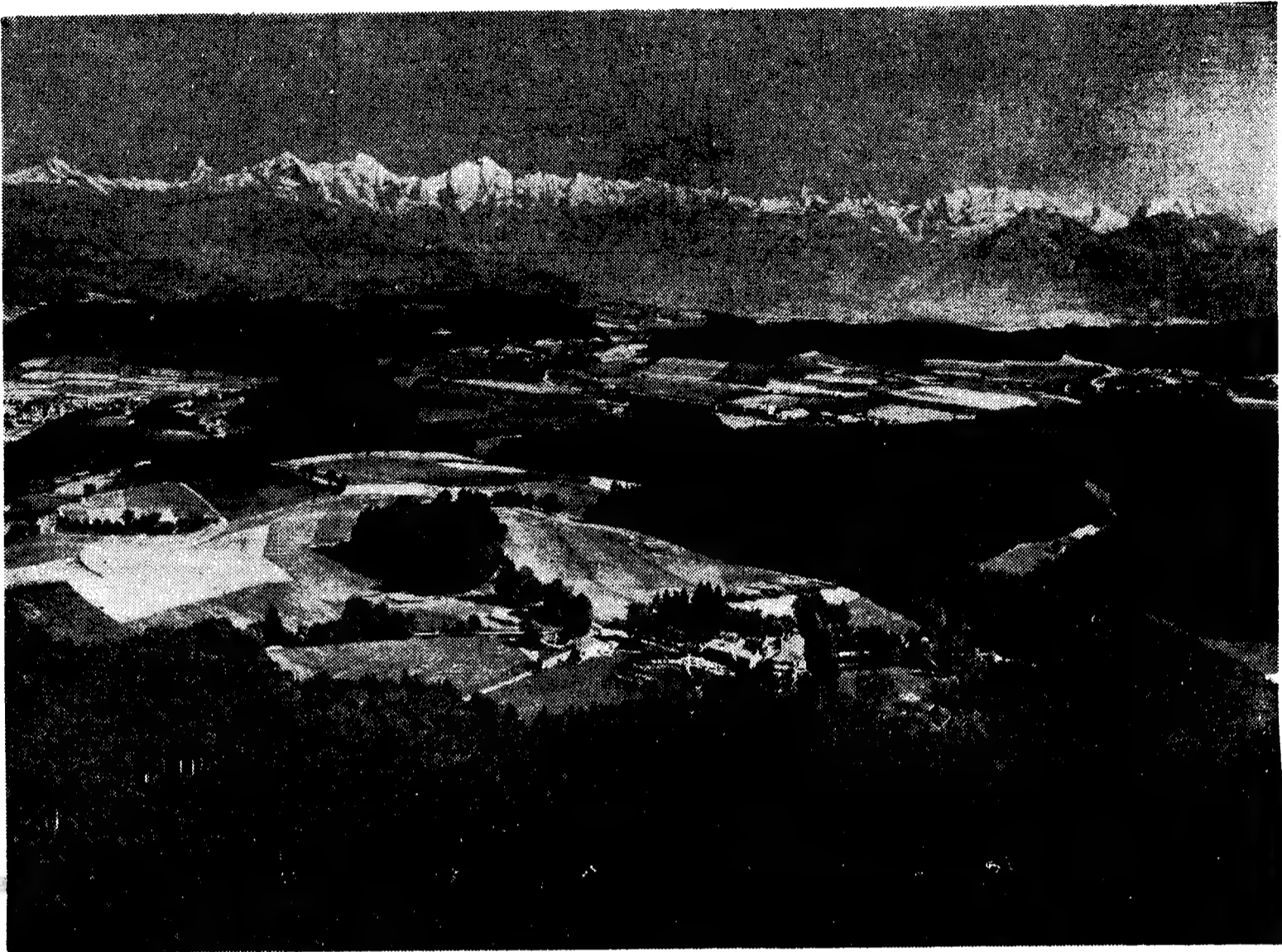
As for the golden weed, it's true that there aren't as many chewers and dippers as there were in the good old days, but more and more people are smoking, and smoking to excess. This despite the fact that evidence seems to be increasing that smoking does cause lung cancer and cancer of the throat.

Obviously, millions of teenagers and adults are so hopelessly addicted to the habit that they can't give it up, or else they refuse to take seriously the statistics and the expert medical opinion that strongly indicate a connection between smoking and malignant growths.

Fortunately for the small fry, no one to our knowledge has come up with a theory that peanuts are harmful. If such a theory was advanced, moppets we dare say would be just as stubborn about giving up peanut butter as their parents and older brothers and sisters are about giving up tobacco.

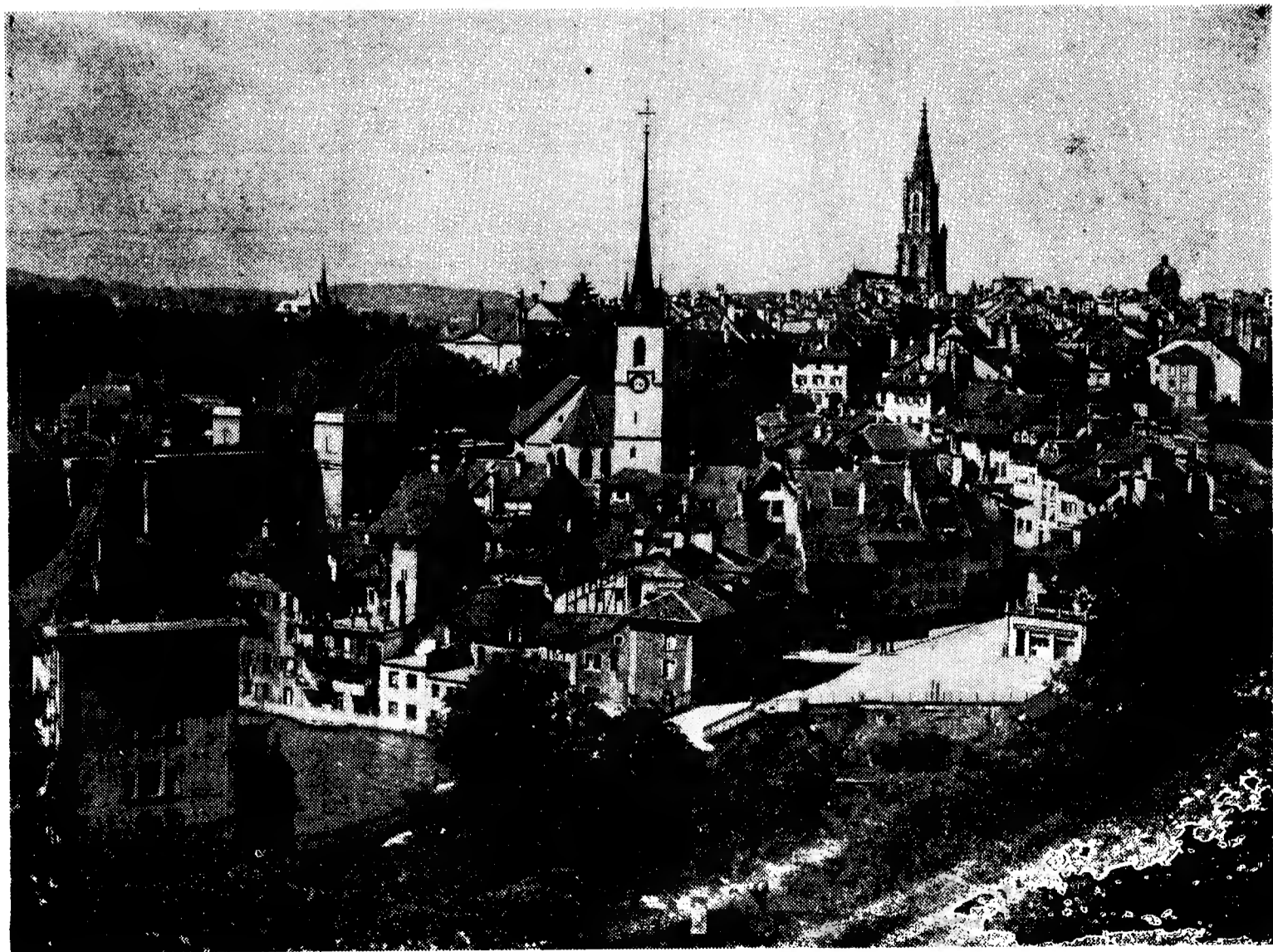
There are exceptions to everything, however, and we can remember one occasion when a craving for peanuts proved to be decidedly unhealthy for us and several other small boys. So far as we can recollect, we've never told the

(Continued on Page 3)



BLENDED TOGETHER—In our mother city of Berne the grandiose and the picturesque are interwoven in a pattern that harmonizes perfectly. Ancient structures and modern architecture give the outsider a glimpse of the old and

the new. Like New Bern, the ancient Swiss city has several spires on its horizon, but its hilly terrain is quite different from the level land in our Coastal Plain.



BEYOND COMPARE—New Bernians fortunate enough to visit Old Berne, their mother city, are bound to be enthralled by this magnificent view over hills and dales to the Bernese Oberland. Tourists flock to the region, where

they find a scenic paradise and natives who go all out to make them feel at home. A trip to Switzerland, a land of infinite contrast, is unforgettable.