

The NEW BERN

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It's funny how all of us who have been around for awhile associate trivial incidents with familiar landmarks.

Occasionally, when glimpsing the spire of Centenary Methodist church, we're reminded of an occurrence that dates back quite a few years. Here, exactly as we wrote it at the time, is the story we did for the Raleigh News and Observer and other State papers:

"Those wolf whistles attracted of late by girls passing New Bern's postoffice are strictly on the up and up. So far up, in fact, that the young ladies were puzzled until they located the source.

"It isn't a new species of bird at all, but steeplejacks perched on scaffolding surrounding the spire of Centenary Methodist church. From their lofty vantage point, they have been taking time out to observe feminine pedestrians. When it seemed appropriate, shrill approval was accorded.

"As yet, none of the girls has shown signs of falling. As for the steeplejacks, they couldn't afford to take a tumble for a strange dame. It would prove fatal under the circumstances."

The item--entirely true--wasn't of world shaking importance, but the "Human Interest" angle caused it to be reprinted just about everywhere. Like some of our other stories--equally unimportant--this one got printed in a lot of foreign countries.

The way of a man with a maid, and the masculine gender's awareness of a pretty girl's dimensions, knows no geographical boundaries. Like the universal language--music--it unites the world. What a pity we can't establish the same unity and unrestrained enthusiasm for the cause of global peace and brotherhood.

New Bernians who have enjoyed "The Real McCoys" during the program's six years on CBS won't be seeing it after this season. Although it still has a loyal following of 30 percent of the nation's television audience, Robert F. Lewine, CBS vice-president in charge of programs in Hollywood, says the McCoy show is a victim of the "fatigue factor".

"Experience tells us to begin to look at a show carefully after it has been 'X' number of years on the air," Lewine is quoted as explaining, "to see if fatigue is getting to it. In a case like that, you don't just say, 'well, the tread is thin, but I'll wait until next year to buy new tires.' You change now and avoid a blow-out."

"The fattest robin we've ever seen was gobbling up everything edible in sight in our backyard the other day. He had twice as much zeal as all the other assorted birds in sight--racing hither and yon as fast as his legs would carry him.

His red breast wasn't just a breast, it was a baywindow a gigantic magnitude. How he could get airborne with a paunch like that is something we'll never understand, but he finally flew away--presumably to continue his cramming elsewhere.

His extreme plumpness furnished added proof that exercise alone won't keep your
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NOT FOR JUST A YEAR—Irving Berlin visualized love as lasting as this when he composed "Always." Like any other proud groom, Judge Rom A. Nunn glances admiringly at his happy bride of a lifetime as they cut

the cake at their sixtieth wedding anniversary celebration. Mrs. Nunn, daughter of a Louisiana governor, and her distinguished husband are seen here Sunday in their New street home.—Photo by John R. Baxter.



A DREAM COME TRUE—New Bern's citizens have wished for generations that our picturesque rivers could be free from pollution. This aerial view shows you in its early stage of construction the modern sewage disposal

plant that will solve the problem. It is located in the Glenburnie area, near the site of the old Fair Grounds. At long last the "Land of Enchanting Waters" is destined to be just that.—Photo by John R. Baxter.