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If it hadn't been for Mamie Miller, our Buds and Blossoms columnist, we never would have met Lucy Zambrana, a vivacious visitor from Santa Isabel, Puerto Rica.

"You've simply got to know her," Mamie insisted, "she's the sweetest and cutest person I've ever seen." Minutes after an introduction to the 28 year old brunette, we shared Mamie's enthusiasm.

Although we didn't get to meet Lucy's 29 year old husband, Carlos Juan, Mamie says he is equally charming. The two have been in New Bern while Carlos, who will hold a responsible position with Sagner's new operation in Puerto Rica, has been observing the Frederick Tailoring plant here.

He attended the University of Puerto Rica for four years, followed by a year's study at the Fashion Technology College in New York City. Among the way he was stationed in England with the U. S. Air Force.

Lucy went to England too. She couldn't speak English--or very little of it--and didn't know a soul there. Calling on her neighbors, most of them service wives--she smiled her wonderful smile and said, "I'm new and I'm lonesome."

They welcomed her--and you would too if you were privileged to meet her. In return, she volunteered to take care of their babies. Incidentally, she has two youngsters of her own--Yvette (a daughter) who is 7, and Carlitos (a son) who is 2. They have been staying with a grandmother while Carlos and Lucy had to be in the United States.

Lucy was quick to remind us that Puerto Rica is a possession of the United States, and that she is an American. "We give the pledge of allegiance to the flag in school each morning," she said proudly. And, she informed us, pupils sing "America" and "America, the Beautiful."

She fell in love with New Bern during her stay here, and said everyone without exception was kind to her. Fortunately, Mamie was her next door neighbor, and they became very close friends. Mamie was astounded, as we were, by Lucy's complete mastering of the English language.

She has a pronounced accent, but sounded a lot like the average New Bernian would put it when she exclaimed "Oh, my gosh!" at one point during a decidedly pleasant interview. Her grammar was flawless, and her vocabulary large.

Lucy told us she was particularly impressed with the rivers here. "You're surrounded by water," she said, and it was clear she thought this was an ideal geographical situation. Obviously, her sparkling black eyes appreciated the Neuse and Trent that too many of us take for granted.

And she was even more enthusiastic about Atlantic Beach. "It's the prettiest beach I've ever seen," she insisted. When last we saw her, she and Carlos were planning to have another outing there.

According to Mamie, Lucy is an excellent cook who enjoys preparing a wide variety of highly-seasoned, unusual dishes. And what would you say

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WHENEVER AUTUMN COMES—With the exception of a number of new faces among the smiling cheerleaders, this 1962 scene at New Bern High School Stadium will be duplicated on a half dozen Friday nights

by the middle of November. The thud of toe against Pigskin . . . the band's performance . . . the referee's whistle . . . the crowd's roar, they're all part and parcel of a mad malady diagnosed as football fever.



AND HERE'S THE REASON—You can catch the disease referred to above before you know it, especially on a frosty night when things like this are happening at the NBHS Stadium. Action pictured was in the New

Bern-Roanoke Rapids game. More common than the common cold, football fever is accompanied by cheers of joy and groans of disappointment. It takes three months to run its course.