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Each time we see a photograph of the Washington Monument published in a newspaper or magazine, a certain July day comes to mind.

It was hotter than a sizzling skillet, as only the nation's Capital can be hot. Sultriness notwithstanding, an urge to climb up and down the stairs of the lofty shaft overpowered us.

If you've ever made the round trip on foot, you know it's no trivial journey. Even a confirmed walker, and our reputation for that is well established, gets more than he bargained for.

On this, our first and last expedition to the top, we encountered a serious traffic jam half way up. Two sailors--their innards heavily laden with some type of joy juice--were seated on one of the metal steps.

Except for being mutually intoxicated, they seemed to have little in common at the moment. One sailor wanted to go up, while the other just as vehemently desired to head in the opposite direction.

Since we happened to be somewhat thinner than we are now, it was possible to squeeze by them. They were still there, at the time of our descent. It would be interesting to know just how long the dead-lock lasted.

As conspicuous as the two inebriated service men, who in a setting of sobriety would have appeared clean cut, were the names, initials and sundry remarks inscribed by visitors on the shrine's interior walls.

Some of the inscriptions were closely kin to the obscenities often scrawled in public rest rooms. None of the writings increased one's faith in the good taste of far too many Americans.

Unfortunately, this pattern of behavior exists at every spot where there are historic landmarks. In staid old Boston, for example, the marble steps of monuments, and monuments themselves have been desecrated by crayon scribbles of initials and names, and similar markings with bright red nail polish.

Even that very distinguished lady, the Statue of Liberty, is subjected to indignities. Authorities from coast to coast admit that vandalism at historic sites is nothing new, but they say it is greater now than ever before.

So serious is the problem the National Park Service has recommended 24-hour guards at Bunker Hill, where, among other things, Colonel Prescott's sword is stolen so often from his statue it is almost never displayed.

Because this editor has so much faith in our younger generation, it disturbs us to chronicle that a considerable amount of the abuse comes from young people. No one can feel happy about that.

A story on our desk quotes Edwin W. Small, former executive secretary of the Boston National Historic Sites Commission, as saying he has seen busloads of school children whip out lipstick and chalk before going inside the Bunker Hill Monument, a 220-foot shrine.

Deep seated in all of us when we are kids, and in some of us all our lives, is an instinctive desire to leave lasting notations of our presence. John Green-

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QUITE A HAUL—When James Small, Sr., of New Bern, who has a physical handicap, won Pepsi-Cola's free Shopping Spree at Ipeck's Red and White, the local bottling company was happy to have his son, James, Jr., empty meat cases and shelves to his heart's

content for 10 exciting minutes. Pictured are members of the Small family, after James, at the left, piled up vittles at a check-out counter totaling almost \$500.00—Photo by Don Hawling (WNBE-TV).



OCCUPATIONAL HAZARD—Frances Stewart, who works for Craven County's Home Demonstration office, is not only quite attractive but exceptionally prim. Whatever the occasion, she is always neat as a pin. However, attending a livestock show on a rainy day

can bring on complications. Besieged by mud, Frances abandoned her shoes—and, wouldn't you know it—The Mirror got a picture of the loafers, forlorn and forsaken.—Photo by Billy Benners.