

The NEW BERN MIRROR

WEEKLY
OF
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From way out in California (where incidentally we have a number of subscribers) comes a copy of this letter reportedly written by an employee to the contracting company for which he worked.

Gentlemen, When I got to the building, I found that the storm had knocked some bricks off the top so I rigged a pulley and hoisted up a couple of barrels of bricks.

After I had finished, there were a lot of bricks left over, so I hoisted the barrel back up again and secured the line at the bottom. Then I went up and filled the barrel with the extra bricks. Then I went down to the bottom to cast off the line.

Unfortunately, the barrel bricks was heavier than I was and before I knew what was happening, the barrel started jerking me off the ground. I decided to hang on, and half way up I met the barrel coming down and received a severe blow on the shoulder.

I then continued to the top, banging my head against the beam and getting my fingers jammed in the pulley. When the barrel hit the ground, it burst out its bottom, spilling out the bricks. I was now heavier than the barrel and started down again at high speed.

Halfway down, I met the barrel coming up and received severe injuries to my shins. When I hit the ground, I landed on the bricks, getting several painful cuts from the sharp edges.

At this point, I must have lost my presence of mind because I let go of the line. The barrel then came down giving me another heavy blow in the head which put me in the hospital.

I respectfully request sick leave. Signed: John Chapman.

Invariably, when July 4th rolls around, we recall the boyhood thrill of firing skyrockets (purchased from Leon Cohen) into the darkness of a summer sky. They didn't climb far enough to go in orbit, but the thrust was sufficient to kindle visions of outer space in juvenile minds.

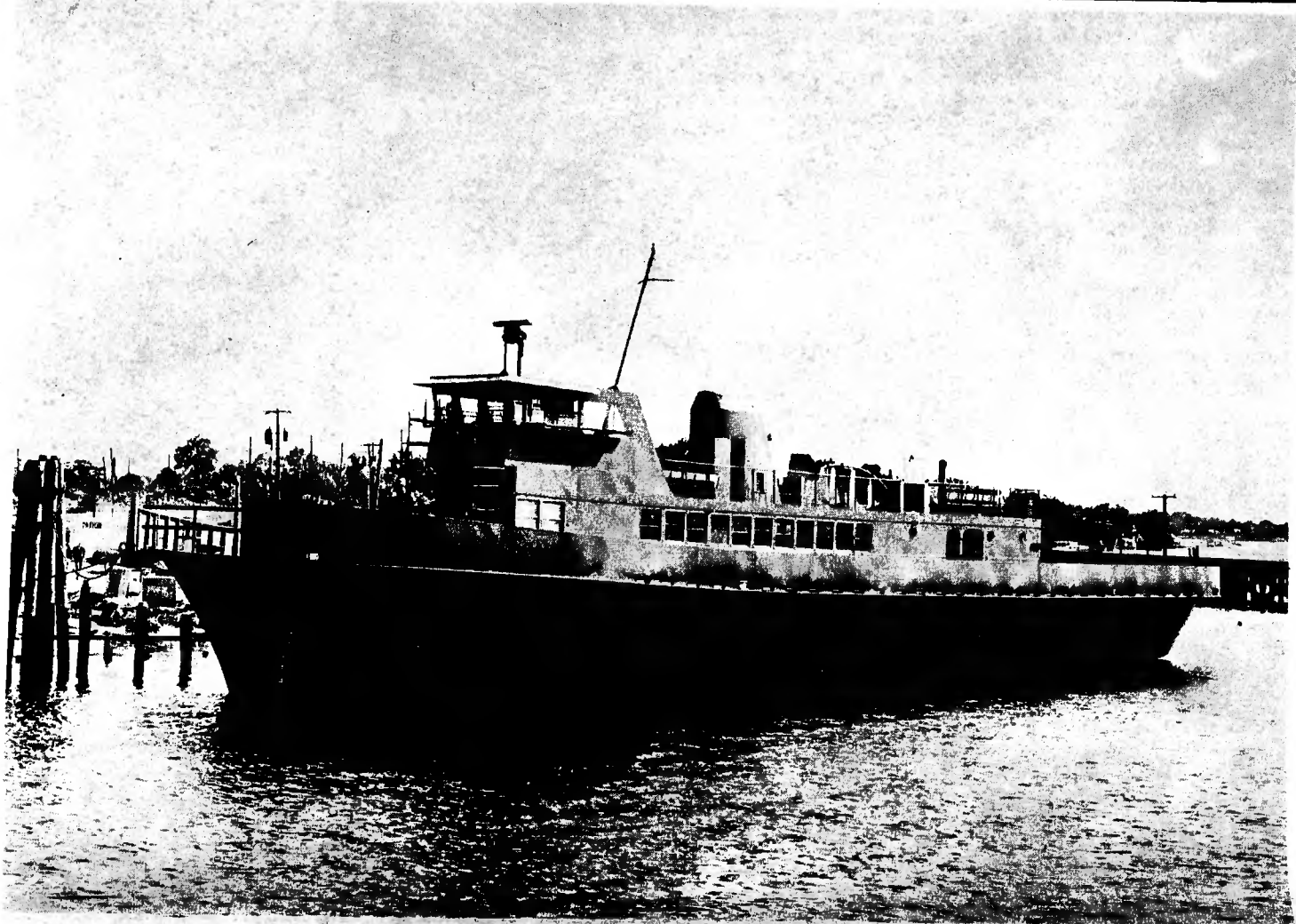
Less exciting were the Roman candles procured with nickels and dimes that had been saved for months. Sparklers were for girls and sissies, and no boy on upper Pollock street would have dared display pleasure in an object so lacking in sound and fury.

Frank Shriner (a village blacksmith) always bought his two sons a large supply of fireworks, including a paper balloon that sailed majestically into the heavens when you lighted the fuel at its base to inflate it with gas or hot air.

Most of the time, kids were strictly on their own when they set off explosives as part of their observance of the Fourth, Christmas and New Year's Eve. Inevitably, recklessness led to accidents and some of them were quite tragic.

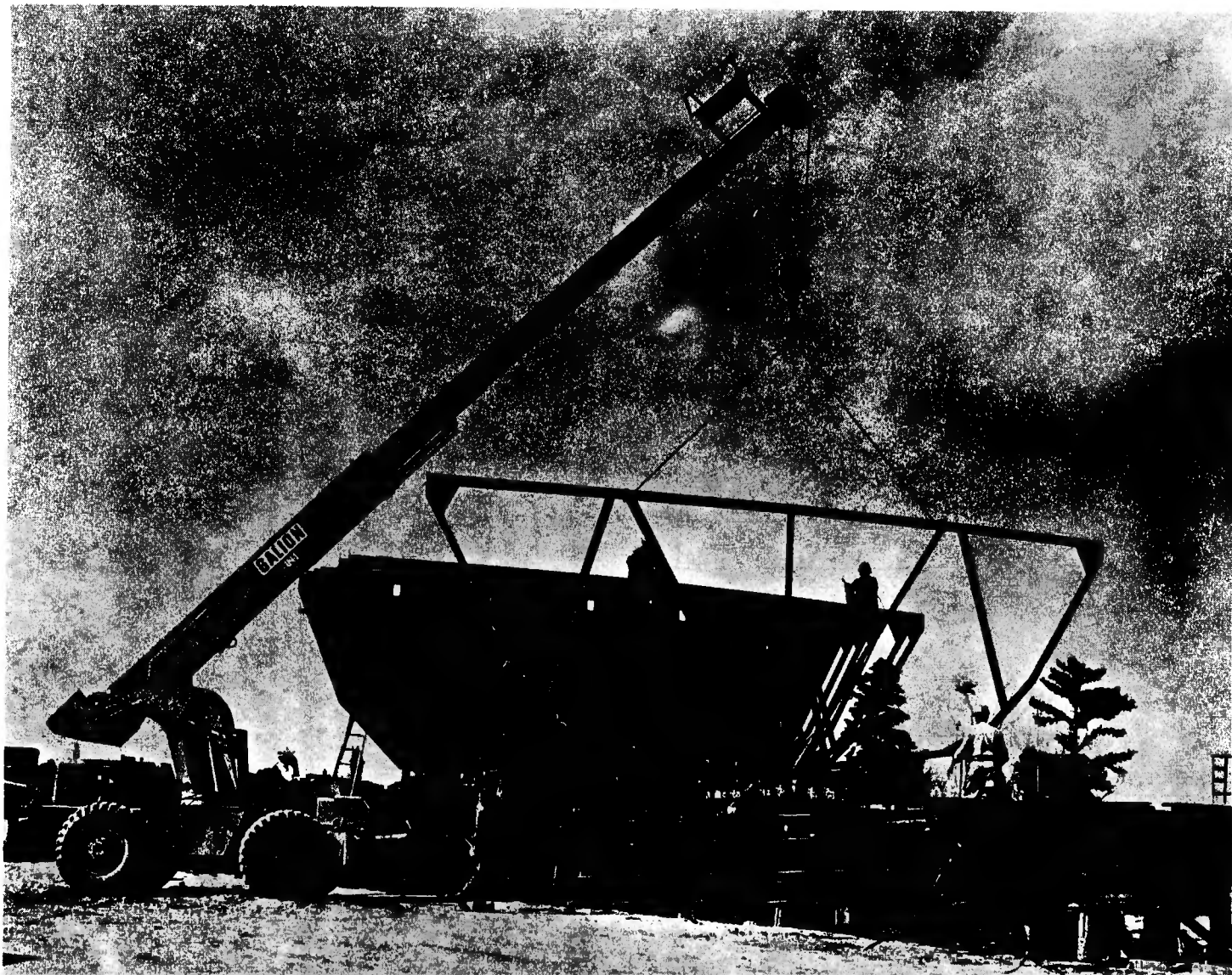
Our most serious mishap occurred when a Roman candle, apparently constructed by somebody standing on their head, fired in reverse--right into the palm of our hand. One youngster, rigging a homemade bomb, blew a couple of

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ALMOST READY—North Carolina's newest all-metal ferry, the Silver Lake, rides the rippling Trent as it nears completion at New Bern Shipyards. Scheduled for operation after mid-July between Cedar Island and Ocracoke, the locally built craft is 161 feet long, 45

feet wide, and has a load capacity of 30 automobiles and 300 passengers. Its cruising speed for the 22-mile run will be an estimated eleven knots when fully loaded.—Photo by Billy Benners.



NO TIME LOST—As soon as the Silver Lake, shown above, took to the water, work began on its sister ferry, the Pamlico. It is due for launching in October, and will be a duplicate of the first vessel. Total con-

struction cost for the pair is \$1,061,000. There will be room in the deck house for 200 passengers, and an additional 100 on top. A concession stand with hot and cold food is included.—Photo by Billy Benners.