

Through
THE
Looking
Glass

The NEW BERN

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We didn't know until recently that Dr. Bascom Anthony, author of "Fifty Years In The Ministry", was the grandfather of one of our New Bern readers, Mrs. Dick (Louise) Kent.

He wrote many weekly columns for the Macon (Ga.) Telegraph and the Savannah (Ga.) Morning News. One of them titled "Boys" and published on September 14, 1930, is offered for your enjoyment today.

"As I am writing the first line in a notebook given me as a birthday present by a nine year old boy, I will write about him and all his kind. They compel me to deny Mother Goose's statement that they are "made of snakes and snails and puppy dog tails" even if they are devoted to dogs.

"When babies they are a compound of milk and lungs, but later they are nothing but an animated appetite hooked up to a loud noise. No amount of food can long keep him from being as hollow as a stovepipe, as hungry as a tape worm and as noisy as a thrashing machine. Nearly all of them are nice and quiet when asleep, and quite good looking from the top of their head up.

"Yet, somehow, I have a weak spot in my heart for all of them. I guess that's because I still remember each period of my boyhood, and can clearly recall the plans and dreams I held in common with my playmates. We were a strange mixture of the knights of the Round Table seeking the Holy Grail, and of Robin Hood who robbed the selfish rich to feed the hungry poor.

"We stole apples by the peck that anybody could have for the picking, and stuffed them in our jacket fronts till it looked like we had a spare tire about our waist. These apples we pitched through the jail bars to the prisoners. (Don't try this on peaches unless you are close to the wash hole, for peach fuzz makes you scratch like a monkey with the fleas.)

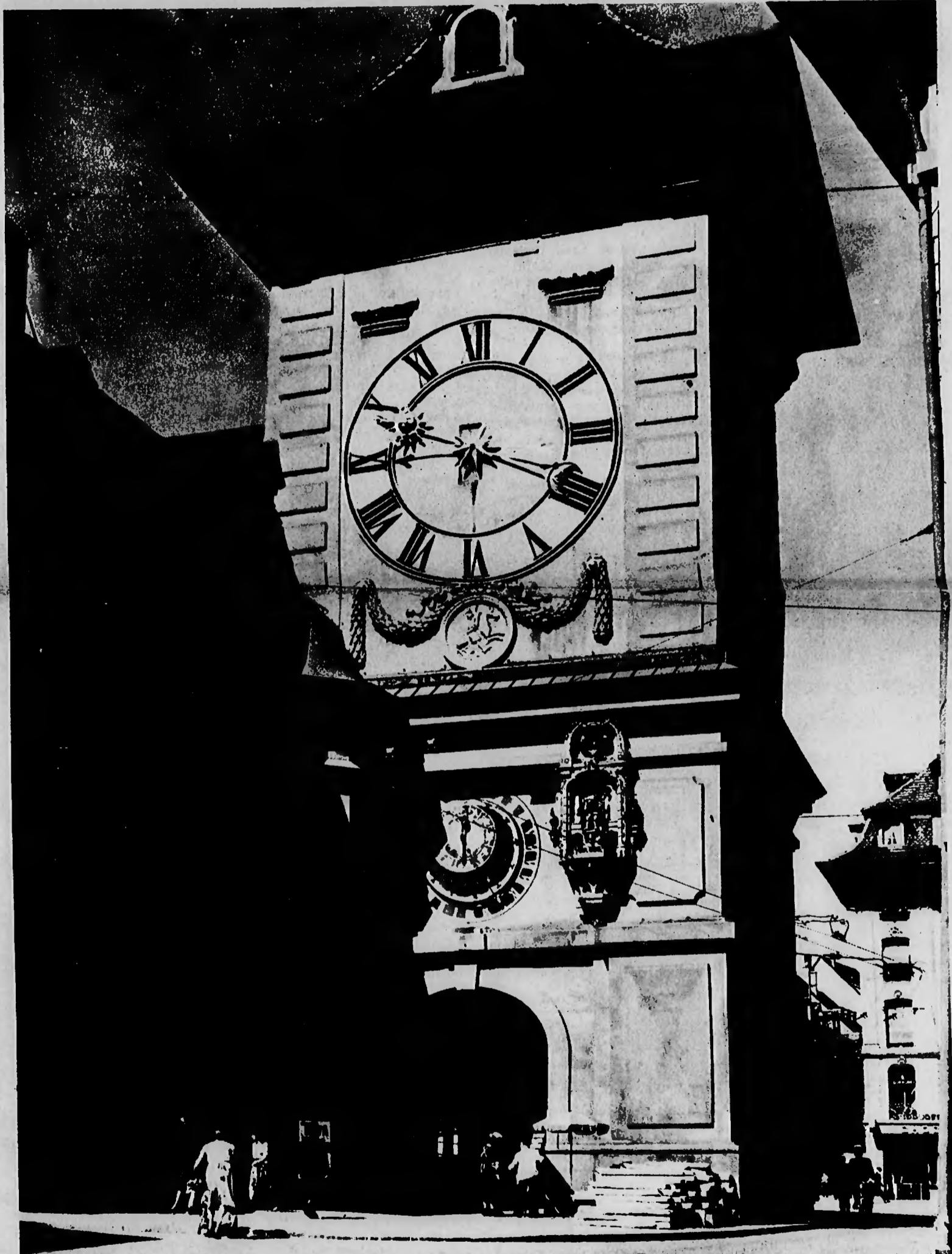
"We planned to have the gamest and out-fightingest rooster in the world. We planned to go west to fight the Indians and kill buffaloes. We planned to run away and become a part of every circus that came to town. In fact, I did run away a few times, and on one occasion went as far as the two mile post, where I sat down and got to thinking about how anxious my mother would be when night came and I wasn't home. So I abandoned the conquest of the world, and went home to keep her from being worried.

"Boys can be real unselfish in such matters at times, even if they do build a world of their own made up of traps, fish hooks, camps and wash holes, without a school house or a woman with a wash rag in one hand and a bar of soap in the other anywhere in sight.

"Since the days of Eve women have been discontented with the sort of paradise men and boys like, and have kept all parties busy fixing it up to satisfy them until it's too nice for anything except to stand off and look at.

"This ruthless ruining of his paradise gives the boy a poor opinion of all women except

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ALMOST FAMILIAR—New Bernians who visit our mother city, Bern, Switzerland, and a number have during the past year, are reminded of home when they see the world famous Clock Tower. Unlike our own town clock on City Hall, this one not only keeps accurate time but stages a mechanical show promptly at noon each day. Figures bob out below its giant dial, and do all sorts of things to delight tourists and natives.

Nothing else in Bern seems to hold the fascination that the unique timepiece generates. The Swiss have no equal when it comes to making watches and clocks, so they are justly proud of this historic landmark. Bern has a pair of rivers, like New Bern, and is located at their meeting place. This, of course, led Baron DeGraffenreid to found a town at Union Point and name it for the Swiss city.