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You're pushing 60 at least, if you recall Mary Pickford's winsome screen smile as the orphan girl in "Daddy Long Legs." Likewise if you remember how Mary Carr had New Bernians dripping tears all over the Masonic's floor in "Over The Hills To The Poor House."

Recollecting such things, you're bound to have memories of the days when no self-respecting female would parade on Atlantic Beach, or take to the surf, in swim (?) attire that didn't include a full skirt, ample bloomers, shoes and stockings, and a goshawful bath cap.

And it was yesterday that you bought your fish and oysters from a push cart passing your house. If you were fussy and wanted them wrapped, the peddler had old newspapers on his cart to properly confine your purchase.

You also got door to door service each morning from vegetable peddlers who sang out their available items in a lusty chant you could hear for blocks. All except Mariha. If the wind was right, Riverside residents could pick up her spiel while she was still circulating in Ghent.

Pity those of younger years who didn't look forward to periodic calls from a touring umbrella man, who made repairs right on the spot. He was just as regular in his visits to the city as the Italian organ grinders who had trained their sad faced monkeys to climb to your window and solicit pennies.

Not the least of yesterday's marvelous sounds was the lonely wail of a train whistle in the stillness of the night. Deeply implanted in a feather bed, with the cover up around his ears, a kid could listen breathlessly and promise himself that one day he would roam to far places.

Yesterday was when it was sinful to play the phonograph on Sunday, a hair cut cost a whole quarter, and a soup bone from B. Swert's butcher shope, with lots of meat attached, sold for a nickel more than that.

No one had passed a law regulating the amount of butter fat required in Grade A milk. Any housewife could survey the depth of cream at the top of a bottle and draw her own conclusion.

If you're close to 60, or beyond it, you can recall when the public schools in New Bern and Craven County had no lunch rooms. Students in town went home for their mid-day meal, and it wasn't called lunch but dinner. This lunch stuff came along later.

Of course, if you were a rural pupil, you brought your vittles with you in a sack, and ate on the school steps. Chances were you ate your share of collard biscuits before you graduated. Now, country kids like town kids prefer a diet consisting solely of hamburgers and French fried potatoes.

Yesterday was when babies were born at home, and folks got free (?) premiums with Octagon soap coupons, not Gold Bond or Green stamps. Then as now, customers were dumb enough to think they were being given something for nothing.

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HONORED—James R. (Jim) Sugg, whose career has included dish washing to work his way through college, Marine Corps service in Japan, Okinawa and Korea with promotion to the rank of Captain, and election a few months ago to the State House of Representatives from the Third District, is New Bern's Young Man Of The Year for 1966. The dimple chinned, still boyish attorney received from the New Bern Junior Chamber of Commerce its annual Distinguished Service Award at a banquet held at the local Shrine Club Thursday night. He is a member of Garber Methodist Church, where he has served as Superintendent of the Sunday School, Chairman of the Board of Trustees, President of the Men's Club and teacher, and is active in Scouting. He and his wife, Jane, have three sons, the oldest seven, who keeps things jumping at 4704 Trent River Drive.