

# The NEW BERN MIRROR

WEEKLY OF  
NB-Craven Library  
311 E. Front St.  
New Bern, NC 28560  
5¢ Per



VOLUME 9

NEW BERN, N. C., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1967

NUMBER 48

New Bernians were so busy winning and dining George Washington, when he visited our town on his Southern tour, that they didn't get around to asking him how tall he was.

Don't feel badly about that. If anyone else in America ever broached the subject, and got an answer, it wasn't recorded for posterity. Best guess, or at least the most popular one among historians, is that he was 6-2.

Abe Lincoln was 6-4, and no guess about it. On his death bed, at somebody else's house across from Washington's Ford Theatre, he had to be placed at an angle because he measured too much from head to toe. In his stricken condition, this might have mattered to others but not to the President.

Turning to pleasanter things, the New Bern Cosmetologists Guild deserves commendation for the unselfish services its members render gratis throughout the year to feminine residents at Williams and West Memorial Home.

At their own expense, various local beauty shops installed equipment there, and without fanfare have been seeing that it is put to good use. Such thoughtfulness ought to make a lot of us who do little or nothing for the elderly unremembered slightly ashamed.

No one likes to be called an informer or a stool pigeon. Understandably, a Greensboro man who testified here Monday that, working for Uncle Sam, he gained the confidence of marijuana peddlers and tricked them into sales, doesn't care for the label.

He bristled on the stand during a preliminary hearing in City Court, when Attorney John Beaman, representing two of six defendants, suggested that he was an informer. The witness classified himself as a "special employee." Informer or special employee, he apparently gets results.

Although most citizens are inclined to withhold admiration from those who engage in this sort of thing, for a price, it is a grim fact that without undercover agents, informers, stoolies, or envious and spiteful individuals who squeal on lawless acquaintances to get even, America's prevailing crime would be even higher than present astronomical figures.

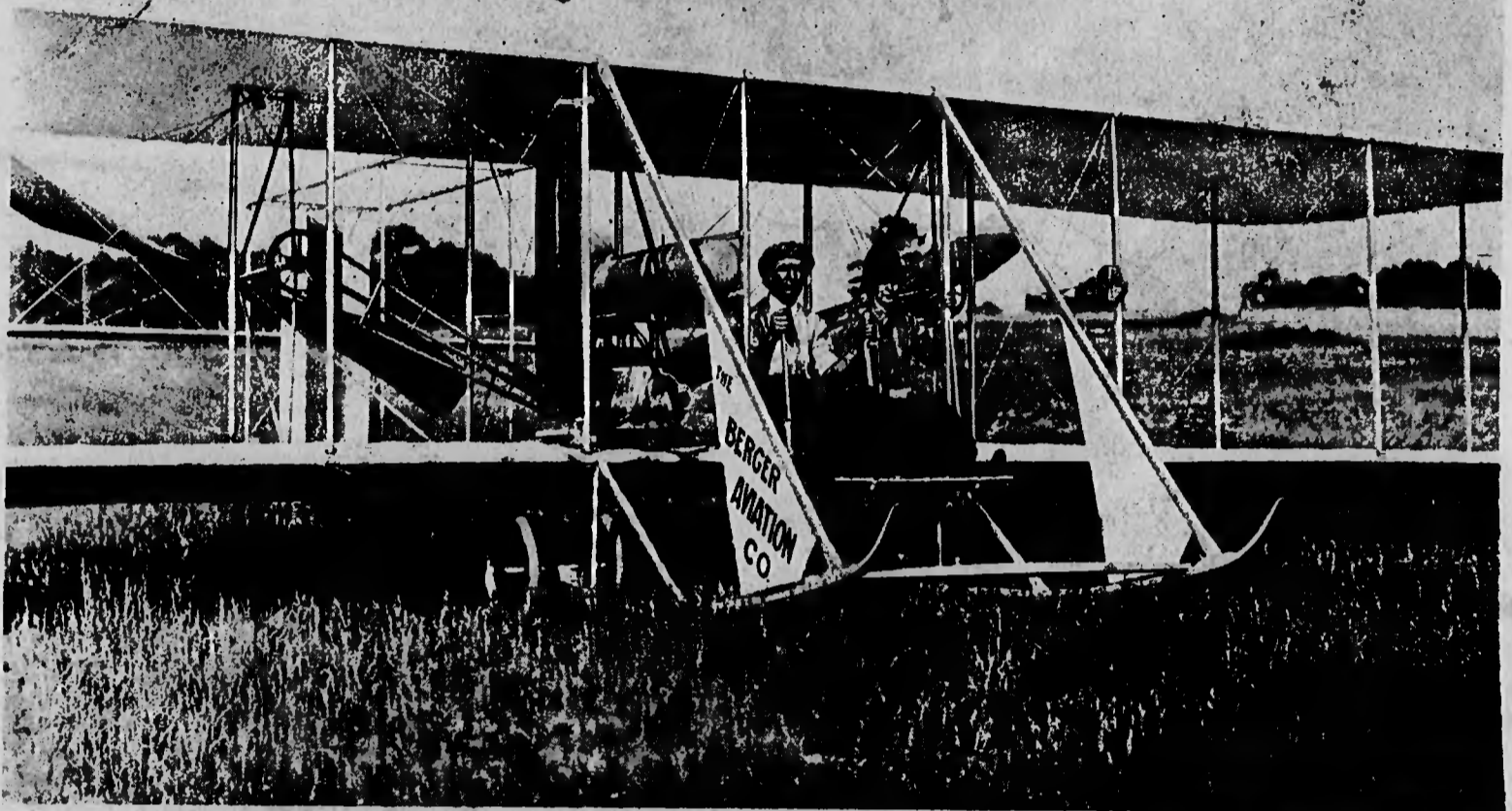
In the marijuana cases scheduled for grand jury action when the March term of Craven Superior Court gets underway, it is a maxim of law that the defendants will be cloaked in a robe of innocence until or unless their accusers prove guilt beyond a reasonable doubt.

That is the essence of justice in America, and administered properly it is better with all its flaws and shortcomings than any other justice we've read or heard about on the face of the earth.

Considering the fact that the alleged price of marijuana on the New Bern market is five dollars for an amount so small it barely fills a penny match box, it's surprising that more folks don't risk planting the easily grown weed.

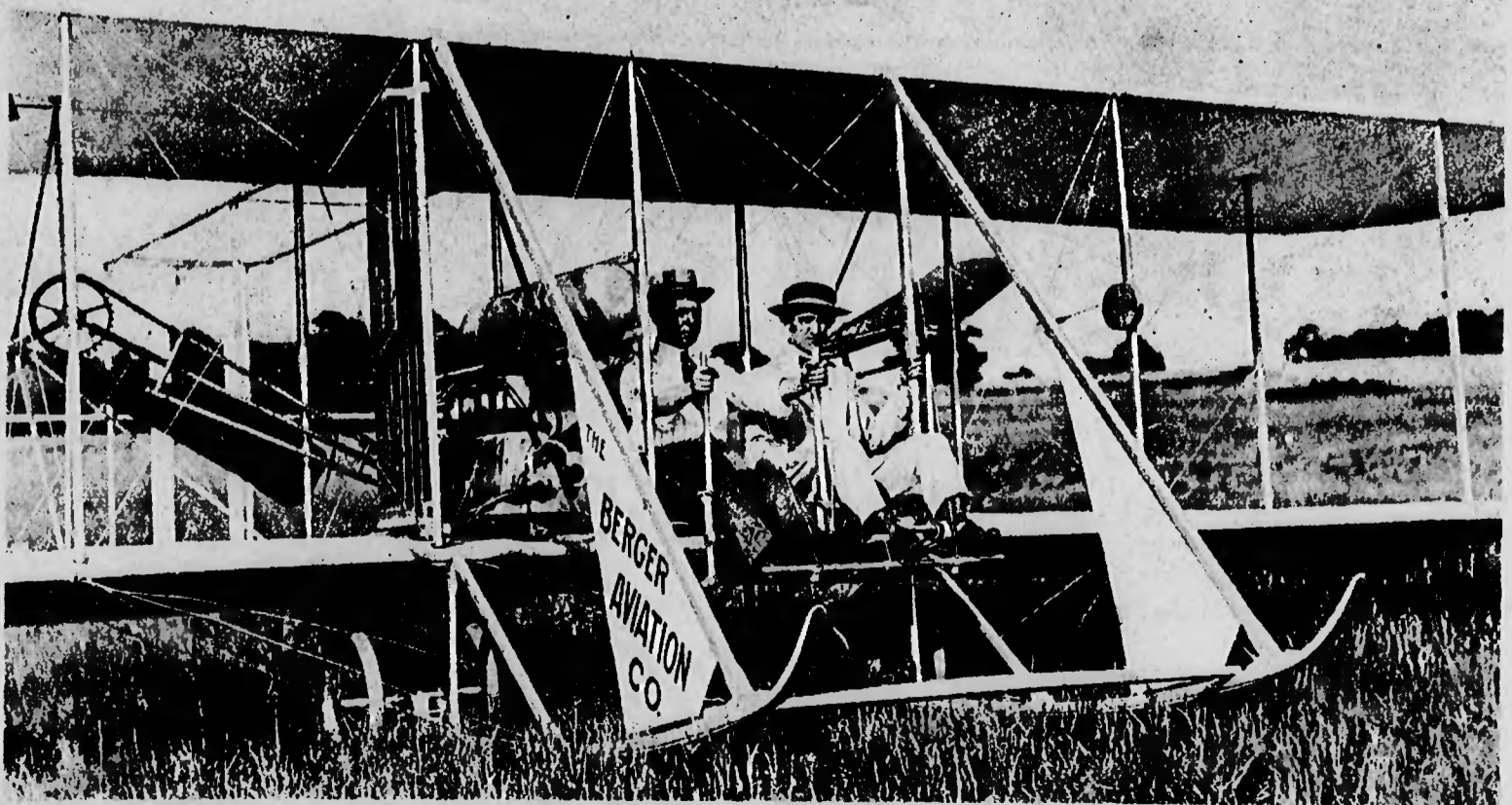
Biggest hindrance, of course, isn't the danger of crop failure, but the acute awareness that somebody down the road or

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**FIRST TO FLY**—Soaring through the air is commonplace today, but only those with brave hearts and a zest for reckless adventure dared to take to the sky in 1912. New Bern's Bayard Wooten, noted photographer, was such a soul. Here, North Carolina's

pioneer female plane passenger, she is ready to sail into the wide blue yonder with an unidentified pilot from the local fair grounds. It was the talk of the town, just 55 years ago.



**THEY FLEW TOO**—Ben Whitcomb, who graciously allowed us to borrow these photos, identifies the gentlemen seen here as New Bern's L. T. (Jack) Grantham and Herbert Crumpler. So far as we know, neither of them actually piloted the plane they are

perched on, but they did take rides with the owner, says Ben. It all came about, in 1912, when a barnstorming aviator descended on the fair grounds and solicited business. He didn't get rich, not here.