

MIRROR

PUBLISHED IN THE
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311 E. Front St.
New Bern, NC 28560
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VOLUME 10

NEW BERN, N. C., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1968

NUMBER 44

You're well on your way to 60, or older, if you can remember when a boy's ability to chew a wad of Brown Mule tobacco without turning green proved he was all man.

Likewise if you recall the glorious abandon of swimming stark naked off local docks, and your embarrassment when you ventured forth in broad open daylight in your first pair of long pants.

Remember too when you wanted to run away with John Robinson's circus, and envied every adult male who sported a tattoo on his arm? You may insist on filter cigarettes now, but what about the butts you used to gather off the sidewalk, and proudly puff with other kids in a secret hideaway?

Can you imagine a masculine juvenile with long hair in the old days? You had the barber crop it short, and then tried in vain to make it lay down by wearing a skull cap. Not until your mid-teens did you smear Vaseline on your noggin, and convince yourself you looked a little bit like Rudolf Valentino.

Yesterday was when any kid who didn't make a stab at selling Cloverine salve lacked ambition, and an automobile with an out-of-State license was like seeing somebody from outer space. Weejuns and Hush Puppies hadn't come along to grace the feet of style-conscious upstarts. If you had Witt shoes on, rough and durable, you knew you were walking in quality.

Yesterday was when a fellow with as much as a dime in his pocket felt safe to date a new girl. Only a gold digger would order more than a nickel Pepsi or Coke. Word got around about such females, and before long they had less circulation than a hardened artery.

Yesterday was when no New Bern housewife who could afford it cooked with anything but pure (hog grease) lard, except of course our good Jewish neighbors. Compound lard, forerunner of the vegetable oils praised so highly today, was for folks who couldn't do any better.

Yesterday was also when a husband expected hot biscuits or corn muffins every time he sat down to the table, and conscientious mothers who didn't know the meaning of starchy food and calories told their younguns to "eat some bread with that, it's good for you."

Yesterday a medicine show featuring Smokey Joe performed in the street on Middle's first block for six straight nights, and just about everybody toted home a bottle of stuff that would cure anything that ailed you.

Some of the town's leading citizens actually thought they were healthy until they heard the show's eminent doctor describe a multitude of symptoms; enough in fact to cast doubt on every function of the human body.

Yes, you're pushing 60 if you remember that Wu Fang was the mean old Chinaman in Pearl White's most exciting serial, and how stone-faced William S. Hart never once kissed the heroine in any of his westerns. You also qualify for the Old Timers Club if you recall the Farnum brothers, all movie



FAVORITE AMERICAN—A survey by The Mirror reveals that this man above all others is New Bern's choice as the nation's citizen most deserving of admiration and respect. Bob Hope's humor has given laughter to millions, but his concern for service men far from home, especially during the Christmas season, is the thing that has endeared him to those millions. Let it be said to the everlasting credit of Hollywood that there too he is the most beloved of all

entertainers. Publicly and privately, his behavior is above reproach, and those who know him best say that the Hope image familiar to viewers and movie patrons is as genuine as it is delightful. Incidentally, Mrs. Hope, his wife of many years, has long since grown used to his absence from the family fireside during the Yuletide, and heartily approves of his unselfish jaunts abroad.