

The NEW BERN

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They're telling the story of the Cherry Point employee who reported back to work the other day after prolonged absence. "I had the Singapore flu," he informed his boss, "and my temperature got up to 147. I drank liquids and took a whole bottle of baby aspirin, and now I bet my temperature isn't more than 125."

Of course, we can personally testify that Hong Kong flu is no laughing matter. And try to imagine how it feels when you've been flat on your back in bed for five days, and you discover your wife has purchased herself a new black dress. If that doesn't get you up on your feet, don't waste money on fruit juice and drugs.

There's no business like show business, and not the least of the problems is getting from one place to another when you have to make a jump of several hundred miles. A transportation mishap, coming from Asheville, made Hank Williams, Jr., and his fellow country and western musicians an hour late for their two performances Saturday night at Sudan Temple Auditorium here.

While a packed house waited patiently inside, a manhunt was going on along main highways in an effort to find out what had happened to the missing entertainers, who apparently were too busy trying to get here to inform anyone of their immediate location.

Hank, Jr., who has capitalized on the fame of his late father, has talent in his own right. It is doubtful he will ever reach the pinnacle attained by the elder Williams, and few if any will, but he is building a large following and the success of Saturday night's show is proof of that fact.

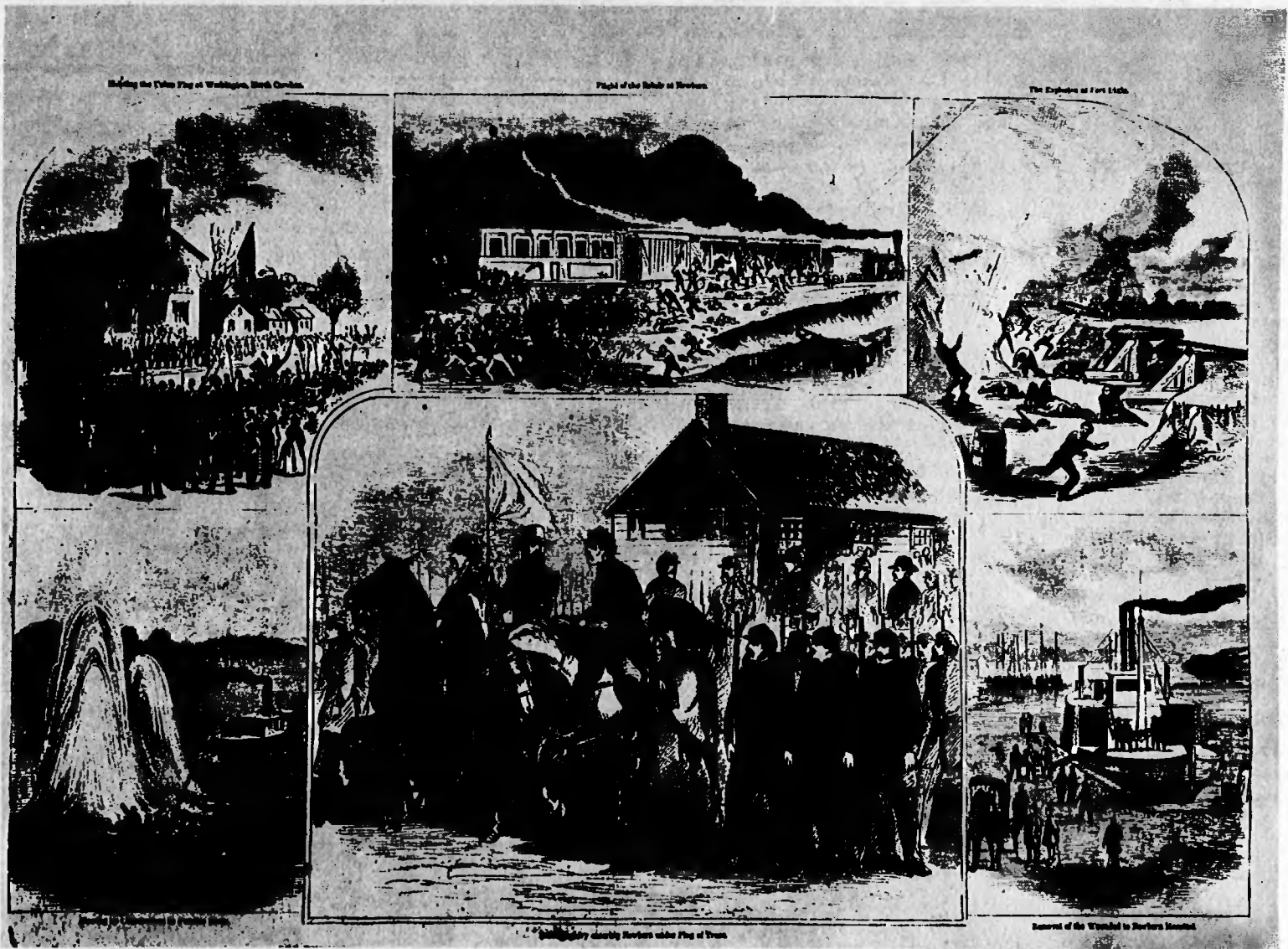
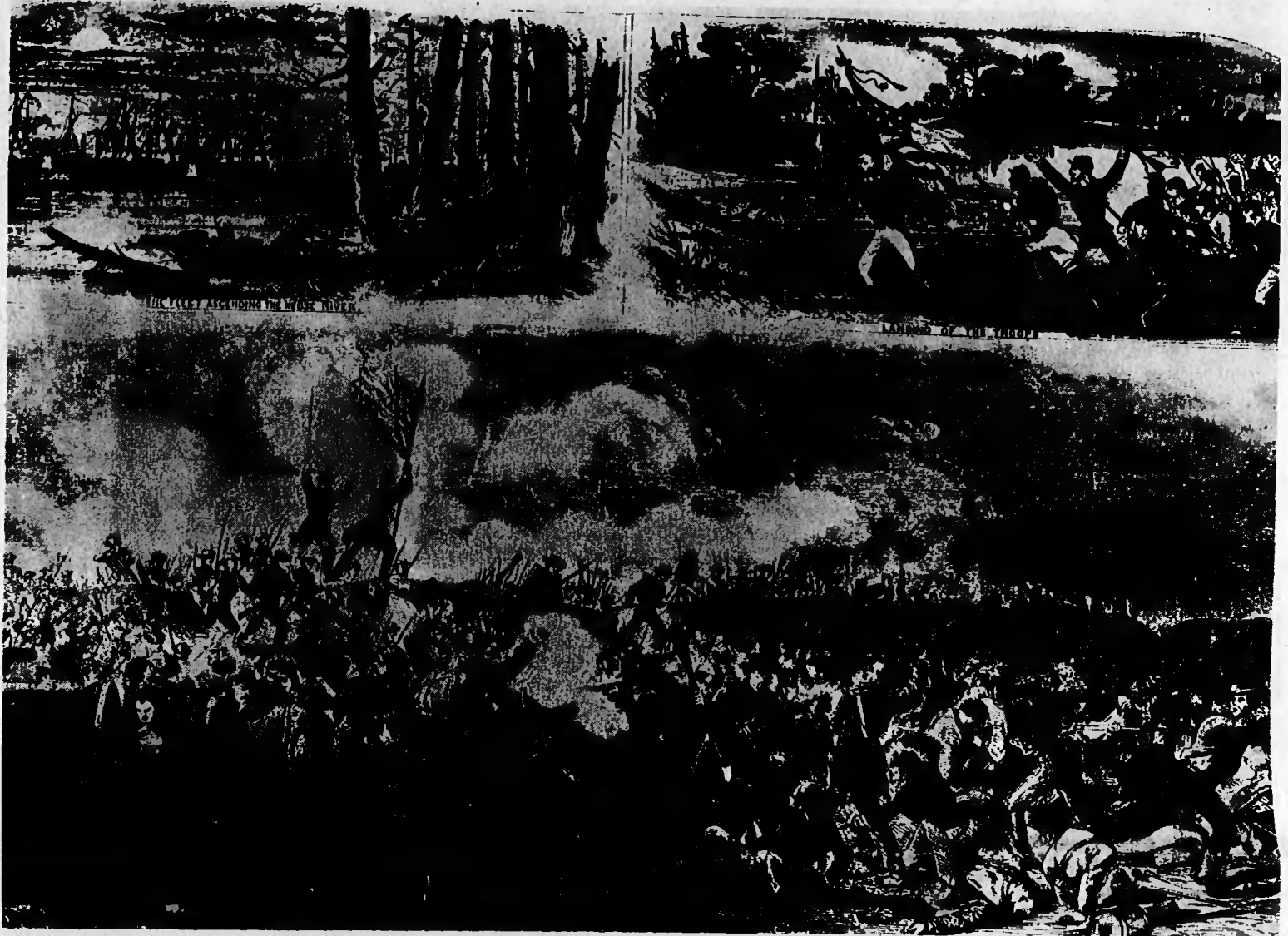
At least one third of the records and albums sold in New Bern, week in and week out, are country and western. A big chunk of the remainder is the stuff preferred by teenagers, with only a few of the name stars like Frank Sinatra and Dean Martin doing well in the so called popular field.

When was the last time you heard someone in New Bern mention bomb shelters? Local citizens have either grown less fearful of atomic attack, or accept the grim truth that few of us, if we had a shelter, would be able to reach it on very short notice.

Personally, we've never warmed up to the prospect of surviving a nuclear blast that would transport almost everybody else to kingdom come. Can't you picture scrambling into your private shelter, and listening to the screams of your next door neighbor begging to share it with you.

Actually, the percentage of New Bernians who dread Nuclear war with Russia must be quite small. The average citizen reasons that the Soviet regime, investing heavily in permanent improvements in the homeland, isn't anxious to take a step that would end in mass suicide.

More ominous than any threat from Moscow, and don't get us wrong we consider the Kremlin unworthy of trust, is the spread of nuclear weapons to



FACT OR FICTION — History blended with legend is apt to wander far afield from accuracy. Do these drawings of the Battle of New Bern depict what really happened, or did the artist of long ago rely heavily on his imagination to come up with some stirring pictures? No one alive today can say for sure, but there can be no doubt that things were pretty exciting when the Yankees invaded our town and defeated its brave

defenders. There was no lack of courage among the Confederates on that sad occasion. They were simply no match for superior forces that sailed up the Neuse in considerable number. Modern warfare is quite different in many respects, but then as now, men bled and died for a cause, and their widows grieved. And so it will always be, as long as mortals settle their differences by taking up arms.