

The NEW BERN

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It would be interesting to know how many New Bernians believe in astrology. Countless local citizens, probably numbering in the thousands, start their day off by reading their horoscope in the morning newspaper.

Whether you accept the theory that the stars influence your behavior, or consider it unadulterated hokum, there's good advice in those daily columns. If the planets can't straighten you out, try doing it yourself.

We won't suggest action now, not with kids at Central School attending classes in trailers, but sooner or later the State's oldest school building, on the Academy Green, ought to be converted into a school museum.

This is just one of many projects waiting to be promoted in this town that has so much, and does so little about it. In this respect, we take our full share of the blame.

Down here in eastern North Carolina, we complain that we're neglected and there's proof of this when you compare our highways with those in the Piedmont and West. But let's face it, more get up and go has been a contributing factor in the greater progress enjoyed by other sections of the State.

Boone doesn't have our two lovely rivers, but it has steep slopes that gave someone an idea. This year, in the middle of January, the first North Carolina Snow Carnival was held to call attention to the State's growing prominence as a major skiing area.

Not only is the carnival to be staged annually, the State's first but the South's first. It rained on the last day of the event, and the weather man didn't provide snow the first two days. That was no real problem, all four ski resorts in the Boone area have snow-making equipment to supplement natural snowfall.

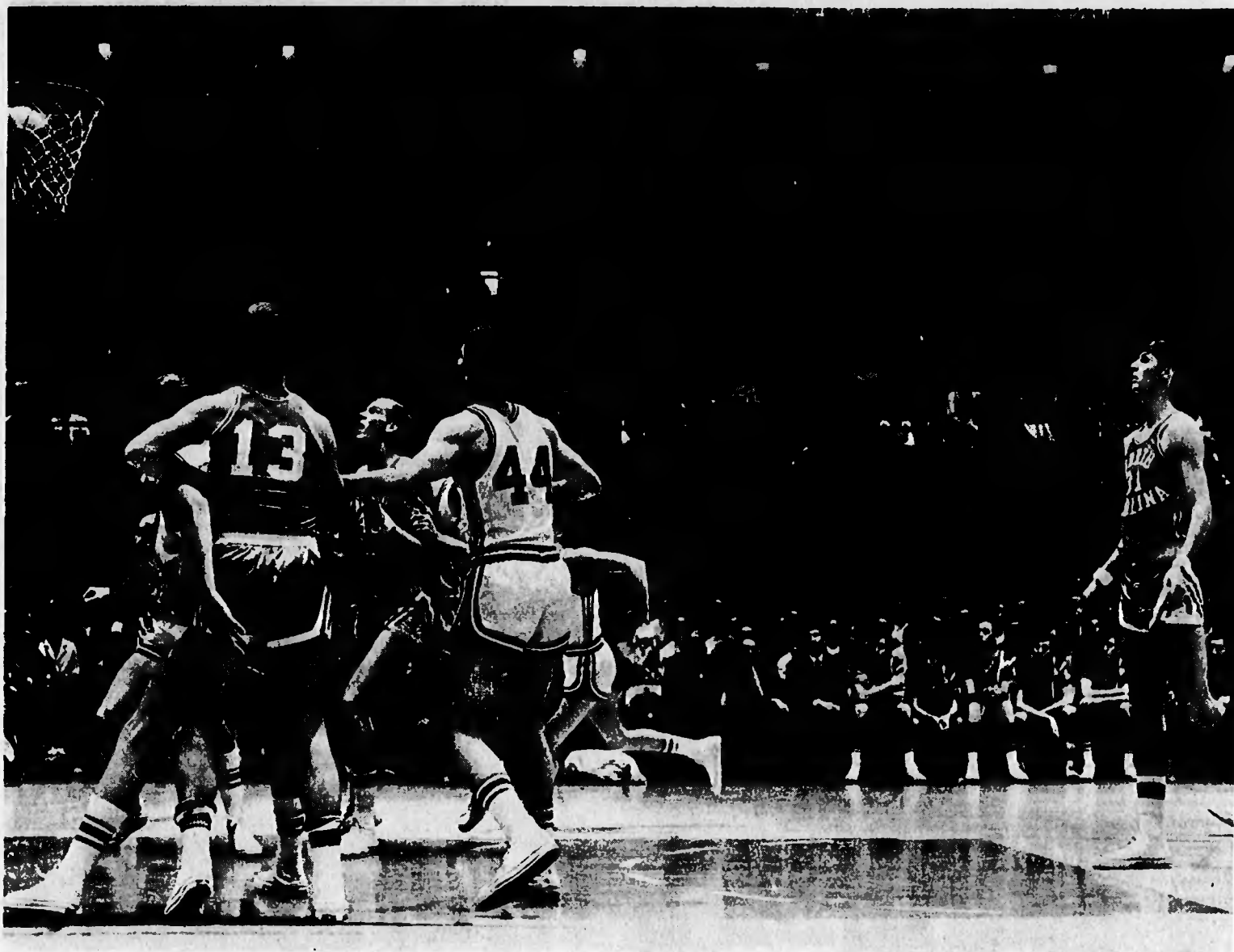
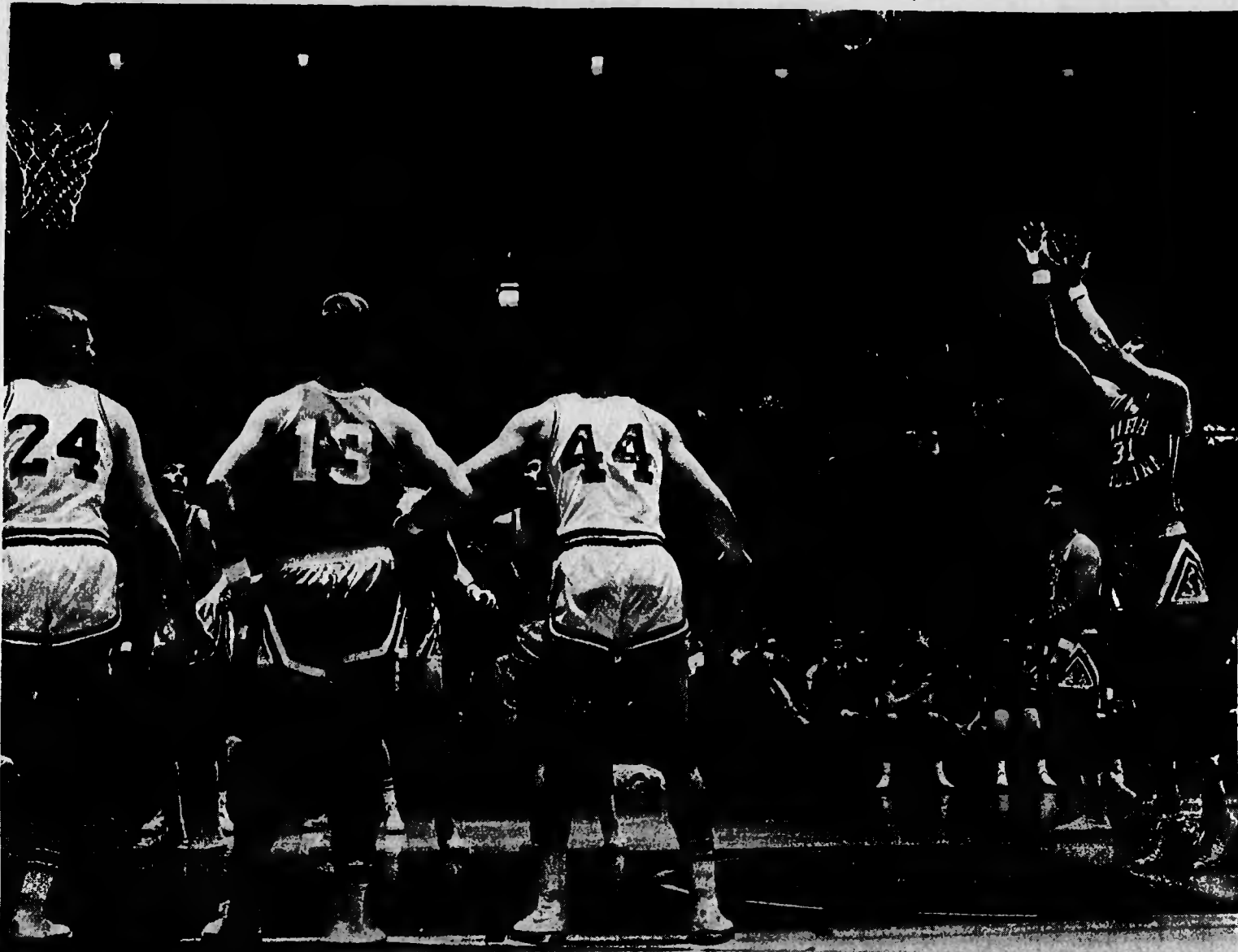
The good old days were not completely good. Tonight, for instance, the pattern of the yesteryears if followed would be to leave anonymous "comic" valentines on the porches of folks you didn't like.

As vicious in their wording as a poison-pen letter, and illustrated with drawings that were hardly complimentary, they were embodied more malice than humor. Then as now, Valentines Day was primarily for the young and young at heart, but quite a few oldsters who weren't spry enough to scramble up and down a neighbor's steps on so furtive a mission would use Uncle Sam's mail to get into the act.

You could buy the things for a penny at the five and ten. That, of course, was before the five and ten got dollar conscious and outgrew its field. The available assortment always included something insulting to deliver the miser, the glutton, the skinny guy, the drunk (alcoholics weren't in existence then), the butcher, the teacher, the grocer, the spinster, the musician, the nagger, the bully and the bragger.

Some of these so called comic valentines, we'll have to agree, smacked strongly of the truth, since all mortals have faults and failings subject to attack.

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RIGHT ON TARGET — Fouling New Bern's Bill Bunting is a costly way to stop the deadly cool University of North Carolina sharpshooter. From the floor he has been making 62 percent of his tosses good, but send him to the free throw line and you're dealing with a marksman who connects 85 percent of the time. Here you see him in action Monday night against outmanned North Carolina State. In the top picture,

he follows through on tiptoe as the highly arched basketball appears to be going into orbit far above his head. Instead, as the bottom photo snapped an instant later shows, it was hearing unerringly for the basket. Bunting has reached full bloom this season in the scoring department. Defensively, he draws the toughest opposing player for his assignment, and rarely has to be rested.—Mirror Photos by Chick Natella.