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Time marches on, but in the case of New Bern's town clock it might be more factual to say it stumbles. Depending on those faltering hands that grace our City Hall tower isn't the best way to show up promptly for appointments.

Maybe it's just as well that the good folks in our mother city of Bern aren't aware of this. Their own famous clock is a masterpiece of mechanical precision, and they might take a dim view of a contraption that points to one time, rings out another, and is often wrong in both instances.

Nothing is closer to the hearts of the Swiss than their wonderfully designed clocks and watches. And when we say nothing, we don't even except their deep desire for peace, their pride in the grandeur of the Alps, and their enthusiasm for red geraniums in black window boxes.

Switzerland's superiority in the fashioning of timepieces date back to the long ago, but the country's craftsmen haven't been content to rest on their laurels. When improvements came, the Swiss were largely responsible.

Rolex produced the first waterproof and the first automatic wristwatches. In addition, Swiss firms designed antimagnetic watches, and air and water compenstaed, quartz, electronic, and atomic clocks.

Latest creation from Switzerland's masterminds is the electronic watch. These are eliminated by a circuit, and there are no moving parts.

Half of the world's watches are made in Switzerland, amounting to something like 65 million annually. By 1975, it is predicted, the total annual demand for watches in the world will be 180 million, or roughly 30 million more than the present output. The Swiss are determined to hold their share of the market.

They don't expect to get rich selling watches to Russian customers, since the Soviets manufacture virtually all of the timepieces used by their citizens and inhabitants of Communist dominated countries of Eastern Europe.

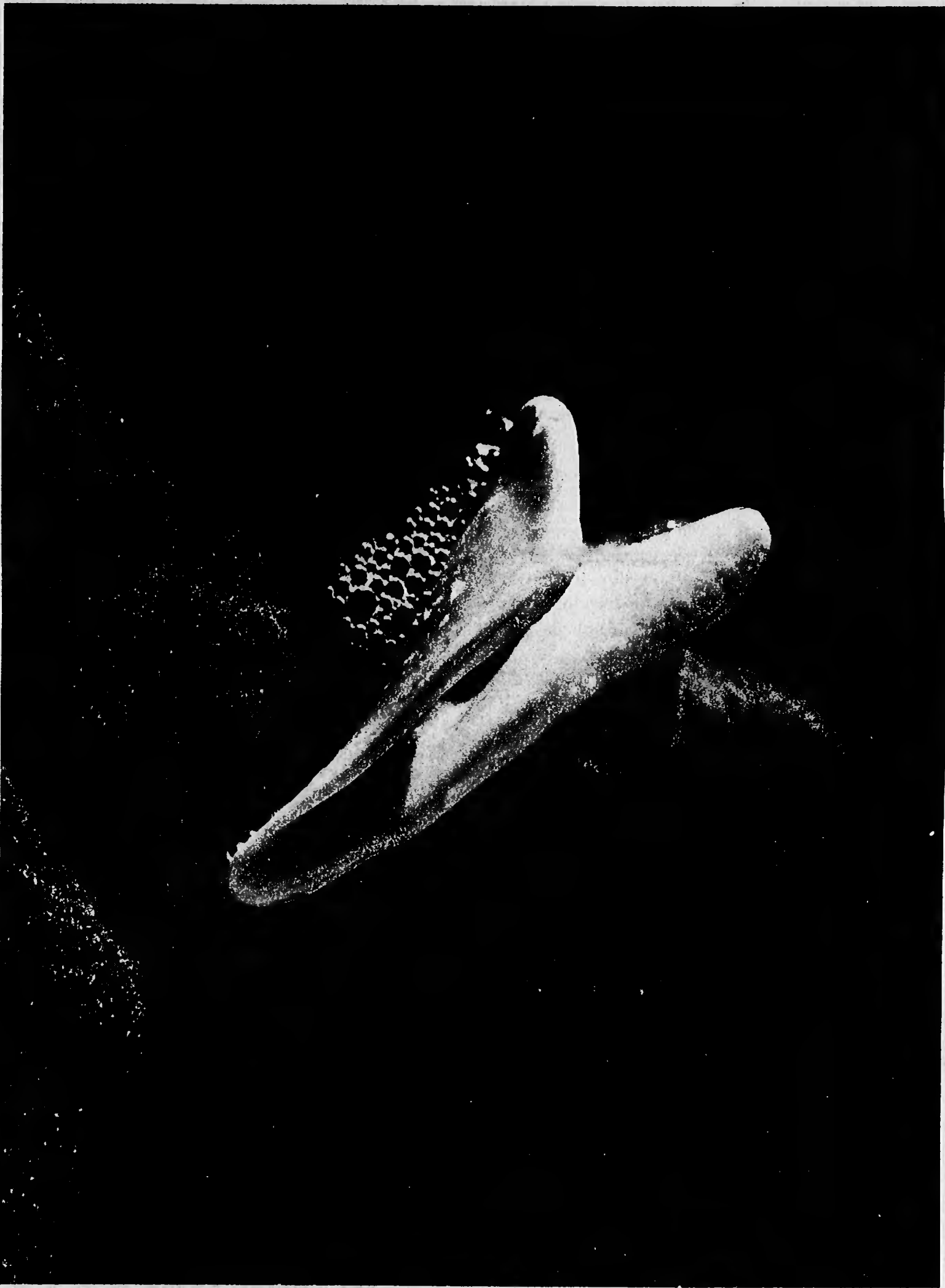
The following is an editorial from the St. Louis Post Dispatch:

The nicest compliment we have heard paid to the small town in many a blue moon comes from John V. Lindsay, with love, to Cooperstown, N. Y., pop. 2,700. "I'd like to be mayor of this town," he said. "I'll bet it's a good life."

Who else could have said it with so much grace? None but John Lindsay could do it with all the proper equipment. He is that supposedly non-existent specimen, a native of New York City. What's more, or anyhow as much, he is its mayor. That is the kind of combination that makes the compliment fully complimentary.

"I'd never get bored here," Mayor Lindsay said, riding through Cooperstown. And why should he? Things go on in cities but in small towns it is people that go on. The novelist James T. Farrell once wrote that every good American novelist came from a small town or had a small-town experience in a city

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OUT OF THE OCEAN — This isn't some sort of monster, but an exceptionally close view of an unusual seashell an instant after it was washed to shore by an early spring wave on the Carteret coast. Those ringlets on the upper left portion of the shell are

beads of foam, left by the wave as it receded. Photographer Bill Benners, an artist with a camera, visualizes the shell as angel wings. What do you make of it?

