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The uproar in Congress and numerous state legislatures over questions planned for the 1970 census is understandable. Nose counting the public will accept, as it always has, but describing one's bathroom facilities to inquisitive stranger goes against the grain.

Stop us if you've heard about the rough hewn mountaineer, minding his own business in North Carolina's Great Smokies, who had a ready answer when the census taker wanted to know his family's political preferences.

"I'm a Republican," he replied. "My wife's a Democrat, the baby's wet, and cow's dry, and the cat's on the fence." Maybe it never really happened, but anybody who is acquainted with mountaineers wouldn't bet on it.

Then, of course, there was the exasperated mother of four children, who was in the midst of washing diapers when the census taker rang her door bell. Ascertaining the number of offspring she had been blessed with, he wanted to know their exact ages.

Much too occupied with her urgent duties to wrestle with birth dates, she shrugged wearily and said, "I've got one lap child, one crawler, one porch child, and one yard child." If the census taker couldn't figure ages from that, he has never been a parent.

Include us among those who like daylight saving time, although there are plenty of New Bernians who don't care for it. Complainers most vocal about the clock switching are waitresses who report for work at dawn, truck drivers making early deliveries, and mothers who have trouble getting their small fry to bed while the sun is still up.

As a group, New Bern must have the most pleasant bank tellers you'll find anywhere. It matters not where you do business, the courtesy accorded local bank patrons by tellers, often under trying conditions, is tops.

A few of these employees are numbered among our friends of long standing. Most are simply a smiling face at a window, but all of them help to make the morning brighter. And, on occasions when you're overdrawn, that takes some doing.

Having a black cat cross your path can indicate something bad for the cat too. So thought an ebony feline on Metcalf Street the other night. He (or she) charged in front of an oncoming automobile, had a change of mind and scrambled back to safety.

Maybe the critter had already used up eight of its lives, and didn't want to unduly risk the ninth one. At least he appeared intact, which was more than you could say for the cats we grew up with on upper Pollock Street. It was the sort of a neighborhood where a tomcat with a full length tail was bound to be a tourist.

Kids on the block between Eden and Bern Streets welcomed summertime for a multitude of reasons, not the least of which was the tar, bubbled by the heat, that you pulled off the thoroughfare and chewed for

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NO BUYER — When dawn broke, after New Bern High school's Junior-Senior Prom last Friday night, the real estate sign seen here was gracing the lawn of Craven County's historic courthouse. Youthful celebrants, before they headed for weekend house-parties, removed the sign from another location and placed it on the Craven street side of the venerable structure. The average local citizen, if he can arrange it, prefers to avoid this or any other courthouse as

he would the plague. No one came along Saturday morning with a substantial offer for the property, and finally a serious minded adult got around to carting the advertisement to the spot from whence it came. Little if any harm was done. The prankish teen agers had a laugh, oldsters remembered their own youthful acts, and the realtor, as you can see, got front page publicity.—Photo by Billy Benners.

