

THE NEW BERN MIRROR

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THOSE METS

Countless North Carolinians, a lot of whom don't ordinarily watch televised baseball games, will be anchored at their sets Saturday afternoon for the first game of the 1969 World Series.

Except for those fans who support the Baltimore Orioles year in and year out, and diehard Yankee supporters who automatically hate any New York team but their own, living-room bleacherites are strictly for the utterly unbelievable Mets.

What goes for this sports loving state applies to the nation, and to every land where the crack of a bat against hurtling horsehide is now a familiar sound. The miracle that couldn't happen became reality last Monday, and the multitude awaits what it hopes will be a second miracle.

Baltimore, blessed with able players who collectively have had one of their better seasons, is a well balanced club that makes many of its good breaks. Aside from this, the team is quick to capitalize on any and all undeserved breaks that come as fringe benefits.

Calling attention to this is close to an outright admission that the upstart New York Mets are no match for the Orioles. In normal times, the outcome would be almost a foregone conclusion, but the Mets have already demonstrated that a state of normalcy is foreign to their nature.

They are a myriad of marvelous things rolled into one. Cinderella dancing with the handsome prince, David clobbering Goliath, the ugly duckling blossoming into a graceful swan, Rudolph the ridiculous guiding Santa Claus through murky skies.

In a world where most of us have to settle for the role of also ran, they are what we would like to be; the underdog, with fleas and distemper, forging to the front of the pack; the turtle overtaking and passing the slumbering hare; the forlorn clown who wins acclaim as Hamlet; the eternally present little guy who one day makes it big.

The least of all wonders in this year of the moon landing, and an equally astounding ascension by the New York Mets, is our identity with those who have proven that all things are indeed possible. Tar Heels love the Mets like they love hominy grits and collards. And that's enough love for anybody.

It's all a part of the American dream, alleged by some to be completely dead. Such an allegation does appear to be strongly substantiated by the violence, cynicism, and lack of unity confronting our nation. But dreams can be durable stuff.

Disillusioned and disgusted we may be, and yet, a bit of the joy we experienced in childhood fantasy remains with us. We grow skeptical with age, but down deep we cling to the promise of happy ever after, and the rags to riches philosophy of Horatio Alger, Jr.

Fairy tales do come true, if only rarely. One came true at New York's Shea Stadium last Monday, and the world seemed to be a little brighter because of it. Among other things, we saw a demonstration, triggered after the final out, that was without hatred for a change.

If men can go to the moon, and the Mets can win a pennant and possibly the World Series, there's hope for us all.

Historical Gleanings

—By—
ELIZABETH MOORE

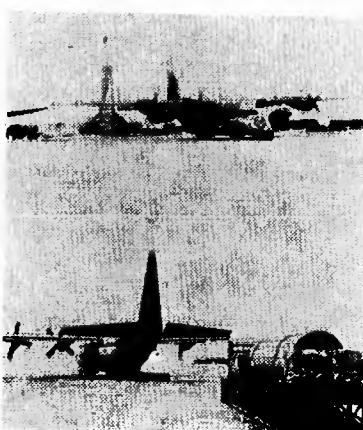
BRYAN, FREDERICK. March 15, 1801. May Term 1801. Wife Susannah. Three children Elizabeth, Council and Frederick Bryan. Executors, my four brothers, Edward, John H., William, and Joseph. Wit. John Shine and William Stephenson. Book A P. 252.

BRYAN, LEWIS. Oct. 29, 1792. May Term 1796. Wife, Mary lands &c and rent of her plantation on Neuse River in hands of Frederick Lane, sulky, riding surrey, harness, use of dwelling house, kitchen, gardens, outhouses, &c. My daughter Elizabeth Ventress. Lots in New Bern and Trenton to be sold &c. Remaining of estate to be divided between four sons: Hardy, Jasper, John Wesley, Lewis and William. Exr. my two brothers Nathan and Isaac and son in law Lodowick Ventress, trusty friend Durant Hatch and son Hardy Jasper Bryan. Wit. Bernard Cordeman, William J. Cordeman. Codicil added Feb. 10, 1796. Revokes loan of land to son in law Ventress and requests all land sold and debts paid and rest to his four sons. Wit. William Bryan, John T. Bryan. Durant Hatch qualified. Book A P. 123.

BUMP, Elizabeth. Oct. 29, 1793. Nov. 1793. William Griffith all my property that I am or may be entitled to and he is to be executor. Wit. James H. Bryan, Ann Dyas, Wm. Skinner. Book A P. 91.

BROWN, EDWARD. Aug. 10, 1795. Aug. 1798. Aaron, son, 120 acres on river bank 95 acres of back land joining his brother Hardy Brown. Son Hardy 120 acres whereon I now live patented by John Bryan. Sons Moses, Edward, Daniel. Exrs. Sons Aaron and Moses Brown, friend Joseph Dew. Wit. Abner Hall, Richard Jelks, Malachi Jolly. Book A P. 203.

BROWN, JOHN April 15,



BIG LIFT . . . Opening new frontiers at the top of the world, a fleet of Lockheed 1-100 Hercules aircraft have airlifted more than 75,000 tons of oil drilling equipment and other supplies to remote drill sites above the Arctic Circle.

Village Verses

RIGHT ON TIME

You know that summer
Has come and gone,
And autumn's arrived,
Sure as you're born,
When you close the doors,
All the windows too,
And find that a cricket
Now lives with you.

—JGMcd.

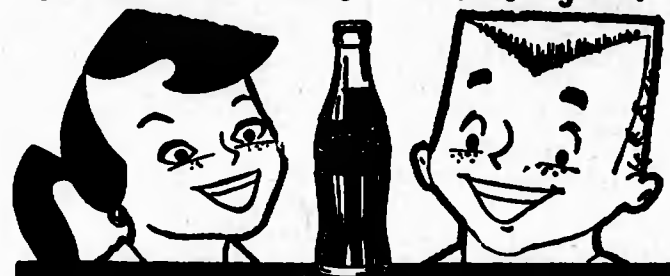
1800. Feb. 1804. Wife, Rebecca for lifetime the house and furniture and then to be divided to daughters Sally and Polly Brown. Son John Richard Brown cart and wheels. Exrs. Stephen Fowler. J. N. Brown, A. B. Simmons. Book A P. 271.

BROWN, WILLIAM. May 28, 1804. Nov. 1807. Samuel Brown and wife Nancy, Son, land patented to me Oct. 22, 1782, joining John Giles and William Randal's deceased on Reedy Branch reserving 25,-

000 corn hills to my grandson Leroy Brown for five years and then to return to my son Samuel and his wife Nancy for their lifetime, and then the land to my grandsons Billy and Dempsey Brown. Wife Rhoda, the land joining Samuel Brown her lifetime and then to grandson Leroy Brown, &c. Exrs. Jacob Johnston, friend, George Koonce, LeRoy Brown. Wit. John Giles, Jr. John Tippet, Franklin Giles. Book A P. 296.
(Records of Jones County, North Carolina).

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