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Mark Twain, who said that everybody talks about the weather, but nobody does anything about it, knew we couldn't if we tried. New Bern's weather, like all America's, is determined largely by movement of hot air from the tropics to the polar regions.

Atmospheric patterns dictate what will come to us from the sky in the way of sunshine and rain. It's all pretty complex, but meteorologists with the aid of computers hope to accomplish long-range forecasting in the next 10 years.

Until then, an aching in your bones, if you're getting along in years, is apt to be as reliable a prediction of bad weather as anything you'll learn from television reports. A weather station in your joints is one of the few compensations you can count on in old age.

Maybe you've noticed that the fellow who complains about the way our courts are run is the first one in line to try to escape jury duty. In days past, judges excused a lot of folks for keeps. Now, dodging your obligation, if you're successful, only lets you off until the next term of court.

Strong drink and sentimental singing are linked as closely as the Siamese twins, and the tune most of us associate with over imbibing is "Sweet Adeline." Actually, when a drunk staggers up to a bandstand to request the rendering of a certain song, it's usually "Come To Me, My Melancholy Baby."

Of course, we're not referring to young guzzlers, but to swiggers on the shady side of middle age. Gene Austin's version, recorded for Victor in the Twenties, was a best seller but didn't top his "My Blue Heaven." Sales of this latter tune exceeded 7-1/2 million.

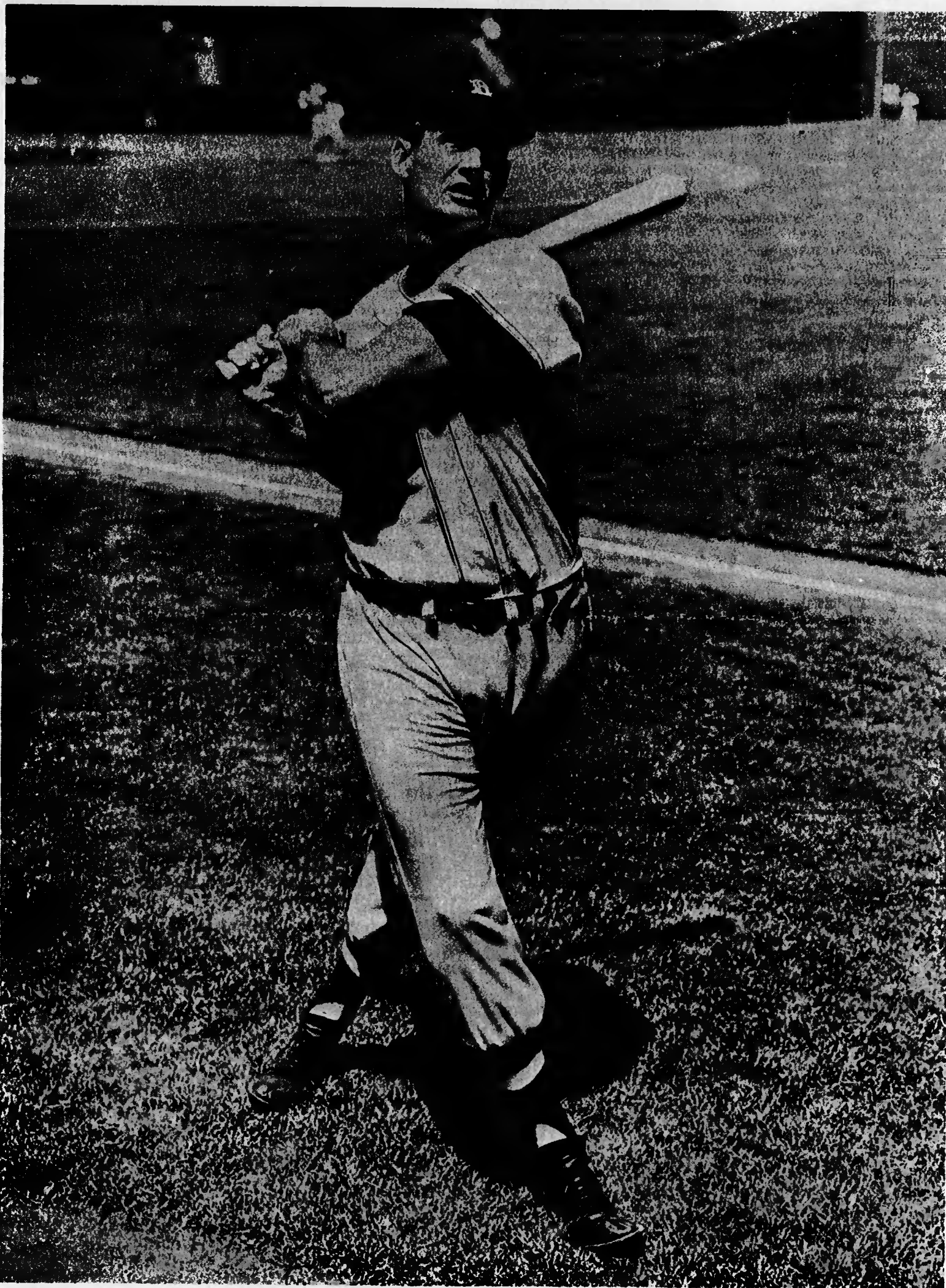
Austin, a native of Louisiana and an Army bugler during World War I, grew wealthy from his recording. He was a welcome visitor when he paused at Morehead City on his "Blue Heaven" yacht, and gave a thrilling performance in the ballroom of the Atlantic Beach Pagoda.

Gene, an easy going, fun loving character, wasn't one to hold on to a dollar. His big money departed as quickly as it arrived, and on the way down he played New Bern in the second rate tent show. Even so, he will forever be remembered by those who held hands in a parlor forty years ago, and listened to his sweet tenor notes on the old phonograph.

New York City's mayor, John V. Lindsay, is a native of the great metropolis, but he recognizes the fact that there are better places in America to live. Visiting Cooperstown (pop. 2,700) he said "I'd like to be mayor of this town. I'll bet it's a good life."

"I'd never get bored here," added Lindsay. And why should he, comments the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, with the observation that things go on in cities, but in small towns it's the people who go on.

"Many a small-towner who has helped make a city big shares Mayor Lindsay's dream of winding up in a small town,"



THEY WERE WRONG — What better time than this World Series week could there be to salute Ted Williams, who confounded his critics by managing the Washington Senators to their first successful season in far too many years? The skeptics said he would quit in disgust, but he breezed along with the same boyish zeal he displayed while fishing our

upper Neuse and flycasting in the lake at Camp Bryan during his Cherry Point Marine Corps days. Ted did two hitchhikes in service, and the five years included combat flying in World War II and the Korean War. He crash landed in flames in Korea, but lived to return to further baseball stardom.