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Dusting off the memories: In the days of prohibition, no other bootleg whiskey distilled in these United States packed the punch of North Harlowe's famed joy-juice. It was Craven County corn at its best, or worst, depending on your point of view.

Mosquitoes, hovering over mash boxes for an occasional swig, didn't sing in the usual manner. They growled viciously. And hunters in the vicinity grew accustomed to seeing drunken rabbits chasing a pack of hounds through the dense underbrush.

Lofty pine trees, influenced by the fumes of full fermentation, staggered instead of swaying to the whims of coastal breezes, and mockingbirds abandoned their versatility to concentrate on just one melody, "Sweet Adeline."

Revenue officers soon discovered that the most successful raids were accomplished by moonlight. The man in the moon turned green with envy when confronted with the potency of North Harlowe's earthly moonshine, so all a raider had to do was quint at the heavens, wait for the green light, and then proceed.

Craven county corn is still manufactured and sold, but old timers want no part of the modern stuff. The best indication of its poor quality are empty beer bottles found at a number of stills. When a thirsty moonshiner prefers beer, rather than his own creation, it ain't fit to put in a Mason jar.

Turning to the subject less alcoholic, we have little trouble recalling how three year old Mike Larimer became the happiest kid on King Street when a neighbor gave him a black kitten. It wasn't intended as a bad omen, but things really happened.

Figuring his pet needed a bath, Mike scrubbed the feline almost to the point of extinction. Never did a cat have more need of its nine lives. Later, Mike's mother, unaware that the kitten had been thoroughly laundered duplicated the wet-wash routine.

Mike's brother, two year old Terry, took complete possession at this point, and Mike was forced to enjoy his gift as nothing more than an on-looker. Shortly after this protested transfer of custody, the kitty vanished.

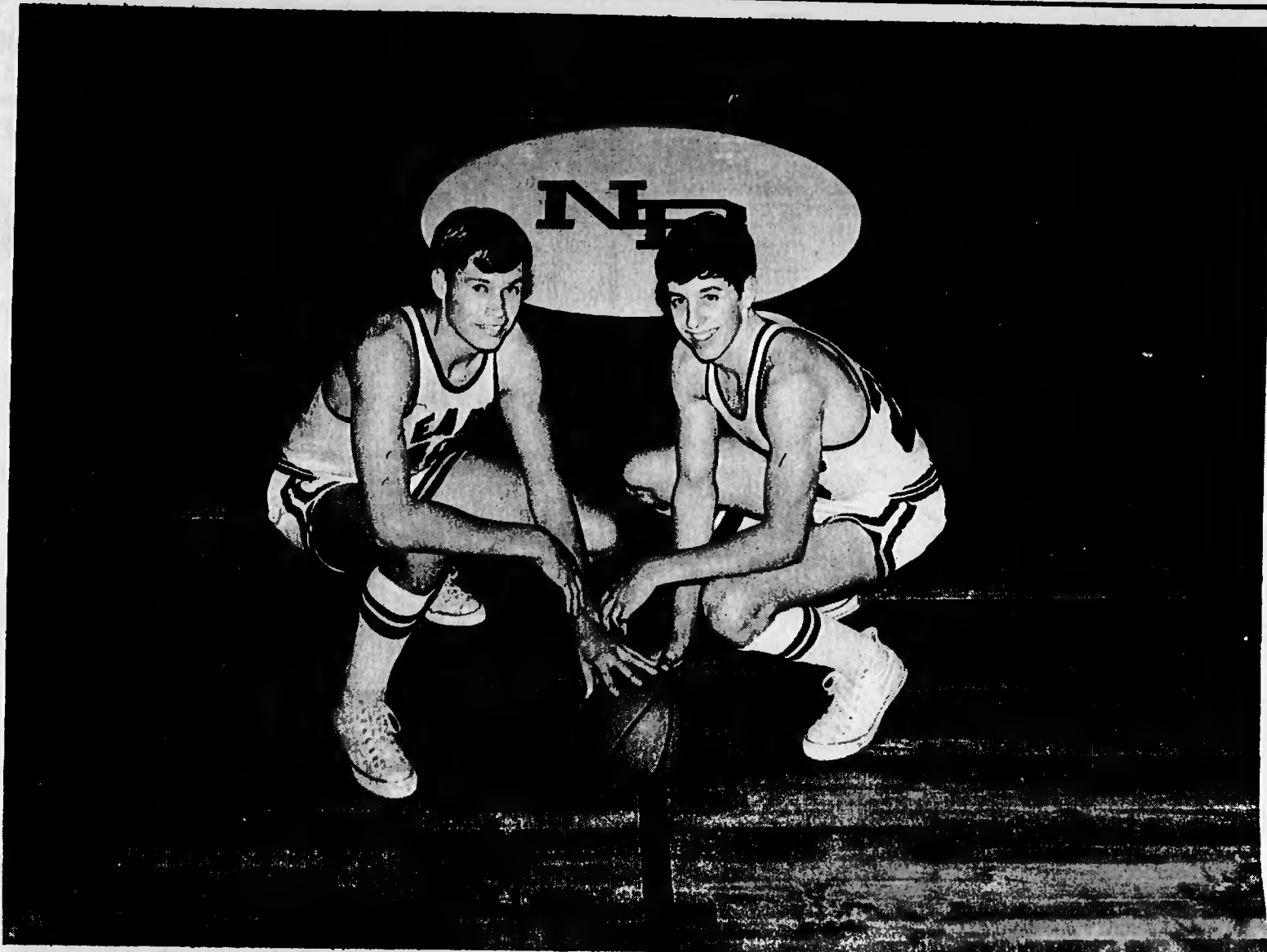
Mrs. Larimer got the surprise to end all surprises an hour later. Opening the family refrigerator she found the cat inside, doing his best to consume a whole pound of bacon.

Being a truthful though rather unpredictable little redhead, Mike furnished an explanation. He had incarcerated the docile, law abiding kitty in the ice box to keep Terry from monopolizing his newly acquired pet. As for eating the bacon, that was the cat's own idea.

Yesterday was when New Bern's view down the Neuse from East Front street, unobstructed by the bridge that was later to mar its beauty, rated near the top of North Carolina's prettier sights.

Yesterday was when small boys of the First World War period delighted in chanting, "Kaiser Bill went up the hill"

(Continued on Page 8)



BRUIN LEADERS — Bobby Marshburn and Larry Moser are the co-captains counted on to lead the New Bern High School Bears to a winning basketball season. Regarded as good team men, the two veteran cagers love the game and are accorded great re-

spect by other members of the ball club. Marshburn inherited his ability from his father, Chink Marshburn, who was quite a basketballer himself while attending New Bern High.—Photo by Chick Natella.



HERE ARE THE BEARS — These are the sturdy youngsters who will carry the colors of New Bern High School in tough 4-A basketball competition this year. Left to right they are Mike Murrell, Charles Meekins, Brad Sneed, James Edwards, Larry

Moser, Chuck Mohn, Bobby Marshburn, Steve Fisher, Frank King, Charles Hodge, Bobby Fulcher and Chip Heath. The team has experience, a good bench, and most important, plenty of hustle.—Photo by Chick Natella.