



The NEW BERN

# MIRROR

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Yesterday was when New Bern's romantic males slicked their hair heavily with vaseline in a vain effort to resemble Rudolph Valentino... Local milk shakes were made with milk, and everybody called the noon meal dinner, not lunch.

Clerks didn't hand you a cigar, grabbed at random from the box. With a flourish of authority, you picked one out, after squeezing and sniffing several others... Even big kids respected teachers, and remembered their favorites once in awhile with a nice red apple.

Yesterday was when someone characterized as hippy wasn't sporting unshorn locks, a beard, and beads, but got so labeled because of an overly abundant posterior... The first neighbor up, on a cold morning, woke everyone else when he noisily shoveled coal from his backyard bin.

Lipstick came in a single color and shade, but the lack of variety by no means curtailed kissing... Buying a deceased chicken, already dressed, was unthinkable. If you were the executioner, you knew for sure that the hen died healthy.

Yesterday was when New Bern's church goers didn't need air conditioning to sleep comfortably through a dull sermon... No one had dreamed up panty hose. Panties, such as they were, didn't go by that name, and were often made at home from flour sacks.

Television hadn't educated us, or confused us, on which remedy to swallow for stomach distress. You didn't go to the medicine cabinet for relief, but reached for the box of Arm & Hammer soda on the pantry shelf.

Yesterday a slice of pie was really a slice, not a silver, and sold for a dime... Playing the Victrola in your parlor on Sunday was downright sinful, no matter how low you turned the volume... And if you had suggested coffee breaks to the boss, he would have boiled over.

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New Bern husbands, in keeping with other husbands the world over, consider it good sport to poke fun at the pocketbooks their wives tote. They profess amusement at the astounding assortment of items contained there in.

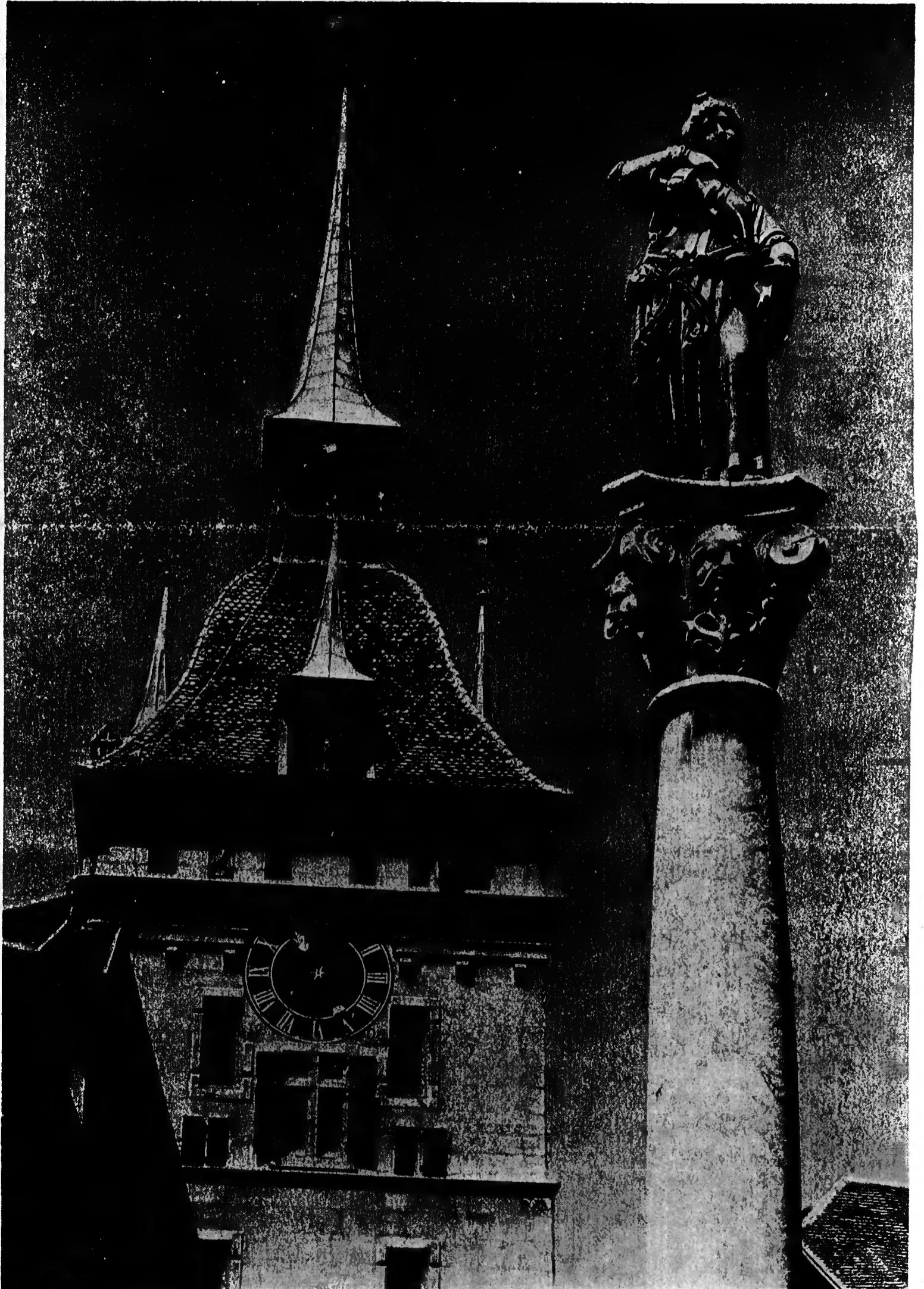
It could never be denied successfully that women do use the contraptions for a catch-all. Some of the stuff is necessary, but a lot of it can be classified as superfluous or inexcusable junk.

Nevertheless, a man doesn't have any right to ascend to the scorner's seat. The male of the species would also have a cart a large pocketbook around, like his better half does, if the pockets of his coat and pants weren't crammed to overflowing.

A search of his person at any given moment of the day would reveal a conglomeration of old letters, wrinkled receipts, empty match pads, paper clips, rubber bands, wrappers from chewing gum, antique grocery lists, pencil stubs, and jotted notes that he can't decipher no matter how hard he tries.

Despite the apparent completeness of these haphazard

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A FAMILIAR LANDMARK IN OUR MOTHER CITY, OLD BERN

