



The NEW BERN MIRROR

PUBLISHED WEEKLY
HEART OF THE
Regional Library
400 Johnson St.
New Bern, N.C. 28560
5¢

VOLUME 12

NEW BERN, N. C., FRIDAY, MARCH 6, 1970

NUMBER 49



Those New Bernians who frown on X-rated movies can take consolation from the fact that nationally the big money made on films last year came to the makers of so called "family" pictures.

Variety, a show-biz publication that tells it like it is, says, "If there was a surprise in the year-end check of the big business pix, it was that the real whoppers, \$10,000,000 and above, were, with a single exception what could be considered "family" fare. The only "non-family" effort to make the \$10,000,000 plus area was Midnight Cowboy."

Here are the top ten box office rentals for 1969. Heading the list is a movie that grossed \$17 million, The Love Bug, followed by Funny Girl, Bullitt, Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid, Romeo and Juliet, True Grit, Midnight Cowboy, Oliver, Goodbye Columbus, and Chitty Chitty Bang Bang.

One movie house here in New Bern, the Masonic Theatre, steadfastly refuses to show X-rated movies, but manages to pay its bills from the proceeds derived from pictures not listed in that category. We might add that the Masonic's largest patronage comes from young people.

Yesterday was when the biggest story was how everybody could get rich by investing money in the Big Apple operation at a converted filling station on upper Broad Street. When the scheme busted wide open, we came up with these lines:

The Big Apple bank has done tumbled down. . . . It's the news of the hour, it's the talk of the town. . . . And people who had more dollars than sense are mourning their money gone over the fence.

Something for nothing, with nothing to do, has turned out to be too good to be true. . . . Folks out in Riverside, downtown and Ghent, are sorry they fell for that sure five percent.

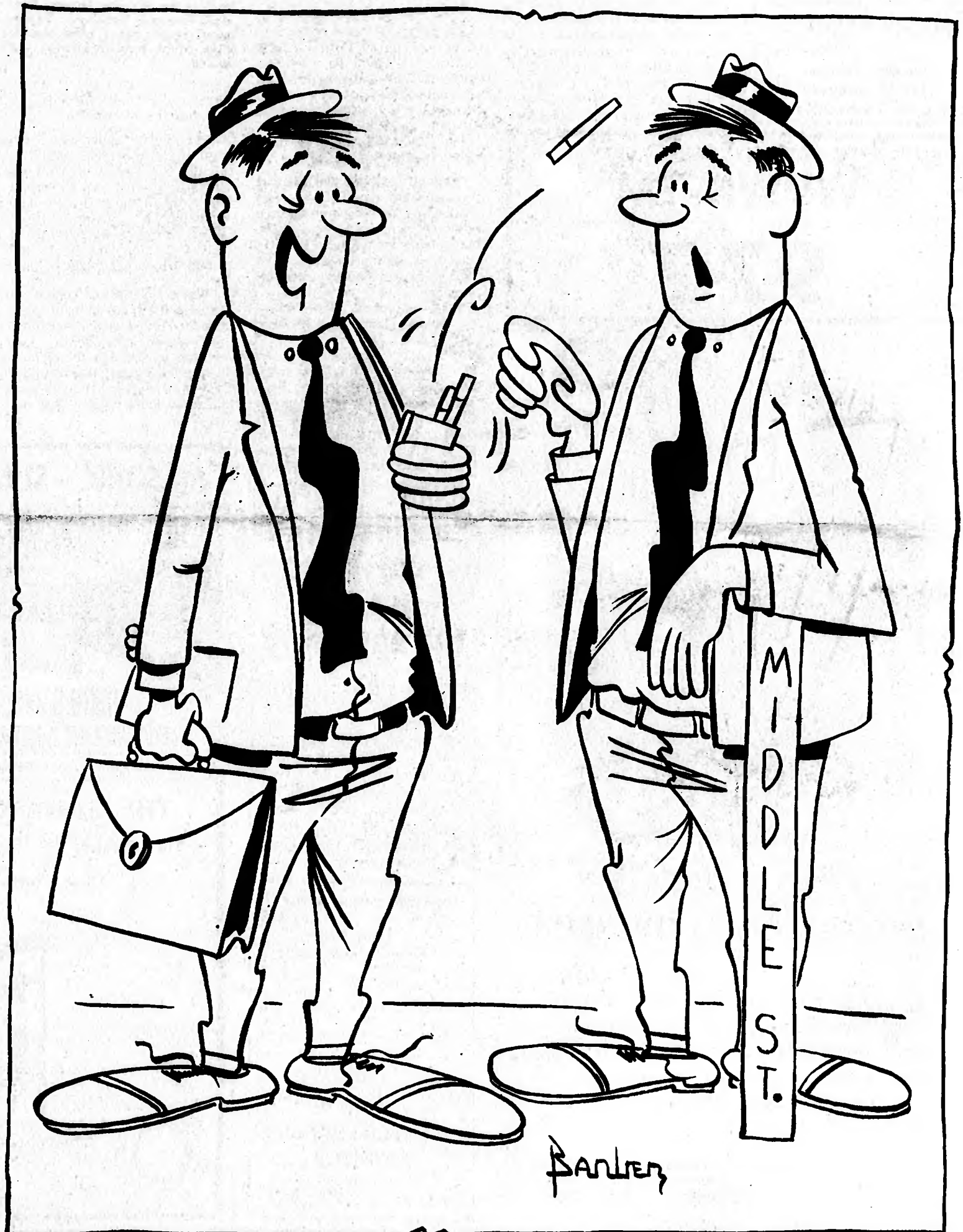
Barnum was right, and there's really no cure, all humans are suckers, this fact will endure. . . . Men high in business, and civic affairs, dug out their war bonds and hauled them downstairs. Then eagerly cashed them, to join in the race to quickly get rich at that Big Apple place.

Some quit their job, just sat in the shade, and figured the wonderful money they made. . . . Good common horse sense went strangely berserk, when Bill, Jim and John got too smart to work. . . . This was the pay off, a true life of ease, sweet as the honey you get from the bees.

But the bubble it busted, just like a balloon, and investors awakened to sing a new tune. . . . A sad, grim refrain that was badly off key, aspirin sold fine, and so did B. C. . . . Humans laught at a monkey on life's fleeting stage, but people, not apes; may belong in a cage.

What's in a name? From March 22, 1892 to January 24, 1918, when our town's postmark was changed to New Bern, the state's first capital city was officially known as Newbern.

(Continued on page 8)



MEETING OF MINDS — There's no place more ideal than a downtown corner to self appoint an instant committee of two and solve the problems of our city, county, state, nation and world. At this precise moment, the discussion deals with Democratic family

feuding on the local level, and the perplexity of determining who is the black sheep and who is the goat? Like your mama used to tell you, fighting inside the house instead of in public is the best way to keep your squabbling out of the papers.

