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Yesterday was when Prophet George, a soft spoken, gaudily bedecked predictor was still in our midst. Whether he considered himself for real, or knew he was only a clever pretender, he bobbed up often on New Bern streets for close to half a century.

The dignified, well behaved Negro usually wore a white linen outfit, and white shoes to match. His straw hat was apt to have the strangest things attached to it. We were never quite sure whether these were intended to attract the good or scare off the bad, or maybe they did both.

Around his neck, more often than not, he had a multitudinous collection of beads and assorted trinkets. Clutched firmly in one hand was a polished lantern, the better perhaps to find something or other as he journeyed through life in search of stuff to predict. Diogenes might have once owned it.

Whatever else the seasoned prognosticator may have sought in vain, he seemed to have discovered personal happiness, and possessed serenity of spirit by no means prevalent in this mortal realm. He was laughed at, but invariably those who scoffed couldn't begin to approach his peace of mind.

Maybe you've never thought about it, but two of New Bern's streets are named for a couple of other Georges. King Street was so labeled in honor of George I, first Hanoverian king of Great Britain, who succeeded Anne as sovereign in 1714, and died June 14, 1727.

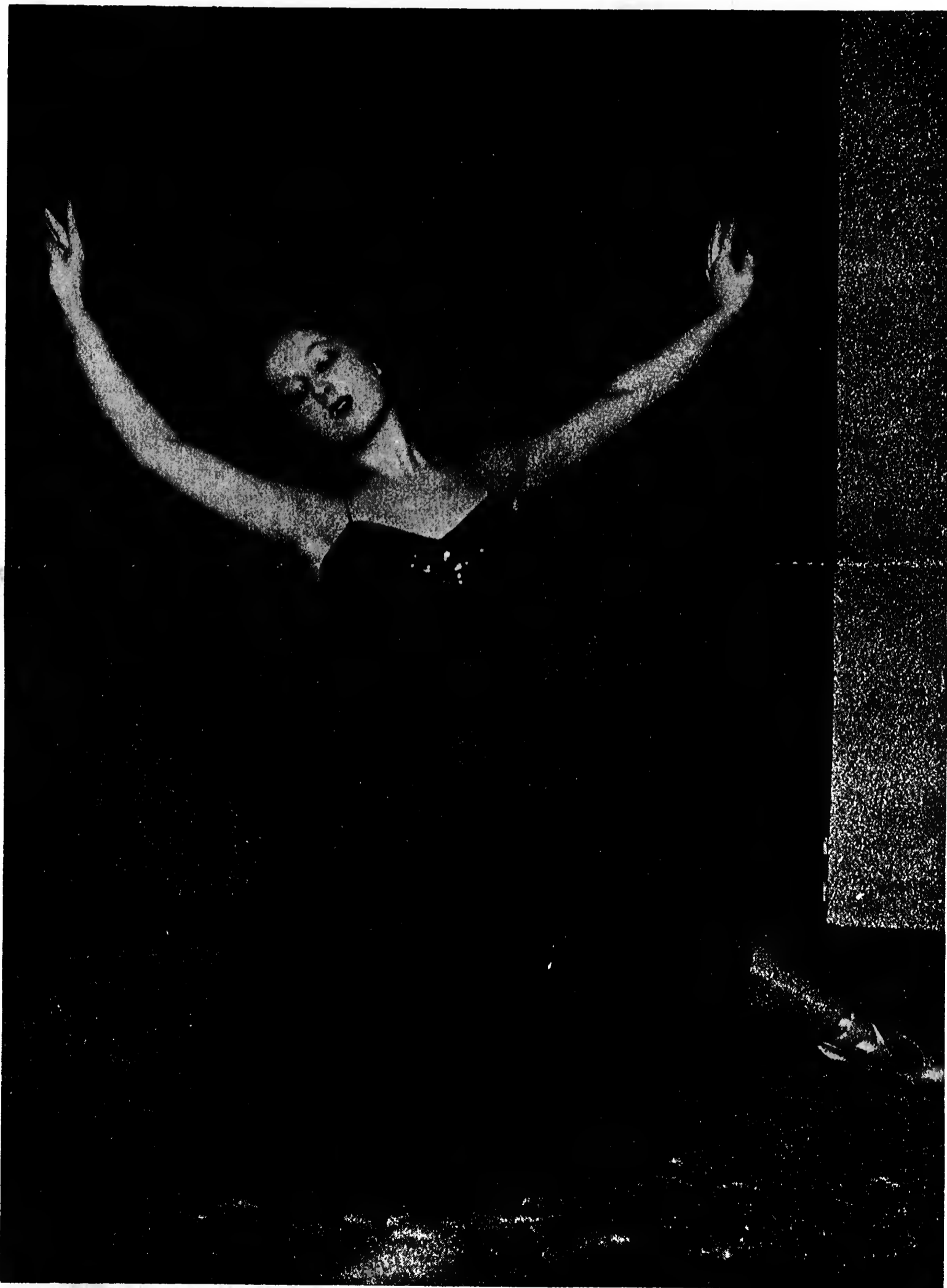
George Street got its designation to pay homage to George III, and this latter throughfare wasn't established until 1771. If we're right on our history, Kinston was named Kingston for the same guy, but folks over there eliminated the "g" later to show their hatred.

New Bern's Queen street had a royal origin too. It was given the name in the town's first plan to compliment Queen Anne. Now, of course, we have a Queen Anne Lane, so the old gal has been duly and doubly honored. Among our United States presidents, Washington, Lincoln, McKinley and Garfield have had local streets named for them.

New Bern's German street, running east from upper Pollock to South Front, was changed to Liberty street during World War One as an insult to Kaiser Wilhelm. We're sure Wilhelm couldn't have cared less, and overlooked by local patriots was the fact that the street got its label from a respectable family named "German."

You're not old enough to remember when Craven Street was Graves Street, so dubbed for a surveyor member of the Assembly and one of the first town Commissioners. It was changed to honor the Earl of Craven, and Griffith Street, dedicated in 1857 to Edward Griffith, is now, of course, North Craven.

Kilmarnock Street, running north off upper Broad Street, was named for a town in Ayrshire, Scotland. Inciden-



FEW KNEW HER — Fourteen years have passed since petite and graceful Wally Lampert lived briefly in New Bern with her Kentucky born Marine husband. She sought no publicity, but inconspicuously volunteered to teach ballet to interested young girls frequenting New Bern's Recreation Center. Who was she? None other than Bern, Switzerland's prima ballerina, so adored in her homeland that a full section of that city's leading newspaper was devoted to her

lamented departure for America. Later, she returned to the Swiss capital, leaving with those of us who were privileged to have her for a friend a host of pleasant memories. So down to earth was Wally that it was difficult to keep in mind she had given command performances for royalty. Kipling phrased it when he wrote, "to walk with kings, nor lose the common touch."