



The NEW BERN

MIRROR

Regional Library
400 Johnson St.
New Bern NC 28560

PUBLISHED WEEKLY
IN THE HEART OF
EASTERN NORTH
CAROLINA
5¢ Per Copy

VOLUME 13

NEW BERN, N. C., FRIDAY, MARCH 20, 1970

NUMBER 1

New Bern-Craven County Public Library

Yesterday was when local kids, in early springtime, hated those sharp oyster shells used in surfacing New Bern streets. Tender, bare feet didn't get thoroughly toughened until mid-summer. Meanwhile, soles really suffered.

Yesterday was when some of the politicians in the town's fourth ward made a habit of voting citizens long after their burial in Cedar Grove cemetery. The ward's registration book had much in common with names carved on tombstones.

Also, yesterday was when the spiciest jokes in print, at least down this way, were those in the latest issues of Captain Billy's Whiz Bang. They included no four lettered words, however, and today would be considered tamer than a tranquilized lamb.

Yesterday was when motorists had never heard of whip lash, but a fellow could break his arm cranking a car. Lighting in stores here was hardly more illuminating than the glow generated by three or four healthy fireflies.

Yesterday was when the fair sex knew that concealing, not revealing, is the smartest way to hold a man's interest over the long haul. And it was when preachers didn't have assistant preachers, but managed to pay a week-day visit to ailing or lonely members of the flock now and then.

Yesterday was when folks with nothing more to do on a Sunday afternoon strolled down to the river shore and gazed at the Cutter Pamlico. Some walked the bridge to Bridgeton and back, or stepped it off the Glenburnie Park.

Yesterday was when no one had started counting calories, and you ate all of what you wanted without pangs of conscience. By the way, what happened to those dewberry dumplings, wrapped in a piece of flour sack and boiled in a pot?

Yesterday was when everybody knew who Harry Houdini was. Master magician and escape artist extraordinary, he made several movies during his career. They played to packed houses at the Athens Theatre.

Houdini despised all fakers, and made no claims to being a miracle man. Repeatedly he exposed those who pretended they could communicate with the dead. "If it's possible," he told his wife, "I'll contact you after my death." They agreed on a coded message, but it never reached her.

Yesterday was when skinny little boys thumbed through pages of Bernard MacFadden's Physical Culture magazine, stared admiringly at a photograph of magnificently muscled Charles Atlas, and dreamed of duplicating his chest measurement. Now they'd rather grow tall, and get a basketball grant in aid.

Yesterday was when William S. Hart lasted for years as the top star in western movies, and never once kissed his leading lady. Which perhaps was just as well, since invariably he was old enough to be the heroine's grandfather.

If you think Ed Sullivan has a stone face, you should have



A BOY AND A BOAT — Cliff Bright, son of the J. L. Brights of Vanceboro, envisions himself riding the bounding main on an old time sailing vessel. Youngsters, since hardy mariners first challenged uncharted seas, have entertained similar thoughts. No doubt, Columbus, Magellan and others who conquered the waves in days of yore were much like Cliff in their early years. Florence Hanff of Wootton-Moulton

Studio caught his mood perfectly in this exceptional portrait, and its excellence won for her a Court of Honor ribbon when the North Carolina Photographers Association held its recent convention at the Robert E. Lee Hotel in Winston-Salem. Our congratulations to Florence, and a salute to the dreamy eyed little skipper who served so admirably as her subject.