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Our thanks to Laura Rhodes for passing along to us the following anonymous lines:

Remember when HIPPIE meant big in the hip, and a TRIP involved travel in car, plane or ship? . . . When POT was a vessel for cooking things in, and HOOK was what grandmother's rug may have been?

And FIX was a verb meaning mend or repair, and BE IN meant simply existing somewhere. . . When NEAT meant well organized, tidy and clean and GRASS was a ground cover usually green.

When the lights and not people were TURNED ON and OFF, and a PILL might have been what you took for a cough. . . When GROOVY meant furrowed with channels and hollows, and BIRDS were wing creatures like robins and swallows.

When FUZZ was a substance fluffy like lint, and BREAD came from bakeries, not from the mint. . . And ROLL was a bun, and ROCK meant a stone, and HANG-UP was something you did with the phone.

When CHICKEN was poultry, and BAG meant a sack, and JUNK trashy cast-offs, and old bric-a-brac. . . When CAT was a feline, a kitten grown up, and TEA was a liquid you drank from a cup.

When WAY-OUT meant distant, and far, far away, and times seemed so simple, untroubled and GAY. . . Words once so sensible, sober and serious, are making the freak scene like psychedelious.

It's groovy man, groovy, but English it's not, methinks that the language has gone straight to pot. One word of advice as you cats graduate, whatever the language, COMMUNICATE!

Now, join the Mirror's editor for another nostalgic stroll along Memory Lane.

Yesterday was when New Bern's housekeepers placed a pan under the ice box to catch the water as that dime block you bought off Major's wagon melted. Of course, if you didn't want to bother with a pan, you could bore a hole in the floor and insert a tin funnel.

Yesterday was when today's senior citizens, who consider modern dancing outlandish, did the camel walk and turkey trot, and whooped it up each time a female bosomy enough to justify the exertion barged out on the floor and presented her version of the shimmy.

Yesterday was when the lyrics of some of the popular songs made just as little sense as a lot of current wallings. Have you forgotten "It Ain't Gonna Rain No More, No More" and "I'm a Ding Dong Daddy From Dumas, You Oughta See Me Do my Stuff"?

And what about "the Music Goes Round and Round, And It Comes Out Here" as well as "Barney Goggle, With the Googly Eyes"? Remember too how everybody went around singing "Pistol Packing Mama" and that ridiculous tune about the three little fishes that swam and swam, right over the dam?

Yesterday was when boys beyond the age limit for paying half fare at local movie houses knew how to get in without telling a lie. They wrote the



THEY'RE READY—Katherine Tolson, Elizabeth Tolson, Debbie Paden, Lane May, Phyllis O'Brien and Alice Taylor anticipate a happy afternoon Saturday. Nothing, for them, could possibly take priority over the all English Horse Show that is being staged at Jasper at 1:30 p.m., with Johnnie Wetherington serving as ringmaster. Trophy and ribbon girls will be Mary F. Bullock, Kathy Tingle, Elaine Carrier and Brenda Dowing. Assisting James Wiggins of Jasper, the chairman, will be Carol McCosley and Judy Ipock, show secretaries; Mrs. Ray Ipock, the treasurer; and

Mr. and Mrs. L. O. Cutler, who will be in charge of the concessions. If you're interested in obtaining advance tickets, contact Mrs. Hubert G. Tolson, Mrs. James R. Paden, or any member of the Turkey Quarter Saddle Club, the New Bern organization sponsoring the show. Largely through the efforts of this riding club, the sport, pastime, or whatever you choose to call it, is becoming increasingly popular here. The local youngsters seen here are quite at home on a bridle path, and take great pride in grooming their mounts to perfection.

