



# The NEW BERN MIRROR

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If you see a flying saucer hovering over New Bern, don't expect Uncle Sam to take you seriously. After 22 years of investigation, at a cost of several million dollars, the U. S. Air Force has discontinued checking out reports of unidentified flying objects.

We've never gotten a glimpse of one of the things, nor have we met a ghost face to face on a dark night. Which doesn't mean we won't join the believers if it should ever happen. Real or imaginary, a spook might not hurt you, but it could sure make you hurt yourself.

It may surprise you, as it did us, to learn that Union Bag and Paper Company has been manufacturing paper bags for exactly 100 years, and turned out 606 million as early as 1875. Today, more than 500 bags are produced each year in the United States for each man, woman and child living in this land of ours.

Yesterday was when every Southern town still had a few Confederate veterans around. Feeble reminders of the Lost Cause, shuffling uncertainly toward their waiting grave, they were accorded special request by those of younger years.

Much later we thought fleetingly of them when General Douglas MacArthur, aging hero of another war, addressed Congress and with simple eloquence said, "Old soldiers never die, they just fade away." That's how it was with New Bern's men in gray. They left quietly, one by one.

Yesterday was when a U. S. Senator from North Carolina, Bob Reynolds of Asheville, eagerly kissed a visiting movie actress on the Capitol steps, for the benefit of a news-reel cameraman.

Then, with atrocious bad taste aimed at getting votes back home, he had the gall to state publicly that the fair young ladies in our Old North State could kiss better.

Yesterday was when New Bernians squawked because the price of sugar was a nickel a pound. Of course, moonshiners bought in quantity and got it cheaper. . . . Yesterday was when the dirtiest eatery in town, King Watson's seafood place down at the Market Dock, served the tastiest meals and attracted the largest number of high class customers.

Yesterday was when Five Points had a fire-bell tower, to awaken members of the Atlantic and Button companies who resided at the far end of town. That was before a steam whistle you could hear even in Riverside was put up at the Water Works, or maybe you called it the Power Plant.

Yesterday was when Sigmund Bloomgardt, an elderly Jewish merchant on Middle Street, never got caught in a shower, going to and from his home on Eden street. Bloomy, a man nobody disliked, toted his big black umbrella, rain or shine. He didn't get rich, but the joy he found in having friends may have been enough.

Yesterday was when parents always took the kids along, when they went calling of a night, unannounced. Their moppets would listen to grown talk for a spell, then sprawl on the floor

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TO EACH HIS OWN — Everybody finds happiness doing his or her thing on a pleasant weekend. For New Bern High school students the top social event of the season was their Junior-Senior Prom. Photographer Chick Natella, who is no longer in his teens but would like to be, was there to get this photo at the exact moment of the ribbon cutting. Chick

was also around, with his camera, when New Bern had its antique car show, and spotted this witty and charming couple from Hyde County, appropriately dressed, in front of an ancient station wagon. Both the couple and the vehicle have plenty of mileage left.