



# The NEW BERN MIRROR

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June is the month of roses,  
June is the month of brides, but  
when folks get together they talk  
about weather, and nothing else  
besides.

They don't talk about birds  
that sing in the trees, giving  
their best in an effort to please.  
And they don't have much praise  
for the heavens of blue, where  
white fleecy clouds cruise the  
long day through.

Flowers go unheeded, no  
matter how sweet, their petals  
forgotten, though right at our  
feet. We pass up the sunsets,  
and we're blind to the dawn,  
and even to rainbows, when  
showers are gone.

Yes, you'll probably agree  
we're a stupid lot, greeting  
our neighbors with "Gosh,  
ain't it hot?" It's a phrase  
we'll repeat from morning to  
night, to friends and to  
strangers, to all within sight.

Like so many parrots recit-  
ing a spiel, there's just one  
refrain that can merit our  
zeal. Of course, we forget as we  
squawk about heat, that we  
whined for some warmth when  
we had snow and sleet.

The fuel bill went soaring,  
beyond rhyme or reason, and  
you swore there was never a  
more wretched season. Wintry  
breezes, on streets, chilled you  
fore and aft, and at home where  
you sat there was always a  
draft.

Each morning you groaned,  
as you crawled out of bed, wish-  
ing, this once, you could crawl  
back instead. You yearned for  
a change in the situation, re-  
placing your goose bumps with  
perspiration.

Yet, you ask all New  
Bernians who happen your way  
the silly question, "Ain't it hot  
today?" The query is foolish,  
but we can't get together with-  
out someone squawking his yap  
about weather.

Why even the gossip that's  
usually spread is strickly  
streamlined, or entirely un-  
said. Perhaps we'd be cooler,  
in Dame Nature's clutch, if the  
subject of heat wasn't harped on  
so much.

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What was happening around  
New Bern just 60 years ago?  
For one thing, a fence had been  
placed around the excavations  
for the new Union passenger de-  
pot, and in the business section,  
poles from which electric lights  
would be strung during the Bi-  
Centennial celebration were  
being erected.

J. C. Whitty and Co. was ad-  
vertising Ballon Fly Traps, and  
Anti Fly Lotion for keeping flies  
off of horses and cows. . . R. A.  
Nunn had announced as a can-  
didate for the legislature in the  
Democratic Primary on Sep-  
tember 3rd.

H. E. (Ras) Royall, at his pro-  
duce store, offered a special on  
bananas. You could load up at  
15 cents per dozen. . . Just as  
tasty were the cinamon buns  
being sold at Kafer's Bakery  
for 10 cents a dozen.

Charlie McSorely, who made  
his own delicious ice cream, let  
it be known to all that he would  
make deliveries anywhere in  
the city, at the regular price  
of 35 cents a quart.

Middle Street Market was  
kind to the food budget too.  
There you could get fine corn-  
ed beef for 12 cents a pound,  
eggs for 21 cents a dozen, and



READY TO GO — "Youngest" musician of the New  
Bern area is 92-year-old James H. Harris. He hails  
from the Black Jack section of Craven County, and  
stole the show at the recent Farm Festival here.  
"The only thing prettier than pretty music," says  
Harris, "is a pretty girl." Recalling how he courted  
his wife, who died a few years ago, the spry and witty  
musician says his fiddle did it. "I swooned her with

it," he explains somewhat immodestly. Harris is the  
pays of Anne Marie Boyett of New Bern and Pearlle  
Powell of Bridgeton, and has other younguns up Kin-  
ston way. He makes no bones about being a hopeless  
ham. He'll play at the drop of a hat, and he'll drop it.  
"What do you mean I' old?" he argues. "Why my  
grandfather lived to be 127."