



The NEW BERN MIRROR

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Yesterday was when the senior citizens who find today's ungodly music unbearable delighted in the loud wailings of Cab Calloway, and the chirpy little squeak of a voice that produced Helen Kane's boop-boop-doops.

Yesterday was when the luckiest small boys in town were those whose parents allowed them to chop their long drawers off at the knees. That way your black cotton stockings didn't look all lumpy.

Yesterday was when preachers denounced bobbed hair as sinful and likewise lipstick. It was a losing battle. The average gal figured she'd like to be more attractive on earth, and gamble on getting to heaven.

Yesterday was when every backyard had a chicken coop, and the only way to get clothes really clean was with boiling water, Octagon soap, and a sturdy wash board. It almost ate the buttons off.

Yesterday was when any girl who ordered a ten cent drink, when her date took her to the drug store, was nothing but a gold digger. Next day every guy in town knew about it, and her prospects for further dates evaporated.

Yesterday was when the only male juveniles in town who owned a pair of swim trunks were sissies. Everybody dived off naked as a jaybird at the guano dock on East Front street, or at the Pocamoke in Riverside.

At least, we called it naked as a jaybird, but to the best of our knowledge there's never been a jaybird in these parts you could charge with indecent exposure. At any rate, "Hair" and "Old Calcutta" had nothing on us.

Yesterday was when New Bern's fashion event of the year was the annual modeling at S. Coplon and Sons. A three-piece orchestra from out-of-town played while the keenest feminine pulchritude around promenaded the full length of the store on an elevated walk-way.

Yesterday was when the average man in New Bern was happy to own an Ingersoll watch. Of course, if you worked for the railroad, you swore by a Hamilton, and Jake Zeigler at Eaton's Jewelry Store regulated it once a month to keep it perfectly timed. Unfortunately, the trains weren't that punctual.

Yesterday was when 50 cents got you all the steamed oysters you could eat at George Bowden's place on lower Middle street. The conversation furnished by George was for free, but never dull.

Yesterday was when you could buy a tasty cantaloup (that's how Webster spells it) for a nickel, peddled at your door, and a Bogue Sound watermelon for a dime. A whopper of a watermelon cost a whole quarter.

Yesterday was when sex education wasn't taught in the public schools, and certainly not at home. Curious little boys at New Bern's Central tried to remedy that by vain attempts to peep into the Primary building's girls basement. Nobody called them rest rooms.

Yesterday was when only the most affluent could afford to pay 15 cents for a pack of Camels, Chesterfields, or

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Things that were will never be again,
Time and wind, and unrelenting rain
Alone keep vigil with each sagging rafter,
Empty are the rooms that once knew laughter.
In distant days this little house held dreams,
Children's rhyming prayers, and candle gleams;
A searching sun reveals its heartbreak plight,
The dark is kinder, memories bless the night.

—JGMCD.
(Photo by Dr. Bruce Schlein.)