



The NEW BERN

# MIRROR

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Yesterday was when New Bern's masculine small fry learned to smoke by furtively picking up cigarette butts of questionable origin along the curb, and sneaking under a vacant house to puff away.

Yesterday was when New Bern's eating places had no sanitation requirements. The best boiled crabs in town were spread out on old newspapers at Bertha Dixon's place, near old Trent River bridge.

Yesterday was when starry-eyed moppets read the books of Horatio Alger, Jr., and dreamed of graduating from rags to riches through plain hard work. Some of them made it too, without overthrowing the establishment.

Yesterday was when folks headed for Dad Carter's when they craved a pint of white lightning. Naturally his stock came from North Harlowe, and your innards sizzled like bacon frying when it went down.

Yesterday was when W. B. Smith kept bad luck away from his Cash Feed House on lower Middle Street with a steadily replenished crop of black cats. It was easier to raise cats than attract customers, but he did both.

Yesterday was when your phonograph wasn't being put to good use if your record collection didn't include several selections by Ruth Etting. Her top rendition was Shine on Harvest Moon, although Nora Bayes made the tune famous on Broadway.

You had to have something by John McCormack too, and that something was apt to be Call Me Back Pal of Mine. However, no one ever challenged Gene Austin's popularity. Blue Heaven, Melancholy Baby, But I Do You Know I Do and a flock of others made him a millionaire. He later lost it all.

Yesterday was when Green River, a lime soda, sold big here, and another bottled drink, this one chocolate with the improbable name of Mavis, did likewise. This was before kids clamored for small cans of grapefruit juice called Silver Nip.

Yesterday was when Tom Mix himself came to New Bern in one of the sure nuff circuses that use to play our town. Juveniles drooled, but oldsters remembering Buffalo Bill's visit many moons earlier weren't too impressed.

Yesterday was when Royston Blandford, who many not recall the incident, went Yankee Doodle one better by riding a mule to Central School and on the campus when his Senior class observed Children's Day. Superintendent H. B. Smith, a man of great seriousness, failed to see the humor in it.

Yesterday was when no one in the Union Point neighborhood called "Tatey" Meadows Sara, "Dooley" Whitty John, "Shoot" Hall Charles, "Sheenigh" McSorley Gene, "Burrh" Davis Elizabeth, or "Buzz" Mitchell Thomas. Some of us, remembering them fondly from childhood, cling to the nicknames.

Yesterday was when the Stork had to memorize the street address of every family in town, or almost every family. Now, all he has to know is how to get to Craven County hos-

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SEEING IS BELIEVING—Skeptics who thought eight-year-old Kenny Morris was imagining things when he described the birth of Shepy's 12 puppies in last week's Mirror can't deny this proof. Kenny, his six-year-old sister Kathy, and Shepy all smile happily for Chick Natella's camera. Chick, a photographic expert who seldom admits defeat, found himself no match for a dozen meandering adventurers who alternately roamed and scrambled for a spot to nurse.

He finally spied a tub in the Morris yard, and managed to keep part of the litter temporarily contained therein until he could record the scene on film. Since Kenny's father is running for political office, we promise equal space to any other candidate whose dog proves just as prolific. But do Chick Natella a favor, and line up some other photographer. Either that, or provide tranquilizers.