

Through
THE
Looking
Glass

Yesterday was when Bob Pugh, then superintendent of Craven county schools, had a huge herd of elephants in his office. Not live ones, thank goodness, but the toy kind.

He was a sucker for ash trays, paper weights, and anything else adorned by a miniature jumbo. Friends, aware of his hobby, added to the collection. They aren't around now, at his Scottish Rite office. Maybe they stampeded.

Yesterday was when a fellow could absorb a lot of sound philosophy, listening to wise and witty Captain Dick Honrine over an early morning cup of cafe coffee. He was the sort of guy you miss forever.

Yesterday was when New Bern had several hotels, but no motels. Now it's the other way around. Imagine the dismay of an ex-Marine couple, married here during World War II. Returning recently for a second honeymoon at the Queen Anne, they were flabbergasted to find instead a parking lot.

Yesterday was when Joe Watson, who loved to loiter at the corner of Middle and Pollock, could roll up a piece of paper and make music as tuneful, as anything from a French horn come out. What a Pled Piper he could have been.

Yesterday was when New Bern's younger dance crowd considered Rocky Mount's June German the social event of the year. You had to have a bid to get by the door of the tobacco warehouse where one of the nation's top name bands played it sweet and hot.

Latching onto a bid wasn't always easy, but even harder for local males was scraping up the money to rent a tuxedo. Most gals had an evening dress, could borrow one, or in a pinch, headed for the sewing machine.

Yesterday was when Sheriff Dick Lane's faithful bird dog disappeared. He learned why several days later, when somebody discovered the much alive canine in the County Courthouse basement. More curious than the proverbial cat, he had rammed his head into a discarded brass cuspidor, and got hopelessly stuck.

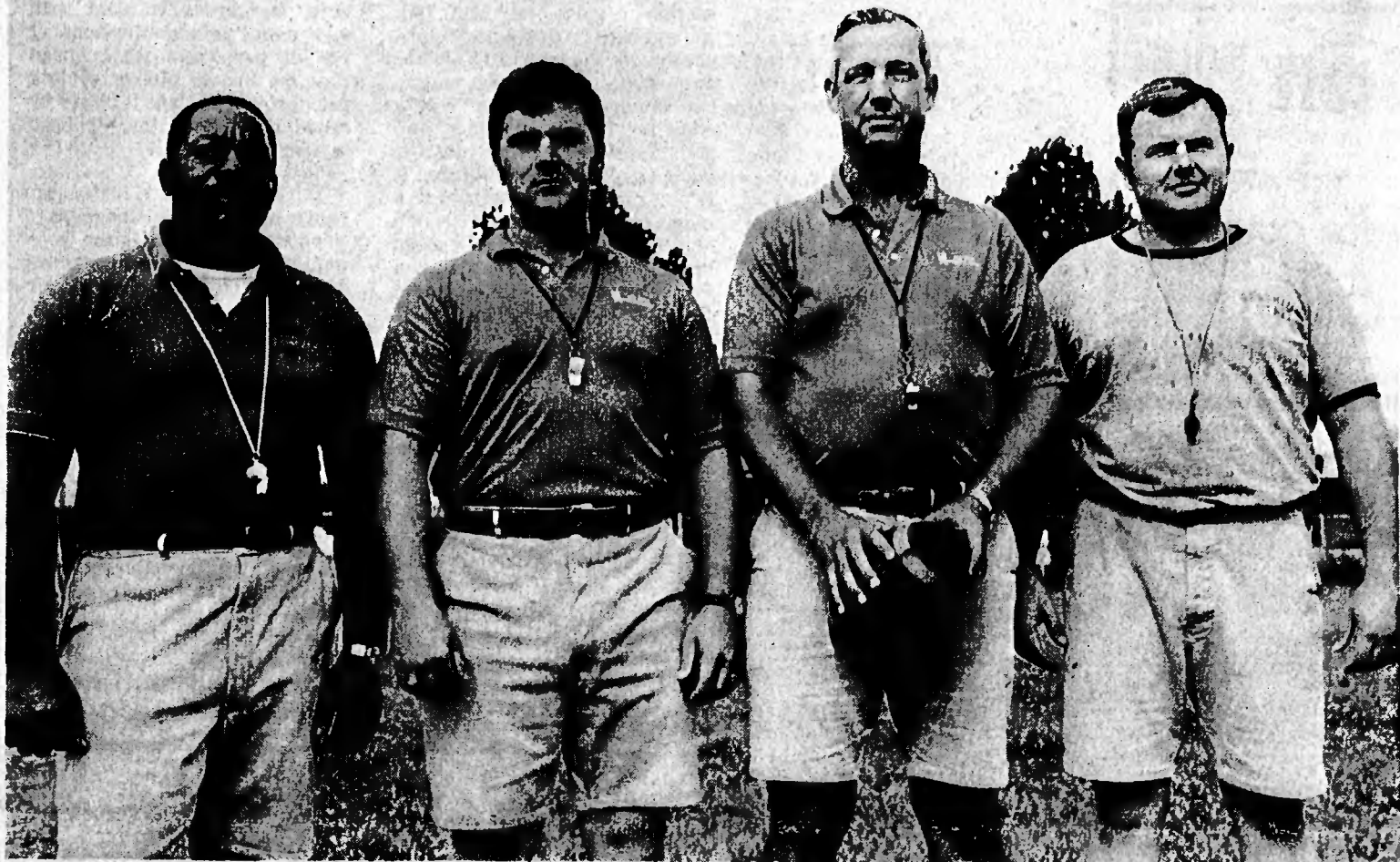
Yesterday was when farmers who had been eating hog meat at home, all week long, headed for local barbecue stands when they got hungry doing their Saturday shopping. All except a few who settled for a dime's worth of cheese, a nickel box of soda crackers, and a bottle of pop.

Yesterday was when your ears tried to strain out the static, so you could hear the nightly radio newscasts of Lowell Thomas, Boak Carter, H. V. Kalterborn or Bagriel Heat-ter. They came on just before Amos and Andy, and Bing Crosby.

Yesterday was when an automobile loaded with white lightning from North Harlowe collided with a telephone pole at the corner of Pollock and George. The driver disappeared before the cops arrived, and so did all of the Mason jars that didn't break. Neighborhood luses, some in pajamas made away with the joy juice.

It was often said in the old days of rum running in these

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BRUIN MENTORS — These four men have a lot on their mind this first Friday in September. Tonight they send the New Bern High School Bears into action here against Wilmington Hoggard, to get 4-A grid campaigning going for 1970. Head Coach Roger

Thrft, holding the pigskin, poses left to right with his able assistants, Arlestus Attmore, Ed Reel and Howard Mathews. Later home games are with Washington, Jacksonville, Wilson and Kinston.—Photo by Chick Natella.



WHOOOP IT UP — A ball game would be less noisy, and for players and fans less complete, without attractive girls beseeching spectators to exercise their lungs and vocal chords to spur their team to victory. More relaxed than they'll be tonight, Head Cheer-

leader Mimie Whiteside and her assistant, Karen Stocks, left, make use of the Bear weight machine as a prop for this picture at NBHS. Only the stuffed team mascot ain't for real.—Photo by Chick Natella.