



Through
THE
Looking
Glass

The NEW BERN

MIRROR

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Yesterday was when every New Bern male who considered himself sufficiently dressed for public appearance wore a vest. Going out on the street minus one of the things was enough to make a fellow feel half naked.

Even when the hot days arrived, you still regarded them as mandatory for Sunday school and church, and on all other special occasions. Not that wearing a vest didn't offer certain advantages, especially if you had a bay window.

They were good for catching spilled soup and gravy that might otherwise go on your only good tie. And it was no accident that big gold watch chains went into oblivion after vests became obsolete.

In all probability, the departure of his watch chain started many a proud man on the road to being a mouse. Next to a nickel cigar, protruding between nose and chin at just the right angle, nothing made a gent feel more influential.

With those shiny links gone from his midsection, he lost his sense of security and ceased to be the true master of his house. The next thing he knew he had been reduced to the role of domestic servant, and was doing the dishes.

Yesterday, with the first cool days of September, masculine New Bernians climbed into heavy woolen underwear. They weren't exactly itching to make the seasonal transition. The itching was an end result.

Today there are thousands of local men who don't have so much as one pair of long handles to guard them against winter's icy blasts. Most guys wear the same type of skimpy shorts all the year round.

Yesterday was when medicine that didn't taste terrible couldn't possibly be any good. Swallowing the stuff was like beating on your own head with a hammer, because it felt so wonderful when you stopped.

Yesterday was when, next to the hootchy kootchy shows, the top attraction at a county fair was the collection of hyman freaks. So called normal folks eagerly shelled out money to brutally stare, and lifted their small children to let them get a better view. Sadly, time hasn't dulled the urge.

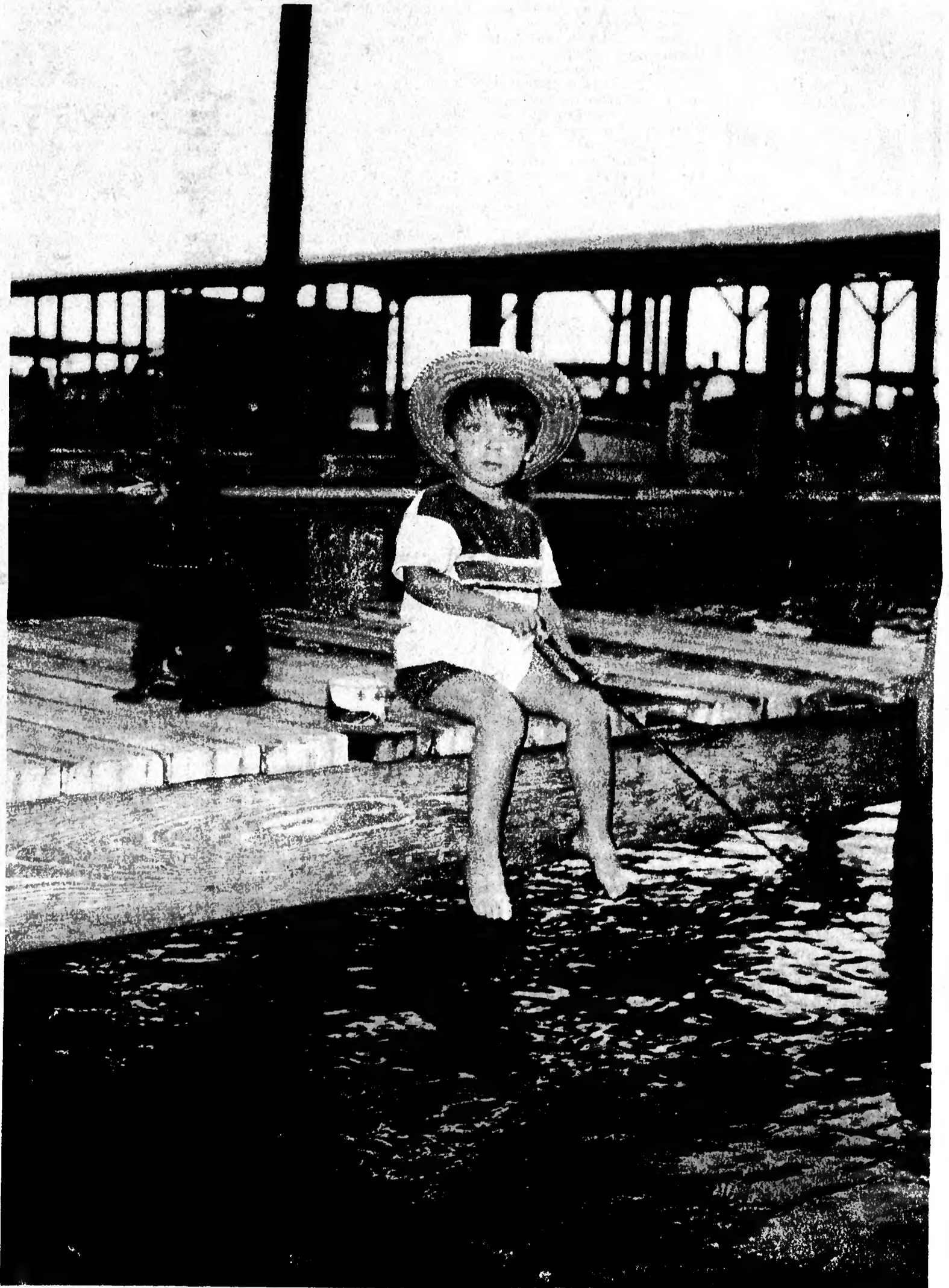
Yesterday was when World War I produced a bumper crop of popular songs, including Over There, Pack Up Your Troubles, and Till We Meet Again. One you may have forgotten was Just a Baby's Prayer At Twilight.

Yesterday was when it was harder to make crank telephone calls and get by with it. An operator usually recognized the voice when someone asked for a number, and of course knew what phone the call was coming from.

Yesterday was when fewer New Bernians did the family wash on Sunday. With replacement of the old-time tub, and no need for hanging clothes conspicuously in the backyard, thousands laundered on the Sabbath, knowing, if indeed they care, that they won't be observed.

Yesterday was when Ramon Navarro set the hearts of local gals to fluttering when he sang

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WON'T BITE — Three year old William David Peterson, Jr., of 1203 Cherry Tree Drive was quite excited when he set forth on his fishing expedition. Unfortunately, the finny tribe failed to cooperate, and judging by his sad expression he is firmly convinced it is a hopeless endeavor. He would be sadder still if he knew his inconsiderate dog, something of a sadist, not only didn't sympathize but was laughing

behind his back. Going home disappointed on such an occasion is part of a small boy's growing up, like getting old enough to enroll in kindergarten, ride a bike, and fly a kite all by yourself. However, if great big men can't be philosophical when there's nary a nibble, don't expect William David to shrug it off. His grandparents are the Earl H. Petersons and the Paul Banks of New Bern.—Photo by Doris Smith.