

The NEW BERN

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Yesterday was when New Bernians hadn't learned from listening to television commercials that borax is pronounced bore-ax, and that eczema shouldn't be pronounced eck-zeema. Ain't education wonderful.

Yesterday was when kids playing ball in the street here didn't have to worry about getting run over by an automobile. Only once in a while was the game interrupted by a motor driven vehicle.

Yesterday was when spring cleaning didn't mean just giving the house a going over, but taking a course of medicine to ward off any ailments that might be ganging up on you. The ounce of prevention doctrine prevailed.

Yesterday was when folks stayed up late to hear the truly beautiful "Moon R'ver" program on Radio Station W.L.W. in Cincinnati. Nothing finer ever graced the air lanes. Surely, you elderly night owls remember it.

Yesterday was when the prospects for matrimony were much better for a girl who had a porch swing and some blooming wisteria vines. Today, of course, courting at home is unthinkable, and we find that somewhat sad.

Yesterday was when you could tell autumn had to be near by the aroma of freshly caught spots, frying in kitchens all over town. Without investigating, you knew there would be cornmeal muffins and hominy grits too.

Yesterday was when sex education at New Bern's public schools consisted of an annual lecture to the older boys in strictest privacy, grimly describing all of the horrible things lurking along the primrose path.

Yesterday was when William Jennings Bryan, one of the great orators in this nation's history, made a speech at the Masonic Theatre. Ironically but understandably, he is best remembered for having lost the Presidency three times.

Yesterday was when the Town's top Republican, Walter B. Rouse, taught the men's class at Centenary Methodist church. Periodically he made reference to the pig that feasted under the apple tree, and never glanced up to see from whence his blessing came.

Yesterday was when the closest thing to the center spread in today's Playboy Magazine were the buxom cuties daintily exposed in the Police Gazette. Actually, these inviting gals of past generations wore clothes to spare. Only their smile was revealing.

Yesterday was when any Protestant church in New Bern that was dark on Wednesday night, or certainly Sunday night, had to be on the verge of folding up. Mid-week prayer services apparently are superfluous in a land that now has so much to pray over.

Yesterday was when New Bernians who ate out complained to the cafe proprietor if their bill ran higher than half a dollar. For thirty five cents, demanding customers expected, and got, a heap of vittles at the noon hour.

Yesterday was when small



LITTLE BUT LOUD — When the Colts surge out on the gridiron in the New Bern Recreation Department's Midget League, they are accorded highly audible vocal support by their loyal cheerleaders, seen here wearing dark skirts. Just as energetic and deafening to anyone in close range are the smiling youngsters

who support the Rams and are likewise featured on the Mirror's front page this week. Before we're prematurely condemned, we hasten to assure the other two teams in the loop that photographs of their very cute cheerleaders will appear in this same spot next week.—Photos by Jack Layne.