



# The NEW BERN MIRROR

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Yesterday was when not only motorcycle riders and airplane pilots wore goggles, but auto drivers too. And maybe if people who boarded passenger trains had utilized a pair, they would have escaped cinders in their eyes.

Don't be surprised if the North Carolina legislature, in its next session, turns back the clock and makes it mandatory that modern motorcyclists wear the old-time goggles.

Safety experts reason that there's the constant danger of pebble or some other object can strike a rider in the eyes, and bring on a serious accident. The law, if passed, like the wearing of protective helmets, may help.

Only those of us nearing or past 60, in age not speed, will associate the mentioning of goggles with Barney Oldfield. New Bernians well along in years, those of the male gender, will recall him as one of their boyhood idols.

Because of him, Santa Claus had to include a supply of goggles in his pack when he set out from the North Pole each Christmas eve. If we remember rightly, we wore our pair to bed, the better to dream of personally racing.

Oldfield, born in Wauseon, Ohio, and christened Berner Eli, won his first race in 1902. Henry Ford built the car, and the mad dash covered three miles. In 1903, Barney became the first man to drive 60 miles per hour on a circular track.

Today's hot rodders may snicker at this feat, but even in this present era of blinding speed, no one can laugh off the fact that in 1910, Oldfield unbelievably set a world's record for a distance of one mile by moving along at 131.724. That's right, 131.724 miles per hour.

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Most New Bernians, whatever their color, will agree with ratings that show Flip Wilson was the pace setter among television personalities during 1970. As far as we're concerned, no one came close to challenging him.

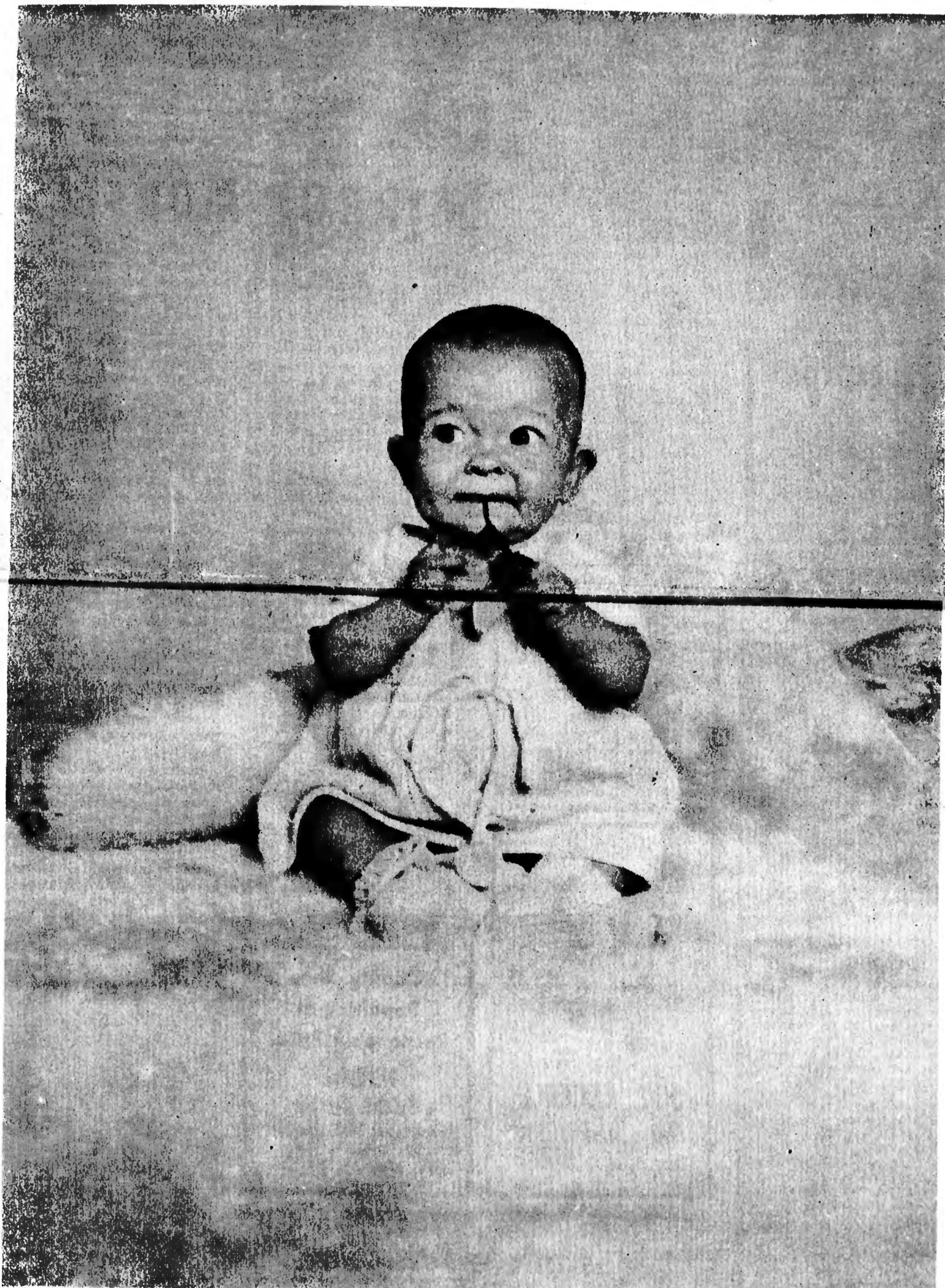
Wilson, in a land where racial antagonism is much in evidence on both sides of the fence, manages to kid whites and blacks alike, without being offensive. This, in the present climate, takes some doing.

Genuine or shrewdly contrived, and we lean toward the former, Flip presents the image of a good natured human being who wishes no mortal ill on the face of this earth.

He has the capacity so many of us lack today, to laugh at himself. And, what is remarkable in the present climate, he has been able to make millions of whites and blacks, laugh a little at themselves.

It is to the everlasting credit of the black race that Flip Wilson hasn't been labeled an Uncle Tom by his own people. As for whites, they deserve credit for accepting sly digs in their direction without taking offense.

Much too long the television  
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**IT TASTES AWFUL**—Deanna Opava, four month old daughter of Sgt. and Mrs. Michael D. Opava of Havelock, was supposed to hold an artificial rose in her hand, and smile beautifully for the camera, when Eunice Wray snapped her picture. Instead, the young lady decided to eat the rose, starting with the stem. You can easily tell by her expression that one nibble was enough to make her change her

mind. Professional photographers, if they remain in the business and are able to keep their sanity, accept the fact that children are unpredictable, especially in the strangeness of a studio. That isn't the worst thing in the world, since often the most delightful photos are the ones no one dreamed up in advance. Who does Deanne favor, when she makes a wry face? Why, Dwight Eisenhower, of course.