



The NEW BERN

MIRROR

Regional Library
400 Johnson St.
New Bern NC 28560PUBLISHED WEEKLY
IN THE HEART OF
EASTERN NORTH
CAROLINA

5¢ Per Copy

VOLUME 13

NEW BERN, N. C., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1971

NUMBER 46

Yesterday was when, in weather like we've had this winter, no one was caught short without long-handled underwear. Folks had more restraint then, and needed it, to keep from publicly scratching where they really itched.

Yesterday was when a fellow with as much as a dime in his pocket felt safe to date his best girl. With a new girl you needed a quarter, in case she turned out to be a gold digger when you splurged at the corner drug store.

Yesterday was when we still had a few Confederate veterans around, to delve among their misty memories and come up with stories of Stonewall Jackson and Robert E. Lee. For them the war never really ended.

Yesterday was when drunks always sang Sweet Adeline after the fourth drink. In later years, imbibers switched to Melancholy Baby, and even now they request the tune, as any guy playing piano at a bar will tell you.

Yesterday was when a girl didn't need shapely calves to get second glances from village wolves. All she had to have was a pair of nice ankles, exposed to the fullest only on windy afternoons.

Yesterday was when the most gruesome reading you could latch onto were those explicitly detailed descriptions of body inefficiency printed in almanac testimonials. You get the same enlightenment now from TV's drug commercials.

Yesterday was when kids didn't insist on the latest fad in shoes. They were so happy to get a new pair, which wasn't often, that they didn't squawk if the things cramped them a little.

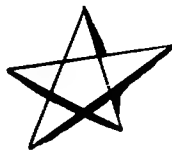
Usually it was the other way round. Parents, mindful that juvenile feet grow by leaps and bounds, assured their offspring that in no time the looseness would tighten up, and the back of your heel wouldn't be chafed anymore.

Yesterday was when Vance Swift, who taught chemistry at New Bern High School, had a sure cure for gum chewers. He made you dip your wad in a jar of Epsom salts, and then you had to whack away on it for the rest of the period.

Yesterday was when the Howard Hughes you've been reading so much about lately flew 2,453 miles from Los Angeles to New York in 9 hours, 26 minutes and 10 seconds. The year was 1936. Ten years later, W. H. Council cut the trip to 4 hours, 13 minutes, and 26 seconds in a jet fighter.

Yesterday was when some of New Bern's most educated people didn't say Massachusetts but Massa-Toosetts. Don't ask us why, but lots of folks in our town still do it, and so do a number of government officials and commentators.

Yesterday was when George Arliss, who wore a monocle on his right eye, left fame on England's stage to become a great silent screen star in



NO PROBLEM—Joe Hiller, 7, and Scott Hiller, half past 5, aren't just brother and sister, but the best of friends. Because of their mutual admiration and consideration for each other, there is little of the bickering that usually crops up between two small youngsters in the same household. We doubt that their parents, Dr. Carl Hiller and his gracious wife, Ann, would think of taking credit for this harmony, but you may be sure they are glad it exists. Praises

be, if the time has come when a small boy can tolerate his smaller sister, and she can refrain from periodically despising him, there ought to be some hope for the rest of us. At any rate, Joe and Scott not only make an exceptionally cute twosome for our front page, but are proving to older mortals that what counts is what is in the heart.—Photo by Jack Layne.

