

MIRROR

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Yesterday was when the author of those popular Tom Swift books had his hero do everything remarkable except go to the moon. He knew that no kid would be dumb enough to think that could happen in a million years.

Yesterday was when any wolf who dared to get fresh with a woman viewing a movie at the Athens or the Masonic needed a thick hide to survive. A well aimed hat pin could pierce the scoundrel clear through.

Yesterday was when no New Bernian had ever seen a pack of cigarettes, or anything else, wrapped in cellophane. The stuff didn't appear here until the Twenties, although a Swiss chemist invented the formula in 1908.

Yesterday was when housewives didn't call one of their favorite cooking utensils a frying pan. They referred to it as either a skillet or a spider, and a lot of old timers haven't given up the habit.

Yesterday was when some of us got a worse grade on history tests, for not remembering that George Washington was born on February 22. Now, man has made the Stork out a liar, and G. W. and St. Valentine are gonna end up twins next year.

Jerry Thomas, at New Bern's downtown First Citizens Bank, got married some years back on February 15, so his wedding anniversary last Monday was on Washington's birthday. Of course, it ain't happened never that way before.

On the other hand, this editor, who got married more than thirty years ago on February 22, is this year, for the first time, observing his anniversary a week after Washington's birthday.

It was Abe Lincoln who said that calling a sheep's tail a leg doesn't make it a leg, but after seeing what they've done to George Washington, no one, not even Mr. Lincoln, is safe from the date jugglers.

Yesterday was when students who broke bad in New Bern's public schools didn't go to court. They went to the boiler room, where Superintendent H. B. Smith demonstrated with a heavy leather strap where the seat of learning is.

Yesterday was when the Dionne quintuplets were born to an obscure French Canadian farm wife, at home. The date was May 28, 1934. How many New Bernians remember their names—Cecile, Yvonne, Annette, Marie and Emile? The five, together, weighed only 13 pounds, 6 ounces.

Yesterday was when a carnival, playing this side of the Ghent casino, had a scantily clad dancer known only as "Blue Eyes." No other visiting wiggler, before or since, ever drew as many local male admirers to a ticket box.

Yesterday was when small boys here knew they were traveling first class, if the air rifle they got for Christmas had Daisy stamped on the barrel. That name was just as important as finding the word "sterling" on silver.

Yesterday was when Johnny

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OUT OF THE PAST—We bring you today two photographs of the same class at Jasper High school, taken a year apart. In this group, left to right on the first row, are John Beaman, Mildred Russell, Ethel McKeel, teacher Robert L. Pugh,

Sadie Gray Smith, Mary Louise Pate, and Verta Barfield. Second row, George Cook, William Barfield, Wade Davis, Jason House, Benton Register, Oliver Richardson, and Clarence Pate.



OLDER AND WISER—Here, again are our bright young teen agers at Jasper High school. First row, left to right, we present Mary Louise Pate, Sadie Gray Smith, Ethel McKeel, principal Jesse Pugh, Mildred Russell, Ruby Russell, and Verta Barfield.

Second row, John Beaman, Clarence Pate, William Barfield, Wade Davis, Jason House, Oliver Richardson, Edward Ipock, and Harry Foote, Jr. How many of these students would you be able to recognize, if their names weren't listed?