

The NEW BERN

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Yesterday was when everybody in town who loved the rousing music of a good jazz band welcomed the annual visits of Silas Green's minstrel. They always gave a brief noon concert at Pollock and Middle, and that trombone player could really handle a horn.

Yesterday was when New Bern's bathing beauties wore skirts on their daring swim outfits, and their attire included full length cotton stockings and canvas shoes. Even so, they drew a swarm of admiring males.

Yesterday was when there were daily door deliveries of two Norfolk newspapers here, the Ledger Dispatch and the Virginian Pilot. Route boys picked up their copies at the Union Station, when the train came in.

Yesterday was when the dog races at Morehead City were going full swing, and none of the gamblers who went down from New Bern admitted to acquaintances that they lost, not at first. Later, they started owning it up.

Yesterday was when Dennis Lilly, who sold pianos for George Fuller and hunted whenever he had the chance; told the tallest tales that ever emanated from mortal mouth. At times he seemed to believe them himself.

Yesterday was when just about every local boy, at one stage or another, tried to learn to play a mouth harp. Only sissies called them harmonicas. Playing the first bars of "Home Sweet Home" was easiest of all, and that's as far as most of us got.

Yesterday was when nailing a horseshoe over a door supposedly brought good fortune. It was important to fasten it with three nails, each driven in with three blows of the hammer, and the prongs had to be up, to keep the good fortune from falling out.

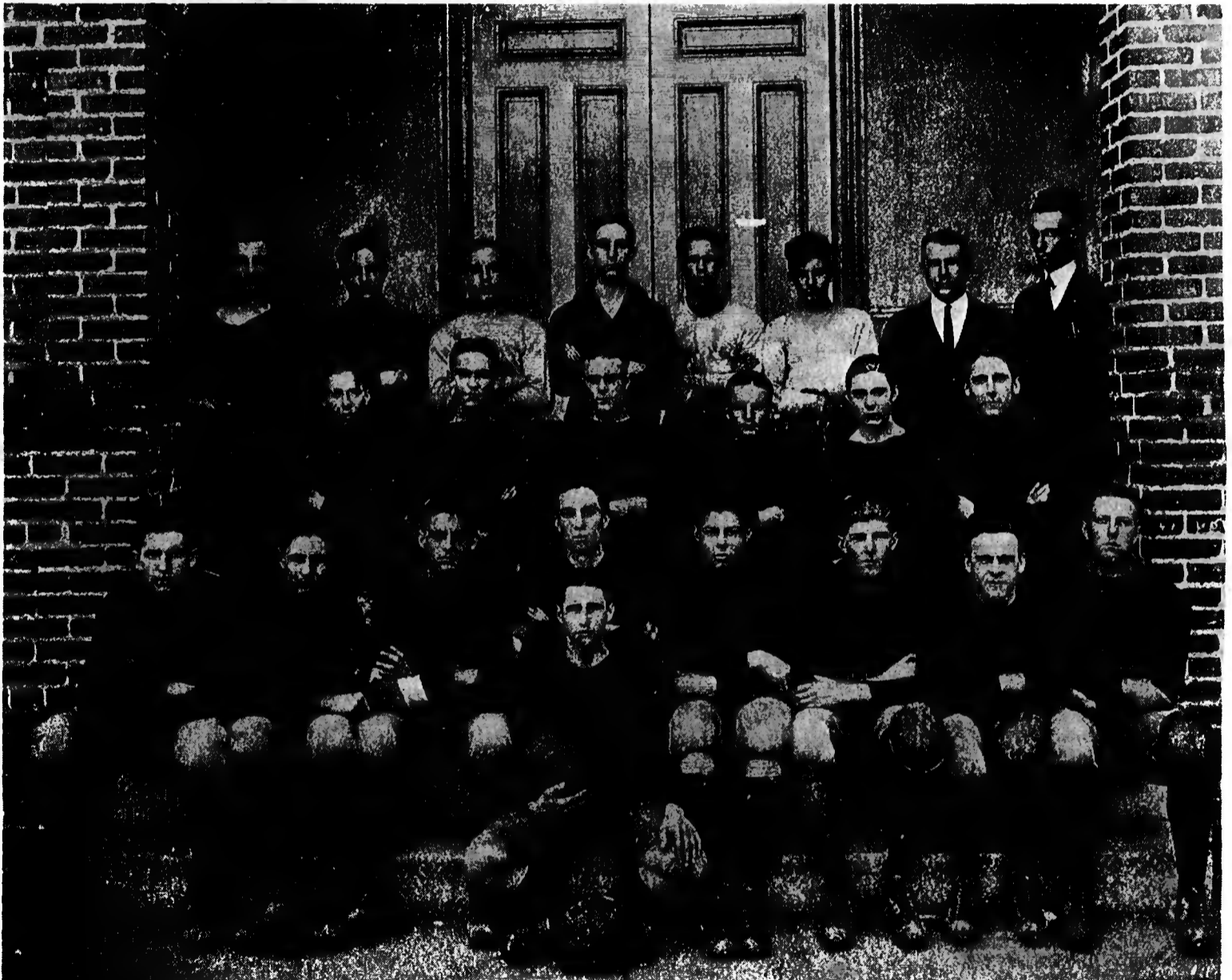
Yesterday was when Billy Sunday, the most famous evangelist of his day, held a revival in Greenville, and visited New Bern to speak to pupils in Griffin Auditorium at Central School.

Born at Ames, Iowa, in 1863, he lived until 1935 and was credited with 300,000 converts. Before turning Presbyterian preacher in 1890, he played major league baseball for the Cubs, Pirates, and Phillies.

Yesterday was when the only soda crackers that came wrapped in a box were labeled Uneeda, unless you wanted to count Oysterets. Without old-time cracker barrels a lot of good philosophy wouldn't have sprouted.

Yesterday was when New Bern's butcher shops all had something in common, a pungent odor and sawdust on the floor. Curious kids liked to press their noses against the window, and watch the butcher carve a cow carcass.

Yesterday was when all the flappers in town wore their short hair plastered down, with bangs, so as to look more like Clara Bow. Clara starred in the



A HALF CENTURY AGO— Almost 50 years have faded into the misty annals of time forever gone since Hap Barden's 1921 Bears established a lasting gridiron legend at New Bern High School. They were defeated only once, losing the Eastern crown to Fayetteville 7-0 in a bruising battle that saw a star Bruin ball carrier, Rip Summerell, break his leg on the game's first play. Left to right, first row, are Louis Foy, Pig Duval, Redmund Dill, Caleb Bradham, Braxton Pugh, Carl Morton, Bob

McSorley, and Marvin Griffin. Second row, Royston Blandford, Peyton Foy, Nicky Simpson, Rip Summerell, Glover Merritt and Fred Boyd. Third row, Charles Styron, Bill Biddle, Claude Allen, Laurence Stith, Johnnie Dunn, John Morton, Coach Barden, and his assistant, J. J. Asher. The pint-sized captain holding the ball is incomparable Fred Shipp, one of the nation's all-time High school greats.

