



The NEW BERN

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Yesterday was when Morris Hiltson, who later married a New Bern girl and lived here for a spell, arrived on earth in of all places, the small, far-off town of Shelby, Montana.

The stork made the delivery there because that's where the Dempsey-Gibbons fight was held. Papa Hiltson had his heart set on seeing the world heavyweight bout, so advanced pregnancy notwithstanding, the Hiltsons headed west.

It proved to be one of Dempsey's tougher battles. For 15 rounds, under a hot July sun, he tried to put Gibbons away, but Tommy dodged the dynamite and Dempsey had to settle for a decision.

Yesterday was when an indignant local woman insisted that the president of New Bern's crusading Jaycees confront aldermen at City Hall, and demand that all dogs be removed from streets here.

When it was suggested that she attend the meeting too, it set her on fire. "Are you crazy?" she exploded, "you don't expect me to go up there and get all the dog owners in town mad at me, do you?" That ended it.

Yesterday was when you could park in front of your favorite downtown soda shop, and get curb service. It made you feel important to order a couple of drinks for you and your date, and with utmost sophistication, hand over a dime.

Yesterday was when all the desks for pupils at New Bern's public schools had ink wells. Few kids owned fountain pens. Those staff pens weren't much for writing, but great for piercing the posterior of the boy in front of you.

Yesterday was when hooded members of the Ku Klux Klan marched on Middle Street, and you could tell who a lot of them were by looking at their feet. If you knew a citizen well, his only pair of shoes was recognizable.

Yesterday was when every gal at New Bern High School had a mad crush on handsome but exasperatingly shy Redmund Dill. He was much too busy being a sports star to get deeply involved.

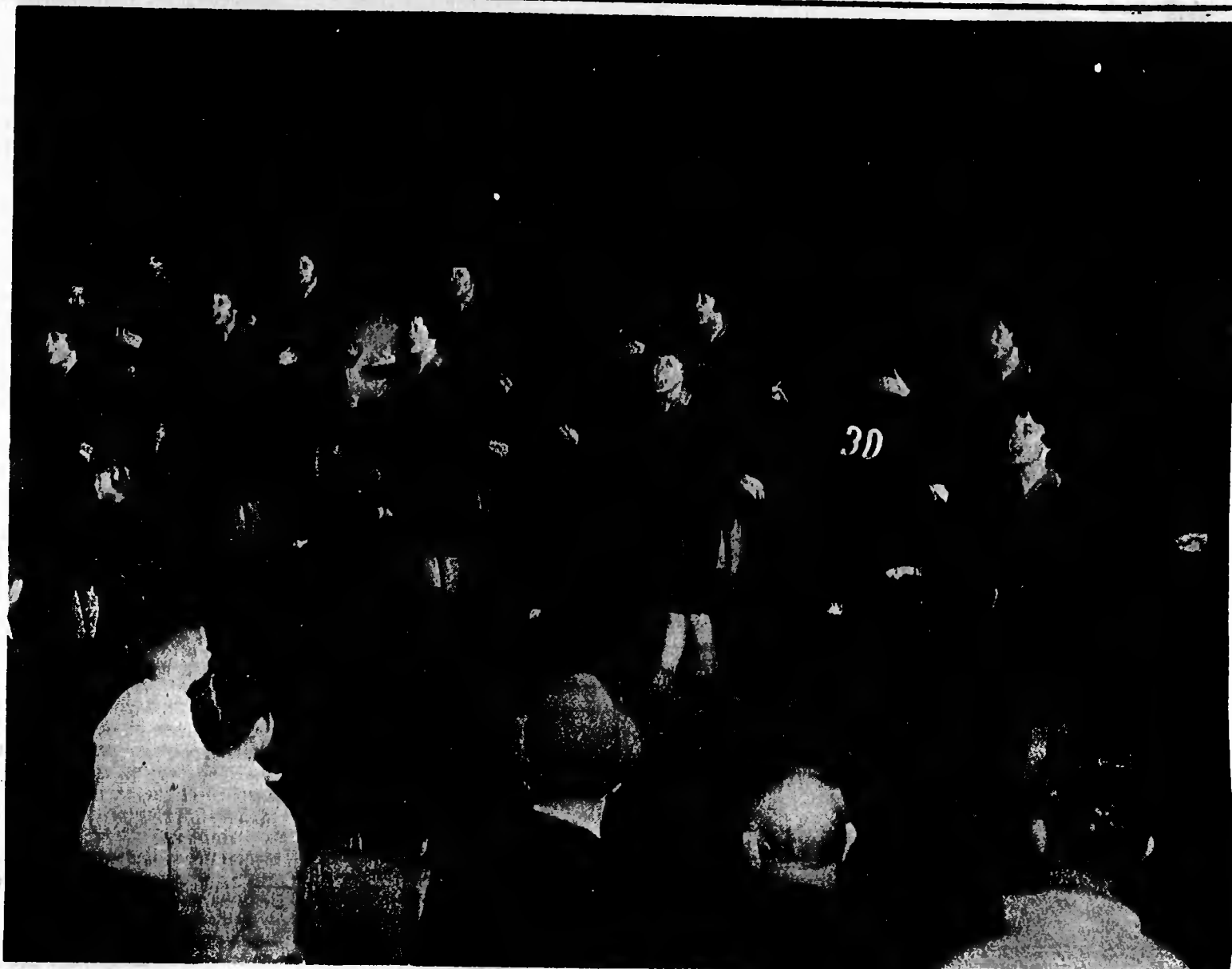
Yesterday was when those permanent wave machines a woman sat under at the beauty shop looked like something out of science fiction, what with all them wires attached to her head.

Yesterday was when it was fun wearing corduroy knickers. By scraping your knees together while you walked, you could get them to make a sort of chirping sound. But they wore out quick that way.

Yesterday was when Z. V. Butts taught music here, and usually played his violin when there was amateur entertainment presented. He also wrote a play about World War One called "Just Buddies" and it was staged at the Masonic.

We had another violinist, Elmer Prunier, who somewhat later also taught music here. However, the best remembered

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RECOGNIZE YOURSELF?

How swiftly years roll by,
Why it was only yesterday
You attended New Bern High,
Your heart young and gay.