



The NEW BERN

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Yesterday was when America's food manufacturers and packers showed their appreciation of the small, independent grocer's business by stabbing him in the back. His days were numbered after secret deals were made with chain stores to box and can special sizes.

The public, impressed by lower prices at the chains, didn't notice that they weren't purchasing the same size can or carton they had been buying for years. Many famous name brands you still swear by, as your parents did before you, pulled this hoax on unsuspecting customers.

Yesterday was when nobody called you a dirty Communist, if you cheered for the Russians. New Bern's staunchest flag wavers were on the side of the Reds, as their valiant citizens withstood Hitler's prolonged siege of Stalingrad. Had we known what was to follow, enthusiasm would have dwindled, but it indicates the unfairness of judging past opinions in the light of the present.

Yesterday was when Granny Whitehurst, who remained delightfully young all her many days, used to swap wisecracks with us, and recite little rhymes in front of Centenary Methodist before church took in.

The one time she was at a loss for words was when she and other worshipers bowed their heads in prayer one Sunday morning, and a lady's hat fell off and came to rest at Granny's feet. Granny scooped it up, and without looking up, returned it to what she thought was the right place. Unfortunately, she firmly plopped it on the wrong lady's head.

Yesterday was when Sallie Pat Kafer, who rarely missed a dance within a hundred mile radius, wore the prettiest, best fitting evening gowns in town. No wonder they looked like they were meant just for her. She made them herself, at the family sewing machine.

Yesterday was when Craven County had its last official hanging, in back of the jail on Broad Street. However, the best remembered hanging here, it happened before our time, was an unofficial one on the draw of old Neuse river bridge.

Yesterday was when, thanks to Sunday school excursions, there were few kids in New Bern who hadn't taken a ride on a passenger train at least once. Now there are thousands of youngsters here, including virtually all teenagers, who have never experienced rail travel.

Yesterday was when no such thing as "X" movies had ever graced or disgraced the cinematic scene. However, once or twice, pictures played here, to sell-out crowds, that showed how babies arrive.

Only adults were admitted, and the women attended at one hour, and the men at another hour. They had a serious looking female, dressed as a nurse, at each showing. She was supposed to take care of you, if

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CHILDHOOD IS AN ADVENTURE AND THE OPEN TRAIL AN INVITATION.

—Photo by Theodore Baxter.