

The NEW BERN

MIRROR

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Yesterday was when, at one time or another, there were Chinese laundries on both sides of Middle Street, between Pollock and Broad. The owners, pleasantly moon-faced, were never stingy with the starch.

Yesterday was when men and boys alike whistled as they sauntered along New Bern's thoroughfares. Whistling is so unusual now that people turn and stare, as if you're some kind of a nut.

Yesterday was when the high diver at our East Carolina Fair here accidentally did a belly-buster into the tank. Coming down, he was frantically waving his arms and kicking, and looked just like a bull frog.

Yesterday was when we knew our town was growing up, because an ordinance went into effect outlawing U-turns at the Elks Temple corner. Uncle Gus Ipock, or Bob Wilson, would pull you if you tried it.

Yesterday was when us kids on upper Pollock got an eye opener at a morning fire on Burn Street. It happened when a scantily clad, full bosomed woman leaned half way out an upstairs window. She knocked loose a stick that was propping up the window, and got stuck. She sure did a piece of yelling.

Yesterday was when the proprietor of a popular whiskey joint uptown always said, "Good night, Christians," when bidding his patrons farewell. One night he secretly murdered an acquaintance, and placed the body on a railroad track in a vain attempt to cover up the deed.

Yesterday was when juvenile pranksters dreamed up the idea of turning loose lightning bugs in the prevailing darkness at New Bern's movie houses. They didn't do much flashing. Maybe they were too interested in the picture.

Yesterday was when fellows who wanted to buy a publication featuring risqué jokes could hardly wait for next month's issue of Captain Billy's Whiz Bang. Today the humor therein would make dull reading.

Yesterday was when Congressmen mailed small packets of seed to some of the constituents in their district, and it was the feeling of many folks that Washington was being entirely too extravagant. After all, for the entire country, it maybe added up to more than a thousand dollars.

Yesterday was when Sudan Temple had two mascots, bear cubs appropriately named Sue and Dan. As best we can recall, they weren't around very long. Could it be that the mystic Shrine held less appeal than the tall timber?

Yesterday was when New Bernians with faulty complexions and too little energy took to the notion of eating yeast cakes. Mixed with a little imagination, the small, foil-wrapped squares did seem to generate get up and go.

Yesterday was when the Rev. John Russell, then pastor of Centenary Methodist church, overlooked his own grand-



SPRING IN OUR COAST COUNTRY

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