

The NEW BERN

MIRROR

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Yesterday was when neither the pastor nor choir members in New Bern's Protestant churches would have dared wear a robe, for fear of being accused of turning Catholic.

Yesterday was when the real seat of learning for a wayward boy wasn't the little red schoolhouse, but the woodshed in his own backyard. A lot could be said for getting educated at both ends.

Yesterday was when all of us knew the same four letter words that are flaunted now as something clever to use in ordinary conversation. The younger generation hasn't originated vulgar language, it's as old as the hills.

Yesterday was when every New Bern girl dreamed of going to a dance in an Alice blue gown. The shade was named for Teddy Roosevelt's stunning daughter, who married the Speaker of the House, Nicolas Longworth.

Yesterday was when more folks had rheumatism, because they managed to save a little and got aches from sleeping on a lumpy mattress that took the place of a safety deposit box.

Yesterday was when New Bernians who liked to read novels swore by James Oliver Curwood, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Harold Bell Wright, and Elinor Glyn. If you wanted adventure stuff, your choice was Jack London.

Yesterday was when Bing Crosby, just getting started, had stiff competition from another husky voiced coroner, Russ Columbo. Fate took care of that. Russ died of a self-inflicted pistol wound in a hotel room. It may have been accidental.

Yesterday was when a wise guy, seeking Babe Ruth's autograph as the Bambino joined Bill Blades on his pleasure craft at the Market Dock, handed Ruth a pad of counter checks.

Babe handed the pad back, with no autograph thereon, and happily busied himself signing his name for others who wanted it. The smart Aleck had achieved the dubious distinction of possibly being the only person ever refused an autograph by the Sultan of Swat.

Yesterday was when every student eligible attended New Bern High school's Junior-Senior prom, even the wall flowers who didn't have dates. Passing up the affair, and heading for the beach was unthinkable.

Yesterday was when a crop of exceptionally good songs invariably sprouted each time the nation became engaged in a war. Not much musically has been inspired by our long involvement in South Vietnam.

Yesterday was when young couples, through necessity, learned the meaning of togetherness if called upon to crowd into the rumble seat of a 1927 Model A roadster. It was no place for a plump pair.

Yesterday was when the Stork had to be smart enough to know which house to go to. Now,



OUT OF THE PAST—Join us as we journey far back into the yesteryears, until we reach the Gay Nineties. That's right, this remarkably preserved photograph was taken before the turn of the century. So says Mrs. William (Octavia) Dunn, the exceptionally gracious octogenarian who had this picture among her keepsakes, and suggested we might be interested. Indeed we were. Seated on the front row are Anita Hughes (Mrs. Basil M.) Manley; E. K. Bishop; and an out of townner who visited New Bern and stayed, Mrs. Pierre Montaigne. Looking over her shoulder at the book she appears to be reading is the second Mrs. James A. Bryan, the former Julia Olmstead of Princeton,

New Jersey. On the second row, left to right, are Charles S. Bryan, a member of the New York Stock Exchange; Matt Manley, long-time treasurer of the Atlantic & North Carolina Railroad; Janet Hollister, who taught generations of New Bern school children; Colonel James A. Bryan, president of A & N C. Railroad and the National Bank of New Berne; Laura Hughes, daughter of Dr. James B. Hughes and sister of Ethel Hughes; and ever dapper Pierre La Montaigne. They were part and parcel of the local scene in the glamorous gas-light America that spawned Diamond Jim Brady, lovely Lillian Russell, and the great John L. Sullivan.

