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Yesterday was when you complained to high heaven because the kid you hired to mow your lawn expected a whole quarter for doing it.

Yesterday was when you didn't hesitate to call your grocer, and ask him to send you a loaf of bread to the far end of town.

Yesterday was when the only oysters you considered buying came from Newport river, and to be fit to eat it had to be a Bogue Sound watermelon.

Yesterday was when no New Bern woman muttered, "My girdle is killing me," like they do in them television commercials, but there was agony enough in a tightly laced corset.

Yesterday was when male teenagers worried about the cowlick that poked up in the crown of their closely cropped hair. Now you could hide a New England boiled dinner on their head, and no one would be the wiser.

Yesterday was when what is now referred to as blocked nasal passages was called a stuffy nose, and nobody would have understood you if you had complained of a vitamin deficiency.

Yesterday was when radio refrained from two commercials consecutively during a station break. Today, television doesn't hesitate to link three or four before the alleged entertainment is resumed.

Yesterday was when the only demonstrations you heard tell of were those arranged by the County Agent's office for rural housewives.

Yesterday was when the folks we refer to as senior citizens were called old codgers, and juvenile delinquents were young whipper snappers.

Yesterday was when the fathers of the hippies who wear fake patches on their pants now had real patches on their own britches.

Yesterday was when you could get an argument started over who sang better, the Boswell sisters or the Andrews sisters. Both groups inspired heavy record sales in New Bern.

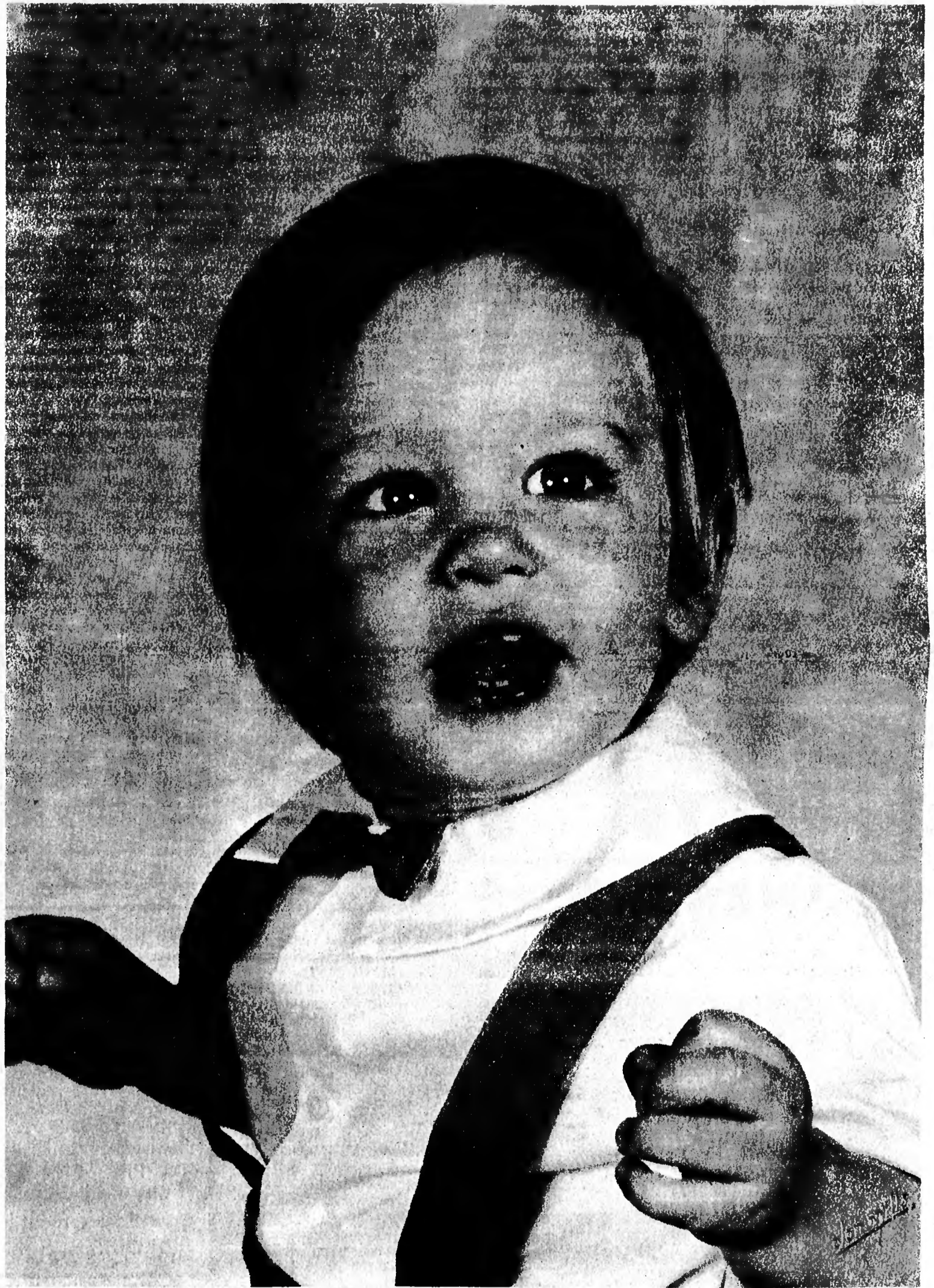
Yesterday was when hundreds of World War II Marines who frequented the USO Club on East Front street called Rosa Daugherty "Mom." Her kindness made night off base less lonely.

Yesterday was when the Craven County courthouse still had its seldom used front door, on craven street. Now you face a solid brick wall.

Yesterday was when Will Holland, retired for years now, was such a gentleman cop that he could arrest and escort tough criminals to jail without antagonizing them. His diplomacy paid off remarkably.

Yesterday was when everybody knew that Ted Husing was radio's best sportscasters. The airplanes lost a valuable figure when illness resulting in blindness curtailed his career.

Yesterday was when the short skirts of the Ticker Tape



LIGHT THAT CANDLE—Just three days from now, on the first day of June, Jonathan Cloyce Anders of 3307 Wedgewood Drive will observe his very first birthday. To him that's just as important as anybody else's wedding in the traditional month for brides. There'll be a cake, of course, and since this will be a special occasion, he won't have to mind his manners. This gives the young man full license to devastate the cake as only a small child

can do it. We wish the youngster many happy returns, and a hastening of the time when he will discover how wonderful boyhood's world really is. Jonathan Cloyce (he won't be called that often) is the son of Cloyce and Barbara Tilley Anders. His maternal grandparents are Strut and Laurie Tilley of New Bern, and his paternal grandparents are Houston and Macy Anders of Clinton.