



# The NEW BERN MIRROR

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Yesterday was when a home of any size without an attic was an oddity. Not so now. Think of all the kids who are growing up without the joy of rummaging around in a spacious place reserved for discarded things.

Attics, always stuffy, were wonderful for boys to be in on a rainy afternoon. The steady pounding of drops on the tin roof just over your head was music to young ears.

There, for the first time, you learned that temporary solitude can be one of life's greatest pleasures. Away from the rest of the family, you were monarch of all you surveyed.

What you surveyed could be most anything from a hopelessly busted wash basin to a battered trunk filled with ancient clothes, faded family pictures, and love letters that lasted longer than the romances that inspired them.

Little girls, more than boys, liked the old clothes and the love letters. In fact, we knew one little girl who decided to play postman, and placed a letter in every mailbox within a range of several blocks.

Past generations had plenty of antiques in their attics. The attics went out of style, the antiques were thrown out, and now the present generation is buying the few remaining antiques at a steep price.

Buying something old that somebody else had sense enough or sentiment enough to save is all the rage now. Wouldn't we have been just as well off if we had held on to our own heirlooms?

It's human nature to save and to clutter. Only the individual doing the saving and the cluttering knows the true worth of worthless things. Having an attic kept outsiders from questioning your sense of values.

No one has the right to poke fun at you for clinging to a yellowed clipping, your first-born's baby shoes, a battered doll you loved in your own long lost childhood, or a couple of ticket stubs.

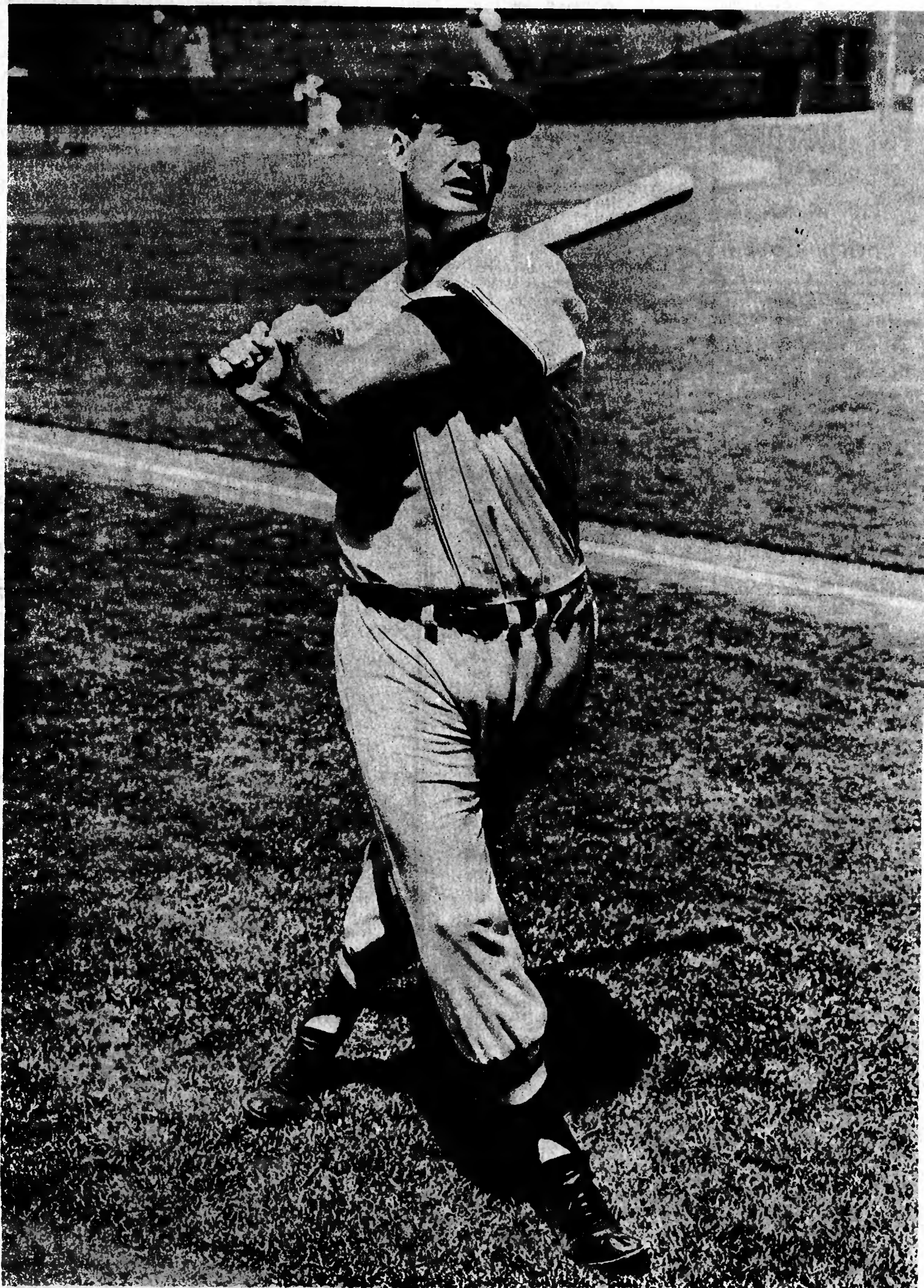
As we once heard Georgie Jessel, a confirmed saver, say, it's a foregone conclusion that these foolish little things so near and dear to us will be tossed into the trash can soon after we die.

That won't matter too much, once we're gone. The thing that goes against the grain is holding last rites over cherished keepsakes while you're still among the living. No one relishes this.

The other side of the coin, of course, is the inconvenience caused relatives who understandably regard what you left for them to get rid of as just a lot of ridiculous munk. May they forgive you.

Ironically, much of the "junk" thrown out under similar circumstances in years past was worth a pretty penny. Irvin S. Cobb, the famed short story writer, often bemoaned what happened in his family.

A great many old letters, stored in the attic, were disposed of. Later it dawned on Cobb and other members of the



**NOT MUCH FUN**—Ted Williams, seen here in his prime as a Red Sox great, would welcome an opportunity to fish in our upper Neuse once more, or cast a bait in the lake at Camp Bryan again. He did that during his second training hitch, at Cherry

Point. Instead, he is wrestling with the problem of managing the last place Washington Senators, who bear very little resemblance to the Hall of Fame slugger, last player in the game to bat .400. He did it with a couple of points to spare.