

The NEW BERN

MIRROR

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Yesterday was when we first started telling the story of how, during a 1933 hurricane, we saw a hen on Cedar Island lay the same egg three times. The yarn came in handy last Thursday morning during a Ginger broadcast we did for Radio Station WPTF in Raleigh.

Yesterday was when Judge R. A. Nunn, New Bern's walking and talking history book until his death, used to relate how a woman planted that giant tree at the southeast corner of the First Presbyterian Church yard.

She placed it there, the former Superior Court jurist said, as a memorial to her son, who was killed in a hurricane. Countless years later, as all of you know, the tree has been victimized in the same manner.

Yestersay was when proud parents and friends eagerly awaited those recitals presented annually at the Masonic Theatre by tots in Frances Perry's dancing school.

Frances taught both toe and tap. She was quite a hooper in her own right, and during the summer did ballet routines regularly at Morehead City's Atlantic Hotel.

Yesterday was when a lot of the gals in New Bern were more intent on getting somewhere than going somewhere when they boarded Callie McCarthy's street cars. David Johnson, motorman on the trolley selected, was the town's handsomest guy.

What better way could a man chaser invest a nickel than to take a seat up front, and drool the entire distance to Ghent and back? Guess whose great uncle he was. None other than our own Miss North Carolina, Anita Johnson.

Yesterday was when Christ Episcopal was one of the local churches that held memorial services following President Franklin D. Roosevelt's death. A small dog entered the sanctuary, and stayed. FDR's beloved pet, Falla, would have approved.

Yesterday was when ex-coach Frank Mott, then principal of Kinston's Grainger High school, didn't wait for authorities to nab seven of his students after they committed gang violence against a carload of New Bern teen agers, following a ball game in the Lenoir town. The attack occurred near Cove City.

Mock tracked down the guilty youths, and personally brought them to New Bern for trial and conviction. There aren't many Mocks around today. Fettered by government edicts, school officials back off.

Yesterday was when, strolling along Middle Street, you could get a whiff of peanuts parching in one of several portable roasters perched on the curb at various times. The aroma trapped you into patronizing the vendor.

Although goobers sold well here, the greatest peanut peddler of them all was Rex Warren, out in Los Angeles. His place of operation was old



An Ice Truck Of The Distant Past,
Fire Wagons On Parade;
Count These Among The Keepsakes
From Which Memories Are Made.
—Albert D. Brooks Photo Collection.