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Yesterday was when, just as today, New Bern males took a second glance at every blonde they passed on the street. Peroxide got more guys in trouble than whiskey purchased at Dad Carter's joy-juice joint.

Not to infer, of course, that some of the gents, including most especially elderly Duke Patterson, didn't stare at brunettes and redheads too. It was just that a gal with golden tresses had a head start.

As one old timer used to say, "I married a brunette, and to tell you the truth I don't recall dating a girl seriously during my courting days who didn't have dark hair. I'd marry a brunette again, but 18 karat or peroxide, a blond always catches my eye."

Ask an otherwise articulate man why he feels the way he does about blondes and he immediately gets tongue tied. That's like asking a kid why he loves ice cream and candy. All he can tell you is that for him it's the most.

Which did the male of yesterday and today consider the more enticing, a blonde with blue eyes or a blonde with brown eyes? Actually it has never seemed to matter.

The town's most notorious skirt chaser, 50 years ago, confided, "I don't pay much attention to her lamps. All I see is that hair, and I'd have to take a second look if I knew my neck would pop in two the moment I turned my head."

Yesterday was when everybody in school got sick and was absent at one time or another, except the teacher. Which tended to prove the saying that an apple a day keeps the doctor away.

Gone for many years now, the practice of carrying a luscious winesap to the stern lady who tried to pound knowledge into your noggin is not the least thing lacking in modern education.

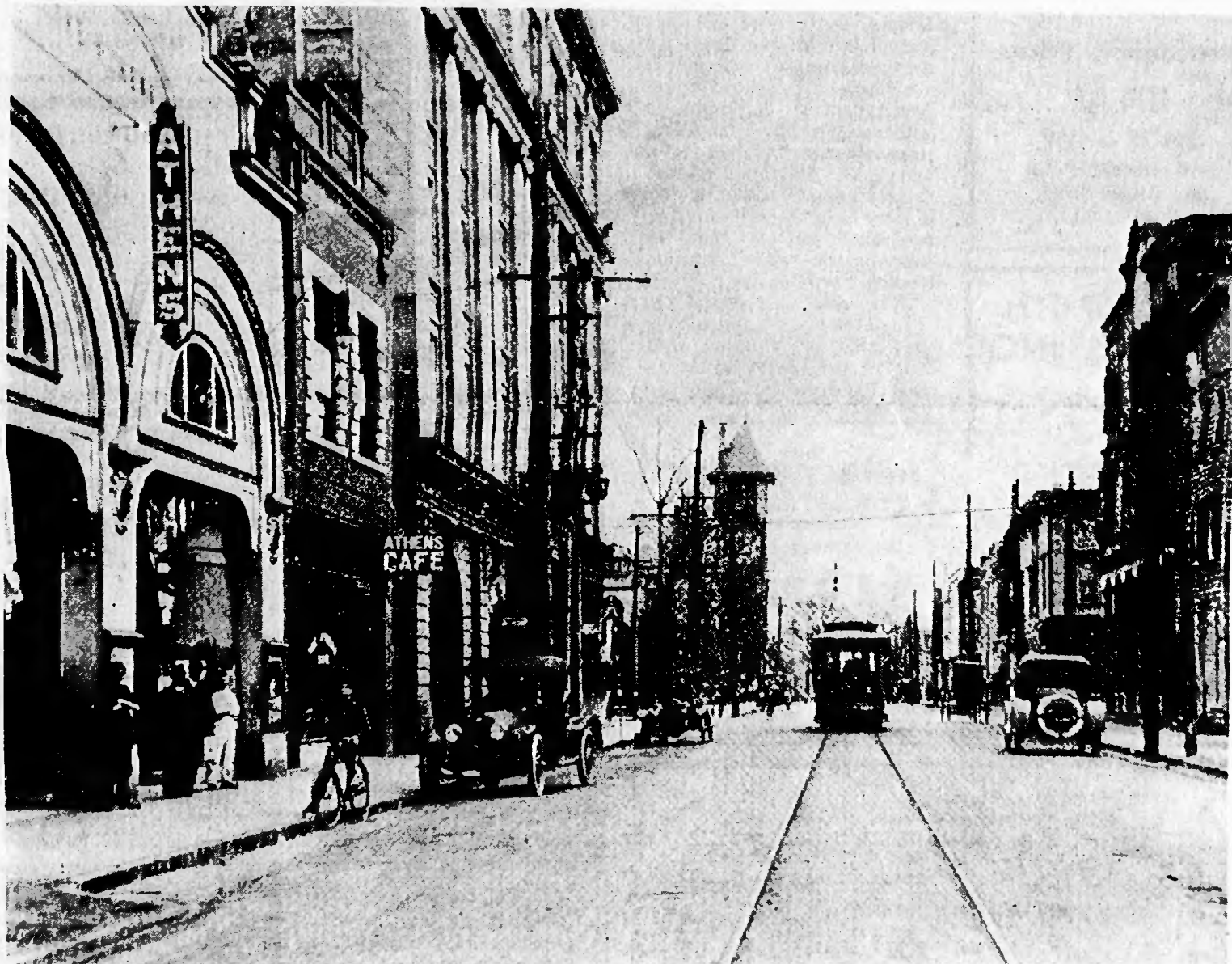
Back in the old days, kids weren't content with bringing apples regularly. They used to secretly plan "fruit showers" and on these occasions loaded the teacher with a big basket that not only included apples, but oranges, bananas, grapes, and maybe several tangerines.

If the average New Bern teacher got deluged with a fruit shower today, she would probably go into hysterics. Or sad to say, she might even suspect an attempt to poison her, and shy away from the stuff.

Yesterday's teachers were so durable that a hidden dose of arsenic wouldn't have obliterated them. Being immune to runny noses in close proximity, and sundry contagious diseases, was a must.

Some of us kids who couldn't count to a hundred until we reached the third grade, and had trouble figuring that two and two makes four, knew the tremendous importance of apples.

In our case, the fifth grade was our worst year. What shouldn't happen to nobody happened to us, when a teacher



**WAY BACK WHEN**—If you like to save exceptionally rare photographs, you'd better hang on to this one from the Albert D. Brooks collection. As you face east on Pollock street, one of Callie McCarthy's trolley cars has just rounded the corner off Middle, and is bouncing along toward Ghent. At your left is the Athens, a theatre later to be named successively the Show Shop, Kehoe, and Tryon. Many a touring Broadway musical played there, such as Blossom Time, The Student Prince, and Seventh Heaven. Mickey Rooney's father, famed

comedian Joe Yule, performed in Maggie and Jiggs there. Look closely and you'll see the motorman standing at the helm of the trolley. Likely as not it was Captain Bill Davis, whose handle-bar moustache always set us to thinking of a friendly walrus. On the far corner at the right, the frame, two story building stands where C. D. Bradham, in his drug store, concocted the world's very first Pepsi Cola. Had the age of automobiles taken over completely? No indeed. Note the buggy at the intersection, beyond the roadster on the right.

