



Through
THE
Looking
Glass

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Yesterday was when we got to know Private A. C. Vaughan of Rio Grande City, Texas, rather well, while emceeing USO shows for Cherry Point marines during World War Two.

His town had a population of twelve hundred, and remarkably, every boy of fighting age in Rio Grande City was in the armed forces. Perhaps no other community could make this boast.

Naturally, the folks there felt pretty serious about the global conflict. Every Wednesday night, a midweek prayer service in their First Baptist Church, the pastor used a slide projector to flash photographs on a screen in the sanctuary of all local service men.

Prayers were said, and somehow the boys seemed to be right there with their loved ones. "my mother wrote me about it," Private Vaughan confided to us. "She says if I close my eyes, I'll be able to see myself in the church, and she says if I listen, I might even hear her prayers."

Less than a week after the Texas youth told us this story, he was on his way to combat in the Pacific. We never saw him, or heard from him again, and it has always been our grim hunch that he died on one of the islands.

Vaughan, like so many marines in those sad days, learned to feel at home in New Bern. He was somewhat on the shy side, which no Texan is ever supposed to be, but warmed up when people went out of their way to be kind.

Thank the Lord, a number of people did, including motherly Rosa Daugherty who worked in the canteen at the USO Club on East Front Street here. What she did for boys in uniform has to be a star in her crown.

One of the nice things about being friendly toward strangers, is the good feeling it gives you inside, long after they have gone out of your life forever. It can warm your heart in the coldness of later years.

To be kind to home towners, who may be able to return the favor, is sometimes based on selfish motives. The real test comes when you show consideration for those who will never be in a position to reciprocate.

Yesterday was when Saturday night and Monday morning were the peak periods for water consumption in New Bern. Washing yourself and washing your clothes caused the heavy drain.

Today they could tell you at City Hall that the traditional Saturday bath is a thing of the past, and offer figures to prove it. And no longer do local housewives wait until Monday to get their laundry done.

Many a big wheel around town, if he speaks truthfully, will have to admit that a bath for him was a weekend affair, until homes here became well heated, and unlimited hot water was available.

Climbing into a bath tub in the old days was a necessary ordeal, not a casual interlude of

(Continued on page 8)



IN THE LONG AGO—This frame edifice, completed in 1811, was New Bern's original First Baptist church. It stood at the intersection of Johnson and Metcalf on the same spot where St. Cyprian's Episcopal church has been for 110 years. When the second First Baptist church, dedicated in 1848, was erected on Middle, the church seen here

was sold to the Christian denomination. They in turn sold to Episcopalians, who worship in their present brick structure. Again The Mirror expresses appreciation to the many persons in New Bern, and far off places, who have commented enthusiastically on this series of exceedingly rare pictures.—Photo from Albert D. Brooks Collection.