



Through
THE
Looking
Glass

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Yesterday was when the bootleg whiskey in these parts was potent enough to generate extraordinary behavior. And we do mean extraordinary.

Take the time that several of New Bern's heavier imbibers got together in a Nash convertible, and went joy riding all over this town of ours.

We'll refrain from mentioning names, which we most certainly could, but included in the group was a blind piano tuner who was then living here.

Either for kicks, or because he was the soberest of the lot, somebody got the bright idea of letting him do the driving for the rest of the crowd.

Of course, it was advisable to have a navigator for this willing but sightless pilot. Someone (rest assured we know who) promptly volunteered.

The flight pattern was as impromptu as it was erratic, but the piano tuner followed instructions explicitly, given by his unsteady navigator.

He steered clear of trees and telephone poles, from one end of the city to the other, and turned corners to the utmost satisfaction of all concerned.

The journey, punctuated periodically by additional jar draining, was largely without incident until the piano tuner turned down Middle, off South Front.

The navigator, at this point, ceased to issue instructions to his blind pilot. Maybe he passed out, or decided the pilot had earned his wings.

Whatever the circumstances, the Nash convertible cruised down Middle to the Market Dock, ran out of street, and plunged overboard into the Trent.

One of the passengers had disembarked when the car turned at the intersection, a block to the north. The others stayed until the watery landing.

There were no casualties, but it broke up the party, and to make matters worse, no one had sufficient presence of mind to rescue the remaining whiskey.

If this sounds like a tall tale, completely unbelievable, don't bet your rent money that it didn't happen. We've told it like it was, on a night long ago.

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An unscheduled comedy touch came at the conclusion of last Saturday's marriage of Melinda Lee Bell and Julien Knox Warren III in New Bern's First Presbyterian Church.

Because it struck everyone funny, instantly, including the Rev. J. Murphy Smith, a wave of laughter swept through the historic edifice, and lingered for at least a couple of minutes.

It did nothing to diminish the beauty of a very lovely wedding, but proved once again that all of us, striving to be dignified and on our best behavior, are, at such a time, an easy target for humor.

The situation arose, after the vows and benediction, when the various bridesmaids crossed in front of the altar, and each in turn joined a waiting

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ONCE UPON A TIME—Since our Mirror readers find such great delight in rare photographs, we want to share this portrait of the First Lady of the Theater, Helen Hayes, when she was a young but already great actress. It was mailed to us many years ago, with a note of thanks for a feature we

wrote about her. A Broadway theatre bears her name, but she is equally famous for her movie and television performances, including Airport. Not only a performer of giant talent, she is a truly distinguished American. And, as we discovered long ago, deeply appreciative.