

MIRROR

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Through
 THE
 Looking
 Glass

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Here they are, the first days of July, and the weather is hotter than hot. This heat wave seems endless, no breeze in the sky, and nary a cool shady spot. All over town, whenever folks meet, they pause and complain that they can't stand the heat.

It's the favorite topic for most conversation, though talk brings us nothing but more perspiration. We fling our arms in a manner dramatic, while moaning our plight with words quite emphatic.

Humans have done thus, since time began, I'm sure it was true of the very first man. Down through the ages, even wise guys of old wanted it hot when the weather was cold, and when it was hot, they wanted it cool, for a mortal at best is a finicky fool.

Whatever we have, we pine for a change, never contented, now isn't it strange: We find little joy in the blessings we share, figuring that things are much better elsewhere.

We covet the golf our neighbor makes, contending that gives him all of the breaks. Well, maybe Fate does, yet I've found through the years that, sooner or late, we all get our tears.

We all get our joys, and a few heartaches too, life evens it up, for me and for you. The king and the peasant, the master and slave, take the same one way street to the same six foot grave.

Until we're planted down under the sod, and our souls journey forth to be measured by God, the rich and the poor, in a chorus together are bound to complain about hot and cold weather.

Yesterday was when, at least once, attending a Sunday night service paid off for New Bern's more devout church goers. They may not have heard a good sermon, but they missed an Orson Welles radio broadcast that terrified most everybody else.

The program, consisting of a series of "news bulletins" about an invasion from Mars, was taken seriously by millions of listeners. It caused panic on Oct. 30, 1938, when a multitude of Americans mistook fiction for fact. Many, from coast, to coast, were hospitalized for shock and hysteria.

And adaptation of a fantasy by N. G. Wells titled The War of the Worlds, it was fashioned as a "regular" radio program, interrupted frequently by grim news flashes. Obviously, it sounded like the real thing.

Not only those who tuned in late on the hour broadcast, but a large number who heard it from the outset missed the opening announcement indicting that it was only a play, presented on CBS by the Mercury Theatre on the Air.

Supposedly the invading Martians had landed in New York and Newark, spreading death and destruction with astounding rapidity. Scores of families listening in Newark rushed from their homes with wet towels and handkerchiefs,



HAPPINESS IS SAILING ON THE NEUSE AT NATIONALLY FAMOUS CAMP SEAFARER.