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Old age is only a point of view, but you've got a few years riding on your shoulders if you can remember Satanet climbing the Elks Temple, Leo Watson singing "Yearning" and "Delaware" at Glenburnie Park, Ras Royall peddling two cones of sherbert for a nickel, and "Big" Hill sunning in front of his place on South Front street.

You're toting some mileage too, if you recall that the Kehoe was known as The Athens before it became the Show Shop, and recollect that Rowland Lumber company was Roper's Mill before it crumbled and vanished from New Bern's industrial picture. And, if you're as ancient as that, you're bound to remember when Cyclone Mack pitched his revival tent where Board street Christian church now stands.

Those were the days when a 30-cent soup bone had enough meat on it to give you not only ample flavoring for the soup you ladled out at dinner, but the chief ingredient for that platter of hash a large family could feast on when it came time for supper.

You're still just a kid, or your memory has failed you, if you don't recall when a tent show called the Mason Stock company played on the vacant lot where our Central Fire station is located. Dorothy Mason, a luscious blonde with shoulder-length curls, was the heroine and there was a different play every night.

Discarded baby carriage wheels never went to waste. They were utilized by enterprising young lads on homemade pushmobiles, and cast-off skate wheels were just the thing when you wanted to make a scooter. Today a boy has hot rod notions by the time he graduates from diapers, but you oldsters used to have fun just rolling a metal hoop.

An airplane, in your long ago, was a rarity, and when jubilant juveniles heard one overhead they shouted for everybody to come and look. It floated over majestically, instead of zooming, so you could gaze to your heart's content. Speaking of things majestic, how about the sailboats, large and small, that used to grace the choppy Neuse and the less turbulent Trent? You didn't go places in a hurry, but it was more fun getting there.

A fellow could date his steady, or even a new girl, with just a dime in his pocket. You strolled to the corner drug store, and sat for an hour sipping a soft drink apiece. Any maiden who would order something that cost more than a nickel was regarded as a gold digger. If you modern youngsters think we're spoofing, ask Grandpa or maybe Mom and Dad.

Yesterday was when, passing a neighbor's house, you heard the thumping notes of "Dardenella" on his player piano, or "Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Shean" or "Yes, We Have No Bananas" on his phonograph. Speaking of phonographs, remember how it



"..... And a pony, and a bicycle, and a train, and a drum, and a horn, and a ball, and a puppy, and a tool chest, and."