

The NEW BERN

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Through
THE
Looking
Glass

Yesterday was when local kids made tiny imitations of a pair of scissors by crossing two straight pins on the streetcar track, and letting Callie McCarthy's trolley mash them together.

It was interesting to see what happened to a penny, but pennies weren't that plentiful among the small fry on upper Pollock street, so the few coppers we got were mostly invested in candy.

Yesterday was when scores of New Bern youngsters, at one time or another, sold the Williamsport Grit. It was a whale of a lot bigger then, and was priced at a nickel, not 20 cents.

Even so, it was hard to sell, but not as hard to move as the Literary Digest. That was for intellectuals, and sold for a dime. Most of the very few intellectuals around were either tight fisted or didn't have a dime.

Anyhow, the Literary Digest wasn't long for this world, after it predicted Alf Landon would clobber Franklin D. Roosevelt in their Presidential race. Landon carried just two states, and the magazine died a quick death.

Yesterday was when the lady doctor came down from Pittsburgh to examine Civil War veteran George Isaac Hughes, who had twice become a father well after his 90th birthday. She announced he was capable of achieving paternity.

Yesterday was when New Bern decided that the hallowed ground where Baron DeGrafenried landed at Union Point, to found the town, shouldn't ortabe the community's rat infested trash dump. It took more than two centuries to arrive at this profound conclusion.

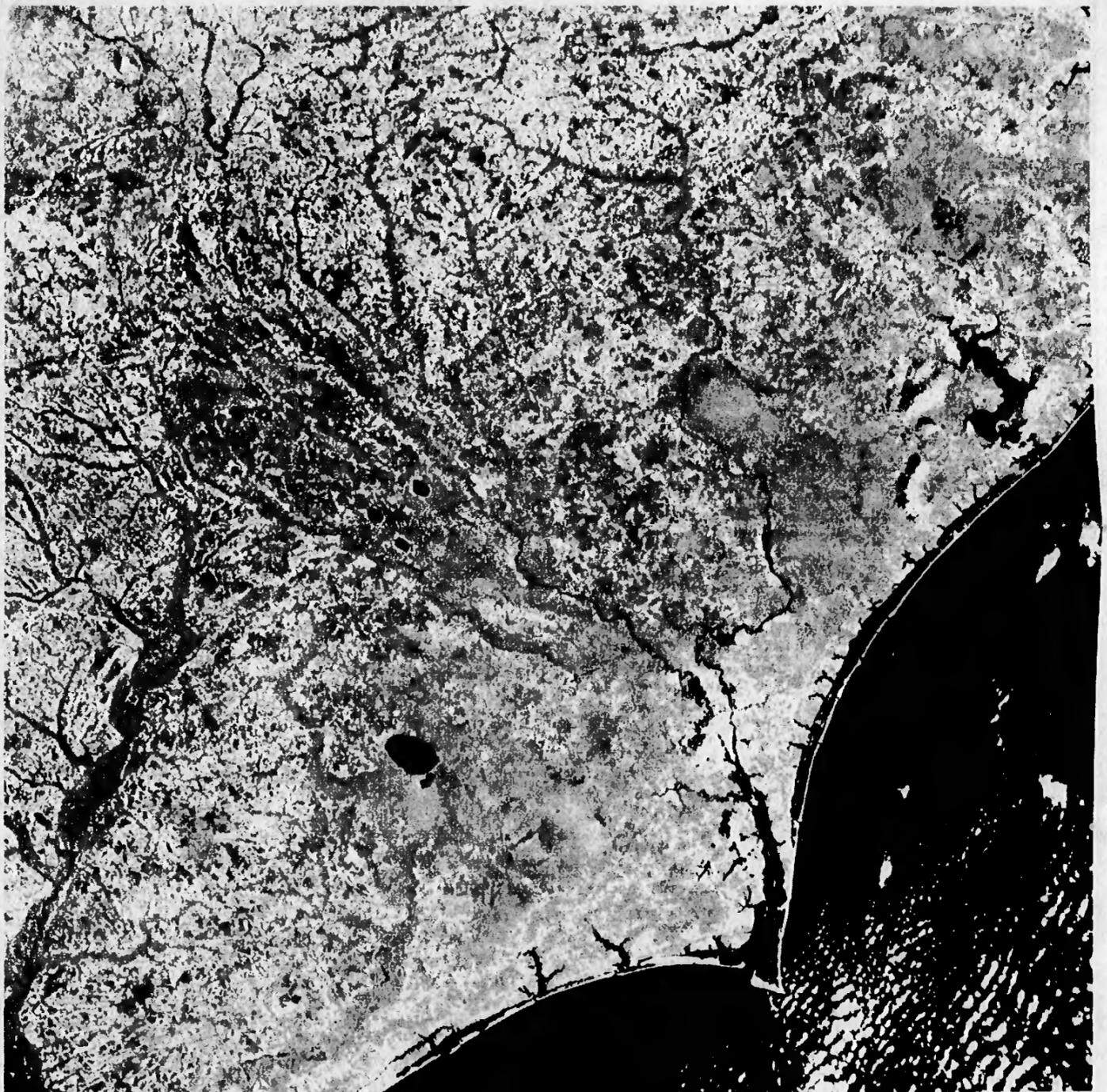
Yesterday was when our illustrious forefathers built the County Court House facing Craven Street. Hardly anybody entered through the front door, however, so quite some years ago it was bricked up completely. Climb the front steps today, and you'll bump your head against a solid wall.

Yesterday was when moppets attending Christ Church kindergarten unofficially extended their playground to include the ancient tombstones immediately adjacent to their romping area. Now their Easter eggs are hidden there.

No one of our acquaintance seems to consider this a grievous act of impropriety against the long departed. There are worse things than the laughter of small children permeating an old graveyard.

New Bernians, maybe because they live in a town that was already 22 years old when George Washington dampened his first diaper, have learned to accept with remarkable resignation a number of eternal truths.

Each morning, when they arise from deep or fitful slumber, they know they'll go through another day on which the town clock peals out one hour, points it's hands toward another, and is wrong in both



HERE'S LOOKING AT YOU—If you were out and about, at 11 a. m., on Oct. 11, 1972, your picture was taken by cameras on Earth Resources Technology Satellite-1 (ERTS-1). New Bern is at the extreme upper right of this remarkable photograph, released to The Mirror by NASA. Clearly visible are the Neuse and Trent rivers, joining at Union Point. That black dot directly below is Catfish Lake, but Great Lake and Long Lake are both out of range. Further down the coast, at the extreme right is White Oak river, and then below that, to the southwest, is much larger New river. At the bot-

tom, is the Cape Fear river. Wilmington is below and right of center. Angela Swamp is above Wilmington, and Green Swamp is below and left of Wilmington. Elliptical "bays" or depressions (left center), some filled with water to form lakes, were formerly thought to be impact craters, now thought to be caused by marine erosion. Three colors, green, red, and infrared seen and recorded separately from an altitude of 568 miles were combined at NASA's Goddard Space Flight Center to achieve this terrific picture.