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June is the month of roses, June is the month of brides, but when folks get together, they talk only of weather, and nothing else besides.

They don't talk about birds, singing songs in the trees, giving their best in an effort to please. And they don't have much praise for the heavens of blue, where white, fleecy clouds cruise the long day through.

Flowers go unheeded, no matter how sweet, their petals forgotten though right at our feet. We will pass up the sunsets, and be blind to the dawn, and even to rainbows when showers are gone.

You will agree we're a stupid lot, greeting the neighbors with "My, ain't it hot." A phrase we repeat from morning to night, to friends and to strangers, to all within sight.

Like so many parrots reciting a spiel, there is just one refrain that can merit our zeal. So you know what you'll hear from those on your way, they'll stop and they'll ask, "Ain't it hot today?"

The question is foolish, but we can't get together, without someone yapping his squawk about weather. Perhaps we'd be cooler in summer's warm clutch, if the subject of heat wasn't harped on so much.

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Yesterday was when there was no radio set at your family's house, much less television. Instead of getting weather information from a commentator pointing at a map, Gramp and Grandma observed signs in nature.

Such as you could expect frost three months after you heard your first katydid. And a cold and early winter was bound to come, if cuckleburs and corn shucks filed out real fast, and hornets nests were built awfully low.

Before you knew a hurricane was headed this way, in the old days, it had done come and gone. Unless it was a rip snorter that brought especially heavy flooding and severe wind damage, it was simply called a "stiff northeaster."

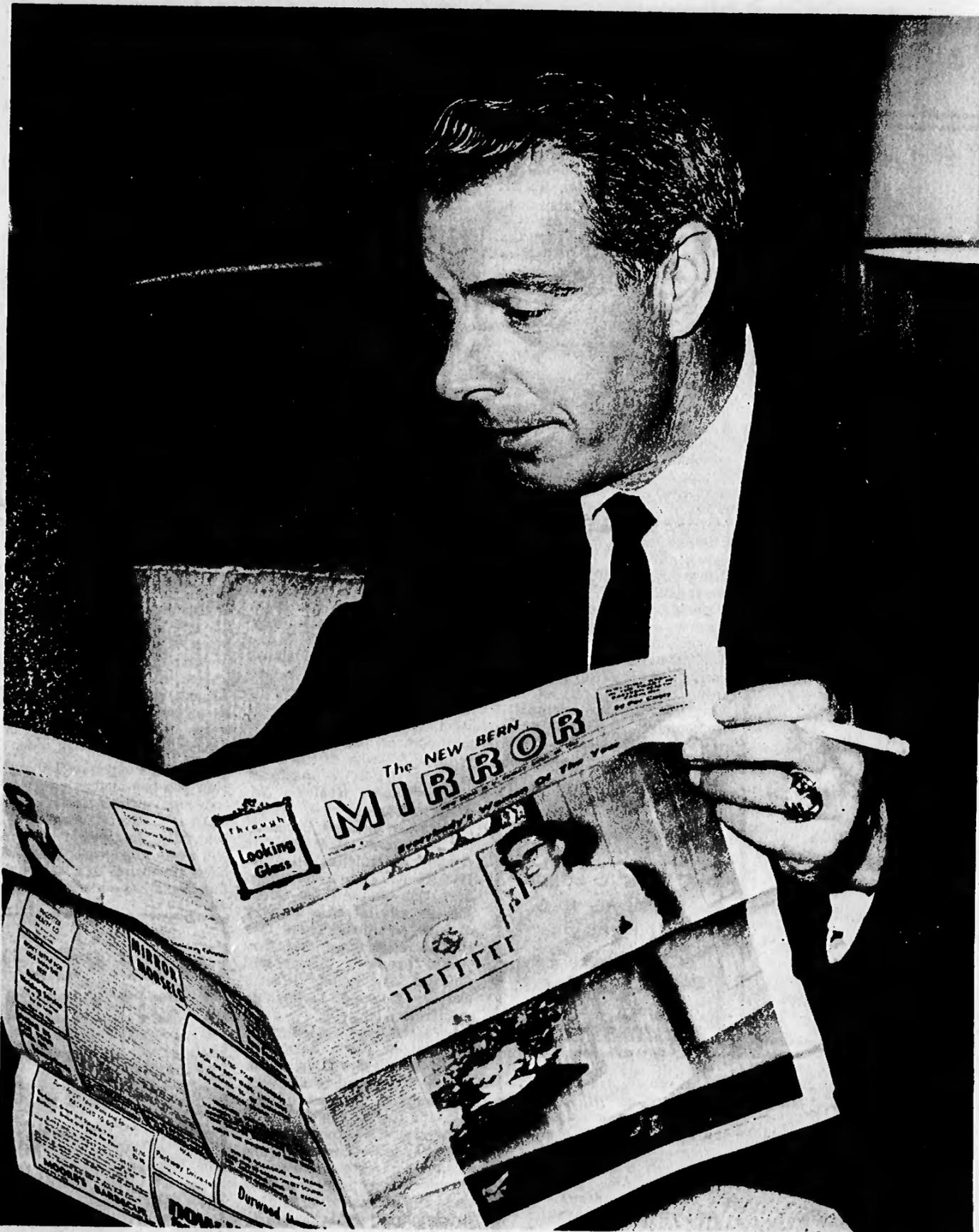
Yesterday was when New Bernians learned just about all there was to know about neighbors, during summer months. With windows up, and the nights still, you heard everything. Air conditioning ended this free entertainment.

Yesterday was when the legend began about the Governor of North Carolina saying to the Governor of South Carolina, "It's a long time between drinks." The story was applicable to one of our Governors who visited New Bern several times a third of a century ago.

On each occasion he was loaded to the gills, but handled his liquor a little better than he did at Morehead City, while on a Tar Heels Afloat cruise. Early one morning this editor spied two of the Governor's cronies trying to drag his Excellency in an upright position along a dock. The guy was out cold.

Yesterday was when if you saw a tomcat with a full length

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CAUGHT IN THE ACT — Over the years, various famous Americans, for reasons satisfactory to themselves, have found our obscure, small-town weekly interesting reading. The ultimate came when Senator Margaret Chase Smith included a Mirror editorial in the book she wrote, A Declaration of Con-

science. Millions around the world would have no trouble identifying the smiling gentleman seen here. He is, of course, Joe Dimaggio, concentrating on you know what at the moment an alert photographer happened along. The picture was snapped about 10 years ago.