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Here's to little old ladies with snowy white hair, eyes full of laughter, and lost dreams to share....They smile at strangers who happen their way, and wave to children, excited at play.

Dozing in rockers, or knitting for hours, puttering around in a wee patch of flowers...They're facing the sunset, well knowing that dawn, and morning and high noon are past, dead and gone.

But they're contented to slow down in life, wary of struggling and fed up with strife...So, they step aside while youngsters rush by, age prefers low gear, youth must have high.

All over our State you'll find they're the same, different only in locale and name....In the Land of the Sky, where peaks meet the blue, they live out their days without much ado....Those in the Piedmont likewise are serene, and the Coast too can boast of each gracious queen.

Who dare to deny that there's charm to behold, are silver strands inferior to gold?...Do gentle hands lose their tender touch, because the years have claimed so much?

No, even as fiddles of ancient design, and dust-gathering bottles of treasured wine...There's something special and noble and sweet, about the elderly women we meet....You can't describe it, but you know it is real, a subtle grandeur that you sense and feel.

Little old ladies, prim in their lace, etchings by Father Time traced on each face....Often forgotten, and left to themselves, with naught for amusement but Memory's shelves...Surely, there's no one more lovely or fair than little old ladies, with lost dreams to share.

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Yesterday was when the low Wall around the front yard of the home now occupied by Nettie and Paul Cox served as a bench for New Bernians waiting for Callie McCarthy's trolley cars.

Pollock at Metcalf was the intersection where the street car that went from Ghent to Union Station exchanged passengers with the one that bounced along to Riverside. Understandably, it was referred to as the junction.

We never pass the corner without recalling the people once seated on the wall, waiting to exchange a nickel for a ride on one of the few trolley cars in North Carolina, then or later.

Because some folks aren't too certain about the two routes taken by the street cars, we'll tell it like it was. The trolley from Ghent came down Spencer Avenue, continued down Pollock to Middle. Then, turning right on Middle it went to South Front (now Tryon Palace Drive). Turning left, it went one block to Craven, up Craven to Queen, and on to the Depot.

The trolley to Riverside left Metcalf and Pollock, and went up Metcalf to New. It turned left at New, and traveled to New's



Honest injun, if you had your ruthers wouldn't you like to be a kid again, if only for a single, golden summer day? Photo by Jack Layne, Chick & Jack's Studio