



The NEW BERN

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Yesterday was when one of the thrills for a boy growing up was his first pair of long pants. Something wonderful ended when parents started buying full-length trousers for males still in their infancy.

Back in the yesteryears, a lad graduated from diapers to stove pipes. In case you're so youthful you don't know what stove pipes were, they were pants that extended no farther down than the knee.

In early teens, or maybe sooner, you got to wear knickers that bloused at the knee. Kids loved them, if for no other reason than that with knickers you wore socks, instead of the black cotton stockings worn with stove pipes.

Every boy dreamed of wearing long pants. It was a phobia, like wishing some fuzz would grow on your face so you could have something to shave off. It didn't take much to make a kid secretly use his old man's straight razor.

What a fellow learned when he climbed into his first pair of long pants was that a certain amount of terror tempered his exultation. He was downright ashamed to appear publicly, fearing somebody would snicker at him.

Truth of the matter, as we've dimly discovered with the passing of many years, is that most of the time when we think we're being especially noticed, we ain't being noticed nary a bit.

Age has taught us that, if nothing else. However, a boy in his first pair of full-length trousers was sure that everybody on earth, and the man in the moon, was staring right at him.

It made the wearer uncomfortable, but pride inevitably erased the discomfort, and by the second or third time you wore them you felt just as big and important as any full grown man in New Bern.

Yesterday was when the busiest juke box around was at Shady Beach in Bridgeton, and Goofus was the song most played. New Bern's younger crowd, eager to dance but always short on cash, used to flock there.

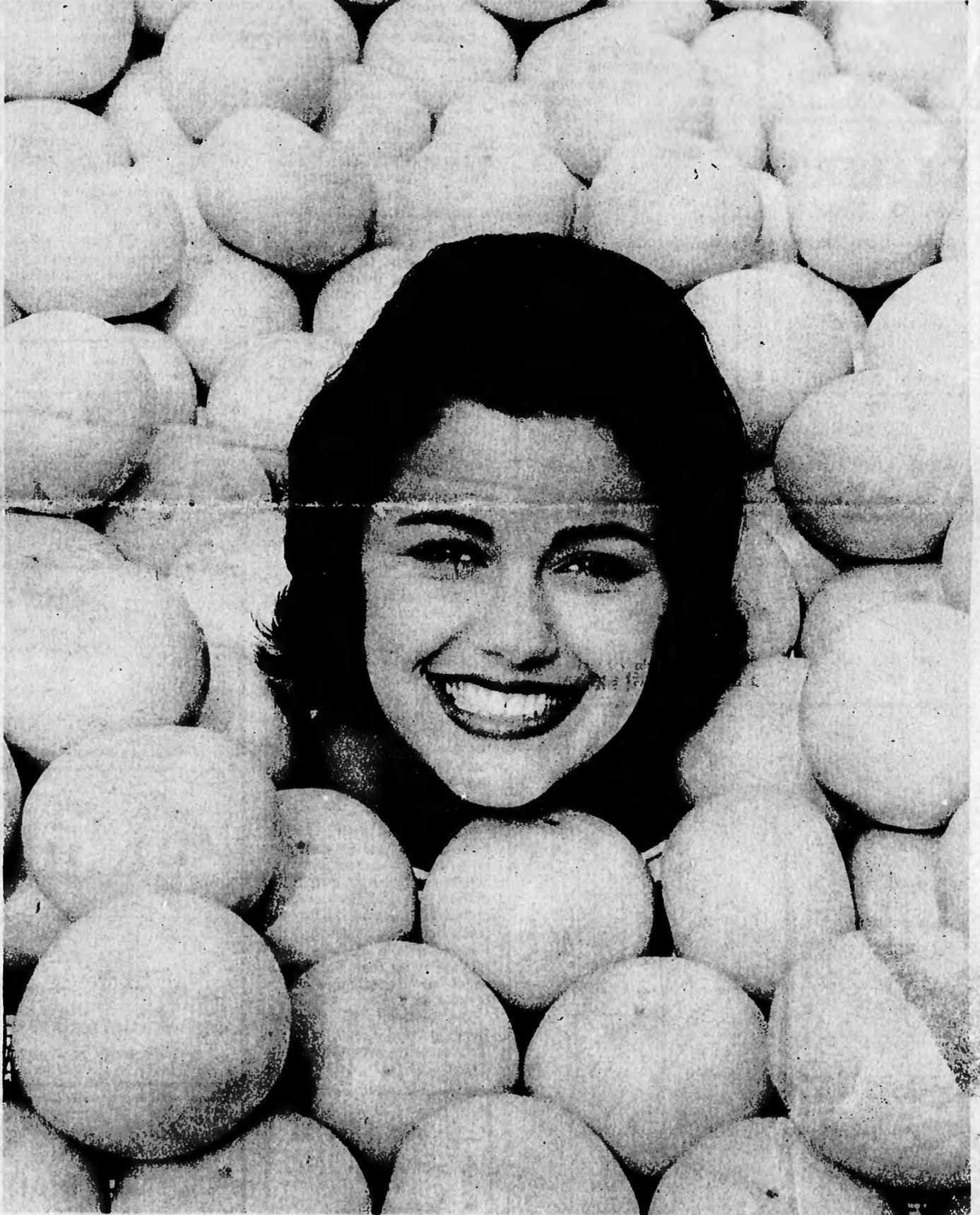
As might be expected, the guys who put on the most airs, and tripped the light fantastic incessantly with the prettiest gals on the floor, never did put any nickels in the juke box.

They had their routine timed perfectly. As soon as a record started, they would sweep into a spot near the music. Then, as the song went into its final chorus, they would sweep away to the other end of the floor.

They, of course, were the same jerks who constantly bummed cigarettes from other youths, at the beach and on the Elks Temple corner. You knew what was coming as soon as they put in an appearance.

The smart thing to do was to have a pack with just one cigarette in it, and a second pack hidden in another pocket. Not even a tightwad had the nerve to burn your last smoke,

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SURROUNDED—Last week when we front paged a photo of New Bern's first Cypress Gardens Aqua Maid, Betty Bland, we mentioned Janice Shapou as one of four other local Aqua Maids who gave our

town tremendous publicity quite some years ago. Today we offer this picture of Janice, sent around the world by the Florida Development Commission to promote the Sunshine State's famed oranges.