



The NEW BERN

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Yesterday was when sadness hung over every house in our town, because efforts to rescue a Kentucky miner named Floyd Collins had failed. The dramatic story circled the world, and inspired a tearful song that was an all-time hit.

In the old days, any ballad that made folks weep usually brought on heavy sheet music, record, and piano-roll sales. You're no longer young if you remember "In the Baggage Coach Ahead" and "The Letter Edged In Black."

Yesterday was when nobody dreamed the lowly soybean would become this nation's single most valuable export. Last year, 440 million bushels, worth \$1.5 billion, went abroad.

The bushel figure for 1973 is apt to reach 525 million. Three-fourths of the world's supply is grown in the United States. Last June, future prices on the Chicago commodity market climbed to \$13 a bushel, compared with \$4 in January.

Yesterday was when Mickey Mouse, now 50, hadn't been born. New Bernians had an animal character to chuckle over, however. When they got their Sunday newspaper, they reached for the funnies to see what Krazy Kat was up to.

Yesterday was when the town offered no more fascinating place for a kid to visit than a blacksmith shop. Frank Shriner, perhaps the best known anvil pounder in these parts, played to his juvenile audience at Union Point.

Shriner, as we recall, wasn't as heavy set as the "mighty man" that Longfellow immortalized as the Village Blacksmith, but he too had arms that were impressively muscular, and "sinews as strong as iron bands."

Yesterday was when spring in New Bern was made even more glorious by the presence of blue birds. They vanished from the local scene almost half a century ago, and starlings are hardly a satisfactory replacement.

Yesterday was when a Marine pilot, long before Cherry Point was established, fatally crashed during a maneuver with other service fliers at an air show here. That accounts for the Nott in our airport's name. Senator Furnifold M. Simmons of New Bern, a power in Washington for 30 years, is the other man honored.

Yesterday was when Colt L. Carter, who was one of our favorite New Bernians, took us to a place not too far out of town where he kept several goats as pets. They were somewhere in the woods when we got there.

He called one of them by name, and just that goat came trotting up to him. Then he called to the others, individually, and they came out in the order that they were summoned. It convinced this editor that goats ain't dumb.

Yesterday was when Fourth of July always unleashed a stampede at Leon Cohen's store on Middle Street. Crowds milled around the front door, pushing



AUTUMN COMES TO CAPE LOOKOUT.