

Through
THE
Looking
Glass

The NEW BERN

MIRROR

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Take heed, Yankee tourists who read this today, forget about Florida, instead you might stay for a brisk vacation in North Carolina, like the song writers say there's just nothing finer.

Miami and Palm Beach, well, they're all right, but so are our pine trees, soft whispering at night. And though press agents shout about St. Augustine, if it's history you want you can pause on our scene. Delve in the past, see buildings quite old, hear stories of pirates, swash-buckling and bold.

Sure, visit awhile, forget about blizzards, eat Southern fried chicken, including the gizzards. And try, while you're at it, some collards cooked right, seasoned with hog meat, enjoy every bite.

We'll have to admit that they don't smell so hot, when they're steaming away in a great big pot, but, brother, you'll find when they're served on your plate that greens can be good, and you'll sure eat a bate.

A moon down at Key West is lovely, folks say, but the moon on our Neuse and our Trent is okay. Romance is lurking in each sparkling beam, youngsters claim it, oldesters can dream.

So just save your gas, don't head for Miami, don't long for the trail that they call Tamiami. Don't scamper to Tampa, or sigh for Key West, if you're seeking a haven for pleasant rest, we'll fix you right up, though you're puny and pale, and make you forget about Fort Lauderdale.

Stick around, get acquainted, there's nothing finer than the pleasures abounding in North Carolina.

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Yesterday was when New Bernians flocked to the movies to see a little girl who in her era was as adored as Shirley Temple. Honest injun, how many of you oldsters recall her namd. Baby Marie Osborne?

Yesterday was when Bertha Dixon, down at the Trent river bridge sold scads of boiled crabs at her shoreline shanty. They were spread out on a table covered with newspapers. The crabs were covered too, with flies.

Yesterday was when the tallest tales in town were told by cronies of Shorty Kafer, who gathered after hours in the rear of the family's bakery on Broad Street. Most of the ring leaders are no longer among the living.

Yesterday was when one thing a kid could always count on finding in his Christmas stocking were raisins still on the stems. And you could tell which lads had blabbered to their parents the truth about Santa Claus. Mostly they got clothes instead of toys, as a reward for worldly wisdom.

Yesterday was when Herman Stocks, who walked a night watchman's beat for merchants on Middle Street, reported to New Bern's police department

