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Every time Sam Branch goes upstairs to the stock room and repair department of his new Pollock street location, the local dealer in office supplies will be right in the middle of a lot of hallowed memories.

That's because the second floor of his establishment embraces Stanley Hall, where many a wildly exciting basketball game and any number of gala shindigs were reeled off in days of yore.

In recent years the spot had lost its glamor, and served chiefly as a meeting place for this or that lodge. No longer was it used for ball games after the National Guard Armory became available, and now with a modern high school gymnasium handy its limitations are emphasized all the more.

Yet, Stanley Hall, for all of its size limitations, achieved a history that will be hard to duplicate. It was there that Les Brown and his band of renown—now internationally famous—played one of its first dances.

Brown, a student at Duke, as were the other boys in his orchestra, came down to New Bern and furnished music for the Zulus Cotillion club's script dance of that particular month. Compared with the thousands of dollars he makes now, what he got for playing here was mere chicken feed.

Another famous bandleader, Johnnie Long, likewise performed at Stanley Hall in his early days for the same Zulus Cotillion club, and was happy to get the chance.

Long hails from Charlotte, if we remember rightly, and was one of those rarest of all musicians, a lefthanded fiddler. Both Les and Johnnie went over big in their Stanley Hall appearances, as did Hod Williams, a seasoned bandleader who sang his theme song—"Memories of You"—in a stirring tenor manner that made the gals drool and their escorts turn green with envy.

As for the basketball games staged at Stanley Hall, one that deserves remembrance is the occasion when 'Tugboat Annie Laughinghouse, now Mrs. Leland Mason, scored 37 points against Goldsboro for an all-time Northeastern Con- (Continued on back page)

Smith Announces

Walter J. Smith, who served five years as alderman from the Fifth Ward before bowing out temporarily from the local political scene, is girded for action again.

Late Thursday he announced that he was filing as an opponent for Craven County's present Clerk of the Court, William B. Flanner, in the approaching Primary.

An active member of Riverside Methodist Church, a Mason and erstwhile Scout leader, Smith is married and the father of two children.

In announcing, he said his only aim, if elected Clerk of the Court, will be to discharge the duties capably and efficiently, and to accord any and all persons who have reason to visit the office the courtesy to which they are entitled.

Political observers, aware of Smith's reputation as a vigorous campaigner of undenied popularity, are predicting a nip and tuck race between Flanner and his newly-announced challenger.

Flanner's last opponent for the office was former Recorder Court Judge Laurence Lancaster of Vanceboro. Flanner won, with votes to spare.



ROTARY LENDS ITS HELPING HAND—It won't be long now before happy scenes like this one will be in evidence on the Pamlico river near Washington. New Bern's Rotary Club, spearheaded by Coit L. Carter, does its bit annually to finance a camp for crippled children. They have supported the project for years, and also are responsible for the monthly clinics held at Craven Coun-

ty Health Center by Dr. Walter Hunt, Raleigh orthopedist. The summer camp for handicapped children was founded by Miss Lilly Fentress of Pamlico County, and is set up, supervised and managed by the Crippled Children's Division of the State Board of Health. Miss Fentress is a member of the State staff.

Ray Of Hope Characterizes Local Cancer Fund Campaign

Despair is playing no part in Craven county's 1958 Cancer Crusade, as the drive for funds to assure further research gathers momentum.

How could you expect anything but faith and hope and courage around campaign headquarters from various leaders who are themselves living proof that cancer can indeed be conquered, and its victims restored to healthy usefulness in the community?

In picking Burke Taylor to serve as chairman for this year's drive, folks hereabouts made the ideal choice. Whatever the cause in New Bern, he has devoted his time, his energy and his money toward making it a success.

Few business men anywhere have gone all out as Burke invariably does to make his town a better place in which to live. Some of his deeds are fairly well known, but there are countless others that have never been publicized.

In one field alone, the promotion of the interests of New Bern High school's student body, he has been a wonderful benefactor for years and years. Teenagers, well aware of his generosity and understanding, regard him with an affection that is as flattering as it is richly deserved.

Taylor, for any drive, can be counted on to the fullest. He is one man who needs no inspiration, but inspiring to others if not to him is the fact that he himself was a temporary victim of cancer, and wants to help others as he has been helped.

Of particular concern to Burke is the current frequency of cancer among children. Kids have always been close to his heart, and the sad fact that many of them are dying needlessly from the disease is a matter he wants to impress upon all New Bernians and citizens of Craven county.

Mrs. Frank Wade, executive sec-

retary of the Craven county branch of the American Cancer Society, has good reason, like Burke, to push for the success of the 1958 drive and all future drives.

Although fortunate enough not to have the disease, she found it necessary to have a throat tumor removed, and underwent therapy to guard against the possibility of cancer.

"I realize," she says, "that there are those who would prefer not to have their identification with the disease publicized, and I can appreciate their point of view. However, if publicity will save the lives of others by bringing about early diag-

Can't Look To Leap If A Car Is Near

Horace Ellington has two reasons for taking things slow at the busy corner of Broad and Middle streets, when he is walking home from his concession stand in the lobby of the New Bern post office.

First reason is the fact that he is blind, and can't dodge automobiles like other folks who take their lives in their hands and barge across the cluttered thoroughfare.

Second reason is his vivid recollection of the time a lady pedestrian, just in front of him at this selfsame spot, got clobbered by a motorist who was in too big a hurry to give any pedestrian the consideration deserved.

"I didn't see it happen," says Horace, "but I heard the car when it hit her, and I heard the thud when her body hit the street right at my feet."

So, if you should happen to get a glimpse of Ellington, pausing uncertainly at the intersection on a late afternoon, you might help him across. He's bound to appreciate it, and so would you under the circumstances.

nosis and treatment, I'm all for it." Joyce, in her unselfish attitude and her compassion for other mortals, is reflecting the viewpoint of national leaders in the American Cancer Society. Some of America's most famous men and women haven't hesitated to reveal publicly the fact that they have been subjected to cancer, knowing that as disciples of research, diagnosis and treatment they are serving mankind and speeding the day when the disease will be minimized if not eliminated by the miracles of science and medicine.

Most dramatic of all cancer stories hereabouts is the one that involves Bill Pierce, City recreation director. Completely true but unpublished until this account in The Mirror, it should make all citizens stop and ponder.

Pierce, through a strange whim of Fate, was showing a film for a civic group here that was entitled, "The Traitor Within." It dealt with cancer, and in the film there was a man who had cancer develop from a mole on his arm.

By almost unbelievable coincidence, Bill happened to have a similar mole on his own arm. He was impressed by the film, if no one (Continued on Page 2)

Bonnet Might Be Tossed in a County Race

Although it may never materialize, there's an outside chance as of now that a woman will file as a candidate for Craven county commissioner before the deadline expires.

Already approached by friends and urged to run, she hasn't been thoroughly sold on the idea yet. A civic leader with many outstanding accomplishments to her credit, the lady on the fence would garner at least a fair share of the votes if she saw fit to toss her bonnet into the ring.

As a matter of fact, a victory for her might easily bob up when the tallies are totaled on election night. Biggest stumbling block in the party's potential candidacy is the fact that she is already up to her ears in worthy projects, and doesn't feel that she can find time to take on additional obligations.

Should she make the race, it hardly seems likely that she would encounter a sizable segment of voters opposed to women holding public offices. Being feminine was obviously no obstacle for Kathleen Orringer when she made her successful run for New Bern's board of aldermen a while back.

And, for that matter, Craven county already has one lady firmly entrenched in public office, its highly popular Register of Deeds, Jane Holland.

The fact that both Kathleen and Jane have filled their respective offices capably and efficiently would work to the advantage of any other woman who might enter the political arena at this time.

So, though the chances that a member of the not-so-weaker sex will run for and win a county commissioner's post are fairly remote at present, don't dismiss the possibility. It might just happen, just like that.

This Caller Just Up And Blew His Stack

Dr. Charles L. Allen, renowned minister, author and lecturer, came up with an abundance of humorous stories while in the city a few months ago for a series of services.

One of his better ones recounted the time he got fetched out of his bed in the wee small hours of the morning to answer the telephone at his Atlanta residence.

"Is this Walnut 6345?" an intoxicated voice at the other end of the line inquired. Dr. Allen, courteously and courteous always, even at three o'clock in the morning, said that no it wasn't.

"Are you sure it isn't Walnut 6345?" the drunk insisted, and again Dr. Allen replied in the negative.

Whereupon the inebriated caller blew his stack. "Good Lord, man," he exploded, "you've done answered the wrong number."

Hard to Say Which Is Worst: Easter Biddy That Lives, Or—!

The average New Bern mother would have a hard time deciding in her own mind which is worse, an Easter biddy that lives or an Easter biddy that dies.

Most of the gaily colored chicks insisted on by youngsters of fleeting fancy are no longer among the living. Scads of them expired before Easter Monday rolled around.

Those that were alive, in most instances, got scant attention from

the kids who craved them so only a short time before. Mamas, as usual, were left with the problem of tending to them, just as they are forced to take care of rabbits, parakeets, dogs, cats, or whatever else a child latches onto for a pet.

At least one lad has his biddy housed in an abandoned canary cage, and the chick is doing a lot more chirping than the canary used to do, if that proves anything.