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Old timers who are put out to pasture by the whims and uncertainties of show business are, almost without exception, a trifle on the quaint side.

Harry Foote came within that category. Many moons have passed since his last earthly curtain call, yet in retrospect the things he did and the things he said are as delightfully humorous today as they were way back when.

Join us on this April morning, and we'll step across the Looking Glass threshold for a few of our better recollections. It would take a whole book to really tell all the yarns associated with Harry, so we'll settle for only the brightest gems.

During his heyday, he worked with New York's fabulous Hippodrome, where the entertainment served up was as varied as it was spectacular. Somehow or other, he landed in New Bern several decades ago, and decided to make it his home.

His three children grew up and went to school here, while his lovable wife gained a reputation as the grandest cake baker in town. When somebody wanted a cake that was a cake, Mrs. Foote got the order and created a masterpiece.

Getting back to Harry, he gained quick notice in the community through his expert production and direction of "H.M.S. Pinafore" and, as we recall, "Midsummer Night's Dream." The annual Elks Minstrels at the Athens Theatre prospered too under his talented guidance.

But aside from footlights and grease paint, the easy-shuffling showman was a colorful character in private life. We use the word private advisedly, since Harry never tried to cover up his failings or his faults. Those who took it upon themselves to poke fun at him always had to wait in line. Harry, usually with tongue in cheek, claimed the first poke for his very own.

No one got more fun telling the Lyle Smith incident than Foote. It so happened that Lyle, operator of the Smoke Shop, had a pet bulldog. One morning he asked Harry to step over to Everhart's Market and get the dog a bone.

Lester handed over a nice big bone with considerable meat attached, all for free. Dutifully, Foote delivered it to Lyle, but on the way back to the Smoke Shop he got to thinking that bones of such quality could best be utilized in a pot of home-made soup.

From that day on, Harry visited Lester's market regularly to pick up similar bones for Lyle's dog. The hand outs came to an end when Lester met Lyle on the street and inquired as to his dog's health.

"Hadden't you heard?" Smith asked. "He died two months ago." Foote hadn't heard either. Not until he showed up that very morning for another bone.

Then there was the time that Ad Warren, the State's heavyweight boxing champion, met Pete Angeles, a phoney who claimed to be Italy's champ, in a match at Kafer Park. Two blows were passed. Ad hit Pete and Pete hit the canvas in a state of chilled slumber.

Harry, watching from a tree in Cedar Grove cemetery, squawked to high heaven. "Imagine ruining your only suit to see a crummy deal like that," he moaned.

The prize gem, however, came when the retired showman, who hadn't worked in nigh onto 20 years, went to Duke hospital for a check up. Specialists scrutinized him to a fare-thee-well, frowned, conferred and told Harry they had bad news for him. "You'll have to stop work and take things easy," they warned him.

The weakest spot in every man is where he thinks himself to be the wisest.—Emmons.



A LOTTA LADIES—If the Stork that delivered younguns to Mrs. David A. Moore and the late Mr. Moore at their farm home near New Bern had been partial to boys, they would have had a baseball team. Instead he brought them nothing but girls. Ma Moore has no regrets. She smiles happily as she proudly poses with the nine daughters in this unique Mirror photo. Lined up in order

behind Mrs. Moore are Mrs. Henry Smith, Jr., Mrs. Larry E. Warrington, and Mrs. Earl Peterson, all of New Bern; Mrs. Hugh Briley of Greenville; Mrs. James S. Nobles of New Bern; Mrs. Jack Rardon of Arlington, Va.; Miss Kathleen Moore of Wilson; Mrs. Edward Z. Mabry of Greenville, and Mrs. Harvey A. Wilkinson of New Bern.

Boiling Pot Is Creating Choice Stew

Anything can happen in this year's county elections. That's the evaluation of seasoned political observers as they look over an array of veteran campaigners and eager-beaver newcomers.

Fur will fly, they say, in the wholesale scramble for upper berths on the County Commissioners special, while Elbert Mallard's late entry into the race for Clerk of Court makes even more unpredictable an already unpredictable battle between the incumbent, Will Flanner, and his initial adversary, Walter J. Smith.

With Arthur Dail out of the picture and all of the other commissioners very much in it, the free-for-all fight is on. C. D. Lancaster, now serving, is in a three-way battle with Joe D. Williams and Guy Boyd for two available seats.

Walter J. Wynne will get real competition from Dexter Williams, who surprised everybody a few years back by giving the late Commissioner Tom Haywood a maximum of opposition.

Ed Ipock is out beating the bushes to protect his place among the commissioners from an all-out onslaught engineered by Johnnie E. Daugherty. Chairman George Ipock has a pair of challengers to worry about—Dewey Jordan and Grover C. Lancaster, Jr.

With State Senator John C. Dawson on his way to retirement, his colleague, Judge Luther Hamilton, is in no position to take things easy. Facing him and ready for action is New Bern's own Jimmy Simpkins, Clyde Sabiston of Jacksonville, Darris Koonce of Trenton and J. L. Kallam of Route 1, Kinston.

Craven county's representative in the General Assembly, Sam Whitehurst, is opposed by C. W. Fields. The large turn out of candidates for the board of county commissioners climaxed persistent rumors over an extended period that a move was on to get new faces into this particular branch of the county government. Many names were mentioned as potential candidates, and the possibility of a feminine candidate loomed right up to the filing deadline.

Although a major shakeup would appear to be considerably less than a foregone conclusion, local politicians are not scoffing at the possibility. They know, many of them from sad personal experience, that no election is a sure thing until the last vote has been counted.

It seems reasonable to assume that the present commissioners will endeavor to present a united front in furthering their respective candidacies. Each, however, has his own row to hoe, and from the standpoint of smart politics, can't devote too much time or create too much agitation in fighting somebody else's battles.

Whether Mallard's entry into the Clerk of Court race hurt Flanner's chances of re-election or weakened Smith's position is a matter too far for conjecture.

With Flanner, Smith and Mallard in the picture—all of them from New Bern—the rural vote is apt to be the determining factor. Cognizant of this, all three are hitting the trail early and often in quest of the farmer's support.

All in all, the political pot that has been simmering softly is now bubbling up into a state of steady percolation.

Compromise makes a good umbrella, but a poor roof. It is a temporary expedient, often wise in party politics, almost sure to be unwise in statesmanship.—Lowell.

Survey Shows Parents Aren't Copycats in Choosing Names

A rose by any other name would still be just as sweet. Babies born in New Bern and Craven county manage to stay sweet too, despite the wide variety of handles hung on them by proud Moms and Pops.

Some of the names are pretty, some so-so, and some shouldn't oughta be stuck on your worst enemy. Surprisingly enough, a lot of the ones that have been popular for generations now appear to be downright distasteful to 1958 name choosers.

It's hard to tell about names anyhow. Take the fellow who went to the Register of Deeds office and wanted his name changed. They said it could be changed if the reason was good enough.

"My name is Joe Stinx," he informed them, and that sounded like a mighty good reason. "What do you want your name changed to?" was the next thing on the agenda, and his answer, believe it or not, was "Charley."

But let's pass up the adults and get back to the babies. None of them are being named for famous men or women any more, and there are very few Juniors among the hundreds of heavenly bundles that have arrived since New Year's day.

Most popular name as of now is Michael, as far as New Bern and Craven county are concerned. There are 16 brand new Michaels hereabouts, not to mention little Michelle, Michele and Michele.

James has been picked 12 times, Robert and William 11 each, David 10 and Jeffrey 9. John is well down the list with 7, along with Karen, Deborah and Susan.

George M. Cohen called Mary a grand old name in his hit song of another era, but this year's Mary total is an unimpressive 6. Joyce, Linda and Charles have been selected 5 times each. Next in line with 4 each are Jerry, Lisa, Richard, Pamela and Ronald.

Included among the names with 3 each are Kathy, Paul, Kenneth, Patricia, Sharon, Russell, Shelia, Dennis, Elizabeth, Cynthia, Angela,

Betty, Alton, Carol and Donald. Rating 2 are Steven, Tony, Sandra, Willie, Teresa, Judy, Kathryn, Warren, Thomas, Anthony, Edwin, Dorothy, Frank, Carrie, Douglas, Barbara, Gary, Garry, Dana, Chris,

New Bernians Think Hodges Pulled Boner

A sample survey conducted in New Bern indicates that citizens share the popular belief that Governor Luther Hodges goofed in selecting B. Everett Jordan of Saxapahaw as the successor to the late Senator W. Kerr Scott.

Admitting that Hodges would have been criticized, no matter who was picked, the typical man in the street here still insists that Jordan was a bad choice, politically and otherwise.

Newspapers, as everybody knows, have been lashing out at the Governor. Some, such as the News and Observer, an open Scott admirer, did the expected in denouncing Jordan's selection.

Less expected was an editorial in the Greensboro Daily News that spoke none too favorably of the Hodges move. To say that the Governor was getting a generally bad press from Manteo to Murphy is no exaggeration.

Hodges could console himself with the fact that newspapers can't elect a man nor defeat him. That they influence voters to some extent is beyond question.

Meanwhile, the Governor is on a very hot seat. Whether he will be able to exchange it for a cooler and far more comfortable Senatorial seat in due time remains to be seen.

If the poor man cannot always get meat the rich man cannot always digest it.

Janet, Leslie, Reginald, Paula, Donna, Gloria, Myra, Catherine, Maurice, Carolyn, Marvin, Cathy, Martha, Laurie, Mark and Rose.

Rounding out the list are Artie, Alexander, Andrew, Anne, Andrea, April, Archie, Annabel, Adriane, Alfetta, Arthur, Bobby, Billy, Bonnie, Brenda, Aubrey, Bettie, Bonny, Clarence, Caroline, Carla, Craig, Candy, Cephus, Chynetta, Carlton, Celeste, Carman, Cedrick, Claud, Constance, Carl, Cheryl, Christine, Canadance, Charlotte, Connie, Cathleen, Clifton, Coleby, Celia, Cleanie among the first three letters of the alphabet.

Continuing, we find Doreen, Donna, Doyle, Debenece, Delores, Drusilla, Dianna, Diana, Doris, Ellenor, Ellis, Ella, Elaine, Evangeline, Elisha, Edgar, Frances, Francis, George, Gerry, Gwendolyn, Glen, Glenn, Gregory, Gerald, Hardie, Habey, Heather, Helen, Isaac, Ira, Josephine, Joanne, Judith, Jamie, Julia, Jay and Joy.

Then, there's Kurt, Kim, Kevin, Kathie, Katherine, Kermit, Kimberly, Kirk, Kirth, Lei Louise, Lynn, Lynden, Louis, Lorraine, Larry, Leisha, Lovie, Leroy, Linwood, Leonard, Mitchel, Marian, Marc, Marilyn, Margaret, Melissa, Meta, Nina, Natalie, Nyal, Oscar, Odilio, Phillip, Perry, Peggy, Patrick, and Rae.

Adding to the astounding variety are Robin, Rosalyn, Riley, Rocky, Jackie, Julie, Joseph, Jacqueline, Jean, Joan, Roger, Rhonda, Rosalind, Raymond, Ranella, Ronda, Roderick, Ruth, Sheran, Stephanie, Shally, Scott, Sharron, Stephen, Shirley, Sherri, Tammie, Tammy, Turner, Theodore, Terri, Timothy and Timmy.

Getting near the end of the trail we find Tamarra, Victoria, Vanessa, Vicky, Violet, Vernon, Virginia, Yvonne, Wheeler, Wanda, Wandra, Wynne, Wendell, Willa and Wayne.

All of which proves, if nothing else, that parents in New Bern and Craven are anything but copy cats when it comes to identifying their young'uns.