



The NEW BERN

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No seafood restaurant anywhere could have ever been more picturesque than King Watson's at the foot of Middle street.

It could hardly have qualified for a tea room, but what it lacked in dainty surroundings it more than made up for with the choicest fish, oysters, clams, shrimp and scallops that the Atlantic contained.

Back in the days when the King reigned supreme over his river-front domain, the State Board of Health didn't go around making sanitary checks on the various eating places. Had there been such germ-chasing in vogue, there probably wouldn't have been enough letters in the alphabet to reach King's lowly classification.

Yet, so far as we know, not so much as a single customer ever got cramps from cramming tainted food at Watson's esteemed establishment. Maybe folks were stronger in those days, or the germs were weaker. At any rate, health in admittedly unhealthy surroundings was as constant as the proprietor's boisterous congeniality.

King himself was a sight to behold. Rosy of cheek, with a white mustache that alternately reminded one of a self-centered rooster or a fatted walrus, his voice boomed like wind-swept waves beating upon a rock-ribbed shore.

When you darkened the door at his restaurant, you got a welcome that all but overwhelmed you. It was on the level too, and made you feel good all over. That, as much as the seafood, was the reason that landlubbers came from as far away as Carolina's Land of the Sky to partake of his luscious viands.

Drummers peddling their wares to merchants in the coast country always arranged their schedules so they could end up in New Bern for an evening meal. Eating with the King was always an extraordinary delight, but it seemed doubly delightful after darkness set in.

For one thing, Watson's robust humor appeared to have added vigor during the evening hours. His rousing laughter rattled the rafters more vehemently, and his tall tales ascended to astronomical heights. Others on the scene, inspired by his loquaciousness, spun pretty fair yarns, too.

King's sons couldn't quite match their old man in color, but they were characters in their own right. In our considered opinion, New Bern never had three brothers who were more collectively musical than Guy, Leo and Bill.

Leo's rendition of early Irving Berlin melodies—particularly "All Alone"—set an all-time high for local theaters, and the way he sang "Delaware" out at ill-fated Glenburnie Park was a memorable event.

Still, some New Bernians as well as a lot of out-of-towners credited Guy with the best voice. His notes possessed unbelievable mellowness whenever he warmed up to the occasion with a snort or two of Craven county corn. Fortunately

(Continued on back page)



WHERE'S THERE'S A WILL—Foy Keene has been living his life in wheel chairs since rheumatic fever crippled him at the age of 10. Far from bitter about his predicament, he laughs it off and earns a livelihood. Once a solicitor for magazines, he is now the

efficient dispatcher for a taxicab concern. He is an honorary member of the New Bern Fire Department, an authority on baseball, and has one of the City's keenest minds.

Historians Will Recognize Activities Of New Bern AA

What will future historians regard as New Bern's most outstanding achievement of the decade from 1950 to 1960? Assuming, of course, that this First State Capitol and the rest of the world hasn't been obliterated by atom bombs, hydrogen bombs or some other kind of bomb.

Nothing that has happened here, if you stop to think about it, even closely approaches the marvelous, inspired and heart-warming work of Alcoholics Anonymous.

Our other projects, worthy though some of them were, and still are, dwarf themselves into approximate nothingness when compared with AA. In fact, some of these self-same projects would never have yielded their full fruit without the competent leadership of erstwhile drunks.

New Bern's two chapters, more than any Protestant or Catholic church, or the Jewish Synagogue, brought men and women chained in the depths of despair and self-degradation into a new life of useful respectability.

Families have been restored to happiness, homes have been built by husbands and fathers who used to spend all they could earn, beg or borrow on intoxicants, businesses have been saved or started, and churches have gained new

members.

Inspired at the outset locally by the almost miraculous restoration of the town's most notorious and most hopeless drunk, Alcoholics Anonymous has put those who laughed at it to shame.

There have been failures, but they were in a minority. Time and time again an alcoholic who had reached rock bottom went to the little one-time chapel on upper Pollock street or the second-floor location on lower South Front.

He or she went there because at long last there was the soul-searching realization that nothing but a Greater Power could end the engulfing misery, the wasted months and years, the loss of friends, the anguish of loved ones.

There, in a rare state of temporary sobriety, the newcomer looked upon other alcoholics. They were clear of eye, alert in manner and happy in disposition. They had come a long way, and having arrived they were determined to stay in their present respectability.

It was a gathering unlike any other gathering that New Bern has ever known. The Protestant and the Catholic, apart from their respective faiths, had come to appreciate God as never before. The sociable, well educated, had found a common bond with a fellow alco-

holic who never reached high school.

They knew their weakness, and had found their strength. They were prayerful mortals, gratefully acknowledging that with God by their side they would walk alone. And, more than anyone else the town has ever had, they were missionaries-reaching out to others to assure them of the manifold blessings that they already possess-

(Continued on back page)

New Bern's Elvis Guilty Of Fowl Play

Life hasn't been the same on upper East Front street since Elvis moved into the neighborhood.

In case you haven't met Elvis, he is a devilish and amorous-acting young parrot that Jim and Betsy Blades carted down here from Yankee Land. What he lacks in Southern drawl he makes up for with a wolf whistle that would put a freshly docked sailor to shame.

Now a wolf whistle may be all right in some places, or even in most places. A world without wolf whistles would, in fact, be about as dismal as a world that didn't have somebody in it worth whistling at.

Through no fault of his own, Elvis just ended up in the wrong location. You see, the Blades home is right next door to the residence of George and Lou Ellen Slaughter, and the repercussions have been stupendous.

It isn't that George and Lou Ellen hate parrots in general and Elvis in particular. They get along well with everybody and everything, including dogs and cats. Their two sons, George and Bill, and their own dog, Aleck, are much the same way.

This wouldn't be much of a story if Lou Ellen wasn't a dress maker. An expert in her field, with such accomplishments as the uniforms of New Bern High School's majorettes to her credit, she sews for some of the City's most discriminating ladies.

These good women, when they are being fitted up, occasionally get rather close to a first floor window. This gives Elvis something better than a bird's eye view of the proceedings, and puts the lady involved well within the range of the parrot's unseemly vocalizing.

Imagine her startled reaction, when that wolf whistle disturbs her equilibrium and sends her scurrying for a trifle more raiment. It wouldn't be so bad if the young whipper snapper didn't wink at her too, when she spies him sun-

(Continued on Page 7)



There's a hint of Irish impishness about Anne Edwards, and it adds immeasurably to her stage and television performances. She had it too during her early years as a New Bern High school actress. (See Page 8 for other photo.)

NEW BERN'S

Anne Edwards Is Versatile Actress

All New Bernians can be proud of Anne Edwards, who is continuing her successful stage and television career in New York City.

Once a delightful standout in New Bern High school plays, and later starred in Carolina Playmakers' productions at the University, she appeared on Broadway with Helen Hayes in "What Every Woman Knows."

She understudied Maggie MacNamara in "The Moon Is Blue,"

played in a road company of "Voice of The Turtle" and has made numerous television appearances on such programs as Robert Montgomery Presents, The U. S. Steel Hour, Armstrong Circle Theater, Kraft, Philco and Studio One.

Of Irish descent, she was starred in the title role of "Peg of My Heart" when it went on tour, played as Jackie Gleason's niece in a televised spoofing of the "\$64,000 Question" and has been utilized in

many commercials, including Oxydol.

TV Guide ran six color photos of her when she was named Star Tonight for her ABC performance in Rod Sterling's "Strength of Steel" in which she played a young Army widow.

Not content with acting, Anne has always displayed a keen interest in other aspects of show business, particularly staging and lighting.

(Continued on back page)