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(This week, in place of the usual column, the editor of The Mirror proudly presents an essay entitled Good Citizenship in the School, written by a New Bern High school student, Craig White. Her essay won third prize in a State-wide contest sponsored by Civitan.)

Good citizenship? Good citizenship in the school? That is not hard to define. Why, I see it around me every day. I see it in the little things—a student holding open a door for a teacher, a Senior track star helping a Freshman to increase his running speed so that he can make the team, a group of girls inviting a new girl to eat lunch with them, a student helping another pick up the books he has dropped, a boy telling the school dietitian that he enjoyed the lunch.

I see it in the big things—the football team praying in the locker room before a game, students following an unwritten code of no cheating in class, school elections being held without dirty politics or hard feelings, the newspaper staff voting not to have a "gossip column" in the school paper because it might hurt someone, popularity based not on looks, or clothes, or who can give the best parties, but on friendliness, integrity, and high moral standards.

I see it in the spirit behind school functions—the spirit that makes the students yell hard for their basketball team, the same spirit that keeps them from "booing" when the other team's player makes two free throws to tie up the score, the spirit that makes the Girls' Tri Hi Y get up on a cold, rainy Saturday morning to help with the Heart Fund Drive, the spirit that keeps the yearbook staff working late into the night, time after time, to make the school yearbook one the students will be proud to own.

And I see the rewards of good citizenship in the school—I see it in better student-faculty relationships; I see it in more students making the honor roll, better spirit at ball games, friendlier relationship between upper and underclassmen, more work and less arguing at club meetings, better student participation in all school functions.

I see the rewards of good citizenship in the school extending outside the limits of the school—a group of Boys' Hi Y members attending church together, a member of the Student Council refusing to "drag race" when the others try to goad him into doing it, a group of Seniors getting together outside of school to buy some clothes for a fellow Senior whose house burned down.

Yes, the practice of good citizenship in the school is a wonderful thing. It adds to school life what study and clubs and sports cannot add. It builds character in the individual. But it is up to the individual to build good citizenship in the school. The member of an honor club—national Honor Society, Student Council, Boys' or Girls Hi Y—should constantly strive to set good examples in scholarship and deportment. The cheerleader and the athlete should set examples of good sportsmanship for all to follow, both on the field and in the classroom. And the student who is not an acknowledged school leader should always try to be a good citizen, for quite often, the quiet, dependable worker exerts more influence on his fellow classmates than he himself realizes.

Yes, there is nothing more important today than the practice of good citizenship in the schools of our nation. There is no way of telling how far its influence may spread.

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## Death of Dogs Causes Strong Feelings Here

Park and Spencer avenues in the Ghent area have been turned into heartbreak lanes by the City's rapid-fire roundup and asphyxiation of dogs thereabouts.

Grownups are indignant, tots are sorrowful, and authorities allegedly evasive since two neighborhood pets beloved by many disappeared on the afternoon of Tuesday, April 29.

That was the ill-fated day when the town's official dog catcher reportedly picked up 10 hapless canines, hot-footed it to his miniature gas chamber and made short work of the process of extinction.

Just whose dogs fell victim to this swift slaughter is a matter for grim speculation. Lacy White says he is certain that one of the pooches was his Fritz, and Bill Wheeler is equally sure that Duke was likewise in the legion of the condemned.

White's pet was part Spitz and part Feist, while Wheeler's was a fox terrier. Each, beyond the affection of its owner, was popular as a playmate for neighboring children.

"I wasn't at home when it happened," says Lacy. "I missed my dog and he has never been found. Until then he had never been away from home. I've talked to Captain Robinson (then Acting Chief of Police) and other policemen, and they promised to investigate, but I got no satisfaction. If anybody knows anything, they're not talking."

Bill, when interviewed about the loss of his pet, said that he too was away from home, but that neighbors saw Duke get picked up. By the time White and Wheeler got to the dog pound, it was all over. "They were killed at 4 o'clock Tuesday afternoon," says Bill.

White insists that Fritz was wearing a collar with his tag attached. Wheeler said Duke had a copper wire about his neck, to which his tag had been fastened.

As can well be imagined, neither man is in a mood to shrug the occurrence off. "One of my neighbors

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Looks Like Orioles

## Robbie Expected To Cost \$45,000

New Bern's, and all North Carolina's young man of the century, Robbie Kennel, has decided to accept a flattering major league contract.

All things equal, Robbie's choice will be the Baltimore Orioles. Our guess is he will get \$45,000, or thereabouts, for signing, and go to Knoxville, a Baltimore farm club. Heavy bidding from other major league clubs might upset The Mirror's prediction, but we doubt it.

At least four clubs had hopes of landing the State College catcher, including the Baltimore Orioles, the New York Yankees, the Phillies, and Kansas City.

Every ivory hunter in the game, according to the frank admission of one big league scout, had Robbie in their scouting book as America's best college receiver.

This is no revelation to fans who have seen him on the diamond, nor to the seasoned experts who picked him as the top college catcher in the entire South when he was only a sophomore.

As far back as his high school days here, when he captained the baseball, football and basketball teams, young Kennel had more ability and far more savvy than the average collegian working behind the plate.

It was no easy decision for Robbie to make, this business of a professional career in sports, although baseball has always been his first love since he could toddle, and a catching job in the Big Leagues was his life-long dream.

As conscientious as he is brilliant, the amazing youngster spent some

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## New Bernians Shun Worship At Night Hour

How can you get folks to go to church on Sunday night? If you've got a satisfactory solution, pass it along to New Bern ministers, who for the most part preach to empty pews each Sabbath when the evening worship hour rolls around.

Much of the blame is placed on television, with its array of appealing Sunday night programs. Yet, even before TV arrived, church members stayed away from night services in droves.

There can be no denying that television has taken its toll, especially during the height of Ed Sullivan's now waning popularity. And of course many another distracting factor figures in the mass indifference of our times.

Generally speaking, the local churches have an attendance at morning services that ranges from fair to good to excellent. Seldom is it poor, except during summer months when residents are out of town vacationing.

But those evening services are downright pathetic, regardless of the season. People usually arrange to do what they really want to do, so it is quite obvious that the great majority, for reasons satisfactory to themselves, just don't care for evening worship at the church of their choice.

One possible stimulant could be an exchange of preachers. Let the pastor of Centenary Methodist preach at the First Baptist church while the pastor of the First Baptist church preached at Centenary.

All churches could participate in this exchange plan. If nothing else, folks of every denomination would get to hear New Bern ministers preach that they had never heard before.

And, out of courtesy for the visiting parson, they might show up in larger numbers.

## School Kids Love Firemen's Museum

Hundreds of school children from miles around have been flocking to the Firemen's Museum during recent days.

Today, for example, pupils from Vanceboro will be over for a morning visit, and will then continue eastward to historic Fort Macon.

Ordinarily the museum isn't open until early afternoon, but the museum chairman, Roy Tucker, sees to it that exceptions are made for interested pupils.



**VIOLENT BEAUTY**—Theodor Baxter's camera caught the majestic sweep of Dame Nature's handiwork in this view of a thunderhead high above the placid waters of the sun-speckled Neuse. If it looks like a work of art to you, you're a discerning critic. In fact, the current issue of Modern Photography is carrying the awe-inspiring scene. This particular thunderhead probably extends 30,000 feet in the air, and conceivably its dangerous down draft could range as high as 350 miles an hour. Ice forms in the upper portion and descending ends up as hail. Rain is clearly discernible in this remarkable view. Imagine a painter's exasperation if he tried to duplicate this scene on canvas.

## Harry's Home Was Right in That Tiny Telephone Booth

Harry Elefantis took time out from his counter work at Williams Restaurant the other morning to step into the phone booth and make a mighty important call.

Dialing long distance, the 24-year-old New Bern High school graduate told the operator he wanted to talk to George and Fotini Elefantis in Karpenissi, Greece. They are his parents.

In almost no time at all they were on the phone, and clamoring to talk too were his 17-year-old sister, Bessie, and his nine-year-old sister, Helen.

It's been almost seven years since Harry left home for America, so there was a lot to talk about. In fact, the conversation ran 10½ minutes and cost Harry more than \$40.

He considered the money well spent. "My mother cried," he said afterward. "They knew I was going

to call, and all the neighbors came over. I couldn't talk to them, but they enjoyed the excitement."

Harry, like other foreigners who have made the most of their opportunities in the Land of the Free, is quite a remarkable young man. He entered the freshman class at New Bern High as soon as he arrived here, and graduated on schedule.

April a year ago he passed his citizenship requirements and is now as American as the buffalo on a nickel. A great sports enthusiast, he thinks Mickey Mantle of the New York Yankees is Super Man himself, and has been to Washington and New York to see major league baseball.

He enjoys basketball too, and invariably pulls for Carolina's Tar Heels. He all but blew his stack last year when they won the National Championship.