



The NEW BERN MIRROR

PUBLISHED WEEKLY
IN THE HEART OF
EASTERN NORTH
CAROLINA
5¢ Per Copy

VOLUME I

NEW BERN, N. C., FRIDAY, MAY 23, 1958

NUMBER 8

When death, as it must to all men, came to Mark Stevenson, it ended abruptly a life well lived. A life filled with laughter, cheerful salutations, and countless little deeds of kindness.

Even those who knew him best were startled to learn that he was nearly 70 when he died. Mark was ageless. Ageless as a babbling brook that ripples pleasantly, year in and year out. Ageless as Santa Claus, the glory of a starlit night, green-up time in early spring—ageless as the tedious devotion of a mother robin building her nest.

How old was Mark Stevenson? He wasn't old at all. Father Time staked a claim for all that was mortal, but this man's inner spirit never changed. To his dying day he was a little boy at heart. Maybe that's why everyone called him Mark. Not Mr. Stevenson, mind you, but Mark Stevenson.

Successful in business, yes, but successful more in the business of living. The fact that this congenial, wisecracking New Bernian acquired a goodly share of the world's material things is relatively unimportant.

There was wealth in this old world before he lived. There's still wealth here, years after his departure. And, if he had never been born, the wealth would have been here.

What is important is the fact that Mark smiled when he might have frowned, laughed when he might have wept, and paused to chat with others when he might have hurried on. These things weren't listed in his will. Mark had already given them away, to friends and strangers, the rich and the poor, the high and the low.

Many a New Bernian has his own special reason for remembering Mark Stevenson. For instance, the editor's wife recalls a day on Middle street when the stroller she was rolling our infant daughter—now a high school senior—in, suddenly fell apart, just like that.

Mark happened along at the moment, and took command of the situation. He gathered up the stroller, carried it into a nearby 5 and 10, and proceeded to repair it at a very convenient hardware counter.

Jo Carole, none the worse for her experience, was placed back in the stroller and her mother continued her window shopping with the usual empty purse.

As for the editor, he remembers Mark's calm, unbelievable courage at Kafer Park one night. Mark had a bad heart and he knew it. Yet, when another fan was stricken with a fatal heart attack while sitting directly in front of him, Mark kept his head. In fact, he reached inside one of his own pockets while two doctors worked over the victim, and brought forth a heart stimulant that had been prescribed for his own serious ailment.

He handed it to the doctors as calmly as one friend offers a cigarette to another. It took courage and presence of mind to do a thing like that, and Mark had both in abundance.

"Buddy", the little Negro cripple who stumbled uncertainly on New Bern's main thoroughfares, missed Mark too. Every afternoon he'd take up his vigil near the doorway of Williams Cafe, waiting for Stevenson and the late Dr. Harvey Wadsworth to come by for their inevitable cup of coffee.

They always stopped for a chat with "Buddy" and when they left him with a cheery goodbye, there were bright coins glistening in the palm of his small black hand.

Like all men, he had his faults, no doubt. But, a man of recognized social position, he detested snobishness and so-called codfish aristocracy. Maybe his folks came over on the Mayflower, but Mark would

(Continued on Page 2)



TOPS IN THEIR CLASS—Pictured here are the superlatives chosen by New Bern High School's Seniors. First row, left to right, we find Mary Ann Barger, most studious; Jim McKinnon, best personality; Robert Osgood, most studious; Annette Smith, most talented; John Tuck Jones, most dependable. Second row, Virginia Barfield, wittiest; Ann Hodge, most athletic; Jo Carole McDaniel, most versatile; Anna Cartner, neatest; Mary Frances Ramsey, best looking; Dickie Quick, best

looking; Jimmy Hicks, most talented. Third row, Tommy Hughes, most likely to succeed; Miriam Duncan, most likely to succeed; Charlotte Kennel, best personality; Jay Allen, neatest; Roger Toler, most dependable; Charles Davis, most versatile; Bobby Nelson, wittiest. Superlatives not in photo are Velma Williams, most dependable and Jean Earl Worthington, most athletic.—Photo by John R. Baxter, Jr.

New Bern High School Senior Class Ready for Graduation

A dozen years of hard work and pleasant extra-curricular activity have dwindled down to a matter of days now, as New Bern High School's Senior class of 1958 readies itself for the traditional caps and gowns.

Sunday night brings the annual Baccalaureate sermon, delivered in the spacious but crowded High School Auditorium by Dr. William H. Cartwright of Duke University.

Following an organ prelude and the Processional, the Rev. Glenn L. Barger, pastor of St. Andrews Lutheran Church, will ask the invocation. The hymn, "God of Our Fathers" will be sung by the congregation, and the High School a capella choir will present an anthem "I'll Walk With God."

Rev. Charles E. Williams, rector of Christ Episcopal Church, is to read the scripture, and immediately prior to the sermon the congregation will sing "Oh Master Let Me Walk With Thee."

Following the sermon, the Rev. Williams will give the benediction and the Recessional will conclude the service.

Wednesday night's Commencement exercises at the Auditorium will ring down the curtain on one of the most successful years in local scholastic history. Playing a major part in that success has been a Senior class that, measured by any standard, must be regarded as exceptional.

Included in the graduating class are:

Sylvia Faye Adams, Stella Elizabeth Allen, Sue Mallard Allen, Anne Pace Arsmstrong, Virginia Lee Barfield, Mary Ann Barger, Betsy Ann Belangia, Hazel Marie Belangia, Mary Diane Berry, Gladys Sessoms Blanford, Edythe Lois Bodenheimer, Eleanor Diane Brinson, Minnie Elaine Brinson, Lois Faye Buckner, Ellen Jordan Bunch, Gladys Olivia Burnham.

Anna Lee Cartner, Anne Elizabeth Chagaris, Rosa Jean Chance, Judith Ganelle Coburn, Margaret Louise Davis, Nancy Jane DeBruhl, Miriam Elizabeth Duncan, Alice Faye Dunn, Ruby Mae Eborn, Leona Marie Eborn, Elizabeth Reid Ferebee, Cynthia Lee Freeman,

Mildred Durlene French, Raylene Gabel, Glenda Fay Games.

Kay Collier Davis, Marie Gillen, Martha Mayo Gillikin, Sonja Godwin, Ramona Griffin, Shirley Elizabeth Hall, Phyllis Marie Hansen, Sarah Elizabeth Hansen, Laura Hardison, Kay Heath, Ann Hodge, Jean Carolyn Hudson, Phyllis Hughes, Alice Catherine Ipock, Lorraine Jackson, Alice Franklin

Johnson, Charlotte Ella Kennel, Linda Ann Kornegay, Ann Carolyn Lane, Betty Lou Laughinghouse, Mollie Davis McCotter.

Jo Carole McDaniel, Janice Ina Messer, Marilyn Ann Mills, Edith Virginia Moore, Linda Patricia Morton, Nancy Burke O'Neal, Ethel Loretta Owens, Betty Jean Pake, George Elizabeth Parrott, Carolyn

(Continued on back page)



INTERESTING VISITOR—Rachel Shore, left, who recently attended the North Carolina Jewish Conventions in New Bern, has just moved to this country from her native Israeli. She is living with her sister, Mrs. Zhavia Freedman, in Wilmington, seen with her in this Mirror photo. We were surprised to learn from Rachel that the Holy Land's teenagers have gone wild over Rock and Roll and indulge in jukebox sessions like our own. In fact, she says American movies have familiarized Israelis with our way of life, and many of our customs and habits have been adopted there.—Photo by John R. Baxter.

Friendliness Pays Off for Capt. Daniel

Captain Louis Daniel, Jr., a doctor attached to the 1605th U. S. Air Force hospital in the Azores, is just about as friendly as his Mom and Pop.

To show you how folks everywhere react to such friendliness, the Daniels have received two long distance calls in recent months from other servicemen who had returned to the States.

One of the callers, a Major O'Neal in Orlando, Fla., said he met young Louis while he was a patient in the Azores.

The other call came from Captain Will Kennedy in Augusta, Ga. Unlike Major O'Neal, he was a fellow doctor, but was also impressed by the Daniels' son. He too chatted at length.

Although the major and the captain have met only one Daniel face to face, they could discover on closer acquaintance that the whole family, including most especially Page and Temple, is friendly.

Louis and the Missus believe in just being yourself, without false pride, phoney dignity, or any hesitancy about talking to anybody or anything that will talk back. Their three children are that way too.

This desire to talk as long as anyone will talk back got Louis Senior in trouble as a small boy. Hearing his own voice echo for the first time, while strolling in the woods, he mistook the sound as

When rescuers found him, hours later, he was lying on the ground, too weak to move, but he was still hollering back.

Music Hath Charms, to Soothe the...

One of the better stories around town this week concerns a disc jockey at one of the local radio stations.

It seems the platter twirler in question opened up the station as usual, and started blaring out the sort of music that is supposed to make folks rise and shine in unison with the early morning sun.

At the conclusion of a particularly noisy record, the disc continued turning, broadcasting scratchy nothingness to the comparatively few listeners who were up and about.

For a full forty minutes, according to the story, the scratchy lull in music continued. Finally a cop cruised out to the station to see if the announcer had been murdered or something.

There, undisturbed by a madly ringing telephone and the monotonous scratching of the record, he found the disc jockey sweetly slumbering.

Craven County Is Among the Largest

Craven county, with its land area of 725 square miles, ranks 14th among the counties in the State.

Sampson, with 963 square miles, heads the list, followed by Robeson with 944, Columbus with 939, Bladen with 879, Brunswick with 873, Wake with 866, Pender with 857, Beaufort with 831, Duplin with 822, Randolph with 801, Johnston with 795, Wilkes with 765 and Onslow with 756.

Among our neighboring counties, other than eighth ranked Beaufort and tenth ranked Onslow, Pitt has 656 square miles, Carteret 532, Lenoir 391, and Pamlico 341.