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In every town there ought to be a local Hall of Fae, where so-called unimportant folks could have inscribed their name.

For instance, Albert Crabtree is a man we won't forget, the many joys he brought to us are pleasant memories yet. We kids all dubbed him "Crabby", but he never was that way. In fact, with youngsters hovering 'round, you'd always find him gay.

As generous as the morning sun that shines on everything, this little man with legs quite bowed was like a breath of Spring. We're sure no one will ever know, there's no one who could measure the hours and dollars that he spent for other people's pleasure.

Many's the time he knocked off work, and closed his little joint, to slave at fixing up the club we had at Union Point. He built a dock and put up swings, and what a diving board. Yes, Crabby shelled out money that he had a chance to hoard.

A new suit never crossed his mind, he stuck to cover-alls, he passed up swank occasions and evaded social calls. He gave his heart to boys and girls, they came down by the score to get the recreation that they never had before.

Those boys and girls are grown-ups now, and scattered everywhere. Some of the gang have even died on battlefields out there. But scattered though we know they are, we hope each grown-up kid remembers all the kindly things that good old Crabby did.

These are the rhyming lines, written years before, that we read at Albert Crabtree's funeral. The lines fitted him, just like the simple epitaph on his modest gravestone that reads "He lived his life for boyhood."

Not only boys but girls as well were blessed by the great generosity of this grand little man. We thought of him particularly during the recent Father's Day because he was a second father to every kid he knew.

To us, Crabby was Santa Claus without the red suit, white whiskers and reindeer. A bachelor, he nevertheless had the biggest adopted family in town, and did more for New Bern youngsters than any man of his era.

His gang—not to be confused with present-day punks who lean toward lawlessness—had its unplanned inception in Crabby's tiny machine shop. Kids dropped by to watch him work, in much the same manner that kids once watched Longfellow's Village Blacksmith.

Crabby was kind to them, and they returned again and again. He shared their joys and sorrows, forgave them for their pranks, and gave them advice when they asked for it.

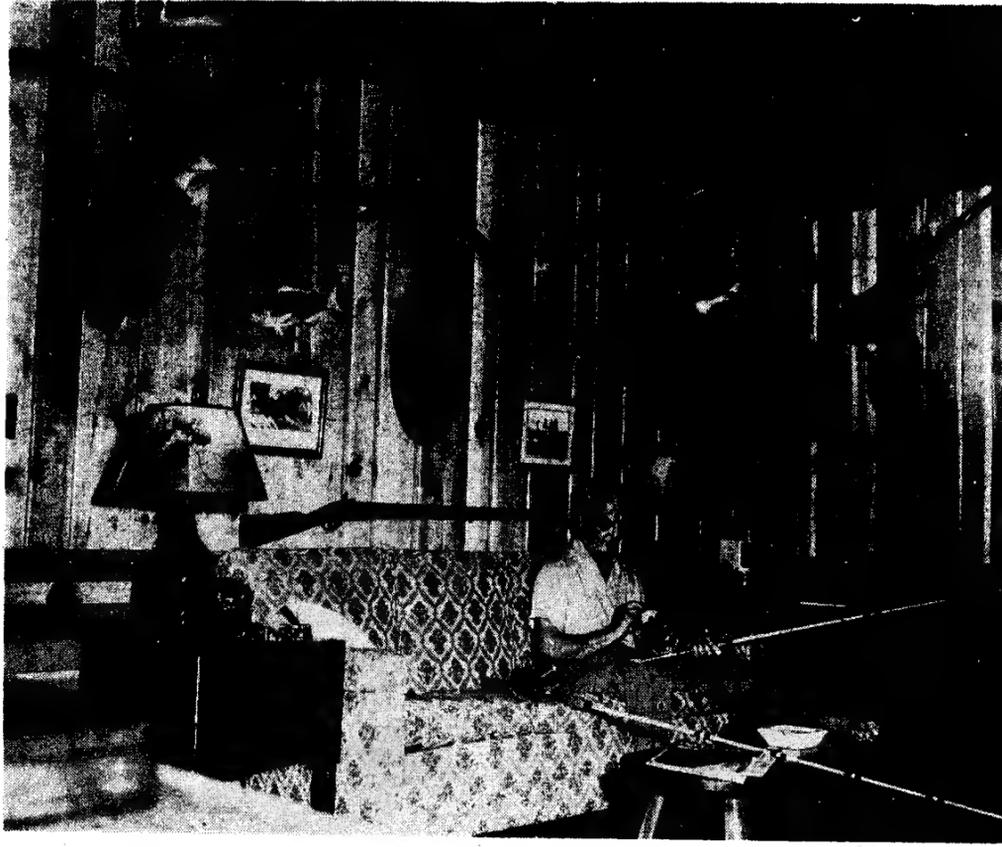
Included among others in the original gang were Shoot Hall, Tom Davis, Buzz Mitchell, the Patterson brothers—Harry, Bill and Robert—Reid Fuller, Bill Gwaltney, Earl Harper and The Mirror's editor.

In due time there were still more, including a contingent of girls headed by Sarah Meadows. The little machine shop, located on the Meadows property at the foot of South Front street, was only a short distance from an abandoned riverfront warehouse.

That's the spot he fixed up at his own expense for a recreation room. It was turned over to the kids for their exclusive enjoyment. Their dogs were charter members of the Union Point club, too—dogs like the Patterson airdale, Rusty, and Reid Fuller's Peggy.

A wonderful man was Crabby—a wonderful man indeed.

Politicians can offer lame excuses, but it doesn't take an alert public long to catch up with the cripple.



WELL ARMED—For a gentle, peace loving man, Joe Anderson Sr. keeps plenty of guns in the den of his attractive home on Trent Boulevard. Actually, they're prized relics that any museum would be happy to latch onto. Most of his marvelous collection of ancient weapons is on display at his drug

store, located at the corner of Broad and Fleet streets, along with a "torture chair" that dates to way back when. Aside from being an excellent druggist and widely known sportsman, Anderson is a real authority on historic firearms.

Local Men Have Turned Sad Sacks Over New Sack Styles

Many a corny joke has been cracked around town about sack dresses, but do New Bern males really dislike them?

Knowing that all men of approximate health take notice of the opposite sex, we picked 50 at random, got them off to one side and popped the question.

Just to make certain that there would be no hedging on this subject of draped shapes, we promised to keep their identity a deep dark secret. No two men were questioned together.

Some of the guys were tall and skinny, some short and fat, some young and some old. All of them had very definite opinions, especially when we told them that what they had to say was strictly confidential.

Not one of the 50 displayed enthusiasm for the droopy dresses now in vogue. Six of the 50 shrugged their shoulders, and said they

reckoned they could stand the things if that's what the gals wanted. The remaining 44 voiced a hearty dislike.

As one man put it, "A woman with a nice figure is a fool to hide it under all that drapery. If she doesn't have a nice figure, nobody's going to take that second look anyhow, regardless of what she wears."

Another proud judge of feminine pulchritude said he figured that wrapping up adequate and attrac-

tive dimensions in a sack was just as bad as giving somebody an orchid or a rose that is crammed into an oversize paper bag. The quality is there, but the wrappings spoil everything.

One guy came up with a reasonable answer. "Women don't buy dresses to impress men," he insisted. "They want to impress other women at teas and other social gatherings. A woman would rather be stranded a million miles from nowhere than show up at a party out of style."

The men we questioned were husbands, so as an after thought we asked each of them if his own wife had gone sack happy. In every instance we got a sad affirmative response.

Safety Award Gets Launderers' Award

George Burnette, down at Brady's, takes pride in the laundry and dry cleaning he turns out.

But he is even prouder at the moment of the 1957 Safety Award that his plant has received from the North Carolina Department of Labor.

North Carolina's association of launderers is proud of it too, and has presented him an award for getting the award.

Playgrounds Open Over Town Monday

New Bern mothers can hardly wait for Monday, when the playgrounds of the City Recreation Department get under way with their summer program.

Strategically located all over town, they afford a good place for Junior and little Susie to use up all that energy.

Unseen Guest At Wedding Could Have...

Everybody agreed that it was a perfect wedding, when Robbie Kennel and Jean Hargett got married last Sunday afternoon at the Tabernacle Baptist church.

The organist, Althea Marshburn, played sweetly, and the vocalist, Dr. Roy Miller, was in excellent voice. Rev. K. Alvin Pitt performed his duties flawlessly and impressively, while the bride and groom were at their best.

But, as the old saying goes, there was a fly in the ointment. Except in this case the fly, for lack of ointment, flew back and forth between Robbie's nose and Jean's nose, as they stood before the altar. He never did light, and assembled guests were unaware of his presence. Robbie and Jean were very much aware of it, but managed to speak their vows without muffing a single word.

Both laughed about it later, as they stood in the receiving line at the reception.

New Bern Student PJC Valedictorian

Add the name of William Russell Blake to the list of college graduates, past and present, who have reflected credit on New Bern.

William was valedictorian of the 1958 class at Presbyterian Junior college at Maxton. Those who heard his valedictory address say it was as exceptional as the distinguished young man who delivered it.

Bobby Ballard Gets Mike Job on T.V.

Bobby Ballard of Bridgeton, who started out as a local radio announcer, is headed for a mike job with Washington's television station, WITN.

While in school at East Carolina college, he has continued his air work at a Greenville radio station. His creditable and dependable performance there is responsible for his chance in the TV field.

A Weekend Prayer

Dear Father of mankind, we realize that Thy task is an extremely difficult one—that of producing the wholeness and harmony which can mean happier living for all of Thy children. We confess with sorrow the part which we have had in complicating and hindering Thy work. How often we have refused to be whole, in body, mind or spirit! How often we have pulled apart into a camp of isolation and selfish will! We need Thy forgiveness, and through the mercy of Jesus Christ we know that we have it. May we accept this offered forgiveness with a due sense of awe and responsibility.

If we know our own hearts, Father, we want to join with Thee in the work of fashioning an honest, friendly and powerful world. Invade our hearts with Thy Spirit of Truth, that we may be rescued from the easy wrong, and transferred into persons who know Thy will and are eager to do it. Help us to say "Yes" to the clear call of the Divine. Then strengthen us as we search for the proper tools with which to answer that call. And may we not grow weary in wielding the tools. Lead us through our cooperative work to a harvest of righteousness, joy and peace. Through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

Rev. M. Elmore Turner, Pastor Broad Street Christian church

Elvis Holding Own, Despite Army Service

You don't hear much about Elvis Presley these days, now that he is serving in Uncle Sam's Army.

Don't let the lack of commotion fool you, however. An up-to-the-minute check on record sales in New Bern reveals that he is still holding his own, and then some.

Few people thought that Presley's popularity would be lasting. Fewer still thought that he would remain among the best sellers after induction into the service.

Elvis has set his critics back on their heels, and those platters of his, including a brand new one, are selling at a merry pace right on.



ON HER WAY—Can Anita Slater follow in the royal footsteps of Pat Simonds and Connie Hobby, and win the State Dairy Princess crown? Already selected as tops in Craven County and Area 9, comprising Craven, Jones, Carteret, Pamlico and Onslow, the recently graduated New Bern High school Senior is as happy as she looks here.—Mirror Photo by Wray Studio.