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5¢ Per

Passing years have done little to erase the memory of Monsignor Michael A. Irwin. Protestants and Jews, along with parishioners at St. Paul's Catholic church, knew him well as a familiar figure on the local scene.

Much of his more than half a century in the priesthood was spent in New Bern, and during those years he became part and parcel of the town. Few recalled that he was a native of Portsmouth, Va.

Everyone who knew him was aware of his great love for music. What many didn't know was that the Monsignor was an accomplished violinist, who once played in Norfolk's St. Cecelia orchestra under the direction of Anton Kerner.

A non-paid community organization, composed of 30 to 40 musicians in the Norfolk and Portsmouth area, the St. Cecelia orchestra presented numerous performances in the Old Dominion.

Father Irwin's favorite composers were Beethoven, Chopin and Mendelssohn, but his tastes were as broad as that big body of his, and his knowledge of music exceptional. He leaned strongly toward any good concerto.

He credited Father Julius at Belmont Abbey, in western North Carolina, with his basic musical training. Later at Norfolk, he studied under the great Herrnh Singherhoff, a German who was not only a famous teacher but a musician of world note.

Monsignor Irwin's happiest hour of earth came at the age of 84, when a golden jubilee celebration was held here at the time of his fiftieth anniversary in the priesthood.

At his request the observance was delayed several months to coincide with the dedication of St. Paul's handsome new auditorium. Priests from 10 states—New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Maryland, West Virginia, Virginia, Georgia, North Carolina and South Carolina—were here.

Included among high ranking Catholic leaders present for the occasion were four bishops and eight monsignors. Never before in all history, nor since, has there been such a gathering here. More than 150 priests were seated together at lunch in the spacious auditorium.

Father Julian Endler of New Bern's St. Joseph's Catholic church served as toastmaster, with the usual complimentary speeches by visiting dignitaries. Incidentally, Father Julian's twin brother, Father John Joseph, was here.

They looked exactly alike, and even close friends had extreme difficulty figuring out just who was who. There were two other brothers in the family, and they were priests also.

Solemn high mass was said by Monsignor Irwin in the auditorium that morning, in a religious ceremony that is as rare as it was impressive. Seldom indeed are there enough priests available to hold the offices for this type of mass. One of the priests participating in the ritual was a native New Bernian, Father Laurence Newman.

Although the Monsignor had a keen sense of humor, he could wither his parishioners with biting language when he considered it advisable to take them to task. No Protestant parson ever took the hide off his squirming congregation more completely than did Father Irwin when he verbally flogged his flock.

Some good Catholics complained among themselves that he kept them too long at mass. Such complaints, of course, are made by Protestant church members too, when they are forced to linger in their sanctuaries.

However, the Monsignor was just what he was, and nobody could have changed him. We'll remember (Continued on back page)



SEEING IS BELIEVING—You've been hearing a lot in recent days about the alligator that Heber Coward, an employee of the city, picked up in his street sweeper after Hurricane Helene departed. Coward has no idea where he got the critter. All he knows is the alligator was inside the sweeper when he emptied it. The surprise hitchhiker thought it was quite a joke, and laughed heartily while Billy Benners snapped this pose for The Mirror.

Autumn Is Always an Awful Time for Folks to Get in Jail

New Bern's law abiding citizens could hardly think of anything worse than spending the hot days of summer in jail.

It seems to be different with the criminal element. Autumn for them is the awful time to be behind bars, and virtually all of the habitual lawbreakers are managing to stay free and happy at the moment.

Only a fraction of the cells at the Craven county jail are filled, and it's been that way ever since the first hint of frost. Even the number of weekend drunks has been at a minimum.

It would be nice to think that the folks who make a habit of straying from the straight and narrow are turning over a new leaf—a fall leaf so to speak. Or maybe in this harvest season they are doubly aware that what a man sows he is bound to reap.

Whatever the reason, Jailer Ed Daugherty and his assistant, Smokey Miller, have had a siege of pleasant lonesomeness. "If this keeps up, I'll be out of a job," says Daugherty, "but I'd gladly be out of a job if it meant an end to crime here."

Neither Miller nor Daugherty, nor anyone else, can explain why breaking the law runs in cycles like this. For reasons beyond the comprehension of reasonable and reasoning mortals, robberies, assaults and even murders come in bunches. As the saying goes, when

Hoop Sales Drag, Due to Saturation

Hula-hoop sales here have been tremendous, but the market is fading faster than a bargain dress after the third washing.

It isn't a case of waning popularity. The saturation point has been reached in New Bern. Everybody who wants a hoop seems to have one. That's the news from informed circles. Hula circles, that is,

it rains it pours. This just happens to be one of those fortunate dry spells, and a cloudburst could come any time now.

Boredom gets lots of New Bernians in trouble, and it's that way in the rural areas too. Apparently it's hard to get bored when autumn arrives, even though so-called nor-

Neuse and Trent Rivers Can Pour Dollars Into New Bern

more turbulent Neuse, is a likely spot.

Summer seems a long time off, but it isn't too early to start planning for a future of outstanding water events. Some of our past promotions have been fairly noteworthy, but with better organization and wider support on the local level we can really do things to attract State and national recognition.

Those 73,000 boat owners will be on the move again before you know it. When they put into port, it would be nice to have them tie up here for awhile.

No further away than Kinston there are more than 100 boat owners among the employees of the DuPont company plant. Quite a few use the Trent and Neuse here, but far too many go elsewhere.

All of them spend money on their jaunts, in varying degrees. They will spend more, as will other boat owners, when New Bern has more to offer them.

Visitors to a town invariably spend money. Raleigh is well aware of this fact, and its tourist and convention association figures conservatively that the Capital City's tourist trade is worth a million dollars annually.

Speaking of millions, the Flat Rock Playhouse in western North Carolina has been going strong each summer for 12 years, and had its millionth customer on August

mal humans who never have to face a judge are invariably melancholy during September, October and early November.

Law enforcement officers subscribe almost unanimously to the theory that the moon not only controls the ocean's tide, but impels the potential criminal to act up.

Neuse and Trent Rivers Can Pour Dollars Into New Bern

New Bern's exposed location at the junction of the Neuse and Trent has its disadvantages when hurricanes hover on the horizon, but a river city has its good points too.

There were 73,000 outboard motor boats operating in North Carolina last year, not to mention the great number of yachts large and small. With the inland waterway in close proximity, many of these boat owners can be enticed to visit us.

Whether they cruise here in their craft, or haul it here on a trailer, they'll take to the idea if this picturesque First State Capital becomes well known as a center of water sports.

Most of our thinking when tourists are contemplated is aimed at highway traffic. This is understandable, since no one would be rash enough to predict that water traffic will ever challenge the stream of automobiles that passes through our town.

But boating is big business in the Old North State and it's getting bigger every day. A high percentage of the Tar Heels who own these boats live a considerable distance from any body of water that can serve their yen to ride the waves.

Naturally they've got to head toward the coast country in many instances. New Bern, with its placid upper Trent and its slightly

Ordinarily they're amply supported in this contention by crime statistics, but we've had plenty of wonderful moonlight lately with very little misbehavior of a type that gets participants incarcerated.

All this is in sharp contrast, of course to doings on the international scene. While New Bernians addicted to thieving, violence and general disorderliness are behaving like approximate little Lord Fauntleroy's, high government officials in America, Russia and way points are calling each other things that are more in keeping with the preliminary mouthings that evolve into a back alley brawl.

Kid glove diplomacy, for better or worse, has been dispensed with in favor of antics that are pathetically reminiscent of children waxing furious over a disputed game of hop scotch.

Long experience has taught Jailer Daugherty and Jailer Miller to be realistic, so they're biding their time until the spell of saintliness wears out. It's bound to come, and will come even sooner if the lawbreakers start to acting up like an ambassador, a Secretary of State or some other dabbler in the ominous mess that faces the world today.

Imagine what would happen, if somebody walked into a beer joint tonight, and talked as recklessly as a statesman talks nowadays. Somebody is going to get that reckless, maybe a lot of somebodies. That's why the Craven county jail isn't for sale yet.

21. Incidentally, this millionth customer, Mrs. Arthur Lehardt of Pelzer, S. C., was attending the Playhouse for the 39th time in four years at the time.

Tourists who like a town and its attractions come back again and again, and they bring other tourists. That's food for thought, and New Bernians shouldn't overlook it.