

THE NEW BERN MIRROR

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QUITE AN EXIT

Few North Carolinians depart from this life with half the homage and fanfare accorded Jim Tatum, capable and controversial coach of the University of North Carolina football team.

His dramatic and unexpected death a week ago was a mighty big news story. So big, in fact, that it all but pushed the sensational convictions in the Henderson dynamite trial off the front pages of the State's leading papers.

Millions of words have been printed about him since then, all over the world. Most of them complimentary. Even his severest critics realized that a truly colorful figure had been removed from the national sports scene.

Having known Jim rather well for almost a quarter of a century, the editor of The Mirror was familiar with his faults and failings, and aware of his many good points. The good heavily outweighed the bad, which is about all you can say for any mortal.

The last time we had occasion to chat with him was the night we were privileged to introduce him as the speaker at a Boosters Club banquet here. It can be said with certainty that the New Bern High school athletes, cheer leaders and majorettes who were honored guests on that occasion were impressed with the deep sincerity of the big fellow.

As a college coach he demonstrated with deeds his famous statement that "Winning isn't the most important thing—it's the only thing." Jim hated to lose, which helps to explain why he probably worked harder than any other coach to avoid defeat.

He was that way too, when he played baseball in the Coastal Plain League. When Tatum took to the diamond, he played "for keeps" and neither gave nor asked for any degree of gentleness.

The world likes for its heroes to be aggressive, and in sports loving North Carolina the emphasis is on athletic aggressiveness. Jim wasn't lacking in this category.

TO BE REMEMBERED

Next to a deep desire for life after death in God's unrevealed eternity, most mortals earnestly hope that they'll be remembered on earth by those they leave behind.

Not only do they want remembrance when they depart from the ranks of the living, they would very much like recognition while they are still here.

It's a craving that starts in earliest childhood, and lingers to the brink of the grave. Which explains in large measure why you'll see cut into many a New Bern sidewalk the names and initials of small fry who have long since advanced into the realm of adulthood.

Those youngsters weren't just being devilish, when they marred the wet cement. They knew that in a matter of hours it would harden into a state of lasting permanence. That's what intrigued them, the thought that here at least their name would be seen forever and a day.

For the very same reason, countless desk tops in New Bern's public schools have been mutilated with a jackknife. You knew that after a year you would be moving on to some other classroom, and eventually making your final exit from the school itself. And what you hated and feared was the fact that in all likelihood you wouldn't be missed.

Although we have no way of knowing, we rather suspect that Adam and Eve's two brats—Cain and Abel—managed to leave their mark on a few things too. Certainly it is reasonable to believe that this urge to stand out from the throng has existed among humans since the beginning of time.

Actually, the impulse is not without merit, and we feel sure that the Good Lord Who created us had this in mind when he gave us this desire to excel. Out of it have come the great discoveries and inventions, the beautiful music and poetry, and the magnificent works of art.

Yes, kids want to be recognized and remembered, but don't we all?

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Historical Gleanings

—By—

FRANCES B. CLAYPOOLE
and
ELIZABETH MOORE

JONES COUNTY DEED ABSTRACTS

1789, March 17. Mark Bogue conveys to Emanuel Simmons, land on the South side of Trent river, beginning on river bank about four chains from the land of the Ferry, formerly called BOGUE FERRY, the beginning of a patent of Thomas Evans and being part of a grant to Thomas Evans, 1757. Witnesses: A. Simmons, William Lipsey. B1/384.

1791, March. William Conway, late of New Bern, son and heir of Mary Conway, late of New Bern, deceased, who was the surviving sister and heir of Jane Powell, widow of William Powell, late of New Bern, also deceased, conveys to Joseph Leech, land in Jones county 200 acres which was patented by William Powell, 5 March 1759. Witness: Thomas Daly. B 1/513.

1790, September 7. James and Edward Harrison convey to Mark Bogue, land on North side of Trent River, being a grant to the said Harrison by patent 27 November, 1780. Witnesses: Borden Stanton, Thomas Littleton. B 1/533.

1796, November 15. Richard N. Alcock conveys to Benjamin Stanton, land on the North side of Trent River on Buckhorn Branch and sometimes called Beaverdam Branch, being part of two patents, dated 10 December 1789. Witnesses: Stafford Melton, Nathaniel Womble. B 2/573.

1795, November 5. John A. Granade, planter, of Jones county, conveys to James Foy, of Onslow county, land on the Easternmost rBranch of Mill Creek, 300 acres with all buildings. Witnesses: Thomas Foy, Enoch Foy. B 2/403.

1796, September 3. William Granade of Jones county conveys to Charles Sanders, land on the North side of Trent river, 473 acres and 153 acres granted to William Granade, by patents dated at Fayetteville, 27 November 1789, and 320 acres granted to said Granade by patent 16 November, 1790. Witnesses: Hardy Mitchell, William Orme. B 2/469.

1792, June 11. Benjamin Brockett conveys to Jacob Granade in the fork of Mill Creek, 300 acres, beginning at a hickory on the South

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Village Verses

CAMP FIRE GLEAM

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That opens wide the windows of your soul;
It sees each plan, each little far-flung dream,
It lights the candles that lead to your goal.
You gain new faith in all your fellow men,
There where the feet of old Dame Nature trod;
Within the camp fire's magic glow, my friend,
Your heart will tell you that you're close to God.
—GMCD.

side of the East prong of said Creek, Shadrach Sanders' tree, formerly called Samuel Collins. Witnesses: William Gardner, Nicholas Bray. B 11/49.

1782, September 2. Samuel Hill conveys to Andrew Blanchard, land in Jones county formerly called Craven county, North side of Trent River and West side of Beaver Dam Branch to Stephen Tilghman's corner, 123 acres. Witnesses: Thomas Collier, William Orme. B 3/147.

1783, September. Thomas Foy conveys to Edward Whitty, 150 acres between Mill and Island Creeks, beginning at Frederick Foy's. Witnesses: John Sanderson, Malachi Smith. B 3/246.

1783, October 4. John Oliver conveys to William Oliver, land on South side of Trent River and being in the county and state aforesaid, between Edmund Hatch and John Hillard's line. Witnesses: Cornelius Taylor and James Oliver. B 3/229.

1779, December 18. William Lavendar of Jones county conveys to Jacob Koonce a parcel on Beaver Creek, 200 acres, on South side of Beaver Creek . . . between Jacob Rhem and said Lavendar. Witnesses: Michael Koonce and George Koonce. B 3/120.

1780, June 4. Richard Dobbs Speight conveys to Frederick Foy a parcel of land in Jones county on the South side of Trent River, 630 acres which was granted by patent to Colonel William Wilson, grandfather of said Richard Dobbs Speight, bearing date 1730, land

commonly called the tract on the head of Raccoon Creek. Witness: Christopher Neale. B 3/60.

1775, June 1, Robert Perry conveys to John Perry land on the South side of Trent River, Craven county, 75 acres, being part of a tract granted to Robert Perry by Governor Tryon, 25 April 1777. Witnesses: John Maulden, Humphrey Maulden. B 3/36.

1783, June 4. Daniel Perry conveys to Tucker Maulden, land on both sides of Trent River, 50 acres being part of said Perry patent, 22 Oct. 1782. Witnesses: Daniel Hargett, George Koonce. B 3/191.

1783, March. Solomon Sanderson (Continued on Page 5)

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IDEALS IN CONSTRUCTION

A builder builded a temple,
He wrought it with grace and skill,
Pillars and groins and arches,
All fashioned to work his will.
Men said as they saw its beauty,
"It shall never know decay,
Great is they skill, O Builder,
Thy fame shall endure for aye."
A teacher builded a temple,
With loving and infinite care,
Planning each arch with patience,
Laying each stone with prayer.
None praised his unceasing efforts,
None knew of His wondrous plan,
For the temple the teacher builded
Was unseen by the eyes of man.
Gone is the builder's temple,
Crumbled into the dust;
Low lies each stately pillar,
Food for consuming rust.
But the temple the teacher builded
Will last while the ages roll,
For that beautiful unseen temple
Is a child's immortal soul.
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