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Some service marriages pan out rather poorly, but we're inclined to believe that Archie Bryant and his wife—the former Lena Potter—are going to make a go of their hitching.

Sixty-one years ago today, freshly mustered out from the Spanish-American War, he took the marital vows with the girl who had waited in Wilmington for his return. Archie was 21, and Lena five months his junior, was 20. They were a happy couple, and intended to stay that way for keeps.

Other youngsters, with stars in their eyes, have been equally determined to keep romance alive indefinitely. The ones who succeed are apt to have most of the same qualities possessed by the Bryants, who live at 727 Pollock street here.

Life for them has been no bed of roses. When Archie got out of service, he went into the sawmill business. Sawing lumber for somebody else wasn't a sure-fire route to riches, but they managed to make ends meet while moving from town to town.

They lived in so many little mill towns that Lena says she can't begin to remember them all. Two of the towns she does remember are Marion, S. C., and Lumberton. Then, 41 years ago, they moved to New Bern and sunk their roots deep enough to remain the balance of their days.

Archie's first employment here was with the old Elm City Lumber Co. Later he moved on to Roper's Mill, and then to J. E. Slater's. In the course of the years he became a saw filer.

Five children blessed the marriage. One daughter, Lena Ward, teaches at Graham Barden school in Havelock; a second, Lillian Lane, lives in Columbia, S. C., while the third, Alma Oliver, resides in Norfolk, Va. Bill lives way out in Denver, Colo., and Archie, Jr., is in Norfolk.

How does it feel to be starting on your 62nd year of marriage on the day after Thanksgiving? For Mom and Pop Bryant it's simply a case of following the tried and true pattern that has given them a happy home over the long haul.

"You've got to give and take, and work together," they say. "We have argued some," Lena adds, "but we've never come to blows." Actually, from what we hear, there hasn't been much fussing. Lena never has cared for upheavals or confusion, so on the rare occasions when Archie tried to argue, she gave him the silent treatment and that was that.

Incidentally, belonging to different churches presented no problem to the Bryants. Archie was a Baptist and Lena an Episcopalian when they got married. Never in the 61 years since then has either attempted to swing the other away from their original faith. To them, religion is something for each individual to decide on and adhere to.

When it comes to television, Archie is a fiend for westerns. Lena doesn't care a hoot for these horse operas, but she endures them for hours on end. Her own tastes lean toward Art Linkletter and Perry Mason, and she has enjoyed "The Price Is Right" too.

Although she rather suspects that she would like some of the afternoon dramatic shows, especially "As The World Turns," that is the time she allots herself for resting. She laments the fact that there isn't more gospel singing on television, but church services on radio and television mean a lot to her.

Lena agrees that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach. Fortunately, Archie is so fond of her cooking that he'll eat just about anything placed before him. "I learned right off that he would-



ANOTHER SALE—Chief Petty Officer G. O. McCallum needs no urging from members of the New Bern Junior Woman's Club, when they suggest a purchase of Christmas seals to help a wonderful cause. Manning the booth in

the local post office at the time were Mrs. Ruth Haner, Mrs. Morton Lipman, Mrs. Pat Herring, Mrs. Elbert Lipman and Mrs. Robert Natelo.—Photo by John R. Baxter.

There's Hair Raising Talk Over That Big Celebration

To beard or not to beard, that is the question facing masculine citizens of this historic first State Capital as the time draws nearer for New Bern's 250th anniversary celebration.

It's still months away, but several of the more public spirited local gents took it upon themselves to lead with their chins a week or so ago. Now they're bristling over the announcement made by Paul Cox, general chairman for the celebration, that whiskers have been whisked out of anniversary plans.

According to Paul, there was little or no alfalfa adorning the countenances of Colonial males, so sprouting it to commemorate that turbulent era would be factually inaccurate.

Maybe so, but we could have sworn that somewhere in our sixth-grade history book it said that George Washington was fuzz in war, fuzz in peace and fuzz in the hearts of his countrymen.

Down at New Bern's post office, Lefty Kennel is leading an indignant band of carriers and clerks who elected to pioneer in this business of cloaking one's jaws in a full growth of fur. His crop is nearly a month old, while Bill Aster,

n't eat tomatoes, squash, or black-eyed peas," she says. "I prepare them for myself, but I never serve him a helping."

Archie's evaluation of his 81-year-old mate is summed up in this observation. "If it could be God's will, I'd like someday to celebrate with her our 75th wedding anniversary."

Elwood Cayton, Jasper Waters, Murray Phillips and Billy Bevil have seedlings under way of more recent vintage.

Whether they will remain loyal to the rebellion and steer clear of razors for the duration is yet to be seen. Already seen, however, are the results of their early enthusiasm for what they feel is a truly worthy effort to give the celebration just the right setting.

"If nobody else wore beards in the Colonial period—though I think they did," says Kennel, "Blackbeard and those other pirates certainly had the stuff all

over their faces. And if Blackbeard didn't play a part in New Bern's infancy, we ought to take down the historical marker proclaiming this fact."

Although Kennel has really gone whole hog for his crusade, he is no ham actor trying to bring home the bacon by being an exhibitionist. This guy is just as sold on history as any other New Bernian.

In fact, if he wanted to sneer in disdain, he could remind other citizens of the town that he and his family once lived in the remaining wing of Tryon Palace, and that his son, Robbie, was born there.

By coincidence and not through fatherly prodding, Robbie in far-off Australia is growing a beard too for the 250th anniversary celebration. He revealed as much in a recent letter from Melbourne, where he has been studying for a year on a nationally awarded Rotary fellowship.

For our part, we think Robbie's birth in the Palace added considerable prestige to that esteemed structure. Citizens here agree that he is indeed New Bern's young man of the century.

In high school he had a sensational scholastic record, was Valedictorian of his class, and captained the football, baseball and basketball teams. He won a Talent For Youth scholarship worth \$4,000, and at North Carolina State was accorded every conceivable honor while graduating as a straight A student in nuclear physics. In baseball he was without doubt the best college catcher in all the land.

Picked for a Rotary Fellowship that thousands of other American boys were longing for, he passed up a chance at a Rhodes scholarship and sailed for the University of Melbourne. There he has had brilliant success not only in the classroom, but in athletics as well.

One thing is for sure, if Robbie follows through with this beard business, he'll make his Dad's whiskers look spare and straggly by comparison. Young though he is, he gets five o'clock shadow by noon. In other words, even at sprouting chin alfalfa he excels to

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"Don't scoff at beards!"