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It was unfortunate but inevitable when bitterness between the forces of State Senator James O. Simpkins and Mayor Robert L. Stallings, Jr., bobbed up during their hard battle for the Congressional seat that Hap Barden is vacating.

Both New Bernians had their hearts set on winning. With strong opponents from Goldsboro and Wallace running, and a favorite son in Morehead City offering token resistance, it was a foregone conclusion that one or both local contenders would fall by the way-side.

The Mirror predicted weeks ago, and later repeated its prediction, that Simpkins and David Henderson were going to poll sufficient votes to eliminate the other three candidates and enter the second primary.

Able and personable, the Wallace judge made much of the fact that his end of the Third District hasn't contributed one of its own to the House of Representatives for a great many years.

Like Goldsboro's Dr. Rose, who ran stronger than we expected, Henderson capitalized on this locality angle. The strategy hurt both Stallings and Simpkins, but Jimmy established enough strength by watering the roots of his earlier run against Barden to weather the storm.

Robert Lee had no such advantage. Beyond the boundaries of New Bern and Craven county he was a political unknown at the outset of the campaign. He tried to minimize this handicap by saturating the District with thousands of dollars worth of advertising.

Never, in these parts, has a candidate spent so much in an effort to get elected. Thanks to television, radio, newspapers and billboards, he became a familiar figure. Obviously, he didn't have time to become personally acquainted with a majority of the voters in the District, so he did the next best thing.

Simpkins scraped together money enough for several television appearances too, and we're convinced that he swayed a lot of voters in his appearances before the camera. Even those who don't care for him here on the local scene were forced to admit that his speeches—without benefit of a written script—had a lot more telling effect than the speeches less loquacious opponents read from a sheet of paper or parroted from a tele-prompter.

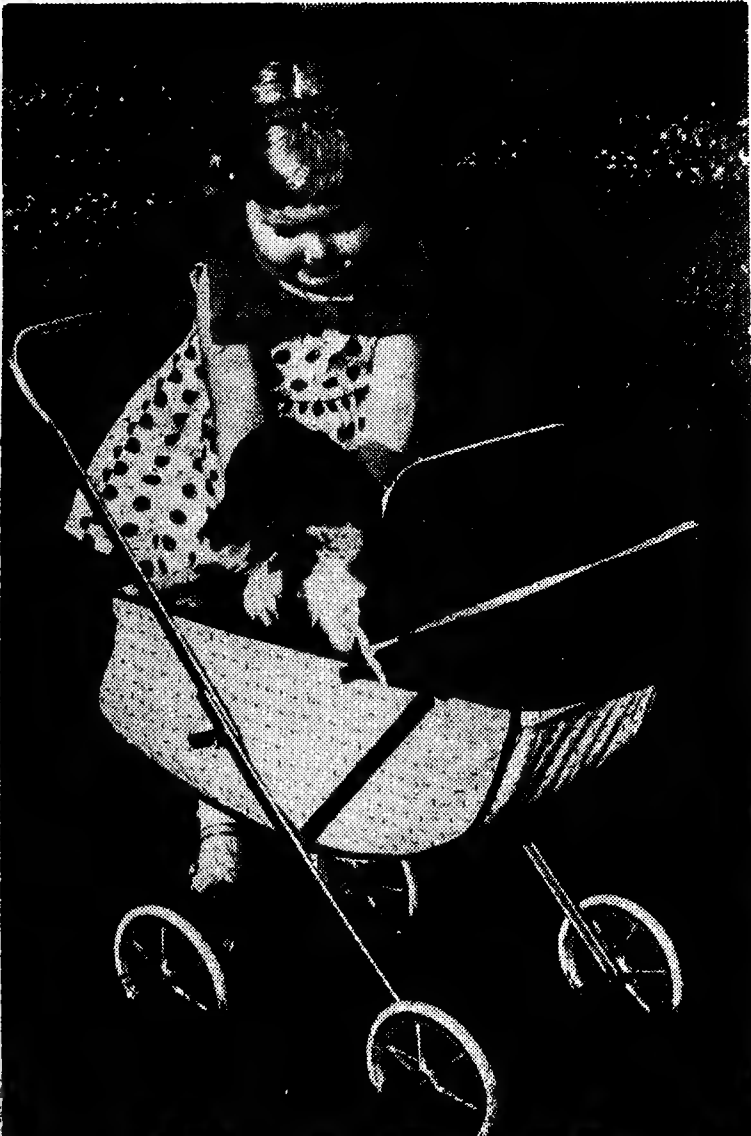
Some of his critics belittled him when he took his wife and kids to Raleigh, and busted open a piggy bank to pay his filing fee. And they continued to scoff when he saw fit to put his grandmother on television as a spry and witty roofer for his cause.

It was corny, of course, but it was also good politics. Simpkins made his appeal to the "little man." Since there are a lot more little men than there are big wheels, and their votes count just as much, he was on solid ground. Other politicians, including the incomparable Franklin D. Roosevelt, utilized the same tactics.

Our guess is that the local jeweler has an excellent chance in the second primary against Henderson. If New Bern fails to send another Congressman to Washington, to follow in the footsteps of Graham Barden, Charles L. Abernathy and Sam Brinson, it will result from a failure to rally behind Simpkins in the town he has made his home for many years.

Undoubtedly, some of the supporters of Stallings in the first primary feel keen disappointment over his defeat. A few, or perhaps many, are so chagrined that they will vote for Henderson—not because of his ability but to get re-

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HAPPILY UNAWARE — Three-year-old Teresa Forbes of New Bern, who will die of leukemia within a matter of months, delights in frolics with her puppy, Tinker. Like Teresa, the pooch got a kick out of posing for a picture on

her tricycle. And, as you can see, he smiled broadly when she placed him in her doll carriage. Little does either suspect that their moments together are overshadowed by tragedy.—Photos by Billy Benners.

If You've Been Complaining, We've A Story Just For You

This is a story for you folks who are feeling sorry for yourselves on a bright morning in June. And, of course, lots of New Bernians do indulge in self pity of one sort or another.

To tell the truth, almost all of us yield to the urge, if only occasionally. In between our first and second childhoods, we make martyrs of ourselves, bemoan real or fancied misfortunes, and point with envy to the fellow mortals we consider luckier.

It is doubtful that anyone is envious of three-year-old Teresa Forbes today, even though she is young and happy, and blissfully unconcerned with the results of last Saturday's election, and the failure of that ill-fated Summit Conference in Paris.

Springtime, with its blossoming flowers and birds bursting forth in song, will never come again for her. Although you would never know it to look at her bright eyes and dimpled cheeks, she is a victim of leukemia. The dread disease was discovered in March, and from here on out the days and months are precious beyond all measure.

If Teresa could read, this story would never have been written. As it is, she'll see her photographs in The Mirror, along with her adored puppy, Tinker, and be immensely pleased. Just about as pleased, in fact, as she was when she posed for the pictures before you now.

Little girls—if we remember our nursery rhymes rightly—are supposed to be made of sugar and spice, and everything nice. Teresa possesses these ingredients, despite

the fact that her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Forbes, are doing all of the things for her that usually spoil a child.

If she were your child, or ours,

spoiling would be in order too. In fact, The Mirror intends to help the cause along anyhow. Her local physician, Dr. Graham A. Barden, Jr., says she can have all of the

ice cream she wants, as often as she wants it. So we passed the word to our good friend, Ken Reesman, out at Maola.

Informed that she prefers it above everything else, Ken assured us that she'll never run short of it. As for a big cake, and all the cookies her heart can ever wish for, Aggie and Red Derda at Craven Bakery will take care of these items, and deem it a privilege.

There's a television set in the Forbes home, and Teresa is quite a fan. Captain Kangaroo is her favorite, but there are other programs that she is very fond of. We're going to contact some grand guys over at Greenville's WNCT and Washington's WITN. They'll put on something special for her.

Teresa has a radio, but it's out of commission. That will be no problem. Someone who reads these lines will jump at the chance to see that she gets a new radio. We believe that just as much as we believe in Santa Claus and the Good Fairy.

And, when she gets that new radio, we're certain beyond all doubt that Bill Jeffrey out at WRNB and Ray Williams out at WHIT will play some special music for her—music that a child loves. They won't do it just once but often.

Like all little girls—and big girls too—Teresa is clothes conscious. In case you're interested, and of course you are, the usual dresses for a three-year-old fit her perfectly. She loves bright colors, including red.

Naturally, she likes toys, such as

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PALS FOR A LIFETIME