

THE NEW BERN MIRROR

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IT ISN'T EASY

What, we've often wondered, is the Emily Post way to eat Crab stew daintily? To be sure, good manners would hardly dictate getting your face, hands and forearms deluged in juice, but how else can you fully enjoy the eager devouring of these steaming denizens of the deep?

Certain gastronomical delights simply do not lend themselves to dignity and culture, and to be finicky and reserved at such a time as this is to miss out on the pleasure that only a crab stew can offer.

The juicier the stew, the better we like it. While fellow plunderers in the pot go into sheer ecstasy over claws and other portions of crab anatomy, a few of us are content to douse the available liquid on slice after slice of loaf bread.

It isn't exactly laziness on our part, although we shall remain forever firm in our belief that what you get from a crab claw doesn't justify the necessary effort involved. Those who argue otherwise can, of course, back up their contentions with some fairly strong points.

Actually, Emily Post would probably take crab stew in stride. Born in Baltimore in 1873, she was the daughter of a successful and wealthy architect. Married soon after her debut to society, and divorced a few years later, she turned to the writing of fiction to support herself and two young sons.

Her famous book—*Etiquette*—was written in 1922, and has been frequently revised to embrace in this remarkable encyclopedia the ever-changing practice of what has been termed "polite behavior."

The best proof that Emily could never be classified as a silly prude, like some of her followers, lies in the fact that she has often expressed the frank opinion that good manners are less a matter of rules than "a sensitive awareness to the needs of others."

No one should be so crude as to eat revoltingly in front of others. However, when it comes to crab stew the eaters are much too busy to notice the atrocious manners to the left and to the right. Only a bystander, with no taste for crabs, would be shocked by such glorious abandon.

FAME THAT FADED

Many of New Bern's older citizens felt a little sad the other day when Lawrence Tibbett died. Vaguely they remembered the robust baritone as the first opera star to sing in a motion picture, and the first to appear on a commercial radio series.

As for our town's younger generation—intently enthralled by the gosh-awful mouthings of rock and roll—they not only had never heard of or from a character named Tibbett, but were blissfully unaware of what they might have missed.

Born in Bakersfield, California, he was seven years old when his father was killed by "Wild Jim" McKinney, an outlaw. This childhood tragedy was a strange blessing for young Tibbett. His family moved to Los Angeles, where he started his musical career as a choir singer.

He made his operatic debut in Aida, back in 1923. His great break came a few miles from his home in the Hollywood Bowl. Two months later he was appearing in Faust at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York City.

Tibbett helped found the American Guild of Musical Artists, which he long served as president, and was also the head of the American Federation of Radio Artists from 1940 to 1945. In many contributions to music, he was a man of distinction.

New Bernians, most of whom have never been exposed to opera except through the media of radio and television, owe much to Tibbett. Not only did he use his great talent to bring operatic selections in entertaining fashion to the masses, but burst into song with stirring renditions of the popular songs of the day as well.

Lawrence Tibbett conceded without the slightest display of reluctance that operatic music wasn't the only good and significant music that the world had to offer. He didn't feel like he was slumming on the frequent occasions that he strayed from opera, and he personally enjoyed popular ballads.

It's pathetic that he outlived his fame and time.

Historical Gleanings

—By—

ELIZABETH MOORE

CRAVEN COUNTY ADMINISTRATION BONDS

1757, July 5. Bond signed by John Benton, Richard Garrett and John Rice for John Benton, deceased, 500 pounds to Governor Arthur Dobbs. Wit.: John Jones.

1758, June 13. Bond signed by Ann Bohannon, widow, John Gray, and James Bowie of Orange county for Dunkin Bohannon, deceased, 200 pounds to his Excellency the Governor, wit.; William Reed.

1757, Dec. 13. Bond signed by Patty Bohannon, John Patterson and Thomas Wiley for Joseph Bohannon, deceased, 500 pounds to Governor Arthur Dobbs. Wit.: J. Watson.

1759, March 6. Bond signed by Giles Williams, John Cleeves and William Mallison of Hyde county for John Williams, deceased, 30 pounds to Gov. Arthur Dobbs. Wit.: Robert Sage, Stephen Denning.

1760, Oct. 2. Bond signed by George Pope, Ephraim Lane and Samuel Lane for Charity Dreading, deceased, 100 pounds to Gov. Arthur Dobbs. Wit.: Peter Conway.

1760, July 2. Bond signed by Jacob Blount, John Kerney, Christopher Dawson and Edward Franck for Mary Marr and John Marr, both deceased, 1000 pounds to Gov. Arthur Dobbs. Wit.: Peter Conway.

July 1760. Bond signed by Longfield Cox, Joseph Coart, for James Arnol, deceased, 200 pounds to Gov. Arthur Dobbs. Wit.: P. W. Conway.

1762, Jan. 9. Bond signed by William Barber, Benjamin Sanderson, John Ives for George Barber, deceased, 200 pounds to Gov. Dobbs.

1762, April 6. Bond signed by William Barber, Benjamin Sanderson and John Ives, for George Barber, deceased, 200 pounds to Gov. Dobbs. Wit.: Robert Gordon, John Abbott.

1762, Oct. 9. Bond signed by Richard Blackledge, Frederick Beeton and John Cox for Charles Gordon, deceased, 1000 pounds to Gov. Arthur Dobbs.

1766, July 1. Bond signed by Philippe Ambrose, Thomas McLin and

Village Verses

WHITTLING

Back yonder in the long ago, when I was somewhat littler,
Most anywhere you chanced to look you'd spy a happy whittler;
Relaxed, and sort of comfy like, armed with a Barlowe knife,
He pared off curly shavings, as he gave his views on life.
Youngsters in the neighborhood would listen with delight,
Marveling at the things he carved—his blade so sharp and bright
Fashioned fancy walking sticks, and boats complete with sail,
And while he whittled he found time to tell the tallest tales.
Conversation would never lag, when whittlers got together,
And on those wintry evenings, or in sultry summer weather,
They whiled away the pleasant hours, praising and belittling,
Discussing weighty world affairs, all the time a-whittling.
Today we do things differently, we're in a scrambled age,
And we choose to be as jumpy as a squirrel inside a cafe;
We get no fun from being still, we've got to be a-going,
Home ain't where the heart is, it's where we hang our hat,
And home, alas, in times like these we're seldom ever at;
We're folks plumb full of fidgets, we try a pace that kills,
Too doggone much commotion is to blame for all our ills.
So sometimes I get to wondering if it weren't a better life,
When folks just sat a-whittling, with a good old Barlowe knife.
—JGMcD.

John Daly for Dr. Andrew Scott, deceased, 500 pounds to Gov. William Tryon. Wit.: John Rice.

1768, Sept. 14. Bond signed by James Barrenton, John Edmondson and James Reel for Isaac Barrenton, deceased, 100 pounds to Gov. William Tryon. Wit.: John Gray Blount.

1763, Oct. 4. Bond signed by Katherine Williams, Durham Leigh and Joseph Kinsey for Edward Williams, deceased, for 100 pounds to Gov. Arthur Dobbs. Wit. Thomas Patridge.

1772, Sept. 11. Bond signed by Benjamin Beasley and others for James Anderson, deceased, for 100 pounds to Gov. Josiah Martin. S. Edward Gatlin, Joseph Letchwood. Wit.: John Cooke.

1772, June 9. Bond signed by Obadiah Always and Henry Al-

ways for William Routledge, deceased, for 20 pounds to Gov. Josiah Martin. Wit.: Chris. Neale.

(Continued on page 5)

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HE LEADETH ME

He leadeth me.
In pastures green? Not always.
Sometimes He who knoweth best
In kindness leadeth me in weary ways
Where heavy shadows be;
Out of the sunshine warm and soft and bright,
Out of the sunshine into the darkest night,
I oft would yield to sorrow and to fright
Only for this: I know He holds my hand.
So, whether led in green, or desert land
I trust, although I cannot understand.

He leadeth me.
Beside still waters? No, not always so.
Oft times the heavy tempests round me blow,
And o'er my soul the waves and billows go.
But when the storm beats wildest, and I cry
Aloud for help, the Master standeth by
And whispers to my soul: "Lo, it is I."
Above the tempest wild I hear Him say:
"Beyond the darkness lies the perfect day;
In every path of thine I lead the way."

So whether on the hilltops, high and fair
I dwell, or in the sunless valleys, where
The shadows lie—what matter? He is there.
And more than this; where'er the pathway lead
He gives to me helpless, broken reed,
But His Own hand, sufficient for my need.
So where He leads me I can safely go.
And in the blest hereafter I shall know
Why in His wisdom He hath led me so.
—Selected.

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