



The NEW BERN MIRROR

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Is it silly to believe in dreams? Before you answer in the affirmative, consider the case of Ethel Mae Moore, one of New Bern's Negro beauticians.

On the night of March 23, 1950, her sleep was interrupted by what she calls a vision from God. Cynics might call it something else, but a cynic could never laugh off the great good that came from Ethel Mae's faith and the life of dedicated service that followed.

"I saw myself dressed in white," she told us with deep humility the other day, "and I was doing deeds for others." Unlike a lot of dreams that we mortals have during the nocturnal hours, this one didn't fade in the bright reality that the light of morning brings.

Stirred by a persistent urging to heed the vision, Ethel Mae, who is a member of the Missionary Baptist denomination, visited members of other churches within her race and got them enthused over her story. They formed a club, and many missionaries joined in the venture.

"At first, my idea was to help the needy at Christmas," says the sincere, 40-year-old woman. "We raised money through programs, and some of New Bern's merchants gave us things. That year we had \$300 to supplement what other groups and individuals in New Bern were doing to make the Yuletide happier for poor and lonely people."

However, Ethel Mae's continuing dreams convinced her this was the plan that God had for her. She saw herself, still wearing white, providing a place of shelter for someone without relatives or friends.

"I was laughed at," she says. When she tells you that, there is no tone of resentment in her voice. Ethel Mae didn't have time or the inclination to hate, just because a lot of folks thought she was crazy.

In fact, she chuckles as she recounts her visit to Robert Glass, a Negro attorney here. "I didn't know how to go about starting The Mission Rest Home," Ethel Mae recalls. "I wanted to do it the right way, so I went to Lawyer Glass. I know he thought I was off my beam."

Glass got her squared away on the project, dubious though he might have been, and today he sings her praises each time he comes calling at the miracle house on Dilahunt street. Neither he nor anyone else who knows Ethel Mae is a doubting Thomas any longer.

"Mr. Bryan Duffy told me I could have a two story, frame dwelling he owned on Jones street, if I moved it from the lot it was standing on," she says. "We tore it down, carefully handling the pieces, and built a one-story house on Dilahunt street."

"I'll admit it must have looked unusual seeing a woman working on the job, along with the carpenter," Ethel Mae told us, "and we had a lot of fun poked at us." That didn't stop them. The Mission Rest Home was completed, and has been rendering a community service to unfortunates ever since.

The original house erected on Dilahunt street had eight rooms. More space was needed, and Ethel Mae with her mild manner and bulldog determination took care of that. White and colored friends paid for individual concrete blocks, and other items, to provide a 14-room addition to the Rest Home.

As this is written, there are 21 patient residing there. Ethel Mae no longer works at her profession. She turned her beauty shop over to a sister, and devotes all of her waking hours to the cause she started.

A woman who lives her religion, she saw to it that the Rest Home

(Continued on Page 8)



THERE'S NEWNESS TOO—Our mother city of Berne is several centuries old, but all of its charm isn't veiled in antiquity. Here, for example, is striking proof that functional architecture in the Swiss capital is as beautiful as

it is modern. Small wonder that the visitor to Berne is intrigued. Perhaps you too may enjoy its sights some day. We are grateful to Swiss officials who provided this Mirror mural for us.

New High School Principal Really Fond of Teen-Agers

Our guess is you're going to like youthful J. Walker Allen, who has succeeded Dr. Richard S. Spear as the principal at New Bern High school.

There's nothing flashy about the soft-spoken, bespectacled newcomer, but he does his work with the thoroughness of a true perfectionist. In his office he is serious, and all business. Elsewhere, students are going to find him friendly and appreciative of the teen-ager's point of view.

Allen can hardly be classified as a Gloomy Gus, when it comes to young people. "I firmly believe," he says with deep sincerity, "that the teen-ager of today is better behaved than the youngsters of my own generation, and generations prior to that."

Recalling his own high school days at Needham Broughton in Raleigh, the new local principal observed when we interviewed him that today's teen-ager is less vandalistic than students used to be.

In addition, says Allen, the great majority of young people today are anxious to make the most of their opportunity for good schooling. They realize the importance of an education, and with very few exceptions can be counted on to take their studies seriously.

Speaking of an education, Allen has a solid background in that respect. After graduating from high school, he graduated with a B.S. degree from Wake Forest, and followed this up with his M.A. degree from East Carolina college.

Since 1956, he has been principal of Jones Central High school,

and prior to that held similar positions at various other schools in eastern North Carolina. He has an excellent reputation in school circles, and at Jones Central the in-

stitution made great strides while he was at its helm.

Allen has had enough experience as a high school principal to realize that he'll have his problems

at New Bern High, but it is doubtful that any of them will persist as stubbornly as the problem that plagued him in the Navy. Having surmounted that, after a fashion, he should be able to weather everything else.

When he was in service, he was a flight engineer, and naturally it called for considerable flying. This wouldn't have been so bad, except for the fact that Allen was quick to get air sick, whenever he left the ground.

It was annoying and embarrassing, but it stuck with him all through service. To make matters worse, he was assigned to the Admiral's plane. Getting nauseated in the presence of an Admiral doesn't do much to inflate one's ego. However, Allen managed to escape a permanent inferiority complex.

His hobbies are hunting and fishing, but he doesn't do much deep-sea fishing. On a choppy ocean, he is apt to get the same sort of misery that overtook him when he soared into the wide blue yonder during his Navy days. "Pills don't help," he admits, and if you've ever been seasick you can agree with him.

With a student body as large as New Bern High school's, he anticipates real difficulty in learning the names of a vast horde of teen-agers. He lays no claim to being a memory wizard, but hopes that frequent visits in the classrooms and contact on the campus will get him well acquainted with the youngsters swarming around him.

His wife, Alma, can be counted on to be sympathetic, when he

(Continued on Page 8)



MAKING GOOD IMPRESSION