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Staging a Christmas charity show annually for 25 eventful years has given us a wealth of memories to cling to. Some of these memories—happy and sad—will be very much on our mind next Thursday night when the latest edition of the Yuletide Revue is presented at the New Bern High school auditorium.

Not all of our unforgettable experiences involve the show itself. For example, there was the case of James White, an 18-year-old Negro boy who lived in Craven Terrace with his grandmother.

So hopelessly crippled from birth that he squatted on the floor like an emaciated frog, eating from a tin plate, he was the most cheerful person we have ever known. The radiance of his smile was, we firmly believe, as bright as the star that hovered over a Bethlehem stable on a long ago night.

Although the proceeds from that year's Yuletide Revue had already been earmarked for various underprivileged children, when we became acquainted with James, we couldn't dismiss from our thoughts the idea that a radio would mean a great deal to him.

Technically, because of his age, the grotesquely deformed youth didn't qualify as a child. Besides, the cost of a radio would exceed the amount we were going to be able to spend on each of the many children we would help.

Hoping that possibly we could purchase a second-hand radio, by stretching a point, we went to

R. O. Fagan, the owner of Fagan Electric Co. When we told Roy the story, he had a ready answer.

"I don't have a second-hand radio to sell you at any price," he informed us, "or a new radio that I'll sell you. But I have a new radio that I want to give you for this boy you're talking about."

Having said that, Fagan selected one of his best radios from stock, gift wrapped it in a box, and sent his own truck to Craven Terrace to make the delivery. That, for James White, was the most wonderful Christmas he had ever known. We can see him now, squatting on the floor, listening to carols and laughing joyously over the miracle that had entered his life.

Little did any of us know that this would be his last Christmas on earth. During the weeks that followed, he played the radio every moment of his waking hours. Then, on a bright day in May—with birds singing and flowers blooming—his brave heart ceased to beat. The sweet chariot that the old timers of his race anticipate had come for to carry him home.

Now Fagan, a kindly man who sought no credit for the gift he gave, is gone from the ranks of the living too. But, if it be God's will, we hope the two to them have already met, for the first time, in heaven.

We remember too, as if it were only yesterday, the Rev. J. L. Hodges and the Rev. R. I. Johnson, who used to shop with us in the early days of the Revue, when we were trying to make the money available go as far as it possibly could.

With us, they smuggled toys into hundreds of homes on the wrong side of the railroad track, so that Santa Claus could come in the proper way. That's why thousands of children, now grown tall, with children of their own, will never know the part that the Yuletide Revue played in their childhood. That's the way we wanted it to be.

On one shopping excursion we were able to strike a bargain on 200 mouth harps. Somehow, the purchase has always lingered in the mind of this sentimental editor, and it is one of the pleasant things he will carry to his grave.

Christmas morning was balmy
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MUTUAL ADMIRATION—Van Moore (see story below) is tremendously proud of his two sons, Kevin Trent, 4, and Tory Leigh, 5. They're mighty proud of him too, and you

can tell it by their expressions. The net result, when Van clicked his camera, was a photograph that is being hailed as a masterpiece throughout the country.

New Bern Native Achieving Wide Fame as Photographer

There's nothing The Mirror enjoys more than doing a "local boy makes good" story. And, at the moment, we can't think of a better subject than handsome, 33-year-old Van Moore.

Nephew of Harry Faulkner, local postal employee, and son of the former Mary Faulkner of this city, Van lives in Richmond. A Master of Photography whose work has received national recognition, he recently bowed out of office as president of the Virginia Professional Photographers Association.

Upon his retirement at the State Convention, the New Bern native not only carted along the usual past president's award, but the VPPA Campbell Award for outstanding portrait of a woman; four court of honor awards; the grand portrait award; the Buck Orpin Memorial Award for the best exhibit in the VPPA show; and two certificates of merit from the Professional Photographers of America.

Obviously, Van has come a long way since his kid days at Central Elementary School here, when he was struggling to fathom and conquer knotty lesson assignments. Speaking of lessons, he has served on the faculty of the Winona School of Photography for the past two years, and has been invited to instruct again in 1961.

He earned the Master of Photography degree in 1957, being one of the youngest men in the country to hold the degree, and is listed in "The National Photographer" magazine as one of the nation's foremost photographers of brides.

Actually, the young man is so versatile that he has been eminently successful with subjects of all

ages in his portrait work. A good example of his talent is shown in the widely-hailed photograph of his two sons, which appears above.

This particular portrait emphasizes the classic or art approach to

photography. The painted background was used to give the illusion of a Sky Line Drive scene. In Moore's estimation, this type of setting lends itself gracefully to the photographing of children. He

feels that a harmony exists between children and the outdoors. As a proud parent, he is in a position to speak with some authority.

Anyhow, the results proved notable. The photograph won the First Award at the Southeastern Photographers Exhibit in Miami this year, the Grand Portrait Award at the Virginia Professional Photographers Exhibit, and was accepted for the Master's Loan Collection this past summer in Chicago. It also won the Grand National Award for the best photograph exhibited in the Heirloom Exhibit of the Professional Photographers of America.

Van lectures frequently, and his counsel is sought by photographers who are considered experts themselves. Much of his effectiveness as an artist in his field can be traced quite simply to his use of shadow in subduing that which photographs less attractively, and the use of light to accentuate that which is more pleasing to the viewer.

His own lighting equipment (for the benefit of you New Bern camera enthusiasts) consists of three basic units. They are a No. 1 photoflood used as a main light; a No. 2 photoflood, farther back, used as a fill-in light; and a weaker 150-watt bulb for a back light.

With such minimum apparatus, Van says, it is practicable to make prize-winning portraits, thereby obviating the necessity for the use of elaborate or expensive equipment.

Although the New Bern native didn't say so, his own achievements are proof positive that talent, patience and perseverance are more
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NEW BERN'S VAN MOORE