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Old age is only a point of view, but you've got a few years riding on your shoulders if you can remember Satanet climbing the Elks Temple, Leo Watson singing "Yearning" and "Delaware" at Glenburnie Park, Ras Royall peddling two cones of sherbert for a nickel, and "Big" Hill sunning in front of his place on South Front street.

You're toting some mileage too, if you recall that the Kehoe was known at The Athens before it became the Show Shop, and recollect that Rowland Lumber company was Roper's Mill before it crumbled and vanished from New Bern's industrial picture. And, if you're as ancient as that, you're bound to remember when Cyclone Mack pitched his revival tent where Broad street Christian church now stands.

Those were the days when a 30-cent soup bong had enough meat on it to give you not only ample flavoring for the soup you ladled out at dinner, but the chief ingredient for that platter of hash a large family could feast on when it came time for supper.

You're still just a kid, or your memory has failed you, if you don't recall when a tent show called the Mason Stock company played on the vacant lot where our Central Fire station is located. Dorothy Mason, a luscious blonde with shoulder-length curls, was the heroine and there was a different play every night.

Discarded baby carriage wheels never went to waste. They were utilized by enterprising young lads on home-made pushmobiles, and cast-off skate wheels were just the thing when you wanted to make a scooter. Today a boy has hot rod notions by the time he graduates from diapers, but you oldsters used to have fun just rolling a metal hoop.

An airplane, in your long ago, was a rarity, and when jubilant juveniles heard one overhead they shouted for everybody to come and look. It floated over majestically, instead of zooming, so you could gaze to your heart's content. Speaking of things majestic, how about the sailboats, large and small, that used to grace the choppy Neuse and the less turbulent Trent? You didn't go places in a hurry, but it was more fun getting there.

A fellow could date his steady, or even a new girl, with just a dime in his pocket. You strolled to the corner drug store, and sat for an hour sipping a soft drink apiece. Any maiden who would order something that cost more than a nickel was regarded as a gold digger. If you modern youngsters think we're spoofing, ask Grandpa or maybe Mom and Dad.

Yesterday was when, passing a neighbor's house, you heard the thumping notes of "Dardanella" on his player piano, or "Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Shean" or "Yes, We Have No Bananas" on his phonograph. Speaking of phonographs, remember how it used to be sinful to crank one of the things up in the parlor on Sunday?

Of course, if you've really got a little age on you, the top tunes you recall include "Red Wing" and "Pony Boy"—not to mention "She Is Only A Bird In A Gilded Cage" and "Just A Baby's Prayer At Twilight, For Her Daddy Over There."

Count yourself an oldster, too, if you remember the delightful odor of wood smoke coming out of everybody's chimney on a crisp autumn evening, and the thrill you experienced when a new Pearl White serial came to town. You're likewise ancient if you remember the poker-faced expression of William S. Hart. Along side of Hart, Ed-Sullivan would look downright
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A CHILLY ASSIGNMENT—This photograph of a Barbour-built boat making a fast turn on the upper Trent is excellent, but the story behind it is even more interesting. In

order to get the right angle, Billy Benmers perched on top of an ice covered buoy in sub-freezing weather. Who said photographers have an easy life?

This Is an Eventful Day for Our Talented Kay McCosley

What does the future hold for talented, 26-year-old Kay McCosley? That, to say the least, is an intriguing question, as she leaves her native New Bern today for a professional singing career in New York City.

Fame and fortune, in the Cinderella tradition of show business may be awaiting her, or the bitter dregs of disappointment. Come what may, she'll take it in stride.

Encouraged by Lawrence and Jane Morgan Stith, who were impressed during the recent Christmas holidays with her possibilities, Kay has no illusions about a quick climb to stardom. She is well aware of the odds against any entertainer making good at the top of the ladder.

"If my hopes are realized," she told The Mirror, "I'd like to get into choral TV work, or choral work in a musical." She'll be confronted with terrific competition, but our guess is that she'll make the grade. And later, perhaps, there'll be a new soloist along the Gay White Way.

Kay is no novice. While attending New Bern High school, where she graduated in 1952, she was an outstanding member of Donald Smith's choir. She was featured in the Yuletide Revue, a charity show that has served as a springboard for half a dozen youngsters who have reached the Big Time.

She majored in voice at Meredith college, was a member of the choir, and in her senior year was placed in charge of the triple trio. While attending the Raleigh school, she was a soloist at Edenton Street Methodist church in the Capital

Following graduation, she was a fifth grade teacher at North Springfield, Va., in Fairfax county, just outside of Washington, D. C. She

sang in the choir at the New York Avenue Presbyterian church, where President Lincoln worshipped and where the famed minister, Peter Marshall, was pastor. You'll recall

that Marshall's life story, "A Man Called Peter," became a best-seller and an award-winning movie.

Kay did solo work while singing for the Washington church, and included in her valuable experience was participation in the presenting of Brahms' Requiem, Hadyn's Seven Last Words, and Mendohlson's Elijah. The church had a secular program, and the New Bern singer appeared in three Gilbert and Sullivan operettas — Ruddigore, Patience and Iolanthe.

She has also appeared as one of the two performers in a one-act opera, The Telephone, written by Gian-Carlo Menotti, and a number of variety shows. The wide range of her performances will stand her in good stead when she tackles the New York challenge.

Among her experiences was a trip to Japan in August 1959, where she taught until December on Kyushu. She returned home, and has been teaching the seventh grade at Havelock Elementary school. Her pupils hate to see her leave, but they're pulling for her to make good.

Aside from her obvious talent, Kay has the determination to overcome the obstacles that are going to confront her. And, if Dame Fortune smiles on her, she is intelligent enough to keep her feet on the ground.

Like the song says, there's no business like show business. Success might come almost overnight for the local girl, although such instances are exceedingly rare. And, perish the thought, it may never come.

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OUR KAY
—Photo by Billy Benmers.