



Without doubt, the most hallowed of all stage traditions is the proud boast that, come what may, the show must go on.

Amateurs as well as professionals have been known to go to great lengths to abide by this theatrical edict.

Red Bond, Methodist lay leader who hails from Dyersburg, Tenn., and is much in demand all over America as a religious speaker, displayed the same sort of attitude last Monday night.

He was on no stage, but in the pulpit of Centenary Methodist church here. Seated before him were 620 laymen who had braved rain to assemble for the annual rally of the New Bern district. They had come from churches large and small in Craven and surrounding counties.

Bond, a gangling, conscientious man, works for Southern Bell Telephone but spend as much time as he can campaigning for the Christian faith. Born on a farm, and never one to hide his rural mannerisms, he has a knack for speaking that polished orators and learned preachers often fall short of.

His delivery is casual, and he follows the popular format of a few humorous stories, with a serious message sandwiched in between. Monday night he was in excellent form, and his listeners had no inkling of the emotional strain he was under.

Not until he was closing out his talk did he reveal that, a few hours earlier, his daughter had been seriously injured in an automobile accident hundreds of miles away, along with several other persons. The details were still lacking when he delivered his address, and it's easier to visualize his anguish than it is to understand how he was able to fulfill his speaking engagement. It took good nerves and raw courage in equal proportion.

The way that Red Bond surmounted extreme stress brings to mind another dramatic occasion. This time it was the First Baptist church, and the present organ was being dedicated.

Minor C. Baldwin, an elderly musician whose exceptional talent was set off impressively by his snow-white hair, came here for a Sunday evening service devoted entirely to his organ renditions.

Those who were fortunate enough to hear him will never forget the majestic notes that filled the sanctuary. A breathless hush hung over the congregation, as tones alternately tender and forceful burst forth in response to the touch of inspired fingers.

When the dedicatory service was over, Baldwin shuffled out into the night, his head bowed in grief. Shortly before the time for the evening service, his beloved wife had died unexpectedly in their room at the local hotel. Without breaking the news to the congregation at the First Baptist church, he showed up as scheduled and played flawlessly despite the personal tragedy that weighed heavily on his shoulders.

Although these are striking examples of human courage, they are not isolated instances. In all of life, even as on the stage, in the pulpit or at the console of an organ waiting to be played on, the show must go on.

Sooner or later, grief catches up with the highest and the lowliest of mortals. When it does, the consolation of friends can help, but after all is said and done, each of us must carry sorrow's cross alone.

Minor C. Baldwin, wise with the passing of years, knew that. And, in his first sharp pangs of bereavement, he probably found more solace playing an organ than he could possibly have found any-

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FOUR OF A KIND—We've published hundreds of photographs in The Mirror during its less than three years' existence, but few have been more unusual than this one. Pictured here, believe it or not, are four Archie W. Bryants. In the center, holding Archie, IV, is his great grandfather,

who lives at 727 Pollock Street. Archie, III, is on the left, and Archie, Jr., is on the right. Archie, Jr., is a native of New Bern, but lives in Norfolk as does his son and grandson.

Garry Moore's Aunt Nancy Comes Back Home for Visit

Sometimes a newspaper man has to travel miles and miles in order to get a human interest story worth printing.

Tracking down Garry Moore's Aunt Nancy posed no such problem for the editor of The Mirror. All we had to do was go calling at the house right next door, where Mrs. Spencer Harris is visiting in the Don W. Hanks home.

A great many of our readers will recall with considerable pleasantness that the Harris family lived here for eight or nine years during the late 20's and early 30's. What will surprise them is the discovery that Garry's mother, who passed away a few weeks ago, was the sister of Mr. Harris, who is also now deceased.

Garry (his real name is Thomas Garrison Morfit) grew up in Baltimore, while the Harris clan lived at Cambridge, Md., across the bay, before and after their residence here. The two families exchanged visits frequently, and Mrs. Harris got to know Garry about as well as she knew her own three sons, Jack, Worthington, and Spencer, Jr.

As a matter of fact, Worthington—a commercial artist in Charlotte—looks a great deal like the

where else.

Besides, he had no doubt that it would have been his wife's wish to have him fill his engagement at the First Baptist church. She wasn't there to hear him, but in a special way he was playing just for her.

famed television entertainer. "Like Garry, he has that Harris strut," Aunt Nancy told us with a slight giggle and commendable frankness. "Worthington is better looking," she added. "Garry isn't good looking, but he's such a nice person."

Not only is he a nice person, but a man who made up his mind to go into show business while still a kid. "He was always ad libbing at parties," Mrs. Harris recalls, "and performed constantly. He didn't see the sense of going to school, but loved one subject—English."

His fondness for English is reflected in his fluent and faultless speech when he faces a television camera. Through sheer determination and the advantage of a remarkably facile tongue, he literally talked himself into world-wide fame and earnings that have made him a millionaire.

It didn't come easy, and Garry started out without the blessings of his parents. His father, Mason Morfit, was a distinguished Baltimore attorney. He was less than enthusiastic when Garry kept pestering a Baltimore radio station for a chance to perform.

The folks at the radio station didn't give him any encouragement either. There was no getting rid of this runty upstart, however. He tried his hand at everything. Alternately he announced, wrote scripts and even sang operatic selections. Incidentally, he was never invited to join the Metropolitan but it didn't shake his supreme self-confidence.

He went to New York City, where he achieved extremely modest success, and eventually landed in California. Journeying to the West Coast was the turning point of his career. Along the way he was befriended by one of the kindest entertainers in show business, Jimmie Durante.

Garry would be the first to give Durante much of the credit for his rapid rise to stardom. As for Jimmie, he would shrug off the words of thanks, and shrewdly observe that Moore's genuine love for his fellow man is so pronounced that it projects itself emphatically to the millions of viewers who watch his shows regularly.

"Success hasn't spoiled him the least bit," Aunt Nancy assured The Mirror. "He was always getting into mischief when he was a boy, but he was never really bad. He liked to crawl in bed, and stay there too, but you'd never know it the way he gets around now."

Garry married Eleanor Little, a Richmond, Va., girl. They have two sons, Henry Mason Morfit and Thomas Garrison Morfit, Jr., both of whom have done well in their school work. His brother, Dr. Mason Morfit, is a noted cancer surgeon, and is connected with the American Medical Association in Denver, Colo. His sister (Louise Spencer) is married to H. D. Bredehorn, an engineer with the Wrigley people in Chicago.

In passing, we should mention that Aunt Nancy has good reason to be proud of her sons, Jack and Worthington. The former holds a

high position with DuPont, and is currently handling a special assignment in Geneva, Switzerland. As we've already mentioned, Worthington is doing quite well with his own commercial artist firm in Charlotte. Spencer, Jr., died several years ago.

Before the family moved to New Bern, shortly before the Great Depression, Mr. Harris was connected with the Fisk Tire Corporation. He decided to launch his own wholesale tire and battery business here, because he liked the town, and all went well until the 1929 crash and subsequent bank closings struck a death blow to his venture.

Returning to Cambridge, Md., he became a technician for the Webster Rubber company, and pioneered in the field of improved vulcanizing methods. He remained with this concern until his death, and was recognized as an expert in the rubber industry.

Through the years, Mrs. Harris has retained many happy recollections of her stay in New Bern, and is quite pleased to be here for a six-week visit. Needless to say, the city as she knew it has changed tremendously, but plenty of familiar landmarks remains.

Getting back to her famous nephew, Garry, she is able to shed light on the vast store of knowledge that he seems to have. "He is a great reader and quite a student," she says. Which, obviously, is a far cry from his juvenile days, when he detested books and everything else connected with a class-

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