



The NEW BERN MIRROR

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Not until the other day had we ever actually seen a copy of The Athenian — a literary magazine published by New Bern High school students shortly after the turn of the century.

Mrs. Lonie Duffy, one of our Mirror readers, gave us the January 1913 issue, and its contents proved quite interesting. Among the budding authors were George Scales, Catherine Lefferts, Kenneth Rea, Nellie Simpson, Catherine Boyd, Thelma Dudley, Charlie Hollister, Corinne Blalock, Hazel Taylor and Tom Moore.

The Athenian came out every three months. Its editor in 1915 was Esther Marks, and Bessie Bell was the assistant editor. Other members of the editorial staff not mentioned in the above paragraph were Max Baxter, Nathan Gooding and Emma Louise Kehoe. Marshall Speight was business manager and William Boyd was assistant business manager.

In the issue at hand we learned that the Mary L. Hendren Literary Society was beginning to flourish. The subject of a debate on November 27 was "Resolved: That a lawyer is justified in defending a client whom he knows to be guilty." On the affirmative were Lula Rowe and Leonia Wiggs, while on the negative were Blanch Hancock and Lela Hancock.

On December 4, the Literary Society "carried out" a program that including Mary Bray's reciting of "The Sword of Love" and instrumental duet by Albertina Jones and Emma Louise Kehoe; and a monologue by Thelma Dudley.

The program of December 11 was "greatly enjoyed." It consisted of a debate, and the query was "Resolved: That a lie is sometimes justifiable." The affirmative was supported by Catherine Lefferts and Rose Carraway. Aply handling the negative were Emma Katie Mollwean and Aubrey Parker.

The program for December 18 consisted of a comedy entitled, "The Ruggles or a Lesson in Manners." It was taken from "The Bird's Christmas Carol" by Kate Douglas Wiggin. The program, it was said, was "thoroughly enjoyed by those present."

"Last but not least," the Literary Society proclaimed, "Miss Cahoe told us of a prize of two dollars, which was offered for the best society song, written by a member of the Society. We must all get busy and try to win the prize, not only for its value (two bucks was a lot in those days) but for the honor of having written our society song."

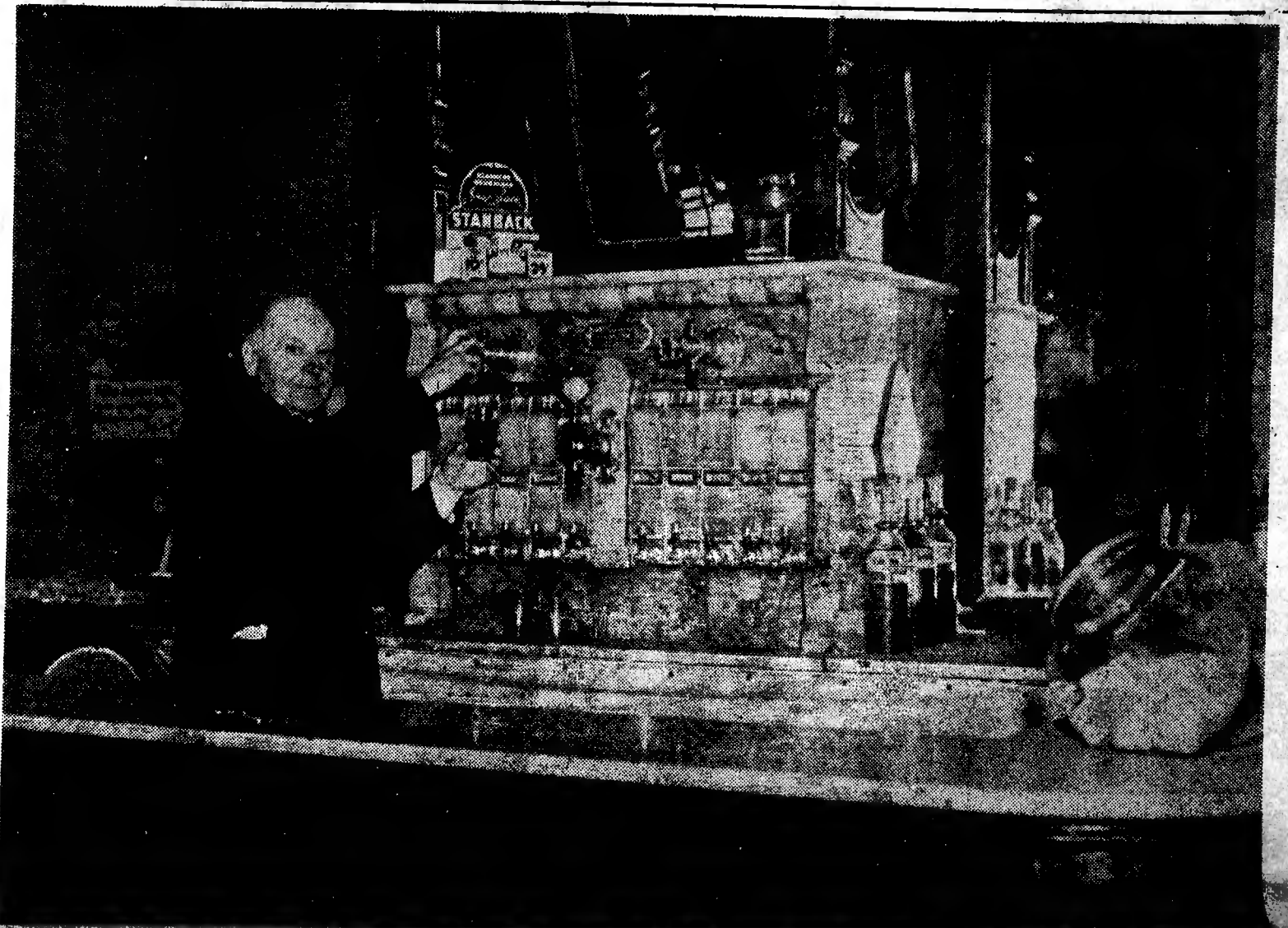
If by chance some of today's New Bern High school students don't fully appreciate their million dollar lay-out, this item in The Athenian about the newly completed Moses Griffin building on the Academy green should shame them a little.

"At last the new building has been completed," the magazine announced. "This means more to the school than is realized on first thought. Before the completion of this building four grades had their classrooms and recited all their lessons in the basement."

"Naturally it was damp there, and there was not so much fresh, pure air as was needed for a crowd of growing children. The other grades were crowded also, sometimes there were two small grades in one room."

"Now these are troubles of the past and we have all the room we need — the High School has a whole floor to itself. Now that we have enough room in which to work, we should study even more earnestly and enthusiastically than before."

A lot of imagination went into
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A SPECIAL TOUCH—Modern soda jerkers may think they're clever at their trade, but they had nothing on Charlie McSorley. New Bern's pioneer pop peddler, he served the best soft drinks in town from this fancy marble fountain. As Irish as a shamrock or the Blarney stone, he also made

ice cream and candy that was out of this world. Here he is seen in action at his famed shop on lower Middle street. Note that even in the good old days there was a demand for headache powders to take care of the bad mornings.

New Bern's "Yankee" Mayor Is A Southerner For Keeps

Why would a busy doctor seek political office — what did he stand to gain by it? These were questions that New Bern citizens asked their neighbors and themselves when Dale T. Millns ran for alderman from the Fifth Ward four years ago.

It didn't make much sense to some of the voters. And yet, impressed by the door to door campaign he waged as a novice with two strikes against him, they put the soft-spoken newcomer from Toledo, Ohio, in City Hall.

Surprisingly, to some folks, he served rather ably. This fact notwithstanding, the same questions that arose when he sought the office of alderman were tossed around again when he announced for mayor several months ago.

Answers that he might have given during the ensuing campaign could have been construed as so much double talk — aimed at luring additional ballots from the hands of the gullible. All politicians aren't noble, but they usually manage to talk nobly when expediency calls for it.

But, having been elected by an impressive majority, there is little necessity, even if he were so inclined, to misrepresent his true feelings. As of now, the young urologist strikes us as being frank and honest, when it comes to voicing opinions. No one appreciates the man who doesn't hedge more than editors and reporters.

Whether Millns has indulged in hedging in some of his dealings with others, we're in no position

to say with certainty. We can say that he has been strictly above board with the press, and that speaks well for any public official.

To understand why the new mayor "got mixed up" in politics — perhaps jeopardizing a professional success that had mushroomed almost overnight, you've got to know why he ended up in New Bern in the first place, and why he intends to stay.

There are two basic reasons. Dale Millns, despite birth and rearing in a city where hundreds of thousands of people lived, is a small townner at heart. Secondly, he is a Yankee who loves the South, and moved here by choice rather than through necessity. Had he preferred some other section of the United States, he could have prospered there as he has here.

Dale interned at Cleveland. While he was there, he made up his mind to leave the slush and snow that he wanted no part of. He had a brother who was a physician at Rock Hill, down in South Carolina, and locating in one of the Carolinas appealed to the budding urologist.

When he visited New Bern, among other towns, Dale was convinced that this was the place he would like to settle down with his wife and raise a family. He has never regretted the decision.

"Like other people," says Millns, "I like living in a small town rather than a big city, because it gives you a sense of belonging. I walk along the street, and meet folks who speak to me. No one is

really happy living where they are unknown and unappreciated."

Because he has five youngsters growing up in New Bern, if for no other reason, the local urologist wants the town to become progressively better. "I would like to see more opportunities for a decent livelihood," he says. "There is too much contrast in income. Most of our citizens are in a fairly high income bracket or one that is much too low. We need to narrow the gap and reduce the steep incline."

To accomplish this, the youthful doctor recognizes, we must have industry that can utilize those who are already living here and in the surrounding rural area. Citing the plight of the tenant farmer, Millns says he has very little chance to get ahead.

For him and for the man of low income in town, the mild mannered physician shows genuine concern. Dale feels that community betterment is everybody's responsibility, and in our opinion his strong feeling on the subject provided the self prodding that pushed him into the political arena.

He sees no reason why a doctor should hesitate to serve in public office, and with refreshing candor he disagrees with the popular concept that physicians are the busiest people in the world. He insists that doctors, like other citizens, can find time to do the things they really want to do. And that includes being mayor.

"Other people in a great many instances work just as hard as we

do," he says of the medical profession, "so I see no justification for the halo that has been placed on our heads with encouragement on our part."

Dale gets a kick out of building things, and he has a workshop at home that he tinkers in. With the careful scrutiny that is typical of doctors, he has gone all out to arrive at the right diagnosis for New Bern's ills, weaknesses, needs and prospects. The prognosis is favorable, if the patient will cooperate.

Unlike many a past mayor, and despite the contention that a doctor is too busy to fill the office properly, Millns had a specific and detailed program to present the board of aldermen on the night he was sworn in. It is no cure at all, but it does put down in black and white as a matter of permanent record the immediate aims of the Administration.

Seldom if ever has this been done in writing before by a new mayor taking office. Millns got enough seasoning during his four years as an alderman to know that hopes and plans don't always bloom into reality. In fact, he admits he didn't accomplish nearly as much while serving as alderman as he expected to.

Dale says he was impressed from the very first with New Bern's location at the junction of the Neuse and Trent, and he feels that the opportunity is great for continued beautification. He is especially pleased with the improved ap-
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