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What does the father of the bride feel like, on the eve of his daughter's wedding? Speaking first hand, this sentimental newspaperman is learning the hard way that it's a mixture of gladness and sadness, with a lot of wonderful memories thrown in for good measure.

You've got time for remembering too, at such a time as this. There's a great deal of activity around the house, but the place is strictly a no man's land. All you can do is get off in an obscure corner, and wistfully turn back the clock while a swarm of females monopolize the exciting present.

How swiftly the years have flown! Just yesterday she was having her first real birthday party. By a maddening coincidence, 17 of her little guests brought identical tea sets for their gift. It took three years for us to get most of the tea sets back to their original owners by the same birthday party route.

And then there was the time when Albert Wadsworth, Jr., and other boys in the neighborhood were playing baseball in Mrs. Sadie Kafer's backyard. "Miss Sadie" is Albert's grandmother. There weren't enough boys, so the little girl as our house was recruited.

A short while later, she came home screaming. Naturally, we figured she had been clobbered with a bat, or stung by a bee or something. It took a full five minutes to calm her sufficiently to ascertain the tragedy that had occurred.

"They made me play for Kinston," she sobbed convulsively, "and I got a home run." At the time we were statistician of the Coastal Plain League, and it was no secret to her that New Bern and Kinston were bitter rivals. Smacking a homer for Kinston, she figured, was the ultimate disgrace, and she was deeply ashamed that she had wielded the willow so well in the enemy's cause.

Once, when the Brownies were putting on some sort of play at the New Bern Recreation Center, everybody wanted to get into the act. Names were drawn to determine the very large cast. Unfortunately, our little girl missed out, but her good friend, Olivia Burnham, got one of the parts. Jo Carole learned Olivia's lines along with her.

Each day — in fact, several times a day — she would assure Olivia that she would fill in for her on the night of the show, in the event that Olivia got sick, or maybe broke an arm. Almost seriously, we confided to the wife that it might not be exactly safe for Olivia if she got caught up a dark alley with our eager offspring.

Anyhow, Olivia stayed in robust health, and went on stage while our little girl sat in the audience and recited the lines to herself as somebody else spoke them in the spotlight that a whim of chance had decreed.

No less dismal was an occasion when the Junior Choir at Centenary Methodist church sang at the Sunday morning service. Jo Carole was one of the older members of the group, but as little as the younger members. The director lined them up according to size instead of seniority, so she ended up with the tots on the front row, while children her own age stood in the back row.

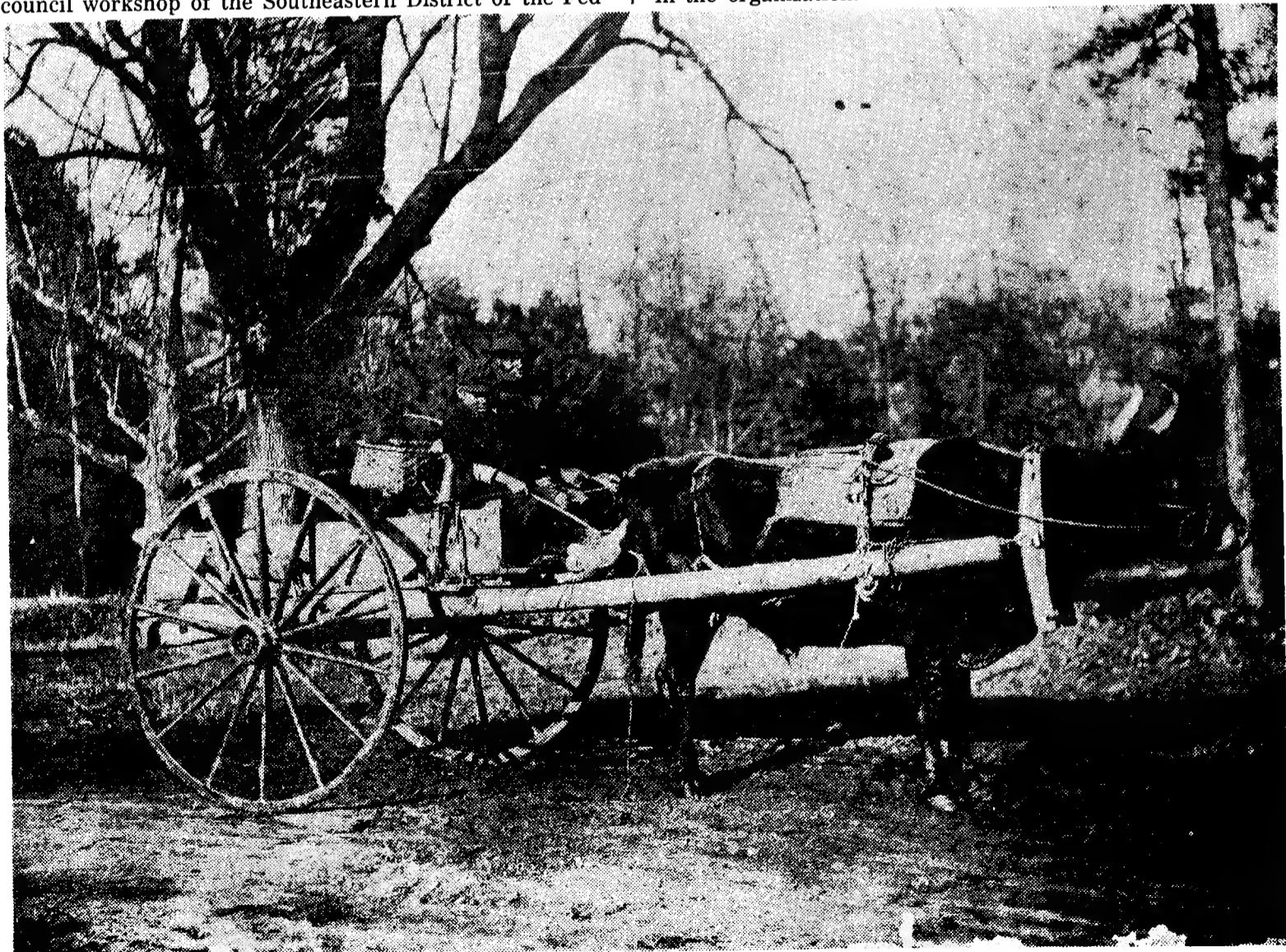
Maybe no one else noticed it, but we could see right off that she was ready to explode. If she had voiced aloud her thoughts, and given vent to her fury, it would probably have been the most astounding utterance ever heard in that particular church. Wisely, she remained silent, except for

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SHE WAS THERE—Shown on the extreme right is Mrs. Arvids Snornieks of New Bern, vice-president of the North Carolina Federation of Music Clubs. With her, attending a council workshop of the Southeastern District of the Fed-

eration of Music Clubs at Brevard Music Center, is Mrs. Harold G. Deal, Mrs. Hazel Post Gillette, Mrs. Frank A. Vought, and Mrs. Floyd D. Mehan, all high ranking officers in the organization.



SLOW GOING—This vegetable peddler's cart, drawn by ox, was a familiar sight on New Bern's streets in the good old days. Its owner, and the friend with him, were never accused of being hot rodders, and managed to escape ar-

rest for speeding. The photograph was snapped by Howard J. Carpenter when he was a little younger than he is now, and was quite enthusiastic about his camera hobby.