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On a recent afternoon, before Sam Whitehurst reported once more for duties in the State Legislature, we were motoring in the vicinity of his home on the Bayboro highway.

Along the road the two of us observed a very dead skunk. "That's the second one I've seen run over out here in the past few days," Craven's representative commented. "They've got loads of the things down in Carteret county, but during all the years our family has been here we haven't had any signs of the critters."

It was easy to see a sign of them now, on that road, and this was just one more item for Sam to ponder while constituents kept his telephone busy on the eve of the General Assembly's opening in its magnificent new State House.

Could it be that a Republican hauled several of the high-smelling polecats to Sam's neighborhood, and set them free to populate the section? We didn't stop to determine whether it was a Republican skunk or a Democratic skunk, since neither variety is a nice crowd to hang around.

Coming from us, that may sound rather snobbish, because some folks are probably of the opinion that a newspaperman, a politician and a skunk have enough in common to get along gloriously together. The skunk we saw wasn't talking, but he might consider himself better off dead than in such company.

Having admitted as much, we'll report that a sample survey by the Mirror indicates Red Skelton's characterization of Freddie the Freeloader is by far his best role in the eyes of New Bern TV fans. They like him too as George Appleby, Cauliflower McPugg and San Fernando Red, but Freddie is closest to their hearts.

Many of Skelton's admirers in our town may not know it, but his wistful and tender portrayal of the ragged tramp is practically a page from his own life. There was a time in New York when he went for days without eating in the midst of the Great Depression.

As John C. Waugh, the columnist, recalls it, Red's idea of a feast in those days was cooking eggs on a flatiron in a room in the old Flanders Hotel. A dresser drawer, laid upside down across two chairs, was his table and the bed springs his grill.

Red, like every other clown, discovered long ago that the line between comedy and pathos is as slender as the strands of a spider web. No other living comic can approach his talent for turning the laughter of an audience into sudden tears with his pantomime.

"I would define a clown," says Red, "as one who reenacts in an exaggerated way scenes which have taken place. They then become funny or sad, depending on the content and the point of view of the watcher. We are all right as people as long as we don't lose our laugh-

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TOOK A LOOK—Pictured in the parsonage of St. Mary's Free Will Baptist church are President W. Burkette Raper of Mount Olive College (fourth from right standing) and members of the board of directors. They were in New Bern last weekend to inspect possible

building sites, in event the college moves to this city. Assurances of financial support were given the group. Mount Olive citizens hope to keep the school.—Photo by John R. Baxter.



STEPPING LIVELY—New Bern's Teen Club at Union Point is strictly for the High school crowd Friday and Saturday, but the City Recreation Center gives adults a chance to enjoy a square dance there on Thursday night. The idea has caught on, and the dances have

become one of the many regularly scheduled activities of the Recreation Department. Teenagers like square dancing too, but haven't forsaken rock 'n roll.—Photo by John R. Baxter.