

THE NEW BERN MIRROR

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HE DONE IT

Mack Lupton, a man who murders the king's English every time he opens his mouth — which is often — was in typical grammatical form when he made his victory speech on radio after Tuesday's election.

Spouting forth with the salty brogue that betrays his "Down East" background, the newly elected Mayor of New Bern concluded his (as usual) unprepared oratory by saying, "I ain't mad at nobody."

Lupton, whose temper has a low boiling point, had little cause for anger at the moment. Citizens in this ancient city on the shores of the choppy Neuse and the rippling Trent had given him a whopping vote, the likes of which our town seldom sees.

In politics, as in sports, there's an old saying that allows as how "they never come back." Thomas E. Dewey and Adlai Stevenson, not to mention Dick Nixon, are cited as prime examples at the highest national level. On the local level, Mack appeared completely washed up until he made his decisive comeback three days ago. He has demonstrated that, once in awhile, some guys do get up from the canvas and score a knockout.

This editor, after Lupton's last defeat, expressed privately the belief that the blunt and blustery battler had spent his last happy day on earth. Mack laps up limelight like a thirsty hound laps up water, and we visualized nothing but continuing frustration for him after he was shoved into what appeared to be permanent political oblivion.

Few if any of the citizens who elected him Tuesday would have given a nickel for his chances a few short weeks ago. It was generally agreed that he was foolish to consider running for Mayor or even Alderman. Everybody thought he was a has been, trying to rekindle a flame from dead ashes.

Everybody thought so, that is, except Mack. As hard headed as they come when he sets his mind and his heart to something, he kept shuffling and shadow boxing like a worn-out pugilist who still thinks he has what it takes to be a champion.

His defeats hadn't been confined to the political wars. It was no secret that hurricanes had brought him serious financial reverses, and for fleeting moments when you met him on the street he seemed to lack much of his old-time exuberance.

Remarkably, no more than a month ago, Mack's fallen star started ascending into the sky again. Almost overnight, he began to pick up strength politically, and The Mirror has been convinced since early April that he would be elected Mayor, come what may.

In our considered opinion, nothing could have been done by his political enemies to halt the onrushing tide. For better or worse — and you can get opinions on both sides of the fence — he was destined to assume the helm at City Hall.

Without question the margin of his victory was increased by factors beyond his manipulation. Certainly he profited from the strategy relied on by those already in office at City Hall, since it boomeranged to his advantage.

Hundreds of voters we've asked about the matter are virtually unanimous in saying that it was a political mistake when his opponents saw fit to run together as a team against Lupton and the rest of the field. It was a perfectly legitimate maneuver, but it rubbed citizens the wrong way.

Another blunder, according to the citizens we've questioned, was the now famous "Friday ad" that specifically linked Lupton by name with a disputed deficit of considerable proportion allegedly inherited by those who succeeded Mack and his Administration.

Someone — the wording smacked of legal assistance — composed a reply for him and the smartly-phrased rebuttal possibly helped Mack. Our guess is he had been helped more than enough by the original ad.

Anyhow, Mack — as blustery as ever, as inadequate at speech making as ever, and as happy as ever, is back in the driver's seat. If electing him was a mistake, an awful lot of folks are to blame.

Historical Gleanings

—By—
ELIZABETH MOORE

PETITION OF MARGARET FOY 1816-1817

Mrs. Margaret Foy petitions for dower in lands and a distributive share of the personal estate of her deceased husband, Frederick Foy, Esquire;

To the Worshipful, the Justices of Craven County Court:

The petition of Margaret Foy sheweth: That Frederick Foy, Esquire, late of Craven County, departed this life in the month of December, 1815, seized and possessed of a large real and personal estate, leaving your petitioner his widow; and leaving a last will and testament dated 1st November 1813, which has been duly proved and John Stanly, one of the executors therein named has qualified thereto, and taken on himself the burthen of the execution thereof.

Your petitioner further sheweth: That the said will having been made before the marriage of your petitioner and the said Frederick Foy; no provision was therein made for her and your petitioner therefore at the March Term last past of Craven County Court in open court entered her dissent to the said will and became entitled to dower in the lands of said deceased, and to a distributive share of his personal estate agreeable to law, the lands of which the said Frederick Foy died seized and possessed he devised to his children, viz:

THOMAS FOY, JOHN FOY, an infant to whom ASA JONES, Esq. is guardian; ELIZABETH MONTFORT, wife of EDWARD MONTFORT, MARY BORDEN, wife of JOHN W. BORDEN, MARIA FOY, an infant to whom THOMAS H. DAVES, Esq. is guardian and FRANCES HILL, wife of WILLIAM H. HILL, the said lands consists of the following tracts:

A tract called SEVEN SPRINGS containing one thousand acres, a tract on the head of ISLAND CREEK, called the HORSEPEN POND, containing 100 acres, which pieces are situate in the County of Jones; a tract called the home plantation situate on the TRENT RIVER bounded west by REEDY BRANCH, East by HOODS CREEK, South by lands of PARSONS, HATCH and others, containing 1200 acres more or less, a tract of land on BRICE'S CREEK, pocosin, containing acres; a tract of land on BRICE'S CREEK, whereon a mill formerly stood adjoining DURANT HATCH's land, containing 800 acres, two tracts of land of 300 and of 500 acres



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MOTHER'S DAY

I'd like to have the rhythm of the rain
That pitter patters on a city street;
A small boy's whistle on a country lane,
The joyous sound of toddling baby feet.
I'd like to have the tom-toms of the sea,
Beating a challenge on fast changing sands,
A night bird's call, a brook's soft melody,
The sigh of winds that come from distant lands.
Although my idle wishes are all wrong,
And having half these things would never do,
I'd like to blend them in a mother song,
Then hurry home to sing it, just for you.

—JGMcd

adjoining the old Mill Tract and adjoining the lands of Durant and Ivy Hatch, all which last named pieces of land are situate in the County of Craven, and one lot situate in New Bern between Muddy and Eden Street, and one on Front Street, in all which lands your petitioner is entitled to a dower; also personal estate which consists of stock, corn, ready money, and other personalty;

To the end that dower may be allotted your petitioner a distributive share of child's part or 1/7 part of said personal estate may be laid off and delivered her, or such other decree made in the premises as may be just, may it please your worships to grant your petitioner Writs of Subpoenaes to be directed to:

THOMAS FOY, JOHN FOY, EDWARD MONTFORT, and ELIZABETH, his wife; MARIA FOY, JOHN W. BORDEN and MARY, his wife, AND WILLIAM H. HILL and FRANCES

HILL, his wife, and JOHN STANLY to appear before your worships at the Court to be held for Craven County on the 2nd Monday in June next to show cause if any they have, wherefore, the prayer of this petitioner should not be granted and your petitioner shall ever pray.

(Records of Craven County, Loose Papers, filed #Foy #2.)

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GIVE THE SMILES TO MOTHER

If you have a smile for Mother,
Give it now.
If you have a kindly word,
Speak it now,
She'll not need it when the angels
Greet her at the golden gate;
Give the smiles while she is living
If you wait 'twill be too late.

If you have a flower for Mother,
Pluck it now.
Place it gently on her bosom,
Print a kiss upon her brow.
What cares she when life is over,
For the flowers that bloom below.
She will have her share up yonder,
Scattered at her feet galore.
—Selected

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