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Chatting with Bob Minotti, a well known New Yorker who traded the Gay White Way for Oriental's more leisurely Pamlico pace, is always an enjoyable experience.

It's doubly enjoyable for a typewriter pounder like us, since Bob worked for a metropolitan newspaper many years ago. That was before his operation of a popular Long Island restaurant.

His friends in the old days included such journalistic giants as Damon Runyon and Arthur Brisbane, both now deceased, and Walter Winchell, who at this writing is still very much alive.

Minotti was especially fond of Runyon, in whose memory and name many millions of dollars have been raised for cancer research. The two were closely associated, and Bob was nearby when the man who wrote so cleverly of the Big Town's "guys and dolls" passed away.

Few who become smeared with printer's ink approach Runyon's versatility. He was a war correspondent, columnist, short-story writer, and an authority on show business and sports. His stack of books included My Wife Ethel, My Old Man, and Money From Home.

Four of his novels were made into movies. Along with Bob, the one we remember best, as will older New Bernians, was Little Miss Marker, starring an adorable moppet named Shir an adorable moppet named Shirley Temple. A tender story, it helped to make Shirley a beloved international star.

"Everybody liked Runyon," Minotti told us during a coffee session the other day. "He got the characters for his stories from real people he met and knew as he made his rounds of New York."

In one respect at least, Runyon resembled Asheville's great literary figure, Thomas Wolfe. Both were careless dressers. "Damon's necktie was seldom in the right place," Bob recalled. And Runyon was no nibbler when it came to eating.

Minotti remembers Arthur before Runyon in 1936, as the "righthand man" of William Randolph Hearst. For various periods, he was editor of the New York World, New York Evening Journal, and the Washington Times.

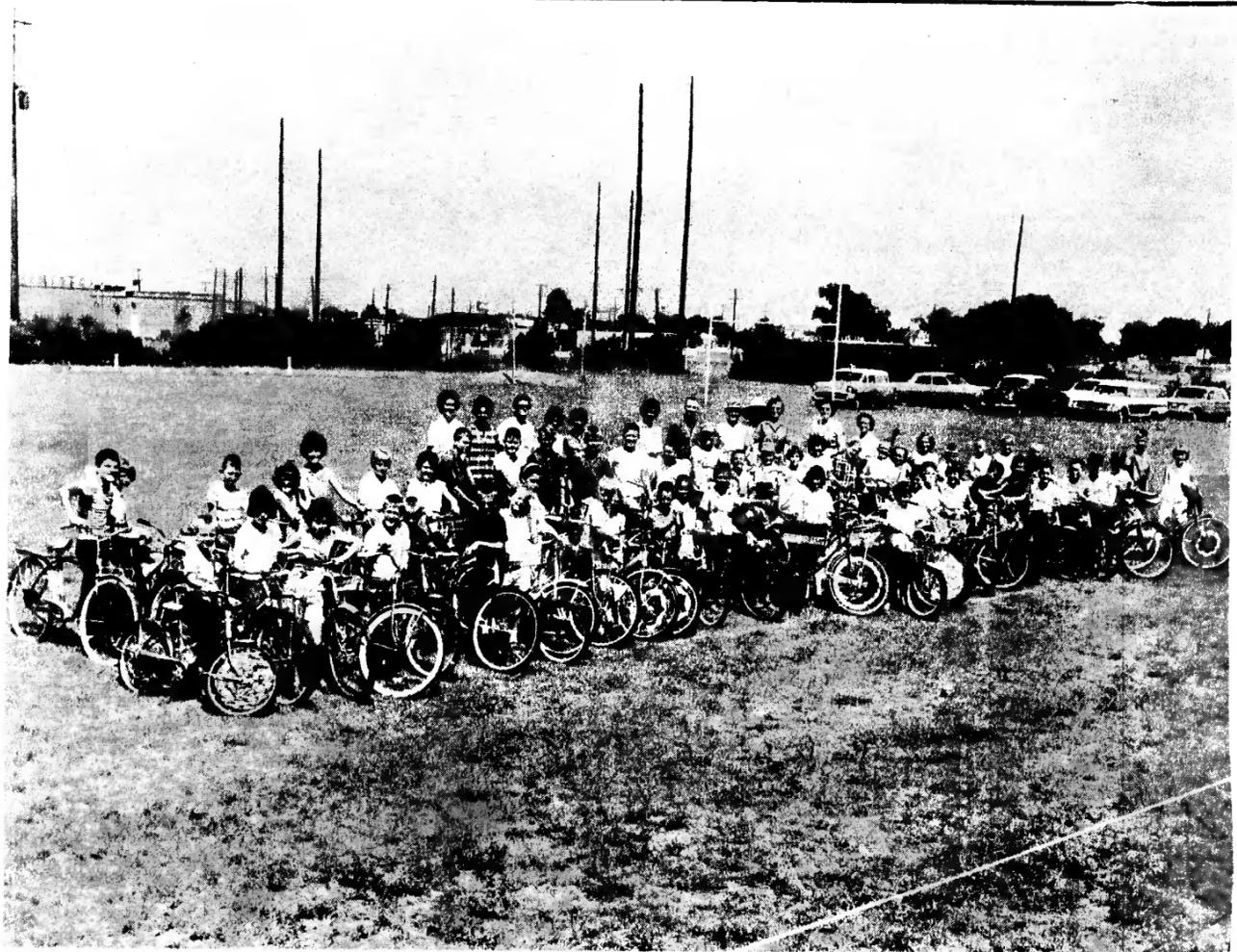
His specialty was forceful editorials, syndicated in hundreds of newspapers. Brisbane had a style that appealed to most readers. For some reason or other, we remember him best for the optimistic columns he wrote before the Wall Street crash of 1929, encouraging Americans to continue on their stock-buying spree.

"Walter Winchell has always been a neat dresser," says Minotti. Incidentally, before Winchell turned newspaperman he was a hooper in vaudeville. His first articles in print appeared back in 1922, for The Vaudeville News.

He is credited, or blamed, according to your point of view, with originating the gossip column as we know it today. Some of his critics accused the fast talking commentator of using "keyhole" tactics in his snooping for choice items.

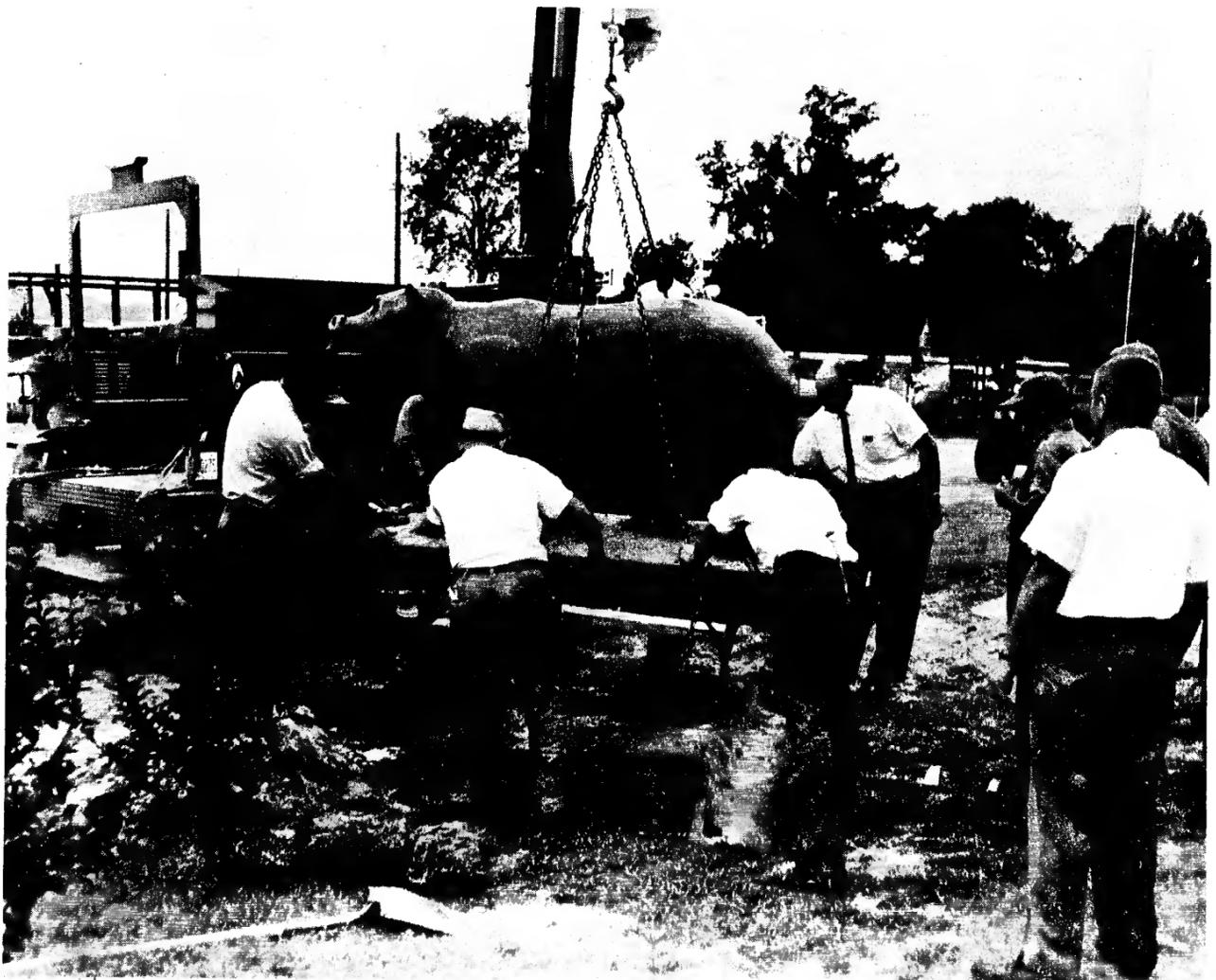
For better or worse, Winchell invented a type of jargon that

(Continued on Page 8)



THE GANG'S ALL HERE—Pictured are kids from City Recreation playgrounds who showed up for a bicycle rodeo jointly sponsored by the Department and the New Bern Pilot Club. Pedal pushers from seven to four-

teen had a parade, and competed in a variety of events for coveted ribbons. It was a lot of fun, topped off by refreshments served by Pilot members to their happy guests.—Photo by John R. Baxter.



BRUIN'S MOVING DAY—Workers struggling with the New Bern High school bear aren't mistreating him, even if it appears that one of them is trying to keep the ponderous student mascot from breathing. The big

fellow — weighing gosh knows how much — had to find a new spot on the campus to make room for additional class rooms. He was good natured about the matter.—Photo by John R. Baxter.