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Every newspaper editor who listens to his home town's heartbeat, and concerns himself with the little story behind the big story, ends up a millionaire.

Not a million dollars, although a few shrewd editors do get wealthy in the financial realm, but a million memories. Life at best is bittersweet, so inevitably and recollections that linger and mellow as the years roll by are alternately happy and sad.

This morning we're remembering things in a lighter vein. And, for no apparent reason, we've been thinking about the Sunday morning, almost a quarter of a century ago, when the Stork delivered Tommy and Terry Midyette at St. Lukes hospital here.

The writer was already an authority on parenthood, having become the proud father of an eight pound daughter at the same location a few days earlier. We were also an authority, or so we thought, on how long it takes to perform a Caesarian section, since that happened to be the way Jo Carole arrived on earth.

Charles and Margaret Midyette, who rate high on our list of favorite New Bernians, had been informed that they too would become parents in the same manner, and Margaret had just been escorted upstairs to the operating room when we put in an appearance at St. Lukes to bolster the spirits of the very nervous expectant father.

Charles, with a bad case of jitters, was sweating it out alone in Dr. Joe Patterson's office, and was swallowing a pill when we entered. As is usually the situation at such a time as this, he was truly the forgotten man.

As best we could, we proceeded to reassure him. Knowing how long it took to complete our own daughter's delivery, we added twenty minutes and lied to Charlie. Our line of reasoning was to ease the suspense somewhat, and have him become a father before the clock pointed to the time he would envision as the crucial moment.

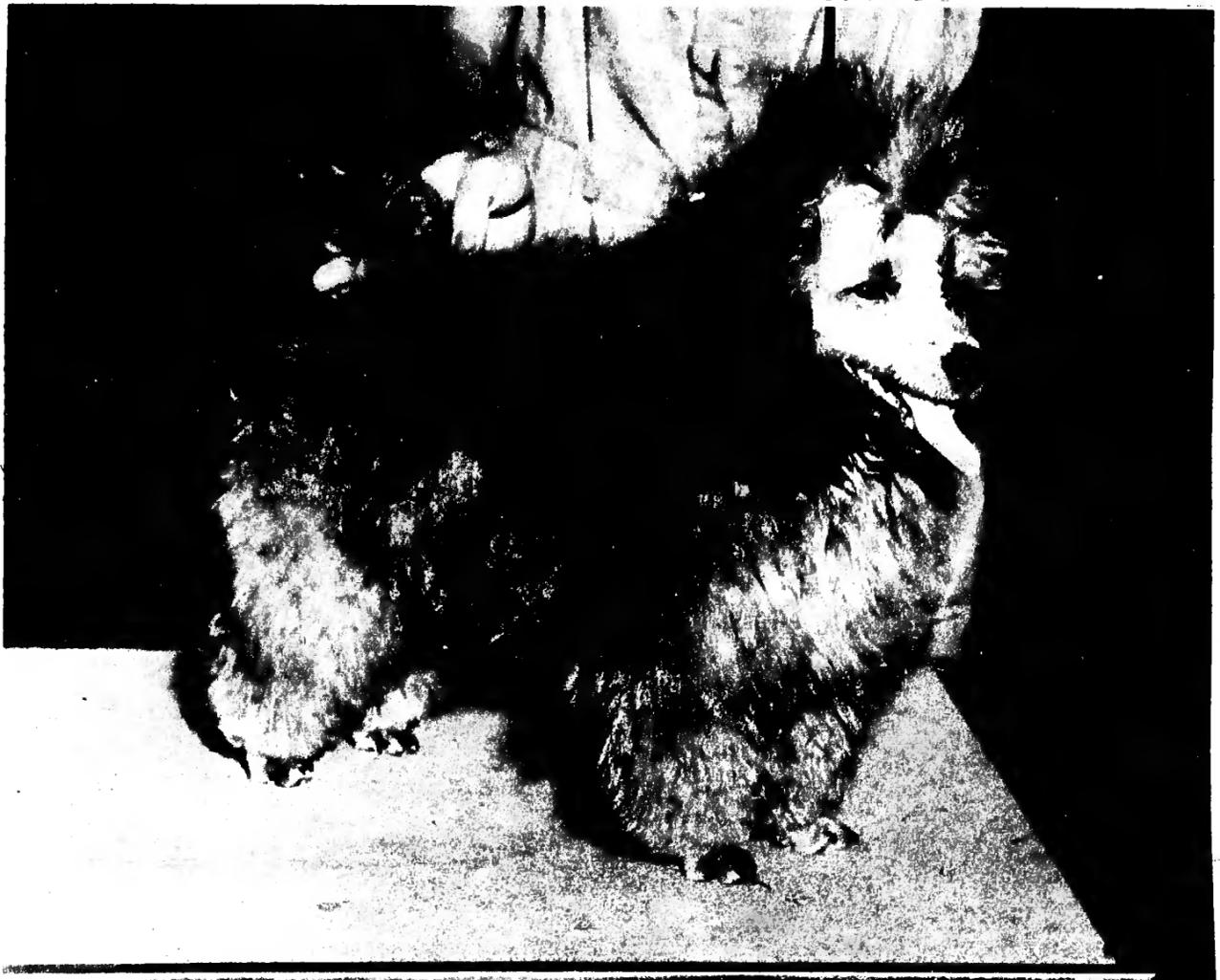
Like a lot of the calculations we've been smug about, this one was a dismal failure. The amount of time it had taken for our daughter to arrive passed, and so did those twenty extra minutes we had lied about.

From that point on, although we tried to conceal it, we were even more nervous that the expectant father. But for the fact that it didn't seem the wise thing to do, considering Charlie's condition, we would have asked for a couple of his pills.

Just when he appeared on the verge of fainting, the news came that he was the father of twins--a boy and a girl. Never, before nor since, have we seen an ailing man recuperate as rapidly. A short while later, he was standing in front of the hospital, with his chest shoved out, and his head cocked to one side like a bantam rooster welcoming the sunrise.

The delivery of Tommy and Terry was the sixth blessed event to occur at St. Lukes in less than a week. The whole second floor was full of mothers and babies (there was no maternity ward as such)--all except

(Continued on Page 7)



A SURE WINNER—Francoise Silver Satan, a 7-month old silver toy poodle owned by Frances McD. Fulford and Florence E. Hanff of New Bern is still in the puppy classification. This notwithstanding, he won first prize at the High Point dog show on August 31, second prize

at Salisbury on September 1, and first place at Raleigh on September 2. He possibly missed the top honor at Salisbury when he bit the judge. That's bad business. —Photo by Wooten-Moulton.



SEPTEMBER SCENE—New Bern's nature lovers miss beauty unsurpassed if they fail to explore the winding creeks that empty into the Neuse and Trent. Man's inhumanity to man seems far away in this peaceful

setting, where stream and sky and trees need no debate to assure friendly co-existence. It's good for the soul to marvel at God's creation on quiet waters.—Photo by Wooten-Moulton.