

# MIRROR

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Brethren of the Baptist flock have been known to kid us Methodists about the lack of emotionalism displayed in our churches, especially when there's a revival going on.

As the son of a First Baptist deacon, we would be the last to deny that those of us numbered among the sprinkled do show less fervor in the church house. Not only when it comes to the congregation, but in the pulpit as well.

Quite a few years back, however, a Methodist minister did get excited. It happened down at Belgrade, and caused the Rev. P. C. Yelverton, a 23 year old pastor, to run 45 minutes late with his Sunday morning sermon. Under the circumstances, nobody blamed him.

As a matter of fact, everybody in the congregation remained wide awake until the final hymn and benediction. Such alertness stemmed not only from the youthful parson's message but from the competing activity of an uninvited visitor.

All set to give forth with a serving of the gospel, the minister discovered that he was sharing his pulpit with a snake. It was no time for dignity, even in a place of worship.

The Rev. Mr. Yelverton beat a hasty retreat up the aisle, spreading the alarm as he went. Needless to say, the church pianist and the choir shared his apprehension over this sudden turn of events.

To make matters worse, the snake had done a disappearing act by the time all hands had recovered their equilibrium, and set about the business of eliminating his unwanted presence.

Finally located, the snake was killed and carted out, and the preacher delivered his sermon. Ordinarily, youth is regarded as something of a handicap by most ministers, but in this instance, when speed was a distinct advantage, the Rev. Yelverton had cause to be thankful for his tender years.

While we're on the subject of unusual occurrences, Bobby Prescott, a local teenager figured in one last Saturday. The previous night, at Greenville, he had contributed all of his 130 pounds of spunk to the victory of the New Bern High school Bears over a favored Phantom eleven.

Next morning he was in a happy frame of mind when he went on a deer hunt with Clyde Swindell and William Edwards. Little did he suspect what was in store for him before he got back to town. But for the fact that he is known to be even more truthful than George Washington was as a boy, his experience would be hard to believe.

A considerable distance from the other two youths, he spied a deer with a full set of antlers. Just as he raised his gun to draw a bead on the big buck, he heard a noise behind him. Before he could turn, something crashed into his back, and the gun flew from his hands.

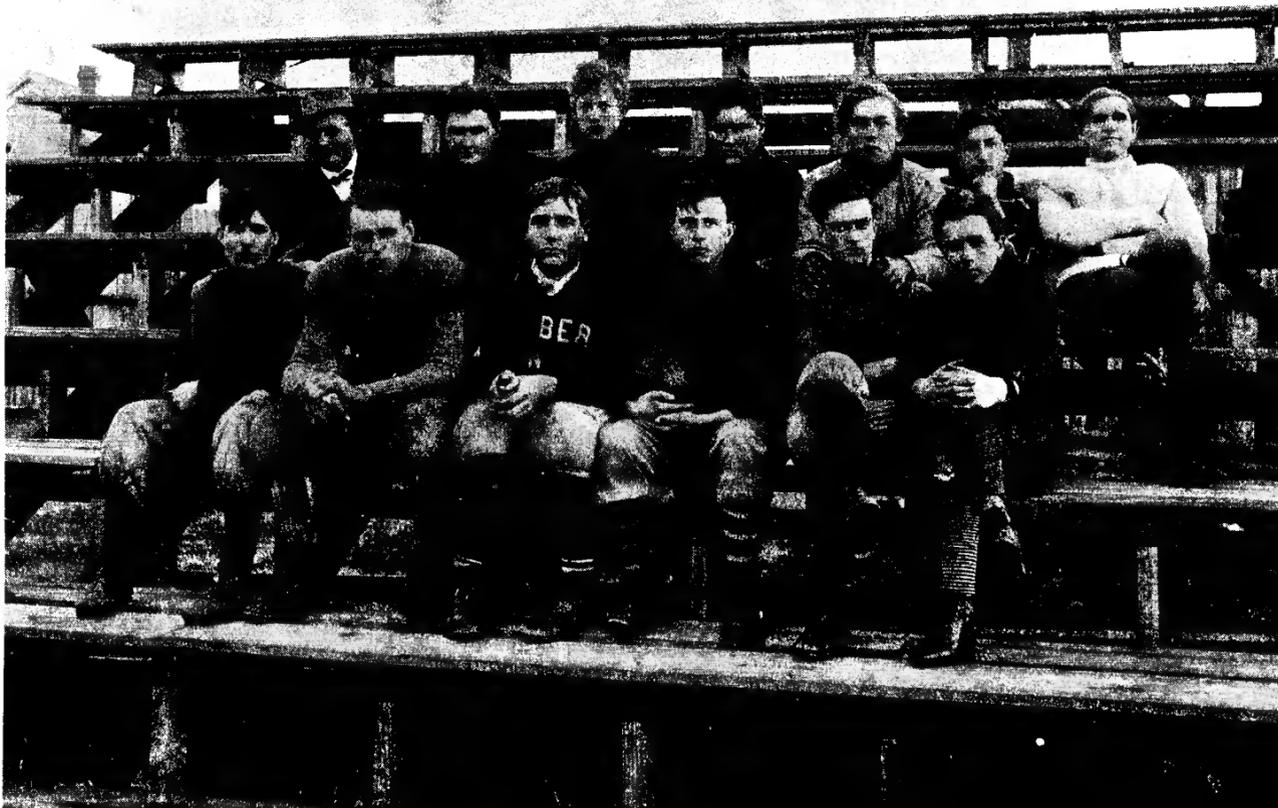
The something was a smaller buck. Bobby, making the most of his football experience, made a flying tackle and the two of them had a terrific battle then and there. Somehow, in the upheaval, the slender youngster managed to reach his gun and

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**CRAVEN COUNTY'S BEST**—A dozen years ago, Jasper High School produced a girls basketball team that crushed opponents like a steam roller. Members of the all conquering sextet, several of whom live in New

Bern, will be surprised to see their likeness in this week's issue of the Mirror. You should have no trouble finding familiar faces in a group beyond compare.



**OUT OF THE PAST**—Pictured in this rare, 58-year-old photo of New Bern's town football team — reading left to right—are Don Hanks, right end; Ralph Hunter Smith, fullback; Bill Hoover, right guard; Nelson Angell, quarterback; Isaac Hughes, left tackle; Lyle

Smith, sub; Tom Daniels, coach; Roy Edgerton, left guard; Carl Taylor, right halfback; John Watson, center; Ernest Lupton, left halfback; Leslie Jacobs, left end and John Lupton, right tackle.