



New Bern  
**The NEW BERN**

# MIRROR

PUBLISHED BY  
NR Public Library  
407 New St.  
CAROLINA  
**5¢ Per Copy**

VOLUME 7

NEW BERN, N. C., FRIDAY, MAY 15, 1964

NUMBER 7

An era ended Thursday night--and like all good eras ended sadly--when diminutive Donald Smith directed his incomparable New Bern High School choir, and his boys and girls choruses, for the last time.

For 24 years, the eternally youthful Yankee from Buffalo, N. Y., had made musical history, bringing the community an excellence in home-produced song that it never knew before, and possibly would never know again.

It may be argued all of us--even the most successful and distinguished--wear shoes that others are capable of filling. In our considered opinion, those in authority at New Bern High School will search a long time before they find another Donald Smith, and coax him to the shores of the Neuse and Trent.

Only the vainest of us would foolishly believe that New Bern--year after year--produces the most exceptional teen-age voices in the State. And yet, it is a matter of record that--for a quarter of a century--this Tom Thumb of a music man blended talent ranging from fair to middling to excellent so expertly that his choirs stood alone in North Carolina.

Every New Bern music lover probably knows by now that Smith is going to Frederick College in Virginia, where--we hope--he will be free from certain unpleasanties that plagued him in recent years at New Bern High School.

What isn't commonly known here--and The Mirror has learned this from an authoritative source--is that the NBHS music director not only got a flattering contract from Frederick College, when he decided it was time to move on, but was offered a tempting job shortly before at Winston-Salem's largest High School.

When measured in terms of age, Frederick is a baby among college institutions. However, the baby is healthy, has been nourished by a 17-million dollar endowment, and latched onto Smith as the best thing in sight for its music department.

We have reason to believe that the Buffalo native has contemplated leaving New Bern for at least a year. It was no easy decision. His wife, Inez, is a local girl, his children have grown up here, and he owned a home here.

In the fullest sense, the transplanted New Yorker had sunk his roots deep in his adopted city. Although it was easy to see that he was qualified for bigger things, few feared he would leave a community that had become part and parcel of his heart.

As the first New Bernian to shake Donald Smith's hand, the editor of The Mirror never expected him--after finding a happy harbor here--to pull up anchor and start virtually a new life in strange surroundings. We don't think Smith dreamed of such a possibility.

How good is this man in his chosen field? We'll settle for the opinion of a local youngster who was once a member of the New Bern High School choir and now sings in one of North Carolina's top college glee clubs.

"Donald Smith," the college

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**DO YOU KNOW HIM**--Here is another of the old pictures that turned up when County Agent A. T. Jackson and his staff rummaged through obsolete files before moving to new quarters in the former Health Center Building. Hundreds -- perhaps thousands -- of our

Craven County farm friends will immediately recognize the man in this photograph. It's a honey of a picture, and he evidently has more faith in the good behavior of bees than we have.



**WEIGHING TIME**--Our Mirror readers, whether they live in town or in rural areas, get a kick out of identifying old photographs. We don't have the remotest idea who these three gentlemen are, but someone will put

us wise. We aren't even sure -- never having lived on a farm -- but we assume there's a pig in that crate, and his (or her) poundage is being determined by a simple but crude scale.