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You can't cover trials big and little for a third of a century, and fail to see some funny things happen. Take, for example, an episode in Craven Superior Court quite a few years back.

It's the usual practice among lawyers to question on opposing witness about his own police record, if any, to minimize the strength of his testimony.

Cross examination can be a dangerous maneuver, however, as the late Clarence Darrow, shrewdest of all criminal attorneys' used to point out. Certainly such prodding proved destructive in a case tried here.

Familiar with the misdeeds of a man who had taken the stand against his client, a local member of the bar was raking through past convictions of the witness with the thoroughness of a fine tooth comb on a suspected head.

Time and again, the squirming witness admitted he had served sentences for this or that offense. The jury, listening with perked up ears, was getting a pretty good idea of his habitual waywardness, and weighing his truthfulness accordingly.

Obviously determined to strike a final crushing blow, the puffing and perspiring attorney cited still another case, and shouted, "I suppose you're going to tell me and this Court that you weren't guilty of this stealing?"

"No sir," the witness replied with a plaintive respectfulness that smacked of sincerity. "You was my lawyer in that case, and you was the one who said I wasn't guilty."

The jury snickered, the judge smiled, and the deflated lawyer, no longer huffing and puffing, called it quits.

Not long ago, you'll recall, we wrote of the passing of our favorite banjo player, Miss Minnie -- who brightened things for years at the Craven County Home.

Various other residents at the Home have been intriguing too, including Mrs. Mary Fisher, who was still reading without glasses at the age of 96.

It was a rare accomplishment, and no one appreciated this fact more than "Miss" Mary. Most of her waking hours were spent with a book in her hands.

No one could say her literary tastes followed a routine pattern. Much of her reading centered on the Bible, but for diversion she switched to detective stories based on actual crimes.

During her long stay, after outliving loved ones, she became something of an authority on Scripture while keeping abreast with the latest methods of murder and mayhem.

Actually, Miss Mary was a gentle and peace loving individual of deep religious faith. However, she frankly admitted that the gory stuff she perused in pulp magazines gave her relaxation and pleasure.

Her method of relaxing may sound foolish to other folks, but significantly, in this world of sleeping pills and headache remedies, her medicine cabinet, was, by her own choosing, as bare as Mother Hubbard's cupboard.

To have been as wide awake as she was, Miss Mary cer-

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KEEPING THEIR PROMISE—Most High school seniors solemnly tell each other at graduation that they will get together for a grand reunion bye and bye. Sadly, very few ever do. New Bern High school's Class of 1944 is a happy exception. Tomorrow night — 20 years after marching down the aisle to the stirring strains of Pomp And Circumstance — members will gather at New Bern's Shrine Club, and turn back the clock to hours that are no more . . . Rounding them up, from near and far was no small undertaking, but they'll be here — a little older and wiser, and in most instances less streamlined. Included in the class, shown here, are Rodney Alexander, Jane Amos, Closs Barker, Anne Barton, Gloria Blanchard, Peggy Boyd, Richard Boyd, Margaret Burkhart, Sara Bowser, Mary Cahoon, Peggy Carter, Paul Casey, Nancy Caton, Elwood Cayton, Ruby Cole, Jessie Conner, William Conner, Dorothy Cook, Page Daniel, Darre Daniels, Geraldine Eakes, C. B. Edwards, Mary Louise Edwards, Richard Farmer, William Fitzgerald, Dorothy Fulford, Robert Fuson, Lila Gaskins, Oliver Gaskins, Edmond Habib, George Hardesty, Molly Hargett, Crawley Hartsell, Agnes Hooker, Betty Humphrey, Lillie Ives, Robert Jacobs, Faye Jenkins, Eloise Jones, Sylvia Joseph, Rudolph Jowdy, Charles Kaleel, Katherine King, Ray Miller, Helen Moore (deceased), William Moore, Beverly Morrison, Mary Louise Moulton, Josephine Nassef, Harold Olsen, Basil Paafe, Hazel Parks, Emily Phillips, Laura Price,

Mary Elizabeth Pugh, Joseph Rachide, Mary Emma Rhodes, Martha Simpson, Marjorie Smith, Bertha Springle, Loy Thompson, Roy Tucker, Lois Waters, Marie Wetherington, Elinor Williams, William L. Williams, Elsie Willis, Rudolph Rhodes, Dorothy Hardison, Verona Osborne, Margaret Owens, Russell Rowell, George Huffman, Robert Gaskins, Paul Griffin, Emma Katie Guion, Mary Irene Gray and Raymond Karam. When this picture was made, in front of the Moses Griffin building that housed these students, they could hardly have envisioned today's greatly expanded New Bern High school at the new location. Facilities the Class of '44 had to settle for in no way compared with the elaborate plant now operating, with its excellent auditorium, very creditable gymnasium, and roomy athletic fields. World War II was still going strong at the time this photo was snapped. Within a few short months one member of the class would lose a brother in the Battle of the Bulge, and she herself — not long after, as time flies — would be the first youngster in the group seen here to depart from the ranks of the living. The week that saw this Class of '44 graduate also produced an invasion of France by the Allies. It was dubbed D-Day, and so it would ever remain. Exactly 14 months later, to the day, the first atomic bomb fell on Hiroshima. These were big things, but Saturday night at the New Bern Shrine Club a lot of little things will be remembered most of all.