

# The NEW BERN

# MIRROR

PUBLISHED WEEKLY  
IN THE  
EASTERN N.  
CAROLINA  
5¢ Per Copy



VOLUME 7

NEW BERN, N. C., FRIDAY, JULY 31, 1964

NUMBER 18

Among the newspapers that regularly reach our desk is the Peninsula Herald, published at Monterey, California. From it comes this: The secret of the successful home garden is not to plant more than your wife or children can cultivate.

Of course, no such problem has confronted the editor of The Mirror this year. As we admitted earlier in Village Verses, our three tomato plants contributed very little to the vegetable kingdom's abundance.

To make our crop failure even more humiliating, our next door neighbor has grown wonderful tomatoes just a few feet from the spot where we failed so miserably. No doubt out of sympathy, since she is much too kind to boast, she has provided some choice samples for our table.

Newspaper editors, regardless of what you may have imagined, don't get gifts of this sort very often, although we still remember most pleasantly that Mrs. Roscoe Gaskins presented us a wonderful assortment of vegetables a few years ago.

Twice, in recent months, Mrs. Elisha (Speed) Bunting has been one of our benefactors too. If the sweets she provided us are typical of what's happening in her kitchen, we would like to qualify as a star boarder at the Bunting residence.

Jennie Kennel, in her Teen Topics column, writes about Johnnie Smith this week, but we would like to add our own personal note. The Smiths were our neighbors, when Annette and Johnnie and our daughter and son were growing up.

Speaking from close observation, we've never known a more devoted family than theirs. As years passed, the bond between our family and the Smiths remained strong, so like many other New Bernians we felt a deep sense of loss when Johnnie left those who loved him and those he loved.

Less shocking but perturbing was the news that Mrs. Louis (Christine) Daniel had suffered a broken hip in a fall while vacationing. A fifth grade teacher at Eleanor Marshall School, she holds a place in the hearts of pupils past and present.

At this writing, she is a patient in Baptist Hospital at Winston - Salem. Drop her a card, and let her know that everybody--especially the kids who attend Eleanor Marshall--is pulling for her rapid recovery.

You're no longer young if you can remember when Leo Watson sang at Glenburnie Park, Fritz Hansen wrestled in the Ghent Casino, Ag Lewis engineered the trains that carried church picnics to Morehead City, harness racing was a main attraction at our East Carolina Fair, and Miss Fannie Howerton maintained complete silence in the reading room at New Bern's Public Library.

Likewise, age is catching up with you, if you recall when Cyclone Mack pitched his revival tent where Broad Street Christian Church now stands, and delivered his thunderous messages nightly for two weeks. It's been quite a spell too since Satanet climbed the Elks Temple to publicize a soft drink bearing his name.

Childhood in the current era  
(Continued on Page 6)



**IN GOOD HANDS**—To fully appreciate this photograph, you've got to know 13 years old Bobbie Benner. The love he feels for birds and animals is mirrored in his expressive eyes as he offers safe haven to these tiny wild rabbits, endangered by several roaming hounds while Mama Rabbit was away from her nest. Bobbie, who has communed with nature since his toddling days, finds joy in the wonders of God's Creation. Perhaps

this unposed picture of a boy with compassion in his heart for all things living will help you in some way to forget momentarily man's inhumanity to man. Bitterness and hate, bloodshed and greed dominate today's front pages all over the world, but one little weekly in a place called New Bern has room on its front page this morning for the emotion that Paul proclaimed the greatest of all, love.

