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So delighted was New Bern High school's Class of 1930 with the success of its Saturday night reunion that another gathering has been scheduled for next year.

Eula Stewart Hudson, who now lives in Bristol, Va., is given most of the credit for kindling interest and fanning it to a bright flame. "I didn't do a lot," she insists, "everybody was cooperative."

Members of the class converged on the Holiday Inn from all over. At the informal banquet, handled to perfection by Mike Pugh of the Charcoal Hearth management, New Bernians who hadn't glimpsed each other for a third of a century rehashed memories for old time's sake.

Nat Dixon, who if we remember rightly was president of the class, served as toastmaster. And, during the course of the evening, he came up with one of the funniest stories yet, about his Marine Corps honeymoon.

Stationed at San Diego, he was dismayed shortly after he and Eleanor ankled to the altar when a service physician hospitalized him with a case of trench mouth. Eleanor was equally distraught.

She was allowed to visit him, with strict understanding that there wouldn't be so much as a single goodbye kiss when she departed for home. During their time together, however, they were permitted to take a brief stroll.

Orders or no orders, on the last visit before his release, Nat was determined to kiss his bride. Unfortunately, they walked and walked without finding sufficient foliage to protect them from public scrutiny.

Finally, they discovered a little path that led to a rather nice hideaway. The frustrated leatherneck was in the midst of a prolonged kiss when an officer and a female companion who turned out to be his wife rudely interrupted.

Nat was no fool. He knew a General when he saw one, snapped to attention and attempted an explanation. Meanwhile the General's wife, unaware that she was insulting another wife, gave Eleanor down the country.

Eleanor, as kind and big hearted as a mortal can be, in peaceful until you try to run over her. She came right back at the General's wife, and gave her as good as she sent. Fortunately, it didn't get to the hair pulling stage.

Next morning Nat was called to headquarters, and expected the worst. It developed that the General was an understanding soul. Having ascertained that Nat was indeed married as claimed, he informed the frightened enlisted man that he could kiss his bride anytime he wanted to.

"But," the General said almost wistfully, "please arrange to do it in the future at some place other than on my front lawn."

A surprisingly large number of ex-students showed up for Saturday night's reunion, and quite a few traveled a great distance to be here. Most of the out of towners who couldn't make it wrote letters of keen regret.

One of the absentees, through no fault of his own, was Dr. Charles Styron of Raleigh. He
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THERE'LL COME A DAY—When Susan McTaggart, the charming daughter of Wally and Dorothy McTaggart, has experienced a few birthdays, she'll be much more concerned with observing her likeness in the closest mirror. For the present, however, she'll

let Snow White ask questions of the looking glass. Our readers will agree that Susan has no reason to worry about beauty. May she stay as sweet and lovely as she is right now, and remain as free of vanity.—Photo by Wray Studio.