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As we expected, many stories have been passed along to us about the kindness of Dr. Charles Hall Ashford since we ran an editorial commenting on the loss that New Bern suffered with his passing.

For example, a widow stopped on the street, and told how the mild mannered physician struggled to save her husband. When his efforts failed, he took time out to attend the funeral and wrote her a heartfelt letter of sympathy.

Then there was the case of a farmer of limited means whose sustained an arm fracture. Dr. Ashford x-rayed the arm and placed it in a cast. Asked how much the bill was, he said, "Suppose you bring me a couple of messes of collards."

On another occasion, years ago, a local man was distraught when his bird dog was injured seriously and he couldn't get up with a veterinarian. He called Ashford as a last resort. "Bring him in after five o'clock," the physician advised the man, and thanks to expert attention the dog was soon as good as new.

Dr. Ashford liked everybody, but he displayed special concern for Farney Justice, a delightful old codger who could imbibe astounding amounts of the well known strong beverage and still keep his equilibrium.

There's a limit to everything, however, and periodically Farney would exceed his capacity and enter St. Luke's hospital to abstain temporarily. The nurses pampered the elderly bachelor, and he loved it.

He was a patient in the front room on the second floor when our first child was born at the institution. When it rains it pours, and shortly thereafter seven other babies were born there. The last to arrive were Terry and Tommy Midyette, the first and last offspring of Margaret and Charlie Midyette.

There were no rooms left, so Farney was moved out of the front room to make room for Margaret. Later, while sipping a team glass full of the most potent joy juice available, the ever spry character of characters told companions that he had never had a narrower escape. "I came this close to being the mother of twins," he said.

Then there was the time Dr. Ashford took Farney out of the hospital to show him how construction was progressing on the physician's house in Bridgeton. Farney, still slightly under the weather, made the tour without mishap, but Ashford stepped on a board that jumped up and cut his head. Farney accompanied him back to St. Luke's for stitches.

We've always wanted to tell these stories about Farney, but held off until his surviving sister, Miss Sallie, went to her reward. "Farney's brother, Speedy, who could drive an automobile slow enough to give a turtle ulcers, was the first of the three to depart this earth.

The longer we live the more we're convinced that an older's meandering along Memory Lane is hardly less pleasant than the primrose path beckoning to those of younger years.

You can't turn back the clock,

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TAKES OVER—Arthur T. Moore of Fayetteville was publicly installed here Thursday night as the new Potentate of New Bern's Sudan Shrine Temple. He succeeds Bruce Boyette of Wilson, who led the Temple's 8,300 members in 50 North Carolina counties during the past year. New Bern is the smallest city in the world boasting a Temple. North Carolina has one other, Oasis at Charlotte. Sudan came into being in 1916, largely through the vision of a New

Bern physician, Dr. Joseph F. Rhem. Often described as the playground of Masonry, the Shrine has more than justified its existence in America through establishment of great hospitals to aid crippled children. Wearers of the fez have worked tirelessly and enthusiastically for years providing many millions of dollars for this worthy cause. Few Temples have surpassed Sudan's efforts to give every child health and happiness.