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More and more, aging Mickey Rooney resembles his father Joe Yule, the friendly little comic who starred in "Maggie and Jiggs" at New Bern's Athens Theatre (now The Try-on) back in the early Twenties.

This particular road show, written about the cartoon couple created by George McManus, was only one of many that graced the Athens stage in days long gone. Others included "The Student Prince" and "Seventh Heaven" as well as "The Cat and The Canary" and "Blossom Time."

It was this editor's rare privilege, in early boyhood, to distribute hand bills door to door in advance of these touring productions, thereby getting in free.

Ed (Chuck) Smith, who handled such things for the Athens, lived in our neighborhood on upper Pollock street. He lined up his own son, Alex, and several other kids to spread the circulars in New Bern and nearby towns.

Of all the shows that came to New Bern, our favorite was "Blossom Time." Like "The Student Prince" it returned for repeat performances, so evidently cash customers appreciated it as much as we did.

The stage door to the Athens opened directly into the theatre's left wing, and on hot nights the door was occasionally left open and unguarded. This negligence led to the unscheduled introduction of a new child star on an unforgettable night.

In the midst of a torrid love scene, a tot who had wandered away from his home less than a block away and ventured down the theatre alley, toddled through the aforementioned rear entrance, and out to the middle of the stage.

The hero of the show, who had just finished saying, "Darling, we are alone at last" to the heroine, forgot romance for the moment, loosened his tight embrace, and livid with anger and embarrassment chased the moppet off the stage.

This delightful occurrence lingers in our memory most vividly, like the time a group of actors and actresses performing Shakespeare in the Swarthmore Chataqua tent on New Bern's Academy Green found the going tough.

The scenery, held erect by connecting iron pipes that obviously hadn't been installed by a master plumber, decided to collapse and down it came upon the unsuspecting dramatists.

Commendably capable of coping with the crisis, the Chataqua players managed to get everything approximately back in place, including their own wits, and resumed operations.

Like they say, there's no business like show business. On one of the evenings that Will Rogers played at Raleigh's Memorial Auditorium, the audience was waiting and no Rogers was in sight. Somebody thought to investigate out back, and there was Will, putting on his act for a gathering of entranced newsboys.

On this occasion, or another one, the beloved humorist was entertained at supper (or dinner if you prefer) by News and Observer Publisher Jose-



WHAT A WORLD—Jerry Hart, Jr., four month old son of Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Hart of Vanceboro, wore this thoughtful expression when Eunice Wray focused her camera and snapped another of her delightful Mirror portraits. If you were called upon to write the cutline for the picture you're now gazing at, you could say that Jerry is drooling over a candy or ice cream commercial, watching a gun fight on his favorite

western program, or getting a feeling of dismay as he listens to all of the bad things reported by Walter Cronkite, David Brinkley or Peter Jennings. In fact, he may be emotionally involved in the latest crisis occurring on one of several afternoon soap operas. Truth of the matter is that Jerry is a born prankster, and is simply trying to figure out something else to tamper with. Don't worry, he never runs out of ideas.