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E. H. (Pee Wee) Jackson, demolishing the Barbour house to make room for an addition to Holiday Inn here, got the surprise of his life the other day. So did another man he had never seen before, and isn't likely to ever see again.

Holsting himself to the top of the already stripped frame dwelling, to attach cables for a final yank, Pee Wee discovered a youth in his early twenties sleeping soundly in a closet. The place of slumber adjoined the only bedroom remaining at the rear of the house.

The young man told Jackson that he had arrived in town by plane, found the Holiday Inn sold out, and noticed that the house next door was open and in the process of being razed. The time was 4 a. m. and the scene dark and deserted, so he climbed the stairs and drifted off into the land of dreams.

At 8 a. m. Pee Wee and his crew started to reduce the gutted structure to its final state of rubble. For six hours, until 2 p. m. when the uninvited occupant was discovered, the house was being ripped apart.

"I don't know whether he had used up most of the oxygen in the closet or not," the local landscape man told us, "but he sure was hard to wake up when I found him." Asked if the young man appeared excited, Pee Wee replied, "Not until he looked out and saw nothing but air between him and the ground below."

It sounds funny now, but had Jackson not opened that closet door, checking to see if titled to the attic, one of the most unusual tragedies in the history of this 257 year old town would have occurred.

Although the two incidents bear little or no similarity, the Holiday Inn story set us to thinking of something that happened during the Great New Bern Fire on December 1, 1922, while firemen were dynamiting homes in the path of the holocaust in an effort to slow its swift advance.

Each dwelling was thoroughly searched to make sure that no one remained inside. However, overlooked in the excitement was a billy goat tied to the back porch of an uptown residence.

When a powerful blast went off, the goat sailed high into the air, and with just a little more thrust might have been the first of earth's creatures to go into orbit. When gravity brought him down, he landed running and to this day we have never been able to establish his destination.

Judging by his expression, we would say offhand that he didn't stop to catch his breath until he reached the shores of the Pacific. Remarkably, since the fire swept forty blocks and left 2,000 people homeless, only one person died in the flames. An elderly Negro woman perished when she went back into the home to rescue a pot of flowers.

This editor, a 12 year old chaser of fire trucks at the time, was in the vicinity of the initial blaze, with Frank Shriner, Jr., when the first alarm came in. For once we arrived ahead of fire fighting equipment.

Still vivid in our memory is the sight of a colored man pouring a bucket of water on small

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WAY BACK WHEN—Tom Haywood, seen here sampling his famous kicking machine, has been gone from the ranks of the living quite a few years, but the unique contraption invented by the colorful Craven County Commissioner still holds appeal for motorists who pass Croatan, enroute to or from the Carteret coast. Haywood, who was featured on national radio and publicized in the press throughout America and in numerous foreign countries, used to say, "If we

kick ourselves more, we will kick others less." A breezy, good natured politician with little to worry about at the polls, Tom was a sound business man when it got down to brass tacks, and made Craven a valuable and conscientious public servant. All men who seek public office would like to have the natural appeal that was part and parcel of the Croatan squire's personality, but few possess it. He had it in double measure.