

The NEW BERN

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Norman Kellum, Jr., whose career as a local attorney is barely underway, has at least one good friend at the Post Office.

When a letter arrived from New Jersey the other day, addressed "To The Most Respected And Distinguished Lawyer In New Bern, N. C.," it was promptly placed in Norman's box.

Other members of the legal profession here have kidded him about it, but he took it in stride. What's more, he'll probably hang on to that envelope long after a lot of other envelopes have been discarded.

Young Kellum is rather on the small side, and that brought on considerable kidding too, while he was in service. He did a hitch as a paratrooper, but won't confirm the accusation that weights were tied to his feet, each time he bailed out, to make sure he came down.

His service background notwithstanding, there's nothing flighty about Norman's handling of legal matters entrusted to him by clients. He is serious and conscientious, and it is a pleasure to give him this unsolicited free plug.

Turning our attention to someone much older than Norman, it is our considered opinion that no other visitor to New Bern and the Coast Country during our lifetime has approached the brilliance of John Kieran.

Inevitably, we think of him, Babe Ruth, Bud Fisher, Irvin S. Cobb, Frank Stevens, Charlie Keller, and Ted Williams in connection with Camp Bryan, down in Craven County's lake section. All of them enjoyed the outdoors there.

Kieran, sports editor of the New York Times for many years, is perhaps best remembered by a lot of New Bernians as a remarkably proficient panelist on the famed radio show, "Information Please." He is a man of almost limitless knowledge.

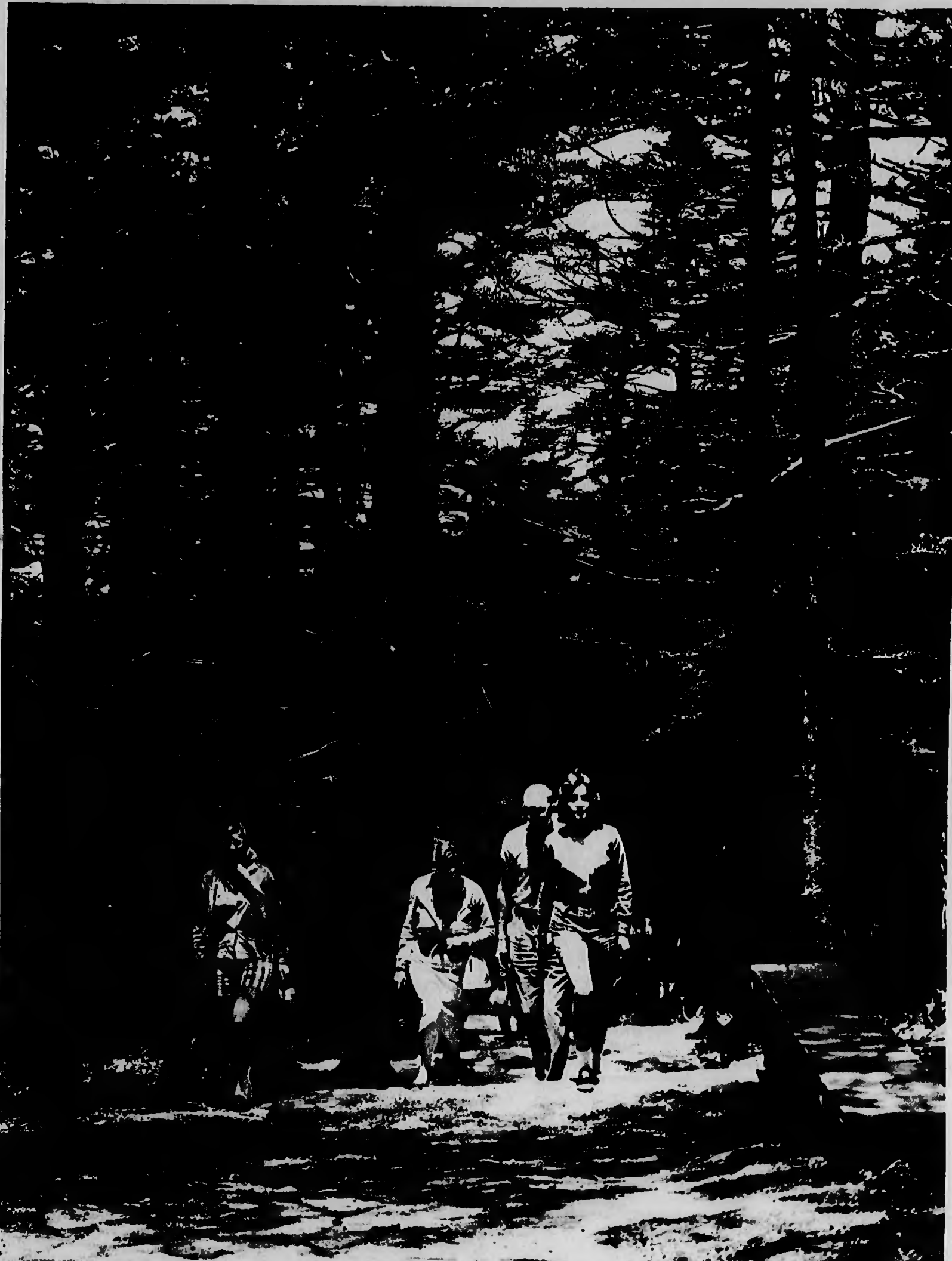
Suffice to say that he is a recognized expert on more than a hundred subjects. Naturally, you would expect him to be an authority on sports, but he is equally at home in such fields as bird study, flowers, art, literature and astronomy, to name only a few.

Somewhere, a long time ago, we heard a story that adequately points up Kieran's brilliance. He had been invited to speak before the student body of a college at the school's regular assembly period.

On this particular morning, the program was in charge of a Latin professor who apparently didn't have too high a regard for the intellectual qualifications of sports writers.

The professor seemed almost apologetic, if not downright belittling, when he introduced the speaker and identified him as the sports editor of the New York Times. It was an attitude that did not go unnoticed.

Kieran, equal to the occasion as always, stood up and instead of delivering his address in English, spouted forth the entire speech in flawless Latin. When he sat down, the students gave him an ovation that



TRAIL SONG—Everywhere in North Carolina, here in the Coast Country, among the Piedmont's rolling, red clay hills, and higher still in the Land of the Sky, the call of the woodlands arrives on the first September breeze. In a matter of days, August will breathe its last hot breath, and the subtle spell of early Autumn will descend upon the Old North State from Manteo to Murphy. Dame Nature, usually par-

tial to green, arrays her brightest hues for this bitter-sweet season of splendor and melancholy, and issues a blanket invitation to young and old alike to survey her handiwork. If you're convinced the world has gone hopelessly haywire, turn your back on human frailty for a few golden hours, and renew your faith in the wonder of forest serenity.