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Jane Holland, whose death brought sadness to so many, once shared with us the delightful story of how she got engaged to John, and subsequently married him. Incidentally, theirs was a love that lasted for a lifetime.

She was Jane McWhorter, the fun loving but properly behaved daughter of a Methodist minister, and John was one of New Bern's better known younger males. He was skinny, and sufficiently deprived of handsomeness to escape being mistaken for John Barrymore, but he had a way with girls.

Homely though he was, John had two things going for him. He had a gift of gab that made him interesting company, and a persistent nature. Having fallen for Jane at first sight, he was determined to win her heart.

The fact that he didn't sweep the new parson's daughter off her feet with his beautifully expressed phrases and perfect manners was temporarily disconcerting but it failed to fill him with dismay. He had made up his mind that no other girl would do as his mate on the sea of matrimony.

Jane's failure to appreciate his elegant vocabulary possibly was influenced by her own knowledge of the king's English. She had been to college, and was in fact teaching school here. John's line, good enough for the average run of young females, revealed certain inadequacies when confronted by an educated girl like Jane.

Even so, he kept plugging along at convincing her that this not only was his one great love, but that a similar romantic awakening on her part was most advisable. His determination and unmistakable sincerity finally won her over, and nothing better ever happened to either of them.

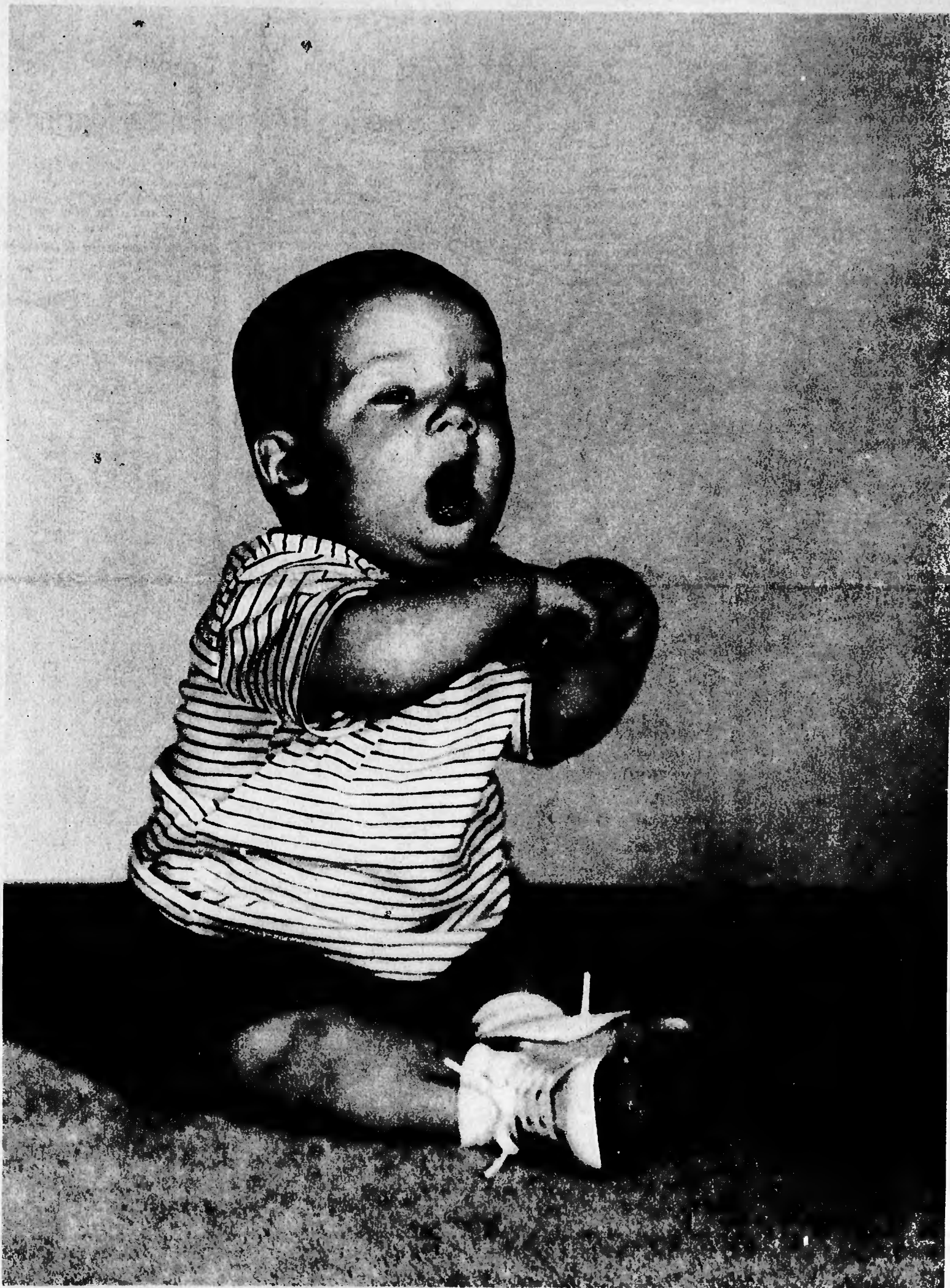
Selling himself to Jane didn't get John completely off the hook. She made it quite clear that the next step was to talk privately with her father, and ask for her hand in marriage. Jane, of course, would not be present when John announced his intention and offered his credentials.

Conversing with friends his own age, who were no match for his sharp wit was one thing. Discussing so delicate a matter with of all people a preacher who happened to be the father of the prospective bride was something else. John didn't feel at ease around preachers. Later he always did.

Jane left it entirely up to him as to when he would broach the subject to Reverend McWhorter. John chose broad daylight for the setting, and was elated beyond all bounds when the minister saw things his way and gave the match his paternal blessing.

Always the clown at heart, John hurried to the Academy green. He knew school was out for recess, and that Jane was away from her classroom keeping a sharp eye on kids swarming like ants during a brief respite from books.

He sneaked into Jane's room, hastily grabbed a piece of chalk, and scribbled glad tidings all the way across the blackboard. When Jane came



MR. CHAIRMAN—That's what James Benjamin Riggs, six month old son of Mr. and Mrs. James S. Biggs, Jr., of Cove City seems to be saying as he imitates a typical delegate at the Democratic National Convention. As the young man indicates with his facial expression, the scene was dominated by open mouths and drooping eyes. The mouths talked endlessly, just as other mouths did at the Republican Convention in Miami, and the heavy eyelids were a sure sign of

weariness or boredom, or a combination of the two. The delegates weren't the only ones who lost sleep while the Democrats were fighting among themselves like tomcats in a back alley. New Bern televiewers, and many millions more across the land stayed close to their sets far beyond bedtime. By any standard, they were treated to more excitement than the Republicans generated.—Photo by Eunice Wray.