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J. C. Bagg says the nice thing about growing old is the opportunity it gives you to speak pleasantly to strange women without having them think you're getting fresh with them.

Bagg, however, is one of those fortunate souls who hardly look their age. So until he develops an antique appearance there's a chance some sensitive female will misinterpret his friendliness.

Old age, as we've probably said before, is that time in life when you wouldn't mind looking a little worse if you could only feel a little better. You also know you're old when the telephone rings on Saturday night, and you hope it isn't for you.

Ben Jones, retired Craven County Auditor, is just as confirmed a Democrat as he is a Baptist but circumstances, if nothing else, have forced him to be politically tolerant. If Jones hated all Republicans, he would be feuding with some of his closest relatives elsewhere who undoubtedly voted for Richard Nixon.

Jones still considers his long-time Tabernacle Baptist pastor, the late Rev. J. L. Hodges, the most effective preacher he ever heard in a pulpit. Like most Baptist ministers, Hodges was often eloquent when holding funeral services, but only when he felt the departed deserved it.

Never one to soft pedal, the fiery parson frequently warned members of his congregation that they needn't expect a glowing eulogy from him at their last rites unless they lived the kind of life that would make the words ring true.

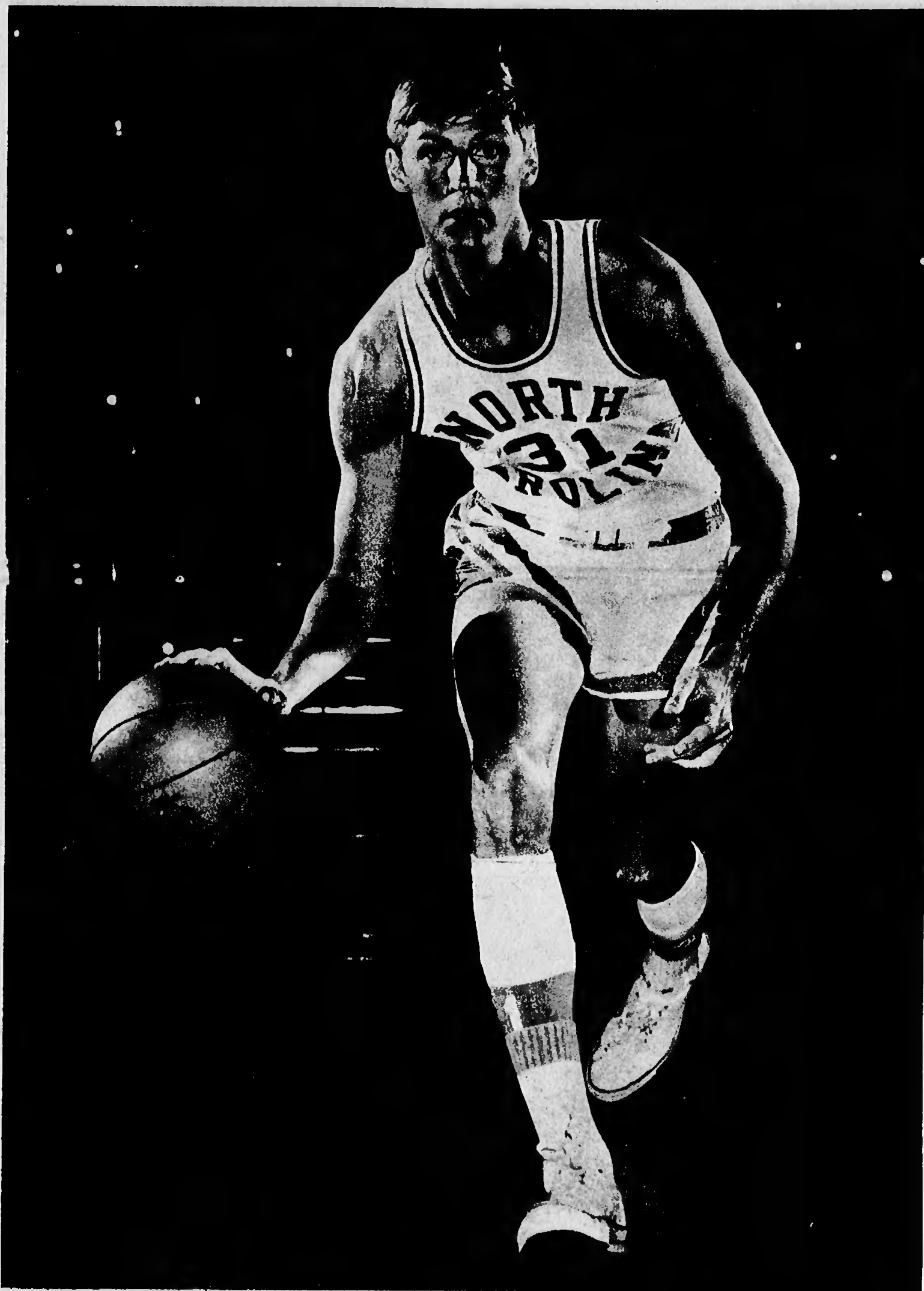
Ingliss Fletcher, author of outstanding historical novels, convinced us on one occasion that she could be just as frank, or blunt, as Hodges. We happened to be immediately behind her at a Tryon Palace function, during the course of a candlelight reception in the adjacent Stevenson House.

Patently, or so it seemed, she waited her turn, and finally reached the spot where two elegantly dressed women were presiding over a large and beautiful punch bowl. Waving a proffered cup of the stuff aside, she said, "I don't like punch." And that was that.

If you want to hear one of the most hilarious stories imaginable, get Annie Kinsey Whitford or Florrie Gibbs Dill to tell you about their first trip to New York City years ago. Make sure their narration includes the pullman ride, choice of a hotel and their bargain hunting for a fur coat.

Few who through necessity or curiosity venture into the Craven county courtroom these days remember when brass cuspidors were an absolute necessity for judges and lawyers. John Beaman, who has no equal locally as a criminal attorney, was the last of the tobacco chewing crowd, and publicly at least, he has given up the habit.

Storing some of the discarded cuspidors in the basement many years ago brought calamity into the life of then Sheriff R. B. (Dick) Lane. His favorite bird dog, as punctual a canine as you ever saw, disappeared and was missing for days. Some-



EVERYBODY KNOWS HIM—Mention Bill Bunting's name to any basketball fan in America, and he'll be instantly identified as one of the veteran starters for the University of North Carolina's star-studded outfit. Ranked second nationally behind UCLA, Dean Smith's powerful ball club depends heavily on the 6-9 New Bern athlete. While millions watched on television, Bill played the best game of his career against Ohio State in the NCAA semi-finals last March, and teammates say he was the big difference between victory

and defeat. So unselfish he has to be prodded to shoot instead of passing off, Bunting is an excellent rebounder and moves with such deceptive speed that he draws the defensive assignment against the offensive star on opposing teams. Has fame changed Bill Bunting? Definitely not, he is still the shy, non-talkative boy who has never made a boastful statement in his life, and squirms when admiring autograph seekers besiege him.