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Yesterday was when New Bern had an 86 year old shoe shine boy. Foscue Mitchell not only wielded a mean rag at Elks Temple Barber Shop, but did extra work at several neighboring stores.

"I was a railroad fireman for 40 years," the dapper octogenarian told us "starting with those old wood burners on the Atlantic and North Carolina Railroad."

His run from Morehead City to Goldsboro used to be an all-day affair. In fact, sometimes the train left Morehead at 7 in the morning and didn't arrive at its destination until far into the night.

He fondly remembered that Mr. Jim Bryan was the president of the railroad, and Mr. Joe Green was the master mechanic. Firing that locomotive, hour after hour, was rough, but Foscue loved it and hated to be retired.

"I felt like a throwed-out mule," he said, but the elderly Negro didn't stay throwed-out long. Grabbing himself a shoe shine box, he embarked on a new undertaking and earned a living for his wife and children.

"A man won't get into trouble when he stays busy," reasoned Foscue, and that was as much a part of his religion as the Bible he liked to quote from. His outlook was as bright as the shines he gave.

Old timers have no difficulty recalling the sentimental tunes that were popular in their teen years. What about much younger New Bernians, say for instance those of you just beyond 25?

If you've forgotten, 10 years ago your favorite recordings in the order listed were Hank Ballard's *The Twist*; Elvis Presley's *It's Now Or Never*; the Connie Francis rendition of *My Heart Has A Mind of Its Own*; Larry Verne's *Mr. Custer*; Brook Benton's *Kiddio*; the Ventures version of *Walk Don't Run*; the Johnny Charles arrangement of *A Million to One*; Ferrante and Teicher's *Theme from The Apartment*; and *Yogi* by the Ivy Three.

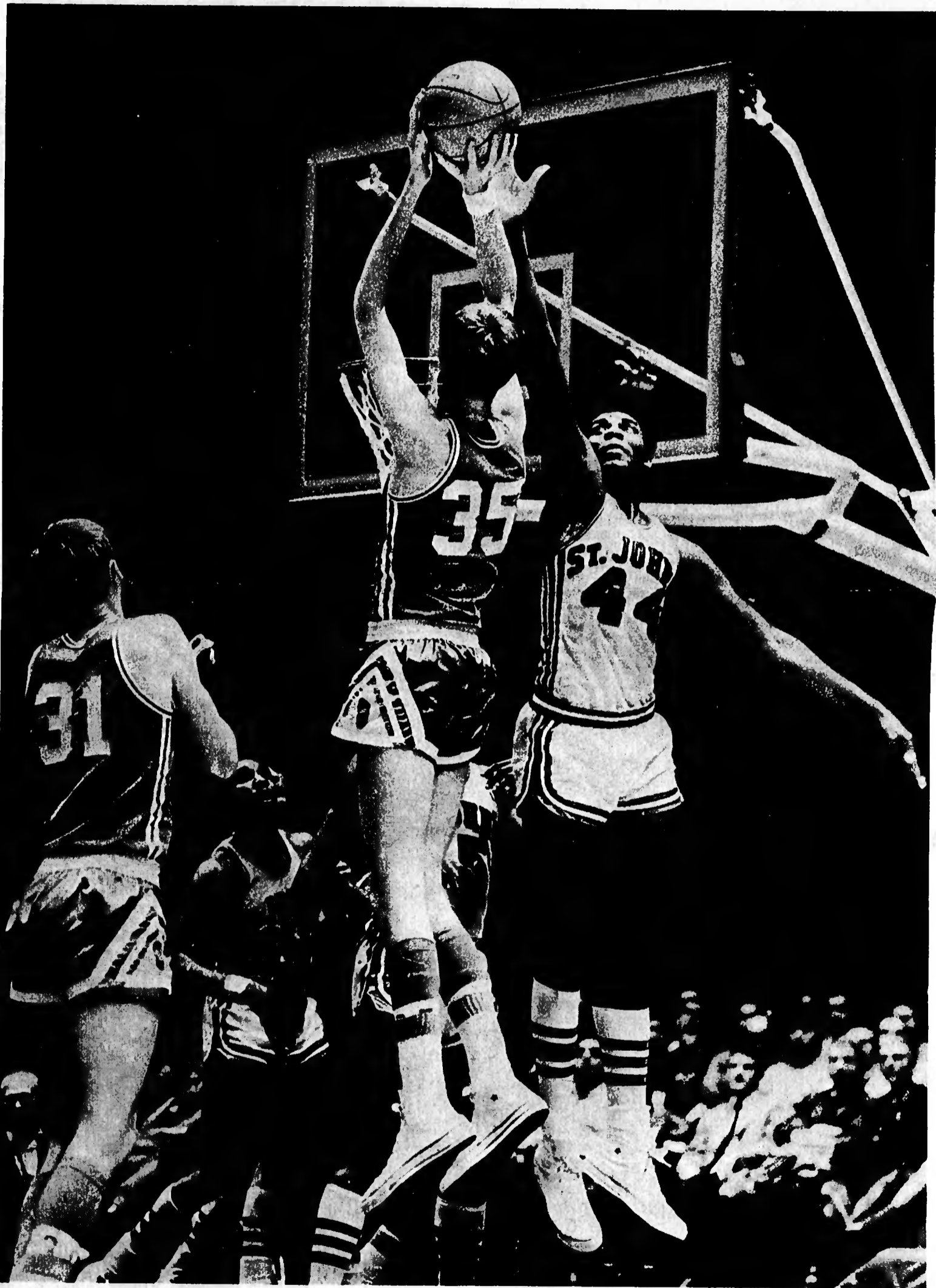
Despite the tremendous numerical odds against it, encountering someone from home is fairly common when you're roaming around in a big city. We've experienced this sort of thing repeatedly.

It happened to us again last Sunday in Washington, while attending morning services in the huge and magnificent National Cathedral with more than 2,000 other worshippers.

Ten minutes before the hour ended, we glanced to the left of us, and spied just two persons away a familiar face. The woman we saw, wearing a bright red hat, had to be and was Mary Gray Moore.

A native New Bernian, she lived across the street from us for quite a few years, and taught the seventh grade at Central School here. More recently she has been teaching in the Washington schools.

The two of us had a hugging reunion, as she started to leave the edifice and recognized us too. Time didn't permit more than a brief chat, but to all of



SAW HIS POTENTIAL — Lou Carnesecca, then head coach at St. John's University but now coaching the New York Nets in the ABA, was watching as Bill Bunting unselfishly passed off to Lee Dedmon in the Holiday Festival Tournament at Madison Square Garden on the night of December 29, 1968. Dan Cornelius was the leaping defender. St. John's upset the University of North Carolina 72-70, to Lou's delight, but Carnesecca never forgot Bunting's stellar perform-

ance in a losing cause. It was by no means a case of buying a pig in a poke, when the Nets recently made a deal with the Carolina Cougars to obtain Bill's services. In New York he will be playing for a man who is pleased to land him, and intends to give him plenty of game experience. That's something he got very little of, riding the Cougar bench.—New York Times photo.