

# MIRROR

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Those of us who knew and loved Danny Kellum from his early childhood have different reasons for remembering him. This editor, who staged the Yuletide Revue here for a quarter of a century, associates him with the Christmas charity show.

An edition of the Revue without Danny and Jimmie Jones featured in a tap dance routine was unthinkable. From the moment they first appeared, hardly beyond toddling age, they were troupers you could genuinely admire.

Never once did the pair give a shoddy performance. Never once did either display the slightest indication of the bad temperament that is too often found among amateur and professional entertainers.

At the graveside, following young Kellum's funeral service at New Bern's First Baptist church, Jimmie came up to us and spoke. "I guess it was a foregone conclusion we would both be here," was our reply.

"I saw Margaret Rose here too," Jimmie said. That too was understandable, for she was the dancing teacher who years ago taught the two of them their first rhythmic steps, and discovered theirs was no ordinary talent.

Partly perhaps because Danny, like a lot of us, wasn't destined to grow very tall, but mostly because of his perpetual smile, we can't for the life of us think of him as anything but a little boy.

All runts are teased about their size, not always too kindly, and he was no exception. What really mattered, of course, was that his legs were long enough for his feet to reach the ground. This takes care of things.

Never did Danny look more like a little boy than the time he dressed up magnificently in armor for a New Bern High School homecoming parade, and rode a horse in Roman gladiator style. That had to be the very biggest horse we've ever seen.

Whenever you met Danny, at any place, the brightness of his countenance made you feel good inside. This alone was a significant contribution to a world that needs his rare breed desperately.

But for us, or anyone else, to think of Danny Kellum only as a happy, ageless small boy is both unfair and inaccurate. In early manhood he had already established a reputation as an able teacher and counselor.

Shortly before his tragic death he authored an informative article for a national magazine, "The Guidance Clinic." It dealt with Experimental Day last May, at the Conway, S. C., High School, where he taught.

It was young Kellum's idea to set up such a day for group discussions and talks by special guest lecturers. Unquestionably, similar programs will be established in other schools across the nation. "So many people," wrote Danny, "are upset about such

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**UNIQUE OCCASION**—This was no ordinary christening, at least not for New Bern. It took place at the home of the godfather and godmother, Tommy and Mary Leris, the other day. The infant boy, born at Craven County Hospital of Greek parents, is Dimitre (Jimmy) Forti, son of Alexis and Aleftheria (Elizabeth) Forti. Officiating is the Rev. Basil Kleoudis of St. Nicholas Greek Orthodox

Church in Wilmington. The little girl is the infant's four year old sister, Zoi, who was born in Greece. Tommy and Mary are childless but love children. Just ask anyone who has seen them happily passing out candy, gum and balloons to the youngsters of those who patronize their downtown restaurant.--Photos by Florence Hanff.