THE NEW BERN MIRROR

Published Every Friday at 410 Johnson Street New Bern, N. C., by the Sole Owner

J. GASKILL McDANIEL _____ Editor and Publisher

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

One Year _____ \$2.50 Second Class Postage Paid at New Bern, N. C.

MAN WITH A HORN

A week has passed since the sweet chariot, that old timers of his race still sing about, swung low for the carry Louis (Sachmo) Armstrong home.

If heaven, indeed, offers music beyond compare, we say with no intention of sacrilege that old Louie sure must be beaming, as only Louie could.

In a land where discord among whites and blacks has reached terrifying proportions, Sachmo's harmony with his fellow man was a thing of splendor.

This as much as the magic notes that emanated from his golden trumpet endeared him to millions around the world. He loved, and was loved in return.

Will Rogers once said, "I never knew a man I didn't like." The words mark his resting place. Louis Armstrong could have probably said it too.

Such unity of spirit with all mortals is sadly unique. Who among us are free of hatred, or at least a decided dislike for certain individuals:

There were some, understandably, within Sachmo's own race who found him less than perfect. They labeled him an Uncle Tom, and belittled his image.

For better or worse, Armstrong was, to the last, what he had always been. What he was proved sufficient to win him the respect of kings and presidents.

Dignity is defined as the presence of poise and selfrespect in one's deportment to a degree that inspires respect. Was the Sachmo you knew undignified?

Product of a broken home in New Orleans, he earned his own bread in early childhood, and kept on earning it. Few men worked harder or more joyfully.

The last days of his life, Louie fondled his trumpet and had visions of making a comeback. "I'm tired," he admitted, "but my horn don't know it."

Those who observed the uncertainty of his gait when he appeared for the last time on the Pearl Bailey Show knew the old exuberance was gone.

There can be no doubt that Pearl knew it. She turned away, misty eyed, as she helped him from the platform and he shuffled out of camera range.

Sachmo, a classic example of the nobody who becomes a somebody, reminded us that Horatio Alger, Jr. wasn't entirely fictional as a writer of books.

When the popular author penned From Rags To Riches, and Up From The City Streets, he might well have been writing of the New Orleans waif.

Music is termed the universal language, and when Louis Armstrong spoke with his horn, what he cheerily said needed no translation in any land.

Above all, Sachmo was a truly happy entertainer.



The petition of Richard Fonvielle, Jun., Graves Fon-vielle and Elizabeth, his wife, and Brice Fonvielle, an infant by Richard Fonvielle, his father and next friend, and of John Lane and Julia, his wife, Mary Harris, an infant by William M. Herritage, her guardian, and Sidney Herritage William Herritage, Furnifold Herritage, infants by William M. Herritage, their father and next friend; show that Mary Fonvielle, the mother of your petitioners Richard, Elizabeth and Brice; and Sidney, who was the wife of William M. Herritage was seized in fee as tenants in common equally of a tract of land situate in Craven County on the North side of Neuse River and on both sides of Little Swift Creek, estimated to contain 1200 acres. The said Mary Fonvielle died intestate in the year 1814, and her interest in said lands descended to her children, Richard, Elizabeth and Brice, her heirs at law, who now hold her undivided half of said land as tenants in common. The said Sidney Herritage has also died intestate and her interest in said lands descended to her children, petitioners: Julia, Mary, Sindey, William and Farnifold her heirs at law, who now hold her undivided half of said land as tenants in common.

Petitioners desire that said lands be divided so that the half thereof belonging to your petitioners respectively, the heirs of said Mary Fonvielle, and Sidney Herritage, may allot and set apart.

Your petitioners Richard Fonvielle, Graves Fonvielle, and Brice Fonvielle, further desire that the half of said land owned by them should be divided and their shares thereof be allotted and set apart.

Your petitioners Julia, Mary, Sidney, William and Farnifold



Village Verses

IN THE PINK

There's a time and place For everything, Like summer and winter, Autumn and spring. But the timing is wrong, Alas, and alack, When you get slapped On your sunburned back. Still, it's bound to happen, So, fresh from the beach, Take a fool's advice And stay out of reach. -JGMcD.

Herritage, are content to hold their half of the whole tract together as tenants in common. Petitioners pray for commissioners to be appointed. Filed Feb. 1824.

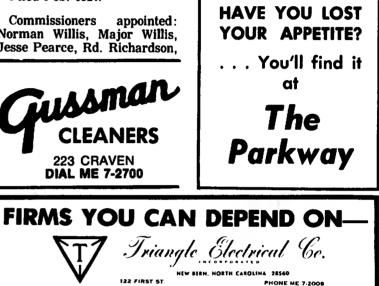
Commissioners appointed: Norman Willis, Major Willis, Jesse Pearce, Rd. Richardson,



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+++++ Clerk's Loose Papers, Craven County, North Carolina.

And. Richardson.



It's that Time Again!

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You're invited to protect your furs and

and there aren't many around these days. The "sick" comedians of show business reflect the mood.

There may have been better horn blowers than Armstrong in years past, or one or two presently his equal. In the trade, they argue otherwise.

All of the greats considered Sachmo extra special, a performer with incomparable class. Remarkably, no one begrudged him his lofty pedestal.

Fifty, maybe a hundred years from now, they'll still be talking about him, if people are still here.

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