

The NEW BERN

MIRROR

Regional Library
400 Johnson St.
New Bern NC 28560PUBLISHED WEEKLY
IN THE HEART OF
EASTERN NORTH
CAROLINA

5¢ Per Copy

Through
THE
Looking
Glass

VOLUME 14

NEW BERN, N. C., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1971

NUMBER 32

Yesterday was when kids in the grammar grades at New Bern's Central School presented the ageless operetta Pandora. Unlike the average amateur production, an aspect of this one smacked of professional genius.

Parents, pupils and friends who attended couldn't believe their eyes when Pandora's legendary box, located in the center of the stage, was untied, and all of the world's imps of evil scrambled out.

The box was hardly big enough to hold a single juvenile devil, much less the seven that emerged. How the deception was accomplished is no more noteworthy than the decision on the part of Superintendent H. B. Smith that made it possible.

Smith, a conscientious man, had, as we saw it then and see it now, one glaring weakness. He considered school, from the moment you stepped on campus until you left the grounds that afternoon, a deadly serious business.

Somewhere along the line he failed to learn, or had forgotten, that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. Apparently, it never occurred to him that laughter in childhood is as important as mastering the alphabet.

Granting that almost all school officials are viewed with a certain amount of animosity, especially when they demand discipline, his image went far beyond that. Sad to say, he was both feared and despised.

Looking back, we realize that he wasn't really mean, or to be exact no meaner than most mortals, including a lot of us who laugh more in a week than he probably laughed in his extended lifetime.

We say these things about Smith, not to tarnish him long after death, but to emphasize how much he stepped out of character when plans were made for the aforementioned presentation of Pandora.

Like all school operettas and plays, its afternoon and evening performances were scheduled for Moses Griffin auditorium. Woefully inadequate, through no fault of Mr. Smith, it was a dreary place with atrocious seats.

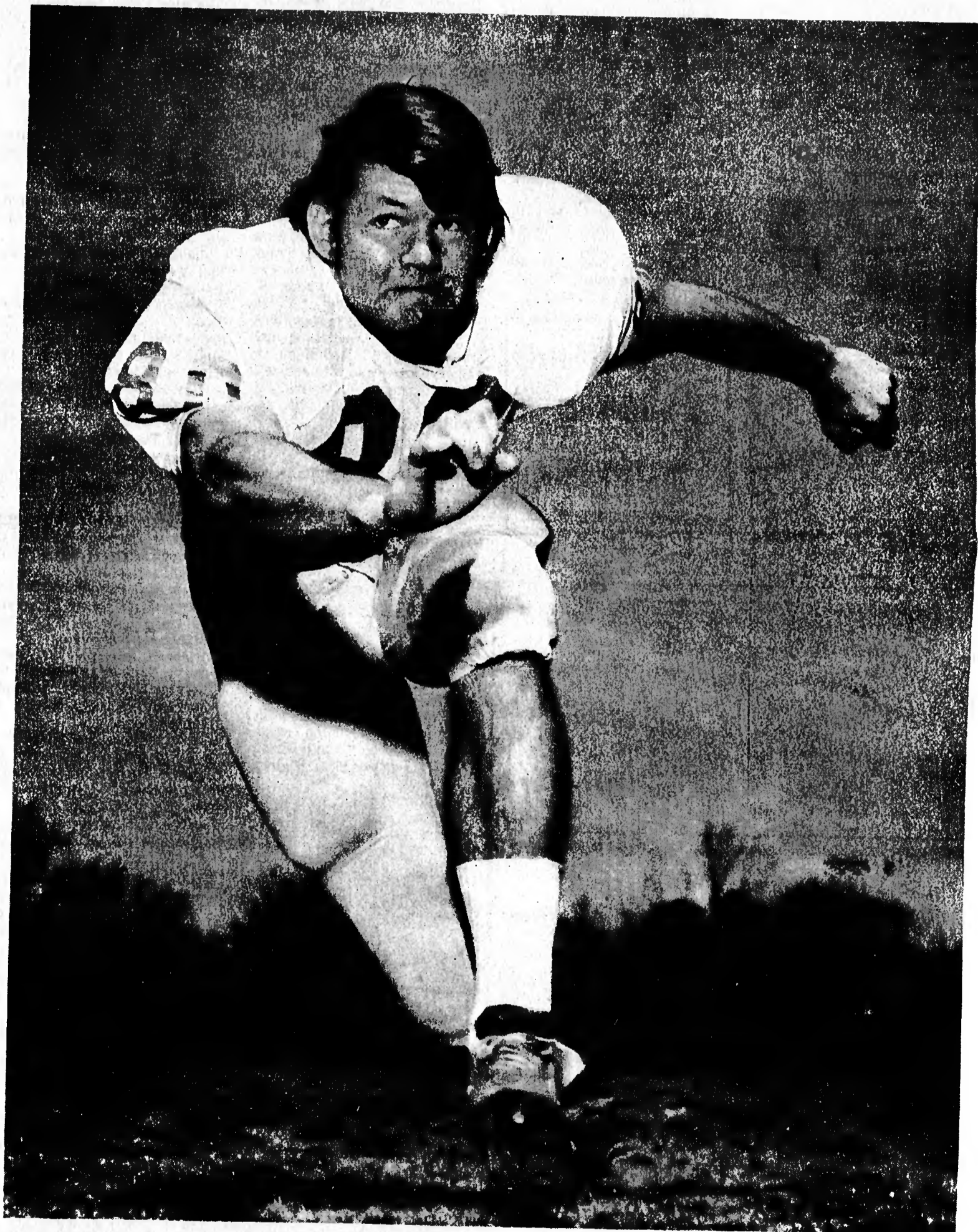
As we recall, nothing broke the monotony of the dingy walls except a grim portrait of bearded Moses Griffin, and slightly more cheerful portrait of equally bearded General Robert E. Lee.

There wasn't a vestige of scenery on the stage, unless you would so classify the heavy cardboard wall at the back that blotted out a row of windows, and other pieces of cardboard at the left and right wings.

The only way that performers could get back stage was to come through the same door that the audience filed through. Once behind the curtain you were trapped for the duration, with no rest room.

Imagine as many as fifty kids crowded together for at least an hour in one of life's most exciting moments, without benefit of plumbing, and you can understand at this late date some

(Continued on page 8)



MAKING THEM SORRY—Duke, Carolina, State and Wake Forest all had a chance to sign New Bern's Jeff Stocks to an athletic grant in aid. They passed him up, and have lived to regret it. Although a sophomore, he is already starring at defensive end for the Clemson Tigers, and played a major role in handing Duke's Blue Devils a 3-0 defeat in

Norfolk's Oyster Bowl. Against rugged Georgia Tech, he made 10 individual tackles. Clemson almost let him get away too, despite his All-East selection as a New Bern High school great. Jeff was the last player given a grant in aid at the South Carolina school prior to the 1970 season.