



The NEW BERN MIRROR

PUBLISHED WEEKLY
IN THE HEART OF
WESTERN NORTH
CAROLINA
Regional Library
1400 Johnson St.
New Bern NC 28560

VOLUME 14

NEW BERN, N. C., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1971

NUMBER 38

Whenever anyone mentions overcoming a handicap, Billy Arthur pops up in our mind. This diminutive ex-New Bernian not only unmounted the obstacle of being just 36 inches tall, he capitalized on it to good advantage.

Some of the world's wee people end up in carnivals or hide their chagrin behind the grease-paint mask of a circus clown. Billy, by sharp contrast, thumbed his nose at an unkind Fate and asked no quarter in earning his bread at man-sized undertakings.

In the highly competitive field of newspapering, you're strictly on your own. Fellow reporters are much too busy meeting deadlines to worry about the guy struggling at the next typewriter. Editors can't fill up their pages with promises, excuses or an alibi.

Billy knew that from the moment he first faced a blank piece of paper, and racked his brain for ideas. Readers are prone to believe that writing comes easy for some of us. Good writing never does, and that's what Billy, even as the rest of us, aspired to.

Here, on the ill-fated New Bern Tribune, he gained the experience that enabled him to establish and maintain a successful newspaper at Jacksonville. Billy was smart enough to get a head start in the early boom days of Camp Lejeune, and smart enough to keep pace.

For reasons satisfactory to himself, he later sold his paper and moved to Chapel Hill, where he still writes and still eats regularly. While at Jacksonville, he got himself elected to the legislature, and after blowing out of office, became reading clerk for the House.

Billy may not have the reach to pick apples off even the lowest hanging limb, but in every other way he measures up. That's all that counts. His legs, short though they are, reach the ground, and the tallest Slim Jim in captivity can claim no more than this. It's not the length of your lower extremities, but the footprints you can make on the sands of time that gives you rank among mortals and the right to look God in the face without shame.

As a friend of Billy's, we like best his keen sense of humor. He knows many a yarn that's good for a belly laugh, and some of them we wouldn't think of printing. Not unless we planned to leave town on the next plane.

One of his better pranks, while he was a University of North Carolina cheerleader, had Ellis Fysal, an All-Southern footballer as the victim. Fysal, incidentally, is a brother of Mrs. Albert Jowdy, Sr., of New Bern.

Ellis had played a particularly good game on one occasion. In fact, he was responsible for most of the key tackles in a bruising battle from which the Tar Heels emerged victorious.

Chapel Hill's most popular photographer snapped a flock of

(Continued on page 8)

★★★



RECOGNIZE SOMEBODY?—Neglected photographs deteriorate over the course of many years, and faces are no longer familiar to those still living. That applies to this rare picture from the

Albert D. Brooks collection. Drop a line to The Mirror, if you can identify any or all of the men seen here. Unless you're well past 65, it is liable to be a hopeless undertaking on your part.

★★★