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Little girls with lots of curls are lovely sights to see, but I'll confess that pigtails hold a special charm for me...Pigtails well tied with ribbon bows of brightly colored hue, pigtails that give a pair of ears a chance to come in view.

Perhaps I'm getting childish about small trivial things, for I've heard that silly notions is a curse that old age brings...If this be true I won't regret returning yesteryears, with locks of gray I'll still be gay, and thumb my nose at tears.

Long years ago I didn't know that pigtails have appeal, except of course for yanking to make their owner squeal...I didn't know there'd come a day, out in the world of men, when fools whose hearts just won't grow up would dream of way back when.

Still get a thrill from marching bands that lead a town's parade, freckled kids with fishing poles, and picnic lemonade....When boys are small they'd give their all to reach manhood's estate, never prizing what they've got, until it's much too late.

The joys that older people get are few and far between, most adults are a restless lot, at least the one's I've seen.. Concerned with making money, to impress their fellow man, or chasing fame to make a name, and rate society's clan.

Slaving, craving endlessly, so they can point with pride, to more expensive gadgets that their neighbors are denied...Conscious of their prestige, ashamed to speak to others, though Christ, Who died on Calvary, said that we all are brothers.

Yes, I guess I'm getting childish, for it isn't very smart, to tackle grown up problems with a foolish, small boy's heart...Still, you get to love the sights that wiser folks don't see, so little girls in pigtails look mighty sweet to me.

Yesterday was when, on Dec. 19, 1940, a head-on automobile accident near Madera, California, claimed the life of Hal Kemp, as he drove from one band engagement in Los Angeles to another in San Francisco.

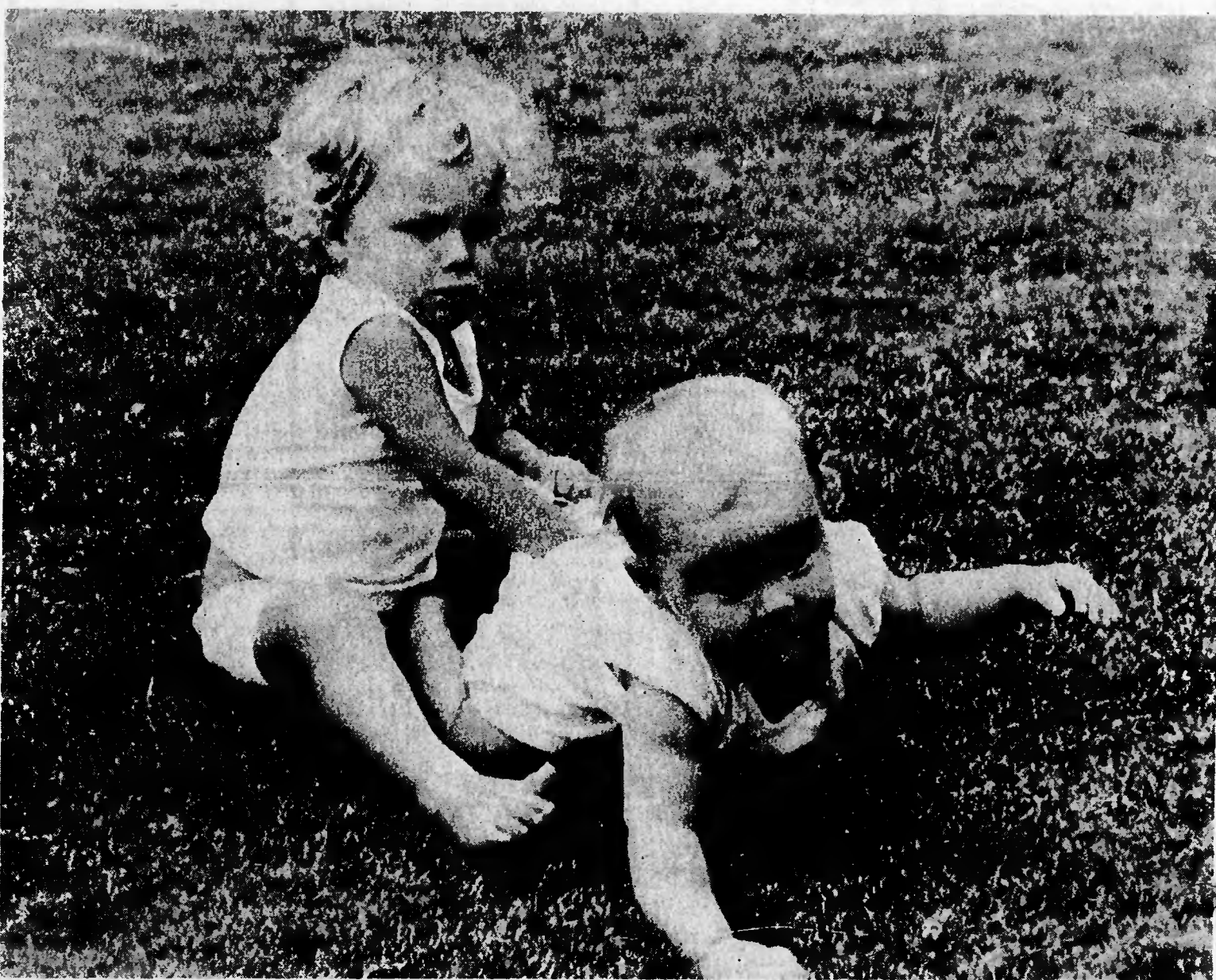
The crash brought sadness to New Bernians who as youngsters in the Ticker Tape Twenties traveled to every town in eastern North Carolina where his orchestra played a dance, including Rocky Mount's June German.

Although it wasn't until 1934 that Kemp's soft and sweet music captivated millions of American, all of us down this way knew while he was still at the University of North Carolina that it would happen.

Like a number of other band leaders in the old days, Hal began his quick climb to fame at Chicago's Blackhawk Restaurant. Fred Waring, another great maestro from the college ranks, helped finance him at the start.

Kemp didn't go for a lot of noise. His muted brass, coupled

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TIME TO CHECK—Albert D. Brooks is proud of his collection of old and rare photographs, published exclusively in *The Mirror* in a great many of its issues, but this candid product of his camera is closest to his heart. It is, needless to say, of more recent vintage. The youngsters are Jeni and Anja Brooks, his granddaughters and the children of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Brooks, III. They live in Estcourt, in the state of Natal, in the Republic of South Africa, where Albert III is

associated with Burlington Industries. Jeni was told to take care of Anja, while the two played on the lawn. This admonition, in Jeni's thinking, certainly included making sure that Anja hadn't wet her diaper, and she used this technique to halt Anja's forward progress and find out. This is the sort of photograph that could never be planned. Keep your camera handy, and if you're quick on the trigger, you may snap action equally unpredictable, and priceless.

