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Hundreds of millions of people the world over had reason to mourn the passing of Hollywood's greatest showman, Cecil B. DeMille. For our part, we remembered with gratitude the interest he displayed in the Yuletide Revue here.

Busy though he was, he took time out when the Revue observed its 20th anniversary to send a congratulatory telegram. In a later mail there came an autographed photograph from him. In both instances, DeMille referred to himself as a "transplanted Tar Heel."

Never, in his long and illustrious life, did he lose sight of the fact that his boyhood was spent in the Old North State—over at Washington. He grew up in a home where there was a distinct awareness of God, and his religious background was reflected in the spectacular production of such epics as "King of Kings" and "The Ten Commandments."

It surprised no one who really knew DeMille, when a close friend said quite simply after his funeral that the most distinguished movie maker of all time regarded death as the "beginning of the great experience." How he lived and what he did with his talents had already spoken eloquently of his belief in the soul's immortality.

DeMille was literally born into show business. His parents were touring New England in a road show at the time of his birth, but came to North Carolina soon afterwards. He proved to be the same sort of trouper that his less notable mother and father had been.

In fact, before heading for Hollywood to pioneer the flickers with Samuel Goldwyn and Jesse L. Lasky, he was an actor, a playwright and a theatrical producer. In every phase of entertainment, he was eminently qualified to speak with authority.

All of which emphasizes the tragic mistake that citizens in our neighboring city of Washington made when they permitted DeMille's home to be demolished and replaced with a service station.

There's nothing wrong with a service station—they are a necessary and vital part of our modern existence—but no business establishment of any sort should have supplanted a landmark of such importance.

For years the house was a tourist home, and countless millions would have paused to visit the dwelling had it been properly publicized and utilized.

It seems to us that a worthy tribute to DeMille and a lasting attraction of the first magnitude for Washington itself would have been the conversion of his boyhood home into a motion picture museum.

Not only DeMille but everyone in Hollywood could have furnished a vast store of items for a show place such as this. If only props, costumes and the like from his own productions had been collected

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ONCE UPON A TIME—Unless you're pushing 60 or beyond it, you are probably too young to recall this great movie star, Marie Dressler. She reached the heights with Wallace Beery in *Tugboat Annie*, but it was her role as the gentle housekeeper in *Emma* that had audiences in tears and earned her an Oscar as the best screen actress of the year. In her younger days she was a successful Broadway

comedienne, became a has been, and then in her late years soared to Hollywood stardom. Like Helen Hayes, she never got so high and mighty that a favorable mention in print didn't bring a note of thanks to the writer who was responsible. In our case she also sent along a personally autographed photo, as Helen Hayes did in a similar situation.