

THE NEW BERN MIRROR

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ABOUT A PRIVATE MATTER

In New Bern and Craven County, as in all America, some polling places are fixed up fancier than others. That in itself isn't too important.

What IS important, irrespective of surroundings, is complete privacy when you step up to cast your ballot for the candidate of your choice.

How you vote is nobody's business but your own. One of the glorious privileges that men bled for in the snow at Valley Forge was just such secrecy. Other men, or to be truthfully exact, other boys have died to preserve it, along with your other freedoms, at Verdun, the Meuse-Argonne, Salerno, Guadalcanal, Wake Island, and in an agonizing Death March on Bataan.

Some of those heroes, as completely dead as any corpse can be, were lads from our own home town. But whether they were from New Bern, Fort Barnwell, Vanceboro, or Madison, Wisconsin, is strictly secondary.

Any man or woman of voting age who isn't an invalid or sick abed should be deported to Russia or some other distasteful locality, if he or she fails to vote when voting time comes.

Someone has said that bad officials are elected by good citizens who don't vote. Certainly the low percentage of voters in New Bern and Craven County is revolting enough to make all of us bow our heads in shame.

Yet, the odds are heavy that the next guy you hear blasting away at Ike, Nixon, Hodges or somebody else didn't show his face at the polls on election day.

As far as The Mirror is concerned, we don't care a hoot what you think of your President, your Governor, or your Constable, if you didn't get around to placing a vote for or against them in the ballot box. You weren't there to be counted when counting was important, so just be miserable over your present predicament.

HOW DO YOU DESCRIBE LOVE

We can't think of a better subject for an editorial than love, or a better month in which to write about it than April.

How would you describe it? Well, to our way of thinking it's the abundant joy of a heaped up heart, the music of eager footsteps on a waiting stair, and the enchantment of candlelight.

It's the fragile brilliance of dew, caressing a rose—an old letter, tattered and torn, fingered and worn, treasured with the desperate zeal of those who cling to memories when realities are no more.

Among other things, love is the pressed flower in a yellowed book, a wilted souvenir of lost Aprils, a ghost that will not die. Love is the stardust that finds a haven in the eyes of those who suddenly awake to new life, a new world, a new dream.

With it, the pauper becomes a king, the slave a master, the plodder a marcher triumphant. Without it, the rich are destitute, the mighty are mocked by their own futile strength. It's a force as changeless as time itself, as strong as fate, as uncontrollable as a March wind and equally unpredictable.

Yes, love is pretty wonderful, as if you didn't know.

Village Verses

Although it's true a lot of us may have a funny face,
I can't believe that monkeys are the granddads of our race;
And anyone who claims such things, and calls it evolution,
In my opinion, should be kept within an institution.
It isn't fair to classify a human with an ape,
Though I'll admit they look alike in countenance and shape;
And when I say it isn't fair, don't get me wrong, my dear,
I mean the monkeys that I've seen surpass us humans here.
For instance, take orang a tangs, they don't invent big guns,
And once each generation kill off their finest sons;
And show me a gorilla who thinks a limousine
Entitles one to go high hat, and smirk, and sneer and preen.
A monkey's just a monkey, but he knows what's good to eat,
He wouldn't plow a corn crop down, he wouldn't burn up wheat;
And though, sometimes, the times get hard, a monkey bears his
grief,
He doesn't write a congressman, and beg him for relief.
Oh, I'll admit they're comical, when hanging by their tails,
But after all the laugh's on us, for they stay out of jails;
They've never heard of taxes, nor paid a nickel's rent,
Or tried to dodge the grocer, 'cause they haven't got a cent.
A lady monkey never wears a crazy looking hat,
She wouldn't gasp in girdles, just to keep from looking fat;
And monkey males don't pick up sticks, and knock a ball around,
They'd rather find a shady spot, and stretch out on the ground.
An ape who mimicked Hitler, in the land where monkeys thrive,
Could never get a toe hold, they'd soon skin him alive;
The other monkeys wouldn't wait, until he grew quite strong,
Before they put him in his place, and tried to right the wrong.
So when you hear somebody say Great Grandpa was a monk,
Don't haul the family musket out, and shoot him for a skunk;
In fact, it would be awfully nice, if folks like me and you
Would only live as sensibly as lots of monkeys do.

—JGMcd.

KEHOE: Sun.-Thurs.



Clark Gable and Burt Lancaster prepare to do battle under the sea in this scene from Hecht, Hill and Lancaster's production, "Run Silent, Run Deep," due Sunday at the Kehoe Theatre through United Artists release.

Uneasy When Judge Is Ill

Friends of Eastern District Judge Don Gillam weren't the only folks in Federal Court this week who were sorry the Tarboro jurist had to be sick.

Some observers seem to think that Judge Gillam, a kindly and deeply sympathetic man, is too easy on offenders who appear before him. Hence, violators didn't exactly jump with joy when Judge Edwin E. Stanley of the Middle District substituted for the recently ailing jurist.

They didn't know Judge Stanley, but were uneasy just the same. Fears were well-founded in the really serious cases. Quite an able judge, and conscientious, he ladled out punishment generously when he thought circumstances justified it.

Don't let well enough alone—at least attempt to improve it.

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2nd Annual Recognition Of Teachers

New Bern's Civitan club held its second annual Teachers' Recognition Banquet last night in the recreation room of Centenary Methodist church.

On hand to join the Civitans and their wives in paying just tribute to the various teachers were most of New Bern's civic leaders.

Particularly active during its comparatively short existence on the local scene, the Civitan club has another banquet on tap. This one—May 9 at the Maola Opera House—will see the installation of newly elected officers.

Last night's banquet for the teachers was a highly enjoyable affair, and of course no one enjoyed it more than the honor guests.

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Dr. Frank Hall Brings Final Message Tonight

Dr. Frank Hall of Wilmington, who has been guest minister for a series of services at the West New Bern Presbyterian church this week, will bring his final message tonight at 7:30 o'clock.

Well known here for his past visits to the city, he is favorably regarded not only by Presbyterians but by members of other denominations.

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"Mommy says
I'll land in
'Tot Talk' if
I'll just be my
age. Watta ya
think, Butch?"



All Kidding Aside, The Mirror Appeals Most to
Youngsters Between the Ages of 8 and 80.

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