



# The NEW BERN MIRROR

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Younger than Springtime, and still writing poetry at the age of 87. That's Miss Fannie Trenwith, who taught for years in Craven county schools, and is pleasantly remembered by a multitude of former pupils.

Miss Fannie came along in the days of one-room schools, and, incidentally, in the days when a teacher was paid five dollars a week to guide the destiny of children eager for learning.

What she failed to reap in the way of material gain was more than compensated for by the realization that she was extending the horizon for countless small fry.

More, we suspect, than facts and figures in textbooks was passed along to those in her care. To Miss Fannie, the world was wonderful, and much of her love for flowers and birds and trees was permanently planted in the hearts around her.

Although impaired vision in recent years has deprived this grand little lady of an unobstructed view of Nature's blessings, she enjoys the miracle of green-up time.

No longer able to tend her own garden, she had her beloved posies transferred to the garden of a niece, Mary Duffy Hughes. Quite appropriately the Hughes home is located on a portion of the plantation where Miss Fannie and her two sisters grew up.

There, with tender hands, she keeps tab on buds, and, thanks to other Springs, compares their glory with the forget-me-nots that still bloom brightly for her on Memory Lane.

Miss Fannie, in writing of one of her favorite flowers, penned these lines:

The Angel Trumpet, a woodland flower,  
Blooms in the silent twilight hour,  
With foliage of brilliant leaves so green  
And white trumpet flowers in between.

This beautiful flower fades away,  
Lives only a few hours every day,  
Then leaves its buds of purest white  
To bloom again the coming night.

We walk the garden grounds to see  
This perfect flower of purity.  
Then may our lives be as pure and white  
As the Angel Trumpet blooming at night.

In praise of the Heavenly Blue Morning Glory, Miss Fannie says:

In the afternoon you droop your head,  
And fall asleep as if in bed,  
Then no one can see your lovely cup,  
Oh Heavenly Blue, 'til the sun is up.  
Then next morning when we arise  
You have opened your beautiful eyes  
And look to Heaven as if to say,  
"I am glad I can cheer you up today."

Although she has written poetry on many subjects, including her cat, this very nice New Bernian devotes most of her writings to flowers. You'll find numerous poems written by others in her treasured scrapbook, and most of these likewise have a floral theme.

It should surprise no one thumbing through this scrapbook to find photographs of children scattered through it, including some of her classes of long ago. And, if you

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VITLLES WERE IMPORTANT—This enormous kitchen is in the east wing of Tryon Palace, and will acquaint you, with the household routines of 1770. Herbs and vegetables shown were actually grown in today's Palace gardens.

Everybody loves a kitchen, and visitors are going to find this one a sight to see. You'll probably recognize the Palace guides in this latest photograph featured by The Mirror, in its series of Palace prevues.

## New Bern's Ernest H. Wood Is a Top Medical Authority

From the moment he entered New Bern's public schools, until graduation in 1932, Ernest Harvey Wood, Jr., did very little talking.

But for his high marks, and the fact that he attained the rank of Eagle Scout, the shy blonde with the wavy hair might have been overlooked altogether.

However, then as now he had a record that spoke for itself. While other boys counted on boisterousness to attract attention, he was content to quietly follow his desire for a dedicated career in medicine.

Today, nationally recognized, he is the Dr. Wood who is chief of the Radiological Service at North Carolina Memorial Hospital, and professor of Radiology in the School of Medicine of the University of North Carolina.

In addition, he has served as instructor in Radiology in the College of Physicians and Surgeons at Columbia University; attending Radiologist in the Neurological Institute of New York; civilian consultant in Radiology for the United States Army; consultant in Radiology for Watts Hospital in Durham; consultant in Radiology for the Veterans Administration Hospital in Durham; and trustee of the American Board of Radiology.

He received his A. B. degree (magna cum laude) from Duke University in 1935, and his M. D. from Harvard Medical School in 1939. He interned at Philadelphia General Hospital, followed by residency at the Presbyterian Hospital in New York.

A diploma from the National Board of Medical Examiners came his way in 1941, and another from

the American Board of Radiology in 1946. From 1942 to 1946, in the Army, he advanced from 1st Lieutenant to Major, as Chief of Radiology in General Hospitals.

He has represented the American Medical Association on the

American Board of Radiology; served as a member of the Commission on Education for the American College of Radiology, and elected a Fellow in 1956; was elected president in 1958 of the Association of University Radiologists.

Ernest, in addition, has been treasurer of the New York Roentgen Society; president of the North Carolina Radiological Society; and holds Honorary Society memberships in the Neurosurgical of America, the Detroit Roentgen Ray Society, Phi Beta Kappa, Alpha Alpha Omega Alpha, and Sigma Ki.

He is happily married to the former Ruth Eleanor Ratcliffe of Melrose, Mass. They have three youngsters—Ernest III, age 12; William, age 10; and Janet, age 7.

Distinguished though he is, the native New Bernian is still genuinely modest. When approached by The Mirror, and informed that this feature was in the making, his answer was typical of his lifelong sense of humility.

"I am greatly honored that you have asked for this material, and that you propose to write an article about me," he said.

Then he added, "You may want to include a few lines about my Dad, a really grand and dedicated New Bernian. . . We have missed him greatly these past eight years."

Adding a few lines about Ernest Wood, Sr., a former New Bern Mayor, pleases us as well as his noted son. Like the famed doctor who bears his name, the veteran druggist was, above everything else, a gentle and soft spoken man.

The devotion they felt for each other was a heart warming thing to those who knew of the relationship. That's why Dr. Wood's desire to include his father in any recognition his way is just what friends would expect.

