

# THE NEW BERN MIRROR

Published Every Friday at 111 King Street, New Bern, N. C., by the Sole Owner

J. GASKILL McDANIEL Editor and Publisher

### SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

One Year \$2.50 Six Months \$1.25

Entered as second-class mail at New Bern April 4, 1958, under the act of March 3, 1879.

## HERE AT LAST

Well, this is the night of nights, the long awaited moment when Santa Claus comes calling on New Bern's good little boys and girls.

Stockings have been neatly hung in thousands of local homes. Happy homes, if occasionally exasperating, where walls often echo to the gay shrill laughter of children at play.

Very soon now that tremendously excited youngster of yours will be hustled off to bed. Remarkable though it always seems, sleep is apt to come quickly.

Maybe that's because juveniles usually aren't bothered with the nervous ailments we adults are plagued with in a decidedly topsy turvy world.

It's a shame all of us can't be children tonight. Children with never a care for guided missiles and misguided mortals, or first of the month bills. We might even lose our ulcers, if as happy little individuals we had faith enough for this one night to believe that a kindly old man, with a twinkle in his eye, will make our dreams come true.

In a world where so many of us have grown too big even for God, it isn't surprising that we outgrow Santa Claus. All around us we see greed and selfishness, and doubt and fear. It's the same greed, selfishness, doubt and fear that clutters up our own hearts in varying degrees.

Because these are the things we see close at hand, we tell ourselves that faith and love, and doing for others isn't exactly practical in this extremely practical world.

We've even lost hope for peace on earth, and good will toward men, although angels sang of it that first night in Bethlehem, and Christ died for it eventually on Calvary's rugged cross.

So tonight, after the kids are tucked in bed, let's take stock of ourselves. Let's light the candles in our souls, and chase away the shadows of disbelief. Who knows, maybe we'll rediscover the age-old truth that the spirit of Christmas, whether you call it Santa Claus, Saint Nicholas, or Kris Kringle, is a living, lovely thing.

If we can believe it completely, the lights that glow on Christmas trees out your way will have a brighter gleam, and you will have a brighter tomorrow. This could be the nicest Christmas you have ever known. Nicest not because of gifts that come from others, but rather because of a far more precious gift you can give yourself—an understanding heart.

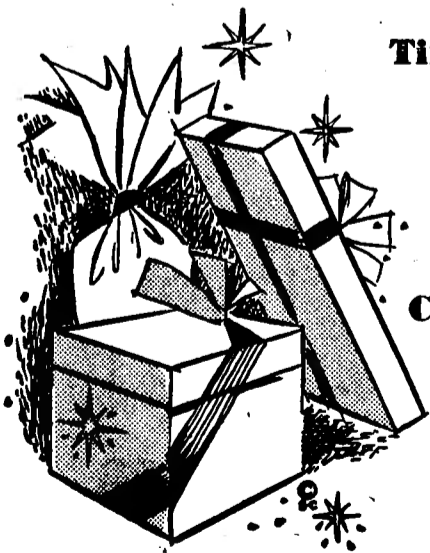
For the editor of The Mirror, it has been a year of personal sorrow and happiness, and a measure of misfortune and modest success. To most of you who read these lines, it has been pretty much the same.

This newspaper was born in April, on faith and a prayer that it would make a real contribution to the community. As we reflect upon the issues published since then, it is our earnest hope that some of the things which appeared in those issues were worth writing and worth reading.

To the advertisers who made The Mirror possible, we express our gratitude. Their response, right from the start, was a heart warming display of confidence. Their continued and constant support was proof to us that they had unfaltering belief in a publication that made no pretense at being anything but a home town paper filled with home town items.

To our subscribers in New Bern and Craven County, and in 32 States from coast to coast, we extend our heartfelt thanks for the kind reception you gave us. You proved to be just as sentimental as we are, and just as interested in the neighborly approach we took in writing about the wonderful people who live next door or up the street.

To all of you, a joyful and meaningful Christmas. God bless you, and keep you, during the Yuletide and always.



Time again to say, have a Merry Christmas Day!

NEW BERN GAS DIV. TIDEWATER GAS CO.

## Historical Gleanings

—By—

FRANCES B. CLAYPOOLE and ELIZABETH MOORE

The Moravians were to North Carolina what the Pilgrims were to New England. Each had a strong desire for religious freedom and education. They had the courage and zeal which made possible the America of today.

In Moravia and Bohemia in the 18th century a religious group known as "Moravian Brethren," who trace their origin to John Huss were expelled from their native lands. They sought freedom to worship in the "New World," and in 1740 made the beginning of a settlement in Pennsylvania.

In 1752, under the leadership of Bishop Augustus Gottlieb Spangenberg, the Moravians of Bethlehem, Pa., came to North Carolina to select and survey a tract of land in order to plant a settlement on the Carolina frontier. This settlement was called Wachovia. The name is derived from two German words "wach" meaning meadow, and "aue" meaning a stream.

On December 25, 1809, a diary of Friedberg, a small community on the south borders of Wachovia, records the following:

"Many came to the Christmas service. After the festal sermon the house-fathers met, then the children had their lovefeast. Two couples had narrow escapes on their way to church. They came in their chairs by Brother Lazarus Hege's, where two wagons had stopped to feed their horses. The teams had just been re-harnessed and as the chairs passed they took fright and ran away. The chairs were in a lane and there was barely room for them to turn into the fence corners and let the runaways pass at full gallop. The wagons and harness were broken to pieces."

From the Bethabara Diary, 1813: December 24. In the afternoon at 5 o'clock the little children and babes in arms had their Christmas Eve service. In the evening the adult congregation and the older children gathered for the same purpose. A new ode was used in the close of the service. The children received burning wax tapers.

From the Salem diary, 1821: December 24. We celebrated the birth of our Savior with joyful hearts. Brother Steiner held the benefeast for the smallest children; the lovefeast for the other children and the adults was held by Brother Van Vleck. At the close of both, the children received lighted wax tapers.

Christmas Eve was observed in the same way in Bethabara and Bethania. In Hope, in addition to the wax tapers, each child received a printed verse.

December 25: At 6 o'clock the town girls had a Christmas service in the schoolroom. There was a pretty decoration and they gave a dialogue concerning the birth of the Savior, interspersed with songs.

Again from the Bethabara diary, 1812:

December 24: "... At the close of the service wax tapers were given to the children, which in-



PREFERRED READING—Howard J. Carpenter, one of New Bern's better known citizens, has an interested listener as he delves into the most popular of all Christmas literary gems. The young lady is his 20-month-old great-granddaughter, Dennie Best. It is plain to see that both of them are having a wonderful time.—Photo by Billy Benners.

creased their Christmas joy, and holding the burning tapers in their hands they sang the hymn: Morgenstern auf finstre Nacht," written by Johann Scheffer of Silesia. It was translated into English in 1885 by Rev. Bennett Harvey, Jr., of England, and has become one of the favorite Christmas hymns of the Moravian church. In English it begins: 'Morning Star, O cheering sight! Ere thou cam'st how dark earth's night!'

From Memorabilia of the Congregation of the Brethren in Wachovia for the year 1809:

December 25: "At 10 o'clock Brother Reichel preached the festal sermon in Salem. In Friedberg

and Friedland the children had a happy lovefeast after the preaching service."

Again from the Friedberg diary, 1815:

December 25: "Christmas day. Many gathered and the sermon was preached on the word of the angel: Unto you is born this day, in the City of David, a Savior which is Christ the Lord.

"Then there was the festival lovefeast for the children. They were told the meaning of the lovefeast, the festal story was laid upon their hearts and a prayer was made to the Child Jesus, once wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger."



Our gift to you — many best wishes for a very bright and Happy Holiday!

Ace Electric Co.

318 SOUTH FRONT STREET



May Your Christmas Be Bright As Holly Berries!

Culpepper Awning Co.