

THE NEW BERN MIRROR

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WHAT TO SAY

One of the things a teen-ager deserves when he graduates from high school is a good speaker for his commencement exercises.

However, able orators are few and far between, and even the ablest aren't overly blessed with words of wisdom. Some of them are just about as incompetent for the honor assigned to them as the editor of The Mirror, who will be the commencement speaker at the Atlantic High school this year.

Looking back at our own high school graduation, we recall that an elegant gentleman from up state waved his arms, rolled his eyes and trembled his voice in an effort to speed us along the road to fame and fortune.

A few members of the class did achieve fame of a sort in later years, and others latched onto a fairly respectable amount of worldly possessions. Most of the graduates, however, have lived pretty much from hand to mouth, and fame passed them by.

That, alas, is how it will always be. Yet, among the ones who haven't set the world on fire, as the saying goes, are some wonderful individuals who have found a measure of happiness by according kindness and consideration to their fellow man.

Perhaps it's corny to harp on ancient truths. The "clever" approach would be to harp on new fangled notions, but this old world of ours is much too clever already. We've learned how to destroy ourselves—all of us on earth—in the twinkling of any eye, without learning the way to live in harmony and brotherhood.

It's flattering to be invited to speak to Atlantic's High school graduates, and to their parents and friends. This little town in Carteret county is known far and wide, since it is said to have sent a higher percentage of its graduates to and through college than any other community in North Carolina.

This is commendable, but those good people down east are well aware that knowledge gained from books is one thing, and wisdom quite another matter. It is to be hoped that the Atlantic seniors, in their understandable desire for further enlightenment in halls of learning, won't lose sight of the wisdom that abides within their homes.

Down easters—especially the ones who have been around for quite a spell—can hold their own anywhere when it comes to common sense. They've had no easy time of it in their battles with wind and tide—battling that extends back for more than two centuries. They've learned a lot the hard way.

Maybe we're prejudiced, but it seems to us that one of the nice characteristics about these clam diggers—as smart-alecky landlubbers refer to them—is their bigness of heart. Like the smell of salt in the air, their generosity and hospitality is evident everywhere.

What ever Atlantic's High school graduates may end up doing—no matter where they go—they ought to take this spirit of sharing with them. More than anything else, the world has need of folks who are neighborly one with another. What good will success be without survival?

And with this spirit of neighborliness, we need to banish from our thoughts and our deeds all snobbishness. Old timers in the coast country don't take much stock in people who put on airs and lord it over other mortals. They judge a fellow for what he is, not what he has. That's sound reasoning, if you ask us.

When we stand up before those youngsters a couple of weeks from now, we'll emphasize this heritage. We'll urge them to dream, for a life without dreams is a miserable existence. And we'll remind them that, despite what the cynics may say, the best things in life are free.

God hasn't placed a price tag on the splendor of a cloudy-ribbed dawn, the flaming beauty of a sunset, the song of a bird, the sparkle of dew on a rose, or the tinkling laughter of little children.

Because we believe it, we'll say there's still time left to make this world what it ought to be. With God's help, this younger generation may work the miracle.

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Historical Gleanings

—By—

ELIZABETH MOORE

1759
NORTH CAROLINA, CRAVEN COUNTY
WILL OF FARNIFOLD GREEN

IN THE NAME OF GOD, AMEN, the 15th day of July 1759, I, Farnifold Green, being very sick and weak in body, but of perfect mind and memory, thanks be given unto God, therefore, calling unto mind the mortality of my body and knowing that it is appointed for all men once to dye, do make and ordain this my last will and testament, that is to say, principally and first of all, I give and recommend my soul unto ye hands of God who gave it, and my body I recommend to the earth to be buried at the discretion of my executors, hoping at ye general resurrection I shall receive the same again by the mighty power of God, and as touching such worldly estate wherewith it hath pleased God to bless me in this life, I give, devise and dispose of the same in the following manner and form.

IMPRIMIS: I give and bequeath unto my three sons, James, John and Joseph, my plantation I now dwell on.

Item: I give and bequeath unto my son James, one mare a year old and a cow and calf.

Item: I give and bequeath unto my daughter Mary one mare, colt.

Item: I give unto my son Titus all my wearing apparel.

Item: My will and desire is that Sarah my beloved wife should possess and enjoy all my estate during her widowhood and no longer.

Item: My desire is that if Sarah my beloved wife should marry, then my executors to make an equal division of my estate amongst my dear children.

I likewise constitute, make and ordain my sole executors of this

Village Verses

MAY MORNING

Two good eyes and so much to be seen,
The blue of the sky and the foliage green;
Yet, I walked unheeding with never a look,
Deeper engrossed as each step I took.
Then I heard a sound that came so plain,
The tapping sound of a blind man's cane;
And I felt ashamed when I heard him say,
"Could there possibly be a prettier day?"
—JGMCD.

my last will and testament, John Oliver, James Conway, and I do hereby utterly disallow, revoke and disannul all, and every other former testaments, wills, legacies, and bequests, and executors by me in any ways before named, willed and bequeathed, ratifying and confirming this and no other to be my last will and testament. In Witness Whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal the day and year above written. Signed, Sealed, Published, Pronounced and Declared by the said Farnifold Green, as his last will and testament in the presence of us the subscribers: John Biggs, Joseph Edmundson and William Biggs. Signed: Farnifold Green (Seal). No probate.

1774

NORTH CAROLINA, CRAVEN COUNTY
WILL OF FARNIFOLD GREEN

IN THE NAME OF GOD, AMEN, I, Farnifold Green, of Craven coun-

ty and Province of North Carolina, being very sick and weak in body but of perfect mind and memory, thanks be given to God, and calling to mind the mortality of my body and knowing that it is appointed for all men once to die, do make
(Continued on Page 5)

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If all the sleeping folk will wake up,
And all the lukewarm folk will fire up,
And all the dishonest folk will confess up,
And all the disgruntled folk will sweeten up,
And all the discouraged folk will cheer up,
And all the depressed folk will look up,
And all the estranged folk will make up,
And all the gossipers will shut up,
And all the dry bones will shake up,
And all the true soldiers will stand up,
And all the church members will pray up,
Then you can have a revival.

—Selected.

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