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On our desk, from a reader of The Mirror, is a copy of the remarks made by Robert Ingersoll, when on one occasion he was asked to express words of comfort at the graveside of a child.

Ingersoll, as many of you know, was an agnostic and as such became world famous. The lines he spoke, at the request of the child's father, are all the more remarkable because he said them without preparation.

Here is the impromptu message he brought on a cold gray day in January, as rain drizzled down from the heavens:

"My friends, I know how vain it is to gild a grief with words, and yet I wish to take from every grave its fear. Here in this world, where life and death are equal kings, all should be brave enough to meet what all the dead have met. The future has been filled with fear, stained and polluted by the heartless past. From the wondrous tree of life, the buds and blossoms fall with ripened fruit, and in the common bed of earth, patriarchs and babes sleep side by side.

"Why should we fear that which will come to all that is? We cannot tell, we do not know, which is the greater blessing—life or death. We cannot say that death is not a good. We do not know whether the grave is the end of this life, or the door of another, or whether the night here is not somewhere else a dawn.

"Every cradle asks us 'Whence?' and every coffin 'Whither?' The poor barbarian, weeping above his dead, can answer these questions just as well as the robed priest of the most authentic creed. The tearful ignorance of the one is as consoling as the learned and unmeaning words of the other. No man, standing where the horizon of a life has touched a grave, has any right to prophesy a future filled with pain and tears.

"It may be that death gives all there is of worth to life. If those we press and strain within our arms could never die, perhaps that love would wither from the earth. Maybe this common fate treads from out the paths between our hearts the weeds of selfishness and hate. And I had rather live and love where death is king, than have eternal life where love is not. Another life is naught, unless we know and love again the ones who love us here.

"They who stand with breaking hearts around this little grave need have no fear. The larger and the nobler faith in all that is, and is to be, tells us that death, even at its worst, is only perfect rest. We know that through the common wants of life—the needs and duties of each hour—their grief will lessen day by day. Until at last the grave will be to them a place of rest and peace—almost of joy.

"There is for them this consolation. The dead do not suffer. If they live again, their lives will surely be as good as ours. We have no fear. We are all children of the same mother, and the same fate awaits us all. We too have our religion, and it is this: Help for the living—hope for the dead."

Robert Ingersoll often spoke with eloquence, but few of his orations held the terrific appeal that this unprepared talk had. A brilliant writer and lecturer, he was known throughout America. Because of his views on religion, he was known disdainfully as the Great Agnostic.

The parents of the child whose funeral he was attending were humble people of limited means. Ingersoll moved in different circles, was on a much higher social level. However, they were friends

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IN TUNE WITH THE TIMES—Things have changed, and for the better, at New Bern High School during the last three decades. Music, for instance, has made great strides with fine choral work and Junior and Senior bands bright-

ening the scene. In addition, there's a modern dance band, shown here in a salute to the Class of 1930 that The Mirror spotlights this week.—Photo by Billy Benners.

Graduates of 30 Years Ago Faced Greatest Depression

Thirty eventful years have come and gone since New Bern High school class of 1930 graduated into the greatest and most prolonged of American depressions.

It didn't take pretense to make these seniors solemn. Their final school year started just as the Wall Street crash came. Like everyone else in town, and around the world, they were gripped by the gravity of a financial crisis that swooped down without warning.

Despite widespread unemployment and dire straits in many homes, they kept their minds on books sufficiently to get their diplomas. Sobered beyond their youth, they hoped for much as youngsters always will, but were realistic enough to expect little of the material things in the foreseeable future.

Added to what they learned in the classroom was the lesson of doing without. Through sheer necessity, they were wise and they were spunky. And, in the years that followed, they weathered the storm to do as well as any class that graduated locally under far more favorable circumstances.

Nat Dixon was the class president. Elected with him were Eura Gaskins as vice-president, Helen George as treasurer, and Clara Foscoe as secretary. Collectively, they steered the class through a well-rounded program of normal activities, and displayed outstanding leadership.

Classmates picked Elinor Nelson and Nat Dixon as most dependable; Sallie McClees and Charles McDaniel as most talented; Billy

Ferebee as most athletic; Irma Williams and Eura Gaskins as most attractive; Evelyn Pittman and Hugh Watson (now man and wife) as most popular; Helen George and Charles Styron as neatest; Dolly Foote and Dwight Norstran as laziest; Dolly Foote and Hugh Wat-

son as best all around; Eula Stewart and Charles McDaniel as wittiest; Effie Rhodes and Edward Parsons as grouchiest; Elinor Nelson and Warren Tyndall as most courteous; Clara Foscoe and Nat Dixon as best students; and Jack Barber as best debater.

Selling advertising for an annual was out of the question, with New Bern merchants singing the blues and dolefully eyeing empty cash registers. But an abbreviated annual was published nonetheless, minus ads, which was a remarkable feat to say the least.

In its last will and testament, Braxton George left some of his extra avoidupois to Mark Dunn, and Hugh Watson bequeathed his "general uselessness" to Jimmy Hodges. As for "Dopey" Lawrence, he willed his ability to make wise cracks to Meyer Hahn.

Pennie Glover, Isabel King and Irma Williams left their endless flow of talk to Georgia Brewer, Grace Smith, Mary Lansche and Mary Brewer, while Sophie Benton and Jessie Mann willed their success in the State contest as speed demons of the typewriting world to Maxine Dowdy, Hazel Brewer, Maria Brinson and Edith Weeks.

Robert Davis, Eura Gaskins and Marriner Hardison left their deep knowledge and understanding of historical subjects to Mark Dunn, Donoh Hanks, Clifton Daugherty, Euclid Armstrong and William Beard.

In the annual, Clara Foscoe was described as "a rare girl, noble and true, one that finishes what



ALWAYS A BIG MOMENT
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