



The NEW BERN MIRROR

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Recently, as an editorial, we published a description of all the wonderful things that go to make up a boy. Or maybe we should say we printed some of the wonderful things, since no one in all the world is wise enough or eloquent enough to fully describe a growing lad.

Now, from Margaret Stevens—a very good friend—comes a piece of similar mood describing a girl. We regret that the author's name is unknown to us, but we hasten to pass the article along to you.

WHAT IS A GIRL?

Little girls are the nicest things that happen to people. They are born with a little of angel-shine about them and though it wears thin sometimes, there is always enough left to lasso your heart—even when they are seated in the mud, or crying temperamental tears, or parading up the street in mother's best clothes.

A little girl can be sweeter (and badder) oftener than anyone else in the world. She can jitter around, and stomp, and make funny noises that frazzle your nerves, yet just when you open your mouth, she stands there demure with that special look in her eyes. A girl is innocence playing in the mud, and Motherhood dragging a doll by the foot.

God borrows from many creatures to make a little girl. He uses the song of a bird, the squeal of a pig, the stubbornness of a mule, the antics of a monkey, the spryness of a grasshopper, the curiosity of a cat, the speed of a gazelle, the slyness of a fox, the softness of a kitten, and to top it all off, He adds the mysterious mind of a woman.

A little girl likes new shoes, party dresses, small animals, first grade, noise makers, the girl next door, make believe, dancing lessons, ice cream, kitchens, coloring books, make-up, cans of water, going visiting, tea parties, and one boy.

She doesn't care so much for visitors, boys in general, large dogs, hand-me-downs, straight chairs, vegetables, snow suits, or staying in the front yard. Who else can cause you more grief, joy, irritation, satisfaction, embarrassment, and genuine delight?

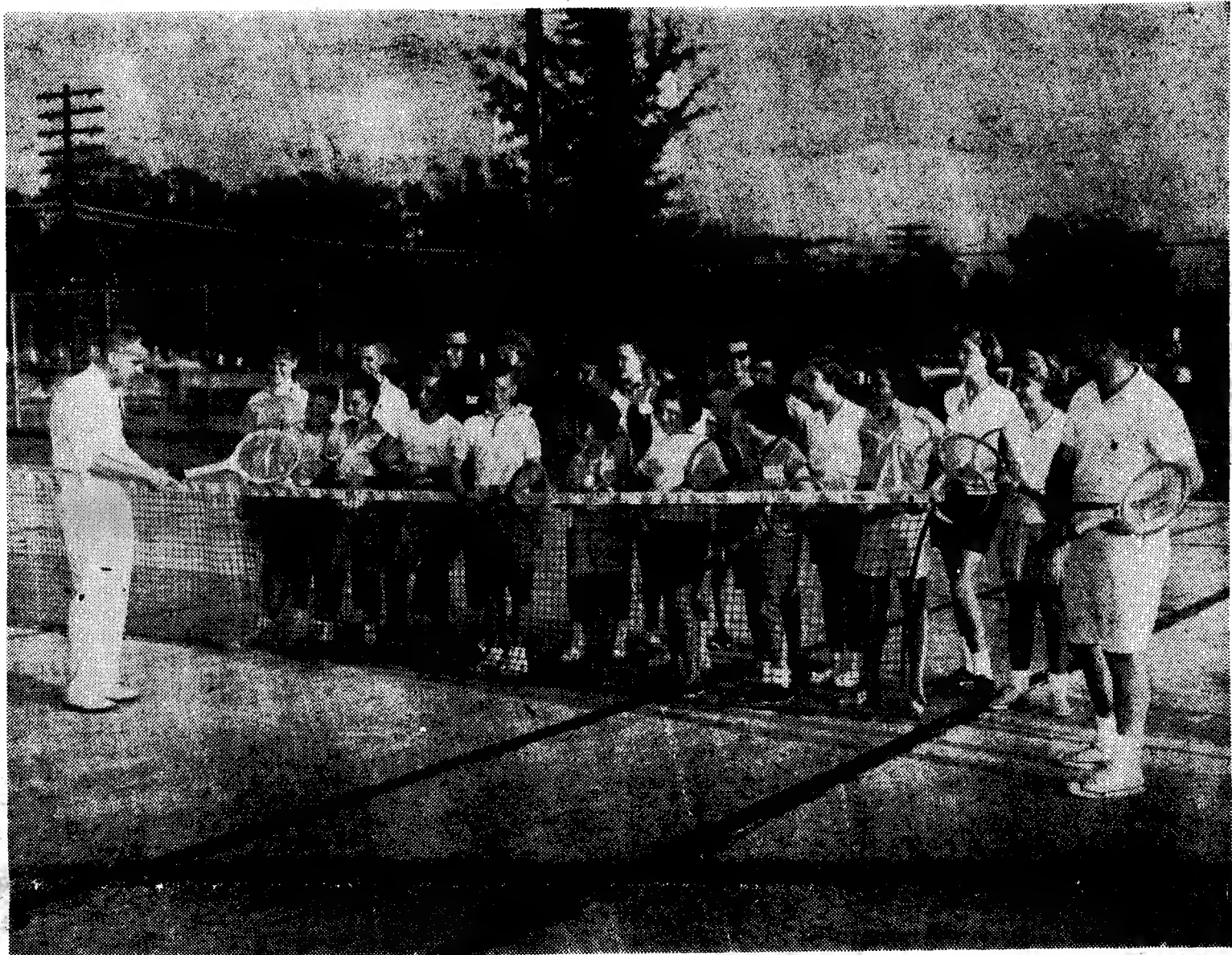
She can muss up your home, your hair, and your dignity—spend your money, your time and your temper—then just when your patience is ready to crack, her sunshine peeks through and you've lost again.

Yes, she is a nerve-racking nuisance, just a noisy bundle of mischief. But when your dreams tumble down and the world is a mess—when it seems you are pretty much of a fool—she can make you a king when she climbs on your knee and whispers, "I love you best of all!"

That's the piece mailed to us by Margaret Stevens. Because she happens to be a school teacher, her interest in sentimental writings of this sort is significant. One of the qualifications she has as an outstanding member of her profession is a genuine love for children.

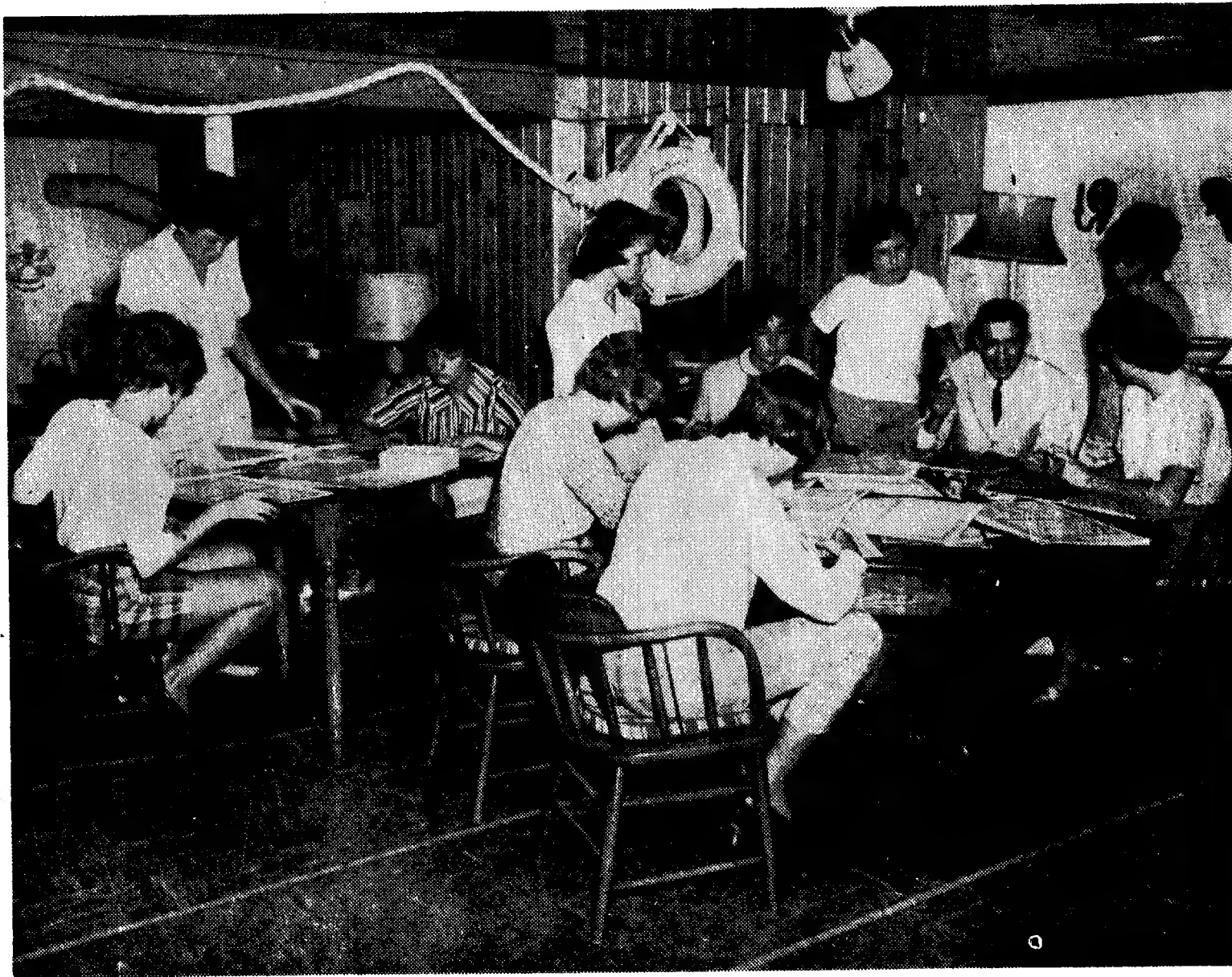
We hear a lot these days about improving education in North Carolina, and heaven knows it can stand improving. Maybe the time will come when there will not only be plenty of classrooms and other much-needed facilities, but an elimination of those teachers who are soured on the world for one reason or another, and take their bad dispositions out of hapless children who are helpless to defend themselves from what amounts to sadistic abuse.

A teacher may have a flock of college degrees, and know her subjects perfectly, but she is in the
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YOU HOLD IT LIKE THIS—Dr. Alan Davidson, local eye, ear and throat specialist, takes time out to give instruction to an eager class of young tennis enthusiasts at New

Bern's Recreation Center. Assisting him in detailing the fine points of the game is a well known New Bern business man, Carmi Winters.—Photo by John R. Baxter.



GETTING AN EARLY START—If advance planning can do it, this year's New Bern High school yearbook will be an exceptional one. Here, at the home of Editor Murilla Cates, several members of the staff and their faculty advisor, Mrs.

Fuller Pace, discuss the Bruin's format with a representative of the printing firm that will roll it from the presses next Spring.—Photo by John R. Baxter.