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Although he had lived far beyond the life span of most mortals, we were saddened last weekend when that grand old Southern gentleman, W. G. Boyd, passed away at his home here.

Because he resided across the street from us, we saw him often and marveled at his spry gait, his keen mind, and his zest for staying abreast of the times. During his 95 years on earth he was an eye witness to a great many things that we know only from history books, or from legends handed down by relatives long since gone.

As a newspaperman, we were acutely aware of Boyd's ability to recognize and remember what is known in our trade as "human interest" stories. He had a keen sense of humor, and surveyed the bittersweet panorama of human existence with gentleness, tolerance and compassion.

Unlike some who are elderly, he didn't waste his remaining years on denouncing the young upstarts of a new era who had replaced his kind. The good old days were dear to him, but he never lost sight of the fact that, old or new, every day can be a good day if you help to make it so.

Long before we moved to our present location, the home that Boyd lived in had strong appeal for us. There were prettier dwellings in New Bern, but this picturesque house, with its inviting flower garden, seemed to say to all who passed by that here was a spot where lives had been well lived, and serenity of spirit was no stranger.

Boyd was blessed with such serenity. Our most vivid recollections of him aren't hard to single out. We always got a life from the jaunty way he walked home on the Sabbath, after attending the morning service at Christ Episcopal church. With head held high, and a smile on his face, you could tell that here was a man who loved his Lord and found the world delightful, despite its trials and tribulations.

He possessed the rare quality of dignity without aloofness. William G. Boyd was easy to know and easy to respect. A child could approach him without apprehension, and adults were quickly attracted by his unmistakable friendliness.

Because we too love nature, we were impressed by his fondness for flowers. He took great pleasure in showing you about his old fashioned garden, where blooms were permitted to grow with the unrestricted liberty that God intended when he placed them on the face of the earth.

Frankly, we've never cared overly for cats, but the Boyd cats—perhaps through association with this fine gentleman—seemed to be more congenial and more attractive than most felines. Their easy going manner fitted the household perfectly.

Even at 95, Boyd didn't want others to do things for him. He preferred to prepare his own breakfast, for example. Obviously, in view of his longevity, he wasn't such a bad cook either. Because we've never been one to dress neatly, it made us ashamed repeatedly to see the neatness of his attire. The trimness of his figure disconcerted us too, and made us unpleasantly aware of our own excess poundage.

Boyd had been a friend of this editor's father, who died unexpectedly when we were only 14 years old. Speaking with the inevitable prejudices of a son, we've always felt that he was the best man we've ever known. Because Boyd admired him too, and recognized the abiding faith, limitless tolerance and absence of evil in his being, we were drawn still closer to our neighbor

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HEADED FOR MOREHEAD—New Bern High school's varsity cheerleaders not only sound off, they make a lovely sight while they're doing it. Pictured first row, left to right, are Mascot Bobbie Bowers, Head Cheerleader Priscilla Patterson, and Mascot Kathy Kelso. Second row, Florence Pol-

lock, Carol Ragan, Sharon Smith, Mary Stallings, and Priscilla Ross, Third row, Eleanor Dixon, Sheryl Crowe, Cheryl Kwasnick, Peggy Pate, Connie Toler and Jennie Hollister.—Photo by John Baxter.



LOVE THOSE BEARS—New Bern High school athletes can count on enthusiastic and lusty support this year from the 10 Junior Varsity cheerleaders shown here. Naturally, they want the Bruin football team to win the Northeastern Conference crown. First row, left to right, are Ann McCutcheon,

Assistant Head Cheerleader Carol Gentry, Head Cheerleader Kay Vereen, Kathy Turner, and Patsy Ward. Second row, Sandy Kelso, Sallie King, Jane Cox, Mary Varden Hammond and Teresa Lamar.—Photo by John R. Baxter.