

# MIRROR

PUBLISHED  
IN -  
New Bern Public Library  
407 New St. N.C.  
5¢ Per Copy



VOLUME 5

NEW BERN, N. C., FRIDAY, JULY 13, 1962

NUMBER 11

If you're one of New Bern's early risers, you are probably aware of the "singing trees" we have in our community. For reasons known only to the birds that crowd their branches, certain trees attract a horde of feathered lodgers.

One such tree in the grounds of Christ Episcopal church must have hundreds of residents. At the bust of dawn, when we head downtown for that first cup of coffee, you can hear them singing in unison. Combined they add up to a choir of no small proportions.

Since there are enough trees in town to provide roomy quarters for all the birds in our midst, we have reached the inevitable conclusion that their sole purpose in subjecting themselves to tenement conditions is to join with countless others in morning song.

In the late afternoon, when they turn in for the night, they sing a bit before sleep overtakes them. However, they do more chattering than singing at this hour, probably recounting the events of the day as they found them. For all we knew, the more boastful ones brag about the size of a worm they caught, or tell tall tales of wonders they saw in extensive flight.

Lucy Moore Grady, a valued friend of ours, appreciates the "singing trees" as much as we do. Her job at the Hotel Governor Tryon gets her out of bed early, but she is always in good humor when we meet on the street while thousands of other New Bernians are sleeping away.

Come to think of it, most folks who rise at dawn or soon afterwards are cheerful, while those who slumber hours longer are grumpy when they drag themselves out of the sack. Take a tip from the birds, and start each day with a song in your heart. Sing that song too, if the rest of the folks in your home and the neighbors don't muzzle you.

If you love dogs as well as birds, you're assured of a double bonus when the day is fresh and young and beautiful. Stray canines, roaming the streets, are friendly later in the day too, but never so friendly as they are when thoroughfares are deserted and you're the only human in sight.

You can tell they are lonesome, as they discover you from a considerable distance and come trotting to your side. Not sure that you'll welcome their company, they slow to a hesitant walk just before reaching you, and wag their tail almost apologetically.

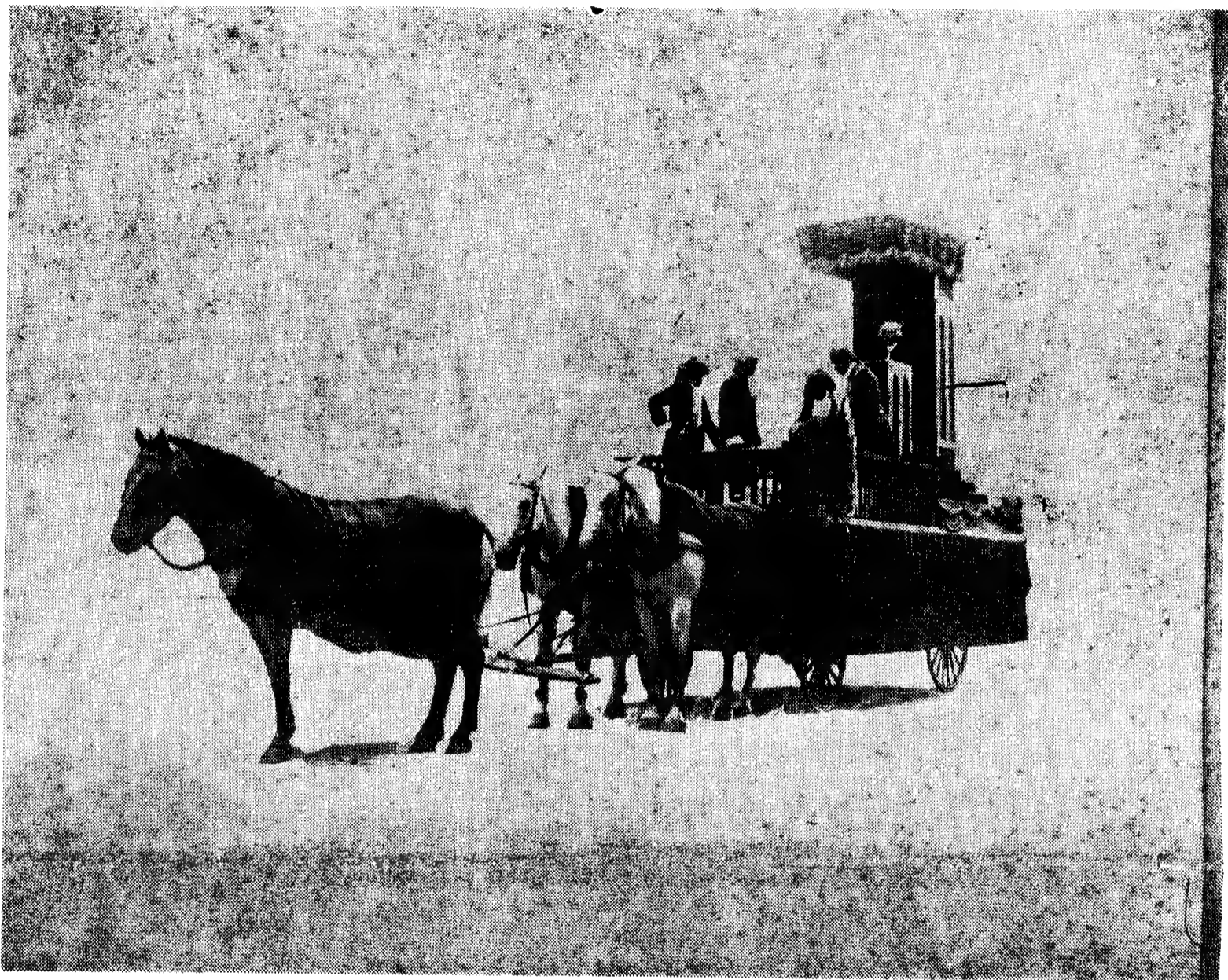
New Bern, if you love this grand old town, is a wondrous land of memories and magic at dawning. Serenity of spirit is an elusive thing, but your best chance of finding it on this side of eternity surely must be at such an hour as this. Peace on earth, and good will toward men, seems close to reality, and evil almost obliterated.

Strangely, perhaps, we have much the same feeling while riding through the countryside when day is done, and the purple shadows of approaching night are cooling the flaming splendor of a western sky with their gentle caress.

Open fields — green in spring and summer, golden in autumn, and barren in winter — can place a man in close communion with God when viewed in twilight's haze. Like the mistiness of dawn, the vesper hour minimizes the ugliness of landscape that noon brightness emphasizes and the darkness of night conceals.

And, like dawn, the world we live in seems more wholesome and more permanent. Perhaps it's only an illusion, a fervent hope in a fool's paradise, but you get the reassuring feeling that the Creator of the universe won't permit man

(Continued on Page 3)



OUT OF THE PAST—Pictured here is one of the prize winning floats in New Bern's Bi-Centennial parade, just 52 years ago. It depicted the First Provincial Congress, and among the costumed gentlemen on the horse-drawn entry

are Ernest Green and Fred Whitty, Sr. If you remember this scene, you'll recall that Halley's comet appeared that year, and Mark Twain passed away.



IN DAYS OF OLD—This rare photo, snapped near the turn of the century, shows New Bern's famous baseball team of that era. William Ellis, seated in the center, was manager, and Charlton Lumsden was the bat boy. Second from the right on the first row is Arthur Devlin, who was

destined to become an immortal infielder for the New York Giants. Some of the other players, whose first names are unavailable, are McGinnis, Bass, Thackara, Philman, Foster, Templing and Randolph.