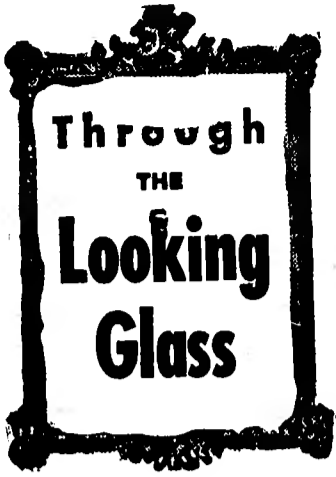


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New Bernians, including this editor, need to remind themselves at frequent intervals that nothing on earth can smile but the race of man. Gems may flash reflected light; but what is a diamond flash compared with an eye-flash and mirth-flash?

Flowers cannot smile. That is the charm which even they cannot claim. Birds cannot smile, nor any other living thing; it is the prerogative of man. It is the color which love wears, and cheerfulness, and joy — these three.

It is the light in the window of the face, by which the heart signifies that it is at home and waiting to entertain friends. A face that cannot smile is like a bud that cannot blossom and dries up on the stalk.

Laughter is day, and sobriety is night, and a smile is the twilight that hovers gently between them, and is more bewitching than either. A smiling child, from earliest infancy on, is sunshine itself, but what we seem to forget as adults is the happy fact that you can wear a smile becomingly at any age.

It's one of the few things that the old and the young can share with equal grace. In all other respects, those of us who are getting along in years appear ridiculous when we dress up in something that kids look well in. Ordinarily, the oldster who clings to youth when youth is no more is a foolish and pathetic figure, but there's nothing pathetic about a smile at eight or eighty, if it's genuine.

Perhaps the big reason why smiles look so well on an elderly person is the solemn truth that most of us smile less and less after we reach middle age. Worries, real and imaginary, get us down, and aches and pains in varying degrees make us grumpy and depressed.

It has been our observation that those who smile least of all are the self centered, who insist on living in their own little world and have no hobby — no concern for others. Such folks should heed Adam Clark, who said, "I have lived to know that the great secret of human happiness is this: Never suffer your energies to stagnate. The old adage of too many irons in the fire conveys an untruth. You cannot have too many — poker, tongs, — and all, keep them going."

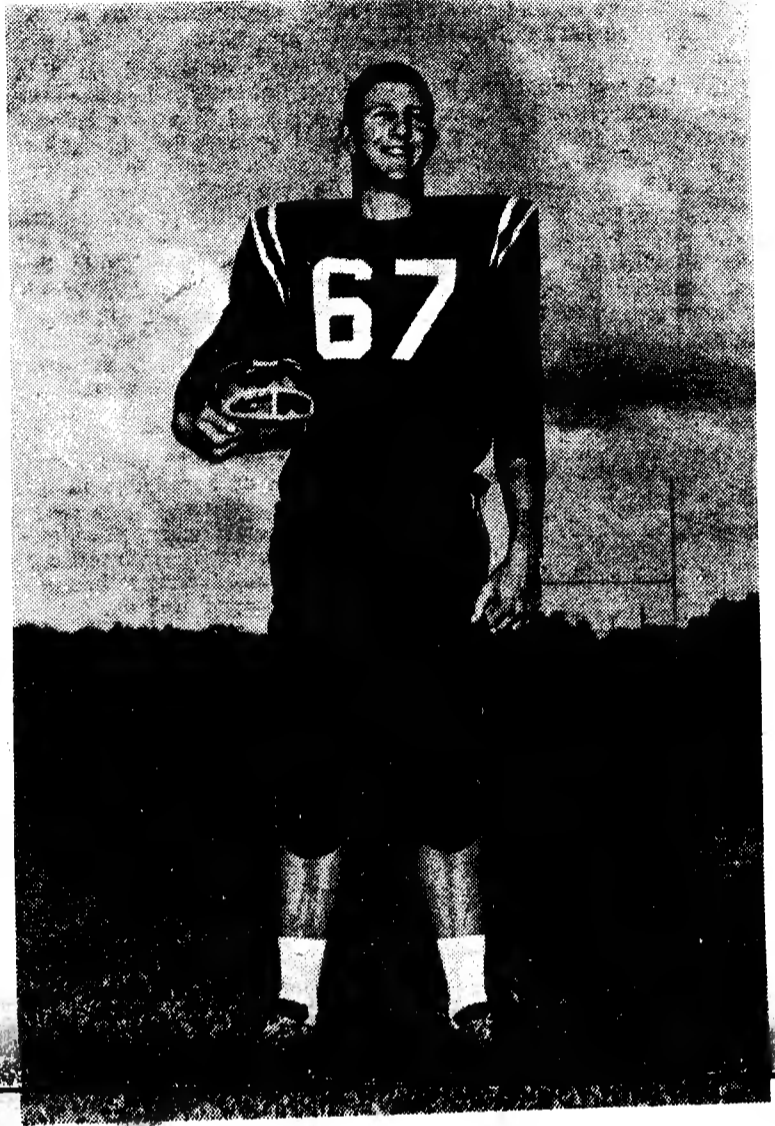
Dickens observed that "without strong affection, and humanity of heart, and gratitude to that Being whose code is mercy, and whose great attribute is benevolence to all things that breathe, true happiness can never be attained." His were the words of a very wise man, who knew human nature and conveyed the fruit of his talent to others with his facile pen.

Socrates described happiness as "unrepented pleasure" while Sheridan said it is "an exotic of celestial birth." As for Bonstetten, he insisted that "one cannot be fully happy until after his sixtieth birthday." So, if you're beginning to doubt that life begins at forty, stick around a few more years until the real fun starts.

Meanwhile, keep busy at doing something. Grenville Kleiser reaffirmed a great truth when he wrote these lines: "One of the most insistent things in life is that you are ultimately judged by what you actually accomplish. The busy world of workers gives scant attention to assertion, explanation, protest, apology or complaint.

"What counts most is not promise, but performance. Good work speaks for itself, therefore achieve something first, and talk about it afterward if you must. Time spent in promises, regrets, and professions, is usually unavailing. The way to do things is not to dream

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BRUINS TO WATCH—Ashley Smith, an elusive and fleet-footed back, and Billy Aster, the take-charge guy in an aggressive pound-laden line, are counted on heavily by the New Bern High school Bears this season. Smith should

reach his full stride against Northeastern Conference foes, and spark what could be a potent single-wing attack. Aster, an established star, is displaying his usual brilliance in pre-season drills.—Photos by John R. Baxter.



IMPROVING WITH AGE—Roland Verrone performed like a veteran for the New Bern High school eleven last year, although he was just a sophomore. His presence at end makes the task of Coach Bill Klutz less difficult, as the

1962 Northeastern Conference campaign looms ahead. Look for this kid, if glory doesn't spoil him (and we don't think it will) to develop into one of the great kickers in New Bern's gridiron history.—Photo by John R. Baxter.