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One of the smartest things done in North Carolina's General Assembly during this or any other session was its refusal to approve daylight saving time as the law of the land in these parts.

On the surface, daylight saving appears to be an excellent idea, but it ain't necessarily so. Not the least of the problems it would unleash in the Old North State would be its complete fouling up of bus schedules.

Many Tar Heels living in rural areas ride to and from work on public buses. Because these buses run on schedules that tie in with other schedules hundreds and thousands of miles away, they couldn't be changed for strictly local convenience.

In other words, a commuter who had been catching a bus at 7:30 a. m. Eastern Standard Time would have no bus available at 7:30 a. m. Eastern Daylight Saving Time. Revision of an existing schedule in this manner would mean that through passengers couldn't make connections in other cities. They would miss such connections by an hour.

As a matter of fact, this sad state of affairs, as far as commuters are concerned, prevails in states that have daylight, and we're all for it, they can have the additional sunshine by hopping out of bed earlier than has been their usual practice.

And of course there is nothing to prevent offices and stores from opening an hour earlier, if employers and employees feel so disposed. A number of New Bern business firms have been doing this for years during the summer months, and all concerned seem to be sold on the arrangement.

With or without the enforced regimentation of daylight saving time, you're missing a lot when you sleep away the golden hours of early morning. No matter how ugly you are, you'll be the best looking man on Middle street if you start your day soon enough.

You'll be the wisest man on the thoroughfare too, which is no little consolation when you're a newspaper editor who, with a measure of justification, gets accused often enough of lacking sagacity. It's a pleasure to walk for blocks, and not meet anyone smarter than you are.

To make the hours of dawn even more wonderful, the odds are favorable for you to get where you're headed without encountering your bitterest enemy. Later in the day you'll have to go to the trouble of scowling or turning your head, but nobody has the inclination to scowl at singing birds and waking flowers.

Bill collectors don't get up early, so you miss them too. In a few short hours the air will hang heavy with the fumes from thousands of exhaust pipes, but the air at dawn is as fresh as the dew on a rose petal. Breathing deeply is fun, as pleasing as the chilled goodness of well water when you're



OUT OF THE PAST—When Charlotte Duffy had a birthday party, you could count on everybody showing up at her home on the corner of Johnson and Craven streets. A bandaged eye didn't keep Emily Dewey Mitchell away, and Janet Hollister (front row) was happy despite her woeful expression here. Sallie Pat Kafer (only young lady wearing a bonnet) obviously preferred a profile pose. See if you can identify Charlotte. Leah Jones, Bill Wadsworth, Scott Chadwick,

Meta Moore, Harry Paterson, William Ayers, Billy Minich, Albert Brooks, Inez Barbour, Francis Duffy, Etta Mae Ives, John Faulkner, Mary Anderson, Martha Hurst, Teeny Dunn, John Stevens, Hillery Humble, Kathryn Dean Ives, Betsy Warren, Martha Harper, Dudley Suter, Agnes Pollock, Mabel Uzzell, Frances Marriener, Eleanor Stevenson, Lib Nunn, Mildred Chadwick, Virginia Styron and others.

hot and tired.

As an annoying extrovert, this eccentric typewriter pounder doesn't care overly much for solitude. And yet, being alone with God and Mother Nature when the day is new is a rich experience. Through the grace of your Creator, you have been given conscious moments

again—a new lease on life and a new chance to live nobler than you did yesterday.

If only for a little while, there's more goodness in your heart at dawn. A church steeple, etched against the sky, is more meaningful. A stray dog, wagging his tail, while sad eyes look hopefully for acknowledge-

ment of his friendliness, exemplifies the universal need and yearning for neighborliness.

Call us a fool for getting up long before we have to, and rejoice if you care to in slumbering while the sun sprinkles its first rays of splendor on the rippling Neuse and the

tranquil Trent. Catch those extra 40 winks of sleep, and grumble when at last you grope your way to the kitchen for a cup of black coffee.

As long as God makes early morning a thing of beauty, and life is in us, we'll reach for each new day with eager hands.