

New Bern Public Library

The NEW BERN

MIRROR

Through
THE
Looking
Glass

PUBLISHED WEEKLY
IN THE HEART OF
EASTERN NORTH

NB Public Library
407 New St.

VOLUME 6

NEW BERN, N. C., FRIDAY, MAY 24, 1963

NUMBER 8

Writers hate to clean out their bulging files--fearful that they'll throw away something they can make use of later.

This item, written for the radio program we were doing during the Second World War, is no longer timely, but we'd like to share it with you before tossing it into the trash basket.

"Life brings us all our share of smiles, and mixes in some changes, it runs true through the years....I wonder what the history books, a hundred years from now, will say about this war and me and you....If we were there to read the lines, how many folks could bow, or would we blush for work we didn't do.

"Will High school youngsters, someday hence, be proud and bless our name, and talk about our home-front sacrifice?...Or will they scorn our squabbles, and shower us with blame, and call us words that aren't so very nice?

"We won't be around to hear them, but our ears will probably burn--that is, if angles still retain their ears....Along the mortal path we walked, they'll roast us to a turn, or maybe some of us will earn their cheers.

"Here along the home front, we're running short on meat, and though well fed, we squawk about our lot....We want another coupon too, for shoes to grace our feet, with whiskey scarce we yearn to be a sot.

"We had our share of blessings in the days that are no more....And even in these wartime years, good fortune finds our door....We can't expect just sunshine, there'll be storm clouds--there'll be rain....With gold stars placed in windows, there is sorrow--tears and pain.

"So face each day with courage, God never made a night....That lingered with its darkness, when dark broke, brave and bright."

Authored minutes before going on the air, during the most disheartening days of the war, these lines probably sound pretty corny to a new generation that can't possibly picture what life was like then. Whatever the hastily phrased words lack in quality, they struck a responsive chord at the time.

Most New Bernians took the war in stride, and figured they could do without if their neighbors were in the same boat. A few revealed their true character by grabbing and hoarding, and paying steep prices for meat on the black market.

Soft drinks and cigarettes were scarce, as oldsters will recall. As a result, some folks who didn't customarily imbibe pop to any great extent made the rounds, buying up all the drinks they could lay hands on.

It was the same way with cigarettes. Many of the women who loaded their pocketbooks with any and all brands were non-smokers. If they were getting the cigarettes for their husbands, some of New Bern's males must have had the tobacco habit to an astounding degree.

Human nature, we discovered, doesn't change when a nation is at war. Some people are happiest--or so they think--when they can gloat over possession of something that the other fellow doesn't have. With

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AMONG THE DONORS—Celia Howard-Webb, an English exchange student who graduates from New Bern High school Wednesday, smiles in the best British manner as she donates a pint of blood to someone she'll

never know. The scene is Sudan Shrine Temple, where the Bloodmobile was at work. Celia has been residing with Dr. and Mrs. Dale T. Millns during her Senior year, and has many friends in this city.



AS BIRDS SEE IT—if you were flying low over New Bern's mother city — Berne, Switzerland — this is how it would look to you. In old Berne, the grandiose and the picturesque manage to blend, and charm the

visitors who swarm there. Although this is an aerial photo, keen eyes will detect two pedestrians at the street corner near right center.