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Uncle Bill Everett Wasn't much for frills, but we're inclined to believe the venerable Free Will parson would have enjoyed the music sung at his graveside in Cedar Grove cemetery.

It seems only yesterday, and what a day it was. Skies were never bluer, and the sun was beaming in as warm and friendly a fashion as Uncle Bill beamed during a lifetime of usefulness to his fellow man.

A robin, perched in a low-hanging tree, provided an unscheduled hymn for the brief committal service, after last rites had been held earlier in St. Mary's, where Everett long served as pastor. A vested choir couldn't have done better.

For all we know, the grand old codger heard it too, even in death. Certainly he heard it if God so willed it, and a lot of us would like to think it happened just that way.

Preachers come and preachers go, but the Methodist writing these lines is satisfied in his own heart that New Bern never has had another minister quite like Brother Everett. You Baptists should be proud of him, and so should the rest of us who knew him for the kind and utterly selfless person he was.

Uncle Bill didn't have much of an education. Even with a lot of learning it is doubtful that he would have delivered so much as a single brilliant sermon. Where Everett displayed the characteristics of a true man of God was out of the pulpit, not in it.

No one, probably, remembers the text of the most outstanding message he ever brought his flock. But a lot of folks--most especially the poor and the friendless--remember how he deprived himself of bare necessities to give what he had to others.

Larry Moore, a New Bern attorney no longer among the living, was a great admirer of Uncle Bill, and quite aware of his habit of doing without to ease the burden of those he considered less fortunate. Every time Moore tried to do something for Everett, the money was passed along to somebody else.

One day the attorney noticed how badly worn were the shoes the parson had on. The wear and tear was understandable, seeing as how Everett kept the pavements hot going to and from the jail, hospitals and sundry shanties where misery and despair were holding forth.

"Here's some money for a new pair of shoes," the prominent and distinguished lawyer told Everett, "and don't give it away." Uncle Bill expressed his tanks, and shuffled off on a pressing mission.

Several days later, the minister dropped by Moore's office in the Elks Temple, still wearing the same old shoes. When Moore chided him, the parson shrugged his shoulders and grinned apologetically. "I bumped into somebody in trouble," he said.

Moore, convinced it had to be done, marched Everett to a shoe store and saw to it this time that his friend got the much needed footwear. It was only one of many incidents we could relate, if going into the matter wasn't superfluous.

Uncle Bill was no expert

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WERE YOU THERE—Here's an old picture that came to light in some back files at County Agent A. T. Jackson's office, when he and his staff were moving from the Federal Building to their present quarters

at Craven's former Health Center. If you're in the photograph, perhaps you can tell us where it was snapped, and identify some of the other folks for our Mirror readers.



BUT NO HORSES—This photo, also resurrected in County Agent Jackson's office, is to our cityfied way of viewing things rather remarkable. For the life of us, we don't recall ever before seeing a bunch of hogs, sheep and cows congregated like this before a camera.

It's real togetherness. In case the two men in the middle of the rural menagerie are still around, we would appreciate some information about the unusual scene.