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The richest man in our town doesn't own a limousine, nor does he boast a costly yacht where he can rule serene. Don't peep into his wardrobe for a hundred dollar suit, such finery wouldn't fit him, even if he cared a hoot.

His light bill brings him worry, if it runs a trifle high, and when he shops for groceries there are dainties he can't buy. Still, a simple meal holds its appeal, he'll get along all right as long as he has peace of mind, and a healthy appetite.

Our richest man shares sunsets with birds that homeward wing. He has a lease on summer's charms, like one he had on spring. Each day he draws his dividends from youngsters playing games, they pause to fill his path with smiles, yes he knows all their names.

He doesn't snub the guy who is down, nor worship one who is up. He just can't pass a beggar on the corner with a cup. He says he is not religious, not like he ought to be, but even so his creed comes close to Christ on Calvary.

In all of Nature's handiwork, he sees the touch of God. His soul communes with growing things that reach up from the sod. Like altar candles are the stars that gleam when day is done. He gains renewal of his faith from each and every one.

The richest man in any town is like our millionaire, his fortune makes King Midas seem broke when you compare. There's so much more than gold to hoard, of this I am quite sure. With birds, and flowers and sunsets, how can a man be poor?

New Bernians who stayed up late enough to see Scranton put his blessing on Goldwater, after weeks of blessing him out, must have been touched by the sight of one of the Pennsylvania Governor's daughters weeping. It undoubtedly was a trying moment for everybody in the Scranton household, and the teenager's grief--climaxing a month of hectic family strain emphasized the price demanded by upper-level politics.

The scenes are always the same. Candidates, steeled to the hard facts of life, usually manage to keep their composure in the overwhelming agony of defeat. It's harder for their wives. Few of us will forget the misery etched on Pat Nixon's face, or the stunned, misty-eyed appearance of Richardson Preyer's personable, usually sparkling wife.

For some men, and a few women, the political arena holds a fascination as strong as the flame's attraction for a moth. Outwardly, most wives display enthusiasm for their husband's role in public life, but the majority would prefer a more normal life.

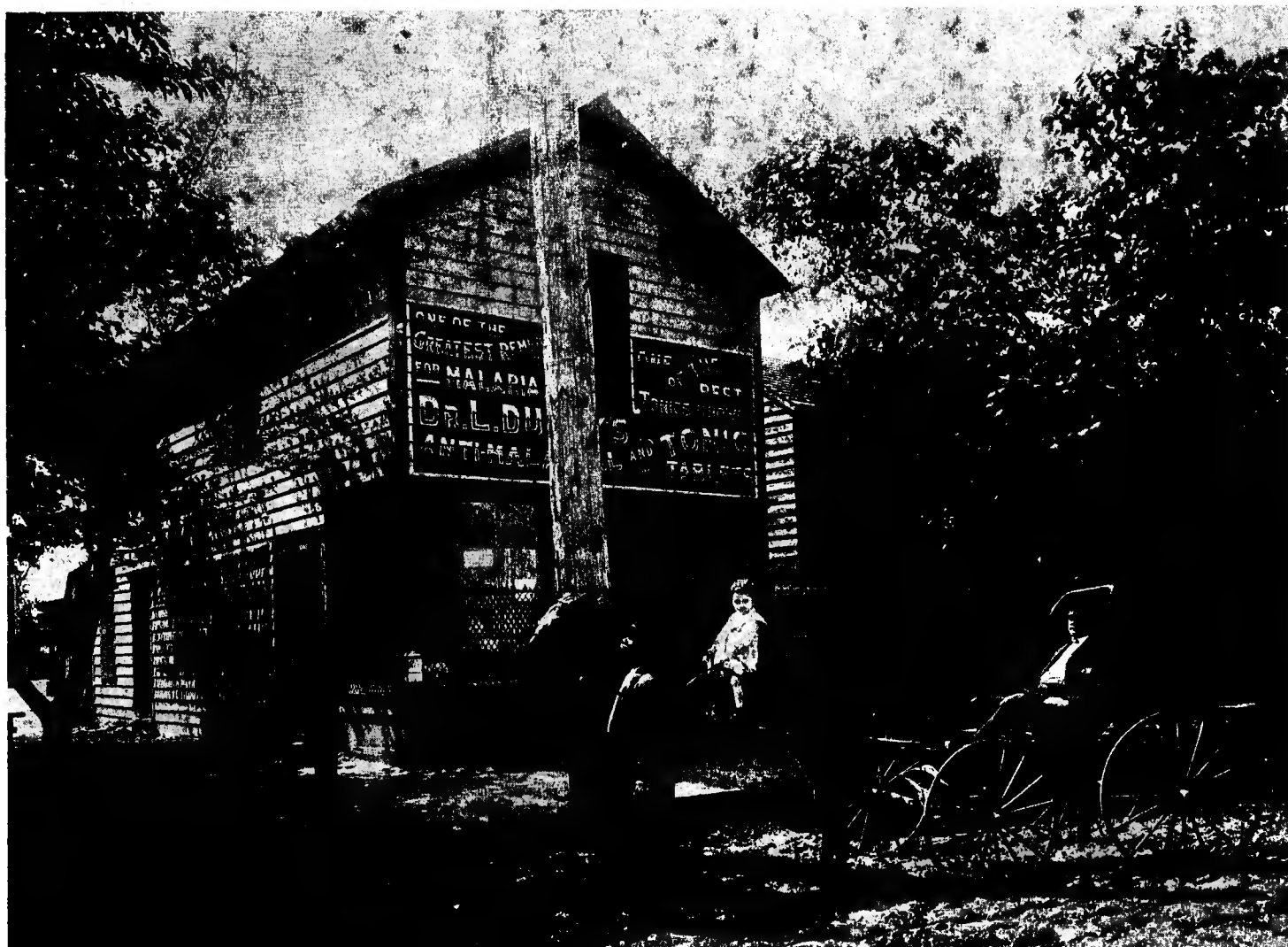
President Truman was every inch a politician, and seemed to enjoy all phases of it. His wife, Bess, appeared to get little thrill out of being the nation's First Lady, and must have welcomed the opportunity to move her belongings out of the White House and get back to friends and surroundings she remembered from the old days, when Harry was neither Senator nor President.

As of now, the odds seem to be heavy that Barry Goldwater
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HOME TOWNER—Talented Janet Lathan, WNBE-TV art director, is a native New Bernian. Since graduation from Pratt Institute her career has included package designing for Tussy, jewelry designing for Nettie Rosenstein, art assistant to the advertising manager

of International Latex, and four satisfying years of volunteer service with Moral Re-Armament. Commercial art is close to her heart, and a chance to pursue it further in the city of her birth delights her. We're delighted too.



OUT OF THE PAST—Where else but in The Mirror would you find this rare photograph? Seated in the buggy, in front of his drug store, is Dr. Leinster Duffy, and astride the trusty steed is none other than his son,

the future Dr. Charles Duffy. Chronic complainers who insist New Bern hasn't progressed, should take a good long look at this picture. You'll agree that there have been a few changes on the local scene.