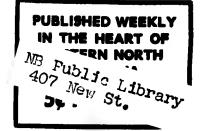
Through The Looking Glass

New Bern Public Library

The NEW BERN

MIRROR



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When summer days come 'round again.

And there is so much time to play,

We go each year down to the shore

Where I should always like to stay.

We're busy there the whole day long,

First, in the water, then on land;
We swim like ducks, and launch

our boats,
And build tall castles in the

sand.

We watch ships sailing far away, And sea gulls flying high and low:

We find more shells than we can count,

And wonder how so many grow.

If I could choose the time of

year
I like, and where I'd rather

be, I'd take twelve months of sum-

mer-time,
And spend them all down by

Ethel Hughes penned the lines above, and perhaps God in His benevolence will grant this dear little old lady eternal summer and the sight and sound of waves breaking on a sandy shore.

A woman who wrote almost as well as she painted, which was a feat of no small consequence, she had none of the temperament attributed to those of us who strive for creative expression.

Conceding that it's preposterous to believe that she never said or did anything unkind in a life span of more than 80 years, no one who knew her intimately or casually can recall such an incident.

Our own association with her, limited though it was, revealed her keen sense of humor. Ethel Hughes, blessed with a child's joyful heart and a child's awareness of the miraculous world all about us, had an ageless outlook.

Father Time, as he does with all mortals in their declining years, levied his toll on the part of her that was physical, but he could not quench the flame that made her spirit a glowing candle.

Perhaps she could have given more of herself to others, but this we seriously doubt. Whatever she may have bequeathed of a tangible nature was trivial, and would have been even if she had been wealthy, compared with intangibles that meant so much to so many.

For 20 years of her life she was away from her native New Bern, living in New York City. Upon her return she gathered up the threads of the past, the ones that were left, and wove a pattern of new beauty. Her daily living proclaimed the love she felt for her community.

Dear to her heart was the National League of American Pen Women. She was long a member of the New Bern branch, and she remained faithful to the cause. Few miss her more than her friends in that organization.

As an artist, she had widely varied talents and made use of them all. Her oil portraits and landscapes would possibly be regarded as her major accom-

(Continued on page 3)



THIS ONE IS MINE—Sheena, a miniature French poodle, doesn't object to the early bird having the worm, but nothing or nobody is going to get away with stealing his Halloween pumpkin. And though the night for spooks and goblins isn't close at hand (or paw), who wanted to wait around until the very best Jacko-Lantern was gone from his favorite field? Besides, if

President Johnson and Senator Goldwater are as awful as they accuse each other of being, there's more for a fellow to watch out for than witches riding broomsticks. Sheena's proud owners are Ben and Charlotte Hurst, or rather he owns them.—Photo by Billy Benners