



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  
the sea.

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 tempera-  
ment attributed to those of  
us who strive for creative ex-  
pression.

Conceding that it's prepos-  
terous 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 aware-  
ness 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. What-  
ever she may have bequeathed  
of a tangible nature was triv-  
ial, and would have been even  
if she had been wealthy, com-  
pared 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 faith-  
ful 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-

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**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 Jack-o-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 Ben-ners.