

MIRROR

PUBLISHED WEEKLY
 IN THE HEART OF
 NORTH
 NB Public Library
 407 New St.
 5¢ Per



VOLUME 7

NEW BERN, N. C., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1964

NUMBER 36

New Bern's trees are more beautiful when their branches are adorned with leaves, but less dramatic than the sight of a barren tree etched against the overcast of a December sky.

Next to children, old folks and animals, we can't envision a better subject for amateur photographers (or professionals) than trees in every season of the year. The possibility of good pictures is limitless.

A former New Bernian, returning to town the other day after several years absence, got hopelessly lost in the city's western area. "This isn't the New Bern I used to know," she admitted. Lady, you are so right, but for the most part it may be a good thing.

Back when this editor was a kid, you'd often hear people say, "What New Bern needs is a few funerals." Meaning, of course, that the community would get somewhere if various influential citizens regarded as stumbling blocks no longer were on the local scene.

After a lot of funerals, it became increasingly clear that succeeding generations provided sufficient replacements for every kind of citizen departed from the ranks of the living. Human nature is as changeless and unalterable as the behavior of stars in the heavens.

Foolish indeed is the mortal who fails to realize that in all towns you'll find counterparts of every kind of saint and sinner we have in New Bern. For example, pick any civic organization in Kinston or Goldsboro and you'll discover a few members do virtually all of the work.

We might add that eager beavers who love publicity aren't the worst members you can have in a community group. Give them a chance for glory and more often than not they'll go all out for worthy projects.

Few and far between are self-effacing souls who are content to labor long and tirelessly in the shadows of the vineyard, while others bask in the warm rays of recognition. Cynical though it may sound, a great deal of good would never be done in New Bern or any other town if vanity's intoxicating wine gave out.

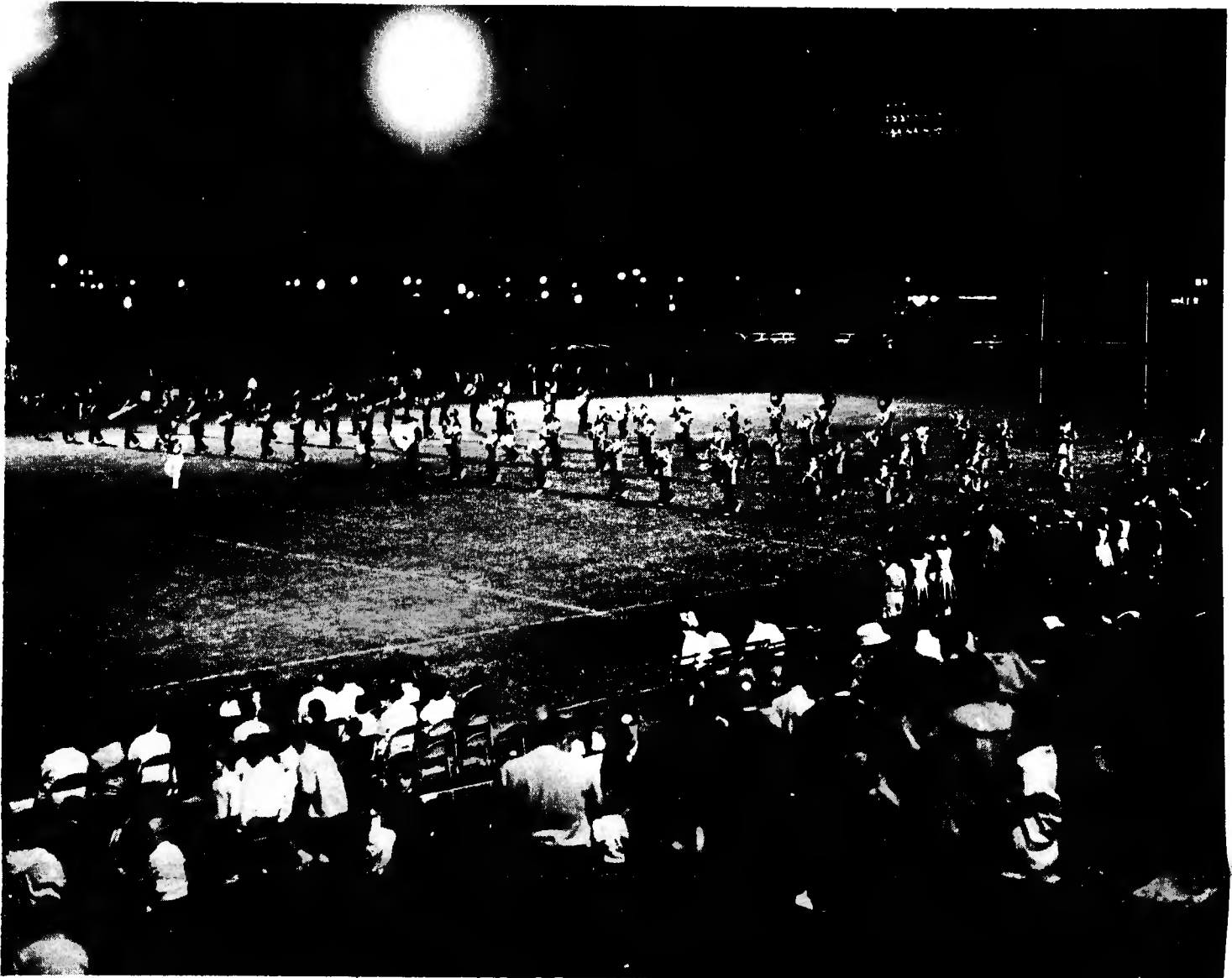
Familiar to us all is the person who renders notable service to a cause enroute to the coveted role of leader, and continues to do so as long as he or she is at the helm. Then, when a new president or chairman is elected, the dethroned individual goes into hibernation or seeks new laurels in another organization.

Perhaps this is a good thing in the long run. Unfortunate indeed is the civic group where the vigorous potential of new blood is stifled by older members who have had their day and still want to dominate all activities. Clubs of this sort inevitably wither away from hardening of the arteries.

The desire for recognition isn't confined to civic organizations, fraternal groups and churches. It is as much a part of us as breathing, and this, if nothing else, is sufficient to make Communism unattractive to most human beings who have freedom of choice.

It would be hazardous to ignore the military threat of

(Continued On Page 6)



THEY'LL BE THERE—New Bern High School's 97-member band, seen in action here, has received and accepted an invitation to appear at the 1965 Cherry Blossom Festival in Washington, D. C. The local musicians, directed by Durward Bray, were invited

along with 52 other bands to march and perform in the Parade of Princesses, top event of the annual festival. Their April 9-11 trip will include visits to points of interest in the nation's capital.—Photo by Billy Benners.



WAY BACK WHEN—This is how Miss Mollie Heath's first grade class looked exactly 50 years ago. Time hasn't treated the photograph too kindly, but easily recognizable are Emily Pollock, Celia Fuller, Dorothy Seifert, Thomas Henry, Bill Clark, Annie Kinsey

Cook, Grace McDaniel, Annie Stevenson Dunn, Sigmund Sultan, Mary Duffy, Louis Daniels, Alfred Kafer, Rodolph Duffy and Martha Waters. They are posing in front of the newly completed Primary Building.