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Perish the thought, but no doubt a number of New Bernians who detest LBJ and the Mountain Man enjoyed the bad colds that both reaped from the big doings in Washington.

Next to wishing your enemies permanent confinement in a pair of shoes two sizes too small, we can't think of anything worse than nostrils suffering from a traffic jam, and a throat that feels like somebody got to it with a yard rake.

Even the majority of our citizens along the Neuse and Trent, who either admire Johnson up to a point or accept him as more bearable than Barry, can gain consolation from the fact that a great big Texan is just as poor a match for cold germs as us ordinary mortals.

So far as we know, no one has come up with a medical report on those scantily clad majorettes who participated in the inaugural parade down Pennsylvania Avenue. If they toted colds back to the 50 States, there should be no scarcity of souvenir sniffles distributed in our public schools now.

No news, you've heard it said, is good news, but bad news has been the big news for the two weeks. Winston Churchill's lingering illness produced the world's top headlines, and justly so.

Ordinarily, it isn't unusual to have the Grim Reaper nudging someone who has lived 20 years beyond what has long been regarded as the normal life span. However, Churchill in death, as in life, was so gigantic a figure that he couldn't under and circumstance have made a commonplace departure.

Living with a genius, and Sir Winston was all of that, is supposed to be a harrowing and almost hopeless undertaking. Apparently, Lady Churchill, who was the former Clementine Hozler (daughter of Colonel and Lady Blanche Hozler) didn't find it so.

Surely, she is great in her own right. The world will never know to what extent she contributed to Churchill's career during a marriage dating back to 1908. Sir Winston in the first volume of his biography wrote, "We lived happily ever after."

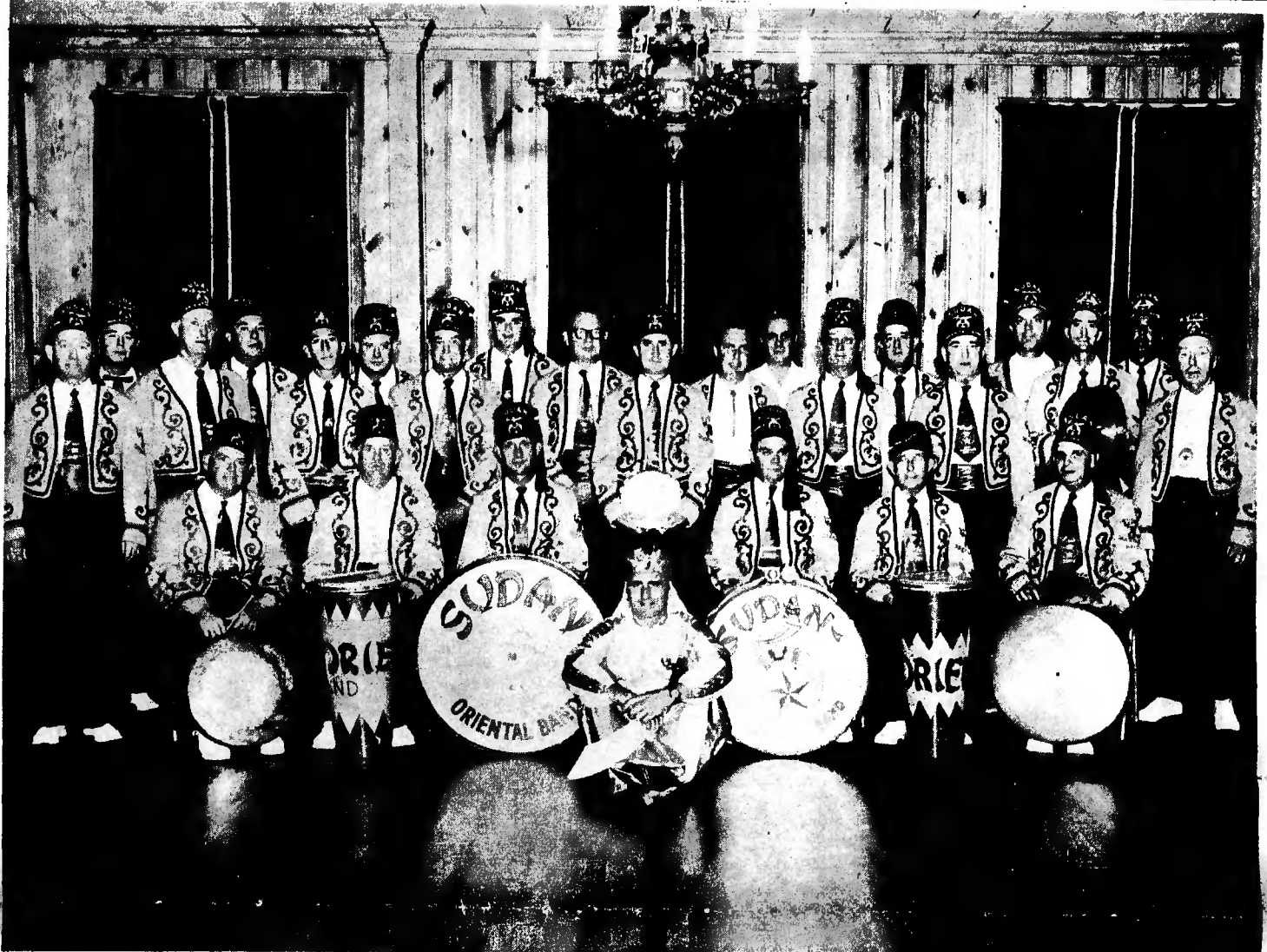
Like her illustrious husband, she was indeed able to "Walk with kings nor lose the common touch. Even in her advanced years, she has been a woman of considerable charm. Tall and stately, she exemplified the perfect lady.

They still talk in Stockholm of the time she visited Sweden to accept the Nobel Prize awarded to Sir Winston. So down to earth and human was this gracious woman that the Swedes spontaneously started singing "Oh My Darling Clementine" (in English) when she stepped forward to make Churchill's speech of thanks.

Lady Churchill knew quite early the trials and tribulations, and the compensating joys, that a house full of children brings. She gave birth to all of their five youngsters (four daughters and a son) in their first 14 years of marriage.

Undoubtedly, she was a sustaining force for Sir Winston in the dark days of World War II. And when his own people

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THEY WERE HERE TOO—Fayetteville's colorful contribution to New Bern's Shrine parades is the Oriental band. This is their official photo, but publicly the outfit wears costumes in keeping with its name, and gives vent to the most distinctive music ever rendered

here. Sudan Temple is one of this city's biggest assets. Fair weather or foul, thousands of its members visit with us each January, along with their ladies. It's nice to have them here.



FOR FUN'S SAKE—Sudan Temple's Winter Ceremonial wouldn't have been complete without the famous Dunn Clowns. These business men (members of the Shrine) turn comic frequently during the year for worthy causes. Closest to their hearts are the Shrine

hospitals for crippled children. The gent standing on the rear of the truck is J. W. Temple, director of the group and president of the Southeastern Clown Association. Our favorite rides the unicycle.