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It is hardly surprising that thousands of glowing tributes have been paid Adlai Stevenson since his unexpected death. No one had to handle the truth carelessly in order to say something good about the deceased.

Stevenson was admired for many things. This editor respected him most for the manner in which he accepted without bitterness his defeat in two Presidential elections.

Few aspirants, and we're referring to Democrats and Republicans alike, have approached him in this respect when denied occupancy of the White House by fellow Americans.

In marked contrast, for example, Richard Nixon behaved quite childishly when the coveted prize eluded him, and his peevish outburst to the press regarding the matter dwarfed his stature to midget proportions.

Political history is cluttered with the shadows of men who couldn't be philosophical when they ended up on the short end of a battle for ballots. To condemn them is probably unfair, since hating to lose is a human frailty that is part and parcel of us all.

It would be ridiculous to assume that Stevenson failed to feel keenly the pangs of disappointment. Recognizing this fact, his behavior in the midst of his personal Gethsemane was all the more laudable.

Wise man that he was, he undoubtedly realized his chances for victory were poor when he ran against a military hero who was in a position to get the nomination of either of the major parties he smiled upon.

The world will never know how different the destiny of all mankind might have been, had Stevenson become Chief Executive for our nation. Certainly his later record as a crusader for global peace and good will is indicative of what we may have missed in failing to accord him the highest elective office in the land.

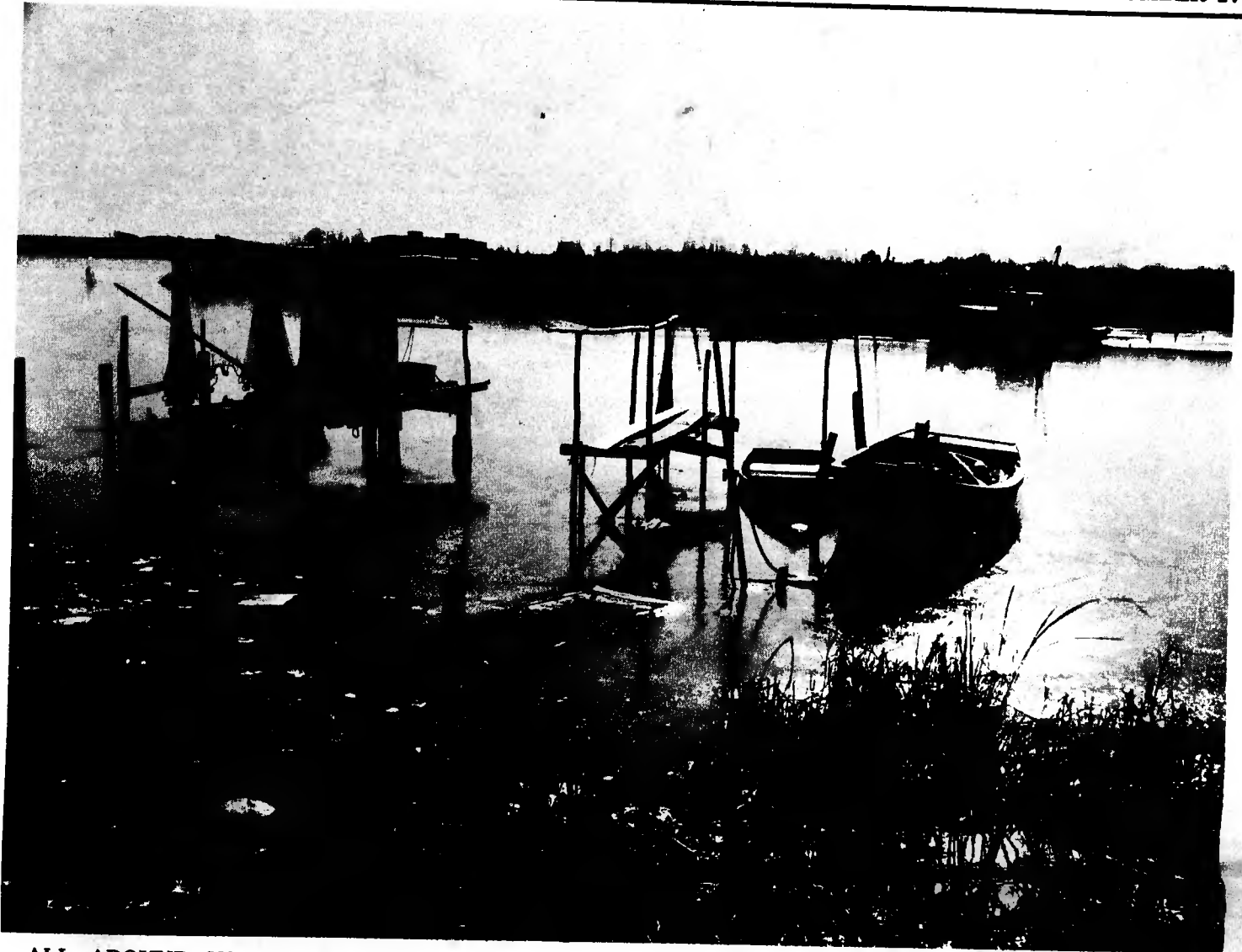
Undeniable, Adlai Stevenson was a great humanitarian. Unfortunately for him, and no less for us, he lacked the capacity to step out of his shell of unintended reticence and commune with mortals less intellectual.

Scoundrels, and even simpletons, have been elevated at times to public office because they were able to fraternize the electorate on all levels. It wasn't in Stevenson's nature to be hail fellow well met, and he was much too big to pretend otherwise.

His reserved, dignified manner was in our belief a family trait. We realized as much when it fell our lot to meet and talk with his sister at a social affair in Raleigh. She was sincere but shy, and in a room where others let their hair down, so to speak, she seemed almost out of place.

Campaigning for the Presidency, Stevenson used no political gimmicks in an effort to foster a false image. To a majority of the voters, he appeared stilted and standoffish, and this impression weighed more heavily than the things he said.

Although his phrases may
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ALL AROUND US—Every river town has special charm, and New Bern is no exception. Billy Benners during the past eight years has come up with many a fine photograph of scenes in our Land of Enchanting Waters, and we consider the two on this page

particularly outstanding among the ones featured by The Mirror. Go exploring on any summer day and you'll find beauty and serenity waiting for you along the rippling Neuse or tranquil Trent.



NATURE'S HANDIWORK—Rivers are always appealing to us, even on the darkest day, but never more attractive than in the hours when shafts of sunlight scatter diamonds on their rippling surface. On the

right, in this Benners photo, a solitary man gazes at such a sight and forgets momentarily the cares of the world. Note the detail in this Mirror portrait of shore and stream and sky here in the coast country.