



# The NEW BERN MIRROR

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Folks who love flowers are generally regarded as a little closer to God than less appreciative mortals. Certainly their admiration for the Creator's handiwork seems to support such an assumption.

Yet, how can you reconcile this belief to the disconcerting fact that countless graves, here in New Bern and elsewhere, are stripped bare of tenderly placed floral arrangements, year in and year out?

Where do these stolen flowers go? Are they used in a warped display of sentiment to adorn other mounds, or do they end up on a window sill, a living room table, or as trimming for a cake cutting?

No one knows for sure, except the ghouls who sneak into cemeteries and commit one of the most heartless forms of robbery that clutching hands ever perpetrated. Whatever their motive might be, these thieves are a vicious lot.

Tar Heel jails and road gangs are heavily peopled by convicted culprits who were guilty of offenses less despicable and more understandable. For example, we might cite the drunk who did his passing out in a gutter instead of lapsing into unconsciousness at a social brawl, or the two-bit gambler caught in a crap game while other highly respected individuals engage in high-stake affairs with impunity.

Punishment in the case of the grave robbers is long overdue. How seldom it is that we hear of one of these characters being arrested, convicted and sentenced. During many years of covering courts we've never seen a thief of this sort brought before the bar of justice.

Perhaps the very act of stealing flowers from the dead brings its own retribution. In short, the pillered posies, as they wither, form an appropriate marker for a soul that has withered too.

Even so, it is disturbing to those of us who associate flowers with the finer things in God's wonderful Creation when a flower lover stoops to such a contemptible act.

Like they say, it takes all kinds of people to make a world, but for our part we'd rather do our living in a world where thieves who steal funeral designs have become a vanished breed.

Don't wait until summer vacation, if you're a motorist, to exercise extra alertness in watching for children on our streets and highways. Spring unlatches the door to paradise on earth for those who are young, and they lose all sense of caution.

Eager feet race homeward, each afternoon, and shrill voices proclaim freedom from the classroom. There is more outside activity in every neighborhood, and much of it is as thoughtless as it is joyous.

Childhood without this thoughtlessness and reckless abandon wouldn't be childhood. That's why the adult who says he would like to start life over again, knowing what he knows now, is a fool.

Caution is reserved for those who have grown up, and thicker through the waistline. It will never find fertility in the heart

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**NO LONGER OURS**—Ordinarily we wouldn't think of running a big, Page 1 picture like this of an office holder seeking re-election. In this case it's different, since Congressman David N. Henderson who has represented New Bernians in the Third District can gain no special political benefit from such publicity. We lost Henderson and he lost us in the shuffle that turned North Carolina's Congressional districts topsy turvy. From now on we'll be in the First not the Third,

and our Congressman will be Walter Jones of Farmville (Democrat) now serving Congressman Herbert Bonner's unexpired term, or Dr. John East (Republican) of East Carolina College. You'll make your choice in the November elections. Meanwhile, Congressman Henderson won't be crossing their paths as they beat the bushes in Craven. He has a selling job to do elsewhere, and local friends wish him well.