

Through
THE
Looking
Glass

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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.

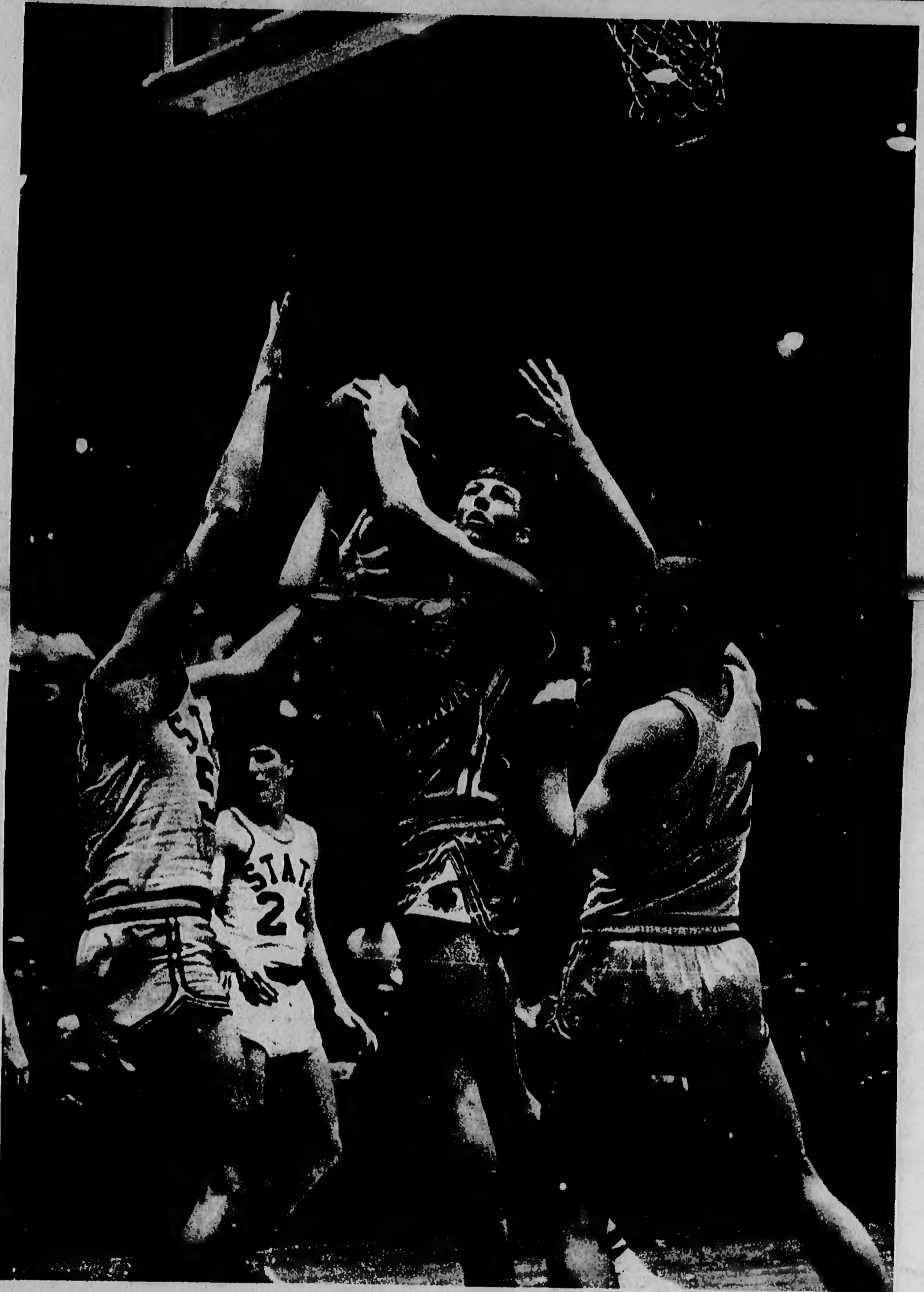
Few and far between are self-effacing souls who are content to labor long and tirelessly in the shadows of the vineyard, while others bask in the warm rays of recognition. Cynical though it may sound, a great deal of good would never do done in New Bern or any other town if vanity's intoxicating wine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

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THAT TIME AGAIN—It seems only weeks since New Bern's Bill Bunting was starring for the University of North Carolina's famed freshman basketballers, as exemplified here in action against N. C. State. Even so, the towering forward is already back on the court, practicing daily with Carolina's varsity. Bill, 6-9 or close to it and still growing, has added a couple of pounds to his slender frame and now tips

the scales at 202. He would like to up that figure, and rest assured Coach Dean Smith isn't letting him run short of calories. Everyone agrees that the Tar Heels, loaded with experienced talent and bolstered by a half dozen sophomores who were sought by other colleges from coast to coast, will make a serious bid for the national crown during the approaching season. They're polishing up the victory bell at Chapel Hill.