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We're convinced beyond all doubt that most of you Mirror readers are quite sentimental, and since we're hopelessly sentimental too, this pleases us immensely.

How else could you voice appreciation of our oft repeated editorial on autumn, which by the way is regarded by our daughter as possibly the best thing to ever come from our typewriter.

Knowing how you feel about this waning season, we want to pass along the following editorial written by Elmer Brock of the Mount Olive Tribune. He titled it "Fall Spectacle: The Great Sermon."

What a wonderful thing is the weakness of human memory, which allows the glory of past fall seasons to fade before the spectacle of the one that's here and now. It would be a shame indeed to have the beauty and intimacy of these late October days diluted by recalled comparison. There is right now all the thrilling wonder that the eye can behold, or about which the heart can rejoice. Even with all the unhappy turmoil in the world, we have the privilege-- duty, perhaps -- of turning our attention to the colorful perfection surrounding us for refreshment, and awareness that there is beauty on earth in spite of us. There is no sacrilege in letting the intimate warmth of this season seep into our beings and distract us from our problems for a figurative moment. Could we, in fact, stand up before these problems and tragedies without having such refreshment literally forced upon us by a show which the eye cannot resist?

There may have been seasons at least as beautiful as this fall, but they don't matter. All the beauty that one needs is everywhere around us in the Mount Olive countryside, and the streets here look like they have been painted high up the sides by an artist of remarkable skill at catching and pleasing the eye. Never do we remember the dogwood leaves such a dark red and purple, or the maples so brightly splashed with yellow or orange, or both. The sycamores and poplars lend their softer browns with great hand-size leaves, while their trunks and boughs shine whiter, or seem to, than at any other time. The oaks, slower to turn and in quieter tones, bridge the gap between the riotous colors and the steady evergreens.

There could be no more convincing sermon than this one from God Himself. Can such a fall spectacle be an accident? It's too perfect: All colors harmonize in nature, and every scene has its own variations to stand apart. Why are there different trees bearing leaves of different colors now, instead of all trees just alike so that no matter the color they would offer a tiresome scene? Falling leaves don't just plummet down -- they twinkle like colored tinsel, and when they reach the ground they create a carpet design so beautiful it shouldn't be swept away at once. To properly light the scene, a brilliant sun is toned to a golden hue which adds a special touch to it all. And, after all these ar-

HER MAJESTY—No wonder Joy Williams, recently crowned New Bern High School's Homecoming Queen, is the happiest monarch in all the world. Never in Joy's lifetime has anyone else ascended to the NBHS throne, and experienced the thrill of having among her loyal subjects the Gridiron Champions of the Northeastern Conference. May we suggest that she con-

fer upon the Bruins the title of Knight, and that henceforth and forevermore they shall be known far and wide as the Royal Order of Peerless Pigskin Performers. And may Sir Roger Thrift, with all his knightly virtues, preside over the Order, as they gather at the Round Table.—Photo by Chick Natella.