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There's something about an old graveyard that fascinates the average person. Maybe it's a form of morbid curiosity, which incidentally is an affliction most mortals are subject to, although in many instances the cemetery visitor is primarily interested in genealogy.

Here in New Bern, historic Cedar Grove cemetery attracts its full share of outsiders, while lovely homes notwithstanding, Beaufort's ancient burying place is the coastal town's top tourist attraction. If you're dead long enough, and tangible evidence of your interment remains, you're apt to be more interesting to others after death than you ever were while living.

Forgive us if we've already told you our story of the pleasant village that found itself with something of a problem when the one atheist in its midst died. At a loss as to what to put on his tombstone, the little community held a contest to select the best epitaph submitted.

An old codger who had never been considered overly brilliant by the rest of the community surprised everybody by coming up with the winning lines. He suggested "Here lies Jeremiah Smith, all dressed up and nowhere to go."

Then there's the tale about the constant complainer, who was often accused of enjoying ill health. When, at the age of 94, she finally passed away, those left behind found specific instructions for her funeral among her belongings. As for the epitaph on her marble marker, she requested this, "I told you I was sick."

Don't ask us to vouch for it, but we've heard tell of the departed tooth puller whose epitaph proclaimed, "This dentist is filling his last cavity." And then there was the miserly imbibor of strong drink, who never once was known to set up the crowd. On his tombstone was carved, "This one is on me, boys."

You won't find anything this flippant in Cedar Grove cemetery, but a stroll along its shaded walks on a spring afternoon will bring to mind past acquaintances, who like you were a mixture of good and bad during their all too brief stay on earth. No one, we dare say, was quite as good or nearly so bad in life as someone believed them to be.

Getting back to the prevalence of morbid curiosity among humans, we're of the opinion that much of the popularity enjoyed for so long by television programs like "Doctor Kildaire" and "Ben Casey" resulted from the strong inclination to get a ringside view of what goes on in a hospital.

Haven't you noticed that even the best behaved people, the sort who are never intentionally rude or crude, almost invariably stare into the sick rooms of strangers, while walking along a hospital hall? Isn't it probably true that you've been guilty of the same thing?

Every bad automobile accident attracts a throng of people, as do other scenes of violent death and maiming. If the victims have already been removed, spectators, disappointed over this fact, still gather in clusters to see what's to be

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**SAND AND SEA**—The chill winds of capricious April still sweep North Carolina's Outer Banks, but with balmy May knocking on Dame Nature's door, we can expect the warming touch of unfettered springtime. Happiness for these two fishermen is a nice string of big ones, and their brisk gait as they head in the general direction of the picturesque lighthouse towering above them is inspired by hunger cramps

and thoughts of a sizzling skillet. Many New Bernians have never availed themselves of the varied attractions the region offers, not the least of which is America's oldest and best known outdoor drama, Paul Green's "Lost Colony." We have no quarrel with those who seek relaxation in North Carolina's Land of the Sky, but just this one vacation, try the Outer Banks for a change. We warn you, it's habit forming.