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Through
THE
Looking
Glass

The following is an editorial from the Washington, D. C., Star:

It is all too easy for the casual observer to think of American young men today as sharply divided between those who bear their share of the country's burdens in the Vietnam fighting and those who protest the immorality or futility of our being there at all.

There are young men who manage to do both. One was Pfc. Johnathan M. Spicer, USMC Pfc. Spicer, son of a deceased Methodist minister, was a conscientious objector. In spite of that, he joined the Marines. He was assigned to a medical battalion near Khe Sanh.

On March 11, the Viet Cong opened fire on a helicopter engaged in evacuating the wounded from the beleaguered outpost. Ignoring an order to get into a bunker, Pfc. Spicer rushed forward to help the wounded into their airborne ambulance. Enemy shelling continued. The medic Marine was hit, and three days later he died.

Pfc. Spicer has been recommended for the silver star and the Navy cross for his heroism under fire and for his disregard of his own safety for the sake of his comrades' lives. As with all heroes, his real distinction is not expressed in medals but rather in the memory of his deed.

In time of torment for many members of his generation, Pfc. Spicer fulfilled with honor his obligations to his conscience and to his country.

Being clever depends on one's point of view. A dirt farmer trying to teach geometry in a classroom would probably be no dumber than a college professor attempting to make himself useful at a Craven County hog killing.

It isn't hard to tell when a small boy with large freckles is going barefooted for the first time this season. There's an excited spring in his gait, and his underpinions lack the tell-tale signs of browned roughness that midsummer brings. The one thing we don't envy him are the stubbed toes that will be his lot before there's frost on the pumpkin again.

When a postal employee deliberately delays mail entrusted to his care, he can count on getting fired in short order. Harry Faulkner's case, years ago, was an understandable exception.

A clerk at the New Bern post-office, Faulkner was aware that his three young sons, now grown, had each written a letter seeking membership in the Lone Ranger Safety Club.

In due time, envelopes containing coveted cards arrived for Harry, Jr., 11, and Terry, 10. Bobbie, 6, received no such credentials to prove he was in truth a member in good standing.

Being first a father and second a conscientious mail handler, Harry confiscated the letters addressed to little Harry and Terry to avoid a revolution at his house.

Two days later, Bobbie's letter also arrived, so the local postal clerk removed the other two letters from a pigeon hole

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LIVE WIRES—Bobby, Madge and Grady Bowers not only look alike, but sound alike, and sometimes the din they create is almost too much for their parents, Robert L. and Minnie Bell Grady Bowers, to endure. Loudest of the lot, around the house, is six

year old Grady, but his seven year old sister knows how to handle him. Bobby, 11, isn't quite as noisy as he once was, but he is still in there pitching.—Photo by Florence Hanff.



OLD GLORY—First District Congressman Walter B. Jones presents an American flag that flew atop the Nation's Capitol to Tom Quinn, basketball coach at East Carolina University. It will hang as the official National Colors in Mingess Coliseum, the university's

new indoor sports complex, where the inaugural Eastern Carolina Classic will be held next December, with Air Force, Baylor, Cornell, Delaware, Virginia, VPI and William & Mary as the visiting teams. Congressman Jones has long been identified with sports.