

MIRROR

PUBLISHED WEEKLY
IN THE HEART OF
EASTERN NORTH
CAROLINA

NB-Craven Library
400 Johnson St.
New Bern, NC 28560



VOLUME 11

NEW BERN, N. C., FRIDAY, AUGUST 9, 1968

NUMBER 20

Carl Sandburg, whose rambling frame dwelling in the North Carolina hills is being converted into a national shrine, was a man we would have enjoyed knowing personally.

Although he wrote things more familiar to most of us, these lines that he called "Accomplished Facts" are indicative of what was in his heart, especially the closing words.

"Every year," observed Sandburg, "Emily Dickinson sent one friend the first arbutus bud in the garden... In a last will and testament Andrew Jackson remembered a friend with the gift of George Washington's pocket spy-glass.

"Napoleon, too, in a last testament, mentioned a silver watch taken from the bedroom of Frederick the Great, and passed along this trophy to a particular friend... O. Henry took a blood carnation from his coat lapel and handed it to a country girl starting work in a bean bazaar, and scribbled "Peach blossoms may or may not stay pink in city dust."

"So it goes. Some things we buy, some not. Tom Jefferson was proud of his radishes, and Abe Lincoln blacked his own boots, and Bismark called Berlin a wilderness of brick and newspapers.... So it goes. There are accomplished facts. Ride, ride, ride on in the great new blimps -- cross unheard-of oceans, circle the planet.

"When you come back we may sit by five hollyhocks. We might listen to boys fighting for marbles. The grasshopper will look good to us... So it goes."

H. C. Waldrop, whose whimsical nature is refreshing in a world engulfed by deadly serious matters, has at times placed humorous ads in the paper. Perhaps the best remembered is the explanation he published when his property was advertised for taxes, along with the property of a lot of other New Bernians. "I had the money," he assured readers, "I just wanted my friends to know I owned something."

Also hard to forget is the ad he ran offering a piece of low-lying land across the river for sale. He could hardly have been franker when he informed prospective purchasers that as a fringe benefit they would get two bushels of fish if they bought the property at high tide.

Waldrop is wiser than the average mortal, having learned that there's little to be gained from plain and fancy hating. Once he hated somebody for a month, and found the experience so painful that he sent the party a bill for it. "I've hated you for 30 days," Waldrop wrote on the statement, "and if you don't pay this bill I'm going to stop hating you."

Last week, when we mentioned Chick Natella and Tull Register as two New Bernians who manage to get a whale of a lot of work done while talking incessantly, we could very well have included Phil Fecher, the accountant.

Phil, like Natella and Register, loves his profession, and again like Chick and Tull has what appears to be an inexhaustible supply of enthusiasm. What



JUST LIKE MIAMI—Otto Simmons, III, of Route 3, New Bern, comes up with an imitation of mike-clutching commentators covering this week's Republican National Convention. The young man does have a political background, dating back to an affectionately remembered great grandmother who presided over the polls at Rhems for years. Little Otto may never become a newsman, or run for public office, but he already has the gift of gab that is an asset

in either undertaking. And someday, when he is older, he is apt to read about, and hear stories about what is going down in history as a highly unusual Presidential campaign. Even the honest to goodness commentators can't figure this one out, Otto, and you don't know how fortunate you are to be relaxed and unconcerned while candidates scramble and voters ponder what to do in November.—Photo by Eunice Wray.