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Next to a deep desire for life after death in God's unrevealed eternity, most mortals earnestly hope that they'll be remembered on earth by those they leave behind.

Not only do they want remembrance when they depart from the ranks of the living, but would like very much to have recognition while they are still here. Call it vanity, if you care to, the wish prevails.

It's a craving that starts in earliest childhood, and lingers to the brink of the grave. Which explains why you'll see cut into many a New Bern sidewalk the names or initials of small fry who have long since reached adulthood.

Those youngsters weren't just being devilish when they marred the wet cement. They knew that in a matter of hours it would harden into a state of lasting permanence. That's what intrigued them, the thought that here at least their name would be seen forever and a day.

For the very same reason, countless desk tops in local public schools have been mutilated with a jackknife. You knew that after a year you would be moving on to some other classroom, and eventually make your exit. And what you hated and feared was the fact that in all likelihood you wouldn't be missed.

Although we have no way of knowing, we rather suspect that Adam and Eve's two brats, Cain and Abel, managed to leave their mark on a few things too. Certainly it is reasonable to believe that this urge to stand out from the throng has existed among humans since the beginning of time.

The impulse is not without merit, and surely the Good Lord had this in mind when He gave us the desire to excel. Out of it have come great discoveries and inventions, beautiful music and poetry, and magnificent works of art.

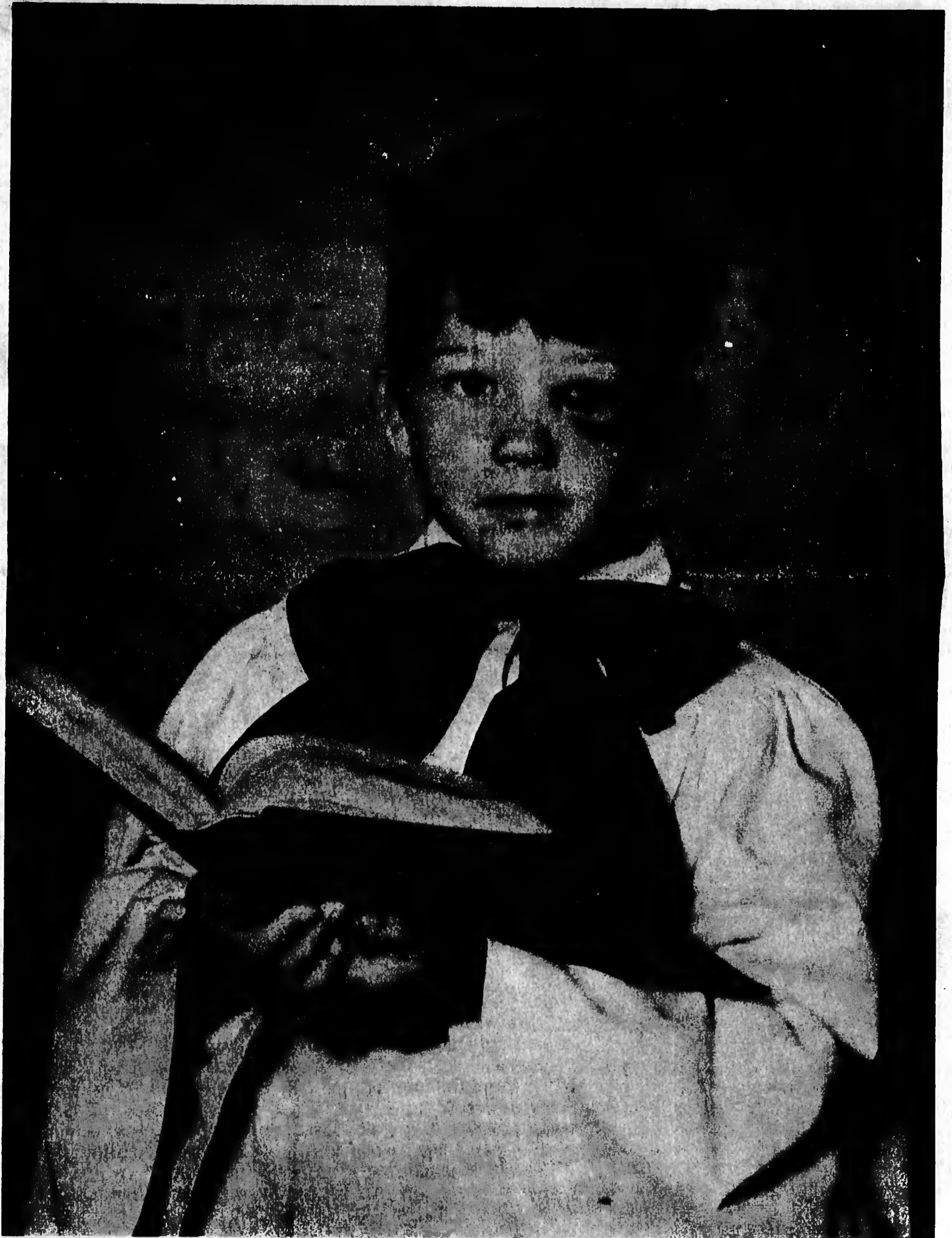
Yes, all of us want to be recognized and remembered, including the kid who spoils the appearance of your sidewalk by scrawling his name on it before it has a chance to harden.

"How do you find something interesting to write about every week?" That's the question most often asked us by readers of The Mirror, whenever they see fit to speak kindly of our wares.

Well, we don't always write interestingly, if at all, but if some folks cling to this illusion it's flattering and we're all for it. Besides the bouquets help to make up for the verbal brickbats that every editor gets.

When it comes to interesting subjects, they are all around us. In every home, in every life, be it glamorous or drab, there's a story worth the telling. Like all newspapermen, we might overlook it or bungle it badly when we lay hands on it, but it's waiting to be told.

Writers sometimes make the mistake of trampling "little" things in their search for something "important" to chronicle. It's a mistake and sooner or later, through trial and error or common-sense reasoning, we awaken to the fact that the great truths of life are often



FALLEN ANGEL — Small boys, delightfully designed, are part saint and part sinner. Five year old Tim Walker, unpredictable son of the Elwood Walkers of Greenview Road, discovered the combination has its disadvantages when he picked up a shiner that was hardly in keeping with a choir robe and hymnal. However, boyhood would be pretty dull without an occasional black eye, and a subbed big toe now and

then that swells up and impresses all the other kids in the neighborhood. Adults don't always understand and appreciate the marvelous happenings in a youngster's world, but mostly you can blame that on short memories. As Victor Herbert wistfully noted in Babes in Toyland, once you cross childhood's portals, you can never return again.—Photo by Eunice Wray.