



# The NEW BERN MIRROR

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There's no better tonic, if you're fearful of the uncertainties in this decidedly troubled world, than a stroll by the nearest elementary school at recess time.

It's comforting to note that kids still romp like kids have, we presume, since Cain and Abel were younguns. Little boys, brimming with energy somewhat spiced with mischief, wrestle each other to the ground, scramble for a ball tossed in the air, or rush hither and yonder in the sheer ecstasy of aimlessness.

As for the little girls, they are less demonstrative for the most part. On occasion they do forget themselves sufficiently to rough it up with the opposite sex in a game of tag or prisoner's base. And even as their mothers before them, they forsake gentleness when they indulge in that venerable pastime, sling biscuit.

All adults, we're inclined to think, need to observe just such doings periodically. We need to recognize that, despite man's inhumanity to man and the decline of much that is worth preserving, the most wonderful things are changeless, in keeping with the immutable laws of God.

Evil, dread and suspicion are rampant in the world, it is true, but these destructive forces have always plagued mankind. Dismal though the thought of it may be, there is reason to believe they will remain to disconcert us as long as mortals dwell on this earthly sphere.

But on the brighter side, we will continue to have love, faith, courage and compassion. And with these precious gifts implanted in the human heart, we will have myriad blessings all about us. We may not appreciate them, or utilize them for the common good, but they are ours to have and share.

Nature's way of doing things is changeless, the stars in the sky are changeless, and the hush of dawn is changeless. And like we said at the outset, little boys and little girls romping on a school green are changeless. Which makes us hopeful for tomorrow, and thankful for today.

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Whenever it falls our lot to make an allegedly humorous speech, at an out of town gathering, this is usually one of the stories we can count on for laughs.

Slightly more than 40 years ago, believe it or not, it was our distinction to be the soloist for the New Bern High school glee club. It just does to show you how limited the available talent was in those days.

Anyhow, one night there was a concert, at the Masonic Theatre. Our own high spot in the performance was supposed to be when we sang "Among My Souvenirs" with the rest of the glee club providing harmony background.

As the solo concluded, there was a little pause of silence, which always happens to a singer or an actor before kin folks start the applause that others contribute to, eagerly or

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**UP THERE**—Seven years old Dale M. Stroud, Jr., and his five year old brother David of 305 Camelia Road, go through a routine familiar in all New Bern homes where Santa Claus is eagerly anticipated. You're really old, and failing in memory, if you can't too recall how you used to gaze up the chimney, and wonder now anyone as plump as St.

Nick could descend with a big bag of toys. He manages to do it, however, every Christmas eve, making glad the hearts of trusting children and world over. Rowena Stroud, mother of the two youngsters, snapped the scene. She is a photographer at Wray's Studio, operated by their proud grandma, Eunice Wray.