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Yesterday was when Laura Rhodes proved that Latin wasn't a dead language by making it the liveliest subject taught at New Bern High School.

When in Rome, do as the Romans do, but it was a mistake to expect crepe on the door when you visited the animated classes presided over by this since retired teacher.

Although Gaul is divided into three parts, gloom played no part in the cleverly concocted clowning that blended with the serious business of learning.

Caesar Augustus, in his grave these many years, probably got squirmish at times from the ribbing he took, and he may have disapproved of the flippant manner displayed by teacher and students alike.

This, of course, was of secondary importance. What really counted was the fact that interest was maintained, progress made, and proficiency eventually achieved.

In kidding Latin and the Roman Empire, teen agers learned to kid themselves as well. Not only did they master a difficult language, they became happily aware of the great truth that only the foolish set their own image on a pedestal.

They recognized, these students, the flaws in all mortals, even so inflated a personage as Caesar Augustus. And in recognizing human imperfection they became more tolerant, and more cognizant of the failings that were part and parcel of their own character and personality.

Little did they know it, but mixed with their Latin was a subtle, perhaps unintentional course in philosophy, not to mention a few pertinent pointers on proper behavior.

Laura, an able instructor and then as now a thoroughly charming person, didn't knock herself out trying to be funny. As a matter of fact, her wit was more or less subdued.

She spoke softly, and when she laughed it rippled like a brisk brook, caressing pebbles enroute to the distant sea. She taught Latin good naturedly, because she couldn't teach it any other way.

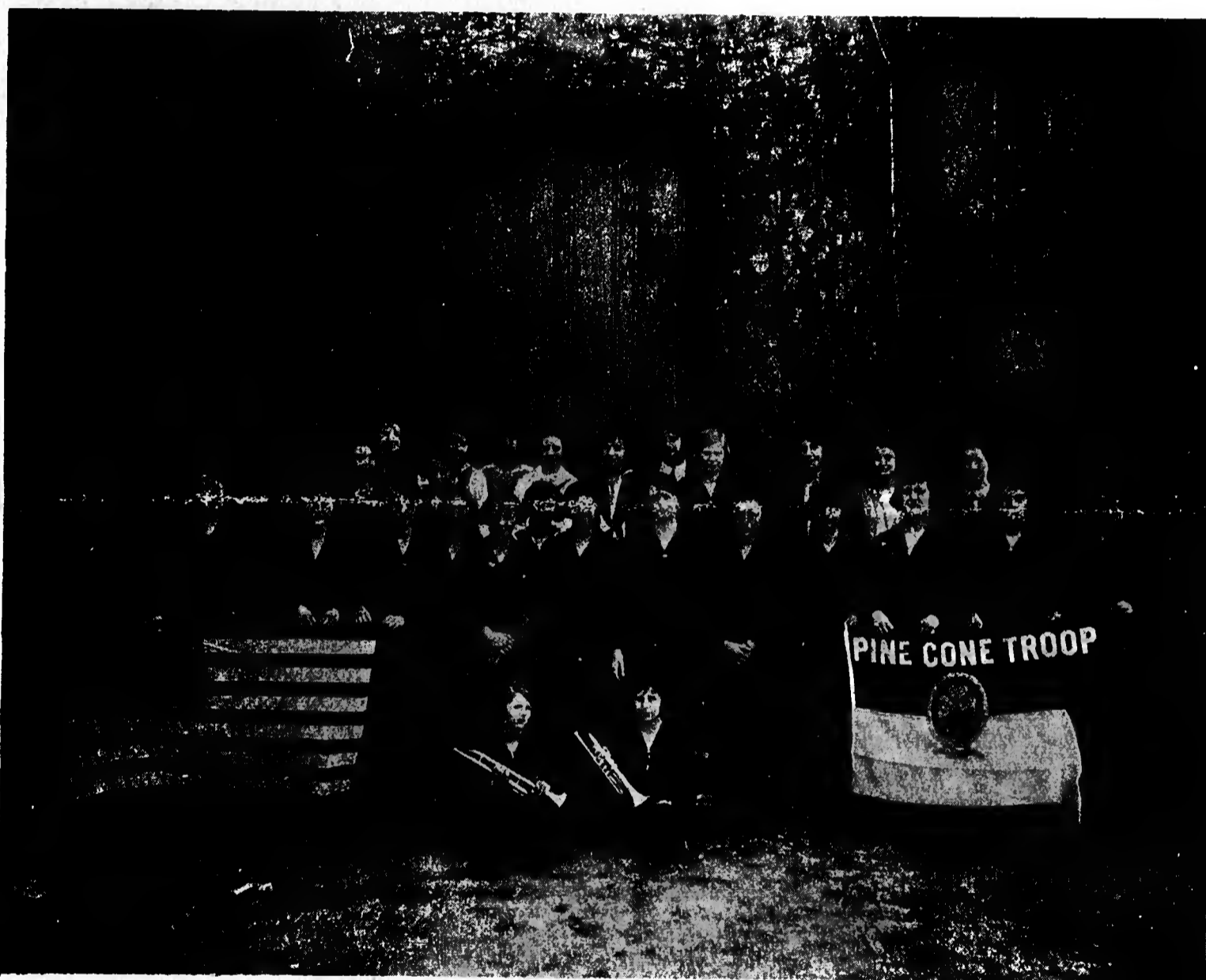
Her knowledge of the subject was little short of phenomenal, and her love for it was as genuine as the colors in an old fashioned flower garden. To her, Latin showed no signs of rigor mortis.

High spot of the year for her New Bern High School students, and for spectators as well, was the Roman banquet in the school's gymnasium, with more than 100 participants dressed costumes of the period.

The vittles, served by slaves to the sprawling dignitaries, were real too, most especially those hunks of Southern fried chicken. Reclining on couches at the festive board didn't hamper the youngsters in their vigorous attention to the luscious viands set before them.

Having paid for the meal out of their own pockets, of the pockets of their parents, they made the most of it. The

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**WAY BACK WHEN**—Our thanks to Katherine Matthews, who came up with this 48 year old photo of Miss Betty Windley's Pine Cone troop of Girl Scouts. We invite you to have fun identifying Julia Pugh, Mary Emma Hurst, Lucy Elliott, Helen Cannon, Margaret McIver, Lucy Hurst, Margaret Royal, Elizabeth Davis, Annie Sheppard, Captain Betty, Mrs. George Allee, Josephine Stréet, Rowena Lucas, Katherine Matthews, Lucy Bennett, Louise Patrick, Leonora Carawan, Anna Lovelace, Virginia Gwaltney, Elsie Parker, Elinor Lupton, Virginia Cason, Opal Gaskins, May Bell, Edith Allee, Nancy Lincoln, and Mary Louise

DeBruhl. After almost half a century, this picture finally ends up in a newspaper. Little did these girl scouts, or anyone else, visualize talking movies, television in thousands of New Bern homes, and repeated trips by humans to the moon. Lindbergh's flight from New York to Paris in his Spirit of St. Louis was four years away, almost to the day. Four years away too was Babe Ruth's record of 60 home runs in a single season. We beg forgiveness if citing these momentous events in connection with this photo makes some of you wonderful gals feel just a trifle ancient.

(Continued on page 8)