



# The NEW BERN MIRROR

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When New Bern adults smirk at the fear their youngsters have of Halloween witches, goblins and ghosts, they are in effect wearing a false face themselves.

All oldsters, whether they care to admit it or not, are plagued by their own pet goblins—every day and night of the year. Some of the things they are afraid of happen to be real. Many are imaginary, or will never catch up with the intimidated mortals who dread them.

These goblins aren't to be confused with the skeletons that all families have in their respective and approximately respectable closets. New Bernians are conscious of them, but are most careful not to let them get out and shake their scandalized bones under public scrutiny.

Perhaps no goblin is more feared by all of us than the spectre of ill health. We may not be fully grateful for the amazingly intricate bodies that God gave us when He created us in His own likeness. Usually we abuse them foolishly, but lurking in the back of everyone's mind is the haunting realization that there's no substitute for good health.

As a matter of fact, much of the advertising aimed at us by manufacturers makes full use of this fear complex. One highly successful toothpaste peddler found it far more profitable to harp on "pink toothbrush" than to publicize the cleansing qualities of his product, and the claim that this or that cigarette is "less irritating" to the delicate membranes of the nose and throat has paid off handsomely.

"You rarely ever know it, and your closest friend won't tell you." Maybe he will, and maybe he won't. Anyhow, an ad writer on New York's Madison Avenue spawned these ominous words, and millions of bottles of a well known gargle were sold as a result.

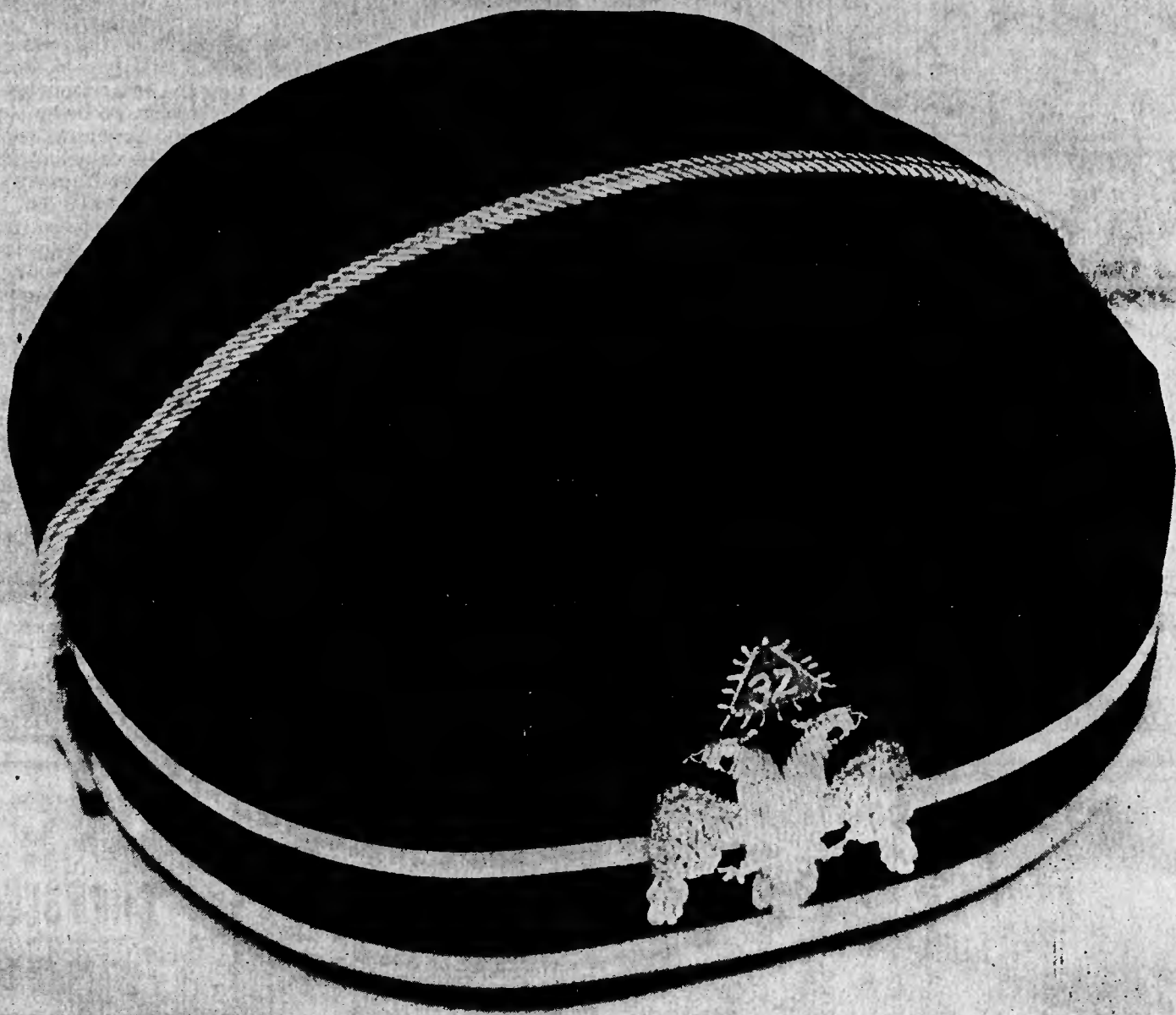
Another of our goblins is the fear of economic reversals. The employee is afraid that somewhere along the way he will lose his job, and fail to get another one. The employer dreads the possibility that mounting costs, keen competition and government restrictions will put him out of business.

New Bern women who are pretty, along with those who aren't, are fearful of wrinkles, and gray strands that show up in their locks. Men don't shout for joy either, when a trace of snow appears on their noggins. Far more, however, dread baldness.

The loss of social prominence, or failure to achieve it, is a goblin for many. They panic at the thought that they will be snubbed when invitations are sent out for parties or functions where the so called elite are destined to gather.

In this category the most acute sufferer is the social climber who has found it impossible to crash the inner

New Bern-Craven County Public Library



**WORN WITH PRIDE**—Only those who attain the 32nd degree in Masonry are privileged to wear the cap seen here. Approximately 200 candidates from North Carolina counties east of Raleigh reached this goal yesterday, as the New Bern Scottish Rite Consistory concluded its annual three-day Fall Reunion here. New Bern's Consistory has more than 5,400 members in all 500 states and many foreign countries. It has been repeatedly said that the degrees conferred dramatically here, from the fourth through the 32nd, compare very favorably

with degree work at even larger Temples in America. In addition to Scottish Rite and York Rite Temples, New Bern is the home of Sudan Shrine Temple, and is said to be the smallest city in the world with such a Temple. North Carolina's other Shrine Temple is at Charlotte. Masonry here dates back two centuries to the founding of St. John's Lodge No. 3, where a member of the craft named George Washington was a guest one memorable night.