



MIRROR

PUBLISHED WEEKLY
IN THE HEART OF
EASTERN NORTH
CAROLINA

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167 Allston St.
W. Medford Mass. 02155

VOLUME 16

NEW BERN, N. C. 28560, FRIDAY, APRIL 20, 1973

NUMBER 6

Yesterday was when Mrs. Carrie Cole remained as young as dawn, while teaching children in a Sunday school class at New Bern's First Baptist Church that she had presided over for at least 60 years.

Hers was a remarkable record of unselfish service for One Who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

It always seemed to us that Mrs. Cole had indeed discovered the fountain of youth, and did it right here at home by learning to laugh at herself, and face life with a merry song in her heart.

She was a girl of 18 when she first turned her thoughts to teaching, and when Carrie Cole made up her mind about it, she made it up for keeps. It had been a labor of love, in sunshine and rain, with a little snow mixed in.

Hundreds, in fact thousands, remembered how they used to be prim and stiffly starched in her class, singing "Jesus loves me, this I know, for the Bible tells me so."

This durable New Bernian had many memories, most of them pleasant, some of them comical. For instance, there was the time she made the remark in class that she'd like to get a new hat for Easter, but didn't have the money to buy one.

Whereupon, little "Jimp" Lucas said quite loudly and emphatically, "You ought to have enough money, Miss Carrie, I've been bringing you a nickel every Sunday."

Yesterday was when, during the grim years of World War II, we wrote these lines about John L. Lewis:

A half a million men on strike, to get a boost in pay, while Lewis scowls and shakes his head, and vows to have his way.....He won't take any orders, not John L., no indeed, what matters if the nation is in its hour of need?

What matters if the kids we love are doomed to die in war, he still can play at being God, and smoke his big cigar.....He'll never hide in fox holes, as planes swarm overhead, he'll never lie in blood stained mud, and wish he had a bed.

Yet, Lewis shares the heritage that others fight to keep, and endless crosses, row on row, prove that the price is steep.....This town has helped to fill the graves of heroes, as you know, our boys were true to duty's call, and unconcerned with dough.

Remember Robert Condermman, and Whitehurst, Peek and Cook? They never squawked for overtime, or gave a dirty look.....And though they didn't work in mines, or dig one hunk of coal, each lit the light of freedom, and did it with his soul.

Around the world the news has gone about this tragic strike, it's just the sort of treason that the Axis powers like....But soldier in the trenches, I wonder how they feel? The game they play is one

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A FRIEND IN NEED — All of us need someone to cling to, when things go wrong. Katherine, 10 month old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Williams of Route 1, Richlands, is no exception as she tearfully embraces her cuddly bear, and grieves with an intensity

that is part and parcel of childhood. Fortunately, sorrow is fleeting for the very young, so Doris Smith at Wray's Studio had to be quick with her camera to record this unhappy moment on film. This we must say, even when scowling the little lady is lovely.