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No one among the 2,000 skilled workers that "Pop" Lupton worked with at Cherry Point Marine Base, before his death four years ago, has replaced the 82 year old New Bernian.

When it came to usefulness, and deserved respect and affection, he was in a class by himself. That's why the military joined with civilians each October to stage a birthday party in his honor in the huge overhaul and repair shop.

Loyalty and energetic devotion to duty such as Lupton displayed would have been remarkable at any age. In his case it was almost unbelievable that he could hold his own, while working "side by side with others less than half his years.

"Pop" would listen to the speeches—his spectacles got misty and his mouth quivery. Then, after all the hullabaloo was over, he shuffled back to the business of surfacing plane wings with a liquid that the trade refers to as "dope."

There was nothing dopey about "Pop"—despite his close proximity to the substance, day in and day out. His wisdom had accumulated, along with his birthday, and staying well posted on the latest news was a must with him.

That went double for war news, and small wonder. After all, samples of Lupton's handiwork soared through the skies in far-off places for 10 years or more. He put his blessing on every plane he worked on, and his heart was with the leatherneck pilot who flew it.

"Pop" was sick of war, and wanted to live long enough to see the Korean situation over with, and America's armed forces home with loved ones. One of the happier days during his final years came when his own grandson returned from a tour of duty in the Korean area.

Born at Hobucken, he spent his boyhood at nearby Whortonsville. Like many another youth in this section of the Coast Country, he took to the water early, and shipped aboard sailing vessels for years.

Eventually he was his own skipper. A man on a commercial boat has to be a jack of all trades, so Lupton learned to paint, and paint well. When his sailing days became a thing of the past, he hung onto his brushes, and took up a new livelihood.

He went to Cherry Point with a private contractor, when the budding base blossomed into tremendous activity. Uncle Sam spotted him, figured he was a mighty good man to have around, and hired him away from the contractor.

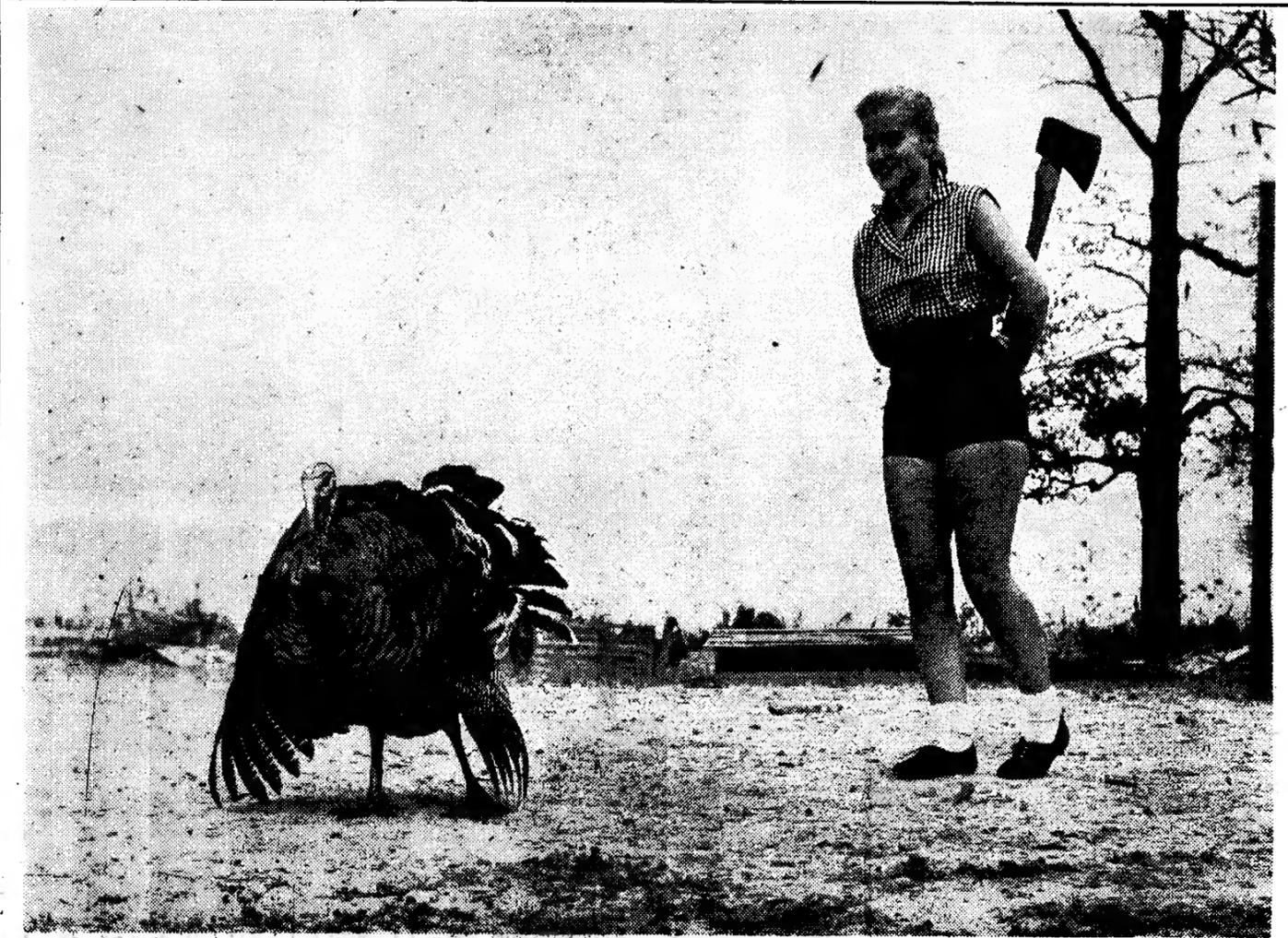
"Pop" traveled approximately 200 miles a week by automobile, getting to and from his job. Simple arithmetic indicates that this mileage, after he had passed his 71st birthday, exceeded the 100,000 mark.

Lupton stacked up well enough following this rigorous routine to amass something like 300 hours of sick leave. He was out of bed at the bust of dawn, and during winter months didn't get home until after dark.

He had a sound recipe for long life. "Just keep going," he said. "When a man quits, he is gone for sure, and I don't aim to quit." Under government regulations, neither he nor his wife received any old age compensation. His benefits from social security were a mere pittance, since he always worked for himself during the period covered, with the exception of 13 months and 10 days.

Married for 60 years, he had nine children living—six sons and three daughters. Four other children were deceased. He readily admitted that he and the Missus had their differences, but it always worked out all right. "When one of us starts to argue," he said, "the other

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LOOK OUT, MR. GOBLER—Elaine Parker of Pollocksville knows Thanksgiving is coming, so she picks out a likely prospect on her father's turkey farm. The turkey poses

proudly for his Mirror portrait, unaware that he is about to sing his swan song.—Photo by Billy Benners.

All of Us Should Be Grateful In Our Holiday Celebrations

New Bernians counting their blessings this week, as Thanksgiving Day approaches, don't have to look far to discover something to make them truly grateful.

Although the threat of global war is still with us, and apt to remain indefinitely, we do have an uneasy peace that is demanding no bloodshed from the young men of America.

Any sort of peace in this age of amazing armaments is a thing to cherish, so long as we aren't forced to give up our freedoms to maintain it. Somehow, somewhere, we may in time prove as clever at devising a workable world brotherhood as we have been in creating missiles to obliterate mankind.

New Bern had a measure of damage from high winds and flood waters this year, but we experienced no major hurricanes such as those that wreaked havoc in the past. Destruction from fire has been of a minor nature, and tragic deaths have been lower than in some previous years.

Tyrone Power Was Once Visitor Here

Tyrone Power's death this week, while filming a movie in Spain, was of more than ordinary interest to citizens here.

He visited New Bern on a number of occasions, as a Marine at Cherry Point, and sat for a portrait by a local artist, Minnette Duffy. He and his wife, Annabella, resided at Morehead City.

Tar Heels who met the Hollywood star found him as likeable as he was talented.

While differences over the integration issue brought violence elsewhere in the nation, our town has remained a community where whites and blacks, whatever their feelings were, approached the matter with commendable restraint.

New Bern, for a half century or more, has been free of lynchings and race riots. What the future holds, none of us can tell, but as of now no resident of this first State Capital, whatever his race, color or creed may be, walks the streets in fear.

Churches and synagogues bear

no scar of the vandal's bomb. No schoolhouse has been demolished. Although it could happen tomorrow, all New Bernians can be thankful that it hasn't happened yet. God forbid that such a shameful atrocity should ever occur in our beloved community.

We can be grateful for an increased spiritual awareness, as evidenced by the success of the nationally-acclaimed Business Men's Crusade that was held here in recent months. Deeply concerned over the ramifications of man's explorations in outer space, we are

finding more solace for the soul in Bethlehem's star than in man-made rockets that compete with each other for so-called supremacy in God's own outer space.

We can be thankful, here in New Bern and throughout the land, for an absence of famine and a reduction of disease. How quickly we have forgotten the great strides made against polio, thanks to the Salk vaccine. Yet, in this year alone, many a child and many an adult was spared the curse of this crippling killer.

Notwithstanding the recession that made headlines, few of us have known dire want. We have had food for our table, garments to clothe us, a shelter overhead, and a bed to sleep in. Most of us, if we wanted it, could find sufficient work to make a bed inviting at the end of the day.

Yes, New Bernians have been doubly blessed, all year long. If we haven't had everything we've wanted, it might be well to remember that we could have had less. Whatever our lot, there's room for gratitude.

Quite a Cake for 60th Anniversary

Turning out cakes for special occasions is a part of Red Derda's daily routine, down at Craven bakery.

However, the one he created for the John Goodwins last weekend was a big thrill for him. Sunday marked their 60th wedding anniversary, and a throng of friends and relatives celebrated the event at their home on the Morehead City highway.

Fall Reunion of Scottish Rite Ends Thursday Night

New Bern's Scottish Rite Consistory, largest in the State and third largest in the South, concluded its annual Fall Reunion at the Temple here last night.

With G. A. Farrow directing the work, and Robert L. Pugh serving in his usual capacity of lecturer, degrees from the fourth through the 32nd were conferred upon a class of 130 candidates.

Elaborately produced and presented, the degrees for this and all previous Reunions are said to be on a par with any in the fraternity. Seventeen counties are in the area embraced by the local Consistory, and membership exceeds 4,150.

Many of the members are servicemen who have been stationed at Cherry Point, Camp Lejeune or Fort Bragg, and today there are few spots in the world where you won't find the New Bern Consistory

represented.

Recognized everywhere by the craft as a center of Masonic activity, this town has the distinction of two outstanding lodges, Scottish and York Rite bodies, and Sudan Shrine Temple in its midst.

Like the Scottish Rite Consistory, Sudan has thousands of members. Its Shrine Auditorium, available for public functions, is one of the town's assets, and has proven invaluable.

From a local standpoint, it should be a source of gratification to all citizens, with or without Masonic connections, to not only have every branch of Masonry flourishing here, but to have New Bernians largely credited with this growth.

A great majority of the roles in the various degrees conferred this week were handled by local Masons, and nine of the degrees had New Bernians as masters.