

Through  
THE  
Looking  
Glass

The NEW BERN

# MIRROR

WEEKLY  
AT OF  
Dr. Mrs. A. N. Murphy  
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5¢ Per

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There she stood at the rail of the fishing pier, spry as a cricket and as eager for action as a kid shagging school on the first day of spring.

The finny tribe, congregated somewhere in the choppy Atlantic beneath her perch, hadn't begun to bite, but with typical optimism she made each cast with conviction, as if to say, "This is gonna be it."

You knew at a glance that the 80 year old gal, with straw hat cocked at an impish angle, had to be none other than Sudie West of Dover, a small but proud Craven county community.

Fishing is just one of Sudie's hobbies, but she doesn't take it lightly. Fair weather or foul, she'll grab her rod and reel on a moment's notice and head for the ocean or a neighboring creek bank.

Up until now, the sports loving great-grandmother hasn't snared anything with fins and scales that she considers too small to keep. Size, or lack of it, fails to dampen her enthusiasm, but secretly she probably hopes to bring in a whale someday.

No one who is well acquainted with her inexhaustible energy doubts her ability to land anything that swims in the briny deep. It might take hours to do it, but what's a few hours hard work to a woman who lives alone by choice and keeps a good house.

Up at Dover, they'll tell you that Sudie West grows the prettiest flowers anywhere around. She'll be 81 in August, and yet still sews beautifully. When she can spare the time, she gladly turns seamstress and makes clothes for other people.

No one can say for sure, of course, but Sudie appears to be on very good terms with the Stork. She has always loved boy babies and girl babies with equal affection, and the Stork seemed to take this into account.

Quite considerably she has been blessed with two sons and two daughters, two grandsons and two granddaughters, and two great-grandsons and two great-granddaughters. You can't be more impartial than that.

Life has been good to Sudie, and she had reciprocated by spreading happiness for others everywhere she goes. She knows she won't live forever, but as long as she lives she hopes and prays she will be able to get around.

Meanwhile, there are fish to be caught, and flowers to grow, and seams to be sewn in the garments she fashions. As someone once said, what really counts isn't how old you are but how you are old.

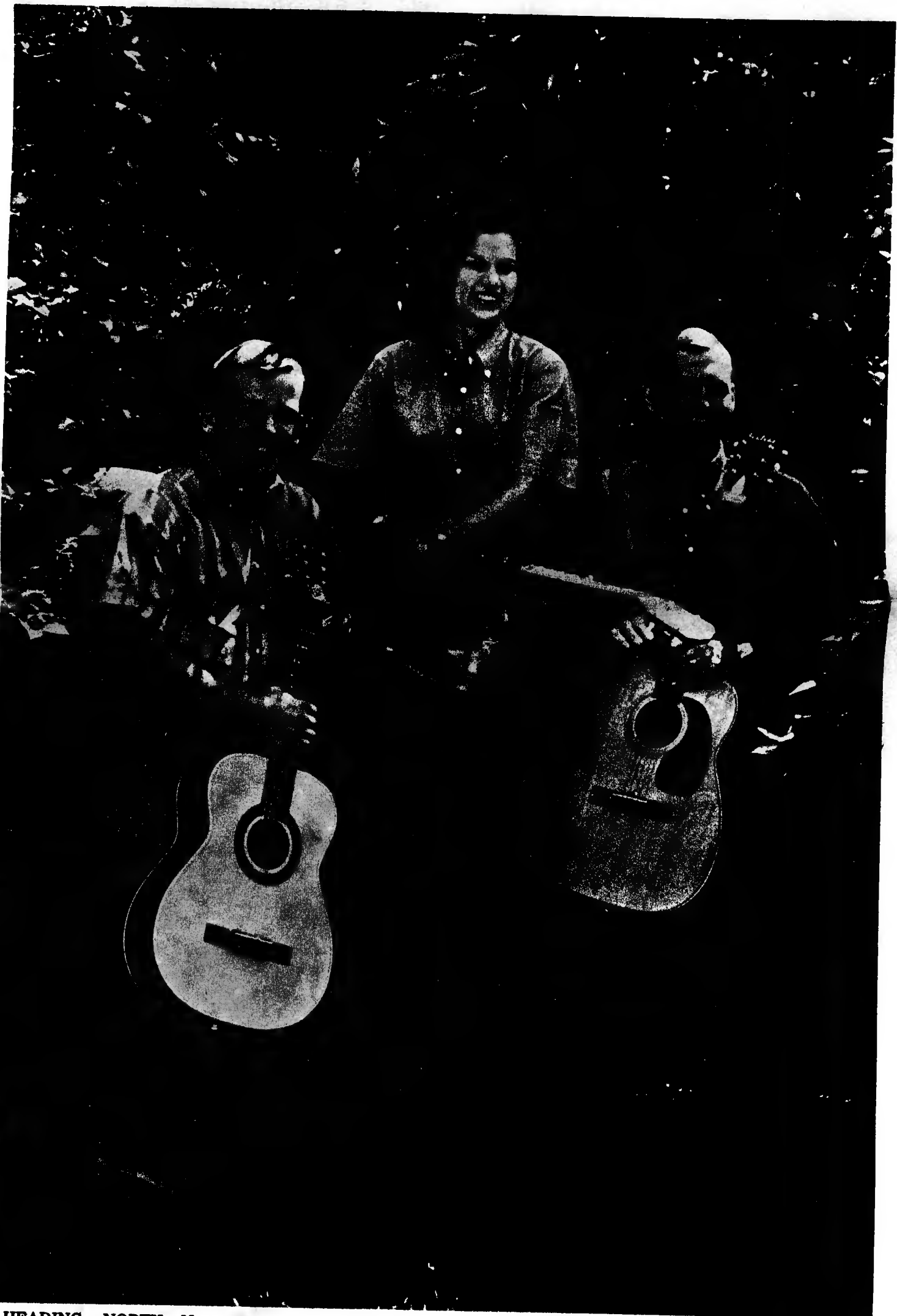
Measured by this yardstick, Sudie West is younger than a newly hatched chicken.

Speaking of things newly hatched, Paul and Margaret Stevens had a miserable time of it during the prolonged spell of heat and high humidity that gripped our town a while back.

They reside upstairs in the Carolina Club Apartments, and sought cooling comfort from their air conditioner the first night the mercury soared.

Imagine their dismay when they discovered that a bird had hatched her young under the conditioner. The moment the thing was turned on the little birds woke up and began to cry, and they continued to cry until it was turned off.

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**HEADING NORTH**—No wonder Jimmie Ferbee, Anita Johnson and Jerry Boykin are in high spirits, as they relax from their musical labors. Billed as The Plainsmen, the three New Bern High School students leave Wednesday for a four-day World's Fair engagement at the Hong Kong Pavilion. Their booking calls for matinee and evening performances on July 1, 2, 3, and 4. They'll dine with Guy Lombardo the first night they're in the Big City. Lombardo and his

famed Royal Canadians will also be appearing at the Fair while the local trio is in New York. The Plainsmen have developed their own distinctive style of folk singing. Needless to say, they are popular with fellow NBHS students, have been featured on TV in this area, and already are getting nibbles from one or more recording companies. Keep your eye on these New Bern teen agers, they may go all the way.—Photo by L. L. Downing.