

Through  
THE  
Looking  
Glass

# The NEW BERN MIRROR

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While Zora Styron Kopp (still charming and vivacious) was in town during recent days, the two of us got nostalgic and recalled a locally produced movie that cast her in the role of heroine.

Mostly we talked about the hero, David Johnson, who in our mutual opinion was by far the handsomest male this village on the Neuse and Trent could lay claim to in the first half of this century.

David, too pretty to be a man but too rugged to be feminine, was the pilot on Callie McCarthy's Ghent trolley. Nickels in those days were harder to come by than a half dollar is now, but dozens of New Bern girls scraped them up with considerable frequency and invested in a glorious ride on Johnson's street car.

As best this editor can remember, the magnificent motorman was consistently gracious to one and all, but remained astoundingly unperturbed by the adoration heaped upon him. Naturally, the fair sex drooled all the more at this exasperating turn of events.

We regret to report, for Mirror readers of younger years and shorter memories, that the story had an unhappy ending. David didn't select his bride from the palpitating pack, and in due season departed to live in Norfolk or some other place.

What a pity, not only for the self-broken hearts he had innocently left in his wake, but for Callie McCarthy, whose trolley fares on the Ghent run fell off immediately.

But for the fact that a David Johnson comes along just once in a lifetime, we might still have street cars bouncing on Spencer Avenue and Pollock, Middle and Craven Streets, not to mention Metcalf, New, Queen and Bern Streets.

It is always pleasant to have favorite former New Bernians like Zora Styron Kopp (she has lived in New York for years) come back home for a visit. She has a wonderful zest for life, a keen sense of humor, and is as genuinely friendly as a stray puppy on a deserted thoroughfare.

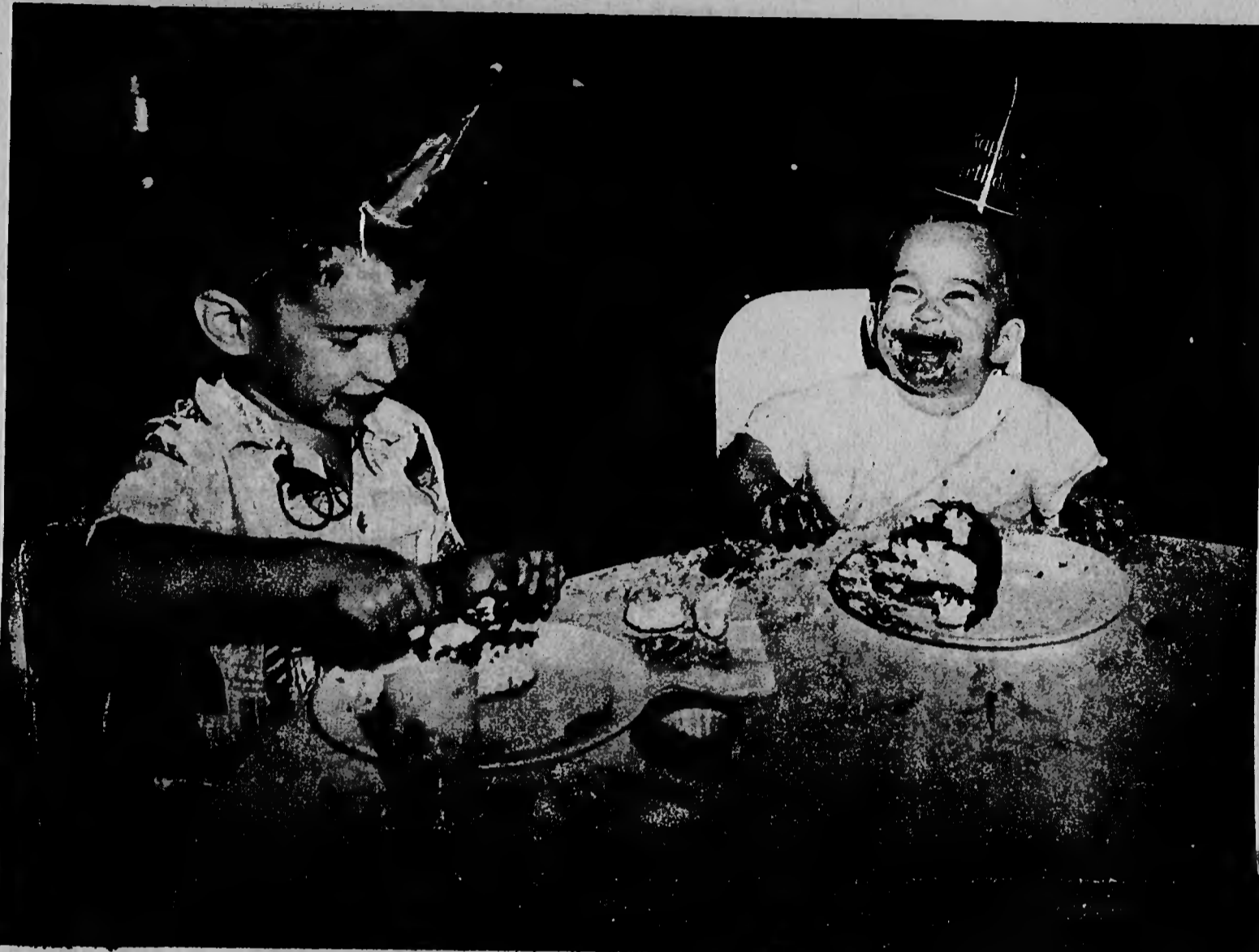
Speaking of friendly people, any list compiled in New Bern would have to include Pug Cummings. If you've ever wondered how he got that nickname, the answer is it was the first word he learned to say as a toddler.

Bing Crosby's case was much the same. When the crooner fired an imaginary blast from his toy pistol while he was just so high, he couldn't say, "Bang." Instead it came out "Bing" and Bing it has been ever since.

One of the most unusual nicknames we can recall in our town was saddled on Donald (Boy Blue) Stallings, son of Mr. and Mrs. Durham Stallings. Even when he graduated from childhood and became a big and strong lineman on the New Bern High school eleven, he remained Boy Blue to those who grew up with him.

Charles Craven, in his Monday column for the Raleigh News and Observer, expressed the thoughts of all of us who knew Bernard (Bernie) West. The Old Reliable's assistant State editor was fatally injured

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LIVING IT UP—You can't blame a fellow celebrating his very first birthday, if he dives into his cake in a manner that Emily Post wouldn't approve of. David Stroud, son of Mr. and Mrs. Dale Stroud of 305 Ca-

milla Road, shares the festivities with his brother, three year old Dale, Jr., who is somewhat daintier. Can it be that David has already devoured his candle? —Photo by Eunice Wray.



A REGAL SMILE—Karen Hancock, who recently began her Miss New Bern reign, beams brighter than the brilliant October sun as she opens the 1966 Craven County Fair. She is the charming daughter of Alderman and Mrs. Durwood Hancock. New Bern's Junior

Chamber of Commerce sponsors the annual Fair, as well as the Pageant that determines New Bern's entry for the Miss North Carolina contest. Karen is looking forward to the big event.