

Through
THE
Looking
Glass

The NEW BERN MIRROR

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If you've got a good joke to tell, and want to be repud with the heartiest, most convincing laughter imaginable, spring it on Annie Kinsey Whitford or Robert L. Pugh.

What's in a name? Well, for one thing the odds are heavy that four out of five New Bernians can't spell correctly the name of the Swiss Baron who founded our village at the junction of the Neuse and Trent.

Just as apt to be misspelled is the name of the last General to occupy the White House, a gent best known as Ike. The moral, if any, is that the best way to have your name spelled right is to be born a Smith or a Jones.

Count us among those who grieved at the passing of Dr. D. R. Coppage. Inconspicuously, he befriended quite a few fellow mortals, and impressed us a man without sham or pretense. In a world of phonies, he was unique.

Unless you're 55 or older, you probably don't remember what happened in New Bern 48 years ago today. Residents, abruptly awakened in the wee small hours by whistles and bells, knew the World War was over.

Scrambling into their clothes, they barged out into the pre-dawn darkness and headed for the intersection of Pollock and Middle Streets. Tar barrels were lighted, as we vaguely recall, and everybody and his brother hollered and danced around like crazy.

That is, almost everybody. Missing from the throng were those in New Bern and Craven County who were earlier drained of possible joy when they placed a gold star in one of their front windows. They remained at home with their heartbreak, silent in the shadows.

Sadly, this editor recalls celebrating another Armistice Day, the end of World War II, with a close friend stationed at Cherry Point. He and his wife were married here, and their daughter born here.

Little did Al and Jane Beasley know, as our two families rode along streets filled with happy people that he would be stricken with polio only days later, and die in an iron lung at a Detroit hospital. It was a cruel stroke of Fate for one of the nicest guys we ever knew.

Over the entrance to the kitchen of a popular local restaurant is a sign that reads "No smoking in the kitchen by the Craven Health Department." We assume the rule applies also to employees, not just you folks at the Health Department.

Incidentally, if you want to hear the tallest tales and the cleverest wisecracks ever tossed across a table, join one of those morning coffee sessions at a half dozen village cateries. We especially recommend it for newcomers who want to really know the lowdown about our town, past and present.

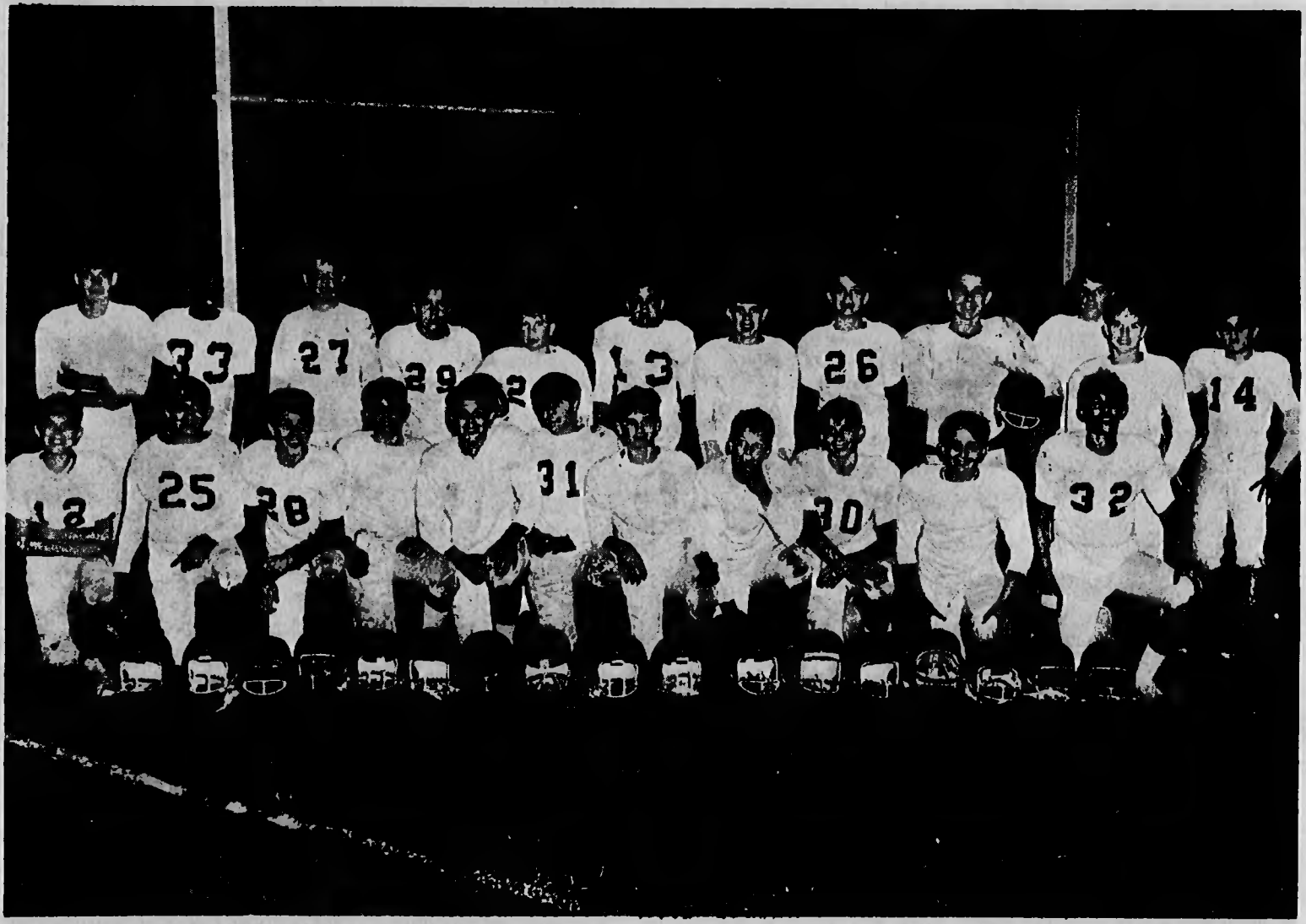
From time to time this writer is chided by well meaning (we hope) individuals who seem to think the literary fields would have been greener in a big city like New York. Maybe yes and maybe no.

At any rate, visits to the Met-
(Continued on Page 3)



SURPRISE STOP—Pictured here shortly before their departure, after eating lunch at Williams Restaurant Tuesday, are members of the world famous Roger Wagner Chorale. They were spotted by the Mirror's editor, and minutes later Doris Smith of Wray's

Studio was snapping this photo for us by their parked bus on Hancock Street. During their latest tour, the Los Angeles singers have appeared at Carnegie Hall in New York, and Constitution Hall in Washington.



VICTORY SMILES—These happy youngsters had good reason to be pleased at the time this picture was taken by John R. Baxter, Jr. They had just won the annual All-Star game for the East in New Bern's Midget

Football League. The East team, composed of players from the Lions and Bears, decisively won the West team recruited from the Knights and Rams. Final score, 27-7. Space doesn't permit listing their names.