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There are so many wonderful things to remember, if you have spent a lifetime in New Bern. You won't find them in the folders handed tourist, but for this editor at least they are among the forget-me-nots most cherished along Memory Lane.

Like the time Mrs. John I (Ella) Smith widowed, and left with four small daughters, took over her husband's blacksmith shop, next to where the Western Union office now stands, and kept the family going during some very lean years.

It looked a little odd to see a woman in such a place, making sure that all of the many local nags brought to the little establishment got fitted with the right shoes. Longfellow's "Village Blacksmith" gained fame that Ella neither knew or craved, but few New Bernians deserve lasting admiration more than she does.

No longer among the living, but assured of permanence in local folklore, is Mack L. Lupton. As gusty as any breeze that ever blew over his coastal birthplace, Mack was that rarest of all creatures politician whose inner thoughts, for better or worse, were an open book.

We always liked the guy, even to the extent of rolling with the punch on one occasion when, in one of his impulsive moments he tossed an unkind remark in our direction while speaking impromptu at a banquet we were both attending.

Something written earlier had vexed him, and true to form, he strayed from his address of welcome when he spotted us at an adjoining table, and said something that amused rather than offended us. The out of towners he was supposed to be welcoming, as Mayor, didn't catch the insult. To them it was just a puzzling remark.

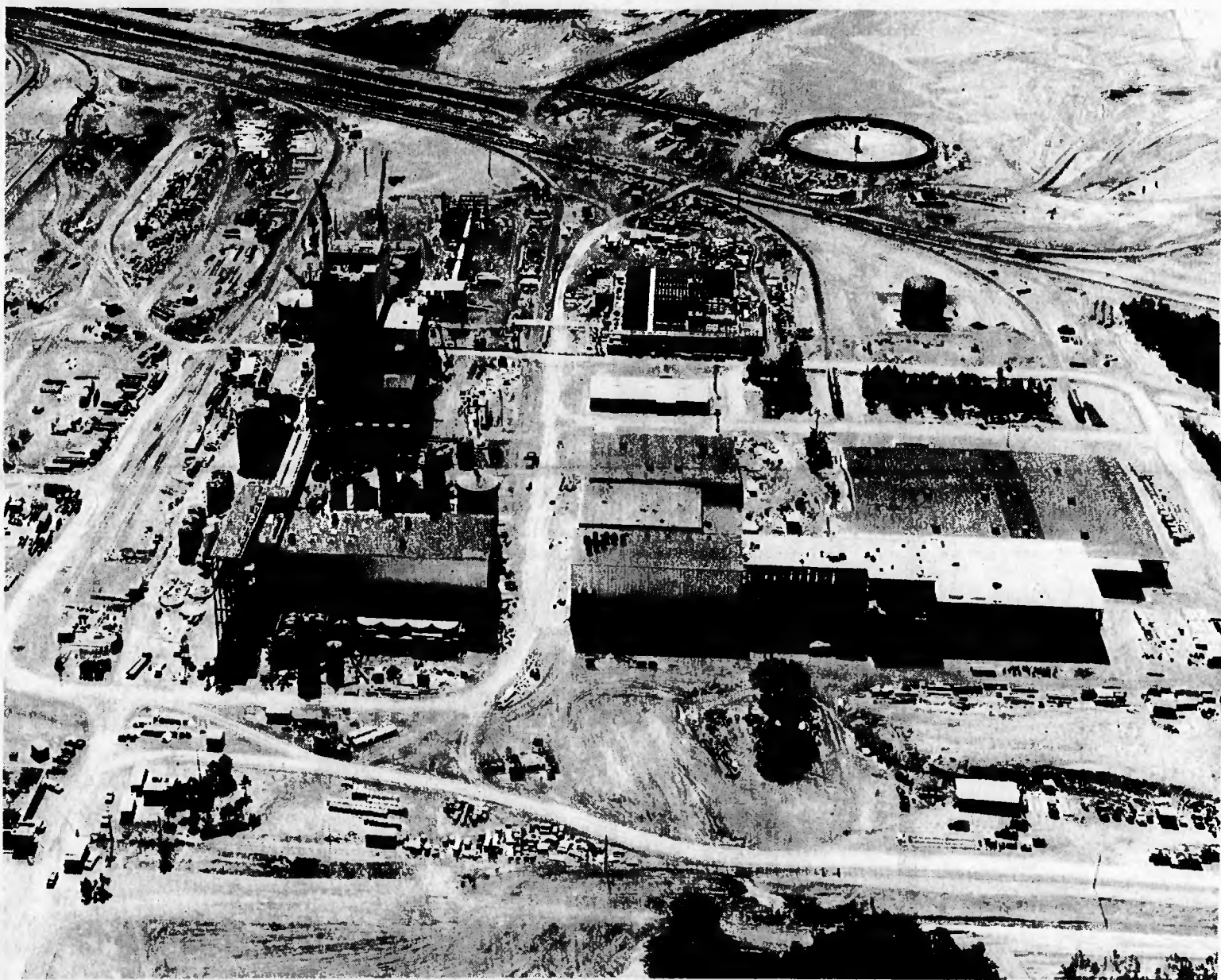
Mack never was much for prepared speeches. Once when the two of us were scheduled to appear at a gathering of the North Carolina Society For The Preservation of Antiquities in Raleigh, he asked us to word up an oration for him in keeping with the occasion.

This we did, and delivered it to him neatly typed before we left for the Capital City. When Mack got up to speak, he forgot about or ignored the prepared oratory in his coat pocket, and as usual, spouted forth strictly on his own.

It so happened that on this very day he had received a gift necktie in the mail from the Mayor of Bern, Switzerland. He was wearing it, of course, and opened his rambling speech by waxing glowingly about the gift, and waving it at the assembled guests to give them a better, full length view.

Such a performance before a group of dignitaries so steeped in culture was by all standards decidedly inappropriate, but they loved it. As the evening progressed in the Raleigh room of the Sir Walter, we spied Mack with a former Governor's widow on each arm, and Mrs. Charles Cannon, worth something in the neighborhood of \$40 million, tagging along as a spare.

"I love your Mayor," one of the ex-Governor's wives told us
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BIG AND GROWING — To appreciate the size of the Weyerhaeuser Company's pulp plant, sprouting in Craven's Streets Ferry section, you have to fly high like the birds. That's what Chick Natella did, and came back with this excellent aerial photograph for The Mirror. The site embraces 450 acres, and Chick managed to include everything important when he clicked his camera. Seen here in various stages of completion are the pulp mill, pulp machine building, power complex, recovery boiler, mill offices, shops

and stores, administration building, water treatment plant, gate house and wood yard. Sixteen hundred men are pushing construction of the giant operation, expected to be completed before the end of December. Logs will be converted into bleached pulp here, and shipped elsewhere for further processing. The plant will have a number of improvements that similar plants built elsewhere in years past do not have, and the firm has invested heavily in facilities to keep air pollution at the lowest level possible.

