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Yesterday was when no one among the 2,000 who worked with Pop Lupton at Cherry Point's Marine Base, until his death in 1954, was foolish enough to think they could fill the shoes of 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 give him a birthday party 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 working side by side with others less than half his age.

Pop would listen to the speeches, while his spectacles got misty and his mouth quivery. Then, after all of the hullabaloo was over, he shuffled back to the business of surfacing plan wings with a liquid that the trade referred 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 birthdays, 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 places for 10 years or more. He gave his blessing to 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. A happy day in his final years came when his own grandson returned from a tour of duty in Korea.

Born at Hobucken, he spent his boyhood at nearby Whortonsville. Like many a youth in this section of the Coast Country, he took to the water early, and was 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.

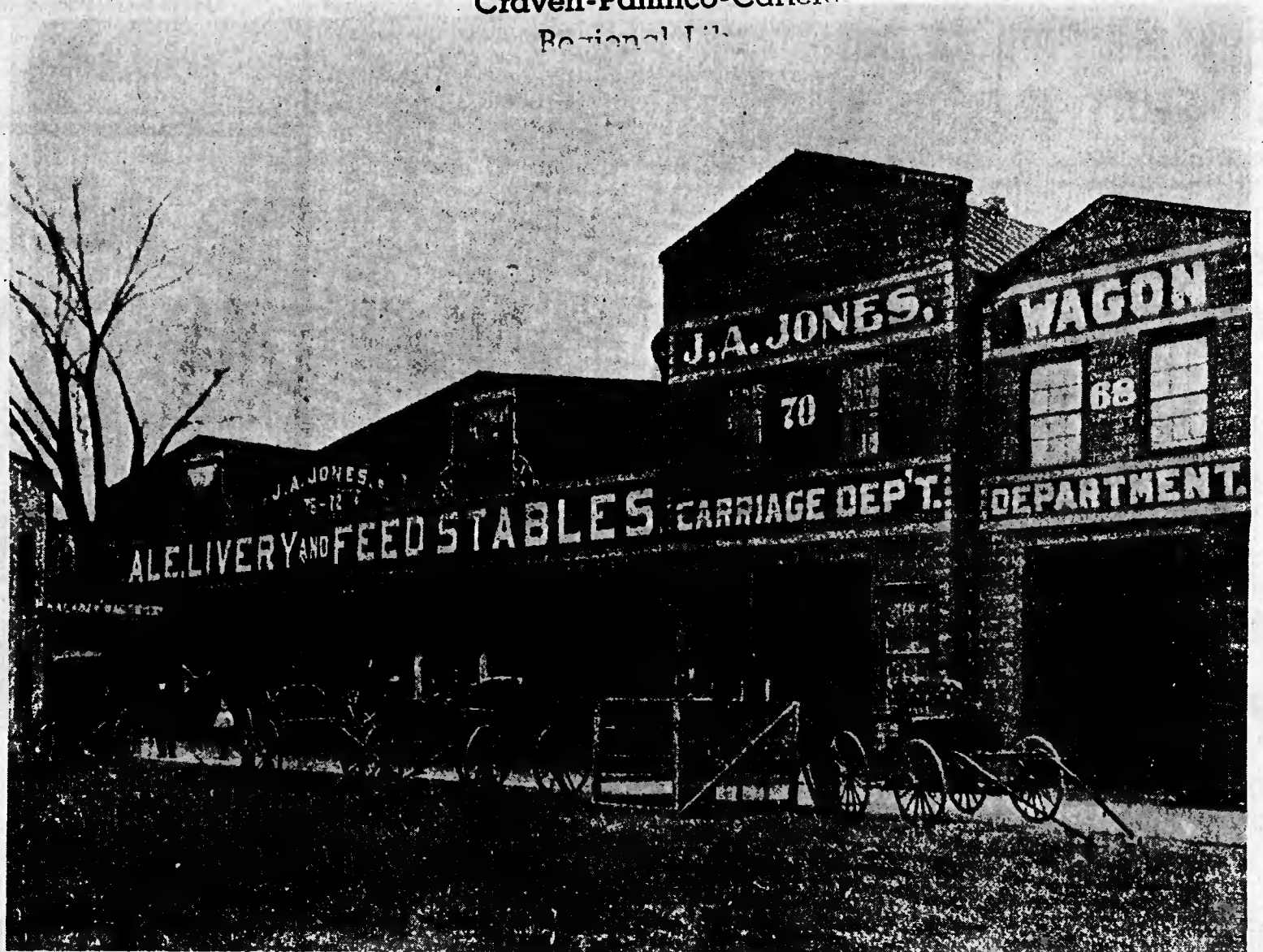
He went to Cherry Point with a private contractor, when the budding base blossomed into tremendous activity. Uncle Sam spotted him, figured he was a mighty good man to have around, and hired him away from the contractor.

Pop traveled approximately 200 miles a week by automobile, getting to and from his job. Simple arithmetic indicates this mileage, after he was 71 exceed the 100,000 mark.

Lupton stacked up well enough following his rigorous routine to amass something like 300 hours of sick leave. He was out of bed at the bust of dawn,



Craven-Pamlico-Carteret
Regional Library



ONCE UPON A TIME—You young upstarts never saw this establishment, and have no idea where it was located. The rambling frame structure stood at the spot where New Bern's Central Fire Station is now firmly entrenched. J. A. Jones, whose several children included Mrs. D. L. Ward and Mrs. John A. Guion, did a thriving business. Spirited steeds and handsome carriages were available for rental or purchase, as were wagons, as his bold lettering indicates. Apparently, there were a couple of framed pictures mounted above the left side of the

building's front. Are they still in existence? The lot remained vacant for years, after the stables, and finally the blacksmith shop later operated by Mrs. J. I. Smith, vanished. Carnivals frequently pitched tent on the grounds, and at least once a year the Mason Stock Company, a traveling theatre under canvas, staged a week of plays there. Dorothy Mason, a winsome blonde with curls, was always the heroine, and Boyd Holloway, tall and dark haired, the stunning hero.—Photo from Albert D. Brooks Collection.

