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No one was more interested in last week's front page photo of the steamer Neuse that Mitchell Rountree's wife, Mollie.

Always good for an interesting conversation, she called to tell us how she traveled from Elizabeth City on the vessel, three weeks after her birth.

Of course Mollie was too young at the time to remember this particular voyage, but she pleasantly recalls other trips later.

The skipper, she reminded us, was Captain Bill Davis, the same Captain Bill who became a landlubber in his twilight years and piloted one of Callie McCarthy's trolley cars here.

Davis, tall and talkative, could easily have passed for a river-boat character out of Mark Twain's Mississippi days. He impressed us in our boyhood.

A lot of water has gone under the bridge since the turn of the century, and Mollie, when she telephones, couldn't say for sure how many passengers the Neuse used to haul, along with its cargo of freight.

She said, however, she believes there were usually 40 people aboard. Although she didn't make such a claim, Mollie could very well be the youngest person to ride any distance on this grand old boat.

Elizabeth City, like New Bern, was a busy inland port in its day. Natives in both towns, among other things looked forward to annual visits by a touring floating theatre.

This was the selfsame showboat that inspired a playwright, passing through Elizabeth City, to write Showboat, one of the longest running productions to ever play Broadway.

Chances are you never saw this highly entertaining musical on the stage, but surely a majority of our older readers remember seeing it when Hollywood made a movie of it.

Tony Martin, one of the best popular vocalists to ever come along, starred in the movie version of Showboat. Who could ever forget his incomparable renditions of Make Believe and Old Man River?

Mentioning Tony Martin brings to our mind when, while he was still regarded as one of the nation's great entertainers, he was stationed at Seymour Johnson Airfield in Goldsboro during World War Two.

One of the girls who worked at the Western Union office in Goldsboro was, he observed, especially courteous. He displayed his appreciation by volunteering to sing at her wedding.

Never in her wildest dreams could she have visualized such a thing happening. There have been other brides in Goldsboro and elsewhere more socially prominent, but they didn't have a Tony Martin around when they took their vows.

Yesterday was when the characters in comic pages of your favorite newspaper were just as violent as they are today. The violence was less



HERE IT IS—Several weeks ago, when we ran a Looking Glass column about Gilbert (Gib) Waters and the buggymobile he invented, a few skeptics possibly thought the story somewhat far fetched. Seeing is believing, and pictured is the jovial Mr. Waters and his equally jovial wife setting out on a spin around New Bern. He had his home, and buggy shop, at the corner of Broad and Burn, and you'll no doubt recognize Broad Street Christian Church in

the background. Gib and his better half, like this very early auto, had quite a few years on them when this picture was snapped, but the three of them were still going strong. The local inventor appeared twice on national radio programs, at the invitation of Gabriel Heatter and Phil Baker. Note the buggy whip, ample evidence that Gib had a keen sense of humor.—Photo from Albert D. Brooks Collection.