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Yesterday was when nattily dressed George Duffy wouldn't think of venturing forth on Middle Street without a rose bud pinned to his lapel. Years ago another confirmed flower lover, George Holland, adopted the same practice.

Holland, man of many friends, has grown hundreds, maybe thousands, of his boutonnières, but a great number were fetched to him by thoughtful acquaintances. No morning, however wintry, catches him unadorned.

Yesterday was when every New Bernian who placed bets at Morehead City's dog track came home claiming he had won a bundle. A lot of them did have good fortune at first, but got took over the long haul.

Owners of the fleet greyhounds weren't necessarily dog lovers. Here and elsewhere in the Coast Country, slow or worn out racers were abandoned, as their exploiters motored back to distant points.

Yesterday was when local dancers didn't have to go far to find lively music for their small, informal shindigs. Hoody Green, an extraordinary Up Town pianist, was usually available with several fellow jazz artists.

So far as we know they are all gone now, with the exception of 70 year old James Bryan, who has lived for many moons on West Street. James could tickle the ivories magnificently too, but mostly lambasted the drums.

There were those who thought Hoody was a brother of Silas Green, whose minstrels came to our fair city annually, and gave free concerts at Middle and Pollock at high noon, after swinging Down Town in New Orleans style. Bryan tells us Hoody and Silas were not related.

Yesterday was when Seashore Transportation Company, in dire need of bus drivers to handle military personnel on weekend leave, recruited 20 soldiers from Camp Davis.

Most of these World War II service men had dependents. All were eager to make extra money, and proved to be excellent employees. Seashore couldn't take credit for the idea. It originated at Fort Lewis, Near Tacoma, Washington.

Hiring men in uniform didn't affect prospective civilian drivers. Obviously, no civilian was interested in just two days work a week. To qualify, an applicant had to pass a rigid test by the State Highway Patrol.

Interested soldiers were carefully screened by Seashore, to find drivers who had the knack of getting along well with fellow service men. Military drivers stood for no monkey business, but the soldiers preferred them.

Wilmington, 30 miles from Camp Davis, was the logical town for short leaves. Only military personnel rode as passengers, and they were given special rates. Bus after

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It's Sailing Time On The Lower Neuse.