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During the past two weeks, in Craven Superior court, Bob Rouse has given a typical demonstration of why he has made a name for himself as an energetic and aggressive district solicitor.

Yet, the Farmville attorney's flattering reputation is nothing compared with the fame that came to him by chance when he was an ensign in the Navy during World War II. He got enough publicity to fill a scrapbook.

Unlike his prestige before the bar, Bob didn't do anything outstanding to merit his earlier recognition. It was strictly a whim of Fate, inspired by New York reporters who were trying to find something to write about on a dull day.

It was June 1, 1945, and Rouse didn't have his mind on breaking into print. His hometown sweetheart, Letha Holloman, was in the metropolis with him. She was an Army nurse stationed near Pittsburgh. They had gotten leave to get married.

Meeting as arranged, the two headed for New York's City Hall in quest of a license. At that moment, newspaper reporters were headed for City Hall too. Since it was the first day of June, the typewriter pounders hoped to pick up some sort of human interest story on June brides.

There was something a little out of the ordinary about a Navy ensign and Army nurse applying for a marriage license. When the photographers spotted Rouse and his bride-to-be, they started snapping pictures.

It turned out to be a better story than any of the newspaper guys had counted on. Bob was only 20, and in New York you had to be 21 to get a license if you were a male, and didn't have your parents along to give their consent.

For a girl the age required was 18, so Letha qualified with plenty to spare, since she was 20, like Bob. Letha's parents weren't living. Bob's were living, but they were down in Farmville. It looked like Dar Cupid had drawn for an ace and come up with a deuce. Leave time was limited.

New York's newspapers knew a good story when they saw it. "Too Young to Marry," the headlines screamed. "Normandy Veteran Can't Get Wed." And the photographs told their story of dejection.

Making the best of a bad situation, Bob and Letha set out for Richmond, after telephoning Mr. and Mrs. Rouse to meet them there. A license was procured and the ceremony performed in the Virginia city.

Then the bridal couple headed back to New York. Reporters have a way of keeping tab on things, and the press found out that the Farmville newly-weds were back in town for an exceedingly short honeymoon.

There were more headlines and more photographs. "Ensign Returns With Bride In Tow," proclaimed one streamer. In a teeming place where millions live and die without notice or notoriety, Bob and Letha were the center of attraction.

It was a hectic way to embark upon the sea of matrimony, but it had a happy ending. Eventually the war days were over, and Bob and his bride returned to Farmville to establish a home.

When Bob decided to run for solicitor, after Greenville's Dick Bundy gave up his solicitorship and became a Superior Court judge, Letha campaigned with him. She helped considerably to get Rouse elected.

Bob's name has been in print quite a few times since then. Soon after taking office, he distinguished himself by getting a conviction in

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TRIM TEEN TRIO—Dresses or skirts used to be a must for New Bern girls, but not any more. Bermudas, worn with danskins, are the thing now. If you're a square, and need to be enlightened, Bermudas are long shorts. As for danskins, they're those sort of stocking-looking things that are very much in vogue. You'll agree that Sandra Ridoutt,

Priscilla Patterson and Margaret Allen look charming in such an outfit. We just did get this picture made in time. Sandra dislocated her knee, while working out with the High school drill team shortly afterwards, and will be wearing a cast for several weeks.—Photo by Billy Benners.

Sudan's Potentate Will Feel At Home on His Palace Tour

Most of the Shriners touring Tryon Palace during Sudan Temple's winter ceremonial here will find themselves in strange surroundings. No so with Potentate Otis Banks of Cary, who is executive secretary of the North Carolina Highway Employees Association.

Otis, rounding out a successful year as the Temple's top Noble, will be just a stone's throw from the spot where he spent his early boyhood. Born in New Bern, he lived on the single block of Eden street, and like other kids in that neighborhood saw the remaining wing of the Palace every day.

Directly across the street was the back of the aforementioned wing. It wasn't much of a Palace—not then—and there were times through the years when you could rent an apartment in it for \$12 a month and later \$20.

Neighborhood small fry weren't overly concerned with the fact that it was the first State Capitol, or what was left of it. What intrigued them were stories about the tunnel leading to Trent river that Blackbeard, the pirate, was said to have used.

Miss Mamie Duffy's backyard was just across the street too, and her pecan trees had the very best pecans in town. Boys in the area raided them regularly, much to her understandable consternation.

If Otis has a good memory, he'll recognize Miss Mamie's house, even though it has been moved to a Pollock street corner, and is currently serving as an office for the folks who are handling the Palace restoration.

Having a native New Bernian as Sudan's Potentate is most unusual, although Dr. Joe Rhem of this city was responsible for its origin. Since New Bern is the Temple's home, it has been a policy for lo these many years to name a Potentate from other towns.

Banks moved away from his birthplace a long time ago, although his mother still resides here. Hence, he was eligible to be

named to the Temple's official Di-van and through successive elevations in office became Potentate.

Before assuming the duties of executive secretary for the N. C. Highway Employees Association, he was a long-time employee of the State Highway Commission, and first worked under the late Roy Hart in the district office here.

A graduate of New Bern High school, he established speed rec-

ords as a typist that no one hereabouts was ever able to challenge. He married a New Bern girl, Mildred Tyson, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Tyson.

Members of Sudan say Otis has made one of the most efficient Potentates in the Temple's history. His thoroughness in office during the past year was typical of his work in other lines of endeavor.

Local Shriners intend to see that the big pot and the little one are put on as he bows out during next Wednesday and Thursday's ceremonial activities. They say the usual parade will be something to watch, and are keeping their fingers crossed for good weather.

Clyde G. McAuley of Rocky Mount, the present Chief Rabbah, is expected to succeed Banks as Potentate. Otis G. Sawyer of Durham, present assistant Rabbah, is scheduled to move up to the office of Chief Rabbah.

In all probability, three New Bernians will continue in their present positions—Lester H. Gillikin as Recorder, Charles A. Seifert as Recorder Emeritus, and Ira V. Stephens as treasurer.

New Bern and Charlotte are the only two cities in North Carolina that can boast of a Shrine Temple. The Shrine, often referred to as the playground of Masonry, had its origin in America in 1872. One of its noteworthy achievements has been the establishment of hospitals for crippled children.

The youth of today don't leave footprints on the sands of time—they just leave tire tracks.

There's No Escaping from It, So List Your Property Today

With the month of January half gone, local citizens are dragging their feet when it comes to listing their taxes at the courthouse.

Sooner or later, they've got to show up for the show down, and the longer they wait the longer the line will be. Aside from that, if they fail to make the end of the month deadline they'll be subject to a penalty for tardy listing.

This year's lag is nothing new, of course. It happens every January, and some of the worst procrastinators live within easy walking distance of the tax office.

Before it's all over, everybody ends up with a headache. The over-worked tax listers fall heir to one as a result of the last minute rush, and the fellow who put it off until the next day and the next one after that needs an aspirin or two as well.

Almost all of us are procrastinators at heart, although it avails us nothing. Not only are we late in listing taxes, but equally late in procuring licenses, doing our Christmas shopping, and writing a letter today that should have been written yesterday.

Many of us are even late for church. However, your preacher will forgive you for that. His biggest worry isn't the late worshiper, annoying though he is, but the church member who doesn't show up at all.

We would do well to follow the example of Winston Churchill, who attributes his success to being not only on time for any and all appointments, but ten minutes ahead of time.

It's too late already to be ahead of time on this tax listing business, but it isn't too late to miss that final frantic scramble.