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Only a very small percentage of the millions of Americans who admired President Franklin D. Roosevelt ever had the privilege of chatting informally with him.

One of the fortunate few was Highway Patrolman Oscar Brock, who works out of the New Bern office and has covered the beat in Pamlico county for years. Down that way they'll tell you they've got the perfect patrolman, and fully intend to keep him.

Brock was serving as a signalman on the Battleship Iowa, when FDR sailed from Norfolk, Va., for a momentous conference abroad with Winston Churchill and Joseph Stalin.

The round trip to and from this foreign rendezvous, counting the time spent by Roosevelt in the conference, embraced 22 days. Brock's duties as a signalman placed him in close proximity to the President's quarters, and he saw him frequently.

"Mr. Roosevelt seemed to enjoy his conversations with members of the crew," says the popular patrolman. "As you know, he was assistant secretary of the Navy under Josephus Daniels during World War I. While he was on board our vessel he displayed a lot of interest in the Iowa."

"One day," Brock recalls, "Roosevelt was seated on the bridge with his close friend and trusted advisor, Harry Hopkins. The two were reading. We were curious to know the names of the books they had, and I found out, with a pair of binoculars I had on the bridge with me."

It developed that Hopkins was perusing a volume that dealt with certain phases of a government report. On the other hand, President Roosevelt who dearly loved mystery stories was reading a novel entitled "Murder Enters The Picture." Each of them—the President and Hopkins—was satisfying his literary tastes, right smack in the middle of the ocean.

Brock says that a torpedo fired by, of all things, a practicing American boat, came pretty close to the bow of the Iowa and caused quite a scare. It was suggested to President Roosevelt that he retire from the bridge, but he declined to seek cover.

Another well known patrolman, Lt. Tom Brown—once stationed in New Bern but now at Greenville—has pleasant memories of FDR too. Brown came in contact with him several times at Elizabeth City, Raleigh and Asheville.

Tom remembers Asheville best. "It had been raining," he says, "but Roosevelt refused to don a raincoat. He remarked that he ought to be able to stand the weather if the rest of the folks there could."

"Just as the President started to make his speech, the sun broke through and a beautiful rainbow formed over the mountains. It was a majestic sight, and Roosevelt made the most of it. He incorporated it in the opening lines of his address, saying with a solemn face and a flourish of the hand—"I see a rainbow in the sky."

After Roosevelt's death, Lieutenant Brown continued to play a part in the protection afforded two other Presidents, Truman and Eisenhower. He was the key man locally when Truman visited New Bern on the Sunday following his election. And he also took part in the strict surveillance that was arranged for Ike's inauguration.

It's a small world, and at the last Presidential inauguration, the man who gave Brown and others their instructions in Washington was New Bern's own Captain John Sullivan of Washington's Metropolitan Police Force.

Before the day of the inauguration, Sullivan and Brown had quite a bull session discussing New Bernians who were boyhood chums of



DREAM HOUSE—Perhaps no dwelling in New Bern is more admired than this one at Gull Harbor on East Front street. Visitors to the city can thank Dr. Charles H. Ashford, who had it moved, in poor repair, all the way across town and

restored from shabbiness to its present quaint and charming loveliness. Talk about vision and ingenuity, the local physician displayed plenty of it in this instance.—Photo by Wilton Block.

New Bern Has a Great Deal To Be Thankful for This Year

New Bernians may not fully appreciate the many blessings bestowed upon them by God, but for that matter very few people do.

Even so, citizens of this picturesque and oft-times backward first State Capital seem to be, for the most part, a fairly grateful lot as they approach the annual observance of Thanksgiving.

Dame Nature has spared us the ravages of another devastating hurricane. And, considering the fact that just one of the big blows here in recent years did 15 million dollars damage, this alone is something to open our collective hearts in gratitude.

We have been saddened by the passing of some of our nicest folks—some by illness and others by accidents. Giving up those who are useful and beloved is never pleasant, but the important thing is living in such a manner that when you come to die there will be a consciousness of real loss to the community.

Major fires are happily absent from our statistics for the year that has elapsed since last Thanksgiving. There have no epidemics—no great catastrophe of one sort or another. Any or all of these things

John's and more recently friends of Tom's.

Incidentally, just before the inauguration a crackpot in New York threatened to assassinate Eisenhower and disappeared. "In less than 30 minutes," says Brown, "every officer in Washington had a photograph of the man."

Knowing Presidents, or protecting them, is interesting business.

could have occurred, as they have in other towns.

Economically speaking, business could have been some better and certainly much worse. The same

applies to agriculture—a vital segment of Craven county's livelihood. New Bernians should, if they don't, ever share the concern of their rural neighbors for good

crops and satisfactory prices for those crops.

Industry didn't give us much of a tumble on new ventures, but at least we managed to hang on to the old standbys. Unemployment remained at a low figure, and there weren't too many people seeking a job who couldn't get work to do, if not the work of their choice.

Those who seriously doubted the much-ballyhooed appeal of Tryon Palace discovered between last Thanksgiving and this one that the historic restoration most certainly can attract thousands of visitors to the city. There may be waning interest in years to come, but as of now the Palace is bringing outsiders here from far and wide—fram every state in the Union and most foreign countries.

First and foremost, according to a sample survey conducted by The Mirror, New Bernians are thankful for their health. Neither wealth nor fame nor power brings us humans the honest-to-goodness joy that simply being physically fit does. Health alone may not assure us of happiness, but the guy with ulcers no doubt would like to try it for awhile.

With all Americans, New Bern citizens can be thankful this Thanksgiving for the continuance of peace. Admittedly, it's a rather uneasy peace, but compared with what the mortal mind can envision in the event of atomic war, it's not to be sniffed at.

Slowly but surely, it seems to us, New Bernians are becoming more cognizant of the fact that the



CRAVEN'S FINEST

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