



The NEW BERN MIRROR

Miss Elizabeth Moore
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Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase) awoke one night from a deep dream of peace, and saw, within the moonlight in his room, making it rich, and like a lily in bloom, an Angel writing in a book of gold; exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold, and to the Presence in the room he said, "What writest thou?" The Vision raised its head, and with a look made of all sweet accord answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."

"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so," replied the Angel. Abou spoke more low, but cheerily still; and said, "I pray thee, then, write me as one that loves his fellow man."

The Angel wrote, and vanished. The next night it came again with a great wakening light, and showed the names whom love of God had blessed, and, lo, Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

When James Henry Leigh Hunt penned the immortal lines above he must have been thinking of someone like John R. Ross, who lives out on North Pasteur street. Many New Bernians, to be sure, have never heard of him. Ross isn't the sort to get his name in the newspapers, but those of us who know him for his kindness and generosity will heartily agree that Abou Ben Adhem would recognize him as a kindred soul.

For the past 22 years this modest, unassuming man has been handling trucking for the Maxwell Company here. And, when hurricanes come along, he goes into action to lend assistance to those who live in low lying areas. The last such hurricane to strike New Bern saw him work diligently without sleep to help others.

Our own case was a good example. Frankly, we didn't even know him personally, but when it became necessary for us to evacuate he came to our residence and helped us move out every stick of furniture in the place. Then, when the storm abated, he hauled our stuff back, pitched in with the unloading, and refused to accept pay for what he had done.

What he did for us, he has done for others—time and time again. And the nicest thing about his role of good neighbor is the fact that he doesn't make a great show of it. In short, he is kind without placing the person he helps in a position where they feel they have accepted charity. He simply acts as if what he did was the natural thing to do for a fellow human, and that's that.

Not only does he use his truck for rescue work, when storm clouds gather, but he opens the doors of his home to the homeless. For a lifetime he has gladly shared shelter and food when the occasion called for it. And, speaking of food, the greatest joy he gets from his garden is sharing the fruits of his labor with neighbors and friends.

Little children praise him from their windows as he passes by with such remarks as "Mr. Ross took me for a ride once in his big red truck. He gave me an ice cream cone too." Another youngster will say, "He came to see me when I was in the hospital."

One young man remarked after being released from jail on a drinking charge, "When a man like Mr. Ross comes to your rescue, and doesn't rebuke you or ask questions, it's an incentive for anyone to live a better life." That's typical of Ross, he never puts himself up as a model.

Although he has no social aspirations, the Aurora native could, if he cared to, point to the fact that he is descended from Betsy Ross, who made our very first American flag. Judging by what we've read about Betsy, we can say with certainty that she would glad-



STREAM TO DREAM BY—Venture up the gentle, easy-flowing Trent on a lazy day in June, and you'll be rewarded with scenes like this one. John Baxter, Jr., had his cam-

era along when he set forth on placid waters, and mirrored here is what he found. What is more enchanting than a river close at hand, when it's summertime in Dixie?

Although He Is in a Uniform George Is Still Announcing

A New Bern boy who made his mark as a radio announcer before entering the Army is still plying his trade while in uniform.

In fact, Pfc George Shriver has established such a reputation in service that he was chosen as the narrator for the annual 4th Infantry Division Day review at Fort Lewis, Wash., on June 4.

To him went the enviable assignment of handling the microphone when the 18,000 members of STRAC (Strategic Army Corps) 4th Division paraded their military might before citizens of the Pacific Northwest.

It was peculiarly fitting that Shriver, a Tar Heel, got the broadcast job, since the 4th Infantry Division was organized at Camp Green, N. C., on December 3, 1917.

He is a member of Co. B., Post Special Troops, and is assigned to the 4th Infantry Division and Fort Lewis Information as Radio Broadcasting Specialist. George broadcasts ten week-day news shows

from Fort Lewis Headquarters to three Tacoma radio stations—KMO, KAYG and KNTT.

In addition, he airs programs to one station, KITT, in Washington's capital city, Olympia. And the good

natured New Bernian also interviews Fort Lewis officers and guests for the nation-wide "Army Hour" show.

Shriver entered service last spring, and received his basic

training at Fort Leonard Wood, Mo. Then he got his advanced training at Fort Dix, N. J. He reported to Fort Lewis last September.

Before entering the Army, he was chief news and special events announcer at New Bern's WRNB and Washington's WHED. He graduated from New Bern High school in 1955, and attended East Carolina college, Greenville, where he held a position on the college FM radio station, WWWS.

He is a son of Mrs. Harry R. Shriver of 3256 North Central Avenue, in Chicago. Incidentally, in choosing radio for his career he followed in the footsteps of his older brother, Harry Shriver, Jr., who has made something of a name for himself as an announcer, too.

Unlike George, who cut his radio teeth with WRNB here, Harry started out with New Bern's WHIT, later moved to Washington, N. C., and is now in Baltimore.

Needless to say, George intends to stay in the field of broadcasting when he leaves service. He has picked up a great deal of experience in a relatively short time, and what he has learned as a service announcer will prove invaluable in years to come.

Being in the Army gave him an opportunity to see distant parts of the country that he might never have visited otherwise. George likes people, has the happy faculty of getting along with them, and is able to project his genuine informality to radio listeners.

Fortunately, his southern drawl



ON THE JOB

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