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Farmville's Bob Rouse, who used to be Superior Court solicitor for this District, is one of our most appreciated friends, and that goes double for his charming and completely modest wife.

Seeing him here at recent hall fraud trials brought to mind the fame that came to Bob and Letha by chance when he was an ensign in the Navy during World War II. He got enough publicity to fill a scrapbook.

Unlike his later prestige in legal circles, Rouse didn't do anything to merit unusual recognition on this occasion. 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 his hometown sweetheart, Letha Holloman was in the Big City with him. She was an Army nurse stationed near Pittsburgh, and the two had gotten leave to get married.

Meeting as arranged, they headed for New York's City Hall in quest of a license. At that moment, 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 an Army nurse applying for a marriage license. When the photographers spotted Bob 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 consent.

For a girl you had to be 18, so Letha qualified since she was also 20. Letha's parents weren't living. Bob's were living, but they were down in Farmville. It looked like Dan 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 Bob's parents 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 newlyweds 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 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 esta-

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HERE SHE IS—For ten months, with modesty we didn't dream was in us, the editor of The Mirror has refrained from publishing a photograph of his one and only grandchild. Since we have featured, over the years, hundreds of other babies on the front page, a lot of you good people have chided us for slighting the young lady seen here. Anyhow, to prove we really are a grandpa, this will serve as your introduc-

tion to Amy Stuart Willson (the Willson is spelled right) of Raleigh. She still has a number of things coming to her, including more hair and her first tooth, but even without this equipment, we're immensely pleased to claim her as our very own. You can bet your life she is talking, true to her McDaniel ancestry, although her present vocabulary is limited to just two words, neither of them "Gramps."