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Most of the folks who get their names and accomplishments in Who's Who are college graduates, but Herbert W. Barbour's closest approach to an institute of higher learning was a correspondence school.

To tell the truth, New Bern's nationally recognized boat builder got very little formal education, even on the grammar grade level. Born at Swansboro, he came along when three months of instruction was all anyone could count on during a school year.

Barbour was grateful for the smattering of knowledge he picked up during his limited training in a public school. However, he was smart enough to realize that what he had was only a start, and a very poor start at that.

Many a scoffer considers it clever to sneer at a mail order course, and it cannot be denied that some of these offers are swindles and nothing more. Yet, the careful shopper is able to find a legitimate correspondence school, if he'll do a bit of investigating, and Herb Barbour did just that.

Through the medium of Uncle Sam's post office, he learned mathematics. Blessed with a natural knack for fashioning boats large and small, he used his knowledge of figures to turn out work that showed the mark of a perfectionist.

Born on the water, he knew what a vessel ought to have to make it seaworthy and practical. In his early days he ran a freight boat regularly from Swansboro to New Bern, and as long as he lived there was a hearty saltiness about him that is characteristic of men who go down to the sea in ships.

His was a story that, with similar stories about individuals who have achieved success from an humble beginning, points to the greatness of spirit often referred to as the American dream.

The firm he founded, Barbour Boat Works, became an important industry in New Bern at a time when industry was almost non-existent here. The advent of World War II brought contracts in keeping with his reputation.

Prosperity meant an end to living in rented houses, and the car he drove in the latter years of his life was a far cry from the beat-up touring car that was once his mode of transportation.

But the man himself never changed. He remained a faithful worshiper at the Tabernacle Baptist church, and no one was surprised when he bought an organ for the edifice. Always he had given according to his means.

Barbour accepted the Bible at face value, lock, stock and barrel. His pastor, the Rev. J. L. Hodges, was his beloved friend, and the venerable parson preached the gospel, aided by a booming voice, as Herb liked it preached.

The loquacious boat builder was there the night that Hodges died in his pulpit. In fact



**BESIDE THE STILL WATER** — You don't have to journey far in North Carolina's Coast Country to find beauty. Drive the short distance to Trenton in neighboring Jones County, and pause for quiet meditation at the old mill pond there. These two views, on an early autumn day, were recorded on film by Robert

H. (Bob) Jones, who lives in New Bern and appreciates lovely surroundings. Man has destroyed serenity for himself in these troubled times, but Dame Nature, with the wisdom of her years, seems determined, come what may, to save from mutilation what she can of the world that God gave us.