



The NEW BERN

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Yesterday was when Dick Cook, then 47, of Midland, Mich., won in a walk as the most unusual tourist to visit New Bern in a long while.

He arrived in town one night, pulling a three-wheeled house trailer that served as his portable home while he hiked hither and yon in 48 states.

It all started on April 1, 1951, after the Army turned him down because his legs were bad. They were better when he got here, thanks to 28,000 miles of hoofing.

Appropriately, Cook did his own cooking, and appeared to stay healthy at it. He traveled in daylight, averaging 20 to 25 miles daily and usually pitching camp at some service station.

"I've worn out 54 pairs of shoes," he told us. We got tired just listening to his story, while seated in a comfortable chair. According to Cook, it was taking a new pair every six weeks.

At the time he paused in New Bern, he was shuffling along the coastal route from Florida to New York City, and then planned to head for his home town. We never heard of him again, after he left here.

Employed in the building trade before he took to the open road for keeps, he would pause now and then when his cash ran low to do carpentry work or any odd job he could land.

Unmarried, he said he enjoyed being unencumbered by a wife. There really wasn't room for a wife in that three-wheeled trailer, even if she had been a skinny midget.

Cook informed us that wanderlust got to him at an early age. "I used to run away from home regularly as a small boy," he said, "pulling my little red wagon behind me."

He claimed he was dickering with a publisher over the autobiography he was supposed to be writing. The title of the book, naturally, would be "Walking With My Little Red Wagon."

Recalling Cook brings to mind the "goat man" who showed up quite a number of years later. He was cruising the countryside too, accompanied by a herd of billies and nannies.

The goat man's covered wagon was just as crowded as the one Cook pulled most happily. Cook was a much better housekeeper. This was easy to figure, since he didn't have any goats to sleep with.

It wasn't hard to get wind of the goat man. Fortunately, he kept right on going through New Bern, choosing to bed down for the night between here and Vanceboro. No one ever needed the wide open spaces more.

The next day was Sunday, and lots of folks passed up church to drive over and get a good close glimpse of him. One saintly sister complained later that he smelled something awful.

When we reminded her that the aroma wasn't that bad for those of us who elected to remain in New Bern, she got mad and said things you wouldn't ordinarily expect from a regular pew filler.



BLUES CHASER—If you're feeling down in the dumps today, you need to get acquainted with Joanna Elizabeth Faulkner. An 18 month old bundle of perpetual joy, she is always just as happy as you see her in this photo. Joanna Elizabeth comes by her good humor naturally. Before her

mother married William Richard Faulkner, she was Carolyn Jess Nelson of New Bern, a girl with a constant smile. The Faulkners live in Charlotte, but get to town occasionally to visit Joanna's maternal grandparents, Carolyn and Charles Nelson.