



Hundreds of millions of people the world over had reason in recent days to mourn the passing of Hollywood's greatest showman, Cecil B. DeMille. For our part, we remembered with gratitude the interest he displayed in the Yuletide Revue here.

Busy though he was, he took time out when the Revue observed its 20th anniversary three years ago to send a congratulatory telegram. In a later mail there came an autographed photograph from him. In both instances, DeMille referred to himself as a "transplanted Tar Heel."

Never, in his long and illustrious life, did he lose sight of the fact that his boyhood was spent in the Old North State—over at Washington. He grew up in a home where there was a distinct awareness of God, and his religious background was reflected in the spectacular production of such epics as "King Of Kings" and "The Ten Commandments."

It surprised no one who really knew DeMille, when a close friend said quite simply after his funeral that the most distinguished movie maker of all time regarded death as the "beginning of the great experience." How he lived and what he did with his talents had already spoken eloquently of his belief in the soul's immortality.

DeMille was literally born into show business. His parents were touring New England in a road show at the time of his birth, but came to North Carolina soon afterwards. He proved to be the same sort of trouper that his less notable mother and father had been.

In fact, before heading for Hollywood to pioneer the flickers with Samuel Goldwyn and Jesse L. Lasky, he was an actor, a playwright and a theatrical producer. In every phase of entertainment, he was eminently qualified to speak with authority.

All of which emphasizes the tragic mistake that citizens in our neighboring city of Washington made when they permitted De Mille's home to be demolished and replaced with a service station.

There's nothing wrong with a service station—they are a necessary and vital part of our modern existence—but no business establishment of any sort should have supplanted a landmark of such importance.

For years the house was a tourist home, and countless millions would have paused to visit the dwelling had it been properly publicized and utilized.

It seems to us that a worthy tribute to DeMille and a lasting attraction of the first magnitude for Washington itself would have been the conversion of his boyhood home into a motion picture museum.

Not only DeMille but everyone in Hollywood could have furnished a vast store of items for a show place such as this. If only props, costumes and the like from his own productions had been collected for display, the home would have been a fabulous sight to behold.

From this tragic mistake, every community can learn a lesson. Certainly, here in New Bern, where we too have been less than careful and thorough in the preservation of our past, we should take heed and guard against similar errors.

We were no less foolish in our failure to protect from the elements and the ravages of time the ancient fire fighting equipment now enshrined in the New Bern Firemen's Museum here.

Luckily, it was salvaged in time to be preserved and restored, but that doesn't minimize the fact that we were late in evaluating its worth. The way we overlooked its priceless value for years on end is



CUTE CALLERS—Cece May and Susan Jones will be knocking on many a New Bern door next week, when the 1959 Girl Scout cookie sale get under way. So will other local Scouts and Brownies. The drive is due to run until Feb. 18, here and in other towns throughout the Coastal Carolina Council. Profits help to buy equipment and supplies for the

youngsters, and provide outdoor opportunities through the Council's camp development fund. Aside from that, the cookies—chocolate mint, cream-filled sandwich, and butter-scotch—are quite tasty. We can hardly wait to make our choice.—Photo by Billy Benners.

Top Cop in Nation's Capital One of Our Hometown Boys

New Bern's Johnnie Sullivan has gone a long way in law enforcement circles since his kid days, when he was a ring leader in the cops and robbers games played among the small fry in Riverside.

Not only is he pointed to with pride by fellow officers in the Washington, D. C., police department, but hailed from coast to coast as tops in his field. Johnnie didn't achieve distinction through political pull. He earned it the hard way—repeatedly risking his life.

As Irish as St. Patrick's Day, the good-natured New Bernian has always had the spunk for which the wearers of the green are famous. He displayed it as an aggressive athlete at New Bern High school, where he starred in football, baseball, and basketball thirty years ago.

Then, as now, Johnnie was enthusiastic and never inclined to call it quits in a bad situation. This will to win got the better of him one afternoon, while the Bruin baseball team was facing one of its bitterest foes at Kafer Park.

He was on the mound for the Bears, and at that point it was a scoreless contest. However, the visiting team had a man on third base.

no credit to our intelligence.

We too have been indifferent about the destruction of landmarks, and now it's too late to make amends. That's why the tragedy of the DeMille home should remain a warning sign to us in days and years to come.

Sullivan cut loose with a fast ball that got by the catcher, Francis Ferebee. The ball bounced off the grandstand, and the base runner on third scooted for home plate.

Johnnie, momentarily forgetting it was baseball and not football that he was engaged in, made a flying tackle on the runner, sat on his head, and yelled for Ferebee to throw him the ball for the put-out. Terference and the run counted, terference and the run counted, but nobody could say that Johnnie wasn't trying. This sort of determination has set the pattern of his life ever since. Yet, his keen sense of humor has endeared him to everyone with whom he is associated.

To give readers of the Mirror an on-the-spot idea of how he is evaluated in the Nation's Capital, we requested an official, unbiased report on him from the Metropolitan Police Department there. Here, as it was written for the Mirror, is that report:

Sullivan was sworn into the Metropolitan Police Department, in Washington, D. C., on October 1, 1940. He was graduated from rookie school on January 20, 1941, and assigned as a uniform patrol officer in No. 4 Precinct, which covers the southwest area of the city.

No. 4 Precinct was a particularly hazardous assignment for a young and untried police officer, inasmuch as this section of the city housed a large proportion of some of our most undesirable citizens, most of whom were well-known to this department.

This is the precinct where the young officer learned the hard way; not procedure for proper enforcement of the law, but the most basic law of policing—that is, how to do a good job of policing and still stay alive while doing it. During the early part of 1941, the city was plagued by a series of armed robberies committed against attendants at gasoline service stations. On April 10, 1941, Officer Sullivan was assigned to "cover" a certain gasoline service station in the event an attempt was made to rob it.

The attempt was made and this was Officer Sullivan's baptism by



JOHNNIE SULLIVAN

fire—a running gunfight with an armed bandit. The bandit made his escape temporarily only to show up a few hours later at a local hospital for treatment of gunshot wounds.

He was taken into custody at this time and subsequently identified by most of his victims. For this display of fearless policing, Officer Sullivan received a commendation from the Board of Commissioners of the District of Columbia.

From No. 4 Precinct, Officer Sullivan was transferred to Administrative Headquarters and assigned to the vice squad. He was ordered into plain clothes and began a hectic assignment dealing with commercialized vice, to wit, gambling, sale of unlicensed liquor, and all the attendant evils that go hand in hand with these two vices.

In 1944, Det. Sullivan became Det. Sgt. Sullivan and was transferred to the Detective Bureau. He held assignments in the Robbery Squad and the Homicide Squad. Perhaps the most widely known case in which he was concerned, and on which he worked diligently for weeks, was the rape-murder of Dorothy Berrum, a young government girl who, unfortunately, was at the wrong place at the right time and with the wrong man.

She was murdered by a marine named McFarland on Haines Point in this city on Oct. 6, 1944. McFarland was apprehended and paid for his crime in the electric chair. Det. Sgt. Sullivan was commended (Continued on Page 6)