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Television's present low esteem, on the national level, stems from the fact that this great medium of entertainment and enlightenment went to great lengths to outsmart itself.

Apparently, in their eagerness to thoroughly dupe a ridiculously gullible public, the program manipulators didn't have time to recall the words of Abe Lincoln—"You can fool some of the people all of the time, and all of the people some of the time, but you can't fool all of the people all of the time."

Far too many New Bernians were fooled for far too long a time. In a way, their complete acceptance of the quiz trickery is a credit to their deep and abiding faith in mankind. Alas and alack, it is no tribute to their intelligence.

One of the quirks of human nature is the trust we place in strangers, while keeping a watchful eye on our neighbors. Any flim flam artist can attest to the fact that the easiest sucker to shake down is the guy he doesn't know from Adam.

And, as a butcher named Adolf Hitler claimed and proved, the bigger the lie the easier it is to sell. This is doubly true, if your dress the falsehood up with a lot of glitter and fanfare. Mortals will believe most anything when it's wrapped up in splendor, and the quiz shows went all out to be awe inspiring.

To prove beyond a shadow of a doubt that honesty prevailed, your favorite program provided armed guards to carefully protect the questions. No one was going to get a look ahead of time. That would be cheating, and this quiz business had to be strictly on the up and up.

Gosh, wasn't it exciting and dramatic when a contestant was ushered into the isolation booth to sweat it out. Not only was the contestant dreadfully alone, but in the event it fitted the occasion, he or she was also in an ideal position to read answers placed inside the booth ahead of time.

You've got to hand it to some of those characters, they were pretty good actors and actresses for rank amateurs. When they rolled their eyes in uncertain anguish, and grimaced like a nature lover who had just backed into a porcupine, it was downright touching.

And the master of ceremonies, who was photogenic enough to set feminine hearts to fluttering, evidenced an abundance of misery too. He was so sweet and considerate, and the sigh of relief he heaved when the contestant finally came up with the answer made your heart feel as warm as an extra quilt on a cold winter's night.

How generous it was, the television audience thought, for that wonderful sponsor to give away so much money. How in the world could they afford it? Well, they could afford it because it was much cheaper than hiring talent. Nobody connected with the show, except maybe the second rate actor who emceed it, had one iota of talent. It wasn't necessary.

Second guessing the whole dismal business, we're convinced that the quiz shows, operated on the level, could have been good entertainment. If prolonging the stay of the various contestants on the program was all important, this could be accomplished easily enough by selecting the type of questions that the average person might be able to answer.

As a matter of fact, with all the interesting people available for appearances on the show, two or three times as many contestants might have improved the program. A steady stream of clever personalities—some winning and some losing—would have attracted plenty of viewers.

In short, there really wasn't



SOON TAKING OVER—As of December 1, Roy Barnhardt will be field executive for Neuse Basin district of the East Carolina Council of Boy Scouts of America. His area includes Craven, Jones, and Pamlico counties. Seen here, left to right, are W. C. Chadwick, district member-at-large;

Mrs. Barnhardt and Mr. Barnhardt; Dr. William I. Gause, district chairman; O. B. Roberts, Council executive; and D. M. Parker, Sr., district member-at-large.—Photo by Billy Benners.

Local Youth's Camera Work Landed Him on Missile Job

Few New Bernians know that a hometown boy, Wilton Block, is up to his ears in this space rocket business.

Although still in his twenties, having graduated from the local high school in 1949, he is a valued employee of Radio Corporation of America. Since July he has been base photographer and a data collector with the Government Service Division, Missile Test Project on Grand Bahama Island.

Prior to that, RCA utilized him in waters around Brazil from April until July. He saw duty on ocean range vessels—known as seagoing stations—and was aboard the Rose Knot when it recovered the second long-range nose cone from a rocket.

He joined the Radio Corporation of America for its missile work in March 1958, and was assigned to Patrick Air Force Base. His camera has clicked many a time, but naturally some of his photographs won't be exposed to public scrutiny.

Wilton chose photography for his career at an early age, and former classmates at New Bern High remember him emphatically as a youngster who devoted all of his spare moments to learning all he could about the profession.

After graduation here, he attended North Carolina State and studied further at State's Morehead Technical School. However, a great deal of his knowledge has been ac-

quired on his own. Coupled with natural talent, it was destined to bring him distinction. His ability was put to a severe test during 10 months of military service in Korea. There he was a

combat photographer with the 101st Signal Bn., and spent virtually all of his tour a short distance north of the famed 38th parallel.

After the shooting was over, he was used extensively as a patho-

logical photographer at the Armed Forces Institute of Pathology. The work was interesting, and added to the know-how he has gained by leaps and bounds during the past decade.

While in Korea, he had occasion to photograph quite a few celebrities. Among the famous persons who ended up in front of his camera were Henry Cabot Lodge, Senator William Knowland, General Mark Clark, General Ridgeway and all other military leaders in the area.

And, in the course of events, he photographed Marilyn Monroe when she came over to entertain troops during a siege of snow. "I regarded her visit as something of a publicity stunt on her part," says Wilton, "but you had to admire her spunk. While the service men were wrapped up in parkas to protect them from the bitter cold, she appeared in a thin dress."

Block had plenty of company when it came to recording the Monroe charm on film. Every other photographer who had the chance called a halt to his routine assignments, got in on the shutter clicking. "She appeared to be neither dumb nor brilliant," the local photographer recalls, "her intelligence was about on a par with the average showgirl we saw over there."

Getting back to something more explosive than Monroe — guided missiles — Wilton says it's true that everyone connected with the projects becomes tense when the time for a count down approaches. "There are 300,000 things that can fail," he reasons, "so it's bound to be a dramatic moment."

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WILTON BLOCK