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If you're looking for an authority on deceased flies, mosquitoes and wasps, we feel no hesitancy in referring you to Bill Jefferay, the enterprising owner of New Bern's WRNB.

A week ago we couldn't have recommended him, but in seven short days he has eyed more expired insects than the average New Bernian gets to view in a full lifetime.

Bill didn't intend for it to be that way, and as far as he is concerned it will be nice if he never comes face to face with another dead bug as long as he lives. The memory of those he has already seen is sufficiently vivid to last him all the rest of his days.

Jefferay agrees that he has no one to blame but himself. It was his bright idea to create interest among WRNB listeners by announcing that the station would pay a penny for each departed fly and mosquito, and a nickel wasp carcass, sent in.

The promotion started on the fatal morning of Thursday, July 9, and was originally planned to run a full day. Listeners were told that any and all packages of bugs bearing a July 9th postmark would entitle the sender to remuneration.

Bill not only woefully underestimated the number of available flies, but didn't remotely realize that kids and adults alike would go to such lengths to cash in on the deal.

In fact, we've been told that he figured the gimmick was going to involve an investment of something between \$25 and \$50. The first announcement went on the air at 8 a.m. and from that moment on the telephone jangled constantly.

Some of the folks who called wanted to be sure that their ears hadn't deceived them, before they set forth on their fly-killing expedition. And then there was the moppet who explained that a wasp she exterminated had broken in two from the impact of her wallop.

"Will I get a nickel if I mail you both pieces?" she anxiously inquired. Assured that a dead wasp in sections was just as good as a dead wasp intact, she hung up to resume her happy hunting.

Seeing the handwriting on the wall, or the fly specks on his vanishing money, Jefferay pulled the announcement off the air at 1 p.m. Even as he did it, he had a sickening vision of an avalanche of bugs headed his way.

His fears were well founded. With the very first local mail, he was literally swamped. But the worst was yet to come. Stuffed envelopes from the rural areas swelled the tide to a mighty conglomeration of revolting corpses.

There were few mosquitoes and fewer wasps. Evidently, listeners knew it was easier to assassinate a fly, and, as far as wasps are concerned, considerably safer.

Human ingenuity led to Bill's dismal downfall. He hadn't reckoned on the possibility that some listeners would gleefully empty all the bug catchers in sight, rather than do it the hard way.

And the thought didn't occur to him that at least one pair of small boys would get a sheet and a couple of spray guns, then hurry to a nearby dairy barn. Spreading the sheet, they went to work and dumped their kill in envelopes.

They had more business sense than one little girl. She used up a four-cent stamp to mail three flies that would bring her only three cents. But the big-time operator was H. W. Slade of Merritt. His shipment netted him \$96.

When last we heard the bug count at WRNB had mounted to 50,000 and was well on its way to the 75,000 mark. Everybody—even Jefferay's 14-year-old son who had been promised a commission for

(Continued on back page)



RECOGNIZE ANYONE—Here's another of our mystery photographs from the dim distant past. New Bern school officials would like very much to identify this class, posing so primly in front of the bell building on the Academy

green. One thing is obvious, the class had some very cute girls and some boys who looked downright devilish. Do you see yourself?

## Daddy Sam Would Be Proud Of Offspring Francis Today



FRANCIS FEREBEE

Loving sports as he did, we're hoping that Daddy Sam Ferebee knows one member of his famed family of athletes turned out to be a coach. And, we might add, a very good coach, for this is the widespread reputation that his son Francis enjoys at Nashville, Tennessee.

Director of athletics at Cumberland High school, he is head coach of the football and baseball teams, and also coaches the seventh and eighth grade basketball team.

Under his leadership, the school has developed a well-rounded sports program that includes track and girls basketball. Victories are frequent and attendance is excellent.

However, when it comes to basketball he says, "We wouldn't have much attendance if we didn't have a girls team. In our neck of the woods, the fans go for the feminine game in an all-out fashion."

He is aware that many high schools, including New Bern's, have done away with girls basketball because it is considered injurious to their health. Francis has an open mind on the subject. "Some argue one way some another," he says, "and I don't think there will ever be complete agreement."

As a coach, his first love is football. The fact that he was honored with a "Coach of the Year" award from the Optimist club in 1956 indicates that he not only loves it but is quite adept at teaching its finer points to the youngsters on his squad.

How he ended up at Nashville is

one of those queer quirks of Fate. As his home town friends know, he starred in three sports—football, baseball and basketball—at New Bern High school, and went on to continue his athletic career at East Carolina college in Greenville.

Came World War II, and he served with distinction as a pilot in Italy with the 15th Air Force. For the time being he had to shelve his plans for further schooling and a possible coaching career. However he was determined, if he got back, to aim at a Master's Degree.

Mustered out, he went after that Master's at Peabody college in Nashville, and received it in due time. High school officials in the area seemed more impressed with his military record than his scholastic achievements, and reasoned that he was just the sort of man who could be counted on to bring high ideals to the coaching profession.

How right they were is evidenced by his long and successful career at Cumberland High school. Ferebee has his good seasons and his poor seasons, like every other coach, but his popularity with fans, players and officials keeps the complaining wolves to a minimum.

Married to the former Jean Prior of New Bern, he has three super-active sons. Burt, who is 11, plays baseball and golf. His six-year-old twins, Lyman and Larry, aren't quite old enough to be taking sports seriously, but judging by their whirlwind energy they're a cinch to be athletic too.

(Continued on back page)