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He evidently had a lot on his mind, this Catholic priest, as he hurried up Broad street toward St. Joseph school. With his head down, and deep in thought, he didn't see a boy seated in a wheelchair on a porch across the thoroughfare.

"Hey, Father," the lad shouted. "Come over here a minute!" It sounded as much like an order as a request, and the priest lost no time in complying. There was a note of urgency and importance in the boy's voice, and the priest sensed that this was no trivial matter.

"You're a new Father in town, aren't you?" the occupant of the wheelchair observed, and the priest answered in the affirmative. "I thought so," the boy told him. "You're not supposed to pass by here without speaking to me, all the Fathers stop and speak."

Needless to say, the priest never again passed along Broad street without pausing to speak to Buddy Simpson. Like everyone else, he found that exchanging salutations and small talk with Buddy was always an inspiring experience. The youngster was a Methodist, but he felt completely at home with all men, women and children of every faith.

In the 16 years of his life, Buddy became one of the most influential persons in New Bern's long history. His cheerful and courageous acceptance of the inadequate body that deprived him of normal activity made others appreciate their own fortunate lot.

While the children around him romped and played, he watched them without complaint. Never once did he indulge in self pity, or begrudge others the health he could never have. Even in his last days of pain, he didn't lose his marvelous sense of humor.

For example, there was the time at St. Luke hospital during his final illness, when Dr. Francis King and Dr. Joseph Diab were rolling him on his bed as a part of necessary treatment. "You'd better look out," Buddy warned them impishly "if you make me fall off of this bed, you'll have to see my lawyer."

Not only Dr. King and Dr. Diab, but other local physicians as well, had tremendous admiration for the plucky youngster as he fought against hopeless odds. It was typical of Buddy that none of the attention showered on him by his family and his countless friends ever spoiled him to the slightest degree.

His favorite hangout for years was the entrance to St. Lukes, a few doors from his home. He was the self-appointed official greeter, and no one got in or out of the hospital without a pleasant word from Buddy. His own optimistic attitude was a constant reassurance to those who came to the hospital with heavy hearts.

He was particularly fond of highway patrolmen, policemen and firemen. To their everlasting credit, let it be said that they brought a great deal of happiness into his life by going out of their way to be kind and considerate. Actually, however, he did more to brighten their lives than they could possibly do for him.

His favorite was Lt. Tom Brown of the Highway Patrol. That's why on the night of his death, we asked the patrol station here to radio Brown in Greenville and let him know that Buddy's stubborn battle for survival was over. It was too late to get the news into State papers, and we knew how interested Tom was.

Mentioning everyone in a single column who meant a lot to Buddy is an impossibility, but certainly we can't overlook Tommy and Terry Midyette. They were never too

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TWIRL GIRLS—New Bern High school's majorettes smile their prettiest, as they line up on the local gridiron for one of their precision performances. Left to right, they are

Head Majorette Linda Harrison, Janeth Hill, Donna Hill, Marceta Land and Mildred Gwalther. —Photo by John R. Baxter.

A School Bell, Not Fire Bell, Rings for Our Smoke Eaters

It's worth a front page story in anybody's newspaper when scores of volunteer firemen from New Bern and surrounding towns attend a training school on their own time for four successive nights.

That's what happened this week at Craven county's courthouse. In addition to a good attendance by local smoke eaters, there were groups from Vanceboro, Dover, Bridgeton and Newport in the class instructed by H. Elwood Inscoe of the North Carolina Department of Insurance.

Thursday night's final session culminated with an actual demonstration of modern fire fighting at Glenburnie, where an oil blaze of considerable proportions was deliberately set off. Thanks to the latest techniques, a conflagration that would have presented a major problem in days gone by was quickly brought under control and extinguished.

New Bern firemen didn't need this demonstration to convince them that Inscoe is not only an excellent teacher, but a man who is capable of practicing what he preaches. He proved it last year during a similar school here.

As luck would have it, an alarm came in for an honest-to-goodness fire on Pembroke road. The upper portion of a frame dwelling was burning when Inscoe and New Bern firemen arrived. He immediately sized up the situation, and with the assistance of the men he had been instructing was able to confine the damage to a limited area with the use of a fog spray.

Contrary to popular belief, there are many instances where throwing countless gallons of water on a fire isn't the answer. Actually, it's a scientific fact that using an un-

limited amount of water in an excessive and improper manner can do more harm than good in certain situations.

Absorbing heat is one of the aims in trying to squelch a blaze, and it has been proven beyond all doubt that one gallon of water fog will absorb more heat than six gallons of water. And, when the fire has been extinguished, there is not

only less fire damage as a rule, but far less water and smoke damage.

However, the first concern upon arrival at any fire is the possible need for rescuing persons who might be trapped. "No property, regardless of its value," Inscoe reminded those attending the New Bern Fire Department Training School, "is as important as a single human life."

Having made certain that no one's life is at stake, the second step is to locate the base of the fire. Failure to do that not only hampers efforts to extinguish the flames, but can result in spreading the blaze with ill-directed streams of water.

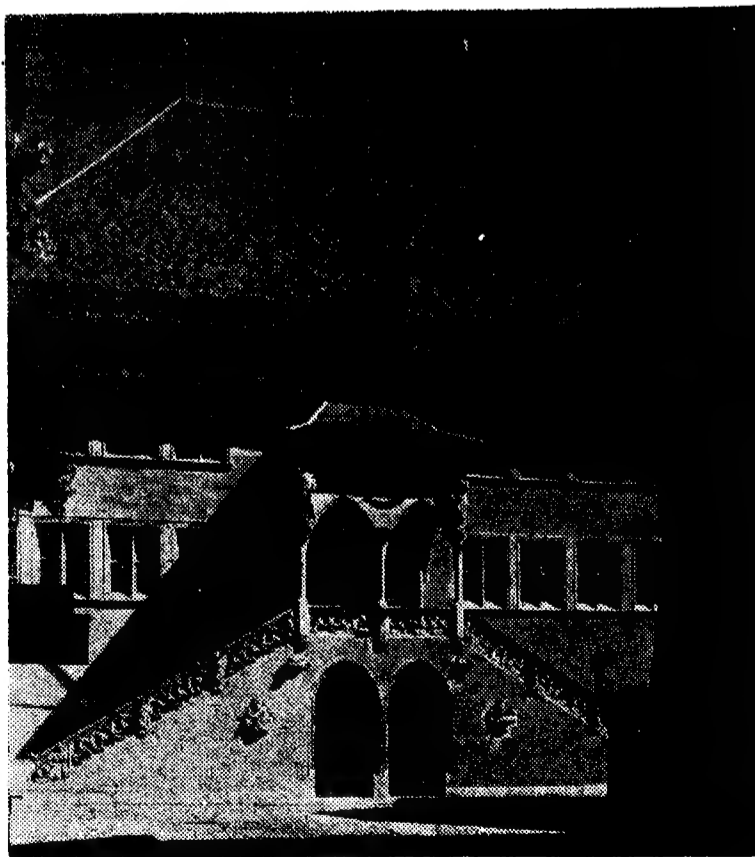
Obviously, the third and fourth steps are confinement of the fire to the least area possible and extinguishing it with the least damage. Insurance records often reveal that there is more damage done by water than by the fire itself.

This, of course, cannot be avoided always but with modern methods of fire fighting it can be minimized. As Inscoe pointed out in conducting the 12 hours of concentrated instruction, the difference is training. The fireman of today is no more conscientious and courageous than the old time smoke eater, but with a knowledge of the equipment now available he should be more efficient.

Inscoe emphasized the importance of leadership in any fire department, and the need for discipline. He minced no words in pointing out weaknesses that are apt to exist at one time or another in many departments, and said to be respected in the community a fire department must deserve respect.

"Your fire fighting is often done under stress," he told the class, "and you'll be criticized by sidewalk firemen who think you're doing a poor job. Bystanders who are not familiar with the problem confronting you will make unkind remarks. You must learn to control your temper, and let the criticism run off you like water off a duck's

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OLD BERNE'S TOWN HALL