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Last week's column about President Truman's 1948 visit to New Bern seemed to create considerable interest. So, to follow it up, here are further sidelights on the doings of that eventful November Sabbath.

There wasn't an automobile to be seen, between New Bern and Cherry Point, as Bruce Lee (then with WHIT) and the writer headed toward the marine base for our scheduled broadcast of the Chief Executive's arrival. We weren't permitted on the usually busy but now deserted highway ourselves until we displayed special passes.

What the thoroughfare lacked in the way of motor vehicles was more than made up for by the cars of the State Highway Patrol. As we passed each sideroad—and you need not be told that there are plenty of them—a manned patrol car was poking its nose out. It was an unbelievable sight, and emphasized the great care that is always taken to safeguard a President.

This indeed was the strangest ride the writer had ever experienced on a span he had grimly nicknamed "Bloody Boulevard" because of the frequent traffic fatalities along its route. One couldn't help but get an uncanny feeling, traveling mile after mile without meeting or passing another car.

When we arrived at Cherry Point's main gate, there was another unusual sight awaiting us. Several Marines, attired resplendently in their dress blues, were armed with push brooms and were making certain that not so much as a single grain of dust remained at the entrance to the base. Never again do we expect to see any other broom wielders garbed so elegantly, even if we get to London and Buckingham Palace.

When we flashed our special pass at the gate, nothing was taken for granted. The guard in charge had a list of the passes that had been issued, and apparently also had our physical descriptions written down. He looked at his list, then looked at us, asked a few questions and finally let us through.

There was virtually no visible activity on the base, and only a smattering of people had been allowed to congregate at the air strip. There were a few Marines, a few civilians, and that did it. We had an excellent vantage point for the broadcast—at the control tower, and we were treated quite courteously by the military.

It may surprise you to learn that the control tower was never in contact with the President's plane. Even after it landed, there was no way to communicate. Instead, the tower was in contact with Washington, and Washington was in contact with Truman's aircraft—probably by code and on a secret wave length. This too was done for security purposes. Otherwise it is conceivable that the President could be placed in jeopardy by false information from a radio source that sought to do him harm, or official messages for his plane might be jammed or blotted out.

Anyway, it's a fact that there was no direct communication from the Cherry Point control tower. This resulted in an amusing incident. There wasn't a plane in the sky, and then we saw one come into view, headed for the base. Bruce Lee, talking excitedly into the microphone, told New Bernians and others listening—"Here it is, the President's plane. I can recognize it quite clearly." And then Bruce, never at a loss for words, gave a glowing description of how gracefully the plane was landing.

Imagine his embarrassment when the door of the plane opened, and instead of the President the folks who shuffled out were a motley looking collection of newspapermen
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THEY'ER THE CHAMPS—Pictured here are the Pirates, who won 14 of their 18 games this season to cop the New Bern Recreation Department's Pony League crown. Kneeling, left to right, are Billy Prescott, Larry Toler, Jimmy Ferebee, Larry Lupton and Billy Wheeler. Standing, left

to right, are Co-Coach Bill Wheeler, Jerry Horner, Ricky Champion, Charles Jennett, Ronnie Stricklin, Jerry Harrelson, Pee Wee Dixon and Co-Coach Cecil Ferebee. Absent were Mickey Chance, Jimmy Suffer, Eddie Cahoon and Jay Jarman.—Photo by Wray Studio.

New Bern Well Represented In College Freshman Ranks

Classrooms and textbooks can hardly be termed things of the past for the New Bern High school class of 1960. Convinced that they'll need all the education they can get, and then some, a remarkably large percentage of the graduates will be slaving away in college in a matter of days.

Our thanks go to Marshall Ball, who brought honor to New Bern by winning a coveted Angier B. Duke scholarship, for doing research that helped The Mirror find out what graduates would be going where. Marshall is headed for Duke University, of course, and with him will be another outstanding member of the 1960 class, Jack Langley.

East Carolina College in Greenville is destined to have a decided New Bern atmosphere this year. Included in its freshman class will be Jimmy Brinson, Lester Arthur, Bobby Ferebee, Anna Gillikin, Olivia Hammond, Brenda Kay Hardy, Peggy Ann Johnson, Bunny McIlwean, Walter Mizelle, Marsha Paul, Margie Pugh, Chunn Purser, Robert Tyson and Bobby Williams.

North Carolina State is going to have its student body enlarged by Charles Benfield, Jim Gooch, Vernon Goodwin, Joe Heath, Eddie Holloway, Michael Johnson, Tom McKnight, Richard O'Connor, Bill Sherratt, and Vance Wrenn.

Wake Forest, up in Winston-Salem, will have a crop of New Bern freshmen on hand, too. Representing us there for the next nine months will be Johnny Gaskill, Jimmy Lewis, Mickey Register and David Zacks.

Pattie Bryan and Sherry Anne Wooten are going to attend Woman's College of the University of North Carolina in Greensboro, while Lillian Johnson and Annette Lancaster are going to be close by at Greensboro College. As for Mary Green, Gary Roser, Lindley White and Richard Williams, they are enrolling at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill.

Louisburg College is claiming Ben Scott, Don Matthews, Gorman Lewis, and Willis Mason, while Meredith will be the destination of Rose Humphrey, Barbara Radford, Brenda Smith and Joyce Stainback. Jo Ellen Jennette goes to Mary Baldwin this year, and Eloise Reel keeps up a family tradition by choosing Atlantic Christian College in Wilson.

Among the freshmen at Campbell College you'll find Emmitt Brinson, Ginny Martin and Emogene Williams. Susan Orringer is bound for Peace, and Joyce Buchanan selected Mount Olive Junior College in her pursuit of greater knowledge. Richard McNally is carting his scholastic brilliance to Washington and Lee University, while John Anderson will be a freshman at The Citadel.

Judy Locky and Nell Smith are looking forward to their first year at Averett, and Billy Cannon is all set for the long grind at Wilmington College. Helen Rowe and Lottie Strickland chose Gardner-Webb, and Ed Mitchell's destination is High Point College. Margaret Rhodes is journeying quite a far piece to attend Westminster Col-

lege. Jimmie Chagaris goes to Catawba College, Billy Dowdy to Guilford College, Mark Dunn to Davidson, Carole Forstadt to Emerson, Jimmy Leathers to Moody Bible Institute, Libby Hodges to Salem, and Betty Hines and Joy Rice to Tennessee Bible College.

New Bern High school's class of 1960 is also going to be well represented in the field of nursing. Pat Humphrey, Martha Lewis, Patsy O'Neal and Jackie Smith are going to be in training at Watts hospital, Carolyn Dixon at Charlotte Memorial hospital, and Pat Ragan at Mercy hospital, while Ruth Strickland will be at James Walker Memorial.

When 77 members of any local graduating class continue their formal education, it's front page news. In many ways the 1960 class was exceptional. Many of those who received their diplomas last Spring landed scholarships that enabled them to attend college. The vast majority, with or without scholarships, have what it takes to weather their tough first year in an institution of higher learning.

In numerous instances boys and girls are getting the opportunity that their parents never had. Almost without exception, sending them to college will cause considerable financial strain. Cognizant of that fact, these youngsters are a serious and determined lot.

Gone, and they know it, is the day when a boy or girl from a family of means could enroll in a college and go on a lark. In this era of over-crowded universities, the

spoiled teen-ager who considers college a potential playground will seldom last longer than the first semester.

Very quickly a high school student learns that no one is going to beg him to study or even attend classes at college. He is treated like the young adult that he is, and not only does he find it necessary to be attentive in the classroom, but is destined for long hours of late-hour study in the confinement of his own dormitory.

Adjustment is difficult for most college freshmen, even those students who had excellent high school records back home. To say the least, it's a radical change from what they've been used to, and emotions get a thorough going over. Particularly disconcerting to the boy or girl who was a center of attraction in high school is the sobering and disillusioning realization that he or she is simply one among many at a college with a much larger enrollment. Feeling important is a source of pleasure to most mortals, and the pleasure turns to varying degrees of misery when you're knocked from your own little pedestal to become just another face in the crowd.

Fortunately, New Bern's college freshmen will, in the majority of cases, encounter home town friends among the upper classmen at the institutions they are attending. Have been through the mill, so to speak, these sophomores, juniors and seniors are in a position to give sound advice.

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