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Every newspaperman, if only for vanity's sake, likes to recall some particular story that provided him with the scoop of a lifetime.

Ours came in 1948, when we scooped the entire press of the nation and world with the exclusive revelation that President Harry S. Truman, newly elected, would attend Sunday morning services at New Bern's First Baptist church.

To this day we've never told anyone how we got the story almost two days before it was released officially by the White House in Washington. And, feeling as we do now, it will still be an undisclosed secret when we go to our grave.

How did we get carefully guarded information? That's what conscientious and highly efficient John Campton of the Secret Service wanted to know when he questioned us the day before Truman arrived.

Squirming a little, the writer replied that he was going to stand pat on a reporter's time-honored right not to divulge the source of his information. Campton smiled and said, "I don't suppose you would be much of a newspaperman if you'd tell me." And that was that.

Little did either of us know at the time that John, during Truman's weekend visit, would fall in love with a New Bern girl, Georgia Brewer, and marry her soon afterwards. Incidentally, the Camptons--12 years later--are still happily married and he is still safeguarding Presidents.

This much we can say about the Truman scoop, the facts were meager. At first, according to our unofficial information, he was planning to attend church in Wilmington. Then he chose New Bern instead.

As soon as the writer learned the Chief Executive would be attending the First Baptist church here, he called the pastor, Rev. Tom Fryer. Then he telephoned Congressman Graham A. Barden, who happened to be home from Washington. Next morning at Williams Restaurant, as the two of us chanced to meet at the counter, Hap remarked that there still wasn't anything official in the papers concerning a Truman visit to New Bern.

"Are you sure your story is right?" the Congressman asked as he sipped his coffee. We assured him it was, but while we told him we were saying to ourselves, "It had better be true, after the broadcast we did last night about it." The fat was definitely in the fire. If the President failed to come to New Bern, the writer was going to be saddled with a reporting blunder that could never be lived down.

Relying on the luck of the Irish, and taking a gamble that still makes us shudder, we had said on the broadcast that, official silence notwithstanding, the President would definitely put in an appearance here on the Sabbath. He would land his plane at Cherry Point and come to New Bern by automobile.

Truthfully, we had no advance information at all on the Cherry Point angle. However, we did know that the Presidential party would be fly-



BACK HOME—Tears glisten in Anita Johnson's expressive eyes as she waves to New Bernians who were on hand to welcome her Sunday night as the newly crowned Miss North Carolina 1969. Needless to say, they were tears of happiness. It was trail's end for a wonderful week that saw her win the votes of critical judges and the hearts of those attending Saturday night's glittering State Pageant. To win her right to the throne she had to compete successfully against

86 lovely and talented girls, but few if any of the previous Miss North Carolinas have been a more popular choice with judges and audiences alike. Many times this year, Her Majesty will assume the regal dignity that a ruling monarch should have, but Sunday night, home at last, she was simply a tired Cinderella who still found it hard to believe that fairy tales do come true.—Photo by Chick Natella.