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Ponce De Leon searched in vain for the fountain of youth, but Attorney General Bob Morgan, eternally boyish in appearance, seems to have located it. Having found the magic spring, he apparently took a mighty big swig of the water flowing from it.

Women place top priority on being visibly young, as do many vain males. However, Morgan, probably didn't consider his "little boy" look an asset as a practicing lawyer, and no doubt would like to be several inches taller and appear several years older in new role as the State's Attorney General.

Age is no guarantee of wisdom, and the young aren't always foolish, but in the legal profession it usually helps to look like you've been around for quite a spell. Instinctively, prospective clients lean toward the seasoned attorney, and we're convinced jurors are apt to be more impressed by the argument of a lawyer who has been through the mill.

Bob Morgan is by no means as young as he appears to be. As for experience, he is a veteran of the General Assembly and served five terms in the State Senate before seeking higher office in the last Democratic primary and the election that followed.

As politicians go, he is far more popular than most. The voters like him, other politicians like him, and newsmen like him. Bob has endeared himself to members of the press because he always levels with them, appreciates their problem in providing accurate and informative coverage, and doesn't regard them as born enemies.

Down in this section of North Carolina his stock rose mightily when he put his shoulder to the wheel and pushed hard to help East Carolina College become East Carolina University. His zeal didn't set well with some very powerful and influential leaders up Raleigh way.

Even so, Morgan has established himself as a vote getter beyond the bounds of Harnett county, should prove to be a good and maybe excellent Attorney General, and has the markings of a future Governor. Maybe by then he will no longer look like a little boy.

Speaking of the Governor's office, Bob Scott is naturally cognizant of the fact that Lieutenant-Governor Pat Taylor is only a heartbeat away from the Executive Mansion. In fact, Scott is credited with saying that Pat is the only man he knows who can shake hands with you and feel your pulse at the same time.

Luther Hodges, whose venture into the political arena was a major surprise, was Lieutenant-Governor for just a short time before Governor William B. Umstead's death elevated him to the State's highest office. Umstead, a fine and competent gentleman, never had a chance to get his Administration going.

Hodges, for years before he sought public office, was an outstanding executive in the business world. Had Governor Umstead lived to serve out his four years as Governor, it is not unreasonable to assume that Hod-



THEIR FAVORITE — Lawrence Welk flashes his enduring smile for New Bernians past 45 or 50 who wouldn't think of missing his Saturday night programs on television. Their loyalty has remained steadfast through the years, and apparently his sponsors aren't disturbed by the fact that younger viewers destest his nostalgic music. No one in show business except Welk thought a dance band could survive more than

a few weeks as a weekly offering on prime time, but that was long ago and the skeptics have been as discredited as the sports experts who said the Baltimore Colts would murder the New York Jets. Clinging to his accent like a hungry flea clings to a hound dog, and equally resistant to altering his tempo, the wily maestro is in tune with the audience he makes a pitch for, and in their eyes he can do no wrong.

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