



The SDS revolution in Chicago

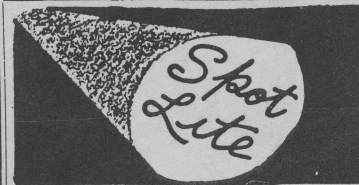
"Hey, man, where's the revolution at?" This question might well have been asked by a late arrival to the "revolution" at Chicago in the week preceding the October Vietnam Moratorium. The revolution was being held by the Weatherman faction of the SDS (Students for A Democratic Society) in the form of "Days Rage", October 8 through 11.

Weatherman is the second largest faction of three factions of the SDS. It is headed by Mark Rudd, who headed the 1968 Columbia revolt, and gets its name from the line in Boy Dylan's "Subterranean Homesick Blues". You don't need a weatherman to know which way the wind blows. The Weatherman faction also controls what was the SDS national office in Chicago.

Trouble for Weatherman began before the revolution ever started. On the afternoon of Wednesday, October 8, the first Day of Rage, Fred Hampton, Chairman of the Illinois Black Panthers, denounced Weatherman. That night, when the revolution was supposed to start, ten thousand Weathermen who were supposed to meet for a rally in Lincoln Park, turned out to be about four hundred. After some singing and chanting, someone identified himself as Marion Delgado. (According to Weatherman, he is a five-year old revolutionary who goes around shooting poison darts and piling concrete blocks on railroads). He tells the crowd to go get "Pig Hoffman", the judge at the Chicago Convention conspiracy trial, at his hotel. It turned out that they had the wrong hotel. The 400 Weathermen started on a rampage toward the hotel, breaking windows, overturning cars, and urinating on everything in sight. (Nothing like a little honest dissent). The revolution had started.

The Weathermen soon learned how much fun it was to have a revolution, to have police club your face in and feel shotgun pellets rip up your guts. Soon, the Wednesday night action was over. Thursday night the Weathermen tried a similar action, only this time the group was about 200 men. The rest were either arrested before, or were scared off. Funny thing, though. Policemen don't seem to scare as easily as revolutionaries. Friday the revolution was postponed because of rain. Saturday morning the police raided

(Continued on page 2)



on SENIORS

EDITOR'S NOTE: We, as editors, feel that Louise Brock is an outstanding senior girl of New Bern High. We took over her job for this issue and chose her for this month's Senior Spotlight along with Chuck Mohn, an outstanding senior boy.

New Bern High is proud to have Louise as a student. She has participated in many high school activities. Last summer, Louise was named to represent our school at Governor's School. She is president of the Art Club, secretary of the National Honor Society, Student Council representative, and a member of GAC. Louise writes the Senior Spotlight and other articles for the Bear Cub. She is also a homeroom Bruin salesman.

Louise will have a busy time this summer. She has a job at the Oceanna Motel in Atlantic Beach. Then, in August, she will spend two weeks in New York.

Next fall, Louise will enter the American College in Paris for her Freshman year. Then she will finish her education at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill.

After college, Louise plans her occupation as a professional dancer or as a translator of French. She loves to travel, and these plans will give her the chance to travel. She also enjoys swimming, sewing, meeting people and dancing at the Ember's Club.

Louise likes New Bern High because of the close student-teacher relationship. Her favorite class is Coastal Biology, "the best course the school has incorporated".

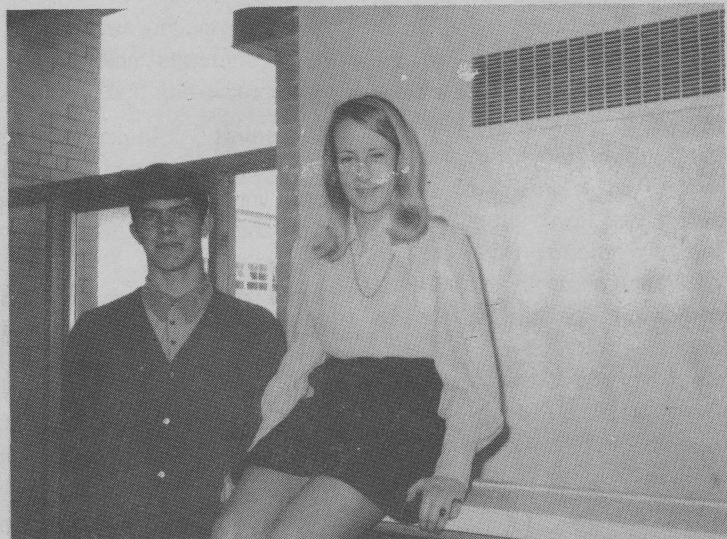
Louise is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Brock of 114 Dogwood Lane.

We wish Louise GOOD LUCK in all that she does!

One of New Bern High's outstanding senior boys is Chuck Mohn, quite a versatile sportsman. During football season, Chuck was a Co-captain for the football team and was selected for the North Carolina All-State Team and the All-East Second Team. On December 6, 1969, he played quite an important role in winning the annual Shrine Bowl game for North Carolina. He is currently a high-scorer for the basketball

team, and he will play baseball later in the year. He is an active member of the Pep Club and the Monogram Club, furthering his interest in sports, and school spirit.

During the summer, Chuck is planning to attend summer school for six weeks. On July 30, he will play in the annual East-West Football game. Next fall, Chuck will head to Duke University, a school that has recognized his sports ability, and has granted him a scholarship. After college, he will continue his education in either medical or engineering school.



Chuck likes the privileges that students at NBHS are given that are not given at other schools. He dislikes "the lack of school spirit, although I do think its improving."

In his spare time, Chuck takes in some golf, hunting and fishing. He is also interested in

coin collecting, aquariums and tropical fish and taxidermy.

He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. Charles n. Mohn of 1203 Green Springs Road.

Chuck has a very promising future. We wish him all the best at Duke and hope to hear more from him soon.

Pure Innocence: the freshman years

This Narrative is rated SEX - Co-Sentimental Epic not designated to cause Xerophthalmia.

A Brief History of the Secondary Education of a Most Noble Character, Pure Innocence.

Part I - The Freshman Years (Wherein our hero is initiated to the rigors of sophisticated life)

My most illustrious high school career began in the 8th grade. My teacher approached me one blurry afternoon and presented me with a sheet which contained the courses I could sign up for the coming year. Being an industrious lad, I promptly filled in the blanks with such courses as would best see me through later life. Quite satisfied that I had mastered the technique of class padding, I retired to my bed. I dreamed dreams of my coming matriculation into that most holy institution, the high school. Indeed to an 8th grader, New Bern High seemed an Olympus. I was shortly to think otherwise.

On orientation day I arrived early. I was immaculately attired in my best sweat shirt and sneakers. I strode the earth and surveyed the campus with a highly critical eye. Finally, I passed judgement. All met with my satisfaction. Shortly afterward, all of my fellow demigods assembled in the auditorium. Names were called and we

were assembled into groups. Finally, my name was called. "Pure Innocence, someone with a funny name called out. I quickly jumped to my feet and marched to the front of the room. The calling resumed. I stood at the front for a few moments and watched the groups move out.

Finally tiring of this sport, I tapped the Student Body President on the shoulder. "Did you call my name?" I asked. "Yeah, probably so, keep it moving buddy." "Moving what where?" I asked, feeling as if I had made an error of some sort.

(Continued on page 2)



INNOCENCE

This guy just looked at me and tapped this good looking girl on the back and whispered something to her. Suddenly, both of them looked at me and burst out laughing. Well, I thanked both of them for their kind assistance with a well known, world renowned gesture and walked outside.

Finally I joined a bunch of kids and walked around for about ten minutes picking up such points of interest as smoking areas and the teacher's parking lot. A little later we exchanged classes and I only committed two errors in finding my rooms. Once I sat in the coal room for ten minutes and the other time I landed in the sick room for ten minutes. The day ended and somehow I wasn't as hot on high school as I had been.

A few brief weeks later, school opened. There I was, sitting in homeroom bright and early wearing one of my three pairs of new socks. A person has to start taking care of his appearance in high school.

Well, bells rang and teachers hollered and kids clogged the halls. Somehow, in spite of orientation, the place did not look real familiar. I checked out my red piece of paper and I walked to NC-2. Well, this was an algebra class. I was going to take algebra but not in

this time period. Anyway, this huge mean-looking, deep-voiced guy started calling roll. He finished and asked if everyone had had his name called. I raised my hand. "Yeah, boy!" "My name wasn't called, sir." "Well, what is it?" "What's what, sir?" "Yere name, boy, yere name!" "Pure Innocence, sir." That deep bass laugh still haunts me. "You know, kid, I

SDS

a church basement where the Weathermen were staying. The revolution was over, 290 kids arrested, all the Weathermen arrested, half the kids injured, 50 policemen injured, at least two innocent victims injured, and three city officials also injured. One city official was Richard Elrod, a city attorney.

He was on hand Thursday thinking he could reason with a Weatherman.

Richard Elrod hasn't been able to move since, and the doctors say he probably never will. For attempting to reason with barbarians, he is paralyzed for life.

recognize that name. You're in my next class." "You better get moving."

As the whole class was rolling in the aisles, I decided that was the best course of action.

The rest of the day followed in much the same vein. The next day was to be much worse.

I got off the bus the next morning. Hardley had my feet alighted than the WORD was passed to me. Today was "initiation day". I gasped for air as I uttered a somewhat unseemingly remark regarding the ancestry of

all seniors. I looked over my shoulders and spied that the path was clear. I ran to homeroom and decided to stay there the rest of the day. However, it turned out that this was unacceptable. The bell rang. I was the last to leave the room. Then it happened. Hardly had I gotten through the hall when... wham! three huge seniors reached for me. I turned on my phenomenal speed and eluded that blood-thirsty crew. I made my way on to the grass on the other side of the patio. When I turned around the unholy three had turned in - to a baker's dozen of the biggest, meanest, ugliest seniors ever to flunk boy's gle club. Bravely they advanced on their prey. Braver still, I stood solid and held my ground. They rushed me and a flurry of fists and arms and legs and ears and bodies and stuff like that were seen to hover above the area.

When this initial assault was over, there I was. Still holding my ground, no, it was more like I was lying my ground. Every inch of my body was covered in shades of blue, black, green, yellow and purple. Then there was the lipstick, every hue of chartreuse, avocado, sensual pink and passion port red imaginable covered every exposed part of my body. Also some areas which were not exposed received some attention. Pictures, diagrams, maps, or-

ders and instructions to teachers and other assorted groffiti were included among the geometric tatoos which adorned my body. In addition to this, I was made to sing 8 verses of an old Jewish wedding hymn. As I did not know any tune of this nature, the young men were content to run my pants up the flagpole and deposit their owner in the nearest trash can. I was also sternly warned

not to ever, ever cross any juniors again. Juniors, I thought they were Seniors. No indeed, the senior initiation was to be the following week. Fortunately, I was stricken with a case of tuberculosis and given a 50-50 chance of survival the next week. However, the doctor told me that the chances of surviving senior initiation were considerably less. That night, I thanked God for T.B.

The year progressed slowly. Finally the stigma of all frosh was laid upon me. It was of course "gym bags". These devices especially required for gym allows anyone to unmistakably single out a freshman at 50 yards. The bags are bulky, clumsy, ugly and a quite unpleasant burden for a man of such tender years to have to bear. Gym bags are just the ostensible causes of freshmen psychoses. Phys. Ed. is the real villain in a freshman's life.

How most of the kids who take P.E. are about as co-ordinated as Agnew on the golf course. The students are made to play sports which require not only co-ordination, but strength and endurance as well. Certainly,

I was not lacking in these areas but I felt bad watching the others play, knowing full well that everything they did was wrong. Sitting on the sidelines enabled me to notice these errors. Another thing I rather dis-

(Continued on page 3)

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gain
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4. HEAVEN KNOWS.....
If I'll Ever Get There Or Not
5. JAM UP JELLY TIGHT.....
Sunbeam Bread
6. MIDNIGHT.....
And I'm Two Hours Late
7. DON'T CRY DADDY.....

INNOCENCE

liked was coming out of the showers and discovering that my towel, clothes, and books were gone. Many times have been spent the night in the gym in the nude awaiting the next day. Invariably, my clothes showed up exactly 24 hours later. Needless to say, gym was not my bag.

If P.E. was my weakest subject, algebra ran next to last. I was always somewhat poor in math, but my performance that year was somewhat less than admirable. Once, after committing a gross error on the board, following conversation ensued. Again the deep, booming voice. "Pure," "Yes, sir", I stammered bravely, "Wha you wanna go and do somethin like that for?" "I thought we were supposed to show complete work, sir." "Yeah, well what you got up there is real nice for a 5th grader." Again that infernal laughter which seemed to follow

me around everywhere echoed throughout the room. "Gee, sir. I never know what to expect from you from day today. "Yeah, well hows about if I hit you over the head with this club every day. Will you know what to expect then?" I looked at the club and grimaced. "Keep surprising me." I really liked that teacher. I will always remember the 25th of January 1967. That was the only day that he did not have to say, "Innocence, no score." I got 50% that day. It wasn't an all-time high or anything but breaking 20% for the first time really impressed me with my teeming mental abilities. From there I went on to conquer the 2nd semester in algebra and summer school as well.

School was almost over and I had changed. No longer was I the punky little freshman come to conquer NBHS. I was now a rising sophomore out to change the world. Oh, woe is ambition. Things were to get worse.

Next issue... The Sophomore Years of the Violation of Innocence, wherein Pure is exposed to Chief Loveman, the king of the senior make-out men.

- My Cooking Isn't That Bad
8. IS THAT ALL THERE IS.....
On The Plates In The Lunch-
room
9. YOU GONNA PAY THE PRICE
If You Keep Eating At The
Charburger
10. TURN TURN TURN.....
That #\$\$#@# Radio Off
11. VOLUNTEERS
To Clean Up After Mr. Swain's
Lab
12. WALKING IN THE RAIN ...
Might Get Me Sick Enough To
Stay Home From School To-
morrow
13. WHEN JULIE COMES A-
ROUND.....
I'm Leaving
14. SOME DAY WE'LL BE TO-
GETHER.....
Fat Chance
15. FORTUNATE SON.....
Of Somebody Rich
16. A BRAND NEW ME.....
Anything is Better Than the Old
One.

From Carl Sandburg's

THE PEOPLE, YES

- "Get off this estate."
- "What for?"
- "Because it's mine."
- "Where did you get it?"
- "From my father."
- "Where did he get it?"
- "From his father."
- "And where did he get it?"
- "He fought for it."
- "Well, I'll fight you for it."

BALLAD OF TWO LOVERS

She wanted a man she could call her own,
That wanted her and her alone.
He'd been picked out from all the rest,
Because God knew she'd loved him the best.
They will walk alone hand in hand,

And next she'll see her gold wedding band.
Together, they spend a few glorious weeks,
Then both of their lives will be bleak.
For now he's in training so to learn how to protect our land,
Which all of us consider so very grand.

Then off he will fly in one of our fast planes,
Into the rice paddies and sugar cane.
She gets a letter, and he's kind of sad,
The heat is awful and the mosquitoes are bad.
She doesn't hear anything for quite a while,
Which proves to be a very great trial.

Then one day she gets a letter,
She thinks of the worse, but hopes for the better.

The sergeant said he died a hero's death,
And told me the words of his last breath.

He said, "I love you, Hon.
Be brave and take good care of our son.

Help him to grow up into a man
Who is willing to fight for this land.

A land that we all hold so dear,
And people cherish it far and near."

SMILE A LITTLE SMILE

Don't cry little girl,
Can't you see it gets you nowhere?

Yes, I know little girl, it hurts.

I know you have love and want to share
You have a reason to give and want to be happy
Wait a little while and hold on,
you're a big girl now
Be patient, understanding and kind.

Don't treat love like toy or an everyday game, little girl
It doesn't work that way
Even thought, it's not fair that he doesn't care
One day, truth will prevail and you two will be identified with love
Until then, little girl, stop crying and smile a little smile.

FOR HUMANITY

People smile and say
It's for Humanity
When we go to war
And fight to be free
Then they laugh and say
That peace will come along
But then, they really know
Hatred's in the wrong.
They send us with our rifles
Over the sea
And tell us we must
Fight for Liberty

And just when someone
Finds a good solution
They laugh and send
Them to an institution
Oh, when will people
Ever get together
And talk of things
As silly as the weather
Then, I cry, whenever
I look around
To find the ones
Who really love freedom,
Lying underground
Is it much to ask you
Face to face
To live in love
With the human race
Even people of other worlds
It seems
Cheat and steal and laugh
And lie and scheme
I know I don't have reason
For this to say
But I will
When war comes to an end one day.

THIS ROAD

I traveled this road once before
It was three years ago, no maybe four.

I lost my life on this lonely road.
I died from exposure, I'd a heavy load,
The wine and scotch took control of my brain,
I was a puppet, partially insane.
I cried like a baby and fought like a man,
I had a case of explosives and a grenade in my hand.
I fell to my knees and sobbed in the dirt,
For the grenade had exploded, It had caught in my shirt.
I traveled this road once before
Now, but too late, I know the score.

MY, MY THIS WORLD

My this world is full of fright;
People aren't safe day or night.

They say this world is off beat;
No wonder! This world needs peace to keep.
Yes, this world is full of sights and sounds;
Togetherness is what we need; but it's not around.

When men learn to stick together;
Then life can be smooth, smooth as a feather.

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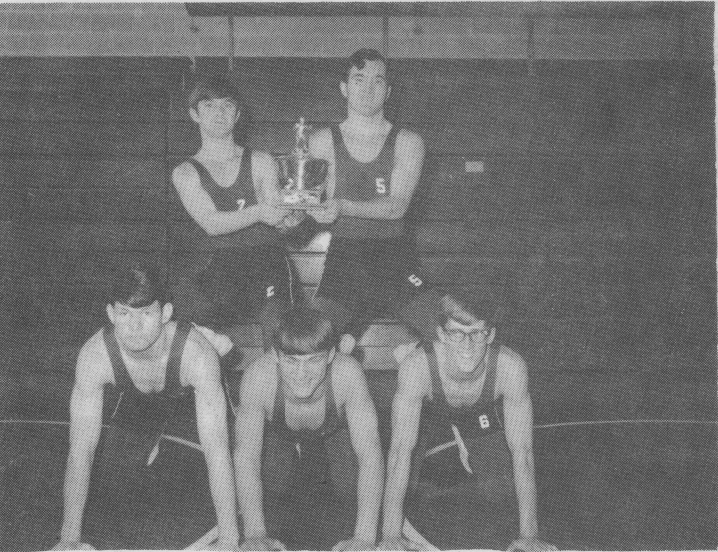
NEW BERN 44 - KINSTON 10
The Bear Grapplers still remain undefeated after their fourteenth match of the season. They defeated the Kinston Red Devils by the score of 44 to 10 to end their regular season. The only wins that Kinston scored against the Bears were the 115 pounds and the 167 pounds. These two classes are occupied by good but inexperienced boys. The rest of the Bear Grapplers scored wins over their men to put the team into fine shape for the tournaments.

BEARS WIN DIVISION AND SEND TWO TO CONFERENCE

The Division II tournaments was won by the undefeated Bears. The Bears will send five wrestlers to the Conference Tournament. These five boys are Ervin Whitehurst, Jack Simpson, Lyn Fulcher, Jeff Stocks, and Monroe Sanders. These five boys have been outstanding wrestlers this season, and New Bern's hopes for winning the 4-A conference rides with them. The Bears will travel to Wilmington this Saturday to face the division winner of the other two divisions. These Bear Wrestlers are also undefeated in their own records. Ervin Whitehurst is 15-0-1, Jack Simpson is 16-0, Lyn Fulcher is 14-0, Jeff Stocks is 16-0, and Monroe Sanders is 16-0. We could not be represented by better wrestlers anywhere.

THE DIVISION TOURNAMENTS

The Bears had six wrestlers slated first and four slated second. These wrestlers were given byes in the qualifications



THE CHAMPS



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WRESTLING TEAM



BASKETBALL TEAM

matches. John Sanders and Dale Scales wrestled during this round to try and make semi-finals. Dale Scales was defeated and therefore eliminated. New Bern had 11 out of 12 wrestlers in the semi-finalists more than any other team. The boys winning their matches and moving

into the final rounds were Jeff Stilley, Ervin Whitehurst, Melvin Williams, Jack Simpson, Robert Arthur, Lyn Fulcher, Jeff Stocks, and Monroe San-

Basketball:

NBHS 81 vs HOGGARD 64-The Bears played their finest game of the year against Hoggard. After leading by only 4 points at half time, the Bears came back the second half and ran the Vikings off the court. Mohn hit 29 and Heath added 18

NBHS 62 vs KINSTON 59-The Bears appeared to be sluggish in this game after playing Hoggard the night before. After building an early lead in the 1st half, the Bears had to hold off a late Kin-

ders. Three of the Bears were beaten and eliminated. Out of the eight to enter the finals, New Bern had five winners to go to the Conference Tournaments. CONGRATULATIONS, BOYS!

ston rally. New Bern showed a lot of poise in this game. Mohn had 27 and Heath had 15.

NBHS 87 vs GOLDSBORO 101. New Bern met Goldsboro on a night when the Cougars could not miss! The Bears played well but were just not fast enough. Mohn led the way with 23, followed by Marshburn with 18, Heath with 17, and Moser with 16.

NBHS 69 vs WILSON 61 - Both teams played well in this game, but some key baskets by Larry Moser and fine passing by Steve

Fisher late in the game pulled it out for the Bears. Mohn hit 24 while Moser added 17. New Bern's defense did a fine job holding Carlester Crumpler to 11 points.

NBHS 70 vs JACKSONVILLE 60. This game was close all the way but the Bears pulled it out late in the game. The Jacksonville coach was hit with three technical fouls late in the game which enabled the Bears to win by 10. Marshburn played a fine game and hit 26 points.

Turn

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BELK OF NEW BERN
231 MIDDLE STREET
NEW BERN, N.C.

Dear Amy:

Dear Amy:

Help!! Help!! Help!! Help!! New Bern High School Spirit is dead. At the pep rallies, lots of people leave and the cheering is dead. It's not really the cheerleader's fault, but ours as students. Come on-let's get the hang of it. Don't you agree?

New Bern High Student

I agree with you. In the section I sat in, I was disappointed. The Freshmen out did the Jrs. and Srs. Also, so many Jrs. and Srs. left. Come on Jrs. and Srs. Let's Go!

Dear Amy:

Many grownups have supported the student body by putting the Shrine Club in operation some Saturdays. It's always crowded and lots of fun, but most of the kids are college or out of town kids. Why don't NBHS students support this when the grownups are only out to give us a place to go - not to make money?

Depressed

I've often wondered that I go out there every Saturday its open. The groups are wild! Please help us, New Bern High School students!

Dear Amy:

When does a certain girl, after 3 years of continuous dating want to break up with me, the world's greatest lover?

Confused

Sometimes, 3 years is a long time for a girl and boy to go together. This is when they like each other a lot, but it doesn't go any deeper than that. If she really loved, you, she would never get tired of your company. Or, she may want to date other boys just to see how much she really likes you.

Dear Amy:

I am so good looking. I have a problem fighting the men off. They always call up the house and tie up the phone. What should I do?

Please Help Me.

You must be doing something to encourage them. So control yourself.

Dear Amy:

Do you think a girl should call a boy?

Absolutely not if it concerns a personal reason. Boys get very annoyed with the kind of girl who smothers him all the time.

Dear Amy:

There's this Junior girl I know. I hope she reads this. She's finally got her a boy! Well, he's

not such a hitch, but she thinks he's so good looking and always talking about him. I get tired of every other word being about him. Can't she see she's just acting like a slave?

Try to be patient with this girl. She doesn't know that she is acting that way. It's the first time she's liked someone and she'll learn not to act over bearing after awhile.



Chris Kelso, member of the Senior Class, was chosen as Teenager of the Year by the New Bern Jaycees. Congratulations, Chris!

AGE OF HAPPINESS

When I was younger and knew no better, I was happy, free, and so in love With life and my surroundings that I failed To see what would become of me. And so I lived in a great age of happiness.

I had friends then, lots of them who gave me Confidence, humor, and places to go, Joyful blindness beyond comprehension. But when I look around now, I find that All which once was is now out of my grasp.

Where has everything that I once loved gone? What has happened to me since these things were? These questions still haunt me now and then, but There are no answers, and I guess these things Are, like the Age of Happiness, Gone.

MARCH

Horoscopes:

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21 - Feb. 19) Neither a borrower nor a lender be this month. Catch up on letters, trips and visits. Be practical around the 10th.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20) Be ready for a great month. Don't

jump to any conclusions. Remember things aren't always the way they seem.

ARIES (Mar. 20-Apr. 20) Work out problems at the start of the month. Relax and kick up your heels after the 29th.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21) Friendships, secret hopes, and wishes accented now. Love troubles crop up on the 6th. Keep a cool head.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21) Take initiative now in realizing ambitions. News from a faraway friend after the 29th.

CANCER (June 22-July 23) Plan now for future fun. Remember the guy you met last summer and haven't heard from since?

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23) Upset applecarts on your financial horizon, so pinch pennies. Try a blind date just for the fun of it.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23) Tactful dealing with an older person will bring you prestige and material gains. A letter from a faraway friend could mean a trip.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23) Someone will tell you a secret: be careful not to betray the trust. The time is right for a trip.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 23) Pursue your heart's desires, but use your time in a constructive way. Stay near home til mid-March. SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 24-Dec. 21) Extra tact and courtesy required now. Don't start any new projects after the 21st.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 - Jan. 20) Gossip may lead to trouble after the 13th, so keep quiet. Don't make any flash decisions.

Diane Smith... You're in love with your student teacher in music.

Martha Ipock... You go to see and X-rated movie and your parents come and sit right behind you.

Sande Williams... You hide in the attic on a school day, make noises to scare the maid, she calls the maid next door and they find you.

Jerri Wilcox... Regina is over and you try sneaking out, running from Jar-heads in blue Mustangs, throwing rocks at hungry mutts, and making crosses with your fingers to keep werewolves away.

Lynda Bowers... Someone remembers your old forgotten nick name.

Beth Corning... You're on the floor at a pep rally, your mind goes blank and you forget all the cheers.

Sarajane Finch... You talk too much in your sleep; you walk downstairs in the N.C. building without a pass and your watch stops and you don't know it while you're at the drive-in.

Dona Lichtenwalter... You get SO fat that everyone starts calling you ELEPHANT.

Lisa Geiter... You get to the basketball game and you find you've forgotten your red panties.

Connie Carpenter... The teacher and all the class finds out your real reason for leaving class all the time.

Alice Tripp... You're really not that type, but you want to try something new and you get caught when you're not even liking it.

Debbie Hill... You try to give your boy friend HIS ringback and he won't take it, so you put it in his wrestling pants, it gets stuck, but now everything is GREAT! We're back together. Ricky Fulcher & John Nyberg... You get busted.

Susan Long... Your date comes to pick you up, there is no one home and you answer the door with nothing but a towel wrapped around you.

Gail Story... Your mother finds an ash tray full of cigarette butts in your desk drawer.

Sharon Pigott... Rumors are started around about you and everybody (including your parents) believes them.

Danny McMahan... Your teacher looks at your test and starts laughing and crying at the same time.

Debby Bennett... Your term paper is due the week you're getting married.

Carl Bell... You're single.

Glenda Tilghman... Judy and I are supposed to be in at 12:00 and get home at 2:30.

Woody Maness... You are only fifteen and you wreck your father's car and hit a teacher's mailbox.

Rhonda Walker... You forget your Certs.



Jeff Margolis and his brother the Bear Cub. We want to thank Larry are the photographers for them for the work that they do!

Western Auto

BAND NEWS

Seven students from the New Bern High School Band were selected for All-State Band. They are: Becky Warren, Flute; Mike Clay, Clarinet; Alex Holton, Trumpet; Jeff Margolis, French Horn; Randy Guptill, Baritone; Ricky Guptill, Tuba and Randy Erdman, Percussion.

The two-day affair began on Friday, February 6. The students departed at 7:00 a. m. and arrived in Greenville an

hour later. After registration, the students were divided into their respective groups. One group, the Symphonic Band, which included Becky Warren, Alex Holton, Jeff Margolis, Randy Guptill and Randy Erdman, was placed under the direction of Dr. Clifton Williams, a renowned composer and guest conductor. The other group, the Concert Band which included Ricky Guptill and Mike Clay,

rehearsed under the supervision of Mr. Harold Jones, a member of the faculty of the School of Music at East Carolina University. Rehearsals were in two hour stints and ended at 5:00 p. m. That night, all of the All-

State Band members were treated to command performances by the East Carolina Symphonic Band and the East Carolina Jazz Band.

On Saturday, rehearsals began anew, lasting two hours per period. That night, each band presented a concert in Wright Auditorium. All of the band members from NBHS commented on the techniques and theory they had learned as well as the fun they had had during this enriching two day period.

WAR, PEACE

Some cry war
Others cry peace
Some are dead
Others are weak
Shouting
Pouting
Laughing
Crying
What's the sense in even trying
You can never please them all
This world will soon crumble and fall
Then what is there left to stand up for
Love or Peace or Hate or War

MORE TROUBLE

Ulysess Gallman.....You get the dish towel sucked up in the vacuum cleaner hose and you can't get it out.

K. T....Parking with a boy and the cops raid Greenwood.

Bing...You drop your plate in the lunchroom and all your friends see you, even your HERO (the Chucker.) Also when you're walking past the Science Building during lunch and your panty hose fall off.

Advanced Girl's Quartet.....Wagemaker comes to the back of the bus on an all day trip to Greenville.

Nancy Stephenson...You run out of money before the weekend.

Ken Peele....You go out with a girl that has to be in when the sun goes down.

Debbie Smith...When you go parking and get stuck and have to be home in 10 minutes.

Rick Goldman.....You're caught with your pants down.

Debbie Bullard...You forget to study for a Swain Biology test.

ON TRAVEL

You can go places here and there, and you will only find, that people are the same everywhere.

Or maybe you can buy someone a soda pop, that you think you know, and they will follow you everywhere you go.

Look at all the pretty things in the five and ten.

Glance back, and they will be on your trail once again.

You can walk on all the streets and won't find one paved with gold.

You will only find: The people that walk on them are bold.

You say this is a bad place and you want to get out.

Well, go to another state, and it is worse, no doubt.

You have left home and want to come back.

Because you didn't like the other side of the tracks.

So, when you travel around the world and find that people are the same,

Remember: The boy that told you was Johnson, James.

THE CUB

Co-Editors in Chief..... Becky Brown
Linda Jones
Art and Poetry Editor..... Ginny Olmstead
Co-Sports Editors..... Jeff Stocks, Kirk Lovell
Club News Editor..... Becky Warren
Typists..... Trish Bevil
Carolyn Haddock
Pat Bengel
Horoscope..... Frances Register
Surveys..... Ivy Greene
Head Salesman..... Ruth Anderson
Advertisement..... Valeria Huggins
Guess Who?
Dear Amy..... Louise Brock
Senior Spotlight.....
Advisor..... Mrs. Banks

Thank You

The Bear Cub would like to thank Miss F. Wells and the other typists who helped to get the paper typed for this edition.

Cecil's Citgo

CECIL BELL-MGR.

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COME IN AND SEE
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Scholarship

F. C. Whitlock, M. D. and Mrs. Whitlock, of 1814 Tryon Road, New Bern, have notified Dean of Students Im Wrenn of Craven Technical Institute of their intentions to annually make available to a qualifying male student the total cost of tuition and textbooks.

This very generous contribution of Dr. Whitlock will provide the means for a new standard of living in time to come for students who would otherwise never have such an opportunity.

Craven Technical Institute anticipates a broad scholarship program for the benefits of deserving students earning the Associates Degree of Occupational Diploma in various programs of study.

I M A G I N E

Can you imagine Joe Edwards being tall?

Can you imagine Robert Davis and Michael Patrick trying not to be play-boys?

Can you imagine Larry Higgins losing a few pounds?

Can you imagine Coach Wiley as a racist?

Can you imagine George Wallace with an Afro?

Can you imagine Tom Ward singing, "I Can't Get Next To you" ?

Can you imagine Renee Adams without Warren Keys?

Can you imagine Chuck Mohn wearing elevated shoes?

Can you imagine Gail Atkinson without a piece of bubble-gum ?

Can you imagine Larry Moser singing, "I'm A Soul Man" ?

Can you imagine Mrs. Hunnings opening her class saying, "Bonjour, class" ?

Can you imagine Trish (Menius) without Tom (Ward) ?

Can you imagine being able to understand a chemistry lesson under Mrs. Revell?

SUPPORT

YOUR

BEAR

CUB

Can you imagine Mrs. Harriet saying, "Okay, class, take 5" ?

Can you imagine New Bern High School actually being threatened by a real bomb scare ?

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