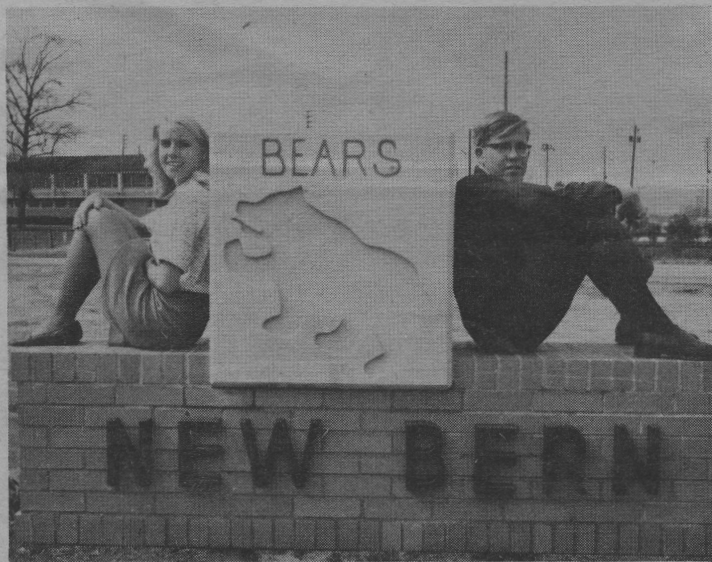




on SENIORS

By LOUISE BROCK



Sandy Howard and Ivy Greene relax from studies.

SANDY HOWARD

Miss Sandy Howard is truly an outstanding senior girl. Many of you recognize her as the head cheerleader, boosting school spirit at our ballgames. She extends this spirit as a member of the Pep Club. She is also a member of the Senior Science Club, the Junior Civitan Club and the Girls' Tri-Chi. She is a Bruin Salesman and a alternate Student Council Representative. Sandy will be here in New Bern most of the summer. She will spend a few weeks at the beach though.

In the fall, Sandy will be attending UNC in Chapel Hill. She is one of the few fortunate girls. After college, she will possibly go into physical therapy or primary education.

As a perky and active girl, Sandy enjoys swimming and going to the beach. One of her main interests is dating Larry.

Sandy likes the many activities that the students can participate in here at NBHS. "There are chances to play sports, be indifferent clubs, and even the cheerleading squad. It gives everyone a chance to be together." She least likes the lack of school spirit and pride in our school.

Sandy is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. W. R. Howard of 307 Fairway Drive. She has a bright smile and a bright future.

IVY GREENE

Ivy Greene is certainly one of the wittiest and most interesting people at NBHS. He contributes to the school in so many varied ways. Ivy is the Secretary of the Boys' Tri-Chi. He is also a member of the Senior Science Club and the Debate Club. Not only is Ivy the head salesman for the Bear Cub, but he is also one of the staffs best and most active writers. He is an ad salesman for the Bruin.

During the summer, Ivy is going to take things easy. Then in the fall, he will attend UNC-Chapel Hill academically concentrating on political science, public administration, and economics. After college, Ivy hopefully will enter the government in either the State or Justice Department. He wants to enter politics some day.

Ivy has varied outside interests including swimming, bowling, and reading. He is also quite interested in current events and politics. As Ivy says, "I play a wicked game of tennis -- not very good, but wicked."

Ivy likes the friendliness of students at NBHS, but complains of a degree of apathy, too.

We are sure Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Ricks of 6-1 Chattawka Lane are really proud of Ivy. His friendliness and wit have won him many friends and much respect as it certainly will continue to do in the future.

Earth Day Demands Time for Discussion

Hopefully, this issue of the Bear Cub will come out before April 22. April 22 is to be the first national environmental teach-in, similar to the Vietnam Moratorium. I said I hoped that this issue would come out before the 22nd so that students will have an opportunity to ask the school administration, hopefully through the Student Council, to give us Wednesday, April 22, or at least part of the day (as they did for the Moratorium), as a day of discussion of the problems of environmental deterioration and overpopulation.

Probably during the 1970s, and certainly by the 1980s, a number of terrible things are going to happen. The most immediate danger we face is that of overpopulation, because the conse-

quences of overpopulation will include famine, war and pestilence. "Each year food production in underdeveloped countries falls a little further behind burgeoning population growth, and people go to bed a little bit hungrier. While there are temporary local reversals of this trend, it now seems inevitable that it will continue to its logical conclusion: mass starvation. The rich are going to get richer, but the poor are going to get poorer. Of these poor, a minimum of 3 1/2 million will starve to death this year, most of them children. But this is a mere handful compared to the numbers that will be starving in a decade or so. And it is now too late to take action to save many of these people."

Those are the words of Dr. Paul R. Ehrlich of Stanford in his book, *The Population Bomb*. I suggest you read it -- it is easy reading, relatively short, interesting and terrifying. And in case you think that Dr. Ehrlich is nothing but a bookworm, stuffed-shirt professor, consider that his book, *The Population Bomb*, has over 950,000 copies in print; he has written a number of other books and scientific papers; he says the environment is "going to hell, and Nixon is doing worse than nothing to stop it"; his articles have appeared in everything from *McCall's* to *Playboy*; he is booked over a year ahead for personal appearances at college campuses and he gets about 2 dozen requests a day; he says of the Atomic Energy Commission that "its stand in regard to radiation levels is that if you can't prove they're going to kill you, they're all right"; and, although he is sympathetic toward Catholics who must follow the birth control taboos of the Church, he asks "Why should anyone take sexual advice from the Pope?" Ehrlich tells it like it is. And his main point is that what is going to happen first in Asia and parts of Africa and Latin America must not be allowed to continue.

The time it takes for the world population to double is now less than 35 years. To give a better idea of what this really means, let us examine the doubling time of the world population in the past. "It has been estimated that the human population of 6000 B. C. was about 5 million people, taking perhaps 1 million years to get there from 2 1/2 million. The population did not reach 500 million until almost 8000 years later -- about 1650 A.D. This means it doubled every thousand years or so. It reached a billion people around 1850, doubling in some 200 years. It took only 80 years or so for the next doubling, as the population reached 2 billion around 1930. We have not

Pure Innocence: The Sophomore Years

We continue the relation of the now legendary tale of the secondary education of Pure Innocence.

THE SOPHOMORE YEARS: (Authors Note: The word years should not be construed so as to imply that Innocence spent more than 1 year in each grade. The word years merely sounds somewhat more dramatic than the plain old word "year").

After spending a somewhat less than ... er shall I say satisfying summer I prepared to once again enter into the halls and ivy covered walls that composed NBHS. Well, the walls aren't exactly ivy covered but who thinks of returning to a modern duplex type school building. It's not a really romantic thought is it?

The first day of school I walked around basking in the pleasure of seeing all the blatantly immature, stupid, weird-o looking Frosh run through the mill of initiation. Unfortunately I was looked on as a blatantly stupid, immature, weird-o looking sophomore, and was consequently initiated for the second year in a row.

After the initial 6 weeks passed by without much of merit to relate, I decided to take drivers education or D. E. to the in-crowd. What an experience. The classroom part was so-so, about like the other classes I slept through. However, after graduating 34th in a class of 30 the real fun began.

The driving part for me started at 7:00 A.M. This was pretty early, but for a man of my mental and physical competence I felt I could handle it. I got there the first day on time, and about 10 minutes later everyone was assigned a car. My instructor was a fellow named...well I don't know. Everyone called him by the nickname of...well to his face his nickname was BombaLuau. I don't know how he came by this tag, but whenever he got mad, he did act somewhat like the feasting natives of Hawaii.

(See SOPHOMORE Pg. 6)

(See THE PROBLEM Pg. 5)

Coincidence?

(Reprinted from the Waterville Advance, June 6, 1968: Written by J. D. Webster, Sports Editor.)

In May of 1919 at Dusseldorf, Germany, the Allied Forces obtained a copy of some of the "Communist Rules for Revolution." Nearly 50 years later, the Reds are still following the rules.

A. Corrupt the young; get them away from religion. Get them interested in sex. Make them superficial; destroy their ruggedness.

B. Get control of all means of publicity, thereby;

1. Get people's mind off their government by focusing their attention on athletics, sexy books and plays and other trivialities.

2. Divide the people into hostile groups by constantly harping on controversial matters of no importance.

3. Destroy the people's faith in their natural leaders by holding the latter up to contempt, ridicule and obloquy.

4. Always preach true democracy, but seize power as fast and as ruthlessly as possible.

5. By encouraging government extravagance, destroy its credit, produce fear of inflation with rising prices and general discontent.

6. Foment unnecessary strikes in vital industries, encourage civil disorders and foster a lenient and soft attitude on the part of government toward such disorders.

7. By specious argument cause the breakdown of the old moral virtues, honesty, sobriety, continence, faith in the pledged word, ruggedness.

C. Cause the registration of all firearms on some pretext, with a view of confiscating them and leaving the population helpless.

That was quite a list, wasn't it? Now stop and think -- how many of these rules are being carried out in this nation today? I don't see how any thinking person can truthfully say that the Communists do not have any part in the chaos that is upsetting our nation. Or is it just one big coincidence? I doubt it!



Pure innocence and E. Z. Make

Hollywood Comes to NBHS

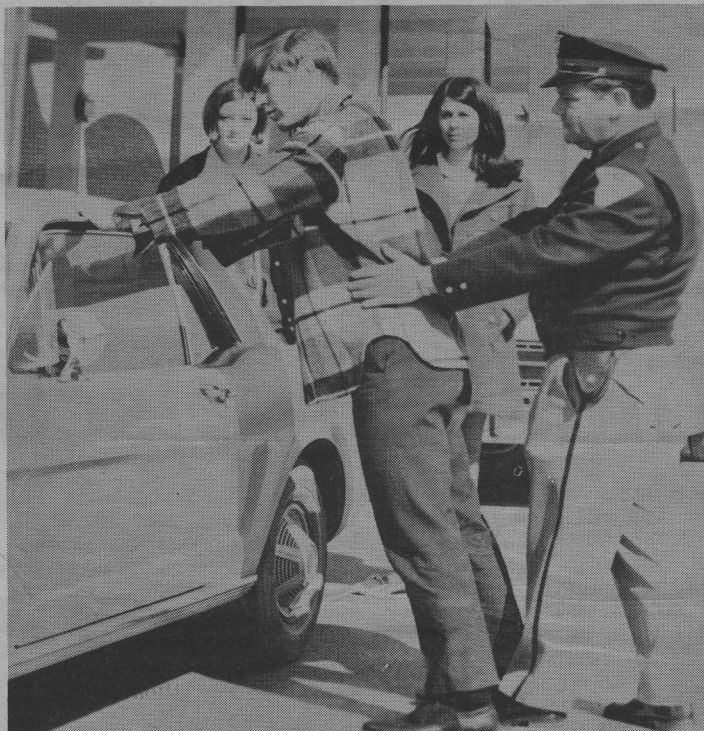
By VALERIA HUGGINS

Recently, Mr. Willis' sixth period government class produced an eight ml. color movie entitled "Lifted at Lunch". The class was given several ideas for a project such as reports and guest speakers. It was decided that making a film would be the most interesting and challenging.

The ingenuity of Gene Williams as script writer; the finances of the producer, Greg Jones, and the skill of the cameraman, Ricky Guptill, created a most interesting and educational film. The story was about two boys who stole a car -- Wayne Boyd and Larry Moser. Carol Wolfe, the owner of the car, reported the theft to Mr. Phelps who in turn immediately reported it to the police.

The investigating officer of the police department was Officer Everington. As the police officer was getting a description of the car from Carol Wolfe, Gene Williams and Libby Brixon drove up. They were the eye-witnesses of the theft, and they reported to the police about seeing Larry and Wayne in the stolen car entering the Charburger. The police then go to the Charburger, and the thieves are apprehended but not without a struggle to escape. The criminals were then given a "speedy" trial by jury with Mr. Willis as presiding judge. They were found guilty and given a two year probation.

It took the class twenty-four school days to produce the film, and it cost approximately \$25.00.



Scene from "Lifted at Lunch".

There was a small admission fee of 10¢ to view the ten minute film which was used to pay back the producer.

At the end of every showing, the students were given a questionnaire concerning the film. They were asked to grade it and make comments. The class's final grade will be the average of all the grades they received.

Best actor was also chosen through the questionnaire and will

be presented a gold cup with the extra funds from admission. Mr. Willis will also receive a bear with "Lifted at Lunch" on him as an appreciation gift from the students.

The project turned out well, and everyone that saw it was bound to enjoy it. The entire class participation made it a success. Comments received were favorable, and there are several listed below.

"The great thing about it was that it was done by students. The students who participated showed originality. It was a practical and humorous application of the things they had learned."

Tommy Evans

"'Lifted at Lunch' is a good movie. It shows the cooperation of the class and the police. Maybe it will dissuade someone else from going down the crooked path to theft."

Suzanne Grubb

"I think 'Lifted at Lunch' was a great class project. They should make it into a weekly series and compete with 'Hee-Haw' and 'Laugh-In'."

Jo Anne Bradbury

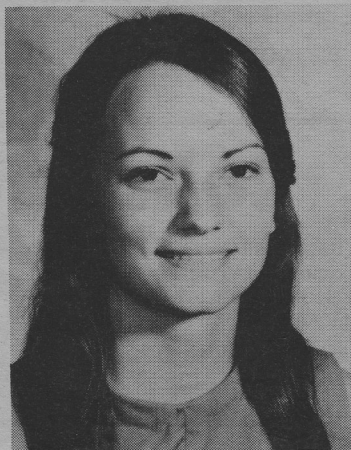
"'Lifted at Lunch' was very interesting. I thought it was worth much more than the 10¢ I paid for it'."

Mike Clay

Well now that this class has paved the way to the film industry at New Bern High School, maybe some other classes will also think on terms of producing a film.



WANDA PATTEN



CONNIE VOSS



ANNETTE CUTTRELL

NBHS Students Place In Typing Contest

East Carolina University of Greenville, North Carolina, sponsored a county-wide type-writing contest at Havelock High School on March 18. New Bern High School took three of the top four winning places in the contests. Connie Voss of New Bern High School won second place in advanced typing. The winners in beginning type were Wanda Patten, first place; and Annette Cuttrell, second place. Vickie Tipton of Havelock High School won first place in advanced typing.

Connie Voss was competing in a group of 22 in the advanced typing contest, and Wanda Patten and Annette Cuttrell were competing in a group of 37 in the beginning contest. New Bern High School had 17 beginning and 7 advanced typists; J. T. Barber, 4 beginning and 5 advanced; Havelock High, 8 beginning and 4 advanced; Farm Life, 4 beginning and 2 advanced; Newbold School, 2 beginning and 2 advanced.

Douglas Davis, director of occupational education for Craven County Schools, was coordinator of the contest and administered the tests, with the help of George Wilson, high school supervisor for New Bern City Schools.

Teachers attending included Jerry Cox of Newbold School; Mrs. Madolyn Ainsworth of Jasper School; Mrs. Maggie Stilley of Farm Life School; Mrs. Ernestine Richardson and Mrs. Carol Hill of J. T. Barber; Mrs. Frances Noble, Mrs. Ethel Godette, Mrs. Helen Ragan, and Tom Eason of Havelock High; Mrs. M. B. Pope of New Bern High School.

During the social hour, the Business Department and the Future Business Leaders of Havelock High School served assorted sandwiches, relish dish, potato chips, assorted cookies, and soft drinks.

The four winners from Craven County will compete at the District Contest to be held at East Carolina University April 23. A banquet will be held for all contestants at 6:00 p.m. on that date, at which time awards will be made to the district winners.

Future Business Leaders Have Monthly Meeting

The New Bern Chapter of the Future Business Leaders of America held its monthly meeting on Monday evening, March 16.

The President, Mike Scott, called the meeting to order and gave the welcome. The creed was then repeated in unison with the President.

The roll call and report of the minutes of the last meeting were given by the secretary, Gail Goodwin. The financial report of the club was given by the treasurer, Kenny Heatherly.

The President then announced the selection of a nominating committee; whose duties are to nominate candidates for next year's vacancies. The chairman of the committee is Linda Ferree with Trish Bevil, Steve Thomas,

and Vivian Potter on the committee.

The plans for the State Leadership Conference to be held in Durham on April 3, was discussed next. Those who are planning to represent the club were recognized along with the duties they are to perform:

Sharon Andrews will represent New Bern High School in the Miss FBLA contest and Kenny Edwards, Mr. FBLA. Those who will be on the parliamentary team are Steve Thomas, Kenny Heatherly, Jeanne Deal, Deborah Pate, Vivian Potter and Mike Scott. The project display will be prepared by Margaret Sumrell and Carolyn Haddock. Debbie Hargett will represent the club in the Public Speaking. Janis Parker will compete in the spelling division. The scrapbook is being prepared by Darlene White and Karen Gaskins and will be entered in competition at the conference. Gail Goodwin, Sandra Harrison and Barbara Ippock are preparing the activities report. The scrapbook, activities report, and Chapter display will be entered in the contest for a grand prize award. Work on the chapter project is being done by Pat Stilley who will enter it at the conference. She is being assisted in this by Deborah Pate and Kenny Edwards.

Sen. Ed Muskie Invited to Talk At Symposium

The Carolina Tarheels filled Memorial Hall to beyond its capacity, Tuesday, March 17, to hear former vice-presidential candidate Edmund Muskie speak. Sen. Muskie was one of many speakers invited to talk at the campus during the symposium Man and His Environment.

Some of Mr. Swain's Coastal Biology students attended the symposium on Tuesday. The students left school at 11:30 and arrived on campus in time to hear some afternoon speakers. After an enjoyable dinner, the students returned to the Hall to obtain seats for the lecture. By 7:15 the Hall was already filled. People were sitting in the windows, on the floor, and many had to leave because of fire ordinances.

Senator Muskie began his talk at 8:00. He talked for an hour on the pollution of man's total environment. After his talk there was a brief question-answer period. Then the Senator answered a few questions from the audience.

Muskie left the stage with a loud applause from the audience, and Mr. Swain's students departed on their long ride back to New Bern.

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Say It In Song

H. S. (Sophomore girl) sends to W. K. and M. E. -- It's A New Day.

S. S. (Sophomore girl) sends to W. A. (Indiana) -- Who's Loving You

I. H. (Junior girl) sends to D. F. (JTB) -- Our Day Has Come

D. B. (Sophomore girl) sends to D. C. (JTB) -- Ready or Not, Here I Come

V. P. (Sophomore girl) sends to K. S. -- The Rapper

C. H. (Junior girl) sends to R. J. -- If You Want It, Here It Is Come and Get It

P. B. (Junior girl) sends to J. W. (ECU) -- Give Me Just A Little More Time

R. L. (Junior girl) sends to L. S. (Senior boy) -- When We Get Married

S. H. (Sophomore girl) sends to G. D. (JTB) -- You're the One

G. D. (Sophomore girl) sends to S. S. -- Someday We'll Be Together

D. R. (Junior girl) sends to D. K. -- My Baby Loves Love

S. C. (Junior girl) sends to B. R. -- Someday We'll Be Together

L. Q. (Sophomore girl) sends to J. S. -- Our Day Will Come

L. F. sends to Potter -- Lay a Little Loving on Me

Bing sends to Wadie -- Don't Stop Now

R. W. sends to L. Q. -- Baby I'm For Real

V. S. (Sophomore girl) sends to W. K. (Sophomore boy) -- Baby I'm For Real and Keep on Doing It

Cliff S. sends to Frances C. "Deeper in Love"

R. A. sends to C. H. -- The Bells

D. S. sends to M. H. -- A Rainy Night In Georgia

M. M. sends to D. B. -- With These Hands and Who's Loving You

Sweet Val sends to an old flame -- "If You're Happy I'm Happy"

S. M. sends to R. G. -- Let It Be

Carol W. sends to Tommy -- My Baby Loves Love

W. H. sends to L. Q. -- We'll Always Be Friends

The Nominees Are . . .

"Lifted at Lunch" won four academy awards including best picture of 1970. But the question is, "Who were the other nominees?"

"That Cold Day in the Park" starring Gary Barker and Elizabeth Watts.

"Funny Girl" starring Sharon Piggott.

"The Egg and I" starring Lisa Barefoot and Larry Higgins.

"The Voice from Beyond" starring Mrs. Watson.

"The Odd Couple" starring Chopper Williams and Yakky Spruill.

"The Computer Wore Tennis Shoes" starring Harry Wright.

"True Grit" starring the lunchroom staff.

"Deadlier Than the Male" starring Mrs. Hunnings.

"Away We Go" by Darnell's Gulf Station.

"Gone With the Wind" by the students at 3:21.

By Gene Williams

'The Bootery'

We Shoe
the Family

The Age of Aquarius

By PAT BENDEL

For the past decade astronomy has grown quite popular. Some believe in it, others don't. Is there really anything to horoscopes, compatible zodiac signs, the stars governing one's life, or the Age of Aquarius? There's been a lot of research done but not everyone will believe in given facts. As in every field of work there's always the so

called 'quacks' so one will find these false soothsayers in astronomy. But how does one tell the difference? He has to decide for himself what to believe or not to believe. One should not be taken in by fortune-tellers, palmists, advice givers, etc. With a little common sense and reasoning astronomy can be both interesting and fun. Is it written in the stars for you?

HOROSCOPES

Aries (March 21-April 20) good times are ahead for Arians this month. You are on a winning spree. Have fun.

Taurus (April 21-May 20) Around the middle of the month is the most swiftest time for you. Love doesn't go too smoothly.

Gemini (May 21-June 20) This is the time to indulge, take the plunge. Experiment with your ideas.

Cancer (June 21-July 20) Surviving competition is the issue this month. Be on your guard.

Leo (July 21-Aug. 21) As usual you're a social standout but try not to pick up a few too many enemies.

Virgo (Aug. 22-Sept. 22) This month the Virgoan ego gets a boost. New outlets in work and love.

Libra (Sept. 23-Oct. 22) Have a good time out socially but don't forget home. Be happy with yourself.

Scorpio (Oct. 23-Nov. 22) Excitement in love may be found for Scorpions. Make way for surprises.

Sagittarius (Nov. 23-Dec. 20) This is the time of cloud-nine experiences. Be with it.

Capricorn (Dec. 21-Jan. 19) Careful is the word this month in everything- you are under observation.

Aquarius (Jan. 20-Feb. 18) Love goes badly this month. Don't listen to past rumors. Don't misjudge people wrongly.

Pisces (Feb. 19-Mar. 20) The with-it month for you. But don't go overboard. Pamper yourself.

Unfortunate?

As another day begins, I think that maybe I am not so unfortunate. I don't have all I want, but does anyone? I have not done everything I want to do, but perhaps I am blind to the dangers people seem to protect me from.

No, I am not so unfortunate, not with the guys that are dying everyday in a foreign war; not with riots in the world where people speak of peace but yet kill their neighbors to show it; not with children starving to death. And when I think of the wretched souls with no private thoughts being ruled by communism, I could almost cry with shame. I am not as unfortunate as they. Yet, why am I miserable?

I think that maybe I am unsettled in my mind, for I want to help the world. If only I could make myself use more than two-tenths of my brain. If only I knew how to use it at its fullest capacity; then perhaps I could think of a worldly, or better yet, a universal plan, a plan with which every creature could find true happiness. Oh think of the power and the marvelous miracles that could be performed if everyone used all of their intelligence. Perhaps you think I sound as though I am trying to be Godly. But after all, did he not make us after his own image?

To think I am so unfortunate; how utterly stupid of me. As another day of my life rapidly seeps away, children still cry, a war still rages, and men are dying. And what do I think of, "How unfortunate I am?" It is unfortunate that I am so stupid.

Diane Ormond

My Grandpa and Me

I saw him standing there
When I was but a babe
He was old and gentle
And looked as honest as Abe.
We walked, we talked
I sat upon his knee
We talked of glorious things to be
My Grandpa and me

Now I'm older
And he has aged
I go and tell him
That I'm engaged
He sits and smiles
And seems so gay
Then he realizes
His hair is gray
He's growing old
His days are cold

He recollects the years that are past
And sees his life fulfilled at last.

And though I remember
The way he smiled
I remember the fun we had
When I was a child
I remember how we'd talk
Of all the glorious things to be
We'd just sit and talk
My Grandpa and me.

Then it's time to say good-bye
And I feel as though
I should cry,
His life is going, or,
Should I say gone?
I look at my father
WHO is his son.

I thank God for people
Like Grandpa,
Meek and mild.
As I remember my life
As a child
But now I'm older
And growing wild
My husband's a father
And I have a child.

I sit by the family tree
And remember my Grandpa
and me
And I loved my past
I look at the future
And find a smile at last.

Because I know I'm growing old
My days are growing
Shorter and cold

I remember my Grandpa
With his heart of gold
And I think of the past
When he was growing old
How we would sit and talk
Of all the glorious things to be
We'd just sit and talk
As I sat upon his knee
And we'd talk of glorious things to be
My Grandpa and me.

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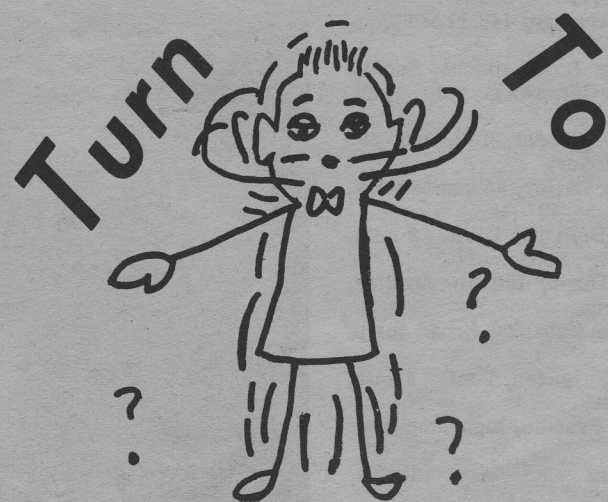
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Track Team Performs



1970 Bear Track Team.

This year's track season started on March 2. About 75 boys turned out for the initial practice. After a couple of weeks the number had dropped to the present level of about 40. New Bern first saw action against a highly competent Jacksonville club. This was purely a practice meet for both clubs set up in order to allow the boys a chance to see where development was needed. In-so-far as points go Jacksonville "won the meet." However the New Bern squad turned in one of the best performances against the state champs of any team in the area. The first real meet was held the 26th of March at Bear Outdoor Stadium. We hosted Washington and Kinston in a tri-meet. The Bears turned in a fine performance coming in with 8 first places and ending up with 73 1/2 points. Washington won the meet with 7 firsts and 79 1/2 points. Kinston trailed with 10 points. Washington's ability to capture 2nd and 3rd places supplied the edge the Pam Pack needed to win. However, this year's coach, Phil Harris, was quite pleased with the team's effort. Both coach Harris and coach Sherridan expect great things for this year's squad.

1969-70 TRACK TEAM

Bobby Armstrong, 100, 220, 880 relay, Junior.
Mike Armstrong, 1 mile, 2 mile, Sophomore.
Claude Banks, shot put, Freshman.
Gary Barker, shot put, Sophomore.
Bobby Barrett, 880, 1 mile, Sophomore.
Joe Bergman, 440, broad jump, Sophomore.
Jimmy Boyd, discus, Senior.
Gene Carraway, pole vault, Senior.
Melvin Cooper, 100, 220, 880 relay, Junior.
Donnie Dailey, 880, mile relay, Junior.
Steve DeBruhl, 1 mile, 2 mile, mile relay, Sophomore.
Carl Dixon, 180 low hurdles, Sophomore.
George Eubanks, broad jump, Senior.
Doug Ferguson, 1 mile, 2 mile, Sophomore.
David Francis, high jump, Sophomore.
Frankie Fulcher, discus, Senior.
Lynn Fulcher, pole vault, Senior.
Ron Garner, broad jump, Sophomore.
Jerry Gathercole, mile, Freshman.
John Gaskins, 880, mile relay, Junior.
Rick Goldman, pole vault, Sophomore.
Sherwood Harrison, 120 high hurdles, 180 lows, Sophomore.
Willie Harvey, broad jump, 100, 220, 880 relay, Sophomore.
Terry Hodge, broad jump, Sophomore.
Stas Huminey, shot put, Junior.

HAWK'S

John Hughes, 180 low hurdles, 880, Freshman.
Tim Kelly, shot put, Sophomore.
Warren Keyes, shot put, discus, Sophomore.
Tom McKay, 1 mile, 2 mile, mile relay, Sophomore.
E. F. O'Berry, 120 high hurdles, Senior.
Hunt Paul, 100, 220, 440, 880 & mile relay, Sophomore.
Randy Pierce, 440, mile relay, Freshman.
Terry Pollard, 180 low hurdles, Sophomore.
Erroll Royal, 100, 220, Freshman.
Glenn Russell, high jump, 880 Junior.
Jack Simpson, 440, 880, mile relay, Junior.
Brad Sneed, 100, 220, 440, 880 & mile relay, Senior.
Gary Sparrow, 440, mile relay, Senior.
David Stanfield, 180 low hurdles, Sophomore.
Gene Stilly, high jump, Junior.
Albert Sutton, 1 mile, 2 mile, Sophomore.
Vernon Whitford, 100, 220, 880 relay, Sophomore.
Melvin Williams, 1 mile, 2 mile, mile relay, Junior.
Fred Wilkerson, 120 high hurdles, Junior.
Robert Wallace, 880, Freshman.
Head Coach - Phil Harris.
Assistant Coach - Bill Sherridan.
Assistant Coach - Ron Moore.
Manager - Pete Rollins.

Meet the Netters



The Bear tennis team members are: Wayne Boyd, Bill Bousman, John Hudson, Charlie Rice, Neal Butler, Danny Slachtar, Mark Skinner, Gil Baker, Mike Harrison, Scott Hudson, Mike Blackman and Hugh Gassaway.

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New Bern Baseball Team Has Experience in Eight Lettermen

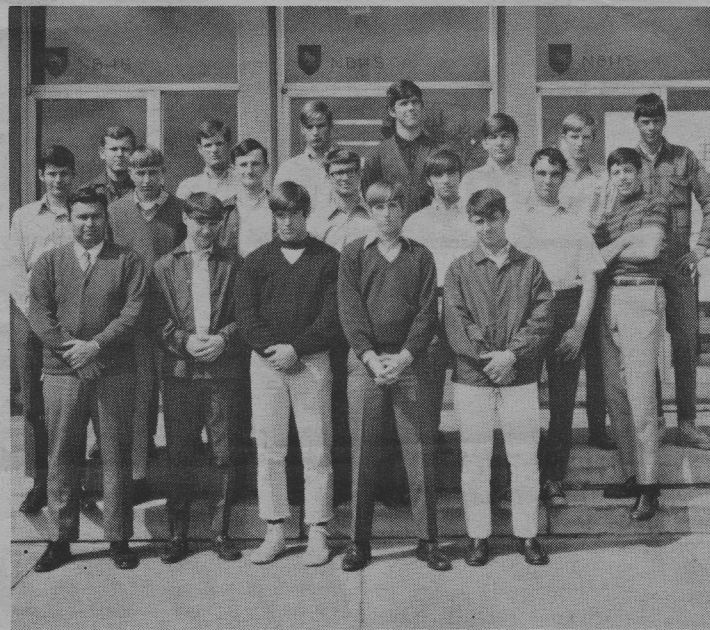
This year's baseball team should be very experienced. Eight lettermen return from last year's team that had a 7-to-10 record. Harry Moser and Chuck Mohn, both of whom made All-Conference last year, head the list of lettermen which also includes catcher Buck Jones, last year's MVP, 1st baseman Chip Heath, 2nd baseman Larry Moser, 3rd baseman John Rogers, and outfielders Chris Williams and Jimmy Cayton along with 3rd baseman Tom Faulkenbury.

New comers to the team this year include pitchers Walt Fuller, Jerry Jones, and Gary Robinson. Infielders are Jerry Hardison, Earl Banks, Don Dunn and Johnny Ipock; outfielders include Frank Higgins, James Hill, Wade Connor, and John Sanders.

OUTLOOK

The Bears will have to get strong pitching this year from Mohn and Fuller if they're going to be a contender. Hitting should be the strong point of the Bears this year. They will depend heavily on last year's leading hitters Buck Jones, who batted .280 and Harry Moser who batted .271, along with Chris Williams. Chuck Mohn will also be counted on in the hitting department. Although he was in a slump for most part last year, he was the leading hitter in the East his Sophomore year with a .484 average.

The Bears could be one of the strongest teams that Coach Vestal has ever fielded. If everything falls into place, the Bears could have a fine season.



1970 Baseball Roster

NO.	NAME	POSITION	HT.	WT.	CLASS
5	Larry Moser	Infield	6'0"	160	Senior
4	Johnny Rogers	Infield	5'9"	145	Senior
10	Harry Moser	Infield	6'1"	165	Senior
3	Chip Heath	Infield	5'8"	145	Senior
6	Buck Jones	Infield	5'10"	170	Senior
1	Tom Faulkenbury	Infield	5'10"	145	Senior
15	Earl Banks	Infield	5'8"	180	Junior
2	Donny Dunn	Infield	5'8"	140	Sophomore
16	John Ipock	Infield	5'8"	150	Sophomore
19	Terry Hardison	Infield	6'0"	150	Sophomore
13	Chris Williams	Outfield	5'10"	170	Senior
12	Jimmy Cayton	Outfield	5'10"	165	Senior
9	Wade Connor	Outfield	5'9"	155	Junior
11	Johnny Sanders	Outfield	5'9"	170	Sophomore
20	James Hill	Outfield	6'1"	205	Sophomore
14	Frank Higgins	Outfield	5'7"	135	Junior
18	Chuck Mohn	Pitcher	6'5"	200	Senior
7	Walt Fuller	Pitcher	6'1"	160	Junior
8	Gary Robinson	Pitcher	6'0"	150	Sophomore
17	Jerry Jones	Pitcher	6'3"	155	Freshman

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The Pollution Problem Involves Over-Population

(Continued from Pg. 1)

completed the next doubling to 4 billion yet, but we now have well over 3 billion people." Again the words are Paul Ehrlich's -- and the doubling time is now less than 35 years. Quite a reduction in doubling times: 1 million years, 1000 years, 200 years, 80 years, 35 years. Roughly 40% of the world population is now under 15 years old. During the 1970s they are going to start producing children. They are the reason for the ominous predictions for the year 2000. They are the gunpowder for the population explosion.

The trouble is, however, that because food production cannot possibly keep up with population, there is going to be a rapid, massive increase in the death rate, which, once started, may not only halt any population growth but also will probably cause an actual population decline -- due to famine and ensuing war and pestilence. Take India, for example. In 10 years, India will have about 160 million more people than she cannot feed now. During the 1970s, the entire region of Southern Asia will explode. China, India and East Pakistan alone have 1 1/3 billion people now. When these people start really starving, they are going to look into Burma and Thailand (2 of the only 10 countries that in 1966 produced more food than they consumed) and into the Mekong river-delta rice bowl of South Vietnam. China will no doubt look north into Russia at the millions of square miles of undeveloped land in Siberia. Famine will breed riots, revolution and war, not to mention that whole new super-epidemics of malaria, yellow-fever, typhus, cholera and plague may arise. Similar conditions are not much further off for Africa and Latin America.

When all of this starts happening to the poor people of the world, they are going to look at the U. S. with resentment and bitterness. We have only 6% of the world's population but we consume over 30% of its resources -- this makes the average U. S. citizen 5 times better off materially than the average world citizen. During the 1970s, the U. S. will become one of the most hated nations in the world. Meanwhile, we will be starting to strangle and die of our own affluence, and at the same time we will be contributing more to the death of our entire planet than any other country. (If people are alive a thousand years

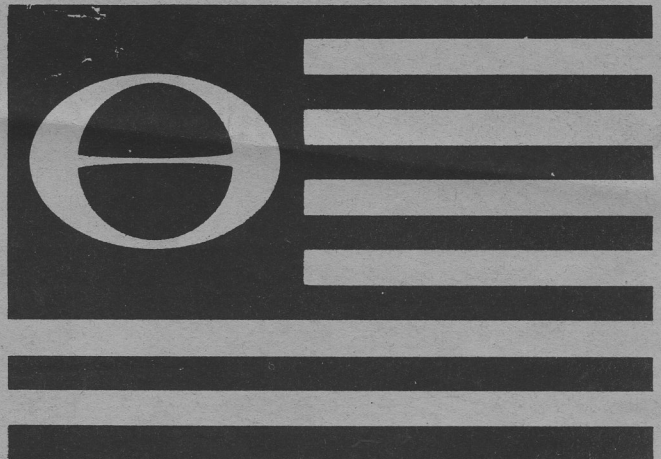
from now, history may record us as the country that spent vast amounts of its wealth to put a man on the moon while doing its damndest to kill our own planet.) As Look put it, "We are fouling our streams, lakes, marshes. The sea is next. (A note here on the sea: We all know that green plants give us our oxygen, but 70% of that oxygen comes from the microscopic plants of the sea and it is now known that DDT and similar poisons, which are everywhere now -- even in your liver and fat -- and which go from the land into the rivers into the sea, kill these plants. If we don't asphyxiate from air pollution, we may suffocate from lack of oxygen.) We are burying ourselves under 7 million scrapped cars, 30 million tons of waste paper, 48 billion discarded cans and 28 billion bottles and jars a year. A million tons more of our garbage pile up each day. The air we breathe circles the earth 40 times a year, and America contributes 140 million tons of pollutants: 90 million from cars -- we burn more gasoline than the rest of the world combined -- 15 million from electric-power generation, one third of the world's total. Lead in San Diego's air gets deposited in layers on the Pacific. LA smog may cause mass deaths by 1975. Noise, straining our lives, doubles in volume every 10 years. There are 5,500 Americans born each day; 100 million more by 2000. We already consume and waste more than any other people. We flatten our hills, fill our bays, blitz our wilderness."

So, what does the country need to do? First of all it needs to quit wasting thousands of lives and billions of dollars in that insane Vietnam war. We should extricate ourselves as quickly as possible from South Vietnam, Laos and Cambodia (the news every day tells us that these are lost causes, anyway) and we should reinstate and reinforce our positions in Burma and Thailand and the rest of Southeast Asia, making it perfectly clear to China and North Vietnam that we will never waste lives and wealth again -- only our tactical nuclear weapons. This should save whatever of the area that can be saved and free enough of our wealth and resources so that we can adopt new, more realistic policies. We should adopt the following foreign policy objectives: massive federal aid to supply birth control information, planning and materials to all countries that will accept it; foreign aid only to those countries with major programs to curb population growth; increased research

on both birth control methods and on attitudes toward birth control. It might not be a bad idea (however bad it sounds) to discontinue foreign aid to countries such as India which are going to collapse anyway, despite all our efforts, and to work much harder in countries that can still be saved -- especially in Latin America and Africa, where more and more governments are going to turn Communist as poverty increases.

In the U. S. itself, voluntary abortion and sterilization should be legalized and these should be provided free to those who cannot afford them. Sex education should be increased, stressing birth control practice and the necessity for population control. The government should launch in the media a population control campaign at least equal to the present anti-smoking campaign. The government should offer annual bonuses or tax incentives to couples who remain childless or who do not have more than 2 children. Finally, we need tougher anti-pollution laws and we need a new, centralized, government department, a Department of Coordination, Ecology and Population, to take the place of the Department of Agriculture (which Paul Ehrlich calls a "subsidiary of the petrochemical industry which manufactures DDT and the other pesticides), the Department of the Interior and the U. S. Army Corps of Engineers. It should coordinate and supervise all population control programs, all government construction, all activities of major polluters, all off-shore underwater drill operations, all mining operations, and it should coordinate activities of other departments so that the departments are not working at cross purposes, particularly when you and the environment are the victims.

Well, I have tried to scare you into giving a damn and I have offered a few ideas. For more information, pick up the 2 paperbacks -- *The Population Bomb* and *The Environmental Handbook* (prepared especially for April 22, it is a collection of articles and excerpts on all facets of the environment), or if you can't do that, at least buy the current issue of *Look* which has a special section on the environment and on April 22.



Greek letter, theta, warning of death, symbolizes the threat to earth and its atmosphere. Green stripes are for unspoiled land; white for pure air.

Once the air was clean, the water good. We could enjoy the smell of the earth; we could walk the land. It is incredible what we have done to America in 200 years. Too much of it is now noisy, cluttered, ugly and dirty. As citizens, we need a new commitment to clean up, enhance and restore our country, and use our natural resources wisely. Let us set our goal for 1976, our bicentennial. Those of us who care about what is happening to America the beautiful can do two things:

Display the green flag of ecology as a symbol of your commitment and as a pledge to act.

Read "Community Action for Environmental Quality," a new edition of a citizens' guide to taking action now.

Then go out and start.

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Out of the goodness of his heart and the cancer in his lungs, Chip contributes an empty cigarette pack to help a leukemia victim.

Saga of the Flash

By JEFF MARGOLIS

You students at New Bern High School have been extremely lucky and fortunate. Over the past four years, a man so great that we can't call him just fantastic has diligently watched over the student body (or is that student's body) in a very modest incognito. No longer will such heroism go unnoticed. His name, "The Flash". A 5' 10" dynamo of strength weighing in at the unbelievable weight of 138 pounds, "The Flash" has made sure that New Bern High has stayed safe from all rogues and callous vagabonds. By now, you are just dying to hear more, so don't pass out or you will miss the rest of the article.

The costume of "The Flash" is certainly the most well known anywhere. His green mask almost matches his lime hair. A red shirt with purple polka-dots sets off his muscles of cast iron (muscles of steel are too expensive). Chartreuse trunks and yellow argyle socks are another integral part of the wardrobe of "The Flash". The most marked part of the get-up is the sneakers with spats. "The Flash", knowing the importance of proper dress, selected Cow Pasture Brown as the color of his shoes.

What is it that drives people batty when they are around this person? Is it his Alfred E. Neuman Smile? Bad breath perhaps? Perhaps he shows off his charisma too much. (Buttoning his shirt might help). Could it be those out of sight shoes are the reason. NO! "The Flash" is loved by all because he is sweet and kind to dumb animals (most underclassmen).

Now, for some "Flash" adventures. Here is a recount of his encounter with "The Slandering Soph": Flying over the campus one day ("The Chisler" had a flat tire and also needed a new super-duper discombobulator). "The Flash" spied "Soph" giving one of his senior buddies a hard time. As was custom, "Soph" was spreading lies and implications. Quickly, "The Flash" swooped in and pirated "Soph" away in the middle of a sentence and took "Soph" to his torture chamber. Seizing his bestseller, TORTURE IS A TORTURE, "The Flash" selected Torture No. 138491890-105-Tasmanian Devil Boxing Lesson as punishment. (It involves putting the victim in a boxing ring with a Tasmanian Devil armed with a baseball bat). Well, 30 seconds had not gone by before "Soph" had begged for

mercy, promising never to spread falsehood again. So, good triumphs over evil! (All those who wish to swoon may quietly do so).

Brawn is not the only thing going for "The Flash", there is brain also. Just listen to this brilliantly contrived plan of pensive constipation. (ED. NOTE: That is contemplation you dope. Who typed this thing any way?) "The Flash", knowing the conditions at school were crowded founded a plan to alleviate the problem. The answer was skipping. "The Flash", knowing that teachers could not give individual attention (funny -- they can give individual tests) suggested that students not go to class. Students not going to class meant less crowded conditions: therefore and very logically I must add, less crowded conditions meant more individual attention. Maybe classrooms would be totally empty by some coincidence, but at least the teachers would be able to help an individual-himself. Many praises were heaped on "The Flash" after this brainstorm but the best one of all was said by a member of the administration. He remarked, "Simply, utterly, conversely, flabbergastedly, suspiciously, doggedly, negatively, absolutely, abstractedly, undeniably, systematically, brilliantly, underhandedly, consummately fantastic!"

Let me now tell you how you can get in touch with this great super-hero for your next problem. By following these simple instructions, help is only a matter of days away. Go to Igmar's Smaltz Shop at the corner of Walk and Don't Walk and ask the attendant at the bar to give you a chocolate soda. He will slap you on the back and lead you to the coke machine where you can press the button labeled "Secret Button". Doing this, a wall of Milky Way bars will slide open and you can walk down a dark alley to a pay telephone. Then dial SuroAnfrat 6-5510-860106971988 and you can speak to "The Flash". Never fear, "The Flash" has always saved each client -- because by now, each client has lost his way following these cock-eyed instructions.

Sophomore Year Recalled

(Continued from Pg. 1)

The 1st day out demonstrated to me how much I would probably be getting to drive. The 2 other people in my car were girls. I don't know how to describe them except that someone said that both could be picked up for contributing to the delinquency of minors. The one girl that drove first was named E. Z. Make. After some rather detailed instructions, our instructor showed E. Z. how to drive and off we went. Thirty minutes later the other girl by the name of Mia Aislebang got into the driver's seat. I never drove the whole morning. Bomba didn't give me the attention he gave the girls. As a matter of fact I never drove at all. I sat in the back seat for the duration of the course. However, on the day the certificate's were passed out I was pleased to know that I had learned to drive without ever having driven.

High school really doesn't offer much to the Sophs. This is probably the year that the most studying gets done. It is at this time that the Sophs get bored and start looking around for some type of action.

Well, one day I was sitting on the patio counting the checks in my socks, when this senior came up to me. I knew him by reputation only. His name was Chief Loveman. Chief had made it to the Eastern Seaboard Semi-Final Make-out Decathlon each of the preceding 3 years. This competition consists of 10 grueling events only Chief could master.

"Hey kid, you going to do me a favor aren't you?"

"Why yes sir, anything you want."

"Well, go over there to that girl in the red and pull the ribbon out of her hair."

"I don't think that's nice", I said.

"How nice would it be for you to get your head busted?" I got up and ran over to the girl, and right then and there pulled the ribbon out of her hair, in plain sight of everyone. Just then I felt myself picked up bodily and hurled 12 feet in

the air against the brick wall. I glanced up and saw Chief running toward me leaping high in the air aiming his #23 clodhoppers right at the middle 1/3 of my body. I groaned in agony as six ribs, two kidneys, one lung, and a navel were crushed, displaced, broken, dislocated, mauled, or otherwise injured. I looked up with my big, now bulging, blue eyes questioning the motive for the preceeding action. What I saw filled my heart with good cheer. There was Chief walking arm in arm with the girl. Chief was waving his sun-glasses like a scalp over his head. But he had the woman. What an operator.

However pleased I was with the luck of Chief I decided that this was not how I wanted to fill the void created in the Sophomore year. As it was getting on towards spring I decided to go out for baseball. Few Sophs make the team however. I was determined to make good and break this discriminatory practice wide open.

The first day of practice I worked out with the team getting a little fatigued as I went along. Suddenly the coach yelled, "Run four miles." Everyone took off toward town. However, I thought he had said forty miles, and I started off toward Jacksonville. I returned 3 days later somewhat tired. After explaining to an unaccountably, highly amused vice-principal where I had been the last 72 hours, I turned out for practice again that afternoon.

Batting practice rolled around and I was anxious to show my stuff. The very first ball that came toward me I stepped into and swung hard. For 100 feet, and 45 yards in height it sailed. Un-

fortunately when the bat came down it landed on, or rather in the windshield of an English teacher named Mrs. Barbutcher. I had heard that she was kind and understanding, but this was not to be the case this time.

I was taken to her and let us say, severely reprimanded. Two hours and \$65 later I returned to the field. Before me on the bulletin board was the final cut list. By some oversight, my name had been placed on it. I sought out the coach and inquired as to the validity of the list.

"Sorry bungler...er that is boy, our returning boys from last year filled the roster."

"Please let me play coach. You saw my potential, now don't deny it, have you ever seen anything like me before?"

"Uh, no, not exactly. You are different, and you do have the potential of a great horned owl... I mean great ball handler. But like I say we're full up."

"Please coach," I begged.

"Well alright Pure, come out tomorrow and we'll have a position for you", the coach said.

I found out the next day what that position was. I was strapped to the windshield of Mrs. Barbutcher's car. There I played for the whole season. I had absolutely no responsibility to the team. I was just supposed to protect that windshield. In spite of being spread out over the entire area of the glass and tied down I still was able to commit 12 errors that season. My final record for the season was of course, 12 x \$65.

By Gene Carraway

Next issue: Pure's Prom and encounter with the SAT.

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