

The Last of Pure Innocence

by
Gene Carraway

(Note: As this is the final issue of the Bear Cub for this year, the final two installments (which please many people) will appear together in a somewhat condensed form.)

The junior year can be very well worth the while in almost every way but academically. So much goes on, that studies inevitably take a back seat to any and everything no matter how trivial or time consuming.

The year begins in what turns out to be a harbinger of good times to come. The announcement comes that magazine sales will soon begin. After we were told several times not to foul up things and to make sure everything was filled out in triplicate, we were turned loose on the hospitable buying public. That is, most customers were hospitable. Almost everyone I talked to, quite sincerely and fervently, wished that I and the other 300 odd members of my class would all break our legs as soon as possible. Other people just bought magazines.

You meet all kinds selling magazines. At one house I went to, a nice gentleman in white socks and pink suede shoes asked me in after I had made the initial pitch.

The first thing the guy wanted to know was whether or not the mag GAY BLADE was available. I assured him it was not, and hurriedly left the premises. After this encounter I quit on the magazine drive and devoted myself to safer activities.

Things kind of slacked off after the sale until the day that we would be given the SAT arrived. I will not go into much detail except to say that the people who score these tests give the takee 400 automatic points. Everyone had always wondered what would happen if a real dummy took the test and just couldn't qualify for those points. Since I had no

problem concerning the score I would be capable of getting, I dismissed the question as one that would pertain only to those of extremely low mental acuity.

About a month after the test I received what I believed to be my score in the mail. I quickly tore open the envelope, fully expecting to read a letter of commendation from the President or someone similar. Instead, the letter thanked me for donating my body to science after graduation. I was told that in view of my SAT score, that I was lucky that science even accepted this offer.

I threw the letter away, realizing that a gross mistake had been made. Still, the closer that graduation approaches the more happy do my parents seem to be. Furthermore, the only mention of a graduation gift I have heard has been whether I preferred pine or bronze.

Once a person becomes a junior a certain feeling of prestige and importance comes over a person. At no time does this feeling wax to a greater degree than at Prom time.

The juniors, every spring, in what must be THE effort of joint cooperation and coordination put on a formal dance for the seniors. This gesture serves not so much as to bid a fond farewell to the seniors as it does to say good-bye, good riddance, and it is about time you left to make room for your betters.

Still, if the students ever work together on anything it is on the Junior-Senior. Everything from class skipping to lumber stealing is engaged in and covered up for by the juniors.

The night of the Prom is really special. If at anytime in your life things go perfectly right, five gets you ten it is not on this night. All of nature and the whole of the cosmos seem to band together to thwart any attempt made by mortals to bring things off right and impress everybody and especially your

date.

Like everyone else, I had planned the night's procedures in minute detail. However, I soon found out that the plans were not in keeping with those of the forces who felt that I would have a better time if some things were done a little differently.

I got out of school early like everyone else and headed for the car wash. When my turn in line came I found, much to my dismay, that the whole apparatus was no longer functioning.

Much to my chagrin, I returned home to wash the car by hand. This is done so rarely today that if it had not been for a picture in a magazine, I might not have gotten the job done. However, this task was enough to throw my schedule off by two hours.

Showing up at a girl's house two hours late on Prom night is not exactly the highlight of a person's life. I drove up in the grandest manner capable of a '55 Chevy truck (I call it a car anyway -- kind of psychotic is it not?) and stopped in what turned out to be the family flower garden.

I walked to the door very nervously. Once there, I proceeded to ring the knocker and to bang the buzzer. This disturbance brought the father to the door. After inviting me in, Mr. A stepped back and looked me over. In a few minutes he shouted out "Mother, the paper boy is here."

"Uh, no sir," I replied. "I am here to pick up your daughter." He kind of choked and fell into the wall. After recovering, he asked my name.

"Pure Innocence," I replied. Out of respect for the lass, the name shall be withheld and she will be referred to as simply "A."

"A", her father called, "Mere Coincidence is here."

I let it go at that as the mother escorted her daughter into the room.

Mrs. A. kind of paled, and gave out with the "what-has-she-done-to-deserve-this" look. Over

er on the side Mr. A still looked sick.

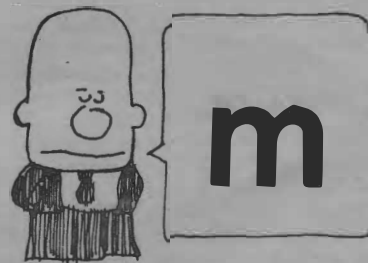
"Get her back early" was all the father could manage between trips to the "barf" bag.

I walked out to the car and held the door for A. By the time I had walked around to my side, and had gotten behind the wheel, A was in the "bed" of the truck. After explaining to her that this would not work out and that it would all soon be over anyway, I coaxed her back into the cab by promising to give her her corsage. As I pinned the deep green plant onto the shocking pink dress, "A" bit her lip. Much pleased with the progress of the night so far, I drove off towards the school. This was truly a night to remember, but "A" has begged me to halt the narration while the events are still at a somewhat pleasant stage of discussion.

The senior year is the most fun. Privileges delegated, and assumed, are at a four-year maximum. The senior class is probably the closest one in high school over the long term.

There are three groups of seniors. First, is the group that continues to work for graduation, but seems to play around all of the time. Second, is the group that is on the border line. This group kind of works and plays a lot of the time. The third group will not graduate, and plans on the whole to skip graduation itself. The administration and all of the members of the faculty run around lining up people and learning to mispronounce names. Everyone is amazed that graduation occurs at all.

Still, in spite of everything and because of everything, the seniors are genuinely sorry to leave, and more than one would go for five years if it were not for the chance of starting the whole mess over again, whether in college or on the bottom rung of the outside world.



Cub Staff Members Visit Pinecrest HS



Three automated food centers dot the new school, and the foods offered include breakfast items.

On May 13, 3 members of the Bear Cub Staff (Ivy Greene, Becky Warren, Gene Carraway) and its sponsor (Mrs. Banks) headed out about 6 a.m. for Pinecrest High School located near Pinehurst, N. C.

This school is one of N. C.'s newest (1 year old) and most modern. However, the thing that makes this school unique, is the unorthodox (for a high school) manner in which the school is operated. It is this operation which attracted the observation team.

Pinecrest has attracted so much attention from educators and other interested parties, that a special reception center and guided tour is provided by the school. The school has visitors not only from the United States, but from many foreign nations as well.

The group was warmly welcomed at the reception center shortly after arrival. After name tags and introductions had been made, the adults were separated from the student visitors. The students went on the tour first, and later in the afternoon met with members of the administration for a question-answer period in which more detail could be gone into than could be gotten

into on the tour. The adults followed the same routine, but in reversed time slots.

The school is operated like a modified junior college. Each day consists of 21 "mods", or time blocks. Each student fills his time as he or she sees fit. However, certain subjects are required to be taken, and every day must include some "labs" of individual study periods.

Each week a new schedule is made out. This gives the student a chance to vary the way their time is used. This prevents a boring routine from developing.

Each class is provided with "lap books." Actual text books are not supposed to be taken home, but they are used as supplementary books. "Laps" are simply detailed guidelines of work to be accomplished by the student in a specific time period. In the future, the school hopes to drop the time limit requirement. As it is, students progress at their own rate. In this way no one is pressured into keeping up with the class.

All that is needed to advance is a will to work. Those who wish to play, may do so. No one stands

(See NEW SCHOOL Pg. 6)

Last Will & Testament

I, Sharon Andrews, leave behind all the joys and sorrows to all the rising classes.

I, Jane Angel, leave to Susan Provo the ability to sneak out of the house at 2 in the morning with

I, Arnold Antry, leave to NBHS my school bus 'cause I have to, and my government book 'cause somebody stole it.

I, Gail Atkinson, leave my sister Etta to watch out for DeOren.

I, Jules Barefoot, leave my place at the cleaners to Sande and my seat for being late to Dale.

I, Bob Baskerville, finally leave.

I, Ed Baysden, hereby leave everything to everyone, yet nothing to no one.

I, Jimmy Beck, being of sound mind, leave to some lucky soul my 1964 Dodge 'Swinger' with its 318 high performance engine and N. C. State sticker on the rear window.

I, Carl Bell, leave NBHS missing numbers 1, 2, 3, & 4.

I, Brenda Bender, leave with Ed Quidley, to my brother Paul a lot of luck and good times at NBHS and to Mr. Swain I leave Coastal Biology, field trips that were fun, tests I'll never forget and new survival techniques.

I, Pat Bengel, leave Algebra and Geometry, my ability to skip school and my ability to do dumb things to 'Big Soph. Hooks' & President Mauney.

I, Peggy Bennett, leave my empty seat at the typewriter and my hardships to Vicki Bennet, and what intelligence I have left in school to Betty Jones.

I, Trish Beville, leave "your time is gonna come" to Freda Gillikin, magic passes to Judy Stanley, Carolyn Bell and Ruthie Tyson and to my brother, Billy, the ability to have super fun.

I, Sue Bland, leave Allison Laign Montgomery Wards and every third weekend in the hopes that she will remember. To Phyllis Wilson I leave a perfect attendance record. And to Dexter Banks I leave Mr. Wage-maker.

I, Janie Blythe, leave to ride on the back of a "Chopper" for three years in hopes of not falling off. But at least I'm leaving!

I, Sylvia Boyd, leave Ruth Evans 5 great years at NBHS to Ann Broadway a new clutch, transmission, car, etc. To Betsy and Sandra a new supply of campus passes. To Judy P. I leave C. W. P. And to Debbie, a quarter!

I, Mary Bradt, leave to Patience Blandford my old copy of "True Grit" so she can pick up a few pointers for next year.

I, Ellen Burnette (Burney) not being of sound mind and body, hope I get to leave NBHS so I can further my education with Grace!

I, Kay Burrell, leave my nimble fingers and my talented mind to Mr. Hardison.

I, Douglas Carawan leave? I hope. To my little brother I leave my car, poor little car. To anyone taking Coastal Biology next year I leave my shark.

I, Mickey Carey, leave to everyone, the physical and mental ability to realize that God is real, to see like you've never seen before, to touch and feel, and to love life. To have faith and love like never seen on earth, God is all, we are all with God. Peace and freedom forever.

I, Georgia Carpenter, leave my brother and sister, Jerry and Connie, with the phone number of a local taxi company so they will not miss me.

I, Jo Carpenter, leave to my brother, Steve, my grades as his goal and to Eleanor Guirkins and Willie Johnson hopes that they have an early ride to school next year.

I, Gene Carraway, leave NBHS many shining failures and a few flickering successes. Also to the math department I leave my new book, When the Square Root of 2-2 Don't Add, Divide Through by the Radicand and Other Fan-

tasies illustrated by Venn (the Graph) Diagram.

I, Jimmy Cayton, leave a white racing stripe for Mr. Smith's truck and to Mrs. Gardner, a can of worms.

I, Glinnie Chase, leave Deannie Ives my locker in the C building and to Gail Jones all the skipping she wants to do without getting caught. Mrs. Tharrington I leave the people who behave in government class.

I, Elmer Clark, bequeath my English class with Mrs. Harriet to the class of 1971. I leave my sorrows, troubles, and problems to the class of 1973. I leave my wonderful moments to the class of 1972, and I leave my inexperience to the class of 1974.

I, Lee Collins, leave to anyone, Mrs. Boyette's second period study hall, who thinks they can stand up to her like I did.

I, Clint Cooke, would like to leave my false tooth to Debbie Smith in memory of the day it made her sick.

I, Gordon Cornwell, leave my six long years at high school to Danny Fisher and Kelly Beck and hope they enjoy them like I did.

I, Frank Crayton, leave my Vette to my sister Debbie, in hopes that she can see over the steering wheel.

I, Dianne Daley, leave everything I've got to anyone who doesn't need much.

I, Horace Daniels, leave Mr. Swain my new book Bits and Pieces of Worthless Information to Amuse and Astound Coastal Biology Students.

I, Teresa Dawson, leave New Bern High School, the whole place, to my sister Debbie How-er-in. Good luck to her in everything she does, in hopes that she has better luck than me!

I, Earl DeCamp, do hereby leave my school bus #100 to anyone who can put up with the noises and troubles.

I, Agenla DeStafano, will my parking space behind the Home Ec Department to anyone who is daring enough to park there when old man P... is around.

I, Regina Dickinson, leave my French and Chemistry books to anyone that will have them, to Joy Pollock all the "moon pies" she can eat, and all the trips to the beach to Guy Boyd 'cause I know he'll have as much fun as I did.

I, Barbara I. Dunn, in sound mind and body (?) bequeath to any unfortunate soul who needs them: my long used list of diets -- but not my will power -- find your own.

I, Deborah Dutcher, of sound mind and body leave my place in Mr. Swain's Coastal Biology class in hopes that your lab partners are more helpful than mine so that you won't end up counting flies the rest of your life!

I, Bill H. Edwards, being of sound body and dirty mind, leave to my brother, Wayne, my scientific mind and algebraic ability which helped me to louse up my radio and break even in Algebra II.

I, Pamela Edwards, being of sound mind and body gladly leave to NBHS for Alton. It's been fun, but I wouldn't want to do it again.

I, Ted Erdman simply leave NBHS with the hope that everybody can leave everybody else alone.

I, George Eubanks, leave my seat in English class to anyone who can sleep comfortably in it, and I leave my parking space to anyone who is crazy enough to pay ten dollars for it.

I, Jake Farmer, do hereby leave the car and some of my ability to stay in school to my little brother, Leroy, who is going to be a five year man.

I, Tommy Faulkenberry, do hereby leave to David a worn out typing eraser; to Laura, Sandy and Kylene, a GWAM of A with 37 errors; and finally, I leave Mrs. Gardner, I hope.

I, Linda Ferree, being of sound mind and disposed body do hereby leave my ability to get hitched

to Betty Hurt. 10 months vs. 1 1/2 years.

I, Charles R. Francis leave to my brother, David, my sailboat with the hope that he doesn't wreck it like he did the car.

I, Linda French, leave my year supply of check-out slips to Carol Stanton, who seems to be following in my footsteps.

I, Frankie Fulcher, do hereby bequeath the little knowledge I have of any math to my old faithful teacher, Mrs. Humienny. So who needs math, when I become a minister, I won't make any more money than I can count on my fingers. I just might be the one to preach your funeral. HA HA!

I, Linwood Fulcher, leave NBHS and its athletics to all and anyone willing to give it a try. I give the best of luck to Coach Wiley's wrestling team and to the other teams. But most of all, I leave dedicating all my worldly belongings and MYSELF to Debbie Hill.

I, Ricky Fulcher, leave my rolling papers and pipe to the heads of the School.

I, Freddy Futrell, partially being of sound mind and body do hereby leave my mean machine to Dina and my algebra II book to Mr. Godwin till summer school starts.

I, Lisa Geiter, do hereby leave my voice -- hopefully.

I, Christine Glover, leave my field trips in Coastal Biology to the maritime forests (woods) to my brother Keith, who needs no lessons on the natural ecology (relationships) in the woods.

I, John David Greene, wish you all the best luck Juniors, and I hope all Juniors will become Seniors next year. Because I'm going to leave you now.

I, Randy Guptill, leave Sue my class ring and my dishpan hands from washing her dog. Also I leave "Soul Lower Brass" to the Juniors and my magic baritone to Albe.

I, Ricky Guptill, gladly leave New Bern High School to all of next year's Sophomores.

I, Brenda Diane Hacker, being of sound mind and body, leave everything at New Bern High School to S. H., hoping he can do more with it than I have done.

I, Loretta Haddock, leave to anyone who will have it my seats in English and Bookkeeping.

I, Sharon Hamilton, leave to Terry, my Campbell's soup can, Kite, a pack of cigarettes and my little puppy. To Mike Galvin I leave my guitar pick, Lady Isobelle and my tarzan vine. To Mike, my brother, I leave his car, a bottle of Scuppernong for boring weekends, and this school.

I, Mary Harper, being of sound mind and body leave my excellent term papers and detailed notebooks to a desperate rising Senior.

I, Steve Harrell, leave and bequest that my last year's roller skates be given to Janet Hammond, so she will be able to skate with the Roller Derby.

I, Sharon "Ron" Harris, leave to Louvenia and Henry Quinn a sister-in-law and to Henry cold box #24. To Donna Bryan, Sheila Harris, Phyllis Foye, Gail Downs, and anyone else that I have left out, all the happiness and success of high school years that I didn't have. More power to you!

I, Tyler Harris, leave anything anywhere at NBHS to anyone because it isn't worth having. However, I leave Lauralyn and Brad a key to my room at UNC (come in, it's unlocked!)

I, Michael Harrison, being of sound mind, soul and body do hereby leave to Miss Pittard a bottle of Excedrin for her 24 hour headache and to Mrs. Revell an instruction manual on how to teach chemistry in ten easy lessons.

I, Sandra Lee Harrison, being of sound mind and body, do hereby leave the underclassmen the enjoyment of being a senior and to my teachers the greatest gratitude of teaching me.

I, Tresie Hatem, do hereby leave to my brother, Joey, the ability to pass Algebra I and Spanish I the first time around. I also leave to Edward Collins the lunchroom.

I, Rex Hawkins, leave to Dottie my neat, orderly locker and to Cindy H. I leave my quietness during class. But, best of all I leave and take Dianne with me.

I, Cynthia Hearren, being in a sound state of mind do leave NBHS for skiing down the slopes at Appalachian State U. I leave my fifth period office job to anyone who likes to get all the news "first hand." To Carole and Sharon I leave fights over who is going to drive, and to my sister Beth every dirty dish while I'm at college.

I, Chip Heath, leave my form with Mrs. Alberta and leave my tennis shoes and balls to all upcoming athletes.

I, Kenny Jean Heatherly, leave my brother my car (what's left) and my Breck Basic. I'm giving TM a ball and chain and Lucy.

I, Debbie Hill, do hope to leave NBHS. I leave all of my book-keeping to Weezie -- she needs it.

I, Alan Horne, leave to Mrs. Shine, an NBHS record for most errors a minute; to Mrs. Reel -- two years of hard labor; and to my brother (a career student at NBHS) I leave my position at work.

I, Elaine Horner, leave happily.

I, Sandy Howard, leave to Beth Corning an ashtray and my ability to get followed from Hardee's and hope it works. I'm leaving Coach Godwin (and I don't even want to.) Best of all, Larry's coming with me!!!

I, Janette Hudgins, leave Jimmy Hines all hopes to get out of school next year. To Sandy, Emily, Vicky and Barbara I leave the Senior boys.

I, Mike Huffman, leave my bus key to anyone who likes to live dangerously, and my ability to skip without getting caught to anyone who needs it.

I, Pia Humphrey, being of sound mind and body, leave to Brad Cameron all of my "knowledge" so that maybe one day he will be able to graduate. I would also like to leave parking space No. 15 to the person who thinks they can take my "place!"

I, Richard Humphrey, leave my lunchroom seat to Susan Gerlach.

I, Kaye Ipock, leave to Mike Galvin, Forest Higgins and Mike Blackman the ghost at Mill Creek Pond, the little dirt roads with lots of pine trees and an abandoned house. To Terry Terrell, I leave my share of the Campbell's Soup, Kite, and also my yo-yo until he can find a better one to play with. To my brother George, I leave my set of car keys, NBHS and a picture of B. B. on a motorcycle.

I, Trudy Ingram, leave my brother and friends the will power to finish school, and skip and not get caught.

I, Barbara Ipock, leave to my brother, John Ipock, my locker, to Linda and Joan Cuthrell, all my good times to NBHS and to Ellen I leave NBHS.

I, Martha Ipock, being of crunchy mind do hereby leave Terry Terrell an empty seat in Study Hall and a sad smile; to Mike B., Mike G., and Forrest -- Glenburnie Park; and last, to Richard Bishop -- two weeks of eating in the lunchroom for putting up anti-anything posters.

I, Walter Ives, leave to anyone who can pass bus drivers' training under Mr. Slaughter the key to bus 105. To my sister, I leave all of the knowledge I have gained during the past four years.

I, Judy Jarvis, will to Debbie my ability to cut Mrs. Hunnings jokingly when I mean it seriously.

I, Terry Lee Jarvis, leave after two years Mrs. Reel to some other lucky student.

I, Billy Jewell, hang it up and leave for my brother, happily.

I, Karen Johnson, being of sound mind and tired body leave to any needy underclassman my ability to dodge "giants" in the

halls; to Jeff, my car which has definitely seen its best days; and to Marc, a large "HANDS OFF" sign to be worn at all times!!!

I, Fran Jones, having a sound mind and body, leave NBHS with NO regrets, and wish for those who are still stuck here, that they will be as lucky as I was to get out after the first 4 years!

I, Greg Jones, leave Bobby Nicholas a pair of pants to replace the ones he ripped on the trampoline.

I, Cary Jordan, leaving NBHS, plan to leave my drafting instruments to a rising senior.

I, Jonie Karam, do hereby leave to my brother Ray my promptness to be on time for school and the car. I also leave my drivers license to Gene Austin and my Spanish ability to Gary Hardison.

I, Carolyn Keech, leave all of my hopes and dreams to someone who can use them.

I, Chris Kelso, being of sound body and happy spirits leave to Fran Koonce, the SPECIAL next year for her use at NBHS. I leave to Kathy, my sister, Mrs. Hunnings and Mr. Swain.

I, Frank King, leave to Coach Thrift, a deflated football, to Miss Alberta, my knife and form, my ink pen to Mrs. Harriett, and to Beth, cherished memories of the happiest days of my life at NBHS.

I, Mike Laing, leave NBHS to all the up coming seniors in hopes that they'll have as much fun as I have had.

I, Donnie Lee, leave all my memories of married life during my wonderful school career.

I, Gerry Liverman, leave my great driving ability to Mr. Slaughter and my talent to get to Mrs. Reel's Government class on time to anyone who would have it.

I, Judy Lockamy, leave looking forward to the future.

I, Marianne Many, hereby leave one more year of "you-know-what" at "you-know-where" and lotsa luck with it to Dinah Tingle and to Tyre Moore, the fence between our houses to knock down and put back up as many times as I have.

I, Jeff Margolis, being of sound mind and body do bequeath tax free, the camera and title as "The Flash" to Lawrence Margolis; to Miss Greene, I leave Lawrence; to S. R. many thanks; to NBHS, the hope I leave a better place than before I came.

I, Bobby Marshburn, leave my manual for quarterback and play book.

I, Linda May, hereby bequeath to Doug Lemmond my pool table to David Crawford a harmonica, to Richard Blythe, a red sweater to Monk Rollison all the milk he can drink!

I, Deborah Whitehurst McFadyen, leave NBHS with pleasant memories -- I leave David to finish school and our place under the patio.

I, Art McIntosh, being of sound mind (?) leave to any preacher's kid my reputation, if you're man enough because it has been H...

I, Emma Jean McKeel, of sound body and mind?, do hereby leave Mrs. Hunnings (meannie) my kind and considerate ways in hopes that they will rub off on her.

I, Beth McPhail, hereby leave to Mrs. Carroll my Algebra II book in the hope that she will find someone who will enjoy it as much as I have.

I, Phillip McSorley, being of sound body and mind leave all of my "Brown Label Buddies" my empty Schlitz cans. Leave Jay Canady my place at "Wootens," and leave all my love to Betsy Davis.

I, Charles Meekins, do hereby leave Miss Parker's third period French class all my "free translations" and many hearty laughs.

I, Dwight A. Merchant, leave having much sympathy on those who have to stay and with the hopes that Glenn Sandvig will leave this year also.

I, Tommy Ormond, leave my-ride to lunch with Brenda to Ellen and Debbie.

(See WE LEAVE Pg. 5)

Who Remembers When...

BY ANNE FRATZKE

Jane Angel remembers when Cheryl Gassaway and she tried to sneak a turkey out of the Home Ec. Lab but only got his legs. Pat Bengel...Carole Short was running around the Charburger and collided with a boy on a bicycle.

Sylvia Boyd...she backed Bus #50 in the septic tank.

Douglas Carawan...Gene Caraway's six pack of Cokes were not all Cokes.

Georgia Carpenter...she and Trish Menius fell off a cliff at Atlantic Beach during Labor Day weekend.

Gene Caraway...Mike Cameron ran the football the wrong way for "some distance" and Coach Dixon reprimanded him in P. E. class to the delight of all.

Jimmy Cayton...he went through the window at the Recreation Center to save the ball and through it to the other team.

Lee Collins...he had the first wreck with his 1969 Mustang, when he ran into Sandy Howard's Dodge, then Pat Murphy came to the rescue.

Clint Cooke...he took out his false tooth in front of Lynda Bowers in french class.

Frank Crayton...he, Pia Humphrey, and Tommy Coates went to Cove City to see the light and that ain't all we saw!

Pamela Edwards...in typing I, Mrs. Stevens made us practice with the typewriter covers over our heads. Kids kept walking by laughing. At least they couldn't tell who we were.

Ted Erdman...Billy Parsons fell off the Neuse River bridge and landed on Ronnie Washington.

Jake Farmer...Barbara Dunn turned over Charles Francis' sailboat and she had to wear a pair of his pants around.

Tommy Faulkenberry...Mrs. Gardner got a bottle of Scope from the "Green Phantom".

Charles Francis...John Burnette threw a spear and stuck him in the foot.

Frankie Fulcher...he had poor Miss Pittard thinking her English Class had turned into a frog

pond with a rib-it, rib-it here and a rib-it there.

Linwood Fulcher...Debbie Hill used to stand on the corner of Clark's Drug Store and WAVE??? at the passing buses from other schools.

Freddy Futrelle...he was skipping 5th and 6th periods with Dina and while sitting at Montgomery-Wards Mr. Phelps and Mr. Honeycutt walked in looking for a rake.

Sharon Hamilton...Terry and she swiped a box of sawdust from the graveyard.

Steve Harrell...he got a letter expelling me from school because of excessive absences and later found out there were 2 Steve Harrell's and the letter was his.

Tyler Harris...he tried to teach a certain girl (L.B.) how to drive his "Boss VW".

Michael Harrison...Dalton Scales pulled Kenny Hadder behind his car on his bicycle at 60 miles per hour and Kenny ran into a ditch.

Cynthia Hearren...all the boys had crew cuts in the fourth grade and S. Hanna always called her "Rainbow".

Debbie Hill...she was typing in Miss Wells class ---50 words a minute with 30 errors.

Alan Horne doesn't...he last went to the auditorium for an assembly, but he does...his brakes failed and he ran into the gym.

Sandy Howard...Trish threw something out of the car at lunch -- it even came back in, went down her dress and burned her. What was it, Trish?

Sylvia Ipock...Sylvia Boyd got her new playtoy---Bux #8.

Martha Ipock...Sharon Stilley found shaving cream and fat, juicy EARTHWORMS hid in her bed at Grand Assembly.

Billy Jewell...he cut class and went to Morehead and ran into Mr. Barbour.

Karen Johnson...she and Sandy Howard kept the clinic in business during Mary B's second period General Science class.

Fran Jones...Regina lost her garter in the 8th grade and a certain boy found it, and threw it up and it caught in the lights.

Greg Jones...Susan Thomas and Gail Atkinson rode in the trunk of his car from school to downtown.

Cary Jordan...the NBHS baseball team was State Champs.

Joanie Karam...Tressie, Marie, Martha and Cia were playing Cap-O-Hat and Cia got bitten by a dog. I also remember when I was engaged to Charlie Rice.

Chris Kelso...Bobby Marshburn wore his turtleneck and sports coat. Also when Chris's car wouldn't start on the first day of school.

Frank King...he had his '61 Galaxie.

Jeff Margolis...Coach Godwin tried to quiet down Christine Glover with "anti-talk" medicine.

Bobby Marshburn...Mary Ann Barden tried to go on a diet, but missed her bus.

Linda May...Sandy Fisher and she convinced John Ipock to put the top down on his Corvette and ride us around town in the middle of February.

Deborah W. McFadyen...she was trying to act real sophisticated after David brought her home and fell head first into a bush.

Emma Jean McKeel...Debbie D. Ran around the gym in P.E. in the 8th grade with her half-slip still on!!!

Charles Meekins...Ted Erdman was threatened at the Jaguar Club but he won't let me tell for what.

Kathy Miller...Daddy Miller flicked the car lights on Cindy Palmer and Georgia Carpenter so carefully sneaking back in the house in the wee hours of the morning.

Pat Moore...Janis and Pat bought chickens and let them run around the Charburger.

Michael C. Murrell...he was a member of NBHS's basketball team and still watched the boys play.

Deborah Pate...Pat Stilley's car, Belva, blew up in the parking lot, and Sande W. got the door jammed so we couldn't get out.

Sande Patrick...she, Jake Lassiter and Carol Short and a few others got locked in Fort Macon along with their car.

Martha Pendleton...she, Nancy Price, Louise Monte, Isabelle Patterson, Cheryl Cassaway and Louise Brock went wading in the pool in front of Culligan's Soft Water Plant.

Vee Perritt...Tommy Aversa removed his right car door.

Nancy Price...she outwitted Mrs. Boyette by talking her out of having the class the whole period.

Teresa Raines...she blew up the restroom with a Cherry bomb and flooded Hillcrest High.

Mozelle Sanderson...she was in the eighth grade. Mr. Cotton taught her music and personally she hated it. Mr. Cotton told her he regretted her having taken music. In ten years she could kick him in the butt. Mr. Cotton, four years have passed.

Kathy Skinner...Jimmy ordered our lunch at the beach, and after they served us, he discovered he'd left his wallet at home.

Seniors Thank You

We entered New Bern High School four years ago. As Freshmen, we were shy and bashful and frightened. As Sophomores, we were rude and loud. As Juniors, we were quiet, reserved, and laughing. As Seniors, we are sad and proud -- proud to be Seniors and yet sad to be leaving.

Now as Seniors, we wish to thank you, New Bern High School, both students and faculty, for all the times we shared, the times we laughed, the times we almost cried, and the times we were almost unsure of ourselves.

For this we thank you, New Bern High School.

The Senior Class '70
NBHS

Candy Spruill...in the first grade Jake Lassiter pulled her dress up in the water fountain line and she turned around and hit him in the stomach.

Robert Statham...he and Jake Lassiter ran the '64 Impala in the river.

Pat Stilley...Marie Zaytoun made her drive around the track while the boys were playing football.

Wilma Stilley...on a windy day all her love letters to Ed were scattered all over the school ground.

Margaret Sumrell...Ann Cation lost the bottom of her bikini.

Charles Swaringer...you could get a good Charburger lunch for 40¢ instead of 75¢

Sherry Taylor...picture movies cost only 25¢ and the X-rated movie was sinful.

Susan Thomas...one of the majorettes staying in her motel room at Washington, D. C. referred a drunk to the Chaperone's room and told him to ask for Sarah.

Sam Ward...my first motorcycle was wrecked. I asked a girl how my back looked not knowing that I had ripped off the back of my pants and my underwear.

Jewel Watson...B. J. sat on Santa Claus's lap in Tarreytown Mall.

Gray Wheeler...Tyler Harris and he met on the curve at "Wootens".

Chris Williams...his GTO ran a red light.

Gene Williams...Sande Williams wore the same clothes for a week during the filming of Lifted At Lunch.

Andrea Willis...Coach Wiley bent over and split his pants.

Carol Wolfe...she broke her arm at Jr.-Sr. weekend.

Harry Wright...he was accused falsely of hooking up a condensing tube to a gas jet.

Scott Wright...Max Galloway peeled off in front of the administration building and got his parking privilege revoked for a month.

Phyllis Yates...Annie Fowler fell down in the second grade and broke her tooth.

Marie Zaytoun...Chuck Mohn's "Valentine" shirt and weejuns. The J. V. football team of '67...Jules Barefoot made his film debut.

Spanish IV...Mrs. Hunnings wore a dress to school that was way above her knees.

Voices We Will Remember

Melanie Lyons -- (with great understanding) -- "uh huh, yes, I agree, but the way I look at it..."

Ted Erdman -- (sincerely and innocently) -- "Excuse me mam, but just exactly what good is all of this?"

Ivy Greene -- (with self-confidence) -- "...and theoretically speaking those commie, fascist left wingers can praise Allah."

Becky Brown -- (confused) -- "...and well, oh I don't know, it's just that ... well, oh, I'm not sure, but it seems that, oh, you know."

Harry Wright -- (unabashed) -- "Furthermore, if the quadrilateral is not in direct proportion to the cube root of the nth degree, there will be no possibility of satisfactorily completing the nucleic formula which would lead to the precise..."

Tom Ward -- (perplexed) -- "...uh huh, okay, well would that be alright Mrs. Hunnings?"

Dona Lichtenwalter -- (stunned) -- "Swwaaaiinnn, are you kidding?"

Horace Daniels -- (curious yellow?) -- "just what is a double entendre?"

Chris Williams -- (quite definite) -- "Damn right I'm tough."

Alan Horne -- (unbelieving) -- "Who, me?"

Bruce Lynch -- (cocky) -- "I, I agree."

Editorial

Ever heard of the old saying, "If you don't work you don't deserve to eat?" Well, as editors of the Bear Cub, your newspaper, we've made our own little proverb, "If you don't contribute to your Bear Cub, you don't deserve to gripe." Instead of griping why not help make your newspaper better.

Webster defines editor as "one who assembles and directs publications." In other words, it is not our job to write, type, sell advertising, take pictures, and virtually peddle the newspaper. But because of the lack of interest on your part, we have been the jack-of-all-trades.

In the beginning of the year, we had a huge list of people who would work on the paper. As editors, we chose people whom we thought would be responsible, to be in charge of certain departments, but we found out that they were not responsible!

We would like to say one final thing. We cannot print what we do not have! If you think you can write better articles than our few faithful writers, we invite you to try it!

Our instructions to you are to either contribute to the betterment of your newspaper, or: 1. open your mouth 2. insert foot 3. chew vigorously!

Things We'd Like to See

Charlie Whitford: All the teachers and substitutes get sick.

Charles Pugh: Skipping be made legal.

Mrs. Smith: "I would like to see the girls wear dresses instead of pretended scooter skirts."

Miss Owens: QUIET!!!!

Reese Huffsletler: "Miss Owens!!!"

Mike Carter: More girls.

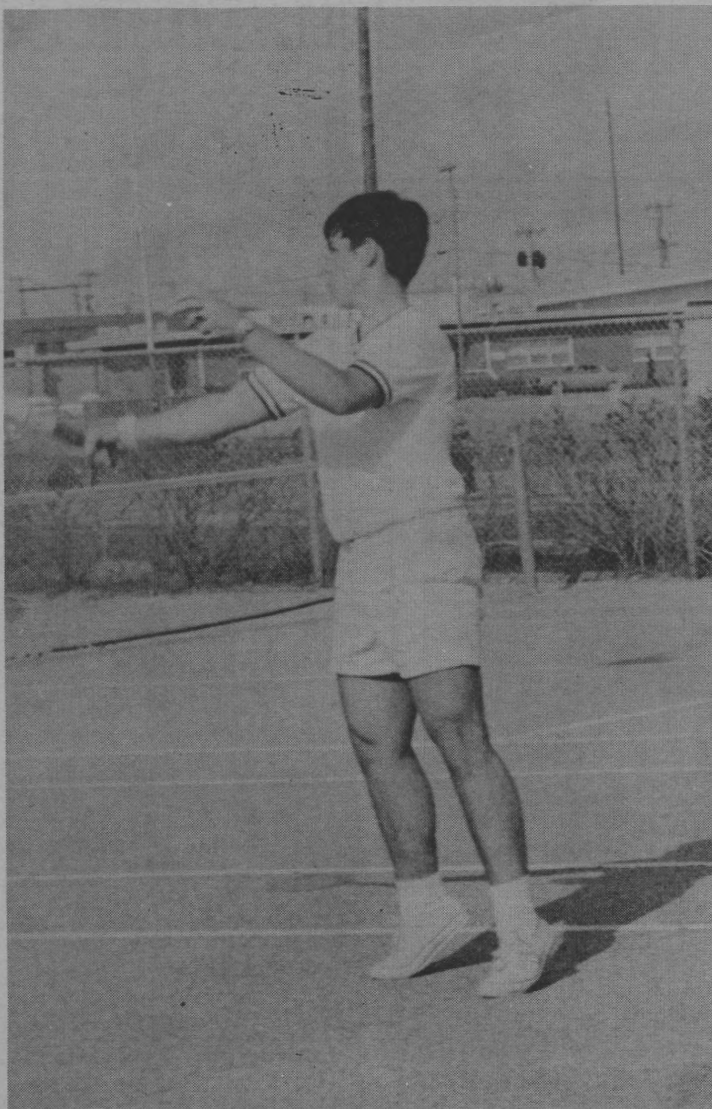
Billy Hudson: Me getting a girlfriend.

Sharon Barnes: Seeing gym suits made for girls not monkeys.

Van Boyd: A bunch of good-looking boys.

Myrtle Robertson: No school for a year. We need a vacation.

Mr. Edwards: Ambitious students!!



Twinkle Toes Tackles Tennis

JOE LIPMAN & SON

FURNITURE

223 Middle Street

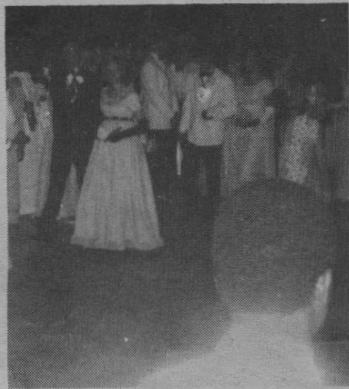
The Jr.-Sr. Prom of 1970



Junior-Senior Antics



Happiness Is



**Lin Fulcher, Debbie Hill
The King and Queen**



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registered trademark for its
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HILLS

"Known for
Good Clothes"

We, The Seniors of New Bern High, Leave to...

(Continued from Pg. 2)

I, Chuck Mohn, leave all my good grades in Advanced Math to anyone who wants them and my quarterback job to anyone who can throw more interceptions than I did. (I don't think you'll find one.)

I, Pat Moore, do hereby leave NBHS with the many memories that I have made with my friends in these past four years. I also leave to anyone who can count them, all the times I didn't skip. Also, I leave NBHS to H. P. Honeycutt in the mess that it will be in next year.

I, Jimmy Morris, do hereby leave my parking space, 116, to someone who will have a better use for it than I did.

I, Michael C. Murrell, leave to the good brothers Michael Patrick and Steve Fisher anything they can get out of the Senior class of NBHS.

I, Janis Parker, leave my seat in choir to Suzanne, Ruth, or whoever is willing to put up with Wagie in the next coming year.

I, Carolyn Parks, do hereby leave my nose to any poor kid that has one to put up with.

I, Deborah Pate, leave to Anna K. the ability to continue her weekly excursions to Wilmington without getting caught.

I, Sandy Patrick, leave NBHS to my little sister Regina and Lord help the school. I also leave to any future typing students Miss Wells, because she's sure the best!

I, Martha Pendleton, leave to Rita Lee, my chimes and the majorettes, to Donna Croom and Vicki Harrell, I leave the mud hole in Trent Shores, to Susie Proctor, I leave Mrs. Hunnings' fifth period Spanish III Class to enjoy again next year, to Paula Long, I leave my "Scummobile" since I can't take it to ECU with me, to David Land and Debbie Allgood, I leave the band trips, to Nell Hemlenny I leave my brains in Algebra II and to Wayne Pearce I leave the "Green Slime."

I, Vee Perritt, do thankfully leave NBHS and to John Dominy I leave Spanish class.

I, Nancy Price, leave to Mike Oliver my seat in band hoping he will go farther and to Debbie Garver, my ability of skipping classes.

I, David Pryor, have no comment.

I, Ed Quidley, leave with Brenda Bender.

I, Teresa Raines, leave my seat in Mr. Phelps office to Mary Segar and my books to Edward Winley.

I, Debbie Barrington, leave Diana Seals the good memories of my fifth period class. To Lynn, I leave him the will power to finish his last three years of high school.

I, Pam Riggs, do hereby leave NBHS with a happy heart. I leave to Dee Bratcher my seat in Government in order to help her in

her profession, a lawyer, to all 1st clarinets I LEAVE! To everyone I leave lots of luck and love.

I, Morelle Sanderson, leave this school to join my husband at last. I leave my seat to Douglas Corbett in Mrs. Harriet's English class hoping he will do better than I did.

I, Dawn Sard, leave NBHS in the hands of my sister, Debby and to Gloria, the task of watching her destroy it.

I, Mike Scott, being of sound mind and body do leave to Mrs. Pope my great ability to spell and to proofread for errors.

I, Diana Seals, leave my brother Clifford and cousin Gary H. another motor mount and to Donna I leave lots of memories.

I, Cia Simon, leave NBHS in hopes that they will find someone like I did.

I, Kathy Skinner, leave NBHS with many memories. I leave my brother the car and my term papers. I leave my place in band to a deserving person and wish them lots of luck.

I, Ken Smith, leave my chair in Mrs. Boyette's class to some well-deserving student.

I, Deborah Anne Sparks, do hereby (I hope) leave my seat in Mr. Willis' third period U. S. History class to Mike Blackman, in hopes that he won't pass if the first year either!

I, Candy Spruill, leave to Betty Ward my seat in Miss Pittard's Senior English class. I leave to Miss Pittard my battery of good grades and to Miss Wells I leave my love and good times in first period.

I, Pat Stille, hereby leave my little blue "Belva" to my brother Jeff, in hopes that it blows up for him like it did for me.

I, Robert L. Statham, Jr., do leave it all to my sister and hope she will do better than I did.

I, Wilma Stille, leave my electric typewriter and desk to any underclassman who is fortunate enough to make C. O. O.

I, Margaret Sumrell, leave NBHS with a lot of memories, but joy to be leaving.

I, Charles Swaringer, leave my parking place to Joe West whose car may keep the oil spot there.

I, Max Taylor, do hereby leave NBHS hoping that NBHS doesn't have any trouble with students like it did with me. I leave to H. P. Honeycutt my absentee slips knowing he wants to keep a record of them. I leave to Mr. Phelps peace -- for this past year we never came in contact with each other. This year has been my best year of all the rest, knowing this is the last I will see NBHS. As to the teachers I've had and met unexpectedly -- Remember the good times we've had.

I, Sherry Taylor, hereby will good fortunes to any who prove worthy. Also, behind I leave "These Eyes" with Tim Hasell and my sly quietness with Nancy

Windley. To those with beautiful smiles and friendly behavior -- God bless you! ALWAYS.

I, Susan Thomas, leave a baseball bat to Rita Lee to use to "persuade" Larry Sutton to get married; I leave band trips to anybody brave enough to go on them; I leave single life to anybody dumb enough to want it; I leave the "Bruin" to next year's editor, with my deepest sympathy.

I, Dianne Toler, leave NBHS to Donna Revels in hopes that one day she can get her feelings about boys straight. To Janice, Sparkie, and Judy I leave Hardees; and to Tony I leave a bunch of memories and a lot of hopes.

I, Jim Travis, leave to Debbie Daniels my parking space beside the sidewalk, in hopes that she may get away with it as long as I did.

I, Frances Tucker, leave my brother Gene Crites, Julie, and the ability to cut class without getting caught, and to Mrs. Kent all her pet termites in A-1.

I, Judy Parker Tyndall, do hereby leave my parking space (No. 2) to Dot Hughes who will never get her brother's Mustang.

I, Fred Walston, leave it all to whoever cares to take it.

I, Sam Ward, being of sound mind and body leave a book full of all my absence and tardy excuses to anyone who thinks he's strong enough to drag it home.

I, Larry Waters, leave my seat in the Senior class to my future son or daughter whichever it may be. I also leave the faculty my best wishes in the future.

I, Barbara Watford, joyfully leave NBHS to be with Eddie. To Marilyn, Sherry and Donna, I leave my ability of being too "chicken" to skip, in hopes that they'll be much braver.

I, Jewel Watson, being of slightly unsound mind and body, do hereby sadly leave NBHS with memories of four great years. To Billy Jackson, I leave Mr. Wagemaker and the choir, and a one-way ticket to Greenville, in the hope that he will use it often.

I, Peggy Whaley, leave: one tootsie to Linda King; one slightly used pair of socks to Albert Sutton; a broken speedometer to Lee Wilson; and to Peggy Parson, Betty Corbin, William Whaley, and Susan Adams, I leave my unmistakable talent of drawing flowers and I leave -- in peace with the Pink Panther.

I, Gray Wheeler, leave to Lynnda B. the familiar question "What do you want to do tonight," to George Litchfield my collection of white socks, to A. B., I leave alone and finally, I leave thankfully to Mr. Phelps for all of the signed excuses I borrowed from him.

I, Debbie A. Whitehurst, leave NBHS -- just leave. I also leave all the school buses for Mr. Phelps to worry about. Too bad he won't have another driver like me.

I, Charles Whitford, with sound body and maybe not so sound mind leave James Hooker my drafting set and I hope to leave NBHS sometime. Also NBHS to Debbie for the next 5 years.

I, Jerri Wilcox, leave my perfect attendance record to Bud Stille in hopes he can improve it; to Mrs. Carroll a slightly used Algebra II book and to Miss Williams I leave a super gigantic filing cabinet for all my notes from home (?) Good-bye Tommy!

I, Chris Williams, leave NBHS to Eli (Lem) Simms, my halo to "Angel," my Golden Gloves to the "Bitcher," my good driving record to anyone who earns it, and my wrestling shoes to Tommy Ward.

I, Gene Williams, leave five pennies to Mrs. Revell to show her that I have some sense, and to Kathy Spruill, I leave my Yesterday's Dreams album, cause after she moves and I go off to school, that's all we'll be to each other.

I, Sande Williams, leave behind me four wonderful years of houseparties, sleepouts, dances, cheering, ballgames,

friends and I regretfully leave Jules, except on the weekends. I also leave Melinda her ability to go to JACKSONVILLE, hal and only have one wreck, and to Kathy & Lisa, the hope that they will always look alike and be friends.

I, Andrea Willis, leave the Business Department to all who like to work long hours.

I, Donna Willis, leave NBHS and lots of happy memories. To Bobbie, I leave my bus, Phantom 6 in hopes that she won't wreck it, and to my brother John -- lots of luck.

I, Carol Wolfe, regretfully leave the Duster to Barbara -- except for weekends and I (we) also leave NBHS as it will never be again.

I, Patricia Woody, leave my bent baton to any girl who can drop it more than I did, and my parking space to Chuck Stocks in hopes that he can avoid all that glass like I did.

I, Cleveland Woolard, do hereby leave all my misfortunes to whoever gets them and Miss Pittard to the most fortunate one. "I'll drink to that."

I, Sandy Wooten, leave Susan Wooten, Susan Crawford, David Crawford and the Good Guys my car to use as their lounge, and I leave Cindy Ford my perfect attendance record.

I, Harry Wright, being of perplexed mind and tired body, do hereby leave NBHS to its own devices.

I, Pat Wright, being of soulful mind and body leave to Shelia, Val, Cynth, Kay, Step, Joyce, and Quinn next year. May it be full of happenings. Only the strong survive!

I, Scott Wright, being of sound mind and body, do hereby leave the C building to my little brother Richard (Class of '75), who deserves whatever he gets.

I, Phyllis Yates, do hereby leave NBHS after four years of hard work and studying all of my dreams and memories to all of my friends. And I leave my sister Virginia in hopes

that she will finish school.

I, Marie Zaytoun, do hereby leave my sister, Wezzie, the "Pizza Car," wondering who will get who up in the morning. To Glenda I leave my art ability -- Melinda you've got it! To Anna Kaye, I leave my tears. Danny, I take you with me.

I, Larry Gwaltney, being of sound mind and beautiful body do hereby leave my only earthly belongings to those who really need and deserve them. To Ronnie Collins, I leave one can of Curl Free in hopes that one day his hair will be as straight as J. J. JOHNSON'S. To Kenny Edwards I leave one beautiful pair of white and brown so that he will never be lonely. To Susan Crawford, I leave one pair of elevated shoes so when I want to talk to her I won't have to strain my neck. To Dale Scales and anyone else who plans to be here next year I leave Tiger Ray Swindell's slightly used nose guard and two left footed tennis shoes.

I, Carolyn Haddock, leave to anybody that can stand it my seat in Bookkeeping II with Mrs. Pope. To Rachel Beaman I leave my place in the check-out line in front of Mr. Phelps' office. To the rest of the gang, I leave the hassel with the fuzz.

I, James "JJ" Johnson leave all the sweat and blood, joys and tears, that it took to make it through the years. I leave John Boone my football shoes, and John, Baby, don't get hurt. I leave the Soul Brothers this phrase "Keep the Faith."

I, Bradford Sneeden, do hereby leave my track shoes, football shoes to anyone who can make better use out of them than I. I also leave my Algebra degree to Carolyn; my portable record player to Chuck.

I, Sharon Stille, do hereby leave to Karen and Wade, their own personal tow trucks, and to Hal and Billy my knowledge in Algebra so they won't have to sit in the "lovers" class this summer.

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	Valeria Huggins
Dear Amy.....	Guess Who?
Senior Spotlight.....	Louise Brock
Advisor.....	Mrs. Banks

Thank you Miss Wells for helping us with our Typing.

Civitan Honors

Two New Bern students received honors at the annual District East Convention of the Junior Civitan held in Durham, May 1, 2, and 3. Jeff Margolis, a senior at NBHS, was presented a plaque and Honor Key by Mr. Harvey Mitchell, director of the district. Besides holding the position of Lt. Governor of Zone 5 in Civitan, Jeff has served the local club as treasurer and has attended the Civitan Youth Conference. Jeff also has been active in school affairs, by participating in the Junior and Senior French Clubs, National Honor Society, Debating Club, Band, and Bear Cub, and Bruin photographer. His proud parents are Mr. and

Mrs. Kenneth Margolis of Rhem Avenue.

Dottie Bynum was honored by being appointed Chaplain of the district for the upcoming year. She also attended the Civitan Youth Conference and is an active member of the New Bern Club. Dot has served her school through the Student Council as a representative and Secretary, and is presently corresponding secretary of Tri Chi, a member of the BiRacial Advisory Committee, G. A. C., Senior Spanish, Pep Club, and Advanced Girls Glee Club. Her parents are Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Bynum of New Bern, on Brice's Creek Road.



Dottie Bynum and Jeff Margolis

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BELK OF NEW BERN
231 Middle Street
New Bern, N.C.

Senior Superlatives

On Friday, April 17, twenty NBHS seniors were recognized by their classmates as outstanding in particular areas. The following students received Senior Superlative recognition:

Most Athletic: Dona Lichtenwalter, Chuck Mohn
Most Popular: Sandy Howard, Bobby Marshburn
Friendliest: Tresie Hatem, Larry Gwaltney
Best All Around: Tresie

Hatem, Bobby Marshburn
Best Dressed: Jo Carpenter, Tyler Harris
Most Intelligent: Becky Brown, Jimmy Morris
Most Likely to Succeed: Louise Brock, Chris Kelso
Best Leadership: Melanie Lyons, Tom Ward
Wittiest: Lisa Geiter, Larry Gwaltney
Most Talented: Marianne Many, Greg Jones

New School Visited

(Continued from Pg. 1)

over the student begging him to work.

This year (the school's first) a student who is a junior has completed all the requirements for a standard college prep course including senior English. The administration feels that the law prohibiting a 3 year graduate will be waived, as the school is supposed to be an innovator.

Those seniors who are attending NBHS this year only for English 4 can easily see the merit of this system.

Included in the student's day are two breaks. One of forty minutes (for lunch) and one of twenty minutes for free time. At these times the student can go to the recreation room and play ping-pong, or go to one of the school's snack bars and have some refreshment. In fact the student can do anything except leave campus. This is because the school is located some distance from town, and it simply isn't practical to leave campus.

The school opened prematurely however. It was supposed to consist of 8 buildings. However, only 3 are now in operation. Some buildings still to be erected are the gym and the Student Union building.

The part of the plan now in operation is the most beautiful and functional school the team has ever seen.

Extensive audio-visual aids are available for individual student use, and many provisions for handicapped children have been included. For instance, flat ramps, as well as stairs, provide access to the upper floors of the buildings. Also available for student use are the school's battery of computers. They can be utilized for homework, research, or just plain curiosity purposes.

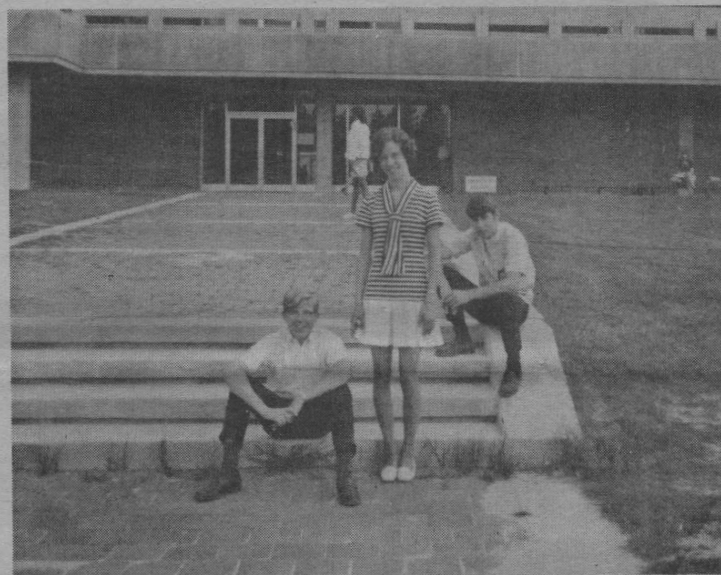
The curriculum most impressed the team. With the team teaching that allows both "large" and "small" group classes, many courses can be offered. Over 100 subjects are currently available. Some of them are Nuclear Physics, Plumbing, Fashion Retailing, Automotive Repair, Embryology, and several courses in the Humanities.

Although the school is young, a fine extra-curricular program is developing. Already, fencing is offered.

Even though the school is in the "learning stage" that is, this idea of learning is being adjusted to by both the faculty and the students, things look bright for Pinecrest

High. This system is extremely attractive to students, but having talked to one of the teachers there, it was learned that many "inside" problems plague the school. And, even to the students, some things could be changed. One of these is the inclusion of a lunch room within the school's plant. The vending areas are nice but, everyday is too much.

However, all in all, the team generally felt that the model school will provide the basis of instruction that will be adopted by more and more schools in the future, if for no other reason than the fact that large numbers of students can be handled with a minimum of effort.



Gene Carraway, Ivy Greene, and Becky Warren visited Pinecrest High School.

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