

Through
THE
Looking
Glass

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Most of the folks who get their names and accomplishments in Who's Who are college graduates, but Herbert W. Barbour's closest approach to an institute of higher learning was a correspondence school.

To tell the truth, New Bern's nationally recognized boat builder got very little formal education, even on the grammar grade level. Born at Swansboro, he came along when three months of instruction was all anyone could count on during a school year.

Barbour was grateful for the smattering of knowledge he picked up during his limited training in the classroom of a public school. However, he was smart enough to realize that what he had was only a start, and a very poor start at that.

Many a scoffer considers it clever to sneer at a mail order course, and it cannot be denied that some of these offers are swindles and nothing more. Yet, the careful shopper is able to find a legitimate correspondence school, if he'll do a bit of investigating, and Herb Barbour did just that.

Through the medium of Uncle Sam's postoffice he learned mathematics. Blessed with a natural knack for fashioning boats large or small, he used his knowledge of figures to turn out work that showed the mark of a perfectionist.

Born on the water, he knew what a vessel ought to have to make it seaworthy and practical. In his early days he ran a freight boat regularly from Swansboro to New Bern, and as long as he lived there was a hearty saltiness about him that is characteristic of men who go down to the sea in ships.

His was in truth a Horatio Alger story, and from an humble beginning Barbour Boat Works became an important industry in a town where industry is all but non-existent.

In keeping with the firm's prosperity, he ceased to live in rented houses, and the car he drove in the latter years of his life was a far cry from the beat-up touring car that once was his mode of transportation.

But the man himself never changed. He remained a faithful worshiper at the Tabernacle Baptist church, and no one was surprised when he bought an organ for the edifice. Always he had given according to his means.

Barbour accepted the Bible at face value—lock, stock and barrel. His pastor, the Rev. J. L. Hodges, was his beloved friend, and this venerable Baptist parson preached the gospel in that booming voice of his the way Herb liked it preached.

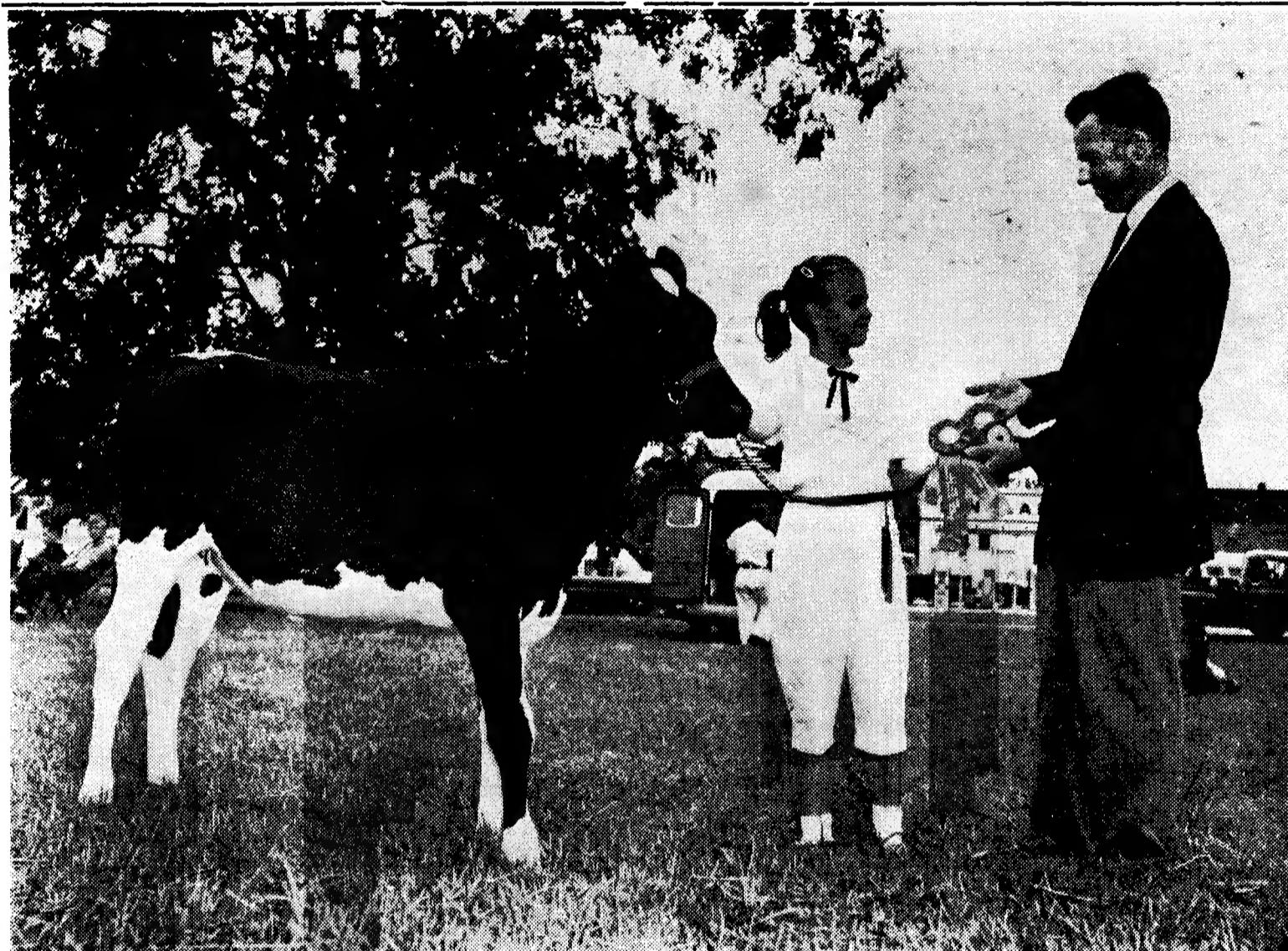
The Swansboro native was there the night Hodges died in his pulpit. In fact, Barbour was always on hand when the church doors opened. The Rev. K. Alvin Pitt, who succeeded Hodges as the Tabernacle Baptist pastor, became a close friend too, but neither Pitt nor anyone else could ever have replaced the former pastor in Herb Barbour's heart.

Barbour loved beauty, and his creative urge found full expression in the boats he built. Turning out a sloppy craft would have been revolting to this big, good natured man—a thing of sacrifice.

That's one reason he was so fond of Albert "Crabby" Crabtree, the little machinist. Crabtree, a wizard with motors, was never satisfied to settle for the next best thing, nor was Barbour. They didn't realize it, but both were true artists in their fields.

Actually, Herb Barbour liked everybody. He loved to talk with anyone who would listen, and his laughter was as robust as a laugh can be. It made you feel good inside to be around a man like that.

If angels talk and laugh in Heaven,



A PROUD PAIR—Mary Dunn of route 1, New Bern, eyes her ribbons happily, as Johnnie Green, local banker, presents the awards she won in the Seventh Annual Coastal Carolina Junior Dairy Show here. Take a look at the smug expression her prize Holstein calf is wearing, and you'll

know how it feels to be a grand champion in your class. Incidentally, Mary walked off with fitting and showmanship honors too for Holsteins. It was a big day for this little girl, and she made the most of it.—Photo by John R. Baxter.

HERE IN NEW BERN

Beware of Hot-Rod Oldsters

New Bern's teen-agers, just like other hot rodders the country over, have long been blamed for most of the accidents and virtually all of the recklessness on our streets and highways.

Aside from the wholesale condemnation heaped upon them by oldsters, they or their parents are called upon to pay dearly for liability insurance.

It is generally believed by a gullible public that grim statistics justify this low regard for youthful drivers. New Bernians share the belief, and the youngsters themselves have heard it harped on so much that they develop an inferiority complex—or get a chip on their shoulder.

If you ask us, it's high time somebody stepped right up to front and center and revealed that teen-

age drivers in the overwhelming majority are a safer bet behind the steering wheel than their elders.

Don't take our word for it. Check with Chief of Police Pearsall or Captain Preston Robinson, who heads the traffic section of our police department. Talk with the State Highway Patrol, Craven county officers, or judges and lawyers.

You'll be told in no uncertain terms that the greatest menace on our roads today isn't the spoiled brat in a souped-up vehicle, dangerous though he is, but the older motorist who envisions himself as being capable to take care of any eventuality at any speed.

Having assured himself that he is an expert of long experience, he takes needless chances daily. Fate being kind, he is apt to live to a

ripe old age, still belittling teenage drivers whenever the opportunity presents itself.

However, a day of reckoning comes for some of these adults. The less fortunate are killed or crippled, and in some instances bring death and maiming to others.

Added to this list are the many who are involved in accidents that

result only in property damage. And, rounding out the list are the frequent adult drunks, and citizens cold sober, who are arrested for breaking the law.

Visit the courts when traffic offenses are being tried here, and you'll be surprised at the small number of teen-agers hauled up before the bar of justice. After that, if you're an adult, you'll be ashamed perhaps of all the things you've said about hot rodders.

There are, of course, exception, and sometimes the antics of these youthful motorists are little short of sensational. Less publicized but far more prevalent are the antics of adults.

Go for a Sunday afternoon ride on any of our neighboring highways, and you'll encounter grown-ups who pass on curves, duck in and out of traffic, and behave in general in a manner that borders on the idiotic.

As often as not, these reckless adults will have their wives and children riding with them. In flirting with eternity, they show no hesitation in placing their entire family in jeopardy.

Blaming youthful drivers for more than their share of the death and destruction is typical of the way adults exaggerate youthful behavior in general.

Next time you feel the urge to spout about juvenile delinquency, and certainly no one condones it, consider these facts. Less than five percent of all young people, regardless of race, creed or color or background are of the problem type, and less than three percent land in court.

Compared with these figures, adults, riding or walking, don't have much to crow over.

You'll Read What You Please At New Bern's Public Library

New Bern's Public Library may not always agree with your taste in books, but quite properly it tries to satisfy the interests of its adult readers, whatever they happen to be.

Such, of course, is the true function of any library. Just as music lovers differ in their opinion of which songs are worth listening to, New Bernians have decided opinions about their reading matter.

A best seller isn't always a literary masterpiece. It might be re-

en, and we believe they do, his eternal happiness will know no bounds.

(Continued on back page)

garded as trash, even by those who avidly peruse it. Yet, if the demand is sufficient, based upon requests the novel in question stands an excellent chance of landing on the book shelves of the local library.

In the juvenile section of our library here, a different policy is in effect. Whenever books are purchased for children and adolescents, they must measure up to rigid requirements. No one of intelligence, parents or otherwise, will find fault with this procedure.

Admittedly, much of the questionable reading matter now being published gets into the hands of

STILL SPREADING IT — Having his picture made is serious business for New Bern's Mr. Sunshine—John S. Holland. He'd much rather be about his cheerful practice of bringing hope and joy to others. Remembering birthdays is just one of the many nice gestures you can expect from this indomitable man who has laughed off his own illness for decades. By making light of misfortune, he has inspired fellow New Bernians to do likewise.—Photo by John R. Baxter.

