



"I've been in a lot of accidents" the cut and bleeding man on the stretcher said, "but this is the sorrest I've been yet." It was easy to understand why. His right eye was all but closed by a severe laceration just above it. His body, stripped to the waist, had ugly gashes on it.

At the moment he was in the hall of a New Bern hospital, waiting his turn in the emergency room and the X-ray room. His companions, more seriously injured, were getting first attention. They were pretty badly broken up, and in shock.

A friend of the man, hearing his remark about "a lot of accidents" revealed that he had indeed been in at least a dozen accidents in the past. Through the kindness of Fate he had survived them all, but obviously they didn't teach him much in the way of traffic safety.

On this latest occasion he wasn't driving—at least not when the crash occurred. It was one of those uncalled for, one-vehicle wrecks, with speed and half empty whiskey bottles mixed up in it.

The car didn't make a curve, and crashed into an embankment. Fortunately, no other automobile was involved. Had a car come along about that time, the carnage might have been terrible.

To a newspaper man—long sick of viewing mutilated mortals, dead or alive, it was a thing to ponder. How, we wondered, could a human being cheat death repeatedly in a dozen or more wrecks, and still take them strictly in stride?

Apparently, there is little that anyone can do to alter the viewpoint like that. What can be done to educate a man, or frighten him, for the sake of highway safety, when shattered glass, twisted metal, and spilled blood, don't confront him with grim warning signs?

We are reconciled to the fact that this man, and others like him, can't be bothered with figures and statistics. However, if you're less complacent, these calculations—arrived at by experts—might interest you.

It takes just seven-tenths of a second, according to the Washington, D. C., Star, for a man to die in an automobile crash, when he crashes into a tree while travelling 55 miles an hour. Cornell and Yale universities figured that out, after years of accurate study.

It takes one-tenth of a second for the bumper and grill work to collapse. Steel slivers penetrate the tree to depths of one and one-half inches.

It takes two-tenths of a second from the instant of impact for the hood to crumble as it rises, smashing into the windshield. Grillwork disintegrates. The fenders contact the tree, forcing the rear parts to splay out over the front doors.

At three-tenths of a second, the driver rises from his seat, torso upright, his broken knees pressing against the dashboard. The steering wheel begins to bend under his death grip.

At four-tenths of a second, the car's front two-feet has been completely demolished, but the rear end is still travelling at 55 miles an hour. The half-ton motorblock crunches into the tree. The rear of the car, like a bucking horse, rises high enough to scrape the bark off the low branches.

At five-tenths of a second, the driver's fear-frozen hands bend the steering column into an almost vertical position. The force of gravity impales him on the steering wheel shaft. Jagged steel punctures his lungs and arteries. Blood spurts into his lungs.

At six-tenths of a second, the force of the impact rips the driver's feet from his tightly-laced

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**QUITE A HAUL**—New Bern's Civitan Club was only one of 76 represented at the North Carolina Convention in Asheville, but other clubs from the mountains to the sea couldn't compete with the accomplishments of the local organiza-

tion this year. New Bern copped all of the most coveted awards, landed the convention for next year, and got its president, D. Livingstone Stallings, unanimously elected Lieutenant Governor.—Photo by Billy Benners.

## Town's Teen Agers Revive Barber Shop Singing Style

When you get right down to it, there may not have been too much really good about New Bern's good old days.

Sentiment notwithstanding, Time plays tricks on you, and a lot of the things we look back to with fondness were actually more of an inconvenience than pleasurable.

However, allow us to step forth and assert that something pretty wonderful went by the boards when those barbershop quartets of old faded into oblivion.

Four boys standing on a corner, after their dates sent them on their way, could do a grand job with the harmony invested in a song like "Sweet Adeline", "Dear Old Girl", or "You Wore A Tulip."

They were at their best with a tune that had lingering high notes, and an abundance of drippy pathos. The high tenor, if he was a good one, sent chills up and down your spine. It made you sad, but sadness loosened your heart and made you feel noble clear down to your gizzard.

Although the old-time quartet was at its best in the enchanting glow of a street lamp, such a group was also able to acquit itself most favorably on a Sunday school picnic, cruising in the moonlight down Neuse river on the Steamer S. J. Phillips, or around a piano in somebody's parlor.

For the information of young whipper-snappers who revel today in the discordant savage chants of rock and roll, we hasten to add that the barbershop quartet that thrilled Grandma and Grandpa shouldn't be confused with modern-day drunks who launch into "Sweet

Adeline" after complete alcoholic saturation.

You didn't have to get tight to sing harmony in the old days. Most definitely, you didn't have to get tight to enjoy it.

As a matter of fact, the lad who could sing invariably had the inside track with the maidens of his choice. Even if he was pigeon-breasted and had a face that would frighten a ghost in broad open daylight, a melodic set of pipes was

all he needed to start feminine ticklers palpitating wildly.

Hence, it gives us no little satisfaction to view with pride the recognition that barbershop singing is getting at New Bern High school as of now. Instead of a quartet, Donald Smith—that versatile Tiny Tim of the school's music department—has come up with a barbershop octet.

In all candor, we are not convinced that a barbershop octet is

twice as good as a barbershop quartet. Yet, these youngsters at New Bern High are not only talented, but thanks to the Little Professor, have been able to catch the mood of authentic barbershop singing.

Close your eyes, when they blend their voices together, and you can ramble back through the years to the golden days that exist now only on Memory Lane. If they don't feel for all the world like Grandpa used to feel, they're pulling a convincing bluff and we love them for it.

Most of all we're grateful to Smith himself for his wide appreciation of all types of music. Unlike some musicians well versed in the classics, he is blessed with enough common sense to recognize that music doesn't necessarily have to be highbrow to deserve a place in the realm of American melody.

In this connection, it can also be said that Dave Walters—the band director at New Bern High school—shares Smith's attitude. Like Donald, Dave is on speaking terms with the classics, but anyone who has heard the arrangements he cooks up for the high school's Dixieland combo is convinced that Walters is no stranger among the hep cats.

Who knows, if the pendulum swings far enough, the new generation and their parents and grandparents may end up patting their feet to the same songs. After all, Tom Dooley has been buried at long last. Maybe Stagger Lee and Slow Talking George will depart in due time too.

That, indeed, will be the day!



NBHS BARBERSHOP OCTET