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A newspaperman never knows what he is going to get into, when he covers an automobile accident. It's a grim case of pot luck, and taking it in stride as best you can.

To the morbidly curious a serious crash, with bloodshed involved, is a show to flock to and stare at. After 30 years of reporting, our chief emotional reaction is depression over the needless tragedy of such events.

You get that way when you've helped to load corpses beyond your numbering, and witnessed with disconcerting regularity the agony of pain on mutilated faces that reflect the bewilderment of a shocked and befuddled mind.

Accident victims behave peculiarly at times in the hospital's emergency room. For some reason, many of them beg for water that can't be given them until the full extent of their injuries is determined.

Some are omniously quiet, although obviously conscious. They gaze at the ceiling almost impassively, apparently unexcited by the lacerations and the broken bones. Others, usually hurt less, talk incessantly about their own good fortune in escaping so lightly, never bothering to glance at the hapless friend or relative on the stretcher next to them.

Some are downright cocky, in what appears to be a rather ridiculous effort to show just how tough they are. They're the type who want to get up and walk around, and get in the way of the doctor and the nurses.

Always the collision has occurred because somebody was at fault. Maybe it was one driver, or maybe both. Accidents don't just happen, even though any highway patrolman can tell you that this is the sort of reasoning he listens to time and time again.

Speed is the great killer—speed and drinking. Drunks have a habit of ending up in emergency rooms fairly often. Not quite as often, however, as the sober motorist who is maimed because somebody else got under a steering wheel and drove a deadly weapon while intoxicated. An atomic bomb has wider scope than a fast moving car, but that's scant consolation if the latter slaughters you, or cripples you for life.

We rather think that a lot of adults lack the perception and the capacity to appreciate terror that an eight-month-old baby displayed at the hospital here just the other day. The infant's fright and hysteria, from that moment on, became imbedded in our memories of accidents past and present.

On this occasion, we helped unload the victims and get them into the emergency room. There were five in all, not counting the baby who was crying not from pain, but in sheer horror. Her mother had a head laceration.

At first we devoted our attention to a man on one of the tables who wasn't too badly hurt. He had a gash in his head, but he could move his arms and legs, and had no difficulty in breathing. "I'm just sleepy," he told us as matter of factly as you'd ever expect to hear such a statement.

A few minutes later, since everybody else was pretty busy, we ended up baby sitting in the nearby laboratory with the wailing child. A nurse had checked the little girl, and found no injuries. The blood on her yellow rompers wasn't her own, but someone else's—probably her mother's.

Perhaps you're skeptical over the possibility of an eight-month-old infant's ability to comprehend that something terrible had happened in which she was directly involved. You're skeptical because you didn't see the unbelievable terror.

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COASTAL SPRINGTIME—A pretty girl with a perky hat, and dogwood in bloom. That's an ideal April combination. The young lady, posing like a professional, is one of our

New Bern High school students, Frances McSorley, who is best known for her baton twirling.—Photo by Billy Benners.

Good Friday Finds Gardens Sprouting in New Bern Yards

It's with us again—garden planting time—and everywhere you look in New Bern and Craven county you'll see folks going about the happy if somewhat tiring business of getting something to grow and do well.

Spring onions, too hardy to be intimidated by cold weather, are already thriving in most plots, and amateur farmers here, there and everywhere have been setting out their pole beans, butter beans, squash and cucumbers for several days.

All gardeners have a great deal in common, including cut-worms and weeds. Yet, each has his or her own particular notion as to when a thing should be planted, and how it is to be cultivated.

A lot of individuals swear by the almanac, and wouldn't think of sticking a seed in the ground unless the moon and stars are just right. In this category are many seasoned and successful farmers, who could never be shaken from their conviction that the man who ignores his almanac is headed for certain disaster and a mighty miserable crop.

And of course you'll find plenty of people who insist that Good Friday is the time to plant, and none other. This despite the fact that Good Friday isn't a fixed date on the calendar from year to year, but comes in March as well as April. To such persons, a belief in Good Friday as an ideal sowing time must have religious significance of a sort.

Seldom, you'll find, does a neighbor pitch in and help with the plowing and tending of your gar-

den, but he'll never short change you on free advice. All of us mortals seem to have the universal failing of trying to tend to some-

one else's business, and when it comes to gardening, just about everybody is guilty in varying degrees.



A MEDIEVAL BERNE STREET

Advice doesn't end with telling you when to plant, how to distribute the fertilizer, and the depth a seed should be stuck in the earth.

The suggestions become prolific at the precise moment that your tomato plants start looking anemic, and the bugs are devouring your beans. Everybody has his own special prescription, and the chances are none of them compares with what the man at the feed store says should be done.

That's one of the nice things, however, about gardening. Each one of us fancies himself as having the knowledge of an agricultural Solomon. If our garden turns out well, we hasten to take all the credit. If it withers and flops, we blame it on the weather.

Never, until you try to raise a garden, will you discover how many children there are in New Bern. And, for some strange and devilish reason, they immediately turn your cherished acreage into a race track, warpath and playground as soon as the first brave shoots of green break through the earth.

Judging by anguished complaints from other gardeners around town, who suffer from kid trouble too, it simply can't be that all the brats within a 30-mile radius have picked out your particular garden to destroy. You've just got a 90 percent infestation of jumping juveniles.

If you have good luck, which isn't very likely, everything you've planted will reach maturity at exactly the same time. You'll have more vegetables than you can eat. Besides, you'll learn with no small

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