

The NEW BERN

# MIRROR

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Ordinarily, nothing bordering on the humorous bobs up when you're covering a serious automobile accident. That goes double when the driver of one of the vehicles involved has been killed in the crash.

However, something happened in the corridor outside the emergency room at St. Luke's hospital the other night that would strike the average person as being on the funny side.

One of the victims, less battered than others receiving attention ahead of him, was seated in the hall. He had a scalp laceration, and appeared to be in mild shock. He was as talkative as a gossip giving bulletins to her neighbor over the back fence.

"I've had a few drinks," he told us voluntarily. "All I wanted to do was go down to the truck stop, get another drink and play some tunes on the juke box." Actually, he indicated that he wasn't aware which road he was riding on when the vehicle he was in collided with another and turned over several times.

He got quiet after awhile. No one else was in the corridor at the moment, so we walked a short distance up the hall. He was staring straight ahead, like most of us do when we're preoccupied with our thoughts. He didn't seem to be in any pain, and was as relaxed as a hound dog snoozing in the sun, as he sat there.

Then it happened. He started singing to himself and the song he had on his mind was "Mr. Custer." It's getting plenty of spins on the radio these days, so you've led a rather sheltered life if you haven't been exposed to it.

"Please, Mr. Custer, I don't want to go," the accident victim sang. It sounded sort of mournful, but that's the way it's recorded. In the song, one of General Custer's recruits is trying to beg off from making a last stand against the Indians, and allows as how he doesn't want to be scalped.

Here, in the hospital corridor, was a youth who had come close to being scalped himself, not by redskins but by something far more deadly. We're not at all sure that he realized what a close call he had just a short time before, but his theme song was as appropriate as it was grimly humorous. "Please, Mr. Custer, I don't want to go." Drunk or sober, very few people would disagree with those sentiments under like circumstances.

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If you think things are bad at the United Nations these days, you should have been in Service Barber shop the other morning.

A little boy who couldn't have been more than three years old was getting his locks shorn. While the perspiring barber was cutting off on a catch-as-catch-can basis, the tot was cutting up, and crying as only a scared and angry child can weep.

It was a scene often portrayed before in the town's tonsorial parlors, but this time there was an additional performer in the act. Watching proceedings, and whimpering anxiously, a small dog that had accompanied the youngster to his torture chamber suffered as much as the distressed moppet.

When the shearing had been accomplished, the little boy's tears vanished with the same rapidity that a sudden summer squall gives way to dazzling sunshine. The kid was in high spirits when he left the barber shop, and the pup was wagging his tail with unrestrained vigor. As for the barber, he looked slightly shocked. At that, he could be thankful for one thing. The dog didn't bite him.

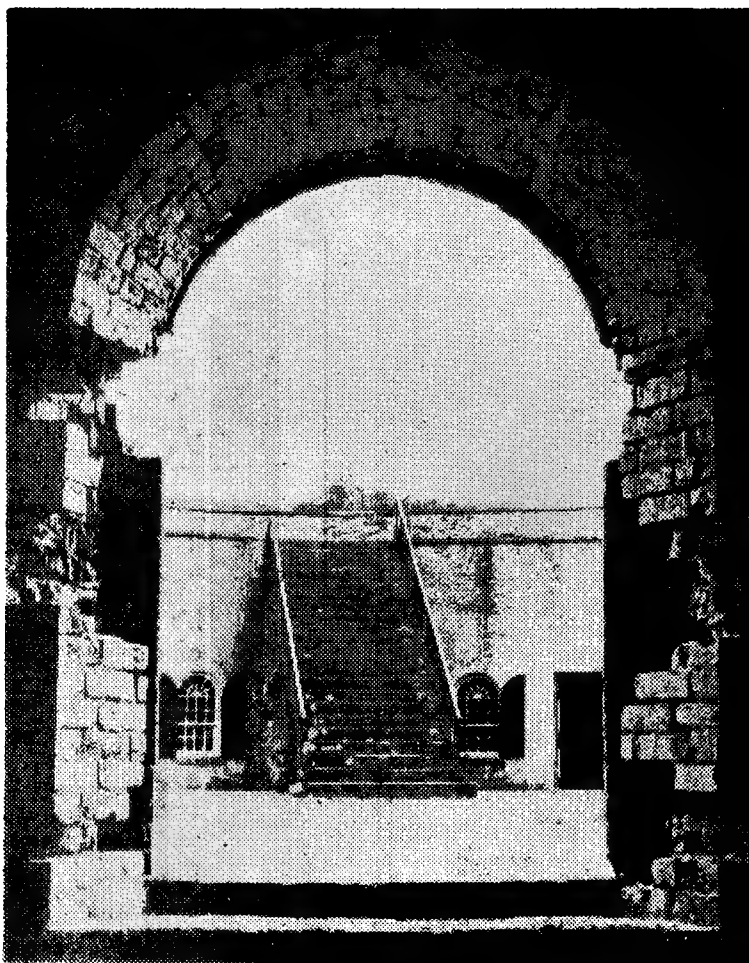
Very few children remain calm when visiting a barber shop for the first time, and some of them  
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REALLY SOUND OFF—New Bern High school's varsity cheerleaders can out yell any other similar group in the Northeastern Conference. And, with an undefeated football team to pull for, they haven't lacked inspiration. Front row, left to right, are Susie Johnson, mascot; Carol Vereen, head cheerleader; Gary Natella, mascot. Second row, Pris-

cilla Ross, Connie White, Janis Shapou, Glenda Gosnell, assistant head cheerleader, Donna White, Shirley Wheeler; third row, Mary Kate Quick, Cheryl Crowe, Cheryl Kwasnick, Priscilla Patterson, Mary Stallings, Barbara Beck. —Photo by John R. Baxter.

## Average New Bernian Thinks Mr. Khrushchev Is Ridiculous



SCENE AT FORT MACON  
—Photo by Charles Carter.

Whatever else Nikita Khrushchev may have accomplished with his United Nations antics—and it doesn't appear to be much of anything—he made himself utterly ridiculous in the eyes of the average New Bernian.

Local citizens interviewed this week for a sample Mirror survey agreed unanimously that the pudgy Russian Premier has dwindled his stature by resorting to freakish behavior before an international audience.

"I've never admired him," one woman told us, "but I've always pictured him as a strong individual. I still think he is dangerous, but his fist pounding at the United Nations Assembly made him look like a spoiled brat who was acting up because he couldn't have his way."

It was this childish fist-pounding that brought the most comment from men and women questioned here. Apparently, Khrushchev thought he was being impressive. Instead he transformed himself into a comical symbol of defiant exasperation.

New Bern's newspaper readers and viewers—the ones we talked with—were emphatic in their belief that the Soviet leader lost a tremendous amount of prestige as a result of his actions in the Assembly. They cited his rude interruption of England's Prime Minister when he spoke to the delegates as a glaring instance of bad taste.

And as one local man put it, "Khrushchev didn't elevate himself

by being so affectionately chummy with Fidel Castro. Recognized as a world figure, he had nothing to gain by fraternizing on the same level with the Cuban rebel. It is doubtful that other countries reacted in the same manner that Khrushchev expected them to."

Although Nikita was frustrated repeatedly, New Bernians interviewed said they thought his big defeat this week came when he failed in his determined effort to force the resignation of the U.N. secretary-general, Dag Hammarskjöld.

They called attention to the scholarly manner in which the secretary-general rebuffed Khrushchev and stood his ground, and mentioned the ovation that Hammarskjöld received when he announced his decision to remain in his present office.

As for the Red leader's threat to ignore the United Nations in the future, New Bernians expressed serious doubt that he will resort to such a move. They also expressed doubt that the cold war has gotten colder in recent days. "Things are bad enough, but they're no worse than they were before Khrushchev came to New York," they agreed.

Speaking of the cold war, citizens here seem to have grown thoroughly accustomed to prolonged international tension. If they are fearful to a considerable degree, their feelings are well masked as they go about the daily business of living.

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