



# The NEW BERN MIRROR

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No matter how big a vocabulary you may have, it's bound to grow obsolete unless you keep it modernized. For example, very few New Bern adults are familiar with the terms used by hot rodders.

If you're like us, you have no intention of whizzing hither and yon in a souped-up vehicle. However, to eliminate the necessity of an interpreter, should you unexpectedly become involved in hot-rod conversation, here are some definitions.

"Goodies" consist of special equipment and accessories. Speed goodies are designed to get more "go" out of a car, while chrome goodies make an engine look more powerful and more finished.

"Slicks" are special racing tires. They are used on the rear wheels only, to get the greatest possible traction. Tires in this category have no tread on them, but they "work" because an extremely large traction area is exposed to the racing surface.

An automatic transmission is known as a "Slush-Pump" or a "Mush-o-Matic". A standard transmission is preferred by hot rodders rather than the automatic type, and is called a "stick." And, when you hear a "bump stick" mentioned, it means the cam shaft, which opens and close the correct valves at just the right time.

Among the bump sticks to choose from are such "styles" as the "three-quarter race" and "full-race" cams, not to mention the "five-cycle 8,000 T" and the "parabolic crossflow." There's one also called the "exterminator."

Hot rodders refer to carburetors as "jugs" and "pots" and "carbs." When talking about a supercharger they refer to the "blower" or "windmill." Or, quite frequently, it's dubbed the "puffer."

If you hear "bug juice" spoken of, the reference is to special nitrate and methane-based racing fuels. They are far more powerful than gasoline, and are so dangerous that they can blow an engine apart if it is not set up properly. This at least saves the trouble of disintegrating the engine and the rest of the hot-rod vehicle in a spectacular, life-snuffing wreck sometime later.

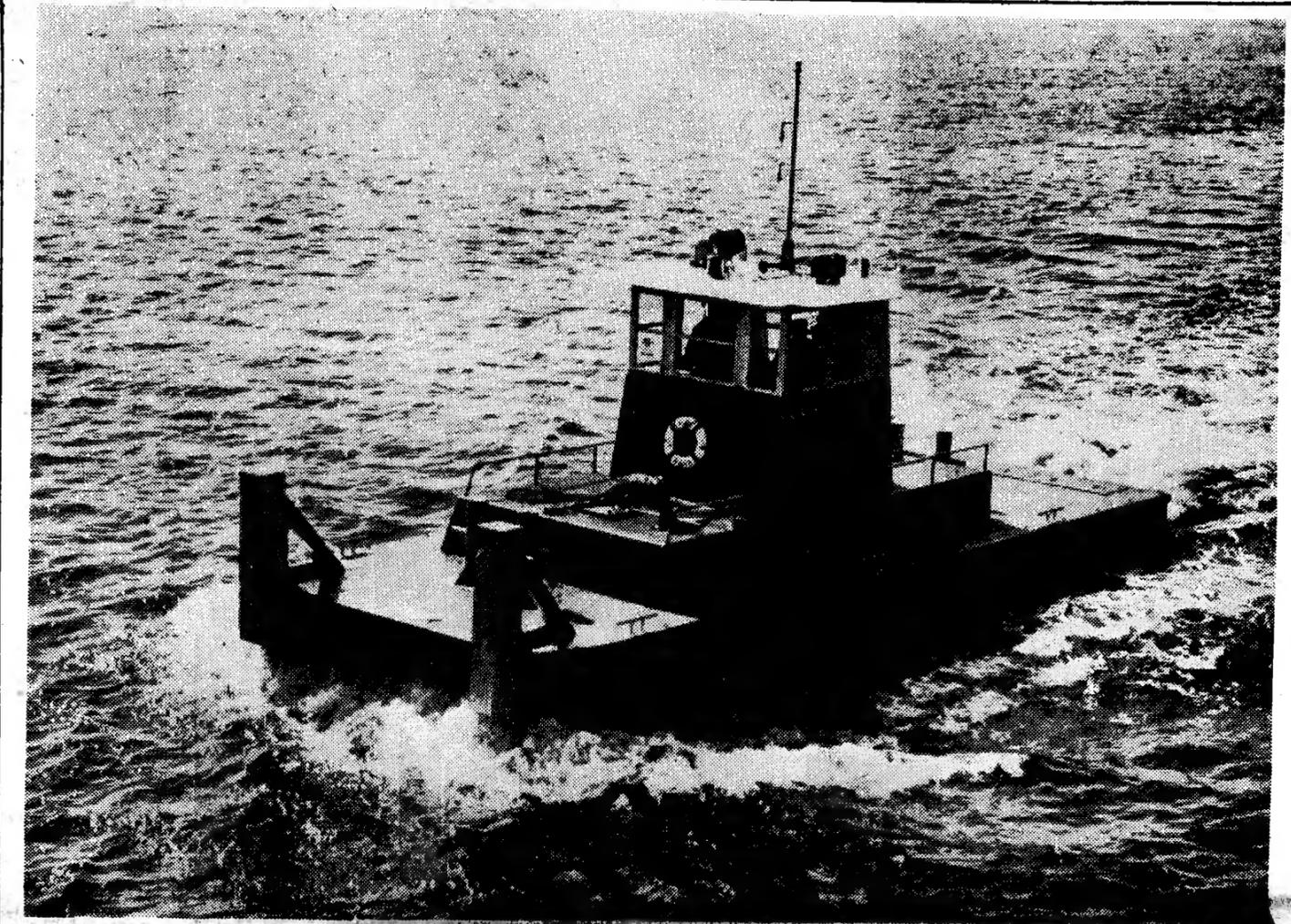
New Bern's young hot-rodders aren't, as a rule, overly familiar with some of the things we've mentioned. As a matter of fact, we've been told that the true hot-rod enthusiast is a serious individual, in his 20's or older, and resents the fact that teen-age gadabouts are called hot-rodders.

The aforementioned serious hot-rodder has his own name for youthful drivers who speed recklessly along street and roads. He calls them "squirrels." This label stems from the fact that a squirrel tail is sometimes attached to a bumper or an aerial by a youngster who loads up his car inside with friends, and outside with fancy ornaments.

As one of the older, "official" hot-rodders puts it, a "squirrel" isn't hard to identify. "He roars around town, cutting in and out of traffic, and gets all the noise he can from the blare of his horn, the screech of his brakes, and the squeal of his tires."

There is a National Hot Rod Association and it has more than 100,000 members. These members are described by Robert A. Wilkin of the Christian Science Monitor as being "young men with a serious and consuming interest in automotive design, construction and performance."

These bonafide hot-rodders and the "squirrels" they detest have one great love in common. Primarily, they are fascinated by speed. The basic difference is that the hot-rodder engages in "organized



FLORIDA BOUND—Built here by the New Bern Shipyard, Incorporated, this 42-foot, all-steel towboat shoves off for Jacksonville. Christened the R. G. Ross, and designed by Coast Engineering Company of Norfolk, Va., it was con-

structed especially for the Parkhill-Goodlowe Company, general marine contractors, of Jacksonville, and was several months in the building.—Photo by Billy Benners.

## New Bern's Eighth Graders Appreciate Their Homeland

How would you describe the land of your birth? Offhand, we can't think of a more delightful description than the one penned by Iris Warren, an eighth grader at Central Elementary school here.

"America—what is America?", she asked in response to a written assignment given her by Elizabeth Disosway, her junior high teacher. Having posed the question, she came up with this:

"America is our home, a land of plenty and freedom. It's little kids with drippy ice cream cones, it's teenagers, America's newest or next generation with their crazy hot-rods.

"It's mothers and fathers, worrying about their mixed-up kids. It's grandmothers and grandfathers wondering what this new generation is coming with its short skirts and Elvis Presley's singing about the good old songs back in their days, but giving them a crazy kind of beat that these kids call WAY OUT.

"America is a land of hot dogs (with chili, please), chocolate so-

speed events, conducted under safe, supervised auspices" while the "squirrels" run loose and endanger the lives of every motorist and pedestrian in their path.

A craving for speed isn't peculiar to this generation. Mortals have been infested with it since the beginning of time, but always it walks hand in hand with violent death. New Bern has seen its share of the carnage, and will continue to see it as wheels turn faster and faster.

das, real gone teenagers, dime stores, contented carnation babies, Santa Clauses, Fabians, pretty girls and Dennis the Menaces. Where would we be without it?"

Of course, America is a lot of other things—some good and some bad—but it seems to us that this New Bern youngster has caught the spirit of it all.

America to most of us is more specifically North Carolina, and here when we aren't having our occasional bad days, the world is in rhyme. Apparently, local eighth graders feel the same way, for a large number of them turned to verse rather than prose when they complied with the same assignment handed Iris relating to a unit entitled "This Is America" in reading class.

Waxing poetic in a juvenile's inimitable style, Suzanne Mallard penned these lines:

I love her trees, her needly pines,  
Her earth so brown and true,  
Her mountains with their sturdy lines,  
And everything that she can do.

I love the pretty blue jay's song,  
The dogwood's scent so sweet,  
I love the coastline, rough and long,  
And her products, tobacco and meat.

I love the oceans rough and blue,  
And all her songs so great,  
I love the rain and morning dew,  
I love all the "Old North State."

Patricia Morris, equally enthusiastic, leaves no doubt about her

sentiments. This is the way she expressed them:

North Carolina, one of the original thirteen,  
Fought for her freedom in the late seventeens.  
Her brave young men stood high and strong  
And were in the right, not in the wrong.

From town to town, freedom rang,  
From door to door, people sang;  
How very pleased they were to be  
In a strong young state so true and free.

As time went on, North Carolina grew  
And prospered under her government so new;  
Now she is well on her way  
Toward taking her place in the U.S.A.

With her strong tall mountains far to the west,  
And Piedmont and plains covering the rest.  
She has many beaches and a rugged coastline,  
Where the tall pines sway and the sun doth shine.

The good old "Tarheels" really rate  
The honor of living in the "Old North State."  
There's no other place I'd rather be  
That in the clean, green state of ole N. C.

And, to further enlighten you, and make you appreciative of the

blessings around you, hark to these words from Jennie King:

North Carolina, North Carolina,  
the land of the free,  
With its kind-hearted people,  
that's the land for me.  
Down in the South is where the Venus Fly Trap grows,  
The best in the land everybody knows.

Out in the West is where the mountains stand tall,  
A sight of beauty for one and all.

Here in the East is the historic town of New Bern,  
The place where most of the State's tourists turn.  
North, South, East or West,  
North Carolina is by far the best.

We may not be as big as some states in size,  
But in everything else we win the prize.

North Carolina is the best,  
everyone will always say,  
They'll keep on saying it until the twelfth of never and a day.

It's a shame we can't print all of the poems by eighth graders that we have on our desk, but we intend to publish them in later issues. For the time being, to round out this article, let's settle for this gem composed by Sharon Gill. It neatly sums up the subject we're on:

My state is known as the Old North State,  
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