



The NEW BERN MIRROR

WEEKLY
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Rt. 4, Box 82

CAROLINA
5¢ Per Copy

VOLUME 4

NEW BERN, N. C., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1961

NUMBER 29

All joking aside, are you really saving your Confederate money in the hope that the South will rise again? Well, take our advice, brother, and keep it under the mattress a while longer.

At this very moment, thousands of little rebels are swarming over Yankee Land like June-bugs in a watermelon rind. The invasion is continuing in no small proportions, and eventually every neighborhood will be dominated by transplanted Tar Heels.

As you know, the Dixie method of mathematics figures that it takes a dozen Yankees to equal one rebel, so the situation was a serious one for Northern defenders right from the start. If the invaders can whittle present ratio down to, say 10 to one, they'll have victory in sight.

Ironically, the Yankee can blame themselves for this heavy influx of rebels. Just check the maternity wards of the government hospitals in this state, and you'll find that a high percentage of the service couples who become proud parents hail from New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and other northern strongholds.

Mom and Pop, in many cases, want no part of the South, but there's no getting around the fact that they have a natural-born rebel in the family for all time to come.

Southerners are willing to concede that any Northern family acquires new prestige when the stork delivers a rebel young'un to a member of the clan. This, they say, is the reason why so many of the

events occur in Dixie.

Unfortunately, from the standpoint of Southern pride, the latter contention isn't entirely true. As a rule, a young service wife whose husband is stationed at Camp Lejeune, Cherry Point or Fort Bragg remains in the South to be with her husband, and not because she wants their first-born to be a rebel.

In keeping with the periodic turnover of military personnel, Mom, the baby, and Pop, too, are usually back up North a few months after Junior's arrival. His baby talk develops a decided Yankee accent, but when he squawls it's a rebel yell.

Trying to suppress these little fellows, and mold them over into Yankee upstarts, is a futile undertaking. Once a Southerner, always a Southerner, even if a change of locale cheats you out of your just share of collards and pot likker.

In fact, this new generation of Northern rebels is so steamed up about the Stars and Bars that a movement is underway to abandon blue and pink for swaddling raiment, and use grey instead. If the grey gives out, pink is recommended, but blue is strictly taboo.

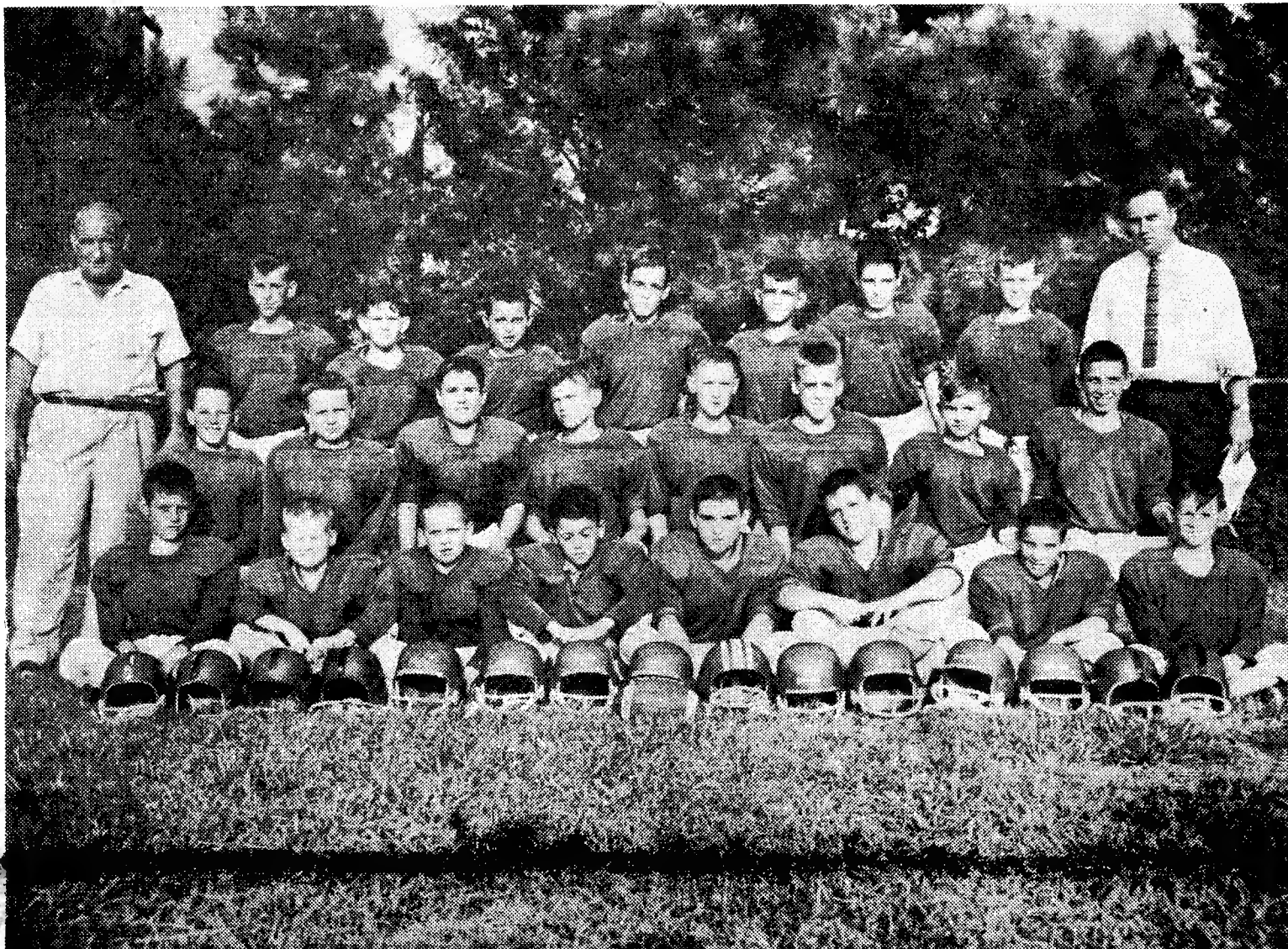
No longer is it safe for a Northerner to poke fun at the South, as a parlor pastime. He may discover, belatedly, that he is belittling his own kinfolk.

Their birth in Dixie notwithstanding, none of the service babies we've checked on have been named for General Robert E. Lee. It should be added, however, that they weren't named for General Grant, either, so Southerners may be able to find a measure of consolation in that.

The chances are the average Northern rebel will live and die without knowing the joy of a bate of collards under his belt. Deprived of this delicacy, flavored with hog meat, he'll chomp on a miserable assortment of other greens, smeared with butter.

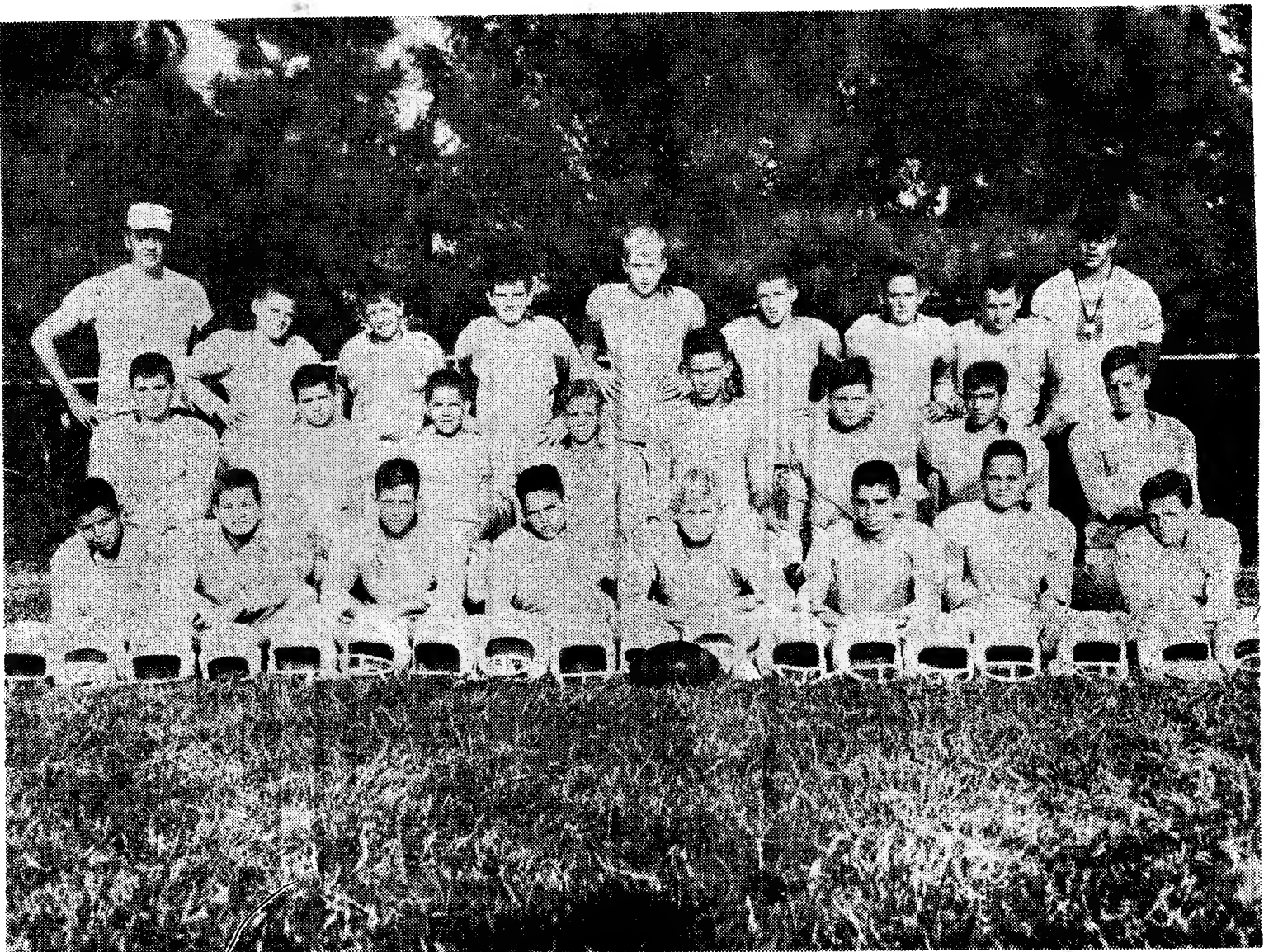
Whether this will warp his life remains to be seen. It is not unlikely that quite a few cases of neurosis will stem from a deficiency of Southern cooking.

Whatever may be the outcome of the present situation, don't you dare get rid of that Confederate money. It may be only a toddling army, but those rebels are on the march again, at long last.



UNDEFEATED AND UNTIED — Pictured here are the proud Bears of the New Bern Recreation Department's Midget Football League. Coached by Ernest Hollowell and Ray Griffin, they won seven straight to capture the loop

crown. These youngsters and their opponents gave fans a double helping of thrills during the exciting 1961 season. Photo by John R. Baxter.



HAD EXCELLENT RECORD—Runner-up honors for this year's campaign in the New Bern Midget Football League were earned by the Golden Knights, who won four games, tied one, and lost two. They were ably coached by Ray

Batts and Larry Swindell. Other scrappy ball clubs in the loop, in addition to the champion Bears, were the Rams and the Lions.—Photo by John R. Baxter.