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Phil Kennel, who happened to hear us telling this story on Raleigh's 50,000 watt radio station, WPTF, the other day, suggested that we pass it along, just as we did it on the air. Here it is, word for word.

Things are really fouled up, on New Bern's Tryon Palace Drive, and a bantam rooster named Charlie is to blame.

Not content with being cock of the walk in the backyard of Mrs. Laura Price, where a small flock of hens once held him in great esteem, Charlie of late has been behaving more and more like somebody who ought to be named Charlotte.

For weeks he has been trying to convert his crow into a cackle, with moderate success, reserving his unorthodox vocal outbursts for pronouncements that another egg had been layed by one of his ladies.

This in itself proved somewhat annoying to the hens. They figured it was their prerogative to issue bulletins confirming their continued output.

Charlie's owner, a widow woman of no little patience, tried to be tolerant about Charlie's dilemma, but she too decided the situation was reaching a crucial stage when the rooster took over a nest in the hen house, where his cackling could have a more logical locale.

Time and again she administered corporal punishment to Charlie, alternately resorting to rolled-up newspapers, a fly swatter, and finally in extreme frustration, a vigorously wielded broom.

Charlie is no game rooster, in the usually accepted sense, but he was game enough to stick to his convictions, and to the nest he considered his by squatter's right.

The last straw came when he insisted on transferring to a second nest, with full intent to hatch the eggs therein. The hens ganged up on him, gave him a sound thrashing, and in the upheaval broke all of the half-hatched eggs. Things have gone to pot for Charlie, and that too is where he appears headed.

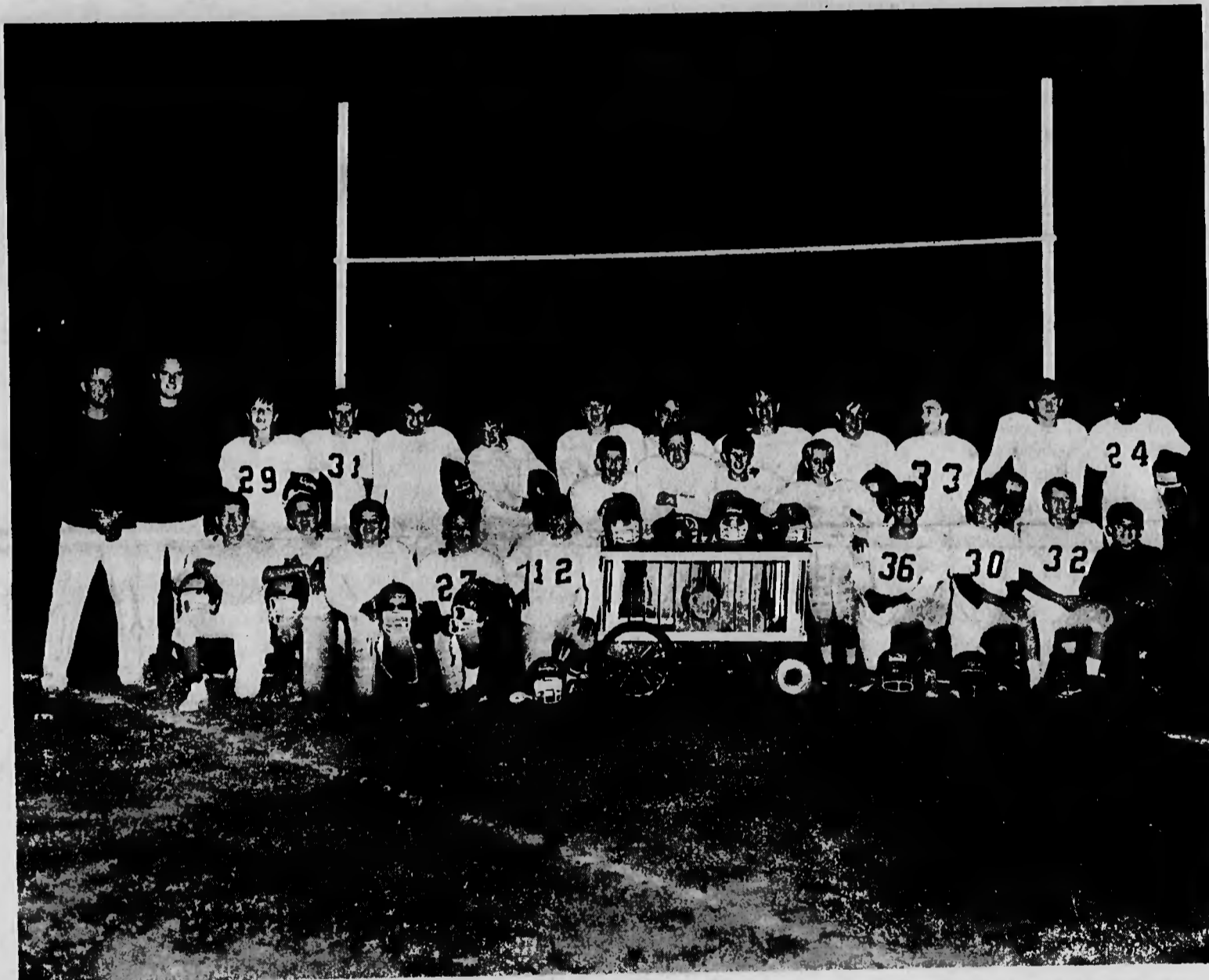
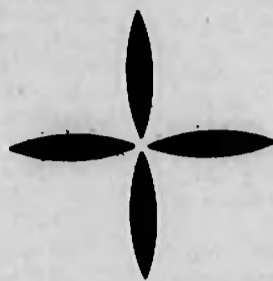
Kennel's complimentary evaluation of the above story flattered us, since he sometimes takes sadistic delight in finding abundant fault with things we write. Having escaped from the wilds of his native Brooklyn many years ago, he is so saturated with Southern culture now that he envisions himself as a literary critic.

We will say this for the portly fugitive from Flatbush. Once below the Mason-Dixon Line, he knew he was in hog heaven, persuaded Arapahoe's Nora Hardison to give up single bliss, and promised himself he would never stray from this glorious land of hominy grits and collard greens.

Although Phil, or Lefty as he is better known to baseball fans who remember his Coastal Plain League pitching and slugging, would never admit it, the Stork made a mistake when he dropped Kennel off in close proximity to Ebbets Field.

For all his Yankee cockiness, he is a Rebel at heart, and you couldn't rout him out of Dixie with a team of mules.

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MEET THE CHAMPS—Pictured wearing their victory smiles are the happy Lions, who won five games and tied one to capture New Bern's 1967 Midget League crown. First row, left to right, are Jay Salem, Doug Amerson, Mike Fussell, Walton Baker, James Ross, Lake Marshburn, Steven Bengel, Randy Jarman, Andy Willis, Charles Daly, Jimmy Heatherly, Jim Ross. Second row, Coaches Jim Ross and John Baxter, Jr., Clyde Getz, Burke Beck, Billy Harmatuk, Hubert O'Berry, Monte Rolison, Bobby Williams, Joe Slann, Wade Lamb, Mike Jones, Dan Hill and Steve Fisher. Honest to goodness lions are hard to come by, and still harder to keep caged, so the youngsters had to settle for a stuffed imitation of the real thing for their mascot. Needless to say, every one of the youthful gridders will be pulling for New Bern High School's undefeated, once-tied Bears Friday night, when they journey to Elizabeth City in quest of the Northeastern Conference title. The Bruins can wrap it up with a

win over the always scrappy Yellow Jackets, and are determined to do just that. Take a second look at the kids shown here. They and other promising athletes in the Midget League, along with slightly older boys in New Bern's new Junior High gridiron program, will eventually grow up to be full fledged NBHS Bears. Somewhere in this lot there may be another Richard Stilley, Garland Ballard, Dickie Tuttle or Clem Brinson. Certainly, New Bern High School's chances for future glory in the pigskin parade are being strengthened by the opportunity given local small fry to learn the game on a competitive basis at an early age. Kinston discovered the advantage of having excellent pre-High school programs years ago, and made the most of it. That's why trouncings like last Friday's 32-6 Bruin victory have been few and far between. Maybe things will be different from here on out.—Photo by John R. Baxter.

