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Mirror readers who saw fit view with favor the inadequate words we penned about Kennedy's assassination and surrounding events touched us deeply.

Because it was a big story, deserving every newsman's superhuman effort, we tried to do right by it. And like other typewriter pounders, this editor spent a sleepless 24 hours endeavoring to fashion phrases in keeping with an American tragedy.

Beneath their supposedly hard veneer, reporters and commentators are a sentimental lot. They school themselves to be unemotional when covering their beat, but few mortals react more keenly to situations that spawn heartbreak.

Perhaps it is safe to say that only a fellow newsman, staring in dismay at blank paper in his typewriter, knows the futility of attempting to transmit his thoughts to others. To be completely objective is as impossible as halting springtime when winter snows are gone.

Reporters are often accused with some justification, of coloring the news. If such treatment of events is resorted to in an effort to disguise facts, the newsman is guilty of a despicable betrayal of his readers and listeners.

On the other hand, how could any chronicler of the President's death have done justice to the dramatic story without pathos? A widow and her six year old daughter kissing a flag-draped casket, a three year old son saluting--they were part and parcel of the anguishing panorama.

Without these incidents woven into the fabric, the pattern would have been incomplete. Embodied in every big story are the countless little stories, and they usually hold tremendous significance.

Millions must have sobbed convulsively when Caroline Kennedy tugged at her white gloves, conscious of the necessity to be well groomed for her father's funeral. And none could fail to sympathize with the grieving bugler who sounded a sour note while playing "Taps" at Arlington.

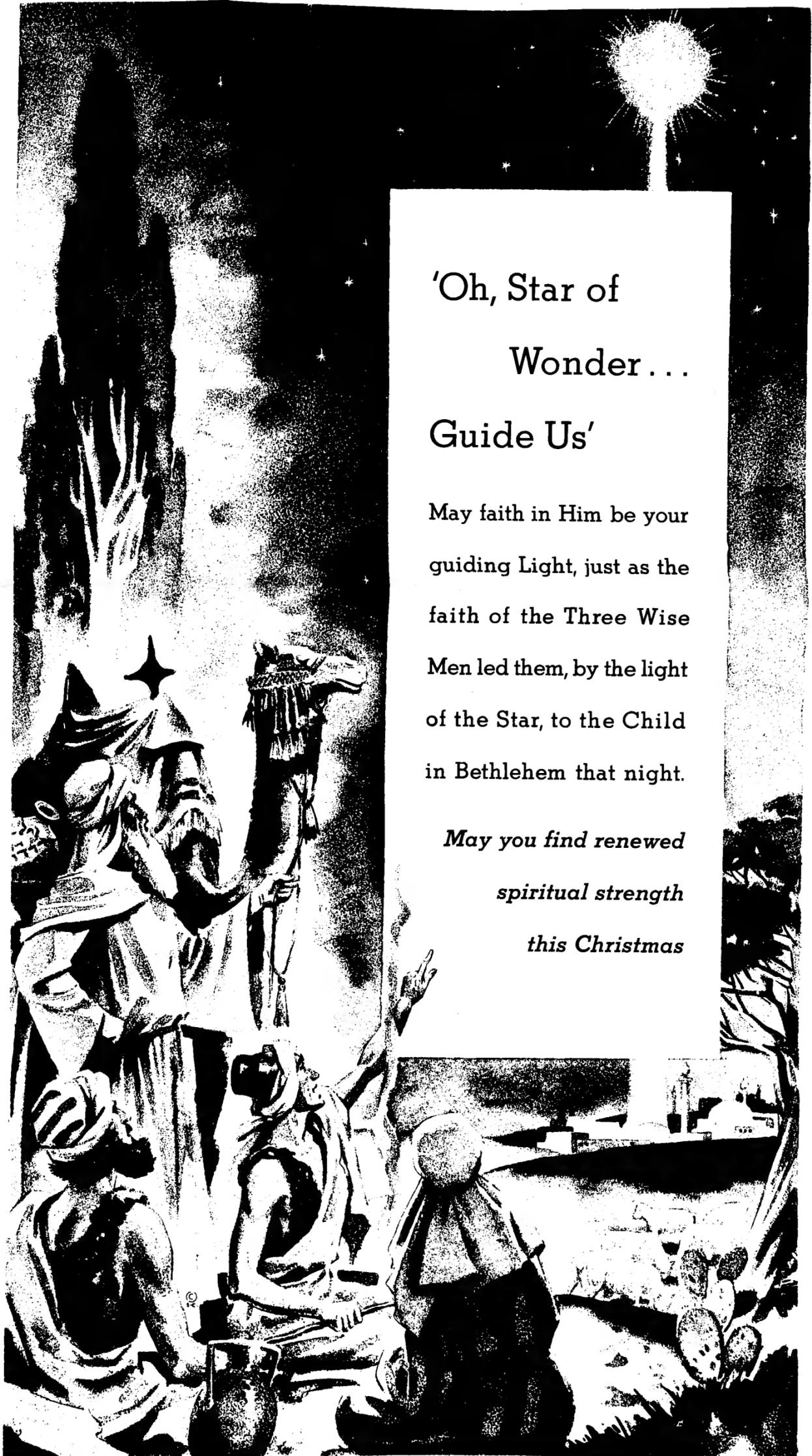
There was so little that the decent, God fearing citizens of Dallas could do to offset the shame brought down upon their city. You could read their tortured minds and torn hearts, as they placed wreaths with poignant inscriptions at the spot where violent hatred claimed its own.

Thanks to television's superb performance of its duties, America won't soon forget the sickening sight of a handcuffed prisoner crying out in sudden pain as a pistol-passed against his side-sent hot lead piercing through his vital organs.

Nor will America, in our lifetime, remove from memory the brutal countenance of a disreputable character who no doubt considered his murder of the accused assassin a noble act, rather than a display of gigantic cowardice. He did neither Jackie Kennedy and her children, nor this nation a favor.

Understandably, the big story was the President's death and the reaction of his loved ones to their loss. Seared into the minds of all Americans, how-

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'Oh, Star of
Wonder...
Guide Us'

May faith in Him be your
guiding Light, just as the
faith of the Three Wise
Men led them, by the light
of the Star, to the Child
in Bethlehem that night.

*May you find renewed
spiritual strength
this Christmas*