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A cloud of uncertainty hangs over the heads of many temporary New Bernians who plan to fly home for Christmas. It also lurks above some of our own far-off natives who are taking to the air in this direction.

Will they end up at a friendly and familiar fireside, or unintentionally in Havana, Cuba? The speculation is hardly a wild notion, considering the fact that at this writing there have been 19 "skyjackings" of commercial planes this year.

Newspapers, radio and television haven't helped matters by giving the episodes maximum coverage. A report issued by the Air Lines Pilots Association, which in itself added emphasis to this coverage, said "profit and publicity are the prime motives."

According to the report, "The recent wave of hijackings appears to have the common goal of advertising some political ideology. Sensational and disproportionate coverage of these events by the news media serves to encourage the next publicity seeker or to plant the idea in a deranged mind."

All sorts of remedies have been suggested for the rash of piracy plaguing the airlines. The pilots of commercial planes favor the use of weapons-detection devices in airport terminals, arming of plane crews, and bullet-proofing cockpits.

Armed guards on every plane has been frowned on as too costly, and such sentinels would be hard to hire in the numbers needed. After all, it is pointed out there are more than 2,000 commercial flights daily in the Miami area alone.

Who are the hijackers? In almost every instance the guilty parties have been Cuban exiles who sought haven in the United States and apparently decided they would rather be back in Cuba, even with Fidel Castro at the helm.

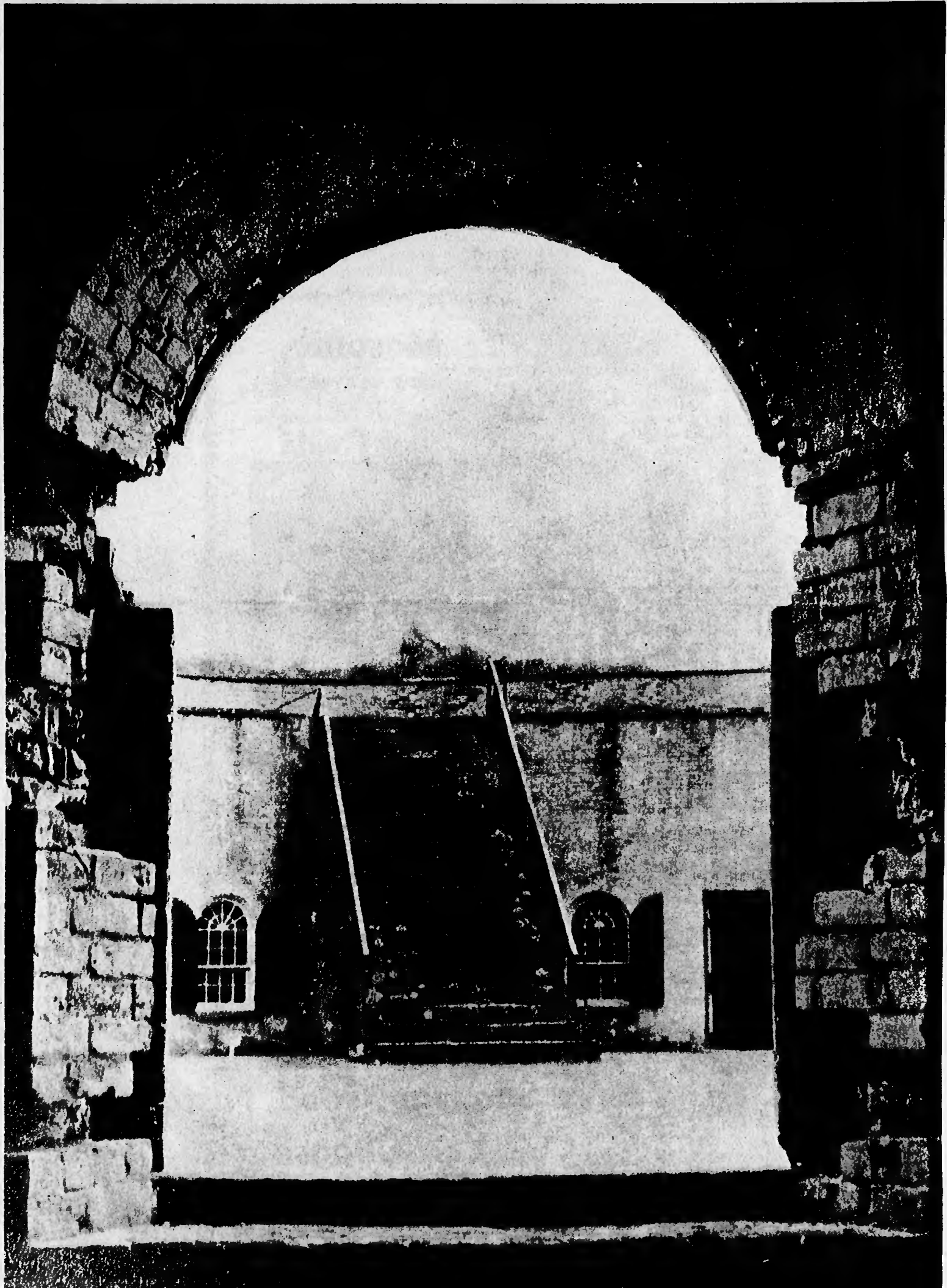
A Mirror subscriber whose memory is remarkable recalls a piece we did on radio close to 30 years ago about one of New Bern's most beloved teachers, Miss Lizzie Hancock. A search through our jumbled files uncovered it, and as requested we're passing it along.

Heaven became a better place, when Lizzie Hancock died for truly here was one to whom the Lord could point with pride. A faithful, trusting servant, who daily lived her creed while others talked religion, Miss Lizzie served by deed.

She gave her life to childhood, to little boys and girls, intent on education and exploring strange new worlds. Thousands called her teacher, and in her calm, cool way she guided them in study, rejoiced with them in play.

As each new generation came tripping through her door, she kept abreast with changing youth, and gladly welcomed more. Age is really measured by things within the soul, that's why folks like Miss Lizzie never do grow old.

They keep their sense of humor, ignoring Father Time, and in their love for children find a happiness sublime. Who dares to say this life of hers knew no great success, though things



NOTHING NEW — Historic Fort Macon, on the Carteret coast a short drive from New Bern, added still another tragic memory to its long list last weekend, when seven commercial fishermen perished in the storm lashed Atlantic before Coast Guardsmen stationed adjacent to the ancient stronghold could reach them. Grim happenings, including the sinking of vessels by German submarines during World War II, have been associated with the Fort, now a State Park,

for generations. The part it played in the War Between The States is primarily the reason thousands of curious tourists have passed through this doorway, but no less dramatic have been numerous events that occurred off its surf pounded sands in times more peaceful. Man's unending battle with the sea is too hazardous for timid souls, and those who ride the waves for a living must be prepared for heartbreak and death.

