

## LOCAL EDITORIAL COMMENT

### The Passing Of Two

Two deaths marred the Labor Day news—in addition, of course, to the hundreds killed on the highway, which most of us now seem to take for granted.

Former heavyweight boxing champion Rocky Marchiano died much as he had lived—violently, in a plane crash. Noted columnist Drew Pearson died of heart trouble at the age of 71.

Except that the fates brought their lives to an end on the same day, these two well-known Americans had little in common. Yet both played an important part in the time period in which they lived.

Marchiano fought his way from the bottom to the top with his fists. He never lost a fight and he had the good sense to retire a champion. In retirement he resisted huge offers of wealth to prove himself a wise champion and negated efforts to have him attempt a comeback. His private life—what the public knew of it—indicated that this man who died one day short of his 46th birthday, was a true champion in every sense of the word. No scandal ever attended the Rock. He personified an American boy's dreams come true. He reached for the stars, grabbed them and hung on until his untimely death.

Drew Pearson, once the champion of servicemen everywhere and always the antagonist of public officials, served his country well. Long before the phrase became popular, Pearson was telling it like it was.

His swing toward liberalism in recent years dropped his stock in the South, but his writings were nevertheless widely read. He fought the integration battle long before the New

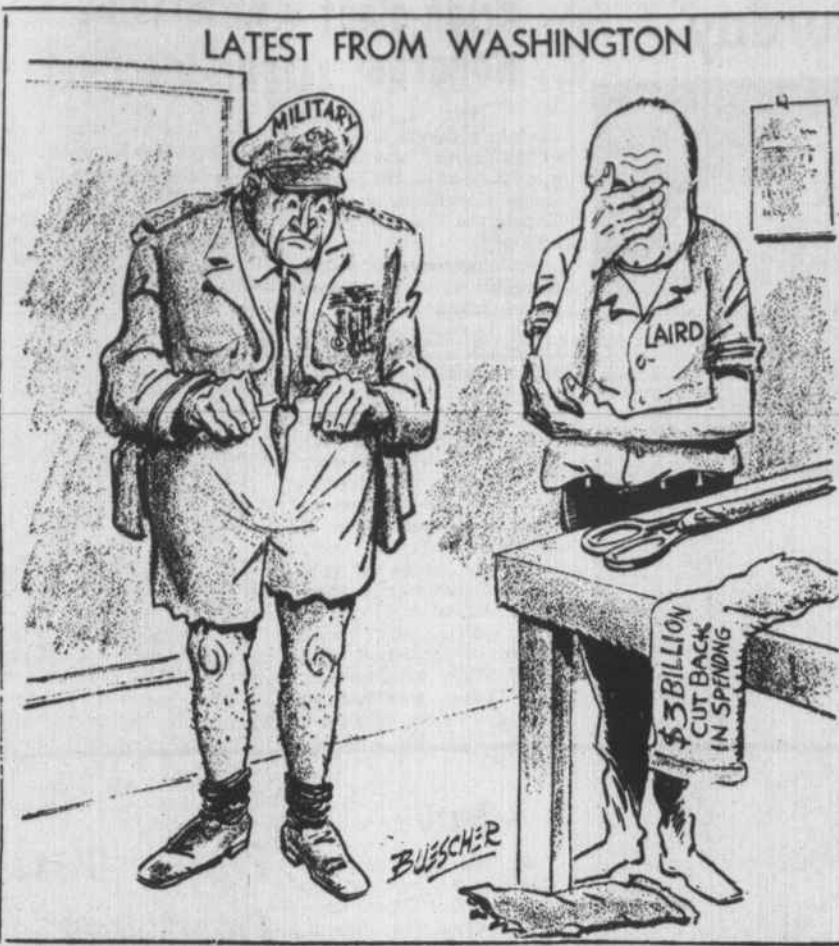
Left and militants hopped on the wagon. And one suspected that Pearson's motives were at least sincere. He uncovered scandal after scandal among some of the country's highest public officials. Many politicians are today in retirement because Drew Pearson had the courage to disclose their short comings.

He was often sued by those who had been the object of his intensive reporting. He never lost. When he did make a boo-boo, he was always fair in his corrections.

Observing and concerned citizens—however wide their differences might have been with Pearson—must now realize that this nation might have been far worse off than it is had he not passed this way. Or had he not possessed the outstanding courage to report the news as he found it to be. Few men could boast that they had been slandered by Presidents. Pearson dished it out and often times he took it in return from the highest sources.

The passing of these two great American figures saddens us all. Marchiano—the Horatio Alger story in true life. He showed that here—and perhaps only here—a young man can, by his own efforts, rise above his beginning and in the end can touch the stars. Pearson, entirely different, showed that America still produce men with unfaltering courage, willing to stand before the world and be counted, criticized, knowing that in the end, he too, would reach the stars.

In their lives—and now at their passing—both showed vividly and eloquently what's good about this country of ours.



## WHAT OTHERS ARE SAYING

### Could Happen Here

The News Reporter, Whiteville, N. C.

It happened in Kannapolis a few weeks ago:

A neatly dressed young man in a late model automobile drove up in front of a home and informed the couple he was from the Internal Revenue Service.

He said that in checking their returns over the past few years a mistake made by the couple was discovered and they were entitled to a big refund.

The man then asked that the couple go with him to a downtown bank to sign necessary papers.

When they reached the bank, the man told the couple to wait in front while he found a parking place.

After a considerable wait, the

couple went inside the bank and told a representative their story. A call was then made to the police department and a couple of men were dispatched to the couple's home.

They found the young man had driven back to the couple's home, ransacked it, and made off with \$550 while the couple waited patiently in front of the bank for his return.

It could happen here.

### Bridges

(Continued from Page 1)

"need", Scott added, "We want our children to attend school and to benefit from a sound education. At the same time we want to make sure our children go to school safely and across bridges which have been carefully and thoroughly inspected."

All of the bridges are located on secondary roads and almost all of them have school buses crossing them daily.

The governor announced that more than \$2 million dollars will be required for the work.

## Louisburg Navyman Subject Of Praise

*Editor's Note: Capt. Barrow is a native of Louisburg, having attended school here. He is the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. William T. Barrow and he has a number of relatives and friends in this area.*

By M. EDWARD MURRAY  
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free time as a reward or denial of it as a punishment; he thinks such liberty should be a right, and never denied except to accomplish necessary work.

The Bennington crew is between 4 and 5 per cent Negro. When a delegation of blacks asked to see him recently, Capt. Barrow talked with them for two hours.

"They talked about many things, and so did I," he said. "But what they really wanted was the right to wear their hair Afro-style. I said okay. They were surprised."

After all, the crew cut is an old tradition.

I asked the captain if he had a drug problem.

"There are four pushers aboard, and we know who they are," he said. "We are watching them. We would have to catch them in the act to charge them formally. But we control the problem, which is slightly, by keeping track of all their contacts on the ship."

I talked to a score of crewmen about drugs.

They said that, although a few men use marijuana and even stronger stuff, the problem is minor because drugs are openly condemned throughout the crew as too dangerous for the ship. One man who was hyped up could fall in a vital task and endanger everyone.

Reports I have received from many states suggest that any U. S. high school these days would be lucky to have no more of a drug problem than the Bennington.

"We try to brief the crew on drugs as often as we can," Barrow said. "And we don't lie to them. That helps."

The Navy undoubtedly has always had some men like Capt. William B. Barrow. I'm not really a judge. But I believe it is such men who determine whether any institution succeeds or fails. The Navy is lucky to have the current skipper of the Bennington.

He is a sandy-haired Annapolis graduate who started as a fighter pilot. He is just a cut less formal, easier with himself and others than most military men. Neither responsibility, nor authority nor the Navy has stiffened him.

He plays golf in the low 70s. And he has that invaluable breadth of mind which allows him to meet issues on their merits.

I watched him with officers, non-coms and ordinary seamen. And I

argued with him on social issues.

He doesn't pull rank, even with the lowest ranked crewman. And he doesn't hide behind the shibboleths so dear to those over 30. He listens and reasons. And he has a naval officer's traditional courtesy.

It was not surprising that he could think under pressure on his own bridge, as he did during much of the 18 hours spent searching for the lost pilot.

But I at least was surprised to hear him discuss the subject of campus turmoil with more understanding of both the nature of the academic community and the nature of the police than some university presidents have demonstrated.

"I would try to isolate the tiny handful of hard-core destructionists bent on chaos by any legitimate authority available to me," he said in answer to my question as to how he would handle campus dissent.

"And then I would talk and talk with the rest, yes, with the activists and militants. I would try not to resort to force."

The skipper invited me to attend his "Captain's Mast," which amounts to an intermediate court aboard ship. He heard a dozen cases, all of which had been carefully prepared through preliminary investigation and earlier hearings.

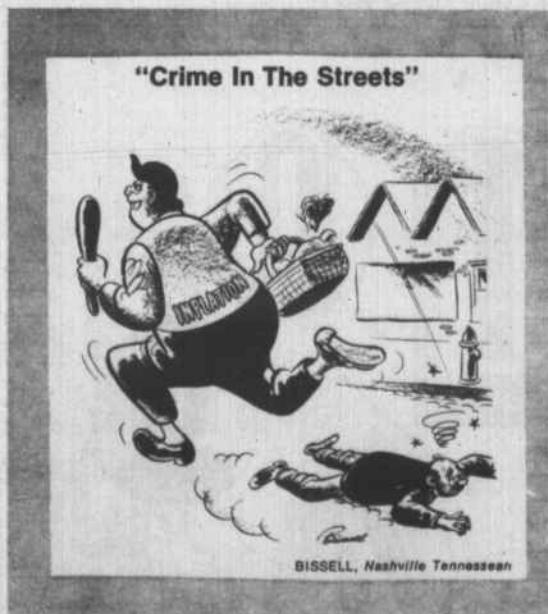
The cases ranged from a conscientious objector over the Vietnam war, who had been absent without leave and also refused to pull his weight aboard, to an apparent saboteur, who allegedly let 600 yards of heavy cable out in front of the moving ship hoping to entangle its screws.

He handled them all with fairness, with compassion, with respect for constitutional rights, with an ear for the accused's point of view, and with a sense of justice both for the defendant and for his sometimes victimized shipmates.

It's no wonder his officers assured me that he is no ordinary captain; no wonder the three sailors from Phoenix with whom I had dinner one day in the General Mess told me:

"We'll take the captain. He knows what he's doing with the ship. And he gives you a fair shake even when you're wrong."

So, admittedly on the basis of only one short experience, I concluded that the Navy still represents one of the best ways for a young man to spend his transition years from youth to adulthood.



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## Ex-Ram Star Arrested In Raleigh Hotel

Foster Junius Brodie, 18, Negro athlete from Franklinton, was arrested in a Raleigh hotel early Thursday morning and charged with "using a hotel room for immoral purposes" and "registering under an assumed name," according to a Raleigh newspaper report. A Raleigh white woman was also arrested and charged.

Brodie was an outstanding basketball player at Franklinton the past two years and was voted the Most Valuable Player in the 1968 Franklin County tournament. He was chosen All Conference the two years he played for Franklinton High School. He was a

transfer student from B. F. Person-Albion in 1967 when Franklinton began to desegregate the Negro school.

The report, as it appeared in The Carolinian, a Raleigh newspaper serving the Negro community, follows:

"James B. Durham, white official of the Carolina Hotel, 228 W. Hargett Street, called 'the law' at 3:30 a.m. Thursday and asked someone to check room 910.

"Upon arrival, Detective Captain Larry Macon Smith checked and found Foster Junius Brodie, 18, colored male of Route 2, Box 98, Franklin-

ton, registered in the room under the name William Wade Bowers of Port Lewis, Virginia.

"Also discovered in the room was Miss Patty Lola Murphy, 20, white female, 629 Georgetown Road, this city.

"As a result of the investigation, Officer Smith reported, Brodie and Miss Murphy were both arrested and charged with using a hotel room for immoral purpose. Brodie also faces a false registration charge.

"Assisting in the arrests were Lt. John Smith and Sgt. A. E. Morris."



I ain't never seen Melvin as deep in the dumps as he was last night when I went over to borrow his youngin's bicycle to ride to the store.

"Melvin," I said, "How come you're so down in the dumps. You even looked peaked around the eyeballs, boy."

"It's the world, Frank," he said. "It's the world. It's done passed me by, Frank."

"Well," I said, "The world done passed a whole lot of folks by, Melvin. What makes you feel so bad that one of them's you?"

"Frank, I been sitting here thinking....."

"Cussit, you know blame well that always gits you in trouble. Don't you remember the teacher use to say to you, Melvin if you think for one minute... and then she'd always stop. She was trying to warn you, Cussit. She was trying to tell you something. I been trying to tell you the same thing for years. As a friend, Cussit, I feel I ought to come right out with it. Thinking ain't your thing, Melvin. You ought to stick to whittling or maybe fishing."

"You're just trying to make me feel good, Frank. Bringing up old times. Them was the days alright. The good old days. You know, Frank, I kinda wish we'd stayed in school for the fourth grade. I bet them fellows had a ball!"

I could tell I was cheering him up. I told him about how he got the nickname of Cussit when his name was really Melvin Sue. He never did take to that middle name so good. I wished I hadn't mentioned that.

"Frank, it ain't you. I know you're my friend but the world done passed us both by. We ain't getting no younger, Frank. I can see you changing ever day, Frank. First your hair turned white. Then it started falling out. Then your teeth come out and I can tell you ain't walking like you use to."

"You got another chair, Melvin. I believe I'd feel better setting down."

"Frank, we got to face it. We're the missing link in the generation gap. I ain't been arrested for setting down in the middle of nothing and you ain't neither. I ain't been asked to boycott nothing. I ain't even been asked to join nothing..."

"You know you're right, Melvin. You're absolutely right. I ain't accomplished nothing neither. I ain't even getting food stamps. I did try though but they found out I had a mule. I kept telling 'em I won't going to eat old Maude, but that didn't change their minds. They just kept saying you got a mule so you can't have no food stamps."

"Frank, I even tried to grow a beard last week and that didn't even work. I've over the hill, Frank. I can't even grow a beard."

"Melvin, you know I never even got a parking ticket. I liked to get one the other day. I thought sure I was and that I might get my name in the paper, but this pretty leggy girl with a pretty short mini-skirt come along. I ain't never get a ticket but she sure musta been doing something illegal. I seen five cops looking her over. I figured she musta double parked, Melvin."

"I ain't never been interviewed on no radio or television neither, Frank. I ain't never been asked no questions on no polls. I ain't never won nothing at the store like Zeke. He won a transistor radio off'n the punchboard. You heard about that. They're gonna investigate, Frank. Some say Zeke didn't win it fair. Some say Zeke's gonna git hisself in a lot of trouble. He punched the wrong hole some say."

"But even Zeke's better off than you and me, Melvin. At least he might git investigated. That's something, Melvin. I been doing some thinking since I seen you so down in the dumps, Melvin. Maybe if we won't so successful, we'd know how to join things. Why don't you and me quit working and go to loafing fulltime. I don't know how I'd feed the little woman and the youngins without my \$15 a week, but they'd just have to learn to live like we was brought up, Melvin. They ain't always had it so good. They can learn to do without."

"That sounds a little bold, Frank. Before we take that big a step let's think about some of the good things. Let's see if we can't git out of the dumps without all that. Heard any bright news lately?"

"Well, you might be right, Melvin. Somebody could ask us to join in a demonstration any day now. I hear the boys are gitting up one in the lower end of the county agin rabbit tobacco. They might let us join. But until then, we can be thankful for one bright spot I seen in the news today."

"What was it, Frank?"

"I seen where it says Joe Namath is gonna play football for three more years. Melvin. Now there's something you can shout over."