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William Drake Given 30 Years for Murder of His Wife; Takes Appeal

Lenoir County jury last Saturday afternoon took two hours and 39 minutes to decide that William C. Drake of Kinston route 1 was guilty of second degree murder in the brutal slaying of his wife early on the morning of November 1, 1968, at their trailer home just north of Kinston.

The trial of Drake had taken the entire week of court, having begun the selection of the jury on Tuesday morning after the Labor Day Holiday.

Judge Joseph Parker of Windsor gave Drake the maximum prison term of 30 years and a short while after sentence was imposed Drake gave notice of appeal.

Testimony offered during the five-day trial indicated that the 26-year-old Patricia Huggins Drake had suffered a beating over the head with a twice broken oak hoe handle that had left her skull "soft and pulpy" and had also suffered three .38 caliber pistol wounds in the chest area.

Testimony was uncontradicted that the bullets came from a gun belonging to Drake.

Judge Parker refused to permit the four-year-old son of the couple to testify in court after talking with the child in a closed session away from the jury

but after the trial Judge Parker was quoted as saying the child had said, "Daddy was chasing Mama with a baseball bat."

Drake did not take the witness stand, and no evidence was offered to discount the web of circumstantial evidence presented against him.

The prosecution headed by Solicitor Walter Britt pushed hard for a first degree conviction, without mercy, and defense counsel based their plea for an acquittal on the premise that the state's case was weak and did not "unerringly point" to the conclusion of their client's guilt.

The jury had five verdicts it could have rendered: 1. Guilty of first degree murder. 2. Guilty of first degree murder with a recommendation for mercy. 3. Guilty of second degree murder. 4. Guilty of manslaughter and 5. Not Guilty.

Drake had been free under \$25,000 bond signed by an uncle and aunt from Madison and after notice of his appeal was filed he was permitted to remain free under the same bond until appellate courts have spoken in the case.

Child Badly Hurt

At 2 Sunday afternoon seven year old Becky Pippin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Pippin of Kinston route 2 swerved her bicycle into the path of a car driven by Bobby Merritt of the same neighborhood just off Highway 258 in the Crestview Community. The little girl suffered serious head injuries but is expected to recover barring unexpected complications. The accident was classed as unavoidable insofar as Merritt was concerned.

Airman Huffman is Helping in Relief Of Gulfcoast Area

Airman First Class William G. Huffman Jr., of Route 1, Maysville, is among the thousands of personnel from Keesler AFB, Miss., who have joined the massive effort to help nearby communities recover from the devastation of Hurricane Camille.

Airman Huffman and others from the Air Training Command base located at Biloxi are aiding Civil Defense teams and city crews in the distribution of food clearing debris, and directing traffic.

The airman, a graduate of White Oak High School, attended East Carolina University.

Camp Lejeune Marines Charged With Kidnapping and Raping New Bern Girl in Belgrade - Maysville Area

Drunken Driving is Major Part of Law Problem Last Week

Jones County officers reported six arrests in the past week and five of the six were on charges of drunken driving.

Donald Ray Coombs of Kinston, Albert Amos Mitchell of Trenton route 2, Adolph Hill of Kinston route 3, Sgt. Lloyd W. Drew of Hope, Arkansas and Ernest Odell Thomas of New Bern route 3 were the quintet accused of drunken driving.

The other arrest was that of Carlton Lee Wood of Jacksonville, who was picked up on a capias for failure to appear in court on a traffic charge.

Three Civil Actions Filed in Jones Court

Jones County Clerk of Court Fred Rogers Pollock reports the filing of three civil suits in his office during the past week, a divorce, a suit for debt and a suit for personal injuries.

Roy Lee Kellum filed suit against Hardy Collins for \$2500 damages, alleging he suffered injuries as result of being shot by Collins.

Congress Financial Company is seeking to collect \$6,744.77 from George Mateja as the balance due on equipment sold to him.

Edith Earle Dove Clark asks a divorce from Andrew James Clark on separation grounds.

Wednesday night 20 year-old Sharon Canady of New Bern, who is employed by the Carolina Telephone Company of Jacksonville, was kidnapped and raped in the Belgrade-Maysville area.

Cpl. John R. Dozier and Pvt. James Melvin High of Camp Lejeune have been charged with the acts.

Miss Canady had left Jacksonville to visit a friend in Maysville and was nearly to Maysville when her car was forced off the road by two men, who forced her out of her car, took her northwardly on US 17 to the vicinity of the Jones-Craven county line where they took turns raping her.

After this Miss Canady was forced into the trunk of their car and finally abandoned about five miles from New Bern where she went to a farm home, called authorities and was taken to Craven County Hospital for treatment of injuries and shock.

LAND TRANSFERS

Jones County Register of Deeds Bill Parker reports recording the following land transfers in his office during the past week:

From L. A. Smith to Max E. Jenkins one lot in Maysville.

From E. E. Bell to Clara M. Kennedy and Eloise Lee one lot in White Oak Township.

From Etta B. Warren to New Bern Oil and Fertilizer Company 1.4 acres in Trenton Township.

From Dinah Burton to George Burton and Annie Burton .73 acres in White Oak Township.

Politics: The Greatest American Game; Played by More People for The Highest Stakes

By Jack Rider

Those who scan the sports pages frequently are exposed to some idle sports writer's latest guess about the most popular American Sport. If he's a golfing editor he can drum out reams of copy to support the premise that beating that little white ball around a pasture is far and away the nation's No. 1 sport.

If he's the kind of fellow who loves the smell of salt water, the smoke of a campfire and the whistle of a flyrod laying a top-water lure in the mouth of a hungry mountain trout he can, and will, offer gilt-edged evidence that more people spend more hours and more money tempting the finny denizens of the watering holes than on all other sports.

And so it goes, and it depends upon which kind of sports writer is doing the poll taking which game comes up as King of Sports.

But when calmer reflection is prevailing any casual glance at the track record has to conclude that the greatest of all American sports — indoor or out — is politics.

From the precinct to the raffied air of 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, where the ultimate political dreams come true politics is played by more people and for higher stakes than all other games in the sports vocabulary.

And in politics, as in all other games, there are amateurs and professionals, and election time is the time of the true "national open" when the "Simon Pures" and the "Old Pros" play this game, as they say in marbles: For Keeps.

For drama, double-dealing, complete ecstasy, or total collapse no game has so much to offer as the Game of Politics.

It was not a poet who said that all is fair in love, war, and politics. It is most likely that it was a loser at the game of public affairs.

Carolina's Great Athlete and Coach Jim Tatum made famous the phrase: "Winning's not everything. It's the only thing!" And although Big Jim was talking about a gentle little bruising exercise called football it is ten times over true in the gut-fighting political arena.

Politics is a game played with few rules, and the few rules it is said to have are more honored in the breach than in observance.

There are noble phrases such as "stand hitched," but the Political Hall of Fame has enshrined many a political buck passer who has switched horses and even in midstream, which is not considered good form in most endeavors.

What separates the Tories from the Whigs is that in-between time effort to "Pick The Winner."

The most noble principles have little real value when they wind up as the total property of the loser and the most vicious principles can be enforced for a season if they belong to the victor.

"There is no substitute for being on the winning side!"

With a lump in one's throat and vision dimmed by unshed tears one can try to jokingly see humor in "Wait 'til next year!" but this is a hollow sound and is seldom used now by any except the freshest rookies in this great national sport.

One lesson the young in heart have to learn, and often the hard way is that it is neither good form, nor good politics to go too far in any campaign. Being ugly in victory to the losers or

bitter in defeat to the winners overlooks the fact that in politics more than in any other game fields an entirely new team and those one tried hardest to beat an election ago frequently become the strongest member of the home team this year.

So, the most basic requisite of the professional politician is a sense of humor. A real, and not a fancied sense of humor. The ability to really laugh at one's own absurdities and the ability to throw off a little spark of wit even when the heart is split asunder and one would feel far better bawling than ballyhooping.

And politics has far more to offer in the field of comedy than all other sports. The Brooklyn Dodgers became famous for winding up with three men trying to occupy one base at the same time, and rookies who stole first base, and outfielders who threw behind the runners.

In every sport there are times of high good humor, but in politics that are worth their salt there is a laugh in every line.

And one of the funniest gags in politics always has been the ward heeler. Precinct pusher... vote hauler. These characters would make Charlie Chaplin seem like a Russian undertaker.

These types are not funny in themselves. It is their act that is so hilarious. They are as intently serious as any money grubber can be, and naturally so, for that is their talent: Taking large amounts of money off the amateurs who collect around the polling places each election time.

My first introduction to this parasite on the bottom of the body politic was at a very tender age and the man was "superintendent of the winding room" in one of Kinston's old,

now gone and nearly forgotten cotton mills.

He was an ex-cotton picker who had risen to industrial eminence by presiding over a huge high-ceiling room where women tended to the whirring bobbins on which thread was being spun.

Women had just gotten the right to vote and like Negroes of today who have suddenly gotten their names on the voting registration books they were not supposed to have a mind of their own, and it was a matter of dogma that every mother's daughter among them would march to the polls on any given election day and vote just exactly like their superintendent told them to vote.

For this recommendation the winding room superintendent back in those uninflated days would pick up as much as \$50 from a candidate who had to have that winding room vote.

Generally in a field of 10 candidates this entrepreneur would collect from eight and in good seasons he was known to pick all 10. And having collected he'd them attempt to tell his female underlings to vote for the candidates he personally preferred, which were generally those who had given him the biggest honorarium for his services.

And on election day what did those ignorant females do? They voted against everybody their boss had recommended! Not out of any high principle but just because they didn't want that Lord of the Winding Room telling them what to do!

And the scenario has not been changed greatly. There are just different players reading the same lines, and with the same success.

Currently, the most successful of these local election entrepreneurs is a young Negro house

wife, who has found this work more rewarding than her former employment in a shirt factory.

Of course, she works a great deal harder now than she did in the shirt factory, because the hours are endless and the problems more fierce but the pay is much higher.

In last year's election it is conservatively estimated that her take was in the order of \$10,000, by the time all of the candidates for all of the many offices had gotten around to crossing her palm with some of Lyndon's silverless printing press money.

Her fee is standard: All she can get. She has tapped some anxious poor souls out for more than \$2500 for a single outing, but her going-in-rock-bottom minimum is about 500 for even such minor minors as county commissioners and city aldermen.

She has a working knowledge of the salary scale for all job aspirants and, whereas the filing fee for public offices is a reasonable one per cent of the annual salary, this hardworking young woman has been known to collect a whole year's salary from candidates who felt that her services were utterly indispensable to their cause.

All of this, of course, is not purely a local phenomenon: wherever the polls are opened in these United States there are patriots who are ready, willing and even anxious to take the money of other patriots who have volunteered their services to the constituency.

And when she rolls out "her vote" it's about like those freshly emancipated female souls in the old winding room of the Kinston Cotton Mill; they vote like I hope you vote everytime you go to the polls: Just like you damned well please.