

Womenies In Fall From Hospital

THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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BROTHERS FOUND SLAIN HERE

Lenten Guideposts

He Gave Up Riches To Serve Man

By GLENN D. KITTLER

The little girl had a temperature of 106. At her bedside stood the doctor, gently bobbing her malaria-ridden body. All around him the night was filled with hospital sounds: the soft cries of children, the low growl of a man kept awake by pain, the tight-lipped gasps of a woman awaiting the miracle of birth.

They were familiar sounds to the doctor; he heard them every night as he made his last rounds. They were with him a few minutes later as he walked through the black jungle night down the hill to his house.

He was very tired, but he did not mind. He was a happy man. There in the pits of the Haitian jungles he had found the purpose for himself.

A dozen years ago, William Larimer Mellon Jr., was happy in quite a different way. He had everything he wanted: a beautiful wife, four splendid children, a prosperous Arizona ranch, all the money he needed, and a successful background in the U. S. diplomatic corps and various enterprises of the famous and wealthy Mellon family.

At 37 HE HAD retired; the rest of his life he thought would be spent at his home, most a hobby of breeding cattle.

Then one night he read a magazine article that changed everything. It was about Dr. Albert Schweitzer, the medical missionary who years before, successful careers in music, writing and teaching to become a doctor and work in Africa, Mellon recalls.

"Until that night, I didn't know much about Schweitzer. I was deeply impressed by what he had done, but I was even more moved by the reason he did it—reverence for life."

This attitude—Schweitzer has explained—maintains that every living thing has the right to a painless and happy existence, and it is the duty of every man to do what he can to provide it for all others. Larry Mellon felt that, at least in these terms, he hadn't done much with his life.

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See HE on page 2A



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Plunges From 7th Floor

By JERRY REECE
News Staff Writer

A 43-year-old woman died at 11:20 a.m. today after falling or jumping from a window on the seventh floor of Presbyterian Hospital about an hour earlier.

A hospital spokesman identified the woman as Miss Hazel Yandle, 2656 Virginia Ave.

J. P. Richardson, administrator of the hospital, said Miss Yandle was admitted Feb. 13 for possible surgery and psychiatric treatment.

Miss Yandle started her fall from a window in a utility room on the north side of the building, according to Mr. Richardson.

She was seen just minutes before walking down the hall," he said.

County Coroner W. M. Summerville's office has completed preliminary investigation in the matter but Dr. Summerville has not ruled whether the fall was accidental or suicide.

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3 Men Killed In Blimp Crash

WASHINGTON, N. C. (AP)—One of three Navy blimps on a march-bound cruise crashed and burned in a swamp before dawn today. Four members of the seven-man crew died in the crash or subsequent fire. The other three were critically injured.

Three farmers, awakened by an explosion about 2 a.m., waded into the swamp and brought out the three burned survivors. The farmers cut pine saplings, attached fabric from the wreckage and with the injured on these makeshift stretchers struggled out to a dirt road. On tractors they carried the injured to a paved highway. From that point ambulances hurried the three to a hospital here.

The farmers, John Furney, Paul Johnson and James Swanner, live within a mile and a half of the scene. The three were aroused from their sleep by the sound of an explosion, and made their way through knee deep water to the burning blimp.

THIRD RUNNING
The found two of the men lying nearby and a third running about deliriously.

The ship, attached to Gyroco Naval Station near "Bugs" in Wick, Ga., was en route with a sister blimp to the Lakehurst, N. J., Naval Air Station.

Officers of Airship Squadron Two at Gyroco described the accident as rare.

The officers said the blimp was in radio contact with the other only about five miles away, but gave no word of trouble.

This led to the belief that the blimp was flying at cruising speed, and went directly into the earth, a mishap almost unknown for that type of aircraft.

"The three injured men were in a state of shock when they arrived" at Beaufort County Hospital here, said Dr. W. C. Paver.

Each had been burned over about 25 per cent of the body.



The House at 117 N. Caldwell Where Two Brothers Were Found Slain

Never Know What They'll See

Death Can Be 'Awful Sight' To Drivers Of Ambulances

By BOB SLOUGH
News Staff Writer
(Second in series)

The car moved swiftly along a blackened road. It carried a young man. He was all alone on the open road and the motor purred smoothly.

But in the split second it took his car to leave the road and slam into a tree his body was broken.

AMBULANCE drivers see what is left after the sound of the crash has died. They don't like to talk about it. It's something they would rather forget.

ONE DRIVER puts it this way: "I don't think there is any man that death doesn't affect."

The drivers take the accident calls and move quickly to the wreck.

They never know what to expect.

Dismissed to the car does not always indicate the tragic results of the accident.

"IT'S SURPRISING," the ambulance driver said. "You can see a car sometimes that is a total loss. It looks like an accident. And there's nobody hurt. Then you go to a simple accident and find a fatality."

One driver answered an emergency call late one night.

Police Call Deaths Murder & Suicide

By JOHN KILGO
News Staff Writer

Two brothers—one clutching a pistol in his right hand—were found lying in a puddle of blood in their home at 117 N. Caldwell St. today.

Police identified the brothers as Peyton and John Fletcher, both in their 30's.

Both men were shot through the head. They were found in a downstairs bedroom, lying side by side.

Capt. of Detectives W. A. McCall said he isn't sure which brother did the shooting, but he said he believes it definitely is murder-suicide.

"In my opinion both men were dead since about 6 p.m. Saturday," Capt. McCall said.

NO STRUGGLE
"There was no struggle here, either," he said. "The shooting apparently occurred without a fight by either man."

County Coroner Dr. W. M. Summerville was viewing the bodies at noon today.

The bodies were discovered by police after John's employer became suspicious when he didn't show up for work yesterday and today.

He marked the stock market board at Abbott, Proctor and Payne brokerage office in the Johnston Building.

J. M. Birmingham called the house this morning about 10 o'clock to inquire about John.

CALLER POLICE
When the phone didn't answer, Mr. Birmingham notified police. Lt. J. B. Newell and three other uniformed policemen went to the two-story house about 11 o'clock.

They knocked on the door and there was no answer. They tried the doors but all were locked.

"All the doors and windows were locked," Lt. Newell said, "and all the lights were burning."

"We kicked in the back door and searched the house and found them in the bedroom just like they are now."

The brothers were lying side by side in a dirty, unmade bedroom. CLOTHES ON FLOOR

"The bed had clothes stacked high and other garments were lying over the floor. On the wall was a picture of Franklin Roosevelt."

Police said the gun in one of the men's hands was a .45 caliber pistol.

Police said no notes explaining the cause of the double death were found.

Peyton was employed as a grocery clerk at the Dellinger Grocery Store on E. Trade.

The kitchen table was covered with string beans, french fried potatoes and some candy drops.

Pots and pans were unwashed in the kitchen sink.

Crowds of people gathered outside the dingy house when police went about their investigation.

Police officers filled the tiny kitchen of the house and waited for the coroner.

"I'm not moving anything until the coroner gets here," one of the officers said.

SEARCH FOR CLUES
Policemen went from room to room in a systematic search for clues that might give them a motive for what had happened.

The smell of death crept out of the bedroom when the door was opened.

A photographer edged into the kitchen.

"You want to get in here?" somebody asked.

"I don't want to," he said, "but I guess I have to."

The house was filled with assorted junk—part of a radio covered with old letters, scraps of paper.

Outside, two dozen people stood across the street from 117 N. Caldwell St. and looked at the big, three-story house.

They stood in little groups. They watched and waited for word from inside the house.

Some of them knew the Fletcher brothers.

Some of them didn't know the brothers were dead.

CLUTTERED TABLE
The table was cluttered with assorted items—a bowl of fruit, empty plates that carried signs of their last meal, a half-filled cup of coffee.

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