

SELF-SUPPORTING-After 10 years on welfare, sometimes earning as little as \$1 a day, Ms. Helen Ledford got training and a job through the Work Incentive (WIN) program. She now works for the Kentucky State Department of Child Welfare. The Harlan County (Ky.) WIN program is helping welfare recipients become self-supporting through job development, skill training, child care and other needed services. Mother of five children, Ms. Ledford says, "The WIN program was a great thing for me to get into. I couldn't have done it any other way."

## Life Begins At 621/2

by George B. Russ

Miss Madie ran toward Jeff and he ran toward her, and before either knew what had happened they were bear hugging. Jeff was stinger with his lips, but Miss Madie let go of caution and "hung right in there." His broad, flat, stubborn chest felt good against her heaving breast, therefore, she kept on drawing him close to her, then pushing him away until Emma Lou's metallic voice knocked her senses for a loop; "I'm learning more and more, with each passing hour, about how you spend your time, Madie Perkins!"

Miss Madie felt the way a kid does when he is caught with his hand in the cookie jar. She blurted out the first words that came to the tip of her flaccid tongue; "whatcha mean?"

"Don't be no fool, Madie. I haven't been out long as you have, but I know babies don't come from the stork." Emma Lou said. Jefi scurried toward the front door the way mice hunt the nearest exit at the sound of the approaching house cat.

"Hold on hot foots! No need to run before you see the whites of mah eyes." Miss Madie called out to the retreating citedal of her passions. And Jeff stopped at once, grinning sheep ishly.

Emma Lou watched the saga of the black American woman's favorite pass time, with more bewilderment than disgust. She was amazed to see, in action, a pair of middle-aged vanishing. Americans playing the lead roles in a "Rape of the Sabines."

Miss Madie broke the stagnated silence; "no need rushing off like-ah-cat wiff a can tied to his tail." Emma Lou's bark is worser than her bite."

Emma Lou gasped as though she had swallowed her tongue, then, she spoke as calmly as her flabbergasted nerves would allow; "I have no desire to blow out an old flame, but I can't bear to have anything near me which makes me want to throw up."

Miss Madie grunted; 'Ugh! the pot can't call th' kettle black." wish to give Jeff a bad impression. He was no most sought after bachelor on South Hill, but he was a handsome, well-tailored man who was accepted by most of South Hill's uppercrust. She said, "Mr. Boykins, you asked if Miss Madie were busy-she really needs a change of scene-why don't you take her for a drive?"

Jeff jumped for the bait. "Sure thing, Mrs. Perkins, You recall I have offered my services."

Miss Madie decided to go along with Emma Lou's suggestion. If a change of scene meant putting satan behind her, she was ready, willing and able to do for Emma Lou what the devil had never done." But, just for the sake of giving her sister-in-law's grandiloquence a jolt; she asked, "what time is Mister Ben's

The question pierced the target and shattered its composure. And in a jeering tone, Emma Lou told her old maid sister-in-law in a nice way to drop dead; "when I'm ready to bury my dear departed daddy, you will be the first person to know. Now! please go with the nice Mr. Boykins-the fresh air will do wonders for you."

Miss Madie was ready, in a matter of minutes, to go out with Jeff. She had made a quick change into something that, at least, looked cooler, daubed cologne behind her ears and neck; dusted peony sachet inside the bosom of her dress. Then she hurried out of the house into the beaming sunshine. Jeff held open the door of the januty, little sports car; "be my guest," he said playfully. And she laughed up to the glaring sun; "I see you're driving a different car."

"Yes, I had an accident with my other car," He said awkwardly.

Miss Madie wanted to probe more, but she didn't. "The more one stirs a stink, the more it stinks," she decided, and closed her eyes against the evening breeze. With her eyes still closed she asked, "who told you about Mister Ben?" "Bad news travels like feathers in the wind." He answered. "He

was ah-good man."

"So I have heard. I've been told that he was a real lover-boy in his hey-day."

"Where are going?" Miss Madie asked, in an effort to change the subject.

"Now that your Mister Ben has gone, you'll need somebody to

do nice things for you." Miss Madie's eye lids sprang open wide-"Whatcha mean?"

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DESCRIPTION NORTH CAROLINA DURHAM COUNTY

> FILE NO. 73 CvD 6113 IN THE GENERAL COURT OF JUSTICE DISTRICT COURT DIVISION

MECHANICS AND FARMERS BANK, PLAINTIFF

vs WILLIE L. YOUNG and wife, EDITH A. YOUNG and SAM HICKS and wife, JOSEPHINE Y. HICKS, DEFENDANTS

TO: EDITH A. YOUNG TAKE NOTICE that A Pleading seeking relief against you has been filed in the above entitled action. The nature of the relief being sought is as

follows: A judgment collectively and individually against you and the other above named defendants for the payment of a note to the plaintiff, or order, in the sum of \$976.56, with interest from March 12, 1973 as a result of a default in the payment of said note,

which is past due and payable. YOU ARE REQUIRED to make defense to such pleading not later than February 1, 1974 and upon you failure to do so the party seeking service against you will apply to the court for the relief sought.

This 17th day of December,

WILLIAM A. MARSH, JR., ATTORNEY 203 1/2 E. Chapel Hill Street, Post Office Box 125, Durham, North Carolina 27702 Telephone No. A/C 919 688-2374.

Carolina Times: December 22nd and 29th, 1973 January

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