

Wings of Youth

By HELEN WELSHIMER

CHAPTER THIRTY-THREE

SARAH ANNE never had imagined herself a captive princess in an ivory tower when she was seven and eight and playing make-believe games.

She had not read her own brown-eyed, quiet, beauty-seeking little self into the role of the maiden who sent Jason after the golden apples or launched one thousand ships from Troy.

She had been contented to read such stories. After all, didn't she have seven freckles on her tilted nose? Didn't she have brown hair when princesses always had yellow locks so long they could sit on them without pulling, and wide, pansy-blue eyes?

Even Little Eva was a blonde, so, in all the neighborhood frolics, she suggested her sister for the sauntily child who was drawn up to a cardboard heaven.

No, she herself would have to be satisfied with a lady-in-waiting job, she had decided.

Yet all of the time she dared to pray that one of those miracles which had come to Daniel in the lions' den, and David when he faced the giant, would happen to her.

It had come, with Jack's return. And it had gone as suddenly. She wasn't even seeing her own letters tonight. They belonged to Corrinne.

If Sarah Anne had grown up in a more self-entered fashion, she would have expected to be rescued tonight. As it was, she was sure she would have to fight this matter out as best she could.

The presence of that third person in the cabin was not frightening. If she was shot, these men would have to answer for murder and they wouldn't want that.

A moment after she first sensed this new presence, a familiar voice spoke. Bob Kennedy said: "Better let the lady go, my man. You're covered."

Not until then did Sarah Anne realize how much, all of these years, she had wanted to be protected, too. She hadn't been guarded by Jack. Instead, she had been a bulwark between him and the world. And now—

But this was no time to grow dramatic and emotional. She would put aside the thought that Bob had followed her until they were safely out of this.

It was an hour later when they were in the parsonage car. Bob had dismissed the taxicab which had brought him, and the hastily-summoned police had taken charge of Bing.

"He's a brother of Robins," one of the officers explained. "Been acting as a front around here."

In the car Sarah Anne opened her lips to thank Bob, but the words never came. His own voice, usually low and laughing at everything, wasn't that way now. It was sharp, like something made from steel.

"I'm glad I got there in time for Corrinne's sake."

"Yes, so am I." Why couldn't he

be glad in a nicer tone of voice? "I'm relieved to hear that," he answered curtly. "But you should have started to be careful sooner."

"Sooner? What do you mean?" Her hands were trembling on the wheel and the car wobbled a little.

"Before you became such an example for Corrinne. She's a sweet kid and she's having a hell of a time. Do you realize—but of course you don't—that she would go off the deep end if she had a chance?"

"Not now she won't!" Sarah Anne answered bitterly.

"You seem sure." Suddenly his voice sounded tired. "Well, now that you have the evidence, what are you going to do with it?"

"Save it for my great nephews and nieces," she answered. "They'll think it's so nice that their dear old Aunt Sarah Anne had her moment, even if it was a bad one."

Bob didn't answer. Instead, he reached into the pocket of her suit jacket, pulled out the letters, and tore them into a myriad pieces. Then he stuffed them into his own pocket. "Can't tell whom we might meet on such a moonlight night, or what they might want," he said in an easier voice.

One thing was registered in Sarah Anne's indignant mind. Bob thought she had written the letters. He had accused her instantly, not asking for or waiting for an explanation. Well, now he could fly to Tahiti and live on coconuts or whatever they had down there, and she never would tell him. To think she had imagined that he liked her!

She laughed shortly. "When you blow that bugle you talked about the other day, don't waste any notes if I'm late. I won't be there!"

He didn't talk again until they reached the parsonage, when he said: "I hope you'll keep this from your sister."

"My sister wants to see me," she answered, too angry to care that something beautiful never had happened anyway.

Bob stepped in front of Corrinne's door. "Sorry, but I don't think you will." He saw Mrs. Melton coming up the steps and smiled at her. "How's your other daughter?"

The minister's wife smiled back. "She was so upset this evening the doctor came and gave her an opiate. She talked a little in her sleep." Mrs. Melton looked at Sarah Anne scrutinizingly. "She was talking about you. Are you sure you're all right?"

For a second Bob's eyes held Sarah Anne's. The man's were a trifle superior, a little teasing. She walked into her own room and closed the door stealthily, because if she didn't she would bang it and wake up the whole town.

So she was the cause of Corrinne's infatuation, was she? She had written some letters? Let Bob Kennedy keep on thinking so! Let him eat dust and pebbles before she would tell him differently. And she had thought he was someone who

could be trusted, trusted the way Robert Ransom could be.

She even had compared him to the story-book cavaliers in that first mad moment. Maybe he was that way. For Corrinne. Maybe all men were, when a girl had blonde hair or amber hair or red hair or black hair. But never for nice, dependable brown!

That was why she went to the beauty parlor in the morning and asked to have her curls swept high on her head, and her eyelashes plucked to a thinner line. She put on a white frock and tied a wide purple sash around it for a girdle, and hunted until she found purple sandals. They had been white originally, but last summer she had dyed them to wear with a white skirt and purple sweater.

When she returned from the beauty parlor, some later newspapers had arrived. Corrinne, who had them with her in her room, looked up apologetically, worriedly.

"The letters?" her eyes asked.

"Safe. And torn to bits." She recited the story briefly, not mentioning Robert Kennedy, letting it appear that the police had come unheralded to the rescue and had found Bing Wells. She was convinced that Robert would not mention the letter incident to Corrinne, believing it Sarah Anne's own secret. Besides, the man was out to protect Corrinne. And that was fine, swell, colossal, stupendous!

"This story is such a lie," Corrinne spoke slowly. "It says you borrowed my coat and hat to keep a tryst with Lynn and that you were jealous of me. I've done such dreadful things to you, Sarah Anne! I hadn't stopped to think about that." Her eyes were very blue, very bewildered.

For the moment she was the small sister who had walked to the corner every morning when Sarah Anne had started to school, and waited at that same place every noon when the dismissal bell rang. She was the small tow-headed shadow who used to say: "Whatever you do, I want to do!" Sarah Anne brushed away a quick tear.

Sarah Anne always had taken her own responsibilities and accepted others, too. After all, Corrinne had not known she was going to the lodge that night. So she said: "But I am in it, as much as you are!" To herself she added: "But you have champions and I haven't one, not one!"

Some way she must recover that sense of lost peace. She must be self-reliant and independent.

Corrinne interrupted. "Your hair—I just noticed. It's lovely, but it's not you!"

"And I'm not going to be any longer," her sister answered, but she kept the words in her heart.

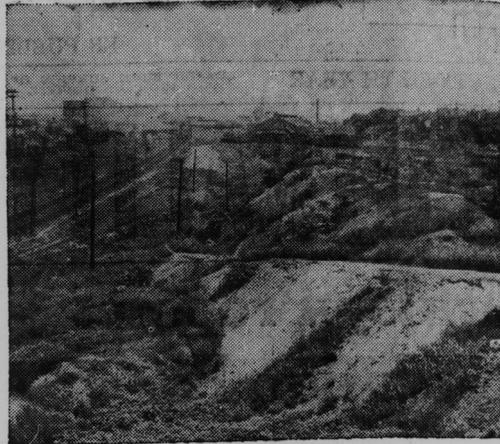
Downstairs she heard her father calling her. He and Robert Kennedy were sitting together on the veranda when she opened the screen door. Her father looked worried. Robert spoke pleasantly, too pleasantly.

(To Be Continued)

CLEVELAND BRICKLAYER CONFESSES TORSO SLAYING



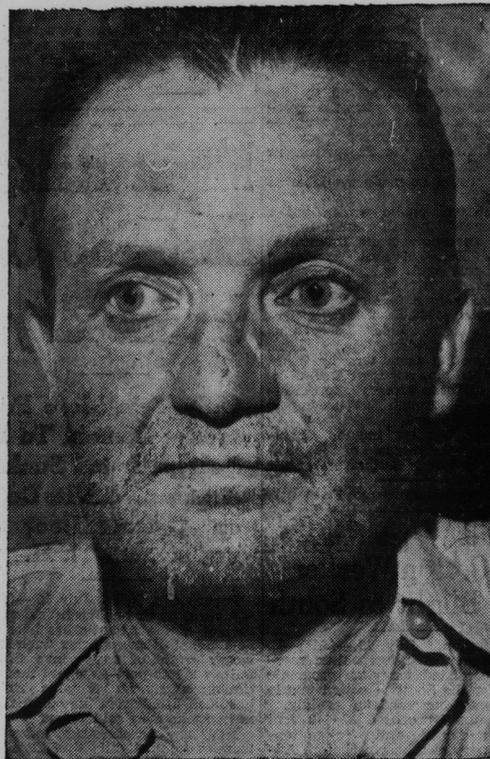
Dolazel (arrow) at spot where he admitted tossing torso-victim's head into lake.



Kingsbury Run, Cleveland, O., where several torso victims' dismembered bodies were found.

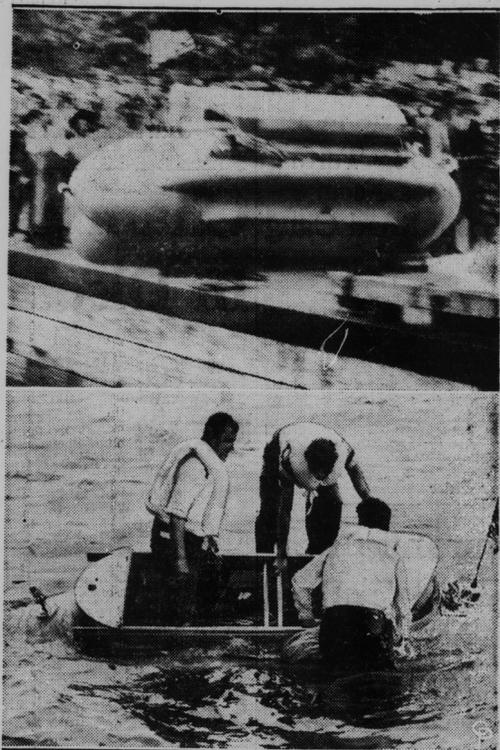
A confession that he murdered at least one of Cleveland's 12 torso victims has been obtained from Frank Dolazel, 52, bricklayer and former employe of a slaughter-house, by Sheriff Martin L. O'Donnell of Cuyahoga (Cleveland) County, Ohio. Sheriff O'Donnell also linked Dolazel with two of the other 11 torso murders which have baffled Cleveland police for years. The sheriff said Dolazel admitted, after 3 hours of grilling, to slaying and dismembering the body of Mrs. Florence Sawdey Polillo and throwing her head into Lake Erie at E. 49th street. The head was never recovered though parts of the body were found by police.

First Portrait of Torso Slayer



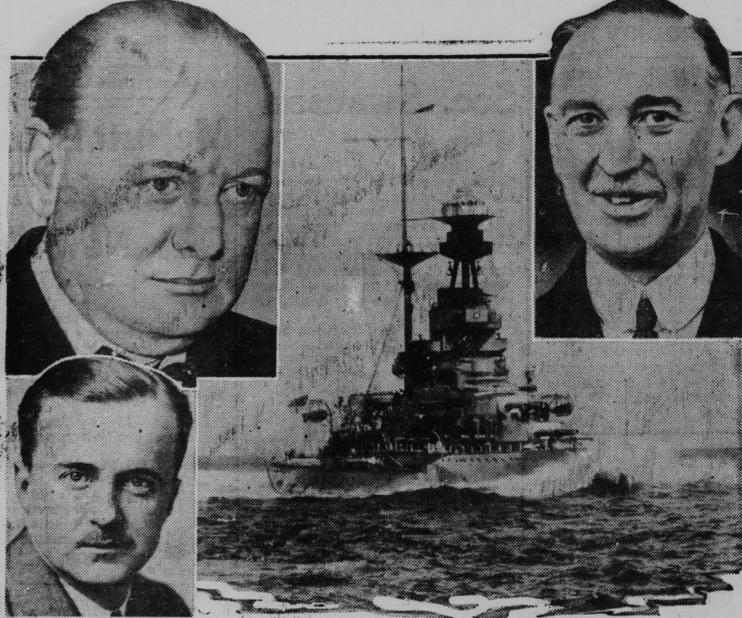
Here is Frank Dolazel, 52-year-old Cleveland bricklayer and former employe of a slaughter-house who has confessed, according to Sheriff Martin L. O'Donnell, that he murdered one of Cleveland's 12 torso slaying victims, a woman, and dismembered the body. Sheriff O'Donnell stated he is convinced that Dolazel was responsible for the 11 other torso murders which have plagued Cleveland police for several years.

"Safest" Lifeboat Gets a Dunking



Launched (top) from the Battery in New York in a self-catapulting experiment to test efficiency of the lifeboat which inventors Menotti Nanni and sons claim foolproof, the boat tilted when it hit the water and soaked the inventors. Nanni says carbon-dioxide gas catapults the boat.

Chamberlain Defies Demand of Public For Churchill as Chief of Admiralty



Winston Churchill, Great Britain's elder statesman, is key figure in a political storm which is rocking the British government. Appointment of the 64-year-old veteran to the cabinet has been urged repeatedly as the most effective defense measure Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain could take, and there has been a growing popular demand for the move.

Churchill repeatedly has warned the government of the danger which Hitler's regime involves and has demanded rearmament to the teeth and stern resistance to the dictator's demands. During his long career Churchill has held six major cabinet posts, and is regarded as one of the able administrators of the country as well as enjoying a high reputation as a military strategist. He became First Lord of the Admiralty in 1911. He also served

as Minister of Munitions and Secretary of War.

His reappointment as First Lord of the Admiralty, his supporters argue, would be the clearest possible warning to Hitler that Britain means business when it says it no longer will tolerate aggression and that any move on Poland means war with Britain as well.

Chamberlain, however, fears that if Churchill enters the cabinet because of pressure of public opinion, he would be in such a strong position that he could control the cabinet and be Prime Minister in all but name. For if Churchill then threatened to resign, over disagreement with government policy, including possible further appeasement, he would imperil the entire cabinet.

His appointment to the Admiralty would mean the second big cabinet shakeup resulting from the Hitler

war boom. It is predicted Viscount Runciman, Lord President of the Council, would resign; Earl Stanhope, now First Lord of the Admiralty, would take Runciman's post, and Churchill would move into the Admiralty office.

Runciman was named to the cabinet as a reward for his work as mediator at Prague, his work there paving the way for the partition of Czechoslovakia. Stanhope also was named to his post as a result of the Munich crisis, when fiery Alfred Duff Cooper tossed up the office because he could not approve of Britain's part in the affair.

The further Britain's revolt against Chamberlain's appeasement policies spreads, the greater are chances of this cabinet shakeup and Churchill's return to leadership of the world's greatest navy. Observers say that day is not far off.

(Central Press)

Winston Churchill, Upper Left. Earl Stanhope, First Lord of the Admiralty, Upper Right. Duff Cooper, Former First Lord of the Admiralty, Lower Left.

In N. Y. Tax Fraud

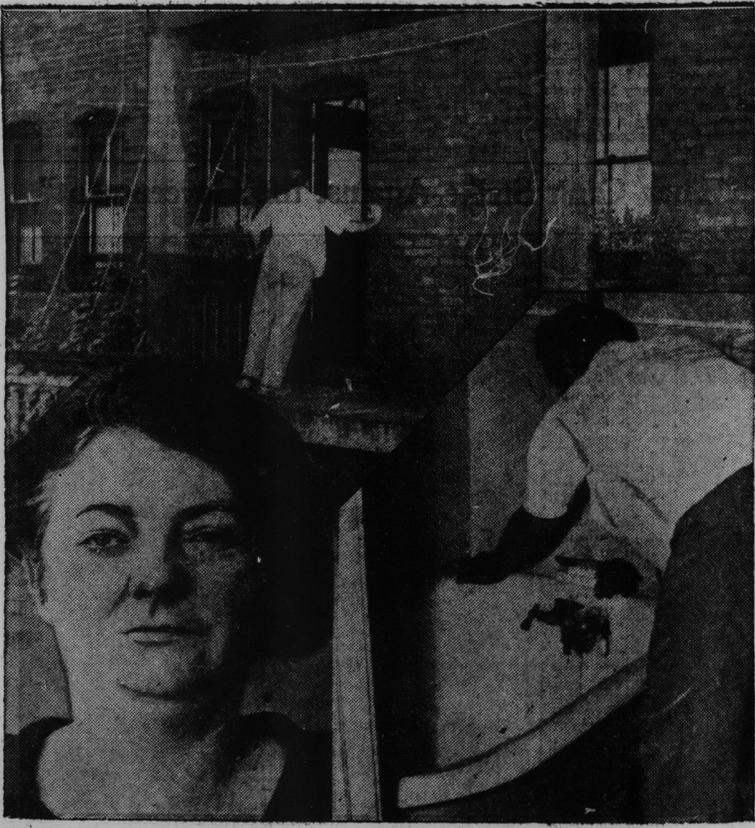


James A. Aimes (left), undercover investigator, smiles as he escorts Joseph A. Campbell from New York police headquarters. Campbell was among the thirty-eight New York City revenue division employes arrested and questioned in connection with alleged \$100,000 city sales tax fraud.

Wife Preservers



Dampening the edge of the lower crust of a pie with milk before applying the upper crust will help to keep the pie's contents from boiling over.



With the confession of Frank Dolazel, 52, to slaying and dismembering Mrs. Florence Polillo, one of Cleveland, Ohio's, 12 torso murder victims, police officials renewed efforts to solve the other 11 cases. Photos above show—top, entrance to the murder house occupied by Dolazel. Lower left—Mrs. Polillo. Lower right—the bath tub in which Dolazel is accused of dismembering Mrs. Polillo.