

8,199 Added To Old Age Beneficiaries

Raleigh, July 21.—North Carolina's 34,113 people receiving old age assistance on June 30 included 8,199 new cases accepted during the fiscal year, Nathan H. Yelton, director of the division of public assistance of the State Board of Charities and Public Welfare, announced today.

Year-end figures compiled by J. S. Kirk, department statistician, showed the 8,199 new cases to be composed of 5,321 white, 2,329 Negro and 49 Indian, with men accounting for 3,693 and women for 4,506 of the number.

Of the additions to the rolls, 903 were living alone, the majority receiving from \$8 to \$11; while 4,360 with the majority getting grants ranging from \$5 to \$10, were living with relatives. At the time of investigation, 6,876 were receiving no aid.

Listed as having no income other than 5,821 persons, while of the 2,378 receiving a small income, 515 were doing so by means of their own earnings, 505 from the sale of farm produce, and 1,007 from contributions from relatives or friends.

Four hundred and ninety-four of the new cases were bedridden, 2,142 required considerable care, and 5,563 were able to care for themselves. Of the 8,199 total, 3,011 were under the care of a physician at the time of investigation.

The eighteen new cases listed as being 100 years or more in age were composed of four white men, seven white women, one Negro man and six Negro women.

Ages of the vast majority of the new cases ranged between 65 and 85 years, while as to sex the 8,199 were divided: white—2,571 men, 3,250 women; Negro—1,100 men, 1,229 women; Indian—22 men, 27 women.

Only 17 new recipients were foreign born, two of them listing Asia as their birthplace. Urban residence was allotted to 1,936 people, with 1,629 living in towns less than 2,500 population, and 4,634 living on farms.

More men were listed among the 2,613 married recipients, while women predominated in the 4,618 widowed and the 572 single persons. Sixty-eight were divorced and 228 were separated from their former mates.

BAND LEADERS WILL MEET AT DAVIDSON

Davidson, July 21.—Bandmasters and music students of high school age from three states will mass on the Davidson campus Tuesday, July 25, to attend a mid-summer band clinic being staged by the college music department.

Hundreds of invitations have been extended to high school band directors throughout North and South Carolina and Tennessee to this day of musical discussion and instruction at Davidson. Prof. James Christian Pfohl, college music head, announced today that special demonstrations of the State and regional music contest numbers will be given by the Davidson summer school camp band of over fifty pieces. The clinic will defeat "old man temperature" by holding all classes and demonstrations in special out-of-door concert stands on the campus.

CASCADE



Wings of Youth

By HELEN WELSHIMER

CHAPTER FORTY-TWO

"WHAT IS IT, Sarah Anne? We were going to be friends, you know," Robert Kennedy's voice, deep and haunting with its overtones of something too strong for music, yet richly melodic, spoke again from the deep chair where he sat, in the bay window of the little southern hotel.

Across the street, in the courthouse, the clock chimed four. Sarah Anne thought of another clock, one in an old church tower this time, and an hour it had struck in the moonlight just before the dawn one summer's night. She and Bob had discovered something important that night. Discovered it, and decided it was nothing, nothing.

One couldn't go back. The only road went on.

She couldn't see him, except when the lightning flashed. But she knew he was near, for his voice came and went. She would have known anyway, for his presence reached out and drew her closer.

But when she answered his question she spoke lightly so he would not know how fast her heart was beating: "Do you recall the night when you rescued the letters and me?"

"I'd like to forget it." Five simple words. Yet the door that was opening swung shut.

"Then why don't you?" Oh, it was no effort now to be light. "One should toss useless memories into a mental waste paper basket and empty the basket every night before bedtime."

"Why don't you like me?" he persisted stubbornly.

"Because all the debutantes do, and I never agree with the glamor girls! No, really, I think you're nice, ever so nice. But it's late—and I must go—"

She stood up. Something which might have righted her world had back-fired, and she was more confused than she had been.

He did not detain her. He stood, too, and held out a strong, browned hand.

"Good night, Sarah Anne. If I never see you again, I'll remember your white face and your tousled hair and your pink dress in the window of an old hotel on a stormy autumn night. . . . I'll remember them always."

Then he let her go, and she went to bed, but it was light in the streets before she slept. At noon she arose, bathed and dressed and went into a sodden, dreary dining room where the small candle on her table made the only oasis of comfort.

"Rains are worse in the middle west and near the Ohio," the waitress said. "Tiresome, isn't it?"

Coffee, iced orange juice, buttered toast and jam, and crisp bacon came and went away almost untouched. This afternoon, tonight, all day tomorrow, most of Monday, she must be alone here. Alone! The word became terrifying. All of her life she had had her family, her friends, her church, and this last year her school. She had had more than that. She had cherished the memory of Jack who would be back some day, somehow.

She did not mind the loss of Jack. She did not want him. But his going had destroyed a hope, and nothing had taken its place. No, that was not true. Bob had taught her that Jack had been a girlish hero, symbolic of her dreams, never coinciding with any definite pattern. He had measured up to the requirements she set, and then he had told her she wasn't worthy.

And she hated him! Bitterly, cruelly, terribly. She hated him, and she loved him.

She would go home for a day. She would hear the church clock strike and sleep in her own bed under the eaves. She would put on a new girldie of strength and faith for the next week and the next. Yes, that's what she would do. She could arrange to meet Judith in the next town where they had an engagement.

It was late that evening when she left the train. Her father was waiting for her, and his eyes searched her face.

"You're tired, child."

"No, just so glad to be home!"

"Let's drop into a coffee shop



"Rains are worse in the middle west," the waitress said.

and get something to eat. Everyone at the parsonage is sound asleep. By the way, your two namers are back. They can't stay away since they brought this turmoil on us. They especially want to see you."

"Miss Sarah and Miss Anne?"

"Both of them. Here's a place where we can get some food."

They talked as they ate hamburgers and drank coffee and presently the minister said: "Bread is coming back buttered these days. The spinsters gave the church a thousand dollars and gave me a personal check for a thousand, too, today. They want to see you. I think they have some more gifts to bestow. You know, people are mighty good, Sarah Anne. We've received another gift at the church—"

—one for five thousand dollars for new pews and a new pulpit and carpet. Toward them, I mean, I wish I could reveal the name of the donor."

"You don't need to. I can guess." Her voice became bitter. Bob Kennedy could do this sort of thing and never miss it. She wished that her father had returned the check to him.

"He told you?" the minister queried, puzzled. "That's funny. He especially asked that it be a secret. Made the check out to me personally so I could cash it without letting the church treasurer know. He wanted the gift to be strictly anonymous."

"Probably didn't want the world to know he gave it," Sarah Anne answered.

The man laughed. "You don't bear the giver any love, do you? Maybe he just didn't want his right hand to know what his left was doing."

Sarah Anne laughed, too, at that, and the conversation drifted toward Corrinne. The rain of the night before had not stopped and it made a screen that created privacy and encouraged confidences. She found herself telling her father about Corrinne.

"But Bob's got himself out on a crooked limb," Reverend Melton said. "The youngster will come out of it all right. It's nonsense."

"I think his father's planted some doubts. Goodness knows, the man tried hard enough, but Bob wouldn't listen before—left home and got a job. Are all men sort of crazy, really?"

"Most of them," the minister replied, then his voice became serious again. "Ransom, senior, is sorry for his influence. That's why he sent the church that check. He's not had anything to do with this new upset. It's probably boy-and-girl trouble. . . ."

"Mr. Ransom sent that check?" Sarah Anne was asking in amazement.

Her father raised his eyes and

then laughed. "Now let me ask you a question. Are all women inconsistent? Didn't you just say you knew who sent that check?"

"Yes, yes, of course, only I thought it was someone else! I'm beginning to understand a little. Mr. Ransom gave that as an atonement. He's sorry about something he's done. You know, the way a little boy fights another and then gives him all his marbles."

Back with Judy, a radiant, stary-eyed Judy, she kept this thought in her mind. Mr. Ransom had played false in some way. He had won back his son. Hadn't he said he would at any cost? And he thought he could be a hypocritical Pharisee whose money would be as good as a prayer to bring forgiveness!

Now, the next move would be to see Bob Ransom and discover what he had heard that could be so presented he would believe it. If it had anything to do with those foolish letters, that could be righted. She would take the blame for Corrinne. Yet, how could that enter in? The letters had been destroyed and the one man who knew about them believed Corrinne was guiltless.

Corrinne, at her college, went listlessly into classes. She rejected a part in a play because she could not enter a make-believe world with this worry on her mind. She practiced diligently in the gymnasium, made the girls' basketball team, and went on long walks along the river which bordered the campus. It was a wide river, a tributary of the Ohio, and sometimes in the spring and the fall it was so powerful it left the campus under water for several days. Never deep water, just a nice coating.

She found herself wishing it would become a raging, powerful stream and then was sorry. Too many small wooden houses stood on the far side, to risk such a danger. One evening she was called to the telephone in her dormitory.

"Hi, Corrinne, this is Bob," a friendly voice greeted her. A faint voice, speaking over a bad line from far away.

Bob!

The bitterness and pain went out on a mighty wave. But being young and being independent, she did not slip into a smooth, well-going conversation.

"One minute, sweetheart!" He mustn't know she had worried. "Why am I forgiven, and for what? Better polish up your alibis!"

"Hey, wait a minute!" That voice was stronger now. It—it wasn't Bob Ransom's. "This is the other one. Bob Kennedy! I'm up in the city. It's thirty minutes away. How about running in for dinner?"

(To Be Continued)

Wings of Youth

By HELEN WELSHIMER

CHAPTER FORTY-THREE

IF ROBERT KENNEDY hadn't happened to have three hours to wait over, as he went back East after that hasty marriage of Jack and Judith's, he would not have called Corrinne. He did so on the spur of the moment. She was Sarah Anne's sister. She might know about the wall of reserve that had shut him away from her sister.

Sure, that was good reasoning! She might know, but she wouldn't tell. And he, of course, never would ask. But something had gone wrong. Anyway, he had three hours to kill and if dormitory meals still followed the conventional menus, Corrinne might enjoy some caviar and a steak and a banana split.

It was natural when he and Corrinne were seated at a small, candle-light table, in the best dining room in the city hotel, that she mentioned the mistaken telephone identity.

"Bob and I are throwing bricks at each other again. It's a game we play. I thought maybe he wanted a truce and I wanted the terms of peace. This is a gorgeous melon. When I get rich, I'm never going to eat anything that's in season. Just special imports."

Corrinne had lost five pounds. She knew it because her brown skirt had been too big and she had fastened it with safety pins, under the yellow angora sweater which she wore beneath her short brown jacket. Her eyes were more purple than blue in their weariness and her long, sooty lashes rested on her cheeks, as though she seldom looked up any more. When she did, the intensity of her gaze was a little frightening.

Though she talked a great deal, she reminded Bob of Sarah Anne, who had dark eyes and hair and her chin never lowered its angle by a half degree. But the same hurt was in her face, the same wonderment and worry.

Because he saw that it would do Corrinne good to talk, he said: "Why brick-bats for the combat? Why not bouquets?"

"I've lost favor again. Don't ask me why." She put down her spoon and leaned forward. The man noticed how little she had eaten of the melon which she had praised. "Do you think I did something so unforgivable when I went through that ceremony with Lynn Rhodes? I was hurt, you see. . . . Skip it. I want to finish this melon."

She attacked it vigorously and this time did not stop until only the thin green shell remained.

"You're worrying about something which isn't worth a nickle, in all probability," Bob answered. "How about some turtle soup next?"

"I'd rather save room for the steak and mushrooms." She frowned at the candle which shivered in a sudden draught from the rainy night. "Bob, if a girl wrote some letters just because she thought the situation demanded

them, never meaning them, could it hurt a man so terribly to find out about it?"

Bob was remembering the night he had seen Sarah Anne in the alcove of the lodge, the missives in her hand. He was thinking of the curious shock he had felt. That sense of faith going out. So he said: "Yes, it could, for the moment, Corrinne. But any sort of a man would come to his senses and realize it's none of his business. We all do silly things. Why expect perfection?"

"But doesn't love have a right to demand it?" She leaned forward again, her large eyes searching his.

"No right, my child, but it thinks it has. Love's not reasonable. You see—" He drew his brows together, thoughtfully, then smiled and his face lighted up. "It's this way, take it from Dorothy Dix's favorite nephew! A smart woman tries to keep a man from knowing she's had a foolish impulse or two. Some women get the breaks. They can get away with murder. Others get caught the first offense."

"Like me?" Very quietly.

"When he didn't answer, she went on: 'And ye, I don't see how Bob Ransom could have known about those few letters I wrote. Sarah Anne got them out of the safe—I told her how and she didn't have any trouble—and she destroyed them without anyone catching on. But there's nothing—nothing else that—'d make that silly nutmeg act like this.'"

Corrinne was so interested in her own speculations she did not see the amazement that came into Robert Kennedy's eyes, or the deep relief that followed. When he spoke, he held his voice under control.

"You mean you wrote some letters and Sarah Anne rescued them for you?"

"Yes, you grasp things fast, my bright young man." Now Corrinne glanced at him curiously.

Sarah Anne had not written the letters. What a colossal fool he had been! She had kept her faith with Corrinne. Not by a word had she betrayed her sister. What a wife she would make! He must get to a telephone in a hurry and talk to her.

In his sudden sense of exultation, he spoke impulsively to Corrinne. "See here, youngster, your Bob is at school not far from New York, and I'm going in that direction now. I'll give the lad a ring. We'll find out what's up. I bet you another steak that it's nothing."

There was rapture in the glance she gave him. "Robert, you are Santa Claus and St. Valentine and Bank Night and the spring hop all in one. In other words, you are tops!"

Alone, Robert Kennedy hurried to a telephone. But he could not get Sarah Anne. She and Judith were not at any of the hotels in the town where Corrinne said they

were. Had the operator make the circuit. Apparently they had gone on to their next destination and he had no idea where that was.

Anyway, this call might be rather dumb. Sarah Anne had turned all offers of friendship aside. What would she want with something deeper? Because he had found that she never had stooped would mean nothing to her. All of the time she knew she hadn't. And she had hated him for his lack of faith.

She had cared a little that night in the churchyard. He knew that. And she'd care again. He'd see to it!

But first he had work to do, back in New York. Thus, it happened that it was several days later that he found time to ask the Cornell Club for lunch one noon. They chatted of the situation in Europe, Cornell's football chances against Harvard, a musical comedy and the weather. Young Robert brought up the subject of Corrinne. He did not want to discuss it. He merely said: "That's ended. Washed up for all time. I've a date tonight with a girl in 'Sparkle, Sparkle, Sparkle,' a new show that's rocking the town. Seen it?"

"Don't get me wrong. That's your business. But our fraternity happens to be the same, and as one old brother to another, what in the dickens is it all about?"

The younger boy's face was serious and composed. "I got taken in, that's all—by a minister's pretty blue-eyed daughter. This isn't public information, so you haven't heard it, but she took my father for a five-thousand-dollar ride."

"I don't believe it," the older Bob said instantly.

"Neither did I, until dad showed me the check, made out to her father and nicely signed. Oh, they're slick. Nothing could be proved against her that way. The old man could say he spent the money for hymnals or push-lined offering plates. So that's that."

The man across the table stared back incredulously. "You mean you believe that stuff?"

"Didn't I see the check?"

"That's still not proof!"

"You'd take her word against my father's?" Bob Ransom's eyes glittered angrily. "You mean you dare to say dad's trying to put something over on me?"

"I'm not saying anything, but I think you're not showing much faith." He stopped short. He was remembering that he hadn't either. But he couldn't tell the boy that. Yet his own lack of trust in Sarah Anne had been based on just such circumstantial evidence.

"Oh, I'll own up. I loved Corrinne, but I can get over it," Bob Ransom was saying. "Meantime, I'm going out tonight and get drunk, blotto, with that girl from 'Sparkle, Sparkle, Sparkle.' I've never drank before—but, oh, what a woman can do to your morals!"

(To Be Continued)



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"Welcome Home, Daddy!"



Jack Dempsey, ex-heavyweight champion, gets a warm welcome from his daughters, Joan (left) and Barbara, as he returns home in New York after convalescing from an appendicitis operation followed by a stroke of peritonitis. Jack took a walk around the block with the aid of a cane, then called a halt to all further roadwork for the day.