



# FALSE ALARM

BY RICHARD HILL WILKINSON

FROM THE FIRST, Marta liked the young man who occupied the room across the hall. She liked him despite his rather shabby clothing and the fact that he never worked. She knew he never worked because she met him in the hallway at mid-morning, or chanced to pass his open door during the afternoon, and saw him sitting among his meagre furnishings. More often she discovered him bent over a paper-strewn desk, industriously at work. At what? That was a question that bothered her. But, whatever his endeavors, they were, obviously, unfruitful.

There were two possible answers to the question. First, the young man, whose name, he told her, was Bert Davis, might be a member of the great army of unemployed. He might be temporarily out of work, hanging on until things picked up. Or he might be some sort of artist—a writer, a composer, a painter. She'd heard that all artists had to struggle before achieving fame. She'd read that they lived in garrets and hall bedrooms, such as Bert Davis occupied.

Secretly Marta favored the latter possibility. It sounded more romantic. She tried, after they had attended a movie shows together, spent an evening walking in the park and another at a dine and dance emporium, to solve the mystery by tactful questioning. But to all her veiled interrogations Bert Davis only smiled and turned the conversation into other channels. He was, Marta guessed, ashamed of his poverty, too proud to admit his secret ambition. She pitied him. Marta wondered why some one of the hundreds of occupants of the great apartment house where she lived with her folks, and where Bert Davis had his tiny hall bedroom, hadn't noticed the struggling young artist and offered to lend him a helping hand. Then she reflected that occupants of apartment houses rarely associated with each other, and hence were probably unaware of Bert Davis' dire predicament.

But this was Marta's first experience living in an apartment house, and she didn't believe in acting aloof. Likewise it was Marta's parents' first experience. Their real home was in the country. They had moved in town this winter and were "trying out" the apartment idea.

The try-out, however, proved to be unsatisfactory. Much to Marta's disappointment, her folks decided after a month of it to return to their country home. A week before it was time for them to leave, Marta discovered her friendship with Bert had ripened into something more. She felt that he was restraining himself, withholding a desire to tell her of his love, because of his poverty-stricken condition. The thought made her miserable.

Two days before the day set for her departure, Marta returned to the apartment after an afternoon

of last-minute shopping. Dusk had fallen, and the corridor of the apartment house was nearly dark. About to enter her apartment she stopped short. The door was open, and someone was inside, bending over the living room table. Marta knew that her folks wouldn't return until late that night. Whoever was in the room had no business being there.

HER HEART began to pound. Turning, she rounded a corner of the elevator shaft and sped down the opposite corridor. At the corridor's end she confronted the janitor. Breathlessly she told her story, and then sank wearily into a chair. The janitor rushed to his own quarters to summon the police.

As Marta sat there in a state of mingled fear and exhaustion, she saw a dim figure round the corner of the elevator shaft at the other end of the corridor and steal silently across. And then her heart almost stopped beating. The figure had entered Bert Davis' room! So—Bert Davis was a thief! He had reached a state in his poverty where it was necessary for him to steal! Too proud to ask for help, he had resorted to another method. The thought sickened her.

A police siren sounded. The lights in the hall flashed on. Bert Davis came out of his room and was confronted by the janitor and a half dozen officers. A consultation followed, at the end of which the policeman withdrew. Left alone, Bert Davis's gaze fell on Marta.

"Why, hello honey," he smiled and came toward her. "The funniest thing just happened. Some one saw me in your apartment. I thought it was a burglar, and called the police."

"Why shouldn't they?" Bert looked puzzled, then he smiled. "Of course you don't understand. I was keeping it for a surprise. You see, Marta, I own this apartment house. I've been using that room across the hall as an office during these dull times in an effort to keep an eye on business. This afternoon a young man and his wife came to look at your apartment. Your father gave me permission to show it to any one, and I was just in the act of turning on the lights when whoever it was saw me there in the darkness." He paused again and came closer. "Marta, dear, will you ever forgive me for deceiving you like this? I wanted you to believe I was just a poor struggling artist—wanted you to love me before I told you the truth, Marta!"

She was in his arms, her eyes giving him her answer—yet at the moment she was thinking of something, which seemed even more important than the fact that Bert loved her—she was wondering if in the semi-darkness of the corridor the janitor had recognized it was she who had urged him to call the police.

## N. C. Conference For Social Service

Dr. Cameron F. McRae and L. G. Deyton, district health officer and county superintendent of welfare, attended the 41st annual meeting of the North Carolina Conference for Social Service last week in Charlotte. Dr. J. W. R. Norton, State Health Officer, has been president of the Conference for the past year. Dr. Ellen Winston, State Welfare Commissioner, presided at a panel which discussed follow-up work on the county level since the 1950 White House Conference on Children and Youth; Dr. McRae was asked to report at this time on the work of the Yancey County Council for Youth, which was formed after the "County White House Conference".

## Promoted To Sergeant

With the 7th Infantry Division in Korea—Holt Miller, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Miller, Ramseytown, N. C., was recently promoted to Sergeant first class while serving with the 7th Infantry Division on the rain-drenched east-central front in Korea.

Patrols from the division move out daily over the muddy terrain keeping constant pressure on the Communists.

Miller, a tank driver in Tank Company of the 31st Infantry Regiment, entered the Army in December 1951 and received basic training at Fort Jackson, S. C.

He attended Bee Log High School, Bee Log, N. C., and was employed by the Burlington Mills, Inc., in Burnsville, before entering the Army.

DR. EDWARDS M. D.

ALONE IN HER SHAME!  
ignorance, inexperience were her pitfalls

FIRST TIME ON THE SCREEN

**SINS OF THE FATHERS**

revealing the intimate problems of today's youth

added public service

SEX HYGIENE COMMENTATOR in person at all performances

nurses in attendance

SEPARATE SHOWINGS

WOMEN—2 P.M. and 7 P.M.  
MEN—9 P.M.

SEE THE ACTUAL BIRTH OF A

**YANCEY THEATRE**

TUESDAY, MAY 6th

NOTICE No. 164

Eighteenth District J. E. Edwards, et als. Plaintiffs vs.

The Board of Education of Yancey County, et als. Defendants

All persons, including prospective bidders if any, of the proposed Consolidated High School for Yancey County at Burnsville, North Carolina, will take notice that the Plaintiffs in the above entitled action will petition the Supreme Court of North Carolina for a re-hearing of said case.

This April 10, 1952.  
Bill Atkins, R. W. Wilson, Attorneys for Plaintiffs.



NEW ATTORNEY GENERAL—Judge James McGranery of Philadelphia, named attorney general by President Truman, reads telegram from his predecessor, J. Howard McGrath. It advised: "Bring a pair of asbestos trousers with you." McGrath quit what he implied was a hot seat after firing Newbold Morris of New York, whom McGrath had appointed to investigate graft. Rift came when Morris wanted to nuz McGrath on his own income.

## "I REMEMBER" BY THE OLDTIMERS

From Mrs. N. K. Rothrock, Newberg, Ore.: I remember my first ice cream cone. The ice cream made the cones on a small square waffle iron. They were of a thin sweetish batter cooked very quickly and rolled on a cone-shaped form of metal. He was very deft and quick, always giving just the right twirl to the form to wrap the thin strip around it while warm, and put it aside to cool before filling with ice cream.

From Mrs. James L. Masor Duluth, Minn.: I remember when I was a little girl we four girls had to take our turn cleaning the silverware with white wood ash, and cleaning about 10 old kerosene lamps. We polished our shoes Saturday evening. We weren't allowed to do any work on Sunday, so every thing was always ready for Sunday school and church in the a.m. My father had Bible reading each morning before we ate.

From George H. Briggs, Los Angeles: I remember the centennial Fourth of July celebration in our village in central Iowa. The day opened with a salute by a brass cannon that had served in the War between the States. It was on the grounds across the street from my home. There also at night were displayed the fireworks and the ta bleau. The main gathering was in a meadow at the edge of town. A war colonel was speaker of the day & cavalry captain was the officer of the day. There were games races, and other amusements. Country folks came in farm wagon decorated with flags. The only casualties were small boys' fingers burned with firecrackers.

(Mail your memories to THE OLD TIMER, BOX 340, FRANKFORD, KY.)

## Burnsville Furniture And Hardware Company Named As Official Weighing Station For Fishing Contest

Burnsville Furniture and Hardware Company has been named as one of the Official Weighing Stations for the Western North Carolina Fishing Contest which is sponsored by the Asheville Citizen-Times Co. Official entry blanks for the contest may be secured at this establishment when

fish are brought in for weight checking.

This contest is open to all fishermen except commercial fishermen and dock owners, managers, their assistants, and guides. Fish entered must be taken from Western North Carolina counties or from lakes in East Tennessee.

More than \$1,000 in prizes are to be given away by business places in Western North Carolina. Burnsville Furniture and Hardware Company is giving

an Airex Master Reel valued at \$23.75. Other prizes listed on the entry blank run from \$3.00 in value to \$50.00. All fish entered in the contest must be weighed and measured at an Official Weighing Station within 24 hours after the catch is made.

Pictures are not required when entering the contest. The Asheville Citizen-Times requests that an effort be made to get a picture for the paper and for official use.

SEE US FOR YOUR FERTILIZER NEEDS

ALL ANALYSIS IN STOCK AND NITRATE OF SODA FOR TOBACCO--FIELD CROPS

Fertilizer May Be Secured in 100-lb paper bags.

Place Orders For Immediate Deliveries

WE TAKE P M A ORDERS

HAY & FEED OATS

**Stanley Bailey**

PHONE 241 BURNSVILLE, N. C.

## SPORTS CORNER

### All in the Game:

RALPH BRANCA will be trying to make the fans forget the home run he served Bobby Thomson last October when the Giants took the pennant away from the Dodgers. Last year the Red Sox were stronger on paper than the Yanks. This year the Indians are stronger on paper. But Casey Stengel says, "We are not going to fight for this pennant on copy paper. We are going to battle on a field." Casey always sets his sights on a percentage that will barely win—in 1949 he won with .630, in 1950 with .636. That's pretty fair guessing. Lou Boudreau's Red Sox will need a lot of rookie help this year with Williams and Doerr gone. Ted Williams will be 34 in October, and if the military keeps him two years, his career will just about be over. The average big league salary is \$10,000. The average length of playing time is 10 years. About 90 per cent of those who adopt boxing for a profession barely make a living. Pro footballers get from \$7,000 to \$20,000 a year. Yoda Berra is now 27.



TEARFUL RAZZBERRY... This gent is First Baseman Earl Torgerson of the Braves. He put on the weeping act to needle the Dodgers as the two teams met in the Grapefruit League. It's pseudo-sympathy for the Dodgers' blowing last season's pennant.

### Ditching Demonstration

H. M. Ellis, Agriculture Engineering Extension Specialist, will conduct a Ditching Demonstration on the Dewey Ray Dairy farm at Cane River, Friday afternoon, April 25 at 2:30 p. m. This method of ditching saves time and labor, the local farm agent says, and certain conditions are necessary before it is advisable to use dynamite as a method of ditching. Mr. Ray has a field that has 50% strength and electric and the County Agent feels the measures will be stressed at site is low and remains wet.

### Even in dry weather, is away from buildings, power lines, and other structures, and is free from rocks. The field at present is waste land but after it is ditched and seeded it will pasture two or more head of livestock per acre.

All farmers having similar land are invited to attend the demonstration and get information about ditching their own fields. Straight nitro-glycerin dynamite 50% strength and electric caps will be used. Safety measures will be stressed at the meeting.

Lowest priced in its field!

This beautiful new Chevrolet Styleline De Luxe 2-Door Sedan—like many Chevrolet models—lists for less than any comparable model in its field. (Continuation of standard equipment and trim illustrated is dependent on availability of material. White sidewall tires at extra cost when available.)

Again in 1952... lowest-priced line in its field!

Yes, Chevrolet brings you lowest prices on model after model... as well as all these fine features found in no other low-priced car!

- CENTERPOISE POWER
- LARGEST BRAKES
- WIDEST COLOR CHOICE
- 4-WAY ENGINE LUBRICATION
- CAST IRON ALLOY PISTONS
- SAFETY PLATE GLASS ALL AROUND
- POWERGLIDE AUTOMATIC TRANSMISSION\*
- UNITIZED KNEE-ACTION RIDE
- WIDEST TREAD
- BODY BY FISHER
- E-Z-EYE PLATE GLASS
- MOST POWERFUL VALVE-IN-HEAD ENGINE

\*Optional on De Luxe models at extra cost.

MORE PEOPLE BUY CHEVROLETS THAN ANY OTHER CAR! **CHEVROLET** The Only Fine Cars PRICED SO LOW!

**ROBINSON CHEVROLET COMPANY**  
Spruce Pine, North Carolina