

State Will Pay The Chain Bonus in 1952, Says Klein

Gary Legislator Expects New Tax Will Be Needed

By IRVING LEIBOWITZ

The man who fathered the Indiana state bonus predicted yesterday that Hoosier veterans will start collecting payments in 1952.

State Rep. Joseph Klein (D-Gary), chairman of the House Military and Veterans Affairs Committee, told officials of veterans' groups here that the bonus is still the hottest thing before the legislature.

"They'll have to pay off in 1952," Rep. Klein said. "It's a presidential election year."

Mr. Klein, in town to talk with American Legion and Veterans of Foreign Wars officials, said the legislature will be "obliged" to add an additional tax to raise \$25 million more for the bonus.

Expects New Tax
"The gross income tax won't give the state enough money in time," he said. "The state will have to decide what the people want—a tobacco or sales tax."

The Lake County representative, who introduced the bonus bill early in the 1949 session of the legislature, visited the State House but declined to see the Governor.

He said political pressure on the legislature in 1951 will result in a new tax for the bonus and quick payment.

Rep. Klein speculated that the lawmakers would favor a tobacco tax rather than a sales tax.

Before large groups of Legion and VFW posts, he has denounced reports that the bonus will not be paid in 20 or 75 years.

"Tearing down in Lake County and surrounding cities, Rep. Klein asserted:

"The bonus will be paid in 1952. Neither Democrats nor Republicans will allow payments to be started later than that year."

Purdue to Open 'Town Hall' Series

The first of a series of Town Hall meetings sponsored by the Indianapolis Center of Purdue University will be held at 8 p. m. Wednesday in the Purdue-Marion building, 902 N. Meridian St.

"Problems of College Teaching" will be discussed by professors M. D. Adams and Howard Wiener of the Purdue faculty, and Robert A. Douglas and Paul V. Johnson, Purdue students. Prof. Sterling Shaw will act as moderator.

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By Paul I. Wellman

Synopsis: Todd Westcott's selfish daughter Gilda has cut her western vacation short to return to Jerico. She has two concerns at the moment: To take Dr. Murray Clifton away from Connie Foote, and to try to help Father Carlisle who has become a hero of Jerico, but who has alienated her father and other rich parishioners on Tower Hill. Now go on with the story.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

GILDA PICKED up the phone, wondering who it was, faintly hoping it might be Murray, but instead it was Wistart.

He asked her to go with him to a dance at the Country Club. "It's tomorrow evening," he said. "It might be sort of a brawl. You know how those things are. But the orchestra isn't bad. And you'll see a lot of your friends. We're getting up a table."

On consideration, she accepted. That was last night, and the dance was tonight. Wistart reminded her once again and forcibly of her reason for returning to Jerico, and the fact she had done nothing about it.

And now she parked her car in front of the church and walked toward the study, impelled by a decision she had been evading for days.

Carlisle was writing at his desk. He looked up and half-rose, as if startled, when she entered the study.

"Hello," she said. "Oh—how are you? It's so good to see you," he said. "You promised, remember, that I could come and see how you were getting along with the rood beam."

"Then I'm glad I did," he said eagerly. "It's been a very long time since I saw you."

"Well, let's go down," she said. Her eyes were all for the wood. Since she had seen it, the rood beam had achieved form and beauty only hinted before.

"Why," she exclaimed, "you've done something far more magnificent than I'd even dreamed!"

His face colored with pleasure. "Thank you for your praise," he said. Then his face fell. "I rather think this will end up in a bonfire somewhere."

"You seem discouraged," she said after a moment. "I'm afraid I've been a bad priest," his voice sank. "The beliefs and teachings of Jesus Christ are simple and clear. I came here to follow them in human frailty. I say nearly as in human frailty it say worked out. I do not know exactly why I have failed."

"I DON'T know who is to blame," she said. "I only know that something has gone very wrong—has brought, somehow, tragic futility."

His face was haggard with trouble. "There is no place, not in all the world, so lonely as a deserted church."

"You could compromise—just a little. Don't you see? The parish leaders are in a position where they must justify themselves. Let them 'save face' by yielding to them in some things. I'm sure it will work out."

"I don't know what compromise there could be," he said. "I can't compromise with my principles."

As she ran up the stairs from the undercroft she heard his quick steps following, and his imploring voice.

"Gilda—please—hear me just a moment—"

In the study above she halted and turned as he came in. He seemed more haggard than before.

"I want your friendship," he said in a low voice. "I am your friend, John."

"You've no notion what that means to me," he said in the same low voice.

"My dear... my dear... what can I do?" The whispered words came to her lips unbidden.

Blindly, her eyes wet and closed, she turned her face up to his. But the kiss did not come.

He spoke hurriedly, a patter of words as if he wished to get something out and over with. "I must tell you something—"

"What?" she murmured weakly. "I am under a vow, Gilda. I am... a celibate."

She caught her breath. "A celibate?"

So this was the length to which his rigor of renunciation had

Holmes and Wistart Wedge. Dr. Clifton and herself.

EVERYONE had been drinking pretty heavily before dinner. Mary Agnes, with her hard, bright glance, probed the dancers. A couple passed, forgetful of everything but themselves and the music.

"Paul Sinclair and Jackie Corbee," said Mary Agnes. "They're in love." In her voice was a humming contempt.

Connie disliked Mary Agnes. She disliked all the young women she saw about her.

The doctor laughed. "Whatever it is, it's the religion of our age. We worship the great love goddess and the happy ending. The Greeks worshiped the love goddess too. But they were more intelligent. They knew the happy ending was sheer rot. Agree, Wistart?"

In the little silence at the table that followed Wistart said: "Come on, Connie. Do you care anything about listening to this balcony? Let's dance."

Connie saw Murray take Gilda out on the floor. They looked wonderful together. When Gilda prouetted around him, with a hand held up gaily, she wore a gleaming smile which said: "Look at me. I'm having fun."

She hated the whole crowd. She hated the whole crowd. She had been struggling between hope and despair. Sometimes she thought Murray might be in love with her, then she was almost sure he was not. This evening, on the way to the party, she suddenly had become completely sure.

"Connie," Murray began. "I want you to try your wings a little more tonight. Lots of men would like to take you places, and I've been shamefully monopolizing you."

She remembered her stab of terror. His smile disappeared. "I'm quite proud of you, Connie, and fond of you. But I'm not in love with you."

"I didn't suppose you were," she said dreadingly.

"You've been a very entrancing woman. But you must agree that this wasn't a love affair. It was an education. The Clifton Finishing School has done all it can for you, and you're graduating. Oh, I'll be around."

It didn't. But she knew it was the end of everything. Now she saw Murray with Gilda Holmes in his arms, as the music ended with a harsh leering crash, and she wished she were dead.

One o'clock and they were still at it. For the moment Gilda was alone. She had just refused again to dance with Wistart, and he had wandered sullenly off to the lounge.

It had been Gilda and Murray all evening. Wistart and Connie were shaken off and forgotten. She knew Murray was tight. But then everyone was tight.

Later Murray Clifton said to Gilda, "I just took Mary Agnes out to Gerald Reed's car. Where's your coat?"

"I didn't wear any."

"Let's get out of this."

His arm was about her, and she felt him lead her outside, down the steps, across the parking lot toward the ranked cars.

(To Be Continued)

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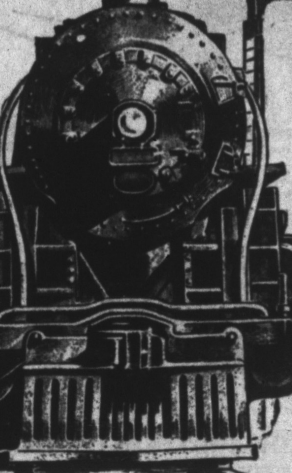
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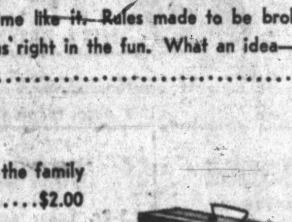
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