

### The Free Press Short Story

## THE MEDAL SCORE

EDMUND DU PERRIER

D ALE MORTON rested his putter behind his ball. An expectant hush came over the gallery as the tall, crisp-looking young man lined up his putt. The greens of the Beaver-ton Municipal Course were very tricky, and the eighteenth hole was no exception. The cup lay on an irregular mound, and two similar mounds lay between cup and ball.

Morton's opponent, Doctor Simmons, had laid his ball a bare foot from the hole on his approach putt. To win the medal score Morton had to sink this shot.

The putter swung back in a smooth arc. It came forward, struck the ball neatly, and the blade followed the sphere as it started on its perilous journey. It veered over the slope of the two-minute hills. It straightened and travelled directly for the cup, its speed decreasing. It appeared to hang motionless on the rim of the hole, and then after that breathless pause, dropped with a satisfactory "plop!"

"I guess that's calling them," cried Dale Morton joltingly. "That let's me out with a seventy. And I don't think anyone is going to beat that." He walked to the cup, picked up his ball, and made for a break in the gallery. He did not wait for his opponent to hole out on the short putt, nor did he see the referee gaze after him, with a perplexed expression.

Dale Morton was heading for the clubhouse. A seventy! That score, coupled with his three previous rounds, would put him in the lead. He was set now to go to Seattle, to represent the Beaver-ton Municipal Course in the Northwest Public Links Championship. As the low scorer he would, he argued to himself, no doubt captain the team.

Back on the green Doctor Simmons, a man of thirty, sank his putt, and smiled genially at the referee. "A rather egotistical young man, Dale Morton," he suggested.

"Ah, yes," replied the referee. His forehead was lined with red, and there was an angry glint in his eye. He took out his pencil and wrote a very definite sentence on the scorecard headed "Dale Morton."

At the porch of the clubhouse Dale encountered Cecilia Cartwright in golfing costume. She held out her hand, "Congratulations, Dale. I hear you took the medal play."

He grinned at her. "Sure," he said heartily. "I told you I was set for it. You wait until I get to Seattle. I'll show them some stuff." He turned and hesitated to a passing caddy. "Hey, son," he said brusquely, authority filling his tone, "run in and get us a couple of lemonades."

"But I'm going—"

"Never mind, you run and get the lemonades." The boy, grumbling, complied. Dale turned back to the girl, just too late to see a frown that had come and gone upon her face.

"I didn't want a lemonade, Dale," she protested, "besides, the boy was running an errand for Mr. Davidson."

"What's a mere secretary on a day like this?" answered Dale with a confident laugh. "This is my day, isn't it?"

"Perhaps," she replied slowly. "You're pretty confident of yourself, aren't you?"

"Just simply bubbling over," he assured her.

She smiled fleetingly. "I hear you had a little trouble on the twelfth hole," she said quietly.

A slow coat of red covered his features. The memories of his difficulties there were not pleasant. Stymied by a tree, the results were a passing caddy. "Hey, son," he said brusquely, authority filling his tone, "run in and get us a couple of lemonades."

He stared after her disappearing figure for a moment. As he turned he angrily dashed both glasses to the ground, handed the boy a quarter, and strode irritably into the locker, to the accompaniment of chuckles from the assemblage on the club porch.

At the shut of the morning paper on the porch the following morning Dale Morton leaped from his bed, roused the sport section. His eyes picked up the headline "Selections for Golf Team Made." A shocked look crossed his features. His mouth dropped open involuntarily. His name was not among the chosen four!

"Although Dale Morton," the article had read, "was the low scorer, he was not included in the team for reasons obvious to those who galled the young man in his four rounds."

"According to the tradition of the club, a low score, while valuable, was only to be part of the ruse. Deportment, and

strict adherence to the rules and spirit of golf rank equally with well-played strokes.

"Dale Morton, by numerous exhibitions of bad temper, his scorn of the rules, and his utter lack of golf etiquette lost his chance. His walking from the green on the eighteenth hole before his opponent had judged out was but one example of the young man's bad manners."

"Therefore, the committee, who feels that the team should do honor to the club, decided that the best interests of the club would be served by eliminating Morton until such time as his deportment on the course is on a par with his medal play."

A little later, breakfast because food was impossible this morning, he made his way toward the office of the Stevens Pipe & Tank Co.

Here he was junior salesman, with of course, the least lucrative territory. Through the office was a rumor that Dale Morton was the next man to go up. The "Old Man," Stevens himself, had his eye on Dale. When Stevens took an interest in a young fellow around the plant it generally followed that person's good.

Dale was a good salesman. His interest in his work, his geniality, made some types of sales extremely easy for him.

He sat down at his desk, sorting out his prospect list, planning the day's work. He avoided the eyes of his fellows, who, he knew, would have read that ominous report.

A stout shadow darkened his desk. He looked up, and nodded. It was Stevens himself.

"Ah, Morton," he said slowly, "I was sorry to hear that you failed to make the Beaver-ton team." He passed on, and Dale felt himself reddened. Mr. Stevens had been one of the original directors of the club, and the short sentence contained volumes of meaning to Dale. It was a rebuke. Coming from the "Old Man" himself it was like a stiff body blow.

"That ends it," Dale told himself angrily. "I'll never play golf in this town again!"

A sudden resistance grew within him. The evanescent spark of the better portion of his personality vanished from him. Dale was a disgruntled, embittered young man when he threw his empty order book on the desk that evening.

He called Cecilia Cartwright. "I'm sorry, Dale," she said. "I'm engaged."

"To-morrow evening," he insisted.

"I'm afraid I'll be busy then, too, Dale."

He hung up, a choke in his throat. He was forced to swallow the bitter pill of his own creating.

The months passed. Autumn grew into winter; winter gave place to spring. Dale Morton passed the days in a defiant mood. Dust gathered on his golf clubs, in the closet where he had thrown them on that fateful day. He had vowed solemnly to his vow to never play again.

More hurtful to himself, however, was the fact that he was still junior salesman. A series of promotions at the plant had been effected, but Dale still occupied the desk that had been first assigned to him.

Toward the end of May it was announced that the Public Links try-out would be held again. This time they would be in the middle of July.

Mr. Stevens again paused at Dale Morton's desk. "Going to try again for the Northwest Public Links, Morton?"

"I don't think so, sir."

"Why not?"

"I'm too busy," he mumbled.

"Well, anyway, I came in far," he defended himself.

"Ah, yes," agreed Cecilia. "Well, I must run. Father is waiting."

"I say, Cecil—"

The caddy appeared with the lemonades and thrust them into Dale's hands. "You mean the lemonades," Cecilia said sweetly. "After coming out medalist you ought to be able to use both of them."

He stared after her disappearing figure for a moment. As he turned he angrily dashed both glasses to the ground, handed the boy a quarter, and strode irritably into the locker, to the accompaniment of chuckles from the assemblage on the club porch.

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"Rub of the green, doctor. Let's go over and see how we stand."

The two players and the referee walked toward the big board which had been erected at the first tee, marking each player's progress. A stout man joined them. Dale turned to find Mr. Stevens smiling at him.

The last player had reported by the time the three reached the board. The committee stood in front of it, talking. The referee, who had scored Dale's and the doctor's play marked their figures on the board. Dale was in fifth place.

"Well, Morton," the chairman of the board said, "we're allowed to send five players this year, but we have only money for four. And I guess score has to count this year."

Before Dale could answer he heard the brisk voice of his employer. "I'll be glad to provide Morton's expenses, Sanders."

A surge of happiness went through Dale. Thanks rose to his lips, but Mr. Stevens was pushing him through the crowd, his hand beneath Dale's arm.

"You better get all the fun you can out of that tournament, young man, because when you get back you're going out on the coast territory."

"That's—that's—but do you think I'll be able to handle it, Mr. Stevens?"

"Fugh!" grunted Stevens. "You tackled a pretty tough job getting hold of yourself, Morton. You settled that plainly. And so I don't think you'll have any trouble mastering the coast."

On the steps Cecilia Cartwright waited. She smiled up at him, and held out her hand. "Good-bye, Dale, and am I forgiven?"

"Forgiven!" exclaimed Dale. "I don't know how I'll ever repay you."

"Right now, at any rate," she laughed, "you can start with a big, cold lemonade."

The unhappy incident of the year before flashed into his mind. Cecilia was

"I think you're a quitter," she went on. "If you were the fellow I thought you were, once you'd go out and show them."

The gears clashed, and her car sped away. Thoughtfully, slowly, Dale went on. That evening he sat in his room staring at the wall for a long time. He slept little that night; yet in the early morning he was out in the yard, making practice shots with his clubs.

The elimination round of the tryouts ended. Dale Morton had just slipped through. His long lay-off had allowed his game to suffer, but he faced the coming four rounds with a brave heart.

People left him alone. He knew, and they knew, that this was his acid test. "This was a different Dale Morton who sought, with quiet skill, to circle the difficult eighteen-hole course with the least possible strokes."

His manner was none the less genial. For golf was his game and he was happy when he played it. His controlled cheerfulness won him the admiration of his opponents, and the friendship of the referees.

To the surprise of those who knew him, Dale Morton was asking advice of his caddy when he got into a tight fix. The caddy appreciated that confidence.

Dale fought quietly, but his whole heart and soul were in it. Often his whole spirit revolved—he wanted to throw his clubs, to rant and rave, and cast the blame upon the shoulders of his caddy.

He fought those feelings back; kept them subdued under his calm, smiling demeanor. Gradually those ruinous moments came farther and farther apart. By the last day of the tournament they had vanished altogether.

The last day saw six players fighting for the first four positions. Dale's game, though not at its best, had improved vastly in the crucible of tournament play. By the hamars of the draw, Dale was to play again with Doctor Simmons, against one of the low six.

The older player's keen eyes judged Dale. He had not seen the young man's play during the first grueling days of the tournament. Dale held out his hand, "In good form, Doc?" he asked.

"Fair. And you?"

"None too good. But I'll do my best." Dale did his best. He fought as hard as he possibly could to beat the doctor's score, and to bring his own down. This time he fought within the rules, with perfect regard for the rights of his opponent.

The tree-bordered twelfth scene of many of his previous disasters, ran true to form for Dale this time. He hooked his drive into the trees, found himself in an awkward spot, and took two getting back to the fairway. On the fourth hole he finished with an eight. This was enough to destroy his game, but he forgot it, and went on calmly.

On the eighteenth he had another long putt. He shot carefully. The ball ran to the cup, rimmed it, hesitated, and stayed out. Dale walked up, and rapped it in. Such an unlucky shot would have made him explode a year before. The doctor holed out two strokes lower than Dale. Dale held out his hand.

"Sorry you missed," the doctor said. "It's all right," Dale answered, smiling.

"The fun festival of the year, featuring the famous three big time shows in one."

Alfred Rogers, President  
Edward A. Hughes, General Manager  
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**CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION**  
AUG. 27 - SEPT. 11 TORONTO 1937

<b>Potatoes</b>	<b>Peaches</b>
Home Grown Good Cookers Nice and Large, pk	Delicious For Slicing lbs. for
<b>19c 3</b>	<b>25c</b>
<b>Apples</b>	<b>Tomatoes</b>
6 Lovely Cookers Duchess lbs. for	3 lbs. Slicing Quality
<b>15c 3</b>	<b>10c</b>
<b>Bananas</b>	
FIRM RIPE NICE SIZE GOLDEN YELLOW Per Dozen	
<b>21c</b>	
Celery — Lettuce — Pickling Onions and Fruits, Etc.	
<b>CARROLL'S</b>	
LIMITED	

giving him the opportunity to write that unhappy incident off the books.

"All right," he agreed. "I'll find you a nice shady spot on the porch. And I'll get them myself."

From the issue of The Free Press of Thursday, August 26th, 1917

The dairymen here announce that the price of milk will be increased to ten cents on Saturday.

Rev. Mr. McLeod, of Pittsburg, Pa., occupied the pulpit of Knox Church the past two Sundays, with much acceptance.

The Alton Knitting Mill was totally destroyed by fire on Monday. This mill is owned by John M. Deas and will be rebuilt as soon as possible.

Major Beardmore will leave shortly for overseas with the Forestry Battalion. At his last visit here the employees assembled at the station to show their good will and wish him god speed.

The Smith Trophy bowling tournament was held on the Acton green and it was won by Erin Rinks taking part were Brampton, Georgetown, Erin and Acton.

St. Alban's Church provided a high class musical treat last Wednesday evening when Isalde Menges, the eminent English violinist, gave a concert in the Town Hall.

Don't treat your stockings carelessly. Put them on carefully, and be sure that feet and leg seams are straight. The slightest twist will alter the position of reinforced applings, and wrinkles always rub into holes.

Never fasten suspenders below the reinforced hems. Wash with lukewarm lather and squeeze out gently—they'll ladder if they are wrung.

Don't use any kind of artificial heat for drying. Hang stockings by the toes in any damp place to dry and don't fold away damp.

THESE SILKEN HOSE

## Canada's Favourite Tea

# "SALADA" TEA

A PAYING COMBINATION

No merchant ever failed because of the money he spent for advertising, but the business history of this country is filled with instances of men who have made brilliant successes in business by means of advertising. A well-written advertisement in the columns of the local newspaper is an invitation to every reader of the paper to visit the store and see the merchandise displayed there. A well-written advertisement attracts attention, interest and creates desire. Desire once created it is but a step until the purchase is made. A well-written advertisement is the best employee any merchant can pay on his payroll. An advertisement, to be effective, must be backed by good merchandise, an attractive store, the right price, good service and modern merchandising methods. This combination will build business for any merchant who undertakes it earnestly and gives it intelligent thought and effort.—Brampton Conservator.

What county in Ireland reminds you of a candle nearly burnt out?  
Wicklow.

## LABOR DAY!

**Summer's Last Long Week-End**

GO: From Noon Friday, Sept. 3, until 2:00 P.M. Monday, Sept. 6.

RETURN: Leave destination up to midnight, Sept. 7, 1937.

For fares and further information apply Ticket Agents.

# CANADIAN NATIONAL

# DOWN

# FOOD

GO

Bright's or Coronation  
**TOMATOES**  
No. 2 1/4 tin 10c

Aylmer Tomato  
**JUICE**  
4 10 1/2-oz. tins 19c

Maple-Leaf Pure  
**LARD**  
2 1-lb. pks. 29c

Lipton's  
**TEA**  
Red Pkg.  
1/2-lb. 29c

MAKE SALAD DRESSING IN 2 MINUTES

**EAGLE BRAND** 15 oz.  
**MAGIC MILK TIN** 19c

Shinola  
**FLOOR WAX**  
1-lb. 23c

Klovah Custard  
**POWDER**  
16-oz. tin 23c

Liberty Red  
**CHERRIES**  
3-oz. btl. 9c

Chocolate Flavored  
**TODDY**  
1-lb. tin 39c

Fraser Boneless  
**CHICKEN**  
6 1/2-oz. tin 25c

**CANADA CORN STARCH** 2 pkts. 19c

the new name for your old favorite  
**CHALLENGE CORN STARCH**

Fresh Coconut Mallow  
**FINGERS**  
2 lbs. 25c

Zinc  
**JAR RINGS**  
doz. 19c

McLaren's or Klovah  
**Jelly Maker**  
pkg. 14c

Whole Mixed Pickling  
**SPICE**  
lb. 18c

Chippo Soap  
**FLAKES**  
pkgt. 10c, 19c

Comfort or  
**GOLD SOAP**  
5 bars 19c

Sick  
**CINNAMON**  
pkgs. 5c

St. Croix Soap  
**CASTILE**  
4 cakes 10c

**CATTELL'S COOKED MACARONI**  
With Cheese  
16-oz. tin 10c

Celery  
**SEED**  
3 oz. 10c

To Polish Shoes  
**NUGGET**  
tin 10c

Catelli's Cooked  
**SPAGHETTI**  
34-oz. tin 17c

Ground  
**GINGER**  
2 oz. 5c

Pure Soap  
**SUNLIGHT**  
3 bars 16c

# CARROLL'S

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STORE CLOSURE SATURDAY NIGHT—10.30 P. M.

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