

HAWK IN THE WIND

by HELEN TOPPING MILLER



Three dogs, yapping, flung themselves suddenly out of the dark and around the house. Virgie Morgan pressed switches. The terrace outside, ivy-covered and glittering now with ice, was suddenly illumined. And as swiftly, the dogs were still. She could see them put there now, in the drizzle, taut as so many canine statues, facing a tall figure in a tan rain-coat and limp, rain-soaked hat.

There was another rap on the door, and she could hear a calm, slow voice, masculine, with youth in it, speaking quietly to the dogs outside.

Behind her Lottie begged, "Don't open it, Miss Morgan. Let me call Andrew."

"Shush!" Virgie was curt. "Certainly I'll open it. It's one of the boys likely. Don't be a fool. Oh—" she said, as the briny gust of the night rushed in the open door. "How do you do?"

"Good evening," out of a strange, white, young face, strange dark eyes regarded her. A man—a young man, whom she had never seen before. "I—" he began, hoarsely, smiling in a wan, dazed way, "seem to be lost. I—saw your light."

"Come in out of the wet," Virgie ordered. Lottie was making little frightened, expostulatory noises but Virgie paid no attention.

"My feet are pretty muddy," the stranger objected. His voice had the sound of cities in it. His clothes had never, obviously, been made for mountain travel. They were sodden, soil-stained, briar-torn.

"Come along in," repeated Virgie, firmly. "Where were you headed

"Made by a bear, probably. Or by hogs or hunters," supplied Virgie, putting more wood on the blaze. "Then in a little bit you found that you were lost. Men born and raised in these mountains have been lost over there in those laurel hills, soft. Folks who know these hills respect them. We don't go up there in the big timber without a guide. Even I don't—and I've lived here in the shadow of those big peaks, and cut timber on them for a lot of years. You were mighty lucky to get out alive, if you ask me."

The young man laughed, wearily. "I know that very well. I went around in a circle for a while—kept coming back to the same big popular Rhododendron over my head—no light, no path—"

"My boys," said Virgie, "found a man over toward Huggins's, once."

"I didn't call up to be petted, Bry. This is business. I want to go to Sally-Gallup's. That mountain road is muddy and mother will fuss if I drive it myself. You'll have to take me."

"Oh, look here, sweetness, it's raining and cold as hell. Can't you call Sally on the phone? Can't you wait till tomorrow? It might freeze over by that time."

"I want to go today. If you don't want to take me, Bry, I'll call somebody else."

"Well, don't do that. If you absolutely have to go, I'll take you. But it's a nutty idea, if you ask me. There's no sense to it."

"Nobody asked you—and perhaps there isn't any sense to it. Bry, will you take me to Asheville instead?"

"Sure—stick around. I'll be there."

"No, I won't stick around. I'm going into town, now." She spoke hurriedly. A car was stopping outside. In a moment Branford Wills would be going down those stairs. "I'll meet you at the drug-store, Bry," she said as she hung up.

Rain beat through the open window of her little car as she rode down the mountain. The wheels lurched and skidded on muddy curves but she was reckless and heedless. She had to get away. Anger rode her like an imp of white flame—anger that hurt. The stiff fiber in her that she had from her father, that odd fierce honesty that could be both intolerant and tender, was tortured by the thought of weakness, of surrender. How could she have been so weak—so easy? She braced herself so hard on the steering wheel that her knuckles ached.

She did not like Bry Hutton particularly. She did not care particularly for any man she had met, as yet. They were all too obvious, too aware of the fact that Virgie Morgan was supposed to be a rich woman. They were too glib or too diffident, they got their conversation and their manners from pulp magazines, or moving pictures, they were country! College men did not stay in little towns. They went ranging, seeking wider opportunities, and those who came in from outside, like Stanley Daniels, came with an air of condescending superiority.

She went around with Bry, as Lottie had so shrewdly surmised, to get her own way and because Bry was stimulating. Being with him was a constant battle and dominating him was an achievement for any woman. Marian rather liked the struggle to keep Bry aloof, to maintain her delicate, arrogant remoteness. And she had to get away—to stop thinking about Branford Wills' lean, sardonic face.

At the drug-store she parked her car and went inside. The one clerk swabbed off the top of the counter and said, "What for you, Marian?"

"I'm just waiting." She shook the rain from her coat. "Has mother been in?"

"Not this morning. She's been trying to find Perry Bennett. Lucy and Mildred were calling all over town. I guess they found him. I called a while ago and told Lucy I saw him going into Plute's shoeshop. I asked her if she wanted me to yell at him but she said never mind."

Marian stood near the door, watching. She was sorry she had told Bry to come here. Every one in town would know in no time that she had gone off somewhere with him. But that might be just as well. If every one knew it, Ada Clark would know it, and the sharp-nosed girl who was head nurse, superintendent, and manager of the absurd little hospital would know it. Ultimately, by the sheer saturating effect of knowledge in small places, Branford Wills would also know it.

She waited until Bry was actually in the store, and then said with elaborate casualness, "If you're going over to see court-house, Bry, do you mind if I ride along with you? I have to see a dentist and mother worries when I drive on wet roads."

"I must have been. It seemed like a couple of years to me. You see—I was starting on ahead to send a couple of telegrams from the filling station down there at the cross-roads and the rest of the outfit were supposed to pick me up, when the baggage was loaded. So I walked down the mountain road and I saw what I thought was certainly a short cut down to the store—a perfectly plain trail—"

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Canada War at War

A Weekly Review of Developments on the Home Front: March 27 - April 3

1. Canada's special interests in defence of Newfoundland safeguarded in supplementary protocol to United States-United Kingdom agreement covering 99-year agreement lease of bases. Protocol recognizes that defence of Newfoundland is integral feature of Canadian scheme of defence and therefore of special concern to Canadian Government. Provides (a) that in all actions taken in regard to base leased in Newfoundland, Canadian defence interests will be fully respected; (b) that nothing in agreement shall affect arrangements regarding Newfoundland defence made in pursuance of recommendations by U.S.-Canada Joint Defence Board; (c) that in all consultations concerning Newfoundland arising out of agreement, Canadian as well as Newfoundland Government shall have right to participate.

2. Under the agreement, the United Kingdom leased to the United States defence bases stretching from Newfoundland to British Guiana in return for fifty over-age destroyers.

3. War appropriation bill for \$1,300,000 passed final Parliamentary stages.

4. Production of steel ingots and castings in Britain rose to 172,000 tons from 140,343 tons in February, 1940.

5. Contracts awarded by Department of Munitions and Supply during week ended March 21 numbered 1,860 and totalled \$25,373,683.

6. Ship and aircraft called for the largest orders. Yarrows Ltd. of Victoria, B.C. got a shipbuilding order for \$1,312,000. Canadian Car and Foundry, Montreal, got two aircraft orders, one of \$1,469,880; the other of \$1,802,780. United States orders amounted to \$13,925,353.

7. Production of Canadian automobile plants, not turning out cars before December 2, limited under order of motor vehicle controller.

8. Decennial census to be taken on June 2.

9. "Save to win" is nation-wide appeal of the Salvage campaign which opens April 14. Billboards, newspaper advertising and radio commentary are to drive home the imperative need for avoiding waste.

10. Index number of living costs on base 1939=100, fell slightly from 106.3 in January to 106.2 in February. Living costs in February were 7.3 per cent. above the level in August, 1939.

11. Canada now producing enough aluminium to go into 50,000 planes annually.

12. Department of Munitions and Supply places order for 39 flying boats.

13. Canadian Air Force announce urgent need of 2,500 radio technicians who will be given a short intensive course in radio work and sent overseas to take their place in the ground defence against aerial attack of the British Isles.

Poetry

WHEN THE APPLE PIT WAS OPENED

(Note: In the not too distant past many farmers would "pit" their surplus apples, potatoes and other hoe crops when they did not have inside storage facilities to protect them through the winter. The process is given in the poem herewith.)

When we opened the apple pit early in spring, No one but a boy knew the joy it would bring;

There were greenings, pound pippins, and russets and splas, For appleauce, dumplings and deep apple pies.

There were sheep noses, Tolmans, and snows just to eat, And a big yellow kind, oh so lusciously sweet;

How we youngsters would munch 'em, you'd think we'd ne'er stop, Although there were bushels to last 'till next crop.

'Twas a real happy job, when those apples we'd stow In the pit in the fall 'gainst the cold winter snow;

We'd select a small rise where the ground was some high, So the water'd run off and the place would be dry.

Then we'd dig out the pit and fill it with straw, Dump the apples on top but not one with a flaw;

Then we'd lay on more straw 'till we'd hid every bit, Next we'd cover it all with the dirt from the pit.

Then we'd add still more dirt from a trench 'round about, To make sure that in winter the frost would stay out;

Vent holes in the top we would wedge with straw light, Then that old pit would lie through the long winter night.

But then 'twould be opened, so early next spring, No one but a boy knew the joy it would bring.

RALPH GORDON
628 Crawford St.,
Toronto

DANCE

Every Wednesday Night

Oddfellows' Hall

BRAMFORD

GIBSON-BOYD ORCHESTRA

Dancing 9 u.m. to 1 a.m. D.S.T.

REGULAR ADMISSION

Welcome the Wrens

By H. L. Hutt

Two of our most welcome summer visitors are Johnny and Jenny Wren. After a restful winter holiday in the Sunny South, they come north to resume housekeeping and raise a family of healthy youngsters.

Their trip north is timed to insure comfortable nesting and a bountiful supply of juicy insects to support a growing family. They are due to arrive in Georgetown the first of May, and there will be no doubt about the time of their arrival for as soon as Johnny gets his breath after an all night's travel we will hear his first cheery trill just at daybreak.

In his anxiety to lose no time and have everything in readiness for Jenny's arrival, Johnny usually comes a day or two ahead of Jenny—looks over all the nesting places and has one nicely selected and cleaned up for her. Like most housekeepers she has to have her own way and often prefers one quite different from what her husband thought just the thing. Of course he knows there is no use arguing about it and both get busy carrying little sticks and hairs and feathers to make the nest.

In the selection of a building site, their two worst enemies have to be considered. That is the cat and English sparrow. And here is where we humans can do ourselves and them a good turn by providing a few bird-houses that will make them safe against both. All that is required is a little box, measuring four or five inches inside with a one inch hole for a doorway. Just big enough to let in the wrens and keep out the sparrows. This should be hung in a shady spot out of reach of cats.

Anyone who has taken this bit of trouble for them, can testify that they pay the rent in full by services rendered in the garden with lots of cheerful singing thrown in for good measure.

Wrens have no use for the modern idea of small families. No one and only spoiled child for them. Two broods in a season and from four to seven in each brood is what they count on as the proper thing. And they hunt a home for the second brood before the first has left the nest. So it is well to have at least two houses ready for each pair of wrens. It is a good plan to hang the houses where they can be easily seen from the house windows. We are willing to bet dollars to doughnuts this will provide more good entertainment for a couple of months than many of the modern movies.

To encourage boys and girls to provide plenty of such bird houses in town this year, the local Horticultural Society is offering eight prizes, totalling \$10.00, to pupils of the public and high schools for the most suitable bird houses for any kind of bird. The same to be ready for the birds by the first of May, and to be shown and judged at the Fall Fair in September.

(Continued Next Week)

THE GEORGETOWN HERALD

News of Georgetown, Norval, Glen Williams, Limbours, Stewartown, Bellinford and Terra Cotta.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Canada \$1.50 a year Single Copies 3c United States \$2.00 a year

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PHONE NO. 8

Member of the Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association and the Ontario-Quebec Division of the O.W.N.A.

New Telephone Directories Issued

735 Telephones in Georgetown — Gain of 35 Last Year

Featuring a green cover with a message on the back urging the purchase of war savings stamps and certificates, Georgetown's new telephone directory is being distributed. The book, which bears the official title of Brampton-Orangeville-Newmarket Directory, lists such towns as Milton, Erin, Shelburne, Aurora and Sutton, as well as our town.

Statistics show a gain of 35 installations in Georgetown last year, making a total of 735 telephones in use at present. Other towns show similar gains, with Brampton jumping from 1427 to 1463, Oakville 1330 to 1382, and Milton 648 to 695.

The back cover of the new directory has been donated by the Bell Telephone Company to promote the war savings campaign. This is in line with the advertising policy of the Company this year, with little of the sales promotion favour of years gone by. Rather, it is more informative and shows the important part the telephone and telephone people play in Canada's war effort. War savings stamps and certificates are on sale at all Bell Telephone offices.

Since there are thousands of new and changed listings in the alphabetical section alone, the need for destroying the old book and carefully consulting the new one before placing calls is obvious. If the "wrong number" nuisance is to be avoided, the green cover will make it easy to distinguish the new book from the old.

Altogether, more than 8,000 volumes of the directory are printed. Of this total, nearly 1,000 are distributed in Georgetown. The remainder go to subscribers in surrounding communities.

Among the many "hot potatoes" Hitler is holding is Poland. The Poles publish many "underground" newspapers, secretly circulated. Slogan of one of these sheets is "To suffer defeat, but not surrender, is a victory."



"Oh boy! it's lots of fun to travel by Cruiser."



Toronto \$1.15
Winnipeg \$38.50
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ROUND TRIP

"I'll take good care of them"

TICKETS AND INFORMATION AT
W. H. LONG, Phone 88

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Bells of Freedom...

Ring every Sunday, in Canada

"In many lands this year bells are silent—alarms are dimmed..."
Rt. Hon. W. L. MACKENZIE KING.

It is your privilege to attend the church of your choice... to worship as your conscience wills.

A Nazi world means the end of the church you love. It means compulsion to accept a form of worship prescribed by political dictators.

In the words of the Prime Minister, "When we speak of the preservation of democracy, of Christianity and of civilization, we use no idle words... the existence of all three is at stake."

Freedom of worship is one of the priceless privileges that all Canadians enjoy.

That dearly-bought right is in jeopardy. Therefore we must all unite in supporting Canada's war effort in order to preserve this Freedom.

Keep up YOUR PLEDGE... Increase Your Regular Investments in WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

Remember—in addition to your pledged amount—you can buy extra War Savings Certificates from your local Post Office or Bank, or direct from the War Savings Commission, Ottawa.

Published by the War Savings Commission, Ottawa