

# HAWK in the WIND

By Helen Topping Miller  
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## CHAPTER V

Branford Willis improved rapidly. His breathing ceased to rasp through the room and, though his voice was little more than a reedy croak, his cracked lips managed to frame a scrap of a smile whenever Marian Morgan came into view.

For days, while Willis was ill, Marian had been strangely gentle and quiet and concerned. Born electrical, difficult, and with a dainty chip forever poised on her shoulder, she was troubled by this new uncertainty that came over her whenever she took her turn at watching in the sick-room. And when Willis' eyes lost the vagueness of fever and began to survey the scene with new, masculine interest, she withdrew a little, turned tart and airy, though whenever she hurled an acid barb her heart recoiled as though the point had pierced herself.

And Willis refused to be humble. He had, so he had told Virgie several times, an insurance policy that would take care of the expense of this illness. He was profoundly grateful but there was dignity in his attitude. He would not fawn nor placate—and the indomitable fire in Marian crackled against the cool steel of his assurance, till sparks flew far and wide.

Virgie Morgan observed her daughter, with a dry and quizzical smile on her face.

In a world where she walked in mastery, meeting bankers and bark-choppers on their own ground, Virgie was abashed only by her own daughter. Marian could make her aware that her hair-pins were loose and that she needed to buy a better fitting corset.

Virgie liked young Willis, but she kept a still tongue around the house and watched Marian with wise amused eyes. But when Tom made remarks at the office she cut him off curtly.

"Ain't that feller never getting?" Tom demanded. "He hit it pretty soft, looks to me. Good thing he didn't knock on my door."

"That's your torn-down stinginess!" Virgie snapped. "You don't need to live like white trash, Tom Pruitt! Have you taken those papers up to Pratt like I told you to?"

"No'm." Tom was swiftly meek.

"I ain't had time."

"If you lose everything that rightfully belongs to you it's nobody's fault but your own."

"Bill Gallup was over—from the power-house. He said he wanted to see you."

"Bill always wants to see me. He wants me to junk a good steam plant; that's been turning this mill for twenty years, and put in motors. I don't blame Bill. He's a smart young fellow trying to get along."

She went home tired, out of patience with Tom and his affairs and a little out of patience with herself. Marian was right. She ought not to be trailing around in the wet woods, doing man-chores, things she had kept on doing because David had always done them.

Her throat was raw and burned now, from exposure and wet feet. Marian had said that a woman in her position ought to have more pride, and that was true, too. David had kept his hand on every operation of the mill, kept the plant going on the old hand-craft system of the ancient guild. But David had been a man—and those days were passing.

What she needed, she had been telling herself for days, was a young man to take over a lot of this responsibility that was getting her down. Tom was all right so far as his ability went but the slightest acceleration of pace left Tom hopelessly behind. He was still living and working in a day when the men had carried pulp out of the warehouses on their backs. He could not keep step. He liked to spend a whole morning tinkering with a fifty-cent lock on an oil house. He was getting old.

"Not that I'm so young any more myself," Virgie humored her rheumatic twinges, "but I haven't begun to collect moss on the north side of me."

"Hello," she said, as she entered the sick-room. "How does life look this morning? Any brighter?"

Mr. Willis turned on his engaging and gallant grin.

"Swell, he croaked in his husky whispers."

"He ate all his breakfast," beamed Ada Clark, "and he's only got one degree. I took it twice to see."

"Go on down and eat, Ada," Virgie ordered. "I'll sit here a few minutes."



"Do you still think the pulp people are the despoilers of the earth?"

Ada departed and young Willis followed her starched back with an impish grimace. "The stars," he said, "are propitious today. Virgie just looked it up in the book."

"Too bad something propitious doesn't happen to poor Ada. A widow with six children would be just grand. Look here, I sent her out because I want to talk to you," Virgie edged her rocker nearer the bed. "Do you still think the pulp people are the despoilers of the earth?"

"Do you have to keep rubbing it in, all the time? I'm so low now I could walk out of this room without opening the door. You've been so fine to me, Mrs. Morgan, that I'm keeping on living just to pay you back. I might be lying over there in the laurel now, like that poor photographer."

"You got yourself out of the laurel I didn't. And I didn't take you in for pay. I'm a mountain woman. What I want to talk to you about is what comes next. What do you figure you'll do when you get loose from Ada and the zodiac?"

He wrinkled his forehead and his dry lips straightened. "I'll go back to Washington, probably. If I have any job left there. I hope I won't be a nuisance to you much longer—and I have to pay, you know—this nurse and the doctor."

"I wish you'd hush up about paying and let me say what I want to say before Ada bounces back. You say you may not have any job in Washington. If you had a job here do you suppose you could stand it—or would it be too painful to you to work for pulp people?"

He clutched the mattress, turning on his shoulder, dull color burning in his face.

"You mean—you'd give me a job—after—"

"I haven't said so, directly. I'm just speculating. I couldn't pay very much and I'd work you hard. I work myself hard. There's no mercy in me. I'm a hard old woman, but I'm fair. But—I'm going places with my mill—and I'd take the people along who work for me and play fair with me. Don't make up your mind suddenly—mine isn't made up yet."

"I think that I'd rather work for you than for anybody I've ever met," he said, "but I might not be much use."

"People who work for me have to be of use," Virgie rose, briskly, and gave her corset the usual disciplinary jerk. "Well, good-by—I'd better get to work. You'll have a quiet day. Lottie's got washing to do and Marian is organizing the Little Theatre."

"Your child," said Mr. Willis, "does not like me."

"There are times," Virgie grinned dryly, "when she doesn't admire me a whole lot, but maybe we'll grow in grace."

She went downstairs and out to her muddy old car. She was wondering, as she drove toward the town if she had been a sentimental old fool. Tom would say so—and so would Marian. But Marian had had the idea in the first place.

She said nothing to Tom about young Branford Willis. Tom wanted to carry on the pulp business with a double-bitted ax and a wheelbarrow. He was rooted, hating change, fearing it. She was exasperated with him anyway.

Her exasperation increased when she found Bill Gallup waiting for her. Lucy was typing at a furious pace, as she always did whenever a man sat in the chair beside Virgie's desk.

"Hello, Bill," she said, as she spiked her limp hat and bumped her brief-case down. "Are you back again to try to talk me into throwing away a good old boiler that has been tooting our whistle for going on thirty years?"

"No," Bill punched out a cigarette. "I'd like to see that ancient kettle go into scrap, of course, and you've got to come to it sooner or later. But I'll wait. Wait till a couple of engineers and a fireman or two go out through that rusty roof of yours. But that isn't what's on my mind today. I wanted to talk about a tract of hardwood timber over across the ridge on Little Fork. I found out that Pruitt has a first-mortgage lien on it."

"What about it?"

"Some eastern lumber grabbers are after it. Fellow named Cragg stayed at my house last night. I heard, after he left, that they have raided a piece already over on the Tennessee side—moved in and cut it off quick before the different claimants could get together and get court action. They have papers usually that will hold water—stand off the courts for a while. Then they settle for about a tenth of what the timber's worth—and leave the land worthless."

Virgie had not sat down. Her mobile face had stiffened into grim lines. (Continued next week)



## Hope for a Million

A major objective in the present Victory Loan will be to secure as large an army of small subscribers as possible.

With this in view the Victory Loan campaign will be virtually a house to house canvass. The necessity of assisting the war effort by buying Victory Bonds will be impressed on every householder and every individual with a savings account.

An official prospectus of the loan and a letter from the Minister of Finance has been mailed to every home in Canada. Every householder will also receive an illustrated booklet describing Canada's war activities. In addition, the banks and trust companies are co-operating by sending letters to all their depositors urging them to buy Victory Bonds.

Nothing would please the War Loan and Department of Finance officials more than to have over a million subscribers to the present loan. This may seem a large number, but it is possible of achievement. In the fifth war loan of the first Great War, 1,490,057 Canadians subscribed for \$707,117,560 of bonds and were allotted \$682,302,900 of bonds.

If every Canadian with a savings account gets behind the 1941 loan of the record of the first Great War will be exceeded. Most recent figures available show that the chartered banks have 4,848,000 depositors and \$2,753 millions in deposits. Thus the average bank account is \$568.

The record of 1,140,000 subscribers established by the fifth loan of the last war will be exceeded if 25% of the depositors of the banks subscribe to the coming loan. In fact, an average subscription of \$500 from 1,200,000 depositors, along with the large purchases by corporations, would result in the loan being over-subscribed.

As at October 31 last the banks had 4,462,000 customers with deposits of \$1,000 or less. The deposits aggregated \$577.7 millions.

Customers with deposits of \$1,000 or more totalled 383,000 and these deposits amounted to \$1,983 millions.

While thousands upon thousands of subscriptions of \$50 and up from a group of depositors with less than \$1,000 are essential to the success of the loan, a large proportion of the total raised must come from the second group. An average subscription of \$2,000 from this group would raise a total of \$776 millions.

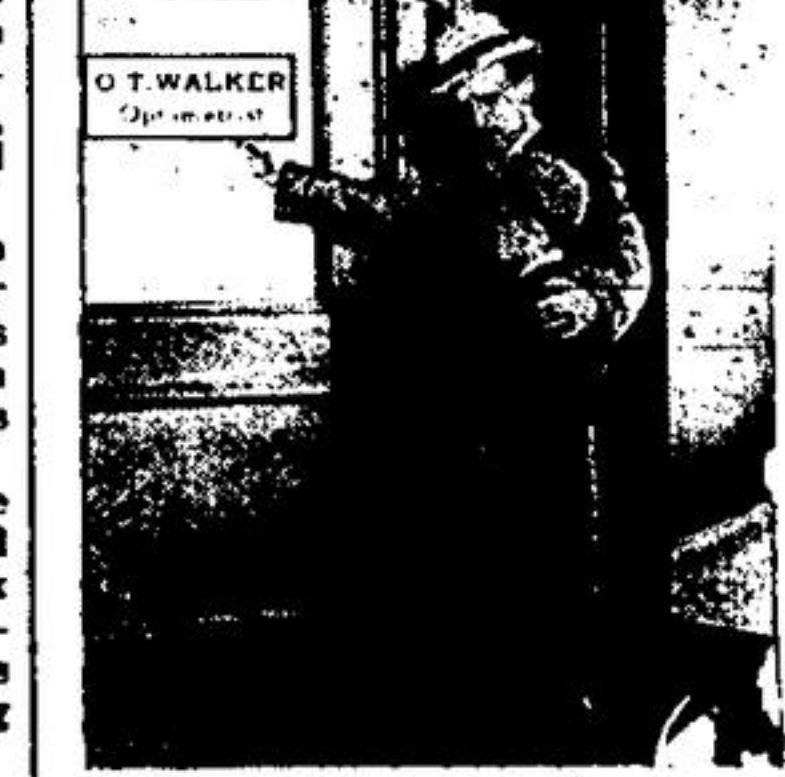
Many more Canadians will have to become war loan conscious than was the case in the first and second campaigns in 1940. Subscriptions for the first loan in January, 1940, numbered 178,363; the average being \$1,327. There were 172,251 purchases for amounts from \$50 to \$5,000.

First Wife: "My husband is a gentleman. He never walks into the room when I'm undressing."

Second Wife: "Neither does mine; he waits until I'm through."

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## "As We See It"

By J. A. Strang

Education is an unusual commodity. As property, isn't it? Often the less of it we possess, the more we think we have and it isn't unusual for a freshman to give us the idea that he knows a great deal more than does the graduate. No doubt the graduate realizes that no matter how much he may know it is still very little compared to the amount still to be learned, and unless education teaches us that very fact, then we would conclude that education has failed. No doubt this same idea has something to do with the naming of graduating exercises, commencement exercises. Perhaps education is more necessary today than it has ever been and the youth who has no senior matriculation at least, is out of luck.

Although education is necessary, we find it just as difficult to instill that fact in the minds of youths as it ever was and these warm days are apt to tempt the youth to quit school. If any youth has the idea in the back of his head should read these lines; it might be a good idea to remind them that they are only young once and if they should foolishly quit school they might find it rather difficult to get back to studying later on should they wish to do so. Education is not only necessary but it is easily carried about. It has never yet been classed as excess baggage.

We all know that schools are maintained by taxes, or taxation and this applies to our colleges and universities as well as it does to our local schools. Of course tuition fees are charged students that attend these higher schools but they never amount to enough to allow those colleges or universities to balance their budgets. We recall the small amount we paid for tuition fees, not enough to pay for the lectures for even one day, and no doubt you and you made up that difference for our benefit. We have known folks who complain of the amount that comes out of taxes for education and have also noticed those same folk send their own children to some private school or business college instead of sending them to some public school of learning which they themselves have been helping support. It scarcely makes sense unless the fact is that their own children may not have gotten along far enough at their school of learning which they themselves have been helping support. It scarcely makes sense unless the fact is that their own children may not have gotten along far enough at their school of learning which they themselves have been helping support.

In a recent issue of the Herald we noticed an advertisement for a boy to learn a trade. This looks like a step in the right direction as those ads for boys to learn a trade have been very scarce during these last few years. Tradesmen are still necessary and all cannot go in for the professions. Again tradesmen are still retiring in all lines and some one has to take their place. The boy commencing to learn a trade today has advantages that were unknown a few years ago. Usually they have a better education to commence with, and working conditions are very much improved over that of a few years ago. Again they get a decent wage for their services while learning their trade as well. We recall the princely wage that we got when we started out on our own. It was one dollar per week and board. Of course at that time there weren't so many ways of spending money as there are today. We had no gas to buy, nor picture shows to attend, and the dances of that day were all private affairs that didn't cost us any admission fee. Even chewing gum hadn't become the necessity that it is today. But we didn't get rich on that wage nor by Victory Bonds with it either. However it didn't hurt us any and it at least taught us the value of money.

War soon changes values doesn't it? Before the war we were getting about 3c each for empty jute sacks. In fact they were difficult to dispose of at times but we could easily sell the cotton ones for 10c each. Today the Flour mills pay 6c each for empty jute sacks but the cotton ones are worth only a nickel and they have to be in perfect condition to get even that. It is remarkable though the amount of money being realized from salvage right now. We noticed where one town had gathered up over \$400,000 worth of salvage at a total overhead cost of a little over \$23,000. Again a gentleman who drives a delivery wagon in Toronto has during his evenings gathered salvage and sold it and as a result has been able to turn in about \$1000.00 to the Telegram's War Victims' Fund. Good going, we'll say.

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## LEARNING TO DELIVER BOMBS TO RIGHT SPOT

WINNIPEG TRIBUNE REPORTER WATCHES LAC JIM EVANS CHART COURSE ON OBSERVATION MANOEUVRES

An interesting article appears in the Winnipeg Tribune, of May 17th, in which John MacNeaughton, Tribune reporter, tells of his trip aboard a training plane in which A. C. Jim Evans, son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter T. Evans of Georgetown was observer. We are reproducing the article in its entirety as we believe the subject matter will be of general interest to many of our readers.

Navigation is the science of getting from 'A' to 'B'. That is the definition you hear from instructors at No. 5 Air Observers' school at Stevensons Field and it rates a high place in the language as a classic example of understatement.

Columbus was concerned with the business of getting from 'A' to 'B' when he set out to find a short route to the Indies, but his methods were far removed from the streamlined science taught at No. 5 Air Observers' school.

Today point 'A' is usually an airport in England, point 'B' is often a military objective in blacked-out Germany. To get a load of high explosive bombs from one to the other through rain, overcast, squadrons of fighter aircraft and bursts of 'ack-ack' fire, is the job student observers learn to do in the Commonwealth Air Training Plan.

That they learn to do the job well is evidenced in the fact that last Friday two student-observers from No. 5 Air Observers' school guided an Avro-Anson training plane with a Tribune reporter aboard, through the roughest and roughest country to be found in this area without once resorting to a map or chart and without once checking their course with landmarks on the ground.

Veteran Pilot

The students were LAC Jim Evans, of Georgetown, Ont., and LAC Jim Garland of Portage la Prairie. Don Marshall, a veteran Manitoba bush pilot, was at the controls. The flight was made through the courtesy of William Smith, operations manager of No. 5 Air Observers' school.

Actually the exercise required that the student-observers navigate the plane from Winnipeg southeast to Whitemouth Lake then north to Eagle Lake, and finally west to Gimli. But the observers were not given the names of any of these points. When they climbed into the plane, the pilot handed the first navigator a sheet of paper ruled with lines of longitude and latitude and with the position of Winnipeg plotted on it. He also gave him code letters and numbers which indicated the latitude and longitude of the positions to which he must navigate.

Find Positions

Finding these positions on his sheet was as simple as finding any given position on a standard road map by following a designated horizontal and vertical line to their point of intersection. The next step was to join these positions with straight lines. That was simple, too.

Now the problem was to fly the aircraft in the direction of these lines. A protractor was given the exact bearing reading and dividing the speed of the aircraft into the number of miles between positions would give the time required to fly from one to the other. Or would it?

Here the "Bogey-man" of navigation steps into the picture. The direction and velocity of the wind throws all such beautifully simple calculations into a cocked hat.

Illustration

To illustrate just what wind does to the best laid plans of would-be navigators think of yourself as sitting in a rowboat on the right bank of the river. You want to row the boat to a point exactly opposite on the left bank. Do you row straight across? Of course you don't. You point the boat upstream and pull for all your worth.

LAC Jim Evans, first navigator on this trip, couldn't point the plane on the upwind side of Whitemouth Lake and hope for the best, because he didn't know he was flying to Whitemouth Lake. He was flying to position "A," designated on his otherwise blank sheet by code letters. It might be a railway intersection, a farmhouse.

Obviously the first job was to determine the direction and velocity of the wind. He knew what it was on the ground before he took off, but in 3,000 feet above the ground an easterly wind can become a westerly wind and velocity can also increase or decrease greatly. When Staff Pilot Don Marshall had flown the plane to an altitude of 6,000 feet over Winnipeg Evans gave him three courses to fly, and LAC Jim Evans, second navigator on the trip, climbed down into the nose of the aircraft to take drift readings on each course.

Signal Back

With the direction and degree of drift on each of these three courses signalled back, Evans was able to calculate accurately the direction and velocity of the wind, and he could then calculate the degree to which the plane's nose should point upwind from position "A."

The next move was to hand this compass reading to Pilot Marshall and let him estimate the time of arrival so the pilot would know when the first position had been reached. Here again the wind entered the picture. The speed of a plane through the air is not necessarily its speed from point to point on the ground, because when there is a wind, the air is moving, too. Altitude and temperature also affect air speed. As an illustration, Jim Garland explained that a speed of 140 miles per hour shown on the air speed indicator would actually mean an air speed of 187 miles per hour if the plane were flying at 10,000 feet and the temperature was 10 degrees Centigrade. As a result, Jim Evans had to read the air speed off the indicator, allow

for the effect of altitude and temperature and then allow for the effect of the wind to determine his ground speed. Since he had no land reference to guide him, the combination of elapsed time and ground speed was his only measure of distance travelled.

With the course set and the flight definitely under way, the trip suddenly became hum-drum. Garland climbed into the nose of the plane from time to time to make drift sights. Evans checked and re-checked his calculations, instructing Marshall to alter course slightly on one occasion, revising his estimate of the time of arrival on another.

But as the minute hand on Marshall's wrist watch crept closer to this estimated arrival time, the Tribune reporter experienced a growing feeling of tension. This was the acid test. For less than 12 weeks Evans and Garland, working together as a team, had studied this exacting science of air navigation. Could they in so brief a period, have become proficient enough to carry out this difficult exercise? The answer lay beneath a bank of fleecy clouds directly ahead.

Lake Sighted

With less than a minute left to go, a break appeared in the clouds ahead and a lake, shimmering silver-blue in the afternoon sun, lay far below in a setting of velvety green. Marshall nodded with a proud "I told you so," expression and pointed significantly. It was Whitemouth Lake.

I have a hunch that lake was our point, so I missed it by a little," Evans said ruefully after Marshall had swung the big plane north on the second leg of the journey. One minute out on a trip of more than 100 miles, and he was disappointed!

On the trip north to Eagle Lake the reporter realized that even had the student-navigators been miles out on their estimates there was little chance of being lost. Marshall knew every lake and stream in the area by name and could tell at any moment the direction and distance to Winnipeg.

Early in the trip from Eagle Lake to Gimli, Garland stretched out once again to take a drift reading from the nose of the plane. "I'm allowing for a three degree starboard drift," Evans said. "If he doesn't give it to me, I'm off my course."

Complete Course  
Garland's hand appeared in the opening with two fingers up, then his thumb motioned to starboard. Evans shrugged and went back to writing his log, not the least perturbed. "He'll alter course later," the reporter thought. "After all the man doesn't want to zig-zag all the way to Gimli." But no change in course came forward.

Later when the reporter confidently expected to find himself over Morden or the international boundary, the town of Gimli appeared over the starboard engine, and the exercise was finished successfully.

"One degree means a difference of about one mile in 60," Evans explained on the trip back to Winnipeg. I didn't alter course, because a slight miscalculation in a drift reading, a slight change in wind, could easily make a one degree error in my calculations."

These young men are not automata drawing set conclusions from prescribed formula. They must have judgment and the confidence to use it. They must understand fully the reason and logic of every calculation they make. No one set of rules can work where so many variable factors influence every calculation, so they use several checking, one against the other, and appraising them all with their own judgment.

Illustration

MAY HEALTH REPORT

The epidemic of mumps, which has been causing a lot of "swelled heads" in Georgetown for the past few months, shows signs of slackening. April's total of 45 cases has been more than cut in half and some 20 cases are reported by Dr. C. V. Williams, M.O.H., in his report for June. One case of German Measles is also included in the list which follows:

Scarlet Fever	0
Chickenpox	0
Measles	0
German Measles	1
Mumps	20
Infantile Paralysis	0
Typhoid Fever	0
Whooping Cough	0
Cerebro-Spinal Meningitis	0

(Epidemic)

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