

**"As We See It"**  
By J. A. Strang

WITH THE DATE line changed to September, one's thoughts naturally turn to school opening, and we wonder if the boys of today dislike going to school as much as we used to. Then the old parody comes to mind.

"Breathes" there a boy with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said,  
As on his bed streamed morning light,  
'I hope the school burned down,  
Last night!'"

But the school didn't burn down, in fact it still stands as solid looking as ever and we really didn't want it to burn down either. We merely thought that we did. Looking back at those school days makes them look different now. They weren't such bad days at that. We had, for games at that time, Duck the rock, and Pump, Pump, Pull-away, and Anti-over the woodshed, and we had a pond for shiny in the winter time. Hockey was a stranger in our neck of the woods at that time at least. Baseball didn't seem to make a hill then either, any more than it seems to be doing in many places today. Snow-balling was quite popular, even the teacher would join us in that game, and we also did the old fashioned square dances on a platform that ran along the front of the school outside. Oh, yes, we studied a little as well as all these other subjects that we have mentioned. About the only game we missed was that of pitching horse-shoes and we are unable to recall even seeing that game played in our school days.

**V V V**  
**THERE MUST BE A** correct way to commence a radio address. Some start off with the usual "Good-evening ladies and gentlemen." Another gets into high gear with "Good Wednesday evening everybody," and still another, that drew quite an audience, started off something like this, "I thought you would like me to tell you something about the voyage I made across the ocean to meet our friend, the President of the United States. There really ought to be a ruling as to which of these ways is correct."

We find the same trouble with public speakers. Some start off with, "My subject tonight is." Another may do it this way, "Fellow citizens," and still another may use the time honored "Ladies and gentlemen." Sometimes they even get that far without having made an error.

Or suppose that we are writing a letter. Of course we all use these two words, "Dear sir," no matter how little we think of the person that we are writing to. Following the "dear sir" some use "Your letter of the 1st inst. to hand," while another may word it this way: "In reply to your favour of the 1st inst." We think that "The train has to go anyway and we might as well send a letter on it," would be as good as any of them. Perhaps it is merely a matter of taste.

**WE, WHO LIVE** outside the cities, would have quite a respect for a city the size of Toronto. We would likely conclude that it would be quite an honor to be elected to the Board of Control, or of being an Alderman, and to be elected Mayor of a city that size would be something to relate to the grandchildren. But we forget that the folk that live in Toronto may not always have lived there and that a large percentage of them no doubt came to the city from some small village, town, or perhaps from the back concessions of some township. No doubt many of these city folk at one time belonged to the council back home. Comparing the city council to the one that they belonged to, they might conclude that the two councils would have very little in common. The affairs of the township council would seem to be trivial looked back upon from that distance, that is, compared to the problems that the city council would likely have to deal with.

It might have been the filling up of some hole on a blind side road that caused so much comment or maybe it was whether it was wise or not to spend five dollars cleaning out these catch basins again that fall. They would remember that hot words followed these debates and they might wonder what there was about it all to cause them to get excited. Then comparing the problems of the city council they would think that nothing so ordinary would ever cause a city councillor to become grey headed ahead of his time. But they might be wrong at that. Recently we noticed quite a lengthy account in the morning paper of a discussion that the Board of Control had in the city as to whether they should install loud speakers in the council chamber, in order that the onlookers could hear what was being said at council meetings. We've heard debates in council that needed no loud speaker. The article then went on to tell about another problem that was discussed at some length. It was as to whether the windows of the chamber should be left open at nights in order to air the place or should they be kept closed. Somehow reading it over we wondered if there was very much difference in their ideas of important matters for discussion as compared with the rural council's debates mentioned above. Even if it was necessary to consider these problems we wondered what there was about them so important as to require writing up for a daily newspaper. It all seemed like a waste of time, of space, and of newspaper. Perhaps a city is merely a village full-grown.

**CUT COARSE FOR THE PIPE**  
**OLD CHUM**  
**CUT FINE FOR CIGARETTES**

**HAWK**  
in the  
**WIND**

By  
**Helen Topping Miller**

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**CHAPTER XVI**

Branford Wills stared at the car that waited in front of the Clark gate.

"So—you came!" he said.

Marian Morgan snapped the gear in place.

"Yes, I came. But don't let your ego expand. I'm not doing it for you. I'm doing it for my mother."

He climbed in, pulling his hat down over his eyes.

"I want to see some timber formerly belonging to Tom Pruitt, on Hazel Fork," he said.

"I suppose you know," she kept her eyes away and her chin up, "that the roads are likely to be bad over that way? We may get stuck."

"I'll look over the area on foot. I have some corners to check."

"All part of the great mystery!" She was scornful.

They drove in silence.

Mountain men in clean shirts, bound for the village store, walked the roads, indifferent to the raw chill. Marian spoke to each, knew all their names.

"Do you know personally every man in this end of the state?" he asked.

"I was born here. Most of these people sell pulp wood to mother. When my father was buried four thousand people came to the funeral."

There was, Wills thought, something fine and feudal and tremendous in that. Something that went back, as the traditions of these people went back, to the old countries none of them had ever seen, but which had stamped upon them, as the mark of all life is stamped upon the cell, the magnificent, aloof pride of tall Celts of the Wicklow and the Carrantual; of Highlanders from the shadow of Ben Nevis. Something of the old countries, in the way these men put their feet down, in the half bold, half feral glint in their eyes.

In Marian Morgan this defiant, separate thing was fined down to the cameo cut of her profile, the audacious tilt of her chin. The smoke of old peat fires was in the husk of her voice, there was something valiant about her that was like the ring of hunting bugles under Grampian cliffs, something of the resolute courage of men who had faced a new land from the ice-coated prows of sailing ships.

They passed the power lake and Wills remembered it. They stopped at the Gallup house.

Sally was reading the paper in pajamas. She opened the door only a chink.

"Heavens, you're early! Don't bring him in yet. Good gracious, Marian—I thought—"

"Don't think. I'm not bringing him in. I'm taking him across the ridge. Mother's orders. I want a bucket. Even as cold as it is, this car will heat on the grades."

"How heavenly—then you can sit back and look at all the pretty mountains while it cools."

"Don't be an utter idiot! Lend me a bucket. And we'll have to postpone the plays. I don't know the intent of this expedition, but mother thinks it's important."

"Marian, I don't own a bucket—only a terrible old huge thing Elvira uses to scrub. Could you use a stewpan?"

The road around the slope of the ridge was rutted and narrow, but from its twisting height Wills saw below him the tangled country through which on that last day he had stumbled, agonizingly, to Virgie Morgan's door. With a map-maker's eye he plotted the route, saw where he had turned off the high road, and beyond that the fire-scalded wilderness, grown head high

with rhododendron and tangling vines, where through a night of sleet he had wandered.

He had drawn a dozen maps of this region, he had plotted it from aerial photographs, and every line of these was engraved on his mind.

There were the tremendous summits to the north and west, there was this ridge, sloping southward and eastward, where Hazel Fork went splashing down to meet the river. It all had form, it fitted in with the thought that had entered his mind when he studied the little map in Virgie Morgan's desk. So many of the surveys had been hazardous, so much had been done that had to be done again.

"Stop here a minute," he said, "just here. I'll walk a little way." He unfolded the map again. He had drawn it, sitting up most of the night, drawn it from sketchy bits in the note-book that remained in his pocket. All his material had gone on to Washington, but he felt that he had enough.

Slowly he walked, studying the terrain below. Above, on the narrow road, where first Virgie Morgan had seen the two men in the black car, Marian sat now, behind the wheel, looking small and lonely. For an hour, he scouted the crest, and the sun climbed higher. Icicles melted on the southern slopes and the faces of the crags began to drip. Down the gullies little streams ran clear, finding their way through a lacy network of ice. On a muddy bank, where he leaped across, was a deer track, lately made, clean-printed and plain.

He returned to the car and Marian sighed patiently, as she set the motor going again.

"Now where?"

"Can we get down under—down there where the big trees are?"

"We'll have to go far around. Some of it will be rough. But I know the way. I used to come in here with Tom."

She fell silent, as they followed the rough wood-track, thinking of Tom. Just down there he must have hidden, those two days—and below, through the cathedral trees, ran the abandoned road where Cragg and the others had come in. A heavy pain bothered her when she thought that Tom probably would never see his beloved trees again. Never see the hills again, perhaps—or the shabby old mill that he had loved—never hear again the crow's shrill defiance or the answering insolence of the mountain raven.

It was noon when they reached the lower slope of the ridge, and the sun had warmed and gilded the rocks with a false promise of spring.

"Look here, you must be starved," Wills exclaimed suddenly. "Is there any place near where we can get some sandwiches, or something?"

"Lottie made sandwiches. They're back here and there's some coffee."

"Saved! I was a chump not to think of it myself!"

The coffee was not hot.

"Would the lady who owns the stewpan mind—if we blacked the bottom of it?" Wills asked. "I can make a fire."

"Lottie can scour it."

If only things were different, Marian thought wistfully what fun this would be! If only he were not so arrogant and so cold—it only she did not detest him. Wills built a small fire, expertly, between two up-ended rocks. Then he thrust a stick into a crevice and hung a white handkerchief on it.

"Truce!" he announced. "The war is temporarily suspended while the combatants are fed."

"Only one cup," said Marian. "So what do we do?"

"Pour your half back into the bottle. Then you drink from the cup and I imbibe from the stewpan."

"It's hot."

In camps where I've dined we used empty bean cans. Gives a rich pork-and-catsup flavor to the brew."

A winter sparrow came and teared on a sumac bough, making small inquiry as to whether any crumbs would remain. The sun lay brightly on the face of the rock and Marian held her palms to it, catching the warmth in cupped, pink fingers.

Her head was cocked like the bird's, her eyes were cool and remote. Wills looked at her and his heart gave a savage, hurting clutch. His spine straightened and a grimace hardened around his mouth. He was not defeated. Now she was as far from him as the moon—but when a man had caught a precious dream in his heart it was not easy to let it go. Today she was the daughter of the Morgan mills—and he was an employee in corduroy pants. Tomorrow—he clamped his teeth and lunged a challenge to tomorrow. And suddenly he cleared his throat roughly.

Intolerable—to sit here in a forest silence with her disdain, with her eyes on him in cool indifference.

He flung the crust to the waiting sparrow, stood up.

"You needn't speak," he said, hoarsely. "I know how you feel—now you despise me. But I'm going to tell you this—if I never say another word to you as long as we live, I fell in love with you—the first time I ever saw you—I haven't changed. I realize who you are—and who I am—just a tramp that our mother rescued from a mountain thicket! I know what you've been thinking. It doesn't change anything will change me—ever. And I'm not giving up."

She stood up, slowly, let her eyes come up slowly. There was an odd title beating at the base of her throat and for an instant her eyes trembled mistily.

Then she gave a choky little sound.

"I'm going home," she said and turned and ran without looking back.

The car door slammed. The motor roared and she tore down the rutty track, jolting and bouncing for a hundred yards. Wills sat still on the rock, turning a cigarette slowly round and round in his fingers.

Then as suddenly as she had started, Marian stopped the car, backed it slowly.

"Get in," she ordered.

He gathered up the stewpan and the thermos bottle.

"Get in—and don't talk to me," she repeated, huskily keeping her eyes straight ahead.

Her profile was as unyielding as the line of the distant mountains. She was David Morgan's daughter—and she was finding it hard to surrender.

(Continued next week)

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**Can you Answer These?**

Every man, woman and child in this community benefits from the pulp and paper industry; it is Canada's greatest industry. Here are some questions about it. See how many you can answer, then try the questions out on your family, friends and neighbours.

1. The area of Canada is roughly 3½ million square miles. How many square miles are forest?
2. Which is the larger—forest lands or lands used for agriculture?
3. How much of our standing timber is suitable for the manufacture of pulp and paper?
4. What are the chief enemies of our forests?

1. Roughly one and a quarter million square miles of Canada are forest.
2. Forest lands; the accessible and currently productive forest areas alone are three times the area devoted to agriculture.
3. Over 80%.
4. Fire, fungus and insects; they destroy more than half as much wood as all Canada's forest industries use.

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