

# Active Service Notes

Mr. Bruce Kennedy left last Wednesday for Toronto, where he has entered No. 1 Manning Depot, for training with the R.C.A.F.

AC2 Bill Hunter, of Toronto, formerly on the staff of the local Bank of Commerce, visited in town last Saturday.

LAC Gordon MacDonald is convalescing in the R.C.A.F. Hospital at St. Thomas, where he underwent an operation for appendicitis last week. In our Active Service list published last week, we omitted the names of Lieut. Robert J. McLaughlin, who is overseas with the Toronto Scottish, and AC2 William G. McLaughlin, stationed at Brandon, Manitoba, with the R.C.A.F. Both boys are sons of Mr. and Mrs. D. R. McLaughlin, of the Check Line.

Cadets George Perry, James Murphy, Roy McGill, Alex. Taylor, Allan Roney, Jack Smith, W. F. Smith, and C. S. Stacey, have all been in town recently on leave from the internment camp at Monteth, where they are stationed with the Veterans' Guard of Canada.

LAC Jim Kelly, of Trenton, and AC2 Horace Hurley, of Jarvis, spent the week end at their homes in town.

Next week we are reprinting portions of an interesting letter sent to his family by AC1 Bill Armstrong, who recently was transferred from Ottawa to Vancouver Island with the R.C.A.F. Bill writes a very fine letter telling of his trip, and we think you will enjoy his impressions of his cross-country jaunt.

## Mrs. Gowdy Speaks to Local Council of Women

The closing meeting for 1941 of the Local Council of Women was held on Monday at the home of Mrs. A. C. Welk, Charles Street.

In the absence of the president, Mrs. R. Ross was in the chair. Mrs. Ross spoke with a feeling of regret that the president, Mrs. J. B. Mackenzie, owing to ill health, had sent in her resignation. Mrs. Mackenzie has served the Council for many years, holding the office of president for over ten years. The members of the organization all wish her a speedy recovery.

Several items of business were dealt with: Two dollars was voted to the local Poppy Fund. A letter of appreciation will be sent Mrs. Greenward who so generously supports the Councils war effort.

In connection with the salvage campaign, linen, soaps, wash cloths, towels, also used silk stockings are to be left at Mrs. R. Paul's not later than December 15th inclusive.

Miss M. Lawson reported that 144 Christmas boxes were packed for

district men overseas.

A suggestion was made to go back to the regular meeting day, the third Friday of each month. This was unanimously carried.

The annual meeting of the Local Council of Women is to be held Jan. 10th, 1942.

The guest speaker was Mrs. Gowdy of Limehouse. She took as her subject "The History of Music." Mrs. Gowdy traced music from its very early dates, to present day and made it all most interesting for those present.

The hostesses, Mrs. Welk, Mrs. R.H. Foulis and Mrs. Vannatter, served tea. Mrs. H. L. Hutt moved a hearty vote of thanks to all who took part and the meeting adjourned.

## BOWLING NUTTS

By S.P.C.

Following a considerable intermission filled with wet grounds and empty basins, neighbors of the lawn bowling green on Edith St. were surprised to see the lights go on, the evening of Monday, November 18th. The temperature was around 34, but very shortly afterwards four fur-covered figures were to be seen cavorting grudgingly on the crispy crust. What was it all about? Why the famous furtive Grant Trophy.

Held at that time by Messrs. H. Cleave and W. G. Bell, the symbolic silverware was still in their igloo after 21 ends of rigid to-ing and fro-ing by the challengers, S. P. Chapman and Fred Thompson. Not for long, however. On Friday two new eskimos in the persons of Art Reeve and Ern Thompson (apparently having had their bowls in the oven) handed Cleave and Bell a lacing, to snatch the cup.

Comes Monday again and Reeve and Thompson ably defend against J. Richardson and S. T. Faram, who fought to pre-heat their tools. Hold and behold, if Tuesday doesn't bring forth another challenge. This time it is Bell and Cleave again, seeking revenge in the spring-like air. And they get their revenge; so if Santa Claus wants to fill the cup he will have to nunt up H. Cleave and W. G. Bell.

## CAN YOU DO IT?

In case you want to try them on your friends, here's a list of "those ten words that Van Dyke Thers spelled without a hitch on a recent "Quiz Kids" session on the N.B.C. Blue Network; inoculate, embarrass, desecrate, rarely, supersede, vilify, plaguery, picknicking, innuergio and harass.

Remember to get your tickets early on the Lions Club Community Christmas Tree draw. Fowl prizes.

two keys to a cabin by Lida Larimore

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"None of the things you probably think are true," she went on. "We didn't merely drift into an engagement. It wasn't propinquity or the fact that both families hoped and expected that we would marry. I suppose that would have put us off each other, if anything. We're neither of us lambs which could be led to a sacrifice without a good deal of bleating."

Presently she continued. "I like Todd better than anyone I've ever known," she said, as though she were explaining the situation to herself as well as to him. "We enjoy being together. We think the same things are amusing or sad or exciting."

"I should think that would be an excellent foundation for marriage," John said as she paused. "But it isn't enough. It's all too—What were the words you used?—controlled and detached. We hold things too lightly." Mounting passion flamed in her voice. "Todd shouldn't have let me come here," she said.

"Oh, I know." She gave a low, rueful laugh. "He couldn't have prevented my coming. But if I'd cared enough for him I wouldn't have needed to come. If he'd cared enough for me he would have tried to keep me there with him. If—she broke off, and added: "I meant to correct the unfair impression of Todd I'd given you. I'm not doing a very good job."

He ignored that. "Why did you come, Gay?" he asked. "I've wanted to tell you." Her voice was quiet, now, very thoughtful, wholly sincere. "I've been afraid to try. It doesn't seem reasonable even to me. I had no idea that you would be here."

"I know that," John was unconsciously of the fact that he had slackened the speed of the car. With his eyes still fixed on the road ahead he waited for her to continue. "I'm not afraid now," she went on after an interval of silence. "To-night, while I was waiting for you, I thought of Uncle John."

"Yes?" he said, bending toward her. "Do you suppose that when you are—dying," she asked simply, like a child puzzling over a mystery beyond its comprehension, "that some special wisdom is given to you?" Her phrasing of a thought he had had, startled him with its similarity. He remained silent, his weariness gone, every nerve in his body suddenly tense and alert.

"That old sweater. It was new the summer you were here. You remembered!" "I remembered everything, how you had your hair cut short so it wouldn't wave, your hands—I could have drawn them from memory—your crooked smile that disapproves of me, the way you walk, all the things that make you—you."

## CHAPTER V

Kate roused, opened her eyes, blinked at the light coming in through the window beside her bed. She had forgotten to draw the shade when she had retired, she thought. She had forgotten to undress, too, apparently, since she seemed to be fully clothed. That was a little careless, to say the least. She stretched under the blankets, blinked again and remembered.

Her eyes, wide awake now, flew to Gay's bed at the opposite end of the room. The counterpane was drawn smoothly over the pillows and Gay's white wool robe lay flung across it as it had lain since yesterday afternoon. Kate glanced at her watch. Nearly half-past seven. She threw back the blankets, sprang from the bed, stood listening.

She glanced in the mirror above the low chest of drawers. Her face, colorless from anxiety and fatigue, glared back at her in the morning light. What a fright she looked! Not that it mattered. She was glad she'd done what she had. She'd wondered, last night, how she would feel about that this morning. Gay would be furious. Let her. There were limits to patience and tolerance and being a good sport. Last night, at least, she hadn't let her sympathies run away with her common sense.

How treacherous sympathies were! Kate, brushing her long sandy hair, felt her stir beneath anxiety and exasperation as she thought of Gay and John. They were so obviously in love with each other, romantically in love which was more dangerous than a mere physical attraction. Not that he wasn't physically attractive. He had charm and good breeding. His characteristic gravity, lit by flashes of humor, was appealing. He was sensitive, but Gay couldn't dominate him, which, for her, must be unique and intriguing.

In that quality, still of strength of character, still of sturdiness as you please, lay, she supposed, his strong attraction. What was that? Kate dropped her brush on the top of the chest. They were here. They were laughing together, somewhere, close at hand. Her first reaction was a light-headed sense of relief. She opened the bedroom door into the main portion of the cabin.

The sound of laughter reached her more clearly. She smelled bacon frying and toast and coffee. Relief sharpened into indignation. They were laughing, were they, having breakfast, while she worried Kate's back stiffened. As she walked through the living-room, she glanced at the telephone against the wall. She was glad she had done it, she told herself, stealing her sympathies resentfully from her own unjustified feeling of guilt.

But she wasn't so sure she was. In the kitchen, sympathy, for a moment, over indignation and anxiety. They had built a roaring fire in the wood range and were cooking breakfast together. Gay, wearing his sweater, too large for her, the sleeves rolled back to free her hands, was toasting bread. John, standing beside her, turned bacon in the skillet. Steam rose from the coffee-pot, curled in a wreath above their heads. Sunlight streaming in through the two east windows lay over them, a promise, a seal of approval, a benediction.

"There wasn't a 'phone." "I am sorry, Kate." John roused from the trance-like state so alarming to Kate. "You must have been frantic. I tried to send Gay back. But you know how she is."

"Just a spoiled brat." Gay glanced up at him, smiling. "The toast is burning," Kate said. "Heavens, yes!" Gay snatched the rack up from the stove. "Can't you keep your mind on your work?" John took the rack from her. Their hands touched, reluctantly parted. Gay gave a laughing cry.

"Can't you? The bacon is burned to a crisp." "Good Lord!" The rueful smile widened into his engaging grin. "Will you cook this breakfast, Kate?" "I'll have to, I suppose," she said grumpily, "if I'm to have anything fit to eat." She took the skillet from John's unresisting hand and marched to the sink. "After you've had breakfast you'd better get some sleep. We can't start for New York today."

A sudden hush fell upon the room. Kate could not see their faces. She was scraping burned bits of bacon from the skillet into the sink. "The Northfield garage couldn't cope with the generator," she went on. "I left the car there and that boy with the teeth brought me back here last night. They kindly offered to take the car in to Machias today. That means, I suppose, that it won't be ready before night. I'll be glad to get back to civilization again where it doesn't take forever to get something done." She turned. "Where's the rest of the bacon or have you—"

Sympathies were treacherous. They looked at her as though she had given them a reprieve from death. Seeing the gratitude and affection for her which shone in Gay's face, in John's, she felt with uncomfortable sharpness that unjustified sense of guilt. She walked to the ice-box, stooped, jerked open the door. She had been right to call Todd last night. But knowing that he was now, at this moment, on his way to the lake, was no longer the sustaining relief it had been. She felt like a traitor. She felt as though she should be taken out to the clearing behind the cabin, stood up against the woodshed, and shot.

The long roadster sped down a hill, across a bridge in a swampy hollow, up a gently rising grade. Todd Janeway, his blond head bare, his body slumped with fatigue against the leather upholstery, his eyes smarting from the sting of the wind, glanced at the speedometer. Better take it easy, he thought, slackening the rushing speed of the car.

Lucky he'd left word at home where he was going last night. He'd expected to hear from her. He wouldn't have been surprised if she'd walked in on Tony Wales' party. A week, she'd said, and Gay kept her promises. But it had been Kate who called. She'd said Gay didn't know she was calling. The telephone connection was bad. He hadn't been able to hear very well. When he'd learned that Kate wanted him to come, he'd concentrated on getting the directions she gave him fairly clear in his mind.

Gay—Steady, Janeway. The thing to do was to concentrate on getting there. He'd know soon enough what the trouble was. Or maybe there was no trouble. Kate hadn't made her reason for his coming very clear. Maybe Gay wanted him to drive them back to New York. The trip up in Kate's coupe couldn't have been too comfortable. That was something to tie to. But Kate had told him Gay didn't know she was calling. He was too weary, now, to think clearly. Perhaps she'd just been there, as she said, worn out with preparations for the wedding, exhausted by all the demands upon her vitality and patience. She'd wanted it, though. He'd been a little surprised, last June, when the engagement had been announced that she had agreed to the hue and cry both families raised for a wedding. She'd told him she wanted everything to be right and proper and in accordance with tribal traditions. He'd been surprised but touched and pleased, though he hated the fuss. He hadn't realized,

then, that she was substituting the symbols of marriage for something that was lacking. The one thing that made it right. That was before he had watched her grow more and more remote, not sharing her thoughts with him, making excuses for not being alone with him, shutting him off behind a wall of light mockery through which he could see her but could not touch her, not actually, not the Gay herself, whom he loved.

This must be Northfield. Better ask directions from here. He pulled in at a filling-station at the side of the road. A gangling boy with buck teeth and a shock of sunburned hair appeared in response to the beat of his horn. "Can-you tell me how to get to the Lawrence camp?" Todd asked. The boy was lost in admiration for the car. "How far do I follow this road?" Todd asked brusquely. "Oh, yeah. 'Bout a mile and a half. You'll see the name on the mail-box."

"Thanks." Todd tossed a coin to the boy, released the brake and pressed the accelerator. A mail-box. Todd slackened the speed of the car. A figure detached itself from the vines and underbrush at the side of the road. A long arm waved in greeting. Kate! "Hello!" he called and brought the car to a stop. No other figure to greet him. He felt his heart thud painfully. "Where's Gay?"

Kate stood in the road beside him. "Out on the lake," she said. Kate's expression was composed. She looked quite natural, a little tired, perhaps, but serene. "Fishing," she added. "You took a time getting here." "I was arrested." His spirits lifted. Kate looked as he was accustomed to see her, lanky and rakish in a tweed skirt and green wool blouse, her expression a characteristic blending of wry humor and casual friendliness. He opened the door. "Get in, Kate. You look like a slightly sardonic wood-nymph. How's your generator, my friend?" "My what?" she sat beside him and he turned the car into the lane. He laughed. "I heard, a few minutes ago, that you'd had trouble with it."

"That boy with the teeth!" Watching her in a side-long glance, he saw her expression change. She looked, though he could scarcely credit it, as if she was about to burst into tears. "It isn't that bad, is it?" he asked but the laughter had gone out of her voice. "It's as bad as can be," Kate said with difficulty. "Is Gay ill? Has she been hurt?" "Worse than that." He stopped the car in the lane. "What is it? What has happened?" She turned to him, her face working queerly. "I meant to break it to you gently," she burst out. "I've been sitting out there by that mail-box for hours thinking of what I should say. There isn't any way to say it except to tell you the truth and I'd rather be chopped up and thrown to the wolves. I shouldn't have called you last night."

"Why shouldn't you have called me?" "Because it's none of my business. Yes, it is. I love her and I know it's all wrong." "What's all wrong?" "Gay has fallen in love," Kate said wildly. "He was here when we came." "Who was here?" "John Houghton, Dr. Lawrence's nephew. Do you remember him at Gay's debutante party? Nice looking. Dark and rascy." "I remember." He slumped back behind the wheel. "Did she come here to meet him?" he asked. "No. He just happened to be here. The long arm of coincidence." She gave a crack of nervous laughter. "Don't ever say anything is impossible. But she came here because she's been in love with him since the summer they spent here with Dr. Lawrence six years ago. Would you have thought Gay was romantic? She's fairly wallowing in it. Little fool!"

"You aren't very convincing, Kate." He smiled wearily. "Do you like him?" "I do. That's the trouble. He is attractive. And so in love with her. But it's all wrong." "Why is it—wrong?" he asked quietly. She glanced at him in relief and admiration. "Did you expect me to go melodramatic?" he said. "I'm afraid that's a little out of my line. Why did you call me?" "I hoped we might get her away from here—in time."

"And there isn't—time? It's too late, now?" "I'm afraid so. Last night—" She hesitated for a moment then plunged on. "They haven't told me anything. But the way they act is enough. I've tried all day to tell them you were coming. I couldn't. I feel like a traitor until I think of—Todd, what do they think of him at home?" "It's been pretty awful. Funny, though—None of that seems important—now."

CHAPTER VI In the hidden inlet the sunset dimmed to a honey-colored dusk. The canoe, moored beneath low hanging branches, was motionless. The wind in the pine trees made a whispering sound. (Continued on Page 8)

**Bazaar** at Knox Presbyterian Church Georgetown

Friday, November 21

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**GREGORY THEATRE**

Friday, November 21

"SHE KNEW ALL THE ANSWERS" comedy riot with Joan Bennett, Franchot Tone

Comedy "Watchman Takes a Wife."

Sport "Master's Cue."

Cartoon "Wise Owl." Fox News

Saturday, November 22 — "MAN POWER" entertainment-plus with George Raft, Edward G. Robinson

Cartoon "Helping Paw."

Chapter 4 "Drums of Fu Manchu." Matinee at 3 p.m.

Tuesday and Wednesday, November 25 and 26

"KEEPING COMPANY" John Shelton, Ann Rutherford

Canada Carries On "Battle for Oil"

Traveltalk "Yosemite Magnificent."

Cartoon "Scrambled Eggs."

SOON: "Shepherd of the Hills" (Technicolor)

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