

Knight Errant

By R. L. ARVIN
McClure Newspaper Syndicate.
WNU Features.

MADLINE saw the soldier while she was some distance up the highway and impulsively she started to slow down. But as the car stopped beside him she was a trifle uneasy. She had never before picked up a hitchhiker. She scanned his face as he tugged at the door handle and a measure of confidence returned. He was lean and brown and hard and reminded her of her brother; he wore overseas ribbons, too.

The lieutenant brought into the comfortable coupe the not unpleasant odor of a mild soap and good tobacco and also, to Madeline's astonishment, a casual intimacy that did nothing to improve her driving.

He sat half-facing her, with one arm thrown over the back of the seat and his fingers played gently with the collar of her polo coat. She turned toward him reprovingly and saw that his eyes had missed nothing — from the tight roll of chestnut hair clear down to her slender ankles.

"You'll do," he decided, catching her glance.

Madeline blushed. "Thanks. I was expecting a whistle," she said tartly.

"You'd rate a whistle if you'd take those shell-rimmed cheaters, fluff out that hair-do into something modern and slip into a jersey that should be more becoming than that gunny sack you're wearing," he shot back at her.

Madeline clamped her jaws tightly to regain control of herself, then



"She wasn't?"

asked: "You're going to Middleton?"

He nodded. "And I would that I were not."

"Home to a wife and children?" Madeline chided.

"An obligation, yes, but not that kind." He stared at the road ahead. There was silence for a minute before he explained:

"It's a long story, Beautiful. Maybe I'd have been better off in the Hong-kong if the Jerries had got me. This fellow saved my life the first day out. I was a wise guy, see, a smart aleck, but he shoved me into a hole when those MEs started coming over. I made that right a little later by drilling a sniper who had his head set on him. So we got to be buddies — the best kind. Well, I thought his sister must be all right, too." He hesitated and Madeline gave him a look of encouragement.

"She wasn't?"

The lieutenant closed his eyes and frowned. "You can judge for yourself. I get a letter from this girl, thanking me for saving her brother's life. Then our outfit splits up and my buddy and I are separated. I don't find out anything about her from him but I answer her letter and away we go. Well, at first she's amusing. Then she begins to write about our glittering tanks and charged into battle like a vengeance kind of cute, but after a while every thing gets daffy. I don't get it at all."

"No?" Madeline prompted, her twinkling eyes glued to the road.

"No. She wrote about the night having a thousand eyes that watched over me. I was her knight errant and she was my ladylove. Imagine it!"

Madeline smiled. "You've no appreciation of romance. Besides, she probably thought it would be good for your morale."

"Nuts! Jerries on the run is all my morale needs." They were entering the town and he leaned toward her eagerly. "Listen, Beautiful, I won't even call up this gal with the fantastic ideas if you'll give me a break."

Madeline stopped the car at the curb and faced him with severity. "But Lieutenant Milton — Lieutenant James Milton — my brother never described you as a person who would run out on anyone."

She waited expectantly, but no astonishment was evident. Only a good-natured grin.

"O. K., Mary, we're even now," he said softly. "You knew me when you picked me up. But those initials, M. S. on your car door were a dead giveaway, too. So forget all I said about your letters. How about tonight?"

Madeline laughed. "It's all right. But first you'll have to speak to my eleven-year-old sister. Her name's Mary. And she's the one who's been doing all the writing."

Retirement to the Front

By KEN DAVIS
McClure Newspaper Syndicate.
WNU Features.

NUTS, Mr. War Correspondent! I don't want to talk about the fight we had out there today. The general does all our talking. Wasn't much to it, anyway? You gotta have something to write? Well, how about the time I yanked a general out of retirement? O. K.

I am the personal driver, see, for a general back in the States and a better boss never lived. Wotta job!

"You stay in the office today, Rye. I may need you," the general barks this particular day when I pick him up. He omits his usual good morning so I figure something is eating him. You see, this is the day he is to retire. He hasn't been having much luck with his health for quite a while. Sorta been going downhill ever since his son left for overseas. Who is the son? Oh, everyone knows the captain. A fighter pilot. Quite a boy, too. Anyway.

I sneak the morning paper and park in the corner of the old man's office, prepared for a dull day. But I don't even get it unfolded. The air in that office gives you the willies.

"Good morning, General," booms a voice suddenly, and I jump a foot. But it's only the colonel, not Gabriel's silver trumpet.

"What's good about it?" asks the general. "Last day in the army at sixty-one. And right in the middle of the biggest war this country's ever had. A pretty kettle of fish!"

Right away the colonel grabs the old oil can. "Now, now," he meows. "Sir, you shouldn't feel like that," the colonel mouths. "After all,



The sting is gone, now, from his hard, tough growl.

you've had a long career. You've done your share."

The old man is a ramrod sort of guy — long, lean and as straight as the soldiers Hollywood casts as door-men. His hair is snow-white, but his eyebrows and military mustache are iron-gray.

"Colonel Stark," he says, dead low. "Look at these blasted baubles. Victory medal from World War — Mexican border service. American defense. A bloody desk general!" His voice rises a note. "My father was a fighting soldier in the Civil War. An uncle was cited at San Juan Hill in the Spanish business. And here I am, an old man, washed up — a failure."

The colonel stands still as a statue. "Stark," the general goes on wearily, "sit down. I've got to talk to someone. You see, I quarreled with my son. I sent him over to fly against those Germans, with anger in my heart and on my lips. No doubt he hates me. I've never heard from him. He's all I have. Stark, since his mother died three years ago. None of these army doctors read minds. That's why they're sending me to the honeyard. My body's all right."

The sting is gone, now, from his hard, tough growl. So is his sudden anger. His unhidden tears make me want to crawl under something. I look at the morning paper and there it is, right smack in my face. I let out a yelp which I can't hold in although I know I am taking my life in my hands. The old man has forgotten I am in the room. "It's all right, General," I cry, waving the sheet like mad. "It's all right."

I don't wait for them to bust me down to a guardhouse veteran. I just commence reading loud.

"Capt. Ted Homer, identified today as the pilot who two days ago shot down six of seven German bombers while flying cover for Fortresses, has been recommended for the Congressional Medal of Honor. I never could have done it except for Father," the intrepid flier confesses to me.

"Two or fessed with a boyish grin. I was gone, three times I thought I was gone, but I just reminded myself of what the old man would do to me if I let those Germans get away with it. That did the trick."

Quicker than a buck private grabs his pay, the general jumps up and snatches the paper from my hands. His face looks like he has a light bulb inside his head, so brilliant is his color. That's about all, I guess. Word about his kid fixed the old boy up, all right, and he came out of retirement like one of those bazooka shells the boys used there today.

Who was the general? Didn't I tell you, Mr. Correspondent? Why, Major General Joshua M. Homer, of course, the guy who is running the show on this island.

SPORTLITE

By J. Stamp

NORTONVILLE 10 — NORVAL 9

Once again Lady Luck was unkind to the Norval Lacrosse Club, on Tuesday, July 31st, in Norval. A good crowd witnessed one of the best lacrosse games that has been played so far in the Recreation Centre. From the face-off in the first period until the final whistle was blown, it was touch and go to whose game it would end up as, first Nortonville would take the lead, then Norval would tie it up, or visa versa.

Finally, with the score tied 9 all, Nortonville banged home a nice clean goal with merely one and one-half minutes left in the final frame. This sewed the game up there and then.

The Norval lads never gave up until the "stop-it" whistle "echoed" across the playing field. There are two more home games to be played before the play-offs commence. Come on down and cheer the lads to a well-deserved and delayed victory. Possibly the reason you've not been down to see the games is the fact that you don't know exactly where the arena is situated. Right behind the Norval Public School, Yeah, I know, "where's the school?"

Being as the Businessmen have dropped out of the Softball League, the remaining teams plan to play their future games as soon as possible, because the days are shorter now, and will be from now on. We expect the remaining games will be all played by the middle of this month; play-offs to follow right away!

NORVAL 6 — INGLEWOOD 5

On August 10, a good crowd witnessed a snappy game of lacrosse down in the Norval Recreation Centre, and saw the up-and-coming Norval team take the Inglewood Club for the second time this week. This puts Norval boys quite comfortable in the league standing, which I hope to have for you next week. Play-offs will start very soon.

Til next week — J.S.

BOWLING NEWS

Bowlers are having a good season and competition is keen for the various events. In the Thursday Jineys recently, prizes have been won by Mrs. Mendham, Mr. Bell, Mr. and Mrs. Williamson, Mr. and Mrs. Tyers, Mr. Moss and Mrs. MacKenzie.

In cup games for the Grant trophy, Enn Thompson and H. Kenter are able to hold all comers; their closest game so far being against A. Reeve and E. Tyers, who tied the game but failed to lift the Cup.

The Ladies' Cup, the Richardson Trophy, is still held by Mrs. Tyers and Mrs. Goldham, who successfully defended against Mrs. MacKenzie and Mrs. Milliere on Friday night last. This game ended in a tie.

On Civic Holiday three rinks of doubles journeyed to Milton and on this occasion Bell and Moss were able to win first prize of two nice rugs, and also to bring to Georgetown the Sheffield Trophy. This is the first visit to town for this trophy and there will no doubt be some keen competition by other clubs to take it away from us.

Richardson and Bell also got into the prize money in the Tip Top Doubles in Elora a week or so ago.

All told the bowlers are enjoying a very nice sociable season's play.

NORVAL 6 — INGLEWOOD 4

Norval invaded the Inglewood lacrosse "stamping grounds" on the 8th of August and subdued the powerful Inglewood team by a score of 6 - 4. I have no idea what the game was played like as I was absent from said game, but from what I hear the Norval boys are playing really "hot" lacrosse!

ALLIANCE 12 — SMITH & STONE 10

On August 8th, the Alliance and Smith & Stone softball teams met in a somewhat slow and tiresome affair at the park. There were quite a few bad plays made by both teams, and this made the game a little boring.

A standout was the playing of Everett Wilson on the shortstop position for Smith & Stone. He handled several hot grounders and caught as many difficult flies from the bats of the Alliance boys. He made no errors on any of these plays and was responsible for a great percentage of the "put outs." Holden didn't seem to be able to speed the ball past any of the Alliance players, and the result, he was yanked in the 5th inning and Lusty came in for the Smith & Stone team.

A fair crowd was out to witness the game—but it should be a lot larger. Possibly if we play better ball!

Final score: Alliance 12 runs, 10 hits, 4 errors; Smith & Stone 10 runs, 9 hits, 3 errors.

Best hitters for the teams were, as usual, Chaplin for Smith & Stone and Ritchie for the same team (constant hitters these boys). For the Alliance: Scott and Wheeler.

Due to the fact that the Businessmen had dropped out of the league we were placed in a difficult position concerning the point basis. Finally, we figured it out this way: Alliance played their first two games with the Businessmen and won them, which gave them 4 points. Right after these games the Businessmen dropped out of the league so that meant Huttonville and Smith & Stone would not be playing them. So we have agreed

to give these teams 4 points apiece as though they had played two games with the Businessmen. Here is the standing up to date, including the said 4 points given to Huttonville and Smith & Stone; we put these points down as games played and won.

LEAGUE STANDING
(up until Saturday, Aug. 11th)

Team	P	W	L	T	P
Huttonville	6	3	1	2	8
Alliance	6	3	1	1	7
Smith & Stone	5	3	1	1	7

"BIG SEVEN" LINE-UP

Player	AB	Hits	P.C.
Chaplin	13	10	.769
Cook	3	2	.666
Ritchie	13	8	.615
McMurchy	14	8	.571
Scott	14	8	.571
Spires	6	3	.500
Denny	2	1	.500

BASEBALL REVIEW

BASEBALL REVIEW
By Don Brill

On July 25, the Boys' Baseball Team defeated the Glen Williams boys by a score of 16 - 0. Don Harrington was the winning pitcher, and Gibbs the loser. Don pitched perfect ball and was at no time in danger. He issued 2 hits, 6 strike-outs and no walks. He also batted well, bringing in 2 runs on a double and a single.

Don Brydon brought in 2 runs from 3 hits. Don plays a snappy game at short and is a real asset to the team.

In a later game, the boys again tackled the Glen, downing them 36 to 4. Bud Hoare did some tricky third basing and came over with 4 runs from 2 hits, a walk and an error. Jack King's batting was perfect, getting 2 walks, 4 hits and 1 error. From this he got six runs.

The Glen team erred 4 times and Georgetown had none against them. I understand the boys have purchased sweaters and crests. They thoughtfully presented one to coach Jim Sargent, who has done a swell job of managing the team.

NEW TELEPHONE DIRECTORY ISSUED

More than 10,000 copies of the new telephone directory for Brampton, Georgetown and vicinity have just been distributed, nearly 1,000 of them being assigned to subscribers in this community.

Among the names with the most listings in the Brampton section, the McClores lead with 24, followed by the Smiths with 22, the Wilsons with 20, and the Robinsons with 18.

In the Georgetown section, the Thompsons are first with 12 listings, followed by the Browns and Wilsons with ten each.

It is easy to keep up with the Joneses in Georgetown. There is only one list.

According to W. O. Miesner, Bell Telephone manager in this area, the new book contains 7,200 listings new and changed since the last issue, including a number in the Georgetown section.

"It is important to consult the new directory carefully before placing calls, and to bring desk lists and memo pads up to date," Mr. Miesner said. "Avoiding unnecessary calls to wrong numbers helps us to serve you better."

It is hoped that on receiving the new books telephone users will contribute the old ones to the regular salvage collection paper being still in great demand.

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