

**Pride Is No Good**

By FAYE McGOVERN  
McClure Syndicate—WNU Features.

ON HER knees in the kitchen Bridget was in a poor position to glare effectively, but the sight of two muddy shoes tracking up her spanking clean porch let flow a warm string of expletives colorfully flavored with strong Irish brogue. "And how many times must I tell ye, Terry O'Donnell, not to come climbin' over my porch rail on a Friday?"

The tall, blue-eyed lad grinned a wry apology and said, "I want to see Kathleen."

"And why should she want to see the likes of ye after the way ye angered her last night?"

"I want to tell her I'm sorry."

"And are ye not enough of a true Irishman to fear goin' sich a thing on a Friday?"

"Any day's good enough for what I want to do," Terry declared. Bridget looked at him a moment, then jerked her thumb in the direction of the parlor where her niece was dusting furniture. But she wasn't surprised when Terry came storming back. "She won't even talk to me! Well, for all I care she can go out with every Tom, Dick and Harry in town while I'm gone!"

"Gone?" repeated Bridget.

"To Camp Hobart next week."

"Should ye be changin' yer mind," Bridget yelled after him, "have the decency to keep out o' me rose bushes and walk up the steps like a human bein'!" But her anger was gone by the time she finished cleaning up. She thought of how Kathleen



"Where is she?"

had looked the night before, her chin high, her cheeks flaming, red as her hair. Bridget shook her head. "This pride made her look like that, she thought, the kind that takes a long time to simmer out, then often it's too late. The same as me Patrick and me, and both stubbornner than any two humans had any right to be. Aye, but that was twenty-five years ago, and ye'd think I'd be forgittin'! The good Lord gave me a niece to rear, and if I can help it she won't be like me! She climbed the stairs to Kathleen's room. "Why are ye quarrellin' with Terry?" she demanded. Kathleen's quivering chin went up. "He insinuated that I'd likely be the kind to run around and have fun should the person I happened to be engaged to go to war."

"And did he tell ye he was leavin' for camp in a week?"

The color faded from Kathleen's cheeks. "Oh, no!"

"Sure, and the Lord made some men fools," breathed Bridget. "Ye'd better call him up. He should be at Mrs. Schultz's."

But Terry had been there and gone. "And in such a temper!" Mrs. Schultz declared. Kathleen tried the bakery, but Terry hadn't come in yet.

"Pride is no good," Bridget fretted. "Call his mother."

"No! I won't grovel if he doesn't want to telephone he doesn't have to!" Kathleen stamped up the stairs. After three days of watching Kathleen grow paler and paler, Bridget knew she had to take a hand. She went to the bakery, only to learn that Terry was already in camp.

She trudged wearily home, and laboriously wrote a letter. She told Terry about two other foolish people who had been too proud, and what happened to them. "I heard you once tell my Kathleen that her eyes were the loveliest in the world," she wrote. "I'm beggin' you, write and tell her you love her before she cries them out of her pretty head."

Then she sat back to await results. But Friday's hours crept along, and there was no letter from Terry. Sadly she went through the motions of scrubbing the back porch, dumped the suds over the railing and was starting on the kitchen floor when a pair of muddy shoes landed squarely in the doorway.

"I came as soon as I could," Terry said. "Where is she?"

Bridget jerked her thumb. "In there." Then she sat back on her heels and listened brazenly to Kathleen's shriek of joy.

Bridget sniffed, lugged her bucket outside and got down on her knees. Tears were in her eyes. "Bless the Lord, is isn't a good day! he'll be home!" she declared fervently. "And, being my neighbor's problem, she would laugh softly, and her lips would be cool and sweet.

**Soldier's Afternoon**

By SHIRLEY N. HARKINS  
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BIFF was hopping mad. And hopping up and down on the driver's seat of the bouncing jeep at the same time. He kept his foot pressed to the floor, and the tangled woods on either side flew past like telephone poles from a train window. Even then only the faintest breeze fanned his tanned face. It was sure hot country out here. Hot and breathless. Just the way Julie made a guy feel. Gosh, she was cute. Cute as the cocky little nurse's cap perched on her blond curls. He marveled at the way she managed to look crisp as a lettuce leaf, even under this broiling sun. It sure had been pleasant recuperating from malaria under her watchful care.

She had bestowed her warm smile impartially on Biff and his C. O., Major Deston, convalescing down the hall. She liked the army and her nursing job near the front. And Biff was sure she liked him, too. After all, they were both from Brooklyn. That made them practically soul-mates.

And now Major Deston had to ruin Biff's chance for a date with Julie tonight. An opportunity to walk under a still, star-crusted sky, and perhaps hold Julie's cool little hand, and maybe not say a word. And then again, maybe say the word.

Biff gulped as the car careened madly down the narrow path. Cripes, he'd never cared much about girls before the war, but then he'd never known a girl could have honest, forthright eyes, a sweet but firm mouth, a soft but determined chin.

Julie was one in a million, and now just when he was on the verge of asking her to wait for him, Major Deston had cooked his goose. This was his last night at the post, for his special mission meant advancing ranks in the morning. The Lord only knew where the regiment would be stationed from now on. The very thought that he might never see Julie again made him a little sick. Fat chance he'd ever have of meeting her back in Brooklyn when this shooting match was over.

And yet someone had to lift the protective mines planted a few hours before so that the troops could go forward in an attempt to locate the unknown German base. He wondered why Deston had picked him for this detail. Could Deston be cutting any ice with Julie? He immediately dismissed the idea as unworthy, but a guy in love can't help being jealous. Even of a kindly middle-aged major. No, it was just his usual bad luck to be chosen for special duty.

He'd get the job over with and jump back to the post double-quick. He only needed a few minutes with Julie. He was so preoccupied with his problem that he failed to see the armored car until it was actually blocking the path ahead. He jammed on the brake, and the jeep screeched to a stop.

When the two Germans jumped out of the bushes, leveling their pistols at him, Biff was startled. But more than that, he was definitely displeased. It looked as if Julie and the dream were separated for good.

"Your jeep, she make the big noise, nein?" The tall man's tones were rough. "We hear you coming far off, and we say 'Goot!' Now we get back to our base after all, even if our car break down." He kicked the useless tire savagely. "Our men will repair this later. You will drive us directly to Bhoul Kherab, my friend, and no funny business. We are not patient men."

The two strangers climbed into the back, delighted with their strategy and the novelty of safe conduct to their headquarters with an American prisoner as chauffeur. Biff's thoughts chased around in his head like leaves in the wind. Bhoul Kherab was the German base! Deston would be glad to know that if Biff lived to tell him.

He drove steadily for some minutes while his plan formulated. He'd drive these lugs straight over the own explosives and make a break for it. His sudden swerve in the road angered his German pals, but it was too late. The front wheels missed the mine, but the rear caught it squarely.

It seemed to Biff that a giant sky-rocket had burst in his head, and the detonation filled the quiet glade with deafening noise. He found himself lying flat in a wadi but he could move, and he wriggled to a position where he could inspect the effect of his bull's-eye. The jeep was completely wrecked, and the two Germans lay dead.

Biff broke into a run. If he hurried, he might even yet salvage a few minutes with Julie. Compactly, he lifted the remaining mines and then dogtrotted to the armored car.

"Here we go, Fraulein," he said prayerfully, as he started the ignition. "If the rim only holds, I'll make it back to camp."

Driving on the rim, his thoughts leaped excitedly. "Little man," he said to himself, "you've had a big, busy day." He'd wear his bars modestly, but his heart thumped loudly as he pictured Julie's pride in him. "Just a hum from Brooklyn," she would laugh softly, and her lips would be cool and sweet.

**HALTON FARMER RECEIVES EXCELLENT RETURNS FROM PASTURE**

\$100 an acre from pasture in a period of approximately three months reads almost like a fairy tale, and yet that is the experience of Maurice C. Beatty, well known Trafalgar Township farmer. This was the story revealed to the group led by Agricultural Representative J. E. Whitelock on the pasture tour sponsored by the Halton Crop Improvement Association recently. The tour included visits to the farms of A. S. Mahon & Son, Nasaagaweya Township; J. Allan Dixon, Nelson-Trafalgar Town Line; Wm. Booth, and M. C. Beatty, Trafalgar Township; Anderson Bros., C. F. Pickett, and Gerald Graham, of Esquesing Township.

At all points the members of the group saw and learned something of interest. To parodize Julius Caesar of ancient history, "They came, they saw, and were convinced." They were convinced that the modern long term pasture when composed of the proper mixtures of grasses and clovers—when properly sown on a well prepared field in a high state of fertility, and followed up by good management, offers real possibilities in the lowering of production costs.

The highlight of the entire tour was however, at the Beatty farm where a 16 acre field was sown in 1944 to the O.A.C. long term pasture mixture, along with a nurse crop of 1 bushel

of oats to the acre. This past spring the field was divided by means of an electric fence into four 4 acre paddocks. As a result of the backward spring, the herd was not turned on the first 4 acre paddock until May 26. Owing to this late start and the rapid growth of the herd of 26 Jersey cows was unable to keep up with the grass, and one four acre glock was cut for hay, and six loads hauled to the barn. During the period May 26 to August 31, the field was pastured 89 days and nights. During this time the field supplied a total of 2259 pasture days, of which 1906 were milk cow days and the balance dry stock. The value of the milk produced in the 89 days was \$1397.45. This figure is based on Toronto price less transportation charges and other deductions.

According to N. J. Thomas, well known O.A.C. pasture authority, who accompanied the tour and took a leading part in the discussion at each point, the Beatty field had been exceptionally well managed. According to Mr. Beatty, two of the paddocks were clipped twice and the other two only once during the period, and in answer to an inquiry from a member of the group, Mr. Beatty admitted without hesitation, "that the 16 acre pasture field had given the largest returns and the greatest net profit of any 16 acres on his 200 acre farm in 1945."

It was also interesting to learn from Mr. Beatty that while grain was fed in the stable, the amount of grain

and concentrate fed was reduced below the level of previous summers. And so concluded the first pasture tour sponsored by Halton, and while a heavy shower in the morning and a threatening sky no doubt had something to do with the small attendance your reporter could only conclude that the majority of Halton farmers in common with the great majority of Ontario farmers, are as yet not "pasture conscious." It is safe to predict, however, that during the next ten years Ontario's most neglected crop will develop to a point where it will receive first consideration on every well managed dairy farm.

**TERRA COTTA**

(Last week)

Mr. and Mrs. Miller and family have moved into Mr. C. Soper's house on the 4th Line.

The United Church is getting a new coat of paint. They are also redecorating the interior which when completed will add considerably to its appearance.

Miss L. Loughton, of Toronto, spent the week end at her summer home here.

Miss Wright, of Toronto, spent the week end at her home.

Mr. Pitt has secured a lucrative situation in Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald, McCauley, of Detroit, spent a few days last week with Mrs. R. McCauley.

Wilfrid Leslie, we understand, has purchased a 50-acre bush lot on the mountain from J. G. Sharpe of Southside.

A number of our citizens are working at Brampton Brick plant at present.

Mr. and Mrs. Vanderliet and daughter of Toronto spent the week end at their summer home.

Mr. Taylor of Toronto, has had his residence here on Main Street wired for the hydro. Let there be light!

Frank Merwick has arrived home from the tobacco plant at Delhi.

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