

Benny's Pop

By LILLIAN AUSTIN
McClure Newspaper Syndicate
WNU Features.

JIM PAYTON felt compassion for the small, grief-stricken boy who had come to him seeking aid. "Get hold of yourself, Benny, and tell me what's happened," he advised.

"They stole Daisy," Benny managed to say between sobs.

"Who did?" Jim prompted. "Them new folks on the Berkeley place. They was lookin' at her last night, and they say they wants to buy and I's scared then they's fixin' to swipe her. When I come from school they is talkin' to my pop 'bout a barbecue up to their place tonight, and this mornin' she's gone and Pop say he don't know nothin' 'bout it, but he do. She's over there, I see her and I tell 'em she's my pig and they laugh and say, 'Call the sheriff. They know he ain't listen to me and iffen he do Daisy's gonna be et time he git here.'"

"We'll see about that right now," Jim promised.

Backing the truck over the narrow culvert into the highway, Jim recalled that agonizing moment weeks before when Baby Sue had toddled into the driveway behind him and Helen came running from the porch screaming, "Stop! Stop!" and he jammed on brakes. Benny idling near had seen the danger and dragged the little one to safety.

In gratitude to the boy for his courage and foresight, Jim had offered him anything he desired and that was when the black and white short changed hands and became Daisy. Since that day the thin youngster never left their door hungry. Jim and Helen had even attempted the reformation of Bill Reed, Benny's father.

"You're to let me do the talking," Jim explained before they reached the Berkeley place.

"Yes, sir," Benny held his head high, proud of his importance in being a friend like Mr. Payton.

Benny it was amazing the way the folks did things. Mr. Payton merely said he had come for Benny's pig, then loaded her and drove off. "Mr. Jim, they ain't make no trouble, 'cause they's scared of you, but dat ain't gonna keep 'em from doin' it again."

"You can stop worrying," Jim assured him. "We don't tolerate thieves in this neighborhood. They'll be moving on as soon as the owner learns of the trouble they've made, and I'll see to that personally this afternoon."

Jim put Daisy back with his own hogs until it would be safe to take her to Reed's place again. He wouldn't allow Benny to go home but kept him occupied all day, and after supper he put up a cot for the boy in the garage.

Benny hadn't been asleep long when his father came looking for him. He knocked at the door of the screened-in porch and removed his hat when Helen came out of the kitchen. "Scuse me, Miss Helen, I's a lookin' for Benny," he said humbly.

"I'm really sorry for you, Bill," she told him, "but we've tried to help you and you wouldn't listen to us. I'm afraid Benny isn't your boy now."

"How come he ain't? He belong to me. He's really got a right to take 'em."

"Oh, yes they have, Bill. The state can take any child, if he's not getting proper care."

Bill was frightened. "Honest, Miss Helen, I ain't never raise my hand to that young 'un, and does you dop the get him back I ain't mess no no' wif new folkses till I know is they trash or is they aint."

"I wish we could help you, Bill, but I'm afraid it's out of our hands now."

"What they do wif him?" Bill asked haltingly.

"Take him to the orphans' home. But you needn't fret. Some nice family will adopt him, people who'll appreciate a bright boy like Benny."

Bill's shoulders drooped as he shuffled hopelessly away.

"I'm out of patience with the man," Helen told Jim, "still, I can't help feeling sorry for him. You'd better see if Benny is asleep. I wouldn't want the child to suffer for his father's shortcomings."

In the garage Jim looked at the empty cot. His guest had vanished. "I imagine he heard the conversation and went home but I'd better make sure," he told Helen.

Everything was quiet at Reed's shack, and Bill's face was expressionless as he looked straight at Jim and declared he had not seen Benny since morning.

"It's too bad he ran away from you after we'd made up our minds to give you one more chance," Jim said loudly.

"I's here, Mr. Payton," Benny ducked under his father's elbow and bobbed up on the doorstep, facing Jim.

"Do you see?" Jim pretended surprised. "When you have told us they's gone, Benny?" he asked.

"Yes, they's gone when I was at school. I's here now, but I's scared they's gonna get me. I's scared they's gonna get me."



ENCORE

Histrionic excellence is the reputation that John Drainie won for himself in radio drama in Vancouver, his home town, and which he has maintained ever since his move east to Toronto as CBC announcer in 1943. Now free lancing, he has starred in many of radio's most notable plays and currently is narrator on the "Electric Hour" Mondays, at 8 p.m. over the CBC Dominion network.



JOLLY MILLER

It's the fifth year for Alan Savage with "Jolly Miller Time," the CBC radio-Canada network musicale that goes on the air Wednesdays at 8 p.m.

CARD OF THANKS

I would like to thank employees of Provincial Paper, Lorne Scots W. A., Firemen and other organizations and friends for parcels and cigarettes sent to me while serving overseas.—C.B.M. C. P. Davies

CARD OF THANKS

Pte. Norman Barker would like to thank those who sent parcels and cigarettes to him during his service with the army overseas.

LOCAL BREEDERS PROMINENT AT OAKVILLE SALE

Local breeders were prominent both as buyers and sellers at the third annual All-Canadian Holstein Sale held recently at Oakville. Max Greenberg, Freeman, bought three head for a total of \$2,250, paying \$1,325 to Dyment Bros., Jerseyville, for a two-year-old daughter of the \$14,100 Montvic Renown, \$575 to Rockwood Holsteins, St. Norbert, Manitoba, for a two-year-old heifer, and \$350 to Oliver J. Wright, Conestogo, for a yearling heifer. W. S. Hall, Oakville, bought the two year old heifer, Strathaven Juliette, from Jus. R. Henderson, Portsmouth, paying \$1,400. "Juliette" is a well-bred individual in calf to Bonniwick Sovereign, Junior and Reserve Grand Champion at Kempsville Championship Show this year that Henderson bought as a calf at the All-Canadian Sale last year for \$3,000.

E. J. Meagher, Oakville, paid \$625 for a seven months old heifer consigned by Geo. O. Jackson, Downsview. Mrs. Anne Meagher, Oakville, secured a yearling heifer of Abegweit breeding for \$775. H. G. Lyons, Norval, bought a yearling bull at \$675 from R. Norman Hogg, Uxbridge. W. P. Laidlaw & Sons, Norval, received \$725 for a four year old; Elmer Carney, Georgetown, \$575 for a three year old; W. L. McClure, Norval, \$500 for a two year old heifer; and Robinson Bros., Georgetown, \$300 for a yearling heifer.

FLOWERS

For Every Occasion
DESIGN WORK A SPECIALTY

We Deliver
Norton Floral
Phone 315 — Georgetown

'Sigh' Chology

By RUTH MAGUIRE
McClure Syndicate—WNU Features.

"THERE must be a kink in my personality somewhere," Judy decided.

"You must be more aggressive," Pat Lanning advised. "Stare people in the eye like a—"

"Lion tamer?" Judy interposed.

"Sure, same principle. Now you take this fellow, Glenn Dale, who wrote that book 'Personality Plus'; he's a guy who knows his way about. He says, 'The world reflects your estimation of yourself and treats you accordingly.' In other words, if you act like a mouse you'll be treated like one."

"And what is the fate of a mouse," moaned Judy, "but to be caught in a trap!" Then there she determined not to be snared by her own personality, not if she had to develop the stare of Cantor and the shoulders of Tommy Harmon. And she would buy a copy of Glenn Dale's masterpiece to boot!

Whenever there was a crowd waiting for a bus, an elevator or a streetcar Judy was always the last to get on—even though she was the first to arrive on the spot. Sometimes the bus or elevator door would be shut right in her face. Often she railed at fate for making her a first-shall-be-last instead of a last-shall-be-first type like Pat Lanning. Pat was a diminutive, barely five-foot-four genius of mental giant who was going to conquer the world. Crowds melted like snow when he waded through subway traffic or tried to get off a crowded trolley.

Today, Judy resolved, gripping her pocketbook, her commuter's pass and Glenn Dale's best seller tightly in her left arm and giving



"Good book?" he asked.

the only other occupant of the station platform her special interpretation of a lion tamer's stare, I will be first! She stood tense and ready for action.

The train hove in sight and stopped with an asthmatic puff opposite Judy as she stood, waiting to spring into action. Then, for no apparent reason, the locomotive shuddered convulsively, sighed and hiccoughed itself several yards down the platform.

He seemed to have a forgiving disposition for he stood patiently, hat in hand, while Judy, with another glare entirely out of proportion to the courtesy extended her, stalked away menacingly and entered or appeared to enter the train. She was in that state that most women will recognize instantly and sympathetically. With one foot on the step she had attempted to propel herself into the yawning doorway by a gigantic push with the toe of her left shoe. But that toe had unknowingly jammed itself into a wad of gum parked there, no doubt, by some unpatricheer who had hoarded an unladylike or ungentelemanly mouthful. Her shoe was sucked off, Judy was left dangling by hand-power alone, her packages and equilibrium equally upset. For her stockinged foot had somehow found its balance in the overcoat pocket of the would-be passenger behind her.

Several minutes later a bewildered Judy realized that she had been hurled into the car, her scattered belongings returned to her and that her shaking hand was clinging to a strap. Her erstwhile rescuer hung on to the strap beside her. "Good book?" he asked.

"I'm going to donate it to the first ash can I see."

"I didn't care for it either. Good enough psychology but never worked for me. Just let me try to be a bombshell with my personality and bloozy—I am trampled on."

"You've read the book, then?" "Yes, and until now," he looked into her eyes until Judy blushed. "I've felt that it was a waste of time."

Judy sighed and relaxed, recognizing in her companion a kindred spirit. He was another first-shall-be-last! Chameleonlike, Judy's personality returned to its own sweet sunshine and her companion basked in the warmth of her ready smile. One can hardly stand on ceremony with a man who has had one's foot in his pocket. "Perhaps," he suggested some twenty stations later, "we might salvage some good from the purchase price of that volume if we discussed it at dinner?"

"I'd love it," Judy beamed. "Mr. Dale," he replied, "Glenn Dale, forever at your service!"



This picture, taken from the cover of the 1945 Georgetown Fall Fair prize list, shows the fine Holstein herd of Dr Paul Beer, who farms on the Fifth Line of Esquesing. The picture is one of many fine "shots" taken of rural Georgetown, by our camera enthusiast, W. E. Nodwell, Secretary of the Board of Trade.

LIMEHOUSE

A capacity crowd attended the opening of Limehouse Memorial Hall on Friday evening. Following the doxology, hot suppers were served by the W.I. to over two hundred and fifty after which Mrs. Ellerby called the local returned lads to the platform where Mr. John Newton presented each with his membership card. The list included Samson Glsby, William Summers, Dennis Hill, Ronald Davies, Ronald Latimer, Robert McVey, Alex. Wright, Norman McDonald, Lorne Norton, John Fox, Angus McDonald and Clifford McDonald. Two minutes silence was observed in memory of two lads who had made the supreme sacrifice overseas.

The W.I. president, Mrs. J. L. Eller, by regretted that speakers who had been invited were unable to be present. After the singing of O Canada, the floor was cleared for dancing, and proceedings turned over to Barden's Orchestra and Mr. R. L. Davidson, floor manager, until the National An. them brought the good time to a close long past midnight.

Visitors to the village and to attend

the opening events were present from Toronto, Milton, Acton, Georgetown, Ballinafad, Glen Williams, Stewartown and other parts of the surrounding countryside.

Christmas boxes valued at \$5.30 and weighing 8 pounds were mailed to each of seven local lads still overseas with the armed services.

Miss Ruddell and her pupils at S. S. No. 9 are busily preparing for their annual Christmas entertainment.

Mrs. Copley spent the week end with the Nobles. Mrs. Orr who is recuperating from a recent operation visited the Nobles and Meredith's.

Mr. Alex. Wright was home from Toronto for the week end.

Mr. Heatherington, fieldman for the Federation of Agriculture, showed 3 films to an appreciative audience last Wednesday evening. Afterwards the community welcomed home three more of the boys from the armed forces. Flat tins of cigarettes were presented to Lorne Norton and Clifford McDonald and a box of chocolates to John Fox, who doesn't smoke. Lunch was served after which dancing was enjoyed for an hour.



SUNDAY CALLEE

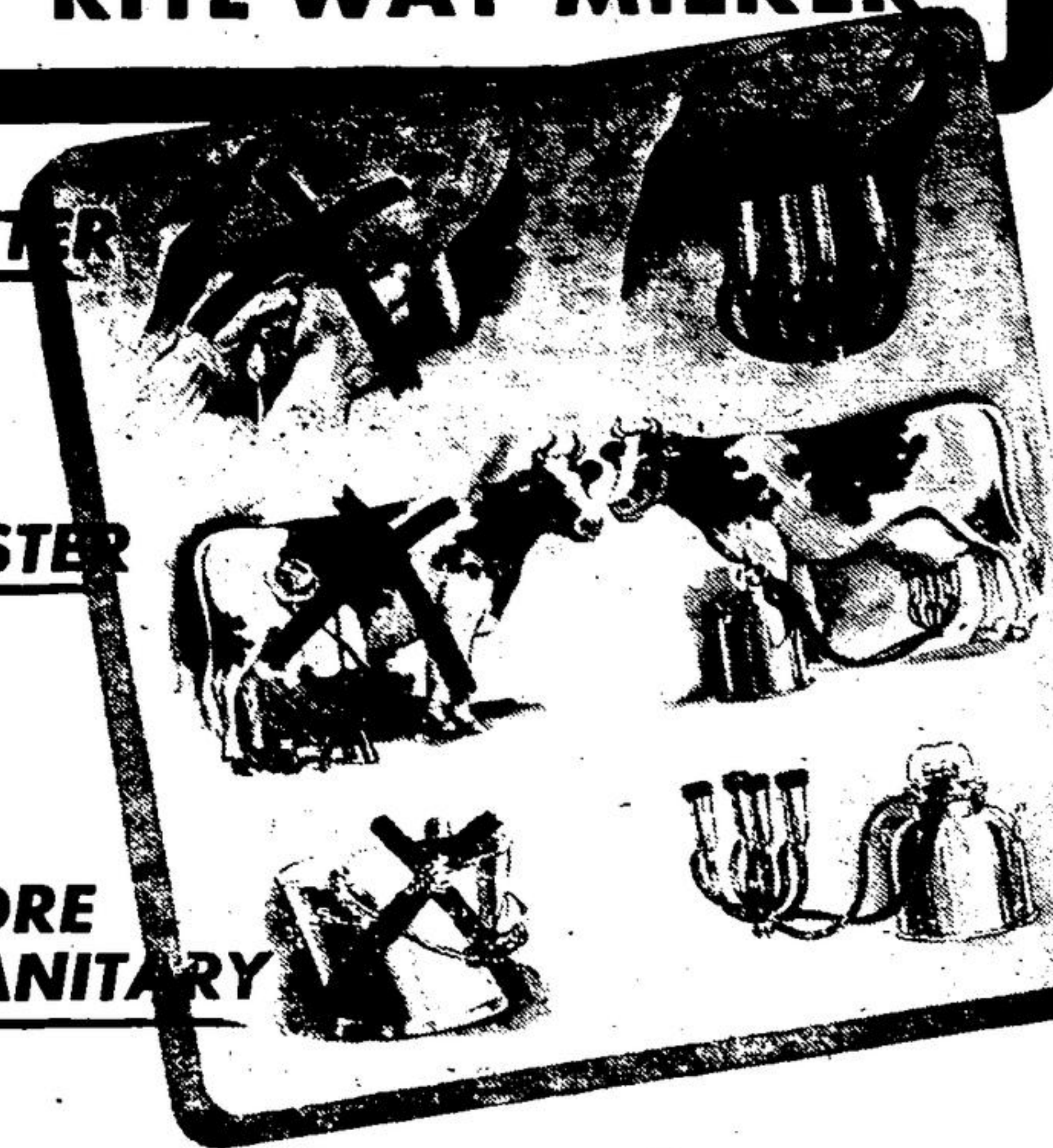
Britain's globe-trotting multi-linguist, William Holt, is a familiar personality to thousands of Canadian radio listeners. He speaks on Sundays at 6:55 p.m. CBC.

SWITCH NOW to the Easy Way With the MASSEY-HARRIS RITE-WAY MILKER

BETTER

FASTER

MORE SANITARY



● Earn more money per cow—save more time per day—reduce labor costs by more than half—by milking your cows the easy way—the profitable way—with the Massey-Harris Rite-Way Milker.

Now is the time to switch from the tedious, unprofitable, unsanitary hand milking methods of by-gone days. See your Massey-Harris dealer today. Let him show you the superior engineering features of the Massey-Harris Rite-Way.

MASSEY-HARRIS COMPANY LIMITED

THE SERVICE MARK OF THE CANADIAN