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Now Is the Time

By JOHN BROBERG
 McClure-Brown and Scudlark
 WSN Features

VIRGINIA sat at her desk just outside the boss's office and bit her nails furiously to keep from biting them. In a few minutes a strange anonymous voice would call her on the telephone. A man had called every day for a month, ever since her first day on the job. He always wanted the next time—the second. That was

Who was he? Virginia didn't have the ghost of an idea, and her anxiety was rapidly becoming a cat. It was the timing that was responsible. The call came at the same time each day, just at five minutes before the five o'clock whistle.

Virginia had once read a mysterious story about a man who was driven stark mad by water falling on his head drop by drop. Perhaps the unknown was trying to drive her crazy, even if it took a couple of years. At this rate, she thought bitterly, it wouldn't take that long. And suddenly she made up her mind to find out who was at the other end of the line, no matter what the consequences.

Mr. Harsh had warned her repeatedly not to ask questions, only to answer them. He was president of the plant and hated gossips. But, Virginia argued, what if the strange caller was a saboteur? The thought frightened her. She had been over all this before. Once she even dreamed it had happened. All the buildings, with their precious war output, their peacetime production plans, were flying in the air through pink glare of fire and lurid puffs of smoke. She, her desk and her typewriter were tumbling in the sky in a clutter of lunch buckets, workers and machines. And Mr. Harsh was there, too, sitting on his desk shaking his fist angrily at her. It was all her fault. She had returned to earth with a jolt, awakened in a dither.

Suddenly she knew what to do. She would tell Mr. Harsh and let him worry about it. Then, if some day the plant was blown up at 4:55, she wouldn't be to blame.

She put her nail file in her desk drawer, shoved back her chair and marched resolutely up to the door marked PRESIDENT. For a moment she hesitated, then knocked loudly. A voice boomed, "Yes?" And she walked in.

Mr. Harsh glowered at her. "Yes, Miss Black?" he said impatiently.

Virginia bolstered her courage with a deep breath. The story came out in a rush. At first Mr. Harsh seemed bored, then he sat up straight. "Well," he said, chewing his cigar, "that's very interesting. Same time each day, huh? Tell you what. When he rings up today, if he does, let me speak to him. Transfer the call to me."

Virginia was greatly relieved. She felt very patriotic when she sat down at her desk and looked at the clock. It was 4:50—five minutes to go. The hands had never moved so slowly. She had work to do, but she just couldn't put her mind on it. She watched the clock—and waited.

The hands crept on slowly, inexorably. And just as the minute hand touched 4:55 the bell rang shrilly. Never before had it sounded so loud. Virginia's hand trembled as she lifted the receiver.

"Mr. Harsh's office," she said, her voice sounding to her ears like the screech of a terrified bird. At the other end the deep masculine voice with an alien accent asked the same question it had asked for two months. "Say—what time is it by your clock?"

Quickly, without answering, she pressed a button—kept the receiver at her ear.

She heard the click in Mr. Harsh's office, and then his voice. "Hello," he said calmly.

The man repeated, "Say—what time is it by your clock?"

"Who the devil is this?" Mr. Harsh roared.

"This is the power plant. I call every day at this time to check with your clock so that I can blow the whistle at the right time. My watch ain't too accurate."

Mr. Harsh groaned. Virginia went limp. Then her boss began to laugh. She could hear him through the partition as she put the hand set back on its cradle. Then the door marked PRESIDENT opened and Mr. Harsh appeared, his face red as the sun. "Virginia," he inquired politely, trying hard to keep his face straight, "is our clock right today?"

Virginia went crimson to the roots of her hair. She had never felt quite so foolish in all her life. "I think so, Mr. Harsh," she stammered. "You see I've always checked it by the five o'clock whistle."

Japs Control Disease
 Until the turn of the century, armies invariably lost four times as many men from disease as from weapons. These figures appalled the Japanese government, which sent thousands of young Japanese all over the world to study sanitation. The report of the Japanese army at the end of the Russo-Japanese war showed the wisdom of this policy. Seven per cent had died in battle, 15 per cent from disease.

**Vernon McArthur Elected President
 Crop Improvement Association**

The Court Room at Milton was well filled last Saturday for the Annual Meeting of the Hutton Crop Improvement Association. C. L. S. Palmer, President of the Association, was in charge of the meeting. Secretary Whitlock's report revealed an active program of tests and demonstrations. These included tests in liming on 15 different farms; tests with rock phosphate vs. superphosphate and lime on 5 farms; tests with Beachville limestone vs. Dundas lime on 2 farms; top dressing of alfalfa with various fertilizer combinations together with lime and boron; demonstrations with chemical weed killers both pre-emergent and when the corn was 12 to 15 inches in height on 5 farms; replicated variety tests with oats, barley, and haying corn on 5 farms; demonstration pastures; a Boys' Grain Club with Certified Beaver oats; top dressing of fall wheat with ammonium nitrate on four farms.

Some excellent reports were presented by a number of co-operators these included Douglas Currie, on the results of replicated variety test with Oats and Barley. These revealed that the Roxton, Beaver, Erban and Ajax are the top yielders of the day. It was, however, pointed out by Mr. Currie that Roxton, while a good yielder, produces the most straw and is approximately 10 days to 2 weeks later in maturity than Alaska. The other three varieties are medium requirements on the average farm a little better than Roxton. Among the barleys Vantage and Byng were the top yielders, with the former much stronger in the straw.

Ward King of Trafalgar Township reported excellent results from breaking up of creek flats and re-seeding to a mixture of recommended grasses and clovers. L. DeVries of Georgetown gave an excellent resume of his experience in liming over a period of years.

Alex McLaren, chairman of the Committee on Agriculture and Re-forestation for the 1948 Council gave a comprehensive report on the activities of the new Committee on Conservation, their plans for 1949—and requested the cooperation of the large audience in speeding up the programme for the conserving of soil, water and trees. During the course of the meeting several of the speakers urged the necessity of building up the organic matter content of the soils of the county as a means of improving yields and improving the water holding capacity. It was the general feeling that greater use of the grass seed box at seeding time was advisable—in short, increased seeding down to clovers with the subsequent plowing down of clover as a green manure crop, offered the best solution.

W. E. Breckon of Freeman was the chief speaker taking as his subject, "Present Day Trends in Production and Marketing." During his address Mr. Breckon expressed himself as opposed to subsidies; government boards in charge of buying and selling; the policy of guaranteed prices, etc. which in his opinion places the whole price structure on a false bottom and also upsets the proper price relationship between various products. In referring to anticipated surpluses of certain products, the speaker intimated that he did not anticipate lower prices in the immediate future and made it very clear that decreased production was not the solution. Such a policy he pointed out, could only result in increased cost of production per unit. "Grow the crops for which your land is best suited," stated Mr. Breckon. To illustrate his point he referred to his own experience during the past 4 or 5 years with husking corn. As a result of his experience Mr. Breckon is convinced that husking corn is not a satisfactory crop on heavy clay land. In stressing the necessity for selecting the varieties best suited to one's farm, he again referred to his experience with both Dawson's Golden Chaff and Cornell Winter Wheats. The latter he stated under his conditions had outyielded Dawson's by 5 bus. per acre.

In concluding his address the speaker emphasized the necessity of lowering our cost of production and producing in sufficient quantity to warrant the use of labour saving equipment. "In other words," stated Mr. Breckon, "Price alone won't save us. The amount we produce or ship is as important as price."

The election of the officers and directors resulted as follows:
 The election of the officers and directors resulted as follows:
 President—V. E. McArthur, Milton; vice president, C. F. Pickett, Georgetown; secretary-treas, J. E. Whitlock; Directors, Trafalgar—Frank Hall, J. H. Willmott, W. G. Booth and C. H. Lawrence; Esquesing, Robt. Miller, T. J. Brownridge, and John Bird; Nelson, W. E. Breckon and C. L. S. Palmer; Nassagaweya, A. Diamond, Lloyd Crawford and J. McPhall; Auditor—H. C. Morris, Milton.

AN ANNIVERSARY

Built on the edge of the city's rim,
 Roses around the door,
 To the little white cottage with
 flower beds trim
 Came, faintly, the city's roar,
 A man and woman, hair of grey,
 Sat in the sunset's glow,
 Taking her hand he had this to say,
 As they dreamed of the long ago.
 "Memories throng, my thoughts
 they stray
 Back through a misty tide
 away
 Of fleeting years that have slipped
 Since first you were my bride.
 Sweetheart, wife and mother true,
 Sharing my every load,
 Dauntless, though grey the skies or
 blue,
 Climbing the uphill road.
 Oh for a gift, the words to pen,
 That would tell of my debt to thee;
 Down through the years that have
 flown since then,
 Sailing life's storm tossed sea,
 And our thanks, to Him, from you
 and me,
 He who will understand,
 Who holds all life and the stormy
 sea
 In the hollow of His hand.
 Sweetheart of mine, inspiring hope
 When hopeless looked the hill,
 Now we drift down the western
 slope,
 But you are my sweetheart still!"
 And she said "Tonight as memories
 stray
 In the sunset's crimson glow,
 To me they have flown like a
 summer day,
 Those fifty long years we know."
 Bill Taylor, Water St.



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