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The Morning Is Near Us

By Susan Gaspell

Perhaps that feeling - not being wanted, would leave her now, for now she was wanted. Her father wanted her to come home or he would not have left things as he had. Of course she didn't understand her being summoned back any more than she had understood her being kept away. There must be a reason.

She had felt more than ever alone after Aunt Jennifer's death and that was why she had gone to the country to live with Henri. She had thought they were going to be married, but as they were about ready to leave Paris he said, in his light and charming way - she admired his ease about everything. "Lydia darling, I thought my divorce was going through, but Adele is holding it up. We won't let her defraud us, will we?" He seemed to want her so much, and no one else wanted her; he was lonely too, or said so, and these things were all packed - not serious enough, perhaps, for going with him. But when he put it so lightly, so reasonably, she didn't want to make a fuss; and she did want to be with him. Life was gay when she was with Henri, and what difference did it make to anyone else how she lived?

Six months with Henri and then one day he said, lightly as he said everything else: "You're an awful fraud, aren't you, Lydia?"

She was startled, and then at once this seemed part of all she did not know about herself. "I do not think I am a fraud," she said. "You cheat, don't you, Lydia?"

"Oh, no! she cried.

"Oh, yes! You belie your looks. Now is that fair?"

Laughing a little at her bewilderment, "Look at you. Hidden fires, you say to a man's blood. Secrete. A gift. Well, darling, where are the hidden fires?"

"You think - something is wrong with me?"

"That's it - something is wrong with you. You are too pure. You are cold - though I don't think you are really cold. But guarded - withdrawn. And you look as if underneath the reserve there waited - waited to flame and leap - his voice was less light, was almost harsh. "You don't even know what I'm talking about, do you?"

She was stunned. She hadn't known she seemed afraid with Henri. She had felt lighter with him - almost merry. She liked their gay meals and the trips they took and all his fooling. It had seemed to release her from something. In these months she had thought less about the things that troubled her. But it seemed they had been there, just the same. She had thought she loved him - though gayly, and it had been good to be gay, and it had been good to be gay.

Henri was tired of her; it wasn't his fault, he couldn't help it if he was tired of her. So one day she said, "I think I will go to Greece." She had thought of Greece only as she said it. She must get away again. Farther away.

"Little Lydia is going in for the classics," he said.

So she had been a good deal in that part of the world - Greece, Egypt, Turkey, Arabia, sometimes with English or Germans or French - archeologists, people there on business or traveling for pleasure. One year she had a little house near Smyrna. She liked it there, it seemed another life; she liked the donkeys and the goats, liked the peasants and the fig tree in her yard, the almond tree and the olive grove behind.

In Smyrna he joined some people who were sailing among the Greek islands. She stayed for a time on the island of Andros, and there took Koula. After she had Koula, and must consider

Hunters' Corner

(Continued from Page 18)

partment to Port Joli to obtain a first hand count of the approximate number of geese wintering there. The time was mid winter and the geese season had been long since closed in areas outside the Sanctuary. He was accompanied by a friend who was familiar with the district and the narrow twisting trails that interwove through the 'Goose Hills'.

He had made his count, which was in the thousands and was on his way out as he didn't want night to overtake him and his friend in this lonely winter wilderness. The road was narrow and only in certain spots where the trees thinned back from the trail was it possible for two cars to pass. They were a few miles from the goose grounds when suddenly around a bend in the evergreen encompassed track they almost bumped fenders with a big limousine.

My friend immediately sensed something trouble... for what other reason would a car load of hunters be heading for the goose grounds so late in the afternoon. The Limousine held three Halifax gunners equipped in the latest of outdoor hunting clothes. With them was a local Guide who bore a rather bad reputation in respect to his regard for closed seasons. In response to his query: "What are you hunting?" The answer was "Rabbits". A search of the car disclosed no game of any kind either furred or feathered but... my friend did find a case (500 rounds) of Imperial 2's along with the latest in hammerless 12 gauge shot-guns.

Asked why they drove over 200 miles to this forsaken spot, passing better rabbit grounds on the way, one of the hunters simply shrugged: "We like the fresh air" was his non-committal reply. Paraphrased as the explanation was there was much to be done about it. The only inconvenience the party of hunters suffered was to back their limousine a half mile till they reached a spot where the game car could pass.

That's the way it is in this province. To find out what's going on in the great outdoors one has to get out on the ground at all times and in out of the way places and find out for oneself. Last Sunday afternoon I was doing some scouting across the Hillsboro river. It was a peach of a day, calm and sunshiny. At about 10 minutes to four I turned the car at Gault's Road a short distance east of O'Keefe's Lake. The snow covered trail stretching southward through the winter woods beckoned to me and I yielded to the temptation for a stroll.

I had walked maybe a quarter mile when I heard the calling of wildgeese. I knew the birds were on the ground as their calling held at alarmed note like the way geese will call when alarmed at the approach of someone and about to take flight. I figured they were about a mile off to the Southeast at an angle to my right. It was hard to place the location with any certainty as the intervening distance was covered with a heavy stand of spruce.

I got the location better a moment later when the hollow BOOM of a shotgun sounded on the clear frosty air and the calling of the geese rose in a steady crescendo of wild music... they were on the wing. Season later, about the time it would take for a gurner to fumble in his pocket for another shell, came a second report. I could trace the course of the geese Northeastward by their calling. I could tell it was a big flock by the volume of honking. The crying of the geese became fainter and by the time I reached the car it had died out.

The old Chev got such a surprise when I gave her the gas she thought for a minute she was a bringing up a child, she thought anew of herself as a child, and it made acute all the old homesickness. She terribly wanted to be - not so far away. So she joined the Prestons, archeologists who were going to Yucatan. It was the closest she could come to going home. At least the ocean would not be between.

To be continued

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I had no better luck around the Hermitage Station area. I talked to 5 different farmers, men who I later learned, whose farms were almost in the path of the geese, but none of them would admit seeing or hearing geese. I must have had a mean look in my eye.

It was not until the next morning I found that the flock of geese, 70 of them by actual count, had taken the course I had figured they would. Information can be surprisingly hard to pick up sometimes. Once I was sure of the line of flight it was just a matter of time till I located the field they were feeding in. I checked it on Thursday afternoon. It was an out-of-the-way woods surrounded by a stack of grain that had blown off. Some of the sheaves that dotted the field had been picked to pieces by the hungry geese.

I also learned that two shots had been fired at this same field on the previous afternoon (Wednesday) and 40 birds in each were seen flying in a southerly direction away from the feeding ground.

The gunner on Sunday had broken two laws. The one under the Provincial Game Act which prohibits shooting on Sunday and the Federal Migratory Birds Act that protects waterfowl in close season. The question is: Why should anyone wish to shield a double law breaker? Our wildlife belongs to all. It stands in need of protection and unless the general public co-operate more closely with enforcement officers the handwriting is on the wall in respect to our geese and ducks. Never were truer words spoken: "As a man soweth so shall he also reap."

We had a good crop of geese and ducks this past season but what guarantee is there that we'll have the same good sport in 1950? The northern hatch of ducks saved the day this past season in respect to this province. It also filled in for the sister province of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. A check of game bags in these two provinces last fall by game officials showed that approximately 9 out of 10 ducks exported were young of the year. That gives cause for deep thought. If that ratio is ever changed the other way around—where are we at?

Back Stretch

(Continued from Page 18)

ert Morris. Joe denied all Cameron's statements, stating that he had driven his race in proper manner and that he was not responsible for Cameron's horse making a break. As the judges had not seen anything untoward in the conduct of Driver O'Brien the appeal of Octave Blake was dismissed and the judges decision upheld.

The 40-day race meet at Hollywood Park, Cal. was concluded on Saturday, Dec. 3rd. In conversation with the manager, Bernard Kearney who is a Director of the U.S.T.A. he said he was much pleased and that it could be considered a success financially and in every other way. The largest attendance was on the closing meet when 13,236 people paid admission. The racing was good and in some classes the competition was so keen that only photo finishes could separate the leading horses. Everything passed off well and the horsemen who raced there all got a good slice of money and were happy with the arrangements made for their comfort and convenience.

The top driver was Clint Hodgins, a Canadian, who drove 24 winners, and the top trotter of the meeting was Dunbar Bostwick's Chris Spencer that won the \$50,000 Golden West Trot and set up a new track record of 2:38 4/5 for the one and one-quarter mile. He also won from the same field at a mile and one-half, setting up a new track mark of 2:07 1/5. The trotter Egan Hanover added another world mark to his string when he went a mile and one eighth in 2:15 4/5 in winning the Preview Trot. Dem-

but made good use of those he drove.

The three year old Good Time paced the fastest mile for a three year old in Western United States in winning the \$10,000 Western Pace in 1:59 2/5. Honors for the best aged horse went to Jerry The First, the young pacing stallion owned by Eddie Cobb and Jerry Burdick. Trained and driven in all his races by Cobb, Jerry set a new world's record and a new track mark before leaving for the

Cobb Farm in Ohio. Jerry set a new track record of 2:31 in winning the mile and one-quarter \$50,000 Golden West Pace, and set his first world record in an overnight free for all pace when he went a mile and one-sixteenth in 2:07 3/5. He followed that with a new world mark of 3:06 3/5 in a mile and one-half feature. His final win was the \$50,000 Invitation meet on the last day of the races. He won the one and one-eighth miles in 2:18 3/5. Dr. Stanton was second and Indian Land third.

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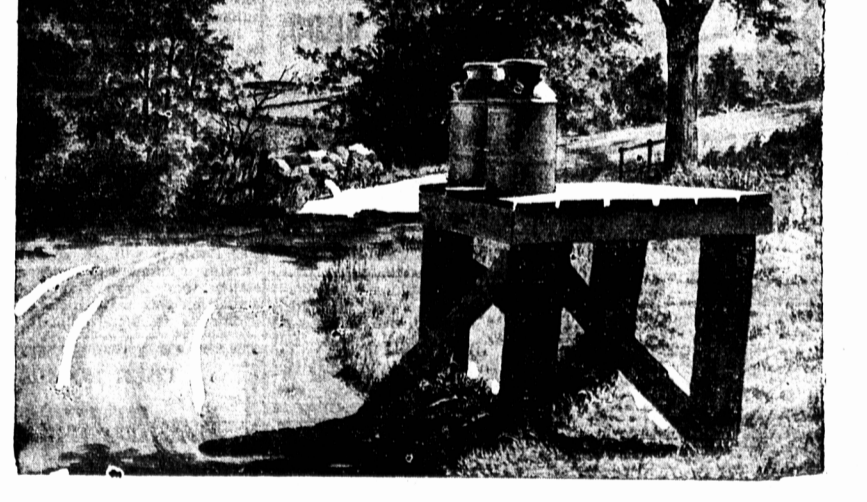
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