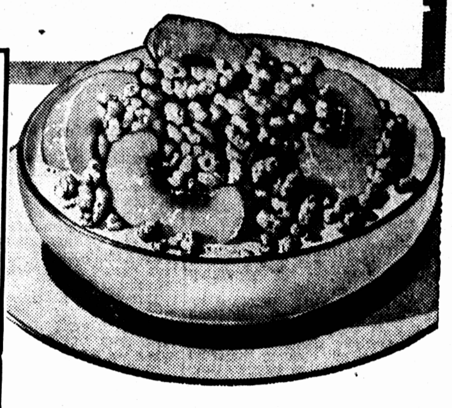
How to SAVE TIME any time of the day!



SAVE TIME, WORK, FUEL! Kellogg's delicious cereals are ready to eat. No cooking, no pots or pans to wash up.

MAKE OTHER FOODS GO FARTHER! Delicious in meat loaves, as 'crusts' to meat pies. 'Dresses up' wartime recipes.

HELP KIDDIES GET MORE MILK! Children need more than a pint of milk every day. They will readily eat milk with Kellogg's delicious cereals.

MODERN DAYS DEMAND MODERN MEALS

. . . you don't want to waste a single minute with *unnecessary* tasks. That's why thousands of families count on Kellogg's Cereals for fast, easy-to-fix breakfasts, lunches, suppers—ready in a few seconds. And do they taste grand! Just try Rice Krispies, for instance. Like all Kellogg's delicious ready-to-serve cereals they only take a jiffy to serve . . . leave no dirty pots or pans to wash up, and with milk and fruit make a fine meal for young and old. Make it a rule to have a package or two of *different* Kellogg's cereals always on hand.

Here are mellow, golden bubbles of wholesome rice, toasted to a perfection of crispness. Hear them sing —snap! crackle! pop! the moment you pour on milk or cream.

SO CRISP THEY C-R-A-C-K-L-E IN CREAM

PEP: THE BETTER BRAN FLAKES

THE HE-MAN CEREAL WITH THE HE-MAN FLAVOUR

THE SHREDDED CEREAL WITH THE EXCLUSIVE FLAVOUR

Steinbeck Lets a Soldier Talk And Watches a Hand Recover

Hospitalized Man's Arm Is Crooked and His Fingers Hooked Helplessly, But He Tries to Build a Model Plane as He thinks of Being a Cripple

(Special to the Herald Tribune and Charlottetown Guardian. Copyright 1943)

By John Steinbeck

LONDON — The soldier wears a maroon bathrobe and pyjamas and slippers, the uniform of the Army hospital. He is a little pale and shaky, the way convalescents are. His left arm he carries crooked and righ, and the fingers of his left hand hook over helplessly. In front of him on a table is a half-built model of a Liberator. Not covered yet, but a mass of tiny struts and ribs and braces. And he has a sheet of balsa wood, stamped with the patterns, and he has a razor blade and a little bowl of blue, with a match sticking out of it.

"I got hurt in Africa," he says. "Got hit in the stomach, but they fixed that up pretty good." He holds up his left arm. "This is what bothers me," he says. "That was broke awful bad. I haven't been out of a cast long." He moves the fingers slightly. "Not much feeling in them," he says. "I can't make a fist. I can't grab ahold of anything. At least, I couldn't. It's kind of numb."

"I got hold of this model," he says. "I can hold things down with my hand, like this." He puts the side of his hand down on the sheet of balsa. "I did all of that with my right hand. I guess it's lucky I'm right-handed." He regards his left hand and moves the fingers. "The doctor says I'll be able to use it to grab hold of things if I just exercise it. But it's hard to exercise it when you can just barley feel it's there."

Unconscious Success

"A funny thing happened yesterday," he says. "Here. I'll show you the exact place." He takes a pencil and sticks it into the maze of tiny braces. "There, you see that piece in there? The one with the little pencil mark on it? I marked it so I'd remember which one it was.

"Yesterday I was trying to get that set in right, and you can see it's a hard place to get at. You've got to hold it here and work it up under. Well, I didn't even know I was doing it. I came to, and I was holding that little piece in my left hand." He regards the wizened finger with amagement. "I told the doctor about it and he said that was all right and I should try to use it every bit I could. Well, sir, when I think about it I can't do it. Not yet, anyway. Maybe I can later. A little bit at a time. I roll a pencil under my fingers. They say that's a good thing to do. I can feel it some, too."

He holds a sheet of balsa pattern down with the side of his left hand and with a razor blade carefully cuts out the tiny curved piece he is going to use next. It is an intricate piece, and his hand shakes a little, but the razor blade runs through on the black line, and he lifts the little piece free and puts it down on the table to apply a spot of blue to each end of it. Then carefully, with his right hand he sets the piece in its place. "I let my nails grow long," he says, "I can use my finger nails for lots of things." With the long finger nail of his right forefinger he scrapes off a little drop of glue that is squeezed out of the joint and wipes it on a piece of paper.

Fear of Being Crippled

"I'm worried about this hand," he says. "Of course, I guess I can get a job. I'm not worried about that so much. I can always get a job. But I've got to get this hand into shape so that it will grab ahead of things." He turns the model plane over and then studies the pattern sheet for the next piece. He is silent for a long time. "My wife knows I was hurt," he says. "She doesn't know how bad. She knows I'm going to get well all right and come home, but—she must be thinking pretty hard. I got to get that hand working. She wouldn't like a cripple with a hand that wouldn't work."

His eyes are a little feverish. "Well, how would you like a cropple to come home? What would you think about that?"

"It will always be a little crooked," he says, "but I wouldn't mind that so much if it worked. I don't think she would mind so much if it worked. She has got a job in a plane factory out on the cost—doing a man's work. She says she is doing fine and I'am not to worry. Here. I'll show you a picture of her." He reaches in his bathrobe pocket. "Where is it?" he says. "The nurse always take it off my stand and pults it in here." He puts his left hand in his pocket and brings out a little leather wallet. And suddenly he sees what he has done and the fingers relax and the wallet drops to the table. "'God Almighty!" he says. "Did you see that?" He looks at the crooked hand still suspended in the air. "That's twice in two days," he says softly. "Twice in two days."

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In Memoriam

MARTHA FANNY WOOD

There passed away to everlasting reward the soul of Mrs. Martha Fanny Wood, wife of the late Theophilus Wood who predeceased her some four years ago.

Mrs. Wood was possessed of a quiet and undemonstrative disposition, yet had very decided views of right and wrong and wore her religion as a mantle that did not change with every passing fancy.

She was very hospitable in her home, and the writer has many happy memories of her bounty.

Her illness was only of short duration and she was very active and possessed of all her faculties almost to the day of her death. She was born at Mount Albion Sept. 5th, 1859, the daughter of Charles Stewart and Sarah Horton and was in her 85th year.

There was born to Mr. and Mrs. Wood three children. Milton who lives in New Hampshire; Mary who predeceased her several years ago, and Wilfred on the comfortable homestead at Pownal.

Mrs. Wood had three brothers William, Peter, and Richard all of whom have passed away, and six sisters, viz:—Jessie Mrs. Leonard Wood; Mary, Mrs. Henry Wood, both of Southport; Belle, Mrs. Robert Irving; Annie, Mrs. Lincoln Irving; Sadie, Mrs. Robert May and Lottie, Mrs. Reany Jenkins who died many years ago.

About 20 years ago Mr. and Mrs. Wood sold their property at Village Green and purchased the splendid farm of his father (Edward Wood at Pownal) where they lived happily and prospered with their son Wilfred and his estimable wife until death claimed them.

One June 23rd the funeral service was conducted by her pastor Rev. D. K. Ross at the family residence. A special feature was "A Quartette" "The Old Wayside Cross" sung by Mrs. Marguerite Mutch, Soprano, Mrs. Frances MacRae, Alto, J. A. Moore, Tenor and Malcolm MacKinnon, Bass. This hymn was sung at Mr. Wood's funeral and was a great favorite of both of them.

The remains of this fine old lady were laid to rest beside those of her husband in Pownal Cemetery. The pall bearers were: W. H. Drake, Peter McKenna, Venanches Curley, Vernon Brehaut, Vernon Jenkins and Albert Bruce.

(Patriot please copy.)

CLINTON WOMEN'S INSTITUTE

The regular meeting of Clinton Women's Institute met at the home of Mrs. Ralph Heaney with 18 members and 7 visitors present. Meeting opened in the usual manner. The minutes of last meeting were read and approved. Library books were exchanged. One pair seaman's stockings, one pair seaman's socks, 5 pairs pyjamas, one khaki man's sweater, 2 women's dresses and 2 tuckins were handed in. The sum of $61.60 was sent for the Greek War Relief Fund from Clinton School District. Mrs. C. B. Goss and Mrs. Sterling MacKay were appointed on the District Convention executive. Mrs. Justin Woodside and Mrs. George Roley are to act as sick committee for three months. Sick committee reported one call made. It was decided to ask the R. C. A. F. to present their concert in Clinton hall. Programme committee for next meeting Mrs. Justin Woodside and Miss Vivian Woodside. Lunch, Mrs. Leslie Paynter, Mrs. Roy Woodside and Mrs. Mary Warren. Next meeting to be held at the home of Mrs. James MacKay on Monday, August 9th. Roll call to be answered by each member bringing their first picture.

Collection was taken amounting to $1.40. Programme consisted of a contest "Famous People" carried out by Mrs. William Warren and won by Mrs. C. B. Goss and Mrs. David O'Connor; also a "Girl's Name" contests carried out by Mrs. Wilfred Pickering and won by Miss Vivian Woodside and Mrs. Charles Woodside. Meeting closed by siging the National Anthem after which lunch was served by hostess and committee in charge.

GREENVALE SCHOOL

The following is the report for the month of June.

Grade X.—1, Lois Paul.
Grade IX.—1, Dorothy MacRae; 2, Arnold Moore.
Grade VIII.—1, Jean MacPherson; 2, Lillias Wonnacott; 3, Helen Martin.
Grade VI.—1, Edna Waye; 2, Melvin Carew.
Grade V.—1, Verna Martin.
Grade IV. Sr.—1, Sterling MacRae.
Grade IV. Jr.—1, Revel Newport.
Grade III.—Absent.
Grade II.—1, Eric Sentner.
Grade I. Sr.—1, Eleanor Brown; 2, Phyllis Martin.
Grade I. Jr.—1, Harold Martin.

The following prizes were awarded to the pupil having the highest average in each grade.

Grade X.—1, Lois Paul.
Grade IX.—1, Dorothy MacRae.
Grade VIII.—Jean MacPherson.
Grade VI.— Edna Waye.
Grade V.—Verna Martin.
Grade IV.—Sterling MacRae.
Grade III. (a)—Raymond Sentner.
Grade III. (b)—Wendall Stilliphant.
Grade II.—Eric Sentner.
Grade I.—for doing good work during the year—Eleanor Brown, Phyllis Martin, Harold Martin.

Prize for best attendance for the year awarded to Jean MacPherson.

Total sum invested in War Saving Stamps for the year—$51.75.

HAZELBROOK INSTITUTE

The July meeting met at the home of Mrs. Vernon Wood with an attedance of seven members. Meeting opened by singing O Canada followed by the Creed in unison. Minutes of last meeting were read and approved followed by roll call. It was decided that each member contribute an article for a four year old girl to be on display at the District Convention to be held at Mt. Herbert on July 27th. Mrs. Vernon Wood gave a very interesting report of the Annual Convention held in Charlottetown. Plans were made to spend a social evening at the new home of Mr. and Mrs. Kent Jones. This was followed by a demonstration given by Mrs. Seymour Myers on making lily cookies which was interesting to all present. Mrs. Seymour Myers invited next meeting. Roll call to be answered by a pickling recipe. Meeting closed by National Anthem after which a dainty lunch was served by the hostess.

(Patriot please copy.)

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CHARLOTTETOWN

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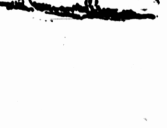

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