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MYSTERY SURGEON'S GIFT — Dr. Joseph Cyr of Grand Falls, N.B., displays on his desk otoscope and eye-examination instrument given him by Cecil B. Hamann last winter before Hamann — and Dr. Cyr's medical identification papers — vanished. Hamann has caused quite a stir as the mystery surgeon who has been performing remarkable operations in Korea.



Official picture of Surgeon Lieut. Cyr.

Phenomenal Success

Continued from page 9

In 1949, not only did the organization of R. T. Holman Limited suffer a severe loss when on the morning of March 23, 1949, word was received from Detona Beach, Florida, of the sudden passing of Mr. J. LeRoy Holman, but the town of Summerside and the Province of Prince Edward Island as well.

"In addition to his duties at the Holman organization, he held several important posts with Canadian and Maritime firms. He was director of the Bank of Canada and of the Hall Manufacturing Co. Ltd. In addition, he was also a director of the Central Trust Company of Canada, Ltd., a member of the Summerside Board of Trade, and was at one time president of the Maritime Board of Trade.

"About two years ago a new grocery store was established at the R.C.A.F. Station at St. Eleanor's. This store has been a great convenience for the 300 or more families of the Airforce personnel and the venture here has been highly successful. Late last year, a new store was opened here in Charlottetown which is known as Holman's Little Shop. This store caters to the ladies and teen age girls, dealing altogether in lines of Sportswear, dresses, lingerie, and accessories, and then again during

the past summer, we have opened another new Ladies Ready To Wear Store in New Glasgow, N.S.

Continued Expansion

"The founder of R. T. Holman Limited was undoubtedly a clever man and the business which he founded must have been a useful one to have endured so long and grown so well. The immensity of the Holman organization and the business that it has done down through the years can be imagined when the fact is made known that over 800 freight cars, containing all manner of products from all over the world are unloaded at Holman's warehouses each year. During the 94 years of its existence sufficient number of cars have been unloaded to encircle the world if put into one long freight train. This, however, is only a part of the volume of products which Holman's has brought to the people of this Province.

"R. T. Holman Limited, today, gives steady employment to over 300 persons and during special sales and the Christmas season this number is considerably increased. What organization have we on Prince Edward Island giving so much steady employment to so many people? And so, gentlemen, that brings us pretty well

up to date on the growth of the little acorn which Robert Holman planted 93 years ago."

Guests yesterday were Messrs. T. J. Inman, Bedeque, and J. F. McInnis, Summerside, President Dr. Sterling Giddings presided. Rotarian Dr. J. W. P. MacMillan spoke briefly at the conclusion of Rotarian Seller's remarks, to say that he had been dealing for the past 63 years with R. T. Holman Ltd. and could vouch for the integrity and fair dealing which has always been the policy of this firm. He remembered the founder Robert Tinson Holman, a little man about 5 feet 4 or 5 inches with a build resembling Napoleon Bonaparte. He was distinguished by a red beard and a small derby hat which he wore at an angle of 45 degrees on the back of his head. Rotarian MacMillan said that as a boy he had hauled all kinds of farm produce to Holman's and had yet to learn of an occasion when anyone had received anything but satisfaction from the firm.

LOWER FREETOWN W. I.

—The October meeting was held on Wednesday evening, Oct. 17th, at the home of Mrs. Henry Reeves. The president was in the chair and opened the meeting with the

"Ode", followed by the "Collect". Seventeen members answered roll call, and one visitor was present. All were glad to welcome Mrs. A. C. Gardiner who has returned from an extended visit to her daughter in British Columbia. After the reading of the minutes, correspondence was dealt with. It was agreed that the members should pay the extra ten cents membership fee for two years, as a contribution to the A. C. W. fund. An urgent request for helpers in Red Cross work was read, and materials will be sent for by Mrs. Frank Cairns. Two topics were chosen for study during the winter months, namely "Interior Decorating" and "Winter Meals for the Family".

It was decided that the treasurer should send for 35 boxes of Christmas cards.

The annual meeting will be held on Wednesday evening, Nov. 21st at the home of Mrs. Lloyd Burns. There will be a grab-bag at this meeting, and articles are not to exceed 35 cents in value. Collection amounted to \$1.02. Program committee being absent, meeting closed with "The King" and a dainty lunch was served by the hostess.

The last year of a century is leap year unless its number is divisible by 400.

The Birthday Murder

By Lange Lewis

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Part One

Richard Tuck, of the Los Angeles Homicide squad, was regarded by his colleagues as being a rather queer duck. Concerning his own understanding of crime, he possessed a humility against which their glib cynicism rang hollow and empty. He seemed careless of achieving a record for speedily winding up cases in which he was involved, and showed instead a disinclination to make an arrest without substantial evidence. The result of this odd quirk was that no case of his which had come to trial had ever been lost by the state. This gave him a definite standing with Gufferty, the head of the homicide squad and, which was more important, with the district attorney's office. A number of detectives were jealous of him. And yet his convincing unconcern robbed their jealousy of much point, and left many of them with a sense of most annoying frustration regarding all six feet five inches of Richard Tuck.

They could never understand why when violent death left its unusual haunts on the wrong side of the tracks and entered a home in Beverly Hills, a Los Angeles university or other such genteel places, it was Tuck whom Gufferty placed in charge, rather than one of themselves. It certainly wasn't that he was such a smooth man; he was a slow man, and his inevitable brown suit was apt to want pressing. He took down his own notes in a strange private shorthand. He was grudging in giving information to reporters, yet somehow managed to

retain their liking. They called him "The Moose." His final report of a case was long, involved, painstaking, watertight, and written in a flawless, if rather pedestrian, English prose.

Of his private life it was known that he lived alone in a house on a hill in the northeastern part of town, that he sometimes went to concerts, that he had no visible family and few friends. Apparently his work and his mild pleasures were all he wanted. It was also known that he had once been married to a woman named Lucy, and that it was his sudden decision to join the police force as a common, blue-uniformed, foot-slogging policeman which had directly caused the divorce in which the brief marriage had terminated.

E. Byron Froody usually worked with Tuck. Froody was a little fat man with sad green eyes, a waddling walk with had gained him the epithet "Duck Butt" (of which he always pretended to be unaware), and an admiration of Tuck which would have been embarrassing to many men. Froody loved all niggling detail; he was the perfect leg man. He never swore, he knew Sherlock Holmes by heart, and his Tarzan almost as well. He clipped poetry from the editorial page of the city's most conservative newspaper and kept it for weeks in his wallet. His private life was as colorless as Tuck's own.

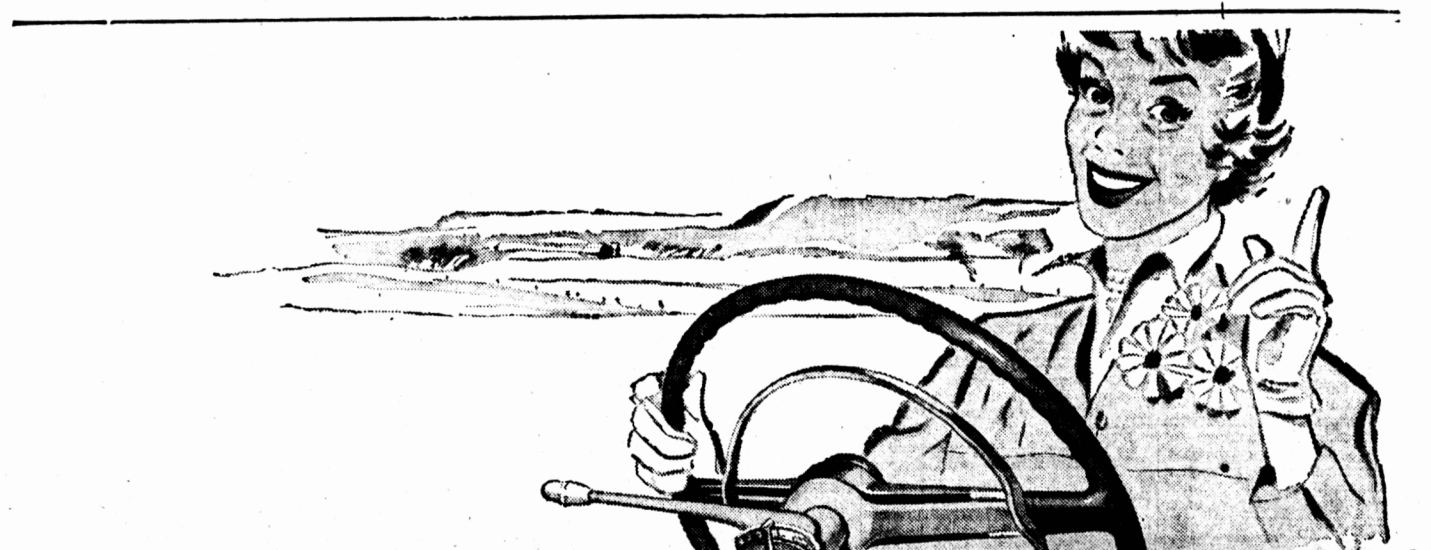
So these two went their ways apart from the others and did not seem to mind. They gradually gained a certain distinction. The other members of the squad at last adopted toward them the contemptuously affectionate attitude which a conservative family adopts toward a couple of half-crazy relatives who have distinguished themselves in some outlandish profession like ballet dancing or the composing of classical music.

A large, pretty woman opened the door of the little Mexican house to Tuck and Froody. In spite of the dark circles below her brown eyes she had about her that flush of subdued excitement which grips certain women at a time of sudden tragedy in which they themselves are not personally involved. She had on a suit of soft blue wool and the color seemed to Tuck too young for her ripe body, her large face. She said in a whisper, "Shh. She's asleep."

She stood aside to let them enter and Tuck could see the form of a woman, covered by a blanket, lying on the sofa in the living room. He could see only a fluff of gray hair, a sharp, closed face. She was lying on her back. "Is that Mrs. Hime?" he asked.

The large pretty woman nodded. "I'm Bernice Saxe," she said in a small voice. "Dr. Mahler called me after he phoned you. I'm Victoria's oldest friend, you see."

To be continued



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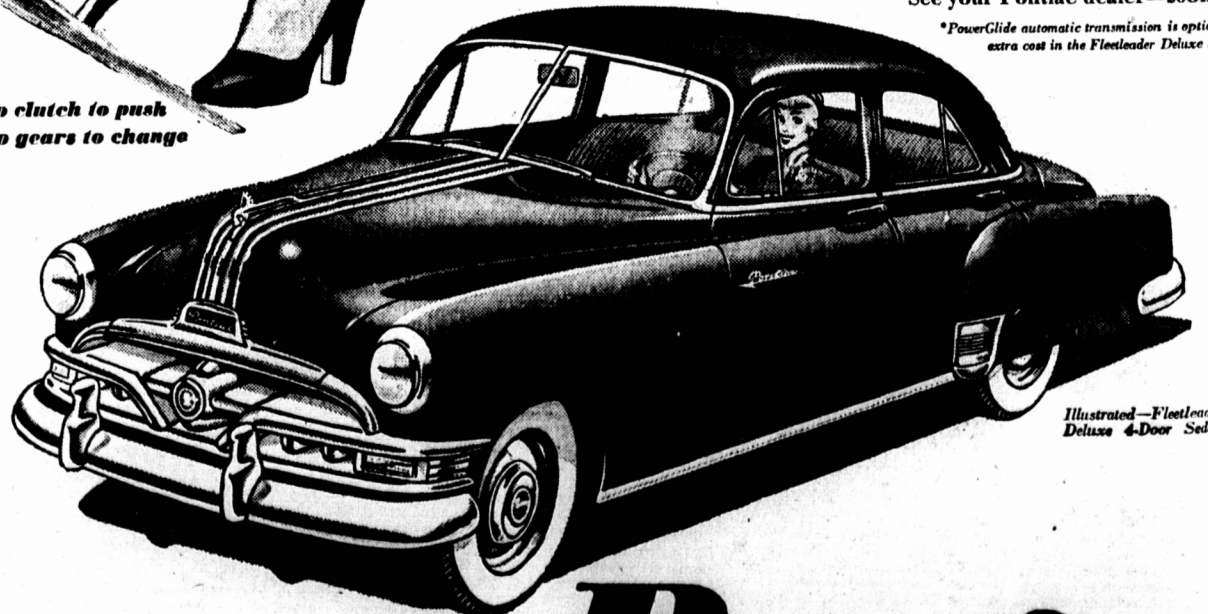


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OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. Williams



10-30

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