

Dark Lightning

By Helen Topping Miller

Synopsis

Gary Tallman, young petroleum engineer from Alabama, misses his bus to San Antonio, Texas. Mona Mason wife of a cattle rancher, gives him a lift. At her own home a red fog runs out into the road, and loses control of the car and crashes into a ditch. Quickly recovering from the shock, she has the injured Gary carried to the house. Gary realizes that he is falling in love with Adelaide, Mrs. Mason's twenty-one year old daughter, who helps nurse him.

CHAPTER III

Two weeks from the day of the accident, they let Gary go downstairs. His arm was still in a sling, but he could stand alone and the bruises on his face had faded to a yellowish green. Adelaide held his good arm, and Slim steadied him on the other side. He staggered slowly down the stairs, laughing in embarrassment at his own weakness. But Adelaide made a procession of it, humming a football march loudly, laughing delightedly when they got him safely to the bottom.

"Let him get his breath now, Slim, and then we'll take him in the dining room. We're having thick steak, just for you, Gary, and Mom baked a lemon pie."

"Gee whizz!" Gary was tremulous with emotion. "You Masons are certainly swell people. I don't know how to thank you for everything."

"Don't try, then. We think you're sort of nice yourself. Take it easy now. Mom keeps these floors polished till an ant would break his neck. Hello, Dad — look at our invalid. Isn't he frisky?"

"Well, son, you look a little bit like a man again."

"I feel like a cream puff. But it helps to get my pants back. I've never seen this part of the house before," he reminded them.

"I was knocked out when they carried me in. Pretty nice, isn't it?"

"Oh, we get along with it. Here's your place. I'll cut your meat for you. Can you manage the rest?"

There were a half-dozen candles on the table, and a long sideboard winked with silver. Mona Lee beamed from the head of the table, and at the foot Harvey briskly swished a carving knife and spooned gravy, looking majestic even without his coat. A Mexican girl in a blue uniform passed things. He would, Gary Tallman told himself, have a house like this some day. Some day when he found a well and brought it in and leaned back to draw his royalties and have some fun.

He looked at Adelaide, bright-eyed and pretty, and a wistful pain crawled up again and clutched at his throat. With a girl like that across the table, a man could take the world apart — but what if she wouldn't wait, what if some other chap had beaten him already?

He choked on a sip of water and spilled some on the lace mat, laughed nervously and said, "Sorry — I still seem to be pretty awkward."

And then the front door banged open and three people barged in. Grace, with a little hat over one eye and heavy mascara on her lashes, and her husband and a man Gary had never seen before.

"Hello, you-all." Grace kissed her father on the eyebrow, flicked a gloved hand at her mother, took an olive out of the dish.

"Hello, Wreck. How are you?"

"Fine, thank you," Gary stumbled to his feet.

"You know Ol — and this is Bob Ferguson, Mr. Tallman, Bob, Mom's orphan."

"Pull up chairs, gang." Harvey Mason gestured hospitably, though he did not get up.

"Can't do it, Dad. We're having dinner at the Dutchman's. And then we're going dancing. We came for Adelaide. Get some clothes on, Addie, and let's go."

"What do you want to go to the Dutchman's for? There's plenty here. Tell Maria to bring some more plates, Mother."

"Really, Dad, we can't. Ollie has already made a reservation for us. You might give the boys a drink, though."

"Get some highball glasses, Adelaide — the stuff in the sideboard there."

"Nothing for me, thanks," said Bob Ferguson stiffly.

He was a handsome young man, in an aloof and rather arrogant fashion. He had shaven to the quick, and his white coat and blue trousers were smart and expensive. Gary ruefully rubbed a palm over his own cloudy chin. He couldn't shave himself with his left hand, and for two days Slim had been busy getting cattle ready to ship.

Grace said, "Addie, will you hurry? You aren't going in that dress. I hope you're going to the dance."

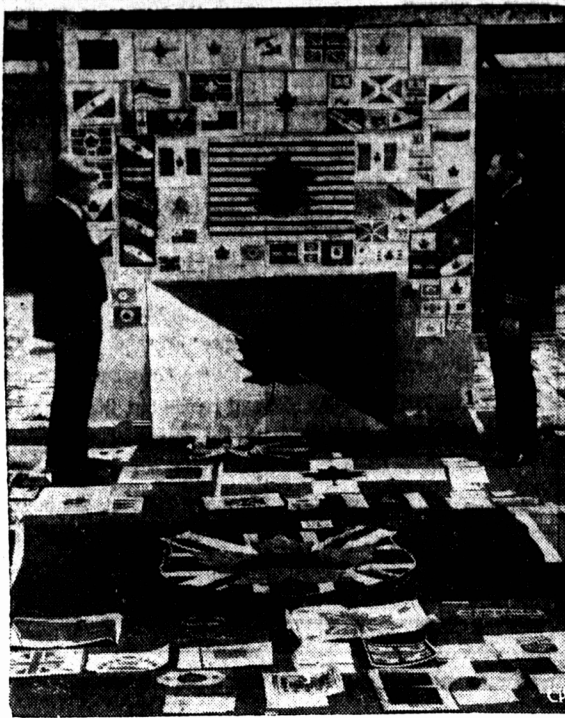
Adelaide went on deliberately cutting up Gary's steak. Her eyes were cool but there were red spots burning in her cheeks. "I'm not going," she said. "Nice of you to include me, but I yearn for a quiet evening at home."

"Well, for heaven's sake! What's the matter? We got this party up for you, practically."

"You'd have a nice time, Addie, her mother suggested.

"Of course she's going." Bob Ferguson lighted a cigarette elaborately. "She's being crazy and hard to get. Step on it, Adelaide, and don't spend two hours making up your face."

"I told you — I'm not going, really I've come home with the milkman and met the rooster at



STUDY FLAG — The House of Commons is expected to take up for the second time this session the question of a distinctive national flag for Canada. Members are known to be studying a new design. Seven years ago a committee was established to study the question but no action was taken on its recommendations. This picture shows two members of that committee looking over some of the 2,695 designs submitted to it. (CP Photo)

Welcome Change In The Life And Outlook Of Nova Scotia Fisher Folk

(By KINGSLEY BROWN Jr., Canadian Press Staff Writer)

WEST JEDDORE, N. S. (CP) — In little more than a decade, there has been a big change in the life and outlook of the hardy people of Nova Scotia's fishing villages.

Good catches and fair prices, a rare combination in the fishing industry, have transformed simple hamlets into modern communities with chrome kitchens, washing-machines and deep-freezers.

These people, who send their older children away to high schools, didn't buy these conveniences by depriving themselves of other things. They have learned to save for a "rainy day."

It's a healthy prosperity based on hard work and, of course, providence. Generally the lobsters were plentiful, and fishermen were successful when they made their daily harvests with trawls, handlines and nets.

Electricity Factor
Take this eastern shore village of 125 residents for example.

Teen-agers here can remember the time only the storekeeper could take advantage of it. When others did, they first bought perhaps only a toaster or an iron.

They can remember when their parents laid in a winter's provisions, when bread came out of an oven and butter from an earthenware churn. Now these are sold by the storekeeper who brings them from Halifax, 40 miles away.

About a third of these inshore fishermen have cars or pickup trucks. They're not second-hand heaps, either. The cars are kept in garages to prevent corrosion from the salt air.

"When I've got the price of three cars in the bank I'll buy one," a fisherman told me last summer. He bought one recently, an eight-cylinder job with radio and heater.

Solid Homes
Visitors to these villages soon notice the change. Where homes were once built upon mortar-covered stone, new ones are going up with concrete foundations. Picket fences stand before newly-painted homes. Favorite colors are white and yellow, with the trim colors generally red, black or green.

The fishermen aren't making any fortunes, but this last decade was probably the first time they've been able to live comfortably and perhaps meet their bills.

Fishermen once went to cities and towns to find work when the fishing season ended. Many worked on the Halifax docks; others went into the forests to cut lumber.

Nowadays most manage to find enough to do around home in the winter. They clean their gear, cut bows and kit "headings" for their lobster traps, mend nets that have been torn by sharks and dogfish, and cut their year's firewood.

Recreation? They like to hunt ducks, walk five or six miles along their rabbit snare lines and perhaps set a few traps for muskrat.

the gate every morning this week. I'm tired. I want to read a good book."

"Oh, I see," said Ferguson, nastily. "It's a book."

"Get somebody else, Bob. Get Bev Crandall."

"I don't want Bev Crandall. I want you."

(Continued)

'Wouldn't Dream Of Getting Rid' Canadian Kitchen At New Home

LONDON (CP) — May Turner blunt-spoken housekeeper to Field Marshal Earl Alexander and Countess Alexander for 15 years, snuffed indignantly today at reports the Alexanders may dispose of their Canadian gift kitchen.

"Utter nonsense," said Miss Turner decisively. "Why, we would not dream of getting rid of it. I can tell you truthfully that's the last thing we'd think of doing."

The question arose after reports were published here during the week-end to the effect that Lord Alexander, who became Britain's defence minister after his term as Canadian governor-general, would sell the all-electric kitchen as a prelude to moving into a new house left him by an uncle. The new home, at Ashdown Vale, Sussex, is not equipped for electricity.

Far from selling the kitchen, said Miss Turner, the family will take "everything" with them to Ashdown Vale and make the necessary adaptations, regardless of expense.

BRITAIN WARNED

WELLINGTON, N. Z. (Reuters) — New Zealand Monday warned Britain against allowing a current deal to import American "gift" beef to cut into New Zealand's traditional markets in Britain. Agriculture Minister Keith Holyoake said the Dominion will protest if the \$17,250,000 Anglo-American beef deal adversely affects New Zealand beef growers' interests.

Four days later. Both planes had left Beirut, Lebanon, seven hours before crashing.

"There is no apparent similarity between the two accidents, since the Philippines plane did not explode until it hit the ground," Lennox-Boyd said.

Lennox-Boyd said he will go back to London to make a statement in Parliament Wednesday on the crash.

Investigation Of Jet Crash To Be Long, Costly Undertaking

PORTO AZZURRO, Italy (Reuters) — British naval salvage vessels today started sweeping the deep Mediterranean off this port on the island of Elba in an effort to recover Britain's Comet jet airliner which crashed last week with the loss of 35 lives.

Alan Lennox-Boyd, British minister of transport and civil aviation, said here early today that it is likely to be an extremely long, difficult and expensive undertaking.

"But that is entirely justifiable in view of the importance of the Comet and our national pride in it," he said.

Sabotage Possible

Lennox-Boyd told reporters the possibility that the jet plane was sabotaged could not be completely ruled out.

"But we must not shatter behind something of this sort. We must make absolutely sure we have thoroughly examined the aircraft itself."

The recovery of the wreckage will be one of the most difficult salvage operations ever undertaken by the Royal Navy. Charts indicate that the hulk is lying in between 450 feet and 1,000 feet of water.

Crashes Not Linked

Lennox-Boyd told reporters that, "in the hard world we live in," sabotage could be a reason for the crash, but there is "absolutely no reason to link" it with that of a Philippines airliner outside Rome.

Bar Harbor Sees Great Future In Ferry Service

BAR HARBOR, Me., (CP) — Here in Bar Harbor they're enthusiastic about the proposed new ferry service to Yarmouth, N. S.

For one thing they say the ferry will put Bar Harbor, mainly a summer resort, "in the middle of a road instead of at the end of one."

Financially, the ferry is expected to be a big factor in a changing Bar Harbor economy. F. E. Gerlach, 36-year-old town manager, estimates the new boat service will bring the town about \$500,000 a year in extra income. Besides that it will mean quicker access to Canada's Maritime provinces for tourists and business traffic.

Now being built at Montreal, the ferry will carry 150 cars and 600 passengers. It is scheduled to start operations in June, 1955. The cost is being borne by the Nova Scotia and Canadian governments and the boat will be operated by Canadian National Railways.

The old ferry from Yarmouth made its New England terminus at Boston so it means a major construction job to take care of the new boat here. The Bar Harbor terminal will include a pier extending 750 feet from the shoreline and two approach drives to the loading platform. The 400-foot-wide platform will include a ticket office and waiting room.

TWO-CAR PARKS
At the base of the pier will be two parking spaces, each with a capacity of 750 cars. A United States customs office will be built nearby.

There are opponents to the ferry terminal but they are few.

terminal would be objectionable. At first it was feared the ferry to Bar Harbor's fashionable summer colony. The terminal is being built on a choice bit of waterfront property.

"We have been assured that the ferry terminal will be well-de-

Low Insurance Rate Will Not Apply If Driver Lets Son Drive

MONTREAL (CP) — Insurance companies moved Monday to punish reckless youths by refusing to grant safe-driving premium reductions to their parents.

The Canadian Underwriters Association and the Independent Automobile Insurance Conference announced that a 30 per cent reduction on automobile insurance rates will become effective Feb. 1, for the driver of a pleasure car who has not had an accident in the last three years.

But if the driver is under 26, or allows a son under 25 to drive the car, the new rates will not apply. The companies explain that statistics show youths have a relatively high accident rate.

Parents who allow daughters under 25 to drive the family car will be eligible for a 15 per cent discount because, insurance officials said, they are less likely to become involved in accidents than sons. It is the son who takes the car to parties, not the daughter, said the insurance men.

Safe Drivers To Be Rewarded For Care

HALIFAX (CP) — Nova Scotia car drivers who can keep accident-free for three years are eligible for insurance cuts up to 20 per cent under a new plan effective Feb. 1.

The plan is designed to reward the safe driver, W. G. Shakespeare, manager of the Nova Scotia Board of Insurance Underwriters, announced Monday.

Owners of cars used for business and most pleasure cars are eligible under the "preferred risk rating plan."

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