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Dark
Lightning

By
Helen Topping Miller
CHAPTER XXV
(Continued)

They arrived late at the dance
and were sitting forlornly at a
table drinking beer when Ade-
laide came in with Bob Fergus-
son. Gary looked accusingly at Bill.
'You knew she was coming, did
you?'
'How would I know?' demanded
Bill. But his face lighted up,
and before Ferguson had danced
her twice around the floor, Bill
cut in. Gary saw them slow, down
presently, and stand talking earnestly
in a corner. He hoped Bill
wasn't talking about him, but he
saw Adelaide eyes stray in his
direction and then withdraw quick-
ly.

And when Bill was out in on
and came back to the table. Gary
muttered morosely, 'Lay off this
affair of mine, will you, Bill? Don't
talk about it to anybody.'
'I didn't begin it,' Bill insisted.
'She asked me if you were still
mad—and what you were mad about.'

'My gosh, does she think I'm
the kind of a drip who can be
kicked in the face and then come
whining back for more?'
'I don't know what she thinks.
Go over and dance with her and
find out.'

'Much obliged. She wouldn't
want to dance with a heel who
would sell out her father. Want
to hang around this dump any
longer?'
'Yeah—I think I'll hang around.'

'All right. I'm a workman.
The whistle blows in the chill gray
dawn. So long, Bill.'
He hated the job on the Grice-
Morgan derrick. But it meant
money that would make it possi-
ble for him to leave for some
far place where gray eyes and
tawny hair would cease to haunt
him.

At night, when Bill came to his
room, he asked abruptly, 'No con-
nection between Republic and
Grice-Morgan, is there, Bill?'
'Couldn't be. They're competi-
tive developers,' Bill said. 'Why?'
'Because if Grice-Morgan are
at the bottom of this scheme to
bust Mason, it doesn't look too good
for me to be working for them.'

'That's tough—though you feel
that way, because they're going to
put up two more derricks. Means
a few more days' work for you
and little Willie.'
There was a knock on the door.
Gary opened it and saw three
people standing in the hall out-
side. One was a messenger. The
other two were Harvey Mason and
Adelaide.

'Oh, good evening,' Gary stam-
mered awkwardly.
'Sign here, buddy—number 10,'
instructed the boy.
'Let us in, Gary. We want to
talk to you,' Adelaide had her
same peremptory little manner.
'Oh, of course—come in.' He
scrubbed his name on the yellow
slip but did not open the mes-
sage.

Bill jumped to his feet, said ap-
ologetically, 'There's only one chair.
Adelaide—mind sitting on the bed,
Mr. Mason?'
'Haven't got time to sit down.'
Harvey was brusque. 'I—Gary,
you'll have to come back.'
'Sorry, Mr. Mason, I can't pos-
sibly come back. Not till everything
is entirely cleared up.'

'Gary,' Adelaide was almost
tearful. 'Dad has to leave on the
next train. It's Junior. He's in
jail.'
'Run over a kid with that new
care of his, up in Virginia,' said
Harvey. 'If the kid dies, it's man-
slaughter, and money won't get
him out,' he added bitterly.

'You'll come back, Gary?' Ade-
laide begged. 'Oh, Gary, we apolo-
gize and everything. Surely you
wouldn't leave us in a terrible
hole like this?'
'All right—Gary said slowly,
but a trifle loftily, 'I'll come back.
Because I owe the Mason family
a good many favors, but not be-
cause I'm overlooking what has
happened. What do you want me
to do, Mr. Mason?'
'Get the well down,' ordered
Harvey. 'Get it down before it
busts me. You come along out
tonight, Gary—and when I get
back.'

'Better open your telegram first,
hadn't you?' reminded Bill. 'It
might be a job.'
'Yes—excuse me.' Gary slit the
yellow envelope. 'No, it's not a
job,' he said. 'But you may be
interested in what it says, Mr. Mas-
son.'

He handed over the message.
It read:
NEVER HEARD OF MASON OR
HIS WILDCAT WELL. WE HAVE
NO INTEREST IN SMALL DEVELOP-
MENT. DON'T REMEMBER
YOU. WHEN DID YOU WORK
FOR US?
ARMSTRONG REPUBLIC OIL

Gary laughed ruefully. 'Looks
as if neither of us is so import-
ant as we thought, Mr. Mason,'
he said.
'That's not important now—
none of it,' Mason said. 'The
chief thing is—I've got to leave
and that well has to go down. And
it has to get oil, and get it pretty
damned quick.'

'I'll put Dad on the train and
come back for you, Gary,' Ade-
laide said.
Mona Lee welcomed Gary with
red-eyed relief.

Perhaps he'd been weak, Gary
thought, as he went out directly to
the well. Perhaps he had sur-
rendered his pride.
Lights on the derrick, the ro-
tary—and old Hickey grinning at
him.
'Well, big boss, here we go a-
gain,' he said.

And Gary grinned too, and shook
Hickey's hand.
(Continued)

The Tiny Folk

Continued from page 10

real early. He went around his
own home, sniffing here and there.
Then he watched some cars
passing by. At last he decided he
could wait no longer, and off he
trots to visit Frisky.

'Bow! Br! Bow!' he said in
his little dog language. 'Let
Frisky out to play. Bow! Bow!
Bow!'
Inside he heard Frisky's little
excited barks in answer, then the
back door opened, and Frisky
flew out. Tammie crouched low
behind a shrub, and when Frisky
came by, jumped out at him.
Frisky turned to chase him. And
the race was on.

The two little dogs ran round
and round in a big circle, chasing
each other. Suddenly one
would stop, and the other would
play leap frog by jumping over
him. Off they would go again.
Then they would lie facing each
other, puffing and panting, with
their tongues hanging out. When
they had their breath back, they
would play hide and seek. First
Frisky would hide, and Tammie
would find him. They would chase
each other around the house,
then Tammie would hide. The
only thing they didn't do was hide
their eyes and count to one hun-
dred.

Frisky put his nose against
Tammie's ear. Do you suppose
he was whispering a secret to
Tammie? Tammie sure he was, for
after a few seconds, the two lit-
tle dogs trotted over to the orch-
ard. Frisky led the way to the
biggest apple tree. There he start-
ed to dig in the snow while
Tammie watched. Faster Frisky's
feet flew. Faster the snow flew!
Then Frisky picked up two bones.
They were new ones Laurie had
given him the day before. He
dropped one before Tammie.

Then two tired puppies lay side
by side, chewing happily on their
bones, just like children do with
lollipops.

BURGESS BEDTIME

Continued from page 10

'You really ought to see him,'
persisted Mrs. Porky. 'You've never
seen a baby like him.'
'I'm not interested in babies,'
said Prickly Porky.
'You might be if you saw this
one,' said Mrs. Porky fretfully.
Prickly Porky's mouth was so
full that he couldn't reply if he
wanted to, and he didn't want to.
Talking to herself fretfully, Mrs.
Porky continued to back down until
she reached the ground. Then she
turned and shuffled away. In a
moment or two she was out of
sight, for Prickly Porky's shoe-
button eyes can see but a short
distance.

However, Mrs. Hooty up above
was interested. She watched Mrs.
Porky shuffle off toward a ledge
of tumbled rocks. Then she left her
nest and flew over in that direc-
tion. She couldn't leave those pre-
cious eggs long, but she was curi-
ous. She wanted to find out where
Mrs. Porky was going. She didn't
think it would be far. It wasn't.
She was barely in time to see Mrs.
Porky disappear among those
rocks.

10 YEARS LATER

MONTREAL, (CP)—A 60-year-
old Romanian-born Montrealer
greeted his younger brother, whom
he had not seen for nearly 50
years, at nearby Dorval airport
Thursday.
'It's wonderful, just wonderful,'
the brothers Morris and Alexander
Haffner kept repeating. Alexander,
now a resident of London, Eng-
land, is making his first visit to
Canada.

Umbrella Standard Equipment



A familiar prop in pictures of the royal tour, the humble um-
brella is held here by a Tasmanian official as Queen Elizabeth and
her husband, the Duke of Edinburgh, leave Parliament House at
Hobart, after the opening ceremony. The royal couple frequently
have had to dodge rain showers throughout their tour and Tas-
mania was no exception. For her appearance in the House of Par-
liament, the Queen wore a white satin gown, Star of the Garter and
Tiara. The Duke was dressed in the uniform of an admiral of the
fleet.

Britain's Watch Industry
Making Modest Comeback

By Edwin Shanke
LONDON, (AP)—Britain's watch
industry, once predominant in the
world, is making a modest come-
back with government encourage-
ment as a result of the last war.
Watch-making had virtually
ceased here before 1914, although
clockmakers struggled along on a
limited scale. To help fill what
is described as a "gap in our in-
dustrial armory," the government
announced a plan in 1945 to re-
vive the industry and set aside
£1,000,000 for development pur-
poses.
Starting almost from scratch,
Britain today is producing a
monthly average of 4,500 high-
grade jewelled lever watches. In
addition, it produces approximat-
ely 200,000 cheap non-jewelled
watches monthly.

The ministry of supply said
there now are 47 firms in the
clock and watch industry, but
only four make wrist and pocket
watches.
The entire industry employs ap-
proximately 16,600 men and women
with average weekly earnings
roughly £7 10s. the ministry of
labor said.
During 1953, the British Clock
and Watch Manufacturers' Associa-
tion said, approximately 245,000
watches were produced, but of
these 54,000 were high-grade, jew-
elled lever watches.

NEW HAVEN, W. I.
The monthly meeting of New
Haven Women's Institute met at
the home of Mrs. Roland Buchan-
an Sr. on March 7 with an at-
tendance of 17 members.
The president occupied the
chair. Roll call was answered
with a white elephant sale.
The secretary gave a financial
account of the jamboree, a large
sum being realized. The soci-
ety committee reported one treat given.
A member expressed her
thanks for a treat received. The
school committee reported that
paper towels were needed.
New committees were appoint-
ed as follows: School, Mrs. Hugh
MacDonald, Mrs. James Tierney;
program, re-appointed.

Correspondence was read and
discussed including a letter from
the secretary of Bonshaw W. I.
regarding the expenses of the
Dental Clinic; one from the Robin
Hood Floor Mills offering two
free work books to each member;
one from the Protestant Orphan-
age expressing thanks for boxes re-
ceived at Christmas; one from the
Red Cross regarding the annual
campaign; one from Mr. H.
B. Chandler regarding school ad-
ministration short courses; one
from Mrs. C. H. MacGuigan re-
garding education.

A letter of thanks for a baby
gift was read; also a letter of
thanks for a treat received. It
was decided to send a blanket to
the Arbing family who lost their
home by fire.
The next meeting is to be held
at the home of Mrs. Clarence
Frizzell. Roll call is to be an-
swered with a book for the school
library. Collections for the even-
ing amounted to \$1. Each mem-
ber received a copy of the Insti-
tute News.
A White Elephant Sale was
held realizing the sum of \$9.85.

As a result, Cowen said, Brit-
ain's watch industry declined
virtually by default to countries
such as Switzerland and Germany.
12 Factories in '39
Between the wars, Britain pro-
duced virtually no watches. Mr.
Cowen said. In 1939, the industry
really consisted of 12 clock facto-
ries with a force of 4,000 to 5,000
men producing 1,250,000 clocks of
all kinds with the exception of
the alarm clock.
Cowen said that "Dunkerque and
our subsequent isolation from
Switzerland woke us to our
need."

'Practically everything that goes
off with a bang has some part of
a watch or clock in it. The time
bomb, the time fuse and, of course,
aircraft instruments, all have a
bit of a watch or clock mechan-
ism in them.
'But we lacked the craftsmen
and the delicate precision ma-
chine tools. The clock factories
pulled together bits and pieces of
machinery and we had some lucky
windfalls in contraband German
cargoes. And we had to draw on
the skilled employees in the scien-

Reports 3,000
Known Communists
Now in Canada

QUEBEC, (CP)—Premier Duples-
sis said Tuesday there are 3,000
known Communists in Canada. His
statement came during discussion
of estimates of the attorney-gen-
eral's department.

Arthur Dupre (L-Vercheres)
asked Mr. Duplessis to state cost
of an investigation on the Plains
of Abraham where a hole was
found in the snow last winter near
the provincial museum. The mu-
seum houses Polish treasures im-
pounded by the government in
1948.

Original reports were that the
hole was dug by Communists who
wanted to recover the treasures
but investigation showed skiers
had made it as a place to put
skis.

Mr. Duplessis said the Liberal
opposition did not understand the
current Communist danger in Can-
ada and the need for constant
watchfulness. He also said the in-
vestigation in the Plains of Abra-
ham incident had cost nothing.

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'SURE! WE LIKE ANYTHING! WE'RE NOT FUSSY! USE YOUR OWN JUDGMENT!'
'SO THE WAITER USED HIS OWN JUDGMENT—AND OBOY—THERE OUGHTA BE A LAW!'
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