

Ch'town Car Dealer Completes Course

WINDSOR, Ont. — A Charlottetown man has completed an intensive seven weeks' course in business management as applied to the automotive industry.

He is Wendell McLaine of F. R. McLaine Ltd., Chrysler-Plymouth dealers.

The course, conducted at Detroit Mich., and at Windsor, Ont., is part of the Chrysler Conference of Business Management and is held primarily for the benefit of Chrysler Corporation dealers.

It is designed to train young men in various phases of the automobile business essential to the successful operation of a dealership. Parts and service operations, new and used car selling, inventory control, financial management, human relations, employee training and other aspects of the business were studied.

Havana's Blanquita theatre, largest in the world, seats 6,500 persons.

Clean Bill To Most Clergy, Teachers In U. S.

WASHINGTON, (AP) — The House of Representatives' un-American activities committee gave a clean bill of health Saturday to the majority of American clergymen and teachers, but deplored that "a few" are communists.

In its annual report to Congress, the committee also declared that it has not conducted, and does not intend to conduct, any "investigation of subversive infiltration of the clergy or religion." Similarly, it said, it has never probed into "the curricula of any school" or "into classroom procedures of the teaching methods of an educator."

The committee served notice that it does not intend to limit its investigations to communists but will seek to expose "various and sundry 'hate' groups... spreading dissension, discord, bigotry and intolerance."

These groups, it said, are led by persons who make their activities "under the guise of patriotism and devotion to the republican form of government" and often use "ultrapatriotic names and devices to conceal their true and dangerous purposes."

Chief Crowfoot Rules Again in Alberta

GLEICHEN, Alta. — (CP) — Chief Crowfoot rules again on the Blackfoot Indian reservation here.

Joseph Crowfoot, who recently took his place as head chief at the first council meeting since the December elections, is a great-grandson of the chief Crowfoot who negotiated the 1877 treaty which gave the tribe its lands.

Development of the area, 40 miles east of Calgary, has made the Blackfoot one of the wealthiest Indian bands in Canada.

In his younger days, Joseph Crowfoot was a skilful rider and boxer being chosen by the Rodeo Association to represent Canada at the 1938 cowboy contests in Australia.

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Dark Lightning

By Helen Topping Miller

Synopsis

Gary Tallman, young petroleum engineer from Alabama, misses his bus in Texas and Mona Mason, wife of a cattle rancher, gives him a lift. Gary is injured when her car crashes in a ditch and the Massons nurse him back to health. He falls in love with Mona's daughter Adelaide but, unwilling to propose until he has a job, Gary plans to leave for Mexico. Meanwhile oil is indicated on the Mason land and Harvey Mason persuades Gary to remain while a test well is sunk. Bill Grant, one of the rigging crew, is an old college friend of Gary's.

CHAPTER XVI

The shining steel went up and Gary's heart seemed to soar with it, to weave a glittering web against the April sky. He did not climb, because his grip was steady, because he was a skilful rider and boxer being chosen by the Rodeo Association to represent Canada at the 1938 cowboy contests in Australia.

At noon he sent word to the house by Slim that he was staying on the job and sat down with the rigging crew to share the lunch that had been brought out in the clattering truck. His prickling restlessness, his resentment against life had vanished for the moment because Adelaide had been gracious and had called him sweet and dumb.

Bill Grant had declined the invitation to have lunch at the house, because he was wearing working clothes and hadn't had time to shave for a couple of days.

"If I'd known I was going to meet a girl like that, I'd have put on some clean corduroys, and bear's grease on my hair. Some guys have all the luck. This Mason has money, hasn't he? Any man who'll put a wildcat down on his own must have a roll. What's he doing it for—just for fun. Funny he wouldn't lease to somebody who could swing it without having to mortgage the old homestead."

"He has money. That's another reason I've got to make some."

"Hit you, has it, fellow? Going around in a nice loop, aren't you? Well, she's swell, all right. Maybe I won't go down to the coast. Maybe I'll stick around for that dance. I can always get a job."

And that, Gary thought dubiously, was not such a good idea, either. Not that Bill Grant wasn't a prince of a fellow. Not that he wasn't a friend. They had shared

socks, money, stamps and cigarettes before, but never girls. There was no sharing a girl with Bill Grant. Impervious to dirty looks and sour cracks, he walked away with any girl he fancied.

Gary thought even less of the idea when at night Bill appeared, shaven and spruce, all dressed up in gray slacks and a snappy plaid coat.

They'd been having a nice, quiet game of three-handed rummy when Bill arrived. And in four minutes by Gary's watch, the radio was picking up Kay Kyeer's band, and Bill and Adelaide were dancing in the hall, while Mrs. Mason sat and beamed and murmured how much she liked boys and what Gary pleased to see his old college friend again?

"Oh, yes," grumbled Gary, "I'm pleased, all right."

"He's such a good looking boy. And I like his spirit, too."

"Bill's all right. He'll get along."

"You'll get along, too, Gary. Now, you go straight out and make Adelaide dance with you. I'll get Bill out in the kitchen and make him squeeze lemons. I know how to handle boys."

But Adelaide was out of breath, she protested—and why not everybody go and help squeeze lemons? So Gary sat on a kitchen stool and watched Bill Grant cavort around in a rubber apron, and heard Bill's same stories over again, and heard Adelaide's laugh and her mother's amiable giggle. And found himself hoping that that darned derrick would fall in morning—and then taking that back hastily, realizing that that would mean that Bill would hang around longer than ever.

Harvey came tramping in at eleven o'clock, and Gary knew when he saw his face that something he had imagined that water. Harvey was all aglow, pleased with himself, getting Adelaide's head in the crook of his elbow and hugging it till she squealed, and taking nips at Mrs. Mason with the lemon squeezer. He baned Gary vigorously on the back.

"Well, old croaker, I nailed 'em to the cross!"

"Not Grace-Morgan?"

"Naw—I didn't fool with that outfit. I'm getting my water from town—all I want."

"But you have to lay your own pipe?"

"Sure—what's a little pipe? Lay it on top of the ground—won't take long. Got to have water to drill a well, haven't we?"

"Water?" repeated Bill. Man, you're going to need the Mississippi River when you go down through this limestone. Have a drink, Mr. Mason?"

"That stuff? Wouldn't drink it on a bet, unless it was disinfected. Addie, get my bottle of disinfectant out of the sideboard. We're celebrating. We've got a dance. I can always get a job. Boy, you can see that thing a mile down the road. Wish I could

Legend Explains Immunity From Fire Of Fijians

(By J. O. Graham) (Canadian Press Correspondent) AUCKLAND, N. Z. — (CP) — An old legend is used by inhabitants of the Fiji islands group to explain how descendants of an ancient chief can walk without injury across red-hot stones.

A party of Fijians have been demonstrating their ability in New Zealand. Their ceremony has become a religious ritual, and they perform only at intervals of four days.

According to the Fiji legend the chief of the village of Sawau many years ago was fishing for eels when he discovered a "little man," who pleaded for his life with the promise of great gifts.

Immune From Fire

The "little man" promised immunity from fire, and the chief put the offer to the test. They built a pit filled with stones, lit a great fire over it, and when the stones became white hot the chief and the "little man" walked over the searing stones without harm.

So the chief spared the life of the "little man," and the chief's descendants ever since have been fireproof from the ankles down.

The present fire-walkers brought their own stones with them from the islands, two tons of large boulders. In a typical demonstration here a fire was built in a pit containing the stones, and the Fijians tended it throughout the afternoon and evening.

As the stones became hot, some split, hurling chips of burning rock out of the pit.

Ceremonial Garb

As the time for the demonstration drew near they dragged off the members with looped poles to the accompaniment of loud cries

put me a beacon up on it—let folks know where I live."

"They'll know where you live all right. They've heard you yell for years."

"Here you are, kids. Drink her down. Here's oil—nice, black greasy oil and gobs of it."

"No blowouts—and no fishing jobs," added Gary, tasting his drink and not liking it very much.

But Harvey downed two, and by the time Bill left, he was singing. Adelaide followed Bill out to the car, lingered there laughing gaily. But Gary said good night and went up to his room. He turned on the light and closed his door, and got a worn map out of his grip. Mile by mile he traced the road to Mexico.

(Continued)

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FAP! ARE YOU BACKBITERS AWARE YOU ARE SPEAKING OF MY BROTHER? AND CASTING GLURS ON MY OWN RAZOR KEENNESS OF MIND? EGAD! YOU HARPIES WOULD BLAST GENERAL WASHINGTON FOR NOT CARRYING A MUSKET!

HE MAY THINK SO, TOO, BUT THEY CAN'T SAY IT!

BURGESS BEDTIME

Continued from page 7

saw what he took to be a big dog taking a sun bath on a rock that showed just above the surface of the water. When it looked up at him and barked, he was sure it was a dog although he had never seen a dog like him. He wondered what a dog was doing way out there, and how he got there. Of course, it wasn't a dog. It was Barker the Seal.

At last the sea was behind him. As far as he could see now was land; land with hills, and meadows, and pastures, and trees, and bushes, and the homes of Men. His heart was so filled with joy that it seemed to be almost bursting. He saw some pigeons in a barnyard, and flew down to join them. It wasn't because he was tired. He hadn't flown enough to be really tired. It was to have the feel of good earth under his feet once more and to be with feathered folk of his own kind. He didn't intend to stay there; he would just make a friendly visit.

That is just what he did do, and it wasn't a long visit. Now the longing to get home, to get back to the loved loft in Farmer Brown's barn where he knew faithful Mrs. Homer was waiting for him, filled his whole being. Once more he took to those wonderful wings of his. When he had left the ship he had not circled; he had flown straight for land. Now he did circle. He circled higher and higher, and in wider and wider circles. He was trying to find the right direction for home, and at last he found it. He didn't know how he knew that it was right, but he knew beyond any doubt whatever. Something in that trim little head of his, a sense of compass called "sense of direction" guided him. He was soon headed straight for home, and he knew it. How he flew then! Never had he flown faster. This time the wind was with him. It was helping him onward. It made flying very easy.

The Tiny Folk

Continued from page 7

for sure."

In a few minutes, Midnight was up and lively, as could be. Do you suppose he was just pretending to be sick so that he could get some cream? I wonder.

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