R.C.A.F. ASSOCIATION

DANCE

TUESDAY, MAY 1

at the

ROLLAWAY CLUB

Reserve this date

Music furnished by the R. C. A. F. Training Command Band from Trenton, Ont., Canada's finest dance band.

9:30 to 2 Admission $1.00

OPENING

KING CAFE

OPENING THURSDAY

APRIL 19.

178 Kent Street

Good Food

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

(By Thornton W. Burgess)

WHOSE BREAKFAST?

Right of course is always right,
Having naught to do with might.
—Old Mother Nature.

* * *

Farmer Brown's boy sat on the shore of Robinson Crusoe's island down in the Land-of-always-summer where he was spending the cold months that in the North are called winter. Of course down there, there is no winter. It is summer all the time. He was watching some of the new acquaintances he had made, feathered folk who never come north, and perhaps one or two who, like himself, were just spending the winter there.

He had watched Brown Booby and Mrs. Brown Booby catch their breakfast of fish. They had caught all they could eat and now, being of those wise folk with whom enough is enough, they were resting on the water.

Presently he saw Grandpa Pelican coming. He knew him when he was still a long way off. He knew him by the way in which he was flying his big broad wings beating the air with a few rather slow measured strokes, then held straight out and still while he glided as far as he could.

"He is sliding on the air just the way I used to slide on ice, only instead of running and sliding he is flying and sliding," chuckled Farmer Brown's boy. "Whenever I see him sitting still he reminds me of a dignified old man, or at least one who is trying to look dignified. Even when he is flying he manages to look dignified. Oh, oh! That wasn't dignified."

Grandpa Pelican, who had been flying quite high above the water, had suddenly closed his wings and shot straight down head first into the water. A moment later he bobbed up. He had gone down fishing one way and come up facing exactly the opposite way. Had he turned a somersault in the water? No dignified old gentleman would do a thing like that. Certainly not. There is no dignity in turning somersaults.

Then Tommy saw that it was not for nothing that Grandpa Pelican had made that sudden undignified plunge. He had caught his breakfast. The bag beneath that big bill of his was full. He could see the tail of a fish sticking out from one side of that big bill. Grandpa Pelican threw back his head and opened his bill to toss a fish so that he could better swallow it. From just overhead there was a scream.

"Share! Share! Share!" screamed a sharp voice, and before the astonished eyes of Farmer Brown's boy that fish was snatched out of Grandpa Pelican's very mouth and Gullie the Gull was flying off with it.

"Hi, you thief!" shouted Tommy, but of course Gullie paid no attention to that. It is doubtful if he even heard it. He had his breakfast and now he was intent on getting down where he could eat it in peace.

Grandpa Pelican half lifted his big wings as if to give chase, then thought better of it. Those big wings of his were grand for easy, comfortable flying, but they were of no use whatever against the swift wings of that pesky thieving Gull. So Grandpa Pelican folded them again, swam about aimlessly for a few minutes, then once more spread his wings and went flapping and sailing off to look for another fishing ground where he might hope to get a long delayed breakfast.

A sharp angry scream from high above caused Tommy to look up.

Grandpa Pelican half lifted his big wings as if to give chase, then thought better of it.

He was just in time to see a big black bird come shooting down from high in the sky straight at Gullie the Gull. The Gull. It was Swooper the Pirate, whom some folks call Frigate Bird and some call Man o' War Bird, but who lives by plundering other birds like the true pirate that he is.

Gullie screamed and dropped the fish. Without pause Swooper shot down after it. Just before it reached the water he caught it in mid-air and without so much as a look at Gullie the Laughing Gull, who was doing anything but laughing, carried it off to eat at leisure.

"Now whose fish was that? Grandpa Pelican caught it. Gullie the Gull stole it. Swooper the Pirate carried it off and ate it. To whom did it really belong?" asked Farmer Brown's boy, talking to himself.

DAILY CROSSWORD

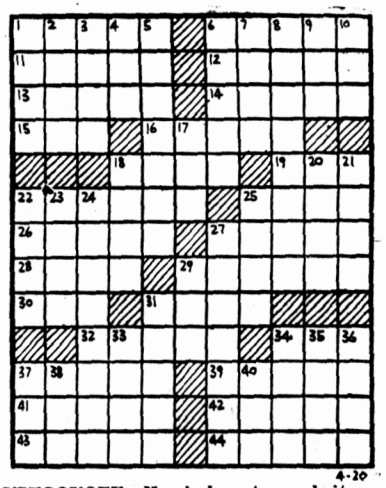
ACROSS

1. Deadly
6. Handsome tree (Hawaii)
11. Beetle
12. Entertain
13. Per. to Rome
14. Imitates
15. Piece out
16. Island (Bay of Naples)
18. Botch
19. Dip slightly into water
22. Go ashore
25. Caliber
26. Mob disturbances
27. Eat greedily
28. Macaws
29. Minister
30. God of pleasure (Egypt.)
31. Labyrinth
32. Northernmost part of habitable world (myth.)
34. Egyptian god Geb (var.)
37. Postpone
39. Fulcrum pin for an oar
41. In a frenzied, murderous manner
42. An herb
43. Unwieldy
44. Borders

DOWN

1. Passage money
2. Amuck (var.)
3. Domesticate
4. Constellation
5. A set of quadrilles
6. Lights
7. Arabian chieftain
8. Small boxes for cigars
9. Custom
10. Copper money (Rom.)
17. Question
18. Cushions
20. Jason's ship
21. End of a hammerhead
22. Dull
23. Ireland
24. Bragging
25. Caliber
27. Newspaper
29. Chum
31. Gloomy
33. An exclamation
34. Melody
35. Otherwise
36. Ruler of Tunis (pl.)
37. To peck
38. Ostrich-like bird
40. Owned

Yesterday's Answer



4-20

DAILY CRYPTOQUOTE—Here's how to work it:

A X Y D L B A A X R
is L O N G F E L L O W

One letter simply stands for another. In this example A is used for the three L's, X for the two O's, etc. Single letters, apostrophies, the length and formation of the words are all hints. Each day the code letters are different.

A Cryptogram Quotation

TPB BCVG FECVN BLPMJLM JMYME DHVWTD DC BDEHO KHE HB DTM BCGHE AHGX. CE ZPGXO AHO—FCFM.

Yesterday's Cryptoquote: WIT WILL SHINE THROUGH THE HARSH CADENCE OF A RUGGED LINE—DRYDEN.

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

A PROFITABLE ERROR

A mistake which normally would have been extremely costly had a remarkable outcome in the following deal, taken from a team-of-four contest.

South dealer.
Both sides vulnerable.

	♠ K Q 10 4 ♥ A 10 9 7 ♦ J 8 ♣ A 5 3	
♠ 9 8 6 3 ♥ 5 2 ♦ 9 7 4 2 ♣ K J 9	N W E S	♠ J 7 2 ♥ 6 ♦ A K Q 10 6 5 3 ♣ 10 8
	♠ A 5 ♥ K Q J 8 4 3 ♦ — ♣ Q 7 6 4 2	

This was the bidding at the first table:

South	West	North	East
1 ♥	Pass	1 ♠	2 ♦
2 ♥	Pass	3 ♣	Pass
5 ♣	Pass	5 ♥	Pass
6 ♥	Pass	Pass	Pass

It was very persuasive for North-South to bid the slam at hearts, and they would have succeeded if the club king had been on side. But South was not lucky. He ruffed the diamond opening, drew trumps, cashed the spades for two club discards, and stripped dummy's last diamond by ruffing, but all this did not save him from the loss of two club tricks.

Now observe the sensational bidding at the other table:

South	West	North	East
1 ♥	Pass	3 ♥	4 ♦
4 ♠ (!)	Pass	6 ♠ (!)	Pass
Pass (!)	Pass		

South meant his four-spade call as a cue bid, but this was not a very logical idea under the circumstances. When North, misunderstanding the situation, leaped straight to six spades (which, incidentally, was another remarkable action) South was caught on his own hook. He felt sure that he couldn't make seven hearts, and so he passed!

As events went, this was quite a decision! West opened a diamond and South ruffed with the spade five. He laid down the spade ace, went to dummy with a heart and cashed the king and queen of spades, discarding clubs. The spade jack fell from East's hand, and thereupon declarer had only to cash the spade ten, throwing off contract with the club ten and still another club, to make his good hearts!

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Dorothy Dix Says

Continued from page 2

always swearing. I have been going with him nine months and the only place he takes me is to the movies. Would you say he is going with me? Would you advise me to keep going with him or quit?

H. T.

ANSWER: I would say that you are going out of your way to store up trouble for yourself. You certainly have taken up with a worthless man, and the sooner you drop him entirely and try to get yourself a nice beau, the better. If he has no respect for you now, he never will have.

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED — By Ham Fisher

JOE PALOOKA — By Zane Grey

BRINGING UP FATHER — By George McManus

LI'L ABNER — By Al Capp

RIP KIRBY — By Alex Raymond

OUR BOARDING HOUSE — Major Hoople