

**Contract Bridge**  
By Josephine Culbertson

COLLECTING THE MAXIMUM PENALTY

"Far defense" in the following deal required nothing more than imagination.

West dealer:  
Both sides vulnerable.

♠ 5 4 2  
♥ 7 3  
♦ J 8 5 3 2  
♣ 9 4 3

♠ 10 7  
♥ 10 8 6  
♦ A K Q  
♣ 10 8 4

♠ N  
♥ W  
♦ E  
♣ S

♠ A K Q 8 5 3  
♥ K 4  
♦ J 8 6 5 2  
♣ J 8 6 5 2

This deal occurred in a ten-table duplicate game and, needless to say, there were many variations in the bidding. At several tables, however, this was the auction:

West	North	East	South
1♥	Pass	2♦	2♠
5♥	Pass	4♦	4♠
5♥	Pass	Pass	5♠
Dble.	Pass	Pass	Pass

The opening lead in every case was of course the club king (or ace), and when East started a high-low with the ten, clubs were continued for two more rounds.

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**BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES**

By Thornton W. Burgess

**YOUNG HOOTY LEARNS FAST**  
Learn fast and keep an open mind 'Twill lead to longer life you'll find—Old Mother Nature.

Young Hooty was the living image of his father, Hooty the Great Horned Owl. He wasn't quite as big yet, but he soon would be. Truth to tell he was feeling quite as big just now. You see he had found out what wings are for. For the first time he had used them to fly.

Three Easts signalled with a high diamond on the third club—but soon regretted this action. South ruffed West's diamond shift, drew trumps in two leads, and promptly discarded dummy's heart on long clubs. These declarers still had to concede a heart trick, since there was only one trump left on the board, but they had held their loss to 500 points and so earned high match-point scores.

Only one East displayed the proper imagination in defending against five spades doubled. He considered the possibility that West had only three clubs, and instead of waiting to over-ruff dummy on a perhaps never coming fourth lead of the suit, this East ruffed the third round! He realized that his trumps were of no great importance and that West might welcome a heart lead through declarer. Then, if the clubs had really been divided 4-4 between declarer and West, the latter, knowing the situation, would lead still another club, and East could over-ruff dummy on that round.

In short, nothing could be lost by ruffing West's club queen, but there was the possibility of gain through this procedure.

The extra trick gained by the one imaginative East gave "top on the board" to his pair.



He had found out what wings are for.

"I have known all along that I could fly. It is easy. There is nothing to it. You just flap your wings and there you are flying," he thought as he fluffed out his feathers to make himself look bigger. He hoped his sister still up in the nest was looking over the edge and watching him, and the fuss father and mother were making over him.

The truth is, what he had done he had not intended to do at all just then. He had been standing on the edge of the nest flapping his wings slowly, pretending he was going to fly. Then he had spied his father coming with some food and in his greed had leaned so far out from the edge of the nest that he had tumbled off. In his fright he had flapped his wings hard and they had carried him safely down to the old stump on which he was now sitting. True enough he hadn't flown up or straight away, but down. However, he had flown, not fallen. He had found out what wings are for.

Father and mother were fussing over him. They were as excited as if he had done something really big. They were flying about him, snapping their bills and making a great fuss. Father had fed him the food that had been the cause of his falling out of the nest. And then mother had brought more. They seemed to have forgotten his sister up in the nest. He could hear her crying.

"May I go hunting with you?" he asked Hooty.

I suspect that could Hooty smile he would have smiled then. But he cannot smile or even grin. No Owl can. How could they with such stiff lips? Of course in a way their bills really are their lips.

"When you can fly I'll take you hunting with me," said Hooty.

"But I can fly. I flew down here," replied Hooty. I suspect there was a twinkle in those big, round, yellow eyes of his.

Young Hooty tried. He jumped up in the air flapping his big wings and did fly a little way above the ground but not up. He flapped his wings as fast as he could but went only a little way before dropping to the ground. Glad enough he was to have something solid under him. The ground felt funny to his feet. He never had been on it before, never had had a flat surface under his toes and big curved claws to curl around and take hold of. He didn't like it. He felt clumsy and out of place. Using his wings to help him he half hopped, half fluttered to a small log. That was something to take hold of. He could dig his claws into it. He felt better.

"Mother flew down beside him. "Are you all right?" she asked anxiously.

"Of course he's all right. But he won't be long if he stays down here on the ground," declared Hooty, hovering just above them. "Supposing Reddy Fox or Gray Fox or some others I might name should happen along this way," he added.

"We must get him up out of their reach, up in a tree if possible," said Mrs. Hooty anxiously.

"He can climb if he can't fly," said Hooty.

"I can fly," protested young Hooty. He jumped up beating his wings furiously. They lifted him off the ground and landed him two or three feet up on a tall stub of a tree that leaned slightly. He dug his claws in, all the time flapping his wings to help him keep his balance. Digging his claws in and helping himself with his wings he climbed right to the top of that tall stub and there he perched in triumph.

Hooty chuckled. "He'll do. He's learning fast," said he, and flew off to hunt for a Mouse with which to reward his young son.

**KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED**

By Zane Grey

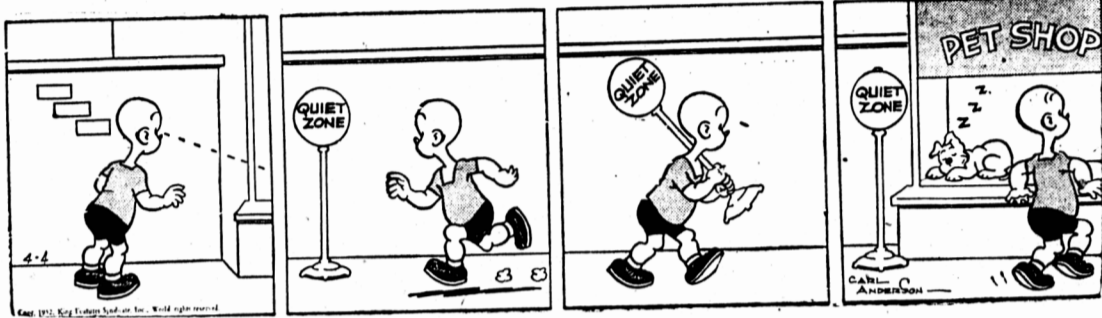


By Ham Fisher



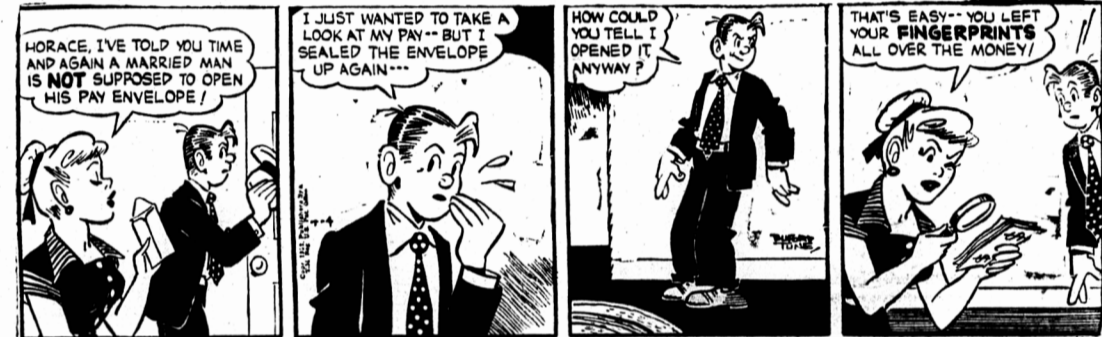
**HENRY**

By Carl Anderson



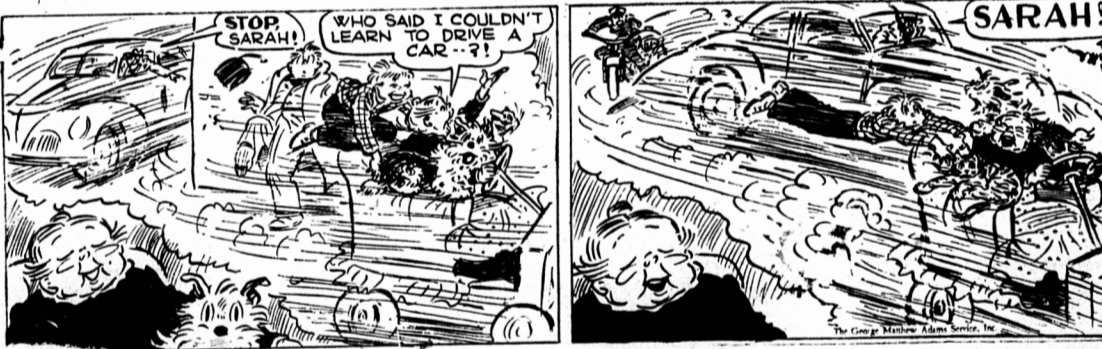
**DOTTY DRIPPLE**

By Ruford



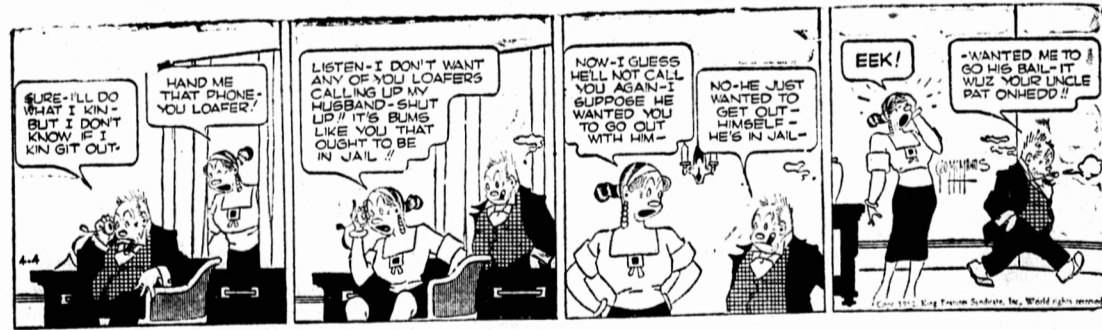
**TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS**

By Edwina



**BRINGING UP FATHER**

By George McManus



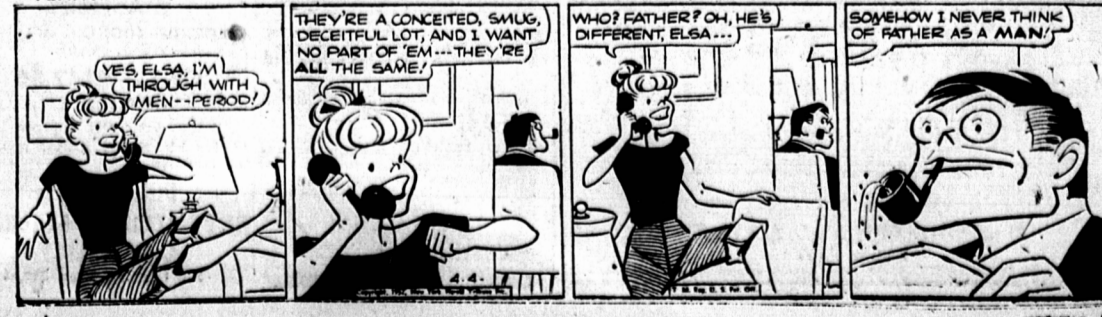
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**PENNY**

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