

P. E. I. T. B. LEAGUE CHEST X-RAY CENTRE

Now Open At

THE WHELAN MEMORIAL HALL

HOURS:—Mon., Wed., Fri., 10-12 A.M.; 2-5 P.M.
Tues., Thurs., 2-5 P.M.; 7-9 P.M.
NO NEED TO DISROBE—X-RAYS TAKEN FULLY CLOTHED
All residents of Charlottetown will be mailed an appointment card. Phone 2791

ANNUAL MEETING

P. E. I. POTATO GROWERS' ASSOCIATION
CANADIAN LEGION HALL
2nd Floor
57 Grafton Street—Below Prince Edward Theatre

THURSDAY, APRIL 1st, 1948
2:30 P.M. and 7:30 P.M.

The Annual Meeting of the P. E. I. Potato Growers' Association for the transaction of general business will be held in the Canadian Legion Hall. All parties holding debentures or patrons of the Association should be present to discuss reorganization of the Association and marketing legislation.

We think that you will be interested to hear the report of the Manager, J. W. Boulter, who will be present at the meeting.

7:30 P. M. EDUCATIONAL MEETING open to the public at which time various phases of the industry will be considered including moving pictures on "Soil Erosion" and "Life of the Soil", following which there will be a discussion on Soil Erosion and Utilization led by R. C. Parent, Superintendent, Experimental Farm.

It is in your interest to be present at both meetings.

By order of Directors.

P. E. I. POTATO GROWERS' ASSOCIATION.

Napoleon and Uncle Elby By Clifford MacBride



THERE OUGHTA BE A LAW! By Fagaly and Shorten



RIP KIRBY



BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



(By Thornton W. Burgess)

ANOTHER DRUMMING PUZZLE

The drummers make the welkin ring
With joyous greetings to the spring.
—Old Mother Nature.

It was a puzzle. Yes, sir, it was a puzzle. Anything that one doesn't understand, however much he may try, is a puzzle. Peter Rabbit still couldn't understand why Thunderer the Ruffed Grouse could drum on nothing but the air with his wings, and send such far-reaching sound rolling through the Green Forest. Thunderer had obligingly tried to show him how it was done, but Peter still couldn't understand how any one could drum without a drum, and this was just what Thunderer seemed to do. Now could he understand why Thunderer didn't fly when he beat with his wings so fast. And, too, he couldn't see why, if all that sound was made with just wings other birds couldn't drum like Thunderer.

"It must be he has a trick way of using his wings and no one else knows it," decided Peter, and gave up puzzling over it. He was nearer right than he knew. It may well be called a trick way of using his wings that enables the Grouse to move his wings so fast that they are little more than a blur to watching eyes, yet not lift himself in flight at all. And it certainly is a trick, a skillful one, to catch the air beneath the wings in a way to pound out that sound like distant thunder.

"I don't believe Thunderer really knows just how he does it himself," thought Peter as he started off to look for another drummer. And again he probably was right. Folks often know what to do to get certain results, but don't know exactly what makes the results.

Peter was listening to another drummer. He could tell just by listening just where this other drummer was. There was no uncertainty as to where that sound was coming from as there so often is with the drumming of Thunderer the Grouse. Peter didn't need to keep stopping to listen to make sure he was going in the right direction. Rata-tat-tat-tat-tat! Rata-tat-tat-tat-tat! It sounded sharp and clear as it rang through the Green Forest. It wasn't a sweet sound, it wasn't musical at all. Yet there was in it something of joyousness that could be felt by all who heard it, Peter felt it.

"He knows its spring and he wants everybody else to know it," thought he, and hurried a little faster.

Presently he came to a certain big tree. One limb not too high up was dead, but though dead it was solid. As soon as he saw that limb Peter saw an old acquaintance on the upper part of it just as he had expected to. It was Drummer the Woodpecker. Even as Peter looked Drummer's head flew back and forth too fast to count, and a long rata-tat-tat-tat-tat went rolling through the Green Forest.

Drummer paused to listen for a reply. There was none. He looked down and saw Peter. "What brings you over here. Longears?" he wanted to know.

"I came over to see you drum," replied Peter. "When I heard you I knew where I would find you. You used to drum on that limb last year."

"It is the best drumming limb in the Green Forest. It couldn't be



"I came to see you drum," replied Peter

better. It sounds up loud when I strike it, loud enough to be heard for a long distance and that is what I want," said Drummer the Woodpecker. He drummed again. Peter watched him. This was drumming that he could understand. There was no puzzle about this. That is there was none until it popped into Peter's head that Drummer was hitting that limb, and hitting it hard, with the very thing he used for cutting holes in trees, his sharp, stout, pointed, bill. How could he pound that limb so hard with that sharp bill and not cut out a lot of chips? But not a chip fell. There wasn't one on the ground.

"How do you do it?" asked Peter.

Drummer made no reply. Probably he didn't hear. He was too intent on drumming. Rata-tat-tat-tat-tat! Rata-tat-tat-tat-tat! He was drumming his spring happiness.

"Life is full of puzzles," thought Peter as he listened. How right he was.

The next story: "A Surprise Meeting."

Contract Bridge By Josephine Culbertson

THE WORST OF A BAD BARGAIN

West was faced with a difficult problem in the defense of today's deal, and made an unfortunate—and illogical—decision.

South dealer.
North-South vulnerable

♠	AQJ53	♣	K82
♥	43	♦	J97
♦	KQJ62	♠	10853
♣	Q	♥	A1074

♠ N
♥ W
♦ E
♣ S

♠ AK52
♥ 7
♦ KJ98653
♣

The bidding:

South	West	North	East
1♠	1♣	2♦	Pass
3♠	Pass	3NT	Pass
4♠	Pass	Pass	Pass

North should have made a penalty double of one spade. South undoubtedly would have taken out the double, but that had no bearing on North's proper action.

West's first problem came on the opening lead, and he decided in favor of the heart six. The jack forced the ace, and South, faced with a rather formidable problem himself, did the best he could by immediately leading a diamond. West put up the ace, and at this point he could have "fixed" the enemy by cashing the club ace and then throwing dummy in with a diamond. But West could not know that this would take out declarer's last entry to dummy—in other words, that South had neither a third diamond nor a spade for communication purposes.

It is true that several different defenses, each of them carrying logic, would have been far better than West's actual decision to lead a spade through dummy. That was fatal! The spade jack was put in and East's king was ruffed away. Now declarer led a club toward the queen. West won, but it was now too late to defeat the contract. On a heart return, declarer could pick up the rest of the trumps and use his remaining diamond for entry to dummy; on West's actual diamond lead, the king won and declarer correctly used the two top spades for heart discards. Instead of trying to discard on the third diamond. After that there was no more play to the hand.

By Alex Raymond



KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED



JOE PALOOKA



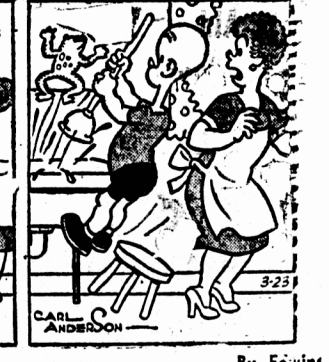
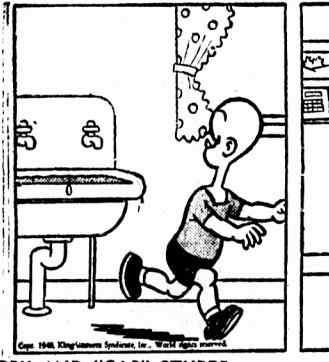
DOTTY DIDDLE



BRINGING UP FATHER



HENRY



TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBBS



TILLIE THE TOILER



PENNY

