



A German janitor removes Stalin's portrait from behind the desk of Soviet Commandant of Berlin, Gen. E. F. Kotikov. This act completed the Russians' evacuation of the Allied Four-Power Kommandanture Building in Berlin. The Red flag was hauled down and the division of Berlin—at least as far as the Russians are concerned—appears complete. (Photo by NEA-Aome staff correspondent Al Cocking.)

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

(By Thornton W. Burgess)

THE END OF A RACE

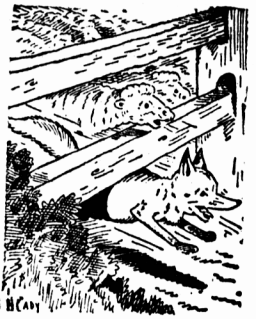
You'll find, when all is said and done, Until the end no race is won. —Reddy Fox.

Sheep are timid people. Perhaps that is because in time of danger they are quite helpless and they know it. All they can do is run and they are by no means the best of runners. Of course they know this. Probably they feel that many together are safer than when they are scattered and running alone. So when they are frightened they run more or less crowded together.

In a certain pasture, far from the Old Pasture where Reddy Fox lives a flock of Sheep lived. Reddy knew all about those Sheep. He knew how easily frightened they were. He knew how a barking Dog would start them running. More than once he had made use of that knowledge to get rid of Dogs chasing him. So he had a friendly feeling for the Sheep and had taken care never to frighten them himself. One does not knowingly frighten friends, especially useful friends, and these were useful friends. This fact, and how they could be useful, he had explained to Reddy Junior. Now the young Fox was making use of this knowledge, but he was a scared Fox. Yes, sir, he was a scared young Fox as ever ran for his life. A Hound, a kind of Dog with a wonderful nose for following the scent left by a Fox, had found Reddy Junior's trail. The young Fox had been unable to fool that Dog and the latter had been catching up with him. When the pasture with the Sheep was reached the young Fox was so tired he knew he could not run much farther and that Dog was only a little way behind. It was then that he remembered about the Sheep and how they could be made use of. He ran in among them just as the Dog burst out of the bushes, frightening the sheep. Now they were racing for the other end of the pasture and running with them was Reddy Junior.

It was race for life. Yes, sir, it was a life. The frightened Sheep thought it was for their lives. They were terribly frightened, too frightened to notice that the Dog was no longer barking and that he was chasing them. The young Fox didn't merely think that this was a race for his life; he knew it was. You see he was having all he could do to dodge those sharp little hoofs of the frightened Sheep to keep from being trampled to death.

As fast as he could he worked his way through the flock to the head of it. Then he was out in front, running as hard as he could to keep ahead, "those trampling hoofs almost at the tip of his tail. Had he not been so tired he would have had no trouble at all in running away from those Sheep. As it was, he was so tired that only fear of being trampled on kept him going. He must keep ahead until the bars at the end of the pasture were reached. Once he passed under those he would be safe. Would he ever reach them? He had forgotten the Dog. Like the Sheep he was too frightened to notice that the Dog was no longer barking. His fear now was of those trampling hoofs, not of the Dog. Meanwhile the Dog was vainly trying to find the scent that had ended so unexpectedly. It had been strong and easy to follow, but now he couldn't find any. Why? What had become of that Fox? He sniffed about this way and that with his nose to the ground. He hunted in a small circle. Then he made a bigger circle and a bigger one. Once or twice he thought he got a hint of that scent, but it wasn't enough for him to be sure. He paid no attention at all to those running Sheep. He wasn't hunting sheep. He had no desire to have them.



A panting, weary young Fox dragged himself under them just in time.

He was hunting a Fox.

At the bars at the end of the pasture the race ended. A panting, weary young Fox dragged himself under them just in time. Close to them huddled the Sheep, crowding against one another. And back at the other end of the pasture a disappointed young Fox Hound gave up the search for the trail that many flying hoofs had completely destroyed. From a safe resting place Reddy Junior listened to the bleating of the still frightened Sheep and suddenly felt a warm friendly feeling for them. He had learned how very useful they could be to a Fox needing to break his trail. He was sure, too, that another time he would know better how to do it without danger of being trampled.

The next story: "On His Own"

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

LOW-LEVEL DOUBLES

There are two distinctly different schools of thought on the subject of penalty doubles. One school holds that a double of a very low contract invites the cooperation of partner as to whether or not the double should be left in; while the other school insists that a double of an independent action, based on great trump strength and therefore not requiring the "approval" of partner.

Thus, if one type of player doubles (let us say) the one-spade overall of his partner's opening bid, the doubler is apt to hold good spade suit—something like five to the K-Q-10, K-J-10, Q-J-10, or perhaps even better. Unfortunately, however, the opportunities for this "solid" type of double occur rarely, whereas the opportunities for "cooperative doubles" are far more frequent. Let's look at an actual case:

East dealer:
Neither side vulnerable.

♠ 8 4 3	♥ A 7 3
♦ 5	♣ A 9 4
♠ K J 5 4 3 2	♥ K J 10
♦ A 8 6	♣ Q 10

♠ N
♥ W
♦ E
♣ S

When this deal came up in a rubber game, East opened the bidding with one diamond and South overcalled with one heart. There is little point in discussing the simple fact that South made the bid, and that the same sort of rash overall is made in countless games.

Our present concern is with West's action. If West belongs to the school that considers a penalty double final and inviolate, he would probably not double with his holding. He would fear a very long heart suit in the South hand, and perhaps a heart void or singleton in the East hand. Thus, a West of the description mentioned would probably bid spades or jump in notrump, intent on making a game.

The cooperative doubler, however, would "jump on" the heart bid without hesitation—and how right he would be! Good defense would hold South to three tricks, giving East-West a 700-point penalty; and North could not reduce this very much by rescuing with two clubs.

By Alex Raymond

TOURIST SPECIAL
ONE HOUR FLIGHT OVER BEAUTIFUL P. E. I.
See North Shore Beaches, Green Gables, Summerside, Charlottetown, South Shore. One, Two or Three Passengers—\$10.00 each
Charlottetown Airport
Paul's Flying Service
1800-3

DANCE
WINSLOE STATION HALL
TUESDAY, AUG. 24
Music By
Eastern Rythm Boys
Admission 50c
Dancing 9 to 12:30
Canteen Service

DANCE
Holy Name Hall
TUESDAY, AUGUST 24
In aid of Ladies' Softball Team for Maritime Play-offs
Dancing 9 to 1
Admission 50c

MAMMOTH PICNIC
PICNIC AT MAXFIELD SHORE, FORTUNE COVE
ON WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 25
Afternoon and Evening
Refreshments Provided—Including Sea-Food.
BOATING, BATHING, GAMES and etc.
EVERYBODY WELCOME
Sponsored by the C.C.F.

Napoleon and Uncle Elby By Clifford MacBride

UNCLE ELBY: GEE, HERE COMES THE POSTMAN NOW. UNCLE ELBY, MAYBE HE'S GOT THE BOOK ON HOW TO BE A DETECTIVE. ANY TH' DISGUISE KIT I SENT SEVEN HUNDRED BOX TOPS FOR.

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RIP KIRBY

WHERE AM I?
DON'T FRET YOURSELF, DEARIE... JEST WRAP UP WARM IN THE BLANKETS... YOU WUZ SWIMMIN'... WE RAN YOU DOWN.
BUT MY BATHING SUIT! WHERE IS IT?
OH MY! THEY'LL HEAR YOU, ON DECK!
OH MY! THEY'LL HEAR YOU, ON DECK!
OH MY! THEY'LL HEAR YOU, ON DECK!
OH MY! THEY'LL HEAR YOU, ON DECK!
OH MY! THEY'LL HEAR YOU, ON DECK!

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED
By Zane Grey

KING'S ARREST OF GAN HALEY AS SUSPECT IN 'SPEEDY' LAPP'S MURDER BRINGS A STORM OF PROTEST FROM SPEEDWAY FRIENDS.
BALLS OF FIRE! KING, LOOK OUT THERE!
WELL, I'LL BE...?
KING, YOU'VE MADE A MISTAKE! GAN COULDN'T HAVE KILLED 'SPEEDY'!
WHEN WILLING TO PUT UP THAT WILL BE OUR EQUIPMENT FOR HIS BAIL!

JOE PALOOKA
By Ham Flaherty

WELL IF YOU INSIST I'LL LOOK AT A BIGGER ONE... I DON'T WANT PEOPLE IN MR. WALSH'S SET 'THINK HE'S GREAT... EVEN THO' I'D RATHER JUST A LITTLE UNOBTENTIOUS.
HERE'S A THREE GART, MADMOGELLE!
Mebbe yer right... I love ya fer yer 'HOT' FLAK-NESS.
I THINK... MEBBE YA SHOULD WEAR SOMETHIN' FAIR SIZED... IT'LL IMPRESS THE OTHER FIGHT MANAGERS... LIKE THAT ONE YA GOT ON.
I THINK HE WANTS ME JUST... A WEE BIT BIGGER THAN THIS.
THAT'S FINE, FINE, FINE!
YES... MR. WALSH... THAT WILL BE \$10,000 PLUS \$2,000 TAX.
OH DARLING... I WISH YOU WOULD! BE SO EXTRA-COMFORT... BUT I JUST DOOKE IT!

DOTTY DRIPPLE
By Buford

DOTTY: I DEPOSITED \$100 IN THE BANK TODAY.
GOOD! NOW WE CAN PAY THOSE BILLS THAT'VE BEEN PILING UP!
AHH!
HORACE, HAVEN'T YOU WRITTEN THOSE CHECKS YET?
DON'T RUSH ME, DEAR... I JUST WANT TO ENJOY HAVING \$100 IN THE BANK A LITTLE LONGER!!

BRINGING UP FATHER
By George McManus

GET OUT! DIDN'T YOU HEAR ME? 'GADDA' 'GON BE DISOBEDIENT!! GO!!
AS FOR YOU—GET UP OUT OF THAT CHAIR—THAT ALL YOU'VE GOT TO DO?
SHUT UP! DON'T INTERRUPT ME—NOW YOU LISTEN TO ME—M GETTING--
MOVE OVER--

TIPPY AND 'CAP' STUBBS
By Edwin

MOTHER—YOU DIDN'T—NO OF COURSE NOT.
DIDN'T WHAT??
TELL ANYBODY WE HAD A ROOM TO RENT??
ME?? MERCY!! NO!!
I SAID WE COULD—IT'S A SHAME—THAT SPARE ROOM JUST SITTING THERE! BUT, MY LAND! I DON'T WANT ANY ROOMERS--
I GUESS I CAN JUST TALK, CAN'T I--?
WELL, SOMEONE JUST ASKED TO SEE IT--

HENRY
By Carl Anderson

WHEN THIS DEAL CAME UP IN A RUBBER GAME, EAST OPENED THE BIDDING WITH ONE DIAMOND AND SOUTH OVERCALLED WITH ONE HEART. THERE IS LITTLE POINT IN DISCUSSING THE SIMPLE FACT THAT SOUTH MADE THE BID, AND THAT THE SAME SORT OF RASH OVERALL IS MADE IN COUNTLESS GAMES.

TILLY THE TOILER
By Westover

SUPPOSE THAT GAVE MAN'D WOO ME WITH A CLUB AND DRAG ME HOME BY THE HAIR!
UG GUG UBBY
GUG!
HIM SAY HIM NO CLUB VERY HARD AN' PULL HAIR 'JUST TWENTY BIT'!

PENNY
By Harry Haeghe

AREN'T THEY EXCITING, PENNY?
THEY'RE UTTERLY DAWDISH, LOIS.
I'M GLAD I'M NOT A MAN—I MEAN MEN MIS ALL THE FUN OF WEARING NEW STYLES.
YOU SAID IT!
I DON'T ACTUALLY THINK I COULD STAND MEN'S CLOTHES.
ME NEITHER!