



Vice-Premier Randolph Paicardi, cabinet chief in charge of public order during the Italian campaign in Rome, demanded that uniformed Communist youth brigades be disbanded by force if necessary. He charged police have documented evidence that brigades were being used illegally and were intended for violent action in the election campaign. Government sources said Paicardi is scheduled to call his cabinet committee on public order into session early this week.



Finnish Premier Mauno Pekkala (right), makes a brief speech on his arrival in Moscow to begin negotiations with Soviet Foreign Minister V. M. Molotov (left) on the proposed mutual aid treaty between the two nations. (Photo and caption from official Soviet sources).

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

(By Thornton W. Burgess)

WHAT MISTRESS MOON SAW

The wise to trifles will attend
Lest in disaster they shall end.
—Old Mother Nature.

Looking down from her place among the twinkling far-away stars high in the sky sweet Mistress Moon sees many things that Mr. Sun with his brighter light never sees, for there are people of the night, seldom seen by day, just as there are people of the day almost never seen by night. Some of the most timid folks love best the darkest nights when Mistress Moon has her lovely soft light turned somewhere else. They know that darkness is itself friendly hiding them from the searching eyes of those who would do them harm. Others, less timid but afraid of the many hunters by day, love to play in the moonlight.

Looking down on the Green Meadows Mistress Moon had seen Mrs. Peter steal out from the dear Old Briar-patch night after night and had found out her secret. She had smiled to see how careful Mrs. Peter was in the way she approached that bed in the grass where were six wee bunnies. She never went straight to it, but seemed to be just wandering around looking for sweet clover or something equally good to eat, circling around that hidden bed to make sure that no enemy was near. All the time she was gradually drawing nearer until at last she was there with her babies, lying down with them feeding them and caring for them with all a mother's love. When it was time to leave them she made sure that they were covered with their little blanket of grass and fur, then left in the same seemingly careless manner that she had approached just hoping about to take a bite here and a bit there, as if there was nothing on her mind but getting something to eat. Not until she was some distance away did she turn and head for the dear Old Briar-patch. So she came to it from quite a different direction than that in which was her precious secret. A careful little mother is Mrs. Peter.

"Jimmy Skunki" thought Mrs. Peter, and sat still so as not to draw his attention. Jimmy was shuffling along slowly, his nose to the ground. He was looking for fat beetles, or fat grubs, or perhaps the eggs of a ground-nesting bird, or a careless Mouse. Mrs. Peter glanced over where the babies lay. That blanket was moving! A small head popped out from beneath the edge and was withdrawn. Another head popped out on the other side. She looked at Jimmy Skunki, her heart in her mouth as they say. He was near enough for even his dull eyes to have seen those movements had he been looking. He wasn't. His nose was still in the grass. She thumped lightly with a hind foot. That little head drew back under the blanket. No longer was there the



"Jimmy Skunki" thought Mrs. Peter, and sat still so as not to draw his attention.

...movement to catch the eye of any one. Jimmy heard that light thump. He looked up and saw Mrs. Peter. They were long-time neighbors. He stamped twice with his front feet by way of reply, turned his back and went on looking for fat beetles or what else might be found. Gradually he moved away. "I've got to get them over to the Old Briar-patch this very night," thought Mrs. Peter. "They are so big now that I can no longer depend on them to keep still all the time when I am not here. If I hadn't been here just now to warn them they would have kept on moving and poking their heads out. Jimmy Skunki might have seen them." She shivered at the thought.

(Continued On Page 16)

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

Appraising the Bidding

A shrewd appraisal of what an opponent would have bid with a certain holding, guided today's declarer to the winning line of play.

South dealer
Both sides vulnerable
North-South 40 on score

♠ 986	♠ J103
♥ J984	♥ Q1062
♦ A85	♦ Q72
♣ KJ7	♣ Q105
♠ A Q 7 5	
♥ 3	
♦ K 10 9 6 4 3	
♣ 8 3	

The bidding		Pass	
South	West	North	East
1♠	1♥	Pass	1NT
2♦	2♣	3♦	3♥
3♠	Pass	4♦	Pass
Pass	Double	Pass	Pass

West opened the heart king, and when his partner played the six-spot, continued with a low heart. South ruffed. East's ten and led a club toward dummy. West put up the ace—he knew that there was no point in ducking because he was marked with the ace—and East signalled for a club continuation by playing the ten.

West now led a low club, hoping that South would finesse for the queen but South had nothing to gain by that play and therefore put up dummy's king. Now he led the spade nine, and East accordingly covered with the ten. (This was a silly play; South probably would have played the queen anyway, if East had followed suit with the three-spot.)

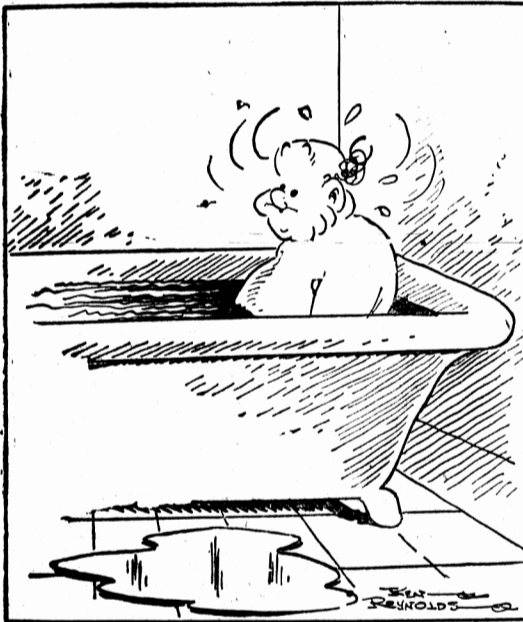
South covered East's spade ten with the queen and West won. West's club return was ruffed by declarer, who now led a trump to the ace.

When West's jack fell, declarer had only one more decision to make; should he now try to drop the diamond queen from West, or should he finesse for that vital card? South considered the bidding and the cards already revealed by East. The latter had clearly shown or indicated the J-10, and three clubs to the Q-10. If he had held four spades with his four hearts and three clubs, South felt sure that East would have responded originally with one heart, not one notrump; therefore South was confident that East actually had started with only three spades, and therefore three diamonds. On that sound analysis South finessed for the diamond queen and fulfilled the contract.

By Alex Raymond

Quickies

By Ken Reynolds



"It's a good thing I got this bathtub with a Guardian Want Ad—I ain't tanned as much as I thought!"

THERE OUGHTA BE A LAW!

By Gagaly and Shorten



THERE'S PLENTY OF TURN-OVER WITH CUSTOMERS LIKE THESE—BUT NOT MUCH PROFIT
Thanks to
AL MONYEH,
ELIZABETH A. N.J.

RIP KIRBY

By Alex Raymond



KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTFID



By Ham Fisher

JOE PALOOKA



By Buford

DOTTY DRIPPLE



By George McManus

BRINGING UP FATHER



By Carl Anderson

HENRY



By Edwin

TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBBS



By Web-

TILLIE THE TOILER



By Harry Hoagman

PENNY

