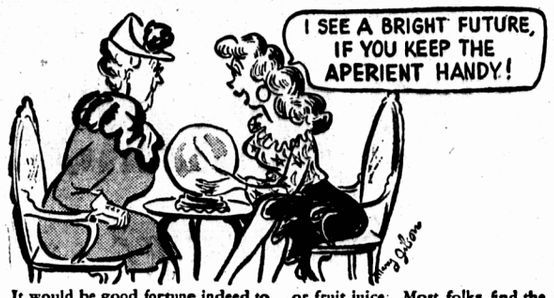

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ST. IGNATIUS SCHOOL

Honor Roll for February:

Grade VIII — 1. Dennis Gallant, Grade VI — 1. Marjorie Gallant, 2. Irene Arsenault, 3. Margaret Doiron.

Grade V — 1. Lobelia Gauthier, 2. Margaret Peters.

Grade IV — 1. Bazil Gallant, 2. Shirley Arsenault, 3. Eunice Peters.

Grade II — 1. Paul Myers, 2. Clara Arsenault, 3. Elaine Gauthier.

Perfect Attendance — Dennis Gallant, Marjoris Gallant, Lobelia Gauthier, Margaret Peters, Shirley Arsenault and Eunice Peters.

Teacher — Eleanor Pineau.

Napoleon and Uncle Elby — **By Clifford MacBride**

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BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

(By Thornton W. Burgess)

ALL IN KNOWING HOW

In knowing how the secret lies
Of quick success in what one tries.
—Thunderer the Grouse.

Thunderer the Grouse had been making thunder specially for Peter Rabbit, who was sitting close by the mossy old drumming log in the Green Forest. When Thunderer drums the sound is very like distant thunder. Now there was a look in his bright eyes as if he thought Peter a little stupid.

"Anything wrong with your eyes?" he asked.

Peter shook his head. "Not that I know of," said he.

"Yet when I take the trouble to drum right in front of you so that you may see just how it is done you say you are no wiser than before. There must be something wrong with your eyes." said Thunderer testily. "What more could I have done?"

"You could have done it more slowly. Your wings moved too fast for me to see how they moved. Do it again slowly. Then I can see." Peter suggested.

"I can't and make any sound. No matter how slowly my wings moved you couldn't tell just what makes the sound unless you could hear it. My wings must move fast to make it." replied Thunderer.

"Your wings look as if they hit together above your back. Perhaps that makes the noise." said Peter hopefully.

Thunderer looked disgusted "Listen Peter Rabbit. How in the world could feathers hitting togeher make a sound like my drumming? Anyway, I don't hit my wings together." said he.

"Some folks say you make the sound by beating your drumming log with your wings.' ventured Peter.

Thunderer looked more disgusted than ever. "Even if I should do such a silly thing as to beat it do you think I could get any sound from a mossy old log like this one? And what would happen to my wings if I used them that way? What about my drumming when I am standing on a rock or on the ground? I can drum just as well on either as on a log. Only the foolish believe everything they hear." said he.

"I guess perhaps you do it by pounding your sides." ventured Peter.

"Guessing! If there is anything that makes more trouble and misunderstanding than guessing I don't know what it is. Folks guess and more often than not guess wrong. Then they say things are or are not so without finding out the facts. Don't guess Peter Rabbit. But if you must guess hold your tongue until you find out the truth. No I don't pound my sides. They would be sore if I did." retorted Thunderer.

"I hadn't thought of that." Peter admitted. "But if you don't strike your wings together, and you don't beat the log, and you don't pound your sides what do you do? You do make the sound with your wings, don't you?"

"Of course I do. I just pound the air with them; that's all." said Thunderer quite as if that was the simplest thing in the world.

"If that is what you do why don't your wings lift you up in the air?" demanded Peter.

"Because I don't use them in that way. I strike forward with them so that there is no lift to them to take me off my feet into the air. They almost touch my breast instead of my sides. But I don't strike anything but the air. It is the air that does it." explained the handsome drummer.

"There must be something wrong with your eyes." said Thunderer testily

"It sounds like a trick," said Peter. "Why don't other birds drum the same way?"

"Don't ask me. It must be all in the know-how, and they haven't got it. Do you want me to drum for you again, Peter?" replied Thunderer.

"If you please." said Peter. Thunderer drummed and Peter watched as closely as he knew. He shook his head. "I still don't know how you do it." said he.

"I don't really know myself." admitted Thunderer.

The next story: "Another Drumming Puzzle."

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

BETTER ANALYSIS REQUIRED

The declarer in today's deal encountered a remarkable distribution of cards, but if he had analyzed the situation more shrewdly, he could have overcome his difficulty.

North dealer.
Both sides vulnerable.

	♠AK5 ♥Q1091 ♦5 ♣AKJ97	
♠— ♥4 ♦KQJ9 87632 ♣854	N W E S	♠J107 64 ♥AJ52 ♦A ♣632
	♠Q9832 ♥K876 ♦104 ♣Q10	

The bidding:

North	East	South	West
1♣	1♠	Pass	2♦
Dbl.	2♠	Dbl.	3♦
Pass	Pass	3♥	4♦
4♥	Dbl.	Pass	Pass
Pass			

East-West should have made it more difficult for the opponents to "get together" in this bidding. For one thing West, with his nine-card suit, might well have jumped to four diamonds over his partner's spade bid—this despite his void in spades. Since his hand was so terrifically freakish, it was reasonable to assume that the opponents would do considerably more bidding if they were allowed to, and West was too defenseless to permit this. By the same token, after the two-diamond bid by West, and the double (which was of the takeout variety) by North, East could have stolen the enemy's best trump suit by coming in with two hearts. True, South would have doubled that call, but then East would have rescued at three diamonds, and it is almost inconceivable that North-South would have ended up playing the hand at hearts.

West, hoping that his partner would read his spade void, false-carded on the opening lead by selecting the diamond queen. East won and returned a spade, which West ruffed, and now, when West laid down the diamond king, declarer made the very bad play of ruffing with dummy's heart nine. East, of course, overruffed with the jack, and later had to get the heart ace.

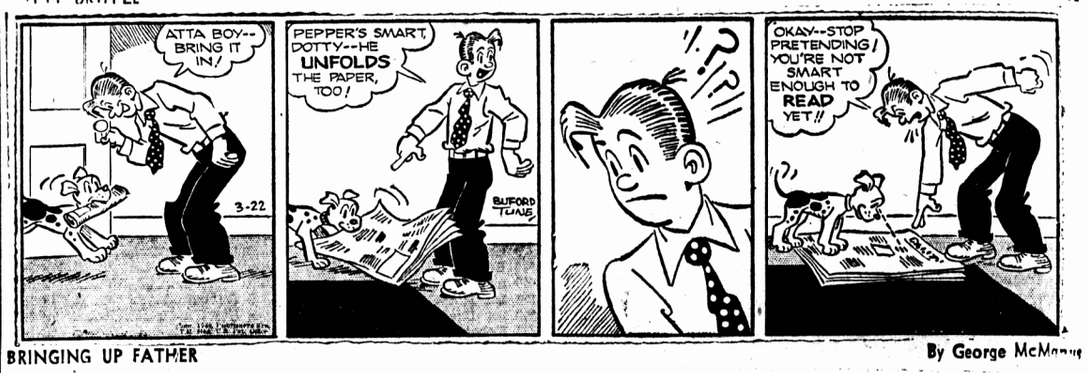
On the bidding and the course of play, declarer should have ruffed the second diamond with the heart queen — playing East for both the ace and jack of hearts It would then be easy to finesse against the heart jack.

LEWES, Sussex, England — (CP) — An 80-year-old woman bit her dog's nose, ear and paw to prove its docility when summoned for failing to keep her terrier under control. She was allowed to keep the dog.

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED — By Zane Grey

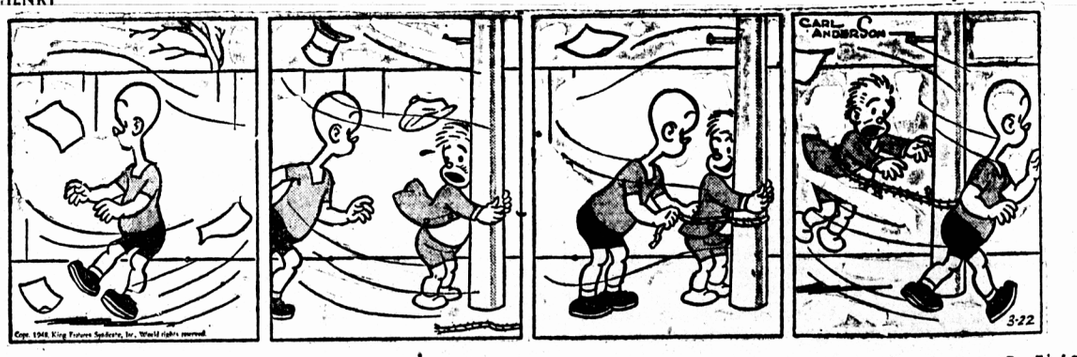
JOE PALOOKA — By Ham Fisher

DOTTY DRIPPLE — By Buford



BRINGING UP FATHER — By George McManus

HENRY — By Carl Anderson



TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBBS — By Edwin

TILLIE THE TOILER — By Webster

RIP KIRBY — By Alex Raymond

PENNY — By Harry Haenigsen