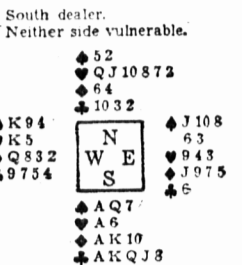


Contract Bridge
By Josephine Culbertson
FREE-FOR-ALL ARGUMENT

The bidding of the hand below led to quite an argument among the many experts on the scene, with the "kibitzers" supplying the loud-est notes (as usual).



This was the actual bidding in a rubber game:
South West North East
2♣ Pass 2NT Pass
3NT Pass 4♥ Pass
4NT Pass Pass Pass
The four-notrump bid could not be considered conventionally Black-wood since South had been willing to land at three notrump as per his previous non-leading call, hence North decided to bow out of the auction. This was a very good idea, because the fact was that no slam could have been made under the circumstances of the bidding! Against a heart slam, East could open either a spade or a club de-clarer the contract, and at six not-rump, played from the North posi-tion, as it would have been, a spade lead would have been fatal. Nor could South have made six clubs against any reasonable defense. The North-South slam prospects were all right, but the auction would have proceeded quite normally, viz. five hearts by North, five notrump by South, six hearts by North, six no-trump by South—and there the mat-ter would have rested.

GET YOUR FREE DIGEST of the Culbertson Point-Count Method. Simply send a stamped, self-ad-dressed envelope to the J. C. Win-ston Co., 1010 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



By Thornton W. Burgess

OLD MAN COYOTE LIES IN WAIT

Patience often masters fate. Winning when it lies in wait. —Old Mother Nature.

Old Man Coyote is one of the smartest of all the folk who wear fur. He is quite as smart as Reddy Fox, and you know how smart Reddy is. Old Man Coyote had made up his mind that he wanted a beaver dinner for a long time, and he meant to have it. So he spent a lot of time in a hiding place from which he could watch Paddy and Mrs. Paddy at work. He was study-ing how he might catch one of them.

"It is only when they are at work that I will have a chance to catch one," thought he. "In the water they are perfectly safe from me. I am not at home in the water, and they are. I must catch one well away from the water."

So Old Man Coyote watched them digging a canal. He understood per-fectly what they were digging it for. He knew they wanted to har-vest some young aspen trees that were growing too far from the pond for it to be safe for them to cut those trees, and drag them to the water. The canal they were dig-ging would take the water from the pond near enough to the young trees for the two beavers to feel fairly safe while at work. Old Man Coyote watched until he knew that both Paddy and Mrs. Paddy were in their house. Then he went over where the young aspen trees were growing, and looked over the sur-roundings.

"If I can just find a place over here where I can keep out of sight, I may be able to catch one of them," thought he.

But there wasn't a place where he could keep out of sight, yet be near enough to take one of those beavers by surprise. The nearest hiding place was some distance away over near a larger aspen tree growing on a slope just back of it. It was a tangle of fallen trees that had blown over in some great storm of wind. Night after night Old Man Coyote lay hidden under the edge of this watching Paddy and Mrs. Paddy at work. More than once his mouth watered as he thought how good a beaver dinner would taste. Those beavers were much heavier than he, but he had no doubt at all that he could kill one. He knew he was a much better fighter than any beaver. Beavers were rather slow and clumsy. Old Man Coyote is quick and agile. All he asked for was just a chance to take one of them by surprise on land.

Curiously enough the one thing that worried Paddy and Mrs. Paddy also worried Old Man Coyote. It was that Jack Frost might re-turn and freeze the pond over be-fore the harvest was completed. Once that pond was frozen over for good he would have no chance for a beaver dinner. Those beavers would no longer come out on land. Night after night Old Man Coyote was there lying in wait under that windfall. He was patient. Only patience will lie in wait like that. And all the time, he couldn't be at all certain that Paddy or Mrs. Paddy would venture over near the big aspen tree just in front of him. It wasn't until he saw Paddy and Mrs. Paddy more and more often loiter-ing at that tree that he had any real hope that kept him lying in wait.



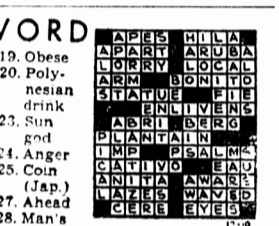
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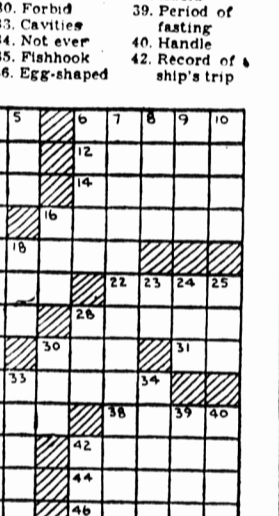
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DAILY CROSSWORD

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|--------|--------------------|------------------|---------------------|--------------|---------------|----------------|-----------------------|-------------------|---------------------|----------------------------|-----------------------|-----------------------|--------------------------|-----------------------------|--------------|------------------------------|-----------------------------|-----------|----------------------|-------------|--------------------|--------------------|---------------------|----------------------|---------------|----------------------------|--------------------|-----------------------|-------------|-----------------------------|
| ACROSS | 1. Replant (Hort.) | 2. Fencing sword | 3. More rational | 4. Clergyman | 5. Golf mound | 6. Frighten | 7. Diapita-lia (Esp.) | 8. Peruse | 9. Sand dune (Eng.) | 10. Mast | 11. Variant of "tilt" | 12. Less refined | 13. Clear off by payment | 14. Music note | 15. Nickname | 16. Goddess of discord (Gr.) | 17. Shun | 18. Train | 19. African river | 20. Club | 21. Half an em-man | 22. A medicine man | 23. Capital (Mass.) | 24. Membrane (anat.) | 25. Advantage | 26. Rouse | 27. Belgian marble | 28. Baking chambers | 29. Glorify | 30. Girl's name |
| DOWN | 1. Engrossed | 2. Obese | 3. Polynesian drink | 4. Sun god | 5. Frighten | 6. Coon (Esp.) | 7. Ahead | 8. Man's tick-ets | 9. Mast | 10. Letter of the alphabet | 11. Faulty bomb | 12. Period of fasting | 13. Handle | 14. Record of a ship's trip | 15. Lucid | 16. Period of fasting | 17. Record of a ship's trip | 18. Obese | 19. Polynesian drink | 20. Sun god | 21. Frighten | 22. Coon (Esp.) | 23. Ahead | 24. Man's tick-ets | 25. Mast | 26. Letter of the alphabet | 27. Faulty bomb | 28. Period of fasting | 29. Handle | 30. Record of a ship's trip |



Yesterday's Answer



Our customers say:
"BEST WINTER TIRE EVER"

Suburbanite
by GOOD YEAR

Superb traction in deep snow or mud—on treacherous curves—up steep hills and driveways—away from slippery curbs. It's leaps and bounds ahead of other winter tires! Runs quietly too.

Come in and let us show you how its 1856 gripping, biting edges grab the road. We'd be glad to tell you—plain and simply—why the Suburbanite gives unequalled traction—outsells all other winter tires.

ISLAND TIRE SERVICE
201 Weymouth St. Phone 8525

WHITLOCK TIRE SERVICE
CHARLOTTETOWN VULCANIZING

MONTAGUE GARAGE
MONTAGUE CHEVROLET-OLDSMOBILE

A Cryptogram Quotation
SJV QFOGVR XFA LBRV RVS OC
COHJS: RBLLVG OC TOCSVG VCXR
—NONNK.

Yesterday's Cryptogram: AND ALL WHO TOLD IT ADDED SOMETHING NEW, AND ALL WHO HEARD IT MADE ENLARGEMENTS TOO—POPE.

Etta Kett

OKAY, CINDERELLA! GOAB YOUR GLASS SLIPPERS AND LET'S GO!

BYE, MOM! I'M GOING TO ETTA'S PARTY WITH CREEPY!

WELL, I'M GOING TO MEET SOME INTERESTING BOYS!

Joe Palooka

WE'RE BOXING THE WEST SIDE CLUB MANHATTAN AND WE'VE GOT TO BE TOPS...

WE CAN LICK THOSE RIGHT-OVERS EASY... AN' WITH ME... IT'S FER SURE!

OH NO, TOMMY, YOU'RE NOT GOING! YOU'RE NOT EVEN IN THE ELIMINATIONS.

WHAT? YOU GOT NO RIGHT TO KEEP ME OFF... OKAY... KEEP YOUR LOUSY MATCH AN' HOPE YA LOSE!

I WON'T HAVE ANYBODY WHO ISN'T IN FIT SHAPE... AND WON'T TRAIN... IT'S FOR YOUR OWN GOOD.

Secret Agent X9

SO THAT'S THE STORY OF DOCTOR EXKIL, JOE! UNDER THE NAZI THUMB, HE DEVELOPED BACTERIA THAT COULD WIPE OUT VAST SECTIONS OF HUMANITY!

BUT, TRUE HUMANITARIAN THAT HE WAS, HE KEPT HIS DISCOVERY A SECRET...

ONE OF HIS LAB ASSISTANTS IN BERLIN SUSPECTED THAT EXKIL HAD UNCOVERED SOMETHING BIG. AFTER THE WAR, THE ASSISTANT PUT 'BIG BEAR' AGENTS ON DOCTOR EXKIL'S TRAIL...

THE LATE DOCTOR'S RETREAT IS DOWN THIS LANE, PHIL!

TOO BAD DAT DE PAINTING FELL INTO FBI HANDS! WHAT IS NEW!

MEMORANDUM: IN THE CITY HEADQUARTERS OF 'ANY SERVICE, INC.'

THE 'CARETAKER' IS IN OUR EMPLOY; IF THE FBI UNCOVERS EXKIL'S SECRET, OUR MEN WILL BE WAITING!

By Paul Robinson
Bringing Up Father

AS LONG AS YOU DON'T FEEL WELL TONIGHT, MOTHER, I'LL COOK THE DINNER.

OH, DEAR! I'LL NEVER LEARN TO COOK! EVERYTHING I WENT WRONG!

TELL YOUR FATHER YOU COOKED THE DINNER, MORA.

MAGGIE—I TAKE BACK EVERYTHING—I EVER SAID ABOUT YOUR COOKING—THIS IS THE BEST MEAL I'VE HAD SINCE WE WERE MARRIED!

THAT'S THE LAST TIME I'LL EVER PRAISE HER COOKING!

By Ham Fisher
L'il Abner

THAT BOY'S A GOLD MINE!—ONE HAIR CONTAINS ENOUGH 'YELLOWIN' TO MAKE 1000 GALLONS OF THE FINEST GOLDEN DYE!!

BUT—STRUNG ACROSS A VIOLIN—ONE HAIR PRODUCES THE MOST BEAUTIFUL MUSIC THIS SIDE OF HEAVEN!!

IF I COULD HAVE A HAIR A DAY—I COULD PUT DURONT OUT OF BUSINESS!!

—AND I COULD PUT HEIFETZ OUT OF BUSINESS!!

OKAY!!—I'LL ALLOW YOU, EACH ONE, A DAY—FOR 99 PERCENT OF YOUR PROFITS!!

By Mel Graff
The Lone Ranger

(WOW, SILVER! I'LL GO THE REST OF THE WAY ON FOOT—)

—AND BE READY FOR ACTION, IF BIG BALDY'S THERE, HE MAY SHOOT ON SIGHT!

WE GOT TO GET HIM INSIDE THE HOUSE.

HERE'S HORN! MY WIG FOOLS HIM!

Rudolph the Red Nosed Reindeer

NOW BEHAVE YOURSELVES, MY DEARS, WHILE WOLF AND I GO OUT TO GATHER SOME KNOWING WOOD!

WE'RE GOING TO MAKE A LOVELY BONFIRE WITH ALL THE CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS LETTERS.

OH, BOY! SOME FUN!

GULP! GULP!

WH-WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO NOW, RUDOLPH? I DON'T KNOW, BILLY—BUT WHATEVER IT IS, WE'D BETTER DO IT FAST!

Henry

POLLY WANTS A CRACKER.

PUT SOME JAM ON IT, HENRY.

Grandma

H-M!!

MY MIDNIGHT SNACKS IN BED MAY BE A BAD HABIT, ALL RIGHT!!

BUT TH' CRUMBS SURE DO PROVIDE MY FRIENDS...

...TH' BIRDS WITH A GOOD BREAKFAST!!!

Muggs and Skeeter

YOU MEAN THEY TURNED YOU DOWN FOR THE SCHOOL BAND... WHY?

WELL, IT'S GOING TO BE A MARCHING BAND, SEE?

YOU KNOW, THEY PLAY FOR ALL THE FOOTBALL GAMES—AND SUCH... THEY FORM STUFF AND SPELL OUT WORDS ON THE FIELD AT HALF TIME...

SO I GOT TURNED DOWN! I MARCH AND PLAY ALL RIGHT—

BUT I CAN'T SPELL!!

Mickey Mouse

I ALWAYS WANTED TO DO SOMETHING SPECIAL WITH THIS LITTLE HALF-ACRE I HAD OUTSIDE TOWN...

DON'T KNOW HOW YOU'RE GONNA DO ALL THIS WITHOUT MONEY, NEPHO!

REMEMBER READING ABOUT THAT TOWN WHERE EVERYONE PITCHED IN AND BUILT A HOUSE FOR A SOLDIER IN EIGHT HOURS?

YEAH, BUT...

REPORTIN' THREE CARPENTERS, TWO BRICKLAYERS AND ONE PLASTERER AMONG THE SCOUTS' FATHERS UNCA MICKEY! ALL WILLING TO DONATE THEIR WEEK ENDS!

SWELL!

Tilly The Toiler

WOW! DO TILLY SAY WHERE SHE'S GOING? GLENNY?

YEAH! OVER TO THE MINERVA THEATRE TO MEET SOME FELLOW WAGERS. WILSON, HE TOOK HER HOME FROM A PARTY LAST NIGHT.

SOME BIG THEATRICAL PRODUCER I GUESS—ANYWAY HE TOLD TILLY HE'S PUT A LOT OF PEOPLE'S NAMES UP IN LIGHTS.

YOU'RE EARLY, TILLY—EVEN EARLY!

MISTER WILSON!!!

By George McManus

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By Robert L. May

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By Carl Anderson

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By Charles Kuhn

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