BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

(By Thornton W. Burgess)

Blest is he whose self-command
Always keeps himself in hand.
—Old Mother Nature.

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Little Manny was a baby Manicoe way down in the Land-of-always-summer. Manicoe is what the folks down there call the Opposum, the southern cousin of Unc' Billy Possum, and looking very much like him. Little Manny was hardly bigger than a Mouse. He was crawling along on the trunk of fallen palm tree and he was crying in a funny small squeaky voice. He was crying for his mother. You see he was altogether too young and too small to be out in the Great World all alone.

He wasn't quite as much alone as perhaps he thought he was. His mother was lying stretched out on that same tree-trunk just a little way from him, though I suspect he didn't know this for sure. She looked to be dead. She wasn't dead, but she was doing her very best to look that way. She wanted Farmer Brown's boy and a friend of his, who had caught her, to think she was dead. They were standing just a little way off watching and chuckling silently as they watched. You know there is a sort of inside chuckle that makes no sound. Any sound from them would have told Mother Manicoe where they were. As it was she wasn't sure that they were there at all. For all she knew they had gone away leaving her for dead. She hoped they had, but as she could neither see nor hear them there was no way for her to know except to be patient and continue to pretend she was dead.

Ma! Ma! Ma! cried little Manny as he crawled along toward her.

"Ma! Ma! Ma!" cried little Manny as he crawled along toward her. How she must have wanted to answer that pitiful little squeaky voice. But she didn't. She just lay there without making a sign that she was alive.

Presently he reached her. He climbed up on her. He rubbed his little nose in her fur. He knew he had found his mother. His nose told him that. It was filled with the dear mother smell. But what made her keep so still? Why didn't she take some notice of him? He crawled along on her side to her shoulder. He poked his rather sharp little nose into her neck. Still she didn't move. Something must be wrong. Never had she treated him this way before. He began to whimper and then to cry again.

Then it happened. That baby Possum lost his hold on his mother's fur and fell off of her and off the trunk of that fallen tree. The tiny claws of one small hand caught in the bark and held Then he got hold with the claws of the other hand and hung on. There he hung, almost directly under his mother's very nose. Would he lose his hold and fall? The two watching him wondered. Perhaps his mother wondered, too.

He was crying harder than ever now, but his mother didn't move. She didn't try to help him. She made no sound to comfort him. She just lay there as if really and truly dead. But he didn't fall. Little by little he pulled himself up and got hold of his mother. Once more he climbed up on her, this time right over her face. Even then she made no move, no sign that she was alive.

Then it was that Mother Manicoe had her hardest test of self-command. Little Manny poked his little nose right into one of her ears and moved it about. It must have tickled. How it must have tickled! She didn't so much as twitch that ear. No, sir, she didn't. There wasn't so much as one teeny weeny twitch of that ear. And little Manny was crying right in that ear at the same time. Still she took no heed. It didn't seem possible that she could keep from at least twitching that ear.

Farmer Brown's boy almost wondered if she might not be really dead, perhaps frightened to death. The wee possum wondered what was the matter with his mother. And I suspect that Manicoe was wondering if those pesky giants had been fooled and had gone away. But she couldn't tell. She would be patient a little longer.

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

UNDER PAR

The declarer's choice of plays in today's deal was distinctly second best!

North dealer.
Both sides vulnerable

North: ♠ A Q 3 ♥ Q 4 ♦ K 9 8 2 ♣ A 6 5 2
West: ♠ 9 7 6 2 ♥ 10 7 3 2 ♦ 4 ♣ Q 10 9 4
East: ♠ K J 10 8 4 ♥ K J 9 6 5 ♦ 6 ♣ J 7
South: ♠ 5 ♥ A 8 ♦ A Q J 10 7 5 3 ♣ K 8 3

The bidding:

North	East	South	West
1 ♣	1 ♠	3 ♦	Pass
4 ♦	Pass	6 ♦	Pass
Pass	Pass		

West, not wanting to "experiment," opened his fourth-highest card of partner's spade suit. The ace was played from dummy; then South ruffed a spade, drew trumps in one round, went back to the diamond king and ruffed away the last spade. He next led the ace, king and a third round of clubs, evidently hoping for a 3-1 break of the suit, so that he could discard his losing heart on dummy's fourth club. He had no luck with this plan, however, and ended up by losing a heart trick in addition to the club.

Since South's plan of play depended entirely on a 3-3 break of the missing clubs, he might as well have dispensed with the stripping of spades from dummy. The crucial point, however, is that a far better chance was available than to "make or break" on the club distribution. A 3-3 division of six missing cards is not to be expected, and, in any case, South had a far better opportunity! One thing was almost sure: with West's fourth-best lead marking East with only five spades, East certainly should hold the heart king for his vulnerable aid, and that was a fact which South could put to the very best advantage!

The right line of play was to win the first trick with the spade ace, ruff the spade three, then to cash the diamond ace. Now South should cash the king and ace of clubs and lead the spade queen from dummy, discarding his own third club. If (as was the case) East was now out of clubs, he would have to lead a heart from his king to the combined tenace in the North-South hands, or, by leading a spade, allow South to discard his heart while ruffing in dummy.

Finally, if East had a third club, he could still not make a safe return after being thrown in with the spade king.

DANCE

THE FIRST DANCE
in the newly renovated
LEGION HALL, SOURIS
EASTER SATURDAY, MARCH 24th
Dancing 9 to 12
Admission 50c

The Garrison Officers Mess will hold their Annual

BALL AND BUFFET SUPPER

in

THE CHARLOTTETOWN HOTEL

on

EASTER MONDAY, MARCH 26th, 1951
Dancing 9:30 to 1:30.

Officers of Reserve Force Units may obtain their tickets at Unit Orderly Rooms. All Officers of all services who have served may purchase tickets at the Garrison Officers Mess.

Dress Formal Only — $5.00 per couple.
Tickets must be picked up not later than 2300 hours Thursday, March 22.

VISITING HOURS

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND HOSPITAL

WARDS—
2 p.m. to 3 p.m.; 7 p.m. to 8 p.m.

MATERNITY WARDS—
2:30 p.m. to 3:30 p.m.; 7 p.m. to 8 p.m.

SEMI-PRIVATE AND PRIVATE ROOMS—
2 p.m. to 4 p.m.; 7 p.m. to 9 p.m.

MATERNITY—
2:30 p.m. to 4 p.m.; 7 p.m. to 9 p.m.

NO MORE THAN TWO VISITORS TO A PATIENT AT ONE TIME.

No Children Allowed To Visit In Maternity Department or Children's Wards.

Emergency Visitors Must Receive Written Consent of Superintendent at the Office.

Teachers' Annual Convention

in

PRINCE OF WALES COLLEGE

MONDAY, MARCH 26—
2:00 p.m.—Meeting of Board of Governors.

TUESDAY, MARCH 27—
(A.M.)—Address by P. E. I. T. F. President and Minister of Education.
8:00 p.m.—Public Meeting addressed by Dr. Marshall, Acadia University.

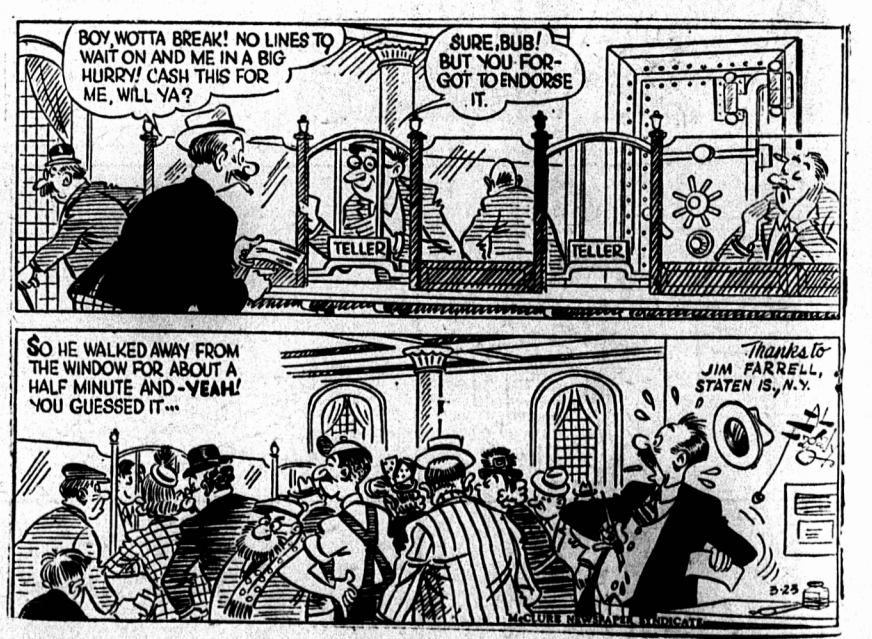
WEDNESDAY, MARCH 28—
Address by Dr. Shaw; Musical P. T. demonstration by R. F. Mugford.
7:00 p.m.—Dinner at the Queen Hotel.

THURSDAY, MARCH 29—
Address by Dr. Frank MacKinnon; Open Forum.

LI'L ABNER — By Al Capp

RIP KIRBY — By Alex Raymond

THERE OUGHT TO BE A LAW — By Fago'y & Shorter



OUR BOARDING HOUSE

MAJOR HOOPLE