

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

JUST IN TIME

Just in time is tempting fate. Suppose instead you're just too late.

—Old Mother Nature.

The black Shadows were creeping fast all through the Green Forest. Dusk was growing deeper and deeper and in many places already had become darkness. Day folk, those who love the sunlight,

The Hound Of Heaven

If you missed this three act drama in Charlottetown, plan to see it at S. D. U. on **TUESDAY, MARCH 18**

Admission 50c
Curtain 8 P.M.

ESSAY CONTEST

Sponsored by the Prince Edward Island Innkeepers Association for School Students up to and including Grade XI.

Subject:—

"VALUE OF THE TOURIST INDUSTRY TO PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND."

This Essay to be limited to 300 words.
CLOSING DATE MAY 10th, 1952.

PRIZE LIST:—

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Prize winning Essay to be published during Tourist Service Week, May 25th to 31st.

Mail all Essays, giving name, age, name of school and address to:—

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND INNKEEPERS ASS'N.
BOX 367,
Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island.

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

WISHY-WASHY BIDDING

North's bidding in the following situation is inappropriate to the situation and his own bidding.

South dealer.
Neither side vulnerable.

♠ J 4 3
♥ Q 7
♦ J 10 6
♣ K 10 8 3

♠ 10 9 6 2
♥ 10 9 4
♦ 9 5 3
♣ J 9 7

N
E
S
W

♠ A K J 6 5 2
♥ A K Q 7
♦ A 5 4 2
♣ A Q 6

This deal occurred in the recent Vanderbilt Tournament, which is a team-of-four contest on a total-point basis. At one table the North-South pair bid and made four hearts—West not having been inspired to make a club lead.

fall tree in the loneliest place deep in the Green Forest.

Bobby Coon had found this out. Twice he had tried to climb up to that nest. Twice he had been driven down with scratched face and torn coat. Could it be that he was planning to try again? Hooty and Mrs. Hooty suspected that he was. There someone about his size in some brush a little way off. Two Owls had both heard and seen someone there. Who else was it likely to be? Who else could it be? They flew back and forth just above the brush, snapping their bills and hissing angrily as they started down into the darkness. But the brush was thick and whoever was there was well hidden.

If it was Bobby Coon, and both Hooty and Mrs. Hooty were sure it was, he was keeping still now. This made them more sure that it was Bobby. He was hiding, just waiting for a chance to climb up to their nest to get their precious babies, a chance while they were off hunting. They were in no doubt at all as to this. They stopped flying back and forth over that hiding place and snapping their bills. They flew up in the home tree to talk things over.

Those babies were hungry. They always were hungry. It seemed so anyway. Their mouths were al-

which was the only opening that could defeat four hearts. At the other table this was the auction:

South West North East
1♥ Dbl- Pass 1♠
2♥ Dbl- Pass 2♠
Pass Pass 3♥ Pass

This declarer also made ten tricks, but of course he could not get the game bonus. It was North's fault, exclusively, that his side ended up at a mere part-score contract. His action on the second round, over West's rather sporty two-spade call, was inexcusably timid. The fact that South had voluntarily rebid in the face of the double at his left, proved that he had a good hand, and, that being so, North's profusion of honors deserved higher respect. There were really only two sound actions available to North—a penalty double of two spades, or a bid of two notrump. North's actual heart raise was nothing but a weak compromise. It was only natural that South should read this as a purely competitive gesture and should stop short of game.

Everything considered, it would seem that North's best action was to double two spades. If South stood for the double it figured to be very profitable, and if he did not, North could carry the auction on to game.

ways open begging for food. And food was not easy to get. It took a lot of patient hunting just to keep those babies fed, not to mention themselves. This very minute both should be out hunting. But this would mean leaving those precious little ones all alone, and there was Bobby Coon hiding down there and waiting.

The only thing to do was to take turns hunting and keeping watch. Hooty flew away to hunt and Mrs. Hooty stayed on the nest fussing over the babies as mothers will. All the time she was listening for a telltale sound of any kind. Whatever she might be doing her wonderful ears were constantly on guard.

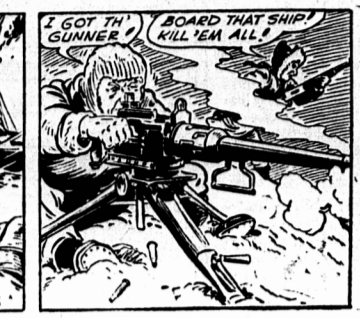
At long last they caught the faintest of faint rustling sounds. Instantly Mrs. Hooty was up on the edge of the nest watching the brush whence those faint rustlings had come. She would wait for Bobby Coon to come out in the open where she could tear him with claws and bill and beat him with

Continued on page 12

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED



JOE PALOOKA



HENRY



By Ham Fisher

By Carl Anderson

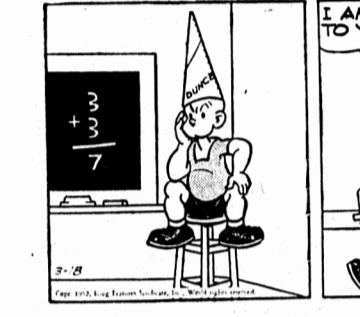
By Ruford



By Wait Kelly

By George McManis

By Bob Gustafson



By Al Capp

By Alex Raymond

By Harry Hennigen



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MARCH 17, 18, 19

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DIAMOND

By Harry Hennigen



PENNY

By Harry Hennigen



RIP KIRBY

By Alex Raymond



DIAMOND

By Harry Hennigen



PENNY

By Harry Hennigen



RIP KIRBY

By Alex Raymond



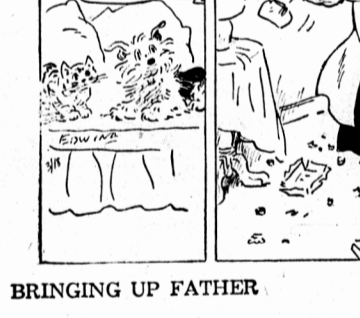
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