

**Contract Bridge**

By Josephine Culbertson  
ALMOST LIKE POLITICS

The four players involved in the deal below had four different opinions about the bidding that had taken place.

South dealer.  
Both sides vulnerable.

♠ 86342  
♥ 3  
♦ J743  
♣ Q106

♠ 73  
♥ KQJ9  
♦ K8  
♣ 954

♠ A9  
♥ A10875  
♦ 1052  
♣ K73

The bidding:  
1♥ Pass 2♠ Pass 3♥ Pass 4♥ Pass

When the double of a one-bid is left in by partner, the logical and conventional opening lead is a trump, but West elected to put down the spade king. South won and, after some thought, led the king of clubs. West won and continued with the queen and jack of spades. This gave East the chance to get rid of a club, but the result was still unsatisfactory to East-West. Declarer ruffed the third spade, ruffed the queen of clubs and returned a spade from dummy of his own accord. East had the choice of passing (but to keep South from making too many small trumps) or discarding, and when he chose the former, South got rid of a loose diamond. By working a trump end-play against East, South managed to win six tricks — one spade, one club and no fewer than four hearts — and so paid a penalty of only 200 points.

Then the argument got under way. West insisted that his partner should not have left in the double of one heart — that he should have bid one notrump. North, the erstwhile dummy, agreed that East's leaving had been bad, but argued that East should have taken out the double by bidding two hearts. Naturally East liked his own decision, and as for South, he was quite pleased with the way things had gone.

It was true, of course, that East-West could have made three notrump, for a much better score, but the criticism of East's penalty pass seems a little unfair, to put it mildly.

From East's point of view, if one heart could not be adequately punished, there was no reason to feel that any better score could be earned. Moreover, the one-heart contract should have been beaten another trick.

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**BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES**

By Thornton W. Burgess

**EATING TO SLEEP**  
When winter comes and winds are keen,  
Tis better to be fat than lean.

Johnny Chuck was working. He really was. It wasn't hard work, but it was work. Peter Rabbit, who never does any work, didn't know just what to make of it. Johnny Chuck was gathering leaves and grass and taking them down into his underground home just outside the dear Old Briar-patch.

"I'm not fat enough," said Johnny.  
"I've never seen you do so much work before," said Peter. "I thought you were too lazy to do any work. All summer long you've done nothing but eat, sleep and take sunbaths."  
"I'm making my bed," said Johnny.  
"When you've got that bed made, what will you do then?" asked Peter.  
"Eat," replied Johnny Chuck, briefly.

Peter chuckled. "It seems to me you don't do much of anything else," said he.  
"I have to get fat," said Johnny. Peter chuckled more than ever. "You're so fat now you can hardly waddle," said he.  
"I'm not fat enough," said Johnny. "Now that I've got my bed made I can settle right down to eating and getting really fat."  
Peter shook his head. "If I were as fat as you," I wouldn't know what to do with myself," said Peter.

It was Johnny Chuck's turn to chuckle. He was trying to picture Peter Rabbit as fat as himself. Peter never is fat. He runs the fat off as fast as he puts it on. Johnny Chuck, on the other hand, does very little running. He seldom goes far from his doorstep, excepting early in the spring when he first awakens from his long winter sleep. For a little time then he does considerable roaming about. But he isn't fat then. He has used up all his fat. "I have to get fat," said Johnny.  
"I don't. Why do you have to?" asked Peter.  
"So that I can sleep all winter," replied Johnny.  
"What has getting fat to do with sleeping all winter?" demanded Peter.  
"That was something that Johnny Chuck didn't know the reason for himself. All I know is, that if I do not get fat enough before I go to sleep I'll wake up too soon, and then there won't be anything to eat," replied Johnny.

Once more Peter Rabbit chuckled. "Are you telling me that you are eating to sleep?" he asked. He chuckled again. The idea tickled him.  
"If you want to put it that way, that's what I'm doing," replied Johnny Chuck. "I eat to get fat. And I get fat in order to sleep. You ought to try it, Peter."  
"I couldn't get fat if I tried to," replied Peter. "What's more, I don't want to sleep all winter the way you do. It's a stupid thing to do, if you ask me. What fun is there in sleeping?"  
"What fun is there in being cold?"

and hungry, and all the time having to watch out for hungry enemies?" retorted Johnny Chuck. Peter pretended not to hear.

**SLOW START**  
Average speed of the Wright brothers' first airplane flight in 1903 was 31 miles an hour.

**ST. PETER'S HIGH SCHOOL**

(October Report)

Principal's Department

Grade X — 1. Jean McIsaac, 2. Alan Anderson, 3. Doreen Fisher and Edna McKinnon (equal).  
Grade IX — 1. Alta Sanderson, 2. Teresa McInnis, 3. Eugene Wilson and Arlene McKinnon.  
Grade VIII — 1. Kenneth McKinnon, 2. Arthur McLaren.  
Grade VII — 1. Carol Burch, 2. Ray Wilson, 3. Tommy McInnis.

Miss McEwen's Department

Grade VI — 1. John O'Mally, 2. Catherine McKinnon.  
Grade V — 1. Jeanie McInnis, 2. Judy Sanderson, 3. Marjorie Robbins.  
Grade IV — 1. Wendy Robbins, 2. Walter O'Mally, 3. Sydney McLaren.

Grade III (a) — 1. Estelle Doucette.  
Grade III (b) — 1. Lloydie McKinnon, 2. Duncan McLaren, 3. Alan McDonald.  
Grade III (c) — 1. Sandra Burch, 2. Heather McLeod, 3. Lawrence McAlulay.

Grade III (d) — 1. Spurgeon Robbins.  
Grade II (a) — 1. Patrick McInnis, 2. Albert McKenzie.  
Grade II (b) — 1. Mary McKinnon, 2. Brenda McGuigan.  
Grade II (c) — 1. Willie Lewis, 2. Duncan McLeod.  
Grade I — 1. Anne McInnis, 2. Matilda O'Hanley, 3. Gordon McKenzie.

Highest Average, Patrick McInnis 95.6%.

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**Etta Kett**

MISS ME WHILE I WAS AWAY, DOLL? TERRIBLY! BET YOU FORGOT OUR PROMISE TO LOOK AT THE MOON EVERY NIGHT AND THINK OF EACH OTHER. OH, BUT WALLY! I DEFINITELY DON'T! TO SIT AND DREAM ABOUT YOU -- AND FEEL SO LONESOME AND BLUE. EVERY NIGHT! IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME, ASK ANY OF THE BOYS I WENT OUT WITH.

**Henry**

HECK, I'M NO SOFTIE! I'M NOT GONNA TURN BACK JUST BECAUSE IT'S SPRINKLIN' A BIT! I GUESS US OL-TIMERS ARE MADE OF MORE RUGGED STUFF THAN TH' YOUNGER GENERATION! A-CHOO!

**Grandma**

GRANDMA, HAVE YOU ANY LEMONS YOU COULD SPARE? WHY, YES, ... I GUESS SO... WELL, BOBBY'S GOT A COLD... WAWAN'S GOT A COLD... ROBIN AND RUSTY ARE SNEEZIN' UP A STORM... IN FACT, ALL THE KIDS IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD SEEM TO BE COMING DOWN WITH COLDS... SO JUST FOR SOMETHING TO DO... I WAS THINKING I MIGHT OPEN UP A HOT-LEMONADE STAND!

**Muggs and Skeeter**

UNCLE GUDGER HAS FILLED THE HOUSE WITH HIS CRAZY PETS... THE NEIGHBORS ARE SORE... MINNIE WON'T SPEAK TO ME... NO TWO WAYS ABOUT IT! THEY'VE ALL GOT TO GO...! UNCLE GUDGER... I'VE GOT JUST ONE THING TO SAY... HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOUUUU...

**Mickey Mouse**

MR. SIMPKINS, WHY HAVE YOU BEEN WEARING THAT SILLY MASK ALL DAY? I'M GETTING LITTLE ALGY PREPARED TO SPEND THE WEEK END WITH HIS ALUNT HATTIE. SHE'S VERY PRETTY! LOOKING!

**Tilly The Toiler**

MOTHER IS PROVOKED BECAUSE I'M GOING OUT AND CAN'T HELP HER WITH THE DISHES! YOU WOMEN MAKE AN AWFUL FUSS ABOUT A FEW DISHES! RATHER THAN LISTEN TO YOU TWO FUBBING, I'LL DO THEM MYSELF! THAT'S SWEET OF YOU, DADDY! HEY! WHAT'S THIS? BY GOLLY-I BROKE OUT OF TURN THAT TIME -- I FORGOT THIS WAS MAGGIE'S DAY TO ENTERTAIN HER BROSE CLUB!

**Bringing Up Father**

I'D LIKE TO SEE MR. FLAVIUS... I'M JOE PALOOKA. OH... UM... I'LL SEE IF HE'S IN. JOE PALOOKA WANTS TO SEE YOU... HE'S HERE. UH... TELL HIM TO WAIT A FEW MINUTES... GO OUT THAT OTHER DOOR, MIKE. HELLO, MR. FLAVIUS... I'M VERY SURPRISED AT THOSE PERSONAL APPEARANCE SIGNS ALL OVER TOWN. OH, MY DEAR CHAP... IT WAS DONE WITH MY KNOWLEDGE... THOSE ENTHUSIASTS ON THE COMMITTEE DID IT.

**By Fran Striker**

**Joe Palooka**

SWIFTLY, PHIL CLOSES IN ON THE WILD-SHOOTING ENIPER... LIFT THEM, MISTER, AND KEEP THEM HIGH! DON'T SHOOT! I WASN'T TRYING TO HIT YOU! THAT'S WHY I EMPTIED MY GUN! I NEED HELP! MY LEGS... WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOUR LEGS?

**By Al Capp**

**Secret Agent X9**

**The Lone Ranger**

PETS, THAT LOOKS LIKE THE INJUN PAL OF THE LONE RANGER. HERE'S HOPIN'! WHEN YOU GET TO CAMP, GIVE MY REGARDS TO THE LONE RANGER. ME DO THAT! I WAS RIGHT! LETS GET AFTER HIM!

**L'il Abner**

THANKS TO HIM, AH BIN SAVED! SAVED FOR ME? IT'S TH' SWEET OLE LADY, WHUT LOOKS AT ME AS IF AH WAS A CHICKEN DINNER! -- IF SHE KETCHES ME, AH'LL HAFTA MARRY HER! -- BUT, IF AH RUNS THAT WAY-- THEY'LL GIT ME! -- IT'S SOB'-MIGHTS WELL BE Y-YO!! -- AT LEAST, AH DONE HAD 15 1/2 YARS O' HAPPY, CAREFREE B-BACHELOR LIFE!

By Paul Robinson  
By Carl Anderson  
By Charles Kuhn  
By Wally Bishop  
By Walt Disney  
By Bob Gustafson  
By George McManus  
By Ham Fisher  
By Mel Graff