



BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

THE MERRY GLIDERS

The road to happiness will lay where work is interspersed with play.

—Old Mother Nature.

Mistress Moon was shining her brightest. Peter Rabbit simply couldn't stay at home in the dear Old Briar-patch. He couldn't do it on a night like this. It was hard enough to stay at home on dark nights, but it simply was impossible to stay at home on such a lovely night as this. So it was that Peter was over in the Green Forest.

He had hoped to find his big cousin, Jumper the Hare, who lives in the Green Forest. Peter was disappointed that he hadn't been able to find him so far. He asked to gossip with his cousin. Furthermore, he always felt safer when he was with Jumper. They

have the same enemies. Both are hunted by the same hungry folk. So Peter felt that two pairs of eyes and two pairs of ears give twice the safety that one pair of ears and one pair of eyes can give.



"Where can everyone be?" muttered Peter.

Truth to tell, Peter was feeling a little lonesome. He hadn't seen anybody since he reached the Green Forest. He had heard Hooty the Owl in the distance, and been glad that he was in the distance. He had heard Reddy Fox bark over on the Green Meadows, and had hoped that Reddy would stay there, or go back to the Old Pasture where his home was. Those were the only folks he had heard, and he had begun to wonder where everyone was. He had come to a quite large opening among the trees. He sat down close to the trunk of a tree. It would be well to look over before crossing that open space. The

ground was covered with snow, and he could see all over that opening. No one was there. "Where can everyone be?" muttered Peter. "On such a lovely night as this, all the night folk should be out, but I haven't seen one."

Smack! Something had hit the tree just above Peter's head. It startled him so that he jumped out all ready to run.

"Don't run, Peter, it is only me," said a rather squeaky voice.

Peter looked around. He didn't see anybody. Then he heard the scratching of tiny claws. Somebody was climbing that tree. Peter ran around and looked at the other side of that tree. He caught just a glimpse of some one dodging around the trunk. He couldn't tell who it was. "Who are you?" he called.

Smack! Something hit the tree just a little above Peter's head. Again it startled him, and he made a long jump to one side. But when he turned to see who or what had struck the tree, no one was to be seen.

"It's me, only me, Peter," squeaked a small voice. Once more he heard tiny claws on bark. Again he ran around the tree with the same results as before. There was something familiar about those voices. He tried to think where he had heard them before. He scratched a long ear with a long hind foot. Doing that helps him think. Anyway, that is what he says. I'm glad you and I don't have to think that way. Aren't you?"

He looked up the tree once more. Just as he did so something shot out from near the top of the tree, and went sailing through the moonlight clear across that open space to near the foot of a tree on the other side.

At first Peter thought it was one of his feathered friends. Then he knew it wasn't, for there were no flapping wings. He looked up again, and again he was just in time to see something or someone shoot out from the top of that tree and glide down across the opening to the other tree. Peter began to chuckle now. It had suddenly come to him who these small persons were. He went back and sat down where he had been sitting before. Smack! Something hit the tree just above his head. "It's me," cried a squeaky little voice.

"Hello, Timmy!" cried Peter. "You and Mrs. Timmy fooled me for a few minutes."

Smack! Something hit the tree above Peter's head. "It's me,"

cried a squeaky little voice. "Hello, Mrs. Timmy!" cried Peter. Timmy the Flying Squirrel and Mrs. Timmy were old friends of Peter's.

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Clubertson

SAFETY PLAYS ARE A "MUST"

A simple safety play would have insured the vulnerable game contract in the following deal.

South dealer. Both sides vulnerable.
A Q 7 2
J 6 5
9 4 3
A 7 4
N W E S
J 8 Q 10 9 2 3 10 9 6 4
J 10 8 6 5 2 7 5 2
K 10 8 Q J 6 3
A K 5 3
A K 8 7 4
A Q
9 5 2

The bidding:
South West North East
1 Pass 1 Pass
2 Pass 3 Pass
4 Pass Pass

The bidding was good. North first responded in spades, to discover whether that would make a satisfactory contract, but even when South raised, North prudently asked for further confirmation by raising South's hearts. In effect, this raise asked South specifically to choose between a spade and a heart game.

West's opening lead, the diamond jack, let South "relax" insofar as a possible diamond loser was concerned, but perhaps the lead also made South a little over-confident. At any rate, he promptly laid down the ace and king of trumps. This rash procedure exposed him to two losers in the trump suit, and the 3-3 spade break which then became his only hope failed to materialize, two club losers also became unavoidable. Down one.

If South had been playing match-point duplicate his defeat could have been termed "unfortunate," since by laying down the top trumps he might have dropped the queen and made one or more overtricks. At rubber bridge, however, South's method of trump-handling was a grave mistake. After cashing no more than one high trump, South should lead a low trump toward dummy's J-6, thus guarding against the one bad break that it is possible to guard against. Observe that if it is East who holds Q-10-9-X of hearts, South is truly helpless, but at least his safety-play has not cost him anything; whereas under the actual condition, this safety-play would hold West to one heart trick.

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

By Zarr Grey



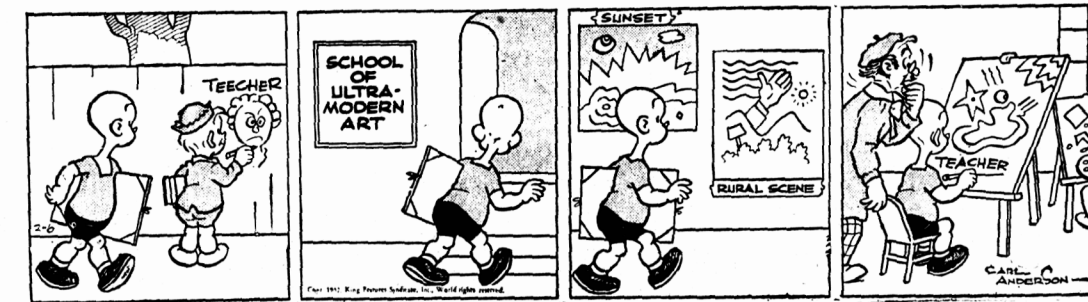
JOE PALOOKA

By Ham Fisher



HENRY

By Carl Anderson



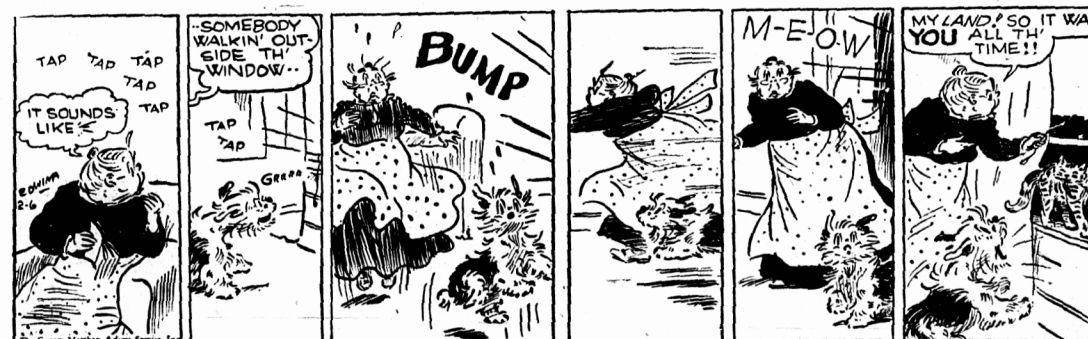
DOTTY DIPPLE

By Ruford



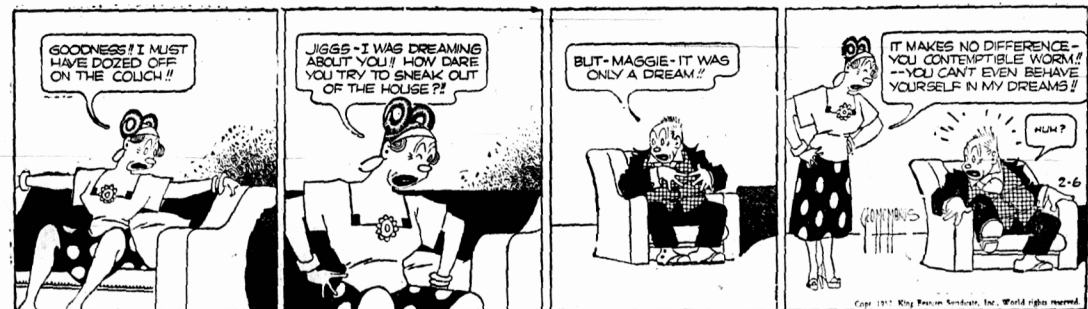
TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS

By Edwin



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



TILLY THE TOILER

By Bob Gustafson



PENNY

By Harry Haenigsen



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