

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

THE TWO DRUMMERS

When drum the drummers 'tis to bring
The joyous message of the spring.
—Old Mother Nature.

In a lone cedar tree, in a lone-
some part of the Green Forest,
a lone crow was convalescing. That
it has a big word for small folks, but
it has a simple meaning that
small folks can understand. It
means simply getting better. That
lone Crow had been badly hurt.
He had been shot. He had been so
badly hurt that he was having to
stay in that cedar tree until his in-
jured wing should have healed, and
of course he was all alone. He did
have visitors. Every day, some
member of the flock brought him
food. Crows are like that with one
another. They believe in welfare,
that is help when it is needed,
but only when it is needed, for
they are very independent folk.

Mistress Spring had not yet
reached the Green Forest. She was
still on her way up from the Land-
of-Always-Summer, and she was
due to arrive any day. All the
Green Forest folk were eagerly
waiting for her. Almost every day
messengers would arrive, saying
that she was surely coming and
soon would be there. These mes-
sengers were feathered folk hur-
rying on ahead of her.

One morning, when the lone

Crow in the cedar tree had slept
a little later than usual, he was
awakened by a sound that startled
him. It was a sharp rat-a-tat-rat-
a-tat-rat-a-tat-rat-a-tat! His eyes
flew open, and he hastily looked
this way, and that way. Who could
be making all that noise and why?
At first, he couldn't tell just where
the sound came from. Then hap-
pening to look up in a neighboring
tree he saw a small person dressed
in black and white on a dead limb
high above the ground. He
wouldn't have noticed this small
person in black and white, had it
not been that just as he looked,
this small person's head with a
band of red across the back of it
began to fly back and forth, and
once more sounded that sharp,
clear rat-a-tat-rat-a-tat-rat-a-tat!
That small person in black
and white was making all that
noise. He was Drummer the Wood-
pecker, and he was drumming with
his bill on the dead limb to which he
was clinging.

"How in the world does he make
so much noise?" wondered the lone
Crow.
It wasn't a sweet sound; it was
just a noisy sound. Yet somehow
the unhappy lone Crow suddenly
felt a lot better just for hearing
that drumming. Sharp and loud as
that rat-a-tat was, there was some-
thing joyous in it. Nobody could
hear it and not feel better for
hearing it. It contained a message.
Yes, sir, Drummer was drumming
out a message. It was a message
meant for everyone within hearing;
a message that awakened
happy thoughts, thoughts of love
and homemaking and joy in living.
It was a message from Mistress
Spring. In a few days, she would
be there, and she had chosen



He was Drummer the Woodpecker, and he was drumming with his bill on the dead limb to which he was clinging.

Drummer the Woodpecker to
spread that message far and wide.
The lone Crow felt better. He
felt a lot better. He seemed to
feel better with every rat-a-tat-tat.
When Drummer finally flew away
to look for another dead limb drum
on which to beat out that message
again, the lone Crow forgot he
was lonesome. He forgot he was
the unhappiest Crow in all the
Green Forest. He continued to
listen, hoping that Drummer would
drum again.

Because he was listening, his
keen ears picked up the sound of
another drum. It was faint, but
clear. It started slowly boom-boom-
boom-boom, and then went
faster and faster. It seemed almost
like distant thunder, but it was
very different in another way.
Thunder is always a threat of a
storm. It often carries with it fear.
This sound carried with it no fear.
It carried with it the same mes-
sage the drumming of Drummer
the Woodpecker had carried. It was
the same message from Mistress
Spring, but it was being drummed
by a different drummer. The lone
Crow wondered who that drummer
could be. He wished, oh, how he
wished, he could fly so that he
might go look for that drummer.
But he couldn't fly. All he could
do was sit in that tree and wonder.
And it spite of himself he felt
happier than he had felt since he
had been hurt.

Many other folks were listening
happily to the message of the two
drummers. They kept it up as if
they wouldn't or couldn't stop, and
nobody wanted them to.

Rich in tin and rubber, the Fed-
eration of British Malaya covers
50,650 square miles.

KING COLE TEA

LEWIS at flavour peak.

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Clubertson

MASTER'S ERR, TOO

A hand from a master pairs
tournament reveals that even the
highest-ranking players sometimes
nod.

North dealer.
Both sides vulnerable.

♠ K 6	♥ 10 7 4	♦ 9 5 4	♣ K Q 10 8
♠ A 8 5 3 2	♥ K J 9 3	♦ 10 7 6	♣ 10 7 6 2
♠ K Q J	♥ A 9 4	♦ 8 3	♣ 5 2

This was the bidding at a great
many tables:

North	East	South	West
Pass	Pass	1 ♠	2 ♣
Pass	Pass	2 ♠	Pass
Pass	Pass	Pass	Pass

Every West opened the club
king, and every East automatically
started a high-low with the five-
spot. Every South took the trick
and immediately played the dia-
mond queen.

The match-point scores earned
by the various East-West pairs de-
pendent on the decision West made
at this juncture. Some Wests went
right in with the diamond ace;
others held off and took the next
diamond lead; and still others held
off for both rounds of dia-
monds. The failure to hold up the
ace at all, and the double hold-
up were equally disastrous. In the
first event, South could reach
dummy with his remaining dia-
mond and discard his heart loser;
in the second event, South lost no
diamond trick.

It is strange that since this was
a master event, all the Wests
should not have made the marked
play of holding up the ace on the
first lead and watching attentively
for East's follow-suit play, which
would dictate West's proper course.
If East correctly followed suit to
the first diamond with the seven,
a high card, he would announce
a diamond holding of two or four
cards, and in either case West
should of course win the next
diamond lead. If East held exactly
three diamonds, he should play
his lowest card in the suit to
indicate the fact.

There are many opportunities for
the use of this signal; therefore,
readers are advised to familiarize
themselves with it.

The area of the Antarctic con-
tinent has been estimated at 5,000,
000 square miles.

The Maldiv Islands, a British-
protected state near Ceylon, cover
only 115 square miles.

King Of The Royal Mounted

By Zane Grey

Rip Kirby

By Alex Raymond

Joe Palooka

By Ham Fisher

Napoleon and Uncle Elby

By Clifford McBride

SOLEX

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Lil Abner

By Al Capp

Contract Bridge

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Pogo

By Walt Kelly

Tilly The Toiler

By Bob Gustafson

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Tippy and "Cap" Stubs

By Edwina

Dotty Dripple

By Ruford

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Clubertson

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Bringing Up Father

By George McManus

Henry

By Carl Anderson

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Clubertson

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tournament reveals that even the
highest-ranking players sometimes
nod.

Penny

By Harry Haenigsen