

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

THE UNTOUCHABLE ONE

Not quite a failure, good or bad; You may be sorry or be glad. —Old Mother Nature.

Mrs. Hooty the Great Horned Owl had failed to do what she had intended to do and had started to do. She had almost, but not quite, come it and now she sat high in a tree snapping her bill with both anger and fright, she shivered at the thought of what might have happened. She had been sure that Bobby Coon was hiding in some thick brush waiting for a chance to safely climb to her nest in a tall tree to get that precious baby. So when someone of about the size of Bobby had come out of that brush into a little open place in the moonlight she had swooped swiftly and fiercely, intending to take him by surprise and tear him with her big curved claws and hooked bill, and pounce him with her stout wings. She had not waited for even one good look at him.



He stood up as if about to climb, then changed his mind.

At the very last moment she had seen who it was, and she was making a great mistake. This wasn't Bobby Coon, no, sir, this wasn't Bobby Coon. It was the Untouchable One. Such a frantic flapping of great wings as she tried to check herself and avoid hitting him! She came just as close to striking him as was possible and not quite touch him. And, oh, how glad she was that she hadn't touched him!

Yet as she sat there shivering at the thought of what might have been she snapped her bill angrily. Yes, she did so. To have seen her and heard her you might have thought she was angry instead of being glad because she had failed to do what she had started to do. Narrow escapes often make folks lose their tempers. Queen, isn't it? So now as she snapped her bill she began to scold the Untouchable One. "You have no business over here," she hissed.

The Untouchable One merely grunted and shuffled along to the foot of a tree. There he stopped and looked up, still grunting and paying no attention whatever to Mrs. Hooty. He acted just as if he didn't know she was anywhere about. He seemed to be undecided whether or not to climb that tree. Mrs. Hooty stopped snapping her bill and hissing. She held her tongue. If he climbed that tree he would be likely to stay up there a long time and she would at least know where he was. Her babies would be quite safe from him.

He stood up as if about to climb, then changed his mind. Slowly, he shuffled over to another tree. The same thing happened over again. Mrs. Hooty lost patience. Losing patience is a bad thing to do. It was another mistake.

"Why don't you go home where you belong and leave other people alone?" she cried.

The Untouchable One stopped and looked up at Mrs. Hooty. His shoe buttons. "Do you own the Green Forest?" he asked mildly. "Hooty and I own this part of it. Our nest is here," declared Mrs. Hooty.

"So I have heard, and even that

nest doesn't really belong to you," retorted the other. "It does too," Mrs. Hooty hissed angrily. She knew what he meant. That big nest up in the tall tree had been built by, and once had been the home of, Redtail the Hawk and Mrs. Redtail. While they were away for the winter the two big Owls had taken possession of it.

"The Green Forest is free to all. I go where I please, when I please, and no one with any sense at all ever tries to stop me. Those who do always wish they hadn't," declared the Untouchable One. He turned his back and shuffled to the foot of another tree. This time after looking it over he started to climb. Mrs. Hooty drew a long breath of relief.

But he got only a little way up when he changed his mind again and slowly backed down. Now Mrs. Hooty began to worry for the Untouchable One was getting near the tall tree in which was her nest and babies. What if he should take it into his silly head to climb that tree? What should she do about it? What could she do?

Who was the Untouchable One? Don't you know? Haven't you guessed? It was Fricky Porky the Porcupine. Of course. And he was untouchable because of the thousand little spears always hidden in his coat.

BROOKVALE SCHOOL

Honour Roll for the month of February:

- Grade X—1. John Carragher; 2. Francis Curley; 3. Imelda Sturdy.
- Grade VII—1. Eugene Curley; 2. Margaret Carragher; 3. Josephine Curley.
- Grade V—1. Bernice Curley; 2. Hilda MacManus; 3. Muriel Smith.
- Grade IV—1. Pauline MacManus; 2. Wilfred Carragher.
- Grade III—1. Helen Curley; 2. Damien MacManus.
- Grade II—1. Eileen Cusack; 2. Damien Curley; 3. Barbara MacManus.

Teacher—Amos Curley.

The March meeting of the Margate W. M. S. was held at the home of Mrs. Harold Woodside with seventeen members present. Meeting opened with the worship service conducted by Mrs. Preston Woodside.

Minutes were read and roll call answered by a verse of Scripture containing the word "Worship". Correspondence consisted of a letter regarding the allocation for this year and a letter from the Temperance Federation. Easter envelopes were then given out. Sick calls were reported and collection taken.

Next meeting will be at the home of Mrs. John Johnson and the Easter program will be led by Selina Johnson, Mrs. H. Woodside and Mrs. Arthur Profit.

Mrs. J. Johnson presented the last chapter of the "Study Book", assisted by Mrs. Andrew Johnson, and the meeting closed with silent prayer for the missionary and benediction by the president, Mrs. W. Dennis. Lunch was served by Mrs. Woodside.

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

MUCH TOO CONSERVATIVE
The recent Vanderbilt Tournament in New York brought to light a curious flair for underbidding on the parts of many of the participating experts. Today's deal was only one of a long series.

South dealer. Both sides vulnerable.

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

At one table the North-South pair reached the correct and easily makable contract of three notrump, but at the other table of the knockout team-of-four match, this was the highly cautious sequence:

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

West opened a spade, and South made ten tricks. Obviously, however he could just as easily have made the more important nine tricks at a notrump contract—one spade, two hearts four clubs, and two diamonds simply by finessing twice from dummy.

Analysis readily discloses that both members of the North-South partnership underbid, but North's responsibility was far less than South's. True, North might have risked a rebid of his heart suit, since his previous one-over-one response had not announced either his fair five-card suit or his possession of two aces, but the real fault lay with South for opening with one club and then merely rebidding the suit as though his hand were a minimum. It would have been far more enterprising for South to start with one diamond and then, over North's response, to show the club suit, thus at least broadening the bidding field.

Surely, if South had used this technique of bidding, North would have made the suggestion of a notrump contract, and then it would have been elementary for South to carry on to three notrump.

KING COLE TEA

Finer Flavour

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

By Zane Grey



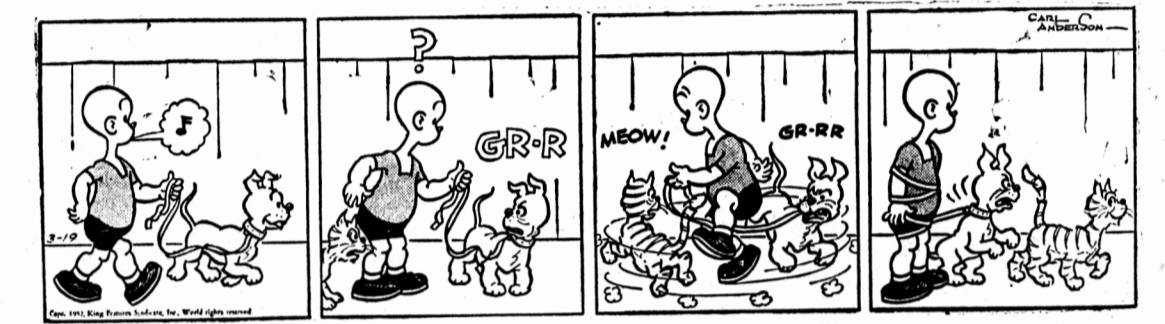
JOE PALOOKA

By Ham Fisher



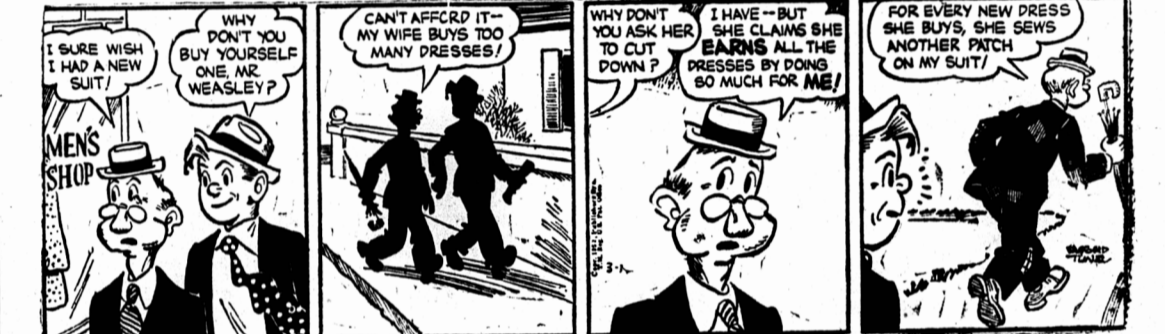
HENRY

By Carl Anderson



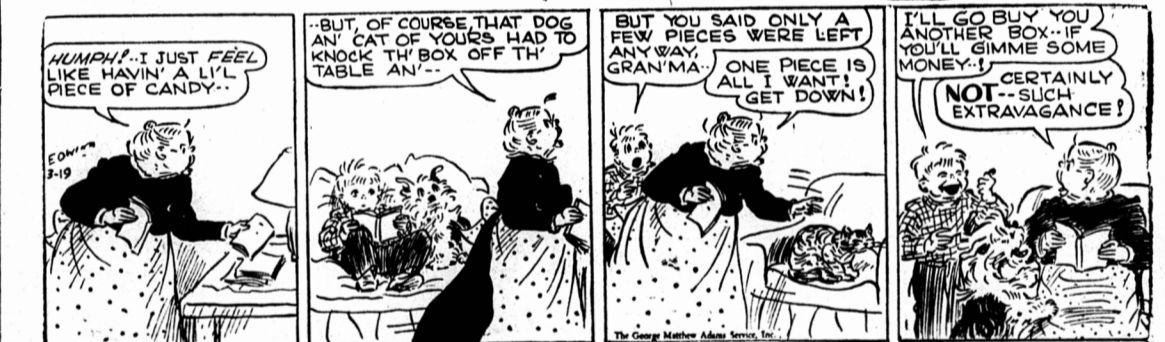
DOTTY DIPPLE

By Ruford



TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS

By Edwin



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



TILLY THE TOILER

By Bob Gustafson



PENNY

By Harry Haenigsen



YOU STILL HAVE A CHANCE
TO
"MEET THE O'BRIENS"
MARCH 17, 18, 19
We have a few tickets left on sale today from 9 a.m. to 8:15 p.m. at The Holy Redeemer Community Centre. Phone 2680 for reservations.

POGO
By Walt Kelly

Napoleon and Uncle Elby
By Clifford McBride

L'L ABNER
By Al Capp

RIP KIRBY
By Alex Raymond