

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

BUSTER FINDS OUT
Beware, though they be friends or foes,
Of stepping on another's toes.
—Buster Bear.

Big and clumsy-looking as he is, Buster Bear is quite at home up in trees. When he was small, a cub, he was almost as much at home in a tree as a Squirrel. Indeed he had spent much of his time up in trees. When Mother Bear wanted to go off on affairs of her own she often would send Buster and his twin sister Wool Wool up in a big tree and tell them to stay there until her return. She found it the surest way of keeping them out of mischief.

So even when they were very small they would climb to the very tops of tall trees and were with-

out fear of falling. Many were the good times they had up in trees, and many were the naps they had there, too.

As he grew older Buster climbed less and less, but he never did get over his love of being up in a tree. Great big fellow that he was now, he sometimes climbed a tree just for the fun of climbing. If he suspected there might be a hollow filled with honey nothing could keep him on the ground. He is very, very fond of sweets, of honey especially.

Now as he stood looking up to something near the top of a big tree deep in the Green Forest he wasn't thinking of honey. There was no hollow in that tree. What he saw was a big nest. The sight of it reminded him that he was beginning to feel hungry. He had wakened from his winter sleep only a few days before. At first he hadn't thought of food. It was so long since there had been any food in his stomach that it had become smaller and smaller until it was hardly like a stomach at all. You see, while he was asleep he had no need of food. So when he had first come out his stomach couldn't have held any food if he had eaten anything. So he didn't want anything. This was just as well for there was little food to be found. Jack Frost was still keeping the ground hard in most part of the Green Forest, too hard for even his great claws to dig out the roots that supply him with most of his food in early spring. So far the first few days he had no appetite. But he was thirsty and drank much water. Perhaps it was this that wakened his stomach and caused it to gradually fill out so that



He reached up to the first branches and prepared to climb.

is could hold a little food. Now as he stood looking up at that nest he began to be hungry.

I wonder if there anything in that nest," muttered Buster. He guessed whose nest it was from the way in which the big Owls were flying about, swooping at him but never quite hitting him, all the time snapping their bills threateningly. He paid no attention to them. They couldn't really hurt him and he knew it. They might have been only a couple of flies for all the notice he took of them.

That tree wouldn't be hard to climb for there were plenty of big branches. But he hadn't done any climbing yet this year and he didn't want to go to all that work now unless he could be sure it would be worth while. "I wonder," he repeated, still looking up.

And then he heard a sound that ended his wondering. It came from up in that nest and it told him just what he wanted to know. It was the crying of two hungry young Owls.

Buster Bear grinned. I suspect his mouth watered ever so little. A hungry look crept into his eyes as he started up at that nest. When people eat nothing for a long time they are said to be fasting. Buster had fasted a long time, nearly all winter. Now here was a chance to end that long fast. He reached up to the first branches and prepared to climb.

"You can't climb up there!" shrieked Hooty swooping so close that one of his wings brushed the top of Buster's head.

"Why can't I? Who's going to stop me? I'll climb up there if I want to," growled Buster Bear in his deepest, most unpleasant grumbly, rumble voice.

"You'll find out why!" retorted Hooty the Owl.

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

THE ALL-IMPORTANT REBID

It goes without saying that it is wise to get off to the correct start in the bidding of a bridge hand, but in a great many cases the original bid is less important than the rebid. That was the case in the following deal.

West dealer.
Both sides vulnerable.

♠ A 10 3
♥ 6
♦ J 8 7 4
♣ Q 10 5 4

♠ J 8 8 6 3
♥ 2 4
♦ 9 3
♣ J 8 7 3

N
W
E
S

♠ K Q
♥ A 8 7 2
♦ K Q 10 6
♣ A K 5

The bidding:
West North East South
1 ♠ Pass 1 ♣
2 ♠ Pass 3 NT
Pass Pass Pass

West was not to be talked out of a heart opening, despite the possibility of South's having the A-Q, and this led meant automatic defeat to the contract. South had no chance for nine tricks outside of diamonds, and on the first diamond lead West put up the ace and ran his hearts.

Simply analysis disclosed that a six-diamond contract would have been cold, and so North-South had more to mourn than their 200-point loss!

Superficially, it may seem that it was South's decision to open with one club instead of the more normal one-diamond bid that caused this catastrophe, but that is not a valid conclusion. South chose the club bid to make it as easy as possible for North to respond, and in that sense his selection was not without logic. It was South's next action that was so questionable. With West bidding hearts and North finding the free raise of clubs, South should have taken warning on the one side and encouragement on the other, and thus should have bid his diamonds as a normal and logical exploration. Perhaps North-South might even then have failed to reach the diamond slam, but at least they probably would have landed at a far sounder game contract.

FAMILY LIGHT

PORT BURWELL, Ont. — (CP) — Army enlistment of 23-year-old Jack Sutherland ends a family connection of 100 years with the Port Burwell lighthouse. His grandfather first filled the position in 1832 and it's been in the family ever since. New keeper is Jack Hayward, navy veteran.

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

By Zane Grey



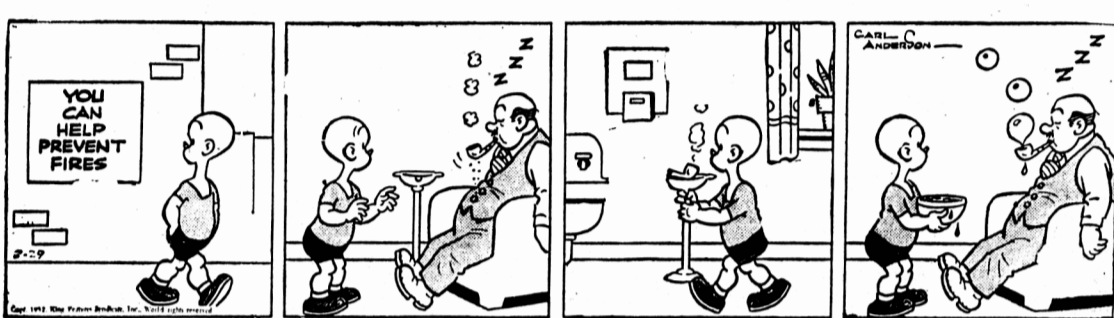
By Ham Fisher

JOE PALOOKA



By Carl Anderson

HENRY



By Ruford

DOTTY DRIPPLE



By Edwin

TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS



By George McManus

BRINGING UP FATHER



By Bob Gustafson

TILLY THE TOILER



By Harry Haengen

PENNY



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