

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

A GOOD PAPA

At times the worst contains the best. When meeting an important test. — Old Mother Nature.

A bad name sticks. It sticks just the way a burr sticks. Shadow the Weasel has a bad name. Yes, sir, he has a bad name and it sticks. You hear it wherever he appears. He is called a heartless killer of furred and feathered folk his own size and smaller, and even of some who are bigger. He is supposed to be wholly heartless, but this isn't so. There can be no love in one who is wholly heartless and Shadow is not without love. He has affection for Mrs. Shadow and he is a good papa. This is more than can be said for some other papas who haven't bad names at all.

Under a pile of stones at the edge of the Green Forest, Shadow and Mrs. Shadow had a snug home. It was down in the ground and it represented a lot of work, hard work. Digging always is hard work. Shadow and Mrs. Shadow didn't do that hard work themselves. They have not what you might call digging claws. Digging requires rather stout claws and it dulls sharp claws. Shadow needs sharp claws rather than stout ones. What is more, he doesn't believe in doing unnecessary work and he seldom has found it necessary to dig a home.

"Let some one else do the digging," says Shadow, and does just this. He is an opportunist — one quick to see opportunity when it offers and to make the best of it.

This was a former Chipmunk home, a very good one. It was Mrs. Shadow who discovered it quite by chance. She entered it and looked it all over. She liked it. Whether or not the one who had been living there was at home no one

but Mrs. Shadow knows, and she never has said. Anyway she told Shadow that from now on that was to be their home. That was all right with Shadow. He left the making of some small changes to her and went hunting for Mouse fur and some feathers to make a soft comfortable bed.

Presently that snug bedroom became a snug nursery. Snuggled together on that soft, comfortable bed of fur and feathers were six blind, helpless but very much alive babies. Shadow was a proud papa when Mrs. Shadow told him of them. She was jealous of her treasures, was Mrs. Shadow. It is doubtful if she allowed Shadow to even peep at them first. But it was enough for him to know they were there. He would have plenty of time to see them later. Meanwhile he hunted harder than ever to make sure Mrs. Shadow and the babies should not go hungry.

When he wasn't hunting he took sun baths on that pile of stones where he could watch the well hidden doorway, yet was far enough from it not to lead any one to think there might be one near. It was quite a while before any one did. If any one saw him on that pile of stones they thought nothing of it for every one knows that Shadow loves a pile of stones to play around on. Always there are plenty of holes between the stones into which to dodge for safety if need be. Now that there were babies down under that pile, Shadow spent more time than ever on those stones keeping watch.

It was Reddy Fox that first noticed this. Happening along that way he saw Shadow stretched out on the pile of stones taking a sun bath. It was useless to try to catch him there and Reddy knew it. So he went on about his business, pretending that he didn't see



It was Mrs. Shadow who discovered it quite by chance.

Shadow. The next day he strolled past again. Shadow was there. It was the same on the day following. Reddy grinned. It was a sly grin. He turned his head so Shadow couldn't see that grin. All the time he appeared not to see Shadow, not to know that he was anywhere about.

"My dear," said Reddy to Mrs. Reddy when they met in the Old Pasture, "I know where Shadow the Weasel is living."

"Do you mean that you know how to get into his home?" asked Mrs. Reddy.

"No-o," admitted Reddy. "I don't know where the doorway is, but I think we can find it. But I know that the home is under a pile of stones. And I suspect something."

"What do you suspect?" asked Mrs. Reddy, pricking up her ears.

"Guess," replied Reddy and grinned. Mrs. Reddy guessed. Have you guessed what Reddy Fox suspected?

LONDON, (CP) — Former crew members of the famed Cutty Sark, one of the last clipper ships, are being sought by organizers of an exhibition to include relics of the sailing craft.

CHESHAM, England, (CP) — A Christmas present of a week's rent is being considered for tenants of this Buckinghamshire village council's houses—but only for residents with good payment records.

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

A LUCKY HAND

The declarer had more than his fair share of luck in the following hand:

South dealer.
Neither side vulnerable.

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

N
W E
S

♠ 8 2
♥ A 9 6 5 3
♦ Q J 9 2
♣ 7 4

The bidding:
South West North East
Pass Pass 1♣ Pass
1♥ Pass 2♠ Pass
2NT Pass 6♥ Pass
Pass Pass

Undeniably, North's hand became very strong when South responded to the club opening with one heart, but the leap from two no-trump all the way to six hearts was nevertheless a stretch. North showed a powerful holding when he (properly) bid two spades over one heart; consequently, a leap to five hearts on the next round would have done full justice to the situation. For all North could know, South might have been queen-high in hearts, with diamond "compensation."

West, who had what he hoped was a trump trick, naturally opened the diamond ace. Dummy ruffed and led the heart jack. Declarer captured East's king and, hoping for a 2-2 trump break, continued the suit. West put up the queen and led another diamond, East having signalled high at the first trick.

South had no choice but to ruff this second diamond lead in dummy, and now it became necessary

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Bringing Up Father

By George McManus



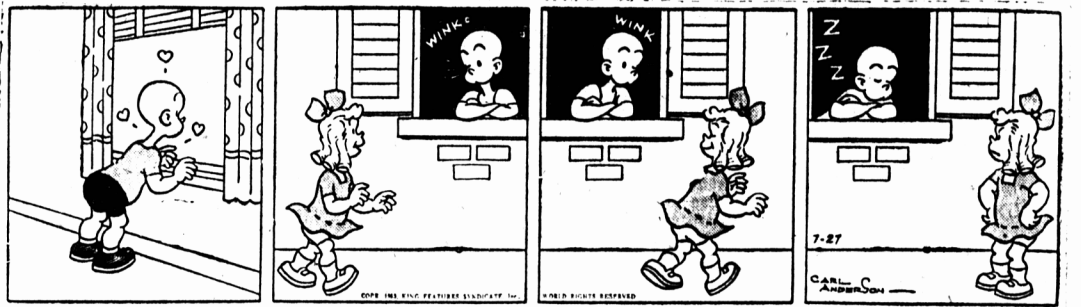
Dotty Dripple

By Ruford



Henry

By Carl Anderson



THE ADVENTURES OF WILDROOT CREAM-OIL CHARLIE... HOW TO CONTROL THE BOUNDING "MANE"



King Of The Royal Mounted

By Zane Grey



Joe Palooka

By Ham Fisher



L'il Abner

By Al Capp



Rip Kirby

By Alex Raymond



Tilly The Toiler

By Bob Gustafson



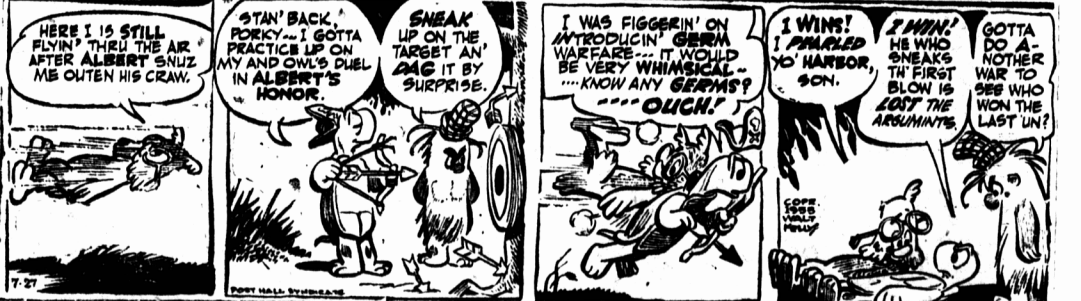
Napoleon and Uncle Elby

By Clifford McBride



Pogo

By Walt Kelly



Tippy and "Cap" Stubs

By Edwina



PENNY

By Harry Hoogeness

