



By Thornton W. Burgess

THE HOLDUP
Brave is he who holds his own,
Facing danger all alone.
—Old Mother Nature.

It was a beautiful day, a day in early June. The Green Forest was lovely. An old wood-road wound among the trees. It was quiet there. That old wood-road was seldom used. The people in the Green Forest like that old wood-road, Thunderer the Grouse often takes a dust bath in the middle of that old road. Some of the other feathered folk come down there for sun baths. It was very seldom that old wood-road was used by any but the wood folk.

Mrs. Grouse poked her head out from the brush on one side of the old road. She looked up the road. No one was in sight. She looked down the road. No one was in sight. She waited a moment or two, watching sharply both ways, then walked out into the middle of the road. Right at the place jolly, round, bright Mr. Sun was shining his very brightest. It was a lovely spot for a sun-bath. Mrs. Grouse walked out to the middle of the road. She clucked softly. A wee-

chick ran out from the edge of the road. He rolled down from the edge, which was raised a little. Another followed; then another, and another. Mother's watchful eyes counted them as they came. She didn't count them as you and I would; she just knew when there were more to come, and when the last one had come, and that was all she needed to know.

They were a pretty sight. Mother Grouse and her ten wee babies squatted down there in the middle of the road in the sun. There had been a great deal of rain. The Green Forest had been wet most of the time. There had been no chance for sun-baths. So this one was enjoyed all the more; especially by mother. The babies were too small to know anything about sun-baths, or dust-baths, but just the same they enjoyed being there in the sun.

Because they were right out in the open, Mother Grouse was even more watchful than when they were in the woods. She watched the sky as well as all the surroundings. She was watching the sky to make sure that none of the Hawk family was sailing overhead. They had been there in the middle of the road in that sunny



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warm spot only a few minutes when Mrs. Grouse lifted her head high, the better to listen. There was a strange noise. She had heard it many times before, but always it was strange because it was a noise that somehow didn't belong in the Green Forest. At first it was not at all loud because of distance. It grew louder. It grew louder and louder because it was coming nearer and nearer.

Now just a little way from where they were, the road curved. And not far beyond that curve another road joined this one. That noise was coming from somewhere beyond where that other road joined. Mrs. Grouse knew all about those two roads. Perhaps the thing that was making that noise would take the other road when it reached it. Then she and her babies would not be disturbed.

Nearer and nearer, and so louder and louder, came that sound. And then all of a sudden around that curve came an automobile. It hadn't taken that other road after all, and now it was coming so fast that there was no time for her wee chicks to get out of the road. There was time enough for her, because she could take to her stout wings as she had done many times before to get out of the way of automobiles. She didn't do it now. She just stood right where she was in the middle of the road. That automobile was slowing down now, but it was still coming on. It wasn't going to stop. All the time she was clucking to her chicks, and they were scrambling to get out of the road. They were so tiny that their short legs couldn't carry them over the ground very fast, but they were doing the best they could, scrambling up a little to the edge of the road, and then into the brush to hide under the dead brown leaves on the ground. Leaves that were very much the color of their own little coats.

Mother was hurrying then, urging them on. She herself was standing still, her head held high as she faced the terrible monster that promised to run right over her. And then, within just a foot or two of her, the monster stopped. The last of the chicks was not yet out of the road. Mother ruffed up all her feathers until every one was standing on end. She spread her tail like a fan. She raised her ruff around her neck, and her great wings spread wide. She was threatening to fight that great monster if it dared to come an inch nearer. That was the bravery of love overcoming fear.

Contract Bridge
By Josephine Culbertson
TEST FOR DECLARERS
The following hand constitutes an excellent test of a declarer's ability to choose between two lines of play.
South dealer.
North-South vulnerable.

Hand diagram showing cards: South (1087, Q83, J42, QJ108), North (A63, 9874, K65, 532), East (J954, 52, Q873, A94), West (KQ2, AKJ10, A109, K76)

The bidding: South West North East 1 Pass 2 Pass 4 Pass 5 Pass

North's raise to two hearts was an extremely questionable action, and it misled South into thinking that a heart game would be easy. If North, with only two face-cards in the flattest possible hand-pattern, had properly responded with one notrump (for all his four-card trump support), South certainly would have begun to think along notrump lines.

West opened the club queen; East took his ace and returned a club. South won — and took stock. Obviously, South could try for the heart finesse, and if he lost no heart trick, he could well afford to lose two clubs and a diamond. This, it is fair to say, would probably be the view taken by the vast majority of players in South's position. But the actual declarer elected to pursue a different plan — one that would combine two different chances.

South laid down the ace and king of trumps — if the queen dropped, his troubles would be over. The queen did not drop, so South went ahead with the second phase of his plan. He cashed his three spade tricks, then simply exited with his last club. West won and laid down the trump queen but after that he was end-played. He couldn't afford to give South a ruff-and-discard by leading the fourth club, so he had to start the diamond suit, and all South had to do was to play for the "percentage" of divided honors, i.e. he captured East's diamond queen with the ace and the finessed through West for then diamond jack.

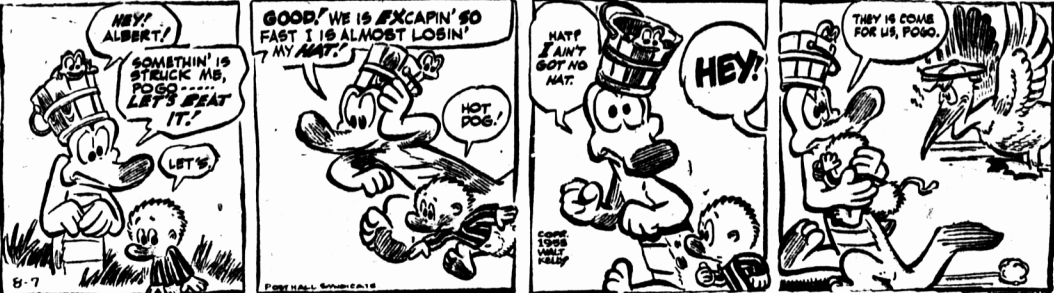
Tippy and "Cap" Stubs

By Edwina



Pogo

By Walt Kelly



Napoleon and Uncle Elby

By Clifford McBride



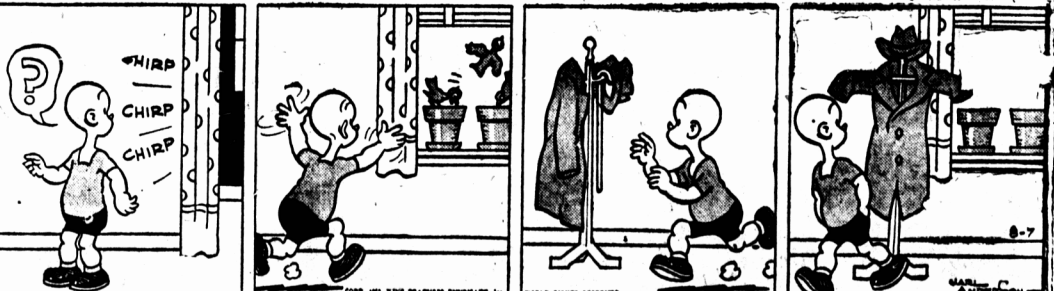
Tilly The Toiler

By Bob Gustafson



Henry

By Carl Anderson



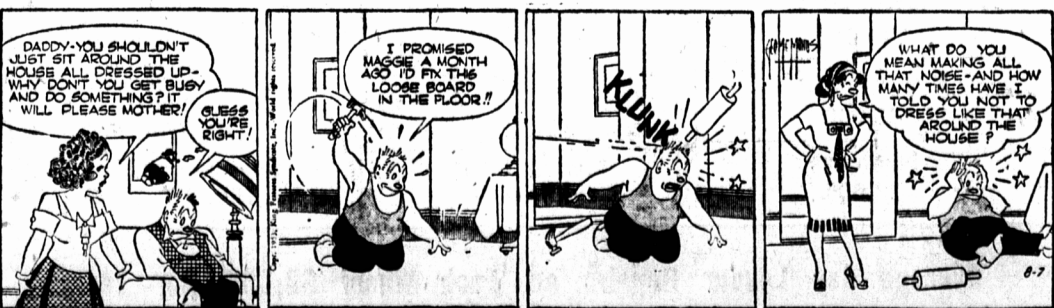
Dotty Dripple

By Ruford



Bringing Up Father

By George McManus



PENNY

By Harry Hoenigsen



"I Said... Paper-Mate" advertisement for Paper-Mate pens, including price and availability information.

Charlottetown Golf Club Dance advertisement for a night at the club house, including time and ticket information.

Tired Feet advertisement for Minard's Liniment, describing its benefits for foot pain.

King Of The Royal Mounted

By Zane Grey



Joe Palooka

By Ham Fisher



Rip Kirby

By Alex Raymond



Li'l Abner

By Al Capp

