

# BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

UNLIKE BUT TWO OF A KIND  
No matter where you chance to roam  
You'll find no place to equal home.

—Blacky the Crow.  
It was just daylight. Blacky the Crow had stopped in the Old Orchard. He was in the next tree to one in which Spooky the Screech Owl had a snug winter home. Spooky had just returned from an all-night hunt. The tail of a mouse was hanging from a corner of his bill. He had hunted all night long and this half-grown mouse was all he had caught. "This is a tough winter," said Spooky. Blacky said it was the toughest winter he had ever known.



"What did you stay for?" Blacky retorted.

"I had to go away once," mumbled Spooky, as his yellow eyes blinked sleepily. "I just had to go, but I didn't go one wing stroke farther than I needed to get something to eat."

"I did the same thing once, and once was enough," said Blacky. "I never felt more out of place in my life. I wasn't happy until I got back here, and I didn't waste any time getting here when the chance came."

"That is just the way with me," declared Spooky. "Do you know what?"  
"What?" asked Blacky, as he was expected to.

"I would rather have one small mouse here than three big mice anywhere else," replied Spooky, and snapped his bill in the way that only owls can snap a bill.

"Now if you'll excuse me, I think I'll go to bed. It is tiresome work hunting on an empty stomach."

Without waiting for a reply, Spooky disappeared through the doorway beside which he had been sitting. It was the entrance to a hollow in that tree, a hollow that Farmer Brown's boy had left there especially for Spooky instead of filling it with cement, as some other holes in trees had been filled.

"Caw, caw, caw!" called Blacky, as he spread his black wings and flew on his way to look for a breakfast. Somehow he felt better for that meeting with Spooky the Screech Owl.

"Spooky is a plucky little fellow. Yes, sir, for such a little fellow he has a lot of pluck. It takes courage to stay when food is so scarce. We don't look at all alike, but in some ways we are two of a kind," said Blacky.

He was quite right about that.

## Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

### A DELICATE POINT

The following hand, played in a match-point tournament, presented the opportunity for a "top or bottom" to a certain East-West pair.

South dealer  
L—West vulnerable

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

♠ 8 3  
♥ A K 6  
♦ A K J 7  
♣ K J 6 2

This was the bidding at the table in question:

South	West	North	East
Pass	Pass	Pass	1 ♠
Pass	Pass	Pass	2 ♠
Pass	Pass	Pass	3 ♠
Pass	Pass	Pass	4 ♠
Dble.	Pass	Pass	Pass

East had to lose two space tricks, one heart and one diamond, and so was penalized the 200 points which so often amounts to a calamity at match-point duplicate.

The "swing" was actually a

matter of top and bottom on the board, because South could have been doubled and penalized 300 points at his spade contract. In the postmortem, West took his partner to task for "putting him under pressure," pointing out that with four almost sure winners against spades, and with the club honors to boot, East certainly should have doubled the three-spade call instead of passing it around West's decision. West argued that from his own point of view it had seemed that the enemy might make three spades, since East had refused to double, and therefore that he had gone to four diamonds as a possible make or a sacrifice that could be profitable if the opponents failed to double.

East, for his part, felt that he had shown his strength and indicated his short suits, and that he had done enough to push the opponents without taking such a final step as doubling. He pointed out that West had at no time made a real bid; and he felt strongly that since West actually had an ace, it was up to him to double three spades, in the near certainty that East would produce four defensive tricks. There was something to be said for both points of view, but considering East's strong bidding, it does seem that West should have doubled four diamonds, simply on his undisclosed ace.

The skeleton of a horse believed 45,000,000 years old, oldest known to science, is displayed in a museum at Amherst, Mass.

by Ken Reynolds



"No, I wasn't hollering for you—just blowing this moose-call I got in the Guardian Want Ads!"

by Clifford McBride

## Napoleon and Uncle Elby

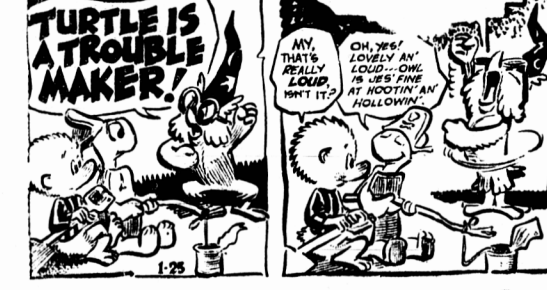


HEY, NAPOLEON, BRING TH' ENGINEER AN APPLE, WILL YOU? I'M BUSY FIXIN' THIS TRACK BEFORE OL' 44 COMES BY!



By Walt Kelly

## POGO

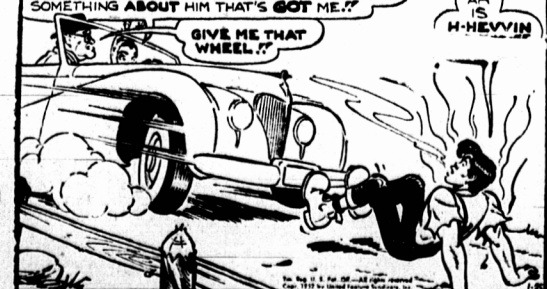


TURTLE IS A TROUBLE MAKER!



SOMETHIN' IS HAPPENIN'!

## LIL' ABNER



CAN'T TURN AWAY FROM THAT BOY!—THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT HIM THAT'S GOT ME!



By Al Capp

## RIP KIRBY



I'VE GOT HIM, MISS BENSON! TAKE OFF!



By Alex Raymond

## KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

By Zane Grey



YOU GO AWAY? YOU NO FIND MY PARTNER'S KILLER!



I EXPECT TO FIND THE MOTIVE FOR HIS MURDER AT SILVER CLOUDS OLD MINE!



IF FACTOR FRANK LEAVES THIS POST, MAURICE, TRAIL HIM! UNDERSTAND?



SO KING THINKS THAT DUMB TRAILER CAN KEEP TRACK OF ME! THEY'RE BOTH IN FOR A SURPRISE!

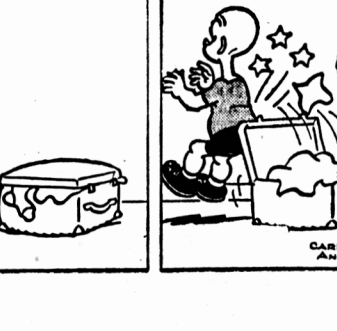
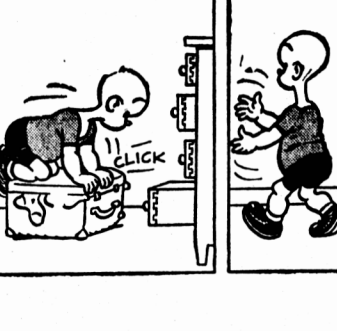
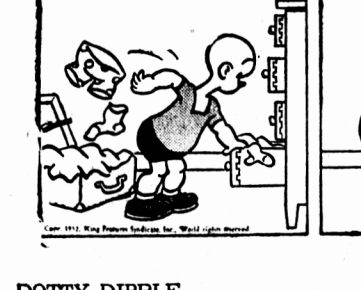
## JOE PALOOKA

By Ham Fisher



## HENRY

By Carl Anderson



## DOTTY DIPPLE

By Ruford



## TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS

By Edwina



## BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



## TILLY THE TOILER

By Bob Gustafson



## PENNY

By Harry Hoenigsen

