

# BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

## THUNDERER GOES SPYING

Somehow no one loves a spy. Do you ever wonder why? —Old Mother Nature

Thunderer the Grouse was upset. He wouldn't admit it, but he was. He was quite upset, and it was all because of Mrs. Grouse. She was leaving him alone much of the time these days. He didn't like

being left alone. He wanted her around to admire him when he drummed on a mossy old log, and when he strutted to show what a fine looking fellow he was. There is no fun in strutting when no one is watching.

It was clear that Mrs. Grouse had a secret, and she was keeping that secret to herself. Mrs. Grouse is a very smart person. She long ago learned for herself that a secret shared is a secret lost. She would share almost anything with Thunderer, but not this secret.

It was part jealousy, part curiosity, and part injured feelings that led Thunderer to spend a lot of time hunting for Mrs. Grouse. Thunderer thought himself smart, but Mrs. Grouse was smarter. He tried his best to keep watch of her when she was about, but despite his watchfulness she would slip away. He tried following her at such times as he did chance to see her stealing away. He never followed her far. Somehow or other she was always too smart for him. She seemed always to know when he was following her, even though he kept out of sight. It was most provoking.

Now all this time Mrs. Grouse was in a way sorry for Thunderer. "The poor dear is jealous," thought she. "And he's just a little bit stupid. Yes, sir. Thunderer is just a little bit stupid. He should remember that just this thing has happened at this time of year, ever since we've been together. But somehow or other the poor dear can't think of anything but himself. He does love to show off, and I love to see him show off, for he certainly is handsome. And there is no one who can strut as he can. The poor dear thinks he is doing it all for me, but really he's doing it for himself. He wants me to admire him. I do admire him, he's a dear. But there are more important things than strutting and being admired."

Of course, you have guessed the secret of Mrs. Grouse. It was a nest, and a nest is always an important secret. Mrs. Grouse had



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been very fussy in selecting a place for this nest. It was when she was looking for such a place that Thunderer first missed her. She was looking for a place where no one else would think of looking for a nest, and such places are not easily found. It was just by chance that she finally found the place that suited her. It was the very last place you would have expected her to want. Had Thunderer been there, he would have said she was crazy. But what Thunderer wouldn't know, wouldn't hurt him.

The place Mrs. Grouse had chosen was under a tall pine tree. Of course she would make the nest on the ground. High up in that pine tree there was a nest already. It was a nest of Redtail the Hawk. Redtail and Mrs. Redtail had begun nesting early this year. They had fixed up an old nest which they had used for a couple of years. Doing this instead of building a new nest had saved time. Mrs. Grouse had happened over in that part of the Green Forest, and had seen Mrs. Redtail flying to the nest. Right way an idea had popped into her head. At first she had thought it was a crazy idea. Had she mentioned it to Thunderer, he certainly would have said it was a crazy idea. But the more she thought about it, the less crazy it seemed.

"No one would ever think of looking for a nest of mine under a tree in which Hawks are nesting. No, sir. No one would ever think of looking there, not even those Hawks," thought Mrs. Grouse.

A day or two later she slipped away and went over to that tree. There was a slight hollow in the ground at the foot of the tree. It was just the right size and shape for a nest of her own. She squatted down in it and looked up. She could see the bottom of Redtail's nest high above. But she felt quite sure that no one on that nest could look down and see the ground at the foot of that tree. She went back there two or three times before she finally decided to make her nest there. She lined that hollow with dead leaves of which there were plenty on the ground. She used plenty of these, enough to make that nest very comfortable during the long days she would have to sit on eggs in it. There were low growing branches

## Contract Bridge

By Josephine Clubertson

### MANY STYLES OF BIDDING

Bridge bidding has come close to "standardization" in recent years, but there are still plenty of differences in the styles of nationally-famous experts! Take the North hand below for example. Ask any large number of experts how they would respond to partner's one-spade opening, and you would almost certainly get three different choices.

South dealer.

Both sides vulnerable.

♠ 532	♠ J9
♥ 8	♥ A Q 9 4
♦ K 10 6 2	♦ A 8 5 4 3
♣ A 8 5 4 3	♣ N
	♣ E
	♣ W
	♣ S
	♣ J 10 6
	♣ A K 8 6 4
	♣ 10 7 2
	♣ A 8 5
	♣ K 0

There can be no question about South's action as dealer — a one-spade bid is obviously the only call. After West's pass, however, North does have something of a problem.

Three different responses are conceivable. North can bid two clubs; he can respond with one notrump; or he can raise to two spades. Which of these actions is the most logical?

First, let's examine the two-club takeout. As used by every player of acknowledged skill, this sort of two-over-one response announces a very fair hand, not much short of opening-bid requirements. In honor-trick evaluation, the two-over-one response shows at least two honor-tricks with a five-card suit; at least 1 1/2 honor-tricks with a six-card suit. In terms of point-count, such a two-over-one takeout indicates at least 10 points in high cards (using the scale of 4 for an ace, 3 for a king, 2 for a queen, 1 for a jack).

Clearly, North's holding fails to measure up on either valuation method, and so, if he bids two clubs, he misinforms his partner — a dangerous practice.

The choice, then, obviously lies between one notrump and two spades, and it becomes a matter of choosing the lesser evil — raising with slightly inadequate trump support, or bidding notrump with unbalanced distribution. To repeat, there are two schools of thought on this, but in this writer's view the single raise of spades is substantially the better solution.

that partly hid the nest when it was finished. She could slip in and out with small chance of being seen.

There are more than 200 bicycle manufacturers in Holland, which produced 480,000 bikes in 1949.

## King Of The Royal Mounted

By Zane Grey



## Rip Kirby

By Alex Raymond



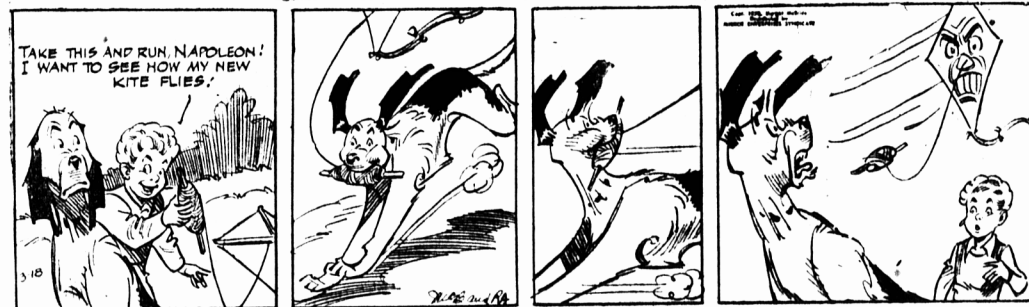
## Joe Palooka

By Ham Fisher



## Napoleon and Uncle Elby

By Clifford McBride



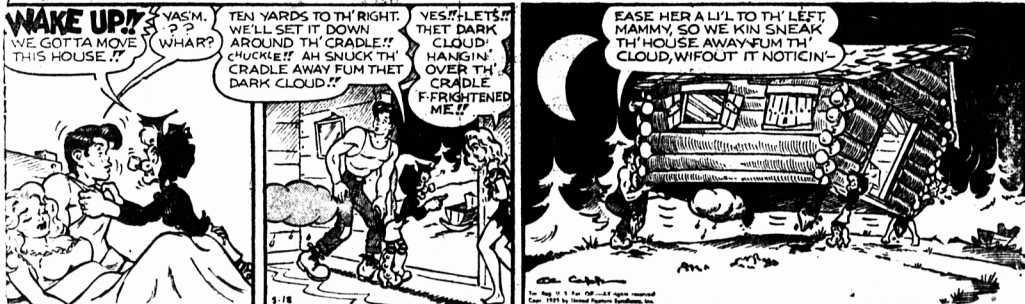
## Pogo

By Walt Kelly



## L'il Abner

By Al Capp



## Tilly The Toiler

By Bob Gustafson



## Dotty Dripple

By Ruford



## Henry

By Carl Anderson



## Tippy and "Cap" Stubs

By Edwina



## Bringing Up Father

By George McManus



## PENNY

By Harry Hoening



**OUTSHINES**  
TWIN-TIP OPEN  
"NUGGET"  
SHOE POLISH  
AND  
LEATHER PRESERVATIVE  
"NUGGET"  
ALL OTHERS  
SHINES  
LONGER  
10 POPULAR SHADES

**"ATTENTION-YES-ATTENTION"**

All districts interested in a Community Indoor Skating Rink please attend a meeting at Winsloe Station Hall on Friday evening, March 20th at 8:30. "The more districts represented the better."