BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

(By Thornton W. Burgess)

SOMETHING IN COMMON

No matter what you have or do
There's someone else who matches you.
—Old Mother Nature.

Woolly Bear, the brown and black furry-coated Caterpillar who had been travelling hard and fast for some unknown place, had come to the stump of a big tree. It had been a very big tree, but now there was left just a stump. Down one side of it the bark had split and was loose. It was quite loose clear to the ground. The path Woolly Bear had been following passed close to the old stump. When he reached it Woolly Bear stopped. He didn't know just why he stopped. It was just as if something or someone outside himself had stopped him. He turned aside and moved toward the foot of that stump.

Just then, out from behind that loose bark, came an old acquaintance. "Hello, Woolly Bear," said a squeaky voice.

Woolly Bear looked up at the edge of the opening where the bark was split and loose. A Butterfly so dark that it almost looked black, was slowly opening and closing a pair of wings that looked somewhat ragged, but really were not ragged at all. It was Mourning Cloak.

"Oh, it's you," said Woolly Bear.

"Yes, it's me," replied Mourning Cloak. "What are you doing over here?"

"I'm looking for a place to stay the winter," replied the black and brown Caterpillar. "What are you doing here?"

"I was doing the same thing you're doing, but I'm not now," replied Mourning Cloak.

"Why aren't you?" asked Woolly Bear.

"Hello, Woolly Bear," said a squeaky voice.

"Because," replied Mourning Cloak, "I've found it."

"You have found what?" Woolly Bear wanted to know.

"The place I'm going to stay through the winter," replied Mourning Cloak.

"Where is it?" persisted Woolly Bear.

"Right here," said Mourning Cloak. "Right here behind the bark of this old stump. I couldn't find a better place." Mourning Cloak disappeared behind the bark, but a moment later was out again. The sun was shining and Mourning Cloak liked the feel of it as those ragged-looking wings opened and closed, opened and closed, opened and closed.

Woolly Bear crawled to the opening of the bark close to the ground. The bark was very loose there. He crept in behind it. There was plenty of room there for him to curl up well back from where he had entered. It was dark in there. It was warm in there. No matter how rough Brother North Wind might blow, he couldn't get in there. Woolly Bear crawled out again. Mourning Cloak was still on that stump just a little above him, still opening and closing his wings.

"Me too," said Woolly Bear.

"What do you mean by 'me too?'" squeaked Mourning Cloak.

"I mean I'll stop looking for a place to spend the winter," replied the Caterpillar. "I'm going to stay right here."

"That means that we'll be neighbors," squeaked the Butterfly.

"Will you sleep all winter?" asked Woolly Bear.

"Most of the time," squeaked the Butterfly, "I expect on warm day I'll come out for a little exercise and get the feel of the sun. I suppose you'll sleep right through."

"I expect I will. At least that's what I hope," said the Caterpillar.

"You won't find a better place," declared Mourning Cloak.

"I won't even try to," retorted Woolly Bear, and crawled inside the bark once more.

And so, the only Butterfly to live all winter and the only Caterpillar to live all winter became neighbors behind the bark of the old stump.

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

A COMMON PROBLEM

The oft-recurring problem of whether or not to go past the notrump game-level was present in the following deal.

South dealer.
Both sides vulnerable.

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

The bidding:

South	West	North	East
1 ♥	Pass	1 ♠	Pass
2 ♥	Pass	2 NT	Pass
3 NT	Pass	Pass	Pass

With North playing the hand at three notrump, East opened the diamond jack. Declarer then misguessed the heart queen, playing West for that card, and the result was a two-trick penalty. (East shifted to spades when he got in with the queen of hearts.)

In the postmortem, South said that he had rebid hearts instead of more conventionally showing diamonds because he feared that a two-diamond rebid would draw a more or less automatic two-no-trump bid from North. Then, South said, he would not have felt fully satisfied with raising to three notrump, the broken heart suit, the lack of any intermediate card in diamonds, and the singleton spade (South said) would have made him skeptical about a three-notrump contract reached via that series of bids. When, however, North went to two notrump over the less encouraging rebid of two hearts, South felt that notrump was the "spot."

South's reasoning was good, but the same cannot be said about North. His two-notrump call was inexcusable. In his own defense he said that after bidding such a weak spade suit, he had been afraid to "reach" for a game in hearts by raising South to three hearts, but he neglected to observe that his actual two notrump was at least as risky.

At four hearts, South merely would have had "find" the heart queen, whereas North could not have made three notrump even if he had located that card.

MALHAM TARN, England—(CP)—Archaeologists in this Yorkshire district unearthed a 1,900-year-old musical instrument, a pipe made of bone, which when cleaned was found to produce clear notes.

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At The

Charlottetown Hotel

BUFFET SUPPER

AND

DANCE

Supper Served from 11 p.m. until 1 a.m.

Dancing from 9:30 p.m. to 3 a.m.

Tickets, $7.00 per couple

To avoid disappointment place your Reservations early. Phone 1170.

Tickets should be picked up by December 28

Canadian Legion Clover Club Dance

EVERY SATURDAY

Al Blanchard and the "Clover Club" Band

Admission—75c Dancing 9:30 to 12:00

For reservations Phone 1222

Before 7 P.M. call 478-L

Reservations held until 10:30 p.m.

SATURDAY NIGHT IS YOUR DANCE NIGHT AT THE CLOVER CLUB

NOTICE

NO MILK DELIVERIES CHRISTMAS OR NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Customers are requested to put out extra milk bottles on Monday, December 24 and the following December 31, in order that we may leave sufficient to last over the holidays, and enable our Delivery Men to enjoy the days with their families.

OUR BEST WISHES FOR A VERY HAPPY YULETIDE

Pure Milk Co., Ltd.

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED — By Zane Grey

JOE PALOOKA — By Ham Fisher

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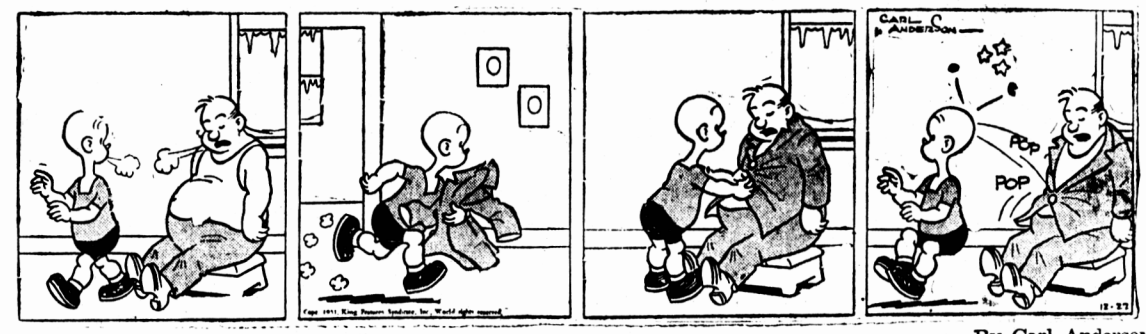
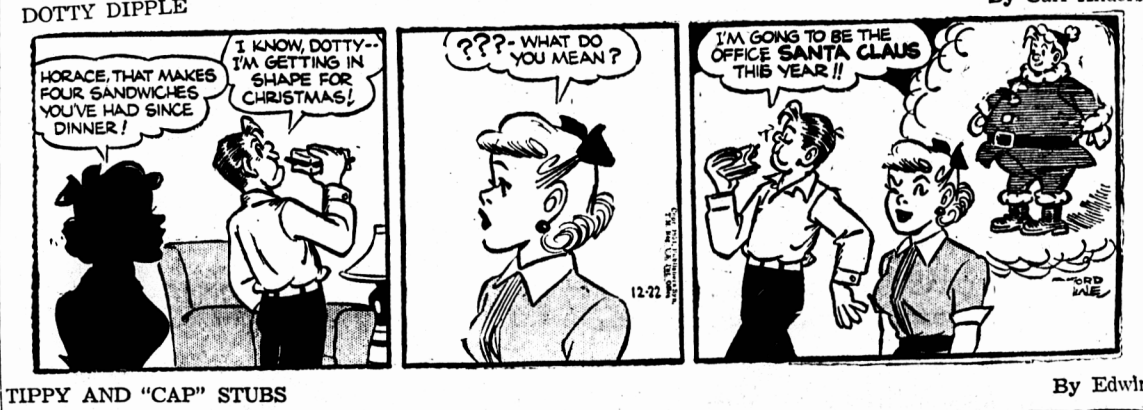
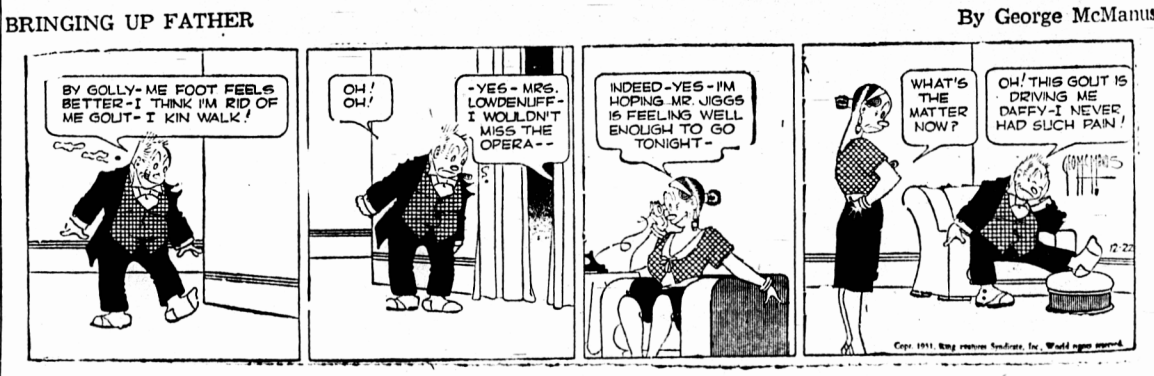


DOTTY DIPPLE — By Carl Anderson



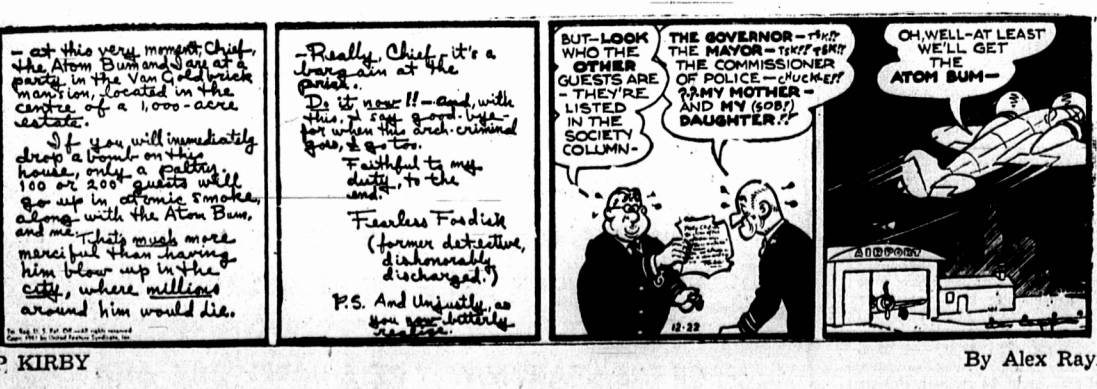
TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS — By Edwina

BRINGING UP FATHER — By George McManus



POGO — By Walt Kelly

LI'L ABNER — By Al Capp



RIP KIRBY — By Alex Raymond

TILLY THE TOILER — By Westover

PENNY — By Harry Haenigsen