



By Thornton W. Burgess

BOWSER GUESSES

Seeming knowledge you possess May be but a clever guess. —Old Mother Nature.

Over in the Green Forest Reddy Fox stood listening to the voice of Bowser the Hound. Reddy was grinning broadly. Bowser had been chasing him, and thought he still was. With that voice rolled out steadily as he followed that strong scent of Fox. He dove into the Green Forest and along the Crooked Little Path. Twice Reddy had tried to break his trail with a clever trick, but each time Bowser had been delayed only a few minutes. Now his great voice rolled out steadily as he followed that strong scent of Fox. He didn't know that it was no longer Reddy's scent, that he was following that was why Reddy was grinning so broadly. It was a sharp trick Reddy had just played. Gray Fox, his cousin, had chanced to cross in front of Reddy as he ran. Reddy promptly followed Gray Fox for some distance, running in the latter's footsteps. This made the Fox scent doubly strong, so strong that when Bowser came to it he hardly had to put his nose down in order to follow it. Reddy had made a long jump to one side, leaving only the scent of Gray Fox. Bowser had not noticed that there was any difference, and now he was chasing Gray Fox all the time thinking it was Reddy he was following. No wonder the red-coated rascal grinned as he listened to the chase. Reddy and Gray Fox are cousins but they are not friends. Neither likes the other. Perhaps this was an added reason for Reddy's enjoyment of the situation. Do you think it was a mean trick he had played? Reddy didn't think so. You see, he knew that his cousin Gray could get away from Bowser any time he really wanted to. All he had to do was climb a tree. Gray Fox is a very good climber. He often will go high up in tall trees. Some times he even takes a sun-bath in an empty nest of one of the big Hawk folk high up in a tree. The Hawk folk seldom build their nests low down. Reddy is not a good climber. Some times, but not often, he will get a little way up in a tree. He never feels at all at home there. Gray Fox is a good runner, but not as good a runner as Reddy Fox. In some ways he is not as smart as his cousin of the red coat. Of course, he knew right away what Reddy had done. Reddy had played that trick on him before. Gray Fox didn't grin as he ran, he did not feel in the least like grinning. He tried one or two simple tricks



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that didn't fool Bowser more than a minute or two.

Then Gray Fox headed straight for a certain tall tree. Had you seen that tree, you would have thought no one but a regular tree-climber like Happy Jack Squirrel, or Bobby Goon, or Unc Billy Possum, could have climbed it. But Gray Fox climbed it without too much trouble. By the time Bowser came baying up to the foot of it Gray Fox was high up in that tree and hidden by the broad spreading branches below him.

He jumped onto the trunk of that tree from a few feet away, so his trail did not lead right to the foot of it. It ended right at the point from where he had jumped. Bowser stopped baying. He began circling, trying to find the lost trail. He made his circles bigger and bigger, but of course he found nothing.

He came to the big tree. Standing right at the foot of it, that wonderful nose of his was tickled by a Merry Little Breeze, with just the faintest smell of Fox. It seemed to come from above. Bowser walked around that big tree stopping frequently to stand up on his hind feet and sniff of the bark as high as he could. Presently, he caught the smell. It was on the bark of that tree. Of course, it couldn't have been there if that Fox hadn't climbed that tree.

"Gray Fox," muttered Bowser. "It must be Gray Fox I have been chasing. Some where he and Reddy changed places."

You see, Bowser had chased Gray Fox more than once before, and knew all about his tree-climbing habit. So it was a good guess on his part. He turned and began to follow the back trail, but he wasn't baying now. After he had followed it a little way, he began circling, first on one side, then on the other. He was hunting for the trail of Reddy Fox, for he had guessed just what Reddy had done, and he was sure that sooner or later he would find that trail.

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

Mrs. Culbertson continues the presentation of the new Culbertson point-count method.

Yesterday, we discussed the particular phase of valuing a hand for a raise of partner's suit-bid. Now let's experiment with a few more supporting hands to arrive at their point-count valuation. Assume that partner opens with one spade, the next opponent passes, and you hold:

- 4 Q 7 6
K 5 4 3 2
6 5
J 7 5

Not a very encouraging array, but you have adequate trump support for spades, and your holding is not attractive for notrump for a takeout to hearts, so let us see how the hand shapes up for a spade raise. Your spade up for a worth 2 points, your club jack is worth 1 point, and you have 5 points in the heart suit — 3 for the king and 2 for the long cards (the fourth and fifth cards of a side suit).

The total is 8, but your trump support is not really good and so, in accordance with the stipulation set down yesterday, you must deduct 1 point, leaving you with 7 points. We have learned that responder needs from 6 to 10 points for a single raise; you are therefore justified in giving this raise.

Or suppose you hold (opposite partner's one-spade opening):

- A 7 3
6 4
K 8 7 5 2
Q 6 2

Counting this hand for a raise, you may conclude (erroneously) that you are a little too strong, and you may be sidetracked into a bad two-diamond takeout. You count your spade ace at 4 points and your club queen at 2 points, and you figure 5 points for your diamond suit — 3 for the king and 2 for the long cards of a side suit. The total is 11, and you need only 10 for a maximum raise. But you have forgotten something! The fact that you have only three trumps is a slight defect, and you must deduct 1 point. Thus, your hand becomes a perfect maximum raise to two spades. And the best way to prove the accuracy of the Culbertson formula is to submit this hand to an expert who is not a point-counter, and ask him what action he would take opposite a spade opening. His answer would assuredly be, "Two spades."

FARMERS' LOANS

The Canadian Farm Loan Board now may make loans to farmers up to \$10,000 on first mortgages.

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED



By Al Capp

LIT ABNER



By Ham Fisher

JOE PALOOKA



By Bob Gustafson

TILLY THE TOILER



By Edwins

TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS



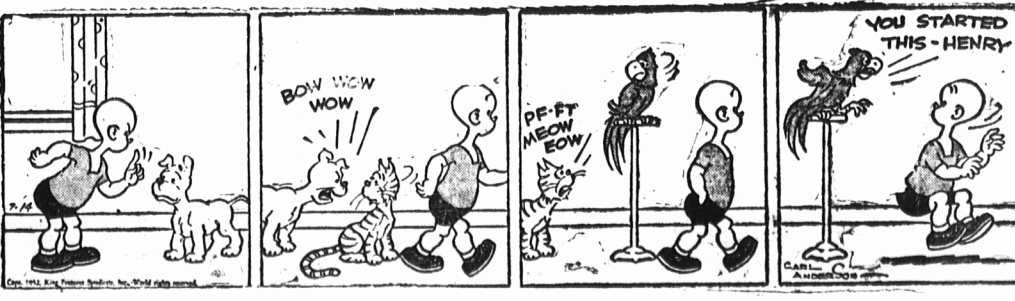
By Walt Kelly

BRINGING UP FATHER



By George McManus

HENRY



By Carl Anderson

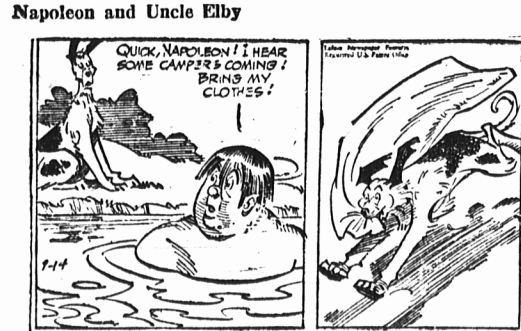
DOTTY DRIPPLE



By Ruford

SCHOOL UNIT NO. 1 - TAXES
NOTICE is hereby given that all unpaid taxes are now past due and must be paid before July 31, 1952, or lists of delinquent tax payers will be published and action taken in the County Court.
By order of the Trustees,
GORDON M. RICE,
Secretary School Unit No. 1.

DO NOT MISS
West Covehead United Church Tea
WEDNESDAY JULY 16th



By Clifford McBride



By Alex Raymond



By Harry Haenigsen