



BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

THE AWFUL MOMENT

Who lets his fear his reason sway, It sure to fall beside the way. —Old Mother Nature.

Mrs. Grouse had flown almost in the face of Gray Fox. He had even snapped at her, but he snapped just to late. She whirled away and lighted in a tree just a short distance away. Now Gray Fox is not easily fooled. He is not as quick or quite as smart as his cousin, Reddy Fox. But there is nothing startled about Mrs. Grouse, but he had known instantly why she had done this thing, why she had been so bold. He grinned as he watched her fly into the tree.

"So that's it, my dear," said he, talking only to himself. "You've not bables around here somewhere. I know your tricks. If you had been alone you would have flown away from me instead of in my face. I'll just look around a little. I know of nothing that would taste better than tender young

Grouse. Just thinking of it makes my mouth water. You are smart, Mrs. Grouse, but this time I think you were too smart. I didn't know that you and the children were anywhere about and wouldn't have known if you had kept still."

Gray Fox was mistaken about that. He might not have seen Mrs. Grouse, but he would have been sure to have seen one or more of the young Grouse running about. They had had time to hide when Mrs. Grouse flew in his face and confused him. Now he began a careful search, but he looked in vain. It was provoking. He was sure that young Grouse were somewhere around. But good as was his nose, it couldn't find them.

Presently, he walked over to an old Woodchuck hole. He knew all about that hole. It had been right there as long as he could remember. No one was using it at the present time. A few dead leaves had collected just inside the entrance. It looked just as it had looked right along. It really was of no interest at all. However, out



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of force of habit he poked his nose inside and sniffed. Yes, sir, that is just what he did. He poked his nose inside and sniffed. He sniffed two or three times. He wasn't sure, but it did seem as if he got just the faintest scent of Grouse. It made him sniff some more. He listened. There was no faintest sound from down below.

All the time the smallest and smartest of the eight children of Mrs. Grouse was squatting as close to the ground as she could get, just far enough down in that hole to be out of sight. She had darted in there the instant mother had given the danger signal; there had been no other place for her to go. She had never been in there before. She had never been in any place with a roof over her head. She didn't know whether or not any one was living in that hole. Just being in there, in that strange place in the dark, filled her with fright.

"Perhaps you can guess how much more frightened she was when she heard Gray Fox sniffing at the entrance. It seemed to her that with each sniff her heart stopped. Of course, it didn't. Hearts do not stop that way. She had had only a glimpse of Gray Fox. It was the first time she ever had seen him. He was so much bigger than even mother that he seemed a terrible fellow to her. Now as she listened to his sniffing he seemed more terrible still. She couldn't know that that hole was so small for him to get into. Would he follow her in? What could she do?

He reached in with a paw and raked out some dead leaves at the entrance. Then he started to try to dig. He dug a little, then sniffed. He dug a little more. There were roots in the way. He knew at once he couldn't dig in any farther. But the frightened little Grouse down below didn't know this. She was sure that each sniff was nearer. She didn't dare move to back down a little farther. She had been taught the importance of keeping perfectly still, and she hadn't forgotten. Anyway, she was afraid to go any farther down. Supposing there should be a hungry enemy down there. Gray Fox had dug furiously, then poked his nose in as far as he could. It wasn't far, for the hole wasn't big enough. He

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Cluerton

"TROUBLE" HAND

The following hand proved a source of trouble to both North-South pairs of a team match.

East dealer. Neither side vulnerable.

♠ A 9	♠ K J
♥ J 2	♥ A 10 8
♦ A Q 10 9 7	♦ 7 5
♣ A J 9 4	♣ J 6 5 4

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

This was the bidding in Room 1:

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

South's decision to bid three no-trump instead of four spades was certainly surprising. West opened the three of hearts, and South made the excellent play of the jack from dummy. If he had played the deuce, East could have put on the ten and, if permitted to hold the trick, could lead a low heart to maintain communications with partner, but when the heart jack was played, East had to win with the ace to keep declarer from getting two tricks in the suit. Then, on East's return of a heart, South could duck and in that way break the defender's communication in the heart suit itself.

After winning the third round of hearts, South led the club ten. When West covered, dummy won with the ace and returned the club jack, setting up another sure club trick in dummy. If the diamond suit had broken, the contract would have been in clear sight, but misfortune overtook the declarer and he had to concede defeat.

At the other table something truly extraordinary happened — a master player left his partner in a cue bid! The bidding went:

East	South	West	North
Pass	Pass	1 ♠	1 ♠
1 ♥	1 ♠	2 ♠ (!)	Dbie
Pass	2 ♠	Pass	3 ♠
Pass	Pass (!)	Pass	Pass

North went down three tricks — whereas South could have made four spades!

couldn't get any farther, but the terribly frightened little Grouse didn't know this. It was an awful moment. Yes, sir it was an awful moment. It was much the worse moment in all her short life. Still, she didn't move. Perhaps she couldn't. Perhaps she was too frightened to. Anyway, she didn't.

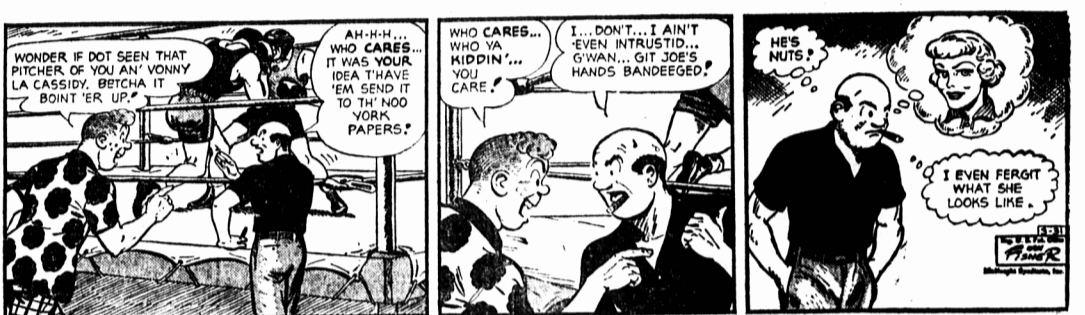
King Of The Royal Mounted



Rip Kirby



Joe Palooka



Napoleon and Uncle Elby



Pogo



Tippy and "Cap" Strubs



Bringing Up Father



PENNY



Knights Of Columbus

A Lecture and Films will be presented IN THE HOME

Tuesday, March 31st at 8:30 p.m.

REV. W. E. DALY, S.J.

"The Missions in India"

All members are requested to attend.

CITY IMMUNIZING CLINICS

Conducted by Department of Health & Welfare For Infants and Pre-School Children

To be held as follows:

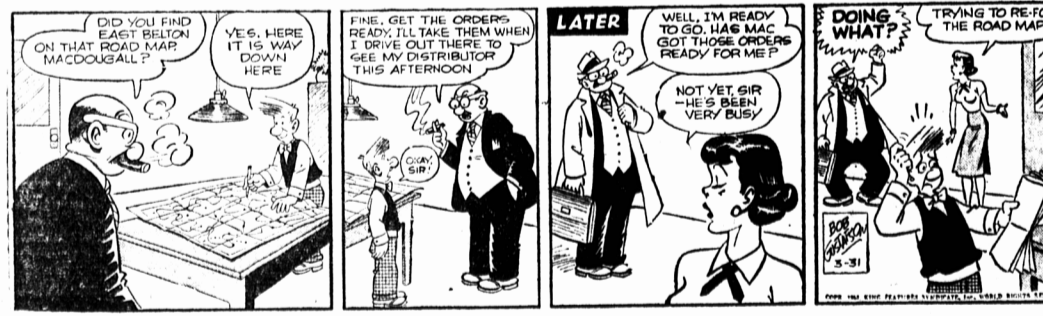
TUESDAY, MARCH 31st—	
West Kent	1:30 p.m.
Rochford Square	2:30 p.m.
WEDNESDAY, APRIL 1st—	
Queen Square	1:30 p.m.
Notre Dame	2:30 p.m.
THURSDAY, APRIL 2nd—	
Spring Park	1:30 p.m.
Parkdale	2:30 p.m.

Li'l Abner



By Al Capp

Tilly The Toiler



By Bob Gustafson

Dotty Drizzle



By Ruford

Henry



By Carl Anderson

By Alex Raymond

By Ham Fisher

By Clifford McBride

By Walt Kelly

By Edwina

By George McManus

By Harry Moenigen