

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

A SUDDEN ENDING

A present loss that causes pain, may prove to be a future gain. —Old Mother Nature.

Deep in the Green Forest, two handsome Grouse were fighting, and another one was looking on. The latter was Mrs. Grouse, and it was for her love that the others were fighting. She was keeping herself well hidden, but it was where she could watch that fight. They were well matched, those two. One was Thunderer, her long-time mate. Every spring, she had seen him fight just like this, and every spring she had felt just as she did now, excited and thrilled, and not quite sure which one she wanted to win. The stranger was handsome; he was young, and quicker than Thunderer. She admired him. But right down in her heart she hoped that Thunderer would win.

The feathers flew as the two fighters struck with spurs and bills, and beat with their stout wings. They were so occupied with each other they could give no thought to anything else. There was no watching out for danger now. Sometimes both leaped at the same time and they met in the air. Sometimes they drew apart a little and circled, each looking for a chance for a sudden spring on the other.

Trotting swiftly through the Green Forest, Reddy Fox and Mrs. Reddy drew near the scene of the fight. There was an eager look in their eyes. It was a hungry look, too. They had trotted swiftly all the way from the Old Pasture. As they drew near those two fighters, they still moved quickly, but with great care and caution. They separated. Reddy circled so that they were from opposite directions. Both were so intent on the fight they paid no attention to anything else. The result was that neither of them saw Mrs. Grouse, although Reddy passed

within a few feet of her. And neither saw a lone Crow up in a cedar tree, almost directly above the fighters.

Mrs. Grouse kept very still. It is a way she has of doing when she knows she hasn't been seen. Instead of watching the two fighters, she watched Reddy. She saw him crouch and begin to crawl along on his stomach. He crawled nearer and nearer to the two fighters. Happening to look over to one side, she saw Mrs. Reddy. She, too, was creeping forward, and was almost near enough for a quick rush. Mrs. Grouse waited until the last minute. Then she suddenly sprang into the air with a roar of stout wings, a sound such as only the stout wings of a Grouse can make. It is a startling sound. Every other Grouse who hears it knows just what it means — danger. It means danger very near.

Mrs. Grouse whirled away straight over those two fighters. They heard the sound of those wings. They didn't wait to find out where the danger was, or what it was. They forgot their quarrel. They sprang into the air just as Reddy sprang at them from one side, and Mrs. Reddy from the other. It was a close call. It was a very close call. Mrs. Reddy actually touched Thunderer with one paw when she leaped. That is, she touched his tail. That is how close it was.

Away whirled Thunderer in one direction, and away whirled the other Grouse in the other direction. Of course, each had flown in the direction he was facing.

"Caw! Caw! Caw!" shrieked the lone Crow in the cedar tree, and in his excitement, he almost fell off his perch.

Reddy and Mrs. Reddy grinned at each other rather sheepishly. "I guess we won't have that Grouse breakfast this morning," said Reddy.

"Anyway, we almost had it," replied Mrs. Reddy.



They had trotted swiftly all the way from the Old Pasture.

"My dear," said Reddy, "I think it is my fault that we haven't got that breakfast."

"How is it your fault?" asked Mrs. Reddy.

"I should have remembered that Mrs. Grouse was somewhere around, and should have looked for her. But I forgot," explained Reddy.

"I should have remembered the same thing," replied Mrs. Reddy, "so it was no more your fault than mine."

"Never mind, my dear," grinned Reddy. "If we had caught them this time, there wouldn't be any next time. Now, perhaps, there may be. We'll think so anyway," said Reddy. He is something of a philosopher.

"Let's go look for Mice," said Mrs. Reddy.

DUNSTAFFNAGE SCHOOL

The following is the report for the month of February for Dunstaffnage School:

Grade VIII—1. Leth Dover; 2. Elaine Foster.

Grade VII—1. Kenneth Thompson; 2. John Cudmore; 3. Lottie Oudmore.

Grade VI—1. Muriel Dennis; 2. Georgina Thompson; 3. Jerry MacCallum.

Grade V—1. Winston Anderson; 2. Janet Fall.

Grade IV—1. Alan Ellis; 2. Frances Hill; 3. Bruce Foster.

Grade III—1. Marjorie Robbins; 2. Elizabeth Hill; 3. Shirley Ellis.

Grade II—1. Roddy MacCallum; 2. Wayne Dover; 3. Jay Robbins.

Grade I (A)—1. Robert Hill, B)—1. Paula MacKinnon; 2. Gerard Long.

Teacher: Ralph Oarragher.

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Cluberton

A DEFENSIVE POINTER

In many cases a defender must assume that his partner holds a certain card — or perhaps one of two cards — since otherwise the situation is patently hopeless. But there are times when the soundest defense puts other things first — such as the removal of an entry in dummy. Observe this deal:

East dealer. North-South vulnerable.

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

The bidding:
East South West North
1 ♠ Pass 3 ♠ Pass 3 ♠
Pass 3 ♠ Pass 4 ♠
Pass Pass Pass

West opened the deuce of spades; East captured dummy's king and cashed in the spade jack as well. Then, figuring that West must have the king of clubs, if not the ace, East shifted to a club, intent on setting up a defensive trick before his diamond ace was knocked out. Unfortunately for the defenders, however, South could easily counter this line of attack. He took the club trick, drew trumps in three rounds, and then set up the diamonds. It didn't matter whether or not East held up the diamond ace, since the nine of trumps was still in dummy for entry.

Conceding — to be fair about it — that East could hope for a higher club honor than the queen in partner's hand, the fact remains that a sounder defense was available. East should have continued with a third round of spades. This could do no harm, since South was marked with a third spade, and it could (and would) do a great deal of good. It would shorten dummy's trumps, and then East would merely have to take his diamond ace on exactly the right round. He could discover which was the right round by watching West's diamond plays — i.e., West would play his lowest diamond on the first lead and in that way would indicate exactly three cards in the suit. This line of defense would isolate the dummy.

LIVELY OLDSTER

CALGARY, (CP) — Calgary's "Golden Age Club" decided to get into the talent scout act. Program winner was Mrs. E. F. Hughes, 86, whose Irish brogue and humor captured the audience.

King Of The Royal Mounted



By Alex Raymond

Rip Kirby



Joe Palooka



By Ham Fisher

Napoleon and Uncle Elby

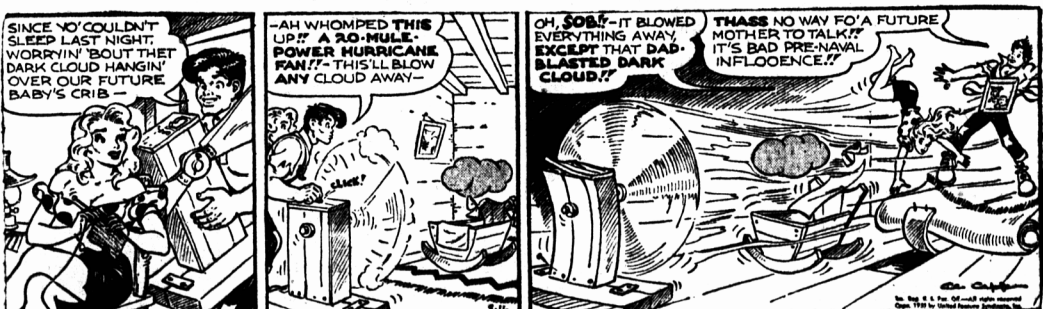


By Clifford McBride

WANT TO S-T-R-E-T-C-H YOUR INSURANCE DOLLARS?
Ask Us... That's Our Business!

THE MANUFACTURERS LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Li'l Abner



By Al Capp

Tilly The Toiler



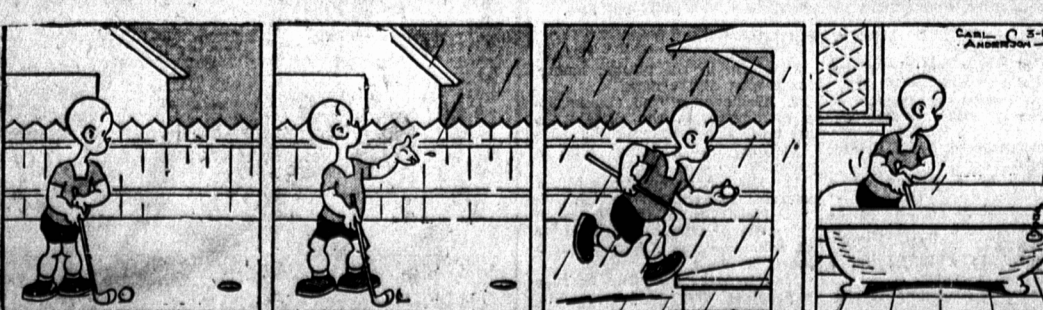
By Bob Gustafson

Dotty Dripple



By Ruford

Henry



By Carl Anderson

Pogo



By Walt Kofsky

Tippy and "Cap" Stubs



By Edwina

Bringing Up Father



By George McManus

Penny



By Harry Hoehnigen