



### BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

**A RUDE AWAKENING**

The quick of wit will find a way. And ne'er be guilty of dismay. —Old Mother Nature.

Bowser the Hound was hunting Reddy Fox. It had started in the cool of early morning. For a while it had been fun for Reddy. The truth is, Reddy Fox sometimes does enjoy being hunted. This is because he is so sure of himself, so sure that he can fool the one hunting him, and so end the hunt whenever he feels like it. But sometimes it doesn't turn out that way. It is never wise to be too sure of anything in which there is a chance of being mistaken.

Reddy had thought he had fooled Bowser. Now he had found out his mistake. Bowser had been smart enough to guess just what Reddy had done, and was once more on his trail. Running had been fun in the cool of the morning, but now the air was too hot to run.

Reddy was once more on the Crooked Little Path deep in the Green Forest. It was cooler in there. The Crooked Little Path winds its way in and out among the trees on its way to the foot of the Great Mountain. It passes through some dark and lonely places.

It was in one of these that a memory popped into Reddy's head. He had been over there not long

that had kept him away from before, and had made a discovery taking a nap there. Reddy had been very careful not to waken Buster Bear. He had crept away on tip-toe, so to speak.

Now, as he ran he was trying to think of some new trick to fool Bowser so completely that it would put an end to this hunt. The memory of Buster asleep popped into his head. I wonder if Buster Bear is napping here this morning, thought Reddy. "If he is, perhaps I can make use of him," Reddy is one of those folk who makes use of others to his own advantage whenever he can. Smart folks often do that.

As he got near the place where a day or two before he had seen Buster asleep, he moved carefully and silently. He didn't want to waken Buster too soon if he should be there. He had a feeling that Buster might not waken in good temper. Some folks never are in good temper when wakened suddenly.

Reddy moved slower and slower as he drew near the place. Was Buster there today? Yes, there was a black mass in the shape of a dog lying in a bad temper when a dog is around. But that temper was worse for being awakened from a comfortable nap. He growled way down deep in his throat, and it was just about the ugliest sound Bowser had ever heard. At the same time Buster drew back his lips and showed all his great white teeth. That ugly growl ended in an even uglier snarl.

Bowser's baying ended in a sharp yelp of fright. He actually fell over backwards in his haste to get away. He didn't want anything to do with Buster Bear. Buster made a sudden rush out from under that tree. Bowser turned tail, and ran. He wasn't a coward. No, indeed, he wasn't a coward; he was a wise dog. He had no chance with great big Buster Bear and he knew it.

Reddy Fox once more grinned as he looked on. Bowser was heading home. The hunt was over. "I'm glad I remembered about Buster Bear," thought Reddy, and in his turn he headed for home.



Buster made a sudden rush out from under that tree.

there ever since. He had discovered great big Buster Bear a big mound from the top of which he could watch all that might happen.

It wasn't long before Bowser came in sight. He was baying as he always does when following a trail. Baying is a form of barking, you know. Some dogs bay when they are hunting. Would Buster Bear hear that and waken too soon? Just before Bowser got to that tree Buster did waken, and lift his head. Bowser didn't see him. Bowser was intent on one thing, not losing that trail Reddy had left. On he came and on, right up to those overhanging boughs. As he reached them Buster Bear suddenly got to his feet.

He was in a bad temper. He would have been in a bad temper anyway, for he always is in a bad temper when a dog is around. But that temper was worse for being awakened from a comfortable nap. He growled way down deep in his throat, and it was just about the ugliest sound Bowser had ever heard. At the same time Buster drew back his lips and showed all his great white teeth. That ugly growl ended in an even uglier snarl.

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### Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

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

Before bridge players can use the point-count method advantageously (or, for that matter, any other method of hand valuation), they must learn a little more than they have seemed to know about the simple arithmetic which governs game-bidding and slam-bidding.

It is, of course, a losing practice to bid for a game then require two successful finesse out of two available — the odds are 3 to 1 that at least one finesse will fail. It is not always possible however, to foresee such precise conditions, and so experts proceed on the idea that a game is well worth bidding if there will be at least a 40 per cent chance of making it, and that, under normal conditions, a small slam is a good investment if it has a 50 per cent chance. A grand slam, however, requires at least 2 to 1 in its favor.

We have already seen that 26 points in the combined hands will usually produce a game at notrump. At a major suit contract, 28 points usually justify a game bid. At a minor suit contract, there should be at least 29 points in the partnership's hands.

Since each opening bid or response shows some minimum number of points, and often a maximum number as well, you can judge the game or no-game, the slam or no-slam possibilities, by adding your points to those which partner has announced by his bid.

In this connection, however, a word of advice may not be amiss. In the past point-counts have been open to the criticism of being too rigid. Slavish application of point-count requirements will not produce better results than slavish application of other "rules," which were made as guides, not as straight-jackets. Compare these two hands:

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

In point count, these hands are identical, but every experienced player knows that there is a better chance for game, opposite partner's one-spade opening, with the good diamond suit than with the other hand where the jack heads a most unimpressive club suit. This difference cannot well be expressed immediately; both hands call for a single raise in spades; but if the responder must make a later decision, just how far to go, he must certainly take into consideration the precise location or grouping of his honors, as well as their academic "count."

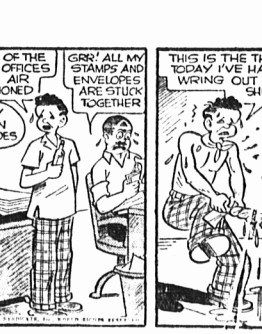
### WING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED



### LIL ABNER



### JOE PALOOKA



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