

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



By Thornton W. Burgess

REDDY FOX GUESSES RIGHT
Some knowledge and a clever guess. Combined, may lead to real success. —Old Mother Nature

Winter never is an easy time for Reddy Fox. It never is easy for any of the Fox folk. Food is always scarce and hard to find. This means that most of the time he is awake. Reddy spends in hunting. Sometimes he goes a long time without a bite to eat. Sometimes, a mouse small as it is, seems a feast to Reddy. Of course it is the same way with Mrs. Grouse and with their cousin, Gray Fox. This day Reddy had had his usual bad luck. He had hunted and hunted, as only he can hunt, but had had no luck at all. In hunting, there is a lot of luck. A successful hunter has to be a good guesser.

No one knows more about his neighbors than does Reddy Fox. He knows that success in hunting depends on how much the hunter knows about those he hunts, and their ways. It is the kind of knowledge that makes it possible to be a good guesser. Knowledge and good guessing bring success to the hunter.

It was late in the afternoon, and Reddy was over in the Green Forest. He was looking for some sign of Mr. and Mrs. Grouse, or some of their children. Like some two-legged hunters, Reddy thinks there is no better dinner than a Grouse dinner. He knew that Thunderer and Mrs. Grouse spent most of their time in this neighborhood. But so far he hadn't found so much as a feather, or a footprint in the snow. It was beginning to snow. Reddy didn't like that. He didn't like it at all. Already there was too much snow. It hid the Mice on the Green Meadows. They could tunnel under it, and live in comfort, safe from hungry enemies.

Presently the falling snow turned to rain. Reddy didn't like that any better. But there was nothing he could do about it. There is nothing anybody can do about the weather. There was no use to keep on hunting now, so Reddy decided he would go home to the Old Pasture. Then,



Presently the falling snow turned to rain.

just as he was starting for home, he changed his mind. Perhaps it would be more truthful to say that his mind was changed for him. It was done by a sound that his sharp black ears picked up. It was a sort of muffled roar. Reddy grinned when he heard it. He knew that sound had been made by a pair of stout whirling wings. "Grouse!" exclaimed Reddy, under his breath. "They are living around here after all!" He began to trot in the direction from which that sound had come. He made no sound. You see, the surface of the snow was soft and Reddy walks lightly anyhow. He heard no further sound. As he drew near the place from which he was sure those stout wings had come, he moved slowly and cautiously. Presently he came to two places in the snow that looked as if someone might have made holes in the snow and there had become partly filled afterward.

Reddy knew instantly what those places meant. He knew how they had been made, and who had made them. Again he grinned when he thought of the night. "Probably they are asleep down in the ground under the snow. If I can guess where one of them is, perhaps I'll have good luck and a good dinner."

Then he saw the place where Mrs. Grouse had come out of the snow. It was the sound of her wings as she flew up into a tree that he had heard. He looked this way and that; two Grouse had gone into the snow, but only one had come out. There must still be one down in the snow. Reddy stood very still beside one of those places where a Grouse had gone in. He was trying to guess where that Grouse had been. He knew what Grouse did when they plunged into the snow. They didn't stay right where they entered. They worked their way along for a few feet so that no one could know exactly where they were sleeping. Reddy guessed and jumped, then began to dig furiously at the point where he thought the Grouse was. It was a good guess, but not good enough. Thunderer the Grouse suddenly whirled up out of the snow right in Reddy's very face. Dejectedly, Reddy watched Thun-

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Clubertson

NOT THE BEST CONTRACT

North's preliminary bidding in the following hand was just what it should have been, but his final action was too decisive.

South dealer.
North-South vulnerable.

♠ K Q 10 9
♥ A
♦ A K J 10 5 2
♣ 4 2

♠ A 7 5
♥ 10 8 6 5
♦ 4
♣ 10 5 3

♠ J 4 3 2
♥ Q 9 3
♦ Q 9 7 3
♣ 8 7

N
W
E
S

♠ 8 6
♥ K J T
♦ 8 6
♣ A K Q J 9 8

The bidding:

South	West	North	East
1♠	Pass	2♦	Pass
3♣	Pass	3♠	Pass
3NT	Pass	6NT	Pass

In all fairness it must be acknowledged that North's six-notrump leap shouldn't have been made, since that contract was certainly makable, but the practical point is that if North had bid only five notrump, South undoubtedly would have elected to bid six clubs and that contract would have been virtually foolproof.

Moreover, five notrump, following on North's original jump taking out and second-round bid of the higher-ranking spade suit, would have done full justice to his holding, big as it was. North's singleton heart was a defect for notrump, in spite of the fact that South was marked with some heart strength, and North's doubleton club might prove highly advantageous for ruffing purposes.

South could not be blamed for veering into notrump after rebidding his clubs, but it is usually a mistake for a player with an unbalanced hand such as North's to choose a final notrump contract, especially at rubber bridge. Had this been duplicate, there could be no criticism of North's bidding. At the actual six-notrump contract, South made the mistake of taking the diamond finesse. When it lost, a spade was returned by the astute East player. The correct play for six notrump was to lead spades toward dummy. This plan would succeed if either the ace or the jack of spades was on side—assuming, of course, that South didn't guess badly if West ducked. Then he turned and sadly trotted away toward the Old Pasture. He had done Thunderer a good turn without knowing it.

King Of The Royal Mounted



By Alex Raymond

Rip Kirby



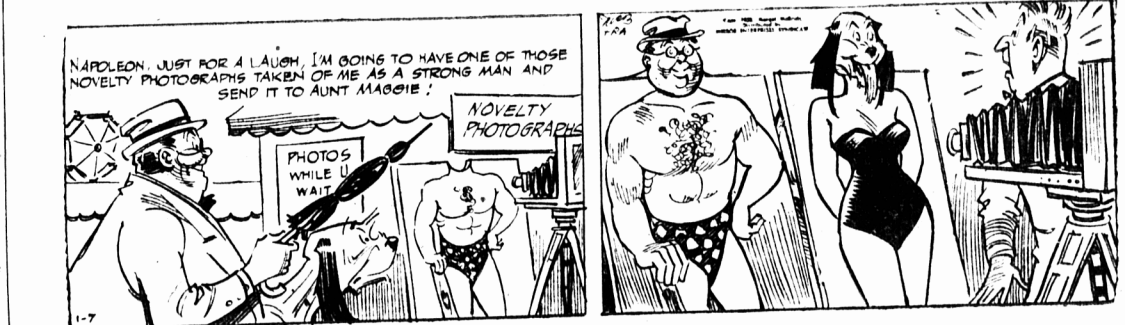
By Ham Fisher

Joe Palooka



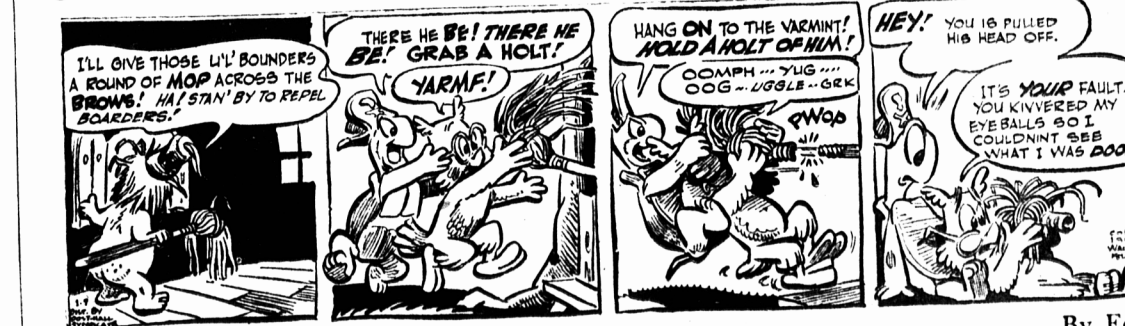
By Clifford McBride

Napoleon and Uncle Elby



By Walt Kelly

Pogo



By Edwina

Tippy and "Cap" Stubs



By George McManus

Bringing Up Father



By Henry Thomson

Penny



KING COLE

Old English Tea Blend

NOW COSTS LESS

Attention P. E. I. Shorthorn Breeders

A special meeting of the P. E. I. Shorthorn Breeders and commercial producers will be held at the City Hall, Charlottetown, Thursday afternoon at 1:30. Matters of importance will be brought up for discussion. Please arrange to attend.

John Du Pasquier, President,
A. H. Mutch, Secretary.

VOCATIONAL SCHOOL DAY COURSES

WELDING

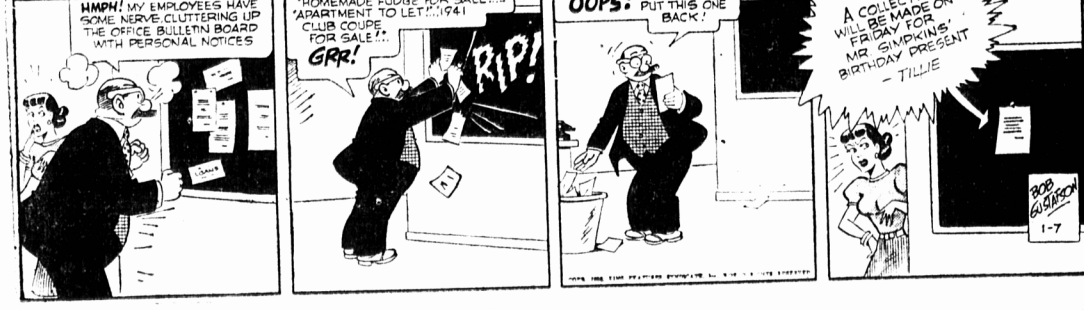
Three months' welding course begins on Tuesday, January 6th, there are openings for three more students in this class. Carpentry and Bricklaying. Some openings exist in these courses and persons interested in these or welding are advised to contact The Supervisor, or Vocational School Office, for application forms and any information which may be desired.

Li'l Abner



By Al Capp

Tilly The Toiler



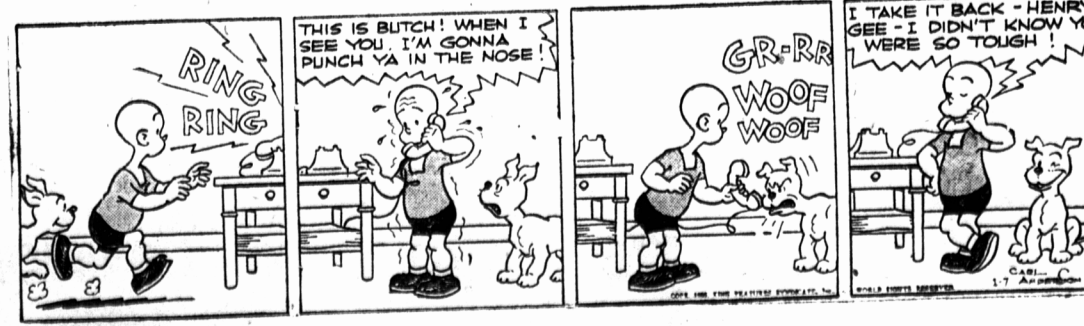
By Bob Gustafson

Dotty Dripple



By Ruford

Henry



By Carl Anderson