

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



By Thornton W. Burgess

THE OLD ORCHARD HAS VISITORS
The blackest clouds that o'er us drift, Are sure somewhere to have a rift. —Old Mother Nature

This is true. Were it not true, life would at times hardly be worth the living. Behind the blackest cloud the sun shines, and as brightly as on the most perfect day. If we look for it we are sure to find

somewhere a rift through which a sunbeam creeps.

Old Man Winter was making it very hard for the furred and feathered folk of the Green Forest, and all the other places where they live. Rough Brother Wind and Jack Frost are Old Man Winter's servants. One alone is bad enough, but when the two work together, as they often do, they cause a great deal of suffering. Much of that suffering comes from just plain hunger. Empty stomachs are more often the rule than full ones, and this is largely because Rough Brother North Wind and Jack Frost seem to delight in locking away under ice the food so much needed by the furred and feathered folk.

NOTICE

The Annual Statutory Meeting of The Island Guardian Publishing Co. will be held in the Company's Office on THURSDAY, JAN. 22, 1953 at 5 P.M.

NOTE: As the company's books do not close till January 31, the meeting will be adjourned to a later date.

G. M. BURNETT, Secretary.

Annual Meeting

The Annual Meeting of the Prince Edward Island Mutual Fire Insurance Company will be held in the Town Hall in the Town of Summerside, on Tuesday the 27th day of January, 1953, at the hour of 10:30 o'clock in the forenoon.

Thunderer the Grouse and Mrs. Grouse were more fortunate than others. It is very seldom that they cannot find the buds of next year's leaves and fruit on trees. Buds get to be tiresome fare, but they do fill empty stomachs. It is when there is an ice storm that the Grouse get really hungry; hungry enough to suffer from it. You see, the buds are packed in ice, and while they can be picked off it is difficult to do this and it is cold fare to put into their crops.

Picking buds is called budding. Over in the Green Forest, Thunderer the Grouse and Mrs. Grouse had been budding in a spruce tree. Spruce buds are not their favorite food, but they can be filling when other food is scarce. "I'm tired of these things," grumbled Thunderer.

"We ought to find better buds that taste sweeter than these."

"Stop your grumbling," said Mrs. Grouse. "Think of the folks that haven't anything to eat, and how much better off we are."

"I know," replied Thunderer, "but that doesn't make these buds taste any better. Don't you think, my dear, we could look around and find something better? It's all



"What do you think I've forgotten?" demanded Thunderer.

right to be thankful for what we have, but that is no reason for no-lookin' for something better and being more thankful."

"I really don't like to leave the Green Forest," said Mrs. Grouse. "Who said anything about leaving the Green Forest?" demanded Thunderer.

"I was thinking about those buds," said Mrs. Grouse.

"What buds?" demanded Thunderer, looking interested.

"Those better, sweeter buds you mentioned," replied Mrs. Grouse. "To get those, we'll have to leave the Green Forest, you know."

"No, I don't know," said Thunderer, and he said it in an unpleasant manner. He spoke crossly. He thought he was being teased, and he didn't like being teased. Isn't it queer how few people like being teased? One of the surest ways of getting yourself disliked is teasing someone. It almost never fails. The one doing the teasing may think it fun, but the one being teased never does.

"I think you have forgotten something," said Mrs. Grouse.

"What do you think I've forgotten?" demanded Thunderer. He still sounded a bit cross.

"The Old Orchard," said Mrs. Grouse.

"Oh!" exclaimed Thunderer. "Oh!" he cried again. "My dear, why didn't we think of that before? Some apple buds are just what I need. Yes, sir, they are just what I need."

"They would taste good," admitted Mrs. Grouse, "but as I said before, to get them we will have to leave the Green Forest."

"What of it? We've got wings. What better use can we put them to?" cried Thunderer. "Let's go over there right now."

"It is getting dark, so let's wait until early in the morning," said Mrs. Grouse.

"So it was that when Jolly, round, bright Mr. Sun climbed high enough in the blue sky the next morning to look down on the Old Orchard. It had a couple of unusual visitors.

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Cluberison

A DESPERATE RESCUE

Perhaps the most difficult decision that can be forced upon a player is whether or not to make a desperate rescue of his partner. The solution must be on a "personal" as well as a technical basis. For example:

West dealer. Neither side vulnerable.

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

N
E
S
W

♠ J 10
♥ A 10 8 3
♦ 4
♣ A K J 9 8 6

♠ K 9 5 4 2
♥ 10 8 7 6 5 5
♦ 5

The bidding:

West	North	East	South
Pass	1♠	2♠	Pass
2NT	3♠	Dbie.	4♦ (!)
Dbie.	Pass	Pass	Pass.

It is scarcely possible that South would have rescued an expert partner, on his very sketchy diamond suit, but South had had occasion to observe that North's bidding and play were not all they should have been. Hence, with the shrewd conviction that North would be badly beaten at three spades doubled, South took the plunge in his own six-card suit. Whatever can be said for this sort of thing generally, it is worth observing that the spade contract would have been beaten (in all probability) three tricks, 500 points.

West's double of four diamonds was an extremely rash action, based on sheer pique that South had put in his oar. The opening lead by West was the device of clubs. East won and continued clubs. South ruffed and, faced by a variety of difficulties, decided that the spade finesse would have to be risked. East's double of spades made this a real risk, but there was the compensating fact that West had bid no-trump in the face of North's spade call.

When the spade queen held, South could see daylight. He ruffed a low spade, then cashed the ace and king of diamonds. When East snowed out, South could afford to cash the spade ace in hope of a break. This did not materialize, but it was a simple matter for South to ruff another spade, thus neutralizing West's king, and then return to dummy's trump queen, to discard on the established spades. So the doubled contract was fulfilled, and instead of paying a penalty, North-South had the first game.

SUN'S DIAMETER

The sun has a diameter of 864,100 miles and is about 92,900,000 miles distant from earth.

HUMAN EXISTENCE

Scientists believe that human life on earth has existed for more than 2,000,000 years.

King Of The Royal Mounted

By Zane Grey



Rip Kirby

By Alex Raymond



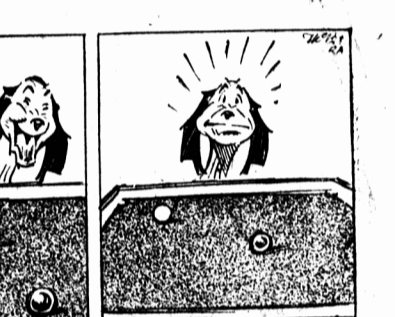
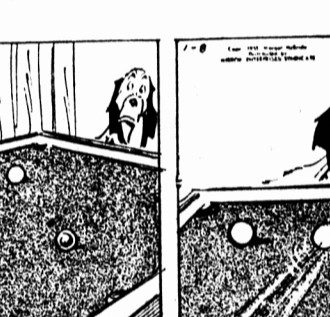
Joe Palooka

By Ham Fisher



Napoleon and Uncle Elby

By Clifford McBride



CLASSES BEGIN

NIGHT SCHOOL

THURSDAY, JANUARY 8
7:30 to 9:30 p.m.

Typewriting — Bookkeeping — Shorthand

Union Commercial College

Royal Bank Building

Lil' Abner

By Al Capp



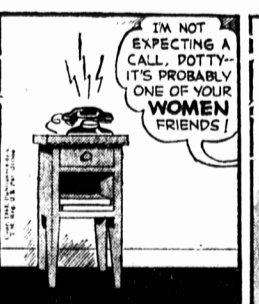
Tilly The Toiler

By Bob Gustafson



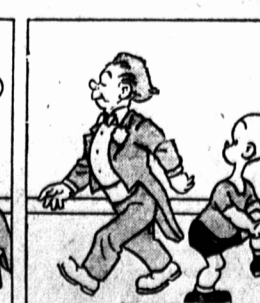
Dotty Dripple

By Ruford



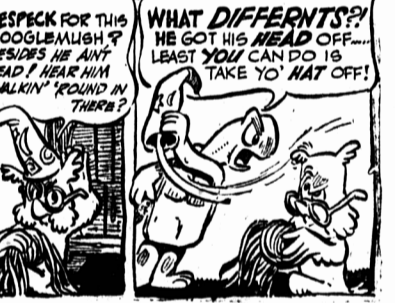
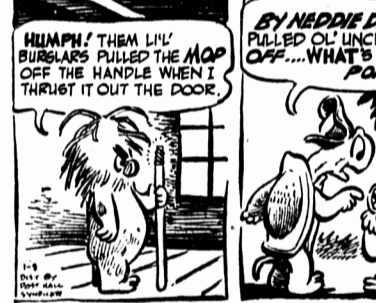
Henry

By Carl Anderson



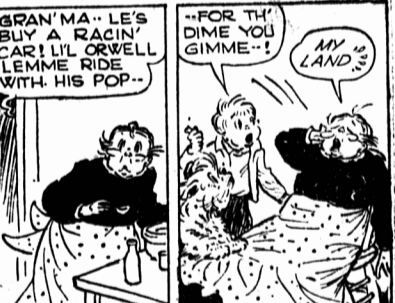
Pogo

By Walt Kelly



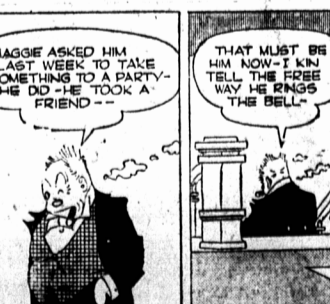
Tippy and "Cap" Stubs

By Edwina



Bringing Up Father

By George McManus



PENNY

By Harry Haenigsen



HERE'S YOUR HAT...AND THERE'S THE DOOR!