

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

MRS. QUACK SPEAKS HER MIND

The joy of one, another's woe; It is, alas, too often so. —Mrs. Quack.

In the soft dusk of a cool evening the Smiling Pool was a lively place. Mr. and Mrs. Quack the Mallard Ducks and their seven children, who were as big as their parents, were there. They had come from the nesting grounds up north and were on their way to

the Sunny South to spend the winter. Jerry Muskrat and Mrs. Jerry were there. So was Young Jerry, who had lost a leg in a dreadful trap, but was still able to take care of himself. Mrs. Black Duck and some of her family had come over from the Big River. They were not planning to go to the Sunny South, but would remain all winter. You may be sure Peter Rabbit was there. He sat on the bank with his long ears standing up like two question marks. Peter wouldn't miss anything that was said.

"You must meet with many dangers on such a long journey," said Mrs. Quack. "It is just one danger after another all the way," she declared, and Mr. Quack nodded his handsome green head in agreement. "It seems," she continued, "that everybody with a liking for a Duck dinner is watching for us from the time we leave until we get to our winter home in the Sunny South. All the way along there are Hawks, and Eagles, and Owls, and Foxes, and Minks, and Weasels, and Bobcats, and all are Duck-hungry. But worst of all are the two-legged folk with dreadful fire-sticks that kill and hurt at a distance." Of course she meant guns.

"You managed to get here safely," spoke up Peter Rabbit.

"Yes, we managed to get here.



"You managed to get here safely," spoke up Peter Rabbit.

but I really don't know how we did it," declared Mr. Quack.

"I don't know either," said Mrs. Quack. "And I don't know how we are ever going to get down to our winter home. I have a sick feeling every time I hear one of those dreadful fire-sticks. It isn't fair. No, sir, it isn't fair!"

"What isn't fair?" asked Peter.

"It isn't fair that we should be hunted the way we are. With those dreadful fire-sticks those two-legged hunters kill us or hurt us when we are so far away from them that we do not even suspect danger. To catch one of us Reddy Fox must get near enough to spring, and get his paws on us. Terror the Duck Hawk, who can fly faster than we can, still must catch up with us in order to strike, and we can see him coming. It gives us a chance to plunge into hiding, or into the water. But these two-legged hunters do not give us any chance at all. They are hidden. Even when we suspect where they are hidden, and think we are passing at a safe distance, they get us with those dreadful fire-sticks. It isn't fair. No, sir, it isn't fair. It would be bad enough if they always kill, but they don't. A lot of Ducks get broken wings, and can no longer go on their way to the Sunny South, can no longer even leave the water into which they fall. They must stay there with perhaps little or no food, and so they starve. Others are even worse hurt, and sooner or later will be caught by a hungry hunter in feather or fur. It just isn't fair at all!" Mrs. Quack was so indignant she almost lost her voice.

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

THE PART-SCORE PITFALL

As a rule of a part-score is quite an asset, but this does not hold the with a certain type of player. For example.

West dealer:
North-South 60 on score:

10 8 6 4	A 9 7 5
7 5 3	10 6 4
J 10 2	K 5
Q J 5 4	10 7 3 2
N W E S	
Q 5 3	A 9 7 5
A K 9	10 6 4
A Q 7 4	K 5
K 8 6	10 7 3 2

The bidding:
West North East South
1 NT Pass Pass 2 ♠ (1)
Pass Pass Dble. Pass
Pass Pass

East's pass to one notrump and his subsequent double of two hearts constituted an extremely effective sequence — and the result was an 1100-point defeat of the two-heart contract! The defense was everything it could be — West opening a low spade, East winning and shifting to the king and low diamond, and over-ruffing dummy on West's fourth diamond lead.

Since South was an experienced player, he must have known the risk he was running in coming in at the two-level, but the situation, with East passing one notrump and North-South needing only 40 points for game, was apparently too much for South's self-control. As South later tried to explain to his disgruntled partner, "It had seemed that North would turn up with quite a few pictures."

It is perfectly true that the best bridge players sometimes "take liberties" in the bidding because of what they can logically expect to find in partner's hand, but there is a definite limit to this sort of thing, beyond which optimism must be curbed. South's hand was worth, at the most liberal estimate, only five tricks, and it was expecting entirely too much that (a) North would supply the three other tricks required; (b) that South's estimate of his own hand would stand up; and (c) that the opponents would sell out to a two-heart contract if they thought there was any chance of its being fulfilled.

LOST IS FOUND
VANCOUVER, (CP) — Richard Robinson of Vancouver was serving with the RAF in Yorkshire when someone stole his valuable camera in 1948. British police found it in Glasgow last March, and the camera now has been turned over to its owner here.

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NOTICE TO B.I.S. MEMBERS

All members and their friends of the Benevolent Irish Society are requested to attend a lecture in the Whelan Memorial Building, Tuesday, Nov. 17, at 7:45, given by Rev. Father Pineau, of the Chinese Mission, who was a prisoner of the Communists and who will tell of his experiences. Don't miss this important lecture.

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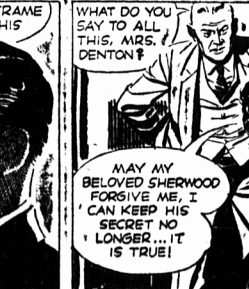
Joe Palooka



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Penny



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By Ham Fisher

By Zane Grey

By Al Capp

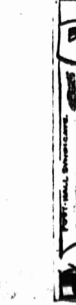
Henry



Napoleon and Uncle Elby



Pogo



PHENNY



By Bob Gustafson

By Carl Anderson

By Clifford McBride

By Walt Kelly

By Harry Hoerigsen