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BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

(By Thornton W. Burgess)

BOBBY COON REMEMBERS

Memory in time you'll find
The most precious thing in mind.
—Old Mother Nature.

Bobby Coon was in the worst trouble of his whole life. Yes, sir, he really was. He had been in plenty of trouble, but never in any such trouble as he was in now. He was safe in his home in a hollow tree in the Green Forest. This was something to be thankful for. But just then Bobby wasn't thankful for anything. He just couldn't see that he had anything to be thankful for.

Bobby had a very, very painful leg. It was his right hind leg. He had been shot in that leg, shot for fun in the name of sport. The hunter who had shot him didn't know that he had hurt Bobby. From the ground he had shot twice into an old nest of Redtail the Hawk on the chance that there might be some one in it. He had thought that if there were any one in there they would be driven out and then could be killed. What for? For sport. Bobby Coon had been curled up in that nest and although those shot had hurt him very much indeed he hadn't shown himself. He had been smart enough to lie quiet. So the hunter and his companions had gone off thinking that the nest was empty.

That was four nights ago. Bobby had managed to get home and he had stayed right there ever since. He had had nothing to eat. That leg had ached too much and had been too stiff for him to even think of leaving that hollow tree.

"I've just got to," he kept saying over and over to himself.

But one must eat to live. Eating is one of the most necessary things in life. Bobby had grown hungrier and hungrier and hungrier. Yes, sir, he had so.

Tonight it seemed to him that he just might try to get out. He did try, with many a whimper and whine. But he didn't get any further than the doorway. There he sat for a long time looking out in the moonlight, wishing and wishing that he could be out hunting. But he didn't have either the courage or the strength to try to climb down to the ground and go looking for something to eat. The next night it was the same way. He climbed up to the doorway but that is as far as he got. He was growing thin. His coat was beginning to look too big for him. At this time of year it should have looked too tight for him. It had before he was shot. But he couldn't keep a tight coat on an empty stomach. No one can. Now on the fifth night he sat in his doorway trying to make up his mind to climb down and try to find something to eat.

"I've just got to," he kept saying over and over to himself. "I've just got to."

Trotting down the Lone Little Path came Reddy Fox. He looked up and saw Bobby Coon sitting in his doorway.

"Hello," cried Reddy. "Where have you been lately? I haven't seen you since that Dog and those hunters were over in the Green Forest. What's the matter with you? Aren't you feeling well? It seems to me you look thin."

Bobby Coon said nothing. Slowly, and with an effort that made him whine, he climbed out of his doorway. Instantly Reddy Fox saw that something was wrong with Bobby Coon. He guessed right away what had happened. "Was it those hunters?" he asked.

Bobby nodded. "You don't happen to know where I can find a good dinner, do you?" he asked.

"No," replied Reddy. "I wish I did.

Presently Reddy trotted on his way. Slowly, painfully, Bobby Coon climbed down from that tree. What should he do now? Where should he go? Where could he possibly find a meal? Then suddenly he remembered something. He remembered Aunt Sally's Woodhouse Night Club.

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

WHO WAS THE GUILTIER?

Every player, however, expert, makes some bad bids. There is no excuse, however, for the sort of utterly inconsistent bidding produced by North in the following case:

North dealer.
Neither side vulnerable.

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

The bidding:

North	East	South	West
Pass	Pass	1 ♥	1 ♠
Pass	1 NT (!)	Double	Pass
Pass (!)	2 ♠	Pass	Pass
3 ♥	Pass	4 ♥	Double
Pass	Pass	Pass	

West opened a club, and South found himself with an unplayable contract. He went down three tricks, for a 500-point penalty. Then the "fun" started between North and South.

North insisted that South had been "crazy" to bid four hearts on as bad a trump suit as he held, and virtuously pointed to his own original pass and to his second pass, over West's one spade. "What did you think I had—a good hand?" he asked sarcastically.

South answered that he had not expected a good hand, but that he had not dreamed that North was going to put down such a terrible hand! And, in support of his own view, he mentioned a couple of North's actions which North himself had failed to review!

The unbiased observer will probably conclude (correctly) that there were faults on both sides, but that is was North who was far the guiltier. His two passes at the start were not such " positive" actions as his penalty pass of the one-no-trump double, and his following raise of hearts at the three-level. South knew from this latter bid that North could have bid two hearts to take out the double, and thus had every reason to expect a better hand than North put down.

Beyond doubt, it was questionable for South to go on to four hearts, but, after all, how could he tell that North had risked a needless 300-point penalty by overcalling two spades? Apparently, North could not make up his mind about his own holding—how good or how bad it was!

LONDON, Oct. 4 — (Reuters)— The King will open next year's Festival of Britain with a speech from the steps of St. Paul's Cathedral in the heart of London, May 3, it was officially announced today.

KING COLE TEA
Finer Flavour

NOTICE

THE JERSEY BREEDERS' ASSOCIATION will hold a meeting Saturday night at 8 p.m. in the Department of Agriculture Building, Richmond Street, to discuss matters pertaining to the Provincial Grant.

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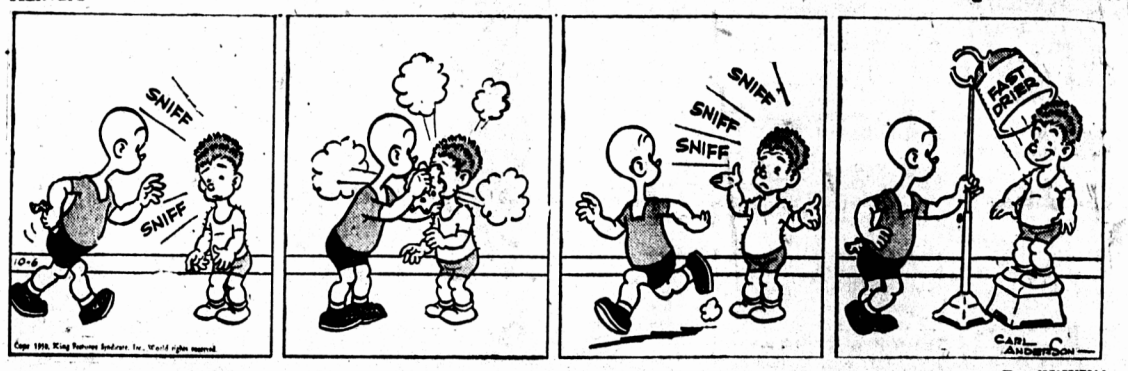
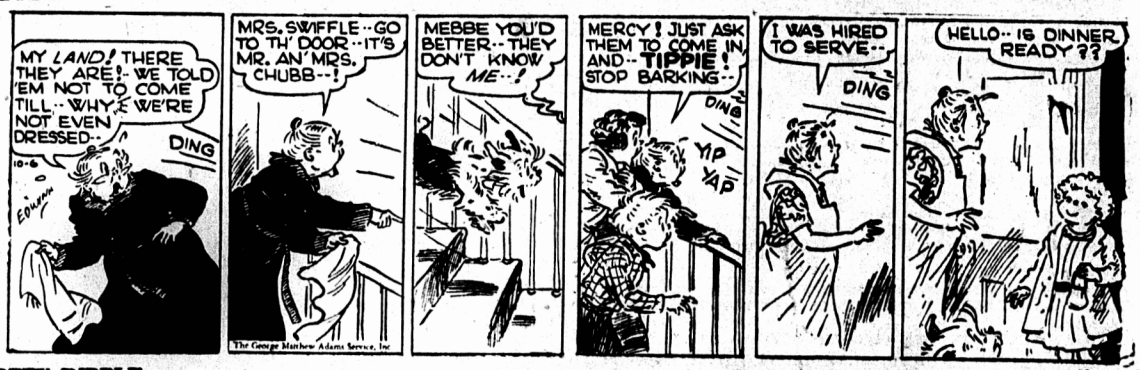
RIP KIRBY — by Alex Raymond

JOE PALOOKA — by Ham Fisher

HENRY — by Carl Anderson



TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS — By EDWINA



DOTTY DIPPLE — by Rutord

BRINGING UP FATHER — By George McManus

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED — By Zane Grey

TILLY THE TOILER — By Westover

LI'L ABNER — By AL CAPP

PENNY — By Harry Hoenigsen