

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

ENOUGH IS ENOUGH
 More than enough has no excuse. Enough is all that's to use.
 —Old Mother Nature.

Bobby Coon was licking his sores. They smarted. They had been made by the claws of Mrs. Hooty, the big Owl whose nest he had climbed to without knowing until he reached it that anyone was using it. You see, it was still the end of winter, and it hadn't entered Bobby's head that any of the feathered folk had begun nesting at this time. Mrs. Hooty's great curved claws, with points as sharp as needles, had dug in deep and torn his coat. Then, too, he had



He was keeping out of sight under some young evergreen trees.

From beneath these, he could peep out and see that big nest high up in a tree. Presently, he saw both Hooty and Mrs. Hooty at the nest. He could hear their voices, but he couldn't understand what they said. Perhaps that was as well. Probably they were telling each other what they would do to Bobby Coon if he ever climbed that tree again. At first, Bobby had no intention of climbing that tree again, but when after awhile, Mrs. Hooty spread her great wings and went hunting for some food for her babies, and that nest appeared to be left unguarded, Bobby began to think of how good a dinner of eggs or baby Owls, he didn't care which, would taste. The more he thought about it the more his mouth watered and the more he licked his lips.

"That isn't too much of a climb," said he to himself. "If Mrs. Hooty has gone hunting, and I think she has, I should have time enough to get up there and down again before she returns. It isn't easy these days to find food quickly. Those Owls may have to go a long way and hunt a long time unless they are unusually lucky."

He tried to make up his mind to once more climb that tree in spite of his aches. Then unexpectedly Mrs. Hooty returned. She had had luck. She had caught a Mouse. She fed it to one of the babies, then took to her wings again.

"Now's my time!" thought Bobby. "She won't have such luck again. It is likely to be some time before she catches another Mouse or any one else. Ouch!" He licked a place that smarted more than the other places. And as he licked, he tried to make up his mind.

"I certainly am hungry," thought he. "Yes, sir, I need a good dinner. In fact, I've got to have a good dinner." He stopped licking that sore place. He poked his head out where he could see better. He looked this way. He looked that way. He looked up, down, and all around. He saw no one. He suddenly made up his mind, and started for the tree in which was that nest. He moved quickly, despite the aches and pains. He went up that tree almost as fast as Chatterer the Red Squirrel climbs, and even as he climbed, he licked his lips and his mouth watered.

Now there was one thing that Bobby Coon had forgotten. He had

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

ALERT DEFENSE NEEDED

If the defense had slipped even a little in the following deal, South would have stolen his slam contract.

North dealer.
 Neither side vulnerable.

♠ A K J 8 4
 ♥ K 10
 ♦ Q 10 6
 ♣ 7 3

♠ 10 9 5
 ♥ 9 6 3
 ♦ 7
 ♣ 5 4 2

♠ 6 3
 ♥ Q 4 2
 ♦ K 8 5
 ♣ 3 2

♠ A J 8 7 5
 ♥ J 4
 ♦ A K J 8 6

The bidding:
 North East South West
 1 ♠ Pass 2 ♠ Pass
 2 ♠ Pass 4 ♠ Pass
 3 ♠ Pass 5 ♠ Pass
 5 NT Pass 6 ♠ Pass

Despite the fact that North and South had a near-monopoly of the aces and kings, they should have taken warning from the lack of a fit in any suit.

West, not unreasonably impressed by the opposing bidding and depressed by his own holding, opened his singleton. The diamond ace was played from dummy; the declarer cashed the A-K of spades to discard his other diamond.

Now South drew two rounds of clubs with the ace and king. There was certainly no reason to feel that East had false-carded with the club ten and queen, and so East marked with the remaining 9-5 of clubs.

It would have been easy for South to make the contract by leading to the trump king and finessing on the return against the queen, but he was not gifted with second sight; he elected to lead a low club and ruff with dummy's heart ten. East over-ruffed, but he then had a problem. Who had the jack of clubs? If West had that card, East's correct defense was to return a trump, knocking out the king, but if South had the club jack, this would probably be fatal.

East mentally reviewed the bidding, and he decided that with all the optimism in the world, South would not have bid so strongly with only the A-K and three low clubs. So instead of protecting West's non-existent club jack, West laid down the diamond king. That was South's Waterloo. If he ruffed high, he would establish West's trump nine; and when he actually ruffed with the eight West over-ruffed then and there.

West over-ruffed then and there. He had given all his thoughts to Mrs. Hooty. He had climbed only half way up when he was struck a blow that al-

Continued on page 14

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

By Zee Grey



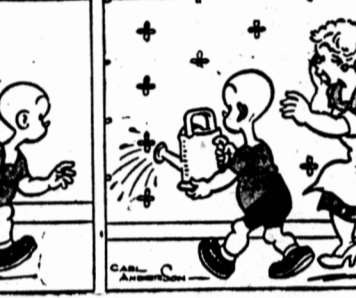
By Ham Fisher

JOE PALOOKA



By Carl Anderson

HENRY



By Ruford

DOTTY DIPPLE



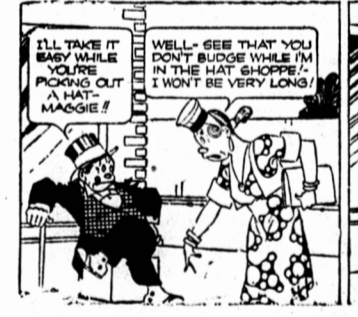
By Edwin

TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS



By George McManus

BRINGING UP FATHER



By Bob Gustafson

TILLY THE TOILER



By Merry Moonlight

PENNY



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POGO

SEEN AS YOU IS THE LANDLORD OF THE CLOCK US GOT A NEW CLOCKWORKS FOR YOU, SIR

I'M ALSO THE TENANT AN' IS PICKETIN' THE GOSHIN' CAPITALISTIC LANDLORD.

JUST BE THE LANDLORD FOR A MINUTE WHILST US PICKETS IN THE PITS IN THE WORKS.

MAM... MIGHT AS WELL... HERE... NOLE THIS A LIL' MINUTE.

UNFARE

NOW I'M THE LANDLORD AN' HEY! IS YOU PICKETIN' THIS ESTABLISHMENT?

NO, I...

BEGONE CHURL! OFF WITH YOUR PARASITICAL PROLETARIAN VULGARITIES! A POX ON YOU! FIE!

UNFAIR

COPE 1952 WELT KELLY

Napoleon and Uncle Elby

WILLIE, WHEN MRS. JONES SITS DOWN TO DINNER, I WANT YOU TO PULL OUT HER CHAIR.

UNCLE ELBY

L'L ABNER

FEARLESS BOSCHICK'S BOYS!! GET A GRIP ON YOURSELVES!! AN ORDER HAS COME FROM THE TOP!

DUE TO BUDGET DIFFICULTIES THE FORCE MUST BE CUT!! BUT TO PREVENT UNCESSARY HARDSHIP—

ONLY MEMBERS OF THE FORCE WHO ARE UNMARRIED WILL BE DISMISSED!!

WELL, THAT LETS ME OUT!! I'M MARRIED!!

ME, TOO??

CHUCK!!—THE ONLY BACHELOR, FOSDICK!! WE'LL MISS YOU!! BUT, NOT AS MUCH AS YOU'LL MISS THAT \$2100 A WEEK!!

I'LL BE DISMISSED—UNLESS I CAN GET A WIFE!!

RIP KIRBY

WHAT'S THE IDEA OF SENDIN' FOR THE HILL DAME, CARMODY? I TOLD YOU SHE HAD NOthin' TO DO WITH IT. SHE KILLED LAMBERT.

I'M RIPPIN' THINGS AROUND HERE, SEVEN! WE'LL DO IT MY WAY!

COME RIGHT IN, MISS HILL.

MONICA! MY DAUGHTER—MY POOR LITTLE MONICA!

By Clifford McBride

NO! YOUR DOG ISN'T LOST!! HERE!!

...THAT STUPID MUTT FOLLOWED ME TO THE DINNER, AND WHEN I STOOD UP TO TALK...

HE JUMPED UP ON MY CHAIR, PLANTED HIS FORE FEET ON THE TABLE, AND GRINNED AT THE ASSEMBLY.

...I THOUGHT THEY WERE LAUGHING AT MY TUXEDO... THAT... YOU...

PERSUADED ME TO RENT...!!!

By George McManus

I'LL TAKE IT EASY WHILE YOU'RE PICKING OUT A HAT—MAGGIE!!

WELL—SEE THAT YOU DON'T BUDGE WHILE I'M IN THE HAT SHOPPE—I WON'T BE VERY LONG!

MAGGIE MUST BE TRYING ON EVERY HAT IN THE STORE!

MY—WHAT A WELL-DRESSED BEGGAR! AND HE LOOKS SO HONEST!!—I SUPPOSE A THING LIKE THIS COULD HAPPEN TO ANY BODY—I'LL PUT A FEW MORE COINS IN HIS HAT!

WHAT'S THIS?—A HAT FULL OF MONEY? GOLLY—I HOPE MAGGIE WON'T BE IN TOO BIG A HURRY CHOOSING HER NEW BONNET!

By Al Capp

MAC, I WANT YOU TO GO OVER THESE ORDERS AND CHECK...

MACDOUGALL—WHERE ARE YOU?

KEEP TALKIN' B.S.'S. HERE!

By Alex Raymond

WHO WAS THAT DEAR?

RODNEY MOTHER

HONESTLY HE'S UTTERLY THE BIGGEST WORRY WART I'VE EVER SEEN!

HOW DO YOU MEAN?

HE'S ALWAYS WORRYING ABOUT WHETHER I REALLY CARE FOR HIM, AND I'VE ASSURED HIM REPEATEDLY...

THAT NO MATTER WHO I GO OUT WITH, I ALWAYS WEAR HIS FRATERNITY PIN!