



BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

A FRIEND INDEED

He proves among the best of friends. Who to his neighbor's needs attends.

—Old Mother Nature.

In a lone cedar tree in a lonely part of the Green Forest, a young Crow sat hunched up against the trunk. Probably there was no one in all the Green Forest who felt quite so miserable as that young Crow. He had been shot the day before. In some ways it might have been better for him had he been killed; then he wouldn't have suffered. Now he was suffering both pain and fear. You see, he couldn't fly because one wing had been hurt by those dreadful shot. It was knowing that he couldn't fly that frightened him more than anything else. He felt too miserable to even want to fly.

He had had a bad night. He hadn't been able to sleep much. Twice the fierce Horned Owl had sounded close at hand. There is no one the Crow folk fear more than they do Hooty, the biggest of the Owl family. He delights to hunt for them at night when he can see and they cannot. It is well for them that their coats are black. In the blackness of the dark hours their black coats keep them

from being seen unless they move. It is to startle them, or any other small person who is near, so as to make them move, that Hooty sounds that fierce hunting call of his.

It was a bright morning now. Jolly, round, bright Mr. Sun already was well up in the blue, blue sky. There was little to fear now from Hooty the Owl. He seldom hunts on a bright day. He doesn't like the sunlight. So the young Crow felt fairly safe from Hooty. He wasn't hungry. He had lost his appetite, as most folks do when they are hurt and feel badly. He was quite content to huddle there in that cedar tree, and just pity himself. But there would come a time when he would have to eat. He knew that, and the knowledge worried him. He couldn't fly with one wing. No bird can fly with one wing, and one wing was all he had that he could use. How was he to get around if he couldn't fly? It was a dreadful thought.

He sat close up to the trunk of the tree with his head pulled down on his shoulders. One wing, the hurt wing, drooped. He felt so miserable that he could think of nothing else. He wondered where his friends were and what they were doing. He wondered if he would ever see any of them again. And somehow, it didn't seem to matter much if he didn't see any of them again. That is, it didn't until he heard the voice of Blacky cawing in the distance. Blacky was in good spirits. Harsh as is his voice, there was still a note of cheerfulness in it.

At first the young Crow paid no attention to Blacky's voice. The very cheerfulness in it made him feel worse. In so far as he was concerned there was nothing, nothing at all, to be cheerful about. He wished that Blacky would keep his tongue still.

For a while Blacky did keep his tongue still. When he did begin to caw again he was very much nearer. He was cawing as he flew, and every caw sounded nearer. For



"What is the matter?" asked Blacky.

the first time the young Crow felt a little bit of hope, perhaps Blacky would see him, and could help him. He didn't know what Blacky could do for him, but somehow he knew he would feel better just to have one of his own kind near him.

Blacky sounded nearer, and nearer. Now he was almost to that cedar tree. The young Crow tried to caw, and it was not a loud caw either. Blacky passed high over that tree. The young Crow saw him, but Blacky didn't see the young Crow. Again the latter tried to caw, and again the best he could do was to make a sort of croaking sound. Blacky was already past that tree, and out of sight of the young Crow. He was wholly in despair. And then, suddenly Blacky was right there in that tree. He heard that caw and had turned back to see what it meant.

He had lighted in the tree above the young Crow. Now he hopped down from branch to branch until he was right beside the young Crow.

"What is the matter?" asked Blacky.

"I don't know," replied the young Crow. "There was a terrible noise, and then I was hurt. That's all I know."

Blacky looked him all over. "What you need now is something to eat," said he. "I'll be back with something soon."

He was as good as his word. He was back soon, and he brought with him what he had intended for his own breakfast.

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Cluerton

AN UN-MASTERFUL FINESSE

"Average" bridge players are not alone in taking many more finesse than are advisable quite a few players who have earned master ranking under the scoring system of the American Contract Bridge League have the same low temptation-point vis-a-vis finesse. In the following deal, for example, most of the masters in a tournament took an unwise finesse.

South dealer. Both sides vulnerable.

♠ AK	♥ J852
♦ A1065	♣ 84
♣ 87643	♦ J10
♥ K2	♠ A Q 7
♠ 10764	♥ 84
♥ 93	♦ K Q J 7
♦ K95	♠ A Q 2
♣ J1098	♥ 84

Almost every South in the field became declarer at four hearts—the auction usually going:

South	West	North	East
1♥	Pass	2♦	Pass
2♥	Pass	4♥	Pass

Almost every West opened the Jack of clubs, and the usual result was a one-trick defeat of the contract. Every East, after collecting two club tricks, shifted to the Jack of diamonds, and almost every declarer put in the diamond queen.

It was automatic for West to return the five diamonds after winning with the king, and that ended South's chances.

One declarer made the excellent decision to go up with the diamond ace on East's lead of the Jack, but, unfortunately, he failed to carry on properly. He next cashed the A-K of spades, then drew the needed two rounds of trumps, cashed the spade queen, and went to dummy with a trump intending to return a diamond in quest of a "situation." The situation existed, all right, but East changed it! On South's lead of the heart to dummy, East hastily threw off the diamond ten, and that fixed the declarer.

South should have made one small adjustment in his technique. Instead of cashing the spade queen, he should have ruffed that card in dummy. Then when he led a diamond from the board, he could duck East's forced play of the ten and the defenders would be helpless.

The Australian Cadet Corps in 1952 had a strength of 31,500 school cadets and 3,700 regimental cadets.

ORWELL SCHOOL

The following is the honour roll for February for Orwell School:

Grade IX—1. Elspeth MacLeod; 2. Ronald MacDonald; 3. Celine Naddy.

Grade VII—1. Eleanor MacDonald.

Grade VI—1. Eileen MacDonald; 2. Malcolm Taylor.

Grade V—1. Evelyn MacDonald; 2. Ignatius MacDonald.

Grade IV—1. Gloria MacDonald.

Grade I (A)—1. Sandra MacDonald. (B)—1. Clifford MacDonald.

Teacher: Christene Nicholson.

King Of The Royal Mounted



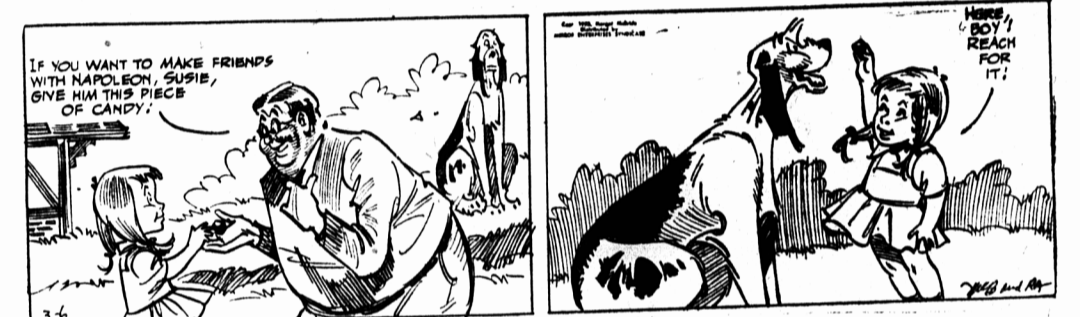
Rip Kirby



Joe Palooka



Napoleon and Uncle Elby



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NOTICE

I have been advised by the Chairman of the Appeal Board from Civic Rates and Assessments that the Board will meet on FRIDAY, MARCH 6th, but that the appeals will not commence until FRIDAY, MARCH 13th, AT 10:00 A.M.

J. A. FULLERTON, City Clerk.

Li'l Abner



By Al Capp

Tilly The Toiler



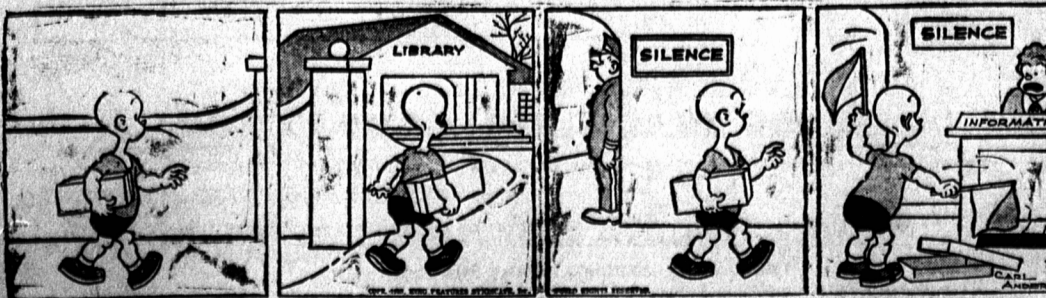
By Bob Gustafson

Dotty Dripple



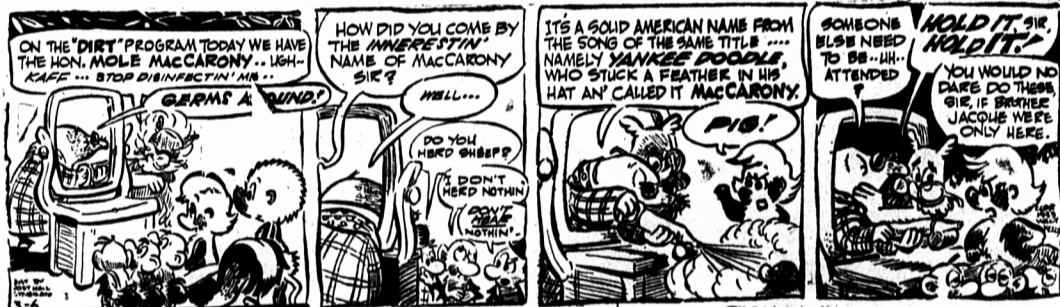
By Ruford

Henry



By Carl Anderson

Pogo



By Walt Kelly

Tippy and "Cap" Stubs



By Edwina

Bringing Up Father



By George McManus

PENNY



By Harry Heenigen