

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE

Who gives up quickly we're will find the better things he has in mind. —Old Mother Nature.

Timmy the Flying Squirrel and Mrs. Timmy were house hunting. Perhaps I should say that Mrs. Timmy was house hunting and Timmy was tagging along. He wasn't half so anxious to find a new home as was she. Night at-

a place that's big enough and thoroughly dry, and the higher it is, the better. But there doesn't seem to be any empty Woodpecker home any more.

"You mean there don't seem to be any dead trees standing, or big dead branches left on trees," said Timmy.

Mrs. Timmy paid no attention to this. "As I said before, I'm not fussy," she declared. "If I can't find anything better, I'll take any hole I can find in a tree, even if it be one that has simply rotted out. I wouldn't like that kind of a house, but it will be better than living next door to Spooky the Screech Owl as we are now doing. Of course you know I'm thinking altogether of the children."

"What children? We haven't any at home any more," retorted Timmy.

"I'm just looking ahead," said Mrs. Timmy, and led the way in a long glide from the top of a tree to the foot of another some distance away.

Of course Timmy followed; there was nothing else to do. He sighed as he jumped and glided after her. He wasn't interested in house-hunting. He would much rather be frolicking with others of his kind, seeing who could jump and glide the farthest; that was fun. House-hunting wasn't fun. It seldom is.

One morning they were late in getting back home. It was broad daylight. Already Killy the Sparrow Hawk who lived above them in the same tree, had left in search of his breakfast. That was just as well for them. Otherwise one of them might have furnished Killy with that breakfast. It happened that Tommy Tit the Chickadee was in the neighborhood. He gave them his usual cheery greeting. Of all the people in feathers and fur, there is no more cheerful than Tommy Tit the Chickadee. "Dee, dee, dee," he greeted them. "It was a long, long time since I've seen you. It isn't often you are out as late as this, or should I say early? It is early for you day folk, but late for you night folk. What has

kept you out so late?"

"We've been house-hunting," said Timmy. "Mrs. Timmy insists that we have got to move, and we haven't been able to find a house anywhere. I tell her that we are all right here in this tree."

"So we are," squeaked Mrs. Timmy, "but the children wouldn't be. I'm looking ahead, that's all."

"Houses are scarce," agreed Tommy Tit. "Have you looked at any of the new ones near the edge of the Green Forest? Mrs."

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Contract Bridge

By Josephine Clouston

CONCERNING HOLD-UP PLAYS

Many players do not seem to realize that defensive hold-up plays may be as valuable at suit contracts as at notrump. Consider this typical hand:

South dealer.
North-South vulnerable.

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

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

West opened the diamond nine. The ten was played from the board, and when East covered, the contract was won with the ace. South then led a heart to dummy's queen. East took his ace and shifted to his fourth-highest club. South could not afford to lose a club trick (since he then would lose two diamonds) so he put up the club ace, then led to the heart king and ruffed a heart. Now he cashed three top trumps, ending in dummy, and since the heart suit had broken 3-3, two discards were available on the long hearts. Thus the contract was fulfilled.

In all likelihood, if East had been defending against a notrump contract he would have made the proper play of holding up his heart ace on the first lead of that suit. This is a standard maneuver that no defender of experience overlooks. The same action, however, is often vital when the contract is in a suit. Observe that if East had refused the first heart trick, South could not possibly have established and cashed in three heart tricks.

Observe also that West should play his lowest heart on the first lead toward dummy, thus announcing exactly a three-card heart holding. With two or four hearts, West should start an echo, to give East "the count."

NOTICE

Community get-together for all adult residents of Parkdale in Parkdale Hall Wednesday, Feb. 20. Sponsored by Parkdale Men's Association. No admission fee. Canteen service.

A. WEST, Secretary.

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

By Z. Croy



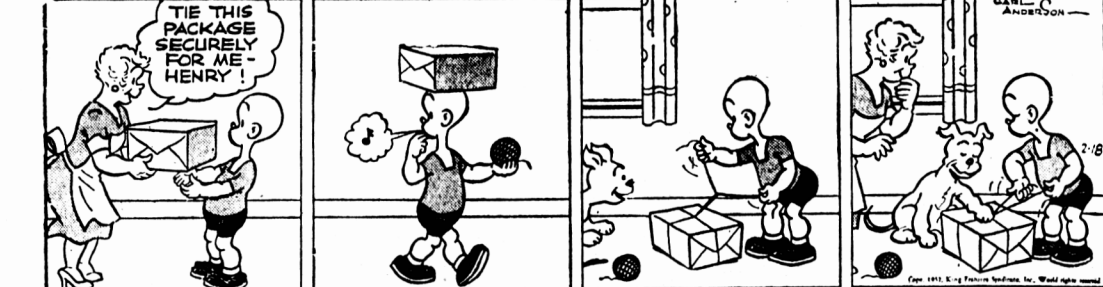
JOE PALOOKA

By Ham Fisher



HENRY

By Carl Anderson



DOTTY DIPPLE

By Rufon



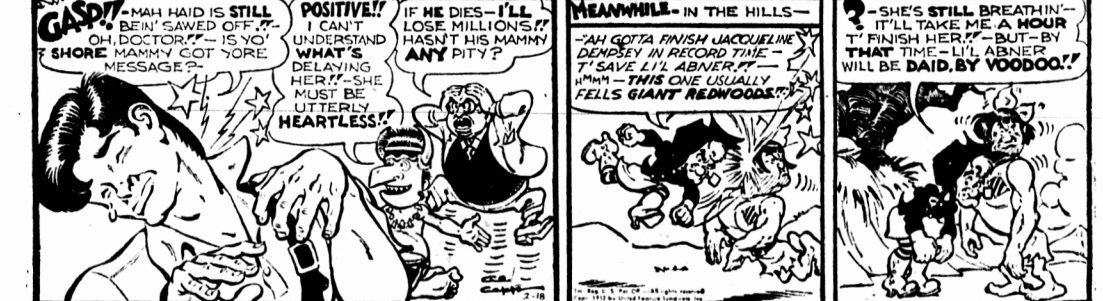
TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS

By Edwina



L'L ABNER

By Al Capp



TILLY THE TOILER

By Bob Gustafson



PENNY

By Harry Haenigsen



ISLANDERS ISLANDERS

YOUR HOCKEY PLAYERS TURN MUSICAL

Don't Miss Hearing and Seeing Them at the **ROLLAWAY BALLROOM** TONIGHT, MONDAY, FEBRUARY 18

It's the Biggest Dance of the Season. Islanders are having open house from eleven till two. Don Messer's Orchestra will provide the music. Chief Assistants — Your Favorite Islanders. Table reservations till 11 P.M. Monday. Phone 1242. Admission \$1.00. Tickets can be obtained from Players and at Rollaway.

DANCE DANCE

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

Major Hoople



SQUEEKIE!

GOSH, SQUEEKIE ANOTHER SCHOOL HOP COMING UP AND NO JOE HAS ASKED US TO GO!

NO WONDER! LOOK AT YOUR HAIR! LET ME SHOW YOU HOW TO TURN A WILD WOMAN OF BORNEO INTO MY WILD IRISH ROSE...

OH! WHAT LOADS OF FLUFFY LATHER!

WILDROOT LIQUID CREAM SHAMPOO FLOODS AWAY DIRT AND LOOSE DANDRUFF—IT'S MADE WITH LANOLIN.

IT POSITIVELY GLEAMS!

WILDROOT LIQUID CREAM SHAMPOO

CLEANS YOUR HAIR MEANS IT GLEAMS! SOFT AND SILKY SEE WHAT I MEAN!

IT'S MADE WITH LANOLIN

TWO SIZES 43¢ AND 73¢

Napoleon and Uncle Elby

By Clifford McBride

GOSH, UNCLE ELBY, I HAVE TO HAND IN THIS ARITHMETIC TOMORROW AND I CAN'T FIGURE OUT THIS PROBLEM!

GO ON TO PEP! I'LL LOOK IT OVER AND EXPLAIN IT TO YOU IN THE MORNING!

POGO

By Walt Kelly

Owl, I BEEN KISSIN' FROG CHILLIN', GITTIN' READY FOR THE CAMPAIGN AN'...

BUT, WHEN HE'S DONE KISSIN' EM UP... ONE TURNS UP MISSIN'!

I DEMAND A STOMACH PUMP! HE IS SWALLOWED A FROG CHILE.

IF I DID IT'S YOUR FAULT GITTIN' ME TO KISS THE LIL' TADS... IF I GITS SICK I'LL MISS YOU CROSS MISS!

FURTHERMORE, MY MAN HERRIS IS GIVIN' REFUGES TO YO' CHILS WHICH YOU CASTED OUT IN THE WINTER SNOO.

GOOOP! WHAT SNOO?

I DUNNO, WHAT SNOO WITH YOU?

I BETTER GET THE FIRE DEPARTMENT! THAT DIALOGUE NIGHT SPREAD.