

# BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

## FLYING FOR LIFE

Who cannot match another's might is justified in taking flight. —Old Mother Nature.

Thunderer the Grouse was troubled. Mrs. Grouse was worried. The truth is, they were worried. Blacky the Crow had given them some news, and it was bad news. Blacky had told them that he had heard that Terror the Goshawk had come down to the Green Forest from the Far North. If this was true it meant that he probably would spend the rest of the winter there. They were especially worried because they knew that Terror's favorite dinner is of Grouse. Ruffed Grouse often are wrongly called Partridge, and the Goshawk is often called the Partridge Hawk. Of course, Grouse are not the only ones that Terror hunts. If he had to depend on Grouse alone for his dinners, he would starve to death. He always keeps a sharp eye open for Peter Rabbit, Happy Jack Squirrel, Chatterer the Red Squir-

rel, and any of the smaller folk in fur and feathers. He has been named Terror because when he is around all the smaller folk in his neighborhood are in terror. Among all the feathered hunters none is more feared, and none is more dreaded. "Blacky didn't say that he had seen Terror; only that he had heard that Terror was in the Green Forest. Perhaps he isn't here at all. You know how foolish it is to believe everything we hear," said Thunderer. "It is just as foolish to take chances until we find out if a thing is, or isn't so," replied Mrs. Grouse. "Are you hinting that we are taking chances?" asked Thunderer. "You know we are!" retorted Mrs. Grouse. "What chances?" asked Thunderer, pretending that he didn't know. "We take a chance every time we go over to the Old Orchard," retorted Mrs. Grouse. "You know very well we are safest in the Green Forest. That is where we belong. If Terror the Goshawk



He would have to fly some to catch me," boasted Thunderer.

should find us over in the Old Orchard, I fear one of us wouldn't get back to the Green Forest." "He would have to fly some to catch me," boasted Thunderer. "Don't be foolish," said Mrs. Grouse. "That fellow can really fly. I don't want him behind me, I can tell you that!" "I suppose," said Thunderer, "you are suggesting that we give up those good breakfasts over in the Old Orchard, and all because Blacky the Crow heard something that he doesn't know is true. Even if Terror is in the Green Forest he may not be anywhere near this part of it. Blacky may have made up that story just to keep us away from the Old Orchard so that he can have all that good food to himself."

# Contract Bridge

By Josephine Clubertson

## PROTECT YOURSELF!

The lead-directing double of a slam contract (known as the Lightning double, after its inventor, T. A. Lightner, New York) is an excellent device, but its efficiency can often be destroyed by a shrewd opponent. South in this deal, however, was not shrewd!

North dealer. North-South vulnerable.

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

The bidding:

North	East	South	West
1♥	2♣	3♣	Pass
3♥	Pass	4NT	Pass
5♥	Pass	5NT	Pass
6♣	Pass	7♣	Pass
Pass	DbI. (final call)		

South was perfectly right, of course, in contracting for the grand slam on the strength of the information he drew from partner, but when East doubled seven clubs, South should have snapped to attention and done some thinking. Instead of passing so nonchalantly, I'm not going over to the Old Orchard again until I am sure that that killer isn't around."

"It is time enough to worry about him when he has been seen somewhere in the neighborhood," retorted Thunderer. "I'm not going back to eating buds over here while there is all that good food over there to be had for the picking up."

The next morning, Thunderer went over to the Old Orchard to get his breakfast, but Mrs. Grouse refused to go. Thunderer pretended not to be at all worried, but somehow he didn't have as good an appetite as usual. Mrs. Grouse, watching from halfway up in a pine tree at the edge of the Green Forest, saw Thunderer start back. He flew swiftly, as all Grouse fly. He was about halfway back to the Green Forest when seemingly from nowhere a big broad-winged Bird came up over the trees from back of the Old Orchard. It was Terror the Goshawk. She knew him instantly by the way in which he flew. Did Thunderer see him. Even if he did, would he be able to reach the Green Forest in time? She knew a moment later that Thunderer did know that Terror was behind him. He had been flying fast, but now he flew faster still. But fast as he was that dreadful feathered hunter in gray be-

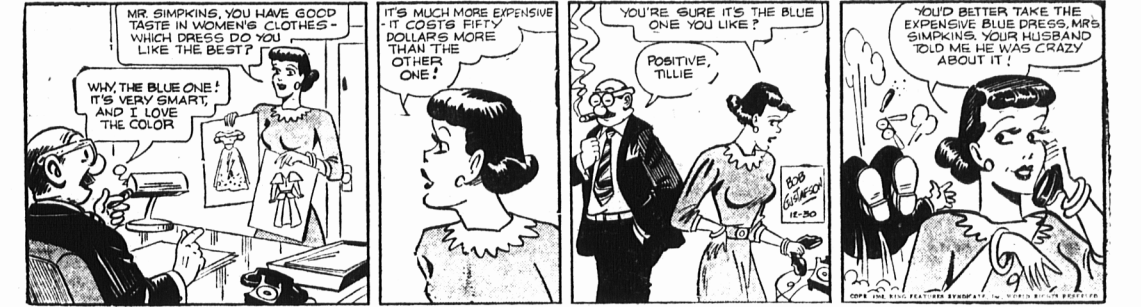
hind him was faster still. He was gaining with every stroke of his great wings. Thunderer was flying for his life. Terror the Goshawk was flying for his breakfast. Which would win. Mrs. Grouse held her breath.

Joe Palooka



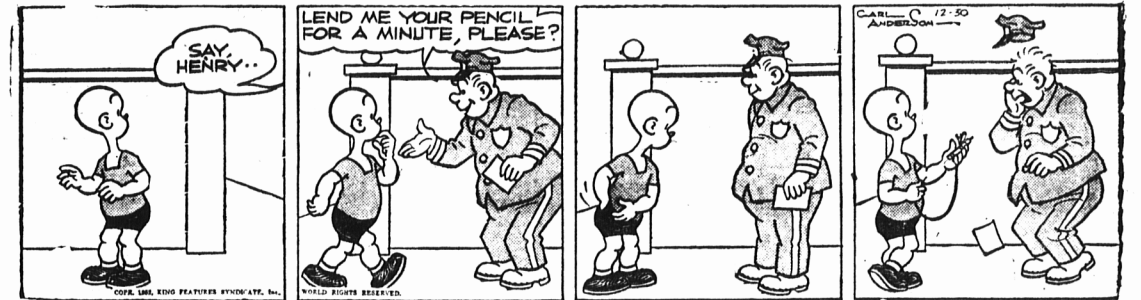
By Ham Fisher

Tilly The Toiler



By Bob Gustafson

Henry



By Carl Anderson

Tippy and "Cap" Stubs



By Edwina

Bringing Up Father



By George McManus

Dotty Dripple



By Ruford

Napoleon and Uncle Elby



By Clifford McBride

PENNY



By Harry Hoeningen

Quickies

By Ken Reynolds



"That's the stuffed tiger I saw for sale in the Guardian Want Ads—I got there late!"

Pogo



By Walt Kelly

King Of The Royal Mounted



By Zane Grey

L'il Abner



By Al Capp

Rip Kirby



By Alex Raymond