

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

THE HATEFUL TAIL

The little things, the very small, may most important be of all. —Old Mother Nature.

Buster Bear had started to climb the tree in the top of which was the big nest of Hooty the Owl and Mrs. Hooty. They had warned him that he couldn't climb that tree. What they meant was that his claws were too short and he had no right to climb it. In that nest were two young Owls, their precious children. Buster, all his life a good climber and much at home in trees, started to show those silly Owls that he could climb up there if he wanted to. Now quite suddenly he was not sure that he wanted to. In fact he was beginning to think that after all he didn't want to. He



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wasn't as hungry as he had thought he was. He had discovered Prickly Porky the Porcupine up in that tree half way between him and the nest.

At first Buster showed all his big teeth and snarled at Prickly Porky, ordering him to get out of his way and let him pass.

"Don't you come any higher," whined Prickly Porky. "If you don't get out of my way and let me pass you will be the sorriest person in all the Green Forest," growled Buster Bear, and he sounded as fierce as he had made himself look, which was very fierce indeed. Some folks who are extra big and extra strong sometimes try to bully other people, trying to make them afraid. Buster was doing this now.

"Don't you dare touch me," whined Prickly Porky. "I was here first." He made no move to get out of Buster's way.

Buster, growing angrier and angrier, was losing his temper. He loses it quite easily. Bullies are apt to be

that way. "Get out of my way!" He almost roared it. Prickly Porky didn't stir from where he was. He had turned so that he was facing the trunk of the tree, his arms partly around it, his rather short but stout tail hanging below the branch on which he was sitting. "Don't you come any nearer," he whined.

Buster scrambled up a little higher, all the time growling and snarling and clicking his teeth in the most unpleasant manner as he threatened to do all sorts of things to Prickly Porky. Now he was near enough to reach up and strike Prickly Porky with one of his great paws, to knock him out of that tree perhaps kill him with a single blow.

Prickly Porky didn't move to get out of Buster's way. By walking out just a little way on the big limb he was on he could give Buster room to pass without touching him. Did he do it? He did not. He hugged that tree a little more closely if that were possible. All the sharp little spears, the quills, that had been hidden in his coat were standing on end and showing above the hair. Indeed, his coat seemed to be all quills, and they pointed in every direction, and they pointed in every direction.

"Don't you dare touch me," whined Prickly Porky. That seemed to be about all he had to say.

Buster didn't touch him. The truth is he didn't dare. Not for nothing is Prickly Porky called the Untouchable One. All the time that provoking tail was swinging back and forth. Once Buster Bear lifted a paw as if to strike that provoking tail, perhaps dig his big claws into it and pull Prickly Porky off that tree. He didn't try it. Despite his bad temper he had sense enough not to try anything as foolish as that. You see that tail was covered closely with short quills and they were just as sharp as the longer ones in his coat. Buster knew that to hit that tail, even to touch it, would be to fill that paw with those little spears and be sorry ever after.

Buster stopped growling and snarling and threatening. He tried to make his voice pleasant. "If you will move just a little way I can get past you. I promise I won't hurt you," said Buster. Prickly Porky moved but in the wrong way, and that provoking tail was more threatening than ever.

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

NOT HIS FAULT

South's defeat in the following deal was due to bad luck — not to any error of his own.

North dealer. Both sides vulnerable.

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

The bidding:

North	East	South	West
Pass	1♣	1♥	Pass
2♠	3♣	Dble.	3♦
3♥	Pass	4♥	Pass
Pass	Pass		

West decided to lead the suit bid first by his partner; he opened the diamond deuce. East cashed the ace and king, then cashed his singleton heart ace, and exited with a low club.

South trusted East's club bid enough to take the finesse, but the fact that the club queen did not move the hand from the danger zone! East's failure to lead a second trump made it extremely probable that West still had the J-x of trumps, and since West was obviously short in clubs, South could not expect to ruff many low clubs in dummy without running into an overruff by West.

Thus, the best chance was clearly to establish dummy's spade suit, or at least to win three tricks in that suit — but the question was, how? Everything pointed to East's having started with two cards (at least) in each minor and so, since he had held one heart, he could have no more than two spades. West, therefore, was marked with at least four spades, and so there was a substantially greater chance that the missing queen was held by West, rather than by East. If West had Q-x-x-x in spades, declarer could not set up the suit by cashing the A-k and ruffing a third round.

So, going on the mathematics of the situation, South took the spade finesse, and he not only lost the hand but had to listen while his partner mumbled something about "silly finesses."

By Walt Kelly

LINKLETTER SCHOOL

Report for February.

Grade X-1. Clare Carke.

Grade VII-1. Gracie Linkletter; 2. Donald Murphy; 3. Robert Linkletter.

Grade VII-4. Gordon Linkletter; 2. Norma Delaney.

Grade V-1. Carol Clarke; 2. Audrey Wood; 3. Marjorie Linkletter.

Grade IV-1. Elbert Morrison; 2. Laura Rogers; 3. Gordon Rogers.

Grade III-1. Gladys Linkletter; 2. Faye Rogers.

Grade II. A-1. Lorna Murray and Arlene Wood; 2. Alan Rogers; 3. Eldon Hardy.

Grade II. B-1. Donald Linkletter; 2. Helen Linkletter; 3. David Linkletter.

Grade I-1. Roy Rogers. Teacher—Lloyd Simpson.

By Clifford McBride



By Al Capp



By Alex Raymond



By Alex Raymond



KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

By Z



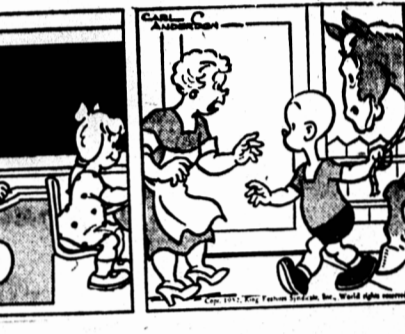
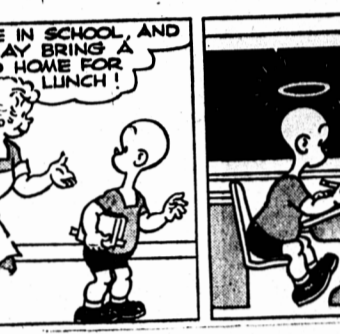
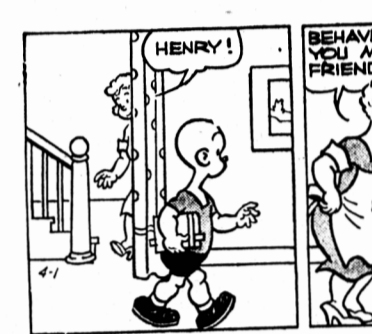
By Ham Fisher

JOE PALOOKA



By Carl Anderson

HENRY



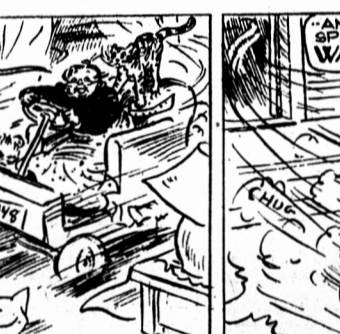
By Ruford

DOTTY DRIPPLE



By Edwina

TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS



By George McManus

BRINGING UP FATHER



By Bob Gustafson

TILLY THE TOILER



By Harry Moon

PENNY



Napoleon and Uncle Elby



T'L ABNER



RIP KIRBY

