



BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

THE GANG HELPS

When your neighbor is in trouble, lend a hand, put yourself in sympathy at his command. —Old Mother Nature.

The flock of Blacky the Crow sometimes is called the black gang. This is partly because the members are dressed in black, and I suspect it is partly because Crows do at times get into mischief, just as gangs of boys sometimes do. Any way, the Crow folk have the true gang spirit, the spirit that binds them together, and leads them to help each other in time of trouble. Blacky was the wise old leader of the gang. What ever he did, the others tried to do. It was due to his wisdom as a leader that the gang had succeeded so well in outwitting most of its enemies. Such trouble as the members did get into, was never due to Blacky's leadership. He had never led the gang into trouble, but he had often led it out of trouble. So he was

looked up to, and respected, by all the Crow folk in the Green Forest.

Blacky had chanced to find a young member of the gang in great trouble. The young one had been shot and wounded so that he could not fly. Blacky had found him in a lone cedar tree in a lonesome part of the Green Forest. He had given the young Crow his own breakfast.

"I'm not hungry," said the young Crow, and he wasn't hungry. He was feeling too miserable to be hungry. Nevertheless, Blacky left the food for him, then went to get his own breakfast.

When Blacky returned, he brought Mrs. Blacky with him. They talked things over. Then Blacky flew to the top of a distant pine tree and began to caw. He was calling the gang together. They came flying from all directions. Blacky told them what had happened. He told them where the young Crow was, and that he couldn't fly which meant that he couldn't get his food at present.



Blacky told them what had happened.

"Of course you know what that means," said Blacky. "Of course," replied one of the older Crows. "It means that the rest of us will have to see that he gets enough to eat."

At once there was grave nodding of all black heads. "Of course!" said one after another. "And we must see to it," said Blacky, "that any enemy who may happen to come into his neighborhood is driven or led away."

"Of course!" cried all the gang together.

So it was that the wounded young Crow learned the meaning of true friendship. Always, there was one or more on watch in the neighborhood. The young Crow was never allowed to feel that he was all alone. He was never allowed to go hungry. Every day, food was brought to him. Under such treatment he began to feel better. The wounded wing began to heal. At first, it had drooped badly. Little by little, a little more each day, he was able to lift the wing just a wee bit. At least it was back in place; it no longer drooped. For exercise, the young Crow hopped about in the tree, and at last, down to the ground. There he could walk about, and hunt for any food there might be in the neighborhood. When he was tired, he went back to the cedar tree, and hopped up from limb to limb until he was at his favorite roost.

One day he looked down and saw Yowler the Bobcat on the ground. Yowler had not yet seen him. But what if Yowler should look up? Yowler is a good climber, a very good climber. The young Crow held his breath; terror filled him. If that big Cat should climb that tree there would be no escape. The young Crow knew this. Only by flight could he hope to escape should Yowler discover him, and he couldn't fly.

Yowler was looking and listening. There was a sudden rustle of dry leaves back of a thicket of young trees. Instantly, Yowler was all attention. For a moment he listened, then he began to steal around that thicket, moving silently and carefully. He disappeared around the end of that thicket. A moment later, up from back of that thicket flew one of the gang. "Caw! Caw! Caw!" he shrieked at Yowler. Yowler looked up at him and snarled, and then disappeared. "Did you rustle those leaves purposely?" asked the young Crow. "Of course," replied the other.

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Clubertson

TOO EASY

Truly fine bridge players will make many hands that seem impossible; their Achilles' heel, if they have one, is apt to be hands that look so easy that no skill or care is necessary. In short, such hands as the following:

South dealer. Both sides vulnerable.

♠ 62	♠ 1074
♥ K74	♥ Q109
♦ A Q 10 7 3	♦ K J 8
♣ 964	♣ Q J 5 2
♠ Q J 9 8	♠ 10 7 4
♥ 5 3	♥ Q 10 9
♦ J 6 3 2	♦ K J 8
♣ 5 4	♣ Q J 5 2
♠ N	♠ 10 7 4
♥ W	♥ Q 10 9
♦ E	♦ K J 8
♣ S	♣ Q J 5 2

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

West opened the queen of spades. Declarer took one pleased glance at the board, saw that he would have either two suits, diamonds or clubs, to work with, and promptly laid down the ace and king of clubs to test that suit. When West failed, discarding a low diamond, South had no choice but to go after the diamond suit, but since the missing king and jack were off-side, this plan also came to grief. Before South could establish and cash extra club or diamond tricks, East had knocked out declarer's second spade stopper.

It is fair to say that many excellent players would go astray just as South did in this case, because they would not take the time to figure out the precise "percentages" involved. If they did, they would reach the following conclusion:

The line of play which will take care of all contingencies that can be covered is to lay down only one top club, then lead a diamond to the ace, then return a club from dummy. If East follows suit to the second club, declarer can assure himself of four tricks in the suit by playing low from his own hand (if East has also played low); and if, by chance it is West who has four clubs with both honors, the fact is revealed by East's showing out. In that case, of course, declarer puts up his high club and shifts back to diamonds. He will then succeed in establishing the diamond suit if the honors are divided between the defenders. He may have to make a good guess in the diamond suit under certain circumstances, but at least he will have given himself the greatest possible chance.

"I had to do something to lead him away. He might have caught you if I hadn't."

By Al Capp

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By Al Capp

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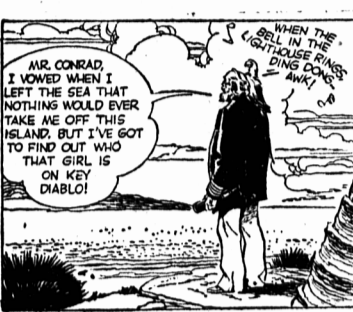
By Carl Anderson

King Of The Royal Mounted



By Zane Grey

Rip Kirby



By Alex Raymond

Joe Palooka



By Ham Fisher

Napoleon and Uncle Elby



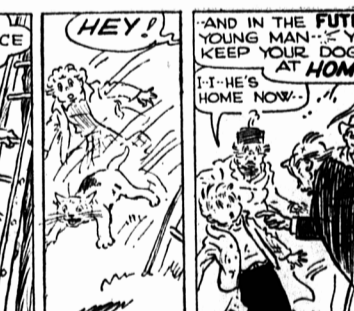
By Clifford McBride

Pogo



By Walt Kelly

Tippy and "Cap" Stubs



By Edwina

Bringing Up Father



By George McManus

PENNY



By Harry Hoenigson