

# BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

## THE SQUABBLE

For what he thinks to be his rights. The truly independent fights. —Old Mother Nature.

Farmer Brown's Boy had put up several birdhouses on poles just a little way out from the edge of the Green Forest. He had put them up the year before for Skimmer the Tree Swallow and his friends, but other birds who like to nest in houses or boxes were welcome, too. He had no thought of any one but his feathered neighbors when he put those houses up, each one on top of a pole. He hadn't thought of Timmy the Flying Squirrel. But the Squirrels had found those houses and moved into one of them. What is more, they had taken possession of another to use as a storehouse.

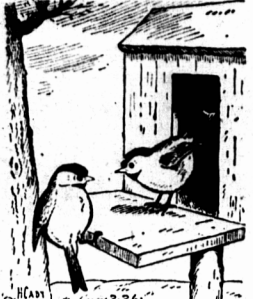
Night after night they had trips to their old storehouse deep in the Green Forest to bring nuts, seeds and other things to this new storehouse. You, see winter wasn't yet quite over, and they were making sure of having food near at hand in bad weather. Like all the Squirrel cousins they are thrifty little folk.

Now while it was not yet spring it was near enough to it for some of the feathered folk of the Green Forest to begin thinking about where they would make their nests. Those who nest in hollows in trees and in birdhouses or boxes began looking over those they knew about. Tommy Tit the Chickadee and Mrs. Tommy were among these. They knew about those houses Farmer Brown's Boy had put up. In fact, they had nested in one of them last spring. So this morning they went to look their old home over just to make sure that it would be waiting for them when they wanted it. Mrs. Tommy went in first. Almost as she popped out again, there was never a more indignant small bird. "Dee, dee, dee, dee! Some one has been in here! Some one has left a lot of stuff here!" she cried.

Of course Tommy Tit had to see for himself. He popped in and then popped out again. He was as indignant as Mrs. Tommy. "Of course you know who has been here," he said.

Mrs. Tommy nodded her small head vigorously. "Those pesky Flying Squirrels," she said.

"That's a good guess," replied Tommy Tit. "Yes, my dear, that's a good guess. They must be mak-



"Someone has left a lot of stuff here," she cried indignantly.

ing this their storehouse. They are not living here themselves, so —" Tommy paused.

"So what?" demanded Mrs. Tommy.

"So they must be living in one of the other houses, probably the nearest one," replied Tommy Tit. "But this is our house. They have no business to be using our house. It is ours. We found it first, and we lived here. Do you know what I'm going to do?" cried Mrs. Tommy.

"Dee, dee, dee, dee, dee! Don't get so excited, my dear, what are you going to do about it?" cried Tommy.

"I'm going to clean house," replied Mrs. Tommy. She popped in the house and a moment later dropped an acorn down to the ground.

"You better not let one of those Squirrels catch you doing that," cried Tommy Tit.

"Those Squirrels are not around. Wherever they are, they probably are asleep. You know they are night folk," said Mrs. Tommy, and a nut followed the acorn to the ground.

Tommy Tit had a sudden thought. He flew over to the nearest house. He peeped in at the doorway. As he had suspected there was a nest in there; a nest of soft shredded cedar bark. He reached in and pulled some out. An angry squeaky voice greeted him. He flew up on top of a house just as Timmy the Flying Squirrel peeked his head outside. Timmy blinked in the sunshine. Tommy Tit leaned over and scolded. Timmy scrambled out and up on the roof. Tommy Tit flew. You see, he didn't dare stay there. He had heard what to him was a very dreadful thing; he had heard that Flying Squirrels, like other members of the Squirrel family, have a liking for meat, especially tender bird meat. Tommy was too small to successfully fight any one as big as Timmy. All he could do was use his tongue, and he did. Mrs. Tommy joined him, flying about that house and scolding. Mrs. Tommy came out, and what a squabble followed then!

## Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

BEWARE THE ENEMY'S "KINDNESS"

In the following deal West should have stopped to ask himself why the declarer "was being so nice to him"

North dealer.  
Both sides vulnerable.

♠ A Q  
♥ A 10 4  
♦ 8 7 3 2  
♣ A Q J 10

♠ 8 5 2  
♥ 7 3 2  
♦ K Q J 9  
♣ 6

♠ K J 9 8  
♥ 4  
♦ Q J 9 5  
♣ 10

♠ 10 7 3  
♥ K 8 6  
♦ A 5 4  
♣ K 8 5 3

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

West made his normal opening of the diamond king, and when East's ten appeared and declarer played low, West naturally continued with the queen of diamonds. On this round East signalled vigorously with the spade nine but it is questionable that this made much impression on his partner! South took the second diamond lead and ran the four club tricks, West discarding the spade deuce and the heart deuce, while East let go the five of hearts.

Declarer knew East to be an "honest" signaller and was therefore quite ready to believe that the spade finesse would not work. So, instead of trying for a finesse in which he had no faith, South threw West in with a diamond!

West fell. Quite ignoring the fact that his partner could not be expected to keep on discarding safely. West cashed his good diamonds — and East was squeezed. He had the unpleasant choice of unguarding the spade suit completely, or giving up another heart, which would let South cash three tricks in that suit.

Actually, West could not cash even his next-to-last diamond without ruining the defense, because if East was reduced to the K-J of spades and three hearts South could keep three spades and two hearts, and in that way develop an extra spade trick; whereas if East kept three spades and two hearts, South would make three hearts tricks.

West should have realized that declarer was not giving him the lead out of kindness, and so he should have shifted to spades immediately!

## IMPORTANT TRADE

Nigeria in Africa supplied 175,000 tons of palm oil to Britain in 1951 for manufacture of soaps and margarine.

## COLLEGE FOUNDER

William of Wykeham, Bishop of Winchester in the 14th century, founded Winchester College and New College, Oxford.

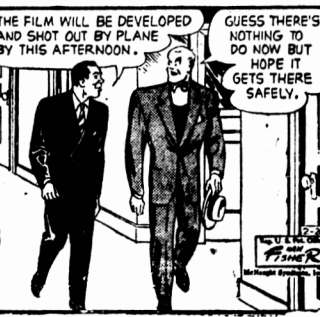
## KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

By Ze-- Grey



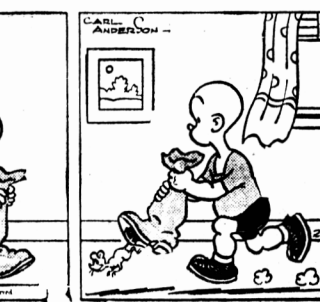
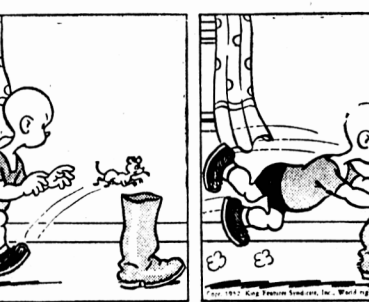
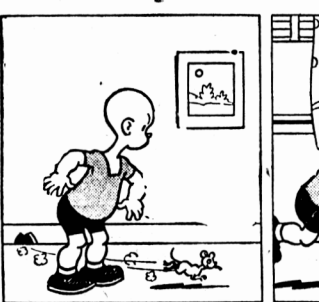
## JOE PALOOKA

By Ham Fisher



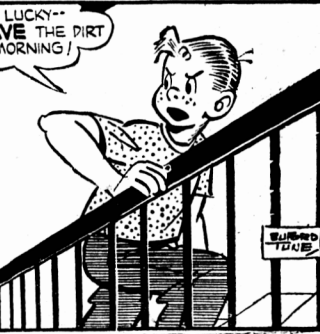
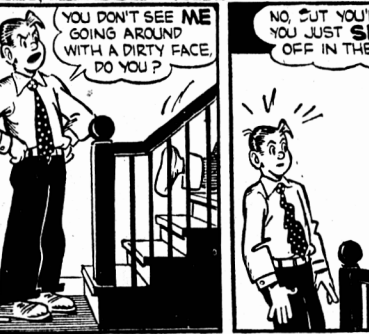
## HENRY

By Carl Anderson



## DOTTY DIPPLE

By Ruford



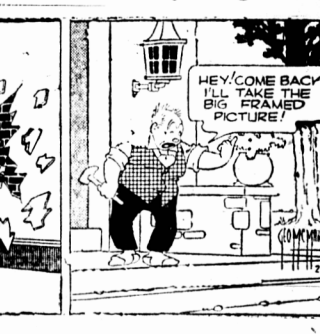
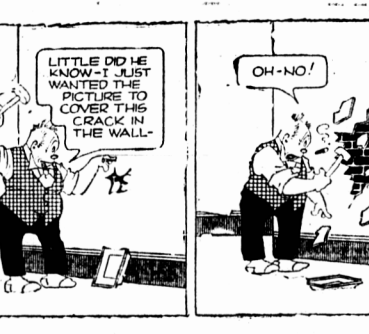
## TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS

By Edvina



## BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



## TILLY THE TOILER

By Bob Gustafson



## PENNY

By Harry Haentgen



## ATTENTION RURAL YOUTH

The P. E. I. Junior Farmers' Federation is again sponsoring a debating competition. Participants must be under 31 years of age and members of any rural organization on P. E. I.

Apply before February 28th to: —

BOX 9, DEPT. OF AGRICULTURE, Charlottetown.

## POGO

## Napoleon and Uncle Elby

## L. L. ABNER

## RIP KIRBY

## By Clifford McBride

## By Al Capp

## By Alex Raymond

## By Edvina

## By George McManus

## By Bob Gustafson

## By Harry Haentgen