

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

POOKY AND BLACKY MEET

Sometimes 'twere well could we but know
A neighbor's troubles and his woe.
—Blacky the Crow.

It was a tough winter. Blacky the Crow thought so. Reddy Fox thought so. Lightfoot the Deer thought so. In fact all but a few of the little people in the Green Forest and on the Green Meadows thought so. The only ones who didn't think so were those who were asleep, or the thrifty few who had looked ahead and stored plenty of food to take them through. Even some of these agreed that it was a tough winter, even though they themselves did not have too hard a time.

Blacky the Crow is one of those for whom a northern winter is always a tough winter, because food at best is very scarce. Blacky is a bird of courage. In winter some of the family go down where it is warmer and food is easier to find. Blacky has always stayed the year through in the neighborhood where he was born. He has to fly far and wide to find enough food to keep him alive. This is especially true when snow covers everything. More than once Farmer Brown's Boy, watching Blacky flying from the Green Forest, over the Green Meadows to the Big River, has shaken his head and exclaimed, "How does he do it?" Meaning how does he find enough food?

Spooky the Screech Owl is another who has the courage to stay through the winter. In some ways it is more of a wonder that he can do it than that Blacky can. Blacky will eat almost anything he can find that can be eaten, but Spooky cannot do this. He cannot eat such things as corn and fruit and bread crusts and other table scraps. Spooky must have meat, as must all of the Owl family. So Spooky must depend on hunting and catching small neighbors in fur and feathers for his winter food.

Blacky had awakened with the first rays of light this morning. He is always an early riser, but this morning he was starting out



"If you call that good hunting, I don't retorted Spooky.

It is a lot better than nothing at all," declared Blacky. "There are some days when I have nothing, or almost nothing. On such days a Mouse would be a feast, even if he were only half-grown." Spooky nodded understandingly. "I know," said he. "There has been more than one night when I have found nothing at all. This is a tough winter." "It is so," agreed Blacky. "It is the toughest winters I've ever known."

"What did you stay here for?" asked Spooky. "What did you stay here for?" retorted Blacky. He was just about to spread his black wings when he was startled by having someone pass so close as almost to brush against him. It was Spooky the Screech Owl. He had come from behind Blacky and even though he had passed so close, there had been no sound, for Spooky's wings are silent wings, as are the wings of all members of the Owl family. Spooky lighted in the next tree; it was his home tree, for in the trunk of it was a hollow just big enough for one of Spooky's size to sleep in comfortably. Spooky turned on his perch to face Blacky. From a corner of his bill hung the tail of a Mouse.

"I see you have had good hunting," said Blacky, his eyes fixed on that tail hanging from Spooky's bill. Blacky likes a Mouse when he can catch one. "I hunted all night for this half-grown Mouse. If you call that good hunting, I don't," re-

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

ENTRY - MANAGEMENT

Access in the following deal depended on the proper conservation and use of entry cards. South's bidding was so strong — actually, it was a shade too strong — that North decided to bid the grand slam because of his own slight "overage."

West was sure that South had told the truth when he cue-bid diamonds, and having no wish to see his ace ruffed, West opened the ten of spades. Right then and there South might have gone astray, by winning in dummy, but he made no such error. He took the trick in his own hand and laid down the ace of trumps. (He was not in our happy position of knowing about the trump

break. When the situation was revealed, South saw that his only hope of trapping East's honors was a coup — he could make only one more actual trump lead through East, and that would not be enough. South counted the entries he would need to dummy and found that the total was rather alarming: five! And only four were in sight. South went to work. He led a low heart to dummy's ten; when that card held, South led dummy's trump and just covered East's play of the eight; then he overtook the heart king and ruffed a diamond. Now, by leading two spades and another heart to dummy, and ruffing diamonds each time, he so shortened his own trumps that on the last play from dummy, the K-J of trumps lay over East's Q-10.

Quickies

by Ken Reynolds



"BINGO! . . . another answer to our Guardian Want Ad!"

North dealer. Neither side vulnerable. North-South 60 on score.

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

The bidding:

| | | | |
|-------|------|-------|------|
| North | East | South | West |
| 1 ♠ | Pass | 4 ♣ | Pass |
| Dble. | Pass | 4 ♣ | Pass |
| 4 ♣ | Pass | 6 ♣ | Pass |
| 7 ♣ | Pass | Pass | Pass |

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

By Z... Grey



JOE PALOOKA

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

By Ham Fisher



JOE PALOOKA

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

By Carl Anderson



JOE PALOOKA

HENRY

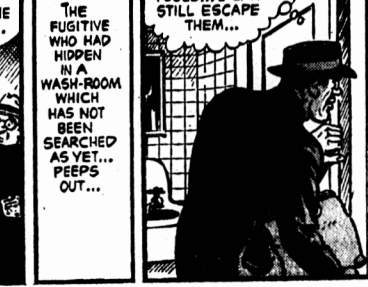
By Ruford



HENRY

HENRY

By Ruford



HENRY

HENRY

By Ruford



HENRY

DOTTY DIPPLE

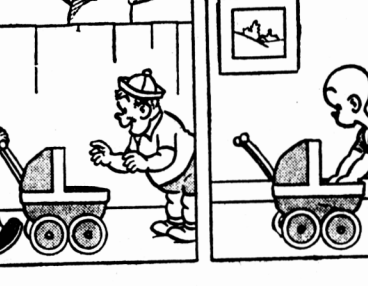
By Edwina



DOTTY DIPPLE

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DOTTY DIPPLE

TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS

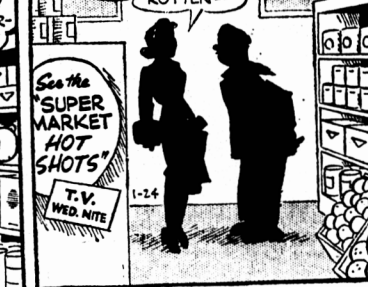
By Clifford McBride



TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS

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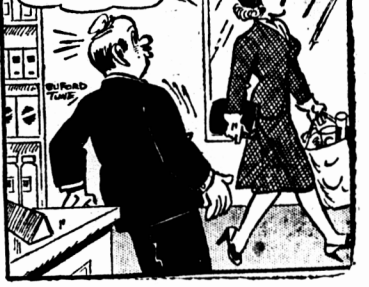
By Clifford McBride



TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS

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TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS

BRINGING UP FATHER

By Al Capp



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BRINGING UP FATHER

By Al Capp



BRINGING UP FATHER

TILLY THE TOILET

By Bob Gustafson



TILLY THE TOILET

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TILLY THE TOILET

By Bob Gustafson



TILLY THE TOILET

PENNY

By Harry Hoening



PENNY

PENNY

By Harry Hoening



PENNY

PENNY

By Harry Hoening



PENNY

STOP AT THE QUEEN HOTEL
A ROYAL WELCOME AWAITS YOU
ONE BLOCK NORTH OF SUBWAY
LIVE LIKE A KING AT THE QUEEN
MONCTON, N.B.

Napoleon and Uncle Elby

By Clifford McBride



Napoleon and Uncle Elby

Garbagin' Umbrage!

By Walt Kelly



Garbagin' Umbrage!

RIP KIRBY

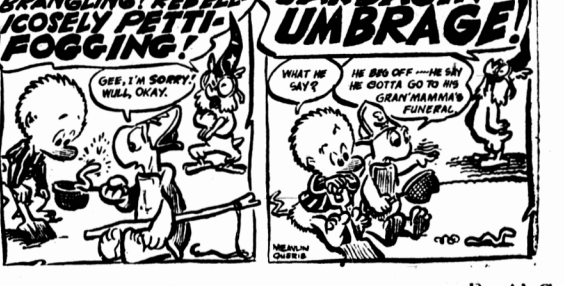
By Alex Raymond



RIP KIRBY

RIP KIRBY

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RIP KIRBY

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RIP KIRBY

RIP KIRBY

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RIP KIRBY

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