

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



By Thornton W. Burgess

WHO DID IT?

Who cannot hide or run away
Must find some way that he can stay.

—Old Mother Nature.

To feel trapped is one of the worst feelings that anyone can have. It is a truly dreadful feeling. Little Too-Smart, small son of Reddy Fox, felt trapped. Back of him was a big rock. On one side of him was a prickly bush, on the other side was also the big rock, and in the path in front of him, was one of the Snake folk, who

the small Fox was sure, was a member of the family of Buzztail the Rattlesnake. Of course, this would mean that he was one of the poison folk. The young Fox could not jump into that prickly bush. He just couldn't. In fact, there was nowhere the little Fox could jump unless he tried to jump over the ugly-looking fellow in front of him. He didn't dare try to do that.

Hisssss! That was a most unpleasant sound. It was a threatening sound. It made little shivers run all over the small Fox. It came from the ugly-looking Snake in front of him. The latter had his head drawn back as if about to strike. Hastily, the little Fox looked all about. There wasn't room in that little path to turn around quickly enough.

"Get out of my way!" hissed the ugly-looking Snake, and he shook his tail in the same manner that Buzztail the Rattlesnake shakes his rattle.

The small Fox started to back, and bumped into the big rock. The Snake moved as if he were going to come along that path. He wasn't such a long Snake, but he was thick in his body. Now he did a strange thing. He flattened his head and neck until they were flat and broad that they looked as if they had been stepped on and flattened out. He was ugly-looking before, but he was twice as ugly-looking now with his head and neck flattened so. He didn't look just

like Buzztail the Rattlesnake, he was even uglier-looking, so of course he must be even more dangerous. Little Too-Smart was in despair. What should he do? What could he do? There was nothing he could do but back away slowly. He couldn't back fast because the rock was in the way, he had to back around it. He was a frightened little Fox if ever there was one. Just then there was a shrill scream from somewhere high overhead. He didn't dare look up, he didn't dare look anywhere except straight ahead. Again came that shrill scream. It sounded much nearer now. The little Fox became aware that a strange thing was happening right out in front of him. That ugly fellow who looked so dangerous was no longer staring at him. He no longer stared at him. He no longer looked as if he had been stepped on. He was hastily looking from side to side.

Once more came that scream from overhead. It was the voice of Redtail the Hawk. It was the hunting call. It sounded very near. The truth is, Redtail wasn't as near as he sounded. Hastily, the little Fox looked up. He couldn't see the owner of that voice. When he looked back at the terrible fellow in front of him, he couldn't believe what he saw. He blinked. He opened and shut his eyes several times. He wasn't sure he saw what he seemed to be seeing. Something had happened to that Snake. Yes, sir, something had happened to that Snake. He was lying on his back in that path. His mouth was half open. From a corner of his mouth, his slender tongue hung out. That Snake was dead. He had looked back at the terrible fellow in front of him, he couldn't look as dead as that. There wasn't a sign of life about him.

The little Fox had a queer feeling. How could anyone be so much alive as that Snake had been a minute before, hissing and shaking his tail, and threatening to do dreadful things, and in another minute be dead? It was too much for the little Fox. He wanted to get away from there, and get away quickly. Once more the big Hawk screamed, but this time he was farther away. Slowly, the Snake rolled over. He lifted his head, turned and glided away. Unbelievably, the little Fox watched him disappear. He had seen Bluffer the Adder, the Hog-nosed Snake, bluffing, pretending to be dead whenever there was nothing the matter with him except fear. He had been frightened by Redtail the Hawk. Redtail catches Snakes.

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

MASS SUICIDE

It is cause for some hilarity, as well as raised eyebrows, when all eight North-South pairs in a duplicate match bid up to a small slam, missing the ace and king of trumps! Yet, that is what happened on the following hand.

South dealer.
Both sides vulnerable.

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

The bidding at four of the tables:

South	West	North	East
2♠	Pass	3♠	Pass
3♠	Pass	4♠	Pass
4♠	Pass	5♠	Pass
6♠	Pass	Pass	Pass

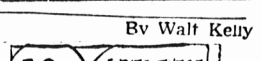
Obviously, after hearing about North's "duplication" in the heart suit these Souths attempted to sign off at four spades but the various North players could scarcely see it that way. The North hand was just too good, opposite an original void. So every North suggested a slam by persisting to the five-level in spades, and, thus spurred, every South gave way to temptation. The chance of finding North with the king of spades was simply too persuasive!

At two tables the North-South pairs were using the ace-showing system in response to two-bids, but this did not save them. The auction proceeded:

South	West	North	East
2♠	Pass	3♠	Pass
3♠	Pass	5♠	Pass
6♠	Pass	Pass	Pass

Pointing up the humorous side, the remaining two Souths adopted the conservative course of opening with one spade — only to land in the same fatal slam contract! Their partners raised to two spades, and now these Souths were subjected to the same temptation. Given this direct spade raise, they were afraid not to jump straight to the small slam!

Highest mountain in Europe west of the Caucasus is Mont Blanc in France, reaching 15,781 feet.



LLOYD SHAW, Secretary.

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED



By Al Capp

L'L ABNER



By Ruford

DOTTY DRIPPLE



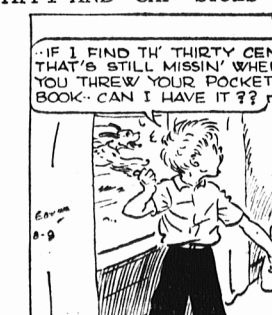
By Bob Gustafson

TILLY THE TOILER



By Edwin

TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS



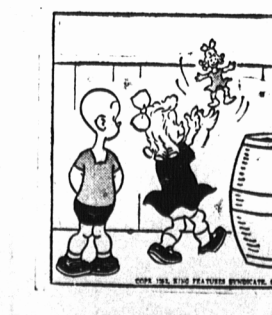
By George McManus

BRINGING UP FATHER



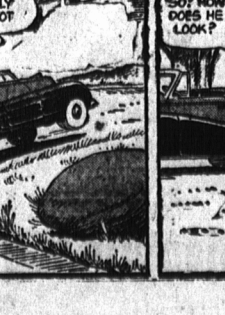
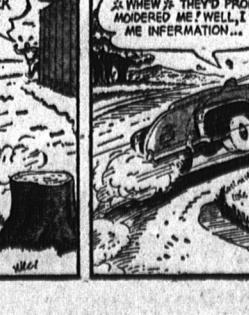
By Carl Anderson

HENRY



By Harry Hoehnigsen

JOE PALOOKA



By Harry Hoehnigsen

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All school taxes due Stanhope District not paid by August 12th, will be handed in for collection by order of Trustees.
LLOYD SHAW,
Secretary.

POGO
By Walt Kelly

Napoleon and Uncle Elby
By Cliff McBride

RIP KIRBY
By Alex Raymond

PENNY
By Harry Hoehnigsen