

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



By Thornton W. Burgess

HOW MANY DOORS?

Although the worst they may be spared. The wise will always be prepared. —Johnny Chuck.

Johnny Chuck was happy. He was tappy because he was busy. There's nothing like keeping busy to keep one happy. Long ago Johnny Chuck found this out. It leaves no time for discontent. Johnny was digging a new home. His old home, out on the Green Meadows, was a perfectly good one. When he had dug it a year ago, he had thought it just about perfect. But one becomes tired of perfect things, so Johnny had decided to build a new home. Doing this would keep him busy. And, not being lazy, he knew he would be

happier doing something. First he had looked around for the best place for his new home. Any place wouldn't do at all. It always pays to be choosy when looking for a place for a new home. So Johnny had wandered all over the Green Meadows, had looked over the Old Orchard, had been



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over in the Green Forest, and had even been up in the Old Pasture despite the fact that he knew that Reddy and Mrs. Reddy Fox were living there. Finally he had chosen a spot just under the fence between the Old Pasture and the Green Meadows. Bushes grew along that fence. Between them, he could look from his doorstep over to the dear Old Briar-patch where Peter Rabbit and Mrs. Peter lived.

Before deciding on that spot Johnny had made sure of one thing — he had made sure that plenty of sweet clover was growing close

to that edge of the Green Meadows. He was looking ahead. It wouldn't do at all to have to go a long way to get his favorite food. No, sir, that wouldn't do at all. Right now, he was thin, compared with what he would be by and by. He could run fairly fast now, and so he could venture farther from home than would be safe later. The time would come when he would be so fat that he would waddle rather than run.

Here the sweet clover grew almost to the edge of the bushes. That decided the matter for Johnny and he went to work digging that hole. Johnny is a good digger. First he dug a long slanting hall. There were some roots, but they were not big ones. He bit these off with his big cutting teeth. Once he found a big stone in the way. He made a turn in his hall around that stone.

"I will probably stay here through next winter, so I'll make my bedroom deep enough to be below the reach of Jack Frost," thought Johnny. This he did. He made that hall no bigger than was necessary to enable him to run along it easily. Here and there he widened it, making what you would call a landing. These wider places were to give him room to turn around. With his stout digging claws of his front feet he dug away the earth and loosened small stones and pebbles. To get this out he turned himself into a sort of living bulldozer. He used his stout hind feet to push himself up the hallway already dug, pushing ahead of him the loose sand and pebbles with his chest.

Peter Rabbit had come over to watch him work. As usual Peter was full of curiosity. He wanted to know if Johnny would have a back door. Of course, it was no business of Peter's, and Johnny didn't tell him. After Peter had left, Johnny talked to himself. "Of course I'll have a back door. No Chuck with any sense at all would make a home without a back door. The question is, will one back door be enough? It will be, yet it might not be. Two back doors would be better, and three better still."

Johnny went outside to look around and see just where back doors that would be well hidden could be made.

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

THE WRONG FEAR

In the following deal West's needless fear of setting up a trick for the opponents was responsible for his bad defense.

East dealer. Both sides vulnerable. East-West 80 on score.

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

The bidding:
East 1♦ South West North
Pass 1♦ Pass
1NT 2♦ 2♠ 3♥
Pass 4♥ Dbl. (final bid)

West, unduly impressed by partner's bid of one trump in the face of South's original diamond call, decided that a diamond lead would be as safe as any. This unfortunate decision let South get rid of two clubs from dummy while winning with his ace, and queen of diamonds, and South then led the spade king to void his own hand of that suit.

On taking the spade ace, West saw the need to put his partner in for a trump return, to reduce the North-South cross-ruffing power, so West took the risk of leading a low club, away from his ace. East won with the club queen and duly returned a trump. South put up the ace, ruffed a club in dummy, then ruffed a spade in his own hand. Now he led a diamond.

West should have discarded a spade on this trick, but he feared that this would permit declarer to establish dummy's fifth spade. So West threw off a club. He repeated this action when declarer, having ruffed the diamond in dummy, ruffed another spade in his own hand and led another diamond. The consequence was that South made every trump in his own hand and dummy on a cross-ruff, and thus fulfilled the contract.

If West had discarded a spade at some point, so that he could over-ruff with the heart king when South led and ruffed a spade, it is true that the spade jack would have become established—but East would have had a trump to prevent its cashing!

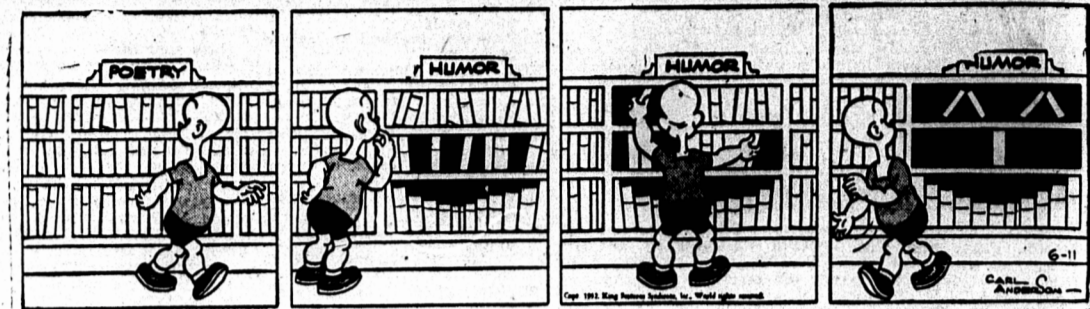


KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED



By Carl Anderson

HENRY



By Alex Raymond

RIP KIRBY



By Bob Gustafson

TILLY THE TOILER



By Al Capp

L'L ABNER



By George McManus

BRINGING UP FATHER



TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS



PENNY



By Harry Morgan

POGO

By Walt Kelly



Napoleon and Uncle Elby

By Clifton McBride



JOE PALOOKA

By Ham Fisher



DOTTY DRIPPLE

By Ruford

