By Thornton W. Burgess

RAGGED-EAR IS COCKY

Youth is cocky, unafraid.
Age knows what a price is paid.
—Old Mother Nature.

Ragged-Ear, the young Rabbit who had recently come to live in the Old Pasture, had a caller. It was Peter Rabbit who had come over from the dear Old Brier-patch. There was a queer thing about that meeting of those two. Yes, sir, there was a queer thing about that meeting. Peter was the father of Ragged-Ear and didn't know it. Ragged-Ear didn't know it either. Doesn't that seem queer? Yet, it wasn't as queer as it seems. This sort of thing is common among the folk of the Green Forest and the Green Meadows.

There is a very good reason for it. Some children leave home so early in life, even when they are little more than babies, that they forget all about father and mother. Often by the time father and mother meet them again out in the Great World they are grown up and are complete strangers.

It was just so with Ragged-Ear and Peter. Ragged-Ear was a very small Rabbit indeed when he started out for himself in the Great World. Now, he was almost as big as his father. So to the latter he was a brash young Rabbit who still had a great deal to learn, but didn't know it.

"Are you planning to stay here in the Old Pasture?" asked Peter Rabbit.

"I'll stay if it suits me. If it doesn't, I won't. I'll find a place that does suit me," said the young Rabbit.

"Aren't you afraid?" asked Peter.

"Afraid of what?" Ragged-Ear wanted to know.

"Afraid to be out in the Great World all alone with no one to tell you what to do and what not to do," replied Peter.

"I don't need to be told what to do and what not to do. I know I can take care of myself," boasted the young Rabbit.

"There is a great deal to be learned by a young Rabbit who wants to live to grow up," said Peter.

Ragged-Ear tossed his funny little head. "I may not know it all, but I know enough how to take care of myself."

"Then you know a lot more than some of the rest of us," said Peter tartly.

"Do you live near here?" asked Ragged-Ear, trying to change the subject.

"Not too far from here. I live over in the dear Old Brier-patch, said Peter.

"Where is that?" asked the young Rabbit, cocking up his ears.

"Don't tell me that you don't know where the dear Old Brier-patch is!" exclaimed Peter. "I thought everybody knew where that is."

Ragged-Ear looked a little confused. "I've heard of it," he said. "Perhaps some day I'll visit it," said he.

"You better stay here. Visitors are not welcome in the dear Old Brier-patch," said Peter gruffly and most impolitely.

"They're not welcome here either," retorted the young Rabbit.

Peter began chewing on nothing at all, a way he had of doing when he is upset. This young Rabbit was

Continued on page 14

ST. DUNSTAN'S UNIVERSITY

FOOTBALL DANCE

At The

COMMUNITY CENTRE

ON SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25th

Dancing from 9:00 to 12:00. Admission 50c.
Music by Don Messer

Clover Club

DANCE

NEW — ATTRACTIVE

Tables for 100 Couples

SATURDAY NIGHT

9:30 — 12:00

For Reservations Call 1222 Between 4—8 P.M. Sat.
Reservations Held Until 10:45
Dancing Will Continue Every Saturday Night

LEAGUE OF MERCY

TEA AND DISPLAY

At The

CUNDELL HOME

TUESDAY, OCT. 28

3:30 to 5:30 P.M.

HOT CHICKEN SUPPER

AT

TRACADIE HALL, WED., OCT. 29

Come and enjoy a good hot supper of Chicken, Ham, etc., Cake and Pie.

Also Bingo and Other Games.

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Clubertson

NO FORESIGHT

In the following deal South's shortsightedness at the very first trick cost him the sound slam contract.

10-25

South dealer.
Neither side vulnerable

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

The bidding:

South	West	North	East
1 ♠	Pass	2 ♣	2 ♥
4 ♠	Pass	5 ♠	Pass
6 ♠	Pass	Pass	Pass

East "had his neck out" when he overcalled at the two-level, and though he escaped without being doubled, his rashness should have been even more expensive since it gave South the key to the play.

South, however, was not very keen, and when West opened a low heart, South called for dummy's queen — no doubt with the hope that West might be leading from the king. This extremely remote chance did not come through, however, and when East smothered the queen, declarer was in trouble.

Winning with the heart ace. South next laid down the ace of spades, then cashed the ace and king of diamonds, discarding the heart four, and ruffed the diamond five in hope of dropping the queen. This effort failed, however, and now South was reaching the end of his rope. As a final desperate measure, he played West for the club king, but this unlikely possibility did not develop, and down South went.

It was absurd to waste the heart queen at the first trick. Dummy should have played low while declarer won with the ace. Surely,

Continued on page 14

RIP KIRBY — By Alex Raymond

Napoleon and Uncle Elby — By Clifford McBride

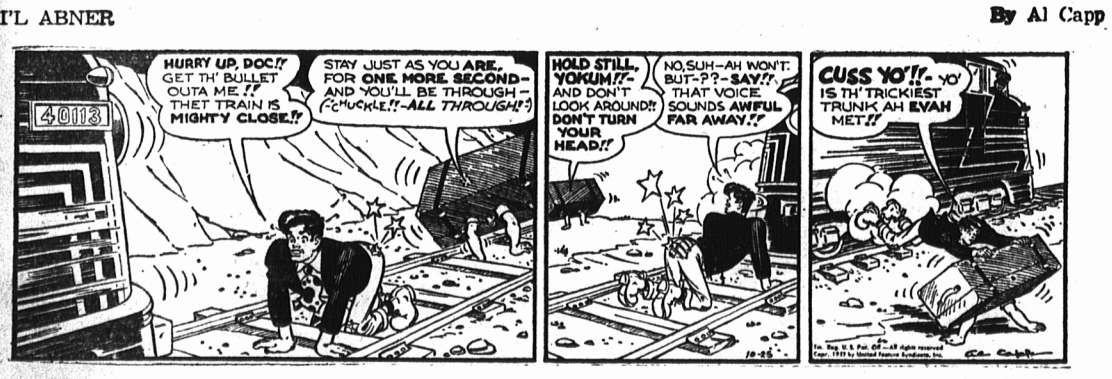
JOE PALOOKA — By Hamlin Fisher

TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS — By Edwina

TILLY THE TOILER — By Bob Gustafson

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED — By Al Capp

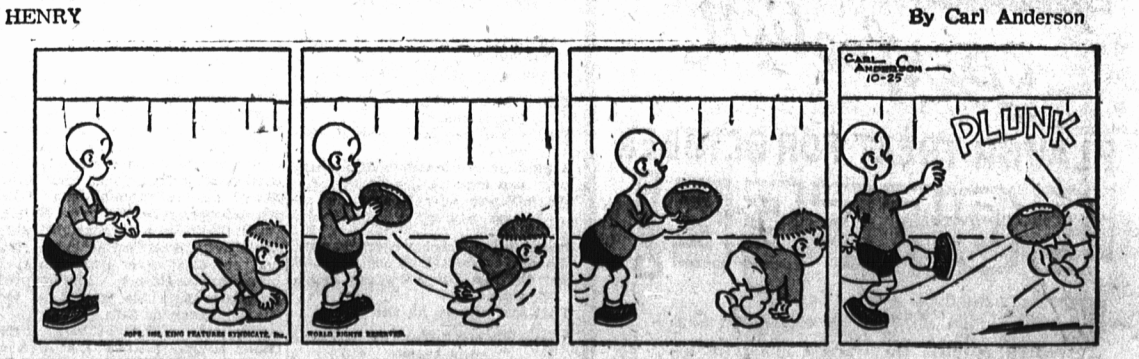
L'IL ABNER — By Al Capp



POGO — By Walt Kelly

PENNY — By Harry Haenigsen

HENRY — By Carl Anderson



DOTTY DRIPPLE — By Rufo