



By Thornton W. Burgess

THE FISHING PARTY

Universal is the wishing. In the spring to go a-fishing. —Old Mother Nature.

Mother Bear was a busy mother. She had led her two small black cubs, Taddy Bear and Totty Bear, away from their home den under a big waterfall. It was time for them to be out and learning how to take care of themselves. There was much to learn. Mother Bear was a good teacher. No one knew the green forest better than did she. As long as the twins kept with her, they would learn by seeing. Mother could show them where to look for food and how to get it when they found it.

They didn't go back to the waterfall. They had no regular home any more. They roamed far and wide. They slept in the most comfortable places they could find. They were not fussy about their beds. Bears are not fussy folk. This morning, Mother Bear had stood for a long time sniffing the air and seeming to try to make up her mind about something. "Wonder where she'll take us today," said Taddy Bear to his twin sister.

"I hope it will be somewhere where we can have fun," said Totty

Bear. Just then, Mother Bear turned her head and looked down at the cubs. "How would you like to go fishing?" she asked.

The cubs looked at each other, and then back at their mother, and on each small face was a puzzled look. "What is fishing?" Taddy Bear wanted to know. "It is catching fish, or trying to," replied Mother Bear.

"What are fish?" Taddy wanted to know. "Are they good to eat?" Mother Bear ran a long tongue around her lips before she answered. "So good, that my mouth is watering for one right now," said she.

"Where do we find them?" asked Totty Bear.

"Follow me, and you'll see," replied Mother Bear, and started to shuffle off among the trees. The twins hurried to keep up with her. It was a long walk, and they were rather tired when Mother Bear finally stopped at the edge of a big brook. It was the first time the cubs had seen a brook, or a large body of water. The mat they had seen at any time was a puddle after a rain. They didn't know what to make of this running water. Right where they were, the brook was broad and shallow. The water was not much more than

over their small feet. Big rocks were scattered here and there, and around them the water gurgled and chattered and rippled merrily. Mother Bear walked out into it. The cubs hesitated. Taddy Bear put one foot in, and hastily took it out again and shook it. Totty Bear did the same thing. Mother Bear paid no attention to them. She was walking across the brook. The cubs began to whimper. "Where are you going?" whimpered Taddy Bear.

"Fishing," replied Mother Bear, over her shoulder.

Taddy Bear put that foot back in the water, then he put the other foot in. The water was cool and rather pleasant. He ventured to take a step. Almost before he knew it, all four feet were in the water. He tried to run to catch up with mother, but he did splash after her, and suddenly found it fun. Totty Bear, left behind, began to cry. Then, seeing that Mother Bear and Taddy Bear were keeping right on and she really was going to be left behind, she splashed after them; and like Taddy Bear, she found it fun.

Mother Bear led the way right across the brook, and then down the bank on the other side. A Frog, who was farther back from the water than was really safe, made a long jump in front of mother. Before he could make another jump into the water, one of Mother Bear's big paws was on him, holding him down. It was astonishing how quick Mother Bear could be. Taddy hurried up. "Is that a fish?" he cried eagerly.

Mother Bear shook her head. "No," said she, "but it is just as good eating." She gave it to Taddy Bear. It was good eating. It was quite as good eating as Mouse. He hoped he would catch another Frog. He wondered if he would be quick enough.

"Come on!" called mother, and moved on down the bank of the brook. The cubs hurried after her.

EASY LESSON

WELLINGTON, N. Z. (CP) — Governor-General Sir Willoughby Norris, like a lot of others, finds trouble pronouncing some of the old Maori place names in New Zealand. A cabinet minister told him how to pronounce Marae, which occurred in the throne speech. Sir Willoughby got it right first time — "my right eye."

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

A CELEBRATED CASE

There is this to be said about bridge players who, rightly or wrongly, consider themselves either experts or just short of that exalted rank: when they make one of their frequent "psychological bids," the result may be worse than anything of which a novice could be guilty!

In the following hand — which has become famous in New York's expert circles, the North player was sound enough when he played his own bidding system, but on this memorable occasion he had agreed to follow his partner's ideas and not open lightly in first or second position. The result of this "obedience" was the remarkable bidding sequence shown.

North dealer. Both sides vulnerable. East-West 60 on score.

Hand diagram showing cards: North (AKQJ, AKJ, 754, 6), South (AK105, 88, AJ4, 8853, Q64, 103, K972), West (J973, 962, Q108, 53)

Bidding table: North (S2, Pass, Dbl, 2, Dbl, 3, Redbl), East (Pass, Pass, Pass, Pass, Pass, Pass), South (Pass, Pass, Pass, Pass, Pass, Pass), West (Pass, Pass, Pass, Pass, Pass, Pass)

It is abundantly clear that North's restraint on the first round — passing instead of opening with one heart or even one club — caused North such turmoil that he went all out on the following rounds — a repercussion, incidentally, which is not at all unusual in such cases! If North had followed his ordinary practice and opened the bidding — as he had every right to do — he undoubtedly would have kept silent thereafter, but, having passed, he seemed to feel that he could then contest the opposing part-score very freely. He was wrong! West, who must have felt that manna was falling directly into his lap when North redoubled the three-spade contract, led out the four honors, then ran off his six diamond tricks. So the result of North's learning a "new system" was a little matter of 3500 points for East-West.

RECORD ROOFER

MANGAWAI, New Zealand. (CP) — W. Illingsworth has used 750 discarded phonograph records as roofing for his garage here. He says the crooners are doing fine. They're a bit weather-beaten, but they keep the rain out.

CLOVER CLUB DANCE

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HEADACHE? FEEL BETTER FAST! ASPIRIN

Bringing Up Father

By George McManus



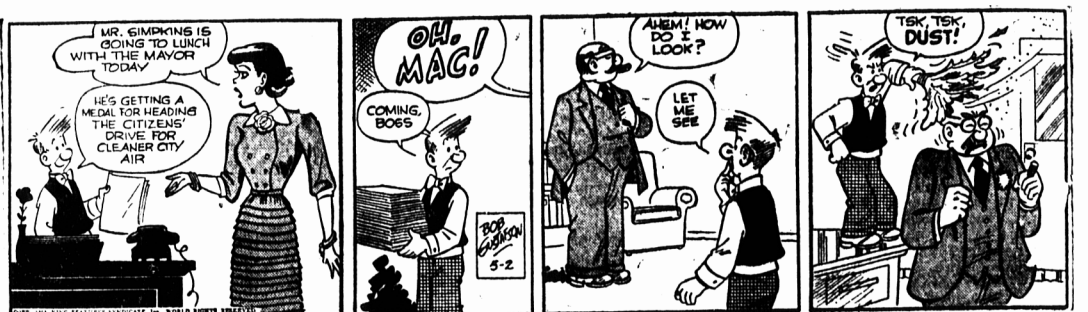
Dotty Dripple

By Ruford



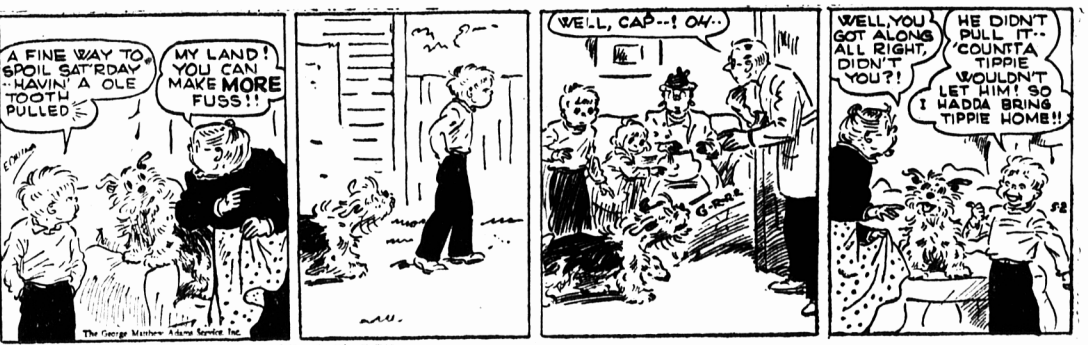
Tilly The Toiler

By Bob Gustafson



Tippy and "Cap" Stubs

By Edwina



Napoleon and Uncle Elby

By Clifford McBride



Henry

By Carl Anderson



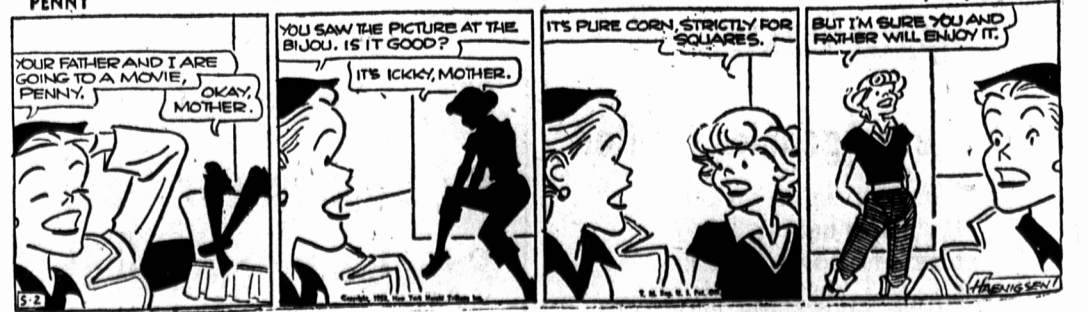
Pogo

By Walt Kelly

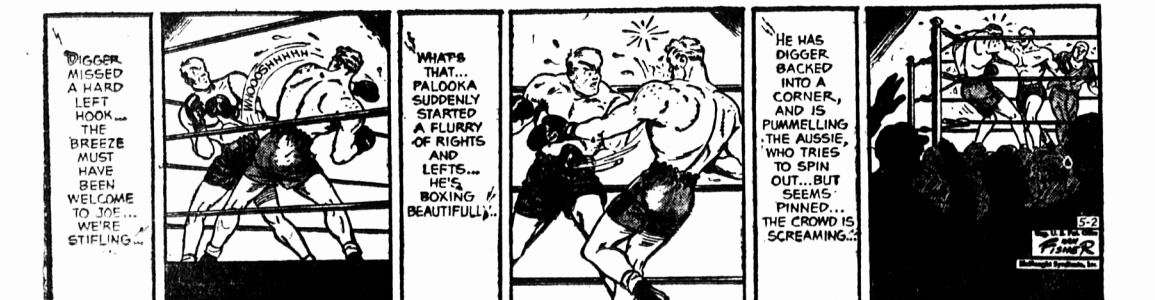


PENNY

By Harry Hoelgen

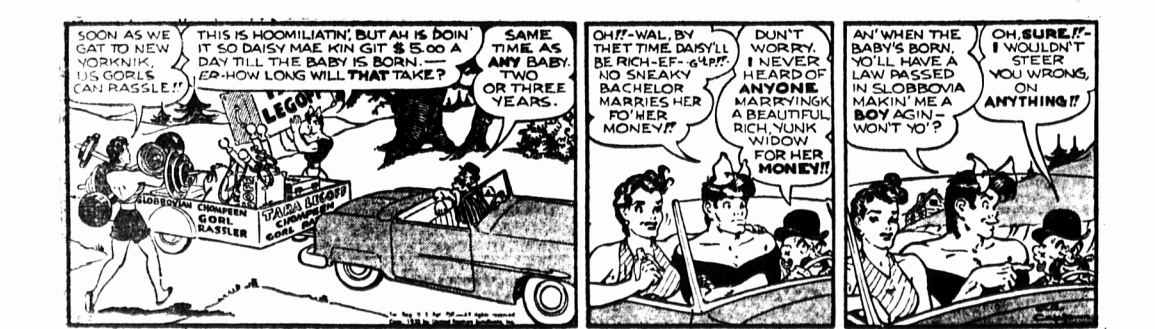


Joe Palooka



Li'l Abner

By Al Capp



Rip Kirby

By Alex Raymond



King Of The Royal Mounted

By Zano Grey

