



By Thornton W. Burgess

THE LAST DODGE

A price is paid, a lesson learned. And thus is knowledge dearly earned. —Old Mother Nature.

Peter Rabbit was running for his life. Peter had run for his life more times than he could remember, but never in greater fright than he was running now. Hooty the Owl was almost over him. When Peter dodged Hooty turned almost as quickly. The worst of it was Peter didn't know where to go. He didn't know where to find safety. Of course, it served him right. You see, he had no business going over to that part of the Green Forest. Curiosity had led him there. He had wanted to find out if it was true that Hooty and Mrs. Hooty had begun housekeeping. He knew now, and the knowledge was not doing him the least bit of good. Indeed, it was the cause of the dreadful trouble he was in.



With a long last jump he dove headlong into that hole.

trouble was he didn't know where to look for such a place. He didn't know of a hollow log he could crawl into. He didn't know of a hole in the ground he could dive into. He didn't know of a pile of brush, or a bramble-tangle where he could find safety. All he could do was to run and dodge and hope that he would find a place where the hungry great Owl with the fierce yellow eyes and the wicked hooked claws could not follow.

There was a sharp snapping sound that seemed right at one of his long ears. He knew what it was; Hooty was snapping his great

hooked bill hungrily. It is a way he has. It is an unpleasant sound to any one, but especially to one Hooty is trying to catch. Peter was almost in despair. "I can't run much longer," he thought. "No, sir, I can't run much longer." It was then that he caught a glimpse of a hole under a big rock off at one side. His heart gave a great leap. He dodged in order to head in the direction of that hole. Then how he did run. His funny little white tail bobbed up and down, up and down. With a long last jump, he dived headlong into that hole. Peter didn't know whose hole that was. No, sir, Peter didn't know whose hole that was. He didn't care. He stopped just a little way inside and turned to look out the doorway. Hooty had lighted on the doorway. He was snapping his bill hungrily. Peter could hear it, and the sound wasn't at all pleasant. What would Hooty do now? Would he give up and go away? Would he sit up on a tree where he could watch and wait for Peter to come out?

"If he does that, he'll have to wait a long time," thought Peter. "Yes, sir, he'll have to wait a long time." There was another sound now, a sound very different from the snapping of that bill. For the first time Peter noticed it; it was a rustling sound, and it didn't come from outside. It came from behind him down below. It meant just one thing, and Peter knew it instantly. It meant that there was some one down there. It meant that this underground house was occupied. Whose house could it be? Peter became anxious again. He listened to the snapping of Hooty's bill outside, and the rustling sound down inside, and the longer he listened, the more worried he became. He moved uneasily, and something pricked one of his feet. It pricked him only very slightly just enough for him to feel it. He looked to see what it was. It was one of Prickly Porky the Porcupine's little spears called a quill. He hadn't stepped on it hard enough to make it stick in his feet. He was lucky. Yes, sir, he was lucky. But he didn't feel lucky. He thought he was the most unlucky Rabbit in all the Great World, for he now knew that this must be Prickly Porky's house, and that Prickly was at home. With Prickly Porky inside and Hooty the Owl outside, he was in what he called "a fix."

Contract Bridge By Josephine Culbertson SHOULD HE HAVE DOUBLED? In the following deal, West was critical of his partner for doubling the enemy after West had made a warning, preemptive bid. North dealer. North-South vulnerable. ♠ A Q 6 3 ♥ K 8 7 5 ♦ K J 9 4 ♣ 7 ♠ 10 9 7 2 ♥ 6 ♦ A 10 8 7 ♣ 5 4 3 ♠ K J 5 ♥ Q 9 4 3 2 ♦ Q 6 2 ♣ A 8 The bidding: North East South West 1♥ Pass 1♥ 4♣ Pass South made the doubled contract without difficulty, and West then took East to task for doubling instead of bidding five clubs. That latter contract would have gone down two tricks, presumably doubled, but of course 300 points would have been quite an improvement over the actual result. East defended himself vigorously. He conceded that West's four-club bid had indeed denied defensive values but he argued that with the opening diamond bid and the strong heart raise coming from North, one heart honor was virtually placed in the North hand, and so East could count on two heart tricks and the diamond ace. Further, in view of East's extreme length in diamonds, what was more likely (East asked) than that West held a singleton diamond, which he would certainly open if East doubled. Despite the outcome, East's argument was not illogical. True, West's bid guaranteed nothing defensively, but by the same token West might have made exactly the same bid with this hand: ♠ x x x ♥ x ♦ x ♣ A Q x x x x x

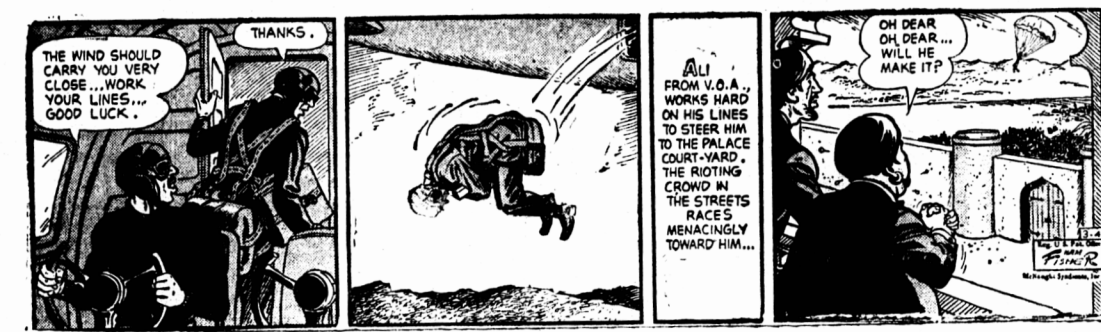
KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

By Za... Grey



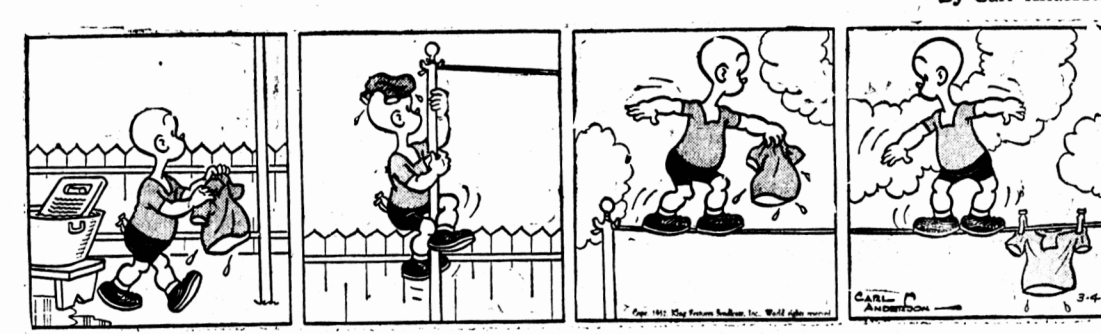
JOE PALOOKA

By Ham Fisher



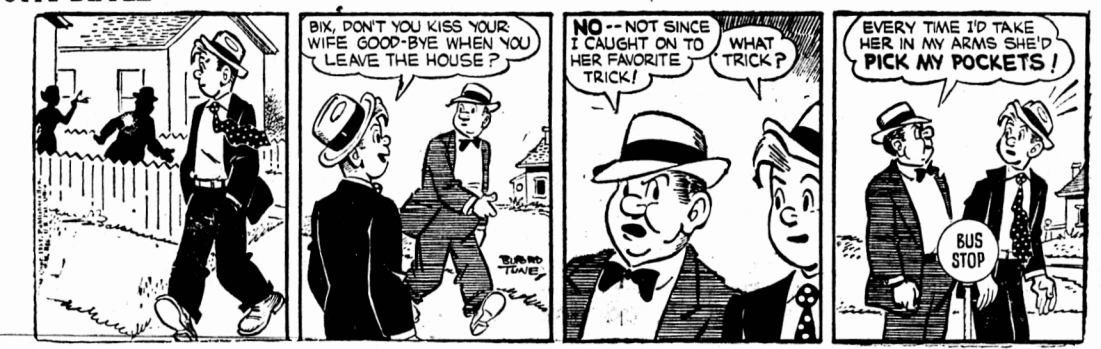
HENRY

By Carl Anderson



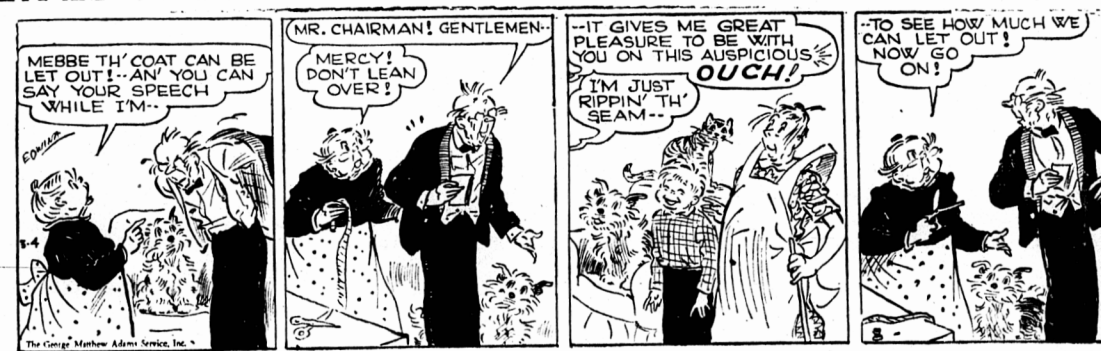
DOTTY DIPPLE

By Rufort



TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS

By Edwin



The "HOUND OF HEAVEN" St. Dunstan's College Dramatic Society HOLY REDEEMER COMMUNITY CENTRE MONDAY and WEDNESDAY, MARCH 3rd & 5th Curtain 8:15 Admission 50c Notice Change In Date

VOCATIONAL SCHOOL FARM MECHANICS COURSE A six week's course in Farm Mechanics will begin at the Vocational School on March 10, 1952. There are still a few vacancies in our class. Anyone wishing to avail themselves of instruction on the care and maintenance of farm machinery and tractors should send their application at once to the Director of the School.

BELLE RIVER SCHOOL Honor Roll for February. Primary Department Grade V.—1. Eleanor Stuart; 2. Florrie Bell; 3. John Madsen. Grade IV.—1. Muriel Stewart; 2. Anna Nicholson; 3. Dan Bears. Grade III. Sr.—1. Joan Hutchison; 2. Pauline Bears; 3. Joyce Hutchison. Grade III. Jr.—1. Laurie Morrison. Grade II.—1. Velda Compton; 2. Mary Beaton; 3. Eric Singleton. Grade I.—Betty Bears. Teacher—Christhe Nicholson. This holding would let East-West defeat four hearts two tricks, with West getting not only a club trick but a diamond ruff. In view of the particular distribution and defensive vulnerability, West himself might well have taken out the double to five clubs. HISTORIC SITE Kingston-on-Thames in Surrey, 12 miles from London, was the ancient place of coronation for the Saxon kings of England.

POGO By Walt Kelly HOW COME YOU IS PICKETIN' THE GRAND DADDY GLOCK, BUN RABBIT? OWL GOT TIRED OF IT AN' GIVE IT AT ME AN', SINCE I IS THE RESIDENT CUCKOO, I IS STRIKIN' FOR A FIFTEEN MINUTE HOUR. AN' LOWER BIRTS FOR ME, THE TENANT. BUT YOU IS LANLORD TOO, WHY DON'T YOU NEGOTIATE? THE LANLORD IS MAD AT THE TENANT AN' ISN'T SPEAKIN' TO MYSELF AN' EVEN IF THEY WAS THE NEIGHBORS WOULD THINK I HAD TOOK LEAVE OF OUR SENSES.

Napoleon and Uncle Elby By Clifford McBride IT'S FOOLISH TO PAY HIGH PRICES FOR TELEVISION REPAIRS. WHY, ANYONE CAN ADJUST THE AERIAL, AN'... OOPS! ...

BRINGING UP FATHER By George McManis MR. CHAIRMAN! GENTLEMEN... MEBBE TH' COAT CAN BE LET OUT!—AN' YOU CAN SAY YOUR SPEECH WHILE I'M... MERCY! DON'T LEAN OVER! THAT'S RIGHT, JIGGS—I'M STILL A BACHELOR! SOLLY—YOU MUST BE TIRED OF EATING OUT ALL THE TIME—WHY DON'T YOU COME TO ONE OF MAGGIE'S HOME-COOKED MEALS—ONCE—JIGGS—I TRIED ONE OF MAGGIE'S HOME-COOKED MEALS—ONCE—JIGGS— THAT'S WHY I'M STILL A BACHELOR!

LIL' ABNER By Al Capp HERE COME THEY CHEAP LIL' VAMMINT, FUTURE YORUM? HE NEVAH SEVENS A CENT, ONLESS HE GOTTA? AH WANTS T' HIRE A WEDDIN' SUIT? WHOSE WEDDIN', MAY AH AX? MAH NEPHEW LIL' ABNER'S WEDDIN' T' DAISY MAE? WALZ—WHEN DID HE MAKE UP HIS MIND? HE DIDN'T—IN RACKHE DON'T KNOW NOTHIN' ABOUT IT—YETZ—BUT—CHUCKLE—AN' DO? S—SO YO' DO, FUTURE YORUM? ONEARNTLY HOW YO' KNOWS TH' FUTURE? RIGHT—AN' AH WOULDN'T SPEND NO KREL A DAY, RENTIN' NO WEDDIN' SUIT, UNLESS THAR WAS SOMA BEA WEDDIN'. RIGHT?—YO' HAIN'T ONE T' TOSS YORE MONEY AROUND, CARELESS—LIKE? AND YOU, MR. SMOKINS, ARE A BIG BAROON!

TILLY THE TOILER By Bob Gustafson YOU ARE WITHOUT A DOUBT THE MOST MORONIC, HALF-WITTED, IDIOTIC, IMBECILIC, FEELER-MINDED, STUPID, BLUNDERING SIMPLETON I HAVE EVER SEEN! CRACK! ...

RIP KIRBY By Alex Raymond BUT WHY WOULD JOB SEVEN BE IN SUCH A RUSH TO KILL RICKY LAMBERT? WHY DIDN'T HE GIVE YOU A CHANCE TO TALK MONICA OUT OF HER INFATUATION? WHO KNOWS? SEVEN IS AS COMPLEX AS HE IS RUTHLESS. HE'D STOP AT NOTHING IF HE THOUGHT HIS DAUGHTER'S HAPPINESS WAS AT STAKE! DO YOU THINK SEVEN MAY HAVE HEARD REPORTS ABOUT AN ELOPEMENT OR SOMETHING THAT MADE HIM DECIDE TO ACT FAST? ANYTHING IS POSSIBLE WHERE JOB SEVEN IS CONCERNED... HE HAS WAYS OF FINDING THINGS OUT... I THINK I'D BETTER HAVE A QAT WITH CAPTAIN CARMODY OF THE HOMICIDE BUREAU!

PENNY By Harry Hoengsen YOU'RE OUTGROWN SIMPLY ALL YOUR SPRING CLOTHES. WE'LL JUST HAVE TO BUY YOU SOME NEW THINGS, BUT HEAVEN ONLY KNOWS WHERE THE MONEY IS COMING FROM. OUR BUDGET IS A WRECK, BUT WE'LL HAVE TO SAVE SOMEWHERE—WEEPERS, MOTHER... IT LOOKS AS IF FATHER SQUEEZES ANOTHER SEASON OUT OF HIS OLD TOP COAT.