



By Thornton W. Burgess

AT PAINFUL LONG LAST

The headstrong, heedless of advice. Will have their way at any price. —Old Mother Nature.

Blacky the Crow never will forget the dreadful thing he saw one cold morning. It was beside a little brook running through the woods. On the ice, beside a small stretch of open water, were two Minks. One was Billy Mink whom Blacky had known as long as he could remember. A smart Mink was Billy Mink. He had to be smart to have lived as long as he had. The other was a son of Billy Mink. He was nearly as

big as his father, but he was still too young to have learned wisdom. The result was that now he was in trouble—the very worst kind of trouble. He was caught by one leg in the jaws of a terrible steel trap.

He was whimpering. He had reason to whimper. Billy Mink had just told him that to be free he would have to lose at least part of that leg that was caught in the trap. It was bad enough to think of having only three legs with which to run about and to swim. It was worse to think of what he would have to do to get free from that trap.

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"You'll have to pull and twist and perhaps gnaw that leg off. That is the only way."

"But I can't do that," cried the young Mink. "It will hurt dreadfully. I just can't do it!"

"All right," said Billy Mink, "If you can't do that I may as well leave you and go on my way."

"Don't do that! Please don't do that! Don't leave me alone!" cried the young Mink. There were tears in his eyes. They were partly from pain and partly from fright. It was a question as to which he suffered most—from pain or from fright.

Meanwhile, Blacky the Crow had taken to his wings and had flown high above the treetops for a look around to see if anyone was coming that way. At first he saw no one. Then far away in the direction of the Old Pasture, he spied a spot of red. He looked long and hard. That red spot moved ever so little. Blacky flew down near the two Mink. "I just saw Reddy Fox," said he.

Billy Mink looked up startled. "Is he near?" he asked.

Blacky shook his head. "No," said he. "He has just left the Old Pasture, and that is a long way from here, but he is headed this way. Of course he may not come way over here, but you know when food is scarce and Reddy is hungry he travels long distances hunting for something to eat."

"I know," said Billy. "If he does come over here, I won't be here, but this young fellow will, and that will be the end of him."

"No, I won't and it won't!" cried the young Mink. He began to tug and pull and turn and twist. It hurt terribly. Of course, he squealed with pain. It was a pitiful scene. Both Billy Mink and Blacky the Crow had seen many pitiful scenes during their lifetimes, but none more pitiful than this one. The bone of that leg was broken. Once or twice he bit at the leg where it was held by those wicked steel jaws. All the time he was whimpering. You see, he was young and terribly frightened, as well as terribly hurt.

Blacky the Crow flew up again for another look. Almost at once he returned. Billy Mink looked

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

AN INDISCREET DOUBLE

It would have been hard enough for West to find the "killing" lead in the following deal, under any circumstances, but whatever chance he had was ruined by his partner's indiscreet double.

South dealer. Both sides vulnerable. North-South 60 on score.

Bridge hand diagram showing cards for South, West, North, and East.

The bidding: South 1♣, West 1♠, North 2♠, East 3♠.

East said later that his double of four diamonds had the intention of scaring the opponents out of a slam bid, but the double not only back-fired in that respect but also trapped West into leading a diamond. As far as West could tell, his partner wanted, that lead, and so West was cooperative, selecting the diamond deuce. It was South, however, who was pleased by the lead! He drew trumps and finessed against the spade jack.

Experts often make doubles in the hope of keeping the enemy out of a slam, and, when the conditions are just right, these doubles have a fair chance of success. In this case, however, the conditions were decidedly not right for East to double the four-diamond cue-bid! The great flaw in this action was East's possession of a singleton in his partner's spade suit. True, there was no assurance that West's suit was headed by the ace, nor that, even if it was, West would open the suit and give East a ruff, but certainly East should have done nothing to discourage a spade opening! As a matter of fact, if East had maintained a discreet silence until the enemy reached six clubs, and then risked a double of that contract, West, a shrewd player, might well have seen the light and opened ace and another spade.

over at him inquiringly. Blacky nodded. "He's coming," said he.

At this the young Mink struggled harder than ever. He twisted that caught leg. He was trying to twist it off. He pulled with all his might. He bit at it once

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KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

By Ze... Gray



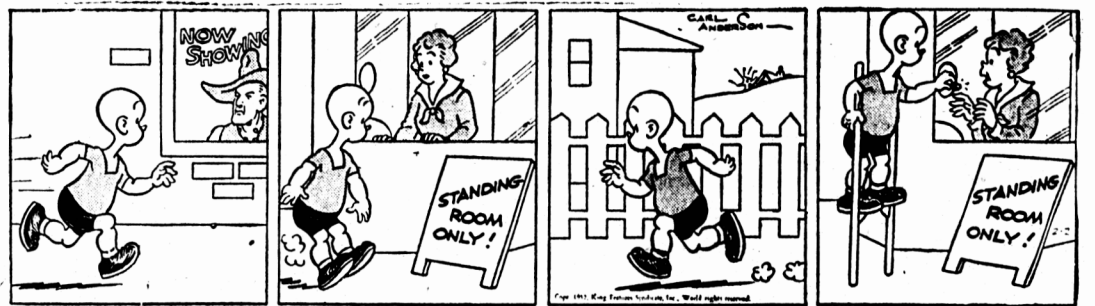
JOE PALOOKA

By Ham Fisher



HENRY

By Carl Anderson



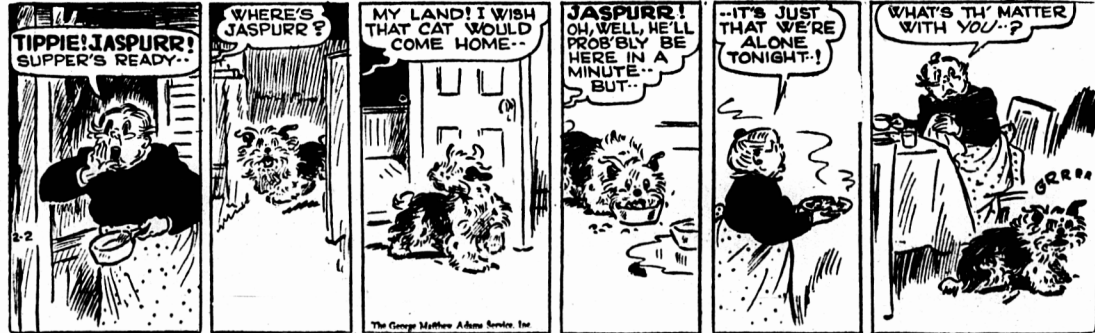
DOTTY DIPPLE

By Ruford



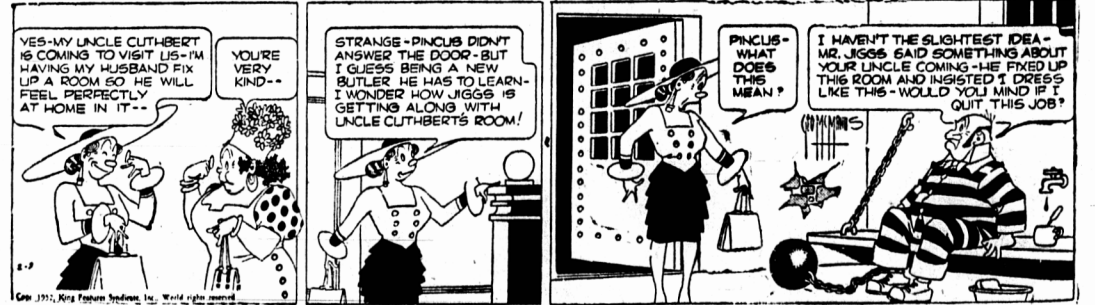
TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS

By Edwina



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



TILLY THE TOILER

By Bob Gustafson



PENNY

By Harry Hoenigson



NOTICE

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE COMMISSIONERS OF THE VILLAGE OF PARKDALE TO BE HELD IN PARKDALE HALL TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 5th, 1952, AT 8 P. M.

BUSINESS:

One Commissioner to be elected for a period of three years to fill the position of the Commissioner retiring.

Only those with taxes paid in full up to Saturday noon February 2nd, 1952, will be eligible to vote.

A list of all Tax Payers eligible to vote will be posted in the Parkdale Hall before the meeting.

The list of Defaulting Tax Payers will be published after the Annual Meeting and judgment applied for against those in arrears.

Commissioners of the Village of Parkdale.

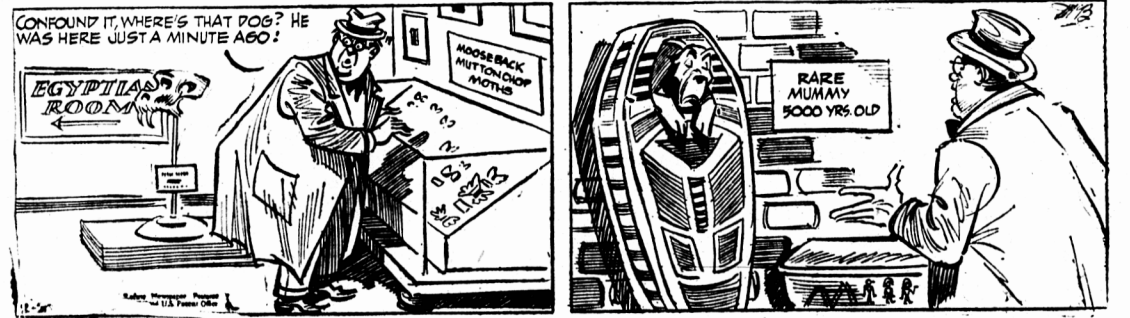
Canadian Legion Clover Club Dance EVERY SATURDAY

Al Blanchard and the "Clover Club" Band Admission—75c Dancing 9:30 to 12:00 For reservations Phone 1222 Before 7 P.M. call 478-L Reservations held until 10:30 p.m.

SATURDAY NIGHT IS YOUR DANCE NIGHT AT THE CLOVER CLUB

Napoleon and Uncle Elby

By Clifford McBride



POGO



L'L ABNER

By Al Capp



RIP KIRBY

By Alex Raymond

