



By Thornton W. Burgess

VADDY BEAR FINDS OUT

Experience beyond a doubt, is surest way of finding out. —Old Mother Nature.

On the steepest bank of the deepest pool of a brook flowing through a lonesome part of the Green Forest was a slippery slide. It was a brand new slippery slide. From a big tree a little back of it, two small Bears were looking down on the slippery slide. Their eyes were wide with surprise and excitement, and perhaps a little envy.

Headfirst down the slippery slide, swish into the water went Little Joe Otter. He swished into the water so smoothly that only a few small ripples resulted. Swish into the water went Mrs. Otter behind him. She went in just as smoothly. Then down the slippery slide, one behind the other, went their two kits, as young Otters are called.

Splash! That was the first one hitting the water. They sent big ripples rolling across the surface of the big pool clear to the other shore.

"That is no way to go into the water," chided their mother. "A good swimmer enters the water without splashing." "What harm does a little splashing do? It is fun to splash," said one of the kits.

His mother looked at him severely. "It may be fun," said she, "but it can be dangerous." "I don't see how," retorted the kit.

"It makes a noise. Splashing can be heard quite a distance. Some enemies have good ears. They can hear what they do not see. Anyway, whatever you do, you should do the best that can be done. Just remember that splashing is the sign of a poor swimmer, and no Otter wants to be called a poor swimmer," declared Mrs. Otter.

When Little Joe and Mrs. Otter stopped using the slippery slide the kits kept on sliding. You see it was their first slippery slide and they were having no end of fun. Every once in a while, one of them would look up at the cubs in the tree, and dare them to join them in sliding. The cubs said

nothing. The truth was, they didn't dare go down that slippery slide. They wanted to. Yes, indeed, they wanted to, but they didn't dare do it.

By and by the young Otters grew tired and went off for a rest. Mother and father were nowhere about in so far as the cubs in the tree could see. There was no one to be seen. It was very peaceful and quiet. The water in the big pool was as smooth as a piece of glass. There was not so much as a tiny ripple. All the Merry Little Breezes were either asleep or somewhere else.

Let's climb down and see what that looks like close to," said Taddy Bear, and began to scramble down. Totty Bear followed. When they reached the ground they went over to the top of the slippery slide. From the top of the bank right down to the water's edge the bank was smooth.

At first, the cubs were careful not to get too close to the top of the slide. But little by little they moved nearer and nearer to it. Taddy Bear was a little bolder, the more daring, and presently he was at the very edge of the bank at the top of the slippery slide. He stood looking down. He was wishing. He was wishing that he dared throw himself flat on his stomach and go swishing down the way those Otters had done.

"You don't dare!" said Totty Bear behind him. Taddy Bear pretended not to hear. He stood up on his hind legs the better to look all around. Now mischief is the name of every small Bear. Totty Bear crept up behind him, very, very, quietly. See couldn't resist temptation. No, sir, she couldn't resist temptation. She gave him a sudden push. Down the slippery slide went Taddy Bear! He didn't go down smoothly on his stomach the way the Otters did. He went down turning somersaults, and he hit the water with a tremendous splash that sent it in all directions. He let out a bawl of dismay and protest. It was cut short when he hit the water. Of course he went completely under water.

He came up, gurgling and choking, and splashing frantically, but swimming. He was just about the angriest little Bear that ever had an unexpected bath.

Meanwhile Totty Bear was dancing about in excitement and glee as she watched her small brother splashing his way to the lower part of the bank.

One township in Victoria County, Ont. is named from the Latin word meaning riches, or abundance.

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

EXPERTS ARE HUMAN

Average players often credit experts with an almost supernatural power to look through the backs of the opposing cards and see just what is what.

The simple truth is, of course, that experts do not possess x-ray eyes. But they do something which the average, casual bridge player rarely takes the trouble to do: they mentally review the bidding again and again, perhaps at a half-dozen stages of the play, and "place" those cards which should be in this or that hand because of a bid, a raise, or even a pass. . . . All of which goes to prove that West, below, was not an expert.

East dealer.

East-West vulnerable.

North-South 30 on score.

Q 4

Q 6 5 3

Q 8 2

K J 9 7

K 10 7 2

K 9 4

J 6

A Q 10

4

A 8 6

10 7 2

A K 10 9 3

A 5 2

A 8 6

10 7 2

A K 10 9 3

A 5 2

A 8 6

10 7 2

A K 10 9 3

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A 8 6

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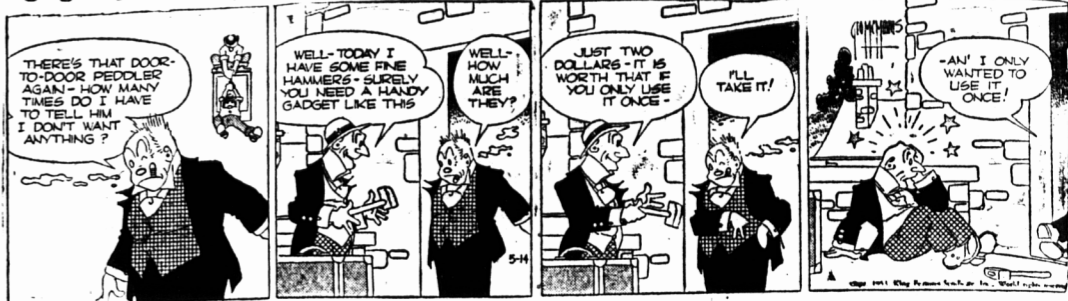
A K 10 9 3

A 5 2

A 8 6

Bringing Up Father

By George McManus



Dotty Dripple

By Ruford



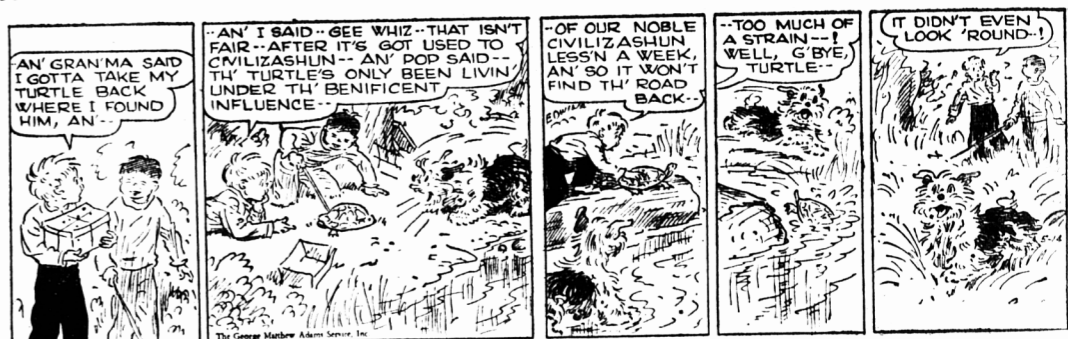
Tilly The Toiler

By Bob Gustafson



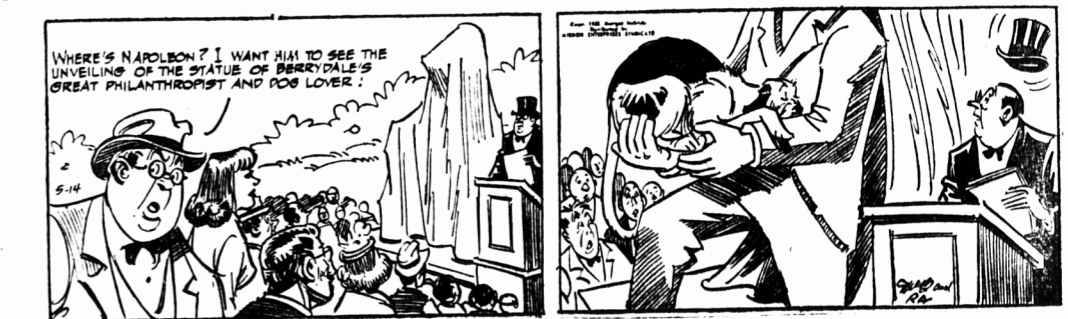
Tippy and "Cap" Stubs

By Edwina



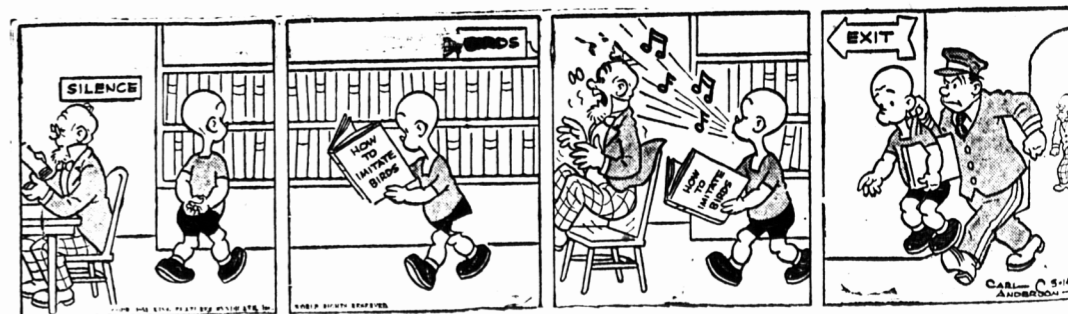
Napoleon and Uncle Elby

By Clifford McBride



Henry

By Carl Anderson



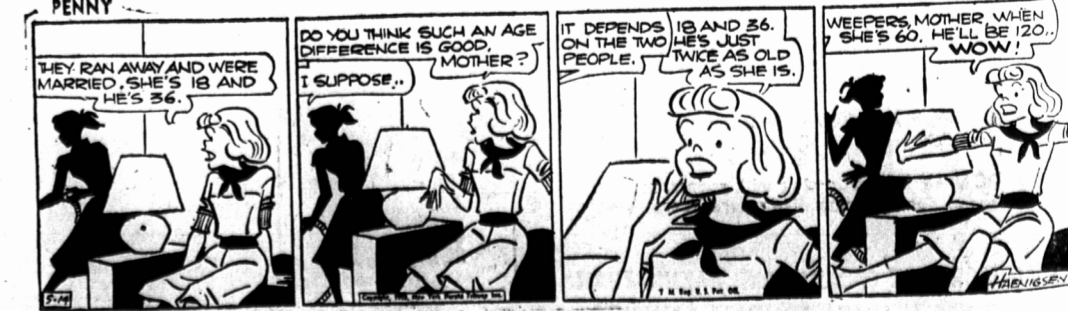
Pogo

By Walt Kelly



PENNY

By Harry Hoentgen



SPRING PARK COMMUNITY CLUB

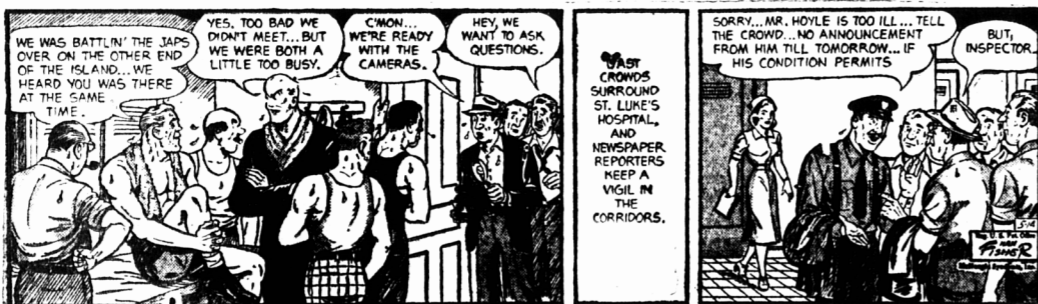
REGULAR MONTHLY MEETING SPRING PARK HALL

FRIDAY, MAY 15 — 8:00 P.M.

Entertainment Lunches Served All members please attend.

Joe Palooka

By Ham Fisher



L I Abner

By Al Capp



Rip Kirby

By Alex Raymond



King Of The Royal Mounted

By Zane Grey

