



By Thornton W. Burgess

JERRY IS RUDELY AWAKENED

The wise will always be discreet. Whatever danger they may meet. — Jerry Muskrat.

Jerry Muskrat had wanted to see something of the Great World. He was seeing it. He was seeing a lot more of it than he wanted. Just now there was nothing he would like to see quite so much as the Smiling Pool and his home. He wished he never had thought of leaving it. Just where home was he didn't know. He hoped he was heading for it. He was just obeying an instinct.

No Muskrat likes to be out in the open where there is nothing to hide under or in, and Jerry had to be out in the open in order to cross fields and pastures. Just now he was in a cornfield. He liked it there. He liked it for two reasons. He felt safer there among the tall corn stalks, and he had discovered how good corn was to eat. It was the first corn he ever had tasted. He had found a stalk broken down and a husk partly pulled from an ear. That was how he had happened to taste the corn.

It was night. Jerry didn't dare travel overland in the daytime. Like most members of his family he prefers darkness of night. Looking up between the tall cornstalks, he could see the stars twinkling at him. They twinkled in the same



Looking up between the tall cornstalks he could see the stars twinkling down at him.

friendly manner he had so often seen them twinkle when he looked up among the burruses at the Smiling Pool. It gave him a good feeling. He ate all that was left of the ear of corn. It was all he could eat at one time.

Now a full stomach usually means a sleepy head, providing that the stomach is not painfully full. Jerry felt sleepy. He looked for a place to curl up. Just outside the cornfield he found a pile of brush. He crept under it, curled up, and in no time was asleep. Jerry had traveled a long way. That is, it was a long way for a small person with such short legs as a Muskrat has. He was tired. He had intended to take just a short nap, but the Black Shadows were hurrying away from the cornfield for it was almost morning, when Jerry opened his eyes. He had been awakened somewhat rudely by a noise close by. It came from the cornstalks growing just beyond the fence under which he had crept to that pile of brush. Timidly he peeked out. At first he could see nothing unusual. Then he saw a cornstalk waving back and forth while the surrounding cornstalks were perfectly still. Even as he looked that cornstalk was broken. Almost at once he heard growling. It wasn't a pleasant sound. It gave him an uncomfortable feeling. There was

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

BY REQUEST

There is this to be said about "trick hands" — no matter how often they are published, in newspapers, bridge magazines, and so forth, there are always many requests for "the hand where all the aces and kings are put to sleep"; or "the hand where a slam is made with only two trumps in declarer's hand and two in dummy."

Lately, the largest number of requests has been made for the "two-trump hand"—so here it is:

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

The legend goes that a North-South pair addicted to fancy cue-bidding became involved in a series of misunderstandings and landed at six spades in this deal, with South the declarer! More probably, the deal was actually the brainchild of some bridge wag, designed to impress his friends, but there is nevertheless interest in the fact that, under the extremely far-fetched conditions obtaining in this deal, South can really make 12 tricks at spades against his side's four! True, the small slam in spades cannot be made if West opens a trump, but (continuing the fiction) West can scarcely be that clairvoyant, and he therefore makes the normal lead of the diamond queen. South then maneuvers triumphantly as follows: He cashes two diamond tricks.

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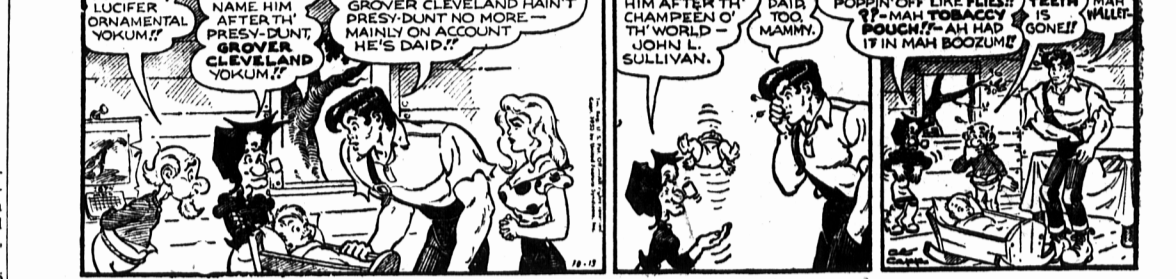
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Li'l Abner



By Al Capp

Rip Kirby



By Alex Raymond

NOTICE

RESIDENTS OF SOUTHPORT AND SURROUNDING AREAS
A meeting will be held in Southport school on Wednesday, October 14th, at 8 p.m. for the purpose of discussing the possibility of incorporating the area under the Village Services Act. All residents are urged to attend. Hon. Eugene Cullen and the Director of Town Planning will be in attendance.

Advertisement for Wildroot Cream-Oil in Tubes. Includes text: 'IN TUBES ??? YES IN TUBES. TUBES TAKE UP LESS SPACE. THEY WON'T BREAK, DESK OR SUITCASE. IDEAL FOR MEN IN SERVICE. BE SURE TO GET WILDROOT CREAM-OIL IN TUBES—IT'S THE ONLY HAIR TONIC IN TUBES CONTAINING LANOLIN. TRY IT TODAY.' and an image of the product.

Tilly The Toiler

By Bob Gustafson



Dotty Dripple

By Ruford



Bringing Up Fathet

By George McManus



Tippy and "Cap" Stubs

By Edwin



King Of The Royal Mounted

By Zane Grey



Joe Palooka

By Ham Fisher

