

Well, youngsters, here's a yarn that I'll bet will make you grin, and maybe giggle a little before I've finished.

Years ago, while I was cruisin' on a sealing-schooner in th' far north, our craft was frozen fast by th' ice. Long days passed with all on board waitin' for th' ice to melt.

One mornin' I took my gun and started off over th' ice on a hunt for a polar bear for fresh meat. I hadn't gone far when I found tracks, and big ones, too. With my gun ready I followed them, thinkin' how good fresh bear steaks would taste. Just as I was goin' around a mound of snow, I almost bumped into two whoppin' big bears.

Well s'r, I was so sur-prised I forgot I had a gun. Before I could get my senses one of th' bears grabbed me with his big paws and hugged me so hard I thought my ribs would

crack. Then th' other bear took my gun and looked it over like he understood it.

While I was wonderin' what was goin' to happen to me two more bears came along to join th' fun. One of 'em, a little cub, put my fur cap on his head, took th' gun from th' other bear, which must have been its which must have been its mother, swung th' gun over his shoulder and paraded around like a kid playin'

war.
Th' bear that had me in his paws must have figured his paws must have figured that he had squeezed me enough for he dumped me in the snow. Then th' dadbusted little bear halted right in front of me and started foolin' with th' gun. I was scared stiff, expectin' th' gun to go off any minute. And then it happened, Well s'r, as scared as I was, I had to laugh. Th' so und of th' explosion scared th' whole bunch and away they went over th' ice.









































