



THE NEBB'S

By Sol Hess

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Snow Means Woe To Rudy

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By SOL HESS

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GEE, LOOK AT IT SNOW, DADDY. IF THIS KEEPS UP WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A LOT OF SNOW, I'LL BET YOU

A LOT OF SNOW? THAT'S NOTHING. DID I EVER TELL YOU ABOUT THE TIME GRIZZLY IKE AND I WERE CAUGHT IN A TERRIBLE SNOW STORM?



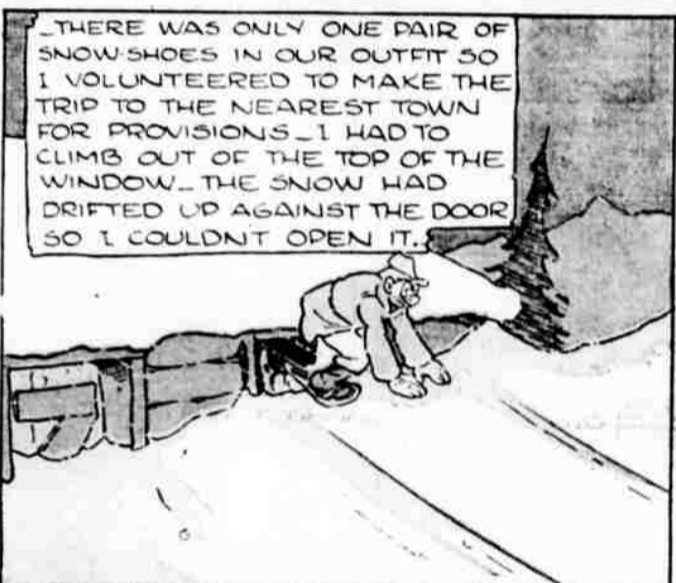
WE WERE OUT PROSPECTING, WHEN WITHOUT ANY WARNING A TERRIBLE BLIZZARD BLEW UP



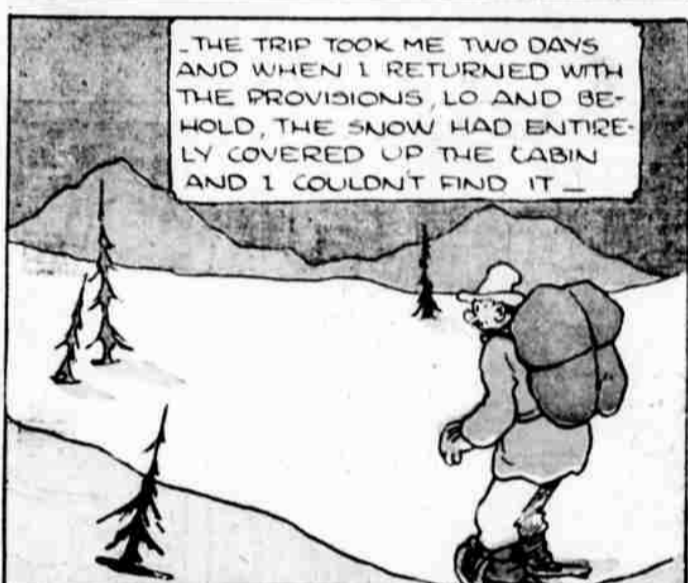
IT SNOWED SO HARD THAT WE FOUND IT IMPOSSIBLE TO GET BACK TO OUR SHACK SO WE TOOK REFUGE IN AN ABANDONED CABIN



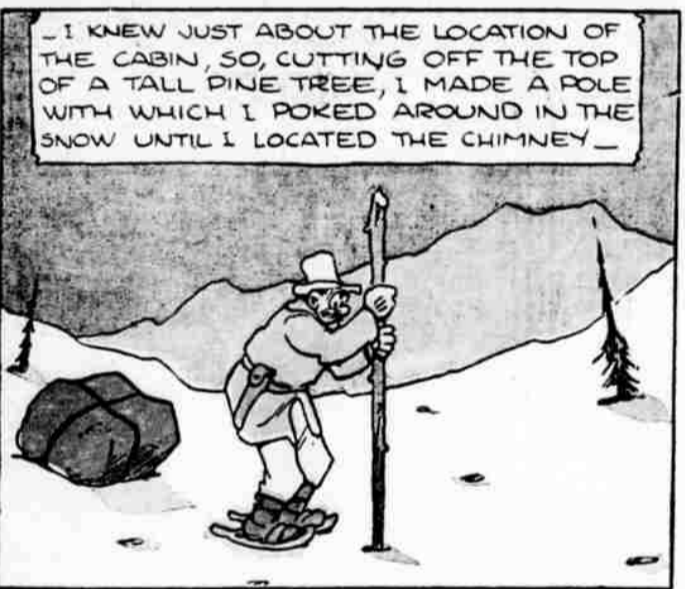
WE MADE OURSELVES AS COMFORTABLE AS POSSIBLE AND WITH A ROARING FIRE, WE COOKED SOME OF THE FOOD WE HAD IN OUR PACKS. THE SNOW CONTINUED AND IN A COUPLE OF DAYS WE WERE OUT OF FOOD



THERE WAS ONLY ONE PAIR OF SNOW SHOES IN OUR OUTFIT SO I VOLUNTEERED TO MAKE THE TRIP TO THE NEAREST TOWN FOR PROVISIONS. I HAD TO CLIMB OUT OF THE TOP OF THE WINDOW. THE SNOW HAD DRIFTED UP AGAINST THE DOOR SO I COULDN'T OPEN IT.



THE TRIP TOOK ME TWO DAYS AND WHEN I RETURNED WITH THE PROVISIONS, LO AND BEHOLD, THE SNOW HAD ENTIRELY COVERED UP THE CABIN AND I COULDN'T FIND IT



I KNEW JUST ABOUT THE LOCATION OF THE CABIN, SO, CUTTING OFF THE TOP OF A TALL PINE TREE, I MADE A POLE WITH WHICH I POKED AROUND IN THE SNOW UNTIL I LOCATED THE CHIMNEY



I DUG ENOUGH SNOW AWAY TO REACH THE CHIMNEY AND THEN I DROPPED DOWN INTO THE FIREPLACE



WELL, YOU CAN BET I WAS THE BEST SANTA CLAUS THAT EVER CAME THROUGH A CHIMNEY FOR GRIZZLY IKE. HE WAS NEARLY STARVED



AFTER A LITTLE REST I CLIMBED BACK UP THE CHIMNEY AND CLEANED AWAY ENOUGH SNOW SO OUR FIRE WOULD BURN FREELY AND SHOVELED THE SNOW AWAY FROM THE TOP OF THE WINDOW SO WE COULD GET MORE AIR. I MUST HAVE SHOVELED TONS OF SNOW THAT DAY.



SAY! IF YOU DON'T GET THE SNOW OFF YOUR SIDEWALK I'LL HAVE TO ARREST YOU AND YOU'LL GET A SWELL FINE!



GEE, I NEVER GET A MINUTE'S REST. NOW I HAVE TO GO OUT AND SHOVEL SNOW. I'M GOING TO MOVE WHERE IT'S SUMMER ALL THE TIME.

YOU SHOULDN'T MIND A LITTLE SNOW LIKE THAT AFTER YOUR EXPERIENCE WITH GRIZZLY IKE. WHY JUST TAKE JUNIOR'S BEAN BLOWER AND BLOW IT AWAY. IT'S NOTHING.

W.D. CARLSON

