

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Cluvertson

THE BASIS OF DECISION

Whenever a two-way finesse is involved, as in the spade suit below, it behooves declarer to make his decision on this basic thought: would he rather lose the trick to his right-hand or his left-hand opponent?

North dealer.
Both sides vulnerable.

♠ 84	♠ Q52
♥ 532	♥ 8764
♦ A Q J 9 7	♦ K 3
♣ 98	♣ 6432

♠ 63	♠ K J 10 9 7
♥ A J 9	♥ K Q 10
♦ 8 4	♦ 10 6 5 2
♣ K Q J	♣ A

The bidding:
North East South West
1 ♠ Pass 3 ♠ Pass
3 ♠ Pass 4 ♠ Pass
Pass Pass

South's bidding, at any rate, was beyond criticism. West opened the king of clubs, and at the second trick south chose this finesse on the supposition that the queen is usually over the jack, or perhaps he simply placed the spade queen with West as part of his club bid. Whatever the reason was, the outcome was

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



By Thornton W. Burgess

THE FRIENDLY SNOW

A blessing in disguise may be, at first a little hard to see.
—Old Mother Nature.

The first snow had fallen the day before Thanksgiving. It had fallen all that day, and far into the night. When jolly, round, bright Mr.

unfortunate for South. East took the second trick and wisely shifted to the heart eight. South put in the king — and West, even more wisely held up his ace, playing the encouraging nine. East soon got in again, with the diamond king, and his second heart return gave West two tricks, defeating the contract.

The location of the spade queen was nothing but a guess, but declarer should have finessed against East for reasons of simple safety. If West had the spade queen and made it, he could make no successful attack on South's heart suit, which was obviously the only danger point of the hand. On any return by West (assuming that he had the spade queen) and got in with the card. South could control the trick, draw trumps, and eventually discard one heart on dummy's long diamonds, but when he took the risk of losing the spade trick to East, he simultaneously risked the contract itself.

sun started his daily climb up in the blue, blue sky the next morning, he looked down on a changed world. It was a world of white, of sparkling white in which no ugliness was to be seen anywhere.

It was the first snow Mite, the young Meadow Mouse, had ever seen. It had completely covered the Green Meadows. It had filled all the little paths of the Mouse folk. When Mite had poked his little head out of his home, he had poked it right into this strange cold stuff he had never seen before. When he finally dug his way out of his short little entrance path to one of the main runways, he met a neighbor, an old Mouse who knew all about snow. This neighbor seemed to be very, very happy over it. He said it was something to be thankful for. The young Mouse couldn't see anything at all to be thankful for. "You will," said the neighbor. "Come on, let's go see what others are doing."

Now always before when Mite had started to go anywhere he had looked up through overhanging grass, or in open places, right into the clear sky to make sure that no feathered danger might be watching for a chance to catch a Mouse dinner. So, the first thing he did when he started to follow his neighbor was to look up. Of course he looked right at a roof of snow, for



The two Mice scampered along the tunnel through the snow.

that path was a tunnel through the snow, gave him a queer feeling. It there was anything to be thankful for as his neighbor had said he just couldn't see it.

The two Mice scampered along the tunnel through the snow. It joined another tunnel, and this in turn joined another. Before the Mouse paths in the snow had been cut this way and that way in all directions. They had crossed and recrossed. Now those paths were rapidly being made into tunnels. All the Mice in the neighborhood had turned out to help with the digging. Happy little squeaks of unseen workers reached the ears of Mite. Soon he was busy himself helping to dig open more tunnels. Mice were scampering about this way and that as fast as the tunnels were opened, and all of them were squeaking happily.

"Isn't it wonderful?" squeaked one, a gray old Mouse whom Mite met.
"I guess so. Everybody seems to think so, but I don't know what it is that's wonderful," squeaked Mite.
"You're young," squeaked the gray old Mouse. "You're certainly young. I guess you don't know much. Either you don't know much, or you haven't stopped to think. Not since you were born have you been as safe as you are this minute. Snow is the best friend we Meadow Mice have. It is wonderful! It certainly is wonderful!"
"I suppose it must be," said Mite. But he said it as if he didn't know if it was or not. Truth to tell, he didn't know.
The old Mouse saw this. "Listen,

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By Robert L. May

COME
To The
CHICKEN RAFFLE
IN The
K. of C. HOME
FRIDAY NIGHT
Nov. 28 — 8:30 P.M.

SPECIAL DANCE
Sponsored by The Pythian Sisters
TUESDAY, DECEMBER 2nd
ROLLAWAY BALLROOM
Dancing 9:30 - 12:30 Admision 50c
Music by The Downtowners

RUDOLPH THE RED NOSED REINDEER



By Walt Kelly

PUGO

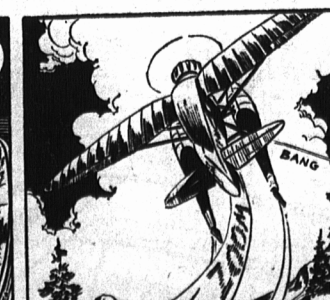


By Alex Raymond

RIP KIRBY



KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED



JOE PALOOKA



By Ham Fisher

L'L ABNER



By Edwins

TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS



By Carl Anderson

HENRY



By George McManus

BRINGING UP FATHER



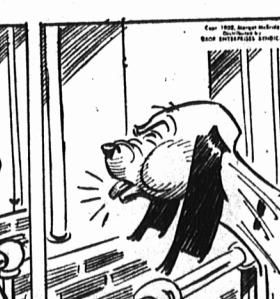
By Bob Gus'afson

TILLY THE TOILER



By Cliff McBride

Napoleon and Uncle Ebby



By Ruford

DOTTY DRIPPLE



By Harry Haenigsen

PENNY

