

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

Mrs. Culbertson continues the presentation of the new Culbertson point-count method.

A Brief Summation

The 18 articles already devoted to point-counting cannot, of course, do full justice to this extremely comprehensive subject. Contract bridge would not be the magnificent game it is if it could be summed up in 18, or 180, short articles! Since 1927, when contract started to become popular in the United States, there have been hundreds of millions of words written on the subject by thousands of writers, and still, new ideas, new and provocative principles are being brought to light. The most that can be hoped for from any bidding method is a better evaluation of hands — both one's own 13 cards and, in combination, the 26 cards of a partnership, with information flowing across the table in the form of bids which mean so many points as a minimum, so many as a maximum. A point count is a guide, a yardstick, a method of determining individual and joint values, but it will not and cannot make hasty decisions for a player, nor tell him when a particular queen is apt to be a key card, nor, in other cases, when a queen should be heavily discounted.

Perhaps the greatest disservice that has been done to bridge players in the past is the strong implication, if not the direct claim, that such-and-such a point-count method will unerringly and automatically put them into infallible contracts! It will do no such thing! Perfect familiarity with the same point-count method by two partners will protect them from many of the disasters they have incurred in the past — which is surely a step to be hoped for devoutly! — and there should also be far greater partnership accuracy in reaching or not reaching games or slams.

There will, however — point-count or no point-count — still be plenty of scope for the exercise of judgement and imagination.

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



By Thornton W. Burgess

FOOLISH LITTLE MR. TOO-SMART

Never over-play your part. It doesn't pay to be too smart.

Often in a family of children one is smarter than the others, or seems to be. It was so with the five young Foxes up in the Old Pasture. They were the children of Ruddy Fox and Mrs. Reddy. In everything the smart one was always a little quicker than his brothers and sisters. Of course, it wasn't very long before he realized that he was just a wee bit smarter than the others. Then in little ways he began to show off how smart he was. He was becoming too smart for his own good. It is never a good thing to be too smart. Sometimes it is better to be too slow than too smart.

Little Mr. Too-Smart, first making sure that neither father or mother was watching, started out hunting. He had already hunted Crickets and Grasshoppers, and found it fun. He had even caught a Mouse once, and that was the most exciting thing that had happened in his short life. Now, whenever he started out, it always was with the hope that he could catch another Mouse. He didn't realize that the catching of that first Mouse was an accident, so to Little Mr. Too-Smart became more and more venturesome. When father and mother were not around he would go off hunting where he knew perfectly well father and mother would not let him go alone were they there to stop him.

"They are foolish," said Little Mr. Too-Smart to his brothers and sisters. "They are foolish," said Little Mr. Too-Smart to his brothers and sisters. "Yes, sir, father and mother are foolish. They try to scare us by telling us of the dreadful things that can and might happen to us. They do it just to scare us, but they don't scare me. I can take care of myself. How are we ever going to learn to take care of ourselves if we cannot go anywhere without tagging along at their tails?"



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It wasn't father and mother who were foolish; it was Little Mr. Too-Smart who was foolish. It is all-speak; that it was pure luck. It had been a young Mouse who had run right under his paws. It was the fright of the little Mouse, not his own skill as a hunter, that had given him his success. Since then he had not seen so much as the

tail of another Mouse.

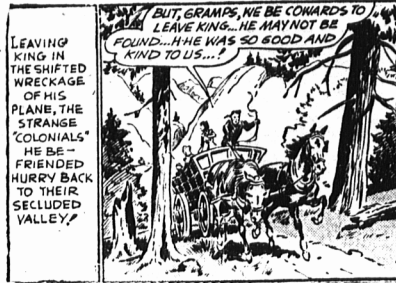
Instead of going down on the Green Meadows as usual, this time Little Mr. Too-Smart went the other way. He went up in the Old Pasture. Now when he had ventured out on the Green Meadows he always could see a long way in all directions, especially when he raised himself a little on his hind feet to look over the tall grass. Up here among the bushes of the Old Pasture, it was a very different matter. On the Green Meadows he could look back and see just how far from home he was. Up here in the Old Pasture he had gone only a very little way before bushes hid his home. But this didn't bother him at all. Not at first, anyway.

There were many paths winding in all directions among the bushes, crossing and re-crossing. Cows had made those paths. It was easy to follow a path, much easier than trying to steal through the bushes on either side. His keen little nose told him that other folks used these paths sometimes. It was exciting to steal softly along, stopping every few steps to look and listen, and to wonder what might be around the next turn. He never went around a turn in a little path without first poking his sharp nose around just enough for him to get a look to see what might be there. Of course that was the right thing to do.

Perhaps had he been following a straight path, along which he could look back, he would have realized how far he was getting from home. But none of the paths in the Old Pasture are straight for more than a very short distance. You see, in making them, the Cows had walked where walking was the easiest, and this meant that they wound about, first one way, then another. They wound around rocks, thick clumps of bushes, and young trees. By the time he was tired enough to think about going home, Little Mr. Too-Smart had no idea at all where home was, and he was much farther from it than he dreamed. Little Mr. Too-Smart was lost, but he didn't know it yet.

TORONTO, July 18 — (CP) — Mrs. Rae Luckock, president of the leftist Congress of Canadian Women, said today she has been temporarily barred from entering the United States by the U. S. Immigration Department. U. S. immigration officials have given no reason for their action, she said.

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