

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Cluerton

NOT TOO STANDARDIZED!

There is no doubt that bidding has become fairly well standardized during the past ten years or so, but if anyone feels that this has reduced the "variety" of the game, he has only to sit in as a spectator at a tournament or duplicate game, and he will soon change his mind! Consider the following deal, for example. It occurred in a seven-event duplicate match, and the variety of results was something to behold!

West dealer. — Neither side vulnerable.

95	KJ86	Q107	10742
AK63	N	W	E
2	KJ8	AQJ	98
AK63	104	753	9542
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AK63	104	753	9542
2	KJ8	AQJ	98

These were the various outcomes:

One North-South pair bid and made exactly four hearts, for a score of 420.

Two North-South pairs reached the same four-heart contract, doubled by West. Both made five-odd, for scores of 690.

Two other North-Souths bid up to and were doubled at five hearts. One pair went down two, for a minus score of 300, while the other



BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

THE LONESOME ONE

At times to be alone is good. Thus self is better understood. — Old Mother Nature.

The most lonesome person in all the Green Forest was a young Crow. He belonged to the flock of which Blacky was leader, but

suffered only a one-trick defeat, minus 100.

Only one East-West pair bought the contract — at five clubs doubled, down two, 300. This was a pretty good match-point score for that East-West.

The lowest North-South score on the board was earned by that pair who sadly overrated the cards and landed at six hearts, redoubled. This South went down three (in some fashion or other) and the opposing East-West received the sum of 1000 points, and top on the board.

It was impossible for East-West to defeat a mere four-heart contract if the declarer played the hand reasonably well, but the extra trick made in two cases was the result of bad defense. At these tables, the club ace was opened, and both declarers ruffed. When a low spade was cleverly led from the closed hand, both Wests feared that South was leading away from Q-J-10, so they both put up the honor and persisted with clubs.

South ruffed again and led the spade queen. Once more a club was returned, and now South was in control. He ruffed for the third time, drew trumps by cashing the ace, overtaking the queen and cashing the jack, then could claim the rest of the tricks with good spades, the diamond ace, and dummy's long trump.

These Wests could have saved the overtrick easily enough by leading a third round of spades instead of the third round of clubs.

he was no longer with the flock. A very dreadful thing had happened to him. He had been shot, and one wing so badly hurt that he could not fly. For several days he had hardly moved from his perch half way up in a lone cedar tree. He had felt too badly to move. Also, he had felt too frightened to move. He didn't understand at all what had happened. There had been a dreadful noise, and at the same time something, he did not know what, had hurt him dreadfully. He had flown away from that place where this dreadful thing had happened, but he could not fly well, and when he reached the lone cedar tree, he could hardly lift that hurt wing.

At first he had felt too bad to be lonesome; he wasn't even hungry. In a way, it would have been better for him had he been killed instead of just wounded. Then there would have been no suffering, no fright, no wondering what to do.

He was sure that he was the most unlucky Crow in all the Green Forest. He was sure that nothing worse could have happened to him. That was a mistake on his part. It is always a mistake to think that nothing worse could happen. He might have starved to death there, and he hadn't. This was because Blacky, the wise leader of the flock, had found him and told the other members of the flock. They had brought him food every day since. Sometimes he didn't get as much as he would have liked, but he got enough to keep him alive. That is what came of being a member of the flock.

The flock, often called the black gang, live up to the belief in one for all and all for one. This is the spirit of true neighborliness. So it was that they did not forget the unhappy one alone in the most lonesome place in the Green

Forest. They were busy folk, those members of the black gang. The nesting season was close at hand. There were new nests to be built, and old nests to be made over. Yet, everyday, some member of the flock found time to pay him a visit, and bring him a scrap of food. But most of each day, and all of each night, he was alone.

Now it is a good thing to be alone. Yes, sir, it is a good thing to be alone for a while. It is the only way to get acquainted with one's self. Folks who never are alone, never really know themselves. But is it good to be too much alone. One who is left too much alone is likely to get the bad habit of self pity, and to forget the value of friendship, and how to make friends. In all the Great World are none to be so plied as those who have no friends.

After a few days the lone Crow got down to the ground by hopping from branch to branch. That cedar tree stood a little apart from other trees, and so it had branches on all sides from the top all the way down to the ground. He didn't have to use his wings. He could just hop down from branch to branch, and hop up again the same way. He had sort of a tree ladder, or tree stairway. He didn't know it, but going up and down this was good exercise, and he needed exercise. Everybody needs exercise. On the ground he walked about, but he never walked far from that tree, and when he grew tired he



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(Continued on Page 16)

King Of The Royal Mounted

By Zane Grey



Rip Kirby

By Alex Raymond



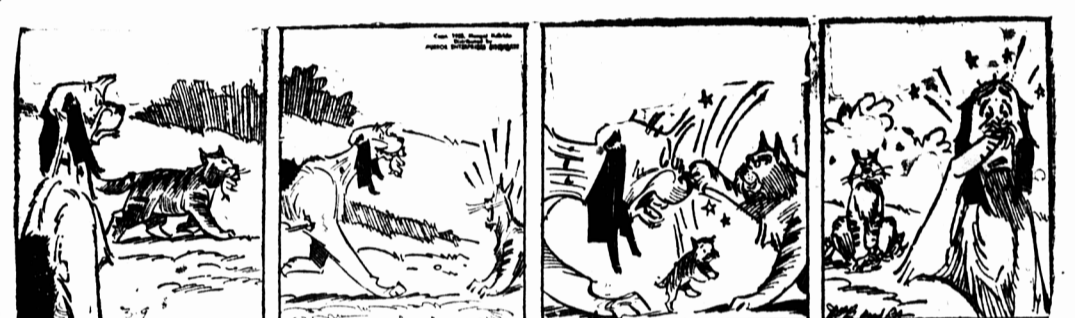
Joe Palooka

By Ham Fisher



Napoleon and Uncle Elby

By Clifford McBride



Pogo

By Walt Kelly



Tippy and "Cap" Stubs

By Edw...



Bringing Up Father

By George McManus



PENNY

By Harry Hoenigsen



KING COLE TEA
Stimulating and delicious!

THE ADVENTURES OF WILDROOT CREAM-OIL CHARLIE

MY YOU LOOK HANDSOME TONIGHT, JIM. JIM SURE LOOKS SHARP TONIGHT. I AM. JIM, WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOUR HAIR? WHAT'S THE MATTER JOAN? WHERE'S JIM? GOODNIGHT JIM, DON'T FORGET TO COME TO THE NEXT WEEK. LOOK, PAL YOU SPOILED YOUR OWN AND JOAN'S EVENING. HE WAS ASHAMED OF YOUR HAIR AFTER AN HOUR. NEXT TIME KEEP YOUR HAIR GROOMED WITH WILDROOT.

WILDROOT CREAM OIL HAIR TONIC
GROOMS HAIR
RELIEVES DRYNESS
REMOVES LOOSE DANDRUFF

NON-ALCOHOLIC Contains LANOLIN

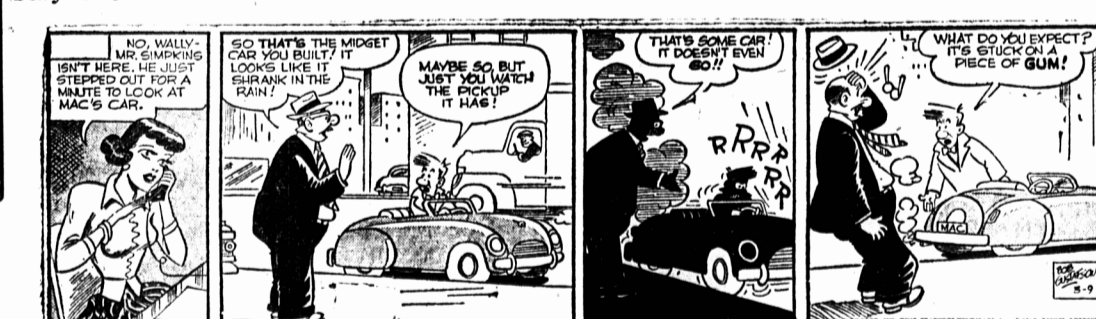
Li'l Abner

By Al Capp



Tilly The Toiler

By Bob Gustafson



Dotty Dripple

By Ruford



Henry

By Carl Anderson

