

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

NO NEED TO GUESS

It cannot be denied that even the best bridge players sometimes have to make guesses. No fine player, however, would involve himself in the sort of guess that South tried to make in today's deal.

South dealer.
Neither side vulnerable.

♠ K 6 5 3
♥ K 7 4 3
♦ K 5 3 2
♣ A

♠ Q 10 7
♥ A
♦ Q 9 8
♣ K Q 9 6

♠ 9 8 7
♥ 10 6 4
♦ J 10 8 7
♣ 5 3

♠ A J 4
♥ Q 10 9 8 5 3
♦ A J 7
♣ A

The bidding:

South	West	North	East
1♠	2♣	4♥	5♣
1♠	Pass	Pass	Pass

With North announcing powerful heart support, South was of course correct in contracting for the slam, since he himself had the three trumps and a powerful playing hand. He could scarcely

by forces that his singleton ace of clubs would be sheer "duplication."

As a matter of fact, if South had really accepted that idea of "duplication," and planned his play accordingly when West opened the club king, the result would have been satisfactory to the North-South pair. South, however, tried to guess what he should discard from dummy at the first trick — a spade or a diamond — and by thus burdening himself with a fruitless problem, he lost the slam! He decided to discard the diamond deuce. Then he led a heart and West was in with the blank ace. West shifted to diamonds, and although this was right up to South's tenace, he gained no great advantage since he soon had to surrender a spade trick.

South should not have discarded anything from dummy on the first trick — he should have ruffed his own club ace! Then, with spades and diamonds intact in dummy, West would be in a very uncomfortable position when thrown in with the heart ace! If he returned a spade, South would collect four tricks in that suit, getting a diamond discard; if West exited with a diamond, four diamond tricks would provide a spade discard. Finally, if West chose to lead another club dummy would ruff again while South discarded either a spade or a diamond, and then three rounds of the suit he had discarded, with himself ruffing the third round, would establish dummy's long card in that suit.



BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

(By Thornton W. Burgess)

THUNDERER'S SMALL VISITORS

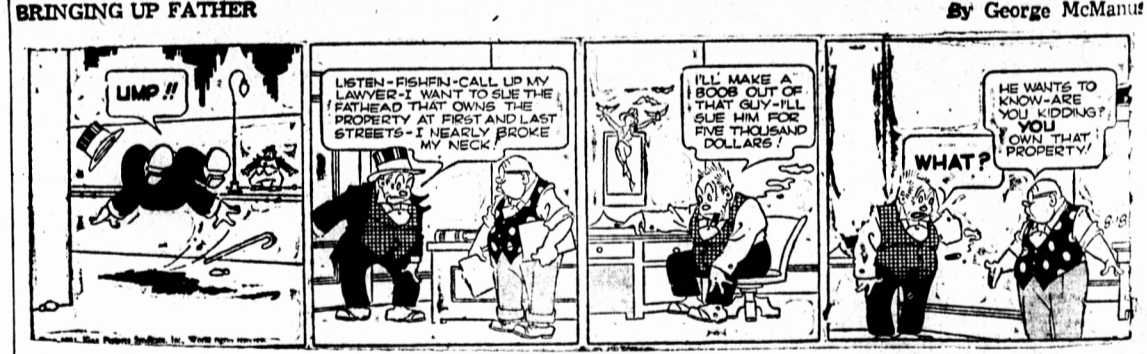
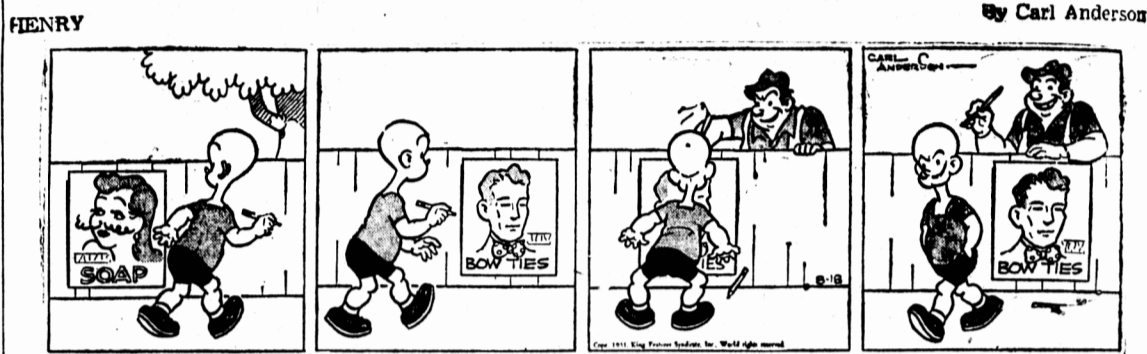
Do not ever judge another By what you know about his brother.

—Old Mother Nature

Thunderer the Grouse was drumming. Perhaps I should say that he was thundering. You see his drumming sounds very like distant thunder. It is because of this he is called Thunderer. At times he is a noisy fellow. I suspect that he loves to make a noise just as small boys do. Anyway, he drums when there is no special reason for his drumming. He is in love. Thunderer cannot sing. He has no voice for singing. So, being wiser than some folks we all know, he doesn't try to sing. Instead he drums. As you know, he does it with his wings. He does it for the admiration of Mrs. Grouse. But after the nesting season is over and the admiration and love of Mrs. Grouse has long since been won, he still drums. I suspect he does it because he likes to make a noise.

This morning he happened to be passing a mossy old log on which he had drummed many times in the spring. There he had drummed and stutted, his handsome tail spread like a fan, his black ruff standing out around his neck, his head thrown back proudly. And all the time he had known that the bright eyes of Mrs. Grouse were watching him admiringly.

Now Mrs. Grouse was off somewhere with the children, teaching them some of the important things they would have to know in order to take care of themselves later out in the Great World. Thunderer had no real reason for drumming. Nevertheless he hopped up on the mossy old log. He strutted the length of it. He strutted back again. Perhaps strutting gave him an extra good feeling. It seems to do that to some folks. Then, standing on the end of the old log, he began to drum. Slowly at first, then faster and faster. When he had finished the long roll he stood perfectly still with his head stretched high. He was listening for a reply. But there was no reply. He waited a while looking and listening and strutting for his own pleasure. Then he drummed again. He was feeling good, was Thunderer the Grouse. He was feeling good and he wanted everybody to know it.



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