

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

THE EXPERT SHOULD CARRY THE LOAD

One of the tests of an expert is whether he saves his "bub" partner from normal folly in certain situations. West in the following deal failed the test.

South dealer.
Both sides vulnerable.

♠ J 9 8 7 4
♥ 6 2
♦ A K
♣ Q 10 9 6

♠ 10 2
♥ A J 9 3
♦ 9 4
♣ K 8 7 4

♠ 5 3
♥ Q 8
♦ 5 3 2
♣ A 3

♠ A K Q 6
♥ K 10 7 5 4
♦ J 5
♣ J 5

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

There was no opening lead that was particularly attractive from West's hand, but on the thought that dummy might put down a long and established diamond suit, West opened a club in an effort to build a trick there. He was fortunate to hit East with the club ace, but unfortunately in East's return! After long thought East led back a diamond, with the desperate hope as he explained later of finding West void in the suit.

West must have seen declarer's diamond jack that was played at this trick, but apparently the sight did not "register." At any rate, when South drew two rounds of trumps, cashed the diamond ace (with his own diamond queen appearing) and then led a club to the jack, West slipped badly! He was furious at East for not having returned a heart through the closed hand, and now faced with the sure prospect of declarer's cashing in dummy's clubs, West banged down the

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

BLACKY IS CANNY

Look thoroughly, then look again. A second look may save you pain. —Blacky the Crow.

Blacky the Crow is canny. A canny person is one who is careful, wary, quietly watchful, cautious, not doing things until he is sure. That is Blacky all over. He isn't satisfied with one look. No, sir! He isn't satisfied unless he looks twice or even more. Long ago he learned that no matter how carefully you look, you may miss something, overlook it, as they say. And that thing overlooked may be important. So it is always wise to look twice anyway.

Blacky was over in the Green Forest, a part of it far from the part which he calls "home." He had seen a Man doing something just what he couldn't tell from a distance, beside a place in a small brook, a place where the water ran too swiftly to freeze. As soon as the Man had gone on out of sight down the brook, Blacky had flown to the place where he had first seen the Man. He had looked it all over with a pair of the best

eyes in the Green Forest. Almost at once he had seen a small piece of meat. It was lying beside the open water, just as if it had been dropped there. Anyway, that is how it looked to Blacky at first. He had studied it and its surroundings from a tree, then had gone down on the snow and very cautiously walked near, but not too near, that little piece of meat. It was meat. About this there was no doubt. But how did a little piece of meat come to be there? It must be that Man had left it there. If so, why had he left it? Long long ago, Blacky had learned to distrust all two-legged folk called human beings.

He flew up on a little stump and sat there for a long time studying the little piece of meat and its surroundings. Then he flew back down on the snow and walked back and forth, all the time looking and looking. And all the time his mouth watered and watered.

He was so near that by stretching his neck he could almost reach that little piece of meat. Twice he did do this. Each time if he had taken just one step forward he could have reached that meat. He didn't take that step. No, sir, he didn't take that one step, although his crop and his stomach were empty and in all the Green Forest there wasn't a hungrier person anywhere.

Look as he would he couldn't see anything wrong. Yet he was too canny not to be suspicious. If he hadn't seen that Man there in the first place he might have not been so suspicious. He flew back again up on the stump he had been sitting on before and talked to himself.

"That looks perfectly all right," said he, "I don't see anything

wrong. If nothing is wrong, I'm missing a good breakfast, and goodness knows I need a good breakfast. Any breakfast at all would be good. I never was hungrier in my life. I've simply got to get something to eat and get it soon. If that man left that piece of meat there, what did he do it for. I wonder if he has left any more meat anywhere."

This was a sudden thought. Blacky spread his wings and flew up above the treetops. He followed the brook, flying above it and all the time looking and looking. He hadn't gone a great way when he saw ahead of him the Man for whom he was looking. He was stooping over, busy about something.

Blacky flew to a tall tree from which he could watch. He kept his tongue still so that he would not be noticed. When the Man moved on, Blacky flew over there he had been at work. There lay another little piece of meat, or was it a piece of fish? It didn't matter to Blacky which it was if only he could get it. Again he did a lot of looking and looking, both from a distance and close to. Again everything seemed all right, but again there was a bothersome little doubt. And Blacky has learned to be extra careful whenever he has a little doubt, even a shadow of a doubt. Of one thing he was certain now. That Man had left those little pieces of meat on the snow. Why?



"That looks perfectly all right," said he, "I don't see anything wrong."

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

By Zane Grey



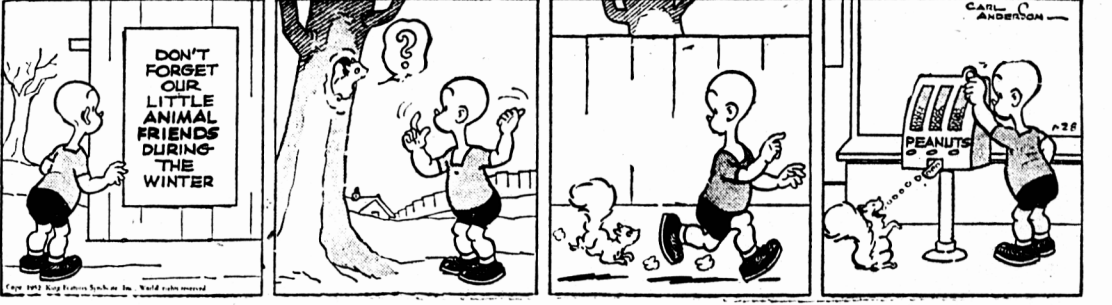
JOE PALOOKA

By Ham Fisher



HENRY

By Carl Anderson



THE ADVENTURES OF WILDROOT CREAM-OIL CHARLIE

WHO IS THIS GOOD-LOOKING FRIEND I WONDER?

THIS IS AL GARTON GIRL...

HOW DO YOU DO?

WELL, THAT WAS COOL AND QUICK!

LATER...

WHY IS HE SO NICE?

HOW ABOUT LUNCH LADIES?

LOVE TO!

NOBODY LIKES A MOP ON TOP! USE WILDROOT CREAM OIL AND BE SAFE!

WILDROOT CREAM OIL GROOMS HAIR, REMOVES DANDRUFF, REMOVES LOOSE ANDREWS!

SEE WHAT I MEAN!

WHAT TO KEEP UNDER YOUR HAT

WE'LL SOON FIND OUT!

DID I SAY GOOD-LOOKING STRICTLY FROM THE EYES DOWN!

JUST LOOK AT THAT HAIR!

MAYBE THAT SHEEP-DOG LOOK SCARED BY THEM!

USE WILDROOT CREAM-OIL ON YOUR HAIR, THEN SEE!

Napoleon and Uncle Elby

By Clifford McBride



POGO

WHY YOU FOLKS COULD OF SETTLED WHAT DATE IT WAS BY LOOKIN' AT THE CALENDAR...

WHO GOT ONE?

ONE YEAR US MIS-TOOK A BEAR CAGE FOR THE GROWN-UPS B CAGE.

OL' GROWN-UPS GOT ONE -- HE GOTTA GIT UP BY IT COME GROWN-UPS DAY -- LET'S GO BY HIS CAGE.

WELL, WE'D NEVER MAKE THE SAME MISTAKE TWICE... I'LL JUS' TIPPECANOE TOB INSIDE AN'...

GROWN!

OOPE! SCUSE ME, SIR...

HE DINT KNOW THE CAR WAS LOADED.

LIL ABNER

DON'T SHOOT HIM! THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT HIM I LOVE TOO!

I-I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! HE WRECKED MY CAR! HE BROKE MY RIBS! HE'S STOLEN MY GIRL! AND YET I LOVE HIM! WHY? WHY?

IT'S THAT SMELL! DON'T YOU RE-COGNIZE IT? PERFUME THAT SMELLS LIKE MONEY!!

WAL-CUSS MAH CLEVER BONES!

RD. KIRBY

By Alex Raymond



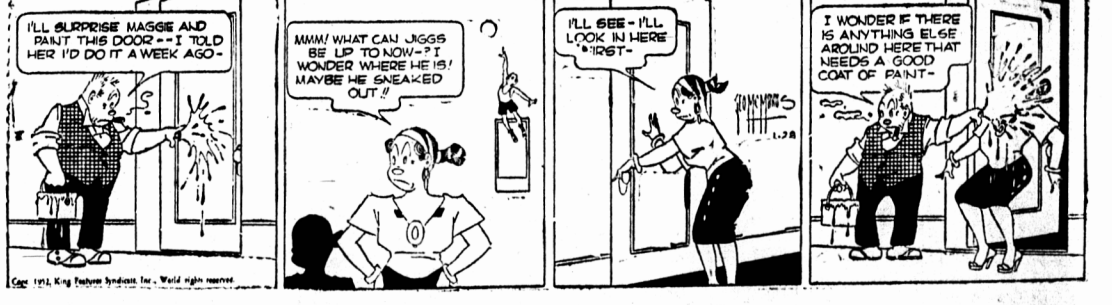
TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS

By Edwint



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



TILLY THE TOILER

By Bob Gustafson



PENNY

By Harry Rosenberg

