

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

A TWO-WAY DRILL

Today's deal can be considered in the nature of a "drill" for the proper technique on the parts of

North dealer. Neither side vulnerable. K 5, D 8 6, A K 7 3 2, K 10 8, Q J 10 9, Q 10 3, Q 10 9 6, J 5, N, W, E, A 8 4 3, J 2, J 5, Q 7 6 4, 7 6 2, A K 7 6 4, 8 4, A 9 3

The bidding: North East South West 1 Pass 1 Pass 1 NT Pass 2 NT Pass 3 Pass 4 Pass

both the declarer and the defenders.

West opened the spade queen and East, after capturing dummy's king, made the good shift to his low trump. South put up his ace and considered his problem. It was rather obvious that he would have to ruff one spade in dummy, but that would not be enough in itself; he would also have to set up dummy's diamond suit so that he could discard a club otherwise he would lose two spades, one trump and one club.

Attending to first things first South returned a spade to void dummy in that suit—and now it was up to West to find the proper countermeasure to declarer's plan. Even if West had been able to return a trump without risk (he did not know about his partner's lack)

there would have been little "future" in that play, because he could not stop South from ruffing one spade; nor was it at all attractive for West to "break" the club suit for declarer. After some thought, West continued with a third round of spades, making dummy ruff then and there.

Now declarer was on shaky

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

AN UNEXPECTED GOOD TURN

Often blessings in disguise Are completely a surprise. —Hooty the Owl.

Gray Fox was trotting along the Crooked Little Path that winds through the Green Forest. Now and then he stopped, sometimes with one foot lifted in the middle of a step. His keen ears had caught some small sound that your ears or my ears wouldn't have heard at all. Perhaps it was the faint rustle of dry leaves. Long ago he learned the importance of such faint sounds to a hunter who must live by his wits and his skill in out-guessing and out-smarting others. After listening for a moment he usually could tell whether a Merry Little Breeze had turned over a leaf or two, or tiny careless feet, or perhaps larger feet, had done it. Like his cousin, Reddy Fox, he knew the importance of heeding little things.

Gray Fox wasn't especially hungry. But, being at all times an opportunist, he wouldn't knowingly miss a chance to catch a fat mouse, or perhaps surprise Mrs. Grouse or Jumper the Hare. He approached every turn of the Crooked Little Path with caution, never going around it until he had first peered around to make sure of not missing opportunity, or of running into unexpected danger.

Deep in the Green Forest he left the Crooked Little Path. He had ground. He could cash the top diamonds and ruff a diamond, but with the suit breaking 4-2, this did him no good and he was forced to concede a club trick at the end.

It was the fact that West made dummy use an entry—the spade ruff—prematurely which kept South from setting up the diamonds.

remembered that in a certain big tree not far from there Redtail the Hawk and Mrs. Redtail had had a nest last year. He wondered if that nest was still there and decided to go see. He had long intended to climb up to that nest and perhaps take a nap and sun bath in it.

What's that? Foxes don't climb? Your mistake some foxes climb, Gray Foxes especially. When there are plenty of branches all the way up they climb with the greatest of ease. They are more at home in a tree than most people think. Of course they are not such good climbers as Squirrels, or Bobby

Coon, or Uncle Billy Possum, because they haven't such sharp claws for digging into the wood and holding on, but they do surprisingly well and often climb high. He wondered if those big Hawks would use that nest again this year. He hadn't seen them around since they had left for the Sunny South in the fall to spend the winter. He was sure they were not back yet. If they were he would have seen them circling high in the air above the Green Forest as it was that way.

As he drew near the big tree in which the nest was he heard a sound that caused him to stop and stand perfectly still. A funny look crept over his face. Yes, sir, it was a funny look, as if he doubted his own ears, a look in which belief seemed to be struggling with disbelief.

"Babies!" he exclaimed under his breath. "Babies up in that nest! It can't be true, yet it is or there is something very wrong with my ears."

It was chilly and gloomy in there among the trees of that lonely place in the Green Forest. A couple of patches of snow still lingered. (Continued on Page 12)

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KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

By Zane Grey



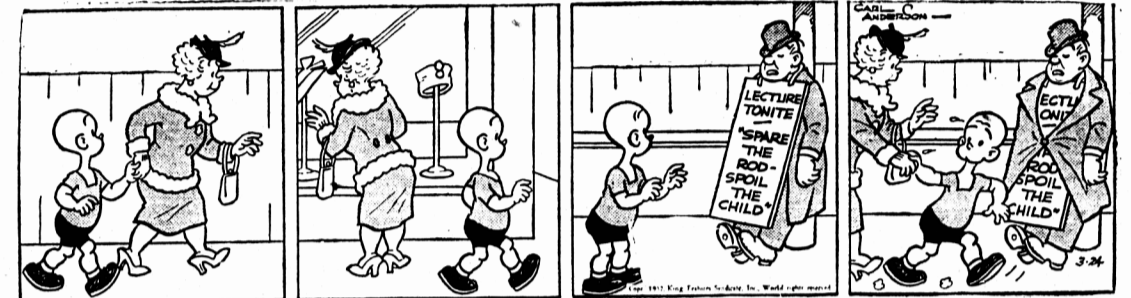
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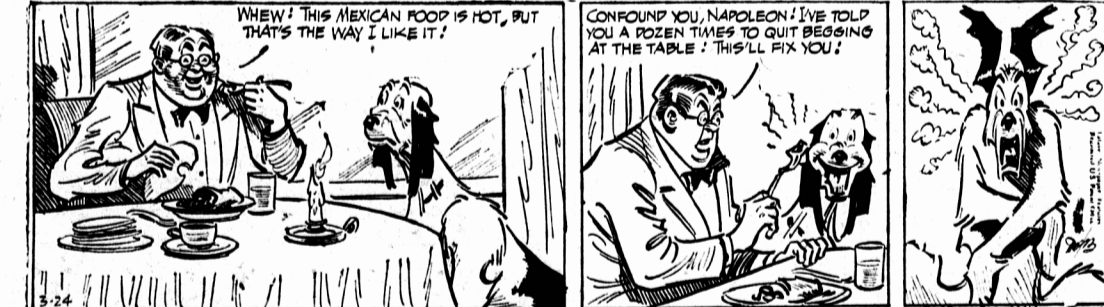
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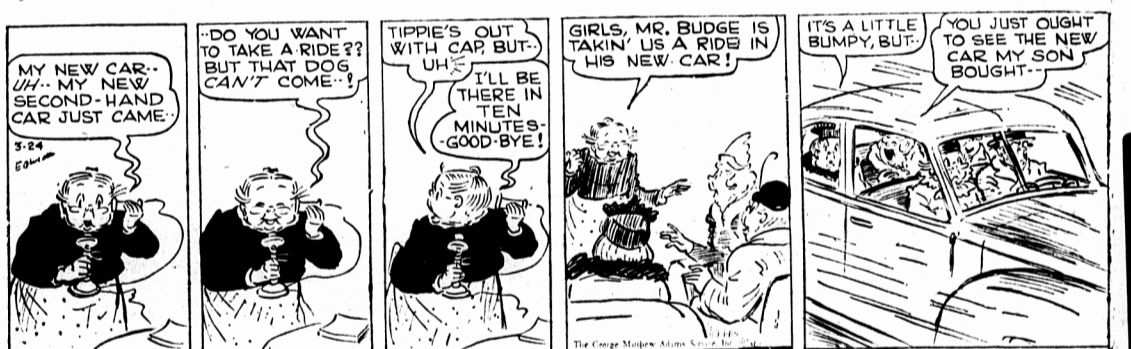
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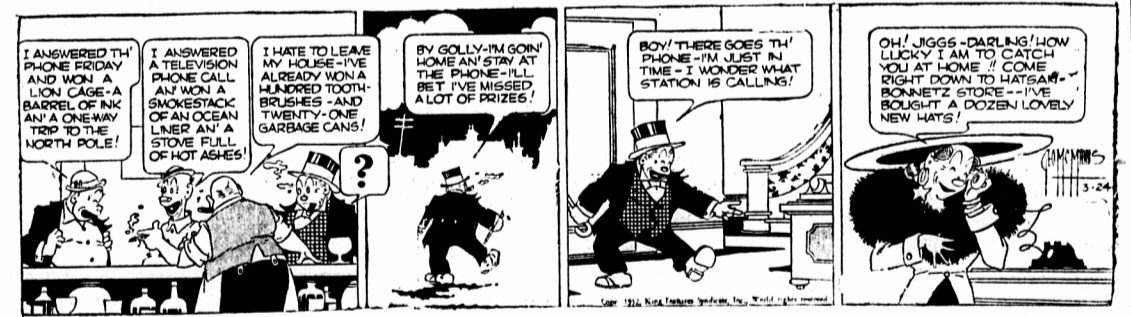
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