

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

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

TWO IMPORTANT POINTS

The proper technique in today's deal involved two points on which many players go astray.

North dealer. East-West vulnerable. A 3, K J 10 4, J 10 8 5, A 5 2, K J 8 7, N, Q 4, 6, A 9 6 3, 8 7 2, W, 7 6 5, K 4, S, 7 6 4 3, Q 10 8, 10 9 5 2, Q 5, A Q 9 2, K J 9.

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

South's jump to two notrump was shaded—since this call normally requires 3 to 3 1/2 honor tricks, or 13 to 15 points, whereas South had only 2 1/2 honor tricks, or 12 points. However, the final contract was a reasonable one, in view of the bolstering intermediate cards, tens and nines, in the North-South hands.

West made his normal fourth-best lead, the spade seven, and right here, at the first trick, South had a minor problem to solve. There was no reason to suspect the lead as from a short suit; it was far more apt to be an honest fourth-best; so, by the Rule of 11, East had only one card which could top the seven. This must be an honor, since West would have led the king from a holding of X-Q-J and others. If the spade ace was put up, and if West had started with a five-card suit, the suit would be blocked. True, West might have both the diamond king and the heart ace, but that was most unlikely, and in any case there was nothing declarer could do about that possibility.

Observe that ducking the opening lead in dummy would be ruinous, but South gave himself the right start by playing the spade ace. East, hoping to get in with the heart ace, and hoping that his partner had a tenace position in spades, unblocked the spade queen—a good try—but it didn't matter with the actual spade situation. Having negotiated the first necessary maneuver, South now had to avoid another pitfall. It is often vital to knock out an ace before setting up another suit which requires a finesse, but in this case the finesse, in diamonds, would go toward the "danger" hand. West, and so declarer properly let the diamond jack

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



By Thornton W. Burgess

THE TERRIBLE STRANGER

There are times it may not be an unmixed blessing to be free. —Old Mother Nature.

Freedom is the greatest of all blessings, yet there are times when it may not seem to be a blessing. Little Too-Smart, the runaway son of Reddy Fox, had thought it very wonderful to be off by himself with no one to tell him to do this, and no one to do that; to be for the first time wholly free. He hadn't intended to run away. He hadn't known he was running away. He had thought he could go back home any time he pleased. But when he started to go back home, he couldn't. He hadn't the least idea in the world where home was. He was lost. Right then and there, freedom wasn't so wonderful as he had thought.

He had spent that first night under a bush up in the upper part of the Old Pasture. He had had two bad frights in the night. Old Jed Thumper, the gray old Rabbit who lived in the Old Pasture, had started the little Fox out of a sound sleep by thumping the ground close to him. Of course Old Jed Thumper was perfectly harmless, but the little Fox didn't know this. Old Jed Thumper would have chuckled had he known what a fright he had given that little Fox. A little later, Hooty the Owl's fierce hunting call close by had made the heart of the little Fox almost stop beating. How he did wish he was back in the snug underground home with his brothers and sisters!

But when morning came, he caught a Cricket and a Mouse for breakfast. Knowing that he had caught his own breakfast was a wonderful feeling. Once more he began to feel quite equal to looking out for himself. He began to feel very brave, and thought less about trying to find his way home. The Great World was a very wonderful place, and there was so much to see. Of course, the Great World was only a small corner of the Old Pasture, but to a little Fox, it was full of wonders.

There were not so many little paths winding here and there, crossing and recrossing and mixing one up. Presently, there was only one little path, and it led to the edge of the Green Forest. The little Fox sat down and stared at the trees. He had never seen tall trees before. None of the trees in the Old Pasture was tall, and of course there were no trees on the Green Meadows. The only trees the little Fox had ever seen were

ride, deferring heart establishment. The finesse lost, but the defenders were helpless.



Then he saw a small person in a red coat coming head first down a tree.

at a distance, and they had not looked tall.

At first, he hesitated about going in among those tall trees. In the first place, there were no bushes to hide under. It wouldn't be easy to get out of sight in a hurry. Somehow, looking into the

Green Forest between the trunks of all those trees made him feel very small and all alone. He was a little afraid. He had almost made up his mind to turn back. He had a feeling that he would be lost among bushes than among those great trees of the Green Forest.

Just as he was, about to turn back, he heard a sharp scolding voice. At first he couldn't make out just where it came from. Then he saw a small person in a red coat coming headfirst down a tree. The small person in the red coat was halfway down the trunk of a tree when he saw the young Fox. He stopped right there, halfway down, and now his tongue flew as he scolded and called every word he jerked his tail. Just watching him made the little Fox feel as if his own tail was getting tired. It was Chatterer the Red Squirrel but of course the little Fox didn't know who it was. However, he did know that he didn't like being scolded and called bad names by one so much smaller than himself. And if this small person was not afraid in among those trees there was nothing for him to be afraid of.

Suddenly, Chatterer seemed to forget the young Fox. He had caught sight of some one else and now his scolding tongue flew faster than ever. The little Fox looked to see who it was Chatterer was scolding now. There, shuffling along, grunting and whining and complaining, was a terrible fellow. He was big and black. Anyway, he was big compared with the young Fox. Little Too-Smart stood still, staring with frightened eyes. He was too scared to move.

Quickies

By Ken Reynolds



"Completely automatic, the Guardian Want Ad said—and it hasn't cooked a thing all day!"

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED



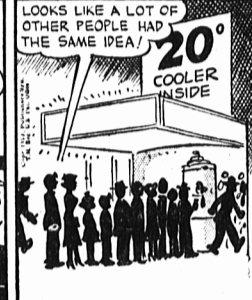
By Al Capp

L'L ABNER



By Ruford

DOTTY DRIPPLE



By Bob Gustafson

TILLY THE TOILER



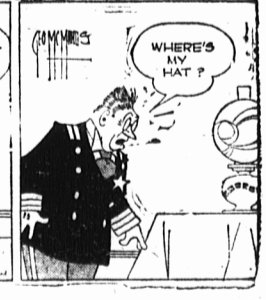
By Edwina

TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS



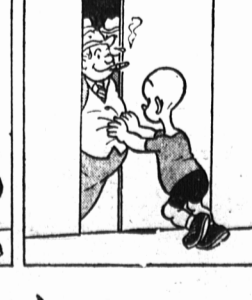
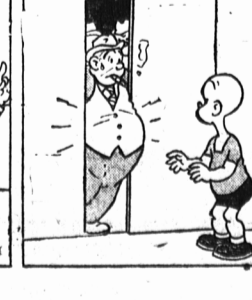
By George McManus

BRINGING UP FATHER



By Carl Anderson

HENRY



By Ham Fisher

JOE PALOOKA



POGO



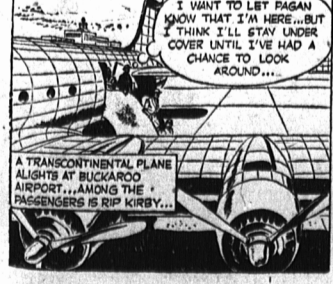
By Walt Kelly

Napoleon and Uncle Elby



By Clifford McBride

RIP KIRBY



By Alex Raymond

PENNY



By Harry Hoehnig