

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

AN UNLIKELY COMBINATION

It required a remarkable bid on South's part to get into a four-spade contract on the following hand — and it then required bad defense for the contract to be fulfilled.

West dealer.
North-South vulnerable.

♠ 9 7 6	♠ 5 4 3
♥ K Q 8 5 3	♥ A J 9 2
♦ Q 4	♦ 8 6
♣ 7 2	♣ A J 10 5

Deal:
N W E S
♠ A K J 10 7 6 4
♥ 7 6 4
♦ A 5 3
♣ K Q 8

This deal occurred at match-point duplicate, and at a quite a few of the tables West made things unpleasant for the opponents by opening with the shutout bid of three diamonds. When this was the opening, the various Norths and Easts passed and, usually, the

players sitting South doubled. Every North then bid three hearts, and two Souths raised to four hearts. This contract was doubled by both Easts and defeated. At the other tables the South players wisely passed to three hearts and earned comparatively good match-point scores.

The exception to all this was one South who apparently mistrusted his partner and who instead of doubling three diamonds, had the "bravery" to bid three spades. He partner innocently (and of course correctly) raised to four spades, and East doubled. West's lead here was the heart ten. Dummy's queen was put up and East won with the ace. East was pretty sure that the lead had been a singleton, but he saw no reason to sacrifice his own second heart trick if that was the case. It certainly did not seem that South would have made his bid on only a four-card suit, and therefore East could not look to his partner for two heart ruffs. So he decided against returning the suit.

This decision was all right, but the alternative East chose was not so good! He laid down the club ace, hoping to get a high signal from West. When West could not oblige, East shifted to diamonds, but too late. South went up with the diamond ace, drew two rounds of trumps, cashed his clubs, discarding dummy's last diamond, then led and passed a heart into East. The latter was now helpless.

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



By Thornton W. Burgess

FARMER BROWN'S BOY SPEAKS OUT

Be honest. Speak your mind right out. Of how you feel leave none in doubt.

—Farmer Brown's Boy.



Sister Hooty, the big but young Horned Owl, suffering pain and terror, caught in the jaws of a steel trap, hung down from the top of a telephone pole. She had thought that nothing could be worse. Now she wasn't sure. The owner of the Chickens running about below her, and that were the cause of all her fright and suffering, was climbing that pole. She never had seen one of these giant two-legged folk near before and his very size terrified her.

He was coming up to get her. She knew that. What would he do to her? She couldn't fly away. She tried desperately, just as she had tried again and again through the long morning. She beat the air with her great wings but it was useless. That terrible trap held one leg lighter than ever. Anyway it seemed so. When the Man was near enough she tried to beat him with her wings. She struck at him again and again with the big claws of her free foot and with her hooked bill. She did give him a deep scratch with one claw and this made him angrier than ever, and he was angry enough in the first place. He had been losing Chickens and he was sure this was the one who had taken them.

He had brought a grain bag and into this he managed to force Sister Hooty. There she was completely helpless. He wasn't at all gentle in doing it for that deep scratch smarted and he was in a bad temper. He freed the chain from the top of the pole and with Sister Hooty half smothered in the bag climbed down.

Just then Farmer Brown's boy arrived. He had come to see about

buying some Chickens. "What have you in that bag, Neighbor Snow?" he asked. "I've got the thief who has been taking my Chickens," growled Neighbor Snow.

"It is one of those big Hoot Owls. I thought a Hawk was taking the Chickens so I set a trap on top of that pole. You know Hawks like to sit on poles like that and I guessed one might be using that pole from which to swoop down on the Chickens. But it seems it was an Owl." By means of the chain on the trap he roughly pulled Sister Hooty out of the bag. Frightened as she was she was bravely hissing and snapping her bill.

"It is a young Horned Owl, a this year's bird," declared Farmer Brown's Boy. "Now you've caught what are you going to do with it?" "Kill it of course. What else would I do with it? A chicken farm is no place for Owls or Hawks or any other Chicken thieves. I would

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KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

By Z... Gray



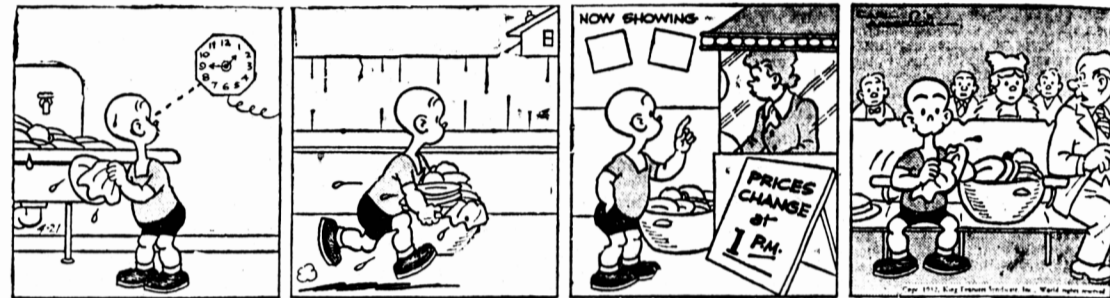
JOE PALOOKA

By Ham Fisher



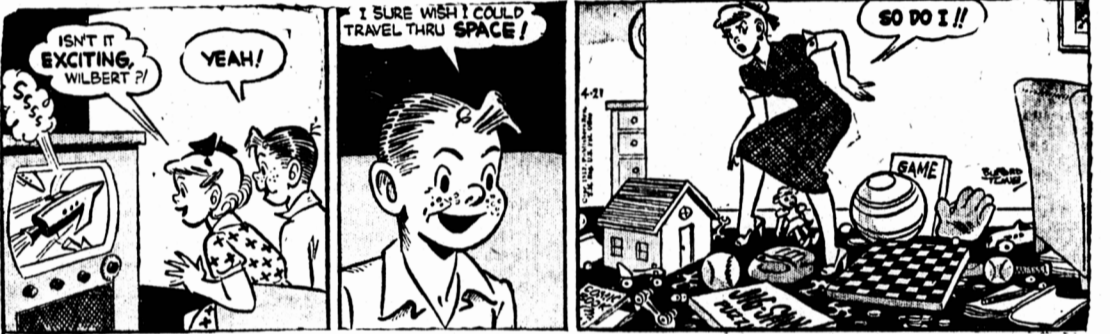
HENRY

By Carl Anderson



DOTTY DRIPPLE

By Ruford



TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS

By Edwina



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



TILLY THE TOILER

By Bob Gustafson



PENNY

By Harry Henningsen



THE ADVENTURES OF WILDROOT CREAM-OIL CHARLIE

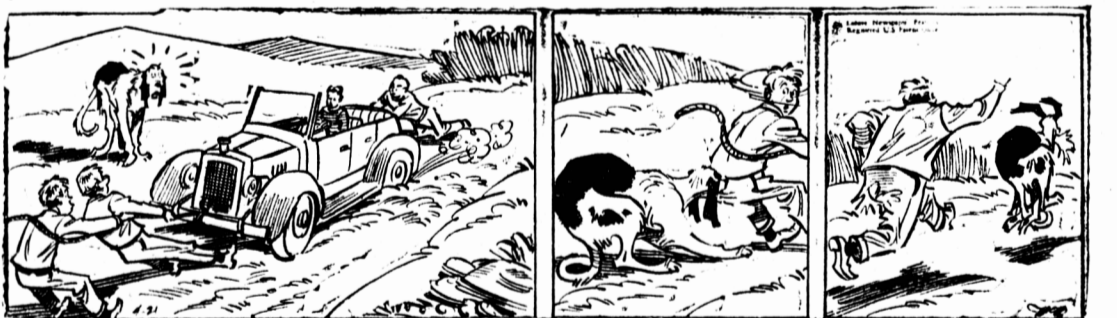


By Walt Keny



Napoleon and Uncle Elby

By Clifford McBride



J.L. ABNER

By Al Capp



RIP KIRBY

By Alex Raymond

