

By Ham Fisher

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Cluvertson

NO CHANCE FOR RECOVERY

The declarer made a bad guess in the following hand — and then the defenders moved in.

South dealer. Both sides vulnerable.

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

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

West made his normal lead, the fourth-best club. South won with the Jack and led the diamond Jack, finessing East won and, not wanting to experiment in spades or hearts, returned his partner's club suit.

Dummy's club king won this trick and the five diamond tricks were run off. Both defenders discarded perfectly to these tricks. East led two hearts and one spade; West shed his clubs. South himself had difficulty discarding on the diamonds, but gave up two spades and two hearts.

Now with five cards remaining in all hands, dummy's were the J-10-9 of spades and the K-7 of hearts; East's were the Q-8-4 of spades and the A-6 of hearts; declarer had the K-7 of spades and the J-10 of hearts; while West had his original A-6 of spades and the Q-9-4 of hearts. Declarer led the spade Jack from dummy, and when East played low, made the bad guess of putting up the king in the hope that the ace lay on his right. It was a fatal decision.

West captured the king and promptly returned a spade; East took his queen and put dummy in by leading his last spade. Now, since a

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



By Thornton W. Burgess

TOMMY TIT GETS A BREAKFAST

There's nothing like a note of cheer To scatter gloom, and banish fear. —Tommy Tit the Chickadee.

Little Tommy Tit the Chickadee practices what he preaches. He is just a little feathered dispenser of good cheer. No matter how gloomy the day, Tommy Tit has a cheery note that just cannot be resisted. "Dee, dee, dee, see me!" cried Tommy Tit, as he hangs up-side-down to the tip of a twig. You look just like you. And when you see him snapping his little black eyes at you and calling again, "Dee, dee, dee, see me, see me!" you feel better, no matter how gloomy you had been before. He has the same effect as a ray of sunlight breaking through a dark cloud.

Tommy Tit never looks on the dark side of life. No matter how bad things may be, he is always sure that they are going to be better, and says so. He is a very small life which is to carry cheer wherever he goes.

There had been a bad storm, the worst kind of a storm; an ice storm. Everything was coated with ice. Branches of trees were broken off by the weight of the ice on them. Every twig of every tree and bush looked as if it were in a glass case.

How in the world Tommy Tit could hold on to one of those slippery twigs with those small feet — of his. It was difficult to understand. Sometimes he did slip off, but when he did he seemed to think it was a joke, and his merry "Dee, dee, dee, see me!"

heart had to be led away from the K-7, declarer lost the last two tricks, and his contract.

Although declarer could have collected nine tricks in several different ways, there was nothing conspicuously bad about his play, and the defenders deserved credit for exploiting their opportunity.

dee, dee, dee." rang out. Everybody who heard it felt better. In winter time, a large part of Tommy Tit's food consists of the tiny eggs of tiny insects. These are on the bark and trunks of trees. When an ice storm comes this food is completely shut away from Tommy Tit. This means hard times. Does he worry? Perhaps, but he doesn't let anybody know.

This storm had been one of the worst that Tommy Tit could remember. When it was over, and he started out to look for something to eat, he couldn't find a thing. "Dee, dee, dee!" he cried. "Dee, dee, dee!" I know where I can get something.

Straightway he flew over to Farmer Brown's house. He was sure that there would be something for him on the feeding shelf at a kitchen window. Every winter Farmer Brown's Boy kept that shelf supplied with seeds and other good things for his feathered friends.

"Dee, dee, dee, dee, dee!" cried Tommy Tit as he lighted on that shelf. It was a cheery note, good to hear on this cold morning. Then Tommy Tit made a discovery. It wasn't a pleasant discovery. It was just the opposite. There wasn't a single seed that he could pick up. Some of those seeds he could see through the ice that covered them, but his little bill wasn't stout enough for him to peck away the ice and get the seeds. Even the big piece of suet was covered so that he couldn't get the tiniest bit.

Could anything have been more discouraging? Wouldn't you have been discouraged had you been in his place? He had to have food, and he had to have it soon. All through the storm he had had almost nothing to eat. A bird must have plenty of food, and have it often to make warmth in the body, and to furnish strength and energy to keep wings going.

Tommy Tit hopped from one end of the shelf to the other, and back



"Dee, dee, dee, dee!" cried Tommy Tit as he lighted on that shelf.

again. Where was Farmer Brown's Boy? Why hadn't he put out more seeds? Had he forgotten? What Tommy Tit didn't know was that he was a little early for breakfast. He was up before Farmer Brown's Boy.

Once more Tommy Tit hopped all over that ice-covered shelf. Then he pecked in the window. Farmer Brown's Boy was up now busy in the kitchen. So was Mother Brown. "Dee, dee, dee, dee!" called Tommy Tit. But they were so busy they didn't hear him.

Tommy's little black eyes snapped. They have a way of snapping in the sauciest manner. What do you think he did then? He tapped on the window. Perhaps he saw something inside he thought he could get. Anyway, it brought results. Farmer Brown's Boy stopped what he was doing; so did Mother Brown. Both looked at the little Bird outside. "Bless his heart!" cried Mother Brown, and both reached for some sunflower seeds at the same instant that as a result a lot of them were spilled.

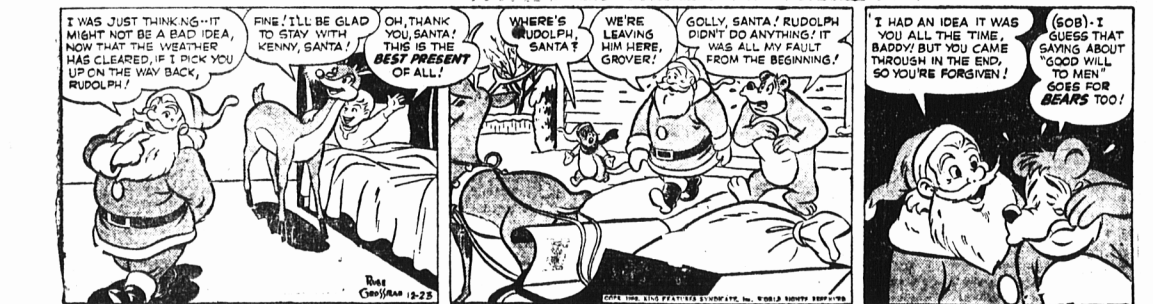
"Dee, dee, dee!" cried Tommy Tit happily, as the window was opened. And he hopped right inside on the window sill.

ST. NICK'S SPIRIT

It is thought that St. Nicholas died about 345 A. D., and for 30 days following his festival day, his genial spirit roamed the earth, filling the hearts of mankind with love and generosity. He gave the gifts without thought of return — the true spirit of St. Nicholas and Christmas.

By Robert L. May

RUDOLPH THE RED NOSED REINDEER



By Walt Kelly

Pogo



By Zane Grey

King Of The Royal Mounted



By Al Capp

Li'l Abner



By Alex Raymond

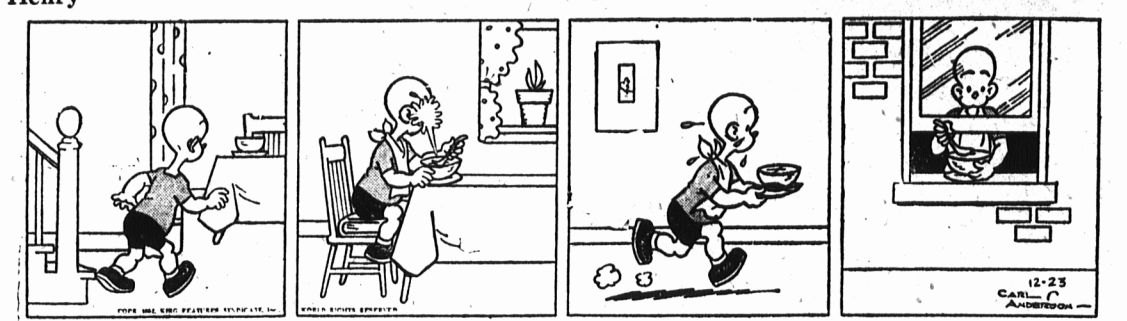
Rip Kirby



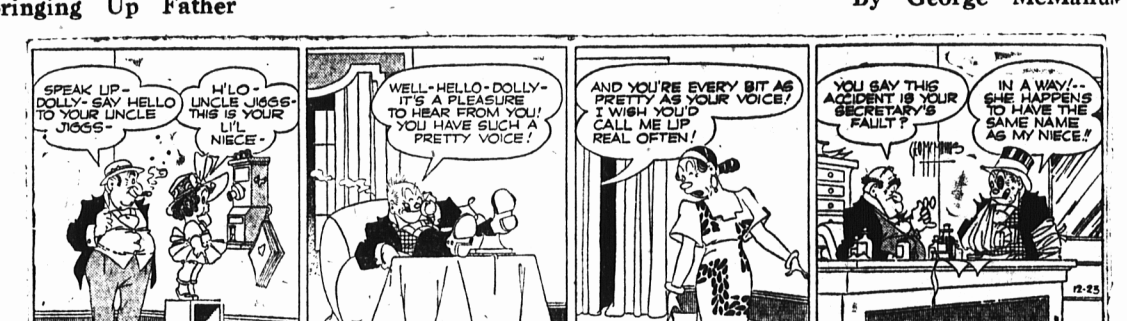
Joe Palooka



Henry



Bringing Up Father



Napoleon and Uncle Elby



Tippy and "Cap" Stubs



Dotty Dripple



Tilly The Toiler



FENNY



Penny

