



By Thornton W. Burgess

PETER GETS ACQUAINTED

Strange though it is, it seems to be. That very few can really see. —Old Mother Nature Sitting under a big fern at the edge of the Smiling Pool, was Peter Rabbit. Peter was excited. He was full of curiosity. He was watching two visitors at the Smiling Pool. They were visitors from the Sunny South. They were white cousins of Longlegs the Heron. Longlegs is one of the big members of the Heron family, and he wears a blueish coat. This is why he is called the Great Blue Heron. These cousins of his were dressed in white. They were smaller than Longlegs. To Peter they looked just alike as he watched them on the other side of the Smiling Pool. All the time Longlegs was standing in the water, partly hidden by rushes and very near where Peter was sitting. Finally Peter's curiosity wouldn't let him keep still any longer. He poked his head out from beneath the big fern to speak to Longlegs. "Are those your cousins?" asked Peter. Longlegs admitted they were, and Peter was ready with another question. "Where did they come from?" he asked. "How should I know?" replied



Peter's eyes bulged right out. "But you look just alike!" he cried.

"Do you mean that you are not from the same nest?" asked Peter. "I mean just that," was the reply. "We don't even have the same name. I am Budge. My friend here is Little Blue."

Peter's eyes bulged right out. "But, you look just alike!" he cried.

Longlegs the Great Blue Heron, who was listening spoke then. "What is wrong with your eyes, Peter?" he asked.

"Nothing is wrong with my eyes," protested Peter. "They do look just alike."

Peter looked. He looked and looked. The two birds were a little distance from him now, for they had moved away. Both looked pure white. He couldn't see any difference. He said so. Longlegs shook his head. "I still say there must be something wrong with your eyes, Peter," said he. "You haven't looked at anything but their coats. Look at their legs."

Peter did. He felt a little foolish. Budge's legs were black, and when Budge lifted a foot so it could be seen the toes were yellow. Little Blue's legs were greenish instead of black. Had Peter been a little closer, he would have seen perhaps some faint blueish spots on the long feathers of the wings of Little Blue.

"Why do they call him Little Blue?" asked Peter. "Because he also is a Blue Heron," spoke up Longlegs. "But Little Blue isn't blue!" cried Peter. "But he will be when he's a year older," declared Longlegs. "He is white only when he is young."

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

NO PROBLEM

East felt that he had a difficult defensive problem in the following hand, but he was mistaken.

North dealer. Both sides vulnerable.

Bridge hand diagram showing cards for North, West, South, and East.

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

North rather extended himself in jump-raising his partner's spade response, but South, as it happened, would have bid again anyway, over a mere single raise.

West opened the heart king, and was presented with the trick. Now he shifted, with a heart return by East after collecting two club tricks, would have wrecked South's chances, but West could scarcely know this and so could not be criticized for continuing with hearts.

Winning the second lead, declarer ruffed away dummy's last heart, then cashed two high trumps, ending in dummy, and led the club jack. East took the trick with the king and cashed the club ace, then went into a long, but fruitless, huddle over how to continue. Apparently concluding that another club lead might find declarer out of the suit and thus give him a diamond discard while dummy ruffed, East shifted to his low diamond, South put in his diamond jack, and when it held he quickly captured East's diamond queen to conclude the matter.

East was not very consistent in his reasoning. If South was out of clubs after two leads, then he must have four diamonds, since he had shown only five spades and two hearts. Thus, it would do him no good whatsoever to discard one of his four diamonds on a third round of clubs. In other words, this was certainly a case where East should have permitted a ruff-and-discard rather than jeopardize his diamond queen by leading from it.

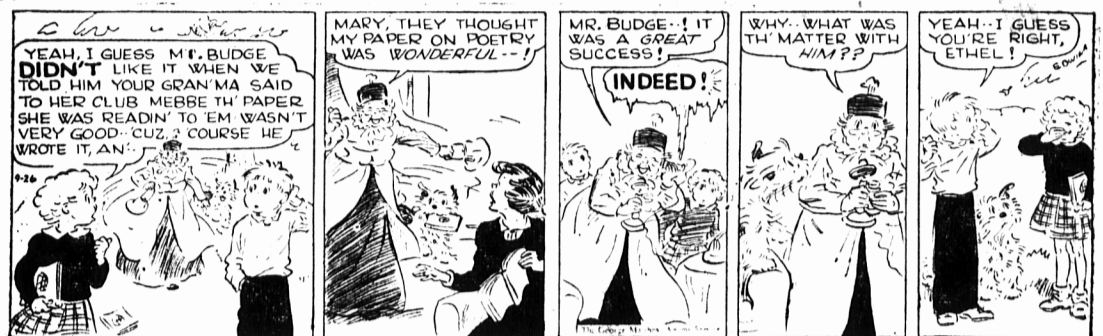
POLPERRO OP — David Reese, 12, was fishing from the end of a pier in this Cornwall resort when he was swept into the sea by a low-flying swan. The boy swam ashore safely.

Dotty Dripple



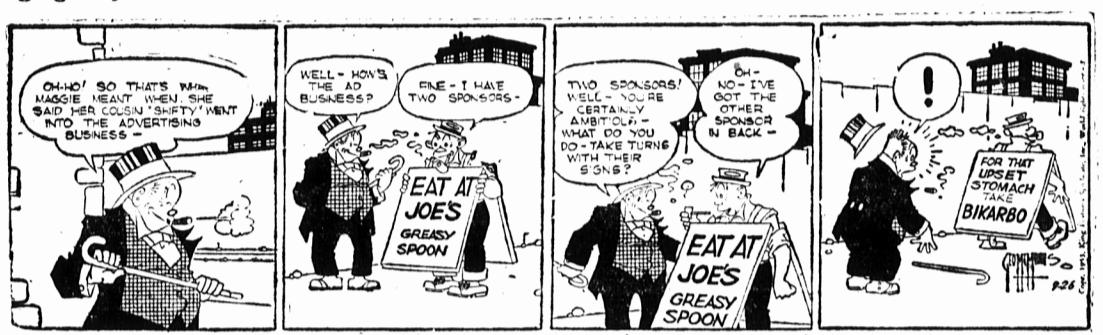
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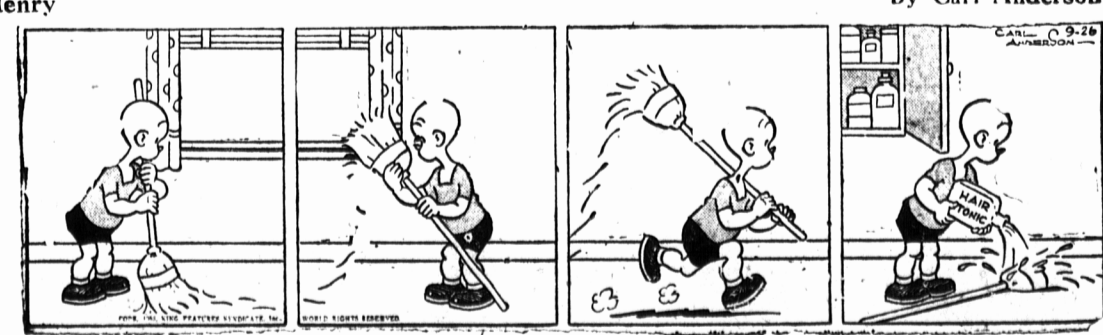
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