

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

TOO SOON

The effectiveness of a cue-bid showing a strong hand and control of the opponents' suit, may be nil if the bid is made too soon. Observe South's self-imposed dilemma in this case:

North dealer.
North-South vulnerable.

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

The bidding:

North	East	South	West
1♠	2♣	3♠	5♣
Pass	Pass	5♠	Pass
Pass	Pass		

West's opening lead did not matter—it happened to be the heart jack—because South could spread the hand for 13 tricks. It was South's extremely premature use of the cue-bid that was responsible for the far-too-low contract. Surely, South could have deferred his club-control bid until he found out where the hand should be played—in his own spade suit, if North had some support, or in diamonds, if North could rebid that suit. As the bidding actually went, West's shrewd defensive leap to five clubs put South in a very awkward position. For all South could know, North might have a singleton spade or even be void in the suit, and so it did not seem advisable to risk a higher call than five spades. South hoped, of course, that his partner could "cooperate," but North felt that his own opening bid had been irreducibly light, so he was glad to accept the five-spade contract.

South should have contented himself with bidding only two clubs over East's two clubs. Then, whether or not West put in his

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



By Thornton W. Burgess

COUSIN GRAY IS DOUBTED

The wise, whenever much in doubt, Persist until they find things out.—Old Mother Nature.

"Foxes don't climb," declared Young Too-Smart, the young Red Fox who had just made the acquaintance of Cousin Gray, who has a gray coat instead of a red one.

"Foxes do climb if they have any sense," retorted Cousin Gray sharply.

"You are talking just to hear yourself talk," declared the young Red Fox. "I mean Foxes really don't climb like Happy Jack Squirrel, or Bobby Coon, or Unc. Billy Possom. Of course we can get a little way off the ground if the limbs are low enough, but I don't call that real climbing."

"When I climb, I want to go up high." "I don't believe you ever really climbed a tree in your life," declared Young Too-Smart most impudently. "If you can climb I guess my father and mother can climb, and I never heard them say they could. They showed me a lot of tricks, but they didn't show me how to climb a tree. Let me see your feet."

"What do you want to see my feet for?" asked Cousin Gray in a

shutout raise. South could later try his cue bid. Even if he had to bid six clubs over West's raise to five clubs, that course would be logical because it would be an obvious on North for a choice between a spade and a diamond slam reach their best spot, but even a small slam contract would have been quite an improvement over the actual contract.

tone of surprise. "I want to see your toes," replied his young cousin.

"What do you want to see my toes for?" Cousin Gray wanted to know. He looked very much puzzled.

"If they have claws I'll believe you can climb. But if they have only toenails like mine, I'll know you can't climb," said Young Too-Smart, and thought himself very clever.

"I don't know what claws and toenails have to do with the matter," said Cousin Gray.

"They have everything to do with it," retorted his young cousin. "Folks with claws, sharp claws, are good climbers. Folks with nothing but toenails haven't anything to hold on with."

"You don't know much," declared Cousin Gray. "It may be that you Red Foxes cannot climb, but we Gray Foxes can climb, do climb, and like to climb. We haven't claws either. We have been smart enough to learn how to use what we have got."

"I'll believe you can climb when I see you do it," declared Young Too-Smart. "So you don't believe me," said Cousin Gray, and his voice was sharp and unpleasant. He was growing angry.

"No, I don't," retorted his young cousin in a most decided tone.

Just then both heard a sound that caused them to prick up their ears. It was the baying of a dog. It was in the distance, and rather faint. But there was no mistaking it. Only dogs chasing someone, following a trail, bark in the manner which is called baying. The two foxes stood with their heads held high and their ears cocked forward.

"I wonder what that dog is chasing," said the young Red Fox. "I think I'll climb a tree, and see what I can see," replied Cousin

"I wonder who that dog is chasing," said the young Red Fox.

Gray. He said it in the most matter-of-fact way. He turned, and headed for a tree on the very edge of the swamp, a tree with low-growing branches. Young Too-Smart watched him still with unbelief in his eyes.



RED POSTAGE — The Communist East German government has issued this new stamp, showing Stalinalee in the "Red Glamour Boulevard," in the Soviet sector of Berlin. Formerly called Frankfurterallee, the street has been reconstructed in typical Soviet style. It was on this thoroughfare that East German workers started their revolt last June.

LONG SEASON

LACOMBE, Alta. — (CP) — Unusually mild autumn weather in this district resulted in golfers playing daily up to the end of November.

Rudolph—and the Blue Nosed Reindeer

By Robert L. May



Tilly The Toiler

By Bob Gustafson



Bringing Up Father

By George McManus



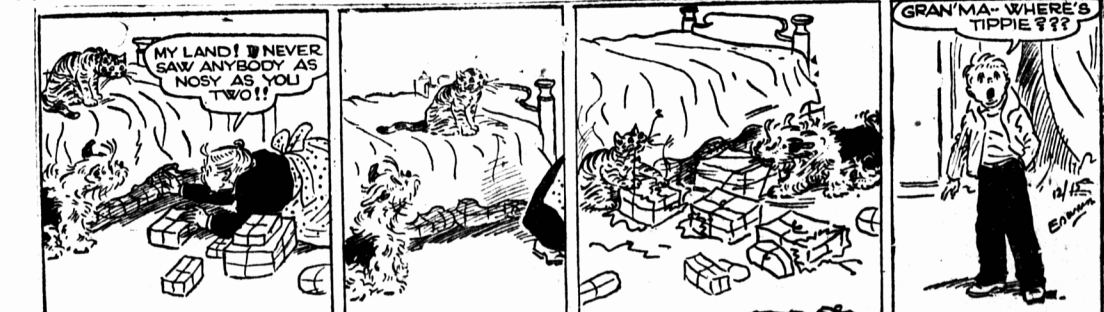
Dotty Dripple

By Buford



Tippy and "Cap" Stubbs

By Edwin



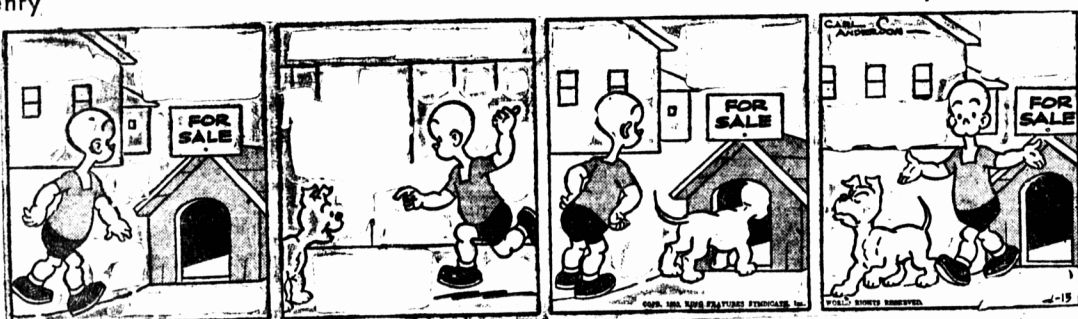
Pogo

By Walt Kelly



Henry

By Carl Anderson



L'il Abner

By Al Capp



Joe Palooka

By Ham Fisher



Rip Kirby

By Alex Raymond



King of The Royal Mounted

By Zane Grey



Napoleon and Uncle Elby

By Clifford McBride



PENNY

By Harry Hoenigson

