

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

WRONG GRAND SLAM

There are almost infinite ways to lose points at contract bridge, but probably the costliest error is, with a grand slam in the combined hands, to bid that slam at the wrong denomination. Take the following case for example. North-South lost 100 points instead of collecting 2210 points!

North dealer.

North-South vulnerable.

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

The bidding:

North	East	South	West
1♠	Pass	2♠	Pass
2NT	Pass	3♠	Pass
3NT	Pass	4NT	Pass
5♠	Pass	5NT	Pass
6♠	Pass	7NT	Pass
Pass	Pass	Pass	Pass

The seven-notrump contract would have been all right if the jack of hearts had fallen, but as the cards lay, South could win only 12 tricks. The opponents shuddered over their narrow escape while North and South argued over who had been responsible for not reaching the laydown contract of seven spades.

It seems clear enough that the blame rested on North, because, for reasons that were logical only to North himself, he refused to support South's spade suit from first to last. Explaining this, North argued that his opening bid had been a "mimny," and that a spade raise, either direct or as a mere preference over South's three-diamond bid, would have been too encouraging. He insisted that his actual notrump rebids should have warned South not to expect very much, and that South should have signed off at the small-slam level.

It is true that South was optimistic when he contracted for 13 tricks without knowing that North would solidify the spade suit. The fact remains, however, that the same optimism directed into the proper channel—seven spades—would have brought a high reward!

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

(By Thornton W. Burgess)

A LITTLE TOO LATE

Too late! It matters not at all. The margin, be it great or small. —Blacky the Crow.

"Caw, caw, caw," cried Blacky the Crow. He was flying back to the Green Forest, cawing as he flew. He didn't sound really happy. He wasn't really happy. He sounded a bit disappointed. He was disappointed. Mrs. Blacky was resting in the top of a tall pine tree from which she could see way across the Green Meadows to the Old Pasture on one side and the Big River in another direction. Keen eyes have Blacky the Crow and Mrs. Blacky. Little goes on that they miss. But they do miss some things, even the very sharpest eyes cannot see everything.

"You sound out of sorts," said Mrs. Blacky as Blacky joined her. "I'm," cried Blacky. "What's the trouble now?" Mrs. Blacky wanted to know. "No real trouble," replied Blacky. "I'm just thinking of what I missed."

"Mrs. Blacky would have pricked up her ears had she any ears that could be pricked up. No birds have ears that can be pricked up as are the ears of some of their neighbors in fur. 'What have you missed?' she asked.

"Rabbits," croaked Blacky, and his voice sounded more disappointed than ever.

"Rabbits?" repeated Mrs. Blacky after him. "What Rabbits?"

"Peter Rabbit's babies," croaked Blacky.

Mrs. Blacky looked really interested now. She was. "How big are they?" she asked. "Big enough to get safely back into the Old Briar-patch," croaked Blacky.

"Oh!" exclaimed Mrs. Blacky, and she sounded as disappointed as Blacky had. She fluffed out her feathers. She stretched a wing and went all over it with her bill. She showed very plainly that she had lost all interest in baby Rabbits.

"We might have had them," said Blacky.

"You don't say," said Mrs. Blacky without even looking at him. She ran a feather through her bill by way of cleaning it.

"I do say," retorted Blacky; "we must have flown right over them



Illustration by W. H. LAY

"You sound out of sorts," said Mrs. Blacky as Blacky joined her. two or three times a day," he added.

Mrs. Blacky took the feather out of her wing, settled the wing back in place, and shook herself. Her interest had returned.

"Where?" she demanded.

"On the Green Meadows," replied Blacky.

"I don't believe it," said Mrs. Blacky.

"What you do or do not believe makes no difference. Those babies were born out in the grass on the Green Meadows and must have been there for some time. I saw Mrs. Peter leading them home to the dear Old Briar-patch just a little while ago," retorted Blacky.

"That doesn't mean a thing," declared Mrs. Blacky. "She may have just had them out for a walk. I don't believe they were born and have been living out on the Green Meadows. If they had been there I would have seen them. How many were there?"

"Six," replied Blacky.

"Don't tell me that I ever flew over six baby Rabbits and didn't see one," retorted Mrs. Blacky.

Blacky chuckled. "I did it, so why not you? I flatter myself my

eyes are as good as yours," said he.

"Do you know right where they were?" demanded Mrs. Blacky. "I didn't while they were there, but I do now," Blacky declared. "You'll have to show me," said Mrs. Blacky.

Blacky suddenly spread his wings. "Come on!" he called over his shoulder.



Arthur Boon, left, of Edmonton, flight engineer aboard missing DC-4; Eldon Krausher of Vancouver, second officer.

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Itching Misery Spread Over Hands, Arms and Legs Tells How He Found Relief

"For over 40 years I have had to submit to the curse of Eczema—sprayed over hands, arms and finally my legs," writes Mr. M. R. of Vancouver, B.C. "I gave up all hope of ever finding a remedy that would give me a little relief. I tried everything. Three months back I was compelled to leave a good job on account of the condition of my skin. After being home for a month, I read an advertisement of your Emerald Oil. I bought a bottle and applied a few daubs on my raw flesh. Eureka—what had I found! I wish you could see my skin today. If I did not have the living proof on my own body, no one on this Earth could ever possibly convince me that it was possible to have such a remedy act and operate so rapidly. Gentlemen, I wish to heartily thank you. If you or any relative or friend suffer from any form of itching skin troubles, you will make no mistake in giving Moore's Emerald Oil a trial. Stainless—Greaseless—but extremely efficacious. Moore's Emerald Oil is obtainable wherever drugs are sold.

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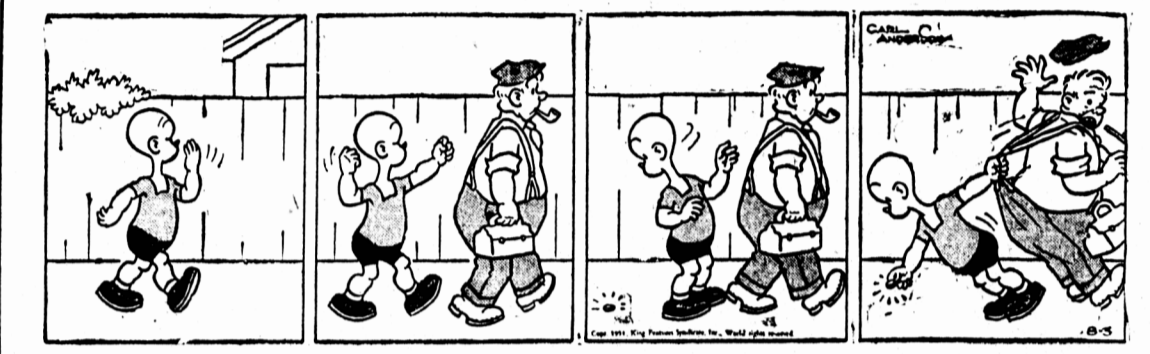
KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED



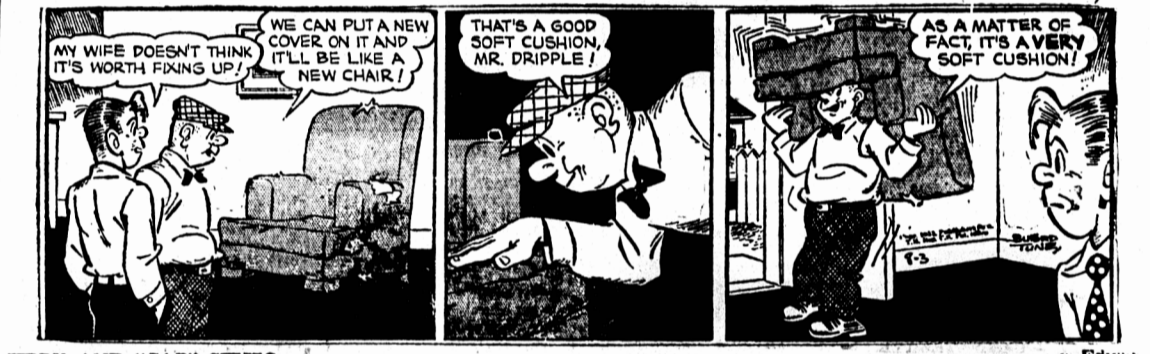
JOE PALOOKA by Ham Fisher



HENRY by Carl Anderson



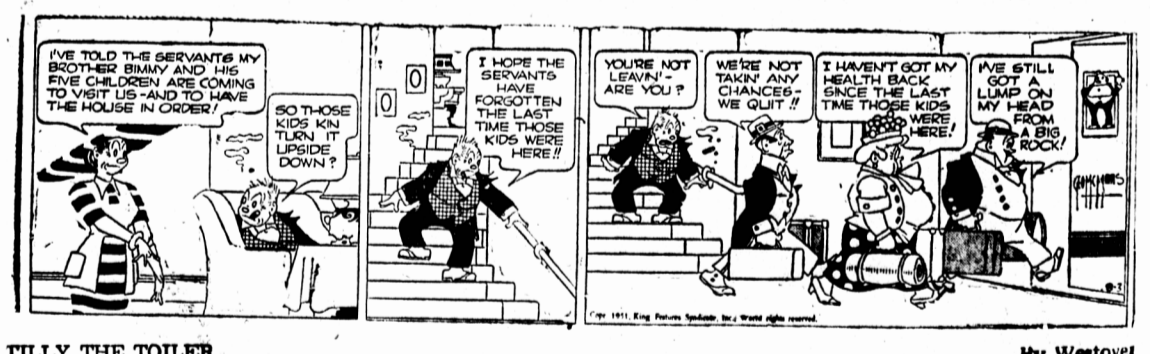
DOTTY DIPPLE by Ruford



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TILLY THE TOILER by Westover



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ANNUAL MEETING

of P. E. I. POTATO GROWERS' ASSOCIATION

in CANADIAN LEGION HALL, CHARLOTTETOWN

on THURSDAY, AUGUST 9th AT 2:30 P.M.

For the transaction of general business covering the year ending June 30, 1951. For this meeting all present, and former patrons also old members as of 1935 will be considered eligible to vote.

A large attendance is urged for this important meeting.

DANCE

EAST ROYALTY RINK HALL FRIDAY JULY 27th.

George Chappelle and His Merry Islanders Bus Leaving I.M.T. 9:30

Admission 50 cents Canteen service Free Check Room

SANDY'S DRIVE-IN THEATRE

Presents "THE GHOST GOES WEST"

Friday, August 3rd at 9 P.M.

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