

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

PLACING THE BLAME

Offhand, it may seem that South should have "protected" his own hand in the following deal, but the true responsibility for reaching the wrong slam was North's.

Bridge hand diagram showing cards for South and North. South: ♠ 42, ♥ KQ10963, ♦ Q10, ♣ KJ6. North: ♠ QJ97, ♥ 5, ♦ 8543, ♣ 10742.

The bidding: South West North East. 1NT Pass 3♥ Pass. 2NT Pass 5♥ Pass. 6♥ Pass Pass Pass.

With North ending up the declarer at six hearts, East was of course on lead, and his selection of the spade queen, through the exposed king, wrote an abrupt end to the North-South hopes. To repeat, many readers will be sure that South should have protected himself against exactly what happened by persisting to six notrump, thus insuring that a spade lead, if made, would come up to the king. This conclusion, however, ignores the finer points of bidding. South, by repeating the notrump at the finer points of bidding, South, by repeating the notrump at the three-level (instead of raising hearts, as so many players would) had gone as far as he could afford to go in suggesting that notrump was the best contract. When North vetoed this suggestion by leaping to five hearts, South naturally concluded that North must "have a reason" and with such excellent heart support, South could not again refuse to raise.

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



By Thornton W. Burgess

ON THEIR WAY

The independent scorn to take. Some aid except for other's sake. —Old Mother Nature.

Over in a certain part of the Green Forest was a big windfall. Some great storm in the past had blown over a lot of trees in such a way that they had fallen this way and that way in a great tangled pile. Mother Bear had found a way under this great pile and had made her winter den there, and there her two Cubs had been born. There they had lived for the first few months of their lives. You see, they had been born just as helpless as our human babies. But they had grown ever so much faster than human babies grow, and now were a couple of black lumps of livey mischief.

With them, Mother Bear had her paws full. Whenever she left them, which she had to do often to search for food, she never knew what to expect on her return. They didn't mean to be naughty and disobey but they were so full of mischief and high spirits, that all too often they forgot and did things that they shouldn't have, or didn't do things they had been told to do.

at notrump. Surely, he could count on running his six heart tricks in diamonds and clubs (in the light of South's two-notrump opening), he should have realized that 12 tricks would be easy. If the opponents couldn't take two tricks off the reel. It was obvious that the only place they might win those tricks was in spades, and North's spade holding being what it was it was just as obvious that in a spade lead going up to South's hand rather than through it.

Far from giving South the idea that a heart contract was advisable, North might well have jumped straight to six notrump over South's two notrump!

So it was, that often on her return home Mother Bear found Taddy Bear, or Totty Bear in disgrace. On this particular day, Mother Bear hurried home with a feeling that something was wrong. When she drew near the big windfall, she knew that something was wrong, very wrong. There were the mingled sounds of breaking limbs, and growling and snarling. She recognized the growling and snarling. Only Buster Bear could frown and snarl like that. She knew too, that it must be Buster who was breaking the branches of the trees, and right away she guessed what he was doing it for.

"He is trying to tear that pile of trees apart to get at my darlings," thought Mother Bear. You would have been surprised to see how fast she got over the ground. Her eyes were red with rage. When she came in sight of the windfall, things were just as she had suspected. Buster Bear was doing his utmost to pull that windfall apart.

Now an angry mother, especially an angry mother Bear, isn't the sort of person one cares to face. She wasn't quite as big as Buster Bear, but this made no difference to her. She tried to hold his ground, but not for long. He was glad to beat a retreat. Mother Bear followed him a little way, but not far. She was too anxious to get to her Cubs. She went into the den, but of course the Cubs were not there. They were right at her heels all the time, so close to her that they almost bumped into them. They were not going to lose mother, or let mother lose them. Every now and then, they cast a hasty look over their shoulders to see if Buster Bear was following. He wasn't. Buster wanted no trouble with Mother Bear.

How glad they were to see mother!



Buster Bear was doing his utmost to pull that windfall apart.

er, and how glad mother was to see them. She nosed each one all over to make sure that neither had been hurt, perhaps those little black lumps had expected a spanking. That had happened on other occasions when mother came home and had found them in mischief of some sort. But this time they hadn't been in mischief. Mother may have been a little rough as she nosed them over, but it was tender roughness. She was all mother now.

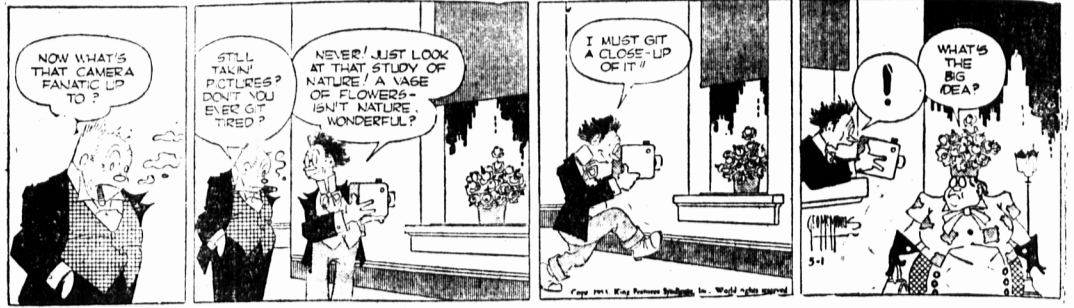
From a distance, Buster Bear was watching. Mother Bear looked over at him and snarled. Buster snarled back, but when she took a few quick steps in his direction, he turned and retreated. Once more, Mother Bear carefully looked over the two happy little Cubs. Then she ordered them to follow her and stay close to her heels. She led them away from the den, away from that great windfall. They didn't know it, but they would not return. They were being led out into the Great World to begin the real lessons in independence and how to live.

This time, Mother Bear didn't have to keep turning her head to see if the Cubs were following. They were right at her heels all the time, so close to her that they almost bumped into them. They were not going to lose mother, or let mother lose them. Every now and then, they cast a hasty look over their shoulders to see if Buster Bear was following. He wasn't. Buster wanted no trouble with Mother Bear.

Most Rev. Geoffrey Fisher, the 8th Archbishop of Canterbury, was headmaster of Repton Public School for 19 years.

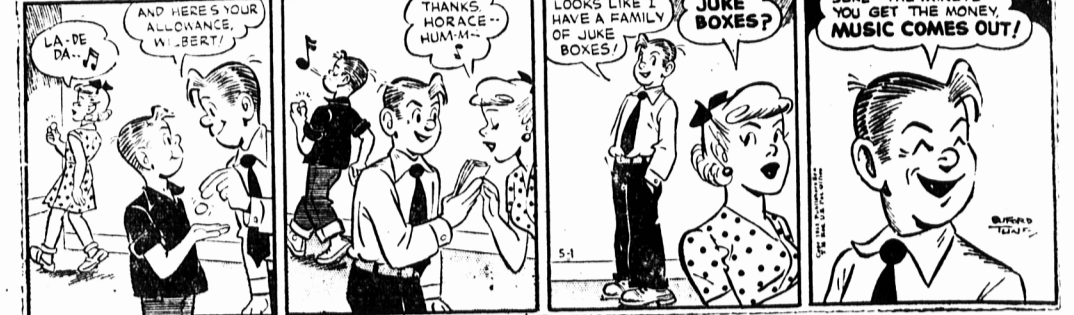
By Ham Fisher

Bringing Up Father



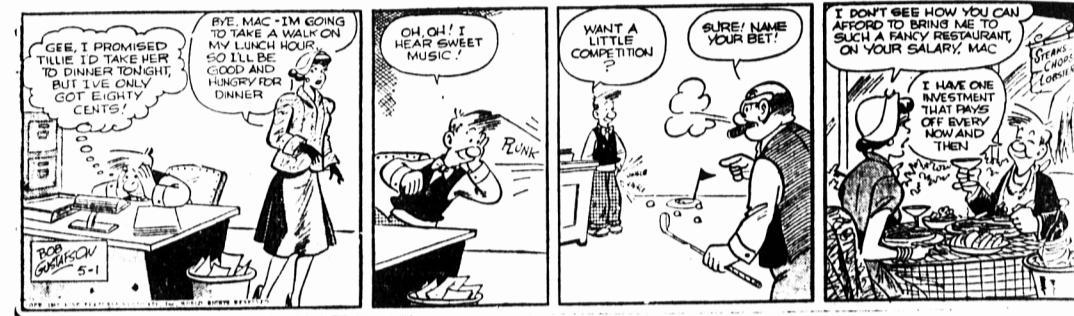
By Ruford

Dotty Dripple



By Bob Gustafson

Tilly The Toiler



By Edwin

Tippy and "Cap" Scrubs



By Clifford McBride

Napoleon and Uncle Elby



By Carl Anderson

Henry

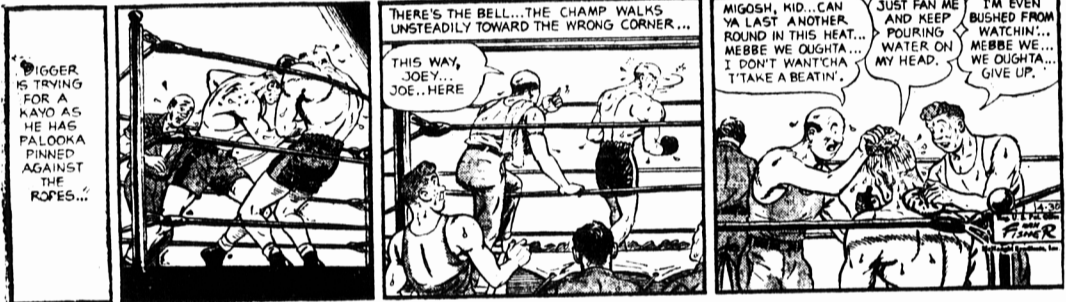


By Walt Kelly

Pogo



Joe Palooka



By Al Capp

Lil Abner



By Alex Raymond

Rip Kirby



King Of The Royal Mounted



By Zane Grey

PENNY



By Harry Haenig