

### Contract Bridge

By Josephine Cluerton

#### SKILLFUL EXECUTION

Some throw-in plays are almost elementary, while others require considerable foresight and skill. The following deal put the declarer on his merit

West dealer.

North-South vulnerable

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

♠ N ♠ 8 4 3

♥ W ♥ 6 3

♦ E ♦ K J 8

♣ S ♣ K J 8

♠ K Q 10 9 6 5 2

♥ 6

♦ A 6 5 4 2

The bidding:

West	North	East	South
3♥	Double	Pass	4♠
Pass	Pass	5♦	5♠
6♣	Pass	Pass	6♠
Pass	Pass	Pass	Pass

If West had elected to open a club, declarer would have been beaten before he started, but West actually laid down the ace of diamonds, and now South had a chance. He ruffed a trump to dummy's eight and ruffed another diamond. Next, although he did not require the heart trumps for a trick, he nevertheless took a finesse because he intended to strip hearts as well as diamonds from the North hand.

## BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



By Thornton W. Burgess

### THE COY ONE

Food and love! You'll find it true. Life is governed by these two.

—Old Mother Nature.

Mite, the young Meadow Mouse who was just starting out in the Great World for himself, was the son of Danny and Nanny Meadow Mouse. He was living all alone. He had fixed up an old Meadow Mouse home that no one was using, and in this he was living. It hadn't been much of a home to look at when he had found it. Perhaps you would say it wasn't much of a home to look at now. But you are not a



and if he didn't tenses, he would find himself out of trumps when the crucial point arrived.

When the heart queen held the trick (as it of course figured to do in view of West's bid), declarer cashed the heart ace, discarding a club and ruffed away dummy's heart deuce. He returned to dummy with a trump and ruffed the last diamond — then, with the stage finally set, he led a low club from his own hand.

The bidding had told South that the club king lay over rather than under dummy's queen. West, with the diamond ace and high hearts, almost surely would have opened the bidding with one heart if he had also held the club king; and East scarcely would have bid five diamonds with nothing of value in spades, hearts or clubs.

Thus, when West played the club seven on the lead toward dummy, declarer put in the nine-spot. East won with the jack, but his club return could be ducked in the closed hand and taken by dummy's queen.

If East, after winning with the club jack, had returned a diamond, declarer would have ruffed while discarding a losing club from dummy.

"Who are you?" he asked, and his voice was a little squeaker than usual.

Meadow Mouse. Anyway, it was neat and clean, for Mite was not used to being peeped at. He was looking at the mouse, and the looks of the place he lived in. In this he was a true Meadow Mouse.

At first Mite thought of nothing but getting food enough and fixing up his house. He was eating his own weight in food every day, and finding so much food was enough to keep any Mouse busy. So, hunting for food, eating, sleeping, and fixing up his house kept the young Mouse so busy that he didn't have time to think anything else. He wasn't lonesome. For the time being he was what is called "sufficient unto himself." This means, that he did not feel any need of the society of anybody else.

Then one day, as he was busy mending a broken place in the roof of his house, he had a funny feeling. Perhaps you have had just such a feeling. He felt a pair of eyes watching him. He stopped work. He still had that feeling. He looked this way, and that way, but no one was in sight. He turned completely

around just in time to see a short tail disappear around a corner where his private little path joined another path. He hurried to that corner and peered around it. No one was in sight. This wasn't surprising, because there was another corner just a little way from this one. The little streets of Mouseville cross and recross, twist and turn, until it is a wonder how any Mouse can ever find the way back home. Mite didn't know which way to go, so wisely didn't go at all; he just sat there peeping around the corner. In a moment he saw just the tip of a nose poked out around the other corner. It was drawn back quickly. In a moment it happened again.

Mite felt a sudden desire to know what was peeping at him. He ran to the next corner, and looked around it; no one was in sight. A little path branched off to the right; another one branched off to the left. Which path should he take? He hesitated. And while he hesitated, the tip of that nose and one eye appeared around the corner at the left.

Right then and there the young Mouse forgot everything else. He just had to find the owner of that nose and eye. He raced for the next corner. There he met with the same disappointment. No one was in sight. But up ahead was a very sharp turn in the path. This time he didn't run. He stole up to that turn and prepared to peep around it. Just as he started to poke his nose around the turn, another nose was poked around from the other direction. The two noses almost touched. Some one had been going to peek around at him. Mite squeaked sharply, and dashed around the turn. He almost bumped into another young mouse, for no reason at all that he could think of. Mite forgot that he was cross at being teased so he suddenly felt bashful. "Who are you?" he asked, and his voice was a little squeaker than usual.

"I'm Nettie Meadow Mouse," replied the other, and she looked

Continued on page 16

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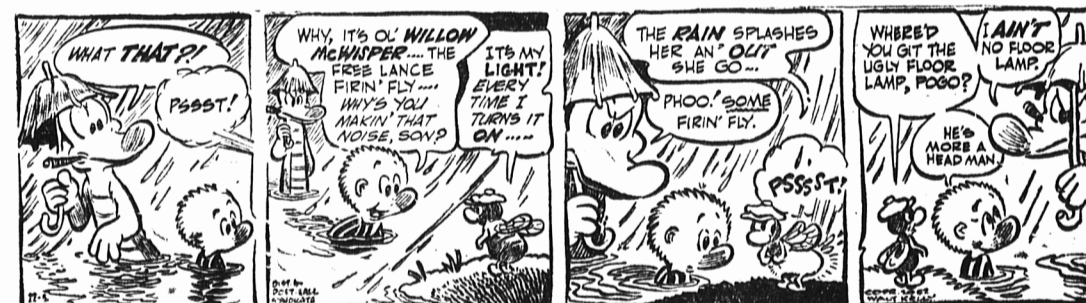
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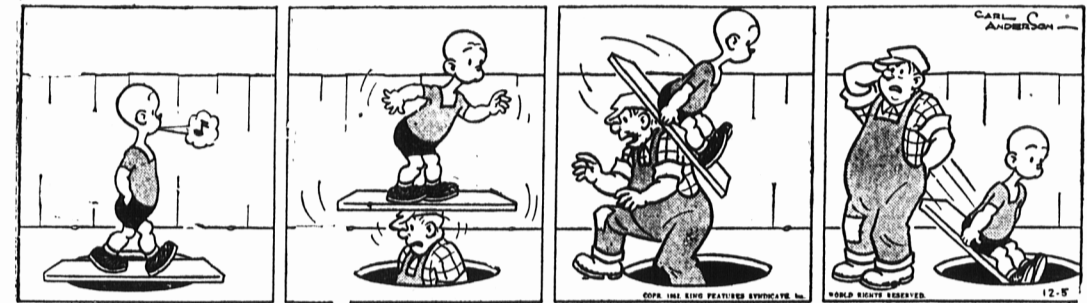
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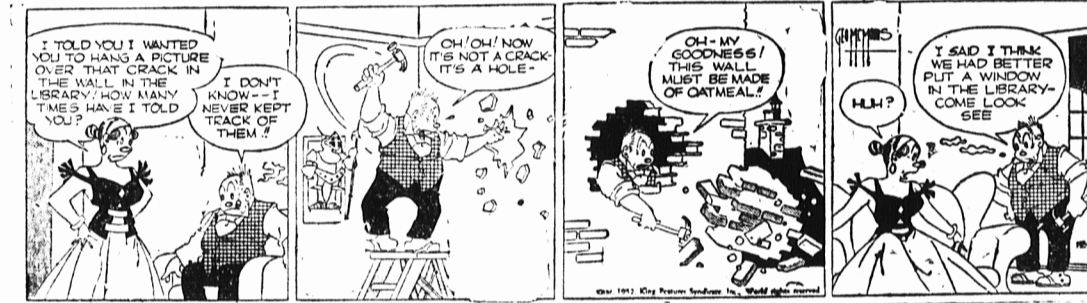
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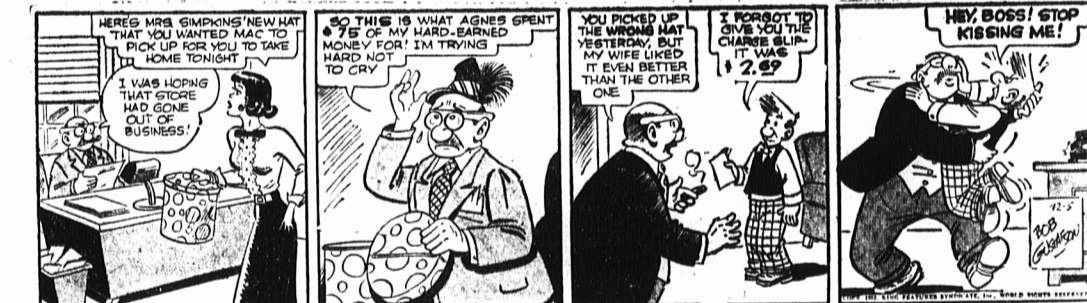
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