

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Cluerton

GOOD FOLLOW-THROUGH

South's performance in the following hand was well-rounded in that he followed up a "psychological" bid with strong play.

North dealer.
Both sides vulnerable.

♠ K8542
♥ 54
♦ Q9873

♠ 76
♥ K852
♦ A Q 8 5
♣ A 8 4

♠ 76
♥ K852
♦ A Q 8 5
♣ A 8 4

The bidding:
North East South West
Pass Pass 1NT Pass
2♣ Pass 2NT Pass
3♣ Pass 3♦ (!) Pass
3♣ Pass 3NT Dble.
Pass Pass Pass

West should have been highly suspicious of South's delayed diamond bid. With North showing a two-suiter, South could not have serious intentions of playing a diamond contract. However, West not only doubled three notrump because of his diamond holding, but opened a low heart to preserve that strength.

South won the first trick with the heart queen and knocked out the ace of clubs. West holding up until the third round. West doggedly led another low heart, and

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

THE NOISY ONE

A noisy tongue has little sense. A silent tongue gives no offense. —Old Mother Nature.

Reddy Fox had gone away carry-

ing a Mouse with him. A very young Grouse, called Little Lone Chick, had watched Reddy catch that Mouse. She had been sitting on a low bough of an evergreen tree there in the Green Forest. Reddy hadn't known she was there. What she had seen was a lesson she would never forget. For one thing, she had learned that Reddy Fox was an enemy to be watched out for. She had learned how he hunts; and from now on she would know what to do and what not to do whenever he was in the neighborhood.

Hardly had Reddy disappeared among the trees when she heard a sound that she had heard before. It was a voice, a scolding voice. Always she had heard it at a distance. Whose voice it was, she didn't know.

again South won. Declarer could now count eight tricks — four clubs, two spades and two hearts — but the fulfilling trick would require some maneuvering.

South concocted a plan. He led a low spade to the king and cashed the two good clubs, discarding a spade and a diamond from his own hand. West made the best discards — two diamonds. Now South led a spade to his ace, and he had his choice of end-plays. He could throw West in with a heart, letting him cash two tricks; but then having to set up South's diamond king; or South could exit with a diamond, forcing West to concede a trick to South's nine of hearts. The contract was safe.

Now let's go back to the opening lead. The very fact that South had taken the pains to make belated mention of the diamond suit would have alerted an expert West and guided him to a diamond lead. But, in fairness, perhaps South wouldn't have made the bid against an expert West.



"Hi, Chick!" cried a sharp voice. "What are you doing up in a tree?"

have mattered so much if she could have been sure who was making all that noise, but she hadn't the least idea. What made her still more uneasy was the fact that now she could tell that the noisy one was up in a tree. Supposing whoever it was should find her, Little Lone Chick wished she was on the ground. There were plenty of hiding places on the ground, but not up on that bough. She looked over and looked down. She just didn't know how to fly down. You see, she had been suddenly frightened and in her fright had made her first flight up onto that bough. She had used her wings without knowing how she did it. She used them to fly up, but how should she use them to fly down?

"Hi, Chick!" cried a sharp voice. "What are you doing up in a tree?"

The startled little Chick looked up in the next tree. There, halfway up, was a small person in a red coat. He had a white waistcoat and a flat busy tail. That red coat reminded her of Reddy Fox, but this fellow was not much more than twice as big as the Mouse she had seen Reddy Fox catch and carry away.

"He isn't big enough to be afraid of," thought Little Lone Chick, but she kept her tongue still. The small person in the next tree ran out on a branch and looked down. "Where's your mother?" he demanded.

Little Lone Chick said nothing. She was bashful. Chatterer the Red Squirrel, for that is who it was, began to scold. His tongue flew. "Don't you answer when you are asked questions?" he demanded in his sharp, unpleasant voice. "What are you doing up in a tree anyway? Does your mother know you're up there? I guess she is Mrs. Grouse. I saw her the other day with quite a family. Did you run away?"

All the time, Little Lone Chick kept her tongue still. Somehow, she didn't like this little stranger, although she wasn't really afraid. She wondered how he could get about in a tree. She did more wondering when he leaped across to a limb of the tree she was in. She saw that he hadn't any wings, so how could he do that? It was all very perplexing.

Chatterer was coming down the (Continued on Page 16)

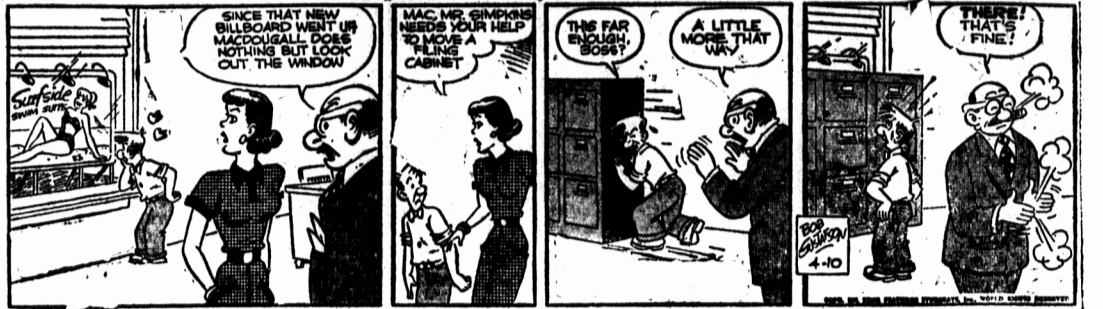
King Of The Royal Mounted

By Zane Grey



Tilly The Toiler

By Bob Gustafson



Napoleon and Uncle Elby

By Clifford McBride



Bringing Up Father

By George McManus



Tippy and "Cap" Stubs

By Edwin



There Ought To Be A Law

By Fagaly And Shorten



Joe Palooka

By Ham Fisher



Rip Kirby

By Alex Raymond



Lil Abner

By Al Capp



Pogo

By Walt Kelly



Dotty Dripple

By Ruford



Henry

By Carl Anderson



Penny

By Harry Hoelgen

