

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

SUPERFICIAL ANALYSIS

In the following deal, taken from the recent Vanderbilt Tournament in New York, the North player congratulated himself for having avoided the "unmakeable" four-heart contract, but his analysis of the possibilities at four hearts was not accurate.

Both hands vulnerable.

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

♠ 10 6
♥ J 8 7 3
♦ Q 8 7 4
♣ J 5

♠ 6 4
♥ A K Q 9 5 4 3
♦ 8 3 2
♣ 9

The bidding:
South West North East
3♥ Pass 3NT Pass
Pass Pass

Almost invariably it is a "bridge crime" to launch out into three no-trump when partner has opened preemptively, without a card of communication in partner's suit. In this case, however, North had such a tremendous holding in the other three suits that he felt he could probably win nine tricks at no-trump even if he never reached the dummy. This was a logical decision, and, as a matter of fact, North did make his no-trump game without difficulty. However, in discussion of the deal, North pointed out that South could not have made game at hearts against an original spade lead by West — and, to repeat, this was not quite true.

On the spade lead against the heart contract, East collects two tricks in the suit and continues with a third round. If a South ruff is allowed, deliberately permitting an over-ruff, he can easily win out.

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



By Thornton W. Burgess

THE HOOTYS ARE WORRIED

When troubles farthest from you seem They may be nearer than you dream. —Old Mother Nature.

Hooty the Great Horned Owl was still nursing a sore foot, but it was better, much better. Had he not just made Bobby Coon take to his black heels? That foot had hurt, but not too much when he had pounded Bobby with his great wings, tearing him with his big hooked bill. Bobby had suddenly lost his appetite for the baby Owls he knew must be in the big nest high in the tree he had started to climb while Mrs. Hooty was off hunting.

When Mrs. Hooty returned with a Mouse for the hungry babies Hooty was on his favorite perch in a neighboring tree. He was still snapping his bill angrily. He does that when he loses his temper.

"I guess that ring-tailed robber of honest birds won't try that again very soon," declared Hooty. "Don't tell me he has been back here!" cried Mrs. Hooty with a hasty look all around as if she expected to see Bobby somewhere in the neighborhood.

Hooty nodded his big round head with its two tufts of feathers standing straight up like a pair

of horns. "He tried again after you went hunting. I guess he forgot I was still around. We didn't punish him enough the first time. But he has had enough now. He won't come back," declared Hooty, and snapped his bill.

"You talk as if you know all about it," said Mrs. Hooty. "I know he has had enough," repeated Hooty.

He was right. Bobby Coon was even then making his way home somewhat painfully, stopping now and then to lick his wounds. For a week nothing happened to add to the small worries that all fathers and mothers know when they have helpless babies to watch over and feed and care for.

Hooty could now use that sore foot enough to do his share of hunting for food for those ever open mouths in the big nest high in a tall tree in the most lonesome part of the Green Forest. Then one evening as dusk was settling over the Green Forest Hooty sat resting on his favorite perch. Mrs. Hooty was at the nest taking care of the babies. It was very still and peaceful as the Black Shadows stole in among the trees.

Now the Owl folk have very big and wonderful ears. To look at Hooty you might think he has no ears at all for of course those tufts of feathers standing on opposite sides of his head are not ears. But if you were to brush aside the feathers on the sides of his head it might seem to you that he was all ears, so to speak, for you would find very large ear openings and you would understand then how faint that an Owl hears sounds even with a hearing aid.

Hooty heard a faint rustling sound, a very whisper of a sound, "couped,"

"I guess that ring-tailed robber of honest birds won't try that again very soon," declared Hooty.

Could it be that Bobby Coon was coming back to try again after all? Hooty flew low over the brush snapping his bill angrily. Mrs. Hooty did the same. It wasn't a pleasant sound to hear. Whoever it was down there in the brush paid no attention to it. Could it be that he didn't hear that angry snapping? Or was it that he didn't care? The Hootys were worried. Yes, sir, they were worried. They flew back and forth so low above the brush they almost touched it. They hissed threats of what they would do to Bobby Coon if he came out in the open where they could get at him. They kept so much under the brush they couldn't get a good look at him. It didn't enter their heads that it might be someone else.

They were worried folk, those two big Owls. They should be off hunting right then, but with this fellow prowling about they didn't dare leave those precious babies up in the nest. Hooty and Mrs. Hooty were worried as only fathers and mothers, especially mothers, can be worried.

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

By Zane Grey



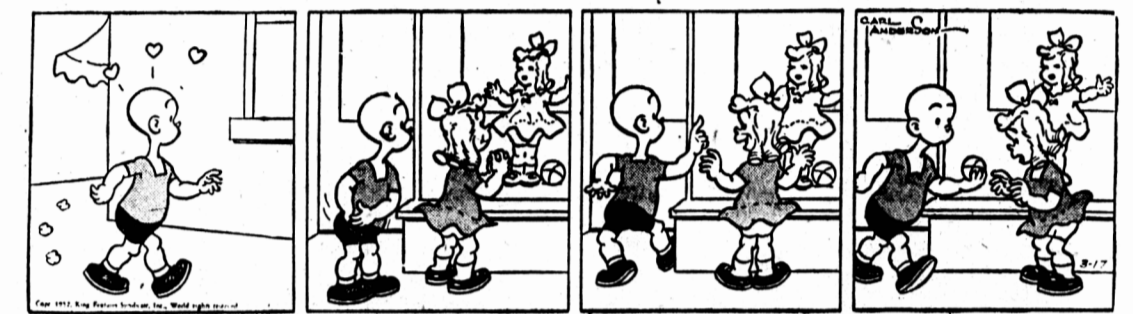
By Ham Fisher

JOE PALOOKA



By Carl Anderson

HENRY



By Rutford

DOTTY DIPPLE



By Edwina

TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS



By George McManus

BRINGING UP FATHER



By Bob Gustafson

TILLY THE TOILER



By Harry Moonigan

PENNY



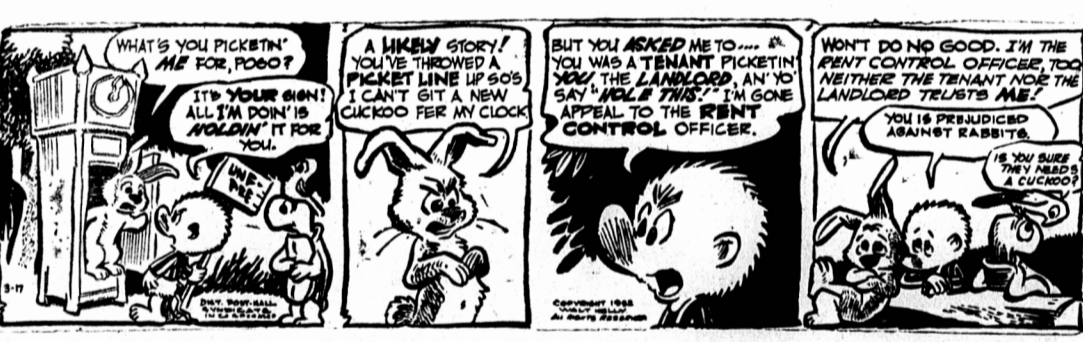
THE ADVENTURES OF WILDROOT CREAM-OIL CHARLIE

THE INTRODUCTION TEST



POGO

By Wait Kelly



Napoleon and Uncle Elby

By Clifford McBride



ETL ABNER

By Al Capp



RIP KIRBY

By Alex Raymond

