Contract Bridge

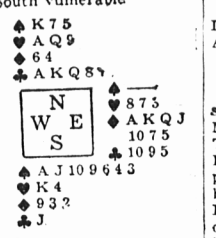
By Josephine Clubertson

BLIND SPOT

Successful defense in the following deal was almost absurdly easy — but East couldn't see it.

12-19

West dealer.
North-South vulnerable



The bidding:

West	North	East	South
Pass	1 ♣	4 ♦	4 ♠
Pass	Pass	5 ♦	Pass
Pass	5 ♠	Pass	Pass
Pass			

In fairness, East deserved credit for pushing the vulnerable enemy to the five-level, but there is little profit in this tactic unless the defense is everything it should be. Incidentally, North-South might well have doubled five diamonds instead of going on to five spades, but of course the vulnerability conditions gave their choice some logic.

West opened his singleton diamond; East won and collected another trick in the suit. Then, with dummy out of diamonds, East looked around for the possibility of a trick in a different direction. There was nothing to be gained by leading a heart, so East shifted to clubs on the fantastic hope that West, who had discarded a club, might now be able to ruff. That happy result, however, was not forthcoming, and when South laid down the trump ace and saw East's void, it was all over.

East was not very astute! The chance that West might ruff a club was virtually nil, considering his shortness in diamonds, but the chance that West could force out dummy's king of trumps, and in that way set up a trump trick for himself, was good! Obviously, then, East should have led a third diamond — and permitted West to ruff with the eight of trumps, thus absolutely safeguarding his trump queen.

COMPLETE VISUAL REFRACTION AND ANNALYSIS

G. F. HUTCHESON & SON

Optometrists

53 Grafton Street

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

AN ANXIOUS TIME

It sometimes helps if we can share
Anxiety that's hard to bear.
— Peter Rabbit.

Peter was an anxious Rabbit. Yes, sir, Peter was an anxious Rabbit. Mrs. Peter was just as anxious. There was going to be a storm; Peter felt it in his bones. Well, perhaps it wasn't really in his bones, but he felt it just the same. He and Mrs. Peter sat at the edge of the dear Old Briar-patch looking over toward the Green Forest.

The day was dark. It was midday, and yet it was so dull as to be really dark. It wasn't possible to see very far. It seemed as if the heavy dark clouds were resting right on the tops of the tall trees in the Green Forest.

"It is going to snow some more," said little Mrs. Peter in a worried tone.

"It already is snowing," said Peter.

Sure enough, very fine grains of snow were sifting down between the bare branches of the bushes and vines in the Old Briar-patch. Already it was as if a white curtain was slowly being drawn over the Green Forest. One by one the trees disappeared behind it. In a little while the Green Forest couldn't be seen at all. Rough Brother North wind was beginning to blow. He blew the falling hard little grains of snow before him. They hissed as he blew them through the dear Old Briar-patch. Peter and Mrs. Peter, side by side, were squatting as close to the snow-covered ground as they could, their long ears laid back. The hairs of their fur coats were held down as close as possible, so that the snow might not get in among them.

"I'm afraid it's going to be a bad storm," said Mrs. Peter.

"I know it is," replied Peter. "I've had a feeling all along that it is going to be, and now I know it. Of course if it is just snow it won't matter too much. Snow makes a warm blanket. We can be very comfortable just buried in the snow. But I have a feeling . . ." Peter stopped right there.

Mrs. Peter waited. She knew what Peter wanted. He wanted her to ask what kind of a feeling. She thought she knew without asking. As a matter of fact, she thought she had the very same feeling herself.

"If you ask me," said Peter after a while, "I think this is going to be a bad storm, more than just a snow storm."

"I didn't ask you," said Mrs. Peter. "It wasn't necessary. If you must know, I have the same feeling myself. I think the sooner we get back in the Briar-patch where we will have at least a little cover, the better."

Peter agreed. In fact, there was nothing else he could do. They got to their feet, shook themselves and hopped into the dear Old Briar-patch to the most sheltered place they could find. There they squatted down side by side once more.

"Anyway, we can keep each other warm," said Peter. "Just listen to Rough Brother North Wind."

"I don't want to listen," said Mrs. Peter.

The snow hissed and piled up around them.

"His breath is always cold, but it seems to me it is colder than ever before," said Peter. "He is blowing the snow so hard that it stings my face."

"You don't have to tell me," said Mrs. Peter. She turned her back to the wind. Peter shifted, too. The snow hissed down and piled up around them. They snuggled close together. They squatted low, their heads drawn back between their shoulders, and their ears laid back on their necks.

They had to keep their eyes closed against the stinging grains of snow. When they opened them for a moment, they couldnt see more than a foot in front of them. It seemed to them as if all the snow in a great cloud must have dropped on them all at once. It would have been bad enough had the snow come shifting down gently, but it was being driven hard by Rough Brother North Wind, and his breath was icy cold.

"I'm worried," whimpered little Mrs. Peter.

"Me, too," said Peter.

RUDOLPH THE RED NOSED REINDEER

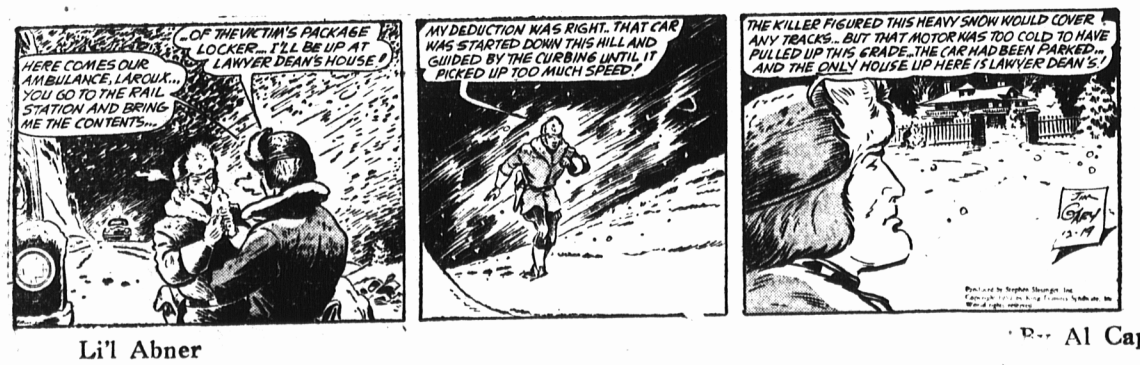
By Robert L. May

Pogo

By Walt Kelly

King Of The Royal Mounted

By Zane Grey



Li'l Abner

By Al Capp

Rip Kirby

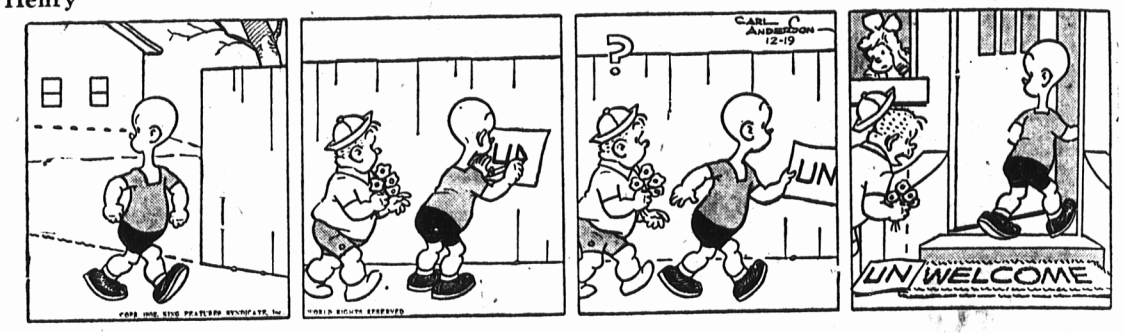
By Alex Raymond

Joe Palooka

By Ham Fisher

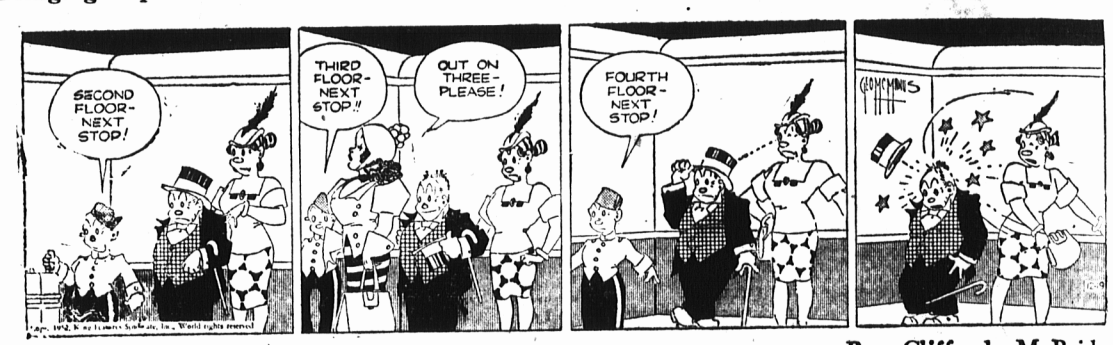
Henry

By Carl Anderson



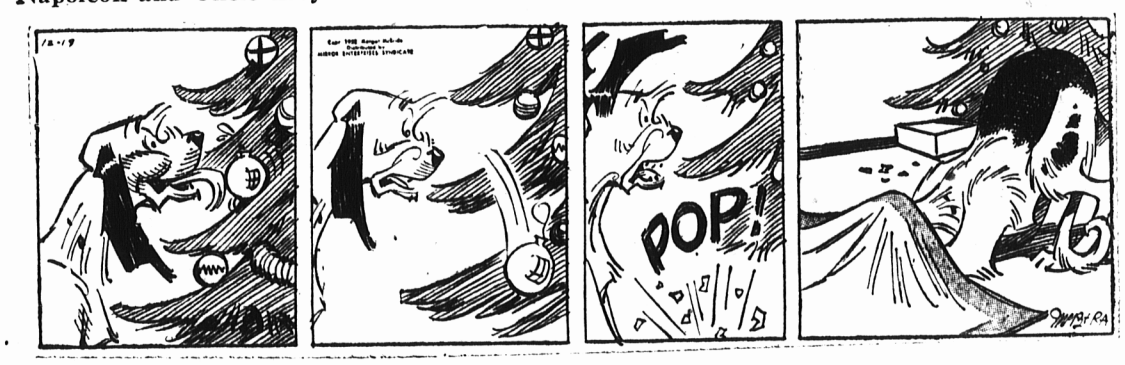
Bringing Up Father

By George McManus



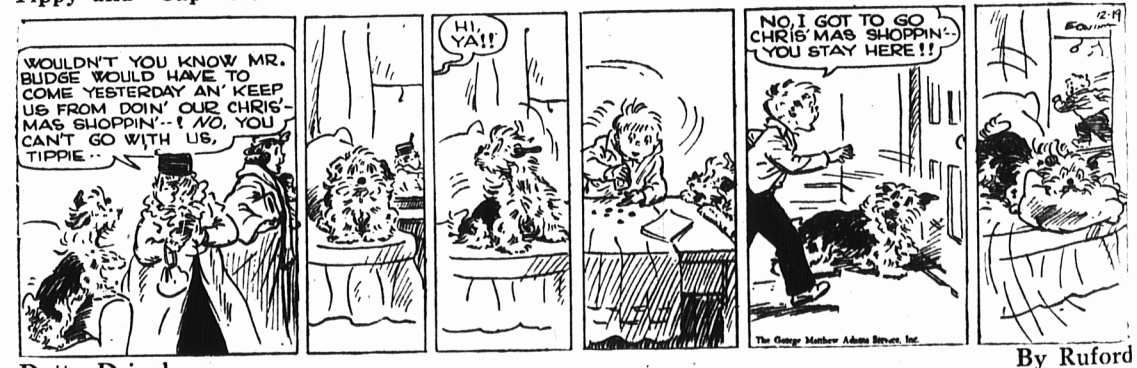
Napoleon and Uncle Elby

By Clifford McBride



Tippy and "Cap" Stubs

By Edwina



Dotty Dripple

By Ruford

Tilly The Toiler

By Bob G...

PENNY

By Harry Haenigsen