

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson
A DIFFICULT GAME TO BID

It was not easy for North-South to reach the proper contract in the following case, but perfect partnership understanding would have been very helpful.

South dealer.
North-South vulnerable.
East-West 60 on score.

♠ A954		♠ 1073
♥ 3	♥ N	♥ 7543
♦ J103	♦ E	♦ 874
♣ 109864	♣ S	♣ 752

The bidding:
South West North East
1♥ 1NT 2♣ Pass
2NT Pass Pass Pass

West opened the club king — not that the lead mattered — and South ended up with two over-tricks.

Where did the North-South bidding go wrong? Who was to blame for missing the game?

Well, South certainly couldn't afford stronger action than he gave. He didn't have a suit steppier in spades and since North's two-club call had been (so far as South could tell) purely competitive against the opposing part-score, so we'll have to look to North for an explanation.

North should have realized that his partner's bid of two notrump, in the face of West's one notrump, was an exceptionally strong call. Thus North should have put a higher valuation on his own hand. Granted, his hand was not strong, but his spade holding was good, his minor honors in the diamond suit might be (and were) of great potential value, and his clubs were



BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

PETER THUMPS

Who helps a neighbor sows a seed. That may bear fruit in time of need.

—Old Mother Nature.

It was very peaceful in the Green Forest at the pond of Paddy the Beaver. The water was as smooth as glass. Like a looking glass it reflected the trees of the shore. Some of them had red leaves, some yellow leaves. One or two were all green, and a few were quite bare. Out in the water was a great mound of sticks and mud and grass. But mostly sticks. It was the house of Paddy the Beaver. Over on the far shore Peter Rabbit sat beneath the broad green low-growing bough of a young hemlock tree. He was quite hidden, but it was a place from which he could peep out and see all over and around that little pond. He saw Mrs. Paddy come out. She had been inside the house resting. Now she was floating, with just her head and a

little of her back showing. In a moment or two she would go over to join Paddy on the shore near Peter, where Paddy was cutting down a tree.

There was someone else over on the shore of the pond. Peter knew it, but he doubted if Paddy knew it. Paddy was too busy to be looking around. Peter was sure that Mrs. Paddy didn't know of the stranger, for she had been in the house when first the stranger appeared.

Peter didn't know who the stranger was, and he wanted to know. For some unknown reason he had a feeling that he better not show himself, that it would be best if the stranger did not know he was there. That sharp face reminded him of Reddy Fox, and of Gray Fox, both of whom Peter had to watch out for all during his life. Those beaver folk were so big, and they had such great cutting teeth, that it didn't seem to Peter that anyone smaller than Buster Bear would even think of trying to catch one of them. Yet this stranger with the sharp gray face certainly was creeping up, nearer and nearer to the busy tree cutter. Could it possibly be that Paddy was in any real danger?

"It is none of my business, anyway," thought Peter. "I don't want to do anything to let that stranger know I am around. I don't like his looks. No, sir. I don't like his

looks. I almost know that he would like to catch me if he could. As long as I sit still he won't know I am here. I wonder if Mrs. Paddy out there on the water doesn't see him. If she does, and doesn't warn Paddy, there's nothing for me to worry about."

So Peter sat still and kept his eyes fastened on the sharp-faced stranger. Was the latter really creeping along the shore, keeping under cover? If so it was done so slowly that Peter couldn't be sure for awhile. But presently the stranger made a quick move to get behind an old log. Then Peter was sure that he was going to try to catch Paddy. Without really stopping to think, Peter thumped on the ground hard with his long hind feet. It was his danger signal.

Things happened fast then. Mrs. Paddy out in the water slapped it so hard with her big flat tail as she dived that it made a report like a gun. Paddy slapped the ground with his flat tail, and scrambled for the water. Old Man Coyote, for that is who the stranger was, leaped for Paddy, but he was just too late.

ANCIENT STONES

The Scottish fishing port of Dunbar, near Edinburgh, has picturesquely ruins of a castle and monastery of the 13th century.



I. O. O. F.

All Oddfellows, Rebekahs and their friends, are invited to a joint entertainment at the Oddfellows Hall, Friday, Dec. 3rd at 9 p.m. Dr. George Fisher, guest speaker. Refreshments.

Willey Lodge No. 27—Warren Henderson, Sec'y.
St. Lawrence Lodge No. 8—J. A. Webster.

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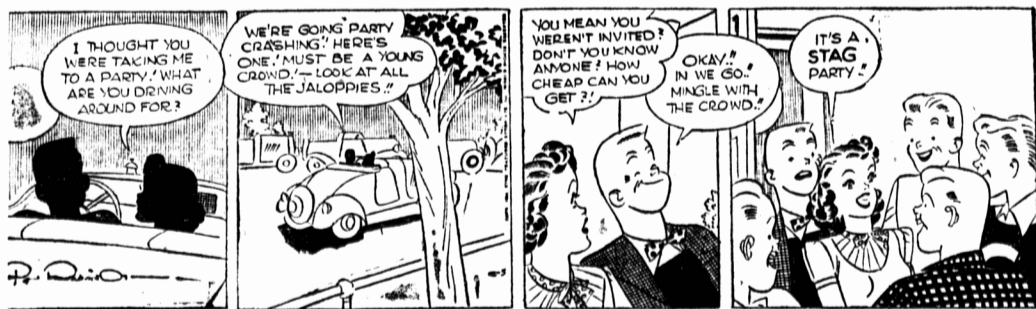
LIKE SUCCESS
WHAT PROVERBS DOES THIS REPRESENT?
Answer Tomorrow

THE EARTH-STAR
IS A PLANT THAT HAS NO ROOTS—AND LOOKS LIKE A MAN

THE UPSIDE DOWN MAN
ADELBERTO RIENA
of Talavera de la Reina, Spain
COULD ONLY READ INVERTED WRITING

THIS FIELD
in Bhratari, India
GIVEN TO THE POOR IN 1866
HAS PRODUCED LUSH CROPS EVER SINCE WITHOUT IRRIGATION
YET THE REST OF THE VILLAGE HAS REQUIRED EXTENSIVE, IRRIGATION FOR THE ENTIRE 88 YEARS

Etta Kett



By Paul Robinson
Bringing Up Father



By George McManus

Joe Palooka



By Ham Fisher
Li'l Abner



By Al Capp

Secret Agent X-9



By Mel Graff
The Lone Ranger



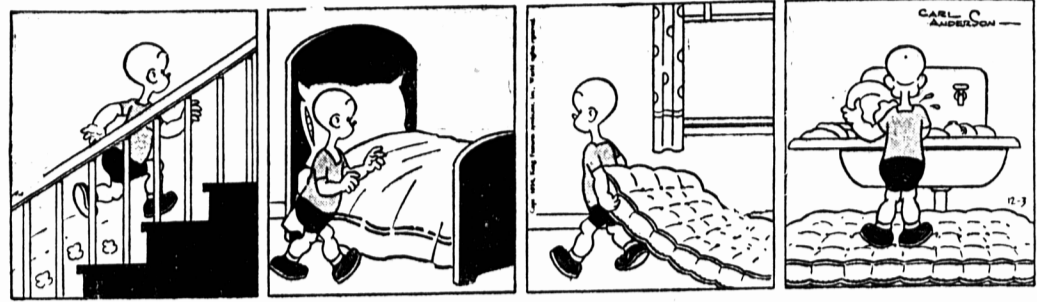
By Fran Striker

Rudolph the Red Nosed Reindeer



By Robert L. May

Henry



By Carl Anderson

Grandma



By Charles Kuhn

Muggs and Skeeter



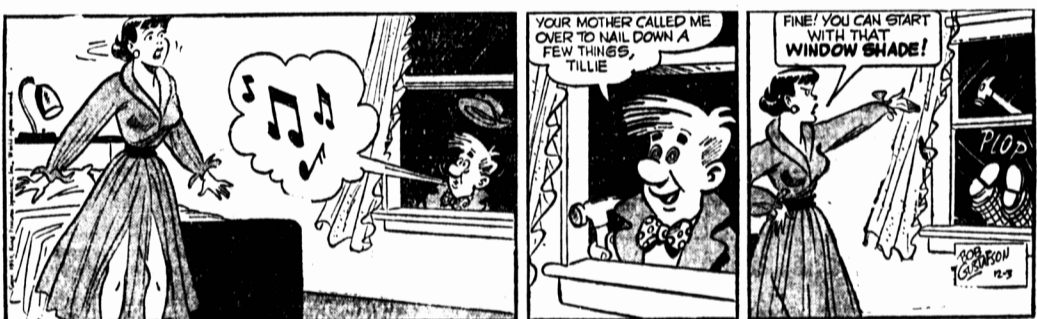
By Wally Bishop

Mickey Mouse



By Walt Disney

Tilly The Toiler



By Bob Gustafson