

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

NOTHING COMPLICATED REQUIRED

South had a chance to safeguard his contract via one simple play in today's deal but he "missed the point."

North dealer. Both sides vulnerable.

♠ 643
♥ Q9864
♦ J752
♣ A910

♠ 752
♥ KJ7
♦ AK98
♣ K972

♠ 843
♥ 10732
♦ Q108
♣ 6

♠ K972
♥ A Q J 10 8 5 2
♦ A
♣ 3

The bidding:
North East South West
Pass Pass 4♥ Double
Pass Pass Pass

South's hand would have been too strong for a preemptive opening in first or second position, but after his partner passed, the four-heart shutout was probably the best tactic.

East thought about taking out West's double to four spades, on the logical premise that his partner was doubling on general strength rather than excellent heart defense, but a four-spade bid for all East could tell, might end

in catastrophe, and so he accepted the double. After all, West might be able to beat South, all by himself. West opened the club king and continued with the ace. South ruffed and did the logical thing—he returned a spade to void dummy of that suit and pave the way for spade ruffs. Unfortunately, however, he picked the wrong spade for his lead! His low spade was ducked by West; and East won, he promptly returned a trump, cutting down dummy's ruffing power. Now, although South put up the trump ace, he could ruff only two spades in dummy, and that he had to give up, in all, two spades, one heart and the club.

It should have been very apparent to South that the enemy would lead trumps as soon as they could do so comfortably, and surely it was desirable, from South's viewpoint, to have that trump lead come up to his hand, rather than through it. With West showing his side's strength via his double, the presumption was that he had the spade ace, and so South should have led the spade king, to insure as far as he could that West would be on lead. That was all South had to do to make the contract.

It is interesting to observe that West could have defeated the contract against declarer's best efforts if he had shifted to trumps immediately, giving up his trick there to remove two trumps from dummy.

TIME CONSUMING

The first airplane flight from coast-to-coast in the United States took 84 hours and two minutes in 1911.



(By Thornton W. Burgess)

THE FALSE FRIEND

Be not too trustful. Move with care. When stranger tongues bespeak you fair. —Old Mother Nature.

Little Stripes, small son of Striped Chipmunk, was over in the Green Forest. He had started out to see the Great World. Now he wished he hadn't. You see, he was lost. His home had been under the old stone wall on the edge of the Old Orchard. It no longer was his home, although he would have gone back there if he could. He had left it without knowing that he would never go back.

When he had started out to see the Great World he had feared nothing and no one. He hadn't known what fear was. This was because down in the snug home in the ground under the old wall there had never been anything to frighten him. But now he knew what it was to be afraid. Indeed, it seemed to him that he was afraid all the time. Every new sound frightened him. Not only was he frightened, but he was lonesome. He wanted to talk to some one. So it was that when Sammy Jay came along and stopped to ask questions, the small Chipmunk was quite ready to make friends with this handsome stranger. Of course, he knew nothing about Sammy Jay, but he felt sure that no one as handsome as this new acquaintance could be one to be afraid of.

"You must be one of Striped Chipmunk's children," said Sammy Jay. Little Stripes nodded. "I am," said he. "What are you doing so far from home?" asked Sammy Jay. At the word home the small Chipmunk pricked up his small ears. "Do you know where my home is?" he asked. "Of course I know where home is. I was over that way a short time ago. Don't you know where it is?" asked Sammy Jay. Little Stripes shook his head. "No," he confessed in a very small voice. "Do you mean you are lost?" asked Sammy Jay. "But of course if you don't know where your home is you must be lost," he added, answering his own question. "Perhaps," said the little Chipmunk timidly, "you could show me the way home."



"What are you doing so far from home?" asked Sammy Jay.

"Of course," replied Sammy Jay. "It isn't too far from here. I could, but I don't know as I should."

"Why shouldn't you?" the little Chipmunk wanted to know. "Because," replied Sammy Jay, "now that you are out in the Great World it probably is best that you should stay out in the Great World."

"I don't like the Great World. I don't want to stay out in it. I want to go home, please, Mr. Jay," Little Stripes hesitated. You see, he didn't know to whom he was talking. "Jay—Mr. Sammy Jay," said Sammy, his eyes twinkling. "What were you going to ask?" "Please, Mr. Jay, won't you show me the way home?" asked Little Stripes eagerly. Sammy Jay pretended to think this over. "Your legs are very short," said he. "But I can run fast," replied Little Stripes. "If you don't fly too fast I'm sure I can keep up." "All right," agreed Sammy Jay. "I'll try to fly slowly. I'll fly from tree to tree. Perhaps in that way you can keep me in sight." So Sammy Jay started off flying from tree to tree, waiting in each place for the little Chipmunk to catch up. But Sammy wasn't flying toward the old stone wall. No, sir, he wasn't doing that at all. He was going in quite another direction. You see, he knew that the little Chipmunk having left home the way home."

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KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED



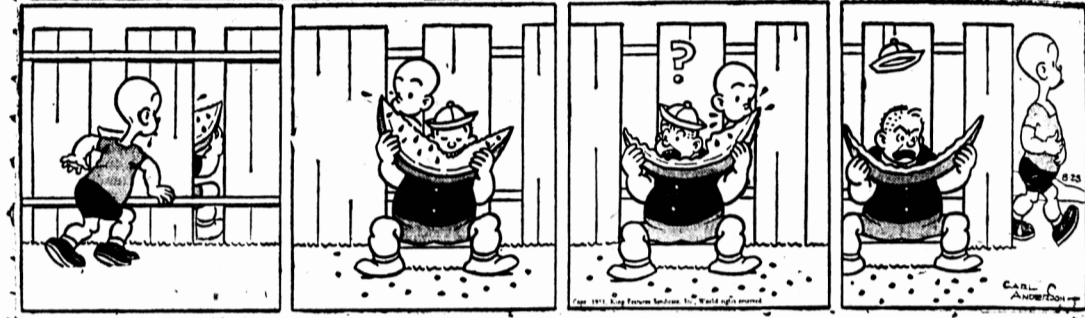
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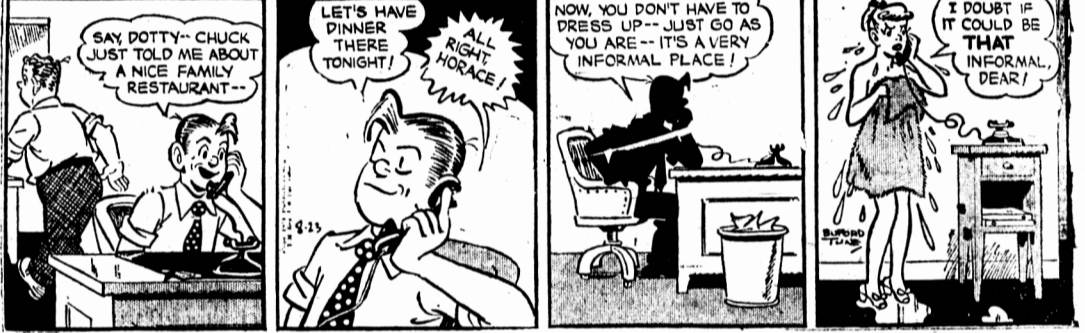
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By Ruford

DOTTY DIPPLE



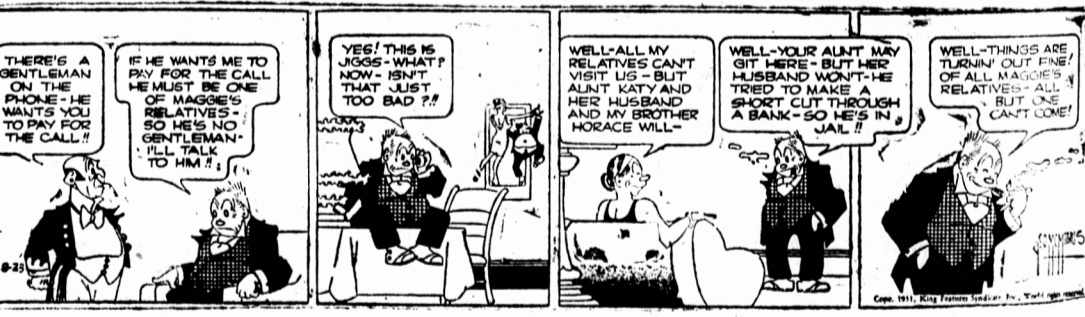
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TIPPY AND "CAP" STURS



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BRINGING UP FATHER



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PENNY



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P. M.—Address by Dr. L. W. Shaw. Discussion in literature and language led by Mrs. Frank Ross. Election to Board of Governors (at Souris, Hunter River, Acadian and Summerside).

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