

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

A KILLING DEFENSE WAS POSSIBLE

An unorthodox but highly logical defensive play would have made quite a difference in the following deal.

North dealer. Both sides vulnerable.

Bridge hand diagram showing cards for North, South, West, and East.

The bidding: North East South West 2 Pass 2NT Pass 3 Pass 3NT Pass

West opened the heart Jack. Dummy played low, and East, without giving the matter any thought, put up the heart king then knocked out dummy's blank ace.

Declarer cashed the two top clubs, and though perturbed about the break, he could not see a good chance for nine tricks without clearing the club suit, so he led another round. East was in with the ten and returned his last heart. South won with the queen, discarding the diamond seven from dummy, then led a diamond to the king and gave East his remaining club stopper. Now, the best East could do was to put dummy in with the diamond. Eventually, West got his snide king, but meanwhile South had rattled off nine tricks.

One glance at dummy should have told East that his partner could not have an entry, and the lead of the heart Jack had of course denied possession of the queen. It was possible that South had only the queen and one heart, but this was not likely, and so East should have adopted other measures! He should have played the heart eight at the first trick without hesitation! South, not being second sighted could scarcely refuse to win this trick with the queen, and he would very soon be in trouble. When he gave East his first club trick, East could simply return the heart king to knock out the blank ace, and keep his low heart for communication with partner.

FAMED EXPLORER

Raoul Amundsen, Norwegian, in 1906 was the first to navigate the Northwest Passage in a single ship from Atlantic to Pacific.

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



By Thornton W. Burgess

TROUBLE IN A TREE

Weak or mighty, big or small, Trouble comes to one and all. —Old Mother Nature.

This is true. No one is free from trouble all the time. Soon or late trouble comes to every one. It may not be great trouble, although the troubled one is likely to think it is, or it may be trouble almost too great to bear. And what seems great trouble to one may not seem trouble at all to others. Trouble is like that.

In a tall tree in the loneliest part of the Green Forest there was trouble. Yes, sir, there was trouble, and the troubled ones were Hooty the Owl and Mrs. Hooty. You see, high up in that tree was their nest, and in that nest were two helpless babies, their babies, the loveliest babies in all the Great World their mother thought. All mothers think that of their babies no matter how homely they may be. And now Prickly Porky the Porcupine was climbing that tree.

Prickly Porky is known as the Untouchable One. This is because he carries a thousand little spears called quills hidden in his coat. They are as sharp-pointed as needles, and if you should only brush against Prickly Porky ever so lightly you would be sure to find some of those little spears sticking in you. Pulling them out would hurt, but unless you pulled them out at once they would work in deeper and deeper and hurt more and more. So everyone with any sense at all leaves Prickly Porky alone. As a result of this, he is one of the most harmless yet at the same time one of the most independent of all the Green Forest folk.

Hooty had been off hunting when Prickly Porky had first appeared and Mrs. Hooty had at first glimpsed of him mistaken him for Bobby Coon, who had twice tried to climb up to get those precious babies. Barely in time Mrs. Hooty had seen who it really was she was about to strike. Prickly Porky had paid no attention to her. He had shuffled from one tree to another trying to decide which one to climb to get a good meal of leaves and bark and tender tips of twigs. Two or three times he had

started to climb a tree then changed his mind. Then at long last he had made up his mind and the tree he had chosen was the one the big Owls claimed was their tree, the one in which was his nest with the precious babies.

"You can't climb that tree!" cried Mrs. Hooty.

"Get down from that tree or we'll knock you down," threatened Hooty angrily, and swooped as close to him but taking care not to touch him. She snapped her bill angrily. It had an ugly, threatening sound.

"Can't I? Just watch me," grunted Prickly Porky. He dug his claws into the bark and began to climb. Just then Hooty returned. He stopped just long enough to give the food he had brought to the babies, then joined Mrs. Hooty in flying back and forth around Prickly Porky all the time telling him the dreadful things they would do to him if he didn't climb down and go away.

Prickly Porky just raised the little spears hidden in his coat until

they stood above the hair of his coat. They pointed in all directions. He looked like a big live porcupine.

"You'll be sorry if you try it," grunted Prickly Porky mildly as he slowly climbed a little higher.

"It is our tree. You know it is our tree. You have no business in it," cried Mrs. Hooty.

"Yes, I have," grunted Prickly Porky.

"What business?" Hooty wanted to know.

"The business of getting a good dinner," grunted Prickly Porky, raising his head to look up.

What did he mean? Did he could he mean those helpless babies up in the nest? Hooty and Mrs. Hooty were frantic.



KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

By Zane Grey



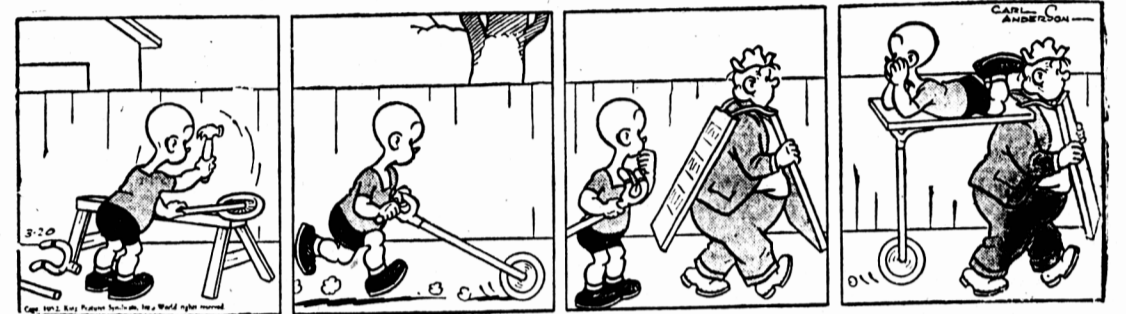
By Ham Fisher

JOE PALOOKA



By Carl Anderson

HENRY



By Ruford

DOTTY DIPPLE



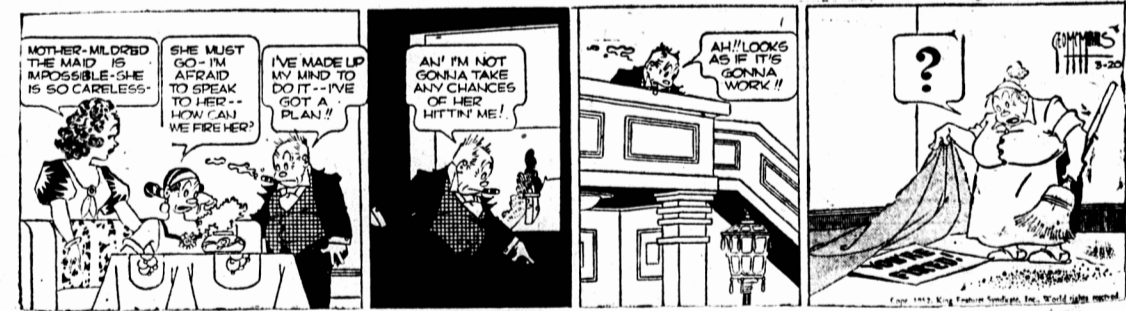
By Edwina

TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



TILLY THE TOILER

By Bob Gustafson



PENNY

By Harry Haenigsen



The Neighbors

By George Clark



"Last year she sent her boy friend a get-well card when he had the measles and it worked wonders."

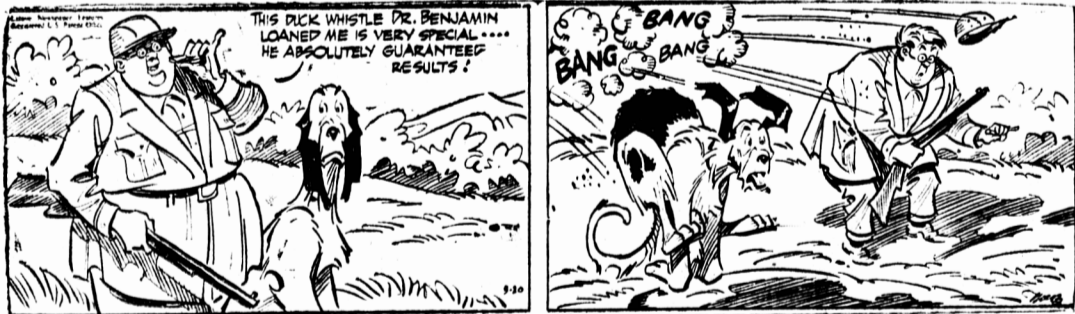
By Walt Kelly

POGO



By Clifford McBride

Naoleon and Uncle Elby



By Al Capp

LIL ABNER



By Alex Raymond

RIP KIRBY

