



"Do you think South should have announced an informatory double, Joe?"

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Contract Bridge for All

North		East	
S.	K-J-3	S.	10-8-5-4
H.	8-7-3	H.	K-Q-J
D.	K-10-9-8-5	D.	6
C.	9-2	C.	10-7-6-4-3
West		South	
S.	A-7	S.	Q-9-6-2
H.	10-9-6-5-4-2	H.	A
D.	J-4-3	D.	A-Q-7-2
C.	K-J	C.	A-Q-8-5

THIS hand, given in last week's Collier's, would have required but little bidding skill if it had been played at Auction. South would have started with a bid of one No Trump and the other three would have passed.

The hand, however, was played at Duplicate Contract in a team-of-four match (both sides invulnerable, score 0-0).

In the play of the above deal, the dealers at both tables bid two No Trumps on the South hand, which had a count of eighteen and all four suits stopped. North in both cases jumped to three No Trumps, and that bid was passed by the others. North's jump from two to three No Trumps was amply justified because South's bid guaranteed a minimum seventeen-count with four suits stopped, or a nineteen-count with three suits stopped and no worthless singleton or doubleton.

The Play

The opening lead at both tables was the fourth best Heart—the Five—and East's Jack was won by the singleton Ace in the closed hand. At this stage seven adverse Hearts were unplayed, so South knew that there must be at least four in one adverse hand, and the enemy of course had the Ace of Spades as an entry. With that dangerous situation confronting the two Declarers, they both led the Ace, followed by the Queen, of Diamonds.

At one table East discarded the Queen of Hearts on the Queen of Diamonds and when a third round of Diamonds was led to trick 4, East parted with the King of Hearts on North's King of Diamonds. This East had figured with the aid of the Rule of Eleven that outside of West's hand there originally were 11 minus five equals six Hearts higher than the Five which West led. These six Hearts were shown to East by the first trick to be the Eight and Seven in dummy, King-Queen-Jack in East's hand, and the Ace played by South.

Since South had bid two No Trumps and not three, West probably had the Ace of Spades, the Ace of Clubs or the King of Clubs; otherwise South's hand almost surely would have counted well over the twenty-one required for a three No Trump declaration. Consequently East discarded the Queen and King of Hearts to unblock the suit of a partner who could be expected to produce an entry, and this move ended Declarer's chance of making his contract. After running his Diamonds Declarer led a Spade, hoping to find the Ace with East; but West won and at once cashed four Heart tricks (he had been obliged to discard a Heart), defeating the contract.

At the other table East discarded the King of Hearts on South's Queen of Diamonds at trick 3; and this play proved to be costly indeed. South knew by the Rule of Eleven that East, after playing the Jack on the first trick, had two Hearts left which were higher than the Five; but he could not tell their size. However, when East discarded the King, he marked him as also holding the Queen because he would not have finessed King-Jack of his partner's suit with the Eight as Dummy's highest card.

South studied the situation and saw that if West had led from six Hearts, the Queen, which East had so kindly shown to be in his hand, still blocked the suit. So South switched from Diamonds to Spades at trick 4 and forced West to part with his Ace of Spades on the second round of that suit. West then cleared his Hearts in one lead; but Declarer killed West's reentry by refusing to finesse South's Ace-Queen of Clubs when East led through them, and ran off game with his good Spade and Diamonds, taking, in all, nine tricks—two Spades, one Heart, five Diamonds and one Club.

Declarer did not risk a third-round finesse in Spades as nine tricks (his game contract) were assured without it.

Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.

North		East	
S.	J-6	S.	8-7-4-3-2
H.	8-5-3	H.	Q-2
D.	3-2	D.	10-9-8-4
C.	A-10-9-6-5-3	C.	K-7
West		South	
S.	Q-9-5	S.	A-K-10
H.	A-10-7-6-4	H.	K-J-9
D.	K-6-5	D.	A-Q-J-7
C.	4-2	C.	Q-J-8



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A Touch of Romance

Continued from page 27

shook them vigorously at his admirers. He was a professional, all right.

When Perley Ball entered the ring he was greeted with shouts of derision. I didn't blame the crowd. Perley wore, in lieu of fighting trunks, a pair of faded blue bathing pants much too large for him. His thin legs stuck out of them like broomsticks, and his body looked grotesquely stringy and frail. I began to be really afraid for him.

He caught my eye and grinned. It was, I thought, a worried grin. But his nerve was all right. He paid no attention whatever to the jeers of the crowd.

The bell rang for the first round. Perley came out of his corner like a flash, caught Hawkins with a clean right to the jaw and knocked him flat. Hawkins was up in a moment. So were the spectators. There was a roar that shook the building.

A moment later the roar became a shriek of frenzy. For Perley, his pipe-stem arms going like flails, had knocked Hawkins down again. This time the favorite got up in a fury, rushed at the human windmill before him, and shot a hard left to Perley's mouth. My neighbor went back on his heels, shook his head, spat out a tooth ("He hasn't many to lose," I thought) and returned to his pugilistic threshing. Just as the bell sounded he floored Hawkins for the third time. The crowd went wild.

Young Mr. Hawkins sat in his corner looking grim. He looked very grim. His second whispered something into his cauliflower ear. The fighter nodded, scowling.

AS THEY came out for the second round I noticed that Perley was breathing hard. I regretted the cigarette I had given him. But he started off again at his killing pace, evidently trying to score a knock-out before he caved in.

Hawkins was boxing now. He stood off and let Perley swing at him. He clinched and wrestled with the smaller man. Then suddenly, in a neutral corner, directly above where I was sitting, he drove a terrific right into the pit of Perley's stomach.

It was a fair blow. There was no doubt of that. But it was cruel; and utterly paralyzing. Perley went back against the ropes. His gloved hands groped for their support. He hung there, his head rolling, completely defenseless, while Hawkins pounded his stomach with both hands.

I could see the look of agony on Perley's face. I jumped to my feet and yelled: "Stop it!" The crowd took up the cry, and an instant later the referee stepped in and shoved Hawkins aside.

Perley's limp body slipped gently to the floor. He rolled over and lay unconscious at the edge of the ring. There was no use counting him out. Hawkins unquestionably had won.

Two men carried Perley to the dressing-room. I followed them. They put him on a cot, and one of them poured water on his head out of a bucket. I wet my handkerchief in the bucket and wiped the blood from his lips. "I'm a friend of his," I said. "I'll see that he gets home."

Perley opened his eyes and looked up. "How a' ye," he murmured weakly. Then a sudden fear showed in his glazed and staring eyes.

"Gimme my pants!" he said.

"You can't get dressed yet, Perley."

"Gimme my pants! I put that twenty-five dollars in my pocket, and I want to see if it's still there!"

I drove him home at midnight. He sat beside me in the car bent over, suffering, his left arm hugging his belly. But his right hand, thrust into his trousers pocket, clutched the meager fortune he had fought and bled for that night.

SOME days later, walking along the village street at dusk, I met Perley coming out of Dr. Wynne's house. It was a cold autumn evening, with more than a threat of winter in the air.

"Hello," I said. "How are you, Perley?"

"My stomick," he said, "still pains me some. Didn't want to go to the doctor, but the woman, she made me. Doc says I got to have treatment." He looked up at me with his twisted, toothless grin. "Odd thing," he said. "I cal'late the doctor's bill 'll come to just twenty-five dollars."

"So you're going to spend what you earned by fighting," I said, "on getting over the effects of the fight?"

"No, I ain't," he answered. "I already spent the money on what I wanted it for. Come along with me, and I'll show you what 'tis."

I walked home with him, to his crazy old house in the meadow at the foot of my hill. We did not go into the house. We stood at one of the living-room windows and looked in.

There, in a shabby, barren room that once had been the pioneer Balls' best parlor, Perley's wife sat in a chair before a table on which was a small radio receiving set. She sat bolt upright, her eyes closed, a faint smile on her thin lips, listening to a voice that came softly crooning out of space:

*"As in the days of chivalry,
I swear by heaven about you,
Your brave and faithful knight I'll be,
Because I love you."*

The voice came out to us standing in the chill twilight with a golden, mournful clarity. Its sentimentality was lost in the bleak dignity of the earth already congealing under the high frosty stars; it became a note of tenderness brooding over that lovely meadow.

"Second-hand machine," said Perley, "but it works good. Belonged to Jim Horton, the 'lectrician. Jim wanted twenty-five dollars for it, so I set out to get the money. Cal'lated the woman'd enjoy it, 'specially now that winter's comin' on."

I DIDN'T say anything. I was thinking of the night of the fight, and the look on Perley's face as he hung limp on the ropes with Hawkins pounding him in the belly.

*"Your brave and faithful knight I'll be,
Because I love you-u-u."*

Perley pressed closer to the window. His eyes shone suddenly in the light.

"There!" he said. "Ain't that beautiful?"

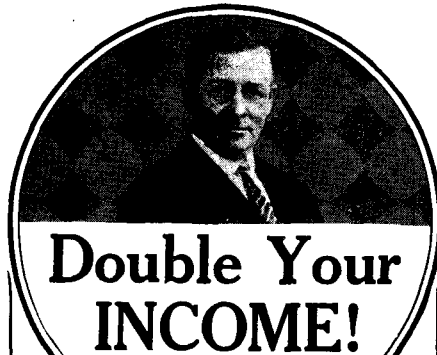
"I think it is, Perley."

"It's a good machine."

"But look here," I said to him. "You've still got to pay the doctor twenty-five dollars for mending your guts."

He stared for a moment longer at his wife sitting in the house listening to the song. Then he looked around at me and grinned.

"Got that all fixed," he said. "Made a trade with Doc Wynne tonight. I'm goin' to pay him by diggin' him a nice, new sewer."



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"Uneasy Lies the Head"

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

HARSH things are said about President Hoover in Washington and reports reaching here from the various states indicate that criticizing the President is one of the favorite indoor sports. The millionaires of Wall Street blame all their troubles on him and if you call in a workman to do some job around the place the chances are he will say to you, "What's the matter with Hoover? He doesn't seem to know what to do."

The idea that all is not well with the administration seems to have penetrated every rank of society. The fall of the President from his eminence of a year and a half ago to his present state is only to be compared to the fall of Wilson from his greatness of the war days to the pitiable unpopularity of his last few months in the White House. The detraction to which he is subjected is only comparable to that which was visited upon Cleveland when the panic of 1893 descended upon the country in the midst of his second administration.

There is no justice in it at all. The country insisted upon overestimating him. It built up its idol of huge proportions and now it will see nothing but the feet of clay. No one could be quite the superman it made Mr. Hoover out to be. And no one who has done all the things that Mr. Hoover has done could be quite so incompetent as it now believes him to be.

The people, in their estimate of Presidents, always go to extremes. Few Presidents who are overpraised escape the inevitable dispraise that follows. Circumstances have made the reaction quicker and more violent with Mr. Hoover. A depression is, of course, the great destroyer of Presidential popularity.

Man vs. Superman

I suppose the best protection against excessive adulation and its inevitable penalty, excessive contempt, is the possession of certain human qualities which remind the public that its great man is after all only another such as the rest of us.

A sense of humor, including the ability to laugh at himself, is helpful too. Doing things the way other people do them makes people realize that a President is like the rest of us. Mr. Coolidge was "ornery," everybody knew his like. It was not he that was great; it was the things that he did that were great, and it was just a run-of-the-mine man like ourselves that did them. Al Smith, if he had been President, would still say "raddio," reminding us that,

like the rest of us, he hadn't had too much schooling.

But Mr. Hoover has too many virtues. There isn't anything that you can whisper about him to remind yourself and your neighbor that he too is flesh and blood. He is stiff, self-conscious, remote, without warmth. He is a personification rather than a person. Then, too, he makes mistakes. He started out with the reputation of being a "superman." And the specifications of his administration were those of a super-administration.

Steam-Shovel Politics

Why must he have three secretaries instead of the usual one, except that his was to be no ordinary administration? Why did he appoint so many commissions except that all the mistakes of the past were to be corrected in short order?

So the fall was very great.

A friend of mine, who used to be one of Hoover's trusted advisers, said to me, "I see him every few days. We talk to each other on the most confidential terms. Yet I never have ventured to call him Herbert and he never has called me Bill." What hold in a dire moment has such a man upon the public?

Envy is at the bottom of a good deal of the present detraction. The equalitarian spirit of a democracy resents the greatness of the man that it makes great. Envy hides itself when the ballyhoo is working. But it is on the watch for its opportunity to destroy.

Business conditions are the chief occasion for the decline and fall. But there is a weakness in the man himself. He is a great man with a steam shovel set to dealing with human wills and emotions. No one makes an entirely successful President who isn't an expert politician, as, for instance, Coolidge or Roosevelt. Mr. Hoover is working in a medium which he does not understand. He is vitally interested in the political consequences of whatever he does and he is not qualified to judge those political consequences. This makes him uncertain and indecisive. All kinds of men have got by in the Presidency—with good luck. But Mr. Hoover has had bad luck.

He may come back, as his friends say. Mr. Cleveland came back, after he retired from office. Mr. Taft came back, after he too had retired. Mr. Hoover has a year and a half in which to come back before the next election will be coming on us.



Cork is a product vital to industry. AT LEFT—harvesting cork in Spain. BELOW—S. E. Conybeare, Asst. General Manager, Armstrong Cork Co.



THE BUSINESS LEADERS OF TODAY ARE THE I. C. S. STUDENTS OF YESTERDAY

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S. E. Conybeare was the son of a country minister. He helped pay his way through Coe College, in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, by campus news reporting. He taught three years in Cedar Rapids High School and then received an appointment as principal of the Boon Itt Memorial Institute, in Bangkok, Siam. After two years in the Orient he returned to Iowa State College, and became Assistant Professor of Journalism.

It was several years later, while he was editing farm papers for a publisher in Springfield, Massachusetts, that Mr. Conybeare determined to break into the field of advertising. One momentous day he clipped an I. C. S. coupon and mailed it to Scranton.

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his I. C. S. training as a part of his qualifications for an advertising position, and within a few months he had joined the Armstrong Cork Company, of Lancaster, Pa.

Three years later, in 1920, Mr. Conybeare was made Advertising Manager of that great company, one of the largest advertisers in America. He has built up, in the last decade, an advertising department that is regarded as a model for large manufacturing organizations, covering as it does not only periodical advertising but direct-by-mail advertising, radio programs and all forms of sales promotion.

Early in 1930 he relinquished his advertising duties to become Assistant General Manager, in charge of the Cork Division, and a part of his work today is the development in national industry of new uses for cork as a great basic product.

For years the name of S. E. Conybeare has been prominent in advertising circles. He has served as President of the Association of National Advertisers. He has been a director of the Audit Bureau of Circulations and of the national Direct Mail Association, as well as a member of the Jury of the Harvard Advertising Awards.

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