

MCKENNEY ON BRIDGE

By William E. McKenney
America's Card Authority

Each year finds hundreds of new players trying their hand at a duplicate or tournament play. Generally the new tournament fan's first major event is one of the amateur contests of the president's pair event in the summer national tournament. P. P. Begley entered national competition for the first time this year and came out the winner of the president's pairs with Dr. Kalman Apfel.

Here is one of the hands that helped him win. Most North-South pairs let East and West play

♠ A 5 2					
♥ Q J 10 5					
♦ 8 4					
♣ J 9 8 6					
♠ 9 9 3					
♥ 8 7 3 2					
♦ A Q J 10					
♣ 5 2					

N	E
W	S
Dealer	

Begley
 ♠ K 6
 ♥ A K 9 4
 ♦ 6 3 2
 ♣ K 10 7 4

Duplicate—None vul.
 South West North East
 1♥ Pass 2♥ 2♣
 Pass Pass 3♥ Pass
 Pass 3♠ Pass
 4♥ Double Pass Pass
 Opening—♠ Q.

Burglarizes House Only To Be Robbed Himself

NEW YORK. (AP)—Arthur Cooney, 26, roused from a Central Park bench, reported to police he had been robbed of a suitcase full of clothing while he slept.

As Cooney described the clothing, Detective Peter Naton thought it more than coincidence the description fitted a list he had just obtained of goods stolen from a nearby apartment.

Arrested, Cooney complained bitterly: "I burglarize a house and somebody robs me."

Daytime Dress



8217
36-52

"Gracious, have you been reducing?" is a question your friends will be asking you when they see you in this flattering dress! Thanks to its unusual cut, the pounds seem to slip away from the woman who wears it. The bodice is softly feminine and the deep neckline is a lively background for attractive jewelry.

Pattern No. 8217 is in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50 and 52. Size 38 with short sleeves requires 4 1/3 yards 39-inch material.

For this attractive pattern, send 15c in coin, your name, address, pattern number and size to The Reporter-Telegram Today's Pattern Service, 211 W Wacker Drive, Chicago.

Telegram Should Get The Job Done

WASHINGTON. (AP)—In line with its "get tough" policy, the War Production Board Monday made public the following telegram sent by a prime contractor of tank parts to a sub-contractor who makes transmission cases, with indications that the WPB considered it more or less of a model:

"You are getting us into one helluva mess. You and I agreed upon a perfectly fine schedule and I was willing to abide by it. But you have not done one damn thing you promised to do. I agree that you have been doing better than you did before June but we certainly can't win a war on the basis of how you are going now. We have contracted for 12 cases per month and I understand that one month you made seven, the next month you made five, and God knows what you're going to make this month. However, I want it

Soldier's Call Didn't Quite Hit The Jack-Pot

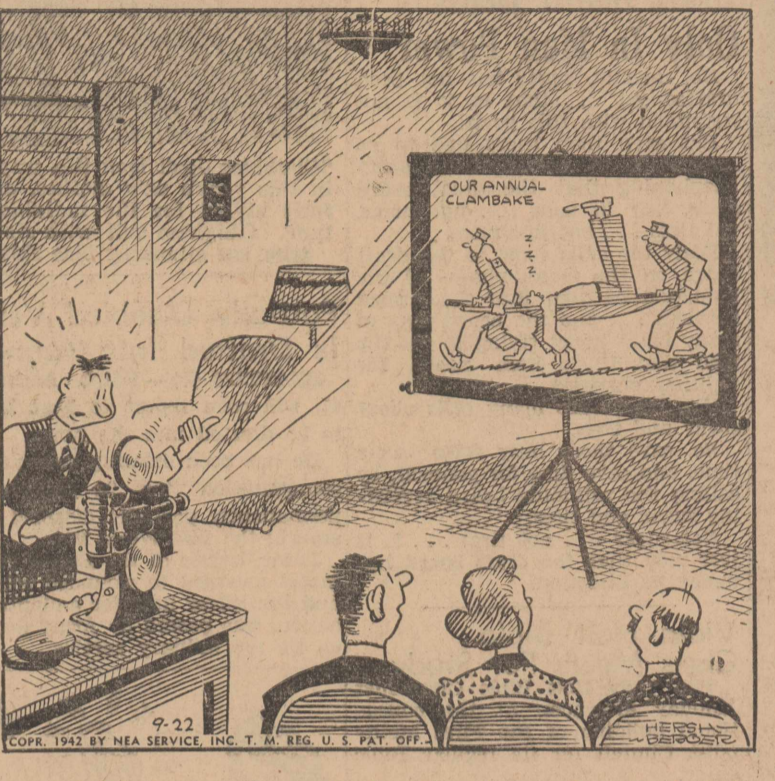
KANSAS CITY. (AP)—"Looks like you hit the jackpot, soldier," William Egerer, Navy aide at the U. S. Employment office, said to a private, busy scooping up nickels which gushed from a pay phone.

"No such luck," sighed the Army lad. "I'm calling my folks, long distance, see, and the operator tells me to deposit \$2.50. All the change I can get here is nickels. I put in 50 and now the operator says I put 'em in so fast she couldn't count. "See (clang-clang-clang), I gotta do it (clang-clang) al lofer again!"

"That's the way I'd like to have is 12 per month. I am sending my representative back to your city tonight. If necessary I will send a whole army."

"That's the way I'd like to have all of our contractors talk, commented George C. Brainard, Chief of the WPB tools division.

FUNNY BUSINESS



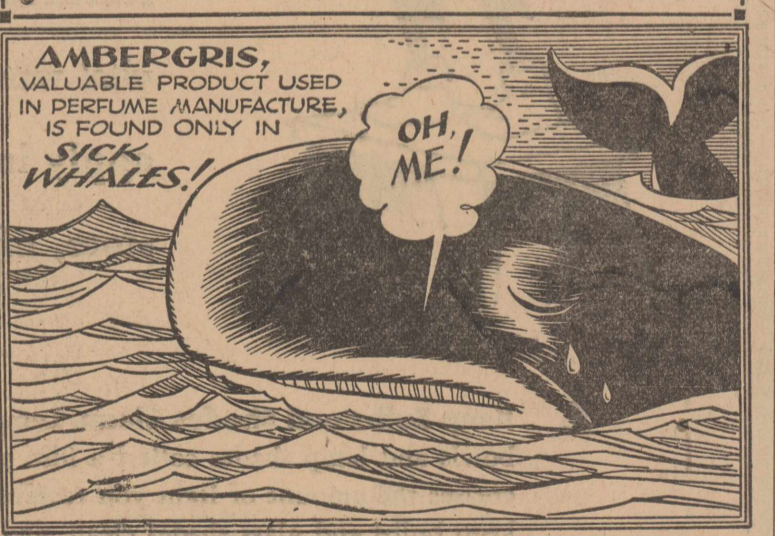
"And this is me, after winning the clam-eating contest!"

SIDE GLANCES



"This is either the clothes closet or the kitchen—I'm not sure which."

THIS CURIOUS WORLD



OH, ME!



ANSWER: The Appalachians.

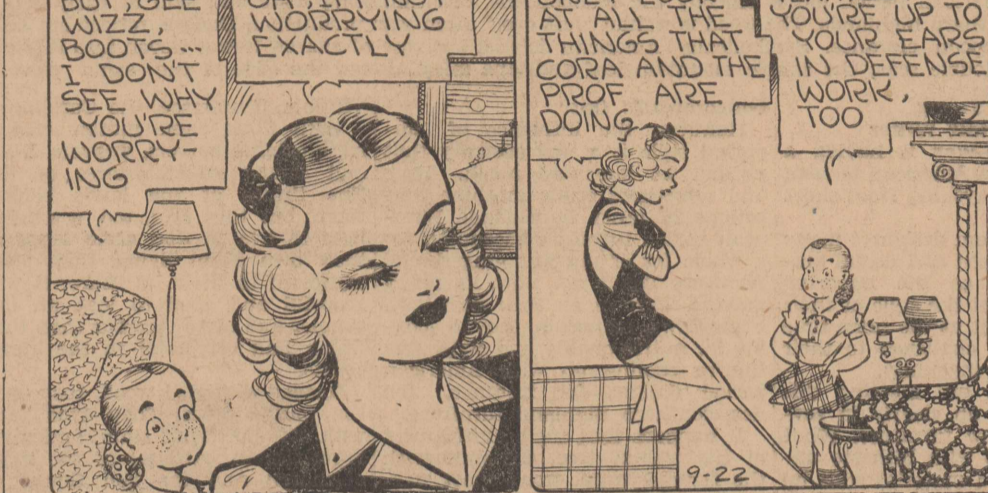
NEXT: Do parent birds guide their young south in the fall?

Our Boarding House with Major Hoople



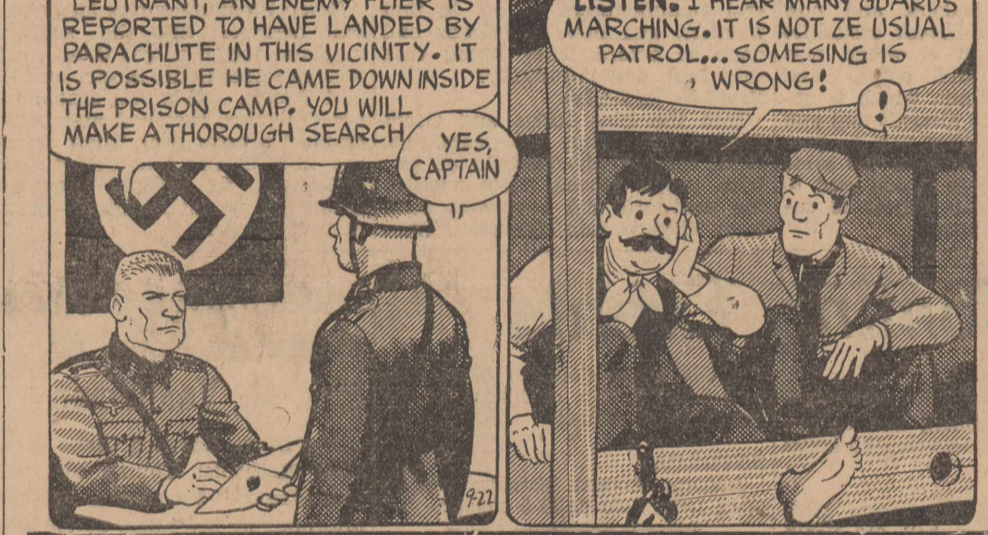
It's A Standing Offer.

Boots And Her Buddies



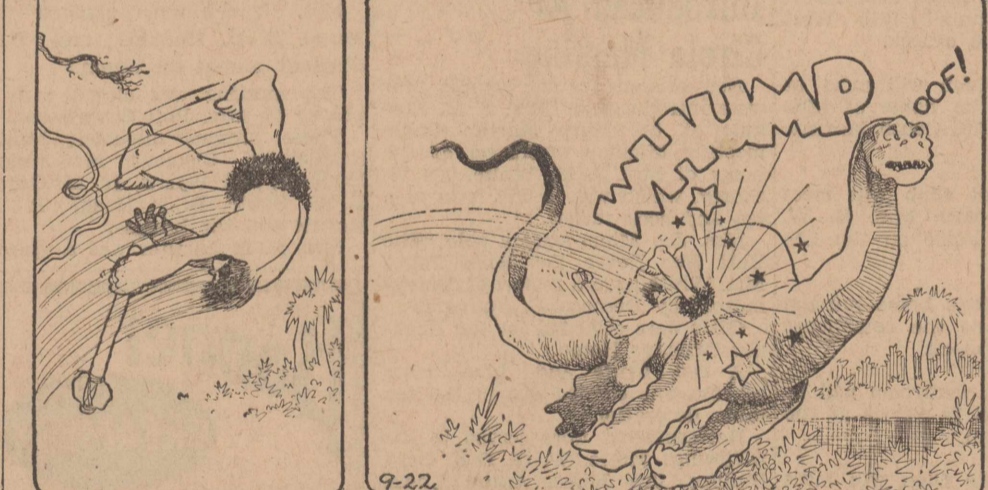
But gee whizz boots... I don't see why you're worrying.

Wash Tubbs



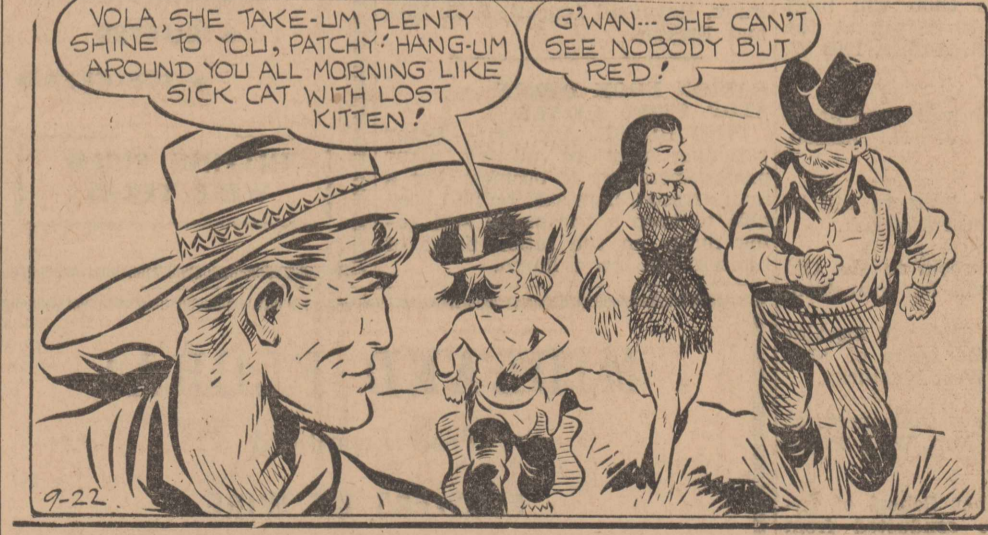
Yes, Captain.

Alley Oop



WHAH! WHAT KIND OF A VINE WAS THAT I GOT A HOLE OFF WHOOEY!

Red Ryder



Well, braid m'whiskers! Maybe you're right, little beaver! Here—Heh—Heh! Quit your ticklin' me, woman!

Freckler And His Friends



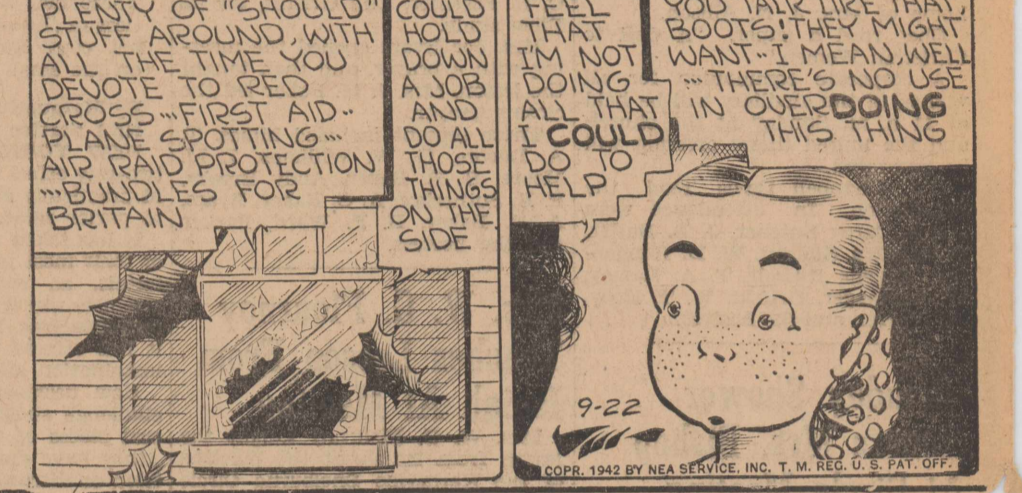
He's a pretty busy man.

Out Our Way By J. R. Williams



Listen, lil, that's not cruelty—they wrap tape around the spurs so they really don't hurt th' horse!

THE HEE MEN



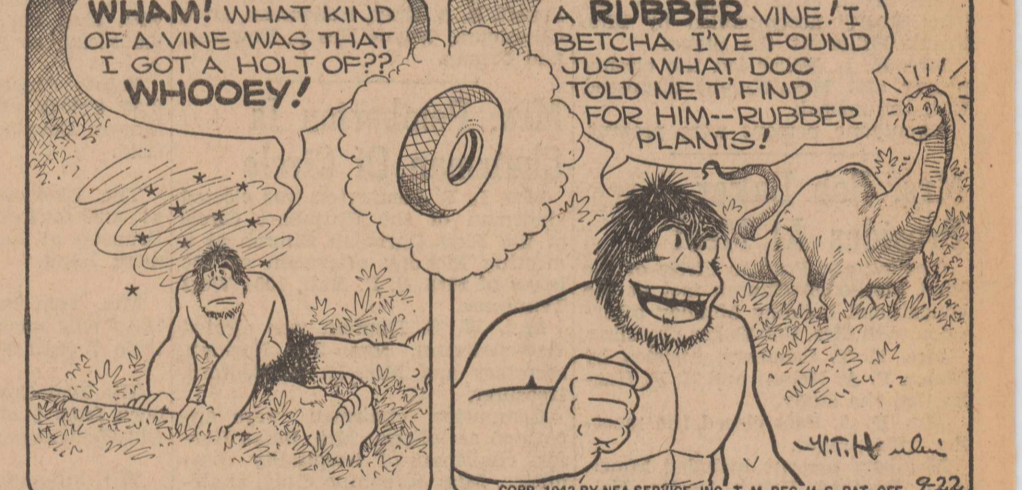
I don't like the way you talk like that, boots—they might want—I mean, well, there's no use in overdoing this thing.

By Roy Cran



Wait, my Fran! Wait! Do not try to hide! Better zat you remain in ze bunk... even if your foot is not thru the hole.

By V. T. Hamlin



By Fred Harman



By Merrill Blosser

