Kibitzer

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for the needed entry. When he comes off the board with a low diamond count, he fails to hold his ground and is obliged to split honors to avoid the finesse. So Meade, an AIB, is trumped and then leads his good club. Either opponent can ruff, but only on a clean trick of a natural trump winner. If West pitches a heart and Meade plays his queen, South merely trumps the heart re- turn low and the apparent trump finesse does not work because dummy's spades beat West's hearts.

4 Hearts is the most interesting contract of all. South must take care, for the opening hearts test as part of his plan to hold the enemy three trials if he can. He wins the second heart lead with the ace and leads another ace of spades, and then leads three rounds of clubs ending with a ruff in dummy. The KQ of spades serves as winners for two diamond pitches. This is it, up to here, as both declarer and dummy hold all winners outside of the trump suit.

Freckish bridge hands have little purpose, if one is trying to improve one's playing and bidding skill, but, like chess players, it can be interesting (even if impractical) mental exercise.

TILL WE MEET AGAIN

Seven years now I have been writing this column for the makers of Marlboro Cigarettes, and each year when I come to the last column of the year, my heart is gripped by the same bittersweet feeling. I shall miss you, my dear readers, in the long summer days ahead. I shall miss you, dear boys and girls, with frogs in your pockets. I shall miss you, and all—your shining morning faces, fair apples, your marbles, your jokes, your little oiled socks.

But I shall not be entirely sad, for you have given me many a happy memory to sustain me. It has been a rare pleasure writing this column for you all year, and I would ask every one of you to again visit me during the summer except there is no access to my room. The makers of Marlboro Cigarettes, after I missed several deadlines, walled me in. All I have is a mail slot into which I drop my columns and through which they supply me with Marlboros Cigarettes and such food will slip through a mail slot. (For six months I have been living on after-dinner mittens.)

I am only having my little joke. The makers of Marlboros have not walled me in. They could never do such a cruel thing. Manly and muscular they may be, and gruff and curt and direct, but underlings, they are not men of that kind. If the boys not only have compassion, I wish to take this opportunity to state publicly that I will always have the highest regard for the makers of Marlboros Cigarettes, no matter how my laudat for back wages comes out.

I am only having my little joke. I am not suing the makers of Marlboros for back wages. These honorable gentlemen have always paid me promptly and in full. To be sure, they have not paid me in dollars and cents, but they have given me something far more precious. You would go far to find one so covered with tattoos as I.

I am only having my little joke. The makers of Marlboros have not covered me with tattoos. In fact, they have engraved no commercial advertising whatsoever on my person. My suit, of course, is another matter, but even here they have exercised taste and restraint. On the back of my suit, in unobtrusive letters, they have put this fetching little jingle:

Are your taste buds out of killer? Are you bored with smoking, neighbor? Then try that splendid Marlboro filter, Try that excellent Marlboro filter!

On the front of my suit, in mixed phosphorus, are pictures of the members of the Marlboro band and their families. On my hat is a small cigarette girl crying, "Who'll Buy my Marlboros?"

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