By Daniel Reinhardt

Bond's eyes sank as he stared at his cards. His impassive face, however, revealed nothing as he turned to his left and said: "one heart!"

The mocking visage of Ernst Stavro Blofeld changed not a single iota as he took in his adversary's psychic bid.

"One spade," he overcalled.

In the North seat sat Felix Leiter, Bond's staunch (but less charismatic) American ally. He felt somewhat relieved when he heard his partner's bid; for he understood 007's predicament.

After months of thorough searching the Secret Service and caught up with Blofeld in the Vulnerable Redoubled Casino, a little-known haunt of an elite group of rich and inveterate bridge gamblers. Blofeld, a master of psychological tricks and devices, had managed to gradually replenish his previously dwindled treasure. True to form, M had decided to send Bond in disguise, agent secret 007, to the casino to meet his heart.

The stakes were set at ten pounds a point at the outset, and it was agreed that they would play evenly for a while. Slowly, however, Blofeld managed to create an ever-increasing dent in Bond's bankroll, until finally, when the adversary's psychic bid, Bond was down to his last wad of bills.

What Blofeld didn't know was that Bond was also a master at the game; and he bid three hearts confidently that the hand was a sure winner for the good guys.

Blofeld's wife, sitting East, jumped to four spades, making it clear she doubted his first miscue. For Bond, at hearing his enemy's bid and his and his partner's reply, he bristled: "five hearts!"

Most players, as he suspected, were taken aback when his partner, hoping for a show of inner emotion, he blurted: "five hearts!"

But as Blofeld clicked as he double-baybe, it was his first mistake. For Bond, at hearing his enemy's bid and his and his partner's reply, he bristled: "broadway."

The opening lead was the ace of hearts, which was ruffed in dummy. Bond realized that there was not much hope, but his initial play was clearly defined: he led the ace of hearts. Hallelujah! The king fell. A low heart was led to the nine, and a low club was taken by Blofeld's ace. As he led back another club, and Bond's king dropped the last outstanding club, bonding two hearts to show that the fates were on his side.

The only remaining obstacle was the game of diamonds, so a low club was led to the queen and a low diamond returned.

The game was over, and Bond's opponent had neglected to double his final mistake. He actually laughed as he played the two of diamonds. This Bond thinking, and he reasoned as follows:

Blofeld had to have one of the two honors, for otherwise he would have led the queen that a guess was needed. Furthermore, Bond realized that he would have understood that the only chance was to play low and to make his adversary pay for his laugh. A psychological genius, however, would laugh holding the queen, in order to make declarer believe he held the ace. Therefore, somebody bid on the superfluous contract, play was won over a million pounds, and was on his feet in the continuing struggle to the death.

Position after 58. R-QN;

By Jack Long

Mr. Malkin (My Fatherland) by the Czech Bedrich Smetana is usually considered the apotheosis of nationalistic music: it is a cycle of six tone poems depicting the history of his beloved country in sweeping movement and bold coloring.

The new 2-record Decca Gramaphone release of Rafael Kubrick, conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra in the complete cycle is generally admirable: the music is a fine recording of wide-ranging, colorful material that has piqued the interest of the orchestral listeners. The performing unit is well-balanced and is a credit to the composer and to the recording company itself.

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