

DOLLAR DAYS
Now On At WALLACE'S DEPT. STORE



Blackwood on Bridge

By Easley Blackwood

It took Mr. Muzzy a long time to bid today's hand and he still landed in the wrong spot. First he thought about his opening bid. He was torn between a one diamond and a two-diamond opening. Finally he decided he was a mite shy for a two bid.

None vulnerable

South dealer

North S-A 10 8 7 5 2

H-K 7 5

D-J 3

C-9 5

West S-9 6 3

H-Q 10 6

D-8 5 4

C-Q J 4 2

South S-K Q J

H-8 2

D-A K Q 9 2

C-A K 16

The bidding:

South	West	North	East
1 D	Pass	1 S	Pass
3 C	Pass	3 S	Pass
4 NT	Pass	5 D	Pass
5 S	All pas		

To his one diamond call Mr. Champion responded with one spade. Again Mr. Muzzy went into a huddle. He was inclined to raise the spades but for once he remembered that Mr. Champion had said not to jump raise him without at least four cards in his suit.

No trump was out on account of the heart weakness. Three diamonds was strong sounding but not absolutely forcing. Believe it or not, Mr. Muzzy hit on a very good bid. "Three clubs," he said.

Mr. Champion repaid his spades and Mr. Muzzy was off to the races. "Four no trump," he said in a loud voice. "Five diamonds," from Mr. Champion and then it was back to Mr. Muzzy again. This time he was really stymied.

Yes, Mr. Muzzy had not used, but misused, the Blackwood Convention. He had found out about his partner's ace holding and he was still in the dark about the chances of slam.

He knew that Mr. Champion could have all that he had promised by his bidding, without holding either the ace or king of hearts. At long last Mr. Muzzy bid five spades, fearing two quick heart losers.

Mr. Dale opened a low club and Mr. Champion wrapped up a grand slam.

"Muzzy," roared Mr. Champion, "why, why, why do you insist on carrying the ball when you don't know which way to run with it?"

"How did I know you had the king of hearts?" pouted Mr. Muzzy. "I can't see through the backs of your cards."

"No, but I am perfectly capable of seeing the front of them," Mr. Champion pointed out. "Why not bid five spades over my three spade bid? Then I would understand that you have a terrific hand with fine spade support and that you are asking me to bid six if I don't have two quick heart losers."

Mr. Champion was right. When information about your partner's aces won't give you the whole story about slam, don't use the Blackwood.

VICTORIA REPORT

... by J. K. Nesbitt

"Stupid" Liquor Laws—Anscomb vs. Turnbull—Premier No Chiseller

VICTORIA.—Ald. Archie Proctor of Vancouver wants the government to do something about our liquor laws. At a meeting of Vancouver city council he called the present law "stupid." He said the present liquor act is a joke and can't be enforced.

The government, of course, won't do anything about the liquor law—not this session anyway. The government hates the mere mention of the word liquor. It gives them the shakes. So the government will tell the Coalition boys to go easy—not to mention liquor in the House unless they feel they absolutely have to.

The government, it may be suspected, doesn't want the liquor law changed. The profits at the moment are fat and juicy and the government is quite satisfied to reap them in.

Cocktail lounges, this observer firmly believes, would cut the sale of liquor. Most people are satisfied with a drink or two. As it is now, they have to buy a whole bottle—and there's always the temptation to kill it.

Cocktail lounges in Washington State, for instance, are well run, attractive, not noisy or rowdy. They're generally much preferable to B.C.'s beer parlors—crowded, smoke-filled, noisy, where beer after beer is served up until the patrons become groggy, because there's nothing else to do but sop beer—no food, no music, no dancing, no singing.

Wholesome merriment in a beer parlor is against the law in British Columbia. Outsiders say it's a quaint, picturesque law, but it doesn't make much sense.

But the law will go on, as long as the liquor profits are fat and the people don't insist that the government change the law.

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Hotel Arrivals

(Prince Rupert)

J. D. Patterson, R. G. Leigh, S. Swain, P. Johansen, N. Bentley, J. R. Bentham, R. McGee and D. W. Whittaker, Vancouver; J. G. Roberts, Prince George; Ed. Bolton, Port Essington.

For Action, Advertise!

QUEEN CHARLOTTE ISLANDS

(Continued from page 5)

pect a provincial status of their own.

With an area more than twice that of Prince Edward Island, with many times the natural resources P.E.I. ever had, they are treated with the least possible consideration as to both the present and the future. Their great resources are exploited to benefit permanently only the mainland processors and communities. Huge camps of transient workers tear up the island forests and carry away the logs for processing at Ocean Falls and Powell River, leaving only the unbeautiful scars of their operations.

Fishermen from American and all British Columbia ports fish their waters and the fish are processed at Prince Rupert, Vancouver and Seattle! And these fishing operations can be considered little less than depredations. Where 50 years ago there were a thousand salmon, there is now scarcely a one.

The Premier could use a big government limousine and chauffeur, but never does except on state occasions. He's not like a lot of civil servants who have government cars for business, but also use them for pleasure, driving back and forth between the Legislative Buildings and their homes, going shopping and joy-riding. Next time you see a 19,000 license-plate observe it well. You'll be surprised at the number of them about. All 19,000 cars are government cars. They're not always on government business. Somebody should look into it.

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Add cooled milk mixture and stir in 1 well-beaten egg and 1 tsp. grated lemon rind. Stir in 2 c. once-sifted bread flour; beat until smooth. Work in 2 c. (about) once-sifted bread flour. Knead on lightly-floured board until smooth and elastic. Place in greased bowl and grease top of

dough. Cover and set in warm place, free from draught. Let rise until doubled in bulk. Punch down dough and roll out into an oblong about 9" wide and 24" long; loosen dough. Combine $\frac{1}{2}$ c. lightly-packed brown sugar and $\frac{1}{2}$ c. liquid honey; spread over dough and sprinkle with $\frac{1}{4}$ c. broken walnuts. Beginning at a long side, loosely roll up like a jelly roll. Lift carefully into a greased $\frac{1}{2}$ " tube pan and join ends of dough to form a ring. Brush top with melted butter. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in moderately hot oven, 375° , 45-50 minutes. Brush top with honey and sprinkle with chopped walnuts.

HONEY-BUN RING

Hot goodies come puffin' from your oven in quick time with new Fleischmann's Fast DRY YEAST! No more spoiled cakes of yeast! No more last-minute trips—this new form of Fleischmann's Yeast keeps in your cupboard! Order a month's supply.

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