

ACES MADE EASY

W. D. H. McCULLOUGH
AND
FOUGASSE







21

J. R. Hewitt.

ACES MADE EASY

BY THE SAME AUTHORS

CARD-PLAYING FOR PROFIT

THE BID—IN HEALTH AND PSYCHNESS

WHAT SHOULD I TELL MY PARTNER ?

DE PLAFONDIS

ELAINE OF THE BLEEDING HEART

THE ODD TRICKS OF SAN LUIS REY

PLAY UP, THE HEARTS !

AND

(owing to a stupid misunderstanding)

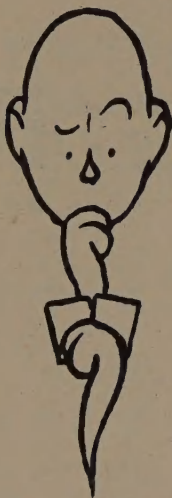
THE THAMES AND ITS BRIDGES

ACES MADE EASY

by

W. D. H. McCULLOUGH and FOUGASSE

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE LATTER



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DEDICATION

To Horatius, who kept his
Bridge to himself



FOREWORD

To be quite frank, this book was originally intended as a burlesque, and it was not until the authors had started on a critical study of the existing literature that the absurdity of this intention was brought home to them.

Suffice it to say that it can be read with equal profit by those who have played Auction but have not yet tried Contract, by those who have played Contract but have not yet tried a system, and by those who have played both under the impression that they were playing the other.



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AUTHOR'S NOTE

In the following pages every care has been taken to avoid any suspicion of plagiarism, especially where such has taken place.

All the characters in this book are imaginary and no reference is intended to any living person, except where they would not otherwise be recognised.



SECTION I
THE ORIGIN OF CONTRACT
BRIDGE



" But, bless my soul, there's no such suit ! "

THE ORIGIN OF CONTRACT BRIDGE

IN the good old days, Bridge used to be a jolly family game, in which the onlookers saw—and played—most of the game. It is true that the chairs to be provided were limited to four, but, beyond this, nothing much was done to keep down the numbers. In the days to which we are referring, moreover, there was always a warm welcome for the hail-fellow-well-how's-everyone type of player, who maintained that it was, if not impossible, at all events undesirable to play a serious game stone sober; who regarded the points scored for a revoke not as a



“Heaven be praised, a fourth at last.”

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penalty for making one, but as a reward for having the luck to spot it; and who felt, if anything, that the practice of numbering the cards rather savoured of professionalism.

For the very reason that the old-fashioned Auction did nothing to discourage this type of player, he certainly spread and multiplied at an alarming rate; and it was mainly with a view to meeting this danger that Contract was first introduced.

As most of our readers are no doubt aware, the measure has been remarkably successful: within six months of its introduction, no less than thirty per cent of the class at which it was aimed had ceased to play Bridge altogether, while another twenty-five per cent had been compelled to give up playing for money, which amounted to the same thing.

Since then, their numbers have steadily dwindled, until to-day there is hardly anyone left that is not capable of distinguishing the more expensive suits at a glance, and even of taking a hand in adding up the score, should no expert be available.



" I tell you it's only a game !!! "

SECTION II
EQUIPMENT



“ Snap ! What do you mean, Snap ? ”

EQUIPMENT

THE equipment required for Contract Bridge is simple, its essentials being (a) a pack of cards and (b) a table (or, alternatively, four knees and a newspaper).

The Cards

Bridge is played with an ordinary pack of cards, 52 in number—all different on one side but, for the most part, all the same on the other. Each pack contains four Queens—on the same basis as four beehives—and the packs used in Male Clubs are usually known as dog-packs. If you happen to find in your hand a plain card, a joker, or a disquieting postcard, this, in the language of cards, signifies that the rest of the table have something



A quiet rubber at the Cavalry Club.

on their minds—but not Bridge. The game is then said to be “revocable.”

The Table

Most Bridge-tables are made with a green baize top to imitate grass, being a relic of the days before lawn Bridge was played on hard tables. Any table, however, will serve, provided that it is of suitable height—this being a somewhat important feature of most systems. It is evident that, if a small man plays at a high table, it is practically impossible for him to see anyone’s hand but his own, while, if a tall man plays at a low table, it is generally impossible for him to find opponents. On the other hand, if a small man plays at a low table, he can be surprisingly dangerous, watching, as he does, the dealing from beneath.

The Surroundings

While on the subject of equipment, it may not be inappropriate to refer those readers who intend setting up for themselves to the remarks in a later chapter on the finesse, which, of course, depends very frequently upon the positions of wall-mirrors; there are few things more humiliating for the first-class player than to find that he has seated himself in such a position that he can only see his own cards in the glass—and even then possibly at grave risk of discovery.

SECTION III
PARTNERS



“ You realise it's the Duchess you're doubling ? ”

PARTNERS

BEING now satisfactorily supplied with a suitable pack and table, it is necessary to select three people to join the foursome you have made up, and then to choose sides.

Choosing Sides

This is a simple affair which need puzzle nobody. It can be done either by selecting a Captain and Vice-Captain for each side, on the eeny-meeny-miny-mo principle, or by playing Married v. Single, Parents v. Mistresses, or Plain v. Coloured (if not enough of either, what is left over of the other can be lumped into it, but they're never much use); alternatively each player can draw a card from the pack, and then ask if ace counts high or low. If this last method



“Your lead, Macduff, I believe.”



“ . . . But you should have seen the one that got away.”

is employed, when two players draw exactly the same card from their host's pack, the first one calling “snap” plays as partner to the host.

Stakes

Partners having been chosen, it is necessary to decide what amount you are prepared to lose for the sake of the person now sitting opposite you. Of course, most people prefer to play for the love of the game, unless they hold good cards : others, who value social success above mere money, find it sooner or later very lucky that they do so. Be that as it may, it can be laid down that with a partner who does not play on a system, Contract can definitely be regarded as a luxury.

There are many, we know, to whom any system is repugnant ; who feel that counting trumps and discovering the lie of the King, or, still more, the Queen, smacks of sordid intrigue and idle tittle-tattle—and no one could make more charming opponents than they do. As partners, however (and such they invariably are) their sentiments do them no credit at all, nor do they do anything to enrich a game for which they are exquisitely ill-suited.

Partners qua Partners

Everyone hoping to survive a hard season's Bridge

THE LITTLE MOOR, AND WHAT MILES AWAY

should devote a certain amount of attention to the subject of Partners—their care and management; those who have been taught from early youth to look after their partners themselves, who know how to feed them, and cure their little disorders, will never regret it; while, of course, the ability to judge the points of a partner may be of considerably more value than the partner him- or herself. A professor of anatomy once declared that there are only fourteen types of women—young women, women who are really wonderful all things considered, and the twelve most famous women in history—and the same applies to Bridge partners. Over and above this, they are usually either so good that you lose all your self-confidence, or so bad that you lose all your money.

In any case, it should be hardly necessary to point out that although the cards may make a certain amount of difference, in the final analysis it is the man that counts—"Give me a man with a keen eye, a brave heart and a quick wrist and the rest of the tricks are mine," as Henry Wadsworth Longfellow bellowed after the duchess.

The correct valuation of the personal situation is of such vital importance that we advise the student to commit the whole of the



About four centuries after Leonardo.

rest of this section to memory, unless he can remember it in any other way. It runs as follows:—

Valuation of Partners

For a complete valuation, it is necessary to assess one's partner, and each of one's opponents, in terms of (a) Bridge-sense, (b) general intelligence and (c) honesty. One then takes the difference between one's partner and the average of the two opponents, and combines the figures thus obtained with the value of one's own hand. Only then is one in a position to commence bidding.

As to the values to be used, it is usual to

- (a) allow from 0 for minimum Bridge-sense up to 10 for maximum ;
- (b) allow from 0 to 2 for general intelligence (since this does not affect the issue very much), and



"... Confound their politics,
Frustrate their Jackish tricks."

PEEPING TOM MAKES A DISCOVERY

- (c) allow 0 for maximum honesty up to 10 for minimum.

When playing with strangers, the values to be given for Bridge-sense (for the initial hands) must be roughly assessed from observation of the methods of sitting at the table, handling the cards, glancing at the partner, rattling the trinkets, and looking for the draught, allowing a maximum of 2 for each of these, if done perfectly.

Intelligence value should, at the start, be fixed at 0, and honesty value at the figure most commonly met with, namely 8.5, until opportunity occurs to watch the reaction to such tests as (1) cards dropped by mistake, and (2) Court cards dropped by mistake.

Example

You are playing with Mrs. Y. against Miss A. and Mr. B.

Mrs. Y., a personal friend, is an average player, and wonders if the house she's thinking of selling would suit you.

Miss A., a stranger, has made a beeline for the table, and sat down at once; she has then sent B. to look for her bag in the hall.

B. left college suddenly, owing to something you cannot remember, but you know he never played cards there.

How should you adjust the value of your hand ?

1. *Mrs. Y.'s value*

- (a) She is an average player : thus her bridge value is 5

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Nautical player eschewing tobacco.

- (b) All we know about her intelligence is that she is a personal friend of yours : do you mind, therefore, if we just put her for the moment at... 0
- (c) She wonders if her house would suit you: that is to say,

minimum honesty 10

2. *Miss A.'s value* Total 15

- (a) We know that she made a beeline for the table, which shows great keenness : we also know that she sat down at once without waiting to cut, and therefore before she knew where to sit, which indicates great keenness with little supporting strength—a very dangerous combination for her partner : say at most 1
- (b) Intelligence value, inferred from above... 0
- (c) She sent B. out to get her bag (and possibly ransack it) : she is therefore transparently honest, or, at all events, transparent.... 0

3. *B.'s value* Total 1

- (a) B. never played cards at college, and therefore, since converts are always more rabid than those born to it, he's probably now a tiger. Say, to be on the safe side 10

KIDDER MONSTER

(b) As to intelligence value, since he had to leave college suddenly, he must have done something there, and that is more than most people do, so say.....	2
(c) He left college owing to something you cannot remember ; the point is that he left the place owing. Minimum honesty	10
	Total 22

Thus the amount to be added to your hand

$$\begin{aligned}
 &= Y - \frac{1}{2} (A + B) \\
 &= 15 - \frac{1}{2} (1 + 22) \\
 &= 3\frac{1}{2}.
 \end{aligned}$$

Now that the principle has been shown in action, the reader should be able to use it for himself, and to apply it to names more difficult than Y., A. and B., and even to occasions where his name is not Z. at all.



“ I tell you it's only a *game* !!! ”



“ I tell you it 's only a *game* !!! ”

SECTION IV
PRELIMINARIES



“ Now look here, sir, this isn't a circus ! ”

PRELIMINARIES

Shuffling

HAVING now got four players into their seats and the value of each player neatly sized up by the others, it is necessary to start to do something with the cards themselves. This may well take the form of the shuffle.

In case any of our readers are ignorant of the purpose of the shuffle, perhaps we should explain that in middle-class houses it is the custom to use packs over and over again, instead of sending them to the laundry after each game. Thus it is necessary that some means be adopted by which, between the games, the cards should be re-sorted in order to give each player, except the shuffler himself, an equal chance. This is done, as the reader should by now have guessed, by the process known as "shuffling."

It was formerly carried out by the following method: from the pack held in one hand, cards were drawn at random with the other, being then re-inserted at a different random, and the process repeated. If carried out as it should be, there was considerable grace and dignity about it, and it is sad that, like the minuet, it has had to be ousted by a method more in keeping with modern thought—in other words, more damaging to the cards.

This latter method is known as the Flip-Flip, and,

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as introduced, consisted (a) in dividing the pack into two halves, (b) in placing the two halves on the table symmetrically about an imaginary axis perpendicular to the shuffler, with one corner of each overlapping this axis, (c) in lifting the said corners with the thumbs, the main body of the cards being held down with the rest of the hand, and (d) in releasing the cards in each half-pack alternately, so that the one half-pack completely permeates the other. Thus, in considerably less time than it has taken to describe, and at the same time far more conveniently, the pack is shuffled.

As now carried out, however, step (d) of the process is omitted, and one half-pack is simply allowed to fall upon the other, the noise of cards flipping past the thumbs remaining the same.

The advantage of the Flip-Flip method over the old system is, of course, that the corners of *every* card are turned up, instead of only the Aces.

(Incidentally, as we go to press, we hear of a machine that both shuffles and deals, but as, on our way back again, we hear of another that not only plays the hand, but also automatically pays for a revoke, we think it really wiser not to mention either.)

Cutting

When the shuffle has taken place, the pack must be "cut" by the player on the dealer's left hand, before dealing commences.

This is a pleasing piece of ceremonial which, like many others, one would be sorry to see die out, although, to be sure, no actual purpose is served—beyond that of returning the dealer's Ace to the middle of the pack.

Dealing

After the ceremony of the cut, the player drawing the lowest card takes the deal. We do not propose to devote much time to this, since, with the barring of the "Informative deal," it is no longer directly responsible for scoring points.

In brief, the whole secret lies in keeping the eye on the card and using a straight left arm. Undoubtedly, the very best way to learn is to go out by oneself into a fairish-sized field, and to practise first of all *without attempting to use cards*. It should not be necessary to use a great deal of force, the carry to the far side of the table being more a matter of knack than of strength, and to breathe heavily and to perspire unduly is the mark of the indifferent performer.

Once the movements have been thoroughly mastered, the learner can start practising with real cards, beginning



The Tenace

with one only and gradually working up to the whole 52. After that, only practice makes perfect.

In this connection, and for the encouragement of those readers who are in difficulties with their deal, the following story of the great Cecil Yarborough may be told.

His father, Punk Yarborough, vowed at an early age (early for Cecil, that is) that his boy should become a Bridge champion, and nothing else (both of which vows have been, as we know, very strikingly fulfilled).

Accordingly, at 5 o'clock every morning, Punk and young Cecil would get up, and by 5.15 the boy would be hard at work practising deals, while his father would be back in bed again.

The table was marked out in squares, and for hour after hour the future champion would go on improving his accuracy. At the end of five years, if you will believe it (although it does not depend on that entirely), he was able not only to deal a card into any square, but to deal *any* card into any square.

Of course, it should not be understood from this that the authors consider such application strictly necessary: at the same time, anyone who watches tournament play, especially in the provinces, will agree that many players are far too easily satisfied—being seemingly quite content so long as the card drops in front of the correct player, and often having the very haziest idea as to what card it actually is. That, we need hardly say, is *not* the way to become a *duly* authorised dealer!

SECTION V
VALUATION OF CARDS



“ One club ? All right, we’re not deaf ! ”

VALUATION OF CARDS

A PACK of cards can be distributed into 53,644,737,488,792,237,440,000 combinations (even using new cards that don't tend to stick together), but one or two of these may never come your way, so that it is hardly worth while attempting to deal with every possibility. On the other hand, as valuation is practically the foundation of Contract Bridge, it is rather necessary to deal with some of them, at all events.

Card valuation consists in sizing up your cards in order to produce bids that will deceive your opponents as to your hand, and your partner as to your head.

In starting the valuation of a hand, the first thing to do is to get your cards grouped into colours, black on one side, and red on the other (paying no attention for the moment to the colours on the back).

Next, you survey your hand, in order to decide how many honour-tricks it holds, and as it is difficult to do this if you don't know what they are, this would seem to be the right moment for an explanation.

Briefly, any card that is practically certain to take a trick, in spite of your partner, counts as an honour-trick. Thus, if you have an Ace and a King of the same suit, it counts as two honour-tricks.

And, if you have an 8 and a 9—which is much

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more likely—even if it doesn't count anything, anyway it's a beginning, like Andrew Carnegie's spider.

If you have an Ace, Queen, or Ace, Knave, 10, or King, Queen, 10, it counts one and a half tricks, and if you have an Ace, or a King and a Queen, or anything of that nature, you can count it as one trick, if you like to take the risk, while a King and a small one, or a Queen and Knave and a small one, count half a trick. To be practical for a moment, a 4 and a 5 of different suits do not count anything, no reasonable person expecting tricks to be made without straw.

Now you are in a position to add up your honour-tricks, and to find to your surprise that there are not nearly as many as you thought: and that of course explains why so many people, including yourself, go back to the system they first thought of.

In any case, as a later section removes any need for card valuation at all, our present purpose is merely to equip you with the technical patter that all-in Bridge demands.



“ I tell you it's only a *game* !!! ”

SECTION VI

BIDDING



“ No bid ? Stuff and nonsense ! ”

BIDDING

THE cards have now been dealt and you are sitting with your thirteen cards neatly arranged in suits, with the possible exception of a small club among the spades. At any moment you may be called upon to bid.

Bidding

This is a most difficult and complicated business, and one which calls for many rare qualities of mind: clear vision, profound judgment, deep sympathy and a delicate sensibility, combined with a gay spirit of adventure and a raucous voice—these are the signs of the brilliant bidder. Bids are of course infinite in their variety, ranging from the common or garden bid (or bleat), to the overbid in the adversary's suit (in many countries the most accurate insult that can be hurled without some mechanical device).

The jump, the decoy, the choke-off, the shut-out, the egg-on, the egg-off, the crawl, the free-style, the Christie Wink, the Tattersall Twitch, the lob and the swinger, every bid that it is possible to make and several others have already been classified and tabulated.

As, however, whatever anyone may say, it is more valuable to be able to make bids than to be able to classify them when made, we do not propose to

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“ I think he 's coming round now, Doctor—he 's just gone one no trump ! ”

spend any more time on the nomenclature, or even their names, especially as in actual play only two bids are found, and only one of these is any good.

Footwork

As, in certain systems, many of the finer points depend upon good footwork, it might be as well to emphasise the importance of getting the situation under the table clarified before the start. It is embarrassing to find that one has been sending over a series of brilliant messages in code to one's right-hand opponent, even if it has not actually made any difference to the game, and, where the stakes played for are at all considerable, it is advisable, once contact has been established, to check up by issuing a smart blow with the heel to what is supposed to be one's partner's foot, at the same time watching carefully for any change of expression round the table. This tactical precaution corresponds to the knock-up in tennis, and is known as the Forcing Contact; it

FIT AND FORGETFUL

has, like good intentions, paved many famous ways.

It should be unnecessary to mention that, in bidding, information must only be conveyed to the partner by means of convention and code, and not by tone of voice, special emphasis, or facial expression.

Players should *always* employ the same formula in making their bid, this formula to be given in a voice *free of expression*, and to be as *short* and as *simple* as possible.

We give below an example of well-conducted bidding, from a match recently played in Westminster:

A. dealt, and then rose before a crowded house to make his maiden call.

"I would ask you," he said, "to turn your minds back, for a few moments, to the events of the last few hands. I would like to recall to your memory the state of affairs that faced us, and not us alone, but the rest of the world also, as a result of the last game, which, although we eventually came out victorious, left us, in every conceivable sense of the word, completely vulnerable.

"As a legacy of that game, we still carry the millstone of that vulnerability round our necks, and it is a vulnerability



"I say, quick, what *are* trumps?"

that must inevitably make us pause before we embark on any new commitment. I should be guilty of the basest betrayal of the sacred trust conferred upon me, and, in a lesser degree, upon the Government I have the honour to represent, if I did not weigh carefully every step I take, and still more every step taken by my colleagues, and, as a result, I feel supremely confident that the decision to call one club immediately is the only one worthy of the Government of the country, of the Empire, and of myself."

As he sat down, Y. stood up and faced his audience. "Your Excellencies," he said, "Your Graces, my Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen, and members of my own movement—I did not need the declaration of the last speaker to warn me that if there were any grass in Westminster, it would have snakes in it. I knew this long ago—long before I was a member of this movement, and long before I was a member of several other movements as well. That we should have, at the present moment, a dealer like the poltroon who has just addressed you, is enough to make every man worthy of the name of Briton wish that the very earth would open—and preferably over a gold mine.

"Never was the call for action so insistent, and yet all that he can find to propose is one club! Was there ever such a piece of narrow-minded pedantry, such an infamous call to reaction? What the country wants at this moment is men of action, and that is what men of action want too.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, we hear a lot about

THAT'S A JOKE, THAT WAS



“ He means he'll go one spade.”

England's green and pleasant land, but, if the country agrees to such a paltry cheeseparings policy, then it's very much greener than I thought. My call, Ladies and Gentlemen, and it is a call to the youth of the country, is one no trump, and at that I am well content to leave the matter to the judgment of every patriot who is prepared to lay down his shirt for his country.”

B., third in hand, then passed. He said that he did not wish it to be thought that he had no ideas on the subject, nor that he could not find anything fresh to say about Y., who had been, it was interesting to recall, a peculiarly repulsive boy, and had more than fulfilled his early promise—but he was of opinion that as there was a solemn pact between A. and himself, that pact should be honoured whenever possible, and this seemed to be a good opportunity.

Z. then rose to address the table.

“The last speaker but one,” he said, “has referred to the narrow-minded pedantry. Well, I wish some of you gentlemen would come to my country, and see for yourselves how the pedantry there, decent hard-working folks that haven’t done any harm to anybody, are ruthlessly driven out of their homes, just because the rich sportsman wants the ground to rear his pedants on!

“Now, perhaps some of you don’t know how far an average working-class family has to make a trump go nowadays. If you did, maybe you wouldn’t think yourselves so generous with your one no trumps. There’s many a house in a working-class district where, if you were to go in this moment and ask ‘What’s for dinner?’ do you know what the answer would be, as likely as not? I’ll tell you—a small club! And perhaps four or five children to feed, and maybe an old father or two. And you talk of one no trump, as if after that everyone could go home and dance round the Millennium in the back garden. Three hearts! Three hearts is what we want, and three hearts is what we’re bloody well out to get!”

This stage, which completed the first round of calls, was reached soon after midnight, and, a count being demanded by A., the table accordingly rose.

SECTION VII
THE PINHEAD SYSTEM



“ Four diamonds ? But dammit, sir, that 's *my*
suit ! ”

THE PINHEAD SYSTEM

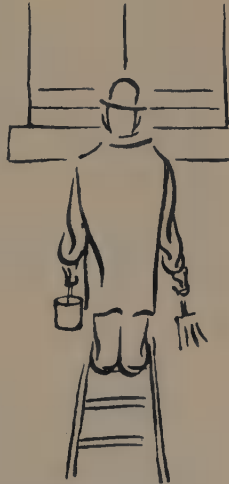
Conventions

A GREAT deal has been written about conventions, and much of it quite unnecessary, only tending to make people self-conscious at the Bridge-table, and to destroy that clean, frank, healthy understanding that should exist between partners.

In our opinion, the three main conventions given below should be amply sufficient.

1. The first main convention is that which lays down that every player who sits down to play Bridge is of sufficient integrity to justify his taking your money and of sufficient intelligence to justify your taking his. (This is similar to the convention that a club is composed of noblemen and gentlemen, although its members may include no more than three noblemen, and still fewer gentlemen, even counting the noblemen.)

2. The second main convention is that which affirms that intimate details regarding your hand must not be mentioned in public, but must be conveyed to your partner by means of



“ Ah—a semi-pre-emptive, I presume.”

elaborate codes, introduced under pretence of bidding.

3. And the third main convention—the one that makes the other two possible, and which has perhaps done more to influence the trend of thought than any great step forward since the invention of slavery—is that the methods permitted by the previous conventions are really in actual fact permissible.

This, as can be readily understood, is the crux of the whole matter, and there are many who never get beyond it—who either cannot master, or else refuse to master, the principles which it implies.

Those who are in that position will hardly be able to accompany us further, and we must regretfully bid them farewell. If the survivors, on the other hand, will have the kindness to follow us closely, we will have very much pleasure in introducing them to a set of working conventions, all of which have been tested by the authors in actual tournament play, and which comprise the hitherto unpublished Pinhead system—the invention of the famous scientist of that name, who recently caused so much sensation by his discovery of a fifth suit.



“ I have the King of Diamonds.”

The Pinhead System

(Needless to say, the following conventions should be memorised before use: the book should not, if possible, be referred to during the actual progress of a rubber.)

Suit Conventions

1. Cards held in left hand with right-hand card at bottom:

“Spades”

2. In left hand, left-hand card at bottom:

“Hearts”



“ I have the Knave of Clubs.”

3. In right hand, right-hand card at bottom:

“Diamonds”

4. In right hand, left-hand card at bottom:

“Clubs”

The following are used in combination with the above.

Honours Conventions

Free hand placed	I have
In Trouser Pocket	The Ace
In Outside Coat Pocket	The King
In Inside Coat Pocket	The Queen
In Breast Pocket	The Knave
In Waistcoat Pocket	The Ten
On Lapel	None

Small Card Conventions

Straightening tie between	I have . . . small ones
Forefinger and thumb	1
2nd finger and thumb	2
3rd finger and thumb	3
Little finger and thumb	4
1st and 2nd finger	5
1st and 3rd finger	6
1st and little finger	7
2nd and 3rd finger	8
3rd and little finger	9

By means of the above, it is possible, without any of the tiresome memorising of complicated codes, to give to your partner, and to receive from him, a complete inventory of the hands about to be played—which is the ideal that all systems aim at.



“ I have no spades.”

Certain alterations must, of course, be made if used by ladies, although it is difficult to find a satisfactory feminine code, since gestures are more often involuntary than intentional; in fact, a great many women, doubtful of the possibility, have taken matters into their own hands

“I’M NO ADULT” (U)

and assumed male plumage, in order that their Bridge game should not suffer.

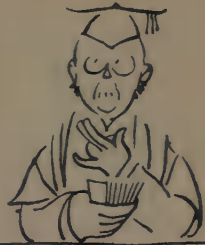
The following alterations, for the use of the fairer sex, will probably, in most cases, be found almost as satisfactory as anything more drastic, while at the same time the gestures used are so familiar as to pass quite unnoticed at the average Bridge-table when ladies are present.

Rattle things hanging on wrist	I have the Ace
Rattle things hanging on neck	I have the King
Knock bag off table	I have the Queen
Knock cigarette case off table	I have the Knave
Knock ashtray off table	I have the 10
Knock scorer off table	I have none
Look for handkerchief and find it	I have 1 small one
Look for handkerchief and not find it	I have 2 small ones
Look for handkerchief and find something quite different	I have 3 small ones
Ask for cigarette	I have 4 small ones
Ask for different sort of cigarette	I have 5 small ones
Ask for match	I have 6 small ones
Ask for another match	I have 7 small ones
Drop lighted cigarette	I have 8 small ones
Complain of draught	I have 9 small ones
Apply lipstick	Sorry, I was thinking of something else

The Pinhead

“Show-of-Hands” Method

With the conventions now provided, the reader will be able to ascertain the exact cards held by his partner at the start of the game. That should be sufficient, as far as the bidding is concerned; it will also, of course, give the cards of an opponent, whose partner's are on the table.



“ I have three little diamonds.”

When making Contract oneself, however, it is necessary for accurate play to discover the distribution of the cards in the two opposing hands, which is not provided by the foregoing. In this case the best method to employ, in our opinion, is that known as the Pinhead “Show-of-Hands,” which is based on the fact that most players arrange their hands as follows : Spades on the left, followed by hearts, and then clubs, with diamonds on the right, the highest of each suit being on the left of it.

Thus, in nine cases out of ten, it is only necessary to observe each time a card is played, *the exact position in the hand that it comes from*, to get a very accurate idea of the lie of the cards.

For instance, we know that the card on the extreme left will be the highest spade, and the one on the extreme right the lowest diamond. If, therefore, an opponent plays the Knave of Spades from his extreme left, then we know that he has not got the King, and

THE NORDIC NINETIES

that, if he plays a heart from the extreme left, he has no spade at all. Similarly, if he plays a small club from, say, three cards down from the right, we know that he has two diamonds, and only two.

Thus long suits can be recognised, and also short suits, and, used in conjunction with the information already obtained from the bidding, the method gives, after a few tricks (and certainly after one in each suit) an almost exact inventory of each opposing hand.

Occasionally, of course, you will come across an opponent who sorts his cards in a different way, but, even so, it is tolerably certain that he will arrange his suits alternately red and black, and that he will put the major suits at one end. The number of possible arrangements, therefore, is only four, and even if, at worst, one hand is lost in discovering the arrangement employed by a player, the knowledge gained will be of permanent value, since the same arrangement will probably be used by him every time he plays.



"Holâ—no trumps, toi!"

ACES MADE EASY

Show-of-Hands play can be truly a very fascinating part of the game, and one of which, in the infinite variety of the deductions to be made, the player, if he is anything of an observer, should never tire—especially if his opponents have read this section too.



“ I tell you it 's only a *game* !!! ”

SECTION VIII
THE PSYCHOLOGY OF BRIDGE



“Chicane and ham? The man’s mad!”

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF BRIDGE

A LITTLE knowledge of psychology—using the word merely in the sense of the elucidation of inter-subjective parallelism—is of course of the utmost value to the player wishing to master the finer points of this glorious game.

In order to illustrate this, we propose to take an average game of Bridge played by average players after an average dinner in an average block of flats, and to examine the mental processes involved.

Following a rather vague cut by West (automatism), South—whom we may take to be the host and a player of the usual type, who took up the game for amusement, but now reads books on the subject—deals himself the following hand:

Spades: A K x x x
Hearts: A x
Diamonds: A J x x x
Clubs: x

He reasons as follows:

“This is quite an interesting hand. I could of course make an opening bid in spades, but, against that, it is very important that my partner should not fail to give me some information about her hand, and so it is my decision that undoubtedly the correct call

ACES MADE EASY



“ God help him, he’s trumped her Queen ! ”

is a one club forcing bid, which will force her to do so—I know that is what Vanderbilt advises, and Heaven knows, with a name like that—Yes, definitely, ONE CLUB.”

West, or in other words, Mrs. South, holds a hand which it is unnecessary to give in detail, since every hand that has not something noticeably wrong with it produces the same mental reaction:

“ I really *must* remember to get some more cards, these are getting *quite* dirty, and *there’s* the King of Diamonds, no, it isn’t, it’s *hearts*. I really *must* get my glasses seen to, and that reminds me, I *do* hope Ellen will bring in the glasses and drinks all right, I *do wish* she hadn’t got a young man, it unsettles them so, and a *soldier* too, and that reminds me, Cook *was* right after all about that lobster, it *was* lucky no one noticed it, and that’s the *one* good point about

ONLY A TECHNICAL THERM

having people in to dine, it *does* distract attention from the food, and, anyway, it's nice for George to get his Bridge after dinner, as long as he's allowed to win; I *do* hope that little idiot Doris won't go bidding about the place, and spoil his evening; oh, is it my turn? NO BID."

North, who rejoices in the name of Doris, and would rejoice much more in Desirée or Celestine, considers her cards thus:

"My aunt, I wonder what I ought to bid on this hand; I wonder why on earth I wanted to hold forth so brightly about Contract to this Rupert youth all dinner; I wonder if it was Uncle George's champagne; I wonder why Uncle George's bald head shines; I wonder why Aunt Amy puts up with him; I wonder why anyone marries anyone; I wonder when the last post comes in; I wonder if I'll hear from Denis, or only Charles; I wonder if I can leave before next Thursday; I wonder why I ever came; I wonder if the shop will change these shoes—Me? Sorry, what's bid already? Uncle George's one club? Well, if he's got some clubs, he'd better be allowed to play them, or he'll come unhinged." NO BID."

East, who answers under protest to the name of Rupert:



When in doubt, play a trump.

ACES MADE EASY

“A filthy hand—just a bare thirteen cards and definitely nothing else, and she’ll think I’m mental if I can’t scrape some tricks in from somewhere, especially after making a muck of that story at dinner. And I daresay she’ll be right: I must be fairly well nuts to try to play against a purple slide-rule like her uncle. And she is such a darling, but that damned lobster! I know it was bad. Bad?—it was just about ready to burst into flames. Help, I believe it has burst into flames! And I can’t die with any decency until I’m dummy. I suppose they’d be insulted if I asked if I could get anyone a drink. Has no one else got a lobster alight inside? By Jove, here’s the bidding coming: well, I don’t care if she does think I’m mad: no fellow can sparkle when he’s dying from lobster. Yes, I PASS. Heavens, what on earth—just *look* at Uncle George!!!”



“ I tell you it 's only a *game* ! ! ! ”

SECTION IX
PLAYING THE HAND



“ I wonder you condescend to follow suit at all ! ”

PLAYING THE HAND

Now that the reader has at his disposal accurate knowledge of the lie of the cards and the players, and has therefore been able to acquit himself without disgrace in the bidding, it is necessary to play the hand.

This used to be the most fascinating part of a game of Bridge, the general plan of campaign being that you led the fourth highest of the suit you thought your partner had called, and, in the case of no trumps, just did your best to be pleasant and helpful.

It is rather different to-day. The first thing the *modern* Bridge player has to do is to appreciate the situation—in a brisk and businesslike manner.

First count your cards. Then, in the light of dummy's hand, work out the number of quick tricks, the number of slow tricks, and the number of tricks whose pace is likely to vary. In order to do this, decide which are your strong suits and which your weak suits—that is to say, decide which suits you must establish, which suits you must discard and which suits you must, if possible, banish from your thoughts.

Establishing a Suit

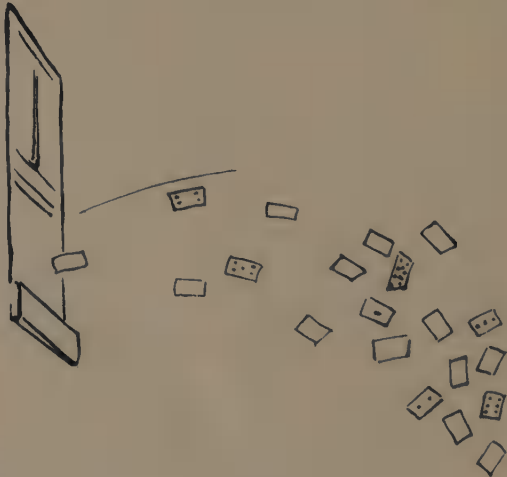
This is really quite simple. It is merely necessary to induce your opponents to throw away all the top

ACES MADE EASY

cards in the suit, so that you can make the rest of the tricks. For example, suppose that you lead the ten of spades: then, if your opponents throw the Queen, the King and the Knave on top of it, you have established the suit easily and cheaply—especially if your partner has the Ace. Naturally, you must not expect this to happen every time—but, all the same, it is worth bearing in mind, as a well-established suit can hardly fail to be helpful, unless you have counted wrong.

Pressing a Suit

The theory is, of course, that two suits, played alternately, will last much longer than one suit played every time, and then discarded in favour of a fresh one.



“ IF IT’S SIR GALAHAD, SAY I’M OUT ”



“ Attaboy, vicar—lead with your Knave ! ”

Trumps

There is no doubt that the most difficult thing to remember, and the most unpopular thing to forget, is “What are trumps?” It is asking a great deal of the ordinary human brain to expect it to execute mental gymnastics about established suits, and so forth, and at the same time to remember, without anything to go by, that hearts are trumps—or were, at all events, last deal.

With a view to helping young players, we have evolved a series of mnemonics, which need cause no anxiety (since the word merely means “aids to memory”), and which enable the player to keep completely informed with effortless ease.

For instance, if you wish to remember that spades are trumps, then simply think of spades and what

is associated in your mind with them. For example:

Spades remind you of buckets,
 Buckets remind you of thirst,
 Thirst reminds you of the desert,
 The desert reminds you of dessert,
 Dessert reminds you of the orchard,
 The orchard reminds you of the garden,
 And the garden reminds you of spades.

After that you will probably find that you have no difficulty whatever in remembering when spades are trumps—in fact, you will possibly find it difficult to remember when they are not.

Again, to take the case of diamonds, think of Bond Street, thus :

Diamonds remind you of Bond Street,
 Bond Street reminds you of money,
 Money reminds you of shopping,
 Shopping reminds you of women,
 Women remind you of singing,
 Singing reminds you of hearts,
 And hearts remind you of clubs.

This very simple little device, if hummed over to yourself while the hand is being played, can hardly fail to make a great deal of difference to the game.

And now, having thus fixed in your memory what your trumps are, it is necessary to count them up. The average number of trumps in one pack is 13.

“EXCUSE MY CORONET”



“ Is the Queen out yet ? ”

except, of course, in the case of no trumps, when you must remember to subtract 13 from this. Thus you can take it that your opponents will rarely have more than 13, and your partner and you will usually have very much less.

The next thing is to draw them. Those who have done a fair amount of drawing and painting at school should find this easy ; but some people, whose bent is not bent that way, are apt to find at first that they draw everything else instead. The great thing, of course, is to try to draw them on the principle of two for one, and not, as happens in actual practice, of one for two.

It is most important to watch, and understand, leads given by your opponents to each other.

If they have not read the same book on the subject, then, of course, their leads will mean different things: if they have read the same book, then they will mean the same things, but probably not the same as the book.

Meanwhile, as to yourself, you have each time the choice of either following suit, or not.

The generally accepted principle is to follow suit, which is perfectly satisfactory, so far as following suit goes. Revoking can certainly run into money if one is not careful, but on the other hand there is no doubt that, when skilfully played and undiscovered, it provides one of the most pleasant thrills that the game can offer to the keen player.

Discards

There was a time when drawing attention to a man's



“ Good Heavens, she's mucked up the deal again.”

HIC, HIC, HOORAY

discard was, like drawing a badger in the mess, punishable by drinks all round; nowadays, however, it is free for all, which means that there are so many inquisitive gawps round every Bridge-table that more and more caution is required, and, if matters get any worse, it will soon be dangerous to discard the end of your own cigar, let alone anyone else's.

A fairly safe ruling is to discard from your most depressing-looking suit; to discard firmly and quietly, and, above all, not to let the mind dwell on the matter.

Leading

It is a good working rule always to lead past strength as quickly as possible through any convenient opening, and slap over the top of weakness; but to remember that to lead through weakness is less excusable than to lead through ignorance.

Above all things, in playing any hand, remember to keep on the move. Get down to the game quickly, get the cards out, pass (when you must) fast and low, and go hard above the line.

If you will act on these precepts, no others will be needed . . . except, it may be, the one about not playing cards with strangers, which may possibly be needed by the strangers.



“ I tell you it 's only a *game* !!! ”

SECTION X
SCORING



“And I tell you that eight clubs *is* better than five hearts !”

SCORING

As this book shows, anyone with a pack of cards and not too robust a sense of humour can, in a very short time, learn to play Contract Bridge sufficiently well to give the illusion that he is playing Contract Bridge. Scoring, however, is a very different matter, and every player who can keep a clear head knows that many games lost on the tricks have been won on the score-card.

Briefly, and in simple language, the position is this : (a) Points are scored in respect of odd tricks. (One does not use the word "odd" in any odd sense, but solely in its old English meaning of "not even . . . but also.") (b) Points are scored also in respect of slams bid and won, over-tricks, under-tricks, honours and rubber. (c) Points are further scored as penalties for one's opponents' revokes, their ignorance and their inattention.

Points scored in respect of odd tricks, bid and won, are scored in a trick score. Tricks bid and not won are scored on a track score, and tricks won, but not bid, are scored on a truck score. All other points are scored separately, being taxed, it is understood, at source. The game is won by the side which first scores 100 points, for odd tricks bid, and won, and/or scraped together.

ACES MADE EASY



A quiet rubber at the Travellers' Club.

The side which wins the first game becomes vulnerable for the rubber, which only means that one has just got to be rather more careful. If the other side wins the second game, then everybody is vulnerable, which only means that one has just got to be rather more careful still. Naturally, when this stage is reached, the noise of a spider idly twanging at its web is quite enough to start a stampede.

If a declarer fulfils his contract his side scores, as is only fair, as follows :

When clubs or diamonds are trumps, 20 points per trick.

When hearts or spades are trumps, 30 points per trick.

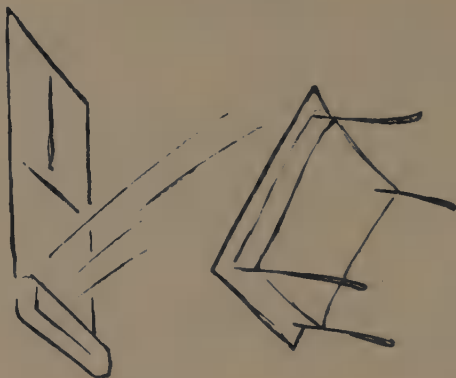
When there are no trumps, or practically none, 30 points are given for the 1st, 3rd, 5th and 7th trick, and 40 points each for the 2nd, 4th and 6th, just as one parks on the left-hand side of the street

on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and on the right-hand side on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

If the declarer fails to fulfil his contract, his side scores, when undoubled, the premium score of the tricks that he would have scored, if he had failed to win the contract, which he had undertaken, to deduct from the total score, before leaving the original premium; unless, of course, the penalty of 100 points per over-trick contracted. When doubled and vulnerable, or when not doubled, but unbowed, both these sets of points are doubled, unless the contract be itself re-doubled, or displaced by the forelegs only. If the doubler then fails to fulfil his contract, his side scores nothing for the tricks won by him, and the opponents in any vulnerable contracts undoubled score 50 points for each under-trick. It is, of course, obvious from this that an invulnerable undoubled trick merely counts half of the total points, *except when the original contract is re-doubled, or has left undoubled that which it ought to have doubled.* In this case the situation is, as in the case of snakes and ladders, laughably simple,



A guarded Queen, presumably.



especially when there are no ladders. The winning side simply deducts half the vulnerable contract price, and it is just about time too.

Now, no doubt, readers will be very anxious to hear all about the points scored by honours, these being the only points likely to need their attention for some time to come. They are as follows:

Honour Points

4 honours held in one hand	100 points.
4 aces " " " "	150 points.
5 honours " " " "	150 points.
5 aces " " " "	5 years.

Slam Points

If the declarer bids and makes a little slam, or does not bid and makes a grand slam, he scores 1,000 points if vulnerable, and 1,500 if not, or vice versa as the case may or may not be.

“MR. EVERYMAN, PRAY TAKE A SUITE”

(If he makes a grand slam while vulnerable, he can virtually help himself so far as points are concerned, but he's going to be most frightfully unlucky in love.)

The rubber ends when one side has got two games, and the winners of the final add to their score 500 points if their opponents have won a game, 700 points if their opponents have not won a game, and 2,000 points if their opponents are not aware that this is not part of the game. At the end of the rubber the contract and premium score is added up by all the players separately, and if two of the scores correspond (not being those worked out by members of the same side), that figure is taken as correct. Alternatively, the average is accepted.

In the preceding pages we have done our best to set forth simply and naturally, and without any of the prudes and prisms that usually surround the subject, the modern Contract Bridge scoring system; for ordinary friendly bridge, however, we still think that the most pleasant system is just to put down the same figure as one's partner, adding the usual ten per cent for service.



“ I tell you it’s only a *game* !!! ”

SECTION XI
THE POST MORTEM



“ Are we to understand that you seriously meant
to be funny ? ”

THE POST MORTEM

THE score being now complete, it is necessary, before starting the next hand, to hold the Post Mortem. This is, without question, the department in which the difference between the class player and the ordinary performer is most marked, and its primary function is, of course, the establishment of a moral ascendancy, by methods borrowed from the bull-ring.

The opponent is first irritated by the waving of theories before his nose, until he begins to charge at them. He is then provoked and fatigued by pointed questions, stuck in where he cannot answer them, and is finally maddened and destroyed by a sudden display of polite and icy patience which neatly wipes out his self-respect.

Occasionally, of course, he can be pole-axed in the very act of trotting confidently out into the arena, by means of some such weapon as:

“Well, what do you think of Contract, now you’ve tried it?”



“ I tell you it's only a *game* ! ! ! ”

SECTION XII
AN ACTUAL GAME DESCRIBED



"Young man, are you trying to finesse?"

AN ACTUAL GAME DESCRIBED

WHEN all is said and done—and still more when all is said and practically nothing done—the best way to learn is to watch people better than oneself. That is why, now that you are familiar with all the departments of the game, we are reproducing for you a broadcast eye-witness account of a first-class match.

We are now taking you over.

“I am speaking from the Contract ground at Wembleham, where in a few minutes you will hear an eye-witness account of the international Contract match: while we are waiting I will just run over a list of the teams. . . . These are:—North and South on one side, and East and West on the other. It is really a *magnificent* day down here, and I’ve *never* seen the table looking better. Have you, Fauntleroy?”

“No.”

“It looks as if it had never been played on before, doesn’t it, Fauntleroy?”

“It has been.”

“Yes, quite. I can only see one rather worn patch—just about square one, isn’t it, Fauntleroy?”

“Square eight.”

“Well, anyway, it’s a wonderful sight. By Jove, I wish you were here to see it—it *is* a wonderful sight. I don’t know if you can hear the band playing, but they are marching round the table looking *simply*

magnificent. There must be at least 60,000 people here—what would you say, Fauntleroy?”

“The ground only holds . . .”

“Well, we’ll say 60,000. A *wonderful* sight. I wish you were here—I wish they’d start—I wish I could think of something to say. I’ll just run through the teams *once* again. . . . Ah, at last, here they come. I wonder if you can hear the crowd cheering: East and West are coming on first . . . that’s East with ‘B’ on his back—Yes, and West is ‘A.’ West seems to be sweating slightly, but they always do from that stable. East looks all right—coat looks *marvellous*. Now here come North and South—that’s North with Harlequin stockings, and ‘Y’ on his vest. By Jove, it’s going to be a great match. Ah! Do you see that? West has evidently won the toss. He and East are taking the armchairs.

“There’s a large crowd of East and West supporters just below this box, judging by their tam-o’-shanters—keen, these fellers—spent all last night in the train, and going to spend all to-night, although they probably won’t know that. Well, now the teams are lining up . . . they’re sitting down . . . now . . . South is going to take the deal . . . by Jove, you could hear a pin drop . . . by Jove, I believe a pin *has* dropped . . . no . . . it hasn’t . . . he’s *dealt* . . . now we’re off . . . he’s putting the cards round . . . they’re round . . . the deal’s coming out right! Yes—it is— . . . use your hands, man—oh, *nicely* picked up— . . . now bid . . . he’s passed! South has passed! Can you hear the noise? . . . Now, what

“MAY I CALL YOU LORD BOB?”

will West do? . . . he's taking the bid . . . there's a tricky wind about, I think. By Jove, he's got it all the same. One club . . . he's bid a club— . . . he won't get away with it, though . . . North's there . . . yes, he's there all right . . . Yes, one heart . . . the score is one heart . . . now, if he can only get it past East . . . no, there's the whistle. Now what was that for? Did you see, Fauntleroy?”

“Square five.”

“No—did you see what *happened*?”

“Square three, I mean.”

“Neither of us can see from here, but there's apparently been some infringement. . . . The referee's warning East. I wonder what for . . . don't you, Fauntleroy?”

“Square . . .”

“I expect it's feet up under the table. Probably only a bit excited . . . pity, though. . . . Anyhow, they're starting again. . . . They're off. . . . By



The lie of the cards.

Jove! East has passed . . . Second round starting . . . South is . . . Oh, well done, sir . . . two clubs . . . a *magnificent effort* . . . there seemed hardly any room to call anything! . . . Hullo, there's someone hurt . . . Who is it, Fauntleroy?"

"Square two."

"What's the number on his back? . . . I thought so, it's North. Bad luck that. . . He must have got a nasty hack from East while he was waiting for West's bid . . . it's all right, he's up . . . they're off again. . . Oh, I say, that's dangerous . . . West has doubled . . . he's right round South's two clubs . . . *this is an absolutely amazing match* . . . Hullo! What on earth are they stopping for now? I can't see from here, they're all bunching round. . . . Fauntleroy, do you—no, it's all right, don't bother. . . . Oh, I see, it's just someone's trousers . . . that *always* amuses the crowd . . . there's a new pair just coming out. . . . Now they're re-starting . . . North's got the bid . . . he's passed. . . . Oh, STUPENDOUS . . . a most marvellous two no-trump from East . . . across to South . . . South passes . . . West passes . . . they're now going hard for below the line . . . can you hear that? . . . that's North who's just doubled . . . now East has passed . . . it's gone to South again . . . he's passed. So has West . . . Now . . . now they're right in the thick of it . . . *By Jove*, what a wonderful pack it is. . . . South opens with the King of Clubs . . . and West . . . West has given him a *beautiful dummy!* . . . He's down . . . One—two—three—four—five . . .

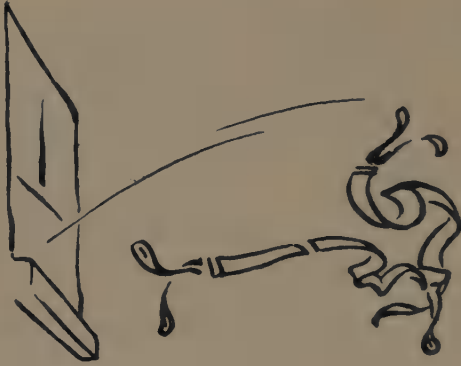
PEROXEYED DAISY

the five of clubs has come out . . . and North's got in the four of spades . . . by Jove, *that* was unexpected . . . now East has just played the two of clubs . . . he couldn't do anything else, really . . . quite right, sir . . . and there's the gong . . . now South leads again . . . he's done all the leading up to now . . . it's a *club* . . . West's fallen on it . . . *Get up, sir, get up* . . . now North's discarded . . . he can't get to it, he *can't* . . . no, I thought not! . . . he's out . . . *he's out on his feet* . . . Yes . . . he's finessed, I'm afraid! . . . the crowd are yelling so much I can't see what's happening. No . . . wait a minute . . . I *believe* he's a chance . . . he has . . . he hasn't . . . Yes . . . No . . . OO . . . aa ha . . . hoo . . . Oh, I say, look! . . . *look at that!* . . . LOOK AT IT!!! He's won . . . *he's won* . . . HE'S WON!! Yes, North has won!!!! . . . it's all over . . . the fight's all over . . . North has got the verdict . . . he landed a most wonderful slam. Marvelous . . . just as everything seemed lost, he whipped it right bang across the table . . . East couldn't stand up to it . . . no one could have stood up to it . . . It's all over . . . the referee's holding his arm up . . . he's won . . . Yes, he's won all right.



"Ay, there's the rub."

ACES MADE EASY



“And now, in case you didn’t hear the result, I’ll just give it once again. Hell Fire North and the Marquis of South have just beaten the Reverend Edward East and Mae West’s brother, halfway through the second round. . . .”

“You have just been listening to an eye-witness account of the great Contract Match at Wembleham.

“As you have heard, the match was won by Hell Fire North in the second round.

“He is up here with us now and is going to tell you just how he won.

“Hell Fire North.”

“. . . . Well, folks, I’d just like to take this opportunity to say I’m very proud to have won the Championship and to be the greatest player in the world . . . er . . . I think that’s all . . . what? . . . oh, yes . . . and I’d just like to take this opportunity to say it was a good clean fight from start to finish

H. M. QUEEN GUINEVERE—A DENIAL

. . . anyhow, the start . . . anyhow, it was fairly and squarely won and no mistake about that . . . and I'd just like to take this opportunity to say I'm ready and willing to go into the ring to-morrow and put it across the dirty dogs again in spite of all the dirty tricks the dirty . . . here, blast you, who the hell . . .”

Click. . . .

“Ahem . . . that concludes our broadcast from Wembleham, and we are now taking you over to Kew Gardens to hear the opening movement of the third water lily from the right, in the pond where all the dear little ducks are.”



“ I tell you it's only a *game* ! ! ! ”



“ I tell you it's only a *game* ! ! ! ”

SECTION XIII
THE MUSICAL ANALOGY



“ Have you any idea what that word means ? ”

THE MUSICAL ANALOGY

ALTHOUGH we have attempted to set out the points of Contract as completely as possible, we realise that it may still be difficult for certain types of mind to grasp the central philosophy of the game, when described in terms foreign to their own calling. For example, it has been found that musicians have difficulty in grasping the necessity for team spirit in play, and it has therefore occurred to us that it would probably be of assistance to describe a typical game in terms of orchestral music.

The arrangement is based on the understanding that North controls the woodwinds, East plays the brass, South hits the percussions and West pulls the strings, other effects being supplied by the spectators.

The game opens with a fine flourish on the percussions, symbolical of South's dealing, and this is followed by a half-roll on the kettledrums, indicating that he has called one no trump. West, holding the strings beautifully under control, proceeds to enunciate the principal subject of the melody which is the basis of the whole movement, and which, it is hoped, will be taken up with enthusiasm by the brass. An exquisitely spirited passage on the oboe by North indicates that he approves of the no trump proposition, but a hasty modulation in the dominant of the original key shows that he has just observed

the look on East's face. East has in the meantime been following hard on the bassoon, and, as a result, has contrived to prevent the movement as so far represented from being repeated from the beginning.

The second edition of the movement, which is based on the thematic material already presented, now proceeds at high speed, with a rhythmic warning on the bass drums that South's call of one no trump expected a little more enthusiasm, while a crisp call of three spades on the viola opens the second movement, in the form of a spirited *andante*. By this time the flutes are getting restive, and a rippling passage in a series of descending 6:8 chords throws out the first hint of danger to the trumpets.

The third movement starts with the brasses trying to cover up a shaky call of four hearts on the cor anglais, with a minuet taken *fortissimo*. This starts a rhythmic and furious passage on the kettledrums, sustained for 16 bars.

By now it is made clear that South has lost his *tempo*, and a far from limpid passage on the cymbals may be taken as a message to the clarinets regarding



where the hell they think they're going. This movement naturally excites the violins, who keep fluttering in harmonics, finally deciding to double. The last movement of the symphony attempts to finish up in a *tutti*, but North, having

gained a second woodwind, runs through a sustained passage of diminished fifths, forming the five no trumps *motif*. This is responded to by a frantic passage on the trombones, in which East announces among other things that this is the last time that he attempts to play serious Bridge with a pack of tumpani-ha'penny timpani—this being expressed in a cornet passage which sustains one note for twenty-five minutes, and which forms the great feature of the *opus*.

West, who is now disclosed as Mrs. East, in an impassioned passage on the 'cello, declares that she is extremely *obligato*, but fails to see why, whenever she leads a winner, he must always trumpet! There follows a vivid passage on the cymbals, and she then declares her firm belief that the party is a total loss, her sentiments being exquisitely expressed in a passage on the harp that surpasses everything that has preceded it in vivacity, brilliance, and venom. From now onwards the orchestra is in an uproar, and North finally plays the hand, losing four tricks running. A resolution of the early melody played on the double bass foreshadows West's lack of diamonds, which causes East to start up his cornet a piston, and prepare for flight. North, however, finishes up by being three tricks down, vulnerable; and so the game closes with a repetition of the original melody, played by South with a grand slam on the drum.

As the late Bishop Usher said of music: "Its most elevated sensation arises from a confused perception

ACES' MADE EASY

of ideal or visionary beauty and rapture, which is sufficiently perceivable to fire the imagination, but not clear enough to become an object of knowledge"; which gives a remarkably beautiful and accurate picture of what goes on in the average player's mind.



" I tell you it 's only a *game* ! ! ! "

SECTION XIV

WHO'S WHO IN BIG BRIDGE



“ You wouldn’t say that, sir, if I was twenty years younger ! ”

WHO'S WHO IN BIG BRIDGE

IN these days, when the star performers at any game are national and even international heroes, about whom the general public seems never tired of hearing, we need offer no apology for the following "personalia" regarding the world's most famous Bridge players . . . we refer, of course, to Messrs. North, West, South and East.

North, or "Boy" North, as he is generally called, to distinguish him from his father, "Furthest" North (himself a well-known Bridge player in his day), hailed originally, of course, from Scotland, where he played for several seasons as an amateur, before making his *début* in big Bridge. Incidentally, he comes of sporting stock on both sides of the family, his mother having been a Miss Black, daughter of the Grand Old Man of Chess, who has figured either as winner or runner-up in the championship every year since it was started. North has represented his country more times than anyone else can remember, and the day that he decides to retire from first-class Bridge will be a very black one for the game: in fact, it is difficult at present to see how his place could be filled.

West for many years gave no promise of developing into one of the greatest players of our time. His original name was A., and several years of his boyhood



A quiet rubber, fortunately.

were spent as one of the sharper corners of an isosceles triangle, followed by a period during which he was employed as an apple in a telephone directory. Certain processes in the courts, however, caused him to change his name from Mr. A. to Mr. West, under which latter he has now gathered more laurels than fall to the lot of most people, except gardeners.

The recent rumour that he had fallen out with East, and that the twain would definitely not meet any more, must be accepted with the usual reserve.

East is, of course, the exact opposite of West, although neither of them play in glasses, except East. He holds the unique distinction of having represented both Oxford and Cambridge, the one at Bridge, and the other, while still at school, in a tableau showing the various seats of learning.

South, the final star in our galaxy, needs no

“HO, LANDLORD, FILL THE SWIMMING POOL”

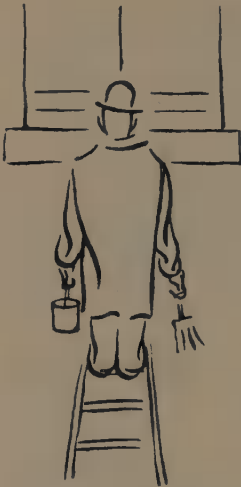
introduction, being of course the famous player whose method of dealing has caused so much controversy. For the benefit of those who have only read garbled versions of the affair, we give below, for the first time, an account free from garbolic:

A little over three years ago the Baron's Court Contract Club selected a team to represent Exwyland in the forthcoming tour to Aibelia—among them North, the master strategist, and South, the demon dealer.

The team sailed early in October, and the first match on Aibelian soil took place in the last week of November.

From the very start it was evident that things were not very happy out there, and, even without the optimistic reports which were sent home, we should





“ Well, that 's a funny discard ! ”

probably have guessed that all was not well. There were too many references to the friendly nature of the barracking, too many references to the fact that barracking in Aibelia is one of the most important departments of the game, and, most ominous of all, too many references to North's headgear.

Finally, someone smuggled home an Aibelian paper, and the cat was out of the bag: The bone of contention was South's dealing!

Put briefly, the attitudes taken up, and the arguments put forward on each side, were as follows: The Aibelians objected (a) that South's dealing was directed at the body instead of at the table; (b) that by the rules of Tournament Play (which lay down that a player must remain seated while play is in progress) a player, exposed to fast dealing as now indulged in, must either run the risk of being severely injured, or move out of his ground and lose the game. This, they affirmed, was “not Contract.”

The Exwyland attitude was (a) that South's dealing was not directed specifically against the body, but only against the opposing team in general; (b) that if the rules were altered to allow a player to move off his chair, it would be impossible to prevent him

HAPPY DAZE

moving behind another player and seeing his cards, or moving right away to consult a text-book, or even to ring up a friend; (c) that the Aibelians had introduced the idea, some years before, and, further, that it had been a common practice years before that; (d) that the actual play was in the hands of North, the Captain, and that it was incredible that he, or South, should adopt any but the most sporting of the various reliable methods of defeating their opponents; (e) that, at all events, no Aibelian player had actually been seriously hurt by being struck by cards from South, but only in getting out of the way of them; and (f) that, here, what about all this barracking?

On the basis of these divergent formulae, a series of ultimata passed between the B.C.C. and the



“ No, sir, it 's only zoo if you're vulnerable.”

ACES MADE EASY



“ Not trumps, you fool—mumps ! ! ! ”

Aibelian Board of Control, while, on the actual field of battle, South continued to send down card after card with devastating speed and accuracy. Eventually, Exwyland won what was left of the Ashes, and the team started for home.

In due course an enquiry was held and further notes were exchanged, as a result of which it was agreed that (a) Exwyland had played the game in the right spirit and (b) Aibelia had protested in the right spirit, and it was further agreed that both sides should continue in the right spirit, provided that the papers could not get hold of anything.

There followed, of course, volumes by all the leading players on either side, such as “How I won the Ashes,” “Play the Game, you Cads,” “Cowards and Curs,” “How I won the Ashes,” “Pah!” “How I won the Ashes,” and “How I won the Ashes” . . .

which are available for those who wish merely to get an unbiassed view of the matter: for those who desire to get to the root causes underlying the affair, however, we commend the following thoughts:

1. The general trend of the game for some time past has been to give more attention to the bidder, and less to the dealer: tables have been made as near perfect as possible, and everything has been done to encourage sensational bidding, while dealing has come to be regarded as relatively less important, just because it is less spectacular.

2. The bidder has by reason of this come to consider phenomenal scores, averages, and aggregates as his right, and therefore to look upon dealing which interferes with them as necessarily unsporting.

3. An added complication is provided by the discovery that the disgrace of losing is greater than the honour of winning.

In our opinion, the root of the trouble lies in *divided control*—there are a great deal too many cooks paying the piper. If there were but one body in control, we believe that (provided the game were brought down to date) the difficulties we have been discussing would be at an end.

That is why we look forward to the happy and disembittered future when, instead of Exwyland playing Aibelia, and this county playing that, the "Thunderer," Exwyland's leading daily, will take out a team to play the "Cyclops," foremost organ of Aibelia, while "Modern Plumbing" takes on the gentlemen of "Pansy's Weekly."



“ I tell you it's only a *game* !!! ”

SECTION XV
THE HISTORY OF BRIDGE



“ Having no hearts either ? ”

THE HISTORY OF BRIDGE

HISTORY, it must be admitted, often makes dull reading for the average student; we are fortunate, therefore, to have it available in unusually palatable form—we refer, of course, to the Pageant of Bridge, presented last summer in the Club grounds at Portland, a description of which we print below.

The Pageant Ground was originally a twentieth-century field, and was converted into a field of the early tenth century by the addition of a fifteenth-century gateway and three twentieth-century grand stands.

The adjoining fields were converted into Old English car parks.

The pageant was divided into 15 Episodes, with a Prologue and Epilogue, as follows:

PROLOGUE

This is spoken by Lady Doyen, as the Spirit of Dummy in green baize, on a litter representing a Bridge-table; it is then converted by means of



"Having no club, partner, I presume."

ACES MADE EASY

loud-speakers into a chorus for twenty-four strident voices on the roof, and one over by the horse-lines.

“From out the mists of long ago,
 Across the sands of time,
I come to bring you greetings
 In rudimentary rhyme.

Ere came the legions of the Club,
 Or Hearts in serried pack,
Long ere the Diamonds played the fief,
 Or Spades wore soc and sac,

While still the Joker roamed the glade,
 And rooted in the wood,
My sceptre swept ahynt the hunt,
 And scared the neighbourhood.

Ageless and e'en unbending,
 Unwarpt and eke unweft,
I've heard the hoot of savage suit,
 And wail of pack bereft,

I've seen the panoply and pride,
 The circumstance and pump,
I've watched the Knave fall to the Queen,
 The Queen fall to the trump.

The Aces and the Kings depart,
 With over-trick and slam,
In glittering cohorts sunset-bound,
 And some by 'bus and tram,

“LES GIRLS, I PRESUME”

And soon our flowers of chivalry,
Will be no more imagined,
That's why I've culled a nosegay
And made of it a Pageant.”

The Spirit of Dummy then restores the microphone to the Spirit of Sam the Electrician, and her four bearers make her exit.

EPISODE 1

The Club Conquest

To quote from the programme, “the scene shows early morning in a primitive Joker household, where the women are busy with weaving and cooking”; and so a number of women appear at the entrance next to C stand, with sticks and so forth, and tote them right across to the centre of the field, where they try to make them stand up.

They are still trying to make them stand up when the men Jokers appear from the direction



The Heart of Midlothian, isn't it ?



The Ace is out, evidently.

of the 5/- Car Park, where they have apparently been successful in their hunt for five sable tippetts and a Guardsman's bearskin. The men and women greet each other (which provides one of the first hints that several of the men may possibly be ladies), and our attention is then attracted by two men (one of them limping from a wound in the head) who gaze back, through the half-opened gateway, at the clubs being marshalled by a stage manager—and then again to other clubs, this time more or less on horses, who canter at full speed towards the group of Jokers. These latter now wail and wave their arms (away from the horses' noses, as warned), and all the clubs gather round and ill-treat them, by shaking their weapons in a brutal manner.

Finally, the King of Clubs arrives in a chariot so intriguing that its origin completely engages the audience's speculations until the Episode closes, and nothing remains save an occasional shoe, spear, sock-suspender and wig.

HORSES OF A FEATHER

EPISODE 2

The Heart Invasion

“This scene shows early morning in a primitive Club homestead, where the women are busy with weaving and cooking,” but otherwise it is very similar to Episode 1.

The Jokers are now Club Matrons, as the last Episode would lead one to expect, and they are celebrating the harvest, and, apparently, the invention of grease-paint, by holding hands and hopping round in a ring.

The Hearts arrive, leaving a trail of murder and savagery, five yards wide, between the gateway and where the band sits; and the King of Hearts accepts as much of the King of Clubs' surrender as his horse will allow.

All then march out by the longest way, saluting the Royal Box by staring into it.

EPISODE 3

The Spanish Armada

The scene opens with villagers hopping round in rings again, and then a “gaily dressed party of notables gathers on the bowling



Only a small club,
quite likely.

green," among the molehills on the left, while the villagers cast anxious glances at the cloud gathering on the right. A game of bowls is started in several directions, and a messenger arrives, reaching the notables at just about the same time as the rain. At the tidings that he brings, all the notables turn up their collars, and all the uncovered seats hurry into their coats.

A few moments of indecision, and then, the rain growing heavier, it is decided to meet the Armada's menace inside the large marquee.

EPISODE 4

The King of Diamonds
Hunting in the Royal Forest

Here we should see the King, noted for his gallantry, in hot pursuit of the carted deer. Owing to the rain, however, she does not alight from the coach in which she is being carted, and the episode closes as the thunder begins.

The remaining Episodes are in the form of a water carnival, the scene being laid for the most part in the Car Parks.

(As a matter of fact, as their car was one of the very few parked on firm ground, the authors did not actually remain right until the very end.)



“ I tell you it’s only a *game* ! ! ! ”



“ I tell you it's only a *game* !! ”

SECTION XVI
BRIDGE CLUBS



“ Do you suggest that I *tried* to see your hand ? ”

BRIDGE CLUBS

THE worst of private-house Bridge is that it has to be played in a private house . . . and the disadvantages of playing a game as opponent of, or partner to, the lady whose salt has ruined your soup are more than obvious.

It is to these disadvantages that Club Bridge owes its origin, and much of its power; to them is due also, to a great extent, the leaping up of Bridge Clubs all over the country, and especially in those areas where hospitality is rife. Bridge Clubs, moreover, serve a further purpose; not only are they a refuge for the player who enjoys a game of Bridge, but prefers it



“Get the hose out—she’s doubled the General.”

free from organi-
sation and little
caviar biscuits, but
they also provide
very useful com-



Discarded spade, apparently.

pounds for those whose game has reached the acute stage, and who, therefore, cannot be allowed to mix with the rest of the herd.

Those readers, therefore, who have no Club within easy reach are strongly advised to set about the formation of one: they will find that the process is not one fraught with a great deal of difficulty—it is, in fact, usually fraught so easily that they will only be sorry that they did not frink of it before.

Formation of a Club

The first move consists in persuading everyone likely to be interested to suggest to you the formation of a Bridge Club, and in calling a meeting to explain their idea to the others. This meeting should be held in your own house and at six o'clock p.m., which allows for a full discussion of the Club's name, and a decision as to whether it shall be for ladies and gentlemen, or mixed, followed by a resolution that, as time is getting short, all further details be left in your hands.

Officers

It is now your privilege to choose some officers, as, for instance :

BIG FIZZNESS

President

Should be, if not impossible, the most prominent local personage, if not quite impossible. And then

Vice-Presidents

Embracing those who (a) really ought to be President or (b) really ought not to be Vice-President.

Secretary

As to the Secretary, a word of warning . . . do not listen to anyone who has just the right sort of nephew or younger brother, or who has a cousin just leaving the Army through no fault of the Army; he may possibly be just the man for the job, but the risk is not one which you can safely take unless you have no nephew, younger brother, or cousin of your own.

Treasurer

The Treasurer should preferably be the manager of the Bank that is going to look longingly after the Club's money.



A quiet rubber at the Bath Club.

ACES MADE EASY

Committee

Finally, there is the Committee, which must be chosen rather more carefully than the foregoing officers, for several reasons (the exact number depending upon the size of the Committee). Its members should be men or women of intellect, vision, and high moral principle, provided they are ready to listen to reason.

Members

You are now ready to receive your first members and to decide what their qualifications are. Some Clubs start with very high barriers and then relax them as a strictly personal favour to everyone within gunshot, while others, more doubtful of their power to please, start off with first cousins of the armed forces, and then tighten up rather hurriedly, and much too late.



“ There he goes—wrong hand as usual.”

“MR. CASANOVA’S IN CONFERENCE”

Members may be of two classes, paying and non-paying, and, if worded like that, would all be the latter. Non-paying members are divided into Honorary Members, Foreign Members, and Pikers.

Paying members should be sent, immediately on election, a bemazement form or banker’s order, which will, with luck, continue payment for years after they have resigned and gone to live at Woking (except those that started there).

Every candidate for membership should be duly proposed and seconded; any suspicion that if he knows the Secretary he can walk straight in should be carefully guarded against, until he is duly elected.

Rules

These are often the only property actually vested in the Club, and they usually begin: “The rules shall mean the rules,” which is called Rule I. This clears up to a limited extent the doubt in some of the junior members’ minds as to whether “the rules shall mean what Mrs. Dogsberry-Brown says.”

They then generally go on to describe how the Club shall be called the Eastsea Bridge Club, and

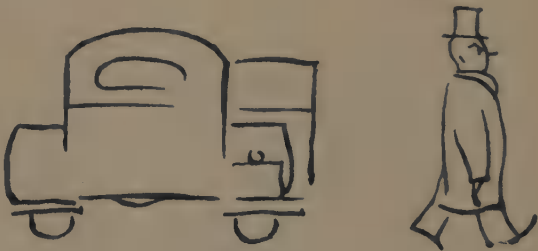


A mile or two after Rodin.

how its property is vested in the trustees, and how the Committee may elect as Honorary Members crowned Heads of Europe whilst resident in Eastsea, and how the subscription is so much a year.

They then go into detail about the various methods of electing candidates (except the one where you ring up A. to get him to put up B. as Honorary Member, as he is going to buy that field from C.), after which they fix the number of the Committee at, say, fifty, and the quorum at, say, two; and, probably on account of the fox terrier that used to belong to the General, they then affirm that no member shall bring a dog.

Then, with a low kick sideways at members who tip Club servants, and a lash out backwards in the hope of catching a member receiving a profit, salary or emolument from the funds of the Club, we find ourselves right in the middle of the rules dealing with members' conduct—where, if there is going to be an outbreak of any description, it is pretty certain to begin.



Yes, the Knave is good.



Shuffling the pack, it seems.

Rules governing Members' Conduct

The struggle between rules and members is similar to the race between armour-plate and shells. Sometimes the trouble starts with some thoughtless rule that requires some action to combat it, and sometimes the reverse, but in either case the upshot is the same: first some member will take an upshot at the rule, and then the rule will take an upshot back at the member, and so on indefinitely.

Let us take a typical case: the Book War, for instance, that started some years ago between the Mastodon Club and Sir George Mango.

The overt act in this case, the removal of a book from the library, has often been held to have been unintentional in essence, although the will to war was undoubtedly present.

The actual declaration of war was couched in the following terms:—"Rule XXXIV. No member shall

remove from the Club any book"; and, a few days after, Sir George having been again observed leaving the Club with a book under his arm, and a misunderstanding having thereupon arisen on the steps, the following amendment was launched:

"Rule XXXIV. After 'any book,' add 'the property of the Club.'"

A further stage was reached when Sir George (whom, by this time, we may call Red Army) removed from the Club (or Blueland), through the window of the smoking-room on the top floor, the book of verse recently published by the Chairman of the Rules Sub-Committee; this being answered by Blue with "Rule XXXIV. Between 'property of' and 'the Club' insert 'or in the custody of.'"

Red's next move of burning all the illustrated papers from the morning-room on the pavement outside was countered by Blue with "after 'book' insert 'newspaper or pamphlet,'" and then countered again, rather hurriedly, by the addition of "or any other article whatever."

Red's retort, somewhat naturally, took the form of burning the next instalment of papers in the middle of the hall, which led to a flanking movement by Blue, of "after 'take away from the Club' add 'or destroy.'" And then, finally, Red attempted to break through by tearing all the papers up into small pieces, without definitely destroying them, which brought about the Blue enveloping threat of "take away from the Club, destroy, or damage in any respect whatever."

How long the war would have continued under

normal conditions is unknown, as it was at this juncture that someone called Sir George's attention to "Rule LXXVIII. No person shall be eligible as a visitor who is not received in General Society." He at once, of course, cancelled all further preparations (although rumour had it that he had plans fully matured for the destruction of the Club, without injury to its property) and immediately put all the resources at his command at the disposal of General Society.

Enough should now have been said to give some idea of the points to be noted in drawing up rules: alternatively, of course, you can, like every other Club, adopt en bloc the rules of a Club already established, remembering to change in each case "shall" to "will" and "will" to "shall," in order to prove that you have not done so.

Bylaws

These you will probably spell Bye-Laws, unless you know better, in which case you are confusing them with By-Passes; as both are correct; they deal with times of bar opening and closing and leaving ajar, and with spreading jam on the Club cards. The only Bylaw essential to a Bridge Club is that which prohibits gambling and games of chance, and



Calling one spade one spade, we fear.

thus saves the weaker player from the temptation of trying to get his money back.

It is usually linked up with a stipulation as to the maximum stakes to be played for, which must be left to your discretion.

The Athenaeum, for instance, lays down that no higher stakes than half-guinea points shall be played for, but, at such a figure, you must of course be prepared to lose several thousand pounds in the evening. For ourselves, we feel that the average player obtains just as much enjoyment from the loss of a few hundreds.

Meetings

These are generally opened by all the members present beckoning to all the other members, and passing chairs over their heads, the Chairman meanwhile calling upon the Secretary to read the Minutes he is still blotting.

The latter then describes the general impression left on him by the last meeting, how it was decided to defer decision about this, and how a decision was then reached not to decide about that, and how no further business was then brought forward, and how the meeting then adjourned, and the Chairman signs, stating that "Is it your pleasure that I sign these Minutes as correct!" while everyone, slightly embarrassed, hold up their hands, if everyone else does.

The Chairman then asks the Secretary: "Arising out of . . ." and the Secretary answers: "Hadn't we better take that under finance?" to which the

GRAND CANYON AND CAR PARK



Dummy-ache.

Chairman retorts: "Then we can go straight on," and smiles at him in a brotherly way. This being evidently a pre-arranged signal, the Secretary immediately rises and says: "Perhaps I had better read all the correspondence from the start," and, to do him justice, looks as if he might if he had the letters.

The Chairman then states without conviction: "Well, Gentlemen, I should very much like to hear your views," followed by "What does anyone else think?" and then "Any of the rest of you got anything to say?" finally zip-fastening the matter with "The amendment to the original motion that the proposal be referred back to the Sub-Committee for further consideration is therefore carried."

He then invites any further business, refuses one topic because it should have been raised before,

another because it shouldn't have been raised without notice, and a third because by this time he's got into the way of it and would refuse anything you had a fancy to put a name to, and so the meeting adjourns, while the Chairman says to the Secretary: "By Jove, weren't we going to bring up the matter of that matter?" and the Secretary replies: "Well, when that was arranged, of course, I didn't know So-and-So was going to be here."

And that is how a meeting is conducted: one hears of meetings being "stormy" and "protracted" and so forth, but there is no reason in the world why they should be, if properly managed. Given a Chairman with personality, tact and sympathy, and with the ability to see the other man's point of view and nip it in the bud, then no meeting should ever get out of hand.



" I tell you it's only a *game* !!! "

SECTION XVII

GLOSSARY



"The rest are whose?"

GLOSSARY

THE following must, of course, be studied before any attempt is made to read the rest of the book.

Frightfully sorry. We really should have told you before.

BID

Border-line bid	Bid with bluebottle in its bonnet
Initial bid	D. poor bid made by B.F.
Jump bid	Exercise for those hoping to make a grand slim
Original bid	A little idea of your own
Pre-emptive bid	Vulgar ostentation
Protected bid	A little bid of fluff
Psychic bid	The world's worst excuse
Business double	Business is business
Bust	See support
Doubleton	Two simpletons
Duck	A kind of soup with its head under water, meaning a failure to score
Face card	Formerly used for launching ships
Finesse	Measure of the quality of brandy
Free double	Rather a pothouse pleasantry

HONOURS

Honours	Profits made abroad
Simple honours	Given for actual merit
Touching honours	Conferred for public services
Informative double	A man who thinks he is like you, and admits it
Jump shift	Athletic underwear
Opening lead	The one of gauntlets
Playing to the score	Over-calling
Re-bid	A very angry dog ailment
Re-double	Symptom of hot ears
Re-entry	The right card in the wrong hand
Refuse	To fail to follow suit
(but—Refuse at a fence	Rubbish at the bottom of the garden)
Response	A mooring sort of sound
Ruff	A kind of labourer person, worn round the neck
Semi-two-suiter	Sports body with detachable shirt front, equivalent to an occasional three-suiter
Sequence	Things that fall off dresses
Singleton	Vest for Bridge players
Stoppers	Tall hats with an "S" in front, worn by players in old prints

SUIT

Short suit	The Eton convention
Black suit	Comes down chimneys

OH THOSE LUMINOUS PANCAKES

Red suit	Ditto when hot, presumably
Solid suit	Used in puddings
Support	See figure
Take out	Take in, viewed from the back
Throwing the lead	Dropping the pilot
Tops	A kind of gentleman sheep
Top of nothing	Partner's hat

TRICK

Low card trick	Convention adopted by opponents
Quick trick	Spotting the lady
Vulnerable	Eve's excuse
Yarborough	The hand of democracy



A chink in one's armour.
?Try under "vulnerable."?



“ I tell you it's only a *game* ! ! ! ”

SECTION XVIII
RECAPITULATION



“ What on earth do you mean, it's only a game ? ”

RECAPITULATION

THE authors trust that by now their readers are no longer in need of assistance or advice.

With a view to summarising the lessons that they have endeavoured to set forth, they feel that they cannot do better than reprint the following:

“ . . . The storm had passed. Out beyond the reef the mighty thunders of the Pacific echoed sullenly through the evening air, but here by the lagoon there was peace.

“ Slowly, the blazing glory of the sun slanted behind the darkening palm trees, but oblivious she sat on, gazing at the figure stretched by her side, lying so pale and so still.

“ What fate had led her to the little rocky headland in time to save him from her enemy the sea, and from the jaws of the sharks that she saw so plainly as, with all the supple strength of her eighteen summers, she dragged him to safety?

“ With infinite effort she had half-pulled, half-carried him over the rocks, and laid him in the shade; she had made her coat into a pillow, and bound up the cut on his head, wishing she had scissors to cut the hair that curled so stubbornly, and seemed to hold so much of the sun.

“ That he was no ordinary seaman she could tell by

ACES MADE EASY

the clothes that clung so limply to him, and by his features, so like the Apollo that was her hero as a child.

“Was he, maybe, the owner of that yacht that had passed this morning like some proud white swan, and whose hull, now broken and battered, could still be seen above the reef?”

“Timidly she drew him toward her and rested his head on her sunburned arm, as he stirred uneasily.

“A low moan escaped from his lips: he seemed to be trying to speak, but when she bent her head to listen she could not unravel the mutterings of his delirium. All at once he seemed to sense her presence and to brace himself to grapple with the visions whirling through his brain: his breathing quickened, he moved convulsively and suddenly he spoke:

“*Two spades!*” he said.

“Slowly and with infinite effort she raised him up, and, with every muscle of her lithe young body aching from the strain, she half-dragged, half-carried him back over the rocks. At the water’s edge she paused to recover her breath, and then, with a sad little smile, she returned him to the sharks.”

THE END



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