

Ed Andrew

Edwin Andrew (“Ed” - universally), died on Tuesday June 19^h after a short illness. Born in England, he qualified as an accountant and started working in the oil industry. In the early 1950s he gained promotion and moved to Northern Ireland where he met and married his future wife Molly.

A self taught bridge player, he quickly achieved success playing with Molly, and in time they won just about every trophy open to them. They played twice in the Camrose, and Ed acted as non-playing captain on three occasions in that competition. Unable to play together in the Lady Milne, they did the next best thing by winning it with Ed as non playing captain – one of only two occasions on which N.I has won the trophy. Ed always maintained that Molly was the better player, and it was difficult to escape unscathed if he were to make a mistake, as it would not go unnoticed.

By the time he retired in 1987 Ed was the Regional Manager of Burmah Oil. He looked forward to travelling extensively and spending more time playing golf and bridge but unfortunately Molly, at a cruelly young age, developed a fast moving form of Alzheimers. He took care of her with a devotion beyond praise, till eventually it became impossible and she moved into a care home. Here he visited Molly twice a day to help feed and care for her. For about eight years he gave up playing bridge completely but eventually he was able to resume his passion for the game. He joined four local Clubs, played in the Premier League, and took part in numerous open competitions. Up to a year before his death his expertise was undiminished and he was still winning regularly at club level and indeed in open competitions. He was the “Player of the Year” in both Brunswick and Donaghadee Bridge Clubs more often than not.

As a bridge player he had a tenacity and determination to make every trick possible from a contract. Opponents had a sinking feeling that he was going to find the winning defence in the contract they were trying to make.

Often his bidding was coloured by a sense of humour and an urge to take something of a gamble, as on the occasion he opened 1 N.T. not vulnerable against vulnerable third in hand with a single point. These forays were rewarded with success much more often than they appeared to deserve, but there was usually some shrewd judgement underlying them. At the bridge table he would frequently regale his partners and opponents with interesting snippets of information and amusing anecdotes although when the cards were in play he was a study in intense concentration.

Aside from bridge, he was a voracious reader, and had an encyclopaedic knowledge of history, literature, politics and almost everything else with the exception of pop music and TV trivia. Consequently he was a godsend in any quiz, and loved taking part in them.

He was a devoted family man, and his dining room in Hanover Dale bore eloquent witness to this. Two rows of family photos surrounded the room. There was Molly looking stunning in a large floppy hat, there were the children and grandchildren at various stages. Episodes from the past that he recounted were very often taken from family occasions.

A bridge player of remarkable expertise, a polymath and entertaining companion, he will leave a large gap in the bridge world and will greatly be missed by his many friends.