

CHELSEA BRIDGE

Welcome to the reborn club magazine. The last one died peacefully more than two years ago but I trust that with a little effort (and a lot of bullying) we'll get off the ground again. I already have a little material on the stocks for the next issue, including a Matthew Tan article, but I need loads more so COME ON you budding authors - get your fingers out. Any contributions and/or suggestions (of a physically feasible nature) will be gratefully received. Certainly a club that produces so many diverse bidding sequences and forms of cardplay on the (apparently) most simple hand should have material galore !



MARCH 1990

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Caricatures: Tammy Chaston

HOW TO GET TOPPS
or WILLIAM AND THE GOLD CUP

William had been to watch a bridge match in the neighbouring village and had been much thrilled by the spectacle. It had seemed, moreover, perfectly simple. Just four people and some cards to form a team - and, fortuitously, the Outlaws numbered exactly four. So infectious was William's spirit, so hypnotic his glorious optimism, that somehow he persuaded the others to learn the game by practising in Farmer Green's old barn, a natural haunt of theirs. At first every session was interrupted at some point due to the Outlaws' natural tendency to good-natured debate.

"Well !", said William, after one particularly appalling overbid by Douglas, "If'n you think THAT's an overcall, well, I jolly well hope people don't double, that's all. Even...even..." - and here inspiration struck him - "even Violet Elizabeth wunt do that."

"Oh yes!", retorted Douglas spiritedly, "An' I spose YOU've never gone off. I speck YOUR contracks nacherally ALWAYS make overtricks !"

After a spirited quarrel, culminating in a scuffle which ended in the involuntary descent of both parties from the hay-loft, the matter was allowed to rest. His friends' penchant for unrestrained and boisterous calls notwithstanding, William decided the time had come. He would enter the Outlaws for the Gold Cup.

The day at last dawned when the Outlaws were due to play: the opening rounds were to be held in the village hall at Marley, and William was up early to collect his friends. Ginger and Douglas he met without incident, and the three swaggered up to Henry's house, to meet with - catastrophe ! The night before, Henry had decided to augment his skills by constructing a bridge computer. His father had found him surrounded by the entrails of the radio, the hall clock, and a kitchen blender. Henry's fervent appeals that he was only trying to increase his knowledge and save on school bills was met with a stony reception. His pocket-money confiscated, the would-be programmer had been confined to his room for the forthcoming week.

William received this news on the doorstep, and was aghast. "Oh yes," he said scornfully to Henry's father, "seasy to win with only three players, in't it. Huh! P'raps you think we c'n jus' kill one of the opposition." He received a box on the ear that sent him rolling halfway down the drive, and the door was slammed in his face.

Aggrieved, he returned to the waiting pair. "Well", said Ginger, "an' what do we do now, I sh'd like to know." William gave him THE look - a glare before which masters had quailed, the strongest adults had recoiled. Ginger was impassive. "Well ?", he repeated.

As fate would have it, just then a small figure, be-curved and be-ribboned, skipped along the verge toward them - Violet Elizabeth Bott, daughter of the local sauce magnate and a long-time worshipper of the Outlaw band.

"H'lo, William, she lisped daintily. "Where are you boyth goin' ?"

"Bridge.", said William shortly, "Well, anyway, we were, but Douglas - "

"C'n I play ?", broke in Violet Elizabeth, "Only I've watched mummy play an' I c'n help..."

"Huh !", said Ginger, we dunt want GIRLS in our team !"

Violet Elizabeth's small countenance screwed up and she stamped her foot.

"Let me play ! I'm a thuperb player ! If you don't, I shall thcweam an' thcweam until I'm thick !", she shrilled.

"I can, you know.", she added softly.

William sighed. Though of a tough and stern exterior, he could not withstand a woman's tears. Rail against fate though he might, it seemed destiny had decreed that the Outlaws would have to play a ringer. Trailed by a constantly chattering Violet Elizabeth, they set off for Marley with heavy hearts.

As luck would have it, the Outlaws were drawn in the first round against another junior team - the boys of St. Custard's Skool. Play was not entirely without incident....

Board 3
Room 1

PLA THIS HAND WITH ME
by N. MOLESWORTH

It is me viz the curs of St. Custards who as Sowth hold the furst bigg hand. I am plaing with the weed Basil Fotherington-Thomas as mi appalling brother Steve (aka Molesworth II) hav grabbed mi mate Peason (FUMES OF JEALOUSY) and they plaing aganest Brown and a GURL (YUCK !!!). I must jest make the best of it wen I pikk up:

S: A J 10 8 3 This is a bigg hand but Fotherington-Thomas
H: Q 5 not kno how to bidd so I open only 1 Spad. Mi
D: A J 3 partner the weed sa 2 Harts but I bean heer
C: A K Q before and clows the oction with 3 NT. Imajin
my horra wen the weed sa 4 harts - he
cannot play for tofey so I sa 4 Spads and giv
him mi LOOK. He sing "Hallo trees Hallo sky" and parse. Dugless on
mi left leed 4 of Harts and I sea in dumy:

S: Q 9 Wot a weed ! Stil I must tri to make this. I
H: A J 9 6 2 pla lo and Ginger's King win. He return
D: 9 6 4 dimond and I riz with Ace. I tri to cros to
C: J 8 3 Hart Ace but Ginger ruf this and return
dimond. Dugless cash KQ and eksit with
clubb. Now I still loos Spad King and
go 2 off. CHIZ CHIZ.

REST OF HAND

East S: K 7 4
 H: K
 D: 8 7 5 2
 C: 7 6 5 4 2

West S: 6 5 2
 H: 10 8 7 4 3
 D: K Q 10
 C: 10 9

POST MORTEM

Wil be conduckted on the weed Fotherington-Thomas wen I get him bakk to Skool. 3NT was easy.

Board 3
Room 2

WILLIAM AND THE OVERBID

With mounting horror William regarded the biggest hand so far :

S: A J 10 8 3 How could he cope with this opposite a GIRL?
H: Q 5 His deep frowning scowl was answered by
D: A J 3 Violet Elizabeth's simper and giggle.
C: A K Q William groaned. Oh, well...

" Wot ho ! ", he began, " Two Spades, my brave harties ! "
The opponents stared.

" Thwee thpadeth ! ", responded his ringletted partner.

A positive ! With his usual glorious optimism, William applied Blackwood and, on confirming the Ace, settled for Seven Spades. Upon the King of Diamonds lead from Peason, the following gloomy dummy confronted him:

S: Q 9 William scowled with ill-concealed
H: A J 9 6 2 disapproval. What a dummy! Just like a girl!
D: 9 6 4 Still, he must try. He took the lead with
C: J 8 3 the Ace and slapped down the Queen of Hearts
Peason played low without a flicker, and
William was just about to follow suit when

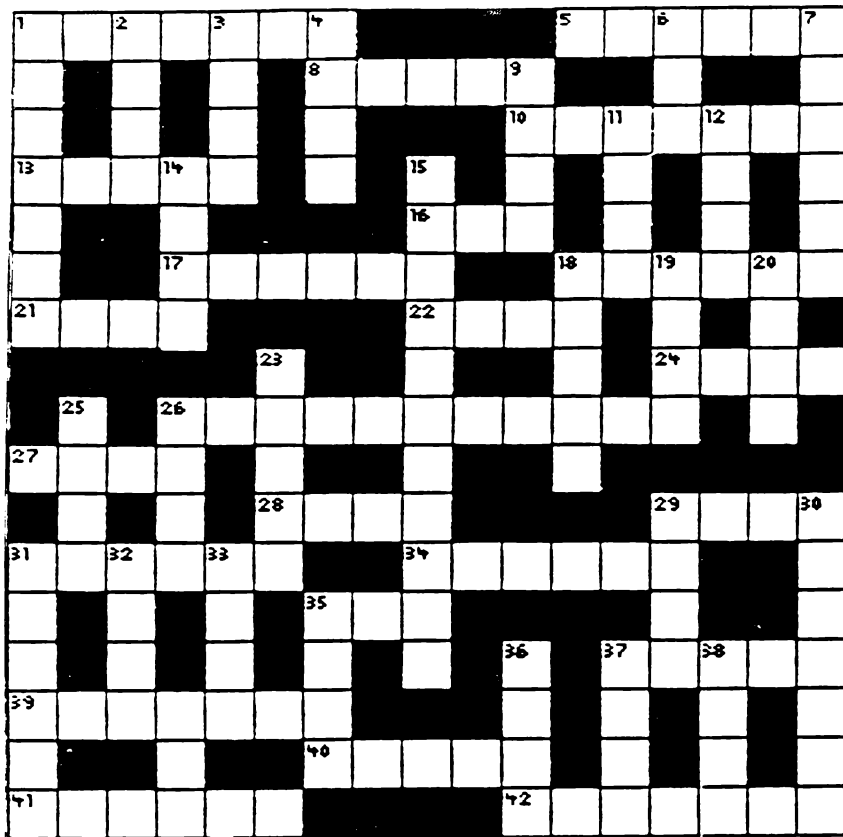
Violet Elizabeth, with a giggle, detached the Ace from dummy and played it.

William's jaw dropped, his eyes bulged. He was just reaching for the girl's throat when, with a resigned sigh, Molesworth II dropped the King. Slowly William realised that he'd needed a singleton King offside, or he wouldn't have had two entries - one for the trump finesse, one to cash some hearts.

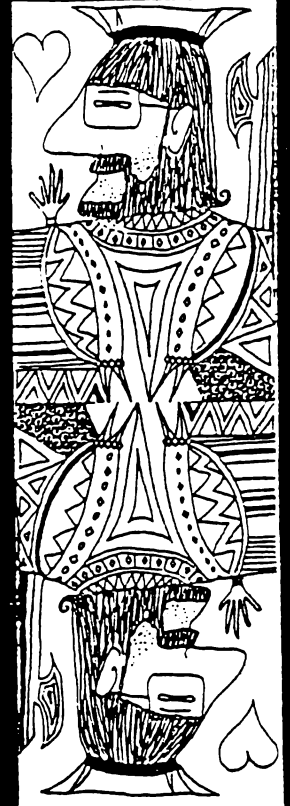
He sat back in his seat, his eyes narrowing: then he ran the Spade Queen, finessed again, and finally dropped the King. When he'd played off all his black winners bar the Ace of Clubs, this was the position:

	North	
	S: -	
	H: J 9 6	
	D: -	
	C: 3	
West		East
S: -		S: -
H: 10 8 7		H: -
D: Q		D: 8 7
C: -		C: 7 6
	South	
	S: -	
	H: 5	
	D: J 3	
	C: A	

The Ace of Clubs squeezed Peason - if he threw a heart, then William could finesse the nine for all the tricks; if he threw the diamond, William could cash the Jack then finesse the hearts. Peason gave in gracefully. William sat stunned. Perhaps girls weren't so bad after all !



Crossword



ACROSS

1. Convention suggests you wait, fellow. (8)
5. Cheeky but unwelcome score ? (6)
8. Position in place where games are played. (5)
10. Finesses two cards ? (7)
13. Cheat to get four cards. (5)
16. A spot of annoyance given. (3)
17. Guilty sailor and student in layout. (6)
18. Journey for the French produces rare but frequent squeeze. (6)
21. Destroy by removing entries ? (4)
22. Cursed card used for no trump tricks. (4)
24. Ended when this bid led to going under. (4)
26. Destruction by removing exits? (4)
27. This contract should be hit - hard! (4)
28. Cheat at a card game. (4)
29. Costly - but sweet ! (4)
31. Change the lever? (6)
34. Uneven ruin? (6)
35. Dirty style of lead. (3)
37. Suit one to call one. (5)
39. 24 call can be 24 call. (7)
40. 24 may occur in 24. (5)
41. & 42. Twice the problem can lead to twice the score. (6,7)

DOWN

1. Convention that's out of this world. (7)
2. Against conservation in major road. (4)
3. A lot request a way to hide. (4)
4. Designate a card nominally. (4)
6. A letter, say, at meal-time. (3)
7. Show the wrong Ace - at snooker?(6)
9. On the peak of a good score? (4)
11. Position for organ to be close to. (4)
12. Can be a blow, but can be grand.(4)
14. Speak your bid. (4)
15. The start of an auction in more ways than one. (7,4)
18. Lukewarm boy holding unreal number. (5)
19. Club for pressing business. (4)
20. Mendacious about positions. (4)
23. Playing area used by Warwick? (5)
25. Not quick to keep position down(4)
26. Let out back in time. (4)
29. Fall, or get to fall beneath. (4)
30. Strong bid, or the opposite. (7)
31. Where to play low, or back. (6)
32. Lazy card to play before squeeze. (4)
33. Special YC suit? (4)
35. Dutch type up to fulfilled contract. (4)
36. Destroyed with club? (4)
37. Storage for distilled oils. (4)
38. Captain who had a whale of a time? (4)

PLAY BRIDGE
WITH THE SNAIL
~~~~~

Playing on a Wednesday night at Young Chelsea against strong opponents - Sampsal and Breskon - I pick up the following hand:

|          |         |                                              |
|----------|---------|----------------------------------------------|
| spades   | 6 3 2   | Neither side is vulnerable and I am first    |
| hearts   | 4 3 2   | to speak. Mmmm. This is interesting.         |
| diamonds | 4 3 2   | It's not fascinating, but it's interesting.  |
| clubs    | 5 4 3 2 | Let's count up my points. Hmmm. Forty-three. |
|          |         | Oh no, those are the spots on my cards.      |
|          |         | Oh dear. No points. At least, I don't think  |

I can see any. Ah well....distribution....I don't seem to have any.

What a shame. Never mind. Let's see; neither points nor suit. I'm sure there's an opening to cover this. Why is Mr Sampsal looking daggers at me? Mr Breskon is sighing a lot. Perhaps his partner's done something wrong. I'm sure I can't have done something wrong. Oh well, back to my hand. I can open on 13 points. On the other hand, on our methods I can open on less with a long suit. But I have no long suit. Oh well, I'm not sure what to do so I pass. So does Mr Sampsal, sighing and drumming his fingers, and partner opens Two Clubs. Mmmm. We're playing Astro over One No Trump. But partner opened - no-one bid No Trump. Or did they?

Let's look at this bidding closer. Two Clubs in Precision shows an ordinary opening hand with a club suit. But we're playing Acol. Hmm..let's think..partner may have a big hand. Who is partner though? I think it's my wife: but one can never be sure. Certainly it's not David Parry. He doesn't wear a dress - at least, not on club nights I think. At least, I think I think. Mmmm. What's that? L.H.O. looking at his watch. I suppose it must be my bid. Is it late? Time seems to fly....

Let's recap. Two Clubs is forcing on our methods. I cannot pass. I have no long suit, so I bid Two No Trumps so-as to describe my hand-pattern; this has the additional advantage of ensuring the lead comes up to the spade tenace.

Partner - I think I'll take the safety play here of referring to partner as "partner" - bids Six No Trumps. Mr Breskon now interjects a double. What can this mean? Naturally I enquire of L.H.O. whether this double is conventional in nature but surprisingly the normally patient and tolerant Mr Sampsal responds with "For goodness sake get on with it!". This does not help my concentration, which is further disturbed by the Tournament Director's cry of "You should be on your second board by now!". I ask for a review of the auction:

|     |    |     |     |
|-----|----|-----|-----|
| NO  | NO | 2C  | NO  |
| 2NT | NO | 6NT | DBL |
| ?   |    |     |     |

Mmmm. I suppose we might go off, although the spade six and the fourth club are undisclosed values.

Hmmm. What shall I do? The thought of redoubling crosses my mind; this should surely show fourth round ruffing control in three suits. But wait a minute! Will partner take this as an SOS? Oh well, I decide eventually to redouble. Mr Sampsal puts down his newspaper and passes with a look of blank suffering on his face. Perhaps he didn't have a good meal today. Mr Breskon sighs deeply. Everyone passes. Mr Sampsal leads the King of Clubs and dummy goes down with:

|          |          |                                                                    |
|----------|----------|--------------------------------------------------------------------|
| spades   | Q J 10 4 | Yes, this is what I feared. I might go off.                        |
| hearts   | A Q J 10 | We're going off this year, incidentally - to                       |
| diamonds | A K Q J  | Spain. Very nice in Spain. Lots of sun.                            |
| clubs    | A        | Lovely sun we've been having recently, apart<br>from all the rain. |

Mmmm. Can he mean me ? Surely I'm not slow, I think. Or do I think?  
Hmmm.

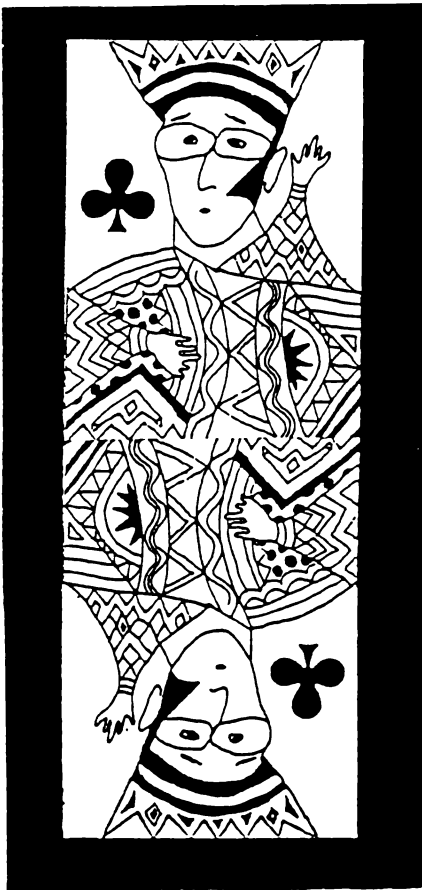
S: 6 3      H: 4 3      D: 4 3

" I'm afraid you'll have to take an average for this board ! "

POST MORTEM

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

One member managed to do something unique. Playing the first board of a Young Chelsea duplicate, he bid accurately to three no trumps and carefully made nine tricks for a score of 400. On the last round, he obeyed the director's instruction to arrow-switch (not everyone does!), pulled out the cards and eventually sacrificed in four spades, losing 500. He opened the travelling score-slip and remarked: "Sorry partner - a bottom !" Inscribed on the paper was a score of 400, followed by ten scores of 430. Then it dawned. This was the wrong board. The first score was his !



## THE EARLY YEARS

It all began in 1968. I had been playing at the Under Thirty Club which met every Monday at the Eccleston Hotel in Victoria. When it changed hands, the new owner doubled the table money to ten shillings (50P) and this caused a number of us to consider forming a new club. The ringleader of this rebellion was Tony Blok and it was in his flat in Victoria that the Young Chelsea Bridge Club was born (prior to this I had made enquiries at the Hotel Eden in South Kensington which was prepared to let us have the use of a basement room ).

Three weeks after our first duplicate (we decided to meet every Wednesday) a newcomer asked me: "Do you give Master Points ?"

"What are they ?" I replied. That was my first encounter with Mahmoud Sadek who subsequently installed himself as Master Points Secretary. To this day he writes out the little certificates with evident relish and then bestows them on (sometimes unwilling) recipients as though he is giving away a collector's item.

Growth in our first year was slow and unspectacular. In my first annual report I noted that we had 85 members. Also worth a mention was that one of the four teams we entered in the London League won all its matches in the fourth division. In the autumn of 1968 the first Club Pairs Championship was held. It was won by Ben Green and Tony Wilcock after several recounts. Gordon O'Hair and I were the unlucky runners-up.

The only thing of note that I can remember happening in 1969 was that Peter Donovan joined the club. Peter was Bridge correspondent of the Daily Mail and in touch with a much wider bridge circle than any of us at the time. It was he who eventually persuaded me that there were sufficient numbers of young players to warrant having the club open every day of the week.

This we did in March 1970. By that time we already had duplicate on Monday as well as Wednesday, and we now started one on Friday as well. Cut-in rubber was available (in theory at least) at every session including week-ends, and it was left to the players to decide the stakes. In the event this side of the club's activities never took off. What did prosper was our social rubber game for no stake at all every Tuesday evening. This continued until the early eighties when the demand for duplicate finally extinguished it.

We stayed at the Hotel Eden until March 1972 by which time the size of the duplicates was sometimes too large to be accommodated in the basement room. When this happened the movement wound its way snake-like through the hotel's entrails, so that, if you were north-south at table nineteen, your evening would be spent sitting in a dimly lit enclave surrounded by porters' trolleys and assorted hotel paraphernalia. In the end, though, we left the Eden not because we had outgrown the room but because the hotel wanted to turn it into a dive bar and sauna.



### The Early Years (continued)

We moved to The Mansions on the corner of Earls Court Road and Bramham Gardens, and our home for the next four years was a large family flat with six rooms plus kitchen and bathroom. The kitchen enabled the club to start its own catering and we employed a cook ( Mrs Cosgrove, but known to one and all as Mrs C ), and we turned one of the small rooms into a bar. It bore no relation to our present bar for it could only accommodate six people !

By the time we moved to the Mansions the number of days the club was open regularly had been reduced from seven to four - duplicate on Monday, Wednesday and Friday and social rubber on Tuesday; and this is how it remained throughout our sojourn there. The two attempts to start up a lower standard duplicate on Thursday both failed. On the second occasion I had scented success with what we called a Social Duplicate; but then I went on holiday for a fortnight, and on my return found a thriving poker school in action on that day instead !

In 1973 I joined the LCCBA Committee and at my first meeting sat next to Alan Hiron. He told me that on his wedding night he played in a twelve-hour bridge marathon. That gave me an idea and on my return to the club I announced: " Guess what chaps ? We're going to have a 24 hour duplicate ". They thought I was joking, but that was the origin of an event which is now established as one of the highlights of the club year. The event we have today, though, has improved over the years, and is a far cry from the first one. That was won by Mahmoud ( who played throughout ) partnered variously by Roger Edmonds and Colin Simpson. Mahmoud has since played in every marathon, except those in 1985 and 1986 when I insisted he help me on my side of the fence.

Our stay at The Mansions was marred from the outset by one unfortunate circumstance. Not long after our arrival the lady in the adjoining flat objected to our presence - not that we were in any way annoying her ( we were not a noisy lot ), but we did not have planning permission to have a club on the premises. It was unlucky that she happened to be Mayor of Kensington and Chelsea, and a summons was not long in coming. At the hearing my plea that I lived there and had lots of bridge-playing friends cut no ice and the case was lost. An enforcement notice was served on us by the Council. We had to go, they said, but where ?

In the event we remained there for four years until the beginning of 1976. There were two reasons for this. Our landlord, Sir Charles Rowley, was sympathetic and knew we would go as soon as we found somewhere else, so he did nothing to exacerbate our situation. When our lease came to an end, he could not renew it, but this meant he could not accept any rent from us. He let this continue for eighteen months, but when we did leave he was paid in full.

Secondly, although the Council served an enforcement order on us on three occasions, when the enforcement officer paid his three visits he found no evidence of a bridge club. Instead ( thanks to the late Bill Bray who had an antique shop in the Kings Road ) he was able to compliment me on my impeccable taste in furniture and objets d'art.

Our quest for new premises finally ended when I received a tip-off from the ham man ( the man who brought our ham every day ) that the Zambesi Club was up for sale. When I visited the club it seemed anything but ideal for our purposes, but I nevertheless asked Tony Blok to come and have a look and he was immediately impressed.

# GRAND SLAM

The local bridge club runs three main competitions each year for mixed pairs. Three pairs have swept the board in the last two years. From the information below, match up the partners and show which pair won the trophy in which year.

1. No pair won the same trophy both years; Sue and her partner, Abelson, did not win the Acol Cup at all.
2. Max won the Vase in 1988 and Miss Walsh the Shield in 1989.
3. Liz's name is not Brickwood, and her partner, is not Alex Bowles.
4. One of the players is named Cearns.
5. Valerie and her partner did not win the Vase in 1989.
6. Les is not the man called Loveys.

| Men  | Surname | Partner | Ladies  | Surname | Partner |
|------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|
| Alex |         |         | Sue     |         |         |
| Max  |         |         | Valerie |         |         |
| Les  |         |         | Liz     |         |         |

## 1 9 8 8 Winners

|                 |  |     |  |
|-----------------|--|-----|--|
| Acol Cup        |  | and |  |
| Culbertson Vase |  | and |  |
| Flint Shield    |  | and |  |

## 1 9 8 9 Winners

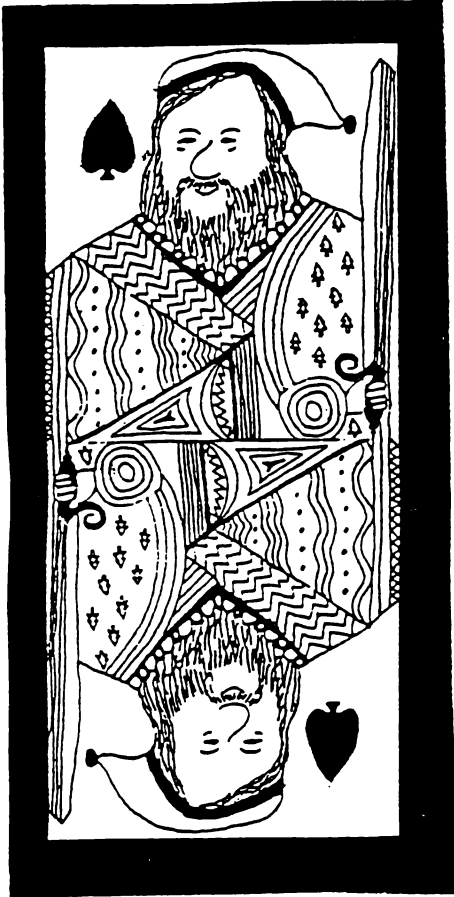
|                 |  |     |  |
|-----------------|--|-----|--|
| Acol Cup        |  | and |  |
| Culbertson Vase |  | and |  |
| Flint Shield    |  | and |  |

### The Early Years(continued)

Originally we only wanted the club premises (basement and ground floor), but we were told it was the whole building or nothing. And so it was that we acquired the lease at 32 Barkston Gardens, inheriting a world famous drinking club and sixteen flats to boot. When the transaction was completed, I remember Tony and me sitting in a room in the basement which then served as an office. Tony just roared with laughter. We had come a long way in eight years !

## BRIDGE ON BROADWAY

Now it comes on May Bank Holiday, and the six of us are sitting on the ground floor of Warwick's joint doing very little. Downstairs, other citizens are playing cards because that is why you go to Warwick's as a rule, although there are guys who are known to drop in just for the beer, which is somewhat incomprehensible to me as the beer is in no way such as a guy would drink without a hand of bridge to take his mind off the taste.



The reason we are doing nothing while the other citizens are occupied is that we are waiting for TV Tony to arrive from somewhere upstate. Fortunately this Tony is such a guy as can afford the latest in the technological line and has a telephone in his car, which he uses to tell us that he is in the Bayswater Road. We try to figure why his route takes him to this part of town, and we decide that if you are such a guy as can master the game of bridge and the use of a car telephone, this cannot leave any of your brain over for reading a map.

Well, TV Tony arrives at last, and he has with him a doll by the name of Sally, which pleases everybody not just because this Sally is a pleasant enough doll, but because she is part of Tony's team for the match we are waiting to start and without her we would have nothing to do but drink the beer, which as I already say is not much of a proposition. We are anxious that anybody who manages to include the Bayswater Road in the journey from the M11 to Warwick's joint may easily forget to include his team-mate in the party, but of course we do not mention this to TV Tony as he is such a guy as is likely to take a bushel of IMPs off you if you upset him.

This match we are waiting to play is the first of a series to decide which mob will reach the final of the tournament, and you can get plenty of 6 to 5 that it is going to be none other than TV Tony and his mob, because they are a very big-league outfit that in addition to Tony and Sally includes Steve the Dude and the Pinball Wizard. The other three teams are in no way inconsiderable citizens, though, so the whole event is a tough proposition, which is as it should be, considering that the first prize is quite a lot of potatoes.

Personally, I am a quiet kind of guy who very much prefers to stay out of high level decision taking, which is why I am not a little unhappy when this hand comes up during our match:

### Bridge on Broadway(continued)

EW game: dealer South

S: A 9 7 4 3  
H: 9 6 3  
D: 6  
C: Q J 4 3

S: none  
H: Q 5 4 2  
D: K 10 9 8 5 2  
C: 8 6 5  
N  
W E  
S  
S: K J 5  
H: K  
D: A Q J 7 4 3  
C: K 10 7

S: Q 10 8 6 2  
H: A J 10 8 7  
D: none  
C: A 9 2

I am holding the West cards and the Pinball Wizard on my right opens one diamond. Now, there are guys who feel that this West hand merits an overcall, and there are a few young crazy guys who would not think twice about making a weak jump, but I wish to say that I am not one of these guys, so I pass.

TV Tony on my left bids three diamonds and my partner, a guy by the name of Dave the Beezer, doubles. Now, nobody doubles TV Tony for penalties in this man's town, so I figure that partner has a good hand with the major suits and am just about to bid four spades when the Pinball Wizard hauls off and bids three no trumps. I am not a little surprised at this, as it seems that the game is being played with a peaknuckle deck, and I wonder what to do. If TV Tony were on my right, I might suspect this three no trumps of being no more than the old phonus bolonus, but the Pinball Wizard is not such a guy as will do that kind of thing very often. Eventually I figure that the opponents have plenty of diamonds and a high card or two, and we have most of the majors. I am not a little worried as Dave the Beezer already makes one bid in this match which TV Tony doubles for 500, and I am concerned in case Dave has secretly been drinking the beer after all, but I bid four spades anyway.

TV Tony does not seem much surprised at this and he bids five diamonds, which I am very pleased to hear indeed as it means I will not have to play the hand in some dubious proposition, and perhaps we can even double five diamonds for a small penalty. Dave the Beezer, though, now bids five spades and I am seriously contemplating calling for a medical man to test the blood pressure in his head, as that is where all his blood obviously rushes. However, the Pinball Wizard does not double, so I pass and Tony bids six diamonds. Dave makes a forcing pass, but I do not wish any part of six spades at all, so I double. The play is a very confusing and trying affair as after I make the dumb lead of the ace of spades, Dave the Beezer wins the ace of hearts and underleads the ace of clubs. Happily this does not make any odds and the contract goes one down for a C to our guys.

We are not expecting this to be worth much, as the normal result is five diamonds doubled one down, but at the other table matters go in an altogether different fashion. Here South is a guy called Cromwell Callaghan after his tendency never to pass in fourth seat when the opponents are lower than the three level. He opens with a strong club and Steve the Dude passes. (Steve is a young guy such as I mention above, but he is not crazy, or at any rate, not very crazy). North, a guy known in these parts as Louis, responds one diamond, which means nothing much except that he has nothing much, and Sally doubles. Now, Louis is no TV Tony and nobody would worry very much about doubling him for penalties, but it turns out that this double is the kind of thing they play in the big leagues to show a spade suit.

### Bridge on Broadway(continued)

Cromwell Callaghan comes clean and bids his real suit with two diamonds, thus revealing to all that he is no big league player because in such games it is considered somewhat undignified to bid your real suit below the four level. Steve the Dude thinks about this for a long time and then bids two spades - we figure that maybe this is because he does not trust Sally to remember the system. If there is one thing that will upset a doll more than somewhat, it is not being trusted to remember the system when she really has, so maybe Steve will be headed for a punch in the snoot after this hand, although Sally is not such a doll as will readily punch anyone in the snoot. Her tolerance for provocation is such that she even plays more than once with TV Tony.

Well, Louis plays once or twice in the big leagues and he knows what to do here, so he bids four spades. Cromwell does not look as though Louis just takes leave of his wits, as you or I might do, because he also studies the big games and knows that this four spades is a fancy way of showing a lot of diamonds and no spades. This does his hand no good at all, but there is little he can do about it except bid five diamonds, for playing in spades when you have only three and the opponents ten is not such a proposition as he is prepared to entertain. Everybody passes and because this is a high class game, everybody remembers that it is Sally's lead.

Normally you can get plenty of 6 to 5 that Sally will make a good opening lead on a hand, because she has been following a set of rules laid down by TV Tony for just this purpose. However none of these rules are much help here, as she cannot eliminate any of the suits which the rules say not to lead. You are not allowed to lead trumps, but Sally does not have any trumps. You are not allowed to lead away from kings, but Sally does not have any kings either. You are allowed to lead spades, but there does not seem much point in this as Louis announces to all the world that he has no spades. After a long while, Sally leads the ace of hearts, which of course allows Louis to discard a club on the queen of hearts and make the contract for another four Cs to our guys.

This result is all very fine, of course, but the Pinball Wizard then makes a three no trumps which is by no means a bad proposition but which Louis and Cromwell do not bid. Furthermore there is the small matter of five hundred points which the Beezer concedes on the board I already mention, so we are still very far from a shot at the five hundred potatoes which make up the first prize for this tournament. However, a deal comes up towards the end as follows:

Game all: dealer North

S: Q 9 4 3  
H: A 4  
D: A K Q 10 9 7  
C: K

S: K  
H: J 9 7 2  
D: 5 3 2  
H: A 8 5 4 3

N  
W E  
S

S: A 5 2  
H: K Q 10 8 6  
D: 6  
C: Q J 10 2

S: J 10 8 7 6  
H: 5 3  
D: J 8 4  
C: 9 7 6

### Bridge on Broadway(continued)

This time TV Tony opens with one diamond and Dave the Beezer bids one heart. The Pinball Wizard passes and I am very pleased, because we have a convention here which will make anyone who hears about this match realise that it was a real big time affair. I bid two no trumps which shows four hearts and at least the values for a raise to three hearts. TV Tony doubles and Dave bids three clubs to show his second suit. Now the Pinball Wizard has a chance to bid three spades and I bid four clubs because Dave the Beezer is such a guy as always likes to hear his suits supported, and I always try to do so whenever I can as it makes for a quiet life in which I am mostly dummy, which is fine with me. Tony bids four spades, though, and Dave doubles him, which shows that Dave is a pretty fearless guy as this is the second time he doubles TV Tony in the match.

I lead a heart, which goes to show that opening leads are not my strong point, and the Pinball Wizard studies dummy with a most mournful expression. This is no different from the way he studies every dummy he sees for the past twenty years, though, so no-one pays it much mind. He wins the ace of hearts and asks for the queen of spades, but Dave the Beezer has been around the game a long while and plays low very smoothly, so I win with the king. I try to cash the jack of hearts, hoping for a signal which will let me know what to do next, but Dave the Beezer knows better than to leave me in charge of a trick when he knows what should be led to the next one, and he overtakes the heart to play his diamond. We take two black aces and a diamond ruff now, for 5 Cs to our side.

TV Tony says that this is in no way bad for his mob as four hearts is cold, but he then says that he doubts if Steve the Dude and Sally will bid game, so we begin to feel somewhat encouraged as nobody in this man's town ever doubts TV Tony when he tells you how bad his team-mates are going to be, or are being, or have been, though how he can know what they are not going to do before they have even begun not to do it, is a very great mystery indeed.

Well, it turns out that TV Tony is right because once again his mob only bid as far as the two level, while our guys are bidding game under their own steam. Louis opens the strong club this time, and Sally doubles which shows hearts. Cromwell Callaghan redoubles, which shows that he has a few points and a major suit somewhere, so when Steve the Dude bids two hearts Louis works out that his side has a big spade fit, so he jumps to four spades. Nobody doubles and the contract goes only one down, so that is nine IMPs to our guys and we win the match 15 - 5.

Well, of course, this is very fine as to beat Tony's mob even in a short match can be regarded as highly satisfactory, but we still have two more teams to beat before we can play in the final, and there are such feared citizens as Chinese Al, Brooklyn Bob and the Silver Turk waiting for us in the next match. But that is a story for another day.

= IN MEMORIAM =

Tragically, last year the club lost one of its most frequent and valued members when Ann Stedman died of cancer. It is impossible to encapsulate in any piece of writing the force of Ann's character, vivacity and presence; but all of her friends here are saddened at the loss.

Well-known to all, Ann was a dedicated player, always keen to improve herself at bridge, but nevertheless displaying a sharply humorous attitude to the game. She encouraged many people to take up bridge, or better themselves at the game, and delighted particularly in the more social atmosphere of team play where she partnered and made many friends. Ann was also a guiding light both in "recruiting" players for the annual Young Chelsea pilgrimage to Killarney, and in organising amusement and entertainment while there. The Irish in particular will long remember her for her wisecracking and down-to-earth manner - and for the crystal she took away !

Most people's favourite story of Ann, showing her sense of humour in action, dates from one visit to Ireland. While a group of Y.C. members was exploring the countryside, one of the more irascible members took exception to Ann's well-known liking for extended walking and (with permission) borrowed her car to continue. Ann promptly reported her car as stolen and a by now enraged driver had to explain himself at length to the local Garda when he was finally 'caught' !

People were Ann's other main interest, and even towards the end she was concerned with friends' problems rather than her own illness; she will also be remembered for the warmth and hospitality of her parties, regularly attended in turn by many members of the club. Blunt, humorous, lively, concerned - she will be sorely missed.

A Pairs event was instituted in her memory, held in January of this year, and £575 was collected to be donated to the Royal Marsden (Cancer) Hospital.

## TOURNAMENT SCENE

Young Chelsea members have made a significant impact in events over the last year. The successes listed below cover most major tournaments. If someone has been overlooked, we apologise.

We begin by congratulating ANDY ROBSON, JOHN HOBSON, JOHN POTTAGE and DEREK PATTERSON, who were in the British team which won the WORLD JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIPS. The American team, which was beaten before the final stages, found a very high standard of bridge played - far higher than anticipated for a junior event (A.C.B.L. magazine). The reserves for the team were Martin Garvey, Phil King, Ian Pagan and Phil Souter.

KITTY BETHE, a long standing club member who recently moved back to New York, was a member of the U.S.A. Ladies Team which won the VENICE CUP (World Womens Teams Championship).

ANDY ROBSON & TONY FORRESTER won a strong international event in Holland and promptly followed this up by winning the revived SUNDAY TIMES PAIRS comprising a prestigious international field.

The CAMROSE TRIALS winners were JOHN HOBSON, PETER CROUCH, ANDREW DYSON and GLYN LIGGINS. In passing, a mention should be made of Barry Rigal & Peter Czerniewski, second for the FOURTH year running.

In the JUNIOR CAMROSE TROPHY, the winners were England, which included PHIL KING, JOHN HOBSON, MATTHEW KIME and HARRY ANOYRKATIS.

The LADY MILNE TRIALS to select a team for the Home Countries Womens Championships produced a tie for first place. HEATHER DUNSTAN was in one pair and MICHELE BERIS-HANDLEY in the other.

CROCKFORDS CUP was won by ROB CLIFFE, BRIAN CALLAGHAN, JIM NIBLETT, PETE JACKSON, DAVID PARRY & CATHERINE FISHPOOL. The runners-up were Unal Durmus, Norman Selway, Kay Preddy and Gillian Salt.

KAY and GILLIAN won the NATIONAL WOMENS TEAMS at Eastbourne.

The HUBERT PHILLIPS (Mixed Teams) Champions are DICK SHEK, GUS CALDERWOOD, JANICE PHILLIPS and VICTOR SILVERSTONE. DICK and GUS also played for Britain in the EUROPEAN CHAMPIONSHIPS.

The 1989 EASTER GUARDIAN PAIRS was won by MICHELE BERIS-HANDLEY and ROMAN SMOLSKI. MICHELE also won the HARPERS & QUEEN LADIES PAIRS at the end of the year. In the same E.B.U. YEAR-END CONGRESS, JEREMY DHONDY won the SWISS PAIRS.

The SPRING FOURS PLAY-OFF was won by RICHARD FLEET, JOHN POTTAGE, BARRY RIGAL and PETER CZERNIEWSKI.

DAVID BURN and DAVID PRICE won the BRIGHTON CONGRESS SWISS PAIRS.

ROB CLIFFE and BRIAN CALLAGHAN captured the TWO STARS at EASTBOURNE following their successes in Crockfords Cup and the LONDON PAIRS CHAMPIONSHIP earlier in the year.

LIZ BIRBECK, who went home to Australia for a year and has just returned, managed to get the title of MOST IMPROVED PLAYER OF 1989 in the State of Victoria, while there.

Finally, we mention IAN & JEAN FOGG who are the current Champions of the B.B.L. PORTLAND PAIRS (National Mixed Pairs Championship). Norman Selway and Kay Preddy were runners-up.