

Bert Matthews

Bert Matthews was elected an honorary member of our club by acclamation at the last AGM. Bert has been a very active member of the Club almost from its inception. He has been a member since 1980.

He was on the Committee from 1981 to 1990 and was President for 1987 and 1988.

In 1982, Bert Matthews and Keith McFarlane were asked to form a building Sub-committee with the aim of obtaining our own Club rooms. This came to fruition in 1986, and at the opening of the new rooms Bert was thanked for his financial advice and insight into financial planning.

Fundraising was important in those early days and major sources of funds were the Tournaments, the Raffles and of course the Bar. Tournaments then were fully catered and members were asked to donate food. Bert would arrive with *buckets* of potato salad. Even now when Bert offers to bring some muffins or savouries, he turns up with *10 dozen*. When members are asked for contributions for the raffles Bert will provide all the major prizes, often showing flare and initiative. Who else would bring an ice-cream cake or tree peony as a prize? When the Club first started in the Palisander Lounge there was no bar, and Bert was one of those who helped lug the supplies up the stairs and then down again at the end of an

Contributed humour

A man and his wife are awakened, at 3 o'clock in the morning by a loud pounding on the door. The man gets up and goes to the door where a drunken stranger, standing in the pouring rain, is asking for a push.

"Not a chance," says the husband, "it's 3 o'clock in the morning!" He slams the door and returns to bed.

"Who was that?" asked his wife.

"Just some drunk guy asking for a push," he answers.

"Did you help him?" she asks.

"No, I did not, it is 3 o'clock in the morning and it is pouring out there!"

"Well, you have a short memory," says his wife.

"Can't you remember. about three months ago when we broke down, and those two guys helped us? I think you should help him, and you should be ashamed of yourself!"

The man does as he is told, gets dressed, and goes out into the pounding rain.

He calls out into the dark, "Hello, are you still there?"

"Yes" comes back the answer.

"Do you still need a push?", calls out the husband.

"Yes, please!" comes the reply from the dark.

"Where are you?" asks the husband.

"Over here on the swing!" replies the drunk.

A police accident



evening's play. To this day he is still one of our Licensed Bar Managers and was responsible for introducing and supplying the small bottles of wine. Did you know that the sign in front of the Club was supplied by Bert, and the sign on the bar door was supplied by Bert? And his generosity is also shown in other ways. I remember the time he came up and said, "We need some milk jugs to put on the trays. You buy them. I will pay for them" And more recently "If you are going to buy heat pumps, I will pay half!" Bert will not thank me for saying that, because he always insisted on anonymity but I think members should know who they should thank for the wonderful facilities they enjoy. But apart from the material things, Bert has been a great friend and partner to many of us. He will play with *anyone*, will come out at the last minute to fill in, makes himself available to play with beginners, and never complains - well, not without a smile on his face. Those who remember Syd Robb will remember how Bert used to bring him to bridge, then sit and wait in his car until Syd had had his last drink before taking him home again. Others too have been grateful for a ride in from town. Bert knows how to be a good Club Member. His honorary Membership is very well deserved.

Frank Gradon

26 points for Randy

Over the holiday period Randy and Voluptua had been very much preoccupied with each other. Voluptua's Aunt Frieda had often stared with vexation at Voluptua's closed bedroom door ... (*enough! Ed.*). However on the one occasion they ventured forth to play a holiday game they did very well, helped somewhat by this hand. Randy declared 3NT as South having been so bewitched by his magnificent hand that all Voluptua's pleas for him to withdraw from the auction were ignored. He received the somewhat fortunate lead of K♠ but there was still much work to do.

♠ 8 4 2
♥ 7 2
♦ J 9 7 5 4 2
♣ Q 3

♠ K T 6 5 3
♥ A 9 4
♦ T
♣ T 8 6 4

♠ J 9 7
♥ T 8 6 5
♦ 8 6 3
♣ K 9 7

♠ A Q
♥ K Q J 3
♦ A K Q
♣ A J 5 2

Randy counted his tricks. There were two spades, two hearts (after knocking out the A♥), three

diamonds, and two clubs (after knocking out the K♣). That make nine tricks, thought Randy with a sigh of relief (he desperately wanted to impress Voluptua).

But wait a minute! His first spade stopper had just been dislodged, and the second would be dislodged when he gave up a trick to A♥; then, when he lost to the K♣, the opponents would run a zillion spades.

What could be done? In a testosterone-induced flash the answer came to him. Having captured the first trick with Q♠ he played his three top diamonds. Then, with a masterful smile, he played his J♣.

The opponents were helpless. In the end, East ducked realising that dummy's diamonds would bring home the contract through the Q♣ entry. But now, with a club trick won, Randy could simply knock out the A♥ and come to his planned nine tricks.

No other declarer had found this line and Randy smugly awaited compliments from his beloved. Voluptua's attention had been distracted by a broken fingernail however, and all she said was "29 points in total and all you could manage was nine tricks?" With an admirable and impassive stoicism Randy went on to the next hand.