

NOTES FROM THE CHAIR

The first thing I would like to do is to wish everyone a very Merry Christmas and Happy New Year and a particular cheerio to those who are not feeling that well and are not able to join us to celebrate the festive season, which will begin on Saturday December 10 with our annual free Christmas party. It is quite pointless for me to mention bringing a plate because if it is anything like previous years, we will have Christmas fare coming out of our ears. You always do yourselves proud.

To more serious stuff and in particular our search for a new premises, I have had talks with the Council officers involved with the tunnel as well as our own member. Also with developers to try to get a handle on the costs involved. Next week I hope to have a favourable meeting with the Council folks who look after land leasing and I have also had chats with a bowls club (possible amalgamation or lease) and another bridge club to the same end. I have followed up all suggestions given to me and some are still being considered. So as you can tell we are not sitting idly twiddling our thumbs. Hopefully more to report next year.

The Bring and Buy is in full swing and whereas I really don't get myself involved too much, I must say a big thank you to Claire Hyne whose baby this has always been (and I hope will continue to be in future years).

Have you noticed our new pie warmer in the kitchen. We actually acquired it through eBay only last week for a very good price. It will be invaluable for keeping food warm at congresses and CHRISTMAS PARTIES etc. We have been able to purchase this through three of our lovely members who donated the money to buy something for the kitchen. It is a great thrill to have everyone's backing and to know that even if you cannot do anything physical these days you can help in other ways. Thank you ladies. I also have to thank my son in law, Ray Ellaway, not only for searching and bidding on eBay but also for physically going down the coast to pick it up from Robina. Thanks Ray.

Due to lack of interest and the additional cost to the ABF, we have decided not to continue with monthly eclectic results. We still will however reward regular attendees with a free game voucher monthly.

Since its conception some years ago I have always run and directed the New Year's Eve Teams. It has

grown and grown and we all have a wonderful evening, with champagne supper and plenty of good cheer. We play bridge too. Do come and join us.

Cheers
MARION COOKE



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|------------------|--------------------|
| Robin Steinhardt | *Local Master |
| Paul Woods | *Local Master |
| Heather Kruse | *State Master |
| Graham Rusher | Silver Life Master |
| Cecily Critchley | Gold Life Master |
| Pat Crowd | Gold Life Master |



RESULTS:

- Pat Wilson Trophy** - Del and Mal Moffatt
- Bill Dalton Novice Trophy** - Judy Mackay - Jeanne Welch
- Swiss Pairs** - Ralph Parker - Paul Gosney
- Club Championship** - Jim Evans - Claire Green
- Novice Pairs** - Peter Busch - Alan Sinclair
- Old Wide Pairs** - Highest score for QCBC - Cecily Critchley & Lynley Jenkins - 67.5%
- Melbourne Cup** - Highest score - Jeanette Campbell - Peter Scott 68.27%



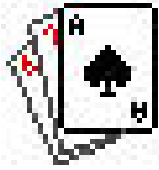
COMING EVENTS

Our 2006 program/dairy is at the printers as we speak. Our sponsors this year are Yellow Cabs, Good Year Woolloongabba and Franks Automotive. Thank you to our sponsors and we encourage our members to support those who support bridge. A special Thank You to Jan Peach, who has worked very hard to put this diary together.

In case you hadn't noticed, we have Armstrong Holden as a sponsor also. Their logo is on our bidding slips.



**Butler / Swiss
Pairs**



- Sunday 15 January

**New Years Eve
Teams**

7.30pm start
31 December -
\$60 per team -



Cash prizes and champagne

NEW MEMBERS

Tony Treloar
Cheryl Stone
Ron Kuypers



Del and Mal Moffatt, winners of the Pat Wilson Trophy.



**New Year Trophy Pairs –
Saturdays, 14 & 21 January**



PORTRAIT OF A PLAYER

Jenny Williams One of our New Board Members



Margaret Leahy Trophy



Monday 7.30 pm for 13 weeks.

My father liked to play cards of any type and as a young child I was fascinated with a book he had called 'Teaching Iris Auction Bridge'. I used to pester him to explain it to me, however it was a bit difficult to learn to play with only two people. He obviously was



desperate for someone to play cards with (my mother refused to participate) so I became his nightly cribbage companion from about the age of nine or ten. He also taught me to play canasta and 500 etc. In those days, it would not have occurred to me to say no to my parents. My three siblings felt so sorry for me but made sure they were not around when the cards came out - anyway it was preferable to doing the dishes! We lived on a farm and in those days had no television etc so there was nothing else to do anyway. Dad's other obsession was cricket, which I must have inherited, but as a child I detested it, as, whenever the Aussies were playing overseas, we were subjected to the overnight radio broadcast of the match - blasting out from the only wireless in the house, located in the living room.

As we lived in the country where there were no high schools, everyone went to boarding school. So at the age of 12, in the mid 1950s, I left home to go to Townsville, where I had a wonderful time in a totally different environment, but there were no cards - I'm not sure what the nuns would have said if I had started up a group! I stayed in Townsville after school and went to Uni there too, when the now James Cook University was a campus of Queensland Uni. Of course there was a considerable amount of canasta played with the Engineering students in the refec between lectures.

Others had determined that I would be an accountant, which I dutifully did, and quite enjoyed for a while. I didn't even have to apply for a job - somehow that was arranged for me too, as often happened in those days. A couple of years later, in the earlier 60s I read an article in the local paper about this thing called a 'computer' which the Uni was acquiring and became fascinated with the idea of working there. I think this was about the second computer in Qld. While I thought it was so cool to get this job, it was hard to explain what I was doing to others, particularly my family, who thought I'd gone troppo.

A couple of years later I married and with my husband moved to Mount Isa where I worked for Mount Isa Mines for a few years. A little problem arose not long after I started work. Because my boss at the Uni had 'arranged' the job for me I had not been through the usual processes. The issue was that I was married and in those days, the Mines, like many other employers, did not employ married women, in fact they made their existing employees resign when they married. Luckily I was able to keep my job and in fact this became the turning point for others who were then able to challenge the 'rule'. Mount Isa was a wonderful place to live in those mining boom days. There were lots of new people in town, the Mine sponsored heaps of social and cultural activities - for example we saw Shirley Bassey perform in the local pub, when the only other performances were concerts in Sydney and Melbourne. We made lots of new friends and had a great 'twenty something's" social life.

We moved to Brisbane, prior to the birth of our first child in 1971, and I have lived here ever since, apart from a couple of short stints working in Sydney and about three years on and off in Canberra. Lots have happened in that time, bringing up children, back to Uni to formally study computing, marriage breakups, having to go to work again after a 13 year break. I've really enjoyed my working life in the past twenty years, and have been lucky to have been offered a range of opportunities, ranging from accounting, to computing to human resource management and more recently to a Board Secretariat role. I've also travelled to all States of Australia with my work and often managed to squeeze in a few days break so I could learn and experience more of our country. But life goes on - your children grow up and leave home (if you're lucky) and you have to plan the next part of your life. Having identified that I would probably end up living alone, I decided that I needed to start doing some new things that I could continue after I finished work so that I would not end up as some eccentric old



woman digging in the garden and talking to myself.

One of the choices I made was to learn to play bridge. Having lost the 'Teaching Iris' book in a flood in Townsville, I decided I'd better do it properly and convinced some long time friends to join me in lessons at Toowong. I was the only one to complete the 8 week course with Ross Dick. Around the same time I ran into Annette Hogan, who I'd known through work for some years and she had also just learnt to play with Peter Hainsworth, so I moved to BBC to begin playing with her. Being a smaller club, although homeless at that stage, BBC offered a wonderfully supportive environment for new players, who were made to feel very welcome at the table. This was also complemented with wonderful coaching provided firstly by Lynley Jenkins and Cecily Critchley, and later by Peter Hainsworth. Additionally, as we were used to being beaten around by very experienced players, we were quite happy to put our hat in the ring at congresses, and not necessarily novice events. I guess we gave many people some wonderful tops, but we were learning from it. In the past couple of years I've been playing with different people and mostly at QCBC which is now my bridge home.

Bridge has certainly provided a whole new aspect to my life and I just love the wonderful cross section of people who join in for the challenge and the new friends I have made.

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Some Bridge Jokes – About that poor partner!!

We had a partnership misunderstanding. My partner assumed I knew what I was doing.

Your play was much better tonight, and so were your excuses.

If I did everything right I would not be playing with you.

A fellow had made a bad bid and gone down for 1400. "I'm sorry," he said to his partner, "I misplaced a card. "His partner asked innocently, "Only one card?".....Charles Goren

Another week in Paradise

Another week in Paradise
The next phase in the story
Of my enduring search to find
A slice of Bridging glory

Another week of watching
As my savings slowly shrink
Blown on fees and rooms and food
And way too much to drink

Another week of dwindling hope
Performances distressing
Searching lists for scores that
were
Too low and too depressing

Another week of hope destroyed
I thought that glory beckoned
But when the final scores went up
We'd finished ninety-second

A Poem from Monica Pritchard

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Melbourne Cup Day was again
a great success. Special
thanks to Jan Peach .



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