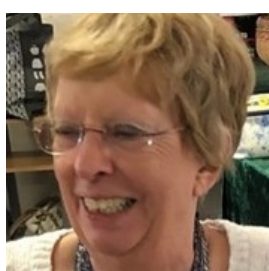




VOLUME 42

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OCTOBER 2020



PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Carole Littlechild

At the start of my second year as President we are unfortunately still in the clutches of Covid-19 and until we can reach Phase 5 the rules in place at the Club must remain. This will curtail some of our Social Events due to the restricted number of tables we can have, but I will endeavour to run as many as possible during the coming year.

The AGM was very well attended and the new committee was voted in with new appointments of Vice President – John Shinnick and committee members - Ian Purcell, Carole Daxter, Judith Poole, Kaye Prance and Jenny Tedeschi. The rest of the executive Team remains the same.

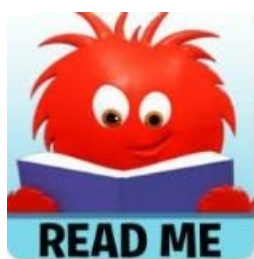
We still have a long way to go in completing the upgrades we want to do to the Club, these being the restrooms redesign, the patio upgrade the painting of the Club House.

As we have spent a considerable amount of our funds last financial year we are looking to apply for grants to help with the estimated costs of approx. \$80k to complete these, but due to the Covid19 it could be difficult in sourcing grants. I hope that in the coming year we will succeed in completing some if not all these projects.

Once again, I must thank all the Committees, our Editor, the Directors, and all members for the support you have given me in the last year and look forward to the new bridge year with enthusiasm and enjoyable bridge.



CLUB PLAYING AREA



While members have been doing a great job following the Covid Safety Plan by sanitising tables and bidding boxes at the conclusion of each session, it is also necessary to leave the room [neat and tidy](#).

It would be appreciated if players could, at the conclusion of a session, make sure their chair is pushed in and leave the bidding boxes open, in a row across the middle of the table, facing North. Directors appreciate walking into a neat and tidy room.

The noise level has also risen of late, so please consider your fellow players during play and leave your chats to lunch/afternoon tea breaks.

Thank you.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The Annual General Meeting was held on Saturday 15 August. Carole Littlechild was elected President unopposed. The results of the recent ballot for the Management committee was announced.

2020-21 Management Committee

Officer Bearers:

| | |
|----------------|--------------------|
| President | Carole Littlechild |
| Vice President | John Shinnick |
| Treasurer | Dianne Barker |
| Secretary | Dawn Snook |

Committee Members

| | |
|----------------|--------------|
| Carole Daxter | Kay Prance |
| Ian Purcell | Judith Poole |
| Jenny Tedeschi | |



Back row L/R: Carole Daxter, Ian Purcell, Jenny Tedeschi, John Shinnick, Kaye Prance and Judith Poole
Front L/R: Dianne Barker, Carole Littlechild, Dawn Snook

DIRECTOR'S CORNER

Call the Director!

In future newsletters, this section will deal with some of the most frequent calls for the Director. By providing this information it is hoped that players will be aware of when to call the Director and the options available to them. The following are from *'Director is Called'* by John McIlrath, *National Grade 1 Director*, a handy booklet written in plain language.

OPENING LEAD OUT OF TURN - Law 54

Opening leads are to be made face down on the table. In this example North is the declarer but West incorrectly leads a face up card and the DIRECTOR IS CALLED.

North has five options to consider:

- (i) Accept the lead and still be declarer, but dummy's hand goes down next before declarer plays to the trick.
- (ii) Accept the lead and be dummy, ie Declarer's hand goes on the table and the trick continues in normal rotation.
- (iii) Ask the correct hand to lead a card of the same suit, in which case the card incorrectly led is replaced in the hand.
- (iv) Ask the correct hand **NOT** to lead a card of that suit (for as long as they retain the lead), in which case the card incorrectly led is replaced in the hand.
- (v) Ask the correct hand to lead any card they wish, in which case the card incorrectly played stays on the table **AND** all penalty provisions apply.

LEAD OUT OF TURN BY DECLARER OR FROM DUMMY—Law 53 and Law 55

- A During the course of play, North, the declarer, WINS the trick in dummy but then leads from his hand, or WINS the trick in hand and calls for a card from dummy. The DIRECTOR IS CALLED.

There are two options, either:

- (i) The lead can be accepted by defenders either verbally or by the next player in rotation playing to the trick. Whichever action takes place first will have preference.
- (ii) If the lead is not accepted, then the card played is returned to declarer's or dummy's hand. (Note that it is not necessary to lead a card of the same suit.)

NB - Dummy may warn declarer about leading from the wrong hand but not after declarer has led.

- B During the course of the play North, the declarer, DOES NOT WIN the trick, but leads to the next trick from either their own or dummy's hand. The DIRECTOR IS CALLED. The options are exactly as in (i) or (ii) above.

AROUND THE CLUB

NEW MEMBERS



The Kalamunda District Bridge Club welcomes the following new members. We look forward to seeing them at regular club sessions in the very near future.

Lesley Moon, Shellee Chapman, Valerie Farr, Pamela Forsyth, Gillian Jones, Diane Quarles (reactivated membership)

RECENT RANK PROMOTIONS

Congratulations to Michael Pepper who has achieved a Masterpoint promotion to ** Local.

70% Club

| | |
|---------------------------|-----------------------|
| Kit & Tom Lemann | Saturday 15 August |
| Gerry Daly & Dianne Dwyer | Wednesday 19 August |
| Carole & Brian Daxter | Wednesday 2 September |
| Guy Gaudet/Joe Louis | Wednesday 9 September |

Grand Slams

| | | |
|------------------------------------|-----|------------------------|
| Helen Ottosson/Jim Steel | 7S | Wednesday 11 March |
| Stephen Thyer/Alan Harper | 7D | Friday 24 July |
| Betty Roberts/Nicolas Moniodis | 7D | Friday 7 August |
| Judith Poole/Lorraine Stivey | 7NT | Friday 14 August |
| Alan Harper/Stephen Thyer | 7NT | Friday 14 August |
| Sheila Pryce/Gordon Brown | 7NT | Friday 14 August |
| Guy Gaudet/Joe Louis | 7S | Wednesday 2 September |
| Kristine Nunn/Dianne Barker | 7S | Wednesday 2 September |
| Helen Browne -Cooper/Mary Simmonds | 7S | Wednesday 2 September |
| Betty Roberts/Peter Walczak | 7NT | Wednesday 2 September |
| Elizabeth McMillen/Jenny Tedeschi | 7NT | Wednesday 2 September |
| Carmen Jackson/Nic Moniodis | 7NT | Monday 21 September |
| Gerry Daly/Dianne Dwyer | 7C | Wednesday 23 September |

BEGINNERS CLASS with Fiske Warren

The beginners class commenced at the end of August with 12 new people and 6 who are repeating the course. We have also seen a couple of blow-ins during the course, of people wanting to brush up their skills but not being able to fully commit. This has kept the table numbers at 5 which is very pleasing.

One of our beginners is Alan Puckey, pictured, who has been learning and playing for some time although never got around to doing the beginners course. He is now finally doing it, mostly to refine his bidding as he already has a keen grasp on playing the hands. It would be fair to say that he has got the bug, as not only is he going to supervised sessions every Monday night but has also been playing at the club on Fridays after the lessons in the morning. playing with the perfect teacher, Denise Borger. They have been doing very well together.

At the end of the lessons there will be a follow up revision course of 4 weeks . This is offered by the club at a cost of \$7 per lesson and is given by Julie Bechelli and Jenny Tedeschi.



Alan Puckey



Fiske Warren conducting a teaching session

SOCIAL EVENT

The Club held its first Sausage Sizzle, since COVID restrictions, on Saturday 12 September. It was an excellent day and particular thanks go to Robert McMahon who took on barbecue duties.

Members seen enjoying the day:



*Elizabeth McMillen, Kaye Prance,
Anita Davis*



Gladys Lourvanij, Gillian Teraci



*Kristine Nunn, Lynne Roberts,
Ronnie Malthouse*



Robert McMahon



Ian Purcell, Kristine Nunn



*Renee Wylie, Bernadette
McStravick, Evonne Sarich*



*Stephen Thyer, Jim Steel
Jacqueline Keir*

BRIDGE QUESTION

Should I Open 1NT with a 5-card Major?

By Larry Cohen

This is the #1 question. If bridge teachers had a dollar for every time this question is asked, they'd be wealthy people. Let me start by saying, that there is no "right" answer.

With 15-17 balanced, and a 5-card major, open 1NT (balanced means 5-3-3-2. With 5-4-2-2, open the major).

The biggest reason I have for opening 1NT is that if you don't open 1NT, you will have a major (pardon the pun) headache when it comes time to rebid. For example, say you hold:

♠Q 10 ♥A Q 10 4 2 ♦K J 2 ♣K J 3

If you open 1♥, what will you do next? Suppose partner answers with 1♠, how do you show this hand? If you rebid 1NT, you are showing less than 15. If you rebid 2NT, you are showing more than 17. That is why I prefer to start with 1NT. You have 16 HCP balanced and if you open 1♥ you will never be able to convey that information. Whatever partner responds to 1♥, you will have trouble telling partner that you have 16 HCP.

Is there a downside? Of course. By opening with 1NT you will sometimes miss out on a proper contract in your major. You will miss some 5-3 major-suit fits (and occasionally, even a 5-4 fit). There are conventions (such as Puppet Stayman) to get out of this mess, but those are outside the scope of this article.

I have found (in 30+ years) of experience, that my way is the best way. I have my good and bad moments, but in the long run, the money goes to the 1NT opening. Even when I do miss a 5-3 major-suit fit, I find that notrump plays just as well (and even if it is the same, it is worth a fortune at match points to get the 10 extra points for your contract).

I think it best for less-experienced players to blindly open all balanced 15-17 hands with 1NT. That is because opening with the major ends up creating annoying rebid problems. For example, players who open the hand above with 1♥ will have to invent a rebid (typically in a 3-card suit). Bridge is hard enough. Intermediate players need to keep things simple.

Bridge Over Troubled Waters



Marjorie: 'I guess a bottom's a bottom?'

Fred: 'Yes, but two bottoms in a row really is too much.'

MEMBER PROFILE

Jean Rackman

While sitting in my garden contemplating my life, I spy two galahs drinking from the pool – and mother duck walking past with six ducklings on her way to the stream on the other side of the road – life will go on the same for our children – we hope!

I was born in 1928 in Hampshire, UK. I am a twin, however, my twin sister Susan died when only a few days old. I was the youngest of 5 children and had 1 brother and 3 sisters.

I lived in a small village in England where my family had a dairy farm, running a herd of 25 milking cows. The daily chore was to milk the cows, bottle the milk and then deliver it around the village.

I attended the local school, however, the war interrupted further education opportunities so I remained on the farm to help my father.

Memorable moments:

- ◆ In 1938 my mother and I went to London to visit my sister who was a cook at No 11 Downing Street. We were escorted by a policeman past the door of No 10 to the steps of No 11. He said to my mum – 'don't stay long as Mooley and the Black Shirts are causing riots'.
- ◆ My sister told us that a week or so before they had watched the Aga Khan being weighed in diamonds, sometimes he was weighed in gold and platinum. It happens every 4 or 5 years. Followers of the Aga Khan bring diamonds to match his weight. The stones are later sold to raise funds to further develop major social welfare and development institutions in Asia and Africa.
- ◆ On another occasion my father and I were standing at the top of the farm and to our amazement saw airmen drop out of the sky. I said to my dad – 'Americans?' and he put his arm around my shoulder and said 'I hope so'. Two or three days later came D-Day.
- ◆ When Andrew was 11 he passed the entrance exam to Culford - a boarding



school in Suffolk. As a reward we said he could choose a special treat - he chose the Beatles in London. We were walking in Trafalgar Square when Ian said 'I should have brought my gun dad'. I had a picture in my mind of this 15 year old with his 12 bar shot gun on his shoulder!!

In the evening we went to The Hippodrome to see the Beatles - oh the noise—'Mum take your finger out of your ears, you look ridiculous' on one side of me and Andrew on the other jumping up and down shouting—'George oh George' with all the other children screaming as well. The perfect ending to a weekend in London.

- ◆ On another occasion we visited Highclere Castle—the home of The Earl and Lady Canarvon and in the shooting season Princess Margaret and her friends were often there. We know it better as 'Downton Abbey'.
- ◆ In 1989, just before we moved to Australia, we were invited to Buckingham Palace to one of the Queen's Garden Parties. It was a wonderful day – the Palace and the gardens were quite beautiful – the armed forces in full dress uniform came in on the left and the dignitaries from all over the world in their beautiful clothes of their country from the right. I watched the Queen take her foot out of her shoe and rub it on the other leg – she had sore feet!

I met my husband on a blind date at a fairground with lights on – the first lights after we were in black out. Colin was in the army and waiting to go to Kenya to sort out the Mau Mau Uprising. He went to Kenya and on his return home a year or so later we were married.

Colin's family owned a property called 'Stubbs House'. We moved into one of the cottages on the property where we raised two sons – Ian and Andrew. Colin was an engineer and while he did work on the farm, he also ran a successful farm equipment business.

When my mother and father-in-law retired Colin and I moved into the farm house.



Stubbs House

I raised chickens and sold the pullets point of lay. My neighbour across the field got fowl pest in his stock and his rats came to my huts, so that was the end of that.

I then decided to start farmhouse holidays – bed, dinner and breakfast. It was the most wonderful rewarding job. I went out and bought a Jersey cow and each day started with a walk for the dog, milking the cow and then into the house to do early morning tea trays for my guests.

I opened at Easter and closed on 1 October. My visitors came from all over the world. I had one couple come from New Zealand – apple growers. They were delightful guests.

One of my visitors wrote in the visitors' book "pale and thin we wandered in, brown and stout we staggered out".

When Andrew married we moved out, and as he was a trained chef they decided to run Stubbs House as a hotel. This became a seven day a week, 24 hours a day job and after 10 years, like me, they had had enough. They sold the property to the local county council and it was turned into a home for children with a disability. Andrew now tells me it has been sold again and is now being run as a Norfolk Holiday Home.

The internet advert describes Stubbs House as *'being set in the tranquil village of Stubbs Green in South Norfolk and is an ideal location for enjoying the countryside surrounding the property and exploring the Norfolk Broads. The luxurious period property has been renovated to provide elegant, comfortable and spacious living for its guests.'*



Stubbs House – Norfolk Holiday Home

When Ian married Ann, she wanted to go back and live in Australia. Ann was not a 'Pom' but had been brought up in Albany. They bought a farm in Dowerin where they still live today. With Colin's interest in farming, we came out each year to help with the harvest. This happened in November – how I hated Australia – no dogs in the house - no grass for the sheep to eat – no shade for the trucks while the driver went for a beer – oh I would never live in Australia! However, when Colin retired, he decided to come and live in Australia and we settled in Gooseberry Hill.

After settling into our home Colin and I decided as a way of meeting new people, we would learn to play bridge. We then had lessons at Kalamunda Bridge Club under the guidance of Audrey Townsend who was the teacher at the time. While we met lots of lovely people, on our first night at a bridge session we had good players come to our table and one lady told Colin he had got it all wrong – well we didn't go back.

We also joined the Uniting Church in Kalamunda and this is where I met Sita. After Colin died I went to a tea party at a friend's house and Sita was there so I went and sat with her. They were playing Bingo. Sita said 'we sometimes play cards, but they don't play bridge. I like bridge do you?' I said yes – be my partner on a Wednesday – and that is how I came to play at Kalamunda Bridge Club.

It was my lucky day – I sometimes went to bridge with Sheila Burns or Pauline Harvey but what I would have done over the past eight years without the club I do not know – it has saved my life and I am grateful to all the members for being so kind to me.

It's a long lonely road without your life partner as many of you will know. So thank you all for your love and care. Some days I think I can't go on like this and then I have BRIDGE TOMORROW – Great!

TRAVEL REPORT

A Once in a Lifetime Cruise

Gerry Daly

2020 was going to be a great year. I had booked some well overdue long service leave and was looking forward to a 20 day cruise that took in the Maldives, Petra, Jerusalem, Greek Isles, Adriatic coast and Venice. The plan from there was to spend a few weeks going through central Europe and a quick stop in Ireland before getting back to Perth in time for the AP Bridge Championships in April.

The cruise was due to start at the beginning of March. At that stage there was some concern about the minor outbreak in North Italy. However it would be sorted out by the time we got there, after all the Chinese had managed to bring a much worse outbreak under control. Worst case scenario we wouldn't make it to Venice and would have to amend some travel plans.....or so I thought.

For once "the glass half full" approach to life fell short of the mark. A couple of days before embarking the start point of the cruise changed. We were not wanted in the Maldives. Furthermore Italians and Chinese and anyone with temperatures, colds etc. would not be allowed to get on board. Undaunted we headed off to Dubai where we now had to while away the days originally allocated for the Maldives. Already Dubai was looking watchful, the massive shopping malls were quiet but other areas still active. As soon as we embarked our itinerary changed again with another port cancelled. Ominously another liner, docked alongside our Costa Victoria, had its voyage cancelled entirely. The first few days were sea days and we quickly settled into the gentle pace of life at sea. Lots of eating, trivia challenges, meeting people, shows, walks, swimming and general lolling about. The vessel was carrying only half its usual load of passengers - 850 out of 1500 capacity. Over 300 of those were Aussies with probably more than half from WA. Over the next few days we had two ports of call in Oman, the stops that were of the lowest interest to the Daly's. Sadly we didn't take full advantage as this proved to be our last landfall. By now news coming in from Italy was grim. Slowly life on the ship was impacted. The nightly show was cancelled

and being on an Italian ship some social distancing measures in line with Italian law were implemented. We got told that stops at Petra and Israel were cancelled. This was a great disappointment. Disquiet was starting to spread. The captain was under duress trying to manage a difficult situation and the vocal complaints of some passengers with a strong sense of entitlement. I was still happy to enjoy the slow pace and be intrigued by such novelties as noting the mounting of water cannon on the lower decks in anticipation of pirate attacks as we passed through the Gulf of Aden Captain's mission was now to get through the Suez Canal ASAP with promise of some stops in Greece, but no certainty about our final destination. Nobody wanted to go to Venice anymore!

Passing the Suez is a sight to be taken in and kept the idle travellers busy for the day.



Our convoy of 92 ships Heading up the Suez

Joy was short lived however when we heard that all European stops were now cancelled. We were to shelter off Crete until a destination port could be found. By this stage there was trouble brewing. Articles were appearing in Australian newspapers painting dire pictures of life on board. "Ship of death" was one such article penned by a journo in touch with a disgruntled passenger. This was scaring families of other passengers. There were two camps emerging among the passengers on board loosely the "whingers" and the "optimists". The latter were trying to support morale and even went so far as penning and recording a song focusing on the positives.....unlike back home there was plenty of food and no shortage of loo rolls at sea!!

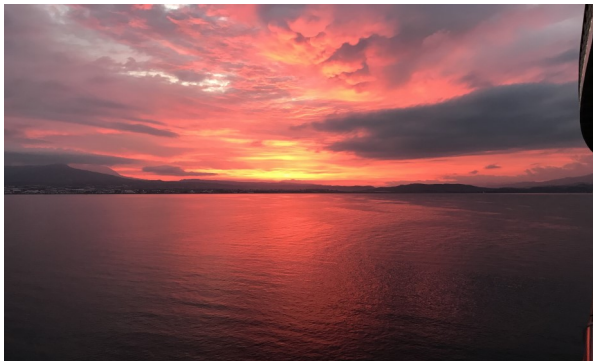
On March 22nd we were still sheltering off Crete enjoying the views of the snow-capped mountains and usual activities. We were all

getting a bit sick of the "preventative measures", after all we had been isolated from the outside world for almost two weeks. Then suddenly it all changed. Without warning we were confined to cabins. A very ill lady had been disembarked to Crete the previous day and returned a positive Covid test.



Killing time off Crete but not able to land

The next morning we woke early to a fiery and glorious sunrise and later that day got a volcanic salute as we dashed passed Stromboli. Was nature giving us portents?



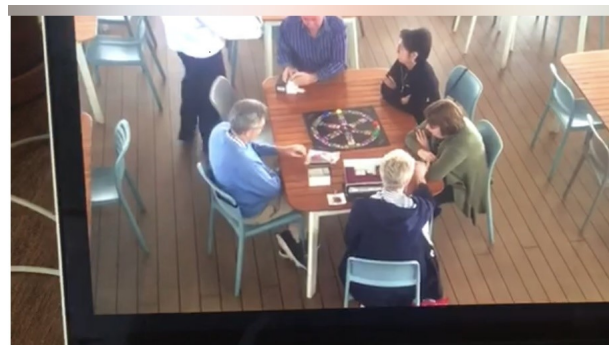
Glorious Sunrise off Crete



Stromboli gives a volcanic salute as we sprint past in our dash for Rome

The remainder of that week was not so pleasant though having a balcony we were better off than those confined to internal cabins. Days were passed in communication with folk in other cabins trying to piece together what was going on. Our only viable destination was Italy and this scared a lot of people despite the Captain's assurance that we would not be abandoned onto the dock.

We eventually made port just North of Rome but our adventure was not over yet. The local mayor did not want us to disembark, even to allow us to get to the airport to fly home. Flights had been suspended anyway. There were anxious days spent as the ambassador in Rome worked to get us out and home. This was made much more stressful by very poor communication on the ship at that time. Our cabin was port side so at least we could see dock side activity and report to friends when a particular nationality got released.



Our last afternoon on board

Finally one night we got woken up at 1am and told to be ready to depart next morning. The transfer itself was a nightmare. Approximately 300 Aussies with 10-15/bus with social distancing, masks, etc. We started the operation at 8am for a 3pm departure. It was a daunting sight walking through the airport and seeing the hundreds of beds laid out in anticipation of need. Was it an emergency hospital or a mortuary?

The social distancing was quickly undone as we were crammed three to a row in the plane and to our horror we were mixed freely with 30 passengers from another cruise known to have Covid on board, although theoretically anyone with Covid/temperature was not allowed to depart.

Of course there was great relief to be "safe" and on the way home. All were tired with the long flight and the disruption the previous night. We had not expected to be held standing around for 5 hours in Perth under AFP guard after the 18 hour flight before we were taken under police escort with all traffic lights held to our quarantine. Bear in mind that a lot of the passengers were elderly and had to lug their own luggage up and down steps. Our reception was mixed. Some faces were very welcoming while others treated us rudely, like criminals or lepers. It was a rude shock.

Our next two weeks were spent in lockdown in the Crown. It was galling to hear stories of 4 star luxury when the reality is you are locked in a room where you cannot even open a window. Normal hotel service is suspended. It was a backward step for us having had fresh air on our balcony on ship but a welcome improvement for those who were in internal cabins. We were the first to go into quarantine and the processes were not developed. It was very poorly organised and communicated and extremely frustrating to be a part of, particularly as release dates approached... and passed. There was one Doctor and nurse per hotel and these changed daily so there was no continuity. People were left to suffer in their rooms unattended unless sick enough to warrant hospitalisation. Highlights were comfort drops and "visits" from friends. Those waves from the carpark were more valuable than the goodies.

As we went into lockdown on the ship we were convinced no one had Covid. How wrong we were. A number of people I had close contact with had mild sore throats a day or so before lockdown. I had this fleetingly a day or so later. The others I mention developed other symptoms, in one case loss of sense of smell and taste and headaches. The

latter were attributed to lack of caffeine, unavailable after the lockdown. Another generally felt poorly with some diarrhoea. Both these cases showed up with elevated temperatures on arrival at Perth and tested positive. There were not enough tests to test other likely candidates. They were only issued to those obviously infected. I eventually got a test which was negative but another person with the same circumstance also had an initial negative test and a positive the next day. The two cases mentioned above both got worse to the extent of having breathing difficulty but did not require hospitalisation. Others were not so lucky and had more serious symptoms. One lady passed away and her husband had to remain at Crown and could not be with her at the end. The lady dropped off in Crete was a cause to celebrate there, apparently their first and only case. She recovered after 3 weeks in a coma.

So there was a different 2020 than planned. The interesting sights are all still on the bucket list but strangely I still enjoyed my time on the cruise. I'll happily jump on another cruise as soon as is viable and hopefully I have some immunity to this dastardly bug.



Our view of Crown car park



LONG TIME PARTNERS WHO PLAY BRIDGE AND LIVE TOGETHER

Rosemary and John Offer



We actually met in the traditional place under the giant Moreton Bay fig tree at the Murray Street nurses quarters when we were both 18 years old. For some reason I assumed that a first year medical student would have some attraction for trainee nurses, and it must have been a stroke of incredibly good luck that the first one I set eyes on was Rosemary.

Relationships in those days were very innocent and over the next several years we followed the standard course – after I ceased to become a medical student and went home on the farm at Burekup, Rosie would catch the train to Brunswick Junction and spend frequent weekends on the farm. This arrangement had first been cleared by my mother talking to her mother. On the odd occasion that my mother was away, Rosie would stay with a family on the neighbouring farm, and I had to have her back there by a decent hour.

In 1960 when Rosie had finished her training, she and four close friends did what many people of that time did, and went to live and work in the UK, and take European holidays when they could afford them. The one-way trip cost her £96. They answered an advertisement posted somewhere in Earls Court that there was a tour of the continent starting, and there were only two places on the tour left. This was in fact a fib put out by the organiser, John Anderson,

who wanted a group in his van to defray the cost. The girls and several others took up the offer and named the red Commer van “Kontiki” in honour of Thor Heyerdahl's epic trip across the Pacific on a raft made of reeds. John progressed from this trip to establishing the Contiki Tour Company which became a right of passage for many Australian visitors to Europe and made him a lot of money.

At the same time I went down to Esperance to



start work on 5,000 acres of virgin conditional purchase land that we had been allocated by the Land Board in 1959. The blocks were 50 km from town, but my mother was concerned that if I fell off the tractor and went under the plough, I wouldn't be found until I had my next load of fuel delivered. I stayed at the old Pier Hotel, sleeping on the balcony, £10 a week, cut lunch provided, get your own breakfast.

I built a small house, kitchen, bathroom and bed sitting room with an inside toilet and a slow combustion stove running on mallee roots – compared with many of my contemporaries living in sheds and caravans I was in luxury. I'd go to town once a week for supplies, and nearly every week there would be an airmail letter from England, which filled me both with longing and envy. When Rosie wrote while on her three months continental tour, I recall descriptions of places she had visited were often linked to meals that she had eaten at the same place.

Shortly after she returned to Australia in 1962 we found that we had not changed too much and our feelings for one another had progressed to the stage where we might risk marriage. I enlarged my little house at Esperance by adding a bedroom and a laundry, and we were married in May 1963, after I had finished seeding. After a honeymoon holiday in Tasmania, we loaded up my ute with a double bed and headed off to begin married life on 5,000 acres of largely uncleared scrub. We had no electricity, no telephone and obviously no television, our nearest neighbour was nearly 20 km away. We had basic machinery- tractor, disk plough, disk drill and an old truck, but no labour saving devices such as welders, front-end loaders, posthole diggers and the myriad of things the farmers of today take for granted. We went to town once a week for our supplies, and often we would see no other people apart from these trips.

Rosie is a very good organiser and a doer. She was the first woman on that property, and is on the list of Pioneer Women of Western Australia.



Rosemary checking the sheep

Over time we met other couples at the same stage of their lives as we were, and we formed friendships which have persisted until today. Our four boys were born while we were on the farm, Rosie going up to Perth each time progressively closer to the expected date of delivery. On the last one she cut it a bit fine, and went into labour the same night that she arrived - having had three previous cesarean sections, she was unzipped pretty quickly that night.

By the late 1960s, early 1970s, farming was in a parlous state. Wool prices were very low and wheat quotas limiting the amount of grain you

could grow were in place. We could not see a future in farming for us and three boys, so we decided that I would reeducate myself, having another go at medicine. We called our plan "Cease, Lease and Reeducate," and the plan was given even more point when Rosie became pregnant again.



Pregnant again!



The boys on horseback

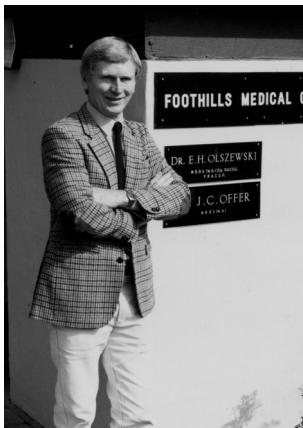
In 1971 we moved to Perth, and after six weeks in a caravan at Rosie's parents place in Bassendean, we rented a house in Kalamunda, and commenced building our house in Yorna Road. I had traded in my Land Rover on a Morris Mini, and would tootle off to the University while Rosie did school runs and looked after the boys, one of them a baby. Medicine at that time was very competitive, with only about half the students in first year getting a place in the second year, so I studied hard and left the management of the family in Rosie's competent hands.

Time passed, I passed my exams and graduated in 1977. We had established ourselves in the community, our boys were doing well at school, Rosie had started her

social work degree as well as all the other things that she did, and our lives were full and happy. Rosie graduated at the end of 1979, and spent a year working as a social worker for the Department of Community Welfare.

In 1981 we all moved to England so that I could do some postgraduate work, and we spent one year in Poole in Dorset, and one year in Shrewsbury in Shropshire – both of them not huge cities, and with beautiful and productive countryside within easy reach. We thoroughly enjoyed our time in the UK, and returned to Australia in mid-January 1983.

I joined another doctor in his practice in Forrestfield, and when he left a few years later I replaced him with a very compatible man, and we worked well together until my retirement in early 2001. Rosie worked for an organisation providing residential care for aboriginal children in the metropolitan area, and then as a medical social worker at the Royal Perth Hospital until her retirement in 1996. Whilst in practice in Forrestfield, I was only a few minutes from Hartfield Park and the golf course, and I took up golf again when I had time. Rosie also played at Hartfield.



Dr John

We used to play golf together on Sundays, and in competitions at other clubs. When she stopped playing golf, she took up bridge and I went with her to the first four weeks of lessons at the club. Bridge did not have a lot of appeal for me – it seemed to me that when bidding for a contract one spoke in code which everybody else understood, and if they didn't understand it they could ask what it meant. Also, I am not keen on being beaten, and I knew that there were a lot of good players who were going to beat me. I also had I thought, plenty of intellectual stimulation in my work.

Rosie took to it very well, despite having very little history of card playing in her family. When she stopped playing golf, I thought that we should continue some activity together, and before I knew quite what was happening I was signed up for lessons and was playing at the club. Quite often then we would have perhaps only four or five tables, and not only were some of the players better than I, they all were!

Bridge is a challenging game and I am amazed at how often one is confronted by a hand that does not bear any resemblance to anything you have read about or been taught about. One of the advantages of living with your regular bridge partner is that you can discuss hands over a glass of wine beside the fire in the evenings and hopefully work out what you should or should not have done. We have been married 57 years and know each other's foibles pretty well. When I was still a new player I let my presumptions of what Rosie might be thinking when she made a bid, what she really meant, interfere with or influence my response. We now take each other's bids literally without trying to second-guess the others intentions, which I suppose really only complies with the rules and etiquette of bridge.

We have made many new friends in the bridge club and we will continue to play bridge at Kalamunda whilst we are able.



John & Rosemary and their four boys

CONTINUE KEEPING SAFE AT BRIDGE

While WA continues to control Covid-19 through border closures and tight quarantine controls, the virus still rears its ugly head in Victoria and New South Wales. An outbreak in WA is always a possibility. Therefore club members need to continue to keep up our health practices both at the club and at home.

WELFARE OFFICER

Please contact Anita Davis on 0448282164 or at the club if you know of a member who is ill, hospitalised or suffering bereavement and Anita will respond accordingly on behalf of the club.



WHERE'S THE HAND YOU HELD IN THE BIDDING?



Note from the Editor

As editor I would like to encourage you all to pass on anything you think will be of interest to members of the Bridge Club. Please contact the committee or Betty Roberts - 0433700847

Thanks again to those members who willingly shared their stories for this edition.

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