

Andrew Robson Bridge Club

In last month's newsletter I wrote about the visit John Hunt and I made to the Andrew Robson Bridge Club and since then three incidents of interest have occurred.

One of our members, Maureen Sterling, wrote to the Times pointing out an inaccuracy in Andrew Robson's bridge column and, would you believe, Maureen received a personal letter from Andrew himself acknowledging the mistake and thanking her for writing in about it.

Then, I received an e-mail from the club thanking me for the article and asking if they might print it in their summer newsletter.

Some of you may recall me telling you how, in a competition some years ago Andrew took his cards out of the boar, fanned them, and bid. Notice I say fanned them and bid, not fanned them, sorted them, and bid. That's right. He did not sort his cards at all.

When I was about to print this little story I wanted to be quite sure my memory was not again playing tricks with me and so I e-mailed the club and asked them to confirm that Andrew does not sort his cards. Guess what! I received a reply from the great man himself, which said,

"I often play without sorting my cards (when I am feeling mentally at me sharpest) playing from the memory of the cards. This was particularly necessary when I broke my left wrist and had to use a cardholder. Sorting cards in those circumstances (it being a world championship) would have carried the large risk that people would draw inferences from where I played a card".

What more could one ask from Britain's number one player? As John Hunt wrote me, *"His columns are, of course, instructive and interesting but are so well written. He is by far and away the best bridge columnist since Terence Reece himself in my opinion. Also, he seems such a humble chap in spite of his genius".*

Perhaps somewhere there is a lesson here for those upstarts who would have us believe they are God's gift to bridge and other bridge players. Thank goodness we have none at the East Sussex.