

When I retired from the financial world (Sr. VP/financial consultant, Smith Barney) and having amassed TWO HUNDRED points, I decided to play a lot and see where it would take me. I played mainly at The Hartes Club in White Plains, NY where I had the good fortune of finding a dear friend and mentor in **Dan Hertz**, a world-class player and mensch, who taught me SO MUCH with unflagging patience and good humor! I also found wonderful partners in **Artie Seelenfreund, Ken Abelson, Dan Silver and Jane Finn**, all of whom were on a similar path as myself. And to borrow a line from Blanche DuBois, *Streetcar Named Desire*, 1951, "I have always depended upon the kindness of strangers." Ya can't rack up the points without gifts from the opponents! So in due course, life master milestones were reached and 3,500 MPs were in the bank.

When my wonderful and talented wife Kathy became the third artist to be accepted by the prestigious Gaugy Gallery on Canyon Rd., Santa Fe, NM, it was clearly time to abandon the East Coast and head to the land of Butch, Sundance and Billy the Kid.

I will be forever grateful to **Kay Enfield** for making my transition to the Santa Fe Bridge Club as angst free as possible. Kay not only played WITH me, but introduced me to the people who would, in time, be my reliable partners: **Jerry Ruther**, the "enfant terrible" himself who has always played hands one trick better than everyone; **Harold Paul**, the anti-Will Rodgers, in that I believe he ONCE met a man he liked; **Jim Joy** who smilingly beats the bejesus out of everyone; **Felix (Felicity) Moore**, the terror of Albuquerque, who should never be trifled with and of course, the three queens: **Dee Brenner, Mary Dougherty and Joan Vernick**.

And let me mention my TRUE HEROS, the "newbies" and "C" players who really are the backbone of our club, especially those who crossover from the "limited" games to play in the open games. It is a leap and in most cases taken with trepidation. BUT undaunted and with great grace and good humor they return again and again to inflict damage upon those of us who think we are SO GOOD.

Shakespeare must have had us in mind when he penned the line in *Henry V*, "WE FEW, WE HAPPY FEW, WE BAND OF BROTHERS." We share a common bond -- WE ARE BRIDGE PLAYERS!

Ken Hirshon