

Winking World 101

February 2018

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Preliminaries

Editorial

Edward D. Green

It is with great pride that I am able to bring the readership of *Winking World* the current issue, which, you'll be excited to learn, is an Alan Dean Special. Most of your comments on *WW100* were broadly the same: "This is all very well, but why isn't there a 12-page biography of Alan Dean?"

Well, dear reader, I aim to please.

Although a great deal of recent 'winks-related news has been entirely dull and uneventful (such as the time Toby Bruce got stabbed — YAWN), I have found that by focusing on Alan Dean we have distilled all of the interesting aspects of the sport into a highly concentrated issue. Several tournaments have been held by ETwA during the past few months, many attended by Alan Dean. I have made the editorial decision to include information about tournaments which Alan did not attend — as much a warning for future generations as anything else.

I have, very sadly, not received anything from our winking compatriots around the globe this time, and if any non-UK-based winkers happen to find themselves reading this editorial, I would like to remind them that I would be happy to receive submissions from them. Even more sadly, nobody entered my essay competition. Which means... it's a rollover! For *WW102*, please submit one or both of the following:

- an essay in answer to the question: 'What one change would most improve the sport of Tiddlywinks?';
- a statement beginning 'I think Alan Dean is both marvellous and important because'.

The winner shall receive a pint of beer.

Submissions for *Winking World 102*

Submissions are requested for *Winking World 102*.

Writeups of tournaments are welcomed whether they are national or international championships or local events. Would-be authors of such articles are advised that you'll be better at remembering what happened if you get on with it soon after the tournament. Even better, write several speculative writeups in advance and then send me the most accurate. In any case, you will have written your writeup quickly enough to send it in a timely fashion.

Secondly, articles on any theme related to 'winks or to the winking community are very much welcomed and encouraged. These might be general articles relating to the sport, player profiles, or articles on social themes such as alcohol, booze, or drinking.

All articles, including tournament write-ups and competition entries, should be sent by email to winkingworld@gmail.com.

Please send all submissions in plain text form (unless you can be bothered with \LaTeX). A full style guide is provided on the ETwA website (etwa.org).

The deadline for submissions for *WW102* is Sunday 29th July, 2018. Submissions received after this deadline may not be included.

National and International Tournaments

World Singles 70 (April 2017)

Cambridge, April 2017

Patrick Barrie

Another World Singles Match between Larry Kahn and Patrick Barrie. Like Star Wars films, the forces of good and evil continue to do battle, but with some unexpected twists on the way. Would taking an unexpected squop rather than attempting a pot-out lead to the dark side?

In game 1, one of Larry's bring-ins ended up in the central cup and so he tried a tough pot-out. After potting one wink deliberately, he missed and Patrick got a solid squop on it from medium distance. A couple more good squops gave Patrick a big advantage, which ended up in a squop-up and converted pot-out before rounds. Larry 1* - 6* Patrick.

Game 2 was a traditional squopping game with Larry slightly ahead throughout. Patrick had a reasonable chance of 2 points until he scrunged a wink in round 4 (preventing him bringing in from the edge and potting for 2nd place). Larry 6 - 1 Patrick.

In game 3 Larry tried double pot. He potted 3 blues, was immediately squopped, and so he started potting reds (with one on the baseline, and one almost unpottable on a singleton) rather than trying to free the one squopped blue. After a few turns he did get 4 reds in. While Patrick had control of Larry's winks, it was not straightforward to engineer a pot-out. The game was

in the balance when, early in rounds, Patrick rolled a wink that was meant to be a guard and it finished on top of his own pile. Some delicate pile shots by Patrick were then needed for him to rescue the game with a final tiddly count of 12–12–11–10. Larry 3 – 4 Patrick.

In game 4, Larry tried a pot-out from a position where it made sense. However, the first was a tricky pot off a singleton and his attempt potted Patrick's blue wink instead. At which point, Patrick boondocked a wink to free the only squopped blue, and then potted the blue winks (one from some distance), followed up with all the reds, with no misses. Larry 0* – 7* Patrick.

In game 5, Larry missed three 2 inch squops in a row when Patrick had six greens within 3 inches of the pot. Larry 1* – 6* Patrick.

In game 6, Patrick played to ensure that there was no pot-out. Blue passed for 10 minutes of the game, because it was sitting on three separate singletons, while red passed for all of rounds because it was sitting on two separate singletons. The result was a single solid point. Larry 6 – 1 Patrick.

And so Patrick regained the World Singles by a scoreline of 25 – 17. All aspects of his game were working well, while Larry had moments when his squopping and potting were erratic. Larry never felt entirely comfortable with the mat — it was the same one on which he had won the previous World Singles 28 – 7, but it might have changed a bit over time.

Exmouth Open (July-August 2017)

62 St John's Road, Exmouth, 21st–24th July and 25th–28th August

Alan Dean

Geoff and Keith travelled down to Devon for both halves of the tournament, and the others just came once. All players were resident, apart from Elizabeth, who came across the estuary on the Starcross ferry for one day, interrupting a walking holiday with her partner (who from memory I think is called Nick, but I may be wrong), and I have Elizabeth to thank for saving me from finishing in last place.

Apart from plenty of winking, we walked, played Go, and ate out a couple of times, and we may have played Croquet too, but I can't remember.

Exmouth Open 2017: Results

Player	Rating Change	Games	Total
Rupert Wilson	+60	24	81
Geoff Thorpe	+40	58	201
Nick Ingles	+12	32	138 ¹ / ₂
Harley Jones	-7	38	93 ¹ / ₂
Keith Seaman	-31	48	145 ¹ / ₂
Alan Dean	-32	70	299
Elizabeth Whalley	-138	8	17

National Teams of Four 2017

Ely Cathedral Tiddlywinks Centre, 29th & 30th July, 2017.

Sarah Knight

A poem in Hymnal Octave form, in honour of Ely Cathedral

A fresh and lovely day for winks!
Let us this fine game fête!
A train is late — but pubs serve drinks:
No more we'll sober wait.
Do only two games herald lunch?
Each player well agrees.
And so we stop, drink beers and munch;
Not long till cakes and teas!

A few games more — they take an age;
Lush ales are our rewards.
And Sunday brings us Doctor Sage
 (No chores with College wards).
Dock hard! Squop long! Tough shots were played;
Each team displayed true grit.
And though we walk in Geoff's dark shade
No wink shall make us frit.

ETwA National Teams of Four 2017: Results

Round	Y.T.I.W.T.T.V.O.T.S.O.G.	Scoreline	T.W.O.T.N?
1	Driscoll Knight & Inglis	6 - 1 6 - 1	Bruce & Jones Bond & Thorpe
2	Driscoll Knight & Inglis	6 - 1 5 ^{1/2} - 1 ^{1/2}	Bond & Thorpe Bruce & Jones
3	Driscoll & Knight Inglis	4 - 3 4 - 3	Bruce & Thorpe Bond & Jones
4	Inglis Driscoll & Knight	6* - 1* 3 ^{1/2} - 3 ^{1/2}	Bruce & Thorpe Bond & Jones
5	Driscoll & Inglis Knight	6 - 1 5 - 2	Jones Bruce & Thorpe
6	Driscoll & Inglis Knight & Sage	6 - 1 4 - 3	Bruce & Thorpe Barnett & Jones
7	Knight & Inglis Driscoll & Sage	6 - 1 6 - 1	Jones & Thorpe Barnett & Bruce
8	Driscoll & Sage Knight & Inglis	4 - 3 6 - 1	Jones & Thorpe Barnett
9	Driscoll & Knight Inglis & Sage	1 ^{1/2} - 5 ^{1/2} 2 ^{1/2} - 4 ^{1/2}	Thorpe Barnett & Jones
10	Driscoll & Knight Inglis & Sage	7† - 0† 5 - 2	Barnett & Jones Thorpe
Total	(After point transfers)	77^{3/4} - 62^{1/4}	



Sadly, Alan Dean did not play in the National Teams of Four, but this is what he might have looked like if he had done.

London Open (September 2017)

The Exmouth Arms, near Euston, 2nd September, 2017.

Ben Fairbairn

Editor's Note: *Owing to the overwhelming abundance of literary merit in this article, it was thought that some explanatory footnotes, kindly provided by Danish Babar, might be of use to the reader.*

Alan Dean;¹ The Exmouth Arms;² Saturday;³ new trophy;⁴ Alan Dean;⁵ a draw;⁶ high tables rant;⁷ coffee;⁸ small draw;⁹ Alan Dean;¹⁰ 'winks;¹¹ London

¹Alan John Dean (1949-); prodigious tiddlywinker and proud ambassador for the game, widely considered to be one of the greatest to ever pick up a squidger, arrived early at the venue (see n. 2) in anticipation of another hotly-contested tournament.

²Part of the PubLove chain, this Euston dive hosted the London Open for a second consecutive year. A fitting venue in that it has all of the traditional features needed for a London Open: oddly-shaped tables (see n. 7); indifferent bar staff (see n. 18); elaborate light fittings that you keep on banging your head off of; an ineffable air of deflation and ennui.

³Saturday 2nd September 2017, date the tournament was held. This is the fifth consecutive London Open to be held in the month of September, and at least the ninth consecutive London Open to be held in London, according to my records.

⁴Said trophy arrived in the possession of Andrew Garrard, ETWA secretary at the time of the tournament. It depicts a silver squidger caught forever in the act of playing a Bristol shot, suspended untouched in air as if guided by some occult hand. The trophy was commissioned to memorialise the late Charles Relle, whose presence at the tournament was sadly missed.

⁵Alan John Dean (1949-); who, partnering with Patrick Driscoll, would have been widely touted by the tiddlywinks commentariat (were such a thing to exist) as the favourite to win the tournament (see n. 21).

⁶There being only five pairs (one of which being a pair of one) this was an all-play-all-once affair.

⁷The tables at the venue were higher than has become conventional for the playing of 'winks, not to mention their smaller surface area. This gave some advantage to members of the London Tiddlywinks Collective (see n. 12) who are used to playing 'winks on furniture of unconventional dimensions.

⁸It being early, some players eschewed the traditional 10.30am pint of IPA (see n. 16) for a cup of coffee; one of the players do to do being the shrewd and intelligent Alan Dean (see nn. 1, 5, 10, 14, 19, 25, 32), taking nothing for granted in spite of being considered the favourite (see n. 5) to win the trophy (see n. 4).

⁹Like a draw, only smaller (n. 6).

¹⁰Alan John Dean (1949-); who sat out the first round of the tournament with a bye. Meanwhile the author of this article — along with the humble author of these footnotes — contesting the tournament as a team, began our campaign with a 4-3 victory over the partnership of Andrew Garrard and Tim Hunt, followed by a rousing 4-3 loss to the aforementioned combination of Dean and Driscoll (see n. 5).

¹¹Contraction of 'tiddlywinks', defined by my nearest dictionary as 'a game in which players try to flick discs of plastic into a cup by pressing them sharply on the side with other larger discs [sic]'.



The tables are actually normal size; Alan Dean has recently been officially recognised as a Giant Amongst Men™.

Tiddlywinks Collective;¹² more 'winks;¹³ Alan Dean;¹⁴ The Juicy Bastard;¹⁵ Common Indian Pale Ale;¹⁶ more 'winks;¹⁷ bored bar-staff;¹⁸ Alan Dean;¹⁹ more 'winks;²⁰ somebody won;²¹ photos;²² "What fish am I?";²³ no friendly 'winks;²⁴ Alan Dean;²⁵ late Harley;²⁶ The Bree Louise;²⁷ more "What fish am I?";²⁸ The

¹²A group of 'winkers who met regularly (often weekly) between the years of 2015-2016 to play tiddlywinks in various ill-suited pubs around our capital city.

¹³In the first two rounds of the tournament Geoff Thorpe (playing with himself) saw his fortunes swing wildly from a 6-1 victory over the team of Sarah Knight and Nick Inglis to a 1-6 loss to the combination of Andrew Garrard and Tim Hunt. Two rounds were held before lunch (see n. 15).

¹⁴Alan John Dean (1949-); who spent much of the lunch interval playing chess on his tablet computer while enjoying a fish and chip burger and a pint of lager or possible shandy (see n. 16).

¹⁵The signature burger of the Exmouth Arms, comprising two dry-aged beef patties, double American-style cheese, lamb's lettuce, tomato and smoky BBQ sauce, served with a choice of hand-cut fries or a hash brown.

¹⁶An enjoyable if unspectacular beer enjoyed by all tournament participants, excepting Andrew Garrard, whose drink of choice was Diet Coke, and Alan Dean (see nn. 1, 5, 10, 14, 19, 25, 32) who, if memory serves, chose lager or possibly shandy (see n. 14).

¹⁷It was during the post-lunch round of the tournament that Dr Fairbairn and I enjoyed our bye, discussing strategy while participating in some isotonic rehydration (see n. 16). This round saw bromance trump romance as Hunt-Garrard defeated Knight & Inglis 4 – 3, and homosociality triumph over individuality as Dean & Driscoll beat Thorpe & Thorpe 6 – 1.

¹⁸A reference to the pub staff who, whether due to philistinism, fatigue, or a lack of imagination, failed to be moved by the sporting prowess on display.

¹⁹Alan John Dean (1949-); who maintained his winning record in the tournament by steering his team to a 4 – 3 victory over Drs Knight and Inglis in the fourth round.

²⁰In other fourth round action Geoff Thorpe recorded a resounding 6 – 1 victory over myself and Dr Fairbairn, despite our home advantage as members of the London Tiddlywinks Collective (see n. 12). Hometown pride was somewhat restored, however, as we combined to defeat Knight & Inglis 4 – 3 in the final round.

²¹The team of Alan Dean (see nn. 1, 5, 10, 14, 19, 25, 32) and Patrick Driscoll emerged the winners of the tournament, sealing their victory with a walloping 6 – 1 defeat of the Garrard & Hunt combination.

²²Contraction of 'photographs', several of which were taken of the winning pair (see n. 21) being presented with their trophy (see n. 4).

²³A drinking game invented for reasons I forget, conducted along rules I do not remember, centred around the sorry premise of aquatic puns and upon which we shall dwell no further.

²⁴Given the truncated nature of the tournament due to sparse attendance (which some have ascribed to the fact that the day of the week (see n. 3) ruled out the participation of certain 'winkers for whom it was a holy day) there was some agitation for supplementary non-sanctioned (i.e. 'friendly') games of tiddlywinks to be played; this, however, did not come to pass.

²⁵Alan John Dean (1949-) who, upon learning that there were to be no additional games of tiddlywinks played (see n. 24) left the venue, with the congratulations of his fellow participants no doubt ringing in his ears, to commence his journey home.

²⁶Harley Jones, not deceased but late to arrive, made his presence known in the early evening, face flanked by a magnificent pair of Bradley Wiggins-esque performance-enhancing mutton-chop sideburns.

²⁷This Euston pub, winner of CAMRA north London pub of the year 2016, faces imminent destruction in the name of progress (see n. 29).

²⁸See n. 23. We played this game intermittently between The Exmouth Arms (see n. 2), the Bree Louise (see n. 27), the Euston Tap (see n. 29), and over our curry (see n. 30).



Dannish Babar attempts to work out what is going on inside Ben Fairbairn's mind.

Euston Tap;²⁹ curry;³⁰ HS2;³¹ Alan Dean.³²

²⁹A pub, inhabiting two separate structures stood either side of a bus terminal and connected by a shared beer cellar, in what used to be the ticket offices of Euston station in a time now long gone.

³⁰Sundry dishes of ersatz-Indian cuisine were consumed by what remained of the assembled winkers as the evening drew to a close.

³¹A planned high-speed railway line which will connect London to various parts of the Midlands and the north of England, and whose construction will necessitate the closure and demolition of many of the establishments herein mentioned.

³²Alan John Dean (1949-); see nn. 1, 5, 10, 14, 19, 25.



The new London Open Trophy, in memory of the late Charles Relle, was treated with reverence and respect by Alan Dean.

National Pairs (October 2017)

Downing College, Cambridge, 28th & 29th October, 2017.

Patrick Driscoll

I will not describe Driscoll & Rose's 2017 English National Pairs Tiddlywinks Championship win as a threepat.³³ However, this was this pair's third consec-

³³The term threepat is ambiguous and ironical, in usage and inception. In its modern incarnation, the term is closely bound up with the city of Los Angeles, where it was coined, trademarked, claimed, disputed and denied to each other by sports coaches of the city who were themselves incapable of achieving anything that might be considered a threepat. Perhaps the greatest exponent of the threepat, a Montana native, also achieved his apogee in LA.

The term appears in the Oxford English Dictionary both as a noun and a verb, under a variety of spellings, including three-peat, threepat, three pat, and the numerical version, 3-peat. (c.f. Oxford English Dictionary [Accessed January 2018]). The OED, normally a reliable source, credits the first usage of the word to an Illinois high-school senior, Sharif Ford, with the earliest published use of the word in the March 8, 1989 edition of the St Louis Post-Dispatch.

However, all these spellings and usages are trademarked (US Registration Number 1552980), following registration in November 1988 by Pat Riley, formerly head coach of the Los Angeles Lakers basketball team. Riley's marketing company, Riles & Co 'vigilantly protects the use of the word for merchandising purposes' (Linda E. Swayne, Mark Dodds, eds., *Encyclopedia of Sports Management and Marketing* [Accessed January 2018]).

Riley's trademarking of the term, however, is itself ambiguous, in that the initial modern usage was not by Riley at all, but by the Lakers' shooting guard Byron Scott. Scott, however, coined the term in the immediate aftermath of the Lakers first defence of their title, in 1988, when they followed up their 1987 victory over the Boston Celtics with an NBA Finals victory over the Detroit Pistons. Understandably, its wider currency did not grow until it was picked up by the media during the following season, when the Lakers were actually seeking the threepat. Riley's trademarking of the term is also ironical, in that the Lakers were in fact unsuccessful in their pursuit of the threepat. The Detroit Pistons, defeated in the Finals of 1988, obtained revenge through a sweep of the 1989 Final series, winning 109-97, 108-105, 114-110, 105-97, possibly on the back of injuries to key Lakers players Byron Scott himself prior to the start of the finals and the point guard Magic Johnson, who pulled a hamstring during the second game.

Whereas Pat Riley failed to achieve the threepat, numerous other sports coaches have enjoyed the acclaim of being recognised as threepaters, both before and since the coining of the term. Within NBA basketball the threepat has been achieved on no fewer than five occasions, three of which took place after the registration of the trademark and which are therefore first successful threepats in professional basketball since the concept gained currency. These threepats were achieved by the Chicago Bulls (1993), the Chicago Bulls (1998), and the LA Lakers (2002). This sequence is notable in that when the LA Lakers actually did achieve the threepat for the first time (Riley having failed to achieve the feat at any time during his tenure for 1981 to 1990 despite having at his disposal one of the most talented squads ever assembled), their coach was Phil Jackson, who had by that time already presided over the two Chicago Bulls threepats in 1993 and 1998. Jackson could therefore be said to have achieved a threepat of threepats, were the term not trademarked by the notably less successful Riley. Jackson would therefore have had to pay Riley for the privilege of using the term threepat in merchandising either in respect of his LA Lakers threepat or his personal threepat of threepats.

utive title.

Results collation, presentation and formatting courtesy of Andrew Garrard, 2017 (see below). Thanks, Andrew.

Notwithstanding the tenuousness of his moral claims over the term, Riley has been committed in his maintenance of the trademark of threeppeat. Swayne and Dodds (cited above) evince the example of Kyle Bunch, whose fan web log, Trojanwire.com, produced and sold T-shirts with the slogan Three-Pete in reference to the challenge for a third straight championship win by the Los Angeles college football team the USC Trojans, led by coach Pete Carroll. This, one might have thought, would be as close as feasibly possible to a legitimate use of the term, absent of trademark, USC's claim to the word three-Pete being as farcically inadequate as Riley's original use of the term threeppeat. USC's 2003 team won the Orange Bowl but was not elected to the Rose Bowl. Notwithstanding this failure to qualify for the NCAA's blue-riband event, USC Trojan fans deemed their 2003 season to have been as successful as possible and this therefore formed the first leg of their imagined three-Pete tripod. The 2004 team won the Orange Bowl against the Michigan Wolverines, which due to the nearly inexplicable vagaries of the US college schedule actually was the highest honour available to the team that season. Two legs in place, enthusiasm about the three-Pete mounted until the 2005 team lost the 2006 Rose Bowl 41-38 to the Texas Longhorns. The USC Trojans' challenge, however, was retrospectively shown to be a fraud as an NCAA investigation subsequently identified that they had made illegitimate payments to their effectively professional running back, Reggie Bush, around whom their team was built. The NCAA retrospectively voided all their results for the 2005 season and their victory in the Orange Bowl from the 2004 season as well, leaving only the 2003 season result intact, a season in which, let us not forget, USC did not even compete for the highest honour in college football. Before the NCAA investigation concluded, though, it was Rileys lawyers who first crushed talk of the three-Pete in Los Angeles that year. Was Riley content with his reign of terror? No he was not. Swayne and Dodds report that not only did Riles & Co's lawyers notify Bunch of his infringement on their intellectual property rights, but they subsequently won a challenge against an entirely independent group who wished to trademark the name-related spelling of the term, three-Pete, on the grounds that it was too close to Riley's. Since Riley maintains the rights to five per cent of the sales royalty of any merchandising sold with the term three-Pete as well as threeppeat, he effectively owns that term as well.

You might have some residual sympathy with Riley's remorseless pursuit of merchandising moneys from the term three-Pete as well as the term he appropriated from his own shooting guard, threeppeat. Let me extinguish that sympathy. Far from being a subsequent perversion of Riley's term threeppeat, the term three-Pete considerably predates it. The 29 December 1930 edition of the NBC-Blue radio programme, *Empire Builders!*, featured a trio of singers dubbed 'The Three Visiting Firemen: Pete, Re-Pete, and Three-Pete'. Can Riles & Co conclusively demonstrate that no subconscious or inadvertent influence from *Empire Builders* influenced Byron Scott when he first uttered the word threeppeat? I'm sure they would try.

Let us recap: Riley didn't coin the term threeppeat in respect of the LA Lakers. He also failed to win a threeppeat, but he did block the USC Trojans from using the term three-Pete to describe what they could have won if they had been better, by honest means. Finally, a threeppeat of threeppeats was achieved in 2002 by Riley's contemporary, Phil Jackson, actually with Riley's own LA Lakers, but if he wanted to cash in on his own achievement, he would have to pay Pat Riley.

I shall refrain from describing Driscoll & Rose's second successful defence of their title as a threeppeat.

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Seaman<br />
1,Andrew Garrard & Stew Sage,2,,5,Alan Dean & Tim Hunt<br />
2,Alan Dean & Tim Hunt,2,TRUE,5,Harley Jones & Ed Green<br />
2,Steve Phillips & Geoff Thorpe,5,,2,Andrew Garrard & Stew Sage<br />
2,Sarah Knight & Nick Inglis,6,,1,Maximilian Lockwood & Keith Seaman<br />
3,Andrew Garrard & Stew Sage,4,,3,Sarah Knight & Nick Inglis<br />
3,Steve Phillips & Geoff Thorpe,4,,3,Maximilian Lockwood & Keith Seaman<br />
3,Harley Jones & Ed Green,1,,6,Matthew Rose & Patrick Driscoll<br />
4,Alan Dean & Tim Hunt,5.5,,1.5,Maximilian Lockwood & Keith Seaman<br />
4,Harley Jones & Ed Green,5.5,,1.5,Sarah Knight & Nick Inglis<br />
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5,Alan Dean & Tim Hunt,5,,2,Sarah Knight & Nick Inglis<br />
5,Maximilian Lockwood & Keith Seaman,6,,1,Harley Jones & Ed Green<br />
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7,Maximilian Lockwood & Keith Seaman,4,,3,Andrew Garrard & Stew Sage<br />
7,Sarah Knight & Nick Inglis,3,,4,Steve Phillips & Geoff Thorpe<br />
8,Harley Jones & Ed Green,5,,2,Steve Phillips & Geoff Thorpe<br />
8,Matthew Rose & Patrick Driscoll,6,,1,Maximilian Lockwood & Keith
Seaman<br />
8,Andrew Garrard & Stew Sage,1,,6,Alan Dean & Tim Hunt<br />

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9,Alan Dean & Tim Hunt,5,TRUE,2,Harley Jones & Ed Green

 9,Steve Phillips & Geoff Thorpe,3,,4,Andrew Garrard & Stew Sage

 9,Sarah Knight & Nick Inglis,5,,2,Maximilian Lockwood & Keith Seaman

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 10,Harley Jones & Ed Green,1,,6,Matthew Rose & Patrick Driscoll

 11,Alan Dean & Tim Hunt,4,,3,Maximilian Lockwood & Keith Seaman

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 12,Maximilian Lockwood & Keith Seaman,3,,4,Harley Jones & Ed Green

 13,Sarah Knight & Nick Inglis,3,,4,Matthew Rose & Patrick Driscoll

 13,Andrew Garrard & Stew Sage,4,,3,Harley Jones & Ed Green

 13,Alan Dean & Tim Hunt,6,TRUE,1,Steve Phillips & Geoff Thorpe

 14,Matthew Rose & Patrick Driscoll,1,,6,Alan Dean & Tim Hunt

 14,Maximilian Lockwood & Keith Seaman,3,,4,Andrew Garrard & Stew Sage

 14,Sarah Knight & Nick Inglis,4,,3,Steve Phillips & Geoff Thorpe

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<h2>Human-readable results for Winking World</h2>

<table>

<th>By position</th>	<th>Next opposition</th>	<th>Next mat</th>	<th>Next round</th>	<th>Total</th>	<th>PPG</th>
<td>1: Matthew Rose & Patrick Driscoll</td>	<td colspan="3">Tournament complete</td>	<td align="right">62</td>	<td align="right">5</td>		
<td>2: Alan Dean & Tim Hunt</td>	<td colspan="3">Tournament complete</td>	<td align="right">56½</td>	<td align="right">4</td>		
<td>3: Andrew Garrard & Stew Sage</td>	<td colspan="3">Tournament complete</td>	<td align="right">39½</td>	<td align="right">3</td>		
<td>4: Sarah Knight & Nick Inglis</td>	<td colspan="3">Tournament complete</td>	<td align="right">36</td>	<td align="right">3</td>		
<td>5: Harley Jones & Ed Green</td>	<td colspan="3">Tournament complete</td>	<td align="right">34½</td>	<td align="right">2</td>		
<td>6: Maximilian Lockwood & Keith Seaman</td>	<td colspan="3">Tournament complete</td>	<td align="right">33½</td>	<td align="right">2</td>		
<td>7: Steve Phillips & Geoff Thorpe</td>	<td colspan="3">Tournament complete</td>	<td align="right">33½</td>	<td align="right">2</td>		

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The Cambridge Open (February 2018)

Selwyn College, Cambridge, 2nd & 3rd February, 2018.

Andrew Garrard

Having been out of commission a bit recently, I was looking forward to putting in an appearance at the Cambridge Open. Not enough to have practised, obviously, and I can't say that the prospect of spending the weekend in bed instead lacked appeal, but still, I struggled up and headed to Cambridge. Not having had a recent haircut, I anticipated being late, and notified Harley as such. Making unexpectedly good time, I contrived to turn up just in time for everyone's time to be wasted doing a paper draw that excluded me, and fired up the computer for the redraw.

Round one. I was very shaky, not really trusting any of my shots since I was so out of practice. Fortunately Paul managed to carry my substantial weight, and we didn't even spend our usual hours arguing about what to do. I'm not sure that many of my shots worked, but Paul's did, and a traditional "tough on Geoff, tough on causes of Geoff" strategy put unreasonably high demands on the current President of CUTwC (although they did result in his only points of the winkend). I seem to recall a couple of shots that rescued us in this game, or it might have been closer.

Bouyed by unexpectedly winning the tournament (since everyone else seems to have resorted to itsy-bitsy games), I found myself partnering Gabby, who had turned up replete with other half, against Jonathan. Despite my best efforts to make myself pottable and run out of winks, Gabby was coached into a rescue mission and we wrangled many points in rounds. Harley, Goeff, James and Alan had meanwhile decided that getting to the pub early was the way forward. The Bull called, and lo, there was fish. Sadly I couldn't talk people into playing Cards Against Humanity with Alan Dean, because I'd like to have seen his reaction.

Returning with enthusiasm, I found we had a pessimal round of nine. Timmy promptly entered an incorrect draw, attempted to use the (relatively new and untested) "undo" feature on the draw, and everything went horribly wrong. I chose to make the numbers nicer by sitting out the round and trying to sort out

the mess (despite everyone trying to minimise my time for doing so by running at the pot). The cock-up turned out to be that when I copied files to my new laptop, the ownership permissions were broken, so no history was being recorded - meaning that the “undo” restored a game from 2017. Which was a bit embarrassing. It only took most of twenty minutes for us to get everyone to remember what their games before lunch had been, and I don’t remember the lunch being all that heavy.

On to round four. Dean and I were more set upon by Marie Moss than seemed fair (has she been practising?) and I did a credible attempt at playing like a novice. Fortunately Alan narrowly kept his temper, and we dredged more points than we deserved out of the game. Then Geoff and I attempted to sit on Patrick (with varying success), and once more nearly got scuppered by Marie. Finally for Saturday, Stew and I comfortably sat on Nick. Stew proceeded to bring in a guard in rounds that knocked two of Nick’s winks out of an otherwise safe pile, but fortunately for us, Nick’s winks fatigue continued and we narrowly escaped being punished for it.

To Sunday, when I didn’t have the excuse of the Dinner but still managed very little sleep (partly because I’d fixed yet another problem in the undo mechanism) and still nearly managed to miss the first round. Which turned out to involve me playing singles. Fortunately Daniel (infamous Sunday-only player who never has a problem with the Dinner) was struggling a bit, and I eventually managed to tie up Alan sufficiently.

Daniel again before lunch, as a partner this time. Up until now I’d not actually lost a game, so it was time. We attempted to sit on Paul, and got thoroughly punished by Marie potting three winks in rounds - not that we managed to pot well enough to be much of a threat anyway. Marie was happy about this. I wasn’t. Grr. I went to the Bull in a huff (and a Skoda)³⁴ and left the heavy drinkers (and, weirdly, Alan Dean) to go to the Mill.

After lunch I was introduced to Charlotte, a CUTwC (relative) novice. We were opposing Alan and Timmy, which was foreboding. I brought in my first few winks quite well, then quickly found them surrounded. Given the choice of being hopelessly encumbered in a squopping game, I ran at the pot, but not in a manner you’d call effective (as with most of my running). Much as I’d have liked to teach Charlotte some strategy, I was mostly trying to teach her how to rescue me. We didn’t quite succeed, but did cause enough trouble to tie our opponents into piles and salvage a point.

³⁴Editor’s note: The use of zeugma in *WW* write-ups is much to be encouraged.



Fortunately for Harley Jones, the rules don't specifically prohibit levitation-based magic.



Rising stars Marie Moss and Sophie Brawn discuss tactics; they are probably asking themselves “what would Alan Dean do?”



Players new and – er – not quite so new. (The man in the nice jumper is Alan Dean).

Patrick and me against Harley, next. Knowing full well that Harley is a pot-out merchant, I threw winks at him to ensure that we didn't get potted out against. It worked, but also meant that he was in a strong position in the squopping game, and Patrick only managed to scrounge four points for us - which was a little disappointing, but mostly because I had run out of energy and couldn't squop for toffee. It's almost like Harley has been practising with Alan...

Penultimate game, and two CUTwC novices, who were about to enter the Cuppers competition (a complete novice in Natasha's case) - so there was a little training going on. I had reasonable confidence in my position (despite definitely being on the wrong side of winks fatigue) until I was squopped at long range by Natasha. Three times. At critical moments. Sophie scrambled well, but Nick got to sit on a safe six, and got his revenge for my earlier game partnering Stew.

The run of bad form had left my strong position in the tournament substantially more tenuous. The final round draw saw Harley and myself against Sophie, playing singles. We felt bad enough about that that we asked whether Sophie was happy - but she assured us she was willing to risk completely ruining our col-



The current CUTwC President (right) presents the trophy to victor Tim Hunt. Not pictured: Alan Dean.

lective ratings (and we did note that the other tournament leaders were in games with a potentially strong outcome). And so, we squopped enough to avoid embarrassment, I caused myself some embarrassment by taking an inordinate number of shots to pot out, and Harley did his duty following in. Sadly, Timmy managed to hold a solid six to keep his lead by a relatively healthy margin - but Marie pulled off an impressive win to drop Alan to fourth place.

It was, in the end, very tight at the top (an experience I'm used to), with the top four clustered above four PPG. As is traditional, people tended to turn up, lose, and go to the pub - so the PPG of the qualifiers was better than those who left. A shout out³⁵ to Stew, who ended up at the top of the PPG table after an unusually high four games (also a good effort by Gabby), and commendations to the CUTwC President for ending up joint last in the Open and then presenting the trophy.

All in all, an unusually high attendance (thirty players participated in at least one game), and nearly a third of the players were women, which (given the number of us fat old men in the game) was a promising trend towards equality after years of what a colleague of mine would term a "sausagefest". Long may it continue.

³⁵Editor's note: Really? Are we doing 'shout-outs' now?

Jubilee Match: Dean vs Jones (February 2018)

Selwyn College, Cambridge, 3rd February, 2018.

Harley Jones

As usual Alan and I had arranged to get to a tournament early to play yet another Jubilee match. I was flush from my defeat of Patrick Barrie in a game the previous Wednesday; Alan hadn't been practising, and had travelled much further over the previous day and that morning. So I felt I might have the edge over him this time round. The first game felt very good; we both brought in well, with a few early squops forming the centres of attention; there were plenty of small piles and no overall control by either of us. I felt short-changed to only get $1\frac{1}{2}$ points from it. The second game was the more familiar type where Alan squopped almost everything immediately for 6. Then the Cambridge open started, so we resumed after the day's play proper had finished. By this point I was fed up of being squopped up all the time, so when the inevitable happened I tried plan 47 (which had worked well against Alan in the past) and indeed I got 2 points out of it, having made my following in easier. The last game started off well enough but something went wrong and I ended up plan 47ing with both colours in the hope that the dinner would happen sooner (doesn't come round quickly enough these days). Obviously that didn't work and I lost again, for a final score of $22\frac{1}{2} - 5\frac{1}{2}$. I found that I wasn't potting well on his mat; perhaps I'd got too used to the York ones when in Somerset. In any case I'm sure I'll be trying again soon.

Local News

The XXXIth Somerset Invitational (January 2018)

The Old Down Inn, Emborn, 3rd & 4th January 2018

Tim Hunt

A rather depleted hard core of six winkers made the annual pilgrimage to Somerset for the traditional Invitation tournament organised by Stew. This year, not only were we staying at the Old Down Inn, but we were also playing the winks there in the very spacious and well-lit function room. It had tables that were almost full size, and reasonably solid, although some of us subjected that last point to fairly stringent testing.

More players had hoped to come, and even to unto the eleventh hour (literally 23:00 the on the 2nd) Andrew Garrard was exchanging text messages about whether his health would let him attend. I will spare you medical details (but they were spelt out in excruciating detail in several long text to Harley's phone). Unfortunately,³⁶ he was unable to make it in the end.

Those who know about such matters might be worrying that, since six is congruent to two modulo four, we had a death number for an individual pairs draw. For a classic all-partner-all draw, they would, be right. However, with only six players, it is natural to have a pairs game and a single game in each round. One might then observe that a six-player all-play-all requires 15 games, and 15 rounds of winks is quite a good number for two day's play. Might something be devised along those lines? I had a bit of a sleepless night (possibly due more to the Bass than to worries about the draw) but used the time to try to devise something. Fortunately, my doodles, which were prettier than they were

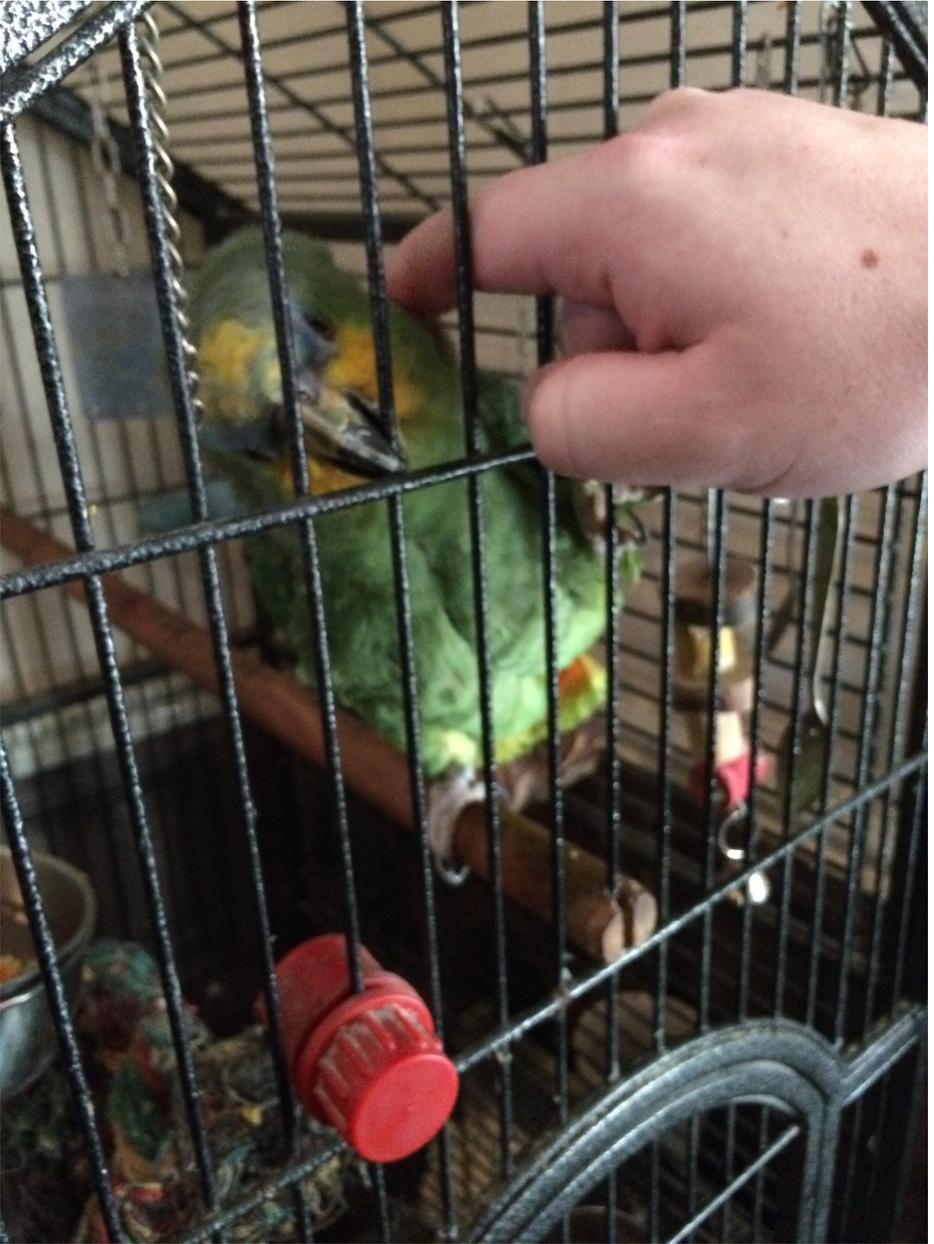
³⁶From the editor: Did you mean 'fortunately'?

effective, were not needed, because at breakfast the next morning Nick produced a draw that met the requirements: 15 rounds, everyone plays everyone else twice in singles, partners everyone twice in pairs, playing against each pairs opponent four times, so we adopted that.

So then the winks happened. In Andrew's absence, we only had what PBB had brought: one felt mat and several of the controversial 'York' mats made of some artificial nonsense. We decided that two mats of the same type was the more important consideration, and so went with the funny modern contrivances. Being artificial, they are at least very consistent. In my case that meant I very consistently missed my attempts to pot. Despite that, however, I seem to have won the thing. Perhaps if you expect to miss everything, you just have to play like a boring narg, and perhaps never taking stupid risks is quite an effective strategy? Who knew?

Of course the winks is only part of the attraction of the Somerset. Starting the year with several days in a pub is the real inducement. Maxine, the landlady of the Old Down Inn is as mad as ever, and at times her laugh was indistinguishable from the parrot who lives by the front door. However, the beer and food was all excellent, and a wide range of more or less traditional games were played to help them down. In Harley's case it was helped down rather fast, when he quadruple-knocked without really understanding the Tøppen fining system. It being Somerset, there was alarmingly cloudy cider too, but only Sarah was brave enough to join Stew in drinking that, so I cannot comment.

All, in all, a great start to the year. Roll on 2019.



Noted entomologist PBB was furious to discover that this specimen was not a wasp after all.

Occasional Articles

Player Profile – Alan Dean

(Incorporating another tribute to his late very good friend and winks partner, Charles Relle).

Alan is known for his stamina. He has slept with over two hundred women. The first, when he was eleven, was the nineteen-year-old daughter of a neighbouring family who took him on a canoeing tour of Scotland. Late one evening in a remote region, and unable to find a B&B with enough beds, they decided that rather than have someone sleep on the floor, Betty and Alan should share a double bed. A large bolster pillow was placed lengthwise down the centre of the bed to avoid any accidental contact. The trip must have made a lasting impression on Alan, because this year he is planning to buy a canoe. A few days later they attended the Military Tattoo at Edinburgh Castle, which was the first time Alan stayed awake all night, or possibly the second. Nearly all the others, and even more men, slept with Alan in a large sports hall in Canterbury, on the night before a Canterbury to London sponsored walk. Charles had asked Alan to sponsor him, but he declined, preferring instead to join the walk and find his own sponsors. Charles was as competitive a walker as he was at winks, and took it as a personal sleight if someone overtook him. The first refreshment stop was reached before the food arrived, because no-one was expected to get there quite so soon. Alan wore his old boots, for the last time, not realising that trainers were better for road walking. ‘Have you ever seen one this big?’ said the nurse treating Alan’s blisters at the end of the first day, to her colleagues. Alan just helped with the marshalling on day two.

He attempted the Three Peaks challenge (Ben Nevis, Scafell Pike and Snowdon) with his son Simon and one of Simon’s friends, in 48 hours, doing all the driving himself. They stayed overnight with Alan’s sister in Northwich after

scaling Scotlands and Englands highest peaks, but the youngsters could not be coaxed out of bed next morning to tackle Snowdon. It was mostly Alan's fault, for taking such a convoluted route around Scafell Pike.

Another heroic failure occurred when teaching in Nottinghamshire in the eighties and Alan tried to complete, within 24 hours, the forty-mile Limey Way from Castleton to Dovedale, through twenty limestone dales in the Peak District, with another teacher and two sixth formers, both super fit venture scouts. Setting off at 7 p.m. on a Friday night, chosen for the full moon (but forgetting about the total eclipse) they passed the pub, where they had planned to breakfast at 8 a.m., three hours before it opened. Alan gave up some five miles short of the finish, when it became apparent that the boys would not finish in time to claim the gold award if he stayed with them. The other teacher had succumbed to the temptation of the rescue car some seven hours earlier. Alan's legs were so stiff that his classes on the Monday needed to be rearranged to avoid his having to climb any stairs.

Two of the other long walks with Charles were Wainwright's Coast To Coast (190+ miles from St Bees in Cumbria to Robin Hood's May in North Yorkshire), and Hadrian's Wall. The Coast to Coast is traditionally begun by dipping a toe in the sea, but Charles persuaded Alan to join him in a swim. Charles was also a competitive swimmer but on this occasion Alan swam much further, because it took Charles so long to cross the pebbly beach in bare feet. Climbing the cliff path at St Bees, Alan discovered that Charles was afraid of heights, so on three of the thirteen days they went separate ways, allowing Alan to enjoy the mountain tops of the Lake District, whilst Charles did the valleys. On one such day Alan met a husband and wife team of American journalists, who were doing the walk in order to write an article about it for the Smithsonian Magazine. They were intrigued to hear that Alan and Charles were top winks players, and that every evening they played a match against each other, so they offered to buy them a meal two nights later in exchange for a winks demonstration. This was described in their article, which included a photo of Alan and Charles. Charles won most of the winks games during that walk, a notable exception being the one when they partnered two local women, and Alan pulled off a spectacular round 5 pot-out. They also tried to complete a Telegraph cryptic crossword each evening, and on one occasion, after a particularly long day's walking, Charles realised that Alan had fallen asleep leaning against his shoulder.

Hadrian's Wall was tackled in the wrong direction, east to west, into the prevailing winds, which in this instance turned out to be the tail end of hurricane Katrina. Bob Wilkinson helped with accommodation and transport for the first two days, which allowed the walkers to go 25 miles on the first day unencumbered by their full kit. Climbing some of the steeper hills, into a fierce head wind, a

few days into the walk, it seemed that Charles would give up. Alan suggested that they proceed slowly to the next bus stop, and that he would then finish the walk alone, but Charles was not to be beaten, and he managed to complete the walk. Alan first used his bus pass, acquired two years earlier, to go from the end of the walk at Bowness-on-Solway to Carlisle, to collect the car. They just managed to catch the last bus, because Charles was frantically searching for his wallet, which he had left in the pub toilet.

In 1990 Alan took up running, after switching from a standing-up teaching job to a sitting-down programming one, and often ran in his lunch breaks, as well as doing many ten milers and half marathons at the weekends. One of his fastest ten mile runs, in Oxfordshire, was completed shortly after doing a parachute jump. Simon, his son, had asked to do a jump for his eighteenth birthday, so Alan decided to join him. Simon later changed his mind, opting instead for cash towards a drum kit. The jump involved two turns. Alan was given a radio earphone so the instructor could remind him when to make them but, unnoticed, the earphone was dislodged as Alan put on his glasses and helmet. During the descent, after admiring the view for a while, Alan checked his altimeter and found that he was somewhat below the 2000 feet at which he should have made the first turn, and he was outside the airfield boundary, which was marked by a row of tall trees. Wondering why no-one was talking to him, and not fancying his chances of making it over the trees, he opted instead to land in the adjacent ploughed field, making a perfect standing-up landing. The bumpy ride in the back of the rescue land rover was quite scary. One of his regular running partners, Emily Williams, whose previous regular partner at Bedford Modern School had been Paula Radcliffe, persuaded Alan to try a marathon with her. They were both accepted for London in 1998, but Alan damaged an Achilles whilst training with the Bedford Running Club so never ran that distance.

Alan then switched to long distance cycling, doing numerous charity rides, including London to Brighton, London to Paris in three days via Portsmouth, and Glasgow to London, a convoluted route taking in half a dozen Capita offices, and covering 530 miles over seven days. Only five of Capita's 40,000 employees were mad enough to sign up for the whole thing, although many more attempted one of the days. The first leg, of some 95 miles, was done in torrential rain. On that trip Alan raised over 3000 for Alzheimer's research: thanks again to those of you who chipped in. Whilst training for this, he bought his first mobile phone, following a conversation with his wife along the lines of "I'm going for a long bike ride." "How long?" "About five days." "Where to?" "North." "Where will you stay?" "I dont know. It depends how far I get." Barbie then insisted he bought a mobile, so he got the cheapest pay-as-you-go model available and put 10 credit on it, which lasted for about four years. The third of the five days was spent in the hills of the Peak District. Alan now appreciates how much easier such trips

are when carrying an Internet-enabled device.

The London to Paris ride started at 7 a.m., and Alan stayed with Keith Seaman the night before, and they played a close and exciting game of Go which went on until 2 a.m. Alan's tyres has been patched several times so, after one of the organisers helpfully increased the pressure in them to reduce friction, the first one blew about half a mile from the start, and the other a few miles later when travelling downhill at speed. On day two Alan snapped a gear cable and had to ride over forty miles without changing gear.

Sometimes Alan combines winks and cycling, and twice rode the 120-mile round trip to the Kidlington tournament. He also once took his bike there by car and when driving back home through Milton Keynes remembered his bike was still locked up outside the pub in Kidlington. The day before one of his London to Brighton rides Alan played in a Charles Relle invitational tournament in Maidstone, then after a short sleep he was taken by Charles to the start line, cycled to Brighton, had a meal, then cycled half way back to Maidstone, stopping overnight in a pub which had just changed hands, and had lost his booking, but luckily could still fit him in. Next morning he started early and raced back to Maidstone to collect the car, have a shower, and a bite to eat before driving to Stansted airport, arriving just in time to collect his wife and mother who were returning from Germany.

Alan took over from Charles Relle as ETwA secretary in 1970, when Charles moved to a teaching job in Carlisle, and he also served as treasurer for a number of years. Two significant events on Alan's watch were the retirement of Mr Rudd, of Marchant Games, and the MIT tour of 1972. Marchant Games supplied the winks equipment, other than the mats, and on retirement Mr Rudd donated the remaining stock to ETwA. This consisted of large plastic bags of each type of wink, squidgers, a large cardboard drum full of dusty pots, and numerous large packets full of empty winks boxes. Alan thought it would all fit into his Mini, thus needing only one round trip between Southampton and Haverhill, Suffolk, if all the seats except that of the driver were first removed from the car. He was right, but only just. The landlady was not greatly pleased when she got home to find the bath full of dirty pots.

Confirmation that the MIT tour would go ahead came very late, due to difficulty with securing sponsorship. Alan was planning to go to a winks meeting in Belfast on the day MIT now said they would arrive, so he had to act quickly to cancel his plans to go to Northern Ireland and to set up a match schedule for the American visitors. Alan also drove the minibus which was the MIT teams transport throughout their stay. A bomb scare resulted in their arriving at Heathrow four hours late. They also arrived at Manchester University too late to play the

North of England match there. The heavily-laden minibus would not go above 50 mph, and a wrong turn took them through, instead of around, Birmingham. The match eventually got under way at 11:00 pm, on the floor of John Harmans flat. Accommodation afterwards was courtesy of John Harman, and Alans parents. He somewhat exceeded the recommended hours of driving when the next day, after MIT had beaten Altrincham Grammar School, Alan drove them to Keith Seamans parents house in London, where he played winks until 05:45 next morning, including an 11-3 singles win over Bill Renke, before taking Franz Christ to Heathrow, and returning the minibus to Southampton. Finding an American wallet under a seat, he then made a return trip back to London to return it. MIT defeated Southampton University in a double-length match, to become the first (and presumably only ever) World Club Tiddlywinks champions. Alan had planned to visit MIT, the birthplace of US winks, when he was in Boston last August but, as explained in the NATwA 50th article, he chose to visit Allison Pohle instead. He will get another chance when he is in Boston this May on the way to the NATwA Pairs in Ithaca.

Alan was born in Manchester in July 1949, the eldest of three children. Hilary, his sister was next, followed by his brother Eric. Hilary was very mischievous. They had a pet budgie which could talk, but the only thing it ever said was Hilary, what are you doing? Alan was very protective of his sister. When he was four and she was two he took her along the road to see some hens. Hilary poked them and got pecked, and Alan ran home crying. Later they got a pet hamster. Thinking it was a pity to keep it cooped up in a small cage the children made it an exciting run in their play room, out of a toy fort, building bricks and various other bit and pieces, without telling their parents. Mother was a cub-scout leader at the time, and kept a number of tents belonging to the cub pack in the same room. When the hamster escaped from its home-made run it made a new nest in the tents, by chewing its way through them.

He took up chess in his first year at Chadderton Boys Grammar School, as this allowed him to stay indoors at lunch times. Shortly afterwards he joined the Oldham Chess Club, and reached County standard by the fifth form. An advert at the school for the 1966 Northern Junior Championships, which he and his friends, Bob Wilkinson, Ken Wild and Paul Harrison, thought sounded a fun thing to try. They were soundly thrashed in the first round by pairs of eleven-year-old girls and, intrigued to discover the game was much more tactical than they had realised, they stayed on to watch and learn. They formed a school club on their return, and soon afterwards a local schools league. In 1967 Alan went to Southampton University to read mathematics. He joined the Pooh Society, and the Chess and Winks clubs. Two doors along the corridor in his first year, in Connaught Hall of Residence, was Geoff Cornell, who had also played winks at school. They became good friends, and regular playing part-

ners for the Southampton club, and they won the first three Hampshire Open Pairs tournaments, before Alan switched to partnering his then girlfriend, Edna Chivers.

The Southampton Winks club travelled widely, including one memorable weekend round trip of some 680 miles by minibus to play Aberystwyth and York Universities. They slept on floors in one of the Aber Halls of Residence, but it had a strict no-women policy, so Alan had arranged for the two female team members to stay with a friend of his who was at a librarian college some twenty miles away, but it proved a much longer journey because a bridge had been blown up. No filling stations could be found and the minibus ran out of fuel on the way back in the dark, two thirds of the way up a very steep hill, alongside a sheer drop into the sea. After very slowly and carefully reversing down the hill Alan and two teammates slept in the van on the beach.

Exeter University were regular opponents. On one occasion two teams went there, with the first team drawing 56 - 56, and the second team winning 56½ - 55½. When playing matches in London, the Southampton team often stayed overnight on the Friday in the flat of Hugh Goyders sisters, on Vauxhall Bridge Road. One such Saturday morning, Alan staggered out of his sleeping bag at 8am to feed the parking meter, only to discover later that he had a parking ticket, because it was a double meter and he had fed the wrong half. He rather fancied one of the sisters, Gillian, and asked her out. She declined, but did knit him a lovely red squidger holder which could be hung round the neck. Alan only had one squidger at the time. It's only in the last few years that he has doubled the size of his collection, with the addition of a large bringing-in squidger (which is currently in America, having been accidentally collected by the Lockwood family at the US Pairs). Cambridge were the toughest opponents, winning all the early matches against Southampton, but the Southampton team grew steadily stronger, and eventually overtook Cambridge, beating them in the Silver Wink with a round to spare. The Bristol University club folded a year after they had won the Prince Philip Silver Wink trophy, and Alan went there to track down and rescue the trophy, which was on display in a cabinet in the Union building.

From his third year at university Alan lived in digs at 11 Khartoum Road, which he shared with a number of other winks players over the years, including Geoff Cornell, Keith Seaman, Nigel Knowles, Christine Jones, Neville Martin and Roger Kirby. The house was directly across the road from the women's hall of residence, Highfield Hall, which in those days had a quaint rule that if a male guest was entertained in a study bedroom the bed must moved out into the corridor. Nigel had not played before he arrived there. Alan met him at the AGM of the local chess league just after Neville moved out and, on discovering Nigel was looking for somewhere to live whilst doing his second degree, he suggested

he joined him. He moved in that night. When the landlady returned home three days later Alan introduced Nigel to her, and she asked him when he would like to move in. They played lots of winks there, and became rather good at it, with members of the household taking the first eight UK Singles titles between them: Dean, Dean, Dean, Seaman, Seaman, Dean, Knowles, Dean, in that order. In the early years the ETwA Singles was a knock-out, with best of three games per round, and Alan was beaten (11-10) by Keith in the semi-final of 1974, and Keith beat him again in the 1975 final, played during the London Go Congress. Alan and Keith both became keen Go players in Southampton, reaching Dan level a few years later. The 11 Khartoum Road winks team challenged the rest of England to a match, and quite fancied their chances (this being before the time of Barrie, Purvis, Fayers and Rose). They made the mistake of suggesting it should be a five-pair match, because after slightly tweaking the qualification criteria to allow anyone who had slept at number 11 on three consecutive nights to become eligible, they thought they had more strength in depth than the rest of England. The match was narrowly won by The Rest.

Alan stayed in Southampton for a Cert. Ed. (Teacher Training) year, and then took a job teaching mathematics at nearby Swanmore School, where he met Barbie, who was there for her teaching practice. Barbie was introduced to Alan at the staff dining table by his head of department with the words "This is Alan Dean, you'd better watch him." Excellent advice which Barbie continues to follow to this day. They married in April 1975, and have two children, who were both married in 2008. Heather lives in Bensheim, Germany, and has two children, Daniel (7) and Emma (4½). Heather studied maths and German at Swansea University. She was top of her year at maths and they tried to persuade her to drop German, but she dropped the maths instead, and works, part-time currently, as a translator. In her third year, which she spent at Mannheim University, someone at a party complimented her on her English, assuming she was German. She developed a love of hill walking from her father. When walking with him at the age of four, high in some remote mountain area, passers-by said to her, "Gosh. How did you get here?" "I walked, of course" was Heather's reply. A few years later Alan and Barbie climbed Snowdon with the children. Barbie found it so traumatic that she insisted on going down on the train. There were no seats left for the last train, but she somehow persuaded them to find spaces for her and Simon. Alan and Heather descended by a different route. Next day, whilst Barbie and Simon were at the beach, Alan and Heather did Snowdon again, using two more different routes.

Simon is an excellent drummer. He got a distinction at grade eight, and does some drum teaching, so it seems he made the correct decision on his eighteenth birthday. Alan does not teach parachuting. Simon and his wife Vicky moved to Lapford, in Devon, not long after Alan and Barbie moved to Exmouth on his

semi-retirement in 2015. Alan offered to help them move, not expecting them to select a moving date in the couple of days between when Alan had a work conference in Bedford and a winks tournament in Nottingham. Barbie was at one time the strongest female Go player in the country. She still plays Go, but does not like to play against Alan, although she usually grants him that privilege once a year, as a birthday treat.

After graduating Alan became a founder member of QUESH, the Southampton University graduates' team, which was successful in a number of matches against the University and in the Marchant Trophy. It remained a closely guarded secret what QUESH stood for (Geoff Cornell, eyes closed, opened a copy of the Times Educational Supplement and plonked a finger down on a random page, on an advert for a job at the Queen Elthelburgers School, Harrogate).

In 1980 Alan gained promotion to head of Computer Studies, and second in the Maths department at Garibaldi School in Nottinghamshire. He ran games clubs (mostly chess, Go and Tiddlywinks), and there were a few staff versus pupils winks matches, which the pupils always won. Sadly, none of them continued to play after leaving school. At a school sports day the female staff relay team defeated the school after cheating slightly, by including Alan in their squad. He ran in a bright red mini-skirt borrowed from Christine Jones.

Alan was spectacularly unsuccessful in early World Singles matches. The first ever WS was held in Southampton 1973, where he lost 6 – 29 to Bill Renke, who was then at his absolute peak. Alan fared little better in his next WS, also in Southampton, this time against Dave Lockwood, with Dave romping home a 26 - 9 winner. Dave says that one of his fondest memories of that time was of a game of pitch and putt golf afterwards, with Heather, playing in the sand of the bunkers. Little did he suspect that this cute toddler would go on to pot out against him a dozen or so years later in our National Singles. Alan finally took the World Singles crown in November 1985, defeating Arye Gittleman 30½ - 18½, and still has a cutting from the Cambridge Evening News with the modest headline “Brit outwits Yank to become best on the Planet!” This was on a Friday evening at the start of a school half term holiday, after a busy day teaching then driving to Cambridge. He was unable tell his pupils the following Monday week that he was the World Champion because eight days later, in Oxford, Larry Khan took the title back for the US in the most one-sided WS match ever, by 25 - 3! Alans only other WS challenge was in London in April 1987, when he lost 20 – 29 to Jon Mapley.

Alan did once get 7-0 wins against Larry and Dave Lockwood in successive rounds in the ETwA Singles, achieving the two pot-outs in a combined total of thirteen rounds from the start of the games, but in the top level matches

Larry and Dave have generally got the better of him. An exception was the November 1986 'if' World Singles challenge against Larry. Jon Mapley held a prior challenge, fixed for a week later, after which Larry would be flying back home before Alan could play him without taking time off work. Alan won 25-17, but Larry then lost to Jon, so the 'if' match was expunged from the official record.

Alan has won ETwA Pairs titles with Jeremy Shepherd, Keith Seaman (twice), Jon Mapley (twice), Mike Surrige, and most recently with Larry Kahn in 2012. He finally agreed to partner Larry in 2010, but the Eyjafallaajökull eruption, intervened and he played with Steve Phillips instead, finishing just half a point behind the winners, Andy Purvis and Matthew Rose. The next year Alan did get to Partner Larry, but again missed out on the title by half a point. In the final game Alan and Larry just had to avoid losing 7* – 0* to Andy and Matthew, and they had Andy's last wink solidly squopped, below two winks, in round three, but Matthew pulled off the most amazing high bombing shot with a small wink to dislodge Andy's final wink and knock it close under the pot. Andy then played a brilliant pot, which they converted to the required 7* – 0*. At the third attempt Alan finally won with Larry in 2012, but by only half a point, so their ratings plummeted again. He felt that his second place with Steve Phillips had been much more satisfying.

Alan and Charles Relle were the top nationals in the 2006 UK Pairs, giving them a World Pairs challenge. The holders, and much higher rated pair, Patrick Barrie and Andy Purvis were assumed to be strong favourites to retain their crown, but Alan held the Jubilee Trophy, and persuaded Charles to challenge him in two best of 17 game matches (which Alan won 60 – 59 and 61½ – 50½) so they were well prepared for the WP match, played at Silwood Park. All square after seven games, Alan and Charles took the extra game 6-1, giving Alan his first, and Charles his second, World Pairs title. Charles missed his last train home so Alan's route back, in a blizzard, was via Maidstone.

Since last winning the Jubilee Trophy in November 2009 Alan has defended it nineteen times, mostly travelling to his opponents or fitting the matches in during tournament weekends, including two defences during the last ETwA Pairs, and two more on the first day of the Cambridge Open. Harley Jones briefly squopped him up in the final game of one of his recent challenges, with the match at 14 – 14, but Alan escaped to win it 6 – 1. Patrick Driscoll also came close in his latest challenge in September 2016, and is the player Alan suspects will eventually wrest the title from him, unless Patrick Barrie challenges. The previous time Alan held the Jubilee was from August 2004 until October 2007, when he lost the thirteenth challenge of that reign to Tim Hunt, in a mutually agreed four-way contest of pairs games, after he had survived two three-way

contests. He once played a Jubilee match against his son Simon, to pass the time between Andrew Garrard's planned and actual arrival times (unexpected vehicles on road). Various handicaps were applied, such as Alan's not being allowed to squop one of Simon's colours until he had squopped all the other colour (you should have left one behind the baseline, Simon), or having Simon select which of Alan's winks he should play on each turn. Simon won one of those games 6 - 1. Andrew has been known to arrive late on other occasions. For example, a Jubilee report in WW95 begins "Alan successfully defended his title, beating Steve Phillips 18 - 3 (6 - 1, 6 - 1, 6 - 1), in the first three of the eleven games they played whilst waiting for Andrew Garrard to arrive...".

Alan and Matt Fayers hold the Golden Squidger (Pairs challenge trophy). Since taking that title, from Relle and Myers in March 2009, they have faced only one further challenge, from Relle and Harper in October of that year, and they welcome further challenges.

In the 1970's, as a poor teacher with a young family, Alan could not afford to fly to the US to take advantage of WS challenges from his various national wins, but in 1980 the Americans generously offered to sponsor him to take part in their Singles. He offered to pay half, if another player could be persuaded to go too. There were no takers from the other recognised top players, but Pam Knowles expressed interest. The Americans were hoping to get someone stronger, but it was finally agreed that she would go with Alan. She won the tournament. It took place in a DC office building with the air-conditioning off, so was extremely hot and humid. Pam had lived in Teheran for several years until she and Nigel were forced to make a hasty exit following the 1979 revolution, so was more used to such conditions, but basically she played brilliantly, greatly encouraged by Alan, who could only manage fifth place himself. Sadly, she had a very troubled personal life, which she decided to end three years later. She remains the only female to win a national title. She once reached the final of the UK Singles, but was overawed when she came up against her mentor, Alan. On subsequent visits to DC Alan has made a point of visiting some of the places he first saw with Pam, and to reflect on the tragic loss of a close friend at such a young age.

During his teaching years Alan became very interested in computing, and produced software to help with a variety of school administrative tasks. His first offering was a program to arrange staff absence cover, on the Commodore PET. It was well received, especially after picking the headmaster to cover the first time it was used. The deputy head responsible for the task was scared of computers, so he got a sixth former to run the system, reading the program and timetable tapes, entering the names of the absent teachers, and then printing out the individual slips and the notice board copy. At the morning break, on the first day the system was used, Alan passed the deputy heads office and saw him,

through the open door, on his knees behind his desk. He was searching for the scissors to cut up the individual notification slips, including those for the two lessons that had already finished.

Later Alan's programming hobby became his job, initially working for himself, and then joining SIMS, a recently formed company specialising in school administration software. The company was later taken over by Capita, but Alan is still in the same job, but now in a semi-retired capacity, driving his computer in Bedford via his laptop at home in Exmouth.

Alan found the standard of chess in Hampshire was much lower than that in Lancashire, and he gave up the game in his second year at Southampton after easily winning all his games in the local league, because the university had three stronger players than him, and he far out-graded the fourth board players at the local clubs. He was once asked to play for Hampshire but declined due to a winks commitment so was never asked again. He represented Southampton at the Inter-University Chess championships in Swansea, where in the bar one evening a quiz was in progress and, as he walked in, the question being asked was "Who is current British Tiddlywinks champion?" "Me!" said a surprised Alan, to general laughter and disbelief. He started playing chess again, for the Bedford Club, in the mid-eighties, then stopped again when he started learning foreign languages at evening classes which met on the same evening. Since his semi-retirement Alan has taken up chess again, and captains two teams, one in Exmouth, and one in Exeter. He also plays Go at an informal club which meets weekly in a pub in Exeter.

Alan once played at Wembley. The bowling alley that is, not the football stadium. He made the university team, for a match against Brunel, after impressing the team captain with his game in the Wednesday afternoon league which started with eight consecutive strikes. What no-one thought to tell him was that, for university matches, the players who did not own their own bowling balls were permitted to borrow their favourite ones from the Southampton bowling alley, and there was nothing similar available at Wembley, so Alans career as a university bowler lasted just one match. He had an equally short career with the university table tennis team. The captain lived a few doors away and knew Alan played fairly well, so asked him to stand in at very short notice in a local league match for a certain 'S. Bone', who was indisposed. "They won't know who you are", Alan was assured. It was not until a few days later that Alan learned that the 'S.' stood for Sally, so he kept well away afterwards, thinking he might fail if a sex test was ordered.

Alan has helped the police with their enquiries a few times. As a schoolboy, travelling back from a winks match in the rain, he was accosted in a Manchester

store doorway as he handed out the mats he had carried under his coat to keep dry. An interesting conversation ensued, until someone produced a copy of the winks rules. At the end of a university term he met up with three other team members in a layby near Newbury, who all arrived from different locations, to share the ride to play a match in Bristol. Afterwards they were all going on to different locations, none of which were the ones they had arrived from. Shortly afterwards they were flagged into a police check-point. Each of the questions “Where have you come from?” and “Where are you going to?” produced four simultaneous different answers, and eight distinct places in total, because the stop in Bristol was omitted for comic effect. Their interviewer was initially still convinced he was being wound up even after hearing the main reason for the journey. Fortunately no policeman witnessed the transfer of the large gym mat about half a mile in London from the St Gabriel’s College gym to the common room in where it was used for a couple of National Singles matches, because it considerably reduced the all-round visibility from Alan’s Mini where it hung down on both sides from the roof (Alan had omitted to check if they had any real winks mats). This was not the only women’s college to play on the floor wearing the mini-skirts which were the fashion of the time. Royal Holloway College also did so, which may have helped them to lose marginally less comprehensively against Southampton University.

Alan has played in a number of international matches, initially against Ireland and Wales in the 80’s. Against the Welsh he nearly lost a game after squopping his partner a couple of times, because they insisted on playing with their national colours, red and green. Interesting possibilities arise when one can shoot a partner’s wink from under one’s own, so maybe this helped him develop his tactical astuteness. He has long been known for his love of colour-order tricks, which only work if both shots in a sequence are successful. Someone once wrote in a WW article “If earlier in the game you don’t play Alan Dean, spectacular, shots unsuccessfully, and get into trouble, then you don’t need to play spectacular Alan Dean shots successfully in rounds to escape”. In later years Alan has moderated his tactics a little, as his ability to play the extravagant shots has diminished. More recently he played in matches against the US, including captaining the winning side in the latest one, in Washington DC in 2010. Getting the team together beforehand for practice games at his home may well have tipped the balance in favour of the Brits.

He has hosted a number of tournaments at his various homes, most recently the first Exmouth Open, played over three days in June, and three in July, 2016. There were only 52 rounds, leaving time to walk (including a thorough drenching in a downpour whilst walking the cliff path near Beer), and play Go, and croquet with Alans new six-person croquet set. Two of the players in that tournament had not met before, and they still haven’t. Alan played in 47 of the rounds,

missing the others to cycle and retrieve the car used to get to the start of walks.

Alan has made several TV appearances for winks, if not quite as many as his squidgers, because he once accepted an invitation to teach the game to Robbie Coltrane, and in the event Robbie played someone else using Alan's squidger. Charles Relle was also there, and later said to Alan "The fat guy: is he a comedian?"

In 1971, as the UK Singles champion, Alan played a challenge match against Rosie Wain, the then Canadian champion, live on Radio 4. Dennis Frost was the reporter, with Mick Still supplying commentary. Alan won 6 – 1, and when interviewing the players afterwards, Michael Aspel asked Rosie "Was it fair, a man versus a woman?" and Rosie's reply "Sex doesn't matter!" became part of the folklore of the game. Afterwards they were photographed for the London Evening Standard, playing on the pavement outside Broadcasting House.

Alan has remained good friends over the years with a number of Americans, including some who have given him rather a hard time on the mat, and has provided accommodation whenever any of them are in the UK. Next visitors will be Ferd Wulkan and Bob Henninge, staying for five days in April. He has known Dave Lockwood longer than he has known his wife. Alan attended the NATwA 40th anniversary celebration event in Ithaca, the only British player to do so, and also played in their National Pairs that year, finishing in fourth place partnering Ferd. Unhappy with the way he played, he asked Ferd to partner him again in 2016, and this time they won, narrowly beating Larry Kahn and Dave Lockwood into second place, to give Alan his first US national title. The first 200-year game was played during that trip, when Alan played with Ferd, Bob Henninge and Severin Drix, all four of them having played in every one of the last 50 years. Together with his good results at the NATwA 50th, where again he was the sole UK representative, this put him back in the top three of the World ratings for the first time in 28 years. That lasted just two weeks, until the London Open, which is soon to be renamed the Charles Relle London Open, with a shiny new trophy that Alan has contributed towards. Alan and Charles won it together several times.

Whisky Links

Patrick Barrie

Uisce beatha, the water of life. It seems entirely appropriate for there to be good links between whisky and winks.

This happened towards the end of 2016 when That Boutique-y Whisky Company (TBWC) approached me. TBWC is an independent bottling company for limited edition whiskies. Their marketing ploy is to use cartoon-style labels with humorous references. They wanted a figure from the sporting world who was the antithesis of David Beckham to appear on the label of an upcoming release of a 24 year old Cameronbridge single grain whisky. The in-joke here is that David Beckham is a brand ambassador for the Haig Club whisky that is also from Cameronbridge. Their press release claimed that “Hiring a professional sportsman with bouffant hair, hipster tattoos, and a fake tan is just not us”. In return for them showing a cartoon of me being a mad scientist playing tiddlywinks on the label, I negotiated a £200 payment to ETWA and some mentions of tiddlywinks being a sensible sport in their press releases.

Batch 1 consisted of 211 bottles, with an A.B.V. of 49.6%, and retailed at 64.95. Batch 2 became available in the middle of 2017, and is 171 bottles, with an A.B.V. of 50.7%, and is still available at £72.95 per bottle. There is a subtle change to the image used in the label between the 2 batches. One spectator changes - it is meant to be Sarah Knight that is watching behind my left shoulder on the batch 2 label.

The tasting notes indicate, among other things, a nose of mint imperials, a palate of Flying Saucer sweets, and a finish of caramel sweeties.

In mid-December, TBWC kindly sent me their whisky advent calendar. I initially thought this might be a suitable Christmas present until CJ discovered that it retailed at £249.95. Behind each of the 24 doors hides a 3cl dram of specialist whisky ranging from a 50 year blended whisky, through a 35 year old Bunnahabhain, down to a 6 year old Caol Ila. At an informal gathering in Nottingham, I was able to let 12 winkers choose a sample randomly. Nick spotted that my image is on the calendar I am staring out of the window of number 17. I expect to let other winkers choose a sample randomly at the Cambridge Open until the supply runs out.

Editor's Note: Alan Dean has not provided a comment.