

Winking World 102

~~August~~ November 2018

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Preliminaries

Editorial

Edward D. Green

The past six months in 'winks have been so exciting that I had to extend the deadline by a further three months to fit them all in. Just kidding, the deadline was extended because **almost nobody wrote anything**. It is therefore with great pleasure that I finally present this special “Blood From A Stone” edition of *Winking World*.

As a warning of things to come, I have included a ranty article on a tedious subject of my own composition. I'm sure the readership would prefer to read accounts of exciting tournaments – written in such a surpassingly timely fashion that the author remembers what happens – and excellent advice on gameplay (whether in 'winks or drinking games), in preference to inane ranting directly from the Editor. (Many players, especially those based in the UK, see me several times a year, which is more than enough already without then having to read it all again.)

People are ignoring the essay competitions, so I'm going to bloody-mindedly keep running them. This time, essays with the title “My Favourite Squidger” are requested.

In spite of all this, I have managed to squeeze just enough text out of people that *WW102* is more than 50% text (by page count). Let's hope that *WW103* is full to the line with gripping pieces of sports journalism. I would write more in this editorial, to fill up space, but then you'll never learn. Enjoy the issue.

Submissions for *Winking World 103*

Submissions are requested for *Winking World 103*.

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**. Handwritten documents may be rejected.

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

The deadline for submissions for *WW103* is Monday 8th April, 2019. Submissions received after this deadline ~~may not~~ will probably grudgingly be included. But I will judge you.

Contributors are gently and politely reminded, quite emphatically, that the Editor can only publish your articles if you actually bother to send them to him.

Letters to the Editor

Damning with Feint Praise

Dear Ed (in both senses),

I am just recovering from my reading of *Winking World 101*, which afforded me quite extraordinary degrees of enjoyment. Based on my perusal thereof, I have reached the unmistakable conclusion that you, sir, are completely mad. I rather fear, therefore, that you may feel yourself over-qualified for your role here. May I implore you, nonetheless to continue your excellent work bringing edification to us lesser winkers.

With many thanks,

Timmy.

P.S. There are those who say the border between madness and genius is very narrow. It is, however, clear which side your talents lie.

From the Editor: I must first thank you for your unbelievably high praise, and for being one of the only two people to hand anything in before the original deadline. That said, while you are pondering the madness or otherwise of others, I feel duty bound to remind you that you were mad enough to partner me in the London Open, and look how that turned out.

Praising with Feint Damn

Dear Ed,

There has, as you know, been some controversy about the synthetic, so-called 'York' mats. I can report that I have just found the best feature of such mats:

They come supplied in an excellent, robust polythene pouch. Therefore, those needing to transport their real winks mat to, say, The Turks Head, Twickenham, will, if they are lucky enough to own a York mat, have the perfect protective in which to port it.

I trust your readers will find this intelligence helpful,

Timmy.

From the Editor: What an excellent point you raise. Perhaps Messers York could remarket their product as a carry case with free insulator. Personally, however, I find another feature of the 'York' mats even better than the one you mention: they irritate players who are too stuck in their ways to adapt to a minor change. I know this will not be a popular view among the readership, but part of my role is to educate through passive-aggressive comments in italics.

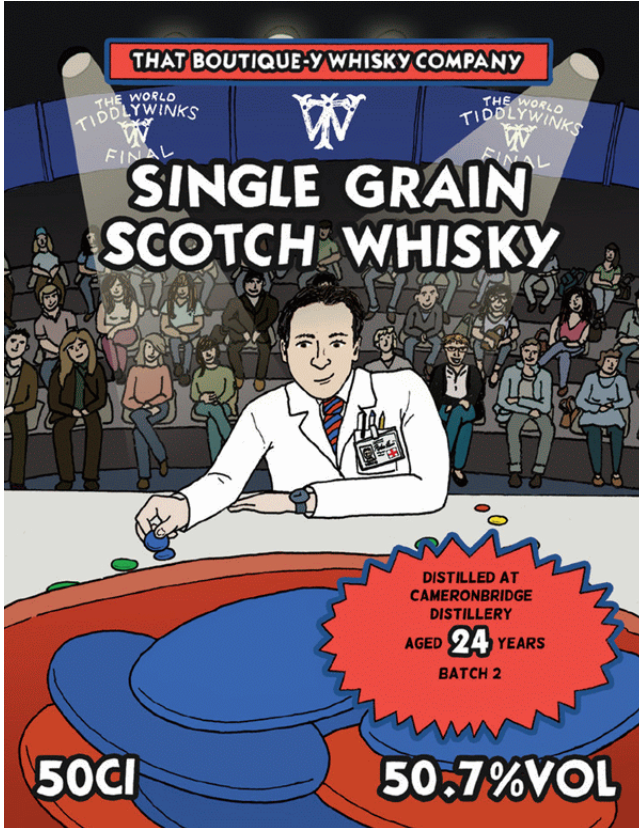
Errata

Alan Dean Not Mentioned Enough in *WW101*

It has been brought to the Editor's attention that the article on World Singles 70 (*WW101*, pp. 5-6) failed to mention that Alan Dean was the umpire.

Article Printed Without The Picture To Which It Was Merely An Accompaniment

The following picture was supposed to appear in *WW101*:



Winkers up and down the country are comparing this with the bottles they already have.

We had special permission from the copyright owner to use it. It is unclear whether we have permission to use it in this issue. Ho hum.

National and International Tournaments

ETwA National Teams of Four 2018

Ely Cathedral Tiddlywinks Centre, 17th & 18th February 2018

Andrew Garrard

Harley seems to be taking his Tournament Organiser role as being that of arranging tournaments to happen, as much as organising them once they're happening. In any case, we are all most grateful, and again availed ourselves of the change of scenery provided by the Cathedral Centre in Ely, with only the traditional amount of confusion caused by Google not knowing where it is. We had most photogenic weather, so spending a weekend in a room playing tiddlywinks seemed obvious.

After the recent surprising success of winks tournaments attended by recently-graduated members of CUTwC and players from York alike, this tournament continued the tradition... of surprising us with the number of attendees, in as much as quite a few failed to turn up - though Harley again deserves credit for persuading Jonatan to join in for a bit until we put him off. The Teams of Four was duly organised with several teams of three, partly to ensure that we could accommodate anyone who decided to apply Garrardesque timing (although he was actually present roughly on time), but mostly because we had a near-pessimal thirteen players. Absent many true novices, less came down to handicaps than usual.

As for the games... I started out with a singles game against Paul Moss. I have a feeling that we were both surprised that this game was not, in fact, the

last to finish, although it was helped by being the only game of singles in the round; this pleased me almost as much as getting a 6. My teammates similarly held their end up, which I can assure you is less effort than supporting my own. In the reverse match, I applied the “tough on Alan, tough on causes of Alan” strategy, and ran at the pot before Marie could punish me. Paul, meanwhile, caused slightly more difficulty to my partners.



“This mat they’ve put under the winks is handy, isn’t it?”

We quite possibly then went to lunch, after which Patrick decided he wanted a change of scenery from Geoff, and partnered me against Sarah and SiBo – who proved predictably tricky. I have a feeling that we were scrambling quite a lot to get a 6, or may have been gifted it in rounds, but it is the curse of trying to write up a winks tournament six months later that the details are hazy. Fortunately, it’s unlikely that anyone cares. Geoff, unencumbered by Dr Barrie, stomped on the ex-Queens’ Fellow club.

In the return match, Patrick and I had the opportunity to run at the pot (I have a vague recollection that I was the one running, and as is my wont, it wasn’t very fast). Geoff, meanwhile, proved the trickiness of the SiBo-Sarah/Sarah-SiBo combo by losing to them.

Patrick decided to comfort Geoff by partnering him for the last match of the day (having decided that playing singles with a maximum handicap was unduly challenging). Sadly, the comfort was not forthcoming, as Harley demonstrated his propensity for sticking winks in the pot at any opportunity. Knowing Ed has a history of doing the same against me, I disabled him by sitting on him, and Jonatan was unable to stop me from a maximum – thus avoiding damage to my ratings, for once.

Harley promptly restored the damage to my ratings by beating me in the return game; fortunately he's getting quite good these days, so the handicap transfer wasn't as painful as it once would have been – and at least I stopped him potting out. Patrick and Geoff meanwhile ensured that Jonatan didn't finish his tournament on a high. He didn't come back on the Sunday, and everyone else drowned their sorrows in an overpacked pub and a more reasonably-populated curry house. I spent the evening finding interesting features of my accommodation. SiBo didn't return the next day, for reasons that only probably had nothing to do with consuming alcohol the night before.

Sunday came, to our surprise, after Saturday. Patrick and I got off to the kind of start I don't normally expect on a Sunday morning by pottily stomping on Alan and Marie, which hid my hand tremor and likely inability to squop. Geoff was also struggling a bit, and Paul took advantage. Patrick and I managed to cure him of any optimism in the subsequent round, although Alan and Marie I'm sure kept Geoff's mood low. I haven't recorded it, but I imagine we decided to improve it by going to lunch at this point. I probably went to take photos, because the food was taking ages to arrive anyway.

Patrick again took to Geoff-comforting duties, stomping on Nick, while I had a lot of trouble keeping Sarah and Stew under control. I remember when I could rely on them to miss things, you know.

The return round was... eventful. Marie beat Ed 6-1, leading to a $7^{1/2}:-^{1/2}$ post-handicap win, and much hilarity, although I haven't checked what Ed thought. Patrick and Geoff confirmed my suspicions that Stew and Sarah have become a credible threat by losing to them (unless their lunchtime was much heavier than I thought). Paul and Alan served Harley a dose of his own medicine by potting out against him, and Nick was kind enough to have a nightmare bringing in, to which I decided it was churlish not to run at the pot. I was moderately smug about the subsequent 7^*-0^* , for the second $7^{1/2}:-^{1/2}$ score in the round, but Nick seemed a bit less pleased about it.

Bouyed by that performance, my tournament performance promptly tanked, something I could blame on winks fatigue or on Patrick Barrie, my novice partner.

We narrowly beat Ed, which meant we didn't after point transfer, but fortunately Geoff had the bit between his teeth and took a six off Harley. Nick, meanwhile, presumably improved his mood a bit by taking a team Kninglis 5*-2* over Alan Dean.

On to the final round, in the novel-to-me position of having a fairly commanding score. YTIWiTSotVoG seemed to have a credible last place tied up, but – much more familiar to me – it was very tight at the middle. Geoff demonstrated suitable contempt for Ed, while Harley did more ratings damage to me and Patrick. This was enough for team Short to take second place from Over to you, despite a strong final round from the latter. Cue a suitably silly presentation photo, which has subsequently proven useful in providing an image of the trophy to someone who won it in 1987. Which is nice.



It's like an HD version of the old days...

And lo, we had a minor preparatory tippie for our departure (during which Sarah and Nick did sterling duty keeping me awake for the drive home), and we duly decamped. Although some of us remain quite camp, to be honest.

In summary, I can report that it's pleasant to win a tournament (it's been a while), although it's a little less appealing half a year later when you realise you

might have been supposed to write it up. It was a nice boost to my rating, which is something I duly rectified at the London Open. I hope someone can engrave the trophy, because I've no idea where it is. The venue remains pleasant, and more people should come to the next event we hold in it.

All this may or may not be what happened. But I'm reasonably sure there was some winks, at least.

		Handicap	Points
1.	<i>The Late</i>		98
	Patrick Barrie	7	
	Geoff Thorpe	5	
	Andrew Garrard	5	
2.	<i>Short</i>		87 $\frac{1}{6}$
	Harley Jones	4	
	Ed Green	3	
	Jonatan Rostén	0	
3.	<i>Over to you</i>		85 $\frac{1}{2}$
	Alan Dean	6	
	Paul Moss	4	
	Marie Moss	0	
4.	<i>Yea, though I walk in the valley of the shadow of Geoff</i>		65 $\frac{1}{3}$
	Patrick Driscoll	6	
	Nick Inglis	6	
	Stew Sage	4	
	Sarah Knight	2	



Ely Cathedral: The Crucible Theatre of Tiddlywinks.

ETwA National Teams of sometimes Four, sometimes Two, mostly Three

Ely Cathedral Tiddlywinks Centre, 17th & 18th February 2018

Andrew Garrard

You will notice that this edition of Winking World already contains a write-up of the ETwA National Teams of Four 2018. Funny story¹: Shortly before the printing of WW102, I sent a selection of photos to the Editor, who responded “oh, did we have a Teams of Four?” This nudged my memory that, as a winner, I probably volunteered to write it up, which I proceeded to do from a combination of fuzzy memory and the scores on the CUTwC web site. I received Winking World for printing, and noted a typo in my report. I decided to double-check what I’d actually submitted, and searched my email... and found some records of the games. Apparently at the time, I’d actually remembered to write up the tournament. I just hadn’t done it.

Partly in support of the Editor’s encouragement that reports be submitted in a timely manner, I offer these bonus notes for comparison so that others can see just how inaccurate retrospective reports can be. This also has the side-effect of padding the issue to a multiple of four pages. (Ed hasn’t reviewed this section.)

R1 Vs Paul: Andrew won squidge-off with red. Blues mostly on edge, sitting on doubleton. Red small guard knocked large blue off large yellow green doubleton. Red squopped red on green. Green “sub sandwich”. Lunched large red, took squop with upper wink. Andrew spurned Lennon sub. Paul chip out onto slightly distant pile. Terrible bring ins all round. Andrew missed knock off to free more reds; Paul missed squop across, Andrew potted red, then two blues; green missed so 6-1 Andrew.

R2 Vs Alan & Marie: Got Alan early, Andrew not missing much. Exchanged, then Alan missed close, then ended up under expanding piles. Ended up with greens (Alan) under, five reds free, Andrew trying to free last blue – but accidentally subbed, leaving Marie in a nightmare place on a big pile. Red squopped, then potted give and potted off (scattering the pile) to free. Unconvincing following in, but 7*.

Lunch: Sib0 151, then 160. Ed throwing a pig into Sarah’s vegetarian potato.

¹ *Printer’s note: Citation needed*

R3 with Patrick Vs Sarah & Sibò: Tedious game full of singletons. Sarah and Sibò drawn into our area. Much ranting from their team. “I fucking hate you Sibò.” Sarah: “we are officially boned.”

R4 with Patrick Vs Nick & Stew: Sat on them; they never really had a chance.

R5 Vs Ed & Jonatan: Ed ran at pot with one under and got four. Worked pot out. Slightly suicidal tactics by Ed advising Jonatan.

Sunday... R7 with Patrick Vs Alan & Marie: Andrew brought in poorly (one squop on Alan, rolled off, one under). Patrick left to pot out (one pot off), then Andrew brought in and followed for 7* (with few winks left on the mat).

R8 with Patrick Vs Paul: Itsy bitsy area game, Paul with several close misses and loud complaints. Piles assisting.

After lunch... R9 singles Vs Sarah & Stew: Andrew piling up all his winks with failed rescues. Finally blew, but went off. Sarah and Stew both getting hard squops and not missing, with solid strategy; Andrew kept missing next to pile where he could be bridged. Stew had two in and three up; Sarah missed pots (having been kept busy in 5). Andrew potted three semi-distant yellows to take first, but couldn't catch Stew with greens to end.

R10 Andrew Vs Nick: Andrew won squidge off with blue and Carnovsky. Brought in terribly, merged to a big pile which Andrew wanted to blow. Andrew blew some parts badly, had a shot on one end of the pile. Nick accidentally brought in a guard which squopped the wink lined up to take Andrew. Andrew took a bridge; Nick got over it and, to Andrew's surprise, blew the pile, leaving six flat reds, three threatened, with two yellows not brought in. Andrew potted two and missed the third, Nick missed close (Andrew squopped nearby winks); Andrew potted out and was well positioned to follow in for 7. Nick reports Andrew was about to blow the pile and free everything; Andrew saw it differently.

R11 with Patrick Vs Ed: Carnovkied 2 from yellow corner in practice. Ed won squidge off with yellow and a Carnovsky. Patrick carnovkied his first red. Some mats are under-sized. Ed ran four yellows, eventually five. Andrew never had time to pot blue, only got five in; Patrick hassled; Ed squopped in five (though thought about it) to stop Patrick freeing. 4-3 to Andrew and Patrick.

R12 with Patrick against Harley: Patrick won squidge-off with red. Harley Dave Tayloring with yellow, Patrick responding to threats putting three red in. A play-off landed by Harley's green. Andrew was very low on blues, Harley with squop-up in round 2. Harley got critical squops, potted in rounds, won 5-2.

World Pairs 43

Location not reported, 20th April, 2018.

Matthew Rose & Patrick Driscoll beat Dave Lockwood & Alan Dean $25\frac{1}{2}$ – $16\frac{1}{2}$.

Game	Driscoll & Rose	Dean & Lockwood
1.	$5\frac{1}{2}$	$1\frac{1}{2}$
2.	5*	2*
3.	4	3
4.	4	3
5.	1	6
6.	6	1
Total	$25\frac{1}{2}$	$16\frac{1}{2}$

Patrick was substitute for Andy Purvis; Alan was substitute for Larry Kahn.

Jubilee Trophy: Dean vs. Hunt (April 2018)

Milton Keynes and Cambridge 19th–21st April, 2018.

Tim Hunt

The end of an era – Alan Dean finally loses a Jubilee Trophy match

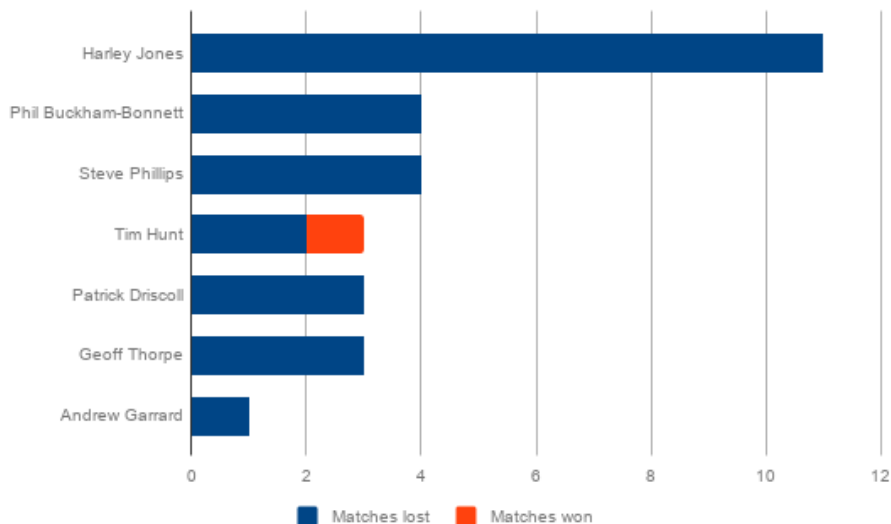
Alan Dean has been a most excellent Jubilee Champion. He gained title in November 2009 when Charles Relle relinquished it and Alan beat the next challenger Steve Phillips 18-10. He then defended the title 27 times before eventually the law of large number caught up with him and he lost one, which happened to be against me.

This more than 3,000-day run is the longest active defence of the Jubilee. Andy Purvis held it for 11 years, but only because people stopped challenging. In contrast, Alan did not just sit back and wait for people to come to him, which as champion would have been his right. Instead he actively sought out challenges and often drove long distances to away fixtures. On one occasion he went all the

way to York just to play the last game of an incomplete match against PBB. Admittedly, that was “on the way” from Exmouth to Manchester. That trip also included a stop in Milton Keynes to beat me one more time.

Alan’s most assiduous challenger was Harley Jones with 11 challenges. He therefore has the honour of having suffered both the worst drubbing (19-2 in February 2017) and narrowest loss (18-17 in July 2017).

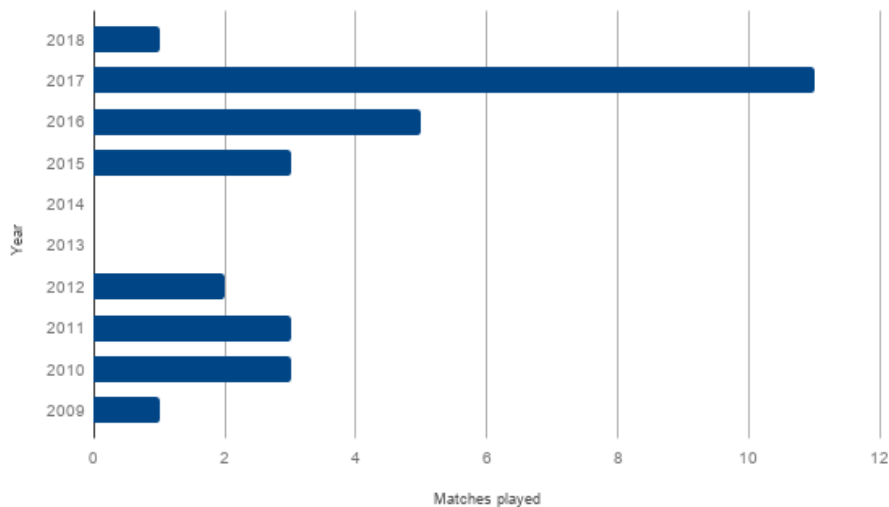
Challenger	Matches
Harley Jones	11
Phil Buckham-Bonnett	4
Steve Phillips	4
Tim Hunt	3
Patrick Driscoll	3
Geoff Thorpe	3
Andrew Garrard	1



Editor: I wonder what point Timmy is trying to make with this chart?

Looking at the record by year, we can see first the Sandy period, then a hiatus while Alan moved to Exmouth, before his roving challenges really took off, as did the Exmouth Open.

Year	Matches
2018	1
2017	11
2016	5
2015	3
2014	0
2013	0
2012	2
2011	3
2010	3
2009	1



Could Brexit speculation ('Brexpeculation'?) be a factor in the 2017 upsurge?

So, how did it all end? Alan had to be in Cambridge to deputise for Larry Kahn in a World Paris match on Friday 20th April. Therefore he stayed with me on the Thursday night and we played the first two games after he arrived, tired from a long drive. The next two games were played the following morning before we headed to Cambridge, and the last game was fitted in to lunch-time on the Saturday of the National Singles.

Score by Game					
Alan Dean	1	4	1	6	1
Tim Hunt	6	3	6	1	6
Cumulative Score					
Alan Dean	1	5	6	12	13
Tim Hunt	6	9	15	16	22

What of the future? The trophy is sitting in my flat in Milton Keynes, just waiting for people to try to take it from me. Given his record, you may not be surprised to hear that the third word out of Harley's mouth on hearing the news was "challenge" (preceded by "Congratulations" and "I"). I also now have a challenge from Sarah Knight.

Just in case anyone has read thus far without having a clue what is going on, the Jubilee Trophy is ETwA singles challenge trophy. That means that there is a current holder whom anyone may challenge. The challenges are a best-of-five singles match, although other numbers are available by mutual agreement. Challenges should be played in the order they are received, and are normally played on the Champions home turf. My hospitality awaits you, and I can reassure you that many winkers have eaten my cooking and lived to tell the tale. To challenge, you should contact the ETwA secretary. However, it would be prudent to CC your message to both the current holder (T.J.Hunt@open.ac.uk) and Patrick Barrie, who updates the relevant page on the web site (<http://www.etwa.org>).

And, will Alan challenge again? He has not yet made his intentions clear, but although he looks nothing at all like Arnold Schwarzenegger, we can probably assume that he'll be back.



The Jubilee trophy, looking rather shinier than when I won it.

ETwA National Singles 2018

Downing College, Cambridge, 21st & 22nd April, 2018.

Patrick Barrie

The tournament format reverted to the old system – qualifying leagues on the first day, with just over half the entrants qualifying for the final on the second day. The merits (or otherwise) of this have been debated several times in the past. One advantage is that it makes the plate competition for non-qualifiers (and any other entrants) more of a ‘proper tournament’. One other effect is that it creates a special tension when playing qualifying games. All mid-table games become very important. Even with the top four of each of the two leagues qualifying, there is little room for a run of poor results.

In league A, both Patrick Barrie and Tim Hunt started well, winning their first four games well, which let them ease into the first two places. Alan Dean, however, was under pressure after suffering two early pot-out losses against Paul Moss and against Sarah Knight. He coped well in the final games to finish third in the league. In the battle for the final qualifying place, Geoff Thorpe lost his final two games 1-6 against strong opposition which left the door open for Sarah Knight or Paul Moss to overtake him. In a protracted game, Sarah eventually secured a pot-out and a 6*-1* win against PBB to qualify, while Paul had to make do with a narrow 3-4 loss after Stew Sage had potted 5 winks against him.

In league B, Patrick Driscoll swept all before him to finish first while Dave Lockwood played well enough for second place with three good wins and three narrow losses. Andrew Garrard scraped third place despite losing his last two games 1-6. There was drama in the battle for fourth when Harley Jones, needing 6 to overtake Nick Inglis, potted out, but ended up only getting 5*-2*.

All participants in both leagues won at least one game. PBB’s win over Geoff Thorpe was a critical factor in League A, while Keith Seaman and Ed Green affected League B by taking points off Andrew.

Lunch was most notable for featuring beer-battered Stew with sunken chips courtesy of Timmy. The evening was most notable for beer-battered rules discussions.



Driscoll was so keen that he couldn't even wait for the mat to be unfurled.

Qualifying League A			
1.	Patrick Barrie	7	35
2.	Tim Hunt	7	34
3.	Alan Dean	7	29
4.	Sarah Knight	7	24 1/2
5.	Geoff Thorpe	7	22 1/2
6.	Paul Moss	7	21 1/2
7.	Stew Sage	7	17 1/2
8.	Phil Buckham-Bonnett	7	12
Qualifying League B			
1.	Patrick Driscoll	6	32
2.	Dave Lockwood	6	25
3.	Andrew Garrard	6	21
4.	Nick Inglis	6	20 1/2
5.	Harley Jones	6	20
6.	Keith Seaman	6	14 1/2
7.	Ed Green	6	14

The Final

In Winking World, as elsewhere, history is written by the victors.

Patrick Barrie completely annihilated the opposition to win a record national singles title. All beasts and one dragon ended up below him in the final table.

He crushed Sarah 7*-0* in the first game. [Sarah was unlucky not to pot out after carnovskyng two greens and bringing in the others well.]

He thrashed Alan 6*-1* in the second game. [He did pot 6 in a row — but from a risky situation in which his other colour was struggling.]

He toyed with Nick in the third game. [He missed several squops which allowed Nick to complete a pot out, and the game score was 2*-5*.]

He overpowered Andrew 6-1 in the fourth game. [He needed Andrew to send a yellow carelessly off the mat in a pile break in rounds to resolve a four-way fight for first place.]

He routed Timmy 6-1 in the fifth game. [He had to make some squops onto a ridiculous high pile in rounds to keep control.]

He fought valiantly against Dave in the sixth game. [He brought in badly and was behind throughout ñ but was able to get 3-4 once Dave chose to consolidate first place. He would have overtaken Dave for first place and a 5-2 if he had not missed a long pot ending round 5 after potting three winks already in that turn.]

He obliterated Patrick D 4^{1/2}-2^{1/2} in the final game. [He gained lots of singletons to ensure enough points for the tournament, and always looked good for first place.]

Everyone else bashed up on everyone else; indeed only 5^{1/2} points separated 2nd place from 7th place. Even Sarah in 8th place gained three 3s and sufficient points that her rating went up.



Timmy channels the Captain Picard meme.

Final			
1.	Patrick Barrie	7	34 1/2
2.	Dave Lockwood	7	27 1/2
3.	Patrick Driscoll	7	26 1/2
4.	Alan Dean	7	26 1/2
5.	Nick Inglis	7	24
6.	Tim Hunt	7	23
7.	Andrew Garrard	7	22
8.	Sarah Knight	7	13



We infer from the existence of this picture that Geoff won the plate.

Singles Plate 2018				
1.	Geoff Thorpe	3	$5 \frac{2}{3}$	$5 \frac{1}{3}$
	Daniel Barnett	1	$5 \frac{1}{2}$	$5 \frac{1}{8}$
	Stew Sage	2	$5 \frac{1}{2}$	$4 \frac{13}{16}$
2.	Paul Moss	4	$4 \frac{1}{2}$	$4 \frac{7}{16}$
3.	Marie Moss	5	$3 \frac{1}{10}$	$3 \frac{23}{40}$
4.	Ed Green	4	$3 \frac{3}{8}$	$3 \frac{9}{16}$
5.	Keith Seaman	5	$3 \frac{1}{5}$	$3 \frac{13}{40}$
6.	Phil Buckham-Bonnett	5	$3 \frac{1}{5}$	$3 \frac{9}{40}$
7.	Harley Jones	5	$2 \frac{2}{5}$	$2 \frac{1}{5}$



Patrick looks relieved that this is not a year in which he must let someone borrow his favourite coffee cup.

NATwA Pairs 2018

North America, 23rd & 24th April, 2018.

It appears that, against all the odds and to the disbelief of all who follow the sport, the NATwA Pairs was won by Larry Khan & Dave Lockwood. What a thrilling time to be alive.

Jubilee Trophy: Hunt vs. Knight & Hunt vs. Jones (June 2018)

Milton Keynes, 23rd & 27th June, 2018.

Tim Hunt

During a lovely sunny week in June, I beat two challengers. First Sarah and Nick came to visit for the weekend, and on the Saturday (23rd June 2018) I beat Sarah 19-2 (6-1, 6-1, 7*-0*). That's a slightly harsh score-line. The second game in particular was close throughout, and it was only late in rounds that I got ahead. In the last game, Sarah had squopped the 6th wink of my potting colour, but I managed to free eventually.

Then, the following Wednesday evening (27th June), Harley came to visit, and I won this one 24-4 (6*-1*, 6-1, 5-2, 7*-0*), which again I don't feel is an entirely fair reflection of the play. Harley was extremely close to getting more than 2 in the third game, but that left him needing two 7s, which does not let you play sensible winks, further distorting the score.

Jubilee Trophy: Hunt vs. Jones (August 2018)

Emmanuel College, Cambridge, 31st August, 2018.

Tim Hunt

We were on hallowed carpet. Patrick Barrie's office in Emmanuel College has seen many World Singles and Pairs matches, but on 31st August 2018, Harley Jones and I used it for a mere Jubilee challenge. Again, it was a match where the score $20^{1/6}-7^5/6(6-1, 4^2/3-2^{1/3}, 5^{1/2}-1^{1/2}, 4-3)$ looks more one-sided than the games felt. Harley missed some critical pots in rounds, which would have made things very different.

Harley won all the squidge-offs, once with each colour, and that was typical. I rolled off three times during the bring-in of the second game, and had to dive into Harley's area to stop the dual pot-out threat. I was happy with anything I could get from that position, and it is typical of the match that it came good in rounds for a witty score. The third game was a real pot-out attempt by Harley. The game was played with three yellows in the pot (one a Carnovsky) and the other yellows not very competently squopped for most of the time. In the last game, a three would have been sufficient, so I victimised one of Harley's colours. That did not really work. Harley could have got sufficient points to keep the match alive until I sneaked an equal first place at the end.

How did I come to be in Cambridge on a Friday afternoon, to play a match away from my home turf? As is well known, tradition is important for Tiddlywinkers. For me it is an important tradition to go to the Suffolk coast for a week and the end of the summer to pick blackberries and make jam. This time, I paused on the journey home to play the match. Thanks to Harley for making the arrangements, and to Patrick for hosting. More challenges welcome.

The London Open 2018

The Turk's Head, Twickenham, 8th September, 2018.

Patrick Driscoll

Timmy and Ed were the dream partnership. Timmy has been dominant in all winks events since he realised that defence rather than offence was the strategy. Ed believes he could be better if didn't play so aggressively. Now they partnered each other, and naturally won the London Open winks trophy.

Defending champions, Dean & Driscoll, were easily beaten. They were beaten in the first round by Babar & Fairbairn in a scrappy pot out; played well to beat Higham & Jones in the second round; but in the third round, when they opposed Green & Hunt, their performance was irrelevant. Green brought six winks into [illegible] areas and then potted perfectly.

From there it was downhill – racing down the hill for Green & Hunt, sliding down the hill for Dean & Driscoll.



Outgoing champion Driscoll signs over the deed for the trophy to Green & Hunt.

Fine performances were recorded by Tash Holmes, who carried Patrick Barrie to Xth position. Winks was also pleased to welcome the return of Hancock & Harbron, both allegedly winkers from the past. Harbron seems to have been a competent winker; Hancock is legendary. They didn't participate in the tournament proper, but turned up at lunchtime and were coaxed into playing a few friendly games. Appropriate debate was held about whether a friendly game of tiddlywinks could ever take place.



Tash contemplates something. Captions are hard.

The venue was acceptable. The Turk's Head is a pub in Twickenham, south-west London. It has tables, lights and beer. The London Tiddlywinks Collective holding itself in abeyance, the tournament was hosted by our worthy Chairman and her husband. A field of sixteen is an exceptionally strong turnout these days. Encouraging messages were received from Eleanor Relle. If Charles had



Every now and then, Nick likes to surprise his partner with a new technique.

been here it would have been an ever more comical tournament. Hopefully this pub will be a suitable venue for better London Opens in future, which are won by Driscoll & Partner.

		Points	PPG
1:	Tim Hunt & Ed Green	$31\frac{1}{2}$	$5\frac{1}{4}$
2:	Alan Dean & Patrick Driscoll	26	$4\frac{1}{3}$
3:	Nick Inglis & Sarah Knight	23	$3\frac{5}{6}$
4:	Patrick Barrie & Natasha Holmes	$21\frac{1}{2}$	$3\frac{7}{12}$
5:	Geoff Thorpe & Andrew Garrard	$17\frac{1}{2}$	$2\frac{11}{12}$
6:	Dannish Babar & Ben Fairbairn	$15\frac{1}{2}$	$2\frac{7}{12}$
7:	Harley Jones & Michael Higham	12	2

Editor's note: Patrick's writeup was handwritten, and brimming with literary merit. But rather difficult to read. Perhaps he should become a doctor, but the other kind of doctor, rather than the kind of doctor that he already is.



One half of the winning partnership was rather excited. The current Jubilee Trophy holder could take or leave it.

Exmouth Open 2018

Dean Towers, Exmouth, 17th–19th August & 28th–30th September, 2018.

Marie Moss

The Exmouth Open took place over 2 wweekends, the first in August, and the second in September.

The write up for the first part of the tournament is decidedly brief (because I wasn't there!) but consists of a few references picked up during the second part of the tournament.

Had I known there was any chance of me winning, I would have taken more note of events and banter-nuggets as they happened, but instead I've had to

scratch through my untidy mind palace to cobble something together...so here goes!

Having arrived back from our Cyprus holiday late on the Wednesday Paul and I were able to head down to Devon on the Thursday afternoon, arriving in Exmouth around tea-time. Alan had popped to the station to collect Geoff, but we were given a very warm welcome by Alan's wife Barbie. After dinner, the winks mat was rolled out on the perfectly-sized kitchen table, and Alan gave us the option of a practice game, or to start the tournament. As Paul and I had not wielded a squidger in over 6 months we opted for a practice game, which was followed by the first two games of the tournament. Geoff opted out, leaving Paul and I vs Alan in game 1. Paul and I set the pattern for the tournament of not playing well together, losing the game 5-2. The second game saw me playing singles against Paul and Alan, the result of which was that I was very pleased to come out with 3 points.

On Friday, we were joined by Keith and Tim, and between the 6 of us we played a total of 13 games.

We took a short break from play to drive down to the beach, where some of us took our shoes and socks off and paddled along the water's edge. To end the days play, I was drawn in singles against Tim, and I nobly let him pot out against me, as he needed a quick game so he had time to cycle back to Exeter in the daylight.

On Saturday we were joined by two new international novices: Hanxi from China and Bank from Thailand. Hanxi had played for her first ever time in the August part of the tournament, and was therefore at an advantage over Bank, who had never played before. Hanxi had played 4 games in August, and obviously showed promise from the start as, based on those 4 games, she had shot into a 'New Entry' ranking of 37.

Bank's first ever game saw him paired with Paul against Keith and I. While it was said it would be quite apt if the first score for the new Thai player could be a tie, Keith and I were not pandering to that notion, and we won the game 6-1.

One of my other memorable games saw Hanxi and I against Keith and Bank. I managed to squop up Keith fairly thoroughly, leaving Hanxi to the potting battle against Bank. Bank potted one, but I reckon I was more excited than Hanxi when she potted 2 winks (in rounds, I think) to take us to a 5-2 win.

On Saturday evening Paul and I joined Alan, Barbie and Tim to hit downtown Exeter where we attended a charity concert by Exeter Philharmonic Choir (which included Tim's Aunt), joined by 4 excellent soloists, performing Fauré's Messe basse and Requiem, and Dvořák's Mass in D.

Alan said I seemed to play better against him than I did with him – indeed, perhaps one of my better games was a singles against Alan on Sunday, when I managed to keep him busy into rounds, and bagged 2 points. It might (apparently) have been more if I hadn't made a couple of school-girl errors along the way, which Alan kindly pointed out to me... afterwards!

One of the last few games saw Geoff and I against Tim and Alan. The game was looking like a 5-2 loss, but Geoff had a flash of inspiration for my final shot: a pile break, which freed some of his winks and upped our score to 2¹/₂ - every little counts!

On Sunday afternoon, after lunch at the local Garden Centre, we drove to Otterton, from where we had a lovely walk along the River Otter and then onto the coast path. (According to Keith's gadgetry, it was a distance of 5.6 miles at an average speed of 2.8mph.) Geoff, having been in training since the walk during the first part of the tournament, romped up the hills.

A total of 37 games were played in the September part of the tournament, interspersed with a few games of Go and Hex.

We all enjoyed Alan and Barbie's splendid hospitality over the weekend and huge thanks must go to both of them for hosting this very enjoyable event.

The tournament result is based on ratings points gained or lost, and the final outcome was as follows:

1 st	Marie Moss	+60
2 nd	Keith Seaman	+56
3 rd	Alan Dean	+13
4 th	Xu Hanxi	+11
5 th	Tim Hunt	+9
6 th	Geoff Thorpe	-18
7 th	Paul Moss	-42
8 th	Kittipot Lertkovit (Bank)	-86

Local News

CUTwC — Roundup of 2018–18

Katherine Drew

Sadly, one of my many shortcomings is that I only started playing the noble game in February so I can't provide a complete 2017-18 roundup because, much to everyone's regret, I wasn't there for the 2017 part. I'm sure that everything was probably fine though, despite my absence.

The most prominent event of the last nine months was the annual inter-collegiate coppers tournament which saw six teams struggle to organise matches before deadlines but eventually resulted in the G&S team securing the victory and the downsized bottles of gin from Chase Distillery. The tournament saw a number of newcomers take up a squidger (personalised thanks to the wonderful Zach Bond!), including yours truly after stumbling across a poster. Predictably my team was eliminated in the first round but this didn't dampen our enthusiasm as 50% of the Peterhouse coppers team were so enthralled by the game that we have gone on to become winking regulars, and members of the current committee. Another exciting outcome of the tournament was the creation of a collegiate tiddlywinks club at Wolfson College, with funding and everything! No one knows what they actually get up to since none of them come to CUTwC meetings but we're sure that they're all having a lovely time without us and hope that they will rejoin us for this year's coppers.

I'm not really sure what else happened in the previous academic year, not because I was absent, but because my old termcards are under my bed and I'm too lazy to find out what we did and apparently I need to send this in today. Notable moments include a wholly unopposed committee election at the AGM, the best Relle of the term, and the President and Junior Ex-President completely

disgracing themselves at the SEPTiC Garden Party by being physically capable of walking home afterwards.

The new academic year started with a successful bout of promotion at the Freshers' Fair, which has resulted in a healthy number of new players (many of whom are frustratingly competent) and some uncharacteristically well-attended pub crawls. We continue to meet weekly but the influx of newcomers has unfortunately meant that we now spend more time playing winks and less (I mean fewer) time in the bar. Preparation for this year's cuppers has recently been kickstarted with a gruelling two hour committee meeting in which many things were discussed but not really decided on which regrettably means that we shall have to spend more time in a pub in the not-to-distant future. One exciting development was the decision to altar the format of the tournament so that each match consists of two games rather than four which we hope will encourage even more newcomers to give tiddlywinks a go.

In other news, we're currently seeking someone from O*ford to start up a Winks club over there so we can beat them in a Varsity match, in accordance with our constitution.

'Winks at The Live

Harley Jones

Sick Boy and I (and occasionally Ed)² have from time to time been meeting in the Live and Let Live (a pub off Mill Road) to play tiddywinks, usually a few times before a major match (world pairs, golden squidger, jubilee). The first game we played was in their snug, which meant that not only could we not move around the table, the peculiar lighting conditions meant that the red and yellow were indistinguishable, which was confusing mainly due to those not being the usual colours that are indistinguishable. Since then we've always managed to get the large table in the main room, so normality is in force with green and blue confusion. Other than that the conditions are very good - as are the refreshment opportunities on offer. We have had a few interested bystanders, and the barman has been helpful about looking for and retaining lost winks, so we feel fairly welcome there.

² *Editor's note: in this case, Mr Jones refers to The Editor, Ed Green, formerly known as Young Ed and now renamed Middle Ed.*

They also have a range of further games on offer. *Blokus* was attempted, but recently the focus has been to come up with a plausible fining system for *Shut The Box*; at one stage the option of choice was to read off the digits as a number and take the difference as a fine in pints (“What’s 14 billion pints in terms of lakes?”); recently we’ve come up with a mathematically straightforward method involving multiplying the total of the digits remaining by the number of boxes remaining, taking the difference of the two, and then taking the square root of the result. Once thoroughly tested a full description of the method of this diverting game will appear in the pages of this organ for all to enjoy.

Occasional Articles

Auntie Gertie

Writers' Block

Dear Auntie Gertie,

I have writer's block and cannot think of anything to contribute to Winking World. What therapy would you recommend?

Yours ever,

Troubled of Cambridge

I'm afraid I genuinely don't have even the tiniest bit of sympathy for you. The present Editor, who is really brilliant by the way, has given specific stimuli in the form of essay competitions in all of his issues. There really is no excuse for writers' block.

If you really feel unable to think of anything at all, I recommend taking up a new hobby to enrich your life and make you a less tedious individual – something like train spotting, budgerigars or pornography.

Wordsearch

Contributed by Patrick Driscoll

I	T	H	I	N	K	M	A	H	R	R
L	A	N	D	E	A	A	N	E	A	S
I	I	S	I	M	P	R	O	R	N	T
M	R	T	A	A	N	V	T	E	D	O
P	D	E	A	N	A	E	N	A	O	M
O	D	M	L	D	A	L	R	R	M	A
R	V	E	A	L	L	L	O	E	L	K
T	H	I	N	K	U	O	S	S	E	E
A	E	S	B	E	C	U	A	O	T	I
N	B	E	C	A	U	S	E	M	T	T
T	U	S	E	F	U	C	K	E	E	Z

Ten words in the above wordsearch relate to the future of 'winks, when it will be better.

The Scrunge — An Interminably Tedious Debate

The Editor

One of the duller things to happen during the winkend of the ETwA National Pairs was a rules meeting, held immediately after the ETwA Congress. Here is my report on a subject of particularly heated debate during that meeting — the scrunge.

It was proposed by me and Harley that the scrunging rule – i.e. that a wink having been correctly aimed into the interior of the pot is not potted if it subsequently bounces out – was not fair, nor consistent with other aspects of the scoring system. Unfortunately, Harley opened by saying “Ed and I have been scrunging a lot, and we’re annoyed about it,” which rather weakened our position rhetorically, and also wasn’t true. I don’t scrunge especially often, but I do believe that the rule in question is unfair.

My initial argument was that whether a wink is scrunged is essentially chance; the wink is spinning, and precisely at what angle it strikes the interior of the pot has an effect on the probability of bouncing out. It was pointed out to me that actually, if you make a point of aiming so that the wink strikes the wall of the pot before the base, scrunging is much less likely, and that aspect is a matter of skill; this is an argument which I accept as being true. I do however, still believe that it is not fair. In my view, the skill being tested by the potting aspect of the sport, and rewarded with extra tiddlies when exercised successfully, is about aiming over a trajectory in 3 dimensions. Therefore if you get the trajectory right, you should get the points, and the evidence of getting the trajectory right is that the wink, in its entirety, enters the interior volume of the pot. If, on the other hand, the skill is to aim specifically at the wall of the pot, it ought not to be any different if we just put a pillar on the table with a line on it – all strikes above the line representing a correct aim to the wall and earning points. The principle is absolutely equivalent, but it is very clear that it would in practice be a great deal easier. The in-ness of the wink is essential, and is the missing aspect which makes potting harder than just striking a pillar.

It's also clear that potting is difficult enough that non-scrunge failures are common even among experienced players. It was argued by many that it is clearly a matter of experience, with novices scrunging all the time and experts very rarely. During the Pairs, there were seven scrunges that I know of: two by Dave, one of the most experienced players present; one by Andrew, a man who always goes on and on about how he never scrunges due to his special technique; one by Sarah, one by me, one by Harley and one by a novice (to my shame, I forget who). In general, the scrunge rate doesn't seem to vary all that much on experience, but it would be good to do proper research on it. Based on my own experience, I reject the notion that it's vastly more common in novices, but it would be better to have real data.

Anyway, that is my view of it, which I expressed at the time, but after discussion, I was won over by the arguments about the difficulty of judging whether a scrunge was definitely entirely inside the pot before it bounced, and what to do if it lands on a pile, and so on. So we moved on to the next part of the discussion. What about lining or modifying the pot?

At this point, and I hope I don't offend anyone with this observation, the discussion got really weird. The pro-scrunging lobby were very vocal about the fact that we must not do anything that might make scrunging less likely, but they also flatly refused to give any actual reasons for this. They then held a vote that Harley and I should not be allowed to try it privately. I hope that this is just a misunderstanding, and that they meant they don't want to experiment *during a rated tournament* (with which I agree), but that's not how it seemed

from the things people said at the time. Obviously, in private I can do precisely whatever I want with my winks pot, and I frequently do.

I asked people at the time to write their views on this but nobody did. At the moment, from the available information, it seems that

1. people consider it to be an enormously important aspect of the sport that winks very very rarely (but not never) bounce out of the pot; and
2. there is either no reason for this, or the reason must never be discussed.

I strongly suspect that it is not as simple or ridiculous as that, so please write in and fill in the gaps. It seems to some of us that this would be a very tiny change to the game that would improve it and make it fairer. We want to know why you think we're wrong (if you do).

Obituary — Jim Carrington

We have heard (via Rob Cartwright) that Jim Carrington passed away a few months ago.

Rob writes that he will always remember Jim's enthusiasm for the game and for life generally, and his easy sense of humour.

Jim had a significant effect on me during my early playing days as he was an established player living in Cambridge. I did bump into him occasionally but not in the last 5 years - I saw him at the Cambridge beer festival, at the children's railway at Audley End, and when he was helping out for the local hospital radio.

In terms of winks, Jim was a key member of the strong Southampton University team that kept winning the Silver Wink in the early 1980s and a regular tournament player until 1994. The last event in which he played was in 2000. Jim was always there or thereabouts in most tournaments. I know he won the Hampshire Open more than once. His best result in a "major" was second place in the National Pairs - once with Mike Surrige, and once with Graham Josland (a result he rated his best). He was the founder of the Carpenters Fan Club which competed regularly in the Teams of Four. He served as Treasurer of ETwA for a time - I took over that position from him in 1988.

Jim was a gentle giant and a pleasure to know.