

Winking World 104 Supplementary



The Lost Years
(Post-pandemic)

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Preliminaries

Editorial

Katherine Drew

Gosh three Editorials is a lot to write isn't it? Fortunately I am someone who does enjoy the sound of their own voice (or should that be someone who enjoys the look of their own writing??) so I'm perfectly happy to carry on rambling until this page is filled.

Anyway, this second supplementary to *Winking World 104* covers the winking activity that took place in 2021-22. Surprisingly, I had to do very little chasing for the articles in this small volume, so I shall extend a hearty thanks to all of the contributors for getting on with it. The only write-up missing here is the 2022 National Pairs, and I would be genuinely happy to receive such a write-up if anyone fancies providing something. I'll even buy you a pint.

In spite of this omission, I can happily say that this edition offers a delightful recap of last year's events. Submissions range in length from 89 to 2028 words, but don't consider this a reflection of their quality; the authors of the shortest piece have certainly crammed a great deal of literary merit (and some dubious scansion) into twelve short lines. Clearly I have a lot to learn from them.

Tournament Write Ups

Campbell Park Invitational

Hunt residence, 25th September 2021

Nick Inglis

The third Campbell Park invitation tiddlywinks tournament was held, by kind invitation of Tim Hunt, in the well-appointed surroundings of the Hunt residence in green and spacious Milton Keynes on Saturday 25th September 2021. For most of those present, this was a first venture into the world of winking since the start of the pandemic.

On the Friday evening the early arrivals (Harley and Kat, Sarah and Nick) were treated to Timmy's excellent risotto and settled down to drink beer and play assorted games including Mouse, Cheese, Cat, Cucumber, which had just been acquired by Harley and Kat.

Saturday morning saw the arrival of the other attendees and the start of the winks. I am writing some time after the event and am indebted to various souls for adding contemporaneous notes.

Round 1: Harley brings in excellently, Nick well, Patrick badly, Timmy doesn't really bother bringing in at all. In spite of some resistance, Harley and Nick deservedly win 6 - 1.

In a tight round 2 encounter, Sarah and Harley outplayed Ben and Nick in rounds to secure a $4\frac{1}{2} - 2\frac{1}{2}$ win. At this point Timmy treated us to an excellent lunch.

Round 3: Sarah took a great big pile. She won 4 -3. In the other game Timmy was on a mission to pot out against Tash and Ben. Nick duly followed in for the 7*.

In round 4, Nick and Sarah successfully neutralised Kat's pot-out threat and managed to get back to level before falling apart in rounds to lose 1 - 6.

Round 5: Harley potted five --- Timmy lunched his last one. For the first time, Harley wasn't blue. In the other game SiBo's early pot-out threat was snuffed out by Tash and Sarah, but SiBo and Nick won 6 - 1.

Round 6: Timmy potted out --- the narg! Nick penhaligoned the first wink of his bring-in and squopped SiBo in the same turn. Patrick and Ben fought hard for a long time, but were undone when a break-up allowed Nick to pot. Nick and Kat threw away half a point at the end by attempting a pot instead of an easy squop.

Tash took Ben and Patrick off to their respective Premiers Inn. Patrick's high point of the month was achieved when he saw a hotel room all for himself. Patrick having been dropped off, Tash and Ben contrived to fail for a long time to find the other Premier Inn despite being very close to it. Eventually the wanderers returned. Tea and cake were taken.

Round 7: Harley potted two --- remaining four squopped very quickly --- nothing exciting thereafter. After all the scores were in the exciting news was that three players had tied for fourth place on $25\frac{1}{2}$ points. In less interesting news, Nick had overtaken Timmy in the final round to win with exactly the same score as in the first Milton Keynes Invitation, two and a half years earlier, thus confirming Nick as the dullest being in the known universe.

Nick and Kat were sent out to forage for fresh blackberries to add to the planned apple crumble and after another splendid repast the evening was whiled away with some lively games of pontoon, bugger your granny, Yogi's whist and bloody fucking thing.

In the morning SiBo returned to report that his lavish accommodation had included a WC, but no toilet seat. After breakfast a walk around the leafy lanes of Milton Keynes ensued and the remaining visitors departed after lunch.

Many thanks to Timmy for hosting another splendid tournament and allowing us to sample some light socialising during a Covid lull.

Player	Total after round							Position
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	
SiBo	1	6	9	11	17	19 ½	25 ½	4=
Timmy	1	3	10	16	23	29	30	2
Tash	4	6	6	8	9	10	15	7
Harley	6	10 ½	13 ½	18 ½	25 ½	26 ½	28 ½	3
Nick	6	8 ½	15 ½	16 ½	22 ½	27	32	1
Kat	4	9	13	19	19	23 ½	25 ½	4=
Sarah	3	7 ½	11 ½	12 ½	13 ½	19 ½	25 ½	4=
Ben	3	5 ½	5 ½	10 ½	10 ½	13	14	8

Somerset Invitational

Old Down Inn, 2nd - 5th January 2022

Patrick Driscoll

Alas the grey parrot, Napoleon, is no more.

"COVID", the landlady explained, in her inimitable Bristol accent. "We had to eat him in the first lockdown."

His faithful life companion, the green parrot Sir Paddy Ashdown, remains.



Ed drinks a toast to Napoleon's memory

As we know, SiBo is a doctored scholar of history. Therefore, one might expect the above to be a rigorously research account of actual happenings. I fear, however, I must warn you that is total b_____. Worry not, there has only ever been one green parrot at the Old Down Inn, who is still in good health, and not saddled with a ludicrous name.

But, it was the case that after two gruelling years of pandemic, we were back at the Old Down Inn for a very necessary break from reality, and a major beer (or cider or diet coke) injection. We were very sad to be missing Dannish, whose Lateral Flow Test on the morning of the 2nd had come back positive, but the rest of us were cleared to play, and fortunately 7 is not a death number.

What even was SiBo doing there, given he does not appear in the scores? Well, he came to take Dannish's place, but could only stay for the first evening's piss-up, a good night's sleep (sans kids) and the first three rounds of play (where he impersonated R. T. Fishall in the draw.)

Of course, the main points of the Somerset is the drinking (cheers!), the good company (or at least familiar winkers), and the good food (yum!). However, even the winks was exciting. In the last round Sarah (with Nick) got 4–3 against Stew and me, to leave Stew with the wooden spoon by half a point, and that 3 meant that Ed would have won with more than 4½ in the last round, but he also got a 3 (with Andrew, against Harley). Most players, most notably Andrew, scored more on the second day than the first, but Harley and I did the reverse.

So there you go. Let us hope that this is a sign of some sort of 'new normal' establishing itself. Thanks to Stew for organising it.

Pos'n	Player	Total
7	Stew Sage	33
6	Sarah Knight	33 ½
5	Andrew Garrard	46 ½
4	Harley Jones	49
3	Nick Inglis	55
2	Ed Wynn	63
1	Tim Hunt	64 ½



Timmy considers whether he should deliberately lose so that he can avoid having to write up yet another tournament

Cambridge Open

Selwyn College, 22nd - 23rd January 2022

Andrew Garrard

Okay, that was unexpected.

I arrived in Cambridge with some trepidation, having played terribly at the Somerset (I did my usual 10-minute potting practice routine in the week before the Open, and it took me an hour), unable to find my 1992-vintage squidger, and especially paranoid about COVID (since Steph's immunocompromised). Unexpectedly, I still managed to do so on time. Even more unexpectedly, we had 21 people in the first round, none of whom were from EdB's influx of new CUTwC recruits from this term, which probably helped compensate for the ad-hoc heating arrangements (as did my initial failure to open the windows properly). Zach's excitingly-branded (if I say so myself as the

logo designer) mats were in play to much admiration, and were remarkably neither dead nor floofy. I just about still remembered how to use the draw program. I'd written an article for my company newsletter on winks and was frantically trying to get it published before the Open trashed my World Rantings - but they'd failed to do so, so I was already composing an apologetic coda in my head.

My least-competent partner of the weekend (myself) was first, and I managed to stomp on Toby and Fred just ineffectually enough that a pot-out never looked likely, but I squopped them up in round five. The round was also notable for including a game of Moss and Knight against Moss and Knight. The second round left Sarah and myself as joint tournament leaders, with Stew also on a PPG of 6 (but skipping lunch to be healthy): I fully committed to my strategy for the weekend of panicking that one of my opponents was going to pot out (I just typoed that as "put out", which might also have been true...) and just about getting away with scrambling to stop them; Rupert endeared himself to me by doing the heavy lifting, and we held down Ed and Marie. The Red Bull hasn't quite worked out that people like food at lunchtime, so service was mildly interminable, after I'd eventually locked up and waddled that far - but Julian donated some unusually amusing cards to the Club.



Everyone looks at something horrifying

As convention dictates, we returned from the pub both far fewer and far lesser than we went, but Timmy carried me to a six as we were tough on Patrick, tough on causes of Patrick. Some novices turned up after that, giving us a round of 24 and giving me a panic that the draw program might not cope with that number (it uses a different algorithm with more than 20 players, and it's a while since it's been tested); it actually did go wrong, but not until the next round, and not critically - it's traditional to fix the program during the tournament. Round four and I was starting to notice that I was getting a six in every round, that they were all convoluted and stressful pile-heavy games which could have turned in the last round, and also that the rounds were taking a long time; two of these things were to persist. The comedy draw this time was the partnership of Tash and Tash, although they probably found it less funny that they had to play Alan and Harley.

Round five, and Paul and I yet again failed to convert a game against relatively inexperienced opponents (although I know Tash can be dangerous) into a pot-out, but at least we avoided our traditional strategic disputes (I told him I'd do what he said unless it was obviously stupid, or words to that effect). Having an unusually high PPG left me with respect for Patrick, since waiting for the other shoe to drop was increasing my stress levels like over-stretched elastic (another area of my expertise).

The last game before the dinner saw me wondering if I'd get through an entire day with sixes, only for Christian and Alex to stomp on me (very nearly for a 5-2, the extra half point was undeserved); winks fatigue hit me hard, and I didn't do Alexei much good. That was annoying, but I still took a photo of the score table before everything had a chance to go wrong (although obviously Sarah and Stew were the real leaders, on five and two thirds and five and a half PPG respectively). Meanwhile Patrick had been demonstrating his best bunny bashing skills, and it was tight at the top. Even more so after I ate too much curry with the Barries, Timmy and Alan that evening. I gather the more official dinner was so exuberant that much port was consumed even by the (expensive) carpet, and the President doesn't remember explaining the Vice. Fun times, apparently.

Sunday and normal service was resumed: in my defence, I'd been acting as a taxi for Harley and Sophie, but I still delayed the tournament. I'd started the morning fixing the draw (and timer), so I could have claimed club business except that nobody would have cared. In other normal service, Timmy took Alex and me down with a 6-1, and I started singing a combination of "here we go, here we go, here we go" as a dirge and "yesterday/my opponents were so far away/winks was such an easy game to play/oh, I could Bristol yesterday" under my breath. In the game before lunch, Christian redeemed himself in my eyes for what he'd done to me on the Saturday, and we took five and a half off Alan and Marc - assisted by a very lucky squop-off-onto-a-pile that I played so badly it didn't squop off, but bridged everything. Given how hard we were trying to keep Alan under, that still wasn't a huge display of competence, but I wasn't complaining. Well, I was, but mostly because I've just recovered from six months of plantar fasciitis, and my legs aren't used to standing up for two days straight yet, so was finding walking a challenge. I did take the chance to make yet another requested tweak to the draw program (and stop Timmy complaining). Dannish joined us for just long enough to top the score table, and the President was threatening the top of the table for a while. (Timmy said he thought it would be better if the President won than if I did, but promised to say the reverse to Ed; I agreed, although not so much as to try to help him).

Lunch was complicated by an EGM (the Proctors wanted the CUTwC Constitution changed - not as one might expect to remove the mention of amigossing one's mother superior) and by the Red Bull sticking a tent in their car park; they also hadn't worked out that us turning up en masse on Saturday might mean we'd do the same thing on Sunday, and had one overworked junior pizza wrangler on duty. Christian further redeemed himself by saving me from a parking fine (the "residents only" sign outside the Bull was helpfully obscured behind a hanging basket, unlike similar signs on the surrounding streets, but the marauding traffic warden Christian spotted kindly allowed me to move up the road, where I could pay a mere £2.70 for the honour of not driving all the way back to Selwyn). The Constitution is now slightly more inclusive and slightly more resilient against people doing a runner with the

cashbox, and we avoided the more horrific amendments. The waitress addressed me as "you're porky", although that coincidentally was the name of my pizza, they took a long time to fail to deliver Ed Green's food, and Marc disappointingly didn't respond to "what are you paying for?" with "a life of sin and debauchery".

The enthusiastic few dragged ourselves back from lunch, and Alan and I finally (and unconvincingly) engineering my only pot-out of the weekend against Alex, who was playing far better than when he partnered me against Timmy (so the weaker player there was obvious). Alan had been remarkably potty throughout (as to some extent had Patrick), but it was notable that there were no SEPTIC 7*-0*s (or even pot-outs) all weekend. Patrick missed his only round, and I started calculating whether this meant that, were I to partner him, I should play to lose. Fortunately this didn't come up.

The second game of the second half of the second day, and I offered a Mars bar to Sophie to see if she could pot for toffee (before she'd tried, because I'm only somewhat obnoxious). Like my every other game, this could have swung several points either way based on the final round, and I was astonished that the requisite number of my own winks went in. Fortunately Tim and Sam had held Patrick and Holly down, and I was starting to believe. So much so that, expecting another two rounds, I pointed out to Patrick that while I was very tempted to refuse to play and sit on my PPG, I was taking the moral high ground by continuing to play, and wanted him to remember this after he won the tournament. I don't think this psyched him out, but you never know.

Into round 11, and Marie got almost every shot against Harley (Alex used the strategy of being able to bring in from several points on the periphery of the mat) while I... didn't. I eventually got involved and almost managed to throw it away with a round five shot that freed a lot of opposing winks, but a tie for first and Marie in second still gave a narrow win. Patrick's game had meanwhile collected a large audience, since it was apparently taking a long time and was very tight in rounds (and even if this were the end, Patrick was still just about able to overtake me). I

stayed out of the way for the sake of my blood pressure, since I was hearing noises about the score that might be good for my tournament chances, and I'm unaccustomed to hope. In the end, the best noise was along the lines of "it's gone five o'clock, that was the final round", and much to my embarrassment I had a trophy, the need to do a write-up, and a brief scramble to tell Timmy how to use my camera for the presentation photo whilst not quite setting it up right. As I commented to others, this is the first non-handicapped tournament I've won, except that I completely forgot winning the London Open (twice) - sorry, Ben (at least he celebrated with me in the Granta afterwards). But I've only been playing since 1992, so obviously I'm on a rapid upward trajectory. Harley waited until I'd won before pointing out to me that the trophy looked a bit shoddy; I'll try to get the engraving updated, at least.



So I see this as vindication of my policy of complex and obscure pile nudges that mostly (well, okay, sometimes) work while completely forgetting to assemble guards, and that my inability to bring in reliably, pot, or take one-inch squops is apparently not harmful to my game. Apparently there's something to be said for everyone else not being able to practise for two years

and for a mask making my bad advice inaudible to my partners (or they pretended and just ignored me). And if people decided to let me have this one in return for bribing them with famous winkers' cards, I'm glad it worked. Stew reported that Selwyn was an exploding hot zone of COVID while we were there, so I hope everyone retained their initial health (I got away with it, story of my weekend). With 43 playing at least one game, I believe this was the best-attended Open since the CUTwC 50th (more so than the CUTwC 60th, for example); I hope some of the new players weren't put off and decide to build on their shiny new world rantings. I, meanwhile, have taken copies of the rantings graphs Patrick has posted on the ETwA site, and may frame them: I see I've finally overtaken Charles's last rating, and I hope he'd be proud of some of the Bristols I played (others he really wouldn't have been).

Jubilee: Hunt vs Knight

Milton Keynes, 19th February 2022

Tim Hunt

Through most wild tempest had the noble Kningles battled their way to Milton Keynes the previous day. Their missions manifold, and the hearty consumption of victuals started at once. The main business of Saturday was the Laura Knight exhibition at MK Gallery, where we spent several hours contemplating the splendid results of her long and varied career. Time moves ever onwards, and we moved from the sublime to the ridiculous, returning to my flat for the winks. It was the type of match where games were closer than the scores suggest, and after 3 games Sarah needed two 7s, and that is always a big ask.

Tim Hunt	6	5	6	4	21
Sarah Knight	1	2	1	3	7

World Singles 72: Patrick vs Patrick

Emmanuel College, 9th April 2022

Harley Jones

Patrick played better than Patrick throughout, winning every squidge-off, and Patrick's potting was poor towards the end.¹ Patrick was clearly at ease and warmed up after the first two games; Patrick was struggling to maintain his early form. A penhaligon from Patrick didn't help him in the 5th game and Patrick easily quashed his attempts to pot out for the required 7-0 in the 6th. Well done Patrick! Commiserations to Patrick who I am sure will be back for another attempt in the future.

Patrick	3	3	6	6	6	6	30
Patrick	4	4	1	1	1	1	12



Patrick plays with himself

¹ If only he potted this poorly in practice, the fascist narg. We played what felt like 19 games yesterday and he potted everything in sight.

World Pairs 46: Barrie and Jones vs Kahn and Lockwood

Emmanuel College, 22nd April 2022

Harley Jones

After two years' delay Dave and Larry finally made it over for the rematch of our GLORIOUS VICTORY over them in 2019.

Dave had somehow managed to organise a detour via Georgetown, Guyana, and I was hoping that the high quantity of travel would have tired him out. Larry had no such excuse, having been in the UK nearly a week.

The Walters room was pretty warm - I blame the boiler underneath it, which also contributed to the vibration and noise. I found this more distracting than the presence of perennial winks journalist Dave Painter - even when he was sticking cameras goodness knows where when we were trying to pot. I was also suffering from a twitchy eye and a headache that worsened as the day progressed; I kept going outside in the vain hope that the reactive lenses in my glasses would activate and give me a darker time. (I now remember that the lights are on dimmers in the Walters Room...)

Oh yes, and we played some tiddlywinks. My memory of the games is fairly hazy, but the scoreline is pretty indicative of how the games went. Our second pot-out was a result of a complete mis-hit from Larry, freeing Patrick's (I think) 6th wink. After game 4 we went to pieces a bit and struggled over the line at the end - I think Larry missed a (hard-ish) pot-off which helped us here. The game they potted out in was a rare double-blitz - I think that was over quickly.

It was nice to have spectators - Alan, Timmy, Edward Brown, Keith, and Maximilian (who popped in and out), as well as the journalist. A report from him is available on YouTube. I think that helped to make it feel relaxed and more like a regular winks session - particularly the Jubilee Match between Timmy and Ed that took place on the other table (which I'm sure will be

separately written up). Patrick and I were delighted to win another match against this formidable pair, but it's fair to say that Larry's two poor shots were the deciding factors.

Barrie and Jones	5	7*	4	6*	1	0*	4	25
Kahn and Lockwood	2	0*	3	1*	6	7*	3	24

Jubilee: Hunt vs Brown

Emmanuel College, 22nd April 2022

Tim Hunt

While they were both allegedly refereeing the world pairs match, Ed Brown challenged Tim Hunt for the Jubilee trophy. This was the first time Ed had challenged, but I trust it won't be the last.

After a gruelling weekend of other winks I don't remember too many details, though my recollection is that the run of the winks was in my favour, particularly in the first three games. Also, Ed had a tendency to go for a few too many ambitious shots, leaving me to mop up. Still, Ed did enough to require a 4th game, and then played better, although by that point Tim only needed 2 points to wrap it up, so he was grateful to be able to play for 3, which was not certain.

For anyone worrying about appropriate oversight of the world match while all this was going on, Alan Dean provided refereeing cover.

Tim Hunt	5	5	6	3	19
Ed Brown	2	2	1	4	9

National Singles

Downing College, 23rd - 24th April 2022

Harley Jones

Two leagues of 8, which I dubbed the 'fast' and 'slow' leagues based on how many games were played before lunch, was more than the number of mats that arrived could handle. Fairly frantically I attempted to conjure some from thin air. Luckily Ed Brown came to the rescue; Timmy used extreme efficiency to instruct Jon to go with him, which left the rest of us able to get started. SiBo had been made so livid by the mat fiasco that I was able to squeeze 3 points out of him. Jon had been driving for ages in Cambridge's interminable traffic, and I felt guilty about taking 4 off him. My games against Larry and Alan were typical of games against Alan and Larry. Christian played rather better than the 7-0 scoreline suggested. I've no memory of my game against Paul other than enjoying it - perhaps because winning is enjoyable, but probably because I enjoy playing with Paul. I know I needed 4 in that game, and clearly managed to exceed that (which helped to avoid a bit of ranting).

I've no idea what happened in the other league apart from the detail of Ed's missing out on qualifying: he attempted a pot-off, which improved his score if it went in but sadly decreased his score having missed. Timmy then didn't score enough to help Dave fail to qualify. Bad luck, and I'm sure we will see Ed storming into the finals next time.

On the second morning I held up the tournament by failing to understand Andrew's draw programme. Luckily Paul was available to be delegated to. This time SiBo put me off by walking away from the game from time to time, as if annoyed by my attempts to organise the other tournament, and that did work: despite counting tiddlies with great care, I miscounted them, and we recorded the score as my 6-1 before I tipped out the pot to find - oops - only one blue had been potted. If either of us had known we'd have played differently.

In my second game Matthew rolled off with his first bring-in, so I knew I was doomed. He was surprised when I said I had

enjoyed the game: I appreciated his self-commentary when trying to optimise things after a squop-up. No point my trying to get points off Larry in a squopping game. Turns out he can pot, too. Who is this guy??

My game against Patrick was astonishing. I penhaligoned no fewer than three times, and then proceeded to squop him up. There was no hint of a pot-out threat; even the piles that developed were quite far from the pot. I suspect he was beginning to suffer winks fatigue, but I really felt I played well in that game. Perhaps, having played with Patrick so much, I'm comfortable sharing a table with him and with his pacing of the game - and have an awareness of his tactics.

I've no memory of my game with Timmy, or, really, of my game with Alan - I think that was a blitz, which I couldn't counter. The reason for this was the disturbances caused on the other tables. I will make two points: a) players are entitled to call for umpires and shot judges; and b) players should assume that their opponents are not going to deliberately cheat. It's only a game, and we ought to try to enjoy ourselves. If you suspect you are the cause of other players not enjoying themselves, I invite you to reflect on why that may be.

The last round began in an exciting way as five players were in with a chance of the title. However, Matthew potted out quickly, after which everyone else could relax. I got 4 off Dave, probably by potting 5 late on or something.

The NOVICES' SINGLES was played on York mats, as a Singles tournament (which I assumed it was last time, but perhaps the reason it wasn't was the fewness of the entrants.) The four CUTwC novices that came played two full rotations; two even joined us in the Panton Arms for lunch. The timing of the Singles isn't great for encouraging novices, though, so we mustn't be too disappointed that more didn't come. After all, it was a 33% higher turnout than last time.

The PLATE happened in its usual way. I hope someone writes it up.¹

¹ From the Editor: Oops.

Qualifying rounds:

Fast League	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	Total	Pos'n
A: Patrick Driscoll		2*	6	7*	6	4	7*	6	38	2
B: Larry Kahn	5*		5	6	6	6	7*	6	41	1
C: Jon Mapley	1	2		1	6	3	5	6	24	5
D: Alan Dean	0*	1	6		6	6	7*	5½	31½	3
E: Paul Moss	1	1	1	1		1½	2	5	12½	7
F: Harley Jones	3	1	4	1	5½		4	7*	25½	4
G: Stew Sage	0*	0*	2	0*	5	3		6*	16	6
H: Christian Gowers	1	1	1	1½	2	0*	1*		7½	8

Slow League	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	Total	Pos'n
A: Patrick Barrie		4⅔	2	6	6	6	4	6	34⅔	1
B: Matthew Rose	2⅓		6*	2*	4	6	6	6	32⅓	2
C: David Lockwood	5	1*		4	4	3	3	5	25	4
D: Tim Hunt	1	5*	3		7*	1*	4	6	27	3
E: Keith Seaman	1	3	3	0*		5½	3	3	18½	7
F: Edward Brown	1	1	4	6*	1½		7*	4	24½	5
G: Maximilian Lockwood	3	1	4	3	4	0*		5	20	6
H: Steve Phillips	1	1	2	1	4	3	2		14	8

Final:

By seeding	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	Total	Pos'n
A: Larry Kahn		3	2	6	4½	1½	7*	3	27	3
B: Patrick Driscoll	4		1	3	5	6	6	1	26	4
C: Patrick Barrie	5	6		0*	6	3	2	2	24	6
D: Matthew Rose	1	4	7*		4½	6*	5½	6	34	1
E: Alan Dean	2½	2	1	2½		1*	5*	2½	16½	7
F: Tim Hunt	5½	1	4	1*	6*		5	3	25½	5
G: Harley Jones	0*	1	5	1½	2*	2		4	15½	8
H: Dave Lockwood	4	6	5	1	4½	4	3		27½	2

The Geoff Thorpe Trophy (Novices' Singles), won by Sam Clayton:

Roz Delap	4	5½	2	4	1	3	19½
<i>Alexei Newton</i>	3	0*	7*	4	6	6	26
Sam Clayton	4	7*	5	3	6	4	29
Bertie Politi	3	1½	0*	3	1	1	9½

The Plate, won by Katherine Drew¹:

Pos'n	Name	PPG	Played	H'cap	Orig H'cap
1	Katherine Drew	4 5/8	4	3	2
2	Stew Sage	4 19/32	4	6	5
3	Steve Phillips	4 7/24	3	6	5
4	Edward Brown	4 11/40	5	5½	5
	Maximilian Lockwood	4 1/8	1	4	4
5	Sam Clayton	3 33/40	5	3	3
6	Marie Moss	3 7/10	5	3½	3
	Alexei Newton	3 11/16	2	1	1
7	Paul Moss	3 1/16	4	5½	6
8	Marc Mills	2 13/24	3	2	3
	Natasha Holmes	1 11/16	2	1½	2

¹ From the Editor: Do I see the hypocrisy here? Yes. Do I care enough to do anything about it? Apparently not.

World Pairs 47: Barrie and Jones vs Mapley and Kahn

Emmanuel College, 25th April 2022

Harley Jones

In comparison to the Walters Room this was a very comforting venue for me; I've played a number of practice sessions in here, and it was darker and more temperate - much kinder on my eye that was still playing up. I wonder if there's something up with my new glasses.

Jon and Larry stopped our attempts to pot out three times - I knew we should have gone for lunch after two games, and when it rained on us on our way back from Nanna Mexico I was even more sure - and we did well to score as many points as we managed to after lunch. Jon is a terrific player and I feel less bad about beating him in the singles, and knocking him out of the final round, when he'd heroically gone to retrieve more mats. (Larry isn't bad either.)

The historical note: this was Jon's first world pairs victory (which I was astonished to learn) and took place 58 years to the day after his victory in the first Southern Junior tournament.

Kahn and Mapley	6	5	6*	1	3	3	4 ½	28 ½
Barrie and Jones	1	2	1*	6	4	4	2 ½	20 ½

Teams of Four

St Peter's Parish Rooms, 20th August 2022

Harley Jones

Ely Cathedral Tiddlywinks Centre was no more: a casualty of Covid (it had been taken over by the Cathedral Learning department). So I began the hunt for another venue in Ely.

Nowhere in the Cathedral estate seems ideal; I don't have recourse to any school-based spaces; and many of the publicly-bookable spaces are quite pricy. However, I struck gold twice: first, the discovery of The Old Dispensary, an ideal inexpensive former shop in the centre of a nexus of pubs; second, when I found that this space wasn't available on the date we had already announced, the St Peter's Parish Rooms. An exploration found two tables of winking size, and a couple of display boards in the church crypt furnished two more playing surfaces, so we were limited to four mats. Fortunately winkers at large responded magnificently to my plea for no more than 16 of us to assemble for the tournament.



Wahey it's an artsy camera angle

To my memory this was the best-attended Teams of Four since I've started playing, with four full teams of four for the whole day. I assume that the change to a one-day format was partly responsible.

It was a warm day and the room was a little small, but on the whole it was thought to be a good venue - conveniently located for the station and the Cutter.

The scores record that the final result was very close. My memory of the winks is vague at best but I recall a general high quality and that we weren't plagued by slow play. It was especially good to have Stew playing after a period of his feet being particularly unsteady; the support of the South-West Winks Society helped him get to and from the Cutter, and we were pleased to move around him in the evening bout of the Great Dalmuti ('Merchants shall not wear hats!').



Everything other than the table is apparently too dull to focus on

1	Ed <u>Hun'ters</u>	Alan Dean (7)	Tim Hunt (7)	Edward Brown (5)	Ed Green (4)	50
2	Late	Patrick Driscoll (7)	Stew Sage (4)	Marc Mills (2)	Alexei Newton (1)	49½
3	Ely + Sophie	Harley Jones (5)	Katherine Drew (2)	Sophie Brawn (2)	Megan Vaughan (1)	37
4	SWWS	Molly Birch (5)	Toby Bruce (2)	Rupert Knight (1)	Alex Fairclough (1)	31½

London Open

The Magdala, 4th September 2022

Harley Jones

In contrast to the magnificent and numerically (if not mathematically) perfect number who turned out to the Fours, the Magdala Tavern was not lousy with winkers when we arrived. There was a slow trickle, and uncertainty over Andrew Garrard held up the start just long enough for Alan Dean to arrive at 10:31. Still, 5 ½ pairs were about as much as the allocated area in the pub could cope with (even with our having reconfigured the furniture) so we had a relaxed five rounds of winks and were kept excellently refreshed. The winks was very close and we were pleasantly surprised to emerge sharing the top of the table with Alan.

	A	B	C	D	E	F	Total
A: Alan Dean		5-2	3-4	2-5	4-3	6-1	20
B: Patrick Driscoll & Edward Brown	2-5		4-3	5-2	6*-1*	1-6	18
C: Stew Sage & Matthew Rose	4-3	3-4		1-6	3-4	5-2	16
D: Ben Fairbairn & Tim Hunt	5-2	2-5	6-1		5-2	1-6	19
E: Nick Inglis & Daniel Barnett	3-4	1*-6*	4-3	2-5		2*-5*	12
F: Harley Jones & Katherine Drew	1-6	6-1	2-5	6-1	5*-2*		20

Golden Squidger: Dean and Hunt vs Driscoll and Jones

Hunt residence, 28th October 2022

Patrick Driscoll, Tim Hunt, and Harley Jones

I

The venue was Timmy's flat;
To play for the trophy that
For many long years has sat
With Timmy and Alan who knocked everyone flat.

II

Harley and Patrick arrived in a car
(Despite Patrick's sat nav which went astray far).
They were sorry to not have gone via a bar,
But lunch from Timmy was really the star.

III

Before lunch the winks were really tight,
But after lunch Patrick got going alright.
His winks went in the pot flight after flight
Until for the defenders it was looking disappointing.

Dean and Hunt	5½	5	0*	5	1	16 ½
Driscoll and Jones	1½	2	7*	2	6	18 ½

National Pairs

Downing College, 29th - 30th October 2022

Qualifying	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	Total	PPG	Pos'n
A: Andy Purvis & Patrick Driscoll		3	7*	7*	6	7*	6*	4½	6	46½	5 13/16	1
B: Alan Dean & Tim Hunt	4		1	6	3	4	6	6	6	36	4 1/2	3
C: Patrick Barrie & Edward Brown	0*	6		2½	6	6	4	6	6	36½	4 9/18	2
D: Stew Sage & Sarah Knight	0*	1	4½		3	2	1*	5	3	19½	2 7/16	8
E: Christian Gowers & Steve Phillips	1	4	1	4		3	5½	3	3	24½	3 1/16	5
F: Katherine Drew & Molly Birch	0*	3	1	5	4		1	6	2½	22½	2 13/16	6
G: Harley Jones & Bertie Politi	1*	1	3	6*	1½	6		3	5	26½	3 5/16	4
H: Sophie Brawn & Sam Clayton	2½	1	1	2	4	1	4		6*	21½	2 11/16	7
I: Toby Bruce & Marc Mills	1	1	1	4	4	4½	2	1*		18½	2 5/16	9

Final	A	B	C	D	Total	PPG	Pos'n
A: Andy Purvis & Patrick Driscoll		6	2	6	60 ½	5 1/2	1
B: Patrick Barrie & Edward Brown	1		1½	7*	46	4 2/11	3
C: Alan Dean & Tim Hunt	5	5½		5	51½	4 15/22	2
D: Harley Jones & Bertie Politi	1	0*	2		29 ½	2 15/22	4

Play-off	A	B	C	D	Total	PPG	Pos'n
A: Christian Gowers & Steve Phillips		3	6	4½	38	3 5/11	1
B: Katherine Drew & Molly Birch	4		4	4	34½	3 3/22	2
C: Sophie Brawn & Sam Clayton	1	3		4	29½	2 15/22	3
D: Stew Sage & Sarah Knight	2½	3	3		28	2 6/11	4

NATwA Pairs

Cornell University, December 3rd 2022

Dave Lockwood

Attendees: Jeremy Sauer, Justin Heitzman, Delia Guibert, Ben Jacobson-Bell, Gillis Lowry, Severin Drix, Jeff Tokman, Dave Lockwood, Ricky Ponte.

This was the first NATwA tournament post-COVID. Larry was especially missed.

Format was a Round Robin with 1 extra game between the top 2.

	Jeremy/ Justin	Delia	Ben/ Gillis	Sev/ Jeff	Dave/ Ricky	Total
Jeremy/ Justin		7	7	2	1	17
Delia	0		6	3	4	13
Ben/ Gillis	0	1		1	1	3
Sev/ Jeff	5	4	6		2	17
Dave/ Ricky	6	3	6	5		20

The Pairs that were tied for second place with 17 each decided on a non-game format to decide who would play Dave and Ricky. Sev and Jeff went forward and beat Dave and Ricky 5-2 to create another tie. In the second extra game, Dave and Ricky beat Sev and Jeff in a tight 4-3.

Congrats to Ricky on his first NATwA title!

It was great to see so many Ithaca winkers. Thanks for the welcome.

Thanks to Zach Bond for the cover photo, Harley Jones from the image used in World Pairs 72, Alex Fairclough for the pictures from the Teams of Four, and Andrew Garrard for everything else (including, but not limited to, the rest of the photos)

