

# Winking World

The official journal of the English Tiddlywinks Association

# Two fat ladies

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Winking World is edited by Matt Fayers. Please send him any articles and pictures for the next issue. Most formats can be deciphered, but plain text is preferred.

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## Editorial

*Matt Fayers*

Welcome to Issue 88 of your favourite tiddlywinks journal. I don't have much to talk about this issue, except for a new feature I've devised in order to generate more material. It consists of profiles of individual players, which is something that other sports journals seem to do. Apart from being good 'filler', this new feature has some motivation: I've known many winkers for more than ten years, and would even count some of them among my friends, but I often find myself thinking 'what does he do for a living?', or 'where does he come from?', or 'is he married?', or even 'just how old is he?'. I expect you do too, and to enable you to find these things out without having to resort to tiresome small talk, I've devised this feature so that we can learn lots of interesting things about each other. Now here's the plea. Please send me a profile of yourself. I'll be making requests for profiles from specific people, and in fact if you volunteer a profile I'll protect you from accusations of vanity by pretending that I commissioned it. Profiles can be of any length, and needn't conform to any particular format. Accompanying photographs are good, but not essential.

I make no apology for the fact that one of the profiles in this issue is of me; this is simply because it was the easiest to obtain.

In the remainder of this issue there are, as you might imagine, thrills galore. As ever, I've published essentially everything I've received, and therefore made no significant choices about the balance of content. I need to thank my contributors: Alan Dean again wins most gratitude for writing the most, while Ben Fairbairn and Matthew Rose wrote up the ETwA Singles very promptly, enabling this issue to come out on time. Paul Moss deserves apology for the fact that his article is published very late. And thank you also Larry, John, Charles, Patrick, 'Matt', Steve, Dave and Gertie. Finally, of course, a big hand to Andrew Garrard for printing and distributing this issue, and also for providing articles and photographs.



## ETwA Singles – Qualifying and Plate

27th–28th October 2007, Cambridge

Ben Fairbairn

### The first glass of Madeira

... was medicinal.<sup>1</sup> And so it was that the much-anticipated remedy to an absence of winks over the long vacation more commonly known as the National Singles came to pass.

Few can know the whipped-cream-covered joys, comparable only with sexual pleasures, of organising a tournament comprised of just sixteen souls. 'Fourteen – agh! Two leagues of seven: is that enough? We can't surely have more qualifiers than not?' 'Fifteen – even worse! Lord if you grant me one prayer please ensure the imminent arrival of a latecomer.' 'Sixteen – perfect! *Nobody drop dead until I have worked out the leagues!*' Such is the mind-set of the inexperienced tournament organiser.

Due to a combination of my reading on the train Steven Fry's delightful little offering *Paperweight* (a compendium of witticisms that I highly recommend to all, and which is responsible for the ludicrously brilliant style of waffle you find here), and an incompetent command of the English language, the two leagues were dutifully christened with the princely titles of 'Leage A' and 'Leage 5'<sup>2</sup>.

And so battle commenced. And continued. And dragged on. And on. Other than bizzarely managing the Herculean feat of getting Stew to admit that his game against myself was at times 'almost interesting', my own games were a humiliating succession of 0s and 1s with varying levels of bestarment. It seems quite likely that I am not alone in having spent much of the day in an almost constant state of defeat given that our scribe for the day, Mr CJ Barrie, got large amounts of practice in forming the shape of sinuous characters not unlike the Hindu–Arabic numeral 'six'.

A notable feature distinguishing the morning's play from the later innings was the presence of a besuited Geoff Thorpe providing umpiring and shot-judging services with the optimistic excuse that later in the day he was going to a wedding. Few bets were made concerning how close Geoff was to actually being the groom.

The lunchtime passed with little of note beyond Mr CJ Barrie's attempt to break new records in Pigs and the amusement of explaining the short-fallings of a set of dominoes with two double threes in it.

<sup>1</sup>The quote upon which the title of this piece and its sordid partner are based may be accredited to one Dr Rupert Thompson for whom, after Saturday lunchtime became Saturday Lunchtime, it was clear that Tea and Cake were necessary. After the Turkish lady's first strike however it became clear that hair of the dog was required, thus upgrading Tea and Cake to Tea and Cake and a Bottle of Madeira.

<sup>2</sup>cf. 'Trefusis's Christmas quiz.

		Player	Opponent								Total
			1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	
Leage A	1	Andy Purvis	—	2	6	5	6	6	6	7	38
	2	Patrick Barrie	5	—	4	4	7	4	6	7	37
	3	Tim Hunt	1	3	—	6	6	6	6	6	34
	4	Charles Relle	2	3	1	—	2	6	7	6	27
	5	Alan Harper	1	0	1	5	—	6	1	6	20
	6	John Haslegrave	1	3	1	1	1	—	4	6	17
	7	Steve Phillips	1	1	1	0	6	3	—	5	17
	8	Dave Beckett	0	0	1	1	1	1	2	—	6
Leage 5	1	Larry Kahn	—	4	6	6	6	7	7	7	43
	2	Matthew Rose	3	—	6	6	6	6	6	6	39
	3	Alan Dean	1	1	—	4	7	4	7	6	30
	4	Dave Lockwood	1	1	3	—	4	4	6	6	25
	5	Andrew Garrard	1	1	0	3	—	6	6	7	24
	6	Stew Sage	0	1	3	3	1	—	6	5	19
	7	Ben Fairbairn	0	1	0	1	1	1	—	5	9
	8	Bob Wilkinson	0	1	1	1	0	2	2	—	7

The afternoon's play continued much like the morning's, except for a curious potential embarrassment for all those on the ETWA's World Broadcasting Service towards the end of the day's play. Somewhere between none and one of us could remember what to do in the event of a draw, not unlike the one that the day's play was now threatening. Thankfully Alan Dean beat Dave Lockwood 4–3 and the breaking of sweat was rendered unnecessary as a clear set of qualifiers emerged.

One wishes to pause a moment to reflect upon the question of Gottfried Leibniz's now often quoted assertion that we live in 'le meilleur des mondes possibles'. The qualifying rounds' outcome was, in many respects, pleasing for just about everyone. Everyone who had travelled a long way to take the tournament seriously had qualified. John Haslegrave had failed to qualify, avoiding any players' being inorganically promoted by John's inability to partake in the second day's play and the tense ranting that that would have generated. Stew failed to qualify, leaving him free to spend the Sunday bracing his quarters for what was to be the most unfortunately-timed soirée of the season, his tutorial party. I'm sure the real nitty-gritty of the outcome is contained in some tabular form placed conveniently close to this article for inspection at your own leisure. Needless to say that in a tournament consisting of eighty-four

games, a full account of all of them is clearly impossible.

The evening's brief pause of play was clearly enjoyed by many. I do believe I have never before heard Charles Relle telephone home in advance with commands to put another bottle of wine in the fridge before the evening's social winks could commence. Those of us less fortunate were condemned to Britain's newly liberalised licensing laws which saw both the Salisbury Arms and the Live & Let Live closed at the unheavenly hour of 6 p.m. on a Saturday! Ten minutes of watching Rupert squeezing Andrew Garrard into a tight (parking) space<sup>3</sup> followed by an evening of watching Rupert show off his card tricks was enjoyed by all. Enjoyed so much in fact that we actually felt the urge to leave so early that we were out of the curry house whilst pubs were still open.

Being a lowly plate-participant, I'm afraid that to me the second day of the singles was not dissimilar to the copulations of hedgehogs: something that was clearly going on around me the whole time, but whose inner working remained a mystery. The best I can say is that it was an extremely close contest with no final position being already determined by the end of the penultimate round. Following some top-quality squopping against Larry Kahn victory was finally clenched for Matthew Rose, who I am sure will cherish the trophy as if it were his own child, and for whom the memories of the battle required to obtain it will last a lifetime.

## The second glass of Madeira

... was a mistake. And indeed there were many more to be made before the close of play that evening. The nation was on such tenterhooks over the outcome of the tournament that a legal decree had been passed forcing every last man, woman and child up and down the country to adjust their time-pieces overnight purely to synchronize with the GMT time displayed on the wall clock hanging in the Selwyn Diamond. With biological time-pieces not being built quite like they used to be, the Tournament Organizer was naturally a little off-set and as such felt the need to turn up for the squidge-off of the other event despite not actually participating in the tournament itself. Fortunately for myself I was not alone in being in this unfortunate position for Mr Steve Phillips was also in this predicament and eager for some 'winking action'.

It was at around this time that Dr Patrick Barrie announced that a photographer would be coming to picture the day's event. Whilst the official excuse was that she did not want to disturb the 'serious' games, I suspect her attention was primarily focused on the plate because she knew where the *real* action was to take place, the charming

<sup>3</sup>I have received correspondence from a 'Mr Garrard' who writes in with the simple request that I pass on his gratitude to an 'Ed' for squeezing him out again.



and youthful good looks of the players being purely incidental. Some of the results of her efforts may be found at [www.emmawoodphotos.co.uk/Gallery/Tiddlywinks/](http://www.emmawoodphotos.co.uk/Gallery/Tiddlywinks/) with a fuller exposition on her blog: [www.emmawoodphotos.co.uk/blog/](http://www.emmawoodphotos.co.uk/blog/). So impressive was the masterly winks captured by herself, that within twenty-four hours the London *Metro* was graced with a delightful image of Andy Blackburn doing something more productive than losing University Challenge.

And so we played in Round 0 of the Plate competition<sup>4</sup>. A practice session at those-stabby-shots-at-piles-that-really-should-have-a-name gave Steve an easy victory. Stew arrived ranting that official start time hadn't passed yet and the status of the previous round became as clear as a native German speaker's attempt to pronounce the word 'Squirrel'.

With the arrival of additional players a real draw was called for. The brain-wave of making randomisation equipment from the now fondly traditional 'Sainsbury's own-brand washing-up powder boxes', that enhance so many tournaments with their presence, produced a draw. And so Round 1 commenced<sup>5</sup>. After commencing, the round dutifully remembered its Ps and Qs by having the good grace to finish before the next round began.

<sup>4</sup>Or, as it was known at the time, 'Round 1'.

<sup>5</sup>Or, as it was known at the time, 'Round  $n + 1$  where  $n$  probably equals 1'.





Emma Wood – [www.emmawoodphotos.co.uk](http://www.emmawoodphotos.co.uk)



Emma Wood – [www.emmawoodphotos.co.uk](http://www.emmawoodphotos.co.uk)

After another session of box-tossing, Round 2 began<sup>6</sup>. Just as the dying embers of the memories of the previous day's miraculous events had passed we were treated to yet another parting of the Red Sea as Stew declared that once again I was giving him a game that was 'almost interesting'. Never have I seen such a small piece of plastic draw such disproportionate amounts of attention to its being, such was the osculation of the squopped small yellow. The game proved to be so interesting, in fact, that every attempt to get an umpire led to yet another spectator watching the game and thus yet another future umpire becoming too well-informed of its inner workings. Had the game delayed lunch much longer we would have almost certainly had to start calling the Porters' Lodge and asking them to come and umpire for us.

Lunchtime saw the arrivals of more youthful blood to the games table. Good, you might think, and indeed it would have been had it not been for their seven-pint sea of phosphoric acid more commonly known to the youth of today as 'Coke' that they were using as fining material. And what fines they were too! All I really remember is being involved in a DBW-esque spiralling of fines that saw me drinking a pint-and-a-half fine in SEPTIC Hold 'Em after it became apparent that in that particular round I was the only person who had stayed in with less than an ace-high straight.

<sup>6</sup>Or, as it was known at the time, 'Round  $n + 2$  where  $n$  probably equals 0'.



Emma Wood – [www.emmawoodphotos.co.uk](http://www.emmawoodphotos.co.uk)

Nonetheless, I kept my bearings and had my priorities in all the right places. I dashed back to ensure that Sick Boy wasn't fixing Round 3<sup>7</sup>. Thankfully he was nowhere to be seen, leaving the more eager participants, after some further gravity-defying box athletics, to continue with their games. I, however, having kept my bearings and having my priorities in all the right places, dashed back to the Hat and Feathers to help polish off the remnants of the beer, and thus have little to report about the game itself.

My timely return was at just the right moment for the setting off of Round 4<sup>8</sup>. So noteworthy were the games that followed that I honestly cannot recall a single detail about them.

Finally on to Round 5<sup>9</sup> and the lovely photographer, who had done a sterling job already, was inserted into the tournament. I have never seen an individual become so enthused by the pastime of winks after such a short period of exposure to the Noble Game. It was a shame to beat her.

Special castigation goes to John Haslegrave's mat which was agreed by all to be deader than three day old road-kill.<sup>10</sup>

Some frantic arithmetic, a Varsity cryptic crossword ('So Sarah, what about chlamy-

<sup>7</sup>Or, as it was known at the time, 'Round  $n + 4$  where  $n$  probably equals a number'.

<sup>8</sup>Or, as it was known at the time, 'Round something-or-other'.

<sup>9</sup>Or, as it was known at the time, 'Oh, I give up!'.

<sup>10</sup>Andrew Garrard: 'I'd quite like to burn the mat'.

dia?') and the duration of the last round of the singles later we finally had a table of results. Owing to the absence of the plate we were forced to fashion the Blu-tak that had been the epicenter of CJ's, and thus everyone else's, attention for the previous day, into the shape of a plate and present it to the then winner, Andrew Garrard, who then immediately took a photograph of himself from what can only be described as the most curious angle a 'winks photograph has ever been taken from.

No more can one translate PG Wodehouse into televisual entertainment than one can translate the highs the low and all the in-betweens of a 'winks tournament in a table of raw data known commonly as a score sheet, like the one accompanying this article.

Player	Round					Games	Actual		Adjusted	
	1	2	3	4	5		pts	ppg	pts	ppg
Dave Beckett	—	—	—	7	—	1	7	7	5 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>4</sub>	5 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>4</sub>
Phil Freeman	—	—	—	7	—	1	7	7	5 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>4</sub>	5 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>4</sub>
Stew Sage	2 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>3</sub>	6	—	—	—	2	8 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>3</sub>	4 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>6</sub>	9	4 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>
Ben Fairbairn	3	6	—	1	5	4	15	3 <sup>3</sup> / <sub>4</sub>	16 <sup>3</sup> / <sub>4</sub>	4 <sup>3</sup> / <sub>16</sub>
Andrew Garrard	4 <sup>2</sup> / <sub>3</sub>	1	5	6	4	5	20 <sup>2</sup> / <sub>3</sub>	4 <sup>2</sup> / <sub>15</sub>	20 <sup>11</sup> / <sub>12</sub>	4 <sup>11</sup> / <sub>60</sub>
Ann Carter	—	—	—	1	4	2	5	2 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	7 <sup>5</sup> / <sub>8</sub>	3 <sup>13</sup> / <sub>16</sub>
Geoff Thorpe	3	7	—	6	3	4	19	4 <sup>3</sup> / <sub>4</sub>	15 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>8</sub>	3 <sup>25</sup> / <sub>32</sub>
Andy Blackburn	—	0	5	0	5	4	10	2 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	13 <sup>3</sup> / <sub>4</sub>	3 <sup>7</sup> / <sub>16</sub>
Bob Wilkinson	4	7	2	6	3	5	22	4 <sup>2</sup> / <sub>5</sub>	17 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>8</sub>	3 <sup>17</sup> / <sub>40</sub>
Emma Wood	—	—	—	—	2	1	2	2	2 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>8</sub>	2 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>8</sub>
Steve Phillips	4	1	2	1	2	5	10	2	10 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>4</sub>	2 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>20</sub>
Sarah Quinn	—	—	—	0	—	1	0	0	1 <sup>3</sup> / <sub>4</sub>	1 <sup>3</sup> / <sub>4</sub>

### Patrick Barrie's Traditional analysis of the scores

I have now analysed the plate scores. I found several games in which the handicap transfer had been calculated incorrectly. I found a game in which the points transfer had been made in the wrong direction. And I found a game in which the adjustments to handicaps for a big win were made in the wrong direction. All in all, the actual final table is quite different to the provisional one that was produced on the day.

I therefore castigate Ben Fairbairn, the organiser, who awarded the Plate to Andrew Garrard. Instead, I award the plate to Ben Fairbairn, whose adjusted p.p.g. of 4<sup>13</sup>/<sub>16</sub> is clearly superior to Andrew's 4<sup>11</sup>/<sub>60</sub> (at least it is in the third decimal place).



## Slow play: thoughts of a slow player

Paul Moss

*Editor's note: it seems that my 'whatever happened to the Time War?' editorial last issue was too hasty. Paul actually submitted this article in time for that issue, but it somehow got lost in the ether. Fortunately, I've now managed to retrieve it and wipe most of the excess ether off. Please respond and keep the Time War alive.*

Having a reputation for slow play, and that having been immortalised by the choice of cover photo for WW86, I thought I'd respond with a few of my own thoughts on the subject.

Do I accept the accusation that I'm the slowest player in Christendom? Well, not really. I readily admit that I am sometimes the player who drags out the game through indecision during rounds; and that I am sometimes in the game that everyone else is waiting to finish – and that sometimes that situation is my fault. But, equally, I have torn my hair out (metaphorically, of course) waiting for my opponents to play a shot or for the next round to start, so I do share the current sense of frustration.

Much has been written, discussed and ranted about possible solutions to 'the problem'. I have little to add to the detailed proposals other players have put forward, except to offer my general reaction. I quite like some of the suggestions in principle, but in the absence of a small army of independent timing officials, I cannot see any of them being truly compatible with the relatively informal nature of tournaments. We don't even apply the existing thirty-second rule properly!

Why do we get slow play anyway? Surely it's simply because most players get genuinely absorbed in their games, have a determination to get the best possible result, and therefore spend time analysing or discussing the possibilities. In my own case this is sometimes exacerbated by the fact that I play so infrequently, so my tactical awareness is not as good as it could be. Also, tournaments will always throw together pairs who inherently disagree about tactics or style of play, and who will therefore take longer to make decisions.

Frankly, I don't see the situation changing any time soon. We can trial different timing systems, but I suspect we'll just discover the inherent problems of each and not adopt any of them. And we can hardly expect players to suddenly start taking the game less seriously.

Perhaps we should simply accept that at tournaments there will usually be at least one game each round which takes rather longer than the rest, and therefore consider how to manage this. For instance, can tournament formats be optimised so that one over-running game affects fewest in the next round, perhaps at the expense of strict mat rotations? [*The so-called experts are working on this; watch this space – Ed.*] As for

slow play within the time limit period I suggest proper use of the thirty-second rule. Imperfect, I know, and adds to the overall game time; but it is at least simple, requires no change to the rules, and maybe your opponents will take the hint if you keep ostentatiously stopping the clock every turn.

One last point. Another suggested consequence of slow play is that it is putting off newcomers. I think this is a red herring, and that complex formalised timing systems would be just as off-putting. A cliquey, geeky group of old farts taking an obscure pastime quite seriously, combined with a cliquey drinking culture, may be a tad more relevant here; and slightly harsh though the description may be, I rather think that's the impression many newcomers take away with them.



## Why 'winks is like golf

*Larry Kahn*

- Both were invented in Great Britain.
- Both stress honour and sportsmanship.
- Both have tournaments for individuals, pairs, and teams.
- Both have a cup.
- The goal is to shoot your playing piece into the cup.
- In both the players use a variety of custom-made implements to shoot their piece.
- Some parts of the rules are incredibly convoluted.
- Slow play is anathema to both.
- Players are more susceptible to the yips as they get older.
- Different course/mat conditions can affect results.
- Very windy conditions makes playing difficult.
- Going out of bounds incurs a shot-related penalty.
- Both have the 'who's the best of all time, young stud or old fart' argument. (Tiger vs Jack and Andy vs Larry).
- Being a beer-drinking fatty does not preclude one from being a good player.
- Both are incredibly boring to watch on TV.

## London Open

14th July 2007, London

*John Haslegrave*

	Pair	Opponent								Total
		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	
1	Charles Relle Steve Phillips	—	6	4	5	5	6	4	6	36
2	Geoff Thorpe Nick Inglis	1	—	6	2½	7	6	6	6	34½
3	Alan Harper Stew Sage	3	1	—	1½	4	5	4½	7	26
4	Bob Wilkinson Alan Dean	2	4½	5½	—	2	2	4	6	26
5	Andrew Garrard John Haslegrave	2	0	3	5	—	5	6	2	23
6	Patrick Driscoll Chris Abram	1	1	2	5	2	—	4	6	21
7	Patrick Barrie Cassia Pennington	3	1	2½	3	1	3	—	5	18½
8	Ben Fairbairn David Bradley-W.	1	1	0	1	5	1	2	—	11

I believe I last played in the London open about ten years ago, playing with Andrew Garrard, so after returning to tournament 'winks this year it seemed like a good idea to resume our traditional partnership for that event. This was before I saw SLU's instructions, with their dire warnings about the effects of late arrival or slow play, which, in context, caused me some concern. I needn't have worried: arriving at the same time as Charles (which always seems to happen), I found Andrew had turned up early for the first time since 1320. It was good to see a reasonable turnout – once we established that Christine and CJ weren't there to play winks, we had a convenient sixteen players – and that the mostly familiar faces also included a CUTwC undergraduate and another recent returnee to the game.

The London Open has, I gather, been a testing-ground for rules to combat slow play of late; in that vein SLU had advertised that rounds would start at forty-five-minute intervals, and anyone not at the mat when required would miss shots. The difficult forty-five-minute rule was replaced with an easy fifty-minute one on the day, which didn't seem to cause anyone any problems; it is not clear, though, whether this made a real difference to the overall speed. But more of this later.

The UCL house serving as our venue probably wasn't furnished with winks in mind, but putting three small tables together didn't leave great dividers anywhere critical; I don't think anyone had any problems with the playing surfaces. There was no room big enough for all of us, so we split between two – this is one of my excuses for not knowing much about what went on in other people's games. Our first round opponents were Stew and Alan, who soon established that they were playing better than we were. We spent most of the game hassling from behind, something we would be doing for the entire first half of the tournament; on the next table Charles and Steve took an early lead with an unexpected pot-out against Nick and Geoff. Eventually, we managed to break two piles in quick succession, leaving very few extant squops just before time. With no real chance of catching Stew, we concentrated on Alan, and managed to hold him down for a fortunate 3–4. Similar tactics against Ben and DBW only brought us two points, partly because of my scrunge in rounds (the first of several that day).

The only game where SLU's rules came into play was our game against him and Sick Boy, also notable for its high level of cantankery. The game started out rather unbalanced by the rules, with red and green getting a few shots ahead of blue and yellow (whose owners had gone to find a wazz-house – the penalty for ill-timed wazzing seems to be a problem with the rules, particularly since it biases them in favour of Nick). We stuck to our tactics of getting behind early on. Eventually, with most of our winks sucked into one big pile, Andrew got on and played an incredibly effective, but sadly illegal, pile-break. His second effort, on the reconstructed pile, was less favourable for our side, but we still managed to turn the game around from there. Rounds went slowly as we needed to discuss tactics quite a lot – our opponents seemed particularly annoyed that most of our tactical discussion ended in deciding to play the faffiest shot available – but some good potting later on grabbed us the 5.

Lunch took place in a pub just outside Euston Station. A small group of non-games-playing winkers found a table in a corner; the rest of us sought to educate our undergraduate in some of the more traditional drinking games: Pigs, where I had the advantage of sitting between Cassia, who always passed the minimum amount, and Geoff, who was so aggressive that he rarely passed anything at all; Nurdle–Boondock; and Squop–Bristol, which was briefly upgraded to bilingual Squop–Bristol before the nargs rejected it as being too difficult (for them, not for Cassia). On the way back from lunch, SLU took us on a 'short cut', only to find the way blocked by an unexpectedly locked gate; several of the younger and slimmer winkers squeezed underneath, but since SLU had the key this was fairly pointless.

I remember little of our game against Charles and Steve, save that we never looked like winning it. We brought in well against Nick and Geoff; I thought about the pot-

out, but scrunged with my first wink and got squopped. Several faff shots followed, and three of us settled in for an Inglis game. Geoff had other ideas; he ran five and brought out a nurdled one into the perfect place; I had no line on it and Andrew missed the eight-inch squop. I came close to salvaging a point in the aftermath, but my final little red probably bounced out of an almost-full pot – there was some question as to whether the wink that came out was in fact the previous little red, but this didn't seem very likely.

This left us without much chance of a respectable score, and things got worse in the next game when I forgot how to bring in. Fortunately, when Andrew realised that my winks were going to be no use at all he rose to the occasion and ran six. Bob followed in quickly, but Alan had been delayed by a wink rolling off the mat earlier, and almost allowed me to contribute to the game – he de-nurdled his sixth wink, and I potted my fourth and fifth, leaving me a chance to Carnovsky for an extra point (which of course I missed). A look at the score-sheet told us that the tournament was between Geoff and Nick and Charles and Steve, but more importantly a loss for Patrick and Cassia would leave them in range of us, so we went over to watch Geoff and Nick squop all of Patrick's winks on their way to a 6-1. We followed the same tactics in our game against them next round, and out-potted Cassia in rounds for the same score. At the other table, we saw Alan and Bob were winning their game against Geoff and Nick, so it looked like Charles and Steve would be able to win – as they did, after a close game against the physiologists.

All told, it was a very entertaining day; thanks to SLU for organising and Andrew for putting up with me, and congratulations to Charles and Steve.



## Jubilee Trophy I & II

21st–22nd April 2007, Sandy

*Alan Dean*

*Editor's note: Alan bends the rules of the Jubilee Trophy further, by playing one match in the middle of another! What kind of constitutional crisis would have resulted had he lost one of the matches?*

Alan Dean	6	7	6	0	5	24
Andrew Garrard	1	0	1	7	2	11

A week after the three-cornered battle between Alan, Andrew and Tim Hunt, Andrew returned for a singles match. A five-game match was played, as Andrew



arrived too late for the planned seven games. Game 1 was a fairly scrappy affair, with both players missing a number of squops, but Andrew missed rather more, so Alan won 6–1. In Game 2, after bringing in well, Alan went for an early pot-out, but missed into enemy territory, and found himself with five in and over twelve minutes to go. The sixth wink was almost totally covered by a small one of Andrew’s, and fairly heavily guarded by both colours. Alan decided that his only hope of escape was to knock the squopping wink off, giving his opponent just one shot, either back off a pile from an inch away, or with a wink flat on the mat about two inches away. The knock-off worked, and Andrew attacked with the unencumbered wink, but missed, and the pot-out immediately followed. Game 3 was a controlled squop-up by Alan followed by a pot-out. In the next game, with the match already won, Alan tried for a very early pot-out, but his sixth wink missed from close range, into enemy territory. With fourteen minutes remaining on the clock, Andrew had little trouble in completing his own pot-out, and went on to take maximum points. The final game saw Alan in complete control, in a squopping game. He could have passed in the penultimate turn of the game for a 6–1, but went for a pot-out instead, and potted all six winks, four of them off piles, with one of these three winks high on a pile with winks sticking out beneath it in four directions. Unfortunately, this final pot also potted an enemy wink, and put one of Alan’s other colour a long way from the pot, with the result that Andrew was able to secure second and third places.

Alan Dean	1	7	7	5	5½	25½
Simon Dean	6	0	0	2	1½	9½

Most of this match was played between Andrew’s phone call to say he had been delayed, and expected to arrive in about another half hour, and his actual arrival. Simon is Alan’s son, and was home for the weekend. When he suggested a game Alan replied that there was probably time to play a whole match. Although he had not played for over fifteen years, Simon put in an instant challenge. He shared Alan’s squidgers, and his first ever double-handed shot with a large squidger won the squidger-off with a baseline pot. Alan imposed various handicaps on himself, to make the match more even. In the first game he agreed not to squop one of Simon’s colours until the other colour was squopped up. Had Simon been thinking more clearly he would have left a wink on the baseline, but he brought them all in, and Alan quickly captured all six. Alan now increased his handicap, letting Simon chose which wink he, Alan, should play on each turn. Simon potted out shortly afterwards. For Game 2 Alan promised to try to pot his green winks at every opportunity, and not to pot a yellow until all greens were potted. He made a 7–0, but not before two of his greens

had been captured and rescued. The same handicap was applied in the next game, and the result was the same, but much quicker, as he avoided getting squopped this time. Assuming Andrew's arrival must be imminent it was then decided to adjourn the match, but a *Telegraph* crossword was started, and two thirds completed, when Andrew finally showed up. The match was concluded on the Sunday morning, and Alan played left-handed (as did Simon – but he is left-handed). Both games were close and exciting, with Alan prevailing only through superior tactics. Shot of the day came in the final game: Alan's gromp of big on big up onto the top wink of a five-wink high pile containing all but two of Simon's winks, from over an inch away, without releasing the bottom large wink. It didn't help though, as soon afterwards Simon got on the pile again, and smashed it so violently that he put three of his winks on the floor, and Alan feared for the life of his prize squidger. This tiddlies at the end of this game were 6–5–5–3.



## World Pairs 33

27th April 2007, Sandy

*Matt Fayers, with help from the other participants*

Charles Relle & Alan Dean	4½	1	0	1½	2	9
Matt Fayers & Larry Kahn	2½	6	7	5½	5	26

At the start of the match, Matt had the brilliant idea that the participants should write the match up for WW between them, with each game being described by the player who came first in that game. This was adhered to, but then Matt lost the notes, and so the following account is the result of Matt's attempts to remember the details three days later.

The television interest in the match was not as intense as had been anticipated. A company called IWC Media were intending to film the match as part of a new series 'Robbie Coltrane's B-road Britain'. They then decided that in order to avoid disturbing the match, they would interview the participants the previous day and film the match from a distance. They then decided not to film the match at all, just concentrating on the preview. In fact, this consisted almost entirely of Robbie Coltrane talking to Patrick; Charles and Alan had almost no exposure whatsoever.

With the match no longer needing to be in Cambridge for television purposes, and with Stew having difficulty booking a room with a table of the right size, it was decided to move the match to Alan's house. It was very generous of Alan to provide the venue, and even to transport Larry and Matt to and from Cambridge.

Larry and Matt arrived in Alan's car at about 10.15, and a practice game was played. Larry didn't feel comfortable with the mat, but found that he didn't like any of the other half dozen mats available either, so we kept the same one for the match, which began shortly after 11 o'clock.

### Game 1

The initial stages of this game set the pattern for all the remaining games: Matt brought in very tightly, Alan brought in less tightly but just as pottably and possibly more difficult to squop, while Larry's and Charles's bring-ins were more hit-and-miss. Charles soon gained a pile with four enemy winks, but had no chance of holding it, and Larry duly blew it up. Charles squopped Matt (red) again, Alan (yellow) potted one and moved safe, and Larry was forced to squop deep in Alan's area. Matt was able to rescue his red, and Larry had entangled Alan just well enough that Matt was able to have a serious attempt at the pot. He ran five, and then pondered the sixth, a large wink a foot from the pot. He went for this, missing short, and left Alan with a three-inch squop which he duly got. Larry narrowly missed what would have been an excellent knock-off (approaching from the unnatural side for a knock-off), but subsequently got the knock-off from the other side, staying on the red himself. Charles got a superb squop onto this pair of winks, also from the unnatural side, leaving Alan able to go for the pot. He missed the sixth, and Larry got a brilliant squop from eight inches (an air shot from a tenuous pile). Charles knocked this off from similar distance, but then Alan missed the pot again (a large wink from two inches). To end the game, Larry had the option of a short squop onto the yellow to create a tie for first place, but also had pottable winks at four and six inches which would have got him ahead of green. He took the greedy option, and missed the second pot, so that he was level with green, giving a  $2\frac{1}{2}$ - $4\frac{1}{2}$  scoreline.

At this point, the players and Barbie walked to the Kings Arms for a very satisfactory lunch, during which they wrote notes which should resemble the above account of Game 1.

### Game 2

The early pattern of the game was as in Game 1, but Charles, in trying to neutralise Matt's pot-out threat, got into difficulty, and Alan had to come to help out. Charles and Alan had a degree of bad luck, frequently subbing or landing on top of each other; Matt and Larry were presented with a sequence of essentially straightforward

shots, and got them all, to gain a squop-up with a couple of minutes to go. Match score now  $8\frac{1}{2}-5\frac{1}{2}$  to Matt and Larry.

### Game 3

The familiar pattern set in again, and again Alan and Charles were unlucky in the fight, with Larry and Matt being competent enough to take advantage. Charles in particular managed a spectacular sub from distance, burying a large wink a long way under a large pile. Although the shot freed one of his winks on top of the pile, Larry was able to squop, and a clinical squop-up soon resulted. In fact, Matt's winks were barely involved in the main pile, and after a little tidying this consisted of one of Larry's winks on top of eight opposing winks. Matt was easily able to disengage his winks and pot them. With the match score now  $15\frac{1}{2}-5\frac{1}{2}$ , Alan and Charles were looking for a big win.

### Game 4

This was much the most interesting game, and very nearly got Alan and Charles back into the match. Alan and Matt created their usual pot-out threats, and Matt even attempted a pot-out, but hardly troubled the pot, missing his second in enemy territory. From here on, Alan and Charles were having the better of the squopping battles, and with a few minutes to go, Larry and Matt were setting themselves a target of two points. But then came the shot that turned the game and effectively sealed the match. Matt, playing green, had a stack of three small winks, two greens sandwiching a blue. His top wink was only just free (having been judged free by Barbie in the only independent umpiring decision needed in the match). Potting the top wink looked feasible but tricky, and it was very tempting to try instead to put something on a red which was threatening a doubleton of yellows. Matt decided to go for the pot, with spectacular results: the top green went in (skill), the bottom green went on the red (fortuitous, but an anticipated possibility), and the blue landed right next to another of Matt's squops which he was easily able to Bristol across (blind luck). This outcome meant that Alan and Charles were struggling, and they spent some time debating which of them would try to beat green. In the end, they decided that Charles (blue) had the better chance, and Alan squopped the doubleton that Matt had just created. Larry happily potted to threaten an even bigger win, and Charles potted his flat winks. In freeing the two blues, Alan heeded Charles's request not to send them too far. This unfortunately left them together in such a way that potting the top one left the other almost completely nurdled. Charles wasn't able to pot this wink, and Larry and Matt won  $5\frac{1}{2}-1\frac{1}{2}$ , to leave the finishing line in sight.

### Game 5

Yet again, Alan and Matt had convincing pot-out threats, but Charles had an awful bring-in, sending two of his winks off. This meant that Alan couldn't really go for the

pot-out, since a 5–2 win would leave them needing thirteen points from two games, so Alan and Charles had to hope that Matt missed a straightforward pot-out. In fact he did inexcusably miss the fifth (from two inches), but both (four-inch) squops were missed, and Matt potted to wrap the match up.

This slightly early finish left time for snooker-watching. Then Larry read *New Scientist*, while Alan, Charles and Matt attacked a book of *Daily Telegraph* crosswords. Barbie provided excellent home-made soup and bread, and then Alan took Matt back to Cambridge.

### **An interesting technical point**

My pet complaint about World Pairs matches is about the commonly applied scheme in which the colours are fixed in corners, while the players rotate around the table from game to game. Although this ensures a fair distribution of colours and corners, it does mean that the order in which the four players play is fixed throughout the match. I've often felt that this is wrong – the order of play should be changed for half the games. In World Pairs, the standard of all four players is usually so high that this is not particularly relevant, but in this match (where two particular players always had the best pot-out threats) it made a difference. Since Alan and Matt had the best threats, Larry frequently needed to squopped Alan in Alan's area; playing immediately after Alan, he usually had the option of securing the squopped wink by sending it back to his and Matt's area for Matt to re-squop. Although this tactic was only used once, the fact that it was frequently an option lent something of an advantage to Larry and Matt, perhaps contributing to the rather flattering scoreline. So I'd like to state here again my view that players should change the order of play between games. I have discussed this with the Secretary-General of IFTwA, and he agrees that one pair should have the right to insist on this, but that there is no need for it to be applied if all four players are in agreement. An interesting parallel is with doubles table tennis; here, the order of play (which is typically fixed throughout each game) can be significant at the the highest levels, where pairs frequently consist of one right-handed player and one left-hander. The system codified in the rules for match play is that the order of play is alternated from one game to the next, and I think tiddlywinks would do well to follow suit if it claims to be a serious sport (an additional feature of the table tennis rules is that if a deciding game is required in a match, then the order of play is reversed at the mid-point of that game; this is clearly impractical for tiddlywinks).

Thanks again to Alan for hosting, and to Larry for putting up with me as a partner for five years.

## ETwA tie-break policy

*Patrick Barrie, on behalf of the ETwA council*

The following is a description of ETwA tournament policy on what to do if there is a tie for a qualifying place.

Examples are:

- (a) National Singles with the top four players of each league going through to the Final, and there is a tie for fourth place in a league;
- (b) National Pairs where there is a top four play-off (e.g. after an initial all-play-all), and there is a tie for fourth position.

ETwA recognises that it is not normally desirable for tied pairs to play an additional tie-break game in this situation as to do so would adversely impact the timing of the rest of the tournament. Further, it becomes completely impractical if there is a three-way tie for the qualifying position.

Instead, the decision on which of the tied pairs qualifies will be decided on the following basis.

1. The pair with the greatest proportion of wins will qualify. For the purposes of this rule, a  $3^{1/2}$ – $3^{1/2}$  draw counts as ‘half a win’.
2. If the tied pairs have an equal proportion of wins, then the pair that obtained the highest average p.p.g. in games against those finishing higher and equal with the pair will qualify.
3. In the unlikely event that criteria (1) and (2) haven’t sorted it out, the qualifier will be decided by a squidge-off competition (with who goes first decided randomly).

ETwA is well aware that there are other possible tie-breaking systems which are not being adopted. The most important thing is that we have a tie-breaking system that is *known to all in advance*, and that is reasonably fair to the competitors.

### Notes

- (a) When there is a tie for the final winner of a major tournament (rather than a qualification place), then it remains the case that there should be a play-off game, as has happened previously in both the National Singles and the National Pairs. In less major competitions (such as the London Open) the precedent is for the title to be shared in the event of a tie for first place.
- (b) If there is a tie for a position other than 1st place at the end of a major tournament, it remains the case that the position is shared. For example, if two pairs end the tournament equal with the second highest score, then they will share second place (even if they have won a different number of games).

## Player profile: Charles Relle



Now retired and living in Kent, with a secondary residence in Burgundy, Charles Relle was born on 9th July 1941 in Harrow-on-the Hill. It was wartime, and expectant mothers were taken out of London for safety. Charles spent his childhood in Chelsea and Fulham. His earliest memories are of being in an air raid shelter and of getting his first cat. He had an early interest in Chess, but by the age of fourteen discovered he was never going to be a good player. He took to Bridge, his form master being an International, and would have played bridge at Cambridge to the exclusion of tiddlywinks but for two events. First, the Classicists at his school, St Paul's, were challenged to a game of Tiddlywinks by the Ge-

ographers, and Charles found that he had some talent for the game. Second, one Thursday evening his partner at the University Bridge Club did not turn up, so Charles, knowing that Tiddlywinks took place on the same evening, went over to the Lloyd Room, Christ's, and joined CUTwC. He was in the second team by the end of his first term, and in the first team thereafter.

His first Varsity Match in 1961 was Cambridge's first defeat by Oxford, he was never President of the Club, and he was never in a Silver Wink winning team. However, he was CUTwC Secretary, and played for England against Scotland and Wales during student days. He ran Trinity College Tiddlywinks Club, and in his third year Trinity entered two teams of eight and one team of four in Cuppers. When, in his third year, the Club had nowhere to meet, it used his rooms, and those of his next-door neighbour, as its venue. The neighbour, Tony Richards, was at the Bridge Club, and he and Charles partnered each other at Bridge for the College, winning Cuppers once and getting to the final once.

Charles's third year included the winter of 1962–63, when the Cam froze over. He and other members of the Club, keen to prove the universality of winks, took a mat down to the river, and played the first ever modern game of winks on ice. Charles is naturally reticent about this achievement, but has often been forced to tell its story by popular demand.

During his first year at Cambridge, Charles filed down a squidger to his own requirements, the first person to do so. Later, in the eighties, he followed Larry Kahn's example in flattening a set of the old winks and playing with them in tournaments.

The old winks were concave on one side and convex on the other, and not uniformly so; it seemed obvious to make them consistent. However, jealousy and obscurantism together ensured that Charles's winks were banned, and the advent of the new winks, still used now, put an end to the argument.

Charles joined the ETwA Council in 1965, and served until 1970. He was ETwA Secretary from 1967 until 1970. He kept in touch with the game by occasional visits to CUTwC throughout this period, as he was working in Ely at the time. His marriage to Eleanor took place in Ely Cathedral in September 1966. Both are confirmed and practising members of the Church of England.

During the sixties, Charles represented England against Wales and Ireland. In 1970, he was invited to stand for Chairman of ETwA, but declined to do so, as a move to Carlisle was imminent, as was the birth of his first child. Residence in Carlisle resulted in a break with tiddlywinks; work, distance and the new family made it impossible for Charles to do more than an occasional demonstration at a Church Fair. After his return to London in 1975, Charles still had a young family, a new school and syllabuses to learn, and a house to decorate, and no idea that tiddlywinks existed in London or anywhere near. Though he was a life member of ETwA, he had ceased to receive Winking World.

Charles's return to tiddlywinks began when he went to the 1977 Cambridge Dinner, and there met Stefan Jefferis, then teaching at King's College London, who shortly afterwards started hosting the New London Tiddlywinks Society (NEWTS). This met monthly, and enabled Charles to get back into the game. He was aghast to see how much better all other players were than he was, and reckoned it would take him four years to catch up. (In 1981 he won the National singles, Pairs and Teams of Four, so the calculation was about right). NEWTS was somewhat peripatetic; after King's, it had a short residence in Jon Mapley's place of work, and also met at Goldsmiths' College, where Cyril Edwards was lecturing.

From 1975 until 1997, Charles lived in Catford in South-East London. The house was large, with large rooms, and this enabled Charles to give hospitality to Tiddlywinks in a number of ways. For several years it was the venue for NEWTS, and many a player has stayed overnight when playing a tournament in London. During the 1978 American tour, six Americans stayed there. Charles also used 26 Canadian Avenue to host private tournaments; a feature of these was that they were always in aid of a charitable cause. In the earlier days (Charles came into winks only five years after the foundation of CUTwC), charitable giving was a feature of 'winks, and Charles has always been keen to keep up this tradition. Unfortunately, not many other players share this wish.

For several years the London Open was a charitable event. Charles persuaded the



London Borough of Lewisham to give the tournament a free venue if a collection was made for charity. This ceased when Lewisham's leisure centres were privatised, and an era of free venues and cheap on-site real ale came to an end.

For private tournaments, the first of which was in 1981, Charles introduced the Individual Pairs movement, adapting a Bridge movement for the purpose. He later devised movements for other events, and these were refined by Jon Mapley, Nick Inglis and Julian Wiseman.

Charles has served on the ETwA Council as Chairman, Secretary, WW Editor and Publicity Officer, not in that order. He has also been on the Rules Sub-Committee since 1978, and wrote a major overhaul of the rules in the Eighties, when he observed that bits and pieces had been added haphazardly to the rules to the extent that they had lost logical coherence and uniformity of style. A more radical overhaul has recently been done by Patrick Barrie.

A Classics teacher by profession, Charles enjoys languages even in retirement. The house in France allows him to practise his French, and he has some knowledge of German, Spanish and Italian. He still plays a little Duplicate Bridge, and works one afternoon a week in his local Oxfam Bookshop. He has regular subscriptions to RNLI (Lifeboats), and to Anti-Slavery International. This latter interest came about with the realisation that, though this country has abolished slavery, not only are there now more slaves in the world than in Roman times, but more slaves than the entire population of the Roman Empire.

Charles collects books; his main interests are Classics and Art and Architecture. He also goes walking regularly with the Maidstone Ramblers, and in 2002 did the Coast to Coast Walk with Alan Dean. His friendship with Alan, and indeed with many other 'winks players, has been a major factor in keeping Charles in the game. He hopes to play until old age makes it impossible for him to continue.

Charles and Eleanor discovered, while still working, that it was necessary to unwind at the end of the week and mark the beginning of the weekend. They found that the best way to do this was, on Friday evening, to have a simple meal of cheese and Bath Oliver biscuits, and to drink a bottle of Burgundy. They commend this practice to others.



## NATwA Singles

16th–17th June 2007, Ithaca

*Alan Dean*

The tournament was held at Ithaca High School, New York state, over the weekend of 16/17 June. The four top-rated US players – Larry Kahn, Dave Lockwood, Bob Henninge and Ferd Wulkan – were all present. So was number five, the tournament host Severin Drix, but he was recovering from a recent back operation so was a spectator only. Jim Marlin made a return to competitive play after some years away. The main (only) overseas competition was in the form of Alan Dean, visiting Ithaca for the second time in less than a year, but only his lifetime third visit to the States. Joe Sarnelle and another local returnee, Alan Smith, were the only other senior players and college and high school students from Washington and Ithaca made up the rest of the twenty-player field. Members of the Lockwood family accounted for a fifth of the total.

The school library and Severin's classroom were used, with a small amount of overspill into a corridor. The playing accommodation was excellent with solid, good sized tables, good lighting and air conditioning. A reporter from *Forbes* magazine attended for the first day, so it will be interesting to see any resulting article in that journal. He declined the invitation to the party at MP and Joe's place in the evening because he had another assignment, covering the performance of a stripper, if 'covering' is the appropriate word to use in this context.

The contestants were seeded into five leagues of four players each, with the top two from each league going forward to a ten player all-play-all. The relatively small number of games ensured an early Sunday afternoon finish, allowing time for some long homeward journeys.

The top six seeds qualified comfortably, and were joined in the final by two players from each of Ithaca High School and Blair High School. Rather surprisingly, only one of the finalists was called Lockwood. League 3 provided the greatest excitement, with Greg Durrett and Kurt Hendrix finishing tied for second and third places, and then having a closely fought play-off game, which Greg eventually took 4–3. The first three rounds of the final were also played on the Saturday afternoon.

Once again, MP and Joe invited everyone round to their home for the evening, and an excellent time was had by all. Also once again, Severin and Alan Dean returned to the Drix home in the small hours long after Pam and their other guests, this time the Kahns. On this occasion it was a long and close game of Pictionary that delayed the return. Ben, partnering MP and his mother, Deja, was delighted to get his revenge on Alan D, Alan S and Joe following his heavy defeats in the winks the previous day.

In the Plate competition the non-qualifiers, and others, played rated games among

		Player	Opponent				Total
			1	2	3	4	
League 1	1	Larry Kahn	—	6	6	7	19
	2	Sahil Shah	1	—	6	5	12
	3	Alan Smith	1	1	—	6	8
	4	Max Lockwood	0	2	1	—	3
League 2	1	Bob Henninge	—	6	6	6	18
	2	Scott Zuccarino	1	—	2	7	10
	3	Jon Lockwood	1	5	—	2	8
	4	Josh Katz	1	0	5	—	6
League 3	1	Dave Lockwood	—	7	6	7	20
	2	Greg Durrett	0	—	4(4)	6	10(14)
	3	Kurt Hendrix	1	3(3)	—	6	10(13)
	4	Kristen Tauer	0	1	1	—	2
League 4	1	Alan Dean	—	6	7	7	20
	2	Joe Davis	1	—	4	7	12
	3	Stephanie Chu	0	3	—	7	10
	4	Ben Lockwood	0	0	0	—	0
League 5	1	Jim Marlin	—	4	6	6	16
	2	Ferd Wulkan	3	—	6	6	15
	3	Joe Sarnelle	1	1	—	3½	5½
	4	Alejandro Newell	1	1	3½	—	5½

themselves. The number of Jon Lockwood v. Alejandro Newell games played suggests that the format was probably a free-for-all. Anyway, Jon's three 7-0s against Alejandro propelled him to 37 points from six games. Other good Plate scores, from a wider selection of opponents, were achieved by Max Lockwood (23 from five games), Stephanie Chu and Alan Smith (17½ from four).

### The final

Larry won again, for the sixth time in succession, and (we think) seventeenth time in all. His string of 7s against the weaker finalists proved to be decisive, but he was made to work hard. He described his game against Dave thus: 'Dave had a great start against me, when he rolled onto two of my large winks from the baseline early

	Player	Opponent										Total
		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
1	Larry Kahn	—	2½	6	4	6	7	6	7	7	7	52½
2	Alan Dean	4½	—	4	6	4	6	6	5	6	6	47½
3	Dave Lockwood	1	3	—	6	4	6	6	5	6	7	44
4	Ferd Wulkan	3	1	1	—	5½	2	6	6	6	6	36½
5	Bob Henninge	1	3	3	1½	—	5	6	6	4	6	35½
6	Jim Marlin	0	1	1	5	2	—	4	6	5	6	30
7	Greg Durrett	1	1	1	1	1	3	—	4	4	4½	20½
8	Joe Davis	0	2	2	1	1	1	3	—	2	6	18
9	Sahil Shah	0	1	1	1	3	2	3	5	—	1½	17½
10	Scott Zuccarino	0	1	0	1	1	1	2½	1	5½	—	13

on. It was a hard-fought game throughout. I managed to blow the big pile halfway through and by the beginning of rounds it was fairly even: he had a triple and I had a double but it was unclear who was ahead. Early in rounds Dave attacked the double, I defended with some good shots and the resulting pile just sucked in all Dave's free winks. Dave had a little bad luck but I basically outplayed him in the final stages.'

He also needed, and got, some good luck. Ferd must have played well against him, because he looked like getting a 6 as the game reached the final stages, but Larry pulled off an outrageous escape. This is how it finished, described by Larry (playing green and yellow): 'It was a very active game before rounds, but green got a bit tied up and yellows were free so I'm playing for a 4. Can't just sit, since Ferd can hassle and probably get at least a 4 or 5. Starting round 5 (I start with yellow), the tiddies are 4-4-4 for yellow, red, blue, and 2 for green. Almost every wink is involved in a pile. Red and blue have easy ways to get more than 4 so I have to try a very difficult pot of a big yellow on top of a four-wink 'vertical pancake' pile about five inches from the cup. The top yellow hits the rim, wobbles, and slithers in. Meanwhile, the large blue which was second from the top lands on the free red near the cup in an awkward potting position, the small yellow is now pottable, and the small red lands just barely under a blue on a different pile. Yellow pots the other and now blue has to do the awkward pot first so the other red can be freed next. Blue misses the pot which lets me escape with a 4-3 win when a 6-1 loss was imminent.'

Larry was also lucky against Alan Dean, who mostly outplayed him in a squopping battle, but missed a fairly easy squop onto a pile early in rounds that would have probably given him a 6. Larry freed a few winks as a result, but Alan battled on, and

looked like winning by a controlled pot-out in the final round, after potting his fifth green in round three and playing the sixth off a pile into an easy potting position. Larry took a good long squop onto that last green. However, it was small on small and only about a quarter on it and Alan had a large yellow a few inches away, with which he confidently expected to make a knock-off for a round five pot-out. However, the large yellow landed on edge, turned through ninety degrees, and rolled away to finally settle on another yellow, taking Alan's score from 5 to 4½!

Alan Dean had poor starts against Bob and Dave, putting his first bring-in off the mat in each case. Against a rather out-of-practice Dave it took Alan about ten minutes to regain the advantage, and he would have won 5–2 had he not missed a very easy pot in round five. That miss meant that he only won 4–3. Against Bob it took much longer to get back into the game, and he only just made it. With only a single free wink going into rounds a 1–6 seemed most likely, but Alan made a good long pile bomb and played some of his best 'winks of the weekend to claw back the position for a 4–3 win. Alan thus achieved a very British sort of record: becoming the first player in a national championship to win every game without winning the tournament itself. There was no trophy to keep this time, just ribbons awarded to the top three, so Larry's enormous trophy shelf is spared from the risk of collapse for a little longer. Dave collected the third-place ribbon.

Alan was grateful to Larry and Cathy Kahn<sup>11</sup> for providing accommodation in Washington on the Thursday and Sunday evenings and the return car ride to Ithaca, and to Pam and Severin for their hospitality on the Friday and Saturday nights. Lack of remaining days' leave for the year meant that Alan needed to keep his trip as short as practically possible (that day spent lending a squidger to Robbie Coltrane could have been put to better use had he known) but an early Monday evening return flight gave him a chance to see a little of Washington. After a short reflective stroll around Capitol Hill and the Washington Monument, where he had previously been with Pam Knowles in 1980, he spent the remaining time avoiding the blazing heat, by visiting the Holocaust Museum and revisiting the Air and Space Museum. The start of the second leg of the return flight, from Newark to Heathrow, was delayed by four hours because one passenger decided, at the last minute, that he didn't want to fly after all. After an hour's consideration it was decided that everyone should get off with their luggage, and board again after a detailed search had been carried out.



<sup>11</sup>The Editor wonders whether Alan has seen the following on Larry's web site: 'If anyone asks for Mrs. Kahn they will either get my mother's phone number or a swift kick in the ass, depending on Cathy's mood.' You may wonder what the Editor was doing reading Larry's web site.

## Mat carriage and deployment

*Matt Porter*

Previous editions of WW have seen several ‘How to . . .’ articles, including Charles Relle’s Bristol series, Andrew Garrard’s seven-page article on umpiring, and the Slow Play Special, with contributions from several experts. When the editor asked me to write another, I was almost at a loss – especially when I heard that he is planning one of his own on ‘How to polish squidgers and winks’, and has already commissioned Chris Abram to write ‘Infallible squopping in two easy steps’. However, I think novices, and possibly even experts, may benefit from a discussion of that vital precursor to the game: bringing a winks mat, and unrolling it onto a table. Without these skills, of course, no tournament would ever get started.

### Carry mats

There has been remarkably little discussion of this important area in the past. Nick Inglis led the way by acquiring a carrying-tube, but the ETwA Council of the time was resistant to change. I think it was Ben Fairbairn who experimented with the technique of folding up a mat and jamming it into a backpack, but this too has failed to catch on.

The traditional method is still the best: stuff all the mats under one armpit and walk. There are three important lessons to remember here.

- Try to avoid carrying more than two mats. (It doesn’t do them any harm, but it’s tiring. What are youngsters for?)
- Make sure that you use your non-winking arm. This avoids fatigue.

### Roll-out

I don’t think anyone needs a description of how to unroll a mat. But here goes anyway.

- Start with the mat at one end of the table. Regarding the rolled-up mat as a cylinder, align the axis of the rotational symmetry perpendicularly to the long edges of the table, and align the normal vectors of the circular faces with the short edges. If it is not clear which of the edges are shorter, use a tape measure, or a better table.
- Unroll the mat.
- If the mat is now largely on the floor, you have pointed the mat in the wrong direction. The rule to remember is that the exposed flap of the mat should overhang the short edge of the table. Roll it up and start again.

So far, so good. However, there are still some critical details to attend to. The mat should be adjusted so that all players have equal space behind their baselines. Baselines are an issue that I believe the Tournament Organisers have neglected. Some mats have no baselines at all; others have only one baseline per corner. Clearly, a better situation would be a range of baselines, in different colours, to match different tables. (This is only a stopgap measure, until ETwA finally acquires a selection of mats cut to different sizes – which will also silence the unsupported-mat debate that has been raging so intemperately in recent times.) The colour of the baseline to be used by all players should be agreed at the start of the game, or declared by the T.O. using a coloured card suspended from the ceiling. This may occasionally lead to confusion, but technology can provide a solution: using optically pure baseline colours, players can be given tinted spectacles that will blank out all but the relevant line.

### Placement

There is quite a strict sequence here, which new players should take care to observe. Currently, there is no agreement on who should start, but I would favour an informal rule based on wink colour. The sequence is then:

- Yellow places the pot somewhere on the mat and says, rather hopefully, ‘Is that central?’;
- Red (n.b. not Blue) looks contemptuously at the pot, optionally exclaims ‘Hardly!’, and moves the pot by something between two inches and five centimetres;
- Green attempts to look carefully down the diagonal, frowns, and moves the pot slightly in the opposite direction;
- Blue ignores this and arranges some squidgers and gonks on the mat.

This sequence is one of the glories of the modern game, but I would argue that more professionalism (or rather, amateur thoroughness) is required if we are ever to have televised tournaments. An agreed position for the pot is desirable – it may be necessary to put it back in the middle of the game. (For example, if the pot loses its shape, the umpire should replace it with one of a similar age.)

It can be useful to mark the centre of the mat with a pot’s outline – it is clearly pointless to mark it with a small cross, unless there is a glass-bottomed pot. However, if the table is warped or cracked at the centre, it may be necessary to have a non-central placement. Conversely, if the table is smooth and flat, at a slight slope, roll up the mat and play Pigs.

Before I move on to combing, I would like to devote a few paragraphs to the issue  
*continued on pages 51, 52, 54 and 55*

## Jubilee Trophy III

8th July 2007, Bracknell

*Alan Dean*

Alan Dean	6	6	3	6	6	4	31
Andrew Garrard	1	1	4	1	1	3	11

The holder offered to do the driving for a change, so this six-game match took place at Andrew Garrard's house in Bracknell. It was played on July 8th, the week before the London Open, partly as practice for that event. The venue was the dining room. It was rather a squeeze fitting the table in between the cats' water fountain and other facilities at the opposite corners of the room and Andrew had some work to do to persuade the feline residents that they didn't really want to join in on the mat; Alan was a little disconcerted early on when lining up a bring-in shot to see a cat looking straight back at him from just behind the opposite baseline.

Alan generally got the better of the squopping battles, although several of the games were not as one sided as the results may suggest. Andrew potted very well, four in a row, at the end of game 3 to pinch a 4–3. The final game was rather scrappy with both players missing several times towards the end.

Steph provided an excellent lunch, which was timed to allow all to watch the start of the Grand Prix whilst eating.

## Jubilee Trophy IV

13th July 2007, Sandy

*Alan Dean*

Alan Dean	4	2	7	6	6	25
Steve Phillips	3	5	0	1	1	10

This match was played at Sandy on 13 July, the evening before the London Open. Alan persuaded Steve to visit for some practice for the tournament, and to make it a Jubilee challenge. Considering that Steve had only recently returned to the game after a long absence, he played remarkably well. Alan had not expected to find himself losing the match after the first two games, but Steve battled valiantly in the first game, to lose narrowly, and potted very well in the second to take an early pot-out. Alan got just one, not too difficult, chance to squop Steve's potting colour, but missed it and Steve gratefully slotted it in at the second attempt.

Alan recovered with three good wins in the remaining games, but Steve put up an impressive fight. The next day he and Charles went on to win the London Open, and Steve jumped 100 points up the ratings, to his best ever position.



## ETwA Pairs

28th–29th April 2007, Cambridge

*Steve Phillips*

I believe it is twelve or thirteen years since I have picked up my squidger and played winks against anyone, so when I arrived at Selwyn College on Saturday morning for the National Pairs, I wasn't even sure I could remember the rules, let alone pot, squop, Bristol or lunch.

This was a last-minute thing; I had checked the ETwA web site the night before and found that the Pairs was the last tournament on the calendar before my wife and children return from Japan in September and tie me down to married bliss once again. But I was determined to enjoy my enforced bachelorhood while I could.

Last year I bought a car. I hadn't driven for twenty years, and it took me about six months to regain my confidence and stop making silly mistakes and stop stalling at every set of traffic lights. I had a worry that it might be the same with 'winks.

I drove the forty-odd miles (not stalling at all) from Leighton Buzzard to Selwyn with minutes to spare before the competition started, and looked on the list of pairs, hoping that my unannounced arrival wouldn't throw a neatly arranged pairs tournament into disarray with an unpaired player forcing byes every round and forcing the re-plan of the whole competition. Fortunately a quick glance on the list revealed an unpaired player, Wilkinson. I always played much better with a partner in my winking years (1988–1993). So I found Bob, another recent returnee to the game, and offered my services. We were both thinking the same thing, which he voiced first: 'I hope you're not disappointed with me'.

Our first game was against Alan Dean and Charles Relle. Alan lent me some spare squidgers made by Larry; I couldn't find mine at home, but I know they are there, somewhere. As the game revealed itself I became more and more surprised, I was playing as well as I had ever played, perhaps Larry's squidger was having some effect. And even though we lost the game 6–1, it had been close all the way through, and we had played some magnificent shots, albeit with some horrors of misses thrown in. After the game we decided, on Alan's advice, to be more aggressive, and to discuss the shots more.

In our next game we managed one and a half points, and although we won only one game in the day, every one, except for Tim Hunt partnering himself (who had us squopped up for most of the game), was close. We even managed a 6–1 pot-out. I don't ever remembering potting so well, or even potting out first during any competition. I blamed it on the fact that I had changed from potting towards me, to potting sideways. We consoled ourselves on our losses by counting the number of world champions we had played, and pointing out that our results didn't include 1s



Ed Wynn



Ed Wynn

and Os all along the line. We guessed we were the bottom seeds, and reasoned that if we didn't outplay ourselves, play aggressively and go for the hard shots, we had no hope of winning any games.

I had some time to catch up with some of the winkers from my era. I knew about half of the competitors, some hadn't changed at all in my thirteen-year absence. The saddest thing to learn was the demise of Oxford University 'winks club. When I joined Southampton 'winks club, Oxford and Cambridge were very strong, and Southampton was in a healthy state. St. Andrews was about to start up. Is Cambridge really the last bastion of university winks? Can it survive without its arch-nemesis? I remember the fall of Southampton 'winks club; it took one argument to start the decline. Perhaps it was inevitable given the personalities involved.

The next day I promised Bob I would be back, but if I was late he should start without me. I was early, but Bob was late, he'd been running, which probably saved me from having to start without him. We were playing some of the weaker pairs on Sunday, and had a chance to bag a few points. We won two of three very close games, thanks to our potting, squopping and bombing. Our confidence and aggression were up, our strategy was working well enough, despite our poor bringing in and shaky shot choices, and Lady Luck was taking an interest in the pair of returnees. We were

eighth after playing everyone. This meant we would be in the middle group in the play-offs.

Lunch became very interesting when the playing cards with pictures of winkers was produced. This was a game I could play. Played like Top Trumps with impressions, with a number of Southampton players in the mix, it felt like old times with a harsh sense of humour.

After lunch, my potting had gone to pot, despite only having one pint, and we managed to lose 1-6, 3-4, 1-6 to remain eighth. Close games again, but we didn't manage to squop a tripleton from five inches, bomb a pile to change control, or pot four in rounds as we had done previously.

I drove home with a smile on my face, singing loudly to myself. I had been worried that I'd go back to 'winks and have a dull time, get stressed over losing every game, not recognize or be recognized by anyone, and feel like a relic from days gone by. But most of the older players welcomed me back, I had a great partner with a very similar attitude to my own, and felt good about playing again.

So, if you are out there, not having played for donkeys' years, look on the internet for the ETwA homepage and turn up! I won't promise you'll have a good time, life is what you make of it, but my guess is you will. And if you don't feel comfortable with the lottery of partners, bring your own.

Just one warning, watch out for Bob! If he learns to bring in accurately using the squop method, practises his boondocks, and finds a decent partner who can do strategy, he'll be hard to beat.



Andrew Garrard

	Pair	Opponent										Total							
		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10		11						
1	Patrick Barrie Matthew Rose	—	6	2	4	6	6	5	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	71			
2	Matt Fayers Simon Gandy	1	5	—	5	1	5	6	5	7	5½	6	6	6	4	7	63½		
3	Larry Kahn Dave Lockwood	3	1	2	6	—	1	6	3	2	5	6	6	6	4½	6	51½		
4	Charles Relle Alan Dean	1	2	2	1	6	1	—	6	4	2	6	6	6	6	7	50		
5	Paul Moss Alan Harper	1	2	2	4	4	1	1	—	6	6	5	5	1	4	6	49		
6	Stew Sage Chris Abram	1	0	5	5	3	3	1	1	—	7	6	5½	5½	6	2	49		
7	Max Lockwood Keith Seaman	1	1½	2	2	5	5	2	2	0	1	—	6	6	2	6	40½		
8	Bob Wilkinson Steve Phillips	1	1	1	1	1	1	6	3	1½	1½	1	1	—	6	6	31		
9	Tim Hunt	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	5	6	6	—	1	6	6	36	
10	Ben Fairbairn Andrew Garrard	1	3	2½	1	1	1	5	5	1	1	1	1	6	1	—	3	27⅙	
11	Kurt Hendrix Joe Davis	1	0	1	1	1	0	1	1	5	1	1	1	1	1	4	4⅔	—	20⅔

## Player profile: Matt Fayers



Ed Wynn

The younger of two brothers, Matthew Fayers (no middle name) was born in September 1976 in Brussels. He avoided over-burdening himself with languages by attending the British School of Brussels, until 1983 when the family returned to England; since then, the family home has been in Coulsdon (in Surrey or Greater London, depending on how posh they feel). Matt's first exposure to tiddlywinks was seeing Nick Inglis on *That's Life* in the mid-'80s.

Matt showed an early keenness for mathematics, and from the age of seven knew what he wanted to be when he grew up; time will tell whether this ever happens. He rounded off his

school career by representing the UK in the prestigious International Mathematics Olympiad in 1994 and 1995, and then headed off to Trinity College, Cambridge. He immediately became a keen member of CUTwC and ever-present tournament player, and is (as far as anyone can tell) the most successful Varsity Match player ever, with seven appearances, all on the winning team; he is particularly smug that Cambridge's only two defeats in the modern era were in the years immediately before and after his period on the team. He keenly shares CUTwC's enthusiasm for beer, and has introduced several of the club's favourite drinking games.

Matt is now in his ninth consecutive year on the ETwA council, having served as Secretary once, Winking World Editor (at which he cheats by delegating production and distribution) twice, and Tournament Organiser six times. In the latter rôle he excelled in the upheaval of Tradition, helping Julian to introduce new tournament formats to supersede Nick's tried-and-tested versions, and carrying out dangerous experiments with the Singles format.

In the new millennium, Matt continued to carve out a mathematical career by completing a Ph.D. at Trinity, and then moving on to Magdalene College for a Research Fellowship. He was finally extricated from the safe confines of Cambridge by a lectureship at Queen Mary, University of London. Matt was married in June 2006, and since then has been living in suburban Boston, Massachusetts, where he and Jenny have temporary research positions at M.I.T. and Harvard, respectively. While reducing Matt's attendance at tournaments in England, this self-enforced exile has enabled Matt to help with getting MITTwA going, and to attend American tournaments. He intends to return to London in the summer of 2008.

Matt has shown some aptitude for tiddlywinks, culminating in a World Pairs win (at the fourth attempt) with Larry Kahn in April 2007. But his lack of squopping ability may condemn him to a future as a 'nearly man' – he is arguably the best player never to have won a national singles championship.

Apart from tiddlywinks, Matt enjoys most other indoor games (though not Bridge), and cricket (which he plays with great enthusiasm but no skill). Living in Boston has required him to suspend his cricket interest and follow baseball instead, and his support seems to have arrived just in time for the Red Sox to win the World Series (two American teams in the final again, I notice) in 2007. Other interests escape him at present, though of course the trusty stand-bys of eating out, reading, attending the cinema and travelling are no strangers to Matt's leisure schedule. He has no favourite colour.



## World Pairs 34

18th August 2007, near Washington

*Matt Fayers, from notes by Dave Lockwood*

Matt Fayers & Larry Kahn	2	6	6	5½	6	25½
Max Lockwood & sub	5	1	1	1½	1	9½

The fact that the World Pairs title had crossed the Atlantic facilitated the first World Championship match in America for nearly six years. The challengers were Larry and Max, the champions Larry and Matt, and so the substitute rule was used for the third time; naturally, Max was mercilessly ribbed for choosing his father as a partner over all other players in the world. This was to be Max's farewell 'winks event before heading off to Santa Monica to become a surfer (or, as he calls it, student).

The match was held at the house of the Shah family, Sahil of that ilk being a schoolfriend of Max. Several young winkers came along, in principle to spectate and play some friendly games, but in fact to demonstrate their incompetence at pool.

### Game 1

The bring-ins are segregated, though Matt throws a couple of winks away. Max has to squop. Larry and Matt neglect to squop Dave at first, and he pots some. They then each miss three-inch squops onto him, and he pots out adequately. Max misses a two-inch pot which would have made it 6-1.

*Cumulative: 5–2 Max & sub.*

### Game 2

Dave tries an early pot-out, but this is snuffed out immediately. Larry and Matt are up in a small-multiple-pile game, but are kept busy. Max and Dave had some chance for more than 1, but it was not to be.

*Cumulative: 8–6 Larry & Matt.*

### Game 3

Early pot-out threats by Larry and Dave never get executed. A fight develops, and soon there is a pile containing four of Max's winks, which proves decisive. Matt misses the pot in Rounds 4 and 5, to leave a likely 5–2, but then Larry pulls off a very nice pot-out to end Round 5; all four of the winks he potted were in piles, two of them squopped. This should have saved Matt's blushes, but he missed twice more to allow Max to take a point.

*Cumulative: 14–7 Larry & Matt.*

### Lunch break

For lunch we went to Wendy's; Matt had never before experienced this mainstay of American cuisine, and feared that he might discover the inspiration for the Beach Boys' lyric 'Wendy, what went wrong, oh so wrong?'. But again Matt's fears were unfounded, as Wendy's turned out to be the thinking man's McDonald's. Deja and Alex Lockwood joined us for lunch, having somehow found something better to do than 'winks beforehand.

### Game 4

This was a quick game, with few stoppages. Max and Dave were leading going into rounds, but Larry and Matt were still in with a chance. In fact Dave and Max lost the game, rather than Larry and Matt winning it – Max rolled off the mat twice in rounds, and Dave potted poorly to leave a  $5\frac{1}{2}$ – $1\frac{1}{2}$  to Larry & Matt.

*Cumulative:  $19\frac{1}{2}$ – $8\frac{1}{2}$  Larry & Matt.*

### Game 5

Dave and Max each Carnovskied one during the bring-in, and Larry and Matt were easily able to capitalise on their numerical advantage. They squopped up with lots of small piles (a doubleton and eight singletons, to begin with) to leave Dave nothing to go at when he was freed. Dave moved to Plan 47, but Larry and Matt, having merged some piles, were easily able to pot some winks.

*Final score:  $25\frac{1}{2}$ – $9\frac{1}{2}$  Larry & Matt.*

Overall, the standard of play was moderate; Matt and Larry will have to up their game for their next match. Many thanks to Larry for putting Matt up, Dave for

organising the venue and the Shah family for providing it. Commiserations to Dave for his worst ever score in a World Championship (in his thirty-sixth match), and congratulations to Larry on equalling the record for World Pairs wins (twelve).



## Jubilee Trophy V

25th August 2007, Sandy

*Andrew Garrard*

Player	Round						Play-off	Total
	1	2	3	4	5	6		
Alan Dean	1	6	5	4	3	5	6	30
Phil Carmody	6	1	5	3	4	5	1	25
Andrew Garrard	1	1	2	4	4	2	—	14

In August, Phil Carmody contacted me to indicate that he was in the UK, and wondered whether I'd like a game of winks. These days weekdays are a little awkward if I want to be able to afford to attend tournaments, so some frantic calling of Alan Dean led to an emergency 'winks weekend'. Alan continued his habit of trying to lose the Jubilee Trophy by offering to put it up for grabs.

My fine tradition for getting four hours' sleep before playing tiddlywinks was maintained due to a work crisis. Hence the day dawned rather brighter than I would have liked, and since my car is somewhat prone to overheating in traffic jams (although it's not caught fire since the Southampton winks tournament) the warm weather wasn't entirely welcome. Speaking of traffic jams, collecting Phil and Anna took the ages which usually result from my traffic-attracting powers – my gravitational effect probably affects cars more than people because they're heavier – so it was afternoon by the time we reached Alan's.

Settling in, sort of, we determined to play two rounds of the three possible two-versus-one configurations, with a final play-off. We drew randomly, and Phil started as singles. Knowing that he'd not picked up a squidger in years, Alan and I felt this was terribly unfair, and prepared to be nice to him. We had had, of course, forgotten that the only winning move in tiddlywinks is not to play, and that being out of practice gives you the chance to forget your bad habits. I brought in like a novice (except that the CUTwC novices aren't bad, this year), rolled off several times and couldn't get a squop to save my life; Alan was also pretty flakey, and Phil proceeded to stuff us convincingly 6-1.



The recollection that Phil was only slightly better than me five years ago and that I really ought to be showing him up a bit meant that this result flustered me slightly, a fact which I blame for my continued bad play in the next game, in which Alan returned the favour and my two points from two games was looking more than fair. This made me somewhat nervous going into my game playing singles, but I started to find my feet a little, and Phil started playing more humanly. I started to get my breath back a bit from the drive, and began to compensate for the heat a little – the warmth of the day adding to my excuses for distraction. None of which made much difference, but at least I scraped two points this time. I'd like to say the game was memorable, but I've blotted out the pain (unlike Barbie's cooking, which was as pleasant and memorable as always).

Restarting the rotation, I finally won a game, helping Alan to a 4–3. I was still pretty shaky, and Phil wasn't missing much, but he was out of strategic practice and perhaps didn't punish us as much as I deserved. The game should have been a 5–2, but a missed pot of mine which landed on an important wink put paid to that plan. I have some detailed notes on this game, which might be useful if they weren't completely illegible; if I couldn't write, this probably says something about my ability to play.

The next game saw Phil partnering me, and led to another 4–3 in my favour. Alan brought in badly; Phil and I were looking fairly secure, but it was still a tight game. My last shot, the penultimate of the game, went horribly wrong to give Alan a chance, but he missed a pot which would have given him the win.

At this point, Phil and Alan were both on 19 points, with me on 12, with one round to play – and me playing singles. Still not feeling confident of my squopping, I decided to Dave Taylor – a strategy which works much better when you can bring in accurately, your opponents can't, and they're not good at four inch squops. Alas, it went predictably wrong – although I was at least well positioned to follow in. 5\*–2\* to Phil and Alan, with a play-off to resolve the tie break.

At this point, I lost all interest, and spent the remaining game trying to get some photographs, so I'm reliant on the combatants for the following report: 'An area formed 25cm from the pot. Phil always went for his defensive squops with the furthest, least useful wink – making many, but after Alan repeatedly got on top with insufficient pile breaks, Phil started to lose his defensive capability and ended up on the underside of all the squops. No pots were needed for Alan to win 6–1 and retain his title (at least for a bit longer).'

Thanks to Alan and Barbie for their hospitality, to Anna for devoting a bit of her UK time to Phil's winking, and to Phil for navigating successfully, if unsurely. He had the indecency to beat me at tenpin bowling the next day, too.

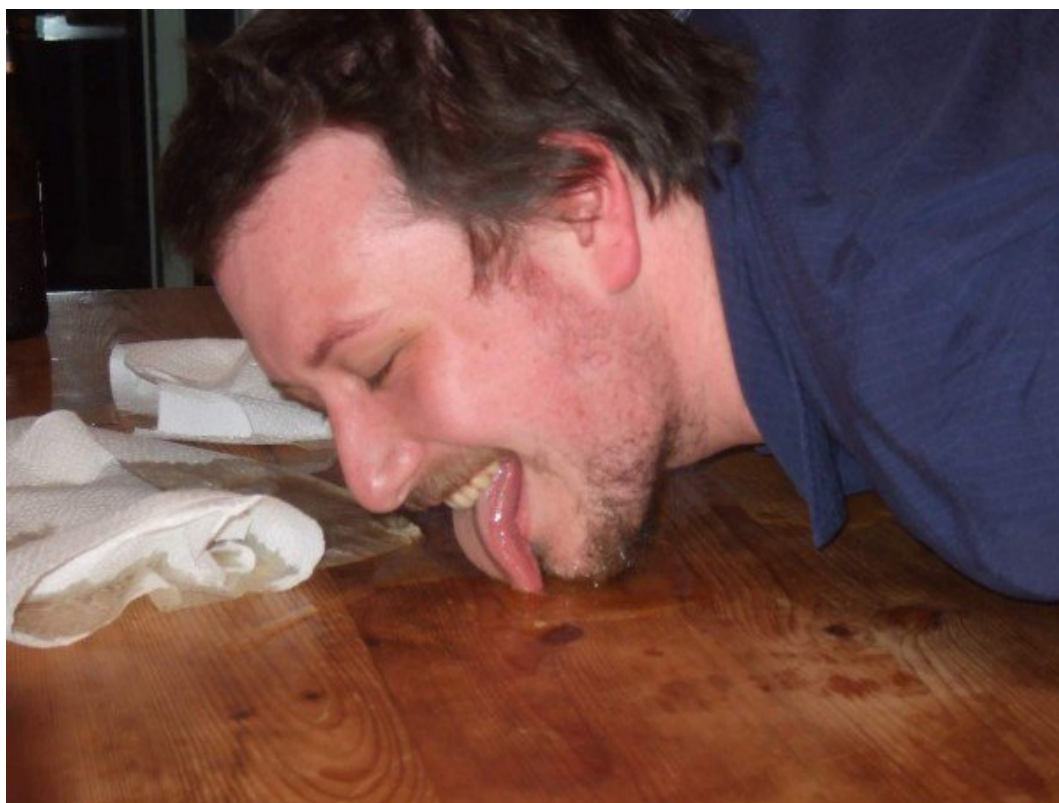
## Plymouth Invitation

14th–21st September 2007, Plymouth

*not Stew Sage*

*Editor's note: the organiser of this tournament had the bright idea that whoever came last should write the event up for WW. Unfortunately, Stew is as busy as he is bad at 'winks, and you'll have to make do with the scoresheet and some pictures.*

	Player	Partner								Total
		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	
1	Julian Wiseman	—	6	6	7	4	7	3	1½	34½
2	Ed Wynn	6	—	6	7	6	1	5½	2	33½
3	Patrick Driscoll	6	6	—	4	5	6	3	0	30
4	Matt Fayers	7	7	4	—	1	4	1	3	27
5	Alan Harper	4	6	5	1	—	3	4	0	23
6	Paul Moss	7	1	6	4	3	—	1	0	22
7	Sarah Knight	3	5½	3	1	4	1	—	1	18½
8	Stew Sage	1½	2	0	3	0	0	1	—	7½



Ed Wynn

Alan discovers that he really likes American beer.



Matt Fayers

Julian and Sick Boy enjoy a breakfast whisky after their early swim.



Paul Moss

Stew, far too busy to write for WW.

Dear Auntie Gertie,

Why oh why do so many Trappist Squop–Bristol games involve Bristols at shoulder height? Do trappist nuns wear corsets and push-up bras under their robes? I realise that I'm old and dead, and that my own breasts are somewhat saggy, but I find this alarming indication of pertness to be ageist. I'm not suggesting that the movement be suggestive of such pendulousness that it can be mistaken for a Penhaligon (we are already in an age of recoil-less pistols which seem to shoot people in the groin, and more ambiguity would only be worse). However, the apparent desire to impersonate someone using their own cleavage as earmuffs is only going to cause anatomical confusion and disappointment among those undergrads who've not yet been very bored at a cricket game. Just because the anatomy of the average winker is not something which encourages close scrutiny, we do not have the excuse for such wanton inaccuracy. There is, after all, the chance that those watching us might not be adequately freaked out. Thank goodness for tassles.

What can I do to put my problems back in proportion, and in their place?

Yours,

Miss P. Laced-Hands.

P.S. Will this manage to alarm everyone over the age of fifty and under the age of fifteen at the same time? I do hope so.

*Dear P,*

*I know the problem well. The only remedy I can suggest is to get the miscreants to play Drinking Topless Darts; that should soon sort out any anatomical misunderstandings.*

*Best wishes,*

*Gertie.*



## ETwA Singles – Final

28th October 2007, Cambridge

Matthew Rose

	Player	Opponent								Total
		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	
1	Matthew Rose	—	4	5½	3	6	4	4	6	32½
2	Larry Kahn	3	—	2	4	4	6	6	6	31
3	Alan Dean	1½	5	—	3	4	4	5	6	28½
4	Patrick Barrie	4	3	4	—	5½	3	2	7	28½
5	Andy Purvis	1	3	3	1½	—	4	7	6	25½
6	Dave Lockwood	3	1	3	4	3	—	6	5½	25½
7	Charles Relle	3	1	2	5	0	1	—	4½	16½
8	Tim Hunt	1	1	1	0	1	1½	2½	—	8

After the hour time change in our favour we returned to the scene of yesterday's events with seven former winners plus Timmy! Other than the absent Geoff Myers, all champions back to 1984 were playing. It promised to be close. There was even a professional photographer, but most of the more photogenic members were clearly in the Plate.

Most finalists had qualified relatively comfortably on the Saturday, but the first round saw no 6–1 games. Patrick disposed of Tim early on and Alan had a reverse of his game against Larry the previous day, this time stopping Larry's pot-out with some long range squapping and winning 5\*–2\*. Andy and Matthew edged out Charles and Dave respectively after average potting in rounds.

The second round saw some larger margins, with Larry beating Dave (unusual for them to play so early in a final) and Matthew beating Tim. Alan again played very well to edge out Andy, and Patrick was comfortably up on Charles, who was down to one wink throughout rounds. However, he managed to blow up the pile in round five, and his shot freed all the winks of his other colour, covered two separate guards, and managed to merge a separate pile to create a triplet for him. If Patrick cares to name that shot it may become legendary. Charles then potted well with the other colour to get a 5–2 win that seemed most unlikely given the majority of the game.

The third round saw Larry and Andy score large wins off Charles and Tim but the other games were tight. Matthew brought in poorly against Dave (who made some incredible squaps from distance) and was down most of the game, but managed to make a couple of pots whereas Dave 'couldn't get it up' – the winks, of course – and got a 4–3 win. Patrick was lucky to get four points off Alan, only coming back into the game in rounds, and winning only when Alan missed a key pot.



Emma Wood – [www.emmawoodphotos.co.uk](http://www.emmawoodphotos.co.uk)

Lunch was taken with only two points separating the top five players.

Round 4 saw it spread out more, as Andy potted out against Charles for a 7\*, and Larry defeat Tim. Matthew and Alan had an open game, but Matthew was more accurate in rounds to get a 5½–1½ to stay in touch. Patrick missed pots in rounds against Dave that cost him a win in that game.

Round 5 saw the halves reverse (is that to whole numbers?) and games become almost like play-offs. Alan was not out of it if he had a good string of results against the 'bottom half', and beat Charles 5–2 as a good start. Tim got more than 1 for the first time against Dave. Larry edged out Patrick in yet another 4–3, and Andy managed to sub three times in four shots to give Matthew the upper hand in their

game, which he maintained to win 6–1.

Round 6 saw Charles beat Tim  $4\frac{1}{2}$ – $2\frac{1}{2}$  and Alan beat Dave 4–3. Patrick was up against Matthew most of the game, but a key pile break by Matthew gave him winks of both colours, and nearly first place. Potting flat ones well, he made probably the wrong choice in round five when trying to pot the bottom rather than the top wink of two that had landed together, and then potted poorly with the other colour. The resulting 3 was again more than looked likely at the start of rounds, and kept all tight. Sadly the round had a delay as Larry received a call regarding his mother's health, and how he managed to retain composure to pot well in rounds to edge out Andy 4–3 was amazing.

Going into the final round Matthew and Larry were separated by only half a point, with Andy and Patrick unable to catch one of them whatever the outcome of the two games. Alan and Dave beat Tim and Charles 6–1 to get above half points, and Patrick beat Andy  $5\frac{1}{2}$ – $1\frac{1}{2}$ . Andy seemed less interested in the possibility of being top Brit!

Larry was generally up in the match against Matthew, squapping well and covering most of Matthew's blue winks. Matthew had three reds flat and tried to keep these free, knowing a 4 would be sufficient. One was potted early and the others moved to good position. Larry squapped one but Matthew retook it and sought to lunch one ending round four. Both missed but were fairly far from the green that was also taken over the pot with them. Larry potted two yellows in round five to put pressure on Matthew if green failed to take out a red. One green was just short of the red and Matthew had to pot two ending round five to win. The close large red went in and the small one from around 4 inches also went straight in as well to end a close match and yet again leave Larry as the runner-up. It may not have had the drama of the match in 2003 when Larry could not pot with the second colour, but certainly was tense!

Personally actually going into round five knowing it is in your hands and having a chance to play a shot to win is what you hope you will get a chance to do one day. Many previous tournaments have often been decided on other tables still playing so it was great to have that opportunity!

It was very strange how few 6–1 games there were. Dave observed that six of the eight players scored over half points, and virtually anyone could beat anyone. Patrick was as usual there or thereabouts but seemed to lack some fortune in rounds. Alan coming joint third was his highest position for some time with Andy's joint fifth probably his lowest position since 1320 and failing to continue the sequence having won four in a row. What's the fine?

## World (improvement) ratings

*The algorithm/Matt Fayers*

Here's the result of my latest pointless manipulation of the ratings. This time, I've compared current ratings with ratings from a year ago, to see who's had the best improvement. Well done Phil. If you'd like to appear at the top of the ratings in WW89, then slip me a tenner and I'll concoct a scheme to achieve this.

### Still here

Player	2006 rating	2007 rating	change	Player	2006 rating	2007 rating	change
Phil Freeman	1531	1788	+257	Andy Blackburn	1522	1529	+7
Keith Seaman	1705	1921	+216	Charlie Oakley	1799	1804	+5
Bob Wilkinson	1463	1601	+138	David Bradley-W.	1617	1622	+5
Miriam Nussbaum	1584	1695	+111	Alan Harper	1936	1939	+3
Andrew Gameson	1338	1447	+109	Jon Mapley	2123	2123	0
Matthew Rose	2311	2408	+97	Kim Ferrett	1395	1395	0
Liz Ackland	1363	1453	+90	Geoff Thorpe	1966	1954	-12
Stephanie Chu	1658	1744	+86	Alejandro Newell	1360	1345	-15
Alan Dean	2157	2239	+82	Chris Abram	1920	1897	-23
Jon Lockwood	1605	1681	+76	Richard Ackland	1511	1487	-24
Chris Beyers	1472	1544	+72	Dave Barbano	1552	1524	-28
MP Rouse	1686	1754	+68	Mia Balashova	1366	1337	-29
Charles Relle	2140	2205	+65	Collin Reed	1595	1565	-30
Nick Inglis	2168	2223	+55	Kurt Hendrix	1637	1604	-33
Max Lockwood	1633	1688	+55	Bob Henninge	2198	2161	-37
Patrick Barrie	2299	2344	+45	Ben Lockwood	1538	1501	-37
Andrew Garrard	1895	1938	+43	Kristen Tauer	1391	1352	-39
Greg Durrett	1662	1705	+43	Alex Hyder	1386	1344	-42
Charles Frankston	2017	2056	+39	Andrew Hyder	1386	1344	-42
Patrick Driscoll	1978	2013	+35	Ben Fairbairn	1606	1559	-47
Severin Drix	2047	2079	+32	Sunshine	1871	1815	-56
Matt Fayers	2352	2381	+29	Sarah Knight	1492	1430	-62
Joe Davis	1611	1638	+27	Dave Lockwood	2295	2232	-63
Ferd Wulkan	2065	2086	+21	Andy Purvis	2480	2410	-70
Stew Sage	1924	1944	+20	Tim Hunt	2051	1978	-73
Scott Zuccarino	1585	1605	+20	Josh Katz	1537	1462	-75
Sam Hoffstaetler	1336	1356	+20	Jonathan Gameson	1471	1395	-76
Rick Tucker	2016	2035	+19	Yan Wang	1877	1790	-87
Larry Kahn	2446	2464	+18	Dave Beckett	1693	1605	-88
Vanya Temnykh	1720	1737	+17	Joe Sarnelle	1508	1409	-99
Paul Moss	1907	1920	+13	Sarah Quinn	1440	1340	-100
Ed Wynn	2008	2016	+8	Ian Gameson	1958	1839	-119



**'New' entries**

**Where are they now?**

Player	2007 rating	Player	2006 rating	Player	2006 rating
Simon Gandy	2060	Geoff Myers	2369	Diego Ardila	1418
Alasdair Grant	2031	Arye Gittelman	2012	Carolyn Hoffman	1414
Jim Marlin	1928	Mac McAvoy	1929	Laura Clarke	1412
John Haslegrave	1777	James Cullingham	1895	Fred Shapiro	1408
Steve Phillips	1765	Tim Schiller	1877	Jessica Weaver	1408
Joe Sachs	1743	Aaron	1848	Moises Umanzor	1408
Sahil Shah	1699	Bill Renke	1847	Caitlin Allen	1404
Prabhas Pokharel	1689	Christine Barrie	1799	Mary Travers	1400
Alan Smith	1675	Rupert Thompson	1796	Francesca Kerby	1397
Wenbo Dou	1596	Serita Rana	1693	Luis Umanzor	1390
Keith Ingram	1582	Cyril Edwards	1664	Mihir Narain	1387
Alex Lockwood	1545	Rich Davis	1621	Shana Bricklin	1387
Chloe Weiss	1514	Gred Gross	1618	Deja Lockwood	1381
Fran Kelly	1491	Patrick McQuighan	1608	Linda Gameson	1380
Ann Carter	1474	Bill Gammerdinger	1567	Lucinda O'Donovan	1376
Jared Frankston	1474	Matt Sola	1567	Bonnie Allen	1375
Giled Kemperich	1468	Jordan Fein	1540	Richard Hussong	1375
Edd McMillan	1455	Nicola Golding	1531	Sam Chenkin	1373
Jill Barbano	1448	Liz Batty	1524	Eddie Hyder	1372
Jeremy Sachs	1437	Toby Wood	1504	Liz Ford	1372
Alice Blogg	1428	Bernice Tighe	1478	Steve Krasner	1358
Jake Halpert	1405	Kevin Ruano	1475	Heather Golding	1356
Henrique Kemperich	1395	Carl Chenkin	1474	Jennifer Kraft	1355
Richard Stables	1395	Andy Leed	1465	Juli Gittelman	1355
Vered Federman	1382	Shaagnik Mukherji	1464		
Rocio Cifrian	1369	Nik Bamford	1461		
Ari Umans	1368	Beth Davis	1456		
Cassia Pennington	1365	Rachel Gittelman	1451		
James Lee	1358	Chris Hook	1445		
Steve Umans	1358	Henry Scher	1428		
Emma Wood	1357	Jason Portillo	1420		

## And finally, a mention on the wireless . . .

Tiddlywinks? Shizzle ma nizzle, mofo!

*It's that Jo Caulfield again*  
BBC Radio Four, 20th September 2007

*If any of our younger readers understand what this is about, the Editor would welcome an explanation or a more accurate transcription.*

# The ETwA Council 2007–8

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David Bradley–Williams

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