

Winking World 91

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This issue of Winking World was edited by Matt Fayers. He's stepping down, but is quite happy to forward any contributions for WW92 to the next editor.

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Tiddlywinks equipment may be purchased from the Treasurer.

Cover photo (courtesy of Ed Wynn): The House of Commons match, 1989.
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Editorial

Matt Fayers

Welcome to another issue of Winking World – my last, for the time being. I hope you've enjoyed the WWs that I've produced over the last three years; of course, I can't really claim a lot of credit, because most of the articles were not written by me.

I could proceed with the usual pontification about the state of 'winks, but instead I'll give you the result of the Name the Shot competition from WW90. Remember that I asked for suggested names for the shot where you try to send a wink over the pot but inadvertently pot it instead. The winning entry is from Paul Moss, and the shot is called a 'brunch'. Well done Paul.

Anyway, that's it from me. Enjoy.



Andrew Garrard

The House of Commons Match

2nd May 1989, London

Ed Wynn

In the House of Commons, on 23 November 1988, during a meandering debate on the Queen's Speech, Richard Holt MP mused on proposed ID cards for football spectators:

I am worried about the wording that has been used. We talk about 'soccer hooligans'. Hooliganism is not confined to soccer. I have recently been to cricket matches where all has not been too kosher. I have been to rugby league and rugby union matches at which one or two people have been slightly offensive. I have even been to race courses and seen the odd person drunk at a race meeting—[*Hon. Members:- 'Oh'.*]

This talk of odd people and drunkenness at sporting occasions may have been significant, for he went on:

How long will it be before a Government [...] say, 'We shall introduce identity cards, not merely for soccer but for cricket, rugby union, rugby league, hockey, ice hockey, speedway meetings, or tiddlywinks.'? How far will we go? Will there be one large piece of plastic endorsed with all the sports, or will we have to produce 47 in a concertina?

This throwaway comment was reported in the press. The Secretary of the Cambridge University Tiddlywinks Club wrote to the MP, challenging him to a tiddlywinks game. Now, tiddlywinks is mentioned occasionally in Parliament, and MPs receive many frivolous letters. Richard Holt, though, was an ideal target – described variously as 'hot-tempered' and 'irascible'. Correspondence was copied to the Sunday Times, whose diarist Atticus sponsored a tiddlywinks match between CUTwC and the House of Commons.

Thus it was that I was in a group of about eighteen Cambridge winkers, heading for a London train on Tuesday 2 May 1989. I remember it as a dry and cool morning, and a cheerful journey. We all wore evening suits, many with flamboyant bow-ties. When the group separated on the Underground, the front-runners indicated the correct stop by a sustained rendition of the Club Anthem. This was successfully interpreted by all laggards, though (probably to our satisfaction) it disconcerted bystanders.

At the hotel – was it the Mayfair? – we occupied the ballroom. The MPs' team – Richard Holt, Greville Janner, Llin Golding and Robert Rhodes James – was bolstered considerably by Larry Kahn and some senior winkers. Enjoyable and convoluted games were played, but the result was never in doubt: CUTwC won convincingly.

A custom-made trophy, featuring brass winks and pot, was formally awarded to Richard Moore, then CUTwC President, by Colin Moynihan, then Minister for Sport. The event was attended by several journalists and representatives of the Alzheimer's Disease Society, who collected the proceeds. The Sunday Times presumably provided these, and also the generous allocation of wine, with some food. (Richard to waiter: 'This red wine is rather good. What is it?' Waiter: 'Just the house red, sir.')

After all that, what came of it? The most noteworthy feature of the coverage in the Sunday Times is its near-absence. The expenses – hotel, wine, trophy – must have amounted to something; were they really justified by a few inches in the gossip column? Well, no matter. Richard Holt died two years later of a heart attack; he had been 'a jolly northern partisan partial to "unhealthy" food'. The trophy tarnished long before that. I had taken some black-and-white photos – I offered them to Andy Purvis, then editor of Winking World, but they were in an inconvenient format and were not published. I rediscovered them recently, so this is my chance to fulfil my debt to WW. I hope they are still of interest.



Ed Wynn



Ed Wynn



Ed Wynn

*Ed Wynn**Ed Wynn*

National Individual Handicapped Pairs

or

The frozen West Midlands

7th December 2008, Shrewsbury

Charles Relle

The NIHper was this year played at Shrewsbury School, and we thank Charlie Oakley once again for arranging and hosting the tournament. We played in excellent conditions and a cheerful atmosphere, and were substantially fed at lunch time. Unfortunately, schedule clashes prevented pupils of the School from taking part, but we were able to welcome newcomers in Victoria Hadley and Tom O'Neill-Ellis. Paula Wilkinson and Catherine Goodwin renewed their acquaintance with the game after a year's absence, and Geoff Puplett, now resident in the region, came back after a proclaimed gap of thirty years. Geoff won the tournament, so this report will, after an account of the first round, follow his fortunes through the day. Raw scores are recorded here: full raw and handicap scores are given at the end.

We did a paper draw for each round, pairing, as far as possible, the expert with the less expert, with the handicapping system usual in this event. The first round produced various statements of intent. Geoff Puplett helped Alan Harper to a 6–1 win over Paula and Patrick Driscoll, the latter of whom then left for Munich. In the other game featuring two less experienced players, Victoria helped Steve Phillips to a 5–2 over Matt Fayers and Tom, and gained an extra half point for handicap. In the other two games quarter-points featured, both in Catherine Goodwin's and Alan Dean's win over the host and Sarah Knight, and in the remaining game, in which Charles Relle persuaded Bob Wilkinson to pot, approach, and continue potting until he had six in. Bob carried out this plan faultlessly, and his partner followed him in. However, handicap gave Paul Moss and Stew Sage a quarter of a point.

Geoff, partnering last year's winner, Alan Dean, met Bob in round 2, and battled to a 4–3 win over him and Charlie Oakley. In round 3, he was with Charles Relle (apparently a significantly weaker partner), but managed to prevail 6–1 over Steve and Tom. Tom had lost 3–4 in round 2, but handicap adjustment had turned the result into a 4–3 win: his partner was Alan Harper, who then played singles in rounds 3 and 4, thus continuing the satisfactory arrangement he had secured in the London Open. His round 3 result was 6–1 against DBW, who arrived for this round, as did Ben Fairbairn.

Geoff and Bob were on opposite sides in round 4, partnering Steve and Stew respectively. Geoff won 5–2, and handicap adjustment gave him an extra point. This was the beginning of a revival for Steve, who had lost in rounds 2 and 3, but scored 6 in each of the last two rounds. Stew had endured a wretched start, being on the

wrong end of two 0–7s, and, throughout the tournament, was never, according to handicap, in the stronger partnership, and the handicapping at no point gave him sufficient compensation.

In round 5, the draw gave Alan Harper to Geoff as partner; they played against Stew and Tom, and won 4–3. Tom had had his first tournament win in the previous round, partnering Charles against Alan Dean and Catherine to a 5–2 win. This was achieved when, in an open field position, Charles potted out. Tom was surprised, asking his partner why he had potted all his winks, and was again surprised to be informed that this feat gave an outright win. Perhaps experienced players need to lay more stress on the importance of potting when instructing beginners. Catherine had had a very successful tournament; her average raw score was the second highest, and her average handicap score the third. She had to leave after round 4, having a long journey home. Also in round 4, Sarah and DBW beat Ben 5–2, a result that must have pleased her, as Ben had previously described her play as ‘rubbish’! In round 5, she was with Alan Dean against Charles and Bob; Charles again decided to go for the pot, missing several times. He was lucky in that both his opponents missed an equal number of squops, including a one-inch effort by Alan that convinced Charles that he must immediately complete the pot-out; a 5–2 win resulted.

At the end of round 5, Paula, Tom, and Victoria had to leave; each had achieved at least one win in a strong field, and we do hope to see them at future events. Meanwhile, Ben, unencumbered by any partner (even Sarah!), scored 1–6 against Steve and Alan Harper, while Sarah, partnering the other Alan, scored a 5–2 win. Geoff was now partnering Matt Fayers, who had won all but one of his games. His opponents were Charles and DBW. A very even game found DBW with three winks free in round 5; this was his first and only opportunity to pot, and he took it from positions that were not easy, and achieved a 4–3 win. Handicap adjustment gave the win to his opponents, and the tournament to Geoff, who said that he had enjoyed playing. As he teaches locally to Shrewsbury, there is the possibility that a match between his school and Shrewsbury can be arranged, and that a genuine growth point for Tiddlywinks can be established. Incidentally, a search through back numbers of WW reveals that Geoff played in the 1984 London Open, so his absence from the game was only 24 years!

Some words of gratitude to end with: we repeat our thanks to Charlie for hosting the tournament, and thank many of the participants for travelling such long distances to take part. Bob, I think, travelled farthest; he has to make a great effort to be present at any event. We look forward to further Salopian tournaments, and hope that pupils of Charlie and of Geoff will be able to take part.

Player	Round						Hdp	Gms	Actual		Adjusted	
	1	2	3	4	5	6			pts	ppg	pts	ppg
Geoff Puplett	6	4 _a	6 _c	5 _b	4	3	0	6	28	4 ² / ₃	29 ¹ / ₂	4 ¹¹ / ₁₂
Charles Relle	7	4 _b	6 _c	5 _c	5 _a	4	7	6	31	5 ¹ / ₆	28 ³ / ₄	4 ¹⁹ / ₂₄
Catherine Goodwin	5 _a	7	5	2 _c	—	—	2	4	19	4 ³ / ₄	17 ³ / ₄	4 ⁷ / ₁₆
Alan Harper	6	3 _b	6 _a	2 _a	4	6	6	6	27	4 ¹ / ₂	26	4 ¹ / ₃
Steve Phillips	5 _b	1	1 _c	5 _b	6	6	5	6	24	4	26	4 ¹ / ₃
Alan Dean	5 _a	4 _a	5 ¹ / ₂	2 _c	2 _a	5	7	6	23 ¹ / ₂	3 ¹¹ / ₁₂	23 ¹ / ₄	3 ⁷ / ₈
Paul Moss	0	7	6 _b	6	2 _b	2 ¹ / ₂	5	6	23 ¹ / ₂	3 ¹¹ / ₁₂	23 ¹ / ₄	3 ⁷ / ₈
David Bradley-W.	—	—	1 _a	5 _d	5 _b	4	3	4	15	3 ³ / ₄	15	3 ³ / ₄
Matt Fayers	2 _b	6	5	5 _a	5 _b	3	7	6	26	4 ¹ / ₃	22 ¹ / ₄	3 ¹⁷ / ₂₄
Victoria Hadley	5 _b	0	1 _b	6	1	—	0	5	13	2 ³ / ₅	16 ³ / ₄	3 ⁷ / ₂₀
Bob Wilkinson	7	3 _a	2	2 _b	5 _a	2	4	6	21	3 ¹ / ₂	19 ¹ / ₄	3 ⁵ / ₂₄
Sarah Knight	2 _a	4 _b	1 ¹ / ₂	5 _d	2 _a	5	3	6	19 ¹ / ₂	3 ¹ / ₄	19 ¹ / ₄	3 ⁵ / ₂₄
Tom O'Neill-Ellis	2 _b	3 _b	1 _c	5 _c	3	—	0	5	14	2 ⁴ / ₅	15 ³ / ₄	3 ³ / ₂₀
Paula Wilkinson	1	1	5 ¹ / ₂	1	2 _b	—	0	5	10 ¹ / ₂	2 ¹ / ₁₀	14	2 ⁴ / ₅
Charlie Oakley	2 _a	3 _a	2	1	6	4 ¹ / ₂	5	6	18 ¹ / ₂	3 ¹ / ₁₂	16 ³ / ₄	2 ¹⁹ / ₂₄
Ben Fairbairn	—	—	1 ¹ / ₂	2 _d	1	1	4	4	5 ¹ / ₂	1 ³ / ₈	7 ¹ / ₄	1 ¹³ / ₁₆
Stew Sage	0	0	1 _b	2 _b	3	2	5	6	8	1 ¹ / ₃	9 ¹ / ₂	1 ⁷ / ₁₂
Patrick Driscoll	1	—	—	—	—	—	6	1	1	1	1	1



Letter

Dear Sir,

May I through you columns thank Alan Dean for his article in WW90 entitled 'Playing with a significantly weaker partner'? I am sure it will help me to cope with him during the next National Pairs.

Yours sincerely,

Charles Relle

Somerset Invitation

2nd–6th January 2009, Norfolk

Dan Babar

	Player	Partner													Total
		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	
1	Matt Fayers	—	4	7	5	6	6	6	4	5	6	1	1½	1	52½
2	Alan Harper	4	—	7	6	6	5	1	6	6	3	0	6	1	51
3	Patrick Driscoll	7	7	—	7	3	2	2	6	6	1	6	2	2	51
4	Paul Moss	5	6	7	—	3½	4	3	6	6	5	3	1	1	50½
5	Chris Abram	6	6	3	3½	—	6	7	5	1	2	3	4	1	47½
6	David Bradley–W.	6	5	2	4	6	—	5½	6	5	1	4	1	1	46½
7	Nick Inglis	6	1	2	3	7	5½	—	2	5½	5	0	6	3	46
8	Ed Wynn	4	6	6	6	5	6	2	—	1	4	4	1	1	46
9	Andrew Garrard	5	6	6	6	1	5	5½	1	—	1	6	2	1½	46
10	Stew Sage	6	3	1	5	2	1	5	4	1	—	1	0	3½	32½
11	Dan Babar	1	0	6	3	3	4	0	4	6	1	—	0	1	29
12	Philip Buckham–B.	1½	6	2	1	4	1	6	1	2	0	0	—	3	27½
13	Sarah Knight	1	1	2	1	1	1	3	1	1½	3½	1	3	—	20

When writing a retrospective, it helps to have some degree of retrospect. Casting my mind back, all the Somerset seems to have left me with is a vague impressionistic blur, with no solid memories of tiddlywinks, people or in fact any events whatsoever to speak of. Perhaps a better medium for exploring some of the emotions the weekend left me with would be some sort of art installation or performance piece, where abstraction is given artistic validity, but unfortunately I find myself stuck with the printed word, which gestures towards an illusory objectivity while attempting to shield the reader from the pitiful depth of uncertainty and doubt we are God-condemned to wallow in, scared and alone.

The Somerset certainly popped my 'winks tournament cherry. As my first full experience of the tiddlywinking world it has become in my mind the lofty benchmark by which all future tournaments will be judged, and which all future life experiences will fail to live up to. This is compounded by the tournament's status of not being an official ETwA event, giving it a renegade air that demonstrates the truth of the adage 'everyone loves a bad boy'. I woke up on the first day of the tournament proper having arrived the evening before. Unfortunately I had little recollection of what had occurred the previous evening, and talking this over with my fellow novice



Andrew Garrard

Phil Wakehim-Vomit (at least I think that's his name) we could only conclude we must have said our prayers and gone to bed pious and early. Drama soon raised her obnoxious head, however, as the designated start time approached with no sign of Matt Fayers; all the winkers immediately began what I am calling in an homage to 1960s B-movies 'The Search for Matt Fayers'. Now, readers, this was particularly poignant for me as I feel my entire life has been a search for Matt Fayers. I remember first seeing his bouffanted form and knowing I had found the one who was to give definition to my life, the one who would be a candle in my darkest hours – in short, I knew instantly that I could never be unhappy again, because I know Matt Fayers. The desperate expressions on the faces of the other 'winkers' was evidence that I am not alone in this, so the search for him soon transcended simple 'winks-tournament logistics and became a mutual existential quest to locate the man who has given hope and inspiration to all our lives.

On his discovery the tournament started in earnest. From what I recall the 'winks' was nothing short of pleasant, and the weekend unfolded charmingly. The 'partner-everyone' format meant I had at least one opportunity to frustrate everyone else in the room, but the 'play-against-everyone-twice' format meant this was redeemed by everyone's barely-concealed joy at having me as an opponent (and not, dear readers, simply for my exquisite conversational skills). Doubtless somebody eventually won, but I neither know nor care who it was – all that matters to me is that I didn't lose. If

*Andrew Garrard*



Andrew Garrard

you're reading this and are upset that you didn't win, take heart – just because you're not a winner does not make you a loser. Unless you came last, in which case you are a loser. The winks was punctuated by rousing sessions of pig-passing, and meals of such quality they would have made Caligula himself blush. Particularly memorable was Dr Sage's mammoth sausage-roll (fnarr-fnarr I bet ooh matron nudge-nudge wink-wink etc etc), and Ed Wynn's lamb roast (which is less easy to make suggestive noises about). I cannot speak for the evenings, but if I ever needed perking up of a morning I would turn to the gloriously limey shower gel provided by SLU (a man who demonstrates the truth of the adage 'everyone loves a bad boy') which, like the person who provided it, worked an invariably rejuvenative effect.

And it is this effect that the Somerset tournament left me with. Sure, since returning home my life may have been a tangle of tragedy and disappointment (including the sad tale of my uncle who died in a boating accident that put paid to the adage 'everyone loves a bad buoy') but as long as the Somerset lives in my heart I will always take solace. Sure, I will always have the thousand-mile stare of a man who's seen too much, but I will henceforth define my life as having two parts: before Somerset, and after Somerset. I doff my hat to Stew Sage for organising such a magnificent tournament, one that I will always hold in my mind as a paragon of all happiness, joy and entertainment. And I haven't even mentioned the jar in the fridge.

A proposed simplification of the free turns rule

Matt Fayers

The free turns rule, or the squop-up turns rule, as we now call it, is rather complicated. I wonder how many people can recount all the details of the rule without looking them up. In fact, when I looked again at the rule in order to write this article, I discovered that I didn't know it – I hadn't realised we'd got rid of the rule that allowed extra free turns when the squopping players had sent themselves off. The rule is reproduced on the back cover, but before looking at it, you should test yourself with the following.

Blue plays a potting shot which causes all greens and yellows to be squopped.
Blue plays a second potting shot which frees a yellow. Blue then plays the final shot of the turn, squopping the yellow to leave all the greens and yellows squopped. Has a failure to free occurred?

Even with the all its complications, the rule is still not satisfactory for many people. In this article I'll propose a change to the rule which simplifies it somewhat while potentially improving it. Actually, it might make a significant difference, and some experimentation¹ should probably be done.

The first change, which may seem to some to be quite radical, concerns Rule 27.4; this sets out obligations about leaving winks free after a freeing shot. The point of this rule is that a freeing shot should give the opponents not just a free wink to admire and cherish, but an opportunity to play a shot with it. Simply put, once you've played a freeing shot, you must leave a wink free at the end of each turn until the opponents get a chance to play a shot. But in fact it's more complicated: you must leave a wink free of the same colour as the wink you originally freed, until the opponents get a chance to play. This last obligation prevents what I'm going to call 'squop-switching', where (say) blue frees yellow, then red re-squops yellow leaving green free, and then blue re-squops green leaving yellow free, and so on. Obviously squop-switching is an underhand way to prevent the opponents from being able to play, and the rule seems reasonable, until you reflect that

- there are not all that many opportunities for squop-switching – in particular, it's difficult to string together a long string of squop-switches – and
- squop-switching is permitted for a pair that hasn't just played a freeing shot.

So here's the suggestion.

¹Note to ETwA policy-makers: by 'experimentation' here, I don't mean trying something out for eighteen games and then forgetting all about it.

Change 1 Delete Rule 27.4, i.e. remove all obligations after a freeing shot.

This may seem drastic: it allows a lot of power to the squopping-up pair; they can free, re-squop, get a fresh set of free turns, and repeat. But here's the second suggestion, which redresses the balance a little.

Change 2 Make the number of squop-up turns four, regardless of the number of flat winks.

I'm not wedded to the number four here; but it feels approximately right. What this means is that a pair with an awkward squop-up get slightly more leeway, while a pair who would have had many free turns now have to free sooner; but of course they can get an extra set of free turns with a bit of squop-switching. In practice, a pair with seven or more free turns doesn't usually make profitable use of all of them – they tend to be used to faff about and run down the clock, and I don't think it would be a bad thing to do away with this sort of thing. The situation where large numbers of free turns are put to good use is in converting a squop-up into a pot-out, and the extra difficulty here might be undesirable; but we can test this.

Note that this change has the additional advantage that clauses 27.1.2 and 27.3.2, which deal with awkward situations when there are very few free turns, can be deleted. We also avoid the awkward issue of whether we measure squop-ups or failures to free by shot or by turn. (By the way, the answer to the test question above is 'no' – no squop-up has occurred, because the rules only test whether a squop-up has taken place at the end of a turn.) We can also make a third change; this concerns Rule 27.2.4, which effectively extends the timed period of the game when the clock runs out during free turns.

Change 3 Delete Rule 27.2.4.

I'm not sure I really see the point of 27.2.4 in any case; it seems rather artificial. And with only four free turns, removing it wouldn't make much difference.

So that's my suggestion. Try it and see.



London Triples

10th January 2009, Kensington

Matt Fayers

Player	Round				Total
	1	2	3	4	
Matt Fayers	18	14½	16½	18	67
Andrew Garrard	18	14½	8½	18	59
Rick Tucker	18	10½	16½	7	52
Charles Relle	7	10½	8½	18	44
Steve Phillips	7	10½	16½	7	41
Alan Dean	7	14½	8½	7	37

Rick Tucker visited England in January, and decided to organise a 'winks event to compete with the NATwA Pairs. He decided to revive the Triples format, which had seen some popularity among American players many years ago – Rick says that he last played in a Triples tournament in the 1970s.

So six of us gathered at the home of Rick's friend Brad, in Kensington. Rick provided the winks for triples; these were old German winks, of very nearly the same size and consistency as modern winks; the small winks were a little too small, like some of the modern small greens, and the surface of the winks was not quite the same. But with a bit of practice, we decided we were happy enough with them. Of course, the redeeming feature of the German winks was that they came in six colours: blue, green, white, purple, red and yellow in playing order.

We had a quick revision of the rules of Triples; they are as you might guess, with each player taking a colour, and red, white and blue playing against green, purple and yellow. Everything else about the game is the same as for standard 'winks, except for the time limit (thirty-seven and a half minutes) and the scoring system: points are awarded 11–7–4–2–1–0.

We thought it foolish to wait for Andrew before starting the first game, so we drew for colours, with one of us (me, as it happened) playing Andrew's colour temporarily. I managed to stay relatively uninvolved with Andrew's reds, and went for a pot-out; we had discussed strategy a little before playing, and reasoned that pot-outs were less likely to be an available option (with more enemy colours to avoid) but rather less risky (with more friends to help out). However, the first red bounced out of the pot, and that was that. A tactical battle developed, with some medium-sized piles.



Andrew Garrard



Rick Tucker



Andrew Garrard

*Rick Tucker**Andrew Garrard**Rick Tucker*

Play was moderately slow, since none of us was familiar with colour order; but Rick, Andrew (who had shown up after twenty minutes) and I gained the upper hand. In rounds, it seemed clear that first place was much the important thing to go for (even though it doesn't guarantee winning the game), and Rick potted to secure this. We then spent a few minutes working out what the score was.

In the second game, I managed to squop myself three times while bringing in, but my tight area was so well protected by my partners that again I had the opportunity for a pot-out. The first pot was a slightly awkward pot-off, which I missed in quite pathetic fashion. So a squopping game developed, and the piles were rather awkward. A rather large pile developed close to the pot, with Charles, Steve and Rick mostly managing to keep some control of it. But in rounds Alan potted well, Andrew did some useful pile-breaking, and I potted before playing a tricky gromp-off onto a doubleton, and we sneaked the game with a share of first place.

After lunch, I partnered Rick and Steve in game three. We all brought in rather better than the opponents, and once more I went for a pot-out. I missed the fourth (the bottom wink of a two-wink pile), and was squopped. Then Rick, on my reckless instructions, went for a pot-out himself. He missed the second, and we settled down to trying to rescue my reds. We managed to keep the opponents involved for long time, and it was only going into rounds that Alan managed to create a reasonable counter-pot threat with yellow. However, his potting let him down, and I was eventually able to get five reds in to seal the win.

At this point Charles announced that he was going home: he felt he wasn't playing at all well, and wasn't enjoying it. We managed to persuade him to stay with the promise that there would only be one more game. In this game Charles, partnering Andrew and me, played well, and we were not far from a squop-up after about half an hour. One particularly pleasing feature of the game was a poached egg actually consisting of a yellow wink on a white. However, the opponents then realised that the wink squopping the other big white was blue rather than purple (these two colours of winks were confused quite frequently during the day), and that blue could send it at the big pile. He did this, and red, white and blue managed to scramble back into the game. The final result was determined by the potting in rounds, which was generally poor.

We totted up the final scores, and then Rick presented us all with commemorative tee-shirts, which was very nice of him. After another quick drink we went our separate ways.

To summarise: Triples is a very interesting game. If we can work out how to bleach and dye modern winks, then it may take off again. I think we all enjoyed it (including Charles, ultimately). A big thank-you is due to Brad for hosting us so well.

Player profile: Paul Moss

[Enough of this writing about oneself in the third person nonsense. . .]



Andrew Garrard

I can just about describe myself as a child of the Sixties, having been around for the last four months or so of the decade. I was born and grew up in middle-class suburbia a few miles south of Manchester, and I am therefore considered 'Northern' by many English winkers, though a Midlander by Scottish players.

My early childhood was contented and uneventful. It contained my first exposure to tiddlywinks, of the small square cardboard box variety, though I don't believe this had a significant impact on my future development.

I was a bright child, and showed an early interest in mathematics in particular; I recall being competitive and perfectionist in primary school arithmetic tests. I was fortunate to be educated at the well-respected Stockport Grammar School, where I continued to excel at maths, and went up to read mathematics at Trinity College, Cambridge in 1987.

My career in adult tiddlywinks began almost immediately. As did most freshers, I attended the Societies' Fair in my first term, and found myself attracted to the CUTwC stand. For reasons which now escape me, I rather suspect I joined the club there and then, not even needing the lubrication of the famous punch served at the subsequent Club squash.

There was much enthusiasm and activity in CUTwC at the time. I was soon the proud owner of a properly sharpened squidger courtesy of Andy Purvis, and quickly became reasonably proficient at the game. My first success was winning the Nick Leaton novices' trophy in partnership with James Cullingham. Other notable winking events were being driven by Nick Inglis to play at Southampton University, and taking part in the House of Commons charity match. I also served as an Assistant Secretary to the Club, which mostly involved updating the notice in Ryder & Amies, and buying the beer for the meetings.

Perhaps because of the 'winks and numerous other distractions, or perhaps because I'd reached a ceiling in my mathematical ability, I did not shine academically so much as I had at school, and I found myself concentrating on applied mathematical subjects rather than pure maths, which I now regret a little. In my final year, I fell

away from regular winks to concentrate on finals. I graduated with a Senior Optime, and assumed my tiddlywinks career was by now no more than a memory.

Seeking a career direction, I joined Touche Ross & Co. to train as a Chartered Accountant, qualifying in 1993. Various accounting roles followed, and I am currently Finance Manager for a manufacturing company near Manchester.

Outside work I have had varied interests. I play guitar and piano a little, I am a keen if occasional hill-walker, and I play badminton regularly. My interest in beer led to membership of the Campaign for Real Ale. I served for several years on the committee of my local branch, and also as Deputy Organiser of the annual Stockport Beer and Cider Festival, which I of course encourage you all to visit at the end of May.

Winks caught up with me again in 1995 when CUTwC tracked me down with an invitation to the 40th anniversary celebrations. Arriving in Queens' Bar to a raucous welcome and much beer felt rather like coming home, and I have continued playing winks ever since. I like to think I often play better than opponents expect, and still retain a naïve optimism that I will eventually fulfill my early promise in the game. I am certainly capable of good shots and good tactics, though I cannot claim any degree of consistency. One of these days, though, it will all come together, and the ETwA National Singles title will be mine, just you wait. . .



Playing with a significantly stronger partner

Richard Ackland

There is no doubt that games are rather different when one member of a partnership is significantly stronger than the other. This article attempts to provide some guidance on playing such games. Please note that referring to the stronger partner as 'he' is shorthand for 'he or she' and is not intended to imply that the strongest players are always male.

Very strong players are generally old hands at the game, so encouragement and teaching are the least important aspects of playing games with them. However this ought to mean expecting a great deal of them and setting (or more diplomatically, implying) ambitious objectives such as 'why not pot that green from the bottom of the pile and manœuvre the yellow so that it squops the red/blue triplet three inches away, at the same time docking the large blue' rather than 'try to squop that' when the distance between the winks is very small.

Give regular encouragement and implied compliment by constantly suggesting difficult shots and avoid making negative comments if things go badly awry. If your

partner thinks you expect too little, it will not help him to relax and enjoy the game if you recommend routine, rather than flamboyant, shots.

Don't try to help the stronger partner to improve his techniques. The question of how much tactical advice to give is a tricky one. He will have many alternatives in mind already and his tactical skill, drawn from long experience, will usually lead him to the correct decision. Nonetheless it is highly desirable to flatter him by suggesting, if consulted, the most complex of the options; this may however slow the game down as he gives greater consideration to the technical requirements of the proposed shot. It's probably best to let him dictate tactics and to listen attentively to his explanations, even if the finer (or even the most basic) points are way beyond your understanding.

If you are a much weaker player than your partner, chances are that your opponents will be aware of the fact and they will wish to attack his winks rather than yours. If you can assist by getting your winks into the fighting zones, you may be able help the cause (and earn some brownie points) by making the occasional easy squop. This is particularly true when your stronger partner is close to being squopped up by concentrated enemy attention. Similarly the occasional nonchalant pot, especially in rounds, may also bring a relieved smile to your partner's face.

If you find yourself squopped by your partner, retain your sang-froid. This is not a grotesque error; he's doing it deliberately so as to be able to pot your wink himself (recognising that you can do so only once every ten tries) or is preparing the ground for you to make an easy (!) subsequent squop.

Deception may work with unknown partners, at least for a while. A proven device is to take a forty-four-year sabbatical from the game, thus reappearing as an unknown quantity, wrecking the TD's handicap system and walking off with the National Teams of Four trophy more often than not.

However in most lifetimes this cannot be done more than twice.



Jubilee Trophy

18th January 2009, Cambridge

Andrew Garrard

Andrew Garrard	6	6	5	6	23
Ben Fairbairn	1	1	2	1	5

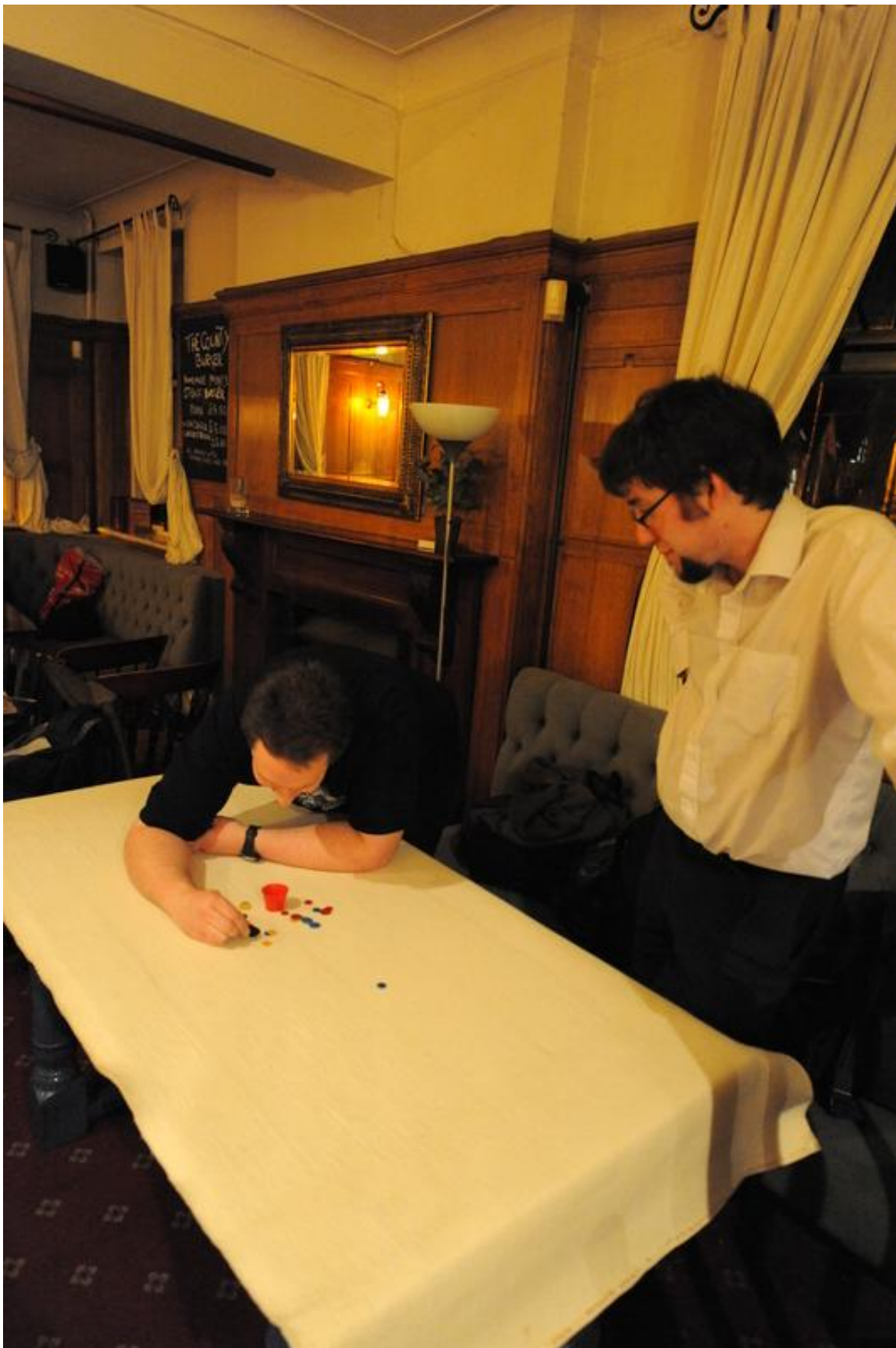
In 2008, Ben Fairbairn and I agreed to play a Jubilee match. At the time I'd not anticipated this becoming my third competitive match in 2009 (after the Somerset and the London Triples), so it's a good thing we like winks. Ben was in Cambridge for a conference on sums, so I took the opportunity to avoid driving around Birmingham by meeting him on familiar turf. Our first choice of location, the Castle Inn, was found to be closed when Ben scouted the options, so the County Arms had the honour of hosting – in spite of a significant lack of large tables.

The tournament started in the traditional manner, with the tournament organiser sitting at a table waiting for me to turn up. In my defence, I'd offered to pick Ben up from anywhere in Cambridge convenient to him, knowing that my schedule might be somewhat unpredictable on that day. Ben had helpfully taken the opportunity to install himself at the best available approximation to a playing surface, and didn't appear to have taken the opportunity to pick up any locals whilst nursing a pint on his own.

Sometime between half past three and four (the ETA I'd given to Ben being 2:30–3:00, itself an amendment from 'around lunchtime') I finally extracted myself from the last of the Sunday drivers and turned up, mat under one arm, cameras draped around me, and somewhat out of breath. Ben arranged the equipment and briefly acclimatised himself to my mat (since I never play on it and it's a bit dead, this made him more familiar with it than I was) while I ran off to ensure the car was locked.

And so, with the remains of the daylight providing about the same amount of illumination as the dim pub lamps and with the bartender disturbed from his Mac-Book for long enough to provide me with caffeine and a brief moment of shock at the prices, we got started.

I won the squidge-off with green, then realised I had to wait for Ben to move out of the way before being able to get at my winks, so we rearranged some furniture a bit. We both managed a surprising level of competence while bringing in, perhaps assisted by the under-size table. Ben's game was defined by several weird misses on or near piles, the results of some of which turning out more advantageous than the shot he was actually attempting to play. Meanwhile I played a number of greeded shots, a number of which didn't really work. The game should have been tied up

*Andrew Garrard*

shortly before the end, had I not managed to scrunge a blue wink out of a pot that was already lined with three winks. It looked like a 5–2 until my last shot contrived to free one of my winks from under a pile without – much to my surprise – flipping the pile over and also freeing a number of Ben’s. 6–1 to me.

The second game squidge-off was more convincing: Ben winning it with a blue Carnovsky (although I was about an inch away from causing a re-squidge). I brought in appreciably better with green than any of the other colours on the mat, including one accidental Carnovsky of my own. I got to five potted greens unconvincingly, but left blue with an easy squop on the sixth. Yellow had a chance to blow the pile that was holding the green, that somehow managed to leave the significant winks in place. However, a colour-order knock-off (which left the green on the nearby blue) gave me the necessary couple of chances to get the last wink in. We both potted badly in the follow-in – embarrassingly since there was a little interest from spectators – including a phonecard shot that (against the laws of physics) jumped backwards over the phonecard and away from the pot. Wasting the opportunity for champagne, it was a 6*–1* in the end.

I got my squidge-off revenge in game three, for which Ben had a wink close enough to be nurdled and my deliberate yellow Carnovsky attempt worked (it’s amazing what short tables will do for you.) A great deal of faffing around with colours left six greens free, apparently without Ben realising what I would try to do with them – or possibly he’d discounted my pot-out threat having seen me try to follow in. Five winks went in, including a trick shot off a pile near the pot that entertained a couple of spectators, and the last missed long onto a horrible pile. It was promptly squopped, but I had the chance to free it with a pretty horrible shot – which worked perfectly in every way except that my squidger flew out of my hand and landed under a nearby table; not the recommended approach. The last green finally went in in round two, but – while Ben’s potting was also fairly incompetent – I failed miserably to bucket the yellows. 5*–2* meant that we had another game to play, just as one of Ben’s fellow mathematicians, Jay Taylor, turned up and wondered whether we had just finished.

In the decider, we continued alternating squidge-off wins, with Ben winning convincingly with blue. Some combination of winks fatigue, failed light and general incompetence meant that this game was marked by more rolling off than the previous ones, and Ben had a relatively early opportunity to go for the pot with six free blues. It was never looking ideally set up, and an Inglis game ensued, with most of Ben’s winks soon ending up under piles. A few high-damage misses by Ben (between some good shots and a bit of high-risk strategy) left Andrew with a squop-up in rounds. The flow of the game was defined by Ben’s last shot, an attempt to knock some blues free, which subbed. Some amusement was caused during an earlier umpiring deci-

sion when Jay dropped the torch on top of the pile containing the disputed squop (and Ben managed a fine rant on the topic of ‘you’re never getting asked to umpire again’). He was, fortunately, kind enough to take some photos for us.

Since the Sunday in question followed the 800th anniversary of Cambridge’s founding, the rest of CUTwC had been steeped in alcohol over the previous two days, and were unable to join us for post-match celebrations. Fortunately, Ben’s dinner engagement was cancelled, leaving me with an opportunity for a small variety of traditional violent drinking games. I took the opportunity to show that I spurn unnatural jokers in the Lisa Bendall game, and that two mathematicians are unable to get past nurdle-Penhaligon, boondock, Penhaligon, boondock in a three-player game (and it took over an hour to get to ‘boondock cod’; a typical game being something like ‘to my left one, two, what?’). More mathematicians joined us, meaning that we got nearly as far as nurdle-boondock between discussions of the inherent superiority of the Cambridge mathematical education system and a demonstration of how to make friends and influence people. I also drank the County out of diet Coke, but fortunately managed to restrict myself to a single pint of fines from the full-phat version.

Eventually, a fresher (possibly called Andre) from Fitz randomly turned up, dropped a coin in Jay’s pint (which he sportingly downed rather than merely clocking him one), and professed to be an expert in drinking games. After a few unconvincing explanations we humoured him with a few dull-ish games of 21, while being regaled with how one could not want more from life than chasing a girl down King’s Parade in the hope of sex, and having her call you afterwards. Jay seemed good-humoured about the intrusions, which broke the game down badly, and the rest of us spent the time discussing the lad’s life expectancy. I doubt the mathmos got the best impression of the Cambridge education system, but otherwise a good time appeared to be had by all. Curry ensued, in spite of Ben’s objection that he was a bit curried-out, with the Maharajah being edible but greasy.

All in all, a jolly day’s entertainment and worth the four hours’ driving. The scoreline was a little harsh, since Ben was playing only slightly more badly than I was – but the games remained, at least for me, most enjoyable.



Cambridge Open

7th–8th February 2009, Cambridge

Patrick Barrie

Player	Points	Games	ppg
Ben Fairbairn	12	2	6
Patrick Barrie	63	12	5 $\frac{1}{4}$
Alan Dean	59	13	4 $\frac{7}{13}$
John Haslegrave	9	2	4 $\frac{1}{2}$
Patrick Driscoll	24	6	4
Charles Relle	48	13	3 $\frac{9}{13}$
Steve Phillips	47	13	3 $\frac{8}{13}$
Stew Sage	18	5	3 $\frac{3}{5}$
Alan Harper	35	10	3 $\frac{1}{2}$
Andrew Garrard	40 $\frac{1}{2}$	12	3 $\frac{3}{8}$
Paul Moss	20	6	3 $\frac{1}{3}$
Bob Wilkinson	38	13	2 $\frac{12}{13}$
Geoff Thorpe	19 $\frac{1}{2}$	7	2 $\frac{11}{14}$
Phillip Buckham-Bonnett	32 $\frac{1}{2}$	13	2 $\frac{1}{2}$
Dannish Babar	20 $\frac{1}{2}$	9	2 $\frac{5}{18}$
Christine Barrie	2	1	2
Andy Blackburn	3	2	1 $\frac{1}{2}$

The Cambridge Open's random-random format has always led to an interesting tournament, with the vagaries of the draw often meaning that the finishing order is less predictable than in other events. Sometimes an unexpected tournament winner results; on other occasions, the final positions are more in line with expectations. Sometimes the attractions of winks are sufficient to keep Stew Sage out of the pub – this was the case for five games this year. In other years, Stew is led astray by the need to entertain visiting players. Indeed, the last time Stew qualified for an official place in the tournament was 1994.

Seventeen winkers played at least one game in this year's Cambridge Open, which wasn't bad given that snow had played havoc with roads and public transport in the days preceding the event. Seven winkers qualified for an official place in the tournament by playing in eleven or more of the thirteen rounds played.

In every round there were winners and losers, and players' ppgs went up and down accordingly. The accompanying graph shows this for the seven qualifying winkers. It reveals that Alan Dean and Steve Phillips started very well, but gradually



Andrew Garrard

fell away to be overtaken on the second day by Patrick Barrie who emerged as winner even before the final round was played.

The final winning ppg was a healthy 5.25. Investigation of results from previous Cambridge Opens reveals that the winning ppg averages 5.09, and ranges from a mighty 5.75 (Patrick Barrie in 2003) down to a measly 4.35 (Jon Mapley in 1987).

Special commendation goes to Cambridge novices Phil Buckham-Bonnett and Dan Babar for their performances. Both attended the Club dinner on Saturday evening which proved to be 'just like the good old days'. Both spent much of Sunday apolo-gising for the incidents that they caused, only a few of which they could remember. PBB, in particular, deserves high praise for playing in the games on Sunday morning. At that point, he was an unusual colour and couldn't walk straight, but nevertheless battled his way to some heroic 3–4 losses.

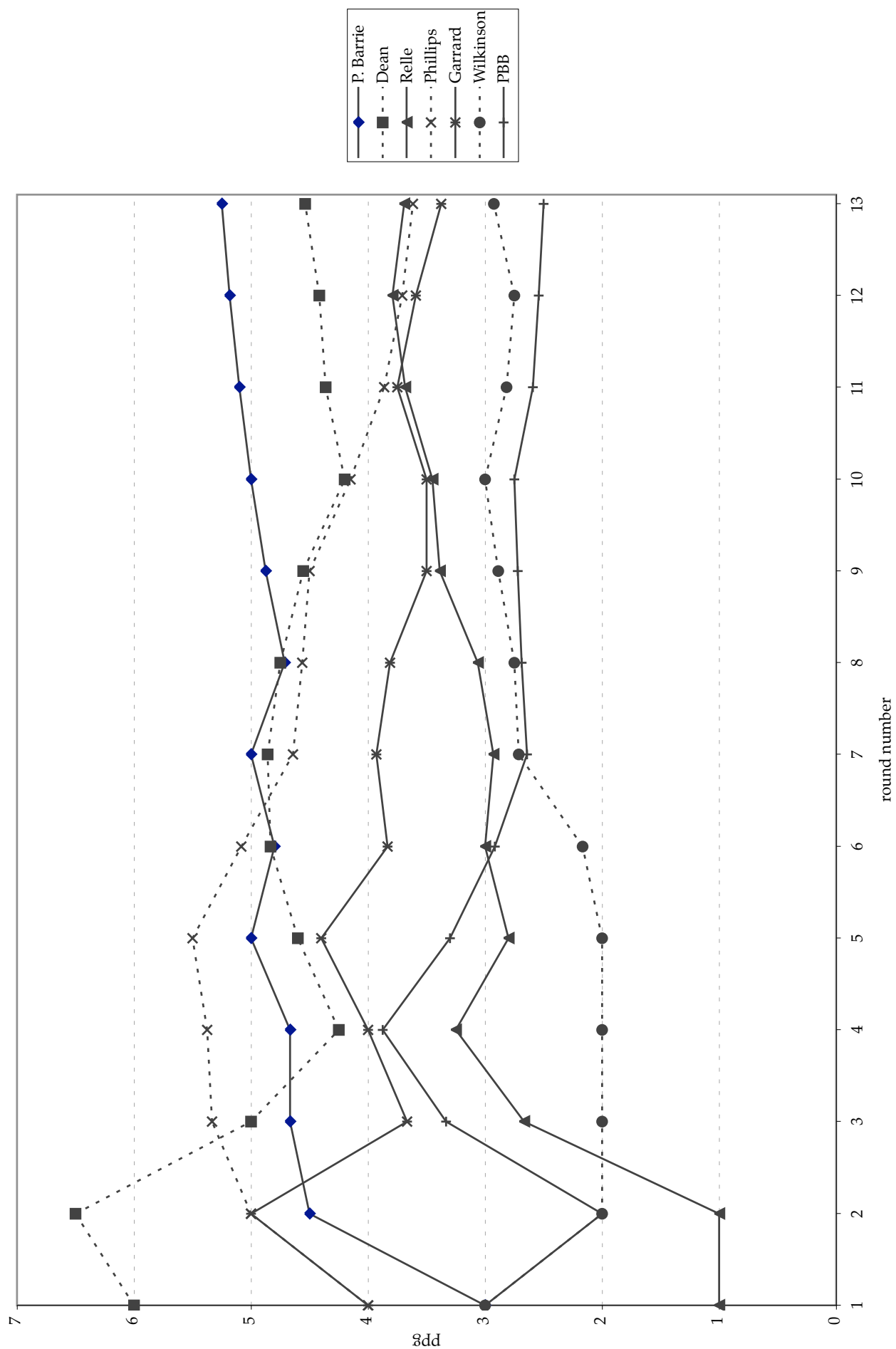
Finally, here are some miscellaneous tournament statistics because I can't remem-ber anything about any of the games.

- Ben Fairbairn achieved his highest ever ppg in tournament play, with two pot-outs from two games, whereupon he went to the pub for the rest of the tourna-ment.



Andrew Garrard

- Christine Barrie played her first game for a year, and showed she hadn't lost her long potting skills.
- Steve Phillips won his first five games, while Bob Wilkinson lost his first six games.
- PBB ended up losing eleven of his thirteen games, but he nevertheless finished with a higher ppg than Dan who won three of his nine games.
- Charles Relle played his 250th rated game in Cambridge Open tournaments, Andrew Garrard played his 150th game, while Patrick Driscoll and Steve Phillips both played their 50th game in this event.
- Paul Moss exceeded 500 points and John Haslegrave exceeded 250 points in Cambridge Open tournaments.



National Teams of Four – scores only

28th February–1st March 2009, York

		SEPTIC				I got thrashed by my daughter			YUTS		
		Alan Harper	Patrick Driscoll	Stew Sage	Ben Fairbairn	Alan Dean	Steve Phillips	Bob Wilkinson	David Bradley-W.	Peter Rocker	Mark Eyles
Hdp		6	6	5	3	6	5	5	3	1	1
Round	1	6	—	7	7	4	1	4	3	0	0
	2	6a	—	1b	1b	6c	6b	6c	1a	1c	1c
	3	6	—	4	4	1	7	1	3	0	0
	4	7	7	1	1	6	3	6	4	0	0
	5	6a	6b	6a	6b	6c	6c	1b	1a	1a	1c
	6	6	7a	6	7a	7b	7b	1	0b	0b	0a
	7	6a	1b	6a	1b	6b	6b	4	3	3	1a
	8	5	6	5	6	2	2	4½	1	1	2½
	9	6a	7	7	6a	6b	1a	1a	1b	0	1b
	10	5½	—	6	5½	7	1	1	1½	0	1½
	11	3	—	7	3	4	5	5	0	2	—
	12	7	—	1	7	6	5½	5½	1½	0	1½
Raw		123½				101			27½		
Cooked		106¾				76½			68¾		

Golden Squidger

14th March 2009, Hendon

Matt Fayers

Charles Relle & Geoff Myers	3	4	1	1	9
Alan Dean & Matt Fayers	4	3	6	6	19

A while ago Alan and Matt had agreed that they would challenge for the Golden Squidger; it took a long time for the match to be arranged, but finally we managed to work around the Tottenham Hotspur schedule and arrange a fixture.

Geoff, as the most centrally-placed player, kindly agreed to host the match. We began at about 11:30 in order to allow travellers time to get there, and played one game before lunch. Alan, Charles and Matt fully expected to go out to a pub for lunch, but in fact Geoff very kindly laid on food. Three games after lunch were enough to finish the match, and after some tea and cake we went our separate ways.

The games were very involved, with large piles and very few potting threats. The result of the match was really determined by Geoff's being somewhat out of practice; the other three players played pretty well. Geoff's potting in particular let him down, especially in Game 4, where he had plenty of winks to pot in rounds and should have taken the match to a fifth game, but missed in both round 4 and round 5 to allow Alan and Matt to seal it.



Going for the pot

Charles Relle

On my first evening at CUTwC, I was asked whether I was a potter or a squopper. Not knowing what a squopper was, I replied that I was a potter. In those days, when, at least at Cambridge, pot-squop was the main strategy, you were one or the other, though you might have some skill at both. I was reminded of this at the 2008 Shrewsbury tournament, when, after I had potted out, my partner, a beginner, asked me why I had potted my winks. I replied that potting out gave the partnership an outright win. Nobody had told him that. Since that incident, I have been wondering whether new players are encouraged to become accomplished potters, or whether, for fear of making tournament Tiddlywinks seem too much like the children's game, experienced players teach them to think more about squopping and strategy.

I think that we should teach new players first and foremost to pot. Even if this may remind them of the children's game, beginners expect potting to be the main part of Tiddlywinks, so it is reasonable to start with this skill. I am well known as not being a strategist, but there is no doubt that all strategy depends on the threat to pot. If an opponent were going to miss the pot every time, there would be no point in squopping him, and no point in assembling troops of winks to mount an assault on weaknesses in his position. As things are, we go for squops to prevent an opponent from potting, and thereby to establish a strong position for ourselves. It follows from this that everyone needs to be able to pot.

To look at this another way, we have all been in a position in which our own threat to pot has caused the opponents to alter their strategy in order to negate the threat. This desirable situation can be brought about only if the threat is real.

Even in a complex game with many squops, we nearly always need to pot one or more winks towards the end, and to be sure of doing so. This skill comes from practice, as does the confidence that goes with it. We have all been in a situation where we have missed a pot in rounds, and needlessly found ourselves a vital tempo behind. So we need to practise potting, even if we do not use the skill very often. We also need to make sure that beginners have the skill, or they will perpetually feel they are letting themselves or their partners down in rounds.

Potting is fun, and we play Tiddlywinks for fun, and should encourage others to do so. Many other games have reached a stage of negativity or complexity that takes the fun away from them, and lengthy post-mortems make things worse. Whatever we do, we must keep the fun in Tiddlywinks. We will do this by encouraging beginners to pot well. As they become better versed in strategy, their thoughts will turn more and more to better squopping and better bringing in, both of which skills are essential to the game, but they will bless the day when they learned to pot when they win games in rounds by superior potting. Not only this, but they will be able to occasion a surprise by achieving an unexpected blitz, which is a very satisfactory outcome. They will enjoy the game more, and be more formidable opponents.

This is not a plea for a non-intellectual or less strategic approach to the game. Tournament Tiddlywinks is a good game because of the strategy involved. It is not a plea to speed up the game. It is a plea for versatility and continued fun.



Jubilee Trophy

4th April 2009, Maidstone

Charles Relle

Andrew Garrard	3	3	1	1	8
Charles Relle	4	4	6	6	20

What could we expect from a match between Andrew Garrard and Charles Relle? Possibly some outrageous shots; probably an intellectual, or even philosophical, approach from Andrew, certainly a more 'point and shoot' game from his opponent. The venue was Maidstone; Andrew gave up home advantage in favour of the more spacious accommodation available at 99 Tonbridge Road. So the battle was fought in the Relles' upper library.

The plan was to play two games before lunch, but the M25 put paid to that idea. Charles was not surprised, as it had taken his wife Eleanor four hours to reach home from Kingston a few days before. The contest rearranged itself for one game before lunch and the rest thereafter. Lunch itself remained warmly in the oven until the players were ready for it.

Charles, playing blue and red in the 'dominant' corners, won the squidge-off with blue, but it did not do him much good, as he put two winks of each colour off during the bring-ins. This influenced Andrew's tactics, as he had three yellows near the pot, and one close to the pot on a blue. Potting the three and boondocking the blue left him in a strong position, but a miss allowed Charles an easy squop. Constant attacks by Green, and some misses by Charles, let another yellow in, but Andrew never had enough tempos to squop the attractive blue-red piles that Charles left. Nearly until rounds Charles had to concentrate solely on keeping Yellow down, but Blue was not in a hopeless position, with several free, and Charles found the time to free another with Red. After potting a few, Charles opted to bring a blue in from distance rather than take a flyer for the pot. It landed handily, but Andrew countered with a good long squop, leaving Blue and Yellow level at the end. Green had been too involved in attempts to free his partner and squop Blue to find time to pot himself, which allowed Red to pot enough to secure first place. The game thus ended 4–3 to Charles, who had had a very lucky escape.

Lunch followed, and saw Andrew refreshing himself with Diet Coke, and Charles, off alcoholic drinks for Lent, drinking apple juice. What would be the effect on Charles, sitting at lunch with 100 bottles of wine behind him and not touching a drop? Actually it was quite positive; he won the squidge-off again with yellow, and

put only two winks off the mat on bring-ins. But his squopping was beginning to connect; however, when a pile did form, he did not seal it up, for his mistakes were as numerous as his good shots, and Andrew was able to break out. Charles, however, had uncommitted yellows, and there was a contest between these and Blue for first place. When Andrew left a blue invitingly near Yellow, not only did Charles miss, but subbed under Red, making a big win impossible, and leaving the result another 4–3 to him, and the match score at 8–6.

In the next game, Charles returned to the dominant corners and blue and red. Again he won the squidge-off with blue, and this time his bringing-in, though tentative, and hardly well grouped, was much less prodigal. He kept his winks on the mat, a distinct advantage compared with his situation in the other games. Andrew, however, made the initial squop, with a wink so close to the pot that his opponent judged that it could not reach its target. This squop became the focus of all subsequent play, for Charles placed several winks nearby, keeping, however, wary of the threat posed by Yellow, which was uninvolved in the more concentrated area. However, an uncharacteristic roll off the mat on a Yellow bring-in gave Charles a valuable tempo, and he was able to squop a yellow to neutralise the menace. Gradually, Andrew's winks were drawn in to a pile close to the pot. As sometimes occurs when winks are massed together, he had two unlucky subs which aided his opponent. As rounds approached, Charles's defences came into place, and he had free turns, and no difficulty in placing freed winks in positions from which it was hard to attack the pile. The result was a 6–1, leaving the match score at 14–7, and both players conscious of the possible outcome after the next game.

So to game 4: Andrew was now in the dominant corners, but his opponent won the squidge-off with yellow. Though Charles continued to show an affinity with the floor, his squopping was sound, and again Andrew was unlucky with subs. With a doubleton and a tripleton, Charles appeared to be gaining control, but Andrew attacked very well. But, by contrast with game 3, Charles had one or two distant winks, which were not able to play an effective part in the defence. Added to this, his squopping became more fallible as the game progressed and Andrew's persistence paid off when twice he was able to break piles, the second time in rounds. The cruds left Andrew in a very favourable position; with few shots left, the winks were scattered, his own nearer to the pot than Charles's. But unusual misses of the pot late in rounds meant that he could not capitalise on the situation, and Charles, who had missed the pot more than once himself, was able to secure enough points with each colour for a 6–1 and a final score of 20–8. Curiously, Charles had beaten Nick Inglis by the same score in 1988. After this match, Nick advised subsequent challengers not to touch Charles's cider.



Andrew Garrard

Enough of the third person: I now write in *propria persona*. It was a pleasure, as always, to entertain Andrew at home: the match was, for me at least, nervy. I was conscious that Andrew had had a run of success in the Jubilee. He had beaten Tim Hunt, who had some years back beaten me 23–5, and more recently Alan Dean, who had beaten me in two marathon matches; I respected his play and ability to think. In the 2008 Singles, I had struggled to beat him 4–3, and it seemed to me that the current ratings did not do him justice. Added to this, my own form over the year, especially in important games, had been erratic. I expected, and got, a hard-fought match. Of course, I should not have put so many winks on the floor; in retrospect, I do not know why this happened. Certainly several winks ran on their sides more than half the length of the mat; others turned sideways and rolled off for no discernible reason. There were many mistakes on both sides; equally, there were some good shots; on my part, some long squops; on Andrew's excellent high shots onto piles, well placed bring-ins, and a Lennon that would not have occurred to me. Andrew has a certain range of shots that are to me unexpected. This is part of the charm of Tiddlywinks; there are always shots to learn and to experiment with until you are confident you can bring them into your own game. So I end by thanking Andrew for coming over to play the match, and for some enlightenment by which I hope to profit.

27. Squop-Up Turns

- 27.1 If, at the end of a turn, a partnership has no free winks (owing to all its unpotted winks being squopped), that partnership is said to be 'squopped up'. The opposing partnership is then entitled to a number of 'squop-up turns'.
- 27.1.1 A 'flat wink' is a free wink on the field of play that is not squopping (i.e. one that has been played from behind the baseline but that is not potted, squopped or squopping). The number of squop-up turns is equal to the number of flat winks plus one.
- 27.1.2 In the special case that there are no flat winks and the colour of the squopping partnership that is next in colour sequence has no free winks, then the number of squop-up turns is two.
- 27.1.3 The number of squop-up turns is calculated immediately after the turn that caused the squop-up to occur.
- 27.2 Squop-up turns are turns shared between the two colours of the squopping partnership. The squop-up turns are played using the normal sequence of colours.
- 27.2.1 If one of the squopping partnership colours cannot play a wink during a particular turn (owing to having no free winks or the forfeiture of a shot according to Rule 19), then this counts as a turn when determining how many squop-up turns have been played.
- 27.2.2 The squopped-up partnership has no free winks with which to play during squop-up turns. If one of the squopped-up partnership colours is due to forfeit a shot by Rule 19, then this forfeiture is deemed to have occurred if that colour's turn takes place during the squop-up turns.
- 27.2.3 If the timed period of the game (Rule 22) had ended before the squop-up occurred, then the squop-up turns are part of the normal counting of rounds in the round limit period of the game (Rule 23).
- 27.2.4 If the timed period of the game (Rule 22) ends during squop-up turns, it is deemed to have elapsed immediately before the first turn in which a member of the squopped-up partnership has a free wink of the colour to be played.
- 27.3 Before the squop-up turns have been completed, the squopping partnership must play a freeing shot.
- 27.3.1 A freeing shot is a shot that leaves an opponent with a free wink, one that pots the sixth wink of any colour, or one that terminates the game according to Rule 26.
- 27.3.2 In rare situations, the squopping partnership may be unable to play a freeing shot when required owing to forfeiture of a shot by Rule 19. This does constitute a failure to free.
- 27.3.3 If the round limit period is completed before a freeing shot is required, then the game ends (as described in Rule 24) and there is no requirement to play a freeing shot.
- 27.4 Once a freeing shot has been played, squop-up turns come to an end, regardless of whether the full number of squop-up turns were played or not. The squopped-up partnership must be given an opportunity to play a shot once one of its winks is freed.

- 27.4.1 The turn in which a freeing shot is played should be completed. For instance, if green and yellow are squopped up and blue plays a shot that simultaneously pots a blue wink and frees a green wink, then blue does play another shot in that turn even though squop-up turns have come to an end.
 - 27.4.2 After a freeing shot, until the partnership that had been squopped up starts a turn with a free wink of the colour to be played, the squopping partnership must leave at least one opponent wink free at the end of each turn. Further, until the partnership that had been squopped up starts a turn with a free wink of the colour to be played, if an opponent wink of the colour due to begin a turn next is free at the end of any shot, then at least one wink of this colour must be left free at the end of the turn.
 - 27.4.3 Having a turn with a free wink constitutes having the opportunity to play a shot, even if no shot can be played owing to forfeiture of a shot by Rule 19.
 - 27.4.4 It is not required that the partnership that had been squopped up have the opportunity to play a shot if the game ends first (by the situation described in Rule 24 or Rule 26). Similarly, it is not required that the freed colour has the opportunity to play a shot if any colour becomes potted out before the freed colour has the opportunity to play.
- 27.5 If a freeing shot is not played as required by Rule 27.3, or the opponents are not given the opportunity to play a shot once one of their winks is freed as required by Rule 27.4, then the situation is referred to as a 'failure to free'.
- 27.5.1 For the first shot of the turn following the failure to free the person due to play the next colour is awarded a 'free shot with a nominated colour'. The person shall nominate a colour that has a free wink. For that shot the nominated colour may be played as if it was the person's normal colour.
 - 27.5.2 If, in the playing of a free shot with a nominated colour, a wink of either the nominated colour or the person's normal colour is potted, then the person gets another shot as part of the same turn. The person can continue the turn by playing any of his or her normal colour winks freed by the previous shot. Note that at the end of the game, winks in the pot count for their actual colour, regardless of who potted them.
 - 27.5.3 If, in the playing of a free shot with a nominated colour, a wink of either the nominated colour or the person's normal colour wholly or partially leaves the playing volume during the shot, then the person forfeits the next shot to be played with his or her normal colour.
 - 27.5.4 If the failure to free occurs on the final turn of the fifth round of the round limit period, then the next colour in sequence shall be entitled to one extra turn, starting with a free shot with a nominated colour.