

# T H E   W I N K I N G   W O R L D

The Official Journal of the English Tiddlywinks Association

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Spring 1978

This edition of the Winking World is the first for nine months. I suppose apologies are called for...but none will be forthcoming...there was nothing to put in the edition! However as we finally go to press we welcome a number of contributors. Cyril Edwards, a writer previously appearing only in Der Spiegel and the author of 'High German for the Under Fives', has celebrated his election as Etwa Secretary by a flush of literary endeavour, writing of events in London over the past year, and filling most of this edition. Colin Brown, newly elected President of the Cambridge club, even though he is in his sixth year at the Institution, the only known man to fail Tripos three times and still be at University, contributes an account of the regaining of the Silver Wink by Cambridge. Rob Warren, soon to inflict his intelligence on the impressionable minds in some obscure Public school in Mid-Beds writes of this year's Oxford-Cambridge match. It was hoped to receive news of the Southampton Open from Tom but pressure of interviews for jobs requiring mathematicians of less than five foot in height has forced a delay. It was also hoped that one Dennis Opposs, the phantom calligraphist would write an account of the Etwa Congress.. but to no avail. The next edition may in fact have the material. All the average winker needs to know is the address of the new secretary:  
Cyril Edwards

23 Geoffrey Road; Brockley; London S.E.4.      Tel: 01-692-3937.

The reason for the haste for this edition is seen below: do give the weekend serious consideration, and if the competition is as good this year as it was last we'll all be glad May 1st is becoming a public holiday.

## 1978 NATIONAL PAIRS CHAMPIONSHIPS

29th - 30th April.

CAMBRIDGE.

Arrangements: Please send your entries to Geoff Cornell, Wesley House, Jesus Lane, Cambridge (or ex-Cutwc people to Steve Warren) in enough time for him to inform you of the final details. If you want accomodation (floors) please let him know.

Venue: The one place it won't be on the Saturday is Fitzwilliam. We are searching for a comparable venue. Hence the need for informing us that you are coming.

Price: It depends where we go. We'll sting you when you arrive.

Attractions: The National Pairs, Old v New CutWC, innumerable friendlies, punting on the river if fine, Greene King.....

A filler: two bad puns you may not have heard before:

When is a door not a door?    When its a negress.

Whi h nation uses the most cold cream?    The Japanese

Another filler: Good news is that not only does there appear to be the possibility of winks at Oxford, but that the Bristol club has been resurrected. Messrs Dean and Seaman paid them a visit, and report encouragingly on numbers and standard.

## THE NATIONAL SINGLES CHAMPIONSHIPS 1977

or The Day Nigel Came Into His Own...Then Did A Don Revie....

Largely at the insistence of Dave Lockweed, who wouldn't have been allowed to win anyway, the National Singles was operated on a two-league system. There was some talk of players choosing whether they wanted to be in Group A or Group B. I didn't understand this, so I ignored the draw, and found myself in what was by general consensus much the easier of the two groups, containing Nigel and Pam Knowles and Keith as stars. In the other group were Dave L, Jon, Alan Dean, Dave Rose, Mick Still, and Steve Welch, all formidable singles players and guaranteeing a torrid time for all. After the 9 league game's Dave L headed group A, but since it is a Great British Championship semi final places had to go to the second & third players in that group. Second was Steve Welch, no surprise to any of us who have observed his recent form, and third was Alan, just heading Jon and Dave Rose.

There was no doubt about the first qualifier in Group B. Nigel, albeit not yet in Arab dress, was clearly not keen on leaving England empty handed and scored 51 (66677766), which included a most unhusbandly trouncing of Pam 7-0. For the rest it was a close struggle between Keith and myself (Cyril) with Pam not up to her usual form. I started the last of the nine games by playing disastrously against Pam and needing a good win to qualify. I decided - if that's the word - to pot from a really bad position, one colour having winks free, if not near the pot, and the other mostly squopped. After four or five attempts they somehow got into the pot, the last two from a fair distance in a fine flood of adrenalin... Pam being not too sure whether to take me seriously or not (We all have the same problem, Cyril....)

I didn't see Nigel's semifinal, being otherwise engaged, but it obviously couldn't have been closer, the first two games going 6-1 in opposite directions, then Nigel scraping home 4-3 in the third. The semi-final between Steve Welch and I stretched to three games, much to everyone's surprise - particularly mine. The first game, remarkable for a number of deliberate baseline squops using big winks and bouncing off the pot, went convincingly to Steve; in the second I made an elementary error (forgetting an opponent's wink in the pot) and could only scrape 3-4. The third Steve won well.

The final was disappointing. Nigel was full of confidence, and Steve was increasingly depressed as Nigel dominated both games from the outset with placing and squopping. Thus a third name was added on the trophy to those of Alan and Keith. We hope Nigel will be able to make a quick trip over from Teheran to defend his trophy this autumn (following Lockweed's example, will we bar him from playing, muses the editor). As it is Nigel has donated the Jubilee Singles Challenge Trophy to the winner of the first two challengers.. can challenges be sent to me at 34, Geoffrey Road, London SE4 please.  
Cyril Edwards.

The Marchant Trophy: NEWTS v 11 Khartoum Road (Holders). Nov. 1977

Of this, the least said the better. From the beginning there was considerable doubt as to whether enough of either side would turn up for the match. NEWTS were, in the end, blessed with a full team: Brian Watson & Stuart Marshall, unable to make the above singles on the previous day, loyally came along for the Trophy Match. Khartoum Road could only raise 3 pairs, albeit awesome in quality. As on the previous encounter between these sides (see last WW) decisive points had been forfeited due to the late arrival of a player, it was agreed that Khartoum Road would begin with a deficit of 28 points as they were one pair short. Under these conditions Khartoum Road played brilliantly, and the result was in doubt

until the last round, NEWTS were saved by the consistent excellence of their first pair, Jon Mapley and Charles Relle, playing together in a serious competition for the first time, and winning all their matches by a fine display of attacking winks. (Since when has Witham been in London? Editor). In the first match at Goldsmith's the two Micks (Still no Wiser) had played badly together, and post-match conferring with Alan and Co had revealed that this was usually the case in Southampton and that in important matches these two had usually been separated. One wonders, as Princess Anne would have put it, if one were not in this case a victim of double-bluff. (Isn't the truth that they always play badly? Ed.) Anyway, we decided to play Mick S with Dennis, and Mick W with Cyril, two totally new and untried pairings. Disaster struck: D & MS at least managed a creditable win over Alan & Michael 5½-1½, while the best result C & MW (his thoughts still with Brentford) could manage was a 3-4 against Pam and Nigel. Moral: don't try untried pairs in important matches. As for the opponents (Above mentioned, plus Keith and Steve) they played very well except against the invincible Relle & Mapley. It was a very shame-faced NEWTS that walked away with the trophy, the final score being 61½-50½ in their favour.

Cyril Edwards.

The first LONDON OPEN PAIRS TIDDLYWINKS CHAMPIONSHIPS took place in the Grill Room, University of London Goldsmith's College, on Sat. March 11th, a fine sunny afternoon which made even New Cross look suitable for human habitation. The venue is actually not bad at all, tables which are almost full size, though Jon Mapley in a friendly game with your correspondent seemed to find difficulty in believing this, sending his first three winks off the table from the baseline. I thought this might be a record, but discovered that one of the scout pairs had managed 5 out of 6 earlier in the afternoon. On Saturday afternoon Goldsmith's has no bar open, but there are plenty of pubs around, and from 3.00 the restaurant downstairs was open, and the Chinese Takeaway, now an inevitable accompaniment to winks championships was a couple of minutes' walk away. (The editor wishes to apologise for this travel brochure for New Cross...I've heard of setting the scene but this is ridiculous)

The turn-out was poor, only 10 pairs, though this is about normal nowadays. What was disappointing was the absence of any pairs from Southampton (except Alan) and Cambridge (no exceptions...but see elsewhere in this edition for clues). Heartening was the presence of four scout-scoutmaster pairs from a local scout group. These showed skill, especially in potting, but the usual lack of tactical sense that goes with inexperience: it was a pity that there was no time for a coaching session, but it is to be hoped that this will be remedied soon. One of the scouts played with Dave R, who had flown over courtesy of Pan Am, and must have learned a lot. (Ed: who?). Alan & Keith Seaman played together, with more success than usual, and, Dennis Oppos being a flu victim, Cyril played with Dave Rickard an ex-Aberystwyth player, 1964 vintage, who played pretty well considering he hadn't touched a wink in 12 years. Another surprise entry was Saul (The Indian), an American of Bill Renke's era who happens to be working in England. Hewas allotted Steve Goodall as a partner, and they performed creditably, reaching the semifinals.

Six rounds of Swiss were played at a very creditable speed. Alan and Keith were undefeated, and their victory spoilt Charles & Jon's 100% record. Charles was in a particularly boisterous mood and was making most of the decisions. He has now added the Bristol to his repertoire, and some tactical know-how to his wide range of skills, making him more than ever a player to be feared. The remaining semi-final places were in hot dispute up to the last round, in which Dave R & Cyril had the misfortune to be drawn (or rather forced in) against Jon & Charles. This meant Sue Slack's trip down from Sheffield was made worthwhile, She and Ian Emsley edging in by one point. The other

place went to Saul and Steve who had played with admirable consistency throughout.

Next came a one-round semi final. Jon & Charles proved too much for Saul & Steve, winning 6-1. In the other semi-final the result proved the value of combining genuine tactics with an inside knowledge of one's opponents. In the Hants Open Keith & Cyril had decided on a pot-out attempt against the two American Daves, which succeeded after the inevitable miss of the second wink. Here in London, Ian found himself, after less than 5 minutes, with five winks close to the pot, one of his yellow winks under a big yellow, but all perfectly pottable, and the second big yellow on the far corner of the mat, having been boondocked there by Keith. This apart, Sue, playing green, had a fair few of Alan and Keith's winks squopped, thanks to superior bringing-in. Ian and Sue knew that wars of attrition waged by Alan and Keith over 20 minutes are usually successful, no matter how bad for them the starting position, so Ian bravely opted to pot. The second missed. Alan and Keith brought more winks in, knowing Ian had one on the baseline. In his next round Ian potted four, including the large wink on top of the small one. There remained the large yellow on the baseline. Fortunately there was a fairly wide area of uncovered mat. Sue pointed to a spot some six inches from the pot, about the same distance from Alan's large red on a small green, and somewhat further away from Keith's nearest blue wink. Ian placed his big wink on the spot Sue had indicated, and we waited with bated breath while first Keith, then Alan, missed their none too easy squops. Then Ian potted with consummate ease. 5-2.

The final was disappointing by comparison. One had the feeling that Ian and Sue were overawed by the occasion, and their tactics were prone to error. The first round, a squopping match went 6-1 to Jon & Charles. In the second game Ian and Sue lost their heads, knowing that they needed at least six points. Their bringing in was excellent as usual, particularly that of Sue who was well-placed for a pot-out with green, if they had decided that way. Instead Ian whose yellows were scattered, tried for the pot on the grounds that his partner couldn't in big matches, got four or five in and then was sat on. From then on the match was a formality. Charles decided to counter-pot fairly early, and didn't miss much. The result was a 5-2 to Jon and Charles, who will hold the London Open Trophy for the first time, as soon as I've got it engraved. It was nice to see relatively new faces in a final, and with more confidence Ian and Sue will be a truly formidable pair.

From E.I. Aadio, alias Cyril Yettagain.

### WEDNESDAY

Saturday 3rd September dawned clear but windy. (Your reporter should know having spent daybreak on the Oxford Bypass). We were all going to Leeds for the day: the occasion? Geoff's wedding to Christine. How many of you knew that the opening time in W. Yorks is as late as 11.30 a.m.?

The service went with a swing a smile and a prayer. There is, in informed circles a rumour that the final hymn, which I hadn't heard before, is to be Abba's next single. Then the reception went with a swig, slurp and a scoff. The wine flowed like grape juice, and the buffet was excellent. Some of the younger guests, claiming not to have eaten since breakfast some eight hours earlier, were seen to be first ...and then last...in the queue for food.

Best man Alan Cooper (no relation to the winker of the same name) recounted for us how he accompanied Geoff on his historic quest to be the first to carry his squidger to the very summit of Mt. Kenya: the greatest altitude ever achieved by an earthbound tiddlywinkx. He also related us to a fair proportion of the Oxford Dictionary of Quotations (sic). I wasn't sure whether the communion wine was

affecting him or whether he had spent too long teaching in a clearing surrounded by natives blowing poisoned darts.

My pleasantest memories:

- a) the occasion itself
- b) Spending the 3½ hours of the reception in a Bridge Club with no-one mentioning a rubber

My biggest disappointments:

- a) that Chris, like so many in today's winking world, started life as a Potter but had to change her name
- b) that the team of my spiritual allegiance has had to change its name also: to Sacred and Holy Inebriate Tiddlywink Club
- c) that the otherwise fine- Whitbread Trophy in the bar was served too cold
- d) that the space beneath the tables is partitioned into four: is there no other honest sport these days?

The day's greatest imponderable:

On the day that Geoff deserted the Midlands for Leeds his beloved Coventry City entertained Leeds United. Score 1:1. Fatalists: what about that? Mick Still.

### The Southampton Trip

The weekend of 11th-12th February will, it seems, certainly be remembered by posterity only for the regaining of the Silver Wink by Cambridge, but this apparently glossy facade hides many a tale that individually would be no more than light entertainment but together make a story of human endurance that could take more box office than Star Wars.

Deceptively, the tournament began quietly, if coldly, for seven of the eight Cambridge contingent outside the Senate House at 8 a.m. Forced by poverty and subsistence living into hiring two minis for the trip, they waited patiently for one of them to arrive whilst its driver slept contentedly. Mr. Brown, quick witted as usual, managed to sum up the situation regularly with phrases such as "What a prat!" or "What a jockey!" in between periodic attacks on the already present mini containing the team captain and organiser, Mr. M. Illingworth.

When eventually the second driver, who shall be referred to as John Le Geyt, did make an appearance, his social standing and command of respect took a further blow by his persistent aspirin consumption. Belief in his capabilities waned further when he attempted an unexpected emergency stop, on black ice, in Trumpton, in order that he might, as he put it "see how good the brakes were". Relating the incident to the aforementioned captain in the evening, after he had indulged himself to the extent of a quart or so, prompted a rendering of the joky concerning Nelson's brown trousers, which, if it begs repetition, would not be seemly in this context.

Meanwhile, the Le Geyt mini, after taking a supposed short cut through Elstree and Harrow, found itself bruised but still cruising at the Chiswick roundabout, so much so that it took the wrong exit, and after a spell in Putney was on the A3 to Portsmouth. Inspired by this error it went into overdrive in an attempt to gain lost time, which later transpired to be at least 90 minutes. However, the human body, which is well known cannot travel at greater than 30mph could not take this latest strain, and sanity proposed a rest in the small Surrey village of Ripley. Tumbling out of the car, via a urinal, to the Green Lantern Restaurant, the incumbents, of whom none had taken a hearty breakfast, alternatively drank tea politely or savaged Mars Bars as the waitress' presence permitted.

On arriving at the University, with the Hants Open well under way, a concession was obtained from the Captain, deaf to rumours of bad driving, who offered to travel in the Le Geyt car on the return. In retrospect a foolish heroic gesture as it appears his jeans will never be the same again.

Saturday's play, on the whole, was uneventful except for some inspired passages by the ever-present Dave Lockwood who in the true tradition of American 'biggest is best' was displaying a 2 inch diameter squidger along with jokes like : "A PVC squidger ? that's the kind of stuff records are made of!" The final between Alan and Steve, and Cyril and Keith was taken tensely to a third match, and is no doubt described elsewhere in this august periodical.

Sunday morning, the Cambridge contingent, slightly blurry-eyed from the rigours of the previous night, dutifully trooped in half an hour late only to find Southampton with just five representatives. This was later swollen to eight, apparently by the clever use of mirrors and a copy of 'Time Dilation for Beginners', before the end of the first round. Cambridge took an early, but hardly commanding lead which was stretched slowly to 13 points after 3 rounds. All pairs were playing well with the exception of the Warrens who seemed to be struggling to find their form and had scraped a bare 6 points. Then, at the perfect moment, the Cambridge captain called a time-out for a team-talk, emphasising the need for only 8 more points. It was then with surprise, nay dumbfoundment, that his fourth round result came in to reveal he had played a blunder, and lost 7 - 0. Spurred on by five points from the reliable Cornell - Le Geyt partnership, the latter evidently showing more skill on the mat than the road, it fell to the Queen's pair, and the Warrens to sew the game up. Unfortunetly the former, from past performance believing the onus to be squarely on their shoulders, cracked up under the strain and collapsed 6 - 1, in stark contrast to the now casual Warrens, who cruised to their own 6 - 1, winning the game  $60\frac{1}{2} - 51\frac{1}{2}$ , and doubling their personal points total.

And so, the true heroes stepped into the limelight, proving that not just sheer skill but also stamina was needed to win a day that will be remembered, not only for the East Anglian total committment, but also for a roundabout in Mill Hill that nearly claimed the lives, as a plane crash had done over twenty years before, of half the victorious team.

Colin Brown.

22nd Annual Varsity Match.

Sunday March 12th 1978.

For the Cambridge team the day began at 0.01 a.m.. They were asleep, training for the big match. The tactics were simple : seven of the team wereto meet at Marshall's Car Hire at 9.a.m. The eighth was in Oxford : spying out the land, obtaining inside information on the opponent's tactics, and, more importantly, trying to raise an Oxford team. When the aforementioned seven had gathered one Martin Illingworth, a man not unconnected with the score 7-0, suggested that winks would be a useful thing to take with them, claiming that they could be played with when Oxford was reached. To humour him some were procured, packed, and the side departed.

In spite of Mr. Brown's acceleration and sense of direction the team managed to converge on the JCR of St. Peter College at 3 o'clock. 4 of the Oxford team were already there, soon to become six. Two innocent bystanders, spectators for the big match, the Varsity trophy being at stake, were pressganged into playing, and proved to be Oxford's most competent pair. The match itself again underlined Mr. Dave Taylor's lack of stamina, but otherwise went according to plan and Cambridge won  $61\frac{1}{2} - 22\frac{1}{2}$  in three rounds.

Thanks are due to Al Watson who captained the Oxford team, to the side for turning out, and Rat and Rick deserve congratulations on being the top Oxford pair....with 8 points.

Rob Warren.

PULL-OUT ( AND THROW AWAY) RESULTS SUPPLEMENT.

1977 National Singles

Group A

	DL	JM	AD	DR	MS	SS	SW	TG	SM	PJ	Total	
Dave Lockwood	-	6	5	6	2	6	3	6	7	7	48	(Guest)
Jon Mapley	1	-	6	3	2	5	6	7	7	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	38 $\frac{1}{2}$	
Alan Dean	2	1	-	4	6	6	1	6	7	6	39	(2nd)
Dave Rose	1	4	3	-	5	6	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	6	7	1	37 $\frac{1}{2}$	
Mick Still	5	5	1	2	-	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	0	4	7	7	33 $\frac{1}{2}$	
Sue Slack	1	2	1	1	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	-	1	4	4	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	21	
Steve Welch	4	1	6	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	7	6	-	6	7	7	46 $\frac{1}{2}$	(1st)
Tom Gardner	1	0	1	1	3	3	1	-	6	6	22	
Sarah Mackie	0	0	0	0	0	3	0	1	-	0	4	
Pam Jones	0	5 $\frac{1}{2}$	1	6	0	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	0	1	7	-	25	

Group B

	MH	CE	KS	NK	PK	IE	PM	SG	GB	Total	
Mike Holloway	-	1	1	1	1	1	3	1	0	9	
Cyril Edwards	6	-	3	1	5	6	6	7	7	41	(2nd)
Keith Seaman	6	4	-	1	4	6	6	4	7	38	
Nigel Knowles	6	6	6	-	7	7	7	6	6	51	(1st)
Pam Knowles	6	2	3	0	-	3	6	6	6	32	
Ian Emsley	6	1	1	0	4	-	4	7	3	26	
Pete Manning	4	1	1	0	1	3	-	4	0	14	
Steve Goodall	6	0	3	1	1	0	3	-	6	20	
Grahame Budd	7	0	0	1	1	4	7	1	-	21	

A word of commendation to Mike Holloway and Sarah Mackie for staying on what must have been a pretty miserable afternoon for them.

Semi Finals

Round	1	2	3	Total
Steve	5 $\frac{1}{2}$	4	6	15 $\frac{1}{2}$
Cyril	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	3	1	5 $\frac{1}{2}$

Finals

Round	1	2	3	Total
Steve	1	1		2
Nigel	6	6		12

Alan	1	6	3	10
Nigel	6	1	4	11

Opponents / Score For

	LONDON OPEN		Key:		Total		Total						
Alan & Keith	2	6	10	5	8	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	4	4	5	7	7	7	1st
Dave R & Charles	1	1	9	4	4	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	6	7	3	3	8	1	7th
Sue & Ian	4	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	5	3	10	1	9	6	2	4	6	6	4th
Cyril & Dave	3	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	8	1	2	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	1	3	6	7	10	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	5th
Andy Vincent & Dave Bryant	6	5	3	4	7	6	8	2	1	0	9	3	6th
Terry & Alan B	5	2	7	0	9	7	2	0	4	0	3	1	10th
Tim & Dave N	8	1	6	7	5	1	10	0	9	2	1	0	9th
Saul & Steve	7	6	4	6	1	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	5	5	10	3	2	6	3rd
Nick & Harold	10	1	2	3	6	0	3	1	7	5	5	4	8th
Charles & Jon	9	6	1	2	3	6	7	7	8	4	4	5 $\frac{1}{2}$	2nd

SemiFinal and Final results elsewhere in this edition.

Marchant Trophy : NEWTS v 11 Khartoum Rd. @ Uxbridge. 20.11.77

NEWTS

11 Khartoum Road

J. Mapley & C. Relle	6,4,7,6,	23	Pam & Nigel Knowles	1,6,6,4,	17
M. Still & D. Opposs	2,7,1,5½	15½	K. Seaman & S. Welch	5,6,1,6,	18
M. Wiseman & C. Edwards	2,1,3,7	13	A. Dean & M. Fraser	5,3,6,1½	15½
B. Watson & S. Marshall	7,1,1,1	10	- - - - -	0 0 0 0	0

Round	Mat 1	Mat 2	Mat 3	Mat 4	Total
1	6-1	2-5	2-5	7-0	17-11
2	7-0	4-3	1-6	3-4	15-13 (32 - 24)
3	1-6	1-6	7-0	5½-1½	14½-13½ (46½ - 37½)
4	1-6	7-0	1-6	6-1	15-13

Final Score: 61½ - 50½

London Open : Semi Finals and Final

- Semi Finals :
1. Sue Slack & Ian Emsley beat Alan Dean & Keith Seaman 5-2
  2. Charles Relle and Jon Mapley beat Saul (The Indian) and Steve Goodall 6-1

Final : Charles Relle and Jon Mapley beat Sue Slack and Ian Emsley 6 -1, 5 -2 and so become the first holders of the trophy.