

Winking World

52

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of the

English Tiddlywinks

Association

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EDITORIAL

Welcome to Winking World 52. It's my first one, and I hope you will bear with me over any inadequacies which my illustrious pre-decessors would not have let slip through....

Firstly, in best Oscar-winning tradition, I have several people to thank. Due to my under-estimating the amount of time and commitment my move from "blinker academe" to "real world" would take, I have not been as active Winks-wise as I would have wished, and I have a good number of contributors to thank for this WW having taken any shape at all. So, thank Jon, Andy, Charles, Geoff, Nick, Tim, Richard and Phil; it wouldn't have happened without you. Also, thanks to Duncan Budd and Chris Phillips for taking time after work to help with some of the typing (especially the latter, who typed up the World Singles report without ever even having seen a game of winks, and was most entertained by some of the vocabulary).

News-wise, some developments have happened more recently than my postman could cope with - specifically, Mr Purvis has continued his ridiculously successful run in the Jubilee by letting Messrs Shrimpton and Boyce each score twice the number of points I could attain in my challenge (they scored two!). Also, Jim Carrington and Mike Surridge completed their Southampton Open hat-trick in what was, by all accounts, a hotly-contested tournament (in every sense). Also, Jon's spreadsheet that I have re-produced on the back page reveals the passing of World Singles 29, a thrilling match in which Larry Kahn just held off Dave Lockwood's threat, despite being 13-22 down after five games!

Winks dates for your diaries;

London Open Saturday 8th June, Pinner

Wessex Cup 5-6 August, Pinner

And also, Charles Relle is performing sterling work in re-launching NEWTS, and deserves all the support that people like me should have been giving him. AND it's not too late to enter a team for the Marchant.

Finally from me, I apologise that the presentation of this copy of WW is not up to that of its immediate pre-decessors - it appears that working for IBM is the last way to get hold of any of their decent equipment!

So, here's Winking World. I hope you enjoy it.

Tony Brennan

THE NATIONAL SINGLES 1988.

This year, the National Singles returned to Cambridge, with three rooms in Queens' being pressed into service to cope with the forty-two-strong turn-out. As for last year, there were to be three leagues of eight and two of nine; the top two in each league would qualify as of right, with the remaining two Final slots going to the "Fastest Losers" on p.p.g. As the draw was made, it was clear that everyone would have rathered being in a different group, as their own one was the hardest by far....

Blue Division

In the Blue Division, everything went according to the seedings for the first three rounds. Gary then livened things up a bit (well, quite a lot), by squopping Larry out of sight and not missing a shot on his way to a superb 6-1. Larry soon regained lost ground with a big win over the leader, Graham, while Gary came down to Earth with a bump, and 2 1/2 points, against Simon Gandy. (who thus won the group?— Ed.) Andy, who had been lucky to beat Simon in the previous round, took 6 off Jim to go four points clear of Graham and Larry.

In the penultimate round, Larry got a crucial 6 off Jim, while Andy beat Graham to be sure of qualifying. Larry now only needed a point or two to be secure, and he almost did not get them, missing a string of easy squops before nailing Andy's sixth red and running out a 5-2 winner. Graham meanwhile needed a big win over Jim to have any chance of qualifying on p.p.g.. A 6-1 left him on 32 points from his seven games, and he now had an anxious wait for the other divisions to finish. Steve, with 19 points from his last three games, finished fourth equal with Gary, whose results were very up-and-down; he took more points off the top three seeds than off the other four players, and his only 6-1 was off Larry! Jim found things a bit tougher than last time he was over, and his sixth place cannot have helped his confidence going into the World Pairs that evening...

Andy Purvis

Green Division

Logic said that Dave and Jon ought to qualify from the Green Division and, if Alex, Alan or Rob could grab some points off the top two and splatter everyone else, third place would look good, too.

After four rounds, Rob was already in trouble, having taken "only" a 4-3 off Matthew Rose, who was giving everyone a good game. Rob also lost 2 1/2-4 1/2 to Stuart Collins, who was doing remarkably well in his

first Singles. /round five saw the effective end for Rob, with a one against Jon, and Dave dented Alan's good run with the same score. Alex and Dave were level with 25 from four games, with Jon on 31 1/2 from five. Rob turned the tables on Alex in round six, and Alan continued a headlong dive out of contention, losing to Jon, then Rob and finally Matthew, before redeeming himself in the ninth, by when it was too late.

Round seven saw some levelling up, as Jon took his bye watching a nerve-wracking game between Alex and Dave. If one of Alex's winks could speak, it would have said "I wish he'd stop teasing and just get it over with!" The game eventually finished, 4-3 to Alex. Jon ground out a workmanlike 5-2 against Alex in the eighth, leaving him eight behind Dave. Matthew, who had put some excellent results together, capped them with a 6-1 against Alan. This saw him tie for fifth. Rob ended a half point ahead in fourth, and it was Alex who most rued his results, being on the wrong end of a pot-out in the final game against Alan, for whom only pride was at stake. Jon and Dave epitomised the differences in their attitudes in their encounter, both having qualified. Jon wanted to go home, went for a ludicrous pot-out, missed the fifth and then had to endure the Lockwood grinding machine for another half-hour of stats preservation.

Jon Mapley

Red Division

The main question in the Red Division seemed to be who would come third after Mike Surridge and Charles Relle. Rick Tucker and Nick Inglis had qualified in the past, Phil Clark had come close, and Heather Dean was bound to be an unknown quantity in her first singles.

Alastair Grant's tactics soon became clear (as if we didn't know...); pot out attempts against Phil and Nick nearly came off, but only gained him one point. Shortly after, Phil was blitzed by Julian Wiseman (a well-known whisky drinker and, ironically, one of Nick's supervisees). Julian continued to do well in round three, with a five off Rick, while Heather beat Phil 5-2. Nick's delight at Julian's good form quickly evaporated as he rapidly found himself squopped up by his impertinent supervisee. A brief sequence of shots then bizarrely produced a squop-up the other way; it was a very relieved Scotsman who escaped with six points. Nick was now looking good, but from two close and interesting games against Charles and Mike, he emerged with a miserly 2 1/2 points. Rick, with wins over Alastair and Phil, moved into third.

Charles then beat Rick, and Nick beat Phil; Charles and Mike were now almost certain to go through, having won all their games. Things also looked good for third place- the divisions with eight players had finished, and a score of 36 1/2 points would be enough to qualify. Nick moved to 33 with 5 1/2 off Heather, while Rick beat Mike 4-3 to get to 30. The final round game between Nick and Rick was to be the decider, with Nick needing a win and Rick needing a seven to be sure of qualify-

ing. Nick quickly snuffed out any chance of Rick blitzing, and a tight game developed.

News came through from the Green Division that Alan Boyce had blitzed Alex, who was also in the running for a Final place on p.p.g.. Now Nick needed two and a bit and Rick needed five and a bit. Early in rounds, Rick seemed to have it almost sewn up, even after Nick potted three reds in desperation. Rick missed the pot once too often with each colour, and so Nick scraped through to join Charles and Mike in the Final. Lower down the table, Julian and Heather had both done well, with four wins apiece.

Nick Inglis

Yellow Division

This was an interesting group, with four players in all having qualified for the final day at their previous attempt, including Alan who looked a certainty. But the other group members were no pushover, as Paul Moss showed straight away by beating Tim 5-2. In the second round, two particularly bizarre events followed: first Geoff played out of turn, bringing in one of Tony's winks off the mat! Barely had the laughter died down when Richard did something equally stupid, using Duncan's last free wink to squop the only guard for his major pile, instead of vice versa. Whoops! Duncan accepted the shot and Bristolled the whole lot onto the pile, but Richard survived to win.

By now, Alan and Richard occupied the first two places, and it was to stay that way. In the last game, when both had qualified and they were playing each other, Richard got seven, but I do not think Alan was trying. Geoff, with some rather witty scores under his belt, including 2 1/2 from both the qualifiers, was third, and Paul Moss, after a string of good results, took fourth.

Richard Moore

Brown Division

The Brown Division looked as though it would be a challenging group. There were five former qualifiers (four from last year), including Cyril Edwards, a most welcome return (the first time some of us had met him!), Keith Seaman (with the record of never having failed to qualify), and Stew "more weight in the Chair" Sage, the infamous post-prandial pot-out merchant. There were also two newcomers; a Sotwink novice Margo Outhwaite, and from Cambridge Stewart Fenton (whose devastating exploits in his first term had been reported in the Sunday Times!)

In the end, it all turned out to be a bit of an anti-climax. There was no controversy, no punches thrown and not a Give Way road sign in sight! Cyril started badly, losing 6-1 to both Stew (the megabeing, that is, not Fenton) and Tim Roscoe, but got down to business in round three, potted out against Margo and then escorting her to the nearest pub to show her what winks is really all about! (At his age?-Ed.) Meanwhile, the two top seeds (Patrick and Geoff) were going along smoothly, so smoothly, in fact, that they had both qualified before the last round. In the end, Geoff finished top by stealing five points off Patrick, with Keith some way back in third.

Geoff Myers

The Final

So, for the first time anyone could remember, the seedings had actually worked- the top ten seeds filled the top ten slots. The order was a bit odd, though - Alan and Larry had been a touch careless and so were lurking in the really weak half of the draw, along with such rabbits as Mike, Nick and Andy.

Graham had been celebrating his qualification, and this seemed to take the edge off his play- Richard potted out on him before Jon and Andy had finished squidging off. However, the result of the round was, undoubtedly, Charles' 6-1 over Larry, which really opened the Final wide open. More was to come- Larry lost 2-5 to Geoff and then 0-7 to Dave (Larry's first zero in a long, long time). So Dave and Richard (who had just potted out on Alan again) led on nineteen at lunch, with Charles and Mike a few points behind.

There seemed to be no stopping Dave- he took a six off Alan straight after lunch (lowering Alan's p.p.g. to just under six in these encounters). Charles and Richard both lost 6-1. Andy had a fair position against Geoff until a Lennon went horribly wrong, and he was squopped up a few turns later.

Round five saw Larry return to form in no uncertain terms. Jon was unlucky enough to be on the receiving end, and had to pot well for a point. While the chasing pack knocked spots off one another, Dave went eight points clear. This lead was cut by a 3-4 loss to Andy in the next rounds (Andy having missed the pot-out in rounds). Alan missed number six against Jon; a pile developed about a foot away from the pot, and Jon ran out a 6-1 winner.

Charles brought Dave right back to the pack with a 5 1/2 - 1 1/2 scoreline. Geoff beat Patrick to sneak within half a point, before Jon got his revenge for Geoff's 7-0 over him in the US Singles. Andy beat Alan 6-1 to edge into second ahead of Geoff and Larry (who had quietly notched up 32 points in the last five games!) Larry's run continued with a 5-3 win over Mike in round nine, while Geoff blitzed Dave to close the gap once more. Charles went into third by beating Jon, while Nick ended

Andy's chances with a 5 1/2 - 1 1/2 in a bizarre game (only Nick could score 5 1/2 when his opponent had potted five!) The Final was now incredibly tight; eight players were within 8 1/2 points at the top. Graham was not one of them, though he, too, was incredibly tight. Dave and Jon had a very close game, Dave ending up a 4 1/2 - 2 1/2 winner. Larry took six off Andy to go second, as Charles and Geoff both lost.

And so, once again, it all went to the last round. Dave led with 47, a point ahead of Larry. Charles was not completely out of it on 43 1/2, a point and a half ahead of Geoff. In the end, however, it was not close. Dave did not miss anything against Richard, while Alan potted out against Larry (his first loss since round three).

Attention now switched to the game between Charles and Geoff, which would decide who finished top Brit. The game was close throughout, but Geoff seemed to have the edge for much of the way. It came down to round five- Geoff, ending, had to either pot one or squop a doubleton for a World Singles challenge. He chose the pot, but a pile just in front of the wink deflected it off line. He won the game 4-3, but missed out on the World Challenge by just 1/2 a point for the second time in a few months.

Congratulations to Dave on his nth ETwA Singles win, and to Charles for his performance. Also to Larry, for an incredible come-back. It was not such a good day for Alan, who recorded his worst Singles performance. Commiserations must also go to Graham, who was not so much out-classed as hungover.

Finally, thanks to CUTwC for the rooms, the beer and the floorspace, and thanks also to BATS for providing the extra lighting in Old Hall.

Andy Purvis

	Brown Division	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	Total	Position
A	Geoff Myers	—	5	6	6	6	4	6	7	40	1
B	Patrick Barrie	2	—	$5\frac{1}{2}$	6	6	6	6	7	$38\frac{1}{2}$	2
C	Keith Seaman	1	$1\frac{1}{2}$	—	4	$2\frac{1}{2}$	6	6	5	26	3
D	Cyril Edwards	1	1	3	—	1	1	5	7	19	6 =
E	Stew Sage	1	1	$4\frac{1}{2}$	6	—	2	4	7	$25\frac{1}{2}$	4
F	Tim Roscoe	3	1	1	6	5	—	3	6	25	5
G	Stewart Fenton	1	1	1	2	3	4	—	7	19	6 =
H	Margo Outhwaite	0	0	2	0	0	1	0	—	3	8

	Final	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	Total	Position
A	Richard Moore	—	1	6	1	4	5	4	0	1	6	6	7	41	7
B	Dave Lockwood	6	—	1	$1\frac{1}{2}$	6	$4\frac{1}{2}$	6	3	7	6	6	6	53	1
C	Geoff Myers	1	6	—	4	6	0	2	6	5	3	6	7	46	4
D	Charles Relle	6	$5\frac{1}{2}$	3	—	3	6	1	6	6	3	1	6	$46\frac{1}{2}$	3
E	Patrick Barrie	3	1	1	4	—	1	$1\frac{1}{2}$	2	0	6	4	6	$29\frac{1}{2}$	10
F	Jon Mapley	2	$2\frac{1}{2}$	7	1	6	—	3	1	1	6	7	6	$42\frac{1}{2}$	6
G	Mike Surridge	3	1	5	6	$5\frac{1}{2}$	4	—	0	2	1	7	6	$40\frac{1}{2}$	8
H	Andy Purvis	7	4	1	1	5	6	7	—	1	6	$1\frac{1}{2}$	6	$45\frac{1}{2}$	5
I	Larry Kahn	6	0	2	1	7	6	5	6	—	1	7	6	47	2
J	Alan Dean	1	1	4	4	1	1	6	1	6	—	$5\frac{1}{2}$	6	$36\frac{1}{2}$	9
K	Nick Inglis	1	1	1	6	3	0	0	$5\frac{1}{2}$	0	$1\frac{1}{2}$	—	7	26	11
L	Graham Hancock	0	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	—	8	12

	Red Division	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	Total	Position
A	Mike Surridge	—	4	3	6	6	6	6	6	6	43	2
B	Charles Relle	3	—	6	5½	6	6	6	6	6	44½	1
C	Rick Tucker	4	1	—	3	5	6	6	6	2	33	4
D	Nick Inglis	1	1½	4	—	6	5½	6	7	6	37	3
E	Phil Clark	1	1	2	1	—	2	7	6	1	21	7
F	Heather Dean	1	1	1	1½	5	—	5	6	4	24½	6
G	Alastair Grant	1	1	1	1	0	2	—	7	3	16	8
H	Peter Denison	1	1	1	0	1	1	0	—	1	6	9
I	Julian Wiseman	1	1	5	1	6	3	4	6	—	27	5

	Yellow Division	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	Total	Position
A	Alan Dean	—	0	6	4½	6	6	5	6	33½	2
B	Richard Moore	7	—	6	4½	6	5½	5	7	41	1
C	Tim Hedger	1	1	—	1½	4	7	2	6	22½	5 =
D	Geoff Thorpe	2½	2½	5½	—	6	3	2	5	26½	3
E	Duncan Budd	1	1	3	1	—	3	5	3	17	7
F	Tony Heading	1	1½	0	4	4	—	5	7	22½	5 =
G	Paul Moss	2	2	5	5	2	2	—	6	24	4
H	James Cullingham	1	0	1	2	4	0	1	—	9	8

	Blue Division	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	Total	Position
A	Larry Kahn	—	5	6	6	1	6	6	6	36	2
B	Andy Purvis	2	—	6	6	4	6	7	6	37	1
C	Jim Marlin	1	1	—	1	$1\frac{1}{2}$	6	5	7	$22\frac{1}{2}$	6
D	Graham Hancock	1	1	6	—	6	5	7	6	32	3
E	Gary Shrimpton	6	3	$5\frac{1}{2}$	1	—	1	5	$2\frac{1}{2}$	24	4 =
F	Steve Chamberlin	1	1	1	2	6	—	6	7	24	4 =
G	Clive Gabriel	1	0	2	0	2	1	—	3	9	8
H	Simon Gandy	1	1	0	1	$4\frac{1}{2}$	0	4	—	$11\frac{1}{2}$	7

	Green Division	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	Total	Position
A	Jon Mapley	—	1	5	6	6	6	$5\frac{1}{2}$	7	7	$43\frac{1}{2}$	2
B	Dave Lockwood	6	—	3	6	6	6	6	7	6	46	1
C	Alex Satchell	2	4	—	1	1	6	6	7	6	33	3
D	Alan Boyce	1	1	6	—	2	1	6	7	7	31	5 =
E	Rob Cartwright	1	1	6	5	—	4	$2\frac{1}{2}$	6	6	$31\frac{1}{2}$	4
F	Matthew Rose	1	1	1	6	3	—	6	7	6	31	5 =
G	Stuart Collins	$1\frac{1}{2}$	1	1	1	$4\frac{1}{2}$	1	—	6	4	20	7
H	Jackie Carter	0	0	0	0	1	0	1	—	3	5	9
I	Dave Smith	0	1	1	0	1	1	3	4	—	11	8

THORPE THOUGHT UP THIS ONE TOO

Actually, he didn't, but this article is based on a problem he raised in WW46. Suppose that Yellow has two winks in the pot, but is otherwise squopped up; that Blue is totally squopped up, and that there is one completely free Red almost nurdled on the far side of the pot from the piles. There are three piles, all controlled by Green, and the winks in them are so distributed that if he breaks any pile the opponents are going to do better out of it. There is one completely free Green nowhere near the Red, it is round four, and Blue ends. It sounds a far-fetched situation, but if you sit down and write a description of any winks situation, it sounds far-fetched. That is part of the charm of the game. What is Green's best move? If he squops the Red, there is a "no free turns" situation, at present covered by the rules, but not entirely satisfactorily. As they stand, he would free in round five, at the first available turn, presumably by hopping off the Red again, possibly into the pot. If he does not squop Red, or if he pots, Red can pot too, leaving him to free to his disadvantage in round five. So far, the unlikely squop of the Red seems the best move. Better still, however, is to go off the mat deliberately. What are the consequences? Red will have two turns in a row. He can try, in round four, to leap the pot, landing on a pile, with a view to an advantageous break-up, perhaps potting as well. Or he can pot. What follows? One free turn, which cannot be taken. Not only that, but no turn is available as a freeing turn. Nor can Green be penalised, for the situation has been brought about by Red. Going off the mat is probably Green's best chance for a 6-1 win, and certainly his best way of frustrating Plan 47 by Red.

Is this situation acceptable, or should we change the rules? The present rule 11 a), that covers this situation, seems inadequate. Two remedies suggest themselves. One is to alter the boundary rule, so that a player does not lose a shot for going off the mat. I am in favour of this anyway, and have argued the point at length in previous issues of WW. The other is to alter rule 11 a), or indeed we can do both. The alteration would have to be radical, making the freeing of the squopped pair's wink immediately after the correct number of turns compulsory, whether or not the squopping pair could play. To take an example: Yellow and Blue are squopped up, and Green now squops the last free Red with the last free Green. Under the alteration, an opponent must be freed at once by moving a wink aside, and allowed to play. In these circumstances, which side should decide which wink is to be freed?

There is a more general problem, also in rule 11, that has not been suggested to me by Thorpe or anyone else. Let me again illustrate by example. Green and Yellow have squopped up their opponents, and the game is in rounds, Red ending. Green fails to free in round two, and the opponents move a wink aside to free Blue. Does Yellow have a turn or not? Current practice is that he has a turn, but must not cover Blue, and this seems reasonable. So far, so good. But it has been proposed, by Mike Surridge, that the player, in this case Green, be made to retract the turn that failed to free. This is fair, because Green might, for instance, pot in an attempt to free, and sub the freed wink under another pile. There are several other ways in which a player might gain an un-

fair advantage from a failure to free, and the best way to nullify it is by retraction. But to return to the example: Green fails to free, his opponents ask him to retract and uncover a Blue. Is this Blue shot in round two or three? I think it is in round three, because a Green turn has been played in round two, and it counts, even though it has been retracted.

Charles Relle

ACCIDENTAL FOLLOW-THROUGH OR ILLEGAL INTERFERENCE...?

An incident which occurred during play at a recent Winks Tournament inspired me to finally write a piece on one of my pet hates; that is, the playing of dubious shots near adjacent piles - No, not Goode(?) shots.

I would have written something on the subject before, but have been too busy (bone idle), but after the Hants, Charles eventually managed to cajole me into writing.

In the incident in question, a small free wink was played from next to a rather tall pile, to squop a wink to the side about two inches away. In the course of playing this shot, not only was it obvious that in order to play the free wink, the squidger would immediately impinge upon the unconnected pile, but also that the pile would move a considerable distance before the intended wink gained enough pressure to move at all. As predicted, the pile was duly shovelled aside slowly, before the squopping shot was played. Brief opinions of the shot's legality were exchanged ("you cross-eyed son of a...", etc.), but in the interest of playing the tournament it was agreed to shout about it after the game, and the culprit would remain nameless, Bob. This was all further complicated by the fact that the free wink was the same colour as the one on top of the pile.

I have seen this sort of delayed action shot(s) several times before, the problem often arising on thick mats; in a slow build-up to a shot, a close wink is often obviously played or going to be struck BEFORE the intended wink is released: try putting two small winks a millimetre apart and play one slowly with a large squidger; at certain angles the squidger will interfere before release of the "played" wink. This is inherently not a follow-through, occurring before the "shot", and is therefore illegal. It could also be argued that having established contact with the second wink, to play the shot further is a conscious decision to "illegally interfere with winks". It must also be just as much against Winks etiquette as putting an elbow through a pile just to avoid some minor discomfort in playing a shot.

....and I'm not just grouching becos we only came third,
and some scumbag nicked my jacket...

Tim Jeffreys

TRIBUTE

"He is one of the nicest guys around" wrote Jon Mapley in WW 44 of Nick Inglis, and that seems an appropriate way to start an article on my immediate successor as editor of Winking World.

When he took over from me as editor, I was a little disappointed that I had not been chosen for a fifth year, but I now have no doubt that ETWA was wise to replace me before I ran out of zest. When WW 47, Nick's first, was published, it set new standards of appearance, and indeed of accuracy, that were to be maintained and even excelled as successive issues came out. The tables of results were especially well done.

It is difficult to say why anyone agrees to edit a magazine, let alone does it with seeming enjoyment. Most people complain about copy dates and the dates of publication, and are perpetually wondering when it will be printed. Then, as soon as they receive their copies, instead of being pleased or grateful, they comb the pages for misprints, especially in articles written by themselves. They are of course too wise to be editors.

There is a special thrill when the first copy of a new issue comes off the printer, but since as editor you have read all the articles through on receipt, typed them out and checked the proofs, nothing in your production is new to you as it is to everyone else. Behind you is the vast labour of getting people to write articles in the first place, waiting for them to arrive, putting the whole thing together, and the physical task of all the typing, which, if you cannot get an expert to do it for you, is truly immense. And if you do entrust the manuscript to someone else, they may sit on it for months and months: this happened to me once.

During Nick's editorship, not only have standards of production improved, but the general standard of variety of articles and reports has too. This is partly because more people are playing the game, and so more people are putting pen to paper, but it must in some part be due to the nature of the editor.

Over the years, I have been to most tournaments, and I cannot help noticing how often Nick steps into the breach when there appears to be no director. I myself have directed tournaments at Tiddlywinks and Bridge, and neither is an easy task: the same consequences as of being an editor face one: silence when things go well, vociferous complaints if they do not. I am sure that directing and playing in the same tournament costs one a place, but it is a burden that Nick shoulders often. Furthermore, though most of the movements for tournaments were written before Nick's time, and many derived from Howell movements at Bridge, he has adapted them to suit our game.

In fact, the game owes Nick a great deal, as I hope this article illustrates.

Charles Relle

THE CAMBRIDGE OPEN 1989

There should be more tournaments like the Cambridge Open. You play with lots of people you've not played with before, against everybody, and if British Rail mucks you about too much between Liverpool Street and the fens nobody really minds.

That was my excuse, at least, for turning up half-way through the first round. Myers and Boyce were on the way to a seven, there were a couple of predictable sixes and a five for Dean and Dean. The second round saw my increasingly arthritic thumb squidge its first wink in earnest; it did the bizz, and helped Gary Shrimpton to a six over Messrs Relle and Grant. Mapley and Satchell were potting out to give Jon a .5 cushion after two rounds - no real surprises, then. Round three slowed him down, though - he only got a six - while Jeffreys and Wright were sevening Relle and Carlaw. Jeffreys, eh? We'll hear more of that lad before the weekend's done. So, the tournament a quarter done, and Jon 1/3 ahead of...well, me, really.

Richard Moore and I should have done better than our 5 1/2 in round four (we were standing second and third respectively), Jon was happy with his six (stretching his lead to 5/12 !), while sevens were being scored by Purvis & Grant, Clark & Surridge (a fine effort over Dean and Sage) and Cartwright and Jeffreys (again). Round five paired Jon with Jeremy Attwood against Steven Phillips and myself. You will not be surprised to read that this was a 6-1, the fact that it was to Steve and me is more of a turn-up. Tim stumbled, only scoring six, and so round six started with me winning. Sorry to keep on about it, but it doesn't happen often, and it certainly didn't last long this time...

Phil Clark and I got a bit of a three against Moss and Shrimpton, while Richard Moore's seven kept him well in contention and Tim J. got his third seven of the tournament, to move into the lead, averaging six exactly after six rounds. He maintained this average playing with Charles Relle in round seven, Richard Moore's seven firmly establishing him in second place at close of play.

I've been turning down invitations to CUTwC dinners for years. That evening, I discovered why. Apparently I played for the Jubilee, as well.

It was only right to let Geoff Myers get five points in round eight, as I'd stayed on his floor. The tournament leader was getting a point with Gary Shrimpton against Nick Inglis, but Richard was unable to capitalise, getting one less against the elder Dean and Heading. Surridge and Purvis, both with sixes, moved into second and third respectively. Ominous. Mike took the lead in the next round, scoring six with tournament new-comer Timothy Roscoe, while Tim was only getting two. He improved this by one in round ten, while Mike Surridge's six put him .3 ahead at the top, but .5 ahead really, as Tim Roscoe had only played two games. Patrick Barrie and Andy Purvis were pushing him hardest. Patrick got a point in round eleven, Andy six and Mike five, and with Tim Jeffreys getting six it would have taken something extraordinary for none of these latter three to win, there being two rounds to go.

Mike's four with Paul Moss against Nick Inglis and Matthew Rose left the door open for the others, Tim could only manage the same score, though, but Richard did manage six. With one game to go, then, Mike was .44 ahead of Tim, with Richard and Andy still in the hunt. What Tim really needed was a nice seven against Andy and myself. We couldn't have been more obliging. Mike needed anything more than a one to win the tournament; however, he never looked like doing so against Alan Dean and Patrick Barrie on top form, and so Tim Jeffreys squeezed home by .71 ppg.

That's the other nice thing about the Cambridge. It's never over 'til it's over, and somebody unusual might just win it.

Tony Brennan

Cambridge Open 1989 Scores

Pos	Name	Average	Total	Played	W	D	L
1	Tim Jeffreys	4.917	59	12	8	0	4
2	Mike Surridge	4.846	63	13	10	0	3
3	Richard Moore	4.731	61 1/2	13	10	0	3
4	Geoff Myers	4.542	54 1/2	12	10	0	2
5	Patrick Barrie	4.538	59	13	9	0	4
6	Gary Shrimpton	4.308	56	13	10	0	3
7	Andy Purvis	4.269	55 1/2	13	8	0	5
8=	Alan Dean	4.231	55	13	8	0	5
8=	Charles Relle	4.231	55	13	9	0	4
10	Alan Boyce	4.115	53 1/2	13	7	0	6
11	Jon Mapley	3.962	51 1/2	13	7	0	6
12	Rob Cartwright	3.923	51	13	7	0	6
13	Nick Inglis	3.833	46	12	7	0	5
14	Tony Brennan	3.792	45 1/2	12	6	0	6
15	Graham Hancock	3.773	41 1/2	11	6	0	5
16	Alex Satchell	3.692	48	13	7	0	6
17	Jon Carlaw	3.462	45	13	6	0	7
18	Anthony Heading	3.417	41	12	5	0	7
19	Simon Braidman	3.292	39 1/2	12	5	0	7
20	Paul Moss	3.192	41 1/2	13	7	0	6
21	Ed Wynn	3.182	35	11	5	0	6
22	Matthew Rose	3.167	38	12	5	0	7
23	Jeremy Attwood	3.136	34 1/2	11	5	0	6
24	Steven Phillips	3.000	33	11	5	0	6
25	Heather Dean	2.962	38 1/2	13	5	0	8
26	Alastair Grant	2.833	34	12	4	0	8
27	Phil Scarrott	2.667	32	12	3	0	9
28=	Stew Sage	2.636	29	11	5	0	6
28=	Geoffrey Thorpe	2.636	29	11	4	0	7
30	Stewart Fenton	2.200	22	10	3	0	7
31	Dave Smith	2.154	28	13	3	0	10
32	Duncan Budd	1.909	21	11	1	0	10

Timothy Roscoe	5.000	10	2	2	0	0
Dave Salter	4.375	17 1/2	4	3	0	1
Peter Wright	3.812	30 1/2	8	4	0	4
Julian Wiseman	3.389	30 1/2	9	4	0	5
Stuart Collins	3.124	22 1/2	7	4	0	3
Phil Clark	2.667	24	9	3	0	6
Simon Gandy	2.333	21	9	3	0	6
Matt Johns	1.800	9	5	1	0	4
Liz Bertoya	1.000	4	4	0	0	4

VERNAL VICTORY

Winking World 51 was due to appear in the spring of 1988, so I wrote my account of the Jubilee Cup before playing Tim Hedger. This did scant justice to him, as he gave me his closest match. His previous results against me included a 5-2 win in the 1986 National Singles and several very close tussles in the National Pairs and other tournaments. I respected him as an opponent, and despite the previous matches, he was sufficiently new on the tournament scene (as compared with Alan Dean, for instance,) still to have the quality of the unknown.

It was April 1982 when I made the visit to Witham that matched me with Mapley and gave me the Jubilee Cup, and I dearly wished to hold the trophy for six years. The timing of the challenges of Tim Hedger and Andy Purvis meant that Hedger stood between me and that ambition.

When we got down to winking, it was soon apparent that the pattern of close struggles was going to be followed. The first game ended in a 4-3 to Tim, a score reminiscent of Alan Boyce's opening score in his last Jubilee challenge. Interestingly, 4-3 had also been the opening score of my matches against Nick Inglis and Steve Harbron, but they had been against the challengers.

The next game was very tense, as Tim attempted an early pot-out that did not succeed. He did not lose the initiative until the end: he was always threatening to free his remaining winks rather than I to squop him up. However, I did manage to turn the game to the extent of potting a few of one colour and gaining third place, emerging with a 5-2, and a slender lead at 8-6. There was, however, a feeling of not having proved very much.

Tim's reply to the situation was to beat me 6-1. Again he held the upper hand: my role in as far as it existed at all was one of defence before I was engulfed. There is not much to say about a 6-1 loss: it just happens to you. However, at this point Tim had made all the running in the match, and was leading 12-9.

The moment had come for me to do something, for another 1-6 would lose me the match and the cup. What I did I do not know, but I am sure that fortune looked favourably on me. There are times when one can be convinced that the winks are running against one, and perhaps it is so;

it is less easy to admit that sometimes the winks run for one, as it is all too easy to attribute lucky shots to superior skill or good form. In this game I am convinced I was lucky, and the score was 6-1 to me, putting me back in the lead by 15-13, and leaving the result wide open: a big win for either player would secure the match.

So to the last game, which was very close until nearly into rounds. At this point I had a slight lead: Tim, counting aloud, seemed to think that the most likely result was $4\frac{1}{2} - 2\frac{1}{2}$ to me, but he could get $4\frac{1}{2}$ himself; this latter would mean playing another game. I myself thought my lead was more tenuous than he supposed, but acknowledged within myself that he, being a mathematician, could probably count, whereas it was well known that I could not. He was, however, in the position of having to make up ground, and made one tactical decision of which he later repented, and others which I should not have made myself. Whatever the reason, the last game swung in my favour as time ran out for Tim, and left me with a 6-1, and victory by the very flattering margin of 21-14.

All my Jubilee games, except the match with Jon Maplev, one game with Alan Boyce and two games of one of my matches with Alan Dean have been played at my house. In all but three games the players have had to do the umpiring themselves. This has required a high standard of sportsmanship, which has been forthcoming from all my opponents, and especially from Tim Hedger.

Charles Relle

THE JUBILEE TROPHY

I travelled down to Catford one Wednesday during Charles' Easter Holiday, to challenge him for the Jubilee Trophy. Nick's advice had been that I should play my own game, and under no circumstances to touch the cider. Charles, it turned out, was between brews anyway, and so had to start the match without making his usual offerings to Dionysus. Perhaps this explains why he did not notice that a knock-off halfway through the first game had freed the only squopped blue...I played my natural game, as Nick had advised, but Charles potted well for two points. (My natural game would have been to miss the third-Ed.)

The second game followed a very similar pattern- several small piles developed but my yellows stayed suspiciously out of trouble. Charles did have one of them squopped, by two reds, but he tried a risky shot and freed it. The yellows all went in and this time the greens all followed to give me a 12-2 lead going into game three.

Charles, correctly identifying my 'strategy', took a doubleton early on in this game. He then proceeded to absolutely crush me; missing virtually nothing, he squopped me up inside fifteen minutes. This rock-solid 6-1 narrowed the gap to five points with two games left.

It became clear, as game four developed, that rounds were not going to feature- all four colours were posing impressive pot-out threats (not to mention alliteration-Ed). In the event, my greens just pipped Charles' reds to the pot-out, and the 5-7 was sufficient for an 18-10 win.

My first defence was to be against Rob Cartwright. I arrived in Bedford early in the evening- too late though, we agreed, to start a winks match (but not too late, paradoxically, to visit a few pubs...) The match began not too early the following morning, after Rob had won a warm-up game. He had no luck in the first game proper, his winks landing in exactly the wrong places, enabling me to take a 6-1. The following game was very close until Rob somehow managed a crucial sub- the game ended 5 1/2-1 1/2 to me.

In the third game, I brought in well while Rob rolled one of each off. I have never been able to resist six winks around the pot (or four, for that matter) and, after a few worrying moments, secured a 7-0 to retain the Trophy by 18 1/2 points to 2 1/2. Rob won two further games (one of them 7-0) to emphasize that the match score was not really a fair reflection of the games.

I had thought that Alan Dean and I were to play soon before the Fours, as some "match practice" for the new season. However, when Alan arrived for some idle games one evening, he suggested that we played then. He also felt that nineteen games give a much better match than five...

We played six games that evening. Alan broke straight for the pot in the first, potting three before remembering that the table could not cope with being sat upon. The result was 6-1 in the next game and a quick pot-out gave me another six in the second. Things settled down a bit then, with four good, tight games. Alan had a definite edge, but his potting let him down a little, and I led by 25 1/2 points to 16 1/2 at the end of the evening.

The rest of the match was nothing to shout about, with both of us playing badly. Alan pulled up to 38-39, before he had two disastrous games. In the first of these, he persuaded me to pot five and bring in. My potting was dreadful, but he could not quite squop me. The "blitz" took fifteen minutes, eventually resulting in a 7-0. Alan felt that the next game could only be better, but this proved to be naively optimistic as he Carnovskied a large wink of each colour and went down 6-1 in another farcical game.

In the final session, Alan's scores were 3, 3 1/2, 4 1/2 and 5 1/2...a worrying trend, from my point of view. With two games left, he now trailed by eight points- quite a margin, but he was playing a lot better than me. I was playing so defensively that I even turned down a possible pot-out! It looked as though I would regret this, as Alan squopped five of them in one pile. But he was short of guards and tried to free a red out of the pile; the reds all managed to come out, and then straight in for a 6-1, and the match was mine by 69 1/2 points to 56 1/2.

My match with Phil Clark began on the morning of the Singles, with the extra lighting going up all around us as we played in Queens' Old Hall. Phil had the advantage of the first game until rounds, but I managed to sneak a 4-3 win. Time was pressing, so the other games were postponed until the first morning of the Cambridge Open. Phil, having just had the harrowing experience (while doing 85 up the motorway) of being over-taken by Charles (doing 100ish), understandably did not play half as well as in the first game, and so game two went 6-1 in my favour. Game three was a straight race to the pot, which just went my way, the 7-0 meaning that Phil needed two sevens to win the match. He tried, but it was not really on, and he shook hands on a 6-1 defeat when the first round draw of the Open was made.

I don't remember much of my match with Tony that evening. (What match?-Ed.) Can't think why...(See Phil Clark's article for details).

I had a bit of a shock in the first game against Jon. I am used to not being able to squop, but I could not even pot- I missed the first wink of both colours, giving Jon a great tempo advantage. He played far the better winks, and squopped me up for an easy 6-1, thus making me trail in a Jubilee Match for the first time. My form improved in the second game, to the extent that Jon was down to two winks at half-way. However, I had five winks at the edge, and no guards. After Jon freed some winks, the game developed into probably the best I have been in, full of tight play and tempo shots. Jon won 4-3, after good potting from us both in round five.

Jon got himself into a bit of a mess at the start of the next game, missing a series of easy shots. He decided to pot his way out of trouble, and after much chasing his sixth blue ended up on a big red, a foot from the pot. Rather than moving it in, Jon went for the pot. This proved to be a big turning point: had the blue gone in, Jon would have led at least 15-6...as it was, yellow took the squop and I counter-potted with green, running the six yellows to leave Jon's sad sixth blue an inch from the pot.

Game four was nearly as good as game two, with the advantage changing hands throughout. Jon managed to accumulate five of my blues in one pile, but had to spend time guarding rather than potting greens. The pile was eventually blown anyway, and I won a 4-3 to lead 15-13 overnight in this best-of-seven match.

I played my usual conservative strategy in game five, but missed the fifth one. Jon made several good squops, but did not have the time to convert the position and had to be content with a 5-2 win.

The pot-out worked (eventually) in the next game and, after Jon's fifth blue bounced back off the rim, I secured a 7-0 to lead 24-18. Now, Jon had to play my tactics in the last game. The pot-out never happened; Jon won the game 5-2, but lost the match 23-26. He kindly invited me to stay for Sunday lunch. While this was cooking, Jo and Lorna joined us for a game in which our efforts were put firmly in perspective-Jo outplayed us completely!

Andy Purvis

LET THE CHALLENGER BEWARE ... OBSERVATIONS ON THE JUBILEE TROPHY

I last challenged for the Jubilee Trophy back in 1984 and became one of many who failed to wrest it from Charles' keeping. Eventually though, it had to change hands and, on hearing that Andy Purvis had wrought the miracle, decided that another challenge was in order.

However, keeping a weather eye on form, I decided to wait to see how Rob Cartwright fared first. A match in Bedford apparently saw Rob win most of the friendlies but lose the vital games 6-1, 5.5-1.5, 7-0. This did not augur well, but nevertheless Andy and I lined up before the start of the 1988 Singles, where I played my only decent game of the day to carry a 4-3 lead forward to the ... Cambridge Open. This has to have been the longest Jubilee match ever, over 2 months, but having followed Charles Relle down the Mill at a speed far in excess of anything advisable I arrived in Queens' Bar at an unusually early hour. I should obviously have stayed in bed as Andy took only three games to wrap it up 6-1, 7-0 6-1.

One may have thought that Andy would rest on his laurels for a bit, but one would be wrong. Saturday night saw Andy develop a new strategy for title defence; first send your opponent to the Cambridge Open Dinner. So it came to pass that well after midnight Andy Purvis and Tony Brennan lined up chez Myers before, I think, 5 spectators - or 6 if you count the sleeping Cartwright. Not a pretty sight! Andy claimed to have made friends with a bottle of red wine, but amigos or not he took the first game 7-0 well inside the distance. He obviously thought he was onto a good thing, because in game 2 I watched another six sail into the pot in untroubled fashion. I may have umpired at 1:15 am before but if so I can't recall it; yes folks, game 3 involved a pile or two and did not see a pot-out. A rarity indeed, but a 6-1 score resulted to complete a 20-1 defence.

Phil Clark

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Editor
Winking World

20 November 1988

Sir,

At the end of play on the first day of National Singles, a group of Cambridge players were regarding the scoresheet of Red Division. One was to supply the perfect epitaph to my performance: "Phil Clark didn't have a very good day." Back from another CUTwC worthy came the rejoinder "Does he ever?" Time will tell, but as Alex Higgins may have said, "I may return."

Yours faithfully,

Phil Clark

(I know the feeling, Phil. It's at times like that that I remember the scene from "Tootsie":
"I'm just an old has-been."
"Er,...were you ever famous?"-Ed.)

to: the Editress
Winking World

from: The Managing Directrix,
Noddy Shop International,
Belgravia.

Dear Madam,

I wish to protest most strongly at the sexist assumption that the M.D. of a store has to be a man, as portrayed by R. Cartwright and M. Surridge in your nasty little rag.

I built up my company from scratch, developing natural lotions to stop me itching from all this chauvinism, and I am now a self-made millionairess.

One of my products is a high-density particle board, which is normally sold in four-inch squares, and used as a skin buffer. It really opens the pores and allows the natural oils to do their work. I am sure it could be cut to the size you require. It is, of course, manufactured using only the purest natural ingredients, without cruelty to animals (the cows don't feel a thing). It takes about three weeks to mature on our board farms, where it is then harvested and compressed.

The latest development for this product is in the high-fidelity world of laser optics. A five-inch disc of the material can be spun on a machine and read by a beam of light to produce music. I thought it would be most appropriate to call it C.D., don't you?

So stop whingeing and place your orders now.

Yours entrepreneurially,

Anita Woddick.

(See you at the Pairs, Jon -Ed.)

WORLD SINGLES 28

Wednesday, 21 September dawned bright and clear. The early morning sun glinted across lake Seneca as Severin drove me away at 6:45 am. The bus for Syracuse was due to leave at 7:30, and Paul Simons words, with

quirky changes, kept ringing in my head..." Sevvy, I said, as I boarded a Greyhound in Ithaca; Baltimore seems like a dream to me now".

I had the whole morning to kill, at Syracuse Airport, with the flight to Baltimore due off at 1:50, and I also expected to have some shopping or sight seeing time when I arrived, as the squidge-off was scheduled for 7.30 pm. I was sitting in the airport lounge when the announcement came over the loud speaker..."Would those having relatives or friends on flight 1203..." sorry, that was the Everly Brothers; "Would Mr. Jonathan Mapley, World Tiddlywinks Champion, please report to the Northwest Airlines desk". It had to be and it was. Dave wanted me to do a TV interview at 3:30. I agreed, little knowing that the sign to the Baltimore City Bus Company at B.W.I. airport takes you straight to the parking lot. I eventually got on one of the strangely-named "limos" (12-seater Range Rovers) and arrived breathless at the Sports Bar at 3:35.

I then found out that every American media person expects the itinerant World Champion to cart a mat and winks across their wonderful country. Ingenuity and a few "What the hells" saw me doing my demo on a sweatshirt stretched on a bar table, using an ashtray for a pot. They had bought some Noddy winks in a downtown toy store. However, all who saw it complimented me on my je ne sais quoi, and I then relaxed, awaiting Larry's arrival.

The table was set up in the middle of a boxing ring. Rick Tucker was the cameraman, and we had been allocated one third of the 47 closed circuit screens around the bar (I know, that's 15.67). There was some strange ritualistic rounders game, where they throw the ball a bit fast, and from Seoul, the US were playing a country called Too-knee-zha at handball or volleyball or something equally important on the remaining 31.33 screens.

The MC and umpire and commentator was Dave Lockwood - imagine Murray Walker and Peter O'Sullivan rolled into one and you get the picture. At least the audience (yes, there were plenty), could not complain that they did not know what was going on.

The match suffered in its early stages from a familiarisation process with the humidity. The place was air-conditioned but the winks felt sticky. That's my excuse for a 3-4 defeat in game one, in which I had the upper hand, but blew some straightforward pots in the 4th. and 5th. for what should have been at least a 5-2. Larry won the squidge-off again in game two (he took five out of six) but that was about all as I really came into my own for a solid 6-1 to go 9-5 and bring back memories of Churchill in 87.

World Singles matches can not ever be won with a single shot. However if the shot concerned had not done what it did, I probably would have been on another 12 month repeat at 15-6, instead of being down 12-9. I had brought out reasonably well, but Larry had the edge, especially with the yellow. When he Carnovskied the fifth, he thought long and hard, then potted the other four as well. There were no obvious safe places for the sixth, a small wink, so he left it about nine inches from the pot, and six inches from either blue or red. I had to go for it, but

missed with both. Larry's shot was so far off target that it missed it missed short and to the right, then reared up on its hind legs, took a sixty degree turn to the left and crawled over the rim into the pot. He potted well with green - what more can I say?

The fourth game was a titanic struggle over a big double-edged pile - he controlled one end, I attacked the other, he knocked me down, I created diversions but it was going against me all the time, and he had free turns. At this point Dave announced that nobody had ever come back to win from an eight point deficit, assuming I was going 18-10 behind. I got on the pile precariously, Larry decided to wait and see, and from that point I played out of my skin, including two nerve-jangling fifth round pots, to win 5-2 and level the match.

From there, though, I just couldn't stay with him. He took a sixth in the fifth, and perhaps I should have taken the opportunity for a difficult pot-out in the sixth, but uncertainty, followed by despair, had set in, and Larry controlled well for a 26-16 victory, to earn the apt title of Muhammed Ali Khan from Dave.

Jon Mapley

THE MARCHANT TROPHY 1987/88

Auspicious beginnings have not, in recent years, been the trademark of the Marchant Trophy, and this year was no exception. Of the three University clubs, two remained mute throughout the year, while the other evinced itself "too busy". Sometimes you wonder why you bother.

The Wessex exiles therefore contemplated a "no contest" until Pinner came to the rescue. The teams fixed up a mutually convenient date to play in London. A late entry by vacationing players from Queens' added a welcome additional team.

Twelve players duly arrived in Pinner (I thought you said "London" - Ed.) on Sunday 27th March, and proceeded to stand fairly uselessly outside a community centre which remained resolutely shut. Investigations revealed that, for various obscure reasons, no key would be forthcoming. Clearly an adjournment was called for, and musings in "The George" ultimately resulted in WETS playing Queens' chez Andrew, with Pinner games to be arranged.

This sets the scene for "Wets in Wimbledon"- an eagerly awaited match between the Cambridge stars and the teams whose reputations were founded on their reputations. Never were those years of experience more evident than when it was realised that the WETS captain had brought with him a cold, but left behind his spectacles and squidgers. Of the actual play, little, alas, remains in my memory save that Clark and Surridge managed to win game one from a poor start and achieved something of the reverse order in game two. The clash ended in a draw, fourteen all...perhaps a fair result. Finally, thanks should go to Chris Andrew, without whom....

So it was all down to the Pinner games. Queens' had first go after some obscure manoeuvrings with teams, and ultimately scored 20 1/3 points to Pinner's 7 2/3. The surprise defeat of Moore and Shrimpton at the hands of Jeffreys and Harbron meant that, in Gary's words, Queens' score was looking "a little vulnerable".

WETS therefore had it all to do, and for some time remained quiescent, as a date failed to materialise. Eventually, with 1st October looming, the teams agreed to meet on Saturday 24th September. WETS fielded the same line-up as previously, no doubt relieved that the captain had this time come more suitably prepared.

PINTS looked keen for a battle, and carried this into the first round, as WETS began in their customary 'less-than-promising' fashion. Clark and Surridge somehow escaped in rounds against Scarrott and Braidman before fleeing to "The George" in view of the dire mutterings coming from their team-mates. However, an adroit exercise in damage limitation kept WETS in the hunt but unable to afford a slip-up. In the event, both pairs kept their feet on the ground and recorded 6-1 wins to take the match 21-7.

Thus WETS retained the Marchant Trophy by the narrow margin of 2/3 of a point. WETS will return for the 1988/89 competition...the question is, will anybody else?

Phil Clark

MARCHANT TROPHY SCORES

WETS v. QUILTS

QUILTS

		G. Shrimpton R. Moore		G. Myers C. Andrew		
		*****		*****		
	M. Surridge	* 2	*	6	*	*
		*	*		6	*
	P. Clark	* 5	*	1	*	*
WETS		*****		*****		
	A. Boyce	* 3	*	3	*	*
		*	*		8	*
	R. Cartwright	* 4	*	4	*	*
		*****		*****		
		*	*			*
		* 5	*	9	*	
		*	*		*	
		*****		*****		

QUILTS 14 WETS 14

PINTS v. QUILTS

QUILTS

		G. Shrimpton R. Moore		G. Myers C. Andrew		
		*****		*****		
	T. Jeffreys	* 2 1/3	*	5	*	*
		*	*		6 2/3	*
	S. Harbron	* 5 2/3	*	2	*	*
PINTS		*****		*****		
	T. Batham	* 6	*	7	*	*
		*	*		1	*
	C. Gabriel	* 1	*	0	*	*
		*****		*****		
		*	*			*
		* 12	*	8 1/3	*	
		*	*		*	
		*****		*****		

QUILTS 20 1/3 PINTS 7 2/3

PINTS v. WETS

PINTS

	T.Jeffreys		P.Scarrott				
	T.Batham		S.Braidman				

P.Clark	*	1	*	1	*	*	
	*		*		*	12	*
M.Surridge	*	6	*	6	*		*
PINTS	*****						
A.Boyce	*	4	*	1	*		*
	*		*		*	9	*
R.Cartwright	*	3	*	6	*		*

	*		*		*		
	*	5	*	2	*		
	*		*		*		

WETS 21 PINTS 7

THE CUTWC TOUR OF AMERICA, SEPTEMBER 1988

Since nine of us were using the one bathroom, I guess it was bound to happen sooner or later. It was certainly most fortunate that Nick was the last to use the "rest room", since after a somewhat lengthy stay, he finally emerged to report that flushing had become problematic due to a blockage, but that once he had given up on the toilet brush, rolled up his sleeves and got stuck in, it had all been sorted out. Somehow the bagels did not taste quite the same after that.

This incident occurred on the first morning of the tour, in the flat of Kathy and Jack Carruthers in Brookline, Boston where all nine of us were staying. We arrived in the late afternoon on the 8th September after a boring flight, enlivened only by the fact that we managed to delay take-off by being the very last passengers to board, because we had spent too much time in the Duty Free shop. That evening we went to Brown's, the bar where Kathy and Jack seemed to spend most of their time getting "sh*t-faced". The beer was as tasteless and fizzy as feared, despite coming complete with pieces of lime. In by now traditional CUTwC fashion, after the hamburgers we demanded the "Sicilian" menu. The waitress seemed confused, so Stew helpfully explained that we were after the desserts with "provocative whipped cream".

After Nick had displayed his prowess as a plumber, we explored Boston following the Freedom Trail, all about America's tawdry attempt to gain independence. We did, however, visit the USS Clarrie Grundy (aka Cassin Young), and Tony was knocked over by a rampant dog, so the day was not

completely wasted. The weather was wet and foggy and we decided against going up Bunker Hill after Stew's oh-so-tempting description of the prospect: "Climbing four million steps to have visibility no further than a ferret's armpit is not what I call a totally rewarding experience".

The weekend was filled by the NATWA Pairs and on the Saturday, Brad Schaefer kindly offered to drive us back to the flat and then subjected us to an endless tirade against Bostonian drivers and passengers. Thanks to Brad's in-depth survey, I can exclusively reveal that on an average day there are 2.6 triple parked cars per block.

Soon it was time to leave Boston and after profuse thanks to Kathy and Jack for their wonderful hospitality, we picked up two motorhomes to take us across New England to Ithaca, the next winks rendezvous. Our route took us through the delightful scenery of the White Mountains and the picturesque spectrum of colours in the forests of the Adirondacks.

After a few days in which the motorhomes had already fulfilled some of their potential amusement value, we had some drama. In the larger motorhome, the fridge door burst open, sending cans and bottles of beer rolling everywhere. Someone popped into the bathroom to get a cloth to clear up the mess and discovered sewage from one of the (overfull) holding tanks bubbling up through the shower. Optimists claimed that it came from the tank containing the dirty washing-up water, but the smell pointed to another, more disturbing conclusion.

Given the size of the motorhomes and the known record of the drivers, it was surprising how few incidents we had. There was one occasion when a narrow, one-lane contra-flow system, surrounded by three-foot concrete barriers, appeared without warning. Travelling at 65mph through a gap with one inch clearance either side is not, perhaps, an optimal strategy and Nick, unfortunate enough to be driving the larger motorhome, struck a glancing blow. In general, though, most entertainment was provided by Nick's vocabulary during his fruitless attempts to follow Chris in the leading vehicle, who weaved in and out of traffic and seemed to perform U-turns whenever bored.

In Ithaca, we were greeted by Severin Drix and spent the afternoon playing winks. Our visit appeared to attract a certain amount of interest, and there seems to be some hope of starting an active club there. For the record, CUTwC beat Ithaca 42-21, despite Severin and his novice partner scoring 16 in their three games.

We made our way from Ithaca to New York by way of Niagara falls, and exchanged the motorhomes for cars. En route, circumstances forced us into a Burger King, which was not at all to Richard's liking. He then proceeded to live up to his nickname of TMB (Tour Miserable Bastard); and when it comes to looking miserable, there's none to match Richard. New York was too frenetic and stressful for most, but between us we got around the main sights. We also went to a baseball game at Shea Stadium, which was just so incredibly American that it was a real experience. Some joined in with all the ludicrous chanting ("Mooooooo; El Sid, El Sid; Let's go, Mets", etc. etc. ad nauseam), but we also

managed to fit in a few anthems plus a rendition of "Yogi". However, the police being out in force we did not sing all the verses.

After several more trips to Burger King, which succeeded in annoying Richard greatly (Editorial discretion, Geoff), we eventually went to a proper restaurant, and promptly offended the waitress by inadvertently leaving four cent coins on the table as we left (You left promptly?-Ed.) After a night at an Econolodge, during which Alex's alarm cunningly went off at 3:00am, we went to Washington D.C., where the NATWA Singles were held. This was followed by a CUTwC v. AllStars (five Yanks plus Jon), which the Allstars narrowly won. Cambridge can claim the moral victory, however, since the Allstars refused Nick's rematch challenge - Sumo wrestling.

Peter, Alex and Tony flew home from Washington, leaving the remainder to fly down South to New Orleans. A room for six was booked at the St Charles Hotel, a mere twenty minutes from Bourbon Street where, I am told 25 cents goes a long way...Our room had a vicious bathroom:

Problem

Solution

1) Cold water tap in bath broken. Use a pair of Tim's pliers to turn on the cold water the heat with the hot tap.

No handle with which to flush toilet. Tie a piece of string (previously used to wrap up the plunger, and pull when needed.

When refilling, water trickles out of toilet onto floor. Always wear shoes when entering

Sink partially blocked.

Do not make it worse by visiting the Avenue Tavern.

Unfortunately, the solution to 4) was only learnt after the event. One thing you can say about our trip to the Avenue Tavern is that we did prove conclusively that it is, after all, possible to get utterly wasted on Budweiser, especially if you drink it solidly for six hours. The next morning, we awoke to find the sink completely blocked: Chris had taken "unwell" during the night. Meanwhile Stew, who for once was not feeling himself (or Tony), found the bathroom occupied, and was forced to deposit dinner in the conveniently-placed ice bucket. Richard was awakened by retching noises, but it was only Geoff having a dry run down the back of the sofa. To add insult to injury, Stew managed somehow to shut the bathroom door in such a way that neither our room keys nor the Hotel Manager's master keys would open it. The only solution to this problem was to take the door off completely. So: we needed pliers to use the shower, string to flush the toilet, the sink was blocked, the floor was permanently flooded and there was no door. Bathroom trouble had proved to be a running theme of the tour....

From New Orleans we flew back to Gatwick. The tour had been a great success; everyone had an enjoyable time and we managed to give

the Americans a shock or two in the winks. If we all get well-paid jobs in the City, we may even be able to afford to do it again.

The US tour was a CUTwC production, starring (in alphabetical order):

Chris Andrew
Tony Heading
Nick Inglis
Richard Moore
Geoff Myers
Tim Roscoe
Alex Satchell
Stew Sage
Peter Wright

Geoff Myers

WORLD SINGLES STATISTICS

Over-leaf is a sheet detailing the game-by-game scores (winners first) of all twenty-nine World Singles matches that have ever taken place. For this, we thank Jon Mapley for having nothing better to do, and I apologise for the fact that the type-face is not as pretty as for the rest of Winking World, but it was the only printer I could find with condensed print!

1	JUN 73	SOUTHAMPTON	IRENKE	IDEAN	4-3	5-2	7-0	6-1	7-0			29-6	5-0
2	NOV 74	BOSTON	IDRIX	IRENKE	5-2	6-1	6-1	1-6	6-1	1-6		25-17	4-2
3	JUL 76	LONDON	IDRIX	ISEAMAN	3-4	6-1	4-3	2-5	6-1	6-1		27-15	4-2
4	APR 77	ITHACA, N.Y.	IDRIX	ISHEINSON	6-1	6-1	3-4	6-1	1-6	5-1		28-14	4-2
5	AUG 77	ITHACA, N.Y.	IDRIX	ILOCKWOOD	5-2	15.5-1.5	1-6	6-1	1-6	2-5	6-1	26.5-22.5	4-3
6	AUG 78	ITHACA, N.Y.	ILOCKWOOD	IDRIX	1-6	6-1	2-5	11.5-5.5	6-1	6-1	3-4	25.5-23.5	3-4
7	JUL 79	SOUTHAMPTON	ILOCKWOOD	IDEAN	1-6	6-1	7-0	6-1	6-1			26-9	4-1
8	FEB 80	CAMBRIDGE	ILOCKWOOD	IMAPLEY	14.7-2.3	0-7	5-2	3-4	5-2	7-0		24.7-17.3	4-2
9	APR 80	ITHACA, N.Y.	ILOCKWOOD	IDRIX	3-4	12.5-4.5	6-1	3-4	6-1	6-1		26.5-15.5	3-3
10	AUG 80	NEW YORK	ILOCKWOOD	KAHN	5-2	1-6	5-2	1-6	6-1	6-1	6-1	30-19	5-2
11	MAR 81	LONDON	ILOCKWOOD	KNOWLES	6-1	5-2	6-1	4-3	12.5-4.5	7-0		30.5-11.5	5-1
12	JUL 81	LONDON	ILOCKWOOD	IMAPLEY	6-1	4-3	12.5-4.5	6-1	1-6	6-1		25.5-16.5	4-2
13	NOV 81	HAVERFORD, PA.	ILOCKWOOD	KAHN	15.5-1.5	6-1	1-6	3-4	1-6	5-2	6-1	27.5-21.5	4-3
14	OCT 82	LONDON	ILOCKWOOD	RELLE	6-1	1-6	7-0	6-1	5-2			25-10	4-1
15	FEB 83	BOSTON	KAHN	ILOCKWOOD	1-6	6-1	6-1	1-6	6-1	12.5-4.5	7-0	29.5-19.5	4-3
16	MAY 83	BOSTON	KAHN	IMAPLEY	6-1	11.5-5.5	14.5-2.5	1-6	5-1	6-1		25-17	4-2
17	MAY 83	BOSTON	KAHN	ILOCKWOOD	5-2	1-6	6-1	13.5-3.5	7-0	7-0		29.5-12.5	4-1-1
18	FEB 84	BOSTON	KAHN	ILOCKWOOD	7-0	2-5	3-4	11.5-5.5	6-1	5-2	5-2	29.5-19.5	4-3
19	NOV 84	LONDON	KAHN	IMAPLEY	6-1	12.5-4.5	6-1	6-1	11.5-5.5	3-4		25-17	3-3
20	FEB 85	BOSTON	IGITTELMAN	KAHN	5-2	14.5-2.5	0-7	15.5-1.5	4-3	6-1		25-17	5-1
21	OCT 85	BOSTON	IGITTELMAN	KAHN	6-1	6-1	15.5-1.5	1-6	2-5	0-7	6-1	26.5-22.5	4-3
22	NOV 85	CAMBRIDGE	IDEAN	IGITTELMAN	3-4	12.5-4.5	4-3	6-1	6-1	3-4	6-1	30.5-18.5	4-3
23	DEC 85	OXFORD	KAHN	IDEAN	6-1	6-1	6-1	7-0				25-3	4-0
24	NOV 86	CAMBRIDGE	IMAPLEY	KAHN	6-1	1-6	6-1	12.5-4.5	4-3	6-1		25.5-16.5	4-2
25	APR 87	LONDON	IMAPLEY	IDEAN	2-5	3-4	6-1	1-6	6-1	6-1	5-2	29-20	4-3
26	NOV 87	CAMBRIDGE	IMAPLEY	KAHN	6-1	3-4	6-1	6-1	4-3			25-10	4-1
27	FEB 88	LONDON	IMAPLEY	RELLE	5-2	2-5	6-1	14.5-2.5	6-1	3-4		26.5-15.5	4-2
28	SEP 88	BALTIMORE	KAHN	IMAPLEY	4-3	1-6	7-0	2-5	6-1	6-1		26-16	4-2
29	JAN 89	WASHINGTON	KAHN	ILOCKWOOD	6-1	3-4	2-5	1-6	1-6	6-1	6-1	25-24	3-4
		GAMES WON BY	WINNER		22	14	21	13	20	17	9		
		GAMES WON BY	LOSER		7	15	8	15	8	7	1		
		GAMES TIED						1					