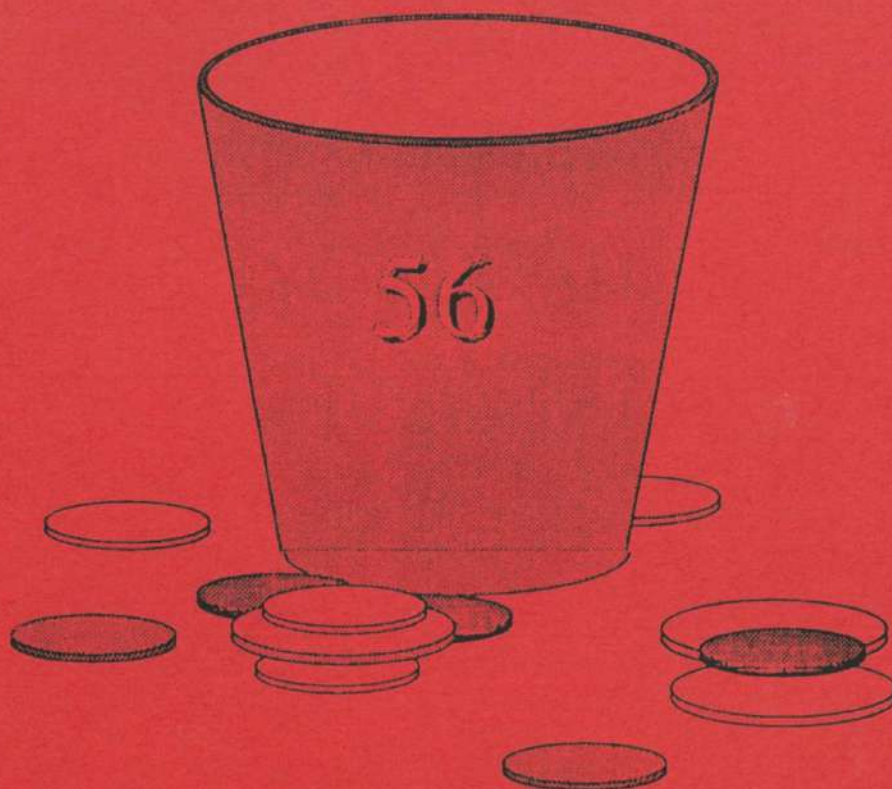


WINKING



WORLD

The Official Journal of the
English Tiddlywinks Association

April 1991

Dave Lockwood demands front page apology – see p.2

Contents

The Weekend Winker	<i>Jim Carrington</i>	3
A Letter to the Editor	<i>Charles Relle</i>	5
Winking World Poetry Competition		6
Winkonundrum No. 2	<i>Jon Mapley</i>	7
More Letters to the Editor		8
Richard's Greatest Moments in Winks	<i>Richard Moore</i>	8
World Singles 32 - Kahn vs Purvis	<i>Geoff Myers</i>	10
The 1990 ETWA National Singles	<i>Andy Purvis & Nick Inglis</i>	11
World Singles 33 - Purvis vs Inglis	<i>Ed Wynn</i>	17
World Singles 34 - Purvis vs Kahn	<i>Patrick Barrie</i>	20
Squopping	<i>Larry Kahn</i>	22
The Marchant Trophy	<i>Andy Purvis</i>	25
CUTwC Election Rigging	<i>Matthew Rose & Richard Moore</i>	26
The Hampshire Open	<i>Julian Wiseman</i>	27
OUTS Anthem	<i>Marc Read</i>	29
The 1991 Varsity Match and Silver Wink	<i>Nick Inglis</i>	30
World Singles 35 - Kahn vs Lockwood	<i>Larry Kahn</i>	33
Nick Inglis' World Ratings		36

Editorial

Winking World is 30 years old, and is celebrating in traditional fashion – it's later than was expected by some people, and has some match reports missing. There's also a special pull-out (and-throw-away) *Winking World 1*, which was produced by Peter Downes in 1961 and contains, among other things, a fascinating article on the damage that squopping is doing to our game (hear hear).

I'm sorry that this edition isn't really complete. I've not received reports for the Fours or the Cambridge, and I've not had time to write them. Next issue maybe? Lack of time also means that it hasn't been proof read (except Winkonundrum No. 2), so please bear with it. I've also not yet been able to do an article by Charles reviewing Jon's potting guide of WW55. I figured it was better to have an incomplete issue at the Pairs than a full one at London.

So what kind of a year has it been? Well, there was a good crop of Freshers at both Cambridge and Oxford, but no sign of any Sotwink novices at the Fours (and not much sign of Sotwink players at anything). The Fours, for the record, was won by a team called "Who Can Tell", containing Geoff Myers, Robin Smale, Andy Purvis and (for one day) Aidan Bocci. Staleness finally caught up with Larry as he was crunched in the World Singles, but he recovered to regain it and has since retained it against Dave Lockwood, who won the ETwA Singles from Larry and Nick Inglis. The only outstanding World Singles challenges are a dozen or so from Larry, so that's not going anywhere for a bit. While he was over here, Larry said that he would try to set up a club in a college local to him, but this seems not to have materialised.

The Cambridge Open turnout suffered from the heavy snow and ice. Charles didn't get there; a shame, since all the novices were primed to say "Gosh! I wonder if anyone's ever played winks on the river before?" any time he was nearby... The CUTwC President, Stu Collins, won from Jim Carrington. OUTS' President, Simon Julier, got in on the winning act, partnering Geoff Myers to victory in the Hants Open. It is current WW editorial policy not to mention the Varsity Match. Cambridge won the Silver Wink, but it was only CUTwC vs OUTS. Sotwink, after about twenty five years of producing top players (including Alan Dean, Keith Seaman, Nigel and Pam Knowles, Mick Still, Geoff Cornell, Alan Boyce, Mike Surridge, Jim Carrington, Rob Cartwright...) is sinking fast into oblivion. According to Mike, there almost certainly will not be a Sotwink next year. The club at Pinner has folded too, and Exeter has little chance. So we've lost three of the five active clubs in the world a year ago. ETwA doesn't seem to be doing anything; at the first Committee meeting for who knows how long, the sole topic of discussion was the format for the National Pairs. As well as losing clubs, we've lost nearly all of our venues – the only place currently able to hold a Pairs or Singles is Cambridge. This is ironic, since they're the only club with any degree of transport. We need new clubs, new venues, and OUTS will need help with transport if it's going to get anyone to tournaments next year. We also clearly need people with time and commitment to run ETwA; many of the current Committee were basically press-ganged into it, and said at the time they'd not be able to do the job as well as they'd like to. Please think about it. We're not in nearly so bad a state as they are in America, but we could be soon if we are as complacent as they were.

DAVE LOCKWOOD: AN APOLOGY

In *Winking World 55*, it was stated that Dave Lockwood had lost 4-3 to Mac McAvoy in the NATwA Singles. On reading this, Dave has demanded I set the record straight. I am happy to oblige; Dave of course won 7-0. We apologise for suggesting otherwise, and for any loss of sleep the error may have caused Dave. Those responsible have been sought out and chastised with birch twigs, which I suspect is why they did it.

The Week-End Winker¹

by Jim Carrington

It was half past five on a wet and windy Friday evening. Jim Crisp-Packet packed his sleeping bag, audio tapes, and Beecham's Resolve into his sports-red mean machine and fired the engine into action. He looked ahead to the next two days... a couple of hours' journey to the south coast, an evening with old friends, and two days proving that Jim Crisp-Packet is still a force to be reckoned with in the tiddlywinks world.

An hour later Jim had made it to the bottom of the road. Just as well he left early to beat the traffic. This was going to be his tournament, Jim thought. This time he was going to partner Alan Balls-Up, a decent partner for a change. Alan was a true master of the game and had partnered Jim successfully on many previous occasions, although he could not remember one offhand.

Three hours later Jim arrived at his destination having picked up his winks colleague and good friend, Rob Crudpot. They met up with another old sparring partner, Mike Squopit, who had recently shaved his beard off. Squopit used to have long hair and a healthy beard. But tournament by tournament he had progressively become less hairy. First to go had been six inches of hair. Next he removed most of the beard, then more hair, followed by all of the beard. Mike was watching Kojak when Rob and Jim arrived.

The three of them spent the evening touring some of their favourite pubs from years gone by, commenting on how young the students looked, and wondering why it only took half as much beer to get drunk as it used to. Jim felt sure he would win the week-end's tournament, but the first elements of doubt entered his mind when it became clear that Crudpot and Squopit were also certain that they were going to win.

The next morning the sun was shining. It always seemed to work out that the best week-end weather came when the winkers of the nation were cooped up in a hot and sweaty room.

The tournament venue offered sports changing rooms which included 'fire hose' showers. If you turned the tap too enthusiastically you would be pinned against the opposite shower wall by a fierce jet of several gallons of water per second. The best way to get yourself back to the controls was to turn on the tap behind you so that you would be thrown back across the shower room by another jet from there. Jim found this to be a good way of waking himself up on the morning of a competition. It also blasted away the worst effects of the previous night's drinking.

Suitably invigorated, Jim was ready for the first squidge-off. Alan Balls-Up had been practising by squopping other cars on the way down. Things started well for the pair. By the time the tournament broke for lunch after two of the seventeen scheduled rounds, they were still within ten points of the leaders. A progress report with Rob, Mike, and late arrival Phil Clunk, revealed that all five of them were closely bunched, ready to make their attack on the competition.

The afternoon session was non-stop end to end tiddlywinks. Alan and Jim gave the top pairs tough games without collecting any points and had some of those funny games against

¹ Any similarities between characters and events in this story and those in real life is purely intentional.

lesser pairs where it seems that your winks are quietly sneaking under your opponents' winks while you're not looking. The only encouragement came from games against Rob, Mike and Phil, where the honours were more or less shared.

Slightly disheartened and swearing never again to attempt a pot-out with three winks squopped, Crisp-Packet left with his friends to head for the nearest pub and straight into the next challenge. Who could come up with the best 'hard luck' stories and the most convincing excuses for their slow starts? "If only I had potted the last two from the baseline...", "the humidity affected my squopping style", "we could have had five more points if only Jim could pot", "I think we'd be winning if Alan could have kept his winks on the mat." Everyone claimed to have had the misfortune of playing against the infamous Graham Hiccup before lunch. There were just too many shot-by-shot excuses to fit into the time available. The stories soon became shortened and exaggerated as everyone began to realise that no-one was actually listening to anyone else's stories.

Relieved by the opportunity to be excused, the drinkers moved on to another pub and began to relate back to their heydays. Of course they lost the odd game nowadays. They didn't get the chance to practise, unlike the students who must play ten times a week... at least! A few years ago, when they were in the peaks of their winks careers, things would have been different (in fact they had never really been much good at the game, but a few nostalgic 'fishing stories' made them feel like past masters).

After a day of customary winking cock-ups, the five were about to make two more equally traditional mistakes.

The first was the beer drinking. Alan never drinks much. His mistake was to buy the first round – the one which included five pints, five bags of crisps, and a selection of five songs from the jukebox. He only had another half pint the whole of the rest of the evening. Rob's mistake was to start counting the number of pints he'd consumed after he'd passed his personal limit. Mike forgot that the drinking stories they'd been telling each other had been exaggerated and he couldn't really cope with nine pints after all. Jim carefully drank what he considered to be reasonably sensible but then fell into the trap of drinking the unwanted pints that Mike and Rob had left after reality had hit them. Phil was the only one to come out in good shape, having quietly tucked away twice as much as anyone else.

The second mistake was the curry. At the time of ordering, a curry and rice just didn't seem enough. Popadams, a starter, and at least one side dish each seemed to be required. It was only after taking a spoonful of the curry mountain that they all realised that the after-dinner mint alone would have been enough to satisfy their appetites.

Sunday morning dawned and the alcohol anaesthetics wore off, leaving everyone aware of just how cold and uncomfortable it was sleeping on the floor. Beecham's Resolve and lukewarm tea were passed around in futile attempts to counteract the inevitable hangovers.

During the second day's play everyone realised that, the older you get, the longer it takes to recover from drinking half as much beer as in younger days. The effects lasted well into the afternoon, by which time the 'never again' feeling applied to both drinking alcohol and playing again in winks tournaments.

Balls-Up blamed his downfall on Crisp-Packet's suicidal habit of potting the wrong side's winks out of piles, a natural ability carried over from his own-goal scoring achievements in soccer. Crisp-Packet put their dismal results down to Balls-Up's ability to live up to his name just when it mattered. They agreed that the kindest thing to do was to partner each other the next year, to avoid the embarrassment of letting down someone good.

"Never mind," thought Jim, "a couple of hours in the car and I'll be back in my warm home sipping tea with friends." Four and a half hours later, having sat in his rustbucket on Britain's congested motorways and worked his way through his entire collection of 60's and 70's hits and misses, Jim arrived home. The rest of the household had gone to bed and the central heating had long since switched itself off. And his bed sheets were on the washing line. And it was raining.

Over a cup of black tea (the milk had run out), he looked ahead to his next winks tournament. This was surely going to be his tournament. He had fixed himself up with a decent partner this time. Should be good – a couple of days' winks, a drink with old friends, a chat about old times...

After giving birth, mothers soon forget the discomfort of the past few months and the pain they have just endured. They explain how it is the single most amazing experience and soon go through it all again.

A Letter to the Editor

26 Canadian Avenue,
London SE6 3AS,
17th December 1990.

Dear Sir,

After reading Jon Mapley's article in your last issue, I must state that I came to the 1990 Cambridge Open by train.

May I add to Phil Carmody's excellent article on the Catford Invitation that this event was, as in recent years, in aid of charity? The players made contributions to Crisis at Christmas which totalled forty-something pounds, so I made it up to £50. Thank you all.

I knew that, owing to some sedative I took at lunchtime of the 1990 London Open to ward off incipient backache, my World Rating was likely to drop a bit, and I was right. So I played as well and abstemiously as I could in the Wessex Cup to make up. Now I find that the Wessex Cup is not a rated tournament. As it is an Open and not an invitation event, is this right? Perhaps someone can explain why it is not.

Most tournament sets have a die with them to remind players of the rounds after regulation time. Another use of the die is to remind you of the colour that started. Set it at 1 for blue, 2 for green, 3 for red and 4 for yellow, and fasten it down with Blu-tac.

People may wonder why, at the Fours, I called my team Sisyphus. In Greek mythology, Sisyphus was compelled in Hades to push a boulder up a mountain. Whenever it got near the top, the boulder carried him to the bottom again. Since the team contained Alan Boyce, the name seemed appropriate.

Finally, I have discovered why American tournaments seem to lack some of the verve of our own, and also at long last what NATwA stands for: "Non-Alcoholic Tiddlywinks Association"

Yours faithfully,
Charles Relle

Winking World Poetry Competition

Thanks to those of you who put pen to paper (or, in the case of the winner, pencil to tax notes) to libel some of your fellow winkers. Rather than put them all together, I've dotted the poems around this issue, as they're a very useful size to act as page fillers... The winner, as adjudged by me in a purely arbitrary way, is Dave Salter for this deeply moving evocation of a winker's lot. As Dave himself puts it, it's "attempting to explore the relationships between winks as both an elitist plaything and an instrument of class warfare in post-Thatcherite society. Probably best not to publish it or Alex might sue." So there you have it, and here it is:

*Early mornings down at Queens' plodge
Dinners in pubs and breakfasts from shops
Squopping and potting in front of the crowds
Evenings relaxing terribly loud
Red's on the blue or is it the green?
Quick play the shot before we are seen
Reporters arrive but don't stay too long
Nick on That's Life sings the winks song
Cricket at Pinner and maybe some winks
Down in the bar the lads hold their drinks
At least temporarily for so it appears
Those lot in the corner are racing their beers
Yay seven seconds but that was too quick
Alex is running scattering sick
Tim's lost his local and Alex his tea
Graham's well pleased for it wasn't he
And then even odder when down at Southampton
Liz puts us up - she's not learned her lesson
Oh back in the days when Cambridge would win
When Oxford were rabbits when presidents weren't thin
When Charles told us all of his games on the ice
And upon no reaction he told us it twice
When Cambridge had members and meetings were held
Where the obnoxious were swiftly expelled
When pints of cider cost 65p
And not everybody was better than me*

This issue's competition come from Jon. You've got four in the pot, two squopped, and there's fifteen minutes left. Your partner's winks are nearly all squopped. You know that your only remaining shot of the game is going to be bringing in a boondocked wink after they've potted out. You're bored. Now is the ideal time to try your hand at Winkonundrum No. 2. It's over the page. The solution will be printed in the next issue of *Winking World*. If anyone wants to send their solution in, they're welcome to, but it won't do them any good.

Winkonundrum No. 2

by Jon Mapley

It was either the 38th or 39th Perversity Match, dependent on whether you were from Cowford or Wentbridge. Unfortunately, in the celebrations which marked Cowford's dramatic 3 point win, their captain, Mike Ferguson, dropped the scoresheet over the parapet of Morbid Bridge and it floated off down the Crisis. The WW Editor, in a rare moment of sobriety, managed to scribble down sufficient notes to reconstruct the results of all sixteen games – no mean feat, as he did not know any of the players' names or partners. Can you do the same?

1. The two women both played for Cowford, although Heather, partnering Mr Inglis in Pair 2, totalled double the points of Miss Dean, who partnered Patrick and achieved the lowest total of any pair.

2. Charles and Mr Kahn were Pair 2 for Wentbridge, and were the only undefeated pair on either side, with a total half a point lower than Cowford's Pair 1, Alan and Mr Norman, despite beating them in the last game to finish, when, needing a 6-1 to tie the match, Charles' sixth wink bounced back off the rim in the final shot.

3. The games between the respective Pairs 1 and 4 took place in Round 2, and ended in rapid potouts for the higher ranked pairs, although Bob Cartwright missed his sixth wink, allowing Liz to salvage a point, which is more than Mr Lockwood and Duncan achieved in the other blitz. The remaining pairs' scores made this the closest round, 15-13 to Wentbridge.

4. Cowford failed to win a game in Round 1 (the match-up of equally ranked pairs), to trail by 11 points. They won only six games altogether, half of them being in Round 3.

5. The Wentbridge captain, Keith, playing in Pair 1, was disappointed with his 11 points, particularly having won two games.

6. Only one game resulted in a tie for first place, and in this game no time-limit points were scored by either Ferd's greens or Mr Outhwaite's reds.

7. Jim played in a higher-ranked pair than his Hunts Open winning partner, Ed. An established pairing on the other team, Ian and Mr Edwards, were also separated.

8. The start of the match was held up for a squidge-off dispute as Mr Barrie claimed that his small wink touching the pot had to be nearer than an opponent's large one. Mr Jeffreys won the re-squidge and subsequently the game.

9. One of Cowford's pairs was involved in four 6-1 scorelines.

10. During a game in Round 2, Mrs Gandy knocked the pot on the floor attempting to pot a nurdled wink. Mr Andrew, the Wentbridge novice, calmly replaced it and avoided a diplomatic incident.

11. The first game to finish in Round 4 gave no hint of the final result although, after a successful blitz by Geoff, in an inauspicious scramble for the minor placings, Nick Hancock consigned Mr Purvis to last place. Owen and Mr Myers got their second consecutive 1 in the final round, a bad collapse after the best half-way total.

More Letters to the Editor

Dear Sir,

Regarding the competition on page 36 of WW55, and the end photograph of the same edition, I have to ask, have any other readers noticed the similarity between Naveed Chaudhri and Tim Hedger? Are they perhaps related? I think we should be told.

Yours in 1320,
S.O. Sage

Dear sir,

Much unfair comment has been made in your columns about the driving of one of your illustrious predecessors. During the Pairs I was on several occasions given lifts by this most generous person, both between the tournament and the Hulls' country residence, and also back to London at the end of the tournament. In all cases I found his driving to be of the highest quality. Further the commonly made allegations that he does a hundred miles an hour on motorways is unfair. He doesn't need a motorway!

Anonymous from Stockport.

Richard's Greatest Moments in Winks

by Richard

Winking World 55 contained a couple of articles entitled "Great Winking Performances" and "World Singles History." Now, I'm very fond of our cousins across the pond, and I like to think Larry and Dave are my friends, but to my mind their articles showed an extraordinary attitude to the game. Dave went so far as to list "the challenge, and the desire to be the best in the world" as the motivation for the top players, and both articles seemed to be lists of matches won, records achieved. I've held a national title, and played a World Singles challenge, but in case anybody thinks I'm one of these 'top' players I'd better put the record straight as to my own reasons for playing winks: because it's fun, the people are intelligent, and it's different. (This makes me an "average winker" on the Lockwood scale.)

I won't deny that I enjoy playing the game, and enjoy playing well and winning. Tight games especially can be great fun – hanging on for example to an impossible pile while your opponent plays Plan 47; counting up at the end to find the score is $3\frac{1}{2} - 3\frac{1}{2}$; or having to pot consistently in the last round to secure points. The tension can give you a real 'kick', and it's these games I remember long after a tournament – like my 5-2 against Jon Mapley in the Singles in 1988, my $3\frac{1}{2}$ against Geoff in the American Singles just before that, and another $3\frac{1}{2}$

playing with Nick against Geoff and Andy at the ETwA Pairs. Equally close, despite the scoreline, was the $5\frac{1}{2} - 1\frac{1}{2}$ I took from Rob Cartwright at the 1989 Singles. Let's face it, games that end in a squop-up and a 6-1, or even a blitz and a 7-0, just aren't as satisfying, even if you win, as when you know you've been in a real battle. But really close-fought games are few and far between, and to be honest my interest in the game is mainly sustained by the company, and by the amusing incidents which surround tiddlywinks.

What, then, have been Richard's greatest moments in winks? Apart from the 1988 London Open (think about it²), it's hard to say. But I look back fondly at numerous incidents. Stew Sage slipping and falling headlong into a delicate umpiring decision in Queens' Old Hall as Tim Roscoe and I played Andy and Duncan in 1987. Andy himself propped up against a bookcase after taking one too many anti-histamines with his cider at that year's London Open. Patrick sending seven winks off the table with a pile break at the 1988 Pairs in Oxford. Graham Hancock being cautioned by Alan Dean for bad language in front of Heather at a London Open. Jon producing his sixth wink from his pocket to defeat me at the 1987 Singles. A game involving myself, Gary Shrimpton and Liz Bertoya at the 1990 Cambridge Open, which ended with one wink of each colour chasing each other around the mat.

And then, of course, there are the colossal arguments. I don't mean the occasions like the 1990 Silver Wink against Purvis and Carmody and the 1989 Pairs against Sage and Rose when I've genuinely been angry. But I'll not forget other occasions when Stew and I have clashed: in the 1987 Singles ("that brushed your sleeve; it was obviously going off"), and when partnering each other in the 1988 Fours against Geoff Myers and Andy Leiper (after which we decided that at least six pints would be necessary before we could put up with each other again – on which occasion we returned to pot out almost immediately against Surridge and Cartwright, and were able to get back to the pub for yet another).

Off-the-cuff comments from other players are often memorable too. Who will ever forget Charles Relle's exclamation at Pinner in 1987: "Come on Charles, pull yourself to pieces!"? The Americans too have a quaint turn of phrase – I distinctly heard Larry once encourage his partner to "chew Nick's buttocks," and Dave Lockwood described a recent game against me in the following terms – "Basically I just..." (*I'm afraid that Dave phoned me up from America to ask that I not include the remainder of the quote. If you really want to know, you'll have to ask Richard – Ed.*)

Here, I've just mentioned incidents at national events. A whole range of other tournaments and exhibition games, and the journeys between them, have been equally witty. So come on – we're all expected to be serious at work, but at play I think we should be a little more relaxed. It is, after all, only bloody tiddlywinks, and as far as I'm concerned it's not the winning, or even the taking part, but the waiting for those amusing goings-on which have left me after only five years with such an attachment to the sport.

² If you're confused, Richard's entry for the poetry competition might clarify matters:

*A young market gardener from Bude
Developed a cactus quite lewd
He said, "When it trembles
It rather resembles
Giles Pickering in the nude."*

World Singles 32 - Mad Dog Romps Home

Wadham College Lecture Room, 23rd November 1990

by Geoff Myers

The parallels seemed all too obvious: two individuals who had dominated their respective fields for the past decade were being challenged by upstarts. After spending their recent past on the 'back-benches', the young pretenders were now prepared to stick their necks out and poke their heads out of the air-raid shelter. But there were many questions that remained unanswered:

After being pecked by a dead parrot and savaged by a dead sheep would the Iron Lady be strong enough to fend off the arrogation of a chest-beating Tarzan? Was this an omen that 'Mad Dog' could overcome 'Horsemeat', or would he turn out to be just another stalking-horse? Would the incumbent stand up to the bouncers and knock the bowling all round the ground? Or would the players find that their bats had been broken by the captain? Would the men in grey suits determine the outcome in a smoke-filled room? Or would it be the men in white coats who would be required?

Would it be a battle of wits, two (fallow) stags locking their antlers in mortal combat? Or would it be so utterly one-sided that the chronicler has to resort to an inane ramble, manically mixing metaphors in order to fill up space?

On the morning of Friday 23rd November the lady who was not for turning finally did and resigned and, as if in sympathy, Larry Kahn did much the same thing in the afternoon.

In round one the players developed two clearly delineated areas either side of the pot, interrupted only by Andy's baseline calypso squop with red (calypso: get dat squop off de base of de pot). In the sixth turn Andy reverted to form, potted the five blues around the pot and brought the sixth one in close. Green had no line, yellow tried a ten-inch large-on-large squop but butted off the front edge. Blue duly completed the pot-out and Andy might have got the 7-0 but for a large red bouncing out of an almost full pot. As it was, Andy seemed happy enough with the 6-1.

Early on in round 2 Andy suffered a slight reaction to the tension of the previous game, especially with the green bring-ins, first rolling one off and then subbing under his own singleton. The advantage swung between the players due mainly to erratic squopping, but Andy had a narrow lead going into rounds. Red and yellow were vying for first place with three flat winks apiece but blue was struggling. However, red got taken down in trying to rescue blue and so, with consistent pile play and potting, Andy took a 6-1. The challenger's bandwagon continued to roll in the next two games, both going his way as the Champion did not so much "fight on and fight to win" as give up the ghost and meekly succumb with fragile potting. Andy was supported in game 4 by a mob of passing zoologists, who gave a rousing cheer as their side won this game too.

Larry Kahn	1*	1	$1\frac{1}{2}$	2	2*	$7\frac{1}{2}$
Andy Purvis	6*	6	$5\frac{1}{2}$	5	5*	$27\frac{1}{2}$

In game 5, Larry Carnovskied a yellow in turn four and proceeded to try a pot-out with one on the baseline. His potting was not good enough; he missed twice giving Andy plenty of opportunity to squop the last yellow. Green then attempted a desperate pot-out which predictably failed. Andy duly completed the squop-up, worked six blues free, and potted out for 5-2 and the match $27\frac{1}{2} - 7\frac{1}{2}$.

In all honesty this was a very poor defence by Larry, who never seriously threatened to win any game. Andy played extremely solidly and that was all he needed for a comprehensive victory. The match only lasted a little over two hours, an accusation that could not be levelled against the celebrations.

Geoff Thorpe, who turned up to watch, penned the following. Of all the predictions made in Winking World over the years, this has to be one of the least successful yet:

*To Larry's ten years at the top
Andy Purvis has put a full stop.
He's now a has-been
(Just like Alan Dean)
And Andy's the man now to stop.*

The ETwA National Singles

Queens' College, Cambridge, 24th & 25th November 1990
by Andy Purvis and Nick Inglis

This year's National Singles began with a brief panic when it was discovered that the Old Hall tables were chained up and the key was unavailable. This problem was swiftly solved with a hacksaw: perhaps this should become a standard part of the equipment provided by the tournament organiser? The turnout of 45 was the largest since the knockout days, and was split into four leagues. It would have been even larger, but the celebrations in Oxford the previous evening had taken their toll on Geoff Myers. Geoff had looked decidedly green at the gills before we even set off, and Larry's timely offer of some fried peas to sustain him during the journey was a bit ruthless. Swallowing hard, Geoff stopped the car, opened the door, and ran...

Blue Division

Jon and Richard were soon notching up the sevens in Blue Division in Old Hall, and it looked to be an intriguing battle between Matthew and Simon for the third spot. Adrian Jones had given Geoff's chances an early knock, blitzing him in the first round. While Matthew went down 3-4 to Jon Carlaw, Simon was on his way to a very useful 6-1 over the other Jon which put him into second place behind Richard. In the next round, things turned once more; Matthew beat Richard while Geoff (by now pretty much out of contention) beat Simon 6-1. This left Simon still in third place but only $1\frac{1}{2}$ points ahead of Matthew, and now these two met in round 9, Simon winning 6-1. Matthew's chances all but disappeared when Jon beat him in the next round, despite Richard dumping Simon. Going into the last round, Richard and Jon

had qualified easily, Simon was on $43\frac{1}{2}$ and Matthew on 38. Matthew needed a seven to have a chance, and got it against Geoff, but Simon did not slip up against Jon Carlaw and qualified with a most impressive $49\frac{1}{2}$ points. Commiserations to Matthew for missing out narrowly for the second year running. Further down the table, there were some good scores from James Cullingham, and Chris Wilson hung in well to win three games after starting out with two points from his games against the seeds. But probably the most impressive showing was from David Moore with a string of good scores placing him seventh.

	<i>Blue Division</i>	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	Tot.	Pos.
A	Jon Mapley	–	5	6	6	1	7*	7*	6	6	6	7*	57	1
B	Richard Moore	2	–	3	6	7*	6	7*	$4\frac{1}{2}$	7*	6	7*	$55\frac{1}{2}$	2
C	Matthew Rose	1	4	–	7*	1	3	6	7*	6	3	7*	45	4
D	Geoff Thorpe	1	1	0*	–	6	$3\frac{1}{2}$	2*	6	6	$4\frac{2}{3}$	6	$36\frac{1}{6}$	5
E	Simon Gandy	6	0*	6	1	–	6	7*	5	$5\frac{1}{2}$	6	7*	$49\frac{1}{2}$	3
F	Jon Carlaw	0*	1	4	$3\frac{1}{2}$	1	–	5	3	6	5	6	$34\frac{1}{2}$	6
G	Adrian Jones	0*	0*	1	5*	0*	2	–	$2\frac{1}{3}$	3	1	$1\frac{1}{2}$	$15\frac{5}{6}$	11
H	James Cullingham	1	$2\frac{1}{2}$	0*	1	2	4	$4\frac{2}{3}$	–	6	1	2	$24\frac{1}{6}$	8
I	Ben Soares	1	0*	1	1	$1\frac{1}{2}$	1	4	1	–	$3\frac{1}{2}$	3	17	10
J	David Moore	1	1	4	$2\frac{1}{3}$	1	2	6	6	$3\frac{1}{2}$	–	6	$32\frac{5}{6}$	7
K	Chris Wilson	0*	0*	0*	1	0*	1	$5\frac{1}{2}$	5	4	1	–	$17\frac{1}{2}$	9

Green Division

by Nick Inglis

The Green Division was sent off to the Bowett Room. We had drawn the short straw and found ourselves lumbered with that well-known rabbit Rob Cartwright (hiding with the rabbits because he turned up late). With the usual random seeds (Kahn, Inglis, Hancock, Boyce, Sage and Scarrott) there looked to be loads of washed-up old hacks competing for two qualification spots.

The Bowett Room is light, airy and modern, but with slightly narrow and bouncy tables. Stew noticed in his game with Gavin that Gavin was having trouble potting. So he didn't worry about Gavin's pot-out threat until it was too late. Meanwhile I was pleased to see tight games among the obvious competition with Alan, Rob, Graham and swapping 4-3's in the first two rounds, and also Stu Collins doing me a favour (I thought) by taking 3's off Alan and Graham. I was rather less well-disposed towards the CUTwC president when he blitzed me in the next round. This left Larry and Phil ahead of a large menacing pack. The key games here seemed to be those between Stu and Rob and the 6 seeds. Rob took 7 off Stew, but lost to Phil and me, while Stu took 6 off Phil and 3 off Stew, but 0 off Larry.

With 5 rounds to go, Larry had a comfortable 8 point lead, $1\frac{1}{2}$ points separated Alan, Graham, Phil and me, and then there was a $9\frac{1}{2}$ point gap before Stew, Stu and Rob. But Stu and Rob now had a much easier draw (with the game between them possibly crucial), so 6 of us could qualify with Larry. I now had a nice run of tight games against Alan, Stew and Graham, which collapsed in my favour in or near rounds. Meanwhile Alan took 3 off Larry and 6 off Phil. With two rounds to go, Larry had qualified, I only needed a few points against Phil and Larry, and the third spot was very much up for grabs, but Alan and Stu (who'd already played Larry) seemed to have the best chance.

I had a nightmare of a game against Phil, who played excellently to stuff me 6-1. Meanwhile Larry got $5\frac{1}{2}$ off Graham and Alan got 6 off Stew. I now had $49\frac{1}{2}$ and Alan 48, with Stu on $43\frac{1}{2}$, Phil on 43, and Graham and Rob on $42\frac{1}{2}$. It looked as if Alan and I would go through, but a 7 for one of the others might change things. Larry beat me 5-2 in a game whose course was influenced by the fact that Larry had qualified and I needed 1 point, Rob beat Stu 6-1 which put them both out (since Graham was playing Alan). Phil potted out for 6 points against Stew to leave himself an outside chance but Graham, who had squopped up Alan, potted out and in the ensuing mayhem he got the 7 when he potted his last wink at the third or fourth attempt, after Alan had also missed with his last (qualifying isn't always about being the best: it's often about being the least worst).

Graham had therefore sneaked through for the third year in a row, half a point ahead of Phil, who was half a point ahead of Rob, who was half a point ahead of Alan, with Stu close behind. So Larry qualified easily, but Graham and I were very relieved to sneak through just on top of a heap of players all of whom deserved to get through as much as we did. All in all this was a fun group to play in, with lots of close games, a very close result, and not a whiff of slow play anywhere.

	Green Division	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	Tot.	Pos.
A	Larry Kahn	—	5	$5\frac{1}{2}$	4	6	6	7*	7*	7*	6	7*	6	$66\frac{1}{2}$	1
B	Nick Inglis	2	—	6	6	6	1	6	6	1*	$5\frac{1}{2}$	6	6	$51\frac{1}{2}$	2
C	Graham Hancock	$1\frac{1}{2}$	1	—	7*	6	3	6	6	4	3	5	7*	$49\frac{1}{2}$	3
D	Alan Boyce	3	1	0*	—	6	6	5*	7*	4	4	6	6	48	6
E	Stew Sage	1	1	1	1	—	1*	2*	4	4	0*	4	7*	26	9
F	Phil Scarrott	1	6	4	1	6*	—	6	6	1	5*	6	7*	49	4
G	Gavin Keyte	0*	1	1	2*	5*	1	—	6	1	1	6	5*	29	8
H	Jon Harris	0*	1	1	0*	3	1	1	—	$2\frac{1}{2}$	2	6	3	$20\frac{1}{2}$	10
I	Stu Collins	0*	6*	3	3	3	6	6	$4\frac{1}{2}$	—	1	6*	6	$44\frac{1}{2}$	7
J	Rob Cartwright	1	$1\frac{1}{2}$	4	3	7*	2*	6	5	6	—	7*	6	$48\frac{1}{2}$	5
K	Jon Marchant	0*	1	2	1	3	1	1	1	1*	0*	—	5*	16	11
L	Nick Reid	1	1	0*	1	0*	0*	2*	4	1	1	2*	—	13	12

Red Division

A not-jetlagged-this-time Dave Lockwood led the contenders in this group, with two other qualifiers from last time, plus Alex who came within a whisker, and Cyril whose games with Dave are eagerly awaited by all connoisseurs of robust language. And two Deans, with Simon making his tournament debut and Heather staging one of the youngest comebacks the game has known. She didn't show too much rust, holding Tim to a 4-3 in the first game and beating Alex by that score in the third. Alex also went down to Steve Phillips, giving him rather a lot to do in the later rounds. Patrick, Cyril and Ian all set off like trains, Dave more like a juggernaut (less quick but equally unstoppable). The Dave-Cyril clash in round six was a relatively uneventful 6-1 to Dave.

Round seven opened up all sorts of possibilities; while Cyril, Patrick and Ian all won well, Dave was in all sorts of trouble against Heather and was squopped up for a 6-1 defeat. Heather came up to the Erasmus Room and quietly told Alan. He announced the result to the rest of his group, who broke into spontaneous applause. This seems to happen every time an unseeded player beats Dave. Dave was now lying fourth, but all present expected him etc. etc... This time he got back on track straight away with a 6-1 over Ian but then lost 2-5 to Tim. Ian lost another 6-1 while Alex beat Cyril by the same score. Dave looked safe now, and Patrick had already qualified. With only half a point separating Ian and Cyril, they now faced Tim and Patrick respectively. A good round for Ian, as he potted out on Tim, but Cyril's one point left him needing a big win off Ian in the last round. A close and very good game turned Ian's way, and good potting gave him the 6-1 that Cyril needed. To qualify from such a tough and experienced group after less than 18 months of playing winks is a remarkable achievement. Meanwhile, Heather had trounced Simon in most unsisterly fashion (it looked for all the world like double-pot to me). Tim and Alex didn't seem to be on last year's form, but there was a promising performance by Robin Smale with wins over Steve and Heather.

	<i>Red Division</i>	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	Tot.	Pos.
A	Dave Lockwood	—	7*	6	2	6	6	1	6	6	6	7*	53	2
B	Patrick Barrie	0*	—	6	6	6	6	6*	6	5	7*	7*	55	1
C	Alex Satchell	1	1	—	5	6	1	3	6	2	7*	6	38	5
D	Tim Jeffreys	5	1	2	—	3	1*	4	2	5	6	7*	36	6
E	Cyril Edwards	1	1	1	4	—	1	6	6	5½	7*	7*	39½	4
F	Ian Gameson	1	1	6	6*	6	—	6	6	6	4	7*	49	3
G	Heather Dean	6	1*	4	3	1	1	—	1	1	1	7*	26	9
H	Alasdair Grant	1	1	1	5	1	1	6	—	5½	6	7*	34½	7
I	Steve Phillips	1	2	5	2	1½	1	6	1½	—	2	6*	28	8
J	Robin Smale	1	0*	0*	1	0*	3	6	1	5	—	6*	23	10
K	Simon Dean	0*	0*	1	0*	0*	0*	0*	0*	1*	1*	—	3	11

Yellow Division

I was relieved to have the bye in the first round, and watched fuzzily as play got underway in the Erasmus Room. I was really in no kind of state; I could have sworn I heard Alan say he had no expectation of qualifying. The first few rounds were a help to the top three seeds, as Phil Clark and Tony Brennan dropped games to the unseeded players. As well as beating Phil with Plan 47, Rupert Thompson was giving everyone a tough game, playing some excellent shots with generally good strategy (although in a two-against-two situation against Alan he squopped his other one rather than one of Alan's). Julian was also going well, averaging six against the bottom half, but he only managed 1's against the top seeds. During his game with me, Tony was listening to Radio 4's "Week Ending" which mentioned him, saying he was World Tiddlywinks Champion. He certainly outplayed the real one easily, and took another 6-1 off Phil Clark, but his charge was too late. With no-one else being quite consistent enough Alan, Charles and I were all safe going into the last round, which was just as well for me, since I didn't get any points.

	<i>Yellow Division</i>	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	Tot.	Pos.
A	Andy Purvis	—	0*	7*	1	6	6	6	7*	7*	7*	6	53	2=
B	Charles Relle	7*	—	4	6	6	6	6	6	5½	6	6	58½	1
C	Alan Dean	0*	3	—	6	6	6*	6	7*	6*	7*	6*	53	2=
D	Tony Brennan	6	1	1	—	1	6	2	7*	6	4	6	40	5
E	Julian Wiseman	1	1	1	6	—	4	6	6	6	6	6	43	4
F	Phil Clark	1	1	1*	1	3	—	6	5½	6	2	7*	33½	6
G	Phil Carmody	1	1	1	5	1	1	—	2	1½	3	3	19½	10
H	Jackie Carter	0*	1	0*	0*	1	1½	5	—	1	6	7*	22½	8
I	Rupert Wilson	0*	1½	1*	1	1	1	5½	6	—	4⅔	5	26⅔	7
J	Rupert Thompson	0*	1	0*	3	1	5	4	1	2⅓	—	4	21⅓	9
K	Simon Julier	1	1	1*	1	1	0*	4	0*	2	3	—	14	11

The Final

It started relatively sensibly, looking back on it. The first round had little indication of the mayhem that was to follow. There were 6's for Larry and Jon, and three 4-3's. A lot of close games. Mine was not one of them; I said goodbye to my last free wink only halfway through my game with Alan, and then just sat back and watched the show. Alan couldn't keep up the good form against Dave, going down 6-1 in a bizarre pot-squop game which never quite potted. Nick took 5½ off Larry in a game whose course, for once, was not influenced by any

other considerations at all. But it was all still quite sensible really. Jon beat Dave in another close game between the two, while Larry pulled back with a seven off Ian. Already, after only three rounds, only Jon and Charles remained unbeaten. And now the blitzes began to mount; Andy eventually made a very messy blitz against Jon, but missed the second blue and the fifth red against Larry (not big or clever). Simon blitzed Patrick, who blitzed Jon while Simon blitzed Nick. Then Ian blitzed Andy. There was a lot of it about, frankly. And no-one was taking the tournament by the scruff of the neck.

But to put things more in chronological order: Larry's seven off me in round five put him six points clear, but Dave beat him 6-1 and Nick too scored 6 (off Jon) to close the gap to a point. I worked a 7-0 over Charles and now lay fifth, within five points of the lead, despite having two zeroes! Then the unthinkable happened – Graham won a game, beating me easily. In case it wasn't close enough, the two leaders now lost 6-1. Alan's win over Larry put him in the lead, while Nick was on the wrong end of another blitz, by Simon. Patrick was busy blitzing Jon. Now there were eight players within eight points at the top.

Nick lost again, to Dave who went top as Alan lost to Jon and Larry to Richard. Simon then worked very hard to beat Dave 4-3 while Alan, Larry and Nick all got six. With two rounds left, Dave led on 41, with Alan on 40, Larry 38, Nick $36\frac{1}{2}$ and Jon 36. Four and a half points separated this group from the rest. Alan only managed 1 off Charles, while Ian held Nick to 4-3. The Americans both won, Larry nervously blitzing Jon (whose p.p.l. was an impressive 0.25), and now it was a question of which American would win. Dave faced me while Larry played Charles. I had just been in a daft game with Simon; I kept missing the sixth of a worked pot-out, he squopped it, and I finally potted out with my other colour. Top Brit was between Alan (playing Patrick) and Nick (playing Graham). Charles started lining up a blitz against Larry. Larry had a counterblitz threat, but his other colour was nowhere. He decided his best bet was to hope Charles would miss with several in. It worked, and Larry got seven. Alan potted out against Patrick, but only got a 5. Dave needed five to win, and Nick needed six for a World Singles challenge.

I had Dave in early trouble in our game, but (typically) couldn't manage to bring in sufficiently accurate support. After Dave blew the piles, a very tight game developed. I started trying to play for three, to get Dave to overstretch himself. It seemed to be working; going into rounds, I looked to be 4-3 up. Then I called, and got, an off-the-table bring-in in round 1, which gave Dave the upper hand. Erratic play followed, with both players getting some very good shots and missing some easier ones. In round 4, Dave's blues were narrowly in front but had few possibilities. Green and red were about equal. I had to bring a green in to pot; it landed about 8 inches away: "Interesting." Dave brought in a red to two inches – boring. I potted a small yellow pot to equal blue, then freed a green rather than try to pot from the edge. Blue passed, after nervously wafting his squidger above a pile or two. The green pot would have been for $2\frac{1}{2}$, but it didn't go in. Dave now had to make a two-inch pot for the title. Simple, huh? Maybe... He took his time, pulling away from the table a couple of times before potting it nicely for a well-deserved win. Missing it would have been an awful way to lose.

Nick, meanwhile, knew he needed a six. His game with Graham developed into a very tight and tense one, with very few free winks. It too went to the wire, with Nick having to make pressure shots throughout rounds to get the necessary scoreline. With wins over Larry, Jon, Richard, Alan and Andy, Nick well deserved his first tilt at the World Title. Twenty of the 66 games were pot-outs, most of them blitzes. Amazingly Dave wasn't in any of them, and Nick only in one (and on the wrong end of that). So pot-squop may be back in fashion, but

	<i>The Final</i>	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	Tot.	Pos.
A	Larry Kahn	–	7*	7*	1½	6	1	1	7*	7*	7*	1½	6	52	2
B	Charles Relle	0*	–	0*	5	4½	6	1	0*	6*	6	4	4½	37	7
C	Jon Mapley	0*	7*	–	6*	0*	6	4	0*	6	6	1	6	42	5
D	Richard Moore	5½	2	1*	–	6*	1	6	1	4	4	2	6	38½	6
E	Patrick Barrie	1	2½	7*	1*	–	2*	3	2	2*	4	4	6	34½	9
F	Alan Dean	6	1	1	6	5*	–	1	7*	6	6	1	6	46	4
G	Dave Lockwood	6	6	3	1	4	6	–	5½	3	6	6	6	52½	1
H	Andy Purvis	0*	7*	7*	6	5	0*	1½	–	7*	1*	1	1	36½	8
I	Simon Gandy	0*	1*	1	3	5*	1	4	0*	–	3	6*	5*	29	10
J	Ian Gameson	0*	1	1	3	3	1	1	6*	4	–	3	5*	28	11
K	Nick Inglis	5½	3	6	5	3	6	1	6	1*	4	–	6	46½	3
L	Graham Hancock	1	2½	1	1	1	1	1	6	2*	2*	1	–	19½	12

it's obviously not the way to win. Congratulations to Dave on his success, but hard luck to Larry whose five 7-0's weren't enough. Ian and Simon showed they'll be back next year, and it was really good to see Alan (who had made other plans for Sunday!) back to something like his best again.

That evening, as Nick celebrated *en façon massif*, Andy and Nick were saying how much they wanted to play one another. Larry very kindly gave his permission to play the matches in an unusual order; Andy vs. Nick, with the winner to play Larry later that day. And so, many beers were drunk, and the new National Champion had a pint of it poured all over him by a passing 'random element.' A good day.

World Singles 33

Armitage Room, Queens' College, 26th November 1990

by Ed Wynn

Nick Inglis and Andy Purvis met the day after the Singles. It being 10 a.m., no-one was available to umpire. Larry couldn't understand why Nick wasn't going to do it until he remembered that Nick was playing. Eventually the best available person was Ed Wynn. Squidge-off winner played yellow throughout. Corners alternated.

Game 1. Squidge-off: Andy

Andy wins the coin toss for corners and chooses the 'dominant' ones, and also wins the squidge-off, but follows Tradition by rolling his first green off the mat. Nick brings in well, but not conveniently when Andy takes a big blue doubleton, so Andy catches up and

builds an area near the pile. With first-game nerves evident there is scrappy squopping by both, but by the start of rounds Nick is having to boondock to get useful winks. Blue has been squopped up when a big red bashes the pile and frees a big blue. Yellow is busy on top of singletons and fails a John Lennon Memorial Shot onto the blue; this now manages a magnificent squop onto a small heap of greens just before time. Andy has enough mobile winks to keep some control, and Nick can only pot in round 5 for 3 points.

Game 1: Andy 4-3 Nick

Game 2. Squidge-off: Andy

Andy again brings in badly. Nick has a very good blue grouping with reds supporting and a yellow in the middle. The only squop is green on a yellow; green comes off. Red brings in, yellow runs five and brings in pretty safely. Nick tries a blue squop over the pot, then a five inch red squop, but both miss so Andy pots out. Nick runs the six blues, before both players miss several times. Green just pips red to give Andy a 6-1.

Game 2: Andy 6-1 Nick Match: Andy 10-4 Nick

Game 3. Squidge-off: Nick

Nick makes up for his last game's potting with a Carnovsky on the bring-in. He again brings in well and Andy poorly. This later helps Andy, as a fairly incoherent game ensues and Andy reaches the scene more quickly from the baseline than Nick can from the other side of the pot. Trying to rescue a singleton yellow, Nick puts first two then three under. Andy gets some guards, the last yellow goes on and is taken, leaving Nick with just two greens. These too get squopped in the pile. Andy keeps Nick squopped up; the pile is too firm to be really threatened and too complex for Andy to try for a pot-out, so he is happy with a 6-1.

Game 3: Andy 6-1 Nick Match: Andy 16-5 Nick

Game 4. Squidge-off: Nick

For a change, both sides bring in well, so Nick's yellows are first to threaten a pot-out. Andy has to attack at the edge of Nick's area, but misses. On two occasions Nick preferred to squop rather than risk one or two pot-offs, so a pile develops nearer his area than Andy's. However, Andy plays well and Nick has very bad luck so starts to go under. Nick pulls back but then misses two important close squops. Eventually he gets to control of a pile containing four of his winks; when these are freed the situation is fairly even with all four colours having at least two flat winks. The yellows, blues and reds form a pile, which Andy gets control of after a battle. Nick's three flat greens now look good enough for a 4-3 win, especially when he pots two of them in round 3. Red bounces off the rim, yellow attacks the pile to end round 3 and blue responds. Green now has a pot for an almost certain 4-3, but bounces out of the pot and lands right next to a mobile red on green pile. Nick's awful luck allows red to squop the last pottable green, although he charitably risks potting two first. Yellow is tied up on the pile and the last green is on a red; Nick chooses not to pot this. This is vindicated when red, in trying to firm up on a yellow-green doubleton against a possible knock-off, frees the yellow. Nick uses this to squop the red, giving Nick 3-4 rather than 2-5; still not many in a game where he had played well enough to win.

Game 4: Andy 4-3 Nick

Match: Andy 20-8 Nick

Game 5. Squidge-off: Nick

A pile forms very early on at the base of the pot. A red bring-in knocks a blue on the pile further from Nick's yellow also on the pile. Nick tries the very difficult yellow squop but doesn't get it. Another battle starts elsewhere; Nick gets on an Andy tripleton, but the flip shot is inconvenienced by the pot and is inconclusive. Nick plays two perfect bring-ins to the original pile. Andy tries the same but keeps falling short, as he did throughout the previous games. Nick takes the pile over tenuously and Andy subs; Nick gets the squop-up. In round 2, Andy bombs with his freed wink, and Nick fails to squop. Andy spreads the pile a bit, but doesn't dare to free loads of Nick's winks by blowing it. By round 4 Nick has mopped up all but a free red and a blue which can free another red. Red attacks a green on a blue-red doubleton, and knocks off but stays on the doubleton. Yellow pots one and frees a green to end round 4. Blue chips out a red. Now Nick makes a mistake in counting points; thinking green only has 3, he tries to pot one before squopping the fairly easy tripleton. He misses the pot, an unnecessary attempt since green in fact had 4 anyway, whereas the squop would have secured a 6-1. Red pots the flat one and blows up the tripleton with a very poor attempt at a pot. Ending game, Nick nearly manages to put a blue on a red, but not quite. The mistake in counting converted 6-1 into 5-2 and put the match out of Nick's reach.

Game 5: Andy 2-5 Nick

Match: Andy 22-13 Nick

Game 6. Squidge-off: Andy

Before the sixth game, Andy practises his bring-in and manages to win the squidge-off. A tight game follows; a pile starts over a freak baseline squop and the another pile forms. One pile is blown up, leaving lots of free winks manoeuvring in areas: a classic 'Inglistics' situation. Another mini-pile forms, but is initially too risky to be attacked or manipulated. Eventually, after good play by both players, Andy wins control of this area. Nick is forced to blast the other pile. Andy keeps control as the pile grows bigger but, by the time rounds start, Nick is making a strong challenge. In round 4 he goes for, and gets, a "preposterously hopeful" shot, but it isn't enough. He has to play miracle shots and in the end Andy wins $5\frac{1}{2} - 1\frac{1}{2}$. This is enough to give Andy the match at $27\frac{1}{2} - 14\frac{1}{2}$, a good win for him, although Nick was brought down by bad luck in places.

Andy Purvis	4	6*	6	4	2	$5\frac{1}{2}$	$27\frac{1}{2}$
Nick Inglis	3	1*	1	3	5	$1\frac{1}{2}$	$14\frac{1}{2}$

*There was a young winker called Purvis
 Who could pot like a McEnroe service
 Winning went to his head,
 As did port, so to bed
 He awoke the next morn, topsy-turvis
 — Jon Mapley*



U. U. V. U. S.
WINKING
WORLD



THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE ENGLISH TIDDLYWINKS ASSOCIATION

Just a brief word of introduction.....

"The Winking World" will, I hope, be published from time to time, inevitably in this very modest fashion owing to shortage of funds, for the purpose of keeping the growing number of winkers throughout the British Isles in touch with each other and with major events in winking circles. Though its main function is to report on what has happened, to announce what is expected to happen, and to provide information so that more may happen, it is to be hoped that "The Winking World" will be able to produce feature articles on Tiddlywinks, written by you and your club members. How about it??

Peter Downes, Sec.Gen.E.Tw.

INTER-UNIVERSITY COMPETITION FOR PRINCE PHILIP'S TROPHY - THE SILVER WINK

H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh has presented a very fine trophy, a mounted silver wink, to be competed for between all the winking Universities in Britain. For the preliminary stages of this competition, certainly the most large-scale and ambitious project ever attempted in the field of Tiddlywinks, Britain was divided into four regions, each of which held its own elimination contests.

In the Edinburgh region, Edinburgh defeated Newcastle by 82 pts to 30, and then went on to beat Aberdeen by 90 pts to 22 in the Second Round. In the absence of any further response from Scottish Universities, Edinburgh move into the Semi-Final.

Further South, Manchester University had even less opposition in reaching the Semi-Final. The only opponents they could find were the newly-formed Hull University team, whom they beat convincingly. This lack of winking activity in such important places as Sheffield, Leeds, Liverpool, North Staffs is rather unsatisfactory, and rapid steps must be taken by those with friends at any of these Universities to see that the situation is promptly remedied.

Much more encouraging was the response in the Oxford region, where eight Universities or University Colleges competed for the place in the Semi-Final. In the first round, Bristol beat Exeter "easily" (quote), Swansea and Cardiff had walk-overs because of "the incompetence of British Railways" (quote again!). Finally Oxford beat the very young club at Reading by 86 pts to 26. In the second round, Bristol beat Swansea by 58 pts to 33 in a match abandoned through lack of time, and Oxford overwhelmed Cardiff by 90 pts to 22. This left Oxford to play Bristol, and in a match again curtailed owing to shortage of time, Oxford won their place in the Semi-Final by a 56 - 35 victory.

There is less detailed information from the remaining quarter, but it appears that Cambridge established their right to a place in the Semi-Final by victories over London, Southampton, Leicester and Nottingham.

As a result of these preliminary rounds, Oxford were to meet Cambridge in one Semi-Final, and Manchester to play Edinburgh in the other Semi-Final. At the time of writing, only the first of these two matches has been played and a full report will be found later in this issue. It is planned to hold the Final in Manchester on March

REMINDER TO CLUBS AND THEIR TREASURERS:- the affiliation fee for the year 1961 is now due and should be sent to the Sec.Gen.E.Tw.A. at 45, Offerton Lane, Stockport, as soon as possible. The affiliation fee is 3/6 for senior clubs and 2/6 for junior clubs (under 18). Please include the name and address of your present Secretary when writing, so that E.Tw. records can be kept up-to-date.

The following clubs were either inadvertently omitted from the list of Tiddlywinks societies and clubs published in October last (copies of which are still available) or have changed their Secretary since last summer.

BRISTOL UNIVERSITY Tw.C. - R.J.Newman, Wills Hall, Stoge Bishop, Bristol 9.
CARDIFF UNIVERSITY Tw.C. - R.P.Hepworth, Students' Union, Hamfries Place, Cardiff.
NOTTINGHAM UNIVERSITY Tw.C. - P.J.Owen, The Union, The University, Nottingham.
OXFORD UNIVERSITY T.S. - Q.L.Gray, University College, Oxford.
MANCHESTER UNIVERSITY Tw.C. - B.King, c/o Societies Room, The Union, The University, Manchester.
MAPLE CONG.Y.C.Tw.C. - Philip Smith, 18, Rushton Drive, Maple,Cheshire
UNIVERSITY COLLEGE,LONDON - T.P.Cook, U.C.L.Union, Lower Street, London W.C.1.

The following clubs have come into existence, or have been officially recognised, during the present season. In giving their addresses, we greet them and hope they will soon have plenty of fixtures.

HULL UNIVERSITY Tw.C. - F.Higgins, The Union, The University, Hull.
READING UNIVERSITY Tw.C. - Miss S.Clifford, Students' Union, The University, Reading.
ABERYSTWYTH UNIVERSITY Tw.C. - K.Nowbottam, Plynymon Hall, Victoria Terrace, Aberystwyth.
LEICESTER UNIVERSITY Tw.C. - R.J.Clayton, Students' Union, University Road, Leicester.

There is now a flicker of tidale-interest over in Ireland, and fortunately a very experienced winker is over there to fan the present flicker into a prairie fire. He is Robin Glascock, an English international and former member of the London University club. Robin tells us that he is hoping to make Tiddlywinks stand alongside Rugby as the only game in which all Irishmen can participate in the same organisation, whether they come from Northern Ireland or Eire. His address for those interested in arranging a Tiddlywinks tour of Ireland is:- c/o Dept. of Geography, Queens University, Belfast.

A TIDDLYWINKS EXPERIMENT -- WILL YOU PLEASE HELP ?

The present international Rules of Tiddlywinks, as recognised by E.Tw.A., were drawn up in June 1958, at a Congress in Cambridge which was attended by all those who were keen on promoting the game. Since that time, experience has shown that, though the rules are basically satisfactory and have given much pleasure and amusement, there are one or two points which may need to be reconsidered.

One of the most disappointing developments in the last year or so has been the tendency for teams to concentrate on squopping to such an extent as to turn the game into a farce. Over-concentration on squopping, while tactically successful as far as sheer results are concerned, makes the game tedious for the vast majority of players, incomprehensible to the spectator, and generally likely to "bring the game into disrepute". Added to this, there is some uncertainty as to what exactly constitutes a fair desquopping shot.

Accordingly, a proposal has been made, with a view to amending the rule regarding squopping. Here is the suggested alteration:-

When a player squops a wink (whether an opponent's, his partner's or his own), the covered wink is immediately returned to its baseline, and the player has another turn, in which he can play any of his winks.

All the other rules to remain as at present except that a player should not miss a turn when his wink goes off the mat; and that when a time-limit has been applied, each wink in the pot should count three marks instead of the present two.

Preliminary trials on the above suggestion reveal that it makes a big difference to the game, and one which comes as something of a shock and disappointment to those now used to the E.Tw.A. version. But after this initial reaction, players have found that the new game retains the basic skills of the old (i.e. potting and squopping), in fact it even demands greater accuracy in the performance of these skills since one missed shot can lose the game, that this game is cleaner, easier to follow, particularly for the uninitiated, and avoids all the complications previously encountered with the desquopping shot, playing of free turns etc.

TRY IT FOR YOURSELF. Please note that this is only a suggestion and would need a very wide measure of support before the rules could be altered. Please give the idea a fair try, over a period of, say two months, and then let the Sec.Gen. of E.Tw.A. have your reactions, opinions and proposals on the possibility of a change in the rules, along the lines suggested.

? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?
? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?
? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

It was in the Nabonic Hall, Cambridge, before a crowd of about 50 and under the gaze of cameras from B.B.C. Television and Anglia T.V. that Oxford and Cambridge met on the tiddle-mat for the third time. With two previous Inter-Varsity victories behind them and the advantage of playing on home ground, Cambridge started as slight favourites to win, though Oxford's impressive record this season left no Cambridge man in doubt that it would be a very hard struggle. Both teams had an added incentive, in that the winning team was to pass into the Final of the Prince Philip Trophy Competition.

As was expected, Cambridge got into their stride first and at the end of the first quarter were leading by 16 pts to 12. As ~~xxx~~ Oxford gradually became accustomed to the playing-surface and the unusually high tension in this match, their play improved and they had much more success in the next set of games. Indeed, only a masterly 6 - 1 win by Cambridge's First Pair, Furlonger and Bardsley, prevented Oxford taking the lead. At half-time, Cambridge led by 29 pts to 27.

The third quarter proved decisive — Oxford won convincingly on three of the four mats and even though the fourth mat resulted in another 6 - 1 for Furlonger and Bardsley, Oxford now went ahead by 44 pts to 39. The last quarter was a tense struggle, with the emphasis inevitably on squopping, as Oxford hung on to their valuable 5 point lead. Nearly all these games went the full 35 minutes allowed, and Oxford held firm to win by 59½ pts to 52½.

This was Cambridge's first defeat since the official rules were drawn up in 1958; to them our congratulations on having held an unbeaten record for so long. To Oxford go the Marchant trophy for the All-England Championship (presented to Peter Freeman, the Oxford captain, by the Rev. E.A. Willis, who also ably assisted the Sec. Gen. of E.T.V.A. in the umpiring of the match), a place in the Final of the Prince Philip Trophy Competition and our congratulations on this notable and hard-fought victory.

Teams and scores (numbers in brackets indicate points scored by each pair, maximum 24)

<u>Cambridge University</u>52½	<u>Oxford University</u>59½
1. F.J. Furlonger & J.W. Bardsley.....(29)	1. P.J.Freeman (Capt.) & T.G.Nicholson..(17)
2. L.J.Woodhead & V.L. Clarke.....(12½)	2. Q.L.Cray & Miss K.M.Otto.....(11)
3. F.G. Kershaw (Captain) & R.A.C. Relle.(11)	3. Miss C.A.Mills & Miss E.A.King.....(16)
4. S.G.C. Kide & G. Wilsher(9)	4. G.W.Stevenson & S.J.C.Agato ;;;(15½)

In a Second team match held at the same time, the Cambridge Kippers, captained by D. Wallago, beat the Oxford 2nd VIII, led by R.J.Sutton, by 62 pts to 50.

STANDARD PLAYING-SURFACE NOW OFFICIALLY APPROVED

For a long time there has been discussion on what makes an ideal winking surface. Ever since Cambridge University, in the course of writing their thesis on Tiddlywinks, infuriated salesmen in a large Cambridge store by trying out every carpet and rug in the place, people have been searching for the ideal surface. Needleloom carpeting was for a long time thought to be the best, but as the standard of play has improved and tiddle-touch has become more sensitive, needleloom has been found to be too irregular, and either too hard when worn or too hairy when new.

After much research and enquiry, a surface has been found which is widely acclaimed as combining all the required characteristics — regularity, firmness without hardness, softness without sloppiness, and (by comparison with needleloom mats) — cheapness!

This surface, a felt in two colours (grey on one side, white on the other), should be fixed on a hard board or table-top, preferably (grey side down (for no other reason than that the colored winks stand out better on a white background!)). It will shortly be available from the Official Manufacturer of E.T.V.A. Tiddlywinks, — The Marchant Games Ltd., Goldings Hill, Loughton, Essex, from whom further details can be obtained.

A MESSAGE FROM CAPTAIN ROY HARRY OF THE NATIONAL PLAYING FIELDS ASSOCIATION

Captain Roy Harry, the Appeals Secretary of the National Playing Fields Association, has asked me to express his gratitude to all Winkers for their support of the N.P.F.A. Tiddlywinks has raised bordering on 1000 pounds for the N.P.F.A. and though much of this has been the profit from large public matches, there have also been many useful contributions from smaller events. Now that you have your ideal playing conditions (see above), why not help others to have theirs?!

New records have been set up in each of the three recognised record performances.

- a) ACCURACY 12 winks from 3 feet. 24 shots by Peter Kershaw, (Manchester G.S.)
- b) SPEED 24 winks from 18 inches. 35 seconds - by Robert Goodman (Flying Disc Tw.C.)
- c) 4-POT RELAY 39 winks through 4 pots in three minutes, by the Flying Disc Tw.C, B'ham.

AUNTIE GERTIE'S PROBLEM CORNER

Have you a problem on your mind? Why not write to Auntie Gertie and let her solve it for you. Here is a selection from her postbag:-

Question:- "I have succeeded in balancing a wink on the rim of the pot. Is this unique and what do you advise me to do about it?" - Worried Teenager, Birmingham.

Advice:- "This is nothing to worry about, my dear, as it happens to nearly everybody at some time or other. It has happened to me once and on that occasion I counted the wink as potted, so I recommend you to do likewise!" - A.G.

Question:- "I have today balanced 32 winks on the bottom of an upturned pot. Is this a record?" - Topsy-Turvy, Cheshire.

Advice:- "I think you might seek psychiatric advice as soon as possible. You seem to me to have an inverted personality. Console yourself in the knowledge that many people suffer from this delusion, and among them, yours is the best achievement. It is not an E.T.W.A. recognised record." - A.G.

Question:- "I have recently squidged a wink the distance of 21 feet, 1½ inches. Can you please tell me whether this a record?" - Mighty Mouse, Yorkshoro.

Advice:- "The aim of Tiddlywinks is to encourage sensitivity and control, rather than brute force, so I'm afraid your magnificent achievement will not count as an official record. You must have remarkably powerful thumbs, an asset which could be of use to somebody. If you will send me a stamped addressed envelope, I will send you details of an organisation which may be able to help you." - A.G.

Tiddlywinks

Northern Junior Tiddlywinks Championship, 1961.

The Third Annual M.J.Tw.C. held in Lewis's Exhibition Hall, Manchester, on January 2nd and 3rd, 1961, attracted a record entry of 66 pairs. There were several early shocks in the competition. The first was a victory of an all-girls pair over a boys pair, all the more surprising as "girls do not normally make very good winkers". Then came the defeat of the winner for the past two years, Neil Sunderland, who with a new and promising partner, Peter Kershaw, in place of the now-retired Andrew Smith, was knocked out in the First Round by Edward and Stephen Buckley from Altrincham G.S. Manchester G.S. gained a prompt revenge w Paul Robinson and Graham Walker knocked out last year's runners-up, Ken Veitch and Nigel Shepherd, from Altrincham.

By the time the first three rounds had been completed on the first day, there were eight pairs left in:- 5 from Manchester G.S., 2 from Stockport School, and a pair of unknown outsiders from the Flying Disc Tw.C., Birmingham. The Stockport School pairs were eliminated in the Quarter-Final, leaving Tom Ballantyne and Martin Durrell (M.G.S.) to play David Needham and Geoffrey Tattersall (M.G.S.) in the first Semi-Final? This match resulted in a narrow win (11-10) for Ballantyne and Durrell. In the other Semi-Final, David Walton and Andrew Whittaker (M.G.S.) met Colin Flood and Michael Halsey (Birmingham). This was a very exciting match, perhaps the best of the whole Tournament, and only a wink bouncing out of the pot at a crucial moment prevented Walton and Whittaker winning. As it was, however, Flood and Halsey won 11-10, and went on into the Final, where they showed themselves to be much superior to Ballantyne and Durrell and won by 11 pts to 3. The winners, who now hold the "Evening Chronicle" Trophy for a year, are to be congratulated on their keenness in coming up to Manchester for the event, and for winning through against so much competition from local players.

Through entry fees and sideshows, the event raised 10 guineas for the National Playing Fields Association. In the Speed and Accuracy competitions held during the Championship Allen Astles (Altrincham G.S.) won the Speed and Eric Sykes (Manchester G.S.) won the Accuracy

Other Results:-

The Oldham Youth Tiddlywinks Championship, the first of its kind in the country, was won by David Gortside and Fred Lees, of Hulme Grammar School, Oldham. Manchester G.S. beat M/cr University 58-54. Altrincham G.S. beat M/cr University 59 - 53. Marple Cong. beat M.G.S. 69-57; Altrincham G.S. beat Marple Cong. 192-72; Manchester G.S. beat Altrincham G.S. 59-53. Marple Cong. beat Offerton Tw.C. 49-35.

World Singles 34

Armitage room, Queens' College, Cambridge, 26th November 1990

by Patrick Barrie

And so on to WS34 which followed immediately after WS33.

Early on in game 1, Larry rejected a $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch squop onto a doubleton as he had little nearby support, but instead got it by mistake from the baseline. And this after claiming in *Winking World 55* that he wasn't good enough (yet) to make 3 feet squops! In fact it was his 3 inch squopping that failed him in this game, as Andy went two doubletons up. Despite Andy having little support, Larry attacked poorly while Andy defended well to get the squop-up and a 6-1 lead. Was it going to be WS32 all over again?

No it wasn't. Game 2 was a disaster for Andy. By Andy's 6th turn, Larry had six yellows and five greens queueing up to be potted. Andy had four blues close, two 3 feet away, and only one red within 18 inches of the pot. With a big round zero staring him in the face, Andy potted the four blues and brought in (though not very well). Despite Larry missing the first pot with both yellow and green, red missed the squops and the inevitable happened as Larry followed the six yellows with six greens for an easy 7-0.

Game 3 saw Andy revert to slightly less desperate pot-squop tactics: this time he had only one on the baseline (another accidental baseline squop by Larry prevented any thoughts of double-pot). With two greens in the pot, he brought in way long to within 8 inches of yellow's corner. Andy then tried to squop this green with a yellow, which would then allow him to send it close to the pot and played without red getting a shot at it! Certainly full marks for imagination, but he missed the squop. A green got squopped with three in the pot and, after Larry accidentally squopped the last green trying to play a wink elsewhere, things looked bleak again for Andy. However, Larry still did not gain control of the situation and missed a few careless squops. By rounds Andy's harassing got a knock-off on the largest pile which he then broke to free the 4th and 5th greens. Larry now missed several short pots leaving him on his last turn with two flat reds and two red on yellow singletons all needing to be potted for 1st place. Larry missed the last of these, his worst scenario, as Andy could now pot the free yellows for a 5-2 win, with further options for a possible 6-1. Andy missed the second pot, but could certainly count himself fortunate to escape with a 4-3 win from the so-called "Inglish pessimal solution." The match score was now Larry 11-10 up.

A squopping game developed early in game 4, with Larry having the edge from a better bring-in. A clumsy sequence of shots by both players created a confusing tussle as each shot went only slightly wrong, leading to Larry despairingly wail, "I don't know what shot to try - I can't play any of them." The game was wide open at the start of rounds with Andy's blues looking good for 1st. In round 3, Andy attempted a blue pot off the back of a pile (rather than attempt an awkward tripleton) as it would give him a realistic pot-out threat, but the wink hit the rim. Tragically for Andy he managed to pot only one blue in rounds 4 and 5, and this cost him the game 5-2, despite Larry also missing an easy pot. Overall, Larry was now 16-12 up.

Game 5 was the most interesting in the match. It also featured the first of only three umpiring decisions in the entire match (little blue was squopped). Andy squopped three singleton reds early on, but had to sacrifice a yellow and green to counter blue's pot-out threat. An Inglish-game developed, but with Andy's winks divided on the two flanks of Larry's area. Andy was unlucky when playing a yellow with green towards a singleton when it fell into

Larry's area. A pile developed here and, with no flat winks on the mat, Charles would have been ecstatic as a bristling battle took place, with Andy ending up on top of the largest pile. A point count at the start of rounds revealed the score to be $3\frac{1}{2} - 3\frac{1}{2}$. Larry now merged two singletons and Andy managed to free a green out of the main pile. Andy then broke the pile by double-docking two of Larry's blues and was fortunate that a yellow landed on a blue on a green doubleton. Larry made the squop onto this yellow to keep the game open. Both Larry and Andy missed an easy pot now each, and at the start of round 5 anything still seemed possible. Larry with blue tried to free another blue, but a green came out as well; green, when trying to pot this wink, accidentally Gooded the pile which freed another green and subbed a blue under a red singleton; red played this blue onto the only flat yellow, leaving yellow to pot from completely on a big red for an extra half-point and a $4\frac{1}{2} - 2\frac{1}{2}$ win. Gripping stuff. The match score was now wide open at $18\frac{1}{2} - 16\frac{1}{2}$ to Larry.

In game 6 Andy had a twinkle in his eye after bringing in five greens well with an inviting open space ready for the sixth. Larry with blue, seemingly oblivious to the threat, just brought in. The wink rolled and squopped a green, another accidental baseline squop that must have hurt Andy. Another series of 'almost' shots occurred, with Larry in particular tending to rescue each poor shot with a good one the following turn. By the middle of rounds blue looked to be out of it, so Andy seemed to be on a safe 3. Red had plenty of winks, but these were widely scattered. However, Andy missed a 2 inch squop onto the only active blue, which happened to be on the major pile. The pile break-up went slightly in Larry's favour, and once again anything looked possible. Andy went for a high gain-high risk 6 inch squop with green onto a red double, but landed on two yellows, and later missed a tricky gromp for a tripleton. Despite this, points were still available. In round 4 Andy played a green onto a pile to rescue a yellow doubleton in round 5, which could give yellow 9 points, corresponding to 1st or 2nd depending on how Larry potted. (Personally I would have played for a green win here: he had two easily pottable greens, one to bring in, and a reasonable pot off a blue singleton in round 5 for a possible 12 points, but it had been a long day and Andy was paranoid about the bring-in). Larry missed another trivial pot, "My potting has bit the big wazoo, and you can quote me." After green had freed the two yellows, red had a squop for them. It missed, but knocked one of them slightly on top of the other making the pots tricky. Andy needed both for joint 1st place (a 3-4 loss), but missed giving Larry the game 6-1 and taking the match score to the dreaded $24\frac{1}{2} - 18\frac{1}{2}$.

Andy started potting blues after bringing in two, and got to four blues in the pot and the 5th in fairly safely. Larry had brought in the yellows superbly and could counter-blitz at any time, while Andy's 2nd colour (red) was all over the place. As a safety measure, Larry squopped a red with green (so that he could boondock it next turn), but Andy missed the pot landing beside a yellow. Mutant hero big red needed an outrageous knock-off and doubleton, but only managed a remarkable knock-off and singleton, and that was just about that. As Larry worked the greens free, it seemed pointless to continue and the players agreed a 6-1 before time.

Andy Purvis	6	0*	4	2	$4\frac{1}{2}$	1	1	$18\frac{1}{2}$
Larry Kahn	1	7*	3	5	$2\frac{1}{2}$	6	6	$30\frac{1}{2}$

This was certainly one of the lowest quality WS matches I've watched. Andy's bringing-in let him down badly while Larry's squopping was incredibly erratic, missing several half inchers. Both players' potting was barely above CUTwC novice standard: I counted Larry missing 8 easy pots and Andy 6 (from 1-4 inches). That said, it was a fascinating struggle, particularly in the middle, and the tactical and strategic insight on occasions was a joy to behold (maybe these two will be *really* good players in a few years' time when their potting has improved a bit!!). Congratulations to Larry on his 11th WS win, and to Andy for hitting the big time: it really is a remarkable achievement to win and lose the world title within 74 hours with a successful defence in between! Andy was certainly exhausted by the end of it: 33 games of intensive tournament singles on the trot is an awful lot. Corner theorists may be interested to learn that in the 6 proper games (neglecting the 7-0 attempt), the dominant corners were convincingly crushed $9\frac{1}{2} - 32\frac{1}{2}$!

*To Andy's brief spell at the top
Larry Kahn has now put a full stop
He's now a has-been
(Unlike Alan Dean)
And Larry's once more back on top
— Geoff Thorpe*

Squopping

by Larry Kahn

Despite the proliferation of maniac potters, squopping is the way to go. Even if you play pot-squop (ugh), it's still important to be able to stop the opponents or rescue yourself. Here's some general advice to get started with.

Squidger and grip

The squopping squidger should be a thin-edged one somewhere between $1\frac{3}{8}$ and $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter. The material is not critical unless the squidger sticks too much or is so slippery that winks come out too early. The squidger should be gripped from the side with the thumb and first two fingers. Make sure to grab enough of the squidger to maintain a firm grip, but not so much that your fingers get in the way of the shot. When using a one-inch squidger this is particularly important.

I use my regular squopping squidger for at least 90% of my squops. The few exceptions are when a one-inch is needed, for specialty shots such as clicks, and for squopping with big winks from about a foot or more. For the longer distances I find that going to a 2 inch squidger reduces accidental rolling.

The basic shot

The setup for a normal short squop starts with the squidger touching the wink about $\frac{2}{3}$ of the way (or further) back from the leading edge with the top of the squidger angled forward. The more the squidger is tilted, the lower the trajectory the shot will have (vertical squidger gives highest trajectory). Anything much past vertical gives you the usual potting shot. To

shoot the wink, press down slightly and slide the squidger back until the wink jumps out and forward. This takes some practice since everyone does the shot a little differently and you should find a style that's comfortable for you. I tend to start fairly far back on the wink and sort of chunk them out while others like to stroke it more.

There are only two reasonable ways to line up the shot: shooting straight towards yourself or shooting straight away from yourself. Shooting towards yourself has the advantage of seeing more of the shot and making it easier to keep your fingers out of the way. I always liked shooting away from myself because I could get the distance better. One thing I found was that for very short or delicate shots, particularly at critical times, towards was better because you could see the shot and the way your hand rests makes for a more stable base. I highly recommend at least getting comfortable with both methods since there are times when only one method can easily be used. For most squops use whatever method is producing best results.

Squopping single winks

The most important thing to remember when going after a single free wink is that most of the time you must aim short of the wink since if you hit it on the fly the shot will probably be too hard. The breakpoint for this distance is something between one and two inches depending on the mat and the winks. Anything shorter than this can be shot at directly, but for longer shots the squopping wink needs to hit just short of the target wink and then bounce on. It's hard to explain exactly where to aim for and a reasonable amount of practice is required to get the hang of it. Once you feel confident of making the shot you can concentrate (on the short shots) on getting on Bristolably, but your first priority should be to make the shot in the first place.

The quality of the mat can have a big effect on squopping. If the mat is dead, it becomes more difficult to get the winks to bounce, resulting in a lot more shots butting off the front edge. About the only thing you can do is use a more vertical squidger angle and a little more downward pressure to try and get more height on the shot.

Also, temperature and humidity have an effect on the slipperiness of winks. It appears that cold winks are more slippery than warm ones, and that high humidity will cause stickiness. Scratchy winks are of course more sticky than unscratched ones. Beware of new or rarely-used winks, since these will consistently shoot short for both squopping and potting until they are broken in. You can speed up this breaking in process by rubbing two winks together face to face with lots of pressure; this seems to get some of the shine off.

Squopping onto piles

Probably the easiest squop shot of all is the one in which the target wink is ramped up facing you. This shot has a large margin for error in the too hard direction since the upward ramp will slow you down a little. Conversely, with the ramp facing away from you, the squopping wink tends to slide off. However, for the ramp away shot the biggest danger is to miss short, allowing an easy double. You must aim to hit the top of the target wink so the squopping wink will be slowed enough to stay on. Usually it is better to miss long in this case rather than short.

In general, the higher off the mat the target wink is, the more difficult the shot. Even squopping a two wink pile can be dangerous if it is set up for a Bristol because if you miss and land close you are dead meat. It is best to practise squopping a two wink pile from different

distances and angles to get the feel for when you can aim straight for the top wink and when you have to try and bounce them on.

For larger piles be aware of what other winks may be able to do for you. Sometimes there will be an obvious backstop that you can use so you may want to shoot a little harder than normal. If the wink is up fairly high, a direct shot may work because, as the whole pile topples over, the winks will often fall down in order and the end result is something like a line squop. Also, squopping pot-style onto a wink right in the middle of a pile will often work, particularly with a big wink from medium distance.

Special shots

Click shot - This is a shot in which you are shooting a wink from off another wink and they are positioned so that you must launch off the lower wink without being able to hit the mat. This is a difficult shot, and the best way to try it is to use a one-inch very sharp squidger held almost vertically. You have to start the shot close to the edge of the wink and chop straight down without much backward squidger motion. This shot does work a reasonable amount of the time so don't be afraid to try it.

Squop and drag off - Sometime you don't have any choice and need to perform both of these at once. If you have a choice, pick a target setup in which the top wink is already partly off the bottom one with the bottom one being closer to you. For this shot you pretty much have to land on the target wink and hope that the momentum carries it off the lower one and that your wink is still squopping it. Unless the target wink is mostly off to start with this is pretty much a crapshoot but I have made the shot with a small wink onto a totally vertical big wink pile from about six inches so it's never completely hopeless.

Boondock and squop - The usual mistake here is to have the squidger coming down from the wrong angles. Imagine a two wink pile, top wink half over the bottom, and you are trying to squop a wink behind your top one. The boondock should be performed with the squidger at right angles to your wink (so that the boondocked wink goes off at a 90 degree angle to the line along the original three winks) as you would be in a Bristol shot. Before you do the shot decide on which of the two parts of the shot is most important and make sure you get at least that part of the shot done.

Knock-off - A lot of times simply knocking off the offending wink can be almost as useful as actually getting it since you gain a tempo and are now in the area. Almost all knock-offs are done by hitting the target on the fly. Aim for the close edge of the target wink. A pot-style shot can also work from medium to long range.

Shooting at multiple winks - Sometimes you'll be lucky enough to try for more than one wink. The difficulty here can be that the target winks can block your intended landing area or they may be slightly apart. If you are going to try for all of them it can sometimes be right to cover one of them just slightly to avoid a butt shot. This is typical when shooting a little at two bigs which are not quite touching. If you're really in doubt it might be better to wuss out and make sure of getting one wink rather than miss everything.

Some final advice

If you are just starting out, squopping isn't as hard as it looks. The first thing to do is get used to shooting squop-style so that you can gauge distances; then practise in the two inch and shorter range. Being able to consistently make a one inch squop is the key to winning a lot of games. The more difficult shots come with practice, especially pile shots where no two are the same. I like to do a lot of experimenting in practice games to see what works and what doesn't. It really doesn't take that long to get reasonably competent. An hour a day of squop games for a few weeks will do it (unless you're a total turkey, in which case you might want to try something less physically demanding, like Go or chess).

The Marchant Trophy

OUTS 'A' vs OUTS 'B', 27th February 1991

by Andy Purvis

Yes, the Marchant limps slowly on. A staggering one match so far this year, leaving OUTS 'A' inevitably in the lead. Does anyone apart from OUTS want to play? Whatever happened to the Wessex Exiles? As is becoming traditional, OUTS played their internal Marchant Trophy match at the meeting before the Silver Wink to try out pairings and help with team selection. The result was not in doubt; OUTS 'A' would win. But which team would that be?

In the first round, Jon & I played old narg tactics to turn a tight game into 6-1, but Geoff & Simon went down to Gavin & Robin. Both the second round games were played as pot squop (oh what a giveaway). Gavin's sixth wink was finally nailed, and Jon's pot-out was arranged. Geoff's pot out failed with four in, but an over-frisky withdrawal into the pot by Chris (who also potted four and was squopped) led to a bizzare game. As rounds approached, it looked like the team I was on would squeak through, even though Jon was making heavy weather of his potting. But we had reckoned without a superb knock-off by Robin, which also took out the nearest colour-order guard. Gavin duly potted out, earning his side the not-especially-coveted title of OUTS 'A'. If no-one else wants to play, OUTS 'A' will retain their hard-won title of last year, even without having any of the same players.

OUTS 'A'	15 - 13	OUTS 'B'
Gavin Keyte & Robin Smale	5-2	Geoff Myers & Simon Julier
Chris Wilson & Stuart Christie	1-6	Andy Purvis & Jon Mainwaring
Gavin Keyte & Robin Smale	6-1*	Andy Purvis & Jon Mainwaring
Chris Wilson & Stuart Christie	4-3	Geoff Myers & Simon Julier

Other nations are before us

All through the night...

— Mary, of the Marlborough Arms

And You Thought Great Leaders Just Emerged...

CUTwC elections and election-rigging, 1987-1989

by Matthew Rose and Richard Moore

Leadership elections have been much in the news recently, but not even the *eminences grises* of Whitehall and Westminster can emulate the manoeuvring, misbehaviour and downright malpractice seen in recent years within CUTwC – an organisation with a bizarre constitution, a large membership and a high alcohol consumption, all factors which reduce the election of its committee to the level of farce.

We arrived in Cambridge in 1986, long after the famous ‘Roger Long Scandal’ which had led to the burial of various trophies in the Cam, the selection of two rival Varsity teams and the emergence of rebel ‘Acting President’ Liz Bertoya. But in case we thought such tales were simply magnified by selective memory, we were soon treated to a snap by-election for the post of Assistant Secretary, at which a number of less well-known members of the club arrived *en bloc* as the voting began. A certain Mr Satchell scraped onto the committee before buying drinks for his mysterious friends.

We were therefore well-prepared for the next election, and printed propaganda began to circulate – not all of it genuine. A meeting of Queens’ winkers was arranged to discuss the possibility of a “coherent” vote, but the Queens’ “slate” of Shrimpton, Dunn and Evers were forced to back down when their involvement with a piece of paper slandering Graham Hancock and signed with the name Inglis became clear.

Perhaps the procedure of a CUTwC A.G.M. should be explained. The election itself is traditionally preceded by animated argument over constitutional changes, often decided by alcoholic contests between the protagonists, and the Treasurer is forced to wear a silly beret during the reading of the results. This is a long process, since most candidates are nominated several times on behalf of fictitious, often amusing and always insulting parties. For example:

Stew Sage (Black-footed ferret extermination Party)

Andy Purvis (rant, Rant, RANT Triple Alliance)

Graham Hancock (In the squidge-off of life, he’s off the table Party)

Yogi (29-year old Knaresborough Zoo blind dead male bear Party)

Giles Pickering eating a banana (Poetry in motion Party)

Back in 1987, Dave Salter was the people’s choice as President, and Graham made it as Assistant Secretary, along with the luckless Tim Roscoe, who was promptly turned upside down and temporarily became a History fellow.

For a while, things progressed peacefully, but President Salter eventually resigned, for reasons still unclear, and the men in grey suits gathered to arrange the succession. Mr Purvis, the early front-runner, was faced with a challenge from “stalking horse” candidate Patrick Barrie but, after a meeting in closed session with Mr Myers and others, Andy in fact withdrew. Perhaps he wished to spend more time with his family, because he then forced a second successive by-election by giving up his own post as Secretary. Richard Moore, having insisted that he had no ambitions whatsoever in that direction, was duly elected in time for the now-infamous 1988 A.G.M.

The club was at this stage without Dr Sage, absent in the States “on business”, and his semi-legendary role in determining the results of previous elections had obviously been vital, since in the event things went horribly wrong. Gary Shrimpton, only six weeks from graduation, became President, whilst the other new committee members were invited to leave

Newnham College after a porter interrupted their brawl on the beer-soaked floor of the bar. Dr Inglis, having defeated Julian Wiseman in a whisky-drinking contest, had some difficulty finding the way out, but was eventually helped by the constabulary.

"Black Wednesday", as it soon became known, was the cause of much discussion, and there was even talk of a breakaway club among Queens' members who had been denied election. Unity was restored however by the judicious creation of honorary committee posts and, when Mr Shrimpton left Cambridge, Richard was able to engineer his own election.

In 1989, the presidential campaign of Tony Heading (who had warmed up by recording nearly 500 votes in the Students' Union election under the "Hoppity Floppity Party" banner) seemed to be gathering pace, but some controversial manoeuvring the night before the election left another candidate, Matthew Rose, again with only six weeks left in Cambridge, in the ring. News leaked out, however, and Mr Heading stood down, leaving little to decide at the A.G.M. itself beyond the usual constitutional changes (it was decided that members of the TGWU and those who deliver and light lamps should have no particular privileges within CUTwC). After six more weeks of argument, Tony edged out Dave Smith at a final by-election. Since then, fingers crossed, we have seen much less controversy.

These off-the-mat activities perhaps provide a cautionary tale for those involved in the administration of our glorious game. Will ETwA ever find itself similarly at the mercy of the power-hungry? Will its committee members drink themselves into police custody? Will Arkle win the Cheltenham Gold Cup, and will Snowy and Jock be in time? Who can tell?

The Hampshire Open

Southampton University Students' Union, Saturday 2nd March

by Julian Wiseman

In an Adamsesque attempt to avoid suspense, I shall start by saying that the Hampshire open was won by Geoff Myers and Simon Julier. They did this in fairly typical Hampshire Open style - that is, by scoring a higher p.p.g. than any other pair in a Swiss. The gory details can of course be found in the table - the only point of note being the abject failure of last year's winners to achieve anything worth mentioning.

So to the entertainment. Alex was tournament organiser, and at the end of the appointed time for lunch he scoured the pub for the large and disorderly with a view to ejecting them. I had a bye, so was able to watch this vain effort without criticism. Eventually (it had to be), Graham was found and, going from bad to really awful, was with Dave Smith & James Cullingham. This terrible trio, then, in an act of blatant disobedience, amigossed their pints and trundled up to the bar to buy another. Alex was not amused to see them ostentatiously sipping. I think this type of behaviour is despicable and the two that haven't yet been should now be expelled from the human race.

There was some amusement in the Mapley & Boyce vs Barrie & Thompson game. Jon has just missed his 6th wink (it happens!), and it is now Rupert to play. So Patrick, lacking faith in his partner, leans across the table and plays Rupert's wink. Is it a foul shot for Rupert (in which case Patrick gets a go with one of his own winks), or is an out of sequence shot by Patrick? Well, in the end it was deemed to have been illegally played by Rupert, so Alan went, Patrick missed (again) and Jon finished for seven.

		Rd 1	Rd 2	Rd 3	Rd 4	Rd 5	Rd 6	Rd 7	p.p.g.	Pos.
A	Geoff Myers	T 3	P 6	B 6	H 3	F 6	K 5	E 6	5.000	1
	Simon Julier	3	9	15	18	24	29	35		
B	Alan Boyce	S 4	T 6	A 1	R $4\frac{2}{3}$	Q $4\frac{1}{2}$	O 6*	H 7*	4.738	2
	Jon Mapley	4	10	11	$15\frac{2}{3}$	$20\frac{1}{6}$	$26\frac{1}{6}$	$33\frac{1}{6}$		
C	Andy Purvis	L 0*	- bye	N 4	T 6	S $5\frac{1}{2}$	J 5	K 7*	4.583	3
	Ben Soares	0	0	4	10	$15\frac{1}{2}$	$20\frac{1}{2}$	$27\frac{1}{2}$		
D	Stew Sage	- bye	S 1	M 6	P 5	R 5	E 2*	O 7*	4.333	4
	Matthew Rose	0	1	7	12	17	19	26		
E	Rob Cartwright	U 7*	L 6	O 3	J $4\frac{2}{3}$	K 2	D 5*	A 1	4.095	5
	Phil Scarrott	7	13	16	$20\frac{2}{3}$	$22\frac{2}{3}$	$27\frac{2}{3}$	$28\frac{2}{3}$		
F	Nick Inglis	R $5\frac{1}{2}$	H 1	- bye	N 6	A 1	M 6	J 5	4.083	6
	Julian Wiseman	$5\frac{1}{2}$	$6\frac{1}{2}$	$6\frac{1}{2}$	$12\frac{1}{2}$	$13\frac{1}{2}$	$19\frac{1}{2}$	$24\frac{1}{2}$		
G	Phil Clark	I 6	J 2	L 3	S 5	H 1*	Q $5\frac{1}{2}$	P 6	4.071	7
	Mike Surridge	6	8	11	16	17	$22\frac{1}{2}$	$28\frac{1}{2}$		
H	Patrick Barrie	M 6	F 6	J 2	A 4	G 6*	- bye	B 0*	4.000	8
	Rupert Thompson	6	12	14	18	24	24	24		
I	Geoff Thorpe	G 1	M 4	R 3	Q 1	U 7*	L 5	T 6*	3.857	9
	Cyril Edwards	1	5	8	9	16	21	27		
J	Jim Carrington	K 6	G 5	H 5	E $2\frac{1}{3}$	O 4	C 2	F 2	3.762	10
	Richard Moore	6	11	16	$18\frac{1}{3}$	$22\frac{1}{3}$	$24\frac{1}{3}$	$26\frac{1}{3}$		
K	Alex Satchell	J 1	U 7*	S 5	L 6	E 5	A 2	C 0*	3.714	11
	Graham Hancock	1	8	13	19	24	26	26		
L	Heather Dean	C 7*	E 1	G 4	K 1	P 3	I 2	Q 6	3.429	12=
	Charles Relle	7	8	12	13	16	18	24		
M	Tim Jeffreys	H 1	I 3	D 1	U 6	T 6	F 1	R 6	3.429	12=
	Elizabeth Whalley	1	4	5	11	17	18	24		
N	Simon Gandy	O 2	R 1	C 3	F 1	- bye	S 6	U 7*	3.333	14=
	Adrian Jones	2	3	6	7	7	13	20		
O	Alan Dean	N 5	Q 7*	E 4	- bye	J 3	B 1*	D 0*	3.333	14=
	Jon Carlaw	5	12	16	16	19	20	20		
P	Phil Carmody	Q 2	A 1	U 7*	D 2	L 4	R 5	G 1	3.143	16
	Chris Wilson	2	3	10	12	16	21	22		

		Rd 1		Rd 2		Rd 3		Rd 4		Rd 5		Rd 6		Rd 7		p.p.g.	Pos.
Q	Steve Phillips	P	5	O	0*	T	4½	I	6	B	2½	G	1½	L	1	2.929	17
		5		5		9½		15½		18		19½		20½			
R	Jon Marchant	F	1½	N	6	I	4	B	2⅓	D	2	P	2	M	1	2.690	18
	Dave Smith	1½		7½		11½		13⅚		15⅚		17⅚		18⅚			
S	Gavin Keyte	B	3	D	6	K	2	G	2	C	1½	N	1	–	bye	2.583	19
	Robin Smale	3		9		11		13		14½		15½		15½			
T	Nick Reid	A	4	B	1	Q	2½	C	1	M	1	U	7*	I	1*	2.500	20
	James Cullingham	4		5		7½		8½		9½		16½		17½			
U	Simon Dean	E	0*	K	0*	P	0*	M	1	I	0*	T	0*	N	0*	0.143	21
	James Baker	0		0		0		1		1		1		1			

Play-off game:

Geoff Myers & Simon Julier 6-1 Alan Boyce & Jon Mapley

The O.U.T.S. Anthem

*And were those winks in ancient times
 Yellow and red and blue and green?
 And was the boondock known before
 Or, like the Bristol, never seen?
 We do not know, we do not care
 About the history of our game
 But when it comes to winks, here and now,
 The OUTS puts other clubs to shame*

*Bring me my squidger made of gold
 Bring me my winks from near and far
 Bring me my drink that I can hold
 A pint of bitter from the bar!
 I shall not cease from endless squops
 Nor miss a pot, however long
 For I am of the O.U.T.S.
 Renowned in poem, tale and song!
 — Marc Read*

*Hoppity floppity wee
 A winker's brain for me
 — Ed Wynn*

Varsity Match & Silver Wink

Wadham College, Oxford, 3rd March 1991

by Nick Inglis

This year's Oxford v. Cambridge matches were cunningly arranged for the day after the Hampshire Open, thus allowing the old, fat and dead members of the Cambridge teams to get drunk in Oxford on Saturday night without any nasty driving to worry about the following day. This first objective of the Silver Wink campaign was achieved with ruthless efficiency and the help of Andy's local where the staff encouraged us to sing along with the organist (though she always seemed to metamorphose "Men of Harlech" into "All Through the Night", which rather spoilt the tiddlywinks anthem), and one of the regulars led us in a selection of first world war favourites. The only remaining problem was persuading Julian to leave and then restraining him from committing acts of public indecency once he had left.

The following morning the suitably refreshed teams gathered at Wadham seminar room for the Varsity Match. This promised to be rather interesting. With the World Pairs champions and some experienced second and third years, Oxford were certainly the pre-season favourites, but Simon's qualification for the Singles Final, Stu's win in the Cambridge Open and the promising form of the novices had increased confidence in the Cambridge camp. In an attempt to destroy any complacency, I responded to suggestions that Cambridge might now be favourites by betting the team at odds of 2-1 that Oxford would win (a pint each to them if they won; 4 pints to me if Cambridge won).

The first round started off with a failed pot-out attempt by Jon Marchant who potted two and missed the third and then on a second attempt potted a third wink, but missed the fourth, thus achieving the pessimal solution with plenty of time to be made to pay for it. Meanwhile Geoff was playing some outrageous shots to take control against Julian and Rupert and as rounds approached it looked as if Oxford would take the lead. But somehow Smith & Marchant v. Keyte & Smale had contrived to become one of the least comprehensible games I have seen. It seemed to oscillate: squops would be taken and then the next time I visited the table the same shot would be about to be attempted again. Time passed, but nothing seemed to change. Gavin spent several shots bristolling onto a pile, before finally bristolling off it again in rounds. The result was a streaky 4-3 to a CUTwC pair who should have been relieved to get 2.

A tight game between Gandy & Jones and Purvis & Zetie ended 4-3 to Cambridge when Adrian's final attempted airshot missed the pot, but landed on an Oxford wink. Elsewhere Julian somehow contrived to free enough winks late on to scrape together 3 points against Geoff and Simon. There was now a wait as the final game lasted almost 75 minutes before Collins & Wynn completed a 5-2 victory over Carmody & Wilson. We retired for lunch, with Cambridge somewhat unconvincingly in the lead by 16-12.

The second round began poorly for Cambridge: Geoff & Simon were soon well placed against Dave & Jon and although Stu & Ed gained an early pile against Andy & Ken, an excellent Good shot by Andy reversed the position. Long before rounds it was looked as if Oxford would win every game, and that is indeed what happened, with only Dave and Jon even managing 2 points. A crushing 23-5 round score had not only wiped out CUTwC's lead, it left Oxford ahead by a comfortable 14 points. I began to mentally line up my four pints.

Round 3 was very different and at times Cambridge were ahead in every game. Although Andy & Ken managed to win 5-2, the other Cambridge pairs won well, and a score

	Simon Julier & Geoff Myers	Robin Smale & Gavin Keyte	Andy Purvis & Ken Zetie	Phil Carmody & Chris Wilson	
Stu Collins & Ed Wynn	1 6	$1\frac{1}{2}$ $5\frac{1}{2}$	6 1	2 5	$17\frac{1}{2}$
Simon Gandy & Adrian Jones	$1\frac{1}{2}$ $5\frac{1}{2}$	3 4	3 4	6 1	$14\frac{1}{2}$
Dave Smith & Jon Marchant	5 2	3 4	0* 7*	2 5	18
Julian Wiseman & Rupert Thompson	4 3	6 1	5 2	0* 7*	13
	$11\frac{1}{2}$	$13\frac{1}{2}$	14	10	

Match score :
CUTwC 63 - 49 OUTS

of 18-10 was sufficient to reduce Oxford's lead to 6. So Oxford needed 11 and a bit, and it seemed possible that the match might be decided in rounds.

Against Stu & Ed, Geoff attempted a squop over the top of one of Simon's winks and landed on his partner. The squop was taken, Simon subbed and the pattern was set. Every time I looked at this game the fast growing pile seemed under threat, but every time either Geoff or Simon would contrive to sub or Stu or Ed would pull off a crucial difficult squop. My attention was now drawn to the fact that Jon had one in the pot against Andy and Ken. A hushed Cambridge crowd gathered and awaited Jon's next turn (the non-playing CUTwC entourage numbered 6: the four Silver Wink players, one driver [Linda Gameson] and one camp follower [Richard Moore]). Jon calmly potted his five winks to enormous applause from the partisan hordes. Andy now attempted a 15" pot, but bounced on the rim and rolled off. This gave Dave the breathing space he needed to complete the 7-0 and give Cambridge a 1 point lead.

It now transpired that Julian had 4 winks in the pot and two in potting range without being in easy squopping range. He took just long enough potting these to allow Rupert to gratuitously boondock the opponents all over the mat and follow Julian in for the second 7-0 of the round. Another look at Stu & Ed's table showed that Geoff was squopped up and was not likely to be freed again. With little clock stopping or time needed in rounds it wasn't long before the inevitable 6-1 was recorded thus sealing Cambridge's win. Almost ignored in a corner, Simon & Adrian completed a 4-3 win to make the final score 63-49 to CUTwC after an astonishing 24-4 in the last round.

Now Cambridge strengthened their team by drafting in the four doctors for the Silver Wink (so this team included 5 qualifiers for the singles [4 of them this year], and the winners of the 1990 and 1991 Cambridge Open and the 1990 Hants and London Opens), while Oxford also fiddled about with their team. Games were reduced to 20 minutes as it was now quite late. Cambridge got off to an inauspicious start: Julian missed his fifth wink, Geoff got a good squop and we were relieved to escape with 2 points. Meanwhile Stu & Stew were losing to Phil & Robin and Simon & Ian were losing to Andy & Jon. Patrick & Dave won, but Oxford went into a $15\frac{1}{2}$ - $12\frac{1}{2}$ lead.

Round 2 saw a return to sanity as Stu & Stew redeemed themselves against Andy & Jon. Two other wins and a loss meant a healthy round victory by 19-9 and a 7 point lead for Cambridge. The long-awaited Andy pot-out came in round 3. The round as a whole was even and so we went into the last round with a 7 point cushion (not a comfortable lead, as we'd just seen). Julian and I soon found ourselves in a few messy piles with Andy while Jon was left to his own devices. This game had 4-3 to Oxford written all over with it five minutes to go and when Andy had to decide whether to break things up we wandered along to the other tables. Two of the games seemed comfortably in CUTwC's grasp so we went back and aimlessly played out the inevitable 3-4. The final score of 62-50 was, embarrassingly, less impressive than the Varsity team had achieved.

The Varsity Match was surely one of the most bizarre ever seen: any match in which one side wins a round 23-5 and the other wins a later round 24-4 almost defies belief. It certainly backs up my feeling that the range of possible results in a 4 round match is pretty large. Few of these matches are foregone conclusions unless there's a cavernous gap between the sides; indeed it's pretty clear that if 10 Varsity Matches had been played then Oxford would have won several, perhaps even most of them. All of which is small compensation for Oxford. On the statistical side: a 14 point deficit is the largest I've seen wiped out (although 6 points isn't the largest last round deficit overcome: we overturned a 7 point deficit against Sotwink in 1982).

The Silver Wink was inevitably overshadowed by the Varsity Match excitement but, almost unnoticed, this was undoubtedly the finest performance by an Oxford team in recent history. The $21\frac{1}{2}$ points by Geoff & Gavin were the most I've seen by a pair on the losing side (by comparison the 13 of Julian & Rupert in the Varsity match was the equal lowest by a CUTwC pair since the last loss in 1986: it's difficult to beat a team whose lowest scoring pair get 13).

One final point: in the Varsity Match there were 3 attempted pot-outs, all by Cambridge, resulting in two 7's and a 4 for Cambridge; in the Silver Wink there were two attempted pot-outs (one by each side) resulting in a 5 and a 6 for Oxford. Pot-outs really can turn matches.

Phil Carmody	Andy Purvis	Geoff Myers	Chris Wilson
&	&	&	&
Robin Smale	Jon Mainwaring	Gavin Keyte	Ben Soares

Stu Collins & Stew Sage	5 $\frac{1}{2}$ 1 $\frac{1}{2}$	1 6	6 1	1 6	14 $\frac{1}{2}$
Simon Gandy & Ian Gameson	2 5	4 3	5 $\frac{1}{2}$ 1 $\frac{1}{2}$	1 6	15 $\frac{1}{2}$
Julian Wiseman & Nick Inglis	1 6	4 3	5* 2*	1 6	17
Patrick Barrie & Dave Smith	1 6	6* 1*	5 2	1 6	15
	9 $\frac{1}{2}$	15	21 $\frac{1}{2}$	4	

Match score :

CUTwC 62 - 50 OUTS

World Singles 35

by Larry Kahn

This was to be the seventh meeting between Dave and me, with the first two going to Dave and the last four to me. After having a pretty feeble year in 1990 I decided to get serious and practice quite a bit in preparation. Dave didn't get in as much practice as he would have liked due to work demands (as usual).

It sure didn't seem like Dave was rusty in game 1 since he made almost everything en route to what looked like a solid 6-1 squop game. However, near the end of regulation he missed an easy double, allowing me a chance to play for two. It got even better than that when I was able to pull out 3 points. This game was typical of the whole match, with Dave playing well in streaks but inconsistencies really costing him.

The second game looked like a solid 6-1 for me as I hardly missed any squops, but with time running out Dave performed an amazing junior birdman onto the main pile, leaving 3 of his winks free. After blowing this up, there was a potting race for first, with one miss on each side. Mine missed in a bad place, and Dave got a double. I got on this pile with the other colour, and eventually Dave had a short squop onto this wink in the fifth round to get 5. He missed, and I was able to blow the pile to get 4. Following this was a lunch break, Dave lamenting missed opportunities and I felt I hadn't really done anything wrong but still only having 7 points.

In game 3 I had an early choice to either try and defend a double in his area or set up my yellows as a pot threat. I set up the threat, and Dave squopped the nearest. I then decided to go back to protect the double and made numerous 4-6 inch squops to take over the area and eventually take a solid 6-1. At this point I felt pretty good since my squopping was definitely on.

Game 4 saw Dave get a good early position when a lucky nudge from the line eventually created two connected piles, Dave in control of both and many more of my winks under. I attacked pretty well, and a Dave bring in created an inadvertent triple possibility away from this action. I made a 3-incher to get this, knowing I couldn't hold but creating enough of a distraction that I could now attack and blow the main area. After this, the game was fairly even all the way, with Dave maybe up a little. In rounds it was yellow (me) vs one of his colours for first. I was over-aggressive (as usual) and created a blue on yellow double for him totally away from the action, but a knock-off with green from 6 inches gave me colour order and I potted both yellows (the first one had to be an air shot). Ending game, Dave needed to pot two close (one inch) little reds for a 3 but missed the first and ended with 2, making the score 18-10.

I played really well in the next game, gaining good control with most of the winks in one central pile. Dave attacked well but I defended with the few free winks available. Near time limit, he finally was able to blow the pile, resulting in a completely wide-open game. Missed blue pots really hurt Dave here since in the 5th round he had a chance for a 5 by potting and then making a 3 inch squop of the last free yellow but he missed the pot. I missed a nurdled small green over the cup, leaving me with a 4, and the dreaded 22-13 lead.

Dave came out looking for a pot out and after I sent a yellow off (my only one of the match) he potted five blues and brought in the sixth well. I decided not to chase since I felt I could outpot the reds with both colours if I simply came in. He made the pot, and everything went as I had planned it until I completely missed my last yellow (the wink totally stuck and went a grand total of about an inch) and Dave got the 6.

In the final game, I came in really well with both greens, Dave reasonably well with reds, and then he decided to send a red at the greens. I doubt if I would have tried the pot out unless forced into it, and Dave later agreed that he should have kept his reds free. I squopped this but Dave managed to gain control of a small pile advantageous to him controlled by a large wink. I then totalled this from about 6 inches with another large, setting up immediate piddle possibilities and forcing him to abandon the area. My squopping was going well (as it had been the entire match) and I eventually got full control. Dave attacked well but I held him off every time. His last gasp was snuffed out by probably my best shot of the match when from a three wink pile, big yellow almost totally over big blue, with a little yellow on the bottom about half out, I piddled the little yellow about 6 inches onto a small Dave blue leaning away from me

that was about to blow up one of the piles. After this it was an easy 6-1 to leave the final score at 29-20.

Larry Kahn	3	4	6	5	1*	6	29
Dave Lockwood	4	3	1	2	6*	1	20

I was really satisfied with my play after so much practice, and it was a typical Dave match where he was able to stay in it even when not playing really well. The match wasn't horribly long (although it seemed so a few times) since we started at 10.30 and ended at 4 with an hour or so for lunch. Probably the most impressive performance was Dave downing seven cans of soda throughout the match without having to take a natural break every ten minutes.

Page Filler Time Again

by Jon Mapley

Poems are old hat; we want none of that

So, to keep us from losing our head, here's the World Singles A-Z...

Andy became champion, deftly executing five games, hammered Inglis jovially, Kahn latterly making no outrageous pots; Queens' reversing sadly the upstart, vindicating Washington's xenophobic Yankee zealot.

Zoology's young xenophile won very unusually the singles, rampaging quite pitilessly over Nick, making Larry Kahn jealous in his great ferocity, eventually defeating champion boy Andy.

Nick Inglis' World Ratings

Complete up to the start of the National Pairs.

Since the last set of ratings was published, Nick has told his BBC Micro all about the National Teams of Four, World Singles 32, the National Singles, World Singles 33 and 34, the Cambridge Open, the only Marchant Trophy match played so far this year, the Hants Open, the Varsity Match, the Silver Wink and World Singles 35.

As usual, players with fewer than 30 rated games appear in italics, and those with fewer than 15 have been left out. As well as the current rating, I've put the rating from WW55 so people can see who's gone up (or down). (The WW55 ratings were incorrect for Dave Lockwood and Mac McAvoy – see front cover.) It's clear that Ian Gameson, Simon Gandy and Stu Collins have been improving very rapidly, just in case anyone hadn't noticed – no wonder CUTwC coped in the university matches. Geoff's rating makes him the second highest Brit so far. I got to something around 2585 as a result of World Singles 32, but the weekend put paid to that.

Player	Player's Rating		Games in past year:		
	Current	at WW55	Rated	Total	p.p.g.
Larry Kahn (U.S.)	2588	2572	83	83	4.600
Geoff Myers	2561	2498	67	81	4.463
Dave Lockwood (U.S.)	2512	2479	56	56	4.116
Andy Purvis	2489	2535	121	130	4.508
Mike Surridge	2440	2464	40	40	4.425
Jon Mapley	2431	2441	60	60	4.836
<i>Alan Dean</i>	2395	2264	27	27	4.407
Patrick Barrie	2363	2373	71	82	4.037
Richard Moore	2362	2407	68	68	4.350
Charles Relle	2341	2260	62	64	4.367
<i>Bob Henninge (U.S.)</i>	2337	2339	25	25	4.013
Nick Inglis	2314	2317	77	93	3.892
Matthew Rose	2246	2226	69	69	4.176
<i>Jim Marlin (U.S.)</i>	2226	2229	28	28	3.161
Simon Gandy	2199	2047	63	75	3.491
Jim Carrington	2195	2191	42	44	3.996
Rob Cartwright	2168	2124	54	55	3.970
Alex Satchell	2125	2215	61	62	3.970
Alan Boyce	2120	2148	45	54	3.793
Graham Hancock	2116	2216	58	58	3.216
Tim Jeffreys	2112	2162	35	54	3.435
Ian Gameson	2110	1930	61	63	3.484
Stu Collins	2097	1854	39	50	4.090
<i>Dave Smith</i>	2079	2000	24	26	3.494
Julian Wiseman	2075	2063	43	55	3.264
Geoff Thorpe	2065	2143	49	49	3.412
Phil Scarrott	2020	1970	73	75	3.467
Alasdair Grant	2013	1791	45	46	3.109
<i>Cyril Edwards</i>	2008	-	17	17	3.912
<i>Dave Salter</i>	2007	2007	24	24	2.833
<i>Stef Norman</i>	1984	1984	17	17	4.353
Ed Wynn	1978	2077	30	36	3.750
Jon Carlaw	1952	2013	35	35	3.500
Phil Clark	1944	1901	55	55	3.733
Stew Sage	1939	2033	62	74	3.320
Gavin Keyte	1927	1751	75	76	3.342
Steve Phillips	1914	1857	58	59	2.975
<i>Mac McAvoy (U.S.)</i>	1854	1909	19	19	1.816
Phil Carmody	1845	1781	62	62	2.610
Robin Smale	1830	-	56	56	3.080
<i>Jon Marchant</i>	1800	-	28	30	2.761
<i>David Moore</i>	1793	-	24	24	2.993

	Current Rating	Rating at WW55	Rated games	Total games	Average p.p.g.
<i>Dave Hull</i>	1789	1789	17	17	2.676
<i>Naveed Chaudhri</i>	1770	1770	17	17	1.882
<i>Heather Dean</i>	1768	-	17	17	2.941
James Cullingham	1745	1741	73	73	2.858
Chris Wilson	1739	-	56	58	2.374
Rupert Wilson	1722	1592	40	40	2.662
<i>Rupert Thompson</i>	1709	-	29	29	2.598
<i>Ben Soares</i>	1623	-	23	23	2.370
Nick Reid	1600	-	51	52	2.183
Simon Julier	1592	-	31	31	3.081
<i>Sean Mayes</i>	1528	1526	23	23	2.783
Adrian Jones	1514	1552	39	39	2.504



