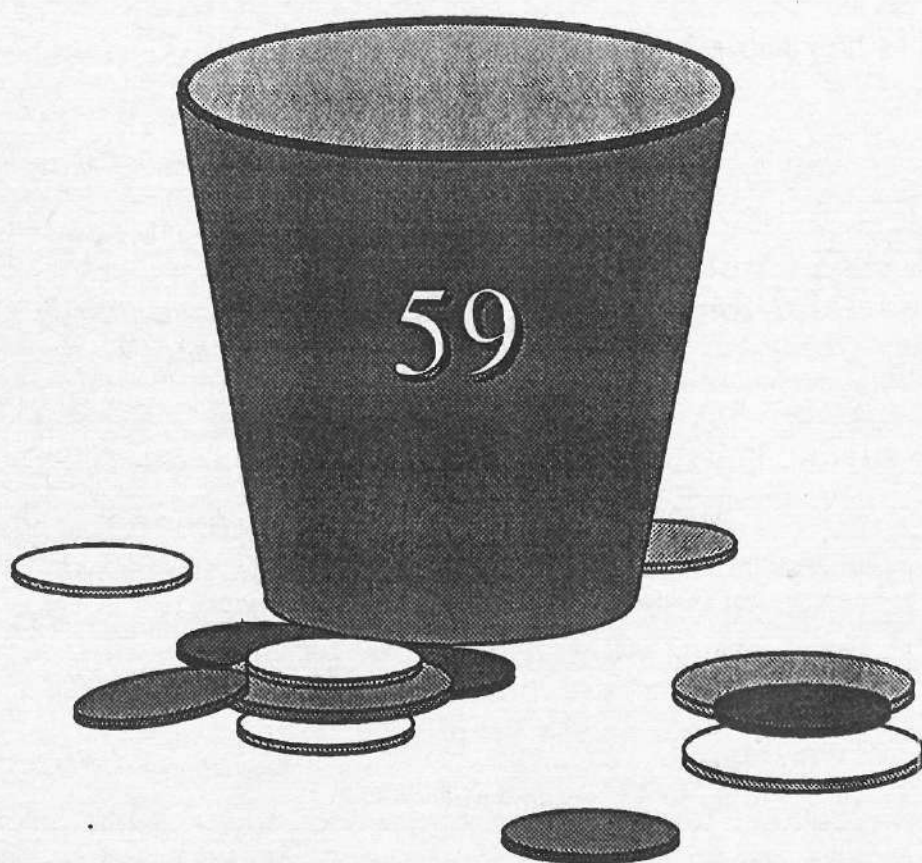


WINKING



WORLD

The Official Journal of the
English Tiddlywinks Association

October 1992

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Editorial Rumblings

by El Ed. (Patrick Barrie)

Hello everybody, and welcome to the 59th edition of Winking World. Isn't it exciting? In this issue we shall be exploring in detail the singular, transcendental and irrational implications of the collapse of civilisation as we know it over the past few months.

The most notable event during this period was Geoff Myers' 25-24 victory over Larry Kahn in the World Singles. It's hard to imagine a tenser finish to a world championship match than a race for the cup after the player needing a 7-0 successfully pots out. In the other tournaments, Charles Relle and Alan Dean won the transformed Hampshire Open in Oxford. I had to get Andy Purvis to write that tournament up as he was the only one who understood the bidding system. Cambridge retained the Varsity Match after another struggle against Oxford, and then went on to win the Silver Wink convincingly for the 6th successive year. Winks is a funny old game, but not funny enough to prevent Andy & Geoff retaining their National Pairs title in impressive fashion. I failed to win the NATwA Singles on a trip to the States, but thoroughly enjoyed my time there. Jon Mapley and Mike Surridge won the London Open. Several CUTwC-related players went on another tour of the States and played in the NATwA Pairs, which was won by Larry and a resuscitated Arye Gittelman.

On the more social side of winks, the long-awaited Monopoly pub crawl actually happened. It was advertised at the London Open, and was enjoyed by all participants. One incident that escaped Ed Wynn's excellent report of the event was that Nick Inglis was apparently "assisted" to Charing Cross Station at the end of the evening where I'm told he spent a pleasant night. I understand this to refer to British Rail property rather than that of the Metropolitan Police.

There were a couple of invitation tournaments in Cambridge over the summer. Alasdair Grant would particularly like me to mention where he finished in the second of these, but would not like me to refer to the fact that he can't recognize rabbits from a distance of a few feet. One of the highlights

of the occasion was a particularly intensive session of drinking games in the snug of the Free Press, after which the barman commented "I wouldn't like to play you for money".

No Wessex Cup this year- it seemed to disappear under a blanket of apathy. The tournament, which in the past has been a light-hearted team tournament in mid-summer, has always suffered slightly from not having a proper organiser. It was initially set up by the Wessex Exiles, and has been run by them with the assistance of ETwA. Maybe we should discuss at Congress who, if anyone, is going to be responsible for it next year.

On the rules front, the term "tiddlies" was sufficiently attractive to certain people that it has been introduced in the rules in place of the more mundane (but possibly more informative) "time-limit points". A final decision on the so-called perimeter rule is to be taken at Congress; there are two articles on the subject in this issue, and I recommend reading them before Congress if you have time. This is of course irrelevant to those of you not at the Fours as the decision will already have been taken by the time you read them!

There's good news with the formation of a new club at the University of St. Andrews. I am, of course, referring to a club for playing winks rather than for hitting small white balls around, and the new club (StATS) already boasts an excellent T-shirt design.

Thanks to all those who've written articles or sent letters for this issue. Sadly the promised article on the National Pairs still hasn't turned up, so I offer two reports of the World Singles match in compensation. The diagram on the back cover is taken from one of the early patents on tiddlywinks-related games- I've copied it from an old issue of *Newswink* (the American tiddlywinks journal that appears from time to time). It was discovered by Rick Tucker, who did some investigations into early tiddlywinks patents a number of years back. Any articles for inclusion in the next exciting episode of this saga of life, death and more important things should be sent to my new address: 123 Clare Court, Judd Street, London WC1H 9QR (phone 071-278 0476, or 071-387 7050 ext. 4616), or via E-mail to ucca61b@uk.ac.ucl.

Impose International Sanctions Against Panasonic (!)

See page 27 for details

The Oxfordshire Open

Lincoln College, Oxford, 29th February 1992

by Andy Purvis

OUTS had held their Club Dinner the previous evening. Though tame by CUTwC standards, it was in some ways more surprising. Dr Boyce-trusty, sensible Dr Boyce- seemed particularly surprised when his dinner, seeing the rate at which he was pouring cheap whisky into his stomach during

the dominoes, fled the danger area and hid behind a radiator in my house. It seemed somehow apt that Alan was to partner Julian Porter.

With the university matches taking place on the following day, it was no surprise to see several match pairs take to the mats. I'd already heard that Alasdair Grant was being revived for the Silver Wink, so was more than a little worried to discover that Simon Gandy was partnering Jon Mapley. Had Jon's grandmother been born in Cambridge, perhaps? (My mum did once ask him what college he was at, but that was just after lunch). Jon & Simon looked a good bet for the tournament, as did Alan Dean & Charles Relle who were getting some practice in for the Pairs.

The tournament featured a randomising bidding system, invented one hazy evening by Naveed and me to make life even harder for the *Winking World* editor. Charles cried foul, claiming the system discriminated against the numerically incompetent. Instead, Charles thrived by bidding a nice round number (6) while the numerologically obsessed took over. It was no surprise to see Geoff Thorpe bidding $4\frac{2}{3}$ in the first round and equally inevitable that Rupert Thompson washed his hands of the whole business. Geoff's bids soon followed him out of the rational world while Julian Wiseman coaxed his away from reality altogether. At least he didn't try to get me thrown out of my local this time.

The inventors of the bidding system managed $\frac{2}{3}$ of a point between us in the first round, cunningly forestalling cries of "fix". Dean & Relle worked out that the best strategy was to bid a big score and get it. Three 6-1's put them way ahead after three rounds before they were mugged 0-8 by a passing couple of Wilsons who came within a point of them at the top of the table. Mapley & Gandy had lost two 4-3's (to Scarrott & Carmody and Myers & Orwell) but were still well placed and faced Dean & Relle in round 5. However, the long and the short of it was that the long and the short of it lost $5\frac{1}{2}-1\frac{1}{2}$. This would have allowed the identical Wilson twins to get within a half point, as they beat Clark & Cartwright $5\frac{1}{2}-1\frac{1}{2}$, had they filled in their scoresheet correctly. Mapley & Gandy couldn't catch up, despite a 14- -1 win over Porter & Boyce in the penultimate round. This left only Myers & Orwell who could really have caught the leaders, but they lost to them 6-1 in round 6. This was their only loss of the day, and (helped a little by boringly accurate bidding) they finished a very creditable third, just pipping Inglis & Cullingham who lost to the winners in the last round. Chris & Rupert Wilson faded over the last few rounds to finish 6th or 7th, depending on who's counting.

And how did we bid? About 10% of bids were correct, which can barely be better than random chance. Oddly enough, the bids shot up in the round after lunch and were wildly inaccurate throughout the afternoon. The last round was silly; eight pairs bid a 7, the average was over $5\frac{1}{2}$ (despite Rupert & Jon bidding zero all afternoon), and the average error was more than 3 points. Stew & Matthew win the BBC Exit Poll Award for Predictive Ability, with an average overbid of 3 p.p.g. after lunch. In their (post-lunch) game against me and Gavin Orpin, they convinced each other that my partner couldn't pot right up until he finished his blitz. Then, the realists that they

are, they changed their tactics immediately and started blaming each other instead.

Congratulations to Alan & Charles on their impressive win, with a p.p.g. of over 9. They get a nice new trophy that James Orwell fetched from the shop that morning. Thanks to everyone who came, especially those who helped to lug the 6x3 foot boards around Oxford before and after. Cyril and I headed off for a few games of bar billiards while CUTwC organised a piss-up next to a brewery. With some good Oxford results and some Cambridge pairs seemingly finding things difficult, I was feeling quite good about the prospects for the morrow's Varsity Match. Ah well, you live and learn.

If I remember rightly, the total score was calculated as twice the game score obtained minus the modulus of the difference between the bid and obtained score. This means that to maximize your score you need to predict it accurately before the game, but that once a game has started it is in your interest to get the best game score possible. This table gives the total score obtained, which is divided into contributions from the game score and the bidding system. The error column gives the total difference between bid and obtained scores.

Oxfordshire Open 1992	Played	Total	Scored	Bid	Error	Average
1 Alan Dean & Charles Relle	8	75	$42\frac{1}{2}$	$32\frac{1}{2}$	10	9.375
2 Jon Mapley & Simon Gandy	7	$53\frac{1}{2}$	32	$21\frac{1}{2}$	$10\frac{1}{2}$	7.643
3 Geoff Myers & James Orwell	7	52	$29\frac{1}{2}$	$22\frac{1}{2}$	7	7.429
4 Nick Inglis & James Cullingham	8	52	31	21	10	6.500
5 Phil Scarrott & Phil Carmody	8	51	$31\frac{1}{2}$	$19\frac{1}{2}$	12	6.375
6 Chris Wilson & Rupert Wilson	7	$44\frac{1}{2}$	$29\frac{1}{2}$	15	$14\frac{1}{2}$	6.357
7 Alasdair Grant & Patrick Barrie	8	$49\frac{1}{2}$	32	$17\frac{1}{2}$	$14\frac{1}{2}$	6.187
8 Geoff Thorpe & Naveed Chaudhri	8	$44\frac{5}{6}$	29	$15\frac{5}{6}$	$13\frac{1}{6}$	5.604
9 Simon Julier & Robin Smale	8	44	26	18	8	5.500
10 Andy Purvis & Gavin Orpin	7	$36\frac{2}{3}$	26	$10\frac{2}{3}$	$15\frac{1}{3}$	5.238
11 Gavin Keyte & Cyril Edwards	7	32	22	10	12	4.571
12 Matthew Rose & Stew Sage	8	$35\frac{1}{3}$	29	$6\frac{1}{3}$	$22\frac{2}{3}$	4.417
13 Julian Wiseman & Andrew Milligan	8	$34\frac{1}{2}$	$22\frac{1}{2}$	12	$10\frac{1}{2}$	4.312
14 Jon Marchant & Rupert Thompson	7	30	$26\frac{1}{2}$	$3\frac{1}{2}$	23	4.286
15 Tim Jeffreys & Tim Batham	8	$33\frac{1}{2}$	$26\frac{1}{2}$	7	$19\frac{1}{2}$	4.187
16 Phil Clark & Rob Cartwright	7	25	21	4	17	3.571
17 Nick Reid & Ed Wynn	8	$28\frac{1}{3}$	$21\frac{1}{2}$	$6\frac{5}{6}$	$14\frac{2}{3}$	3.542
18 Alan Boyce & Julian Porter	7	16	14	2	12	2.286
19 Dave Clarkson & Jonathan Williams	8	7	12	-5	17	0.875

Auntie Gertie's Problem Corner

Dear Auntie Gertie,

I have a very short-term memory and by the time rounds start can never remember which colour won the squidge-off. I am very worried about this as I suspect I have lost several games as a result. I've tried Charles Relle's remedy (setting a die to 1, 2, 3 or 4 depending on whether blue, green, red or yellow won the squidge-off) but to no avail: the die always seems to be on a 5 or 6 when the time-limit expires. I've also tried deliberately taking a die of the correct colour at the start of the game (ETwA has by cunning foresight dice of all four colours available), but by rounds there always seems to be two differing colour dice on the mat. I thought the suggestion that the squidge-off winner should always play yellow was an excellent idea until someone suggested that the squidge-off winner should always play blue. Or even red in a spectral order convention. What do you suggest I do about it?

Yours worriedly,

E.I. Addio

Dear E. I. Addio,

Well the standard procedure adopted by all winkers is to look puzzled at the start of rounds, and wait until someone confidently announces (usually at some other table) which colour won the squidge-off and take it from there. My personal preference would be to have pots of all four colours available and use these to signify the squidge-off winner. After all, according to the rules, the pot is the only thing that is allowed on the mat that mustn't be moved under any circumstances! A. G.

The Varsity Match & Silver Wink

Lincoln College, Oxford, 1st March 1992

by Nick Inglis

Well, as I always say, the Varsity Match is a game of four rounds. Round 1 saw Cambridge ahead in all games at one stage, but in two of the games the Oxford pairs turned things around completely and it began to look as OUTS would go well ahead. The last game, however, ended in an unsingable $4\frac{2}{3}$ victory for Rupert & Jon over Andy & Gavin and the Oxford lead was kept down to two thirds ($14\frac{1}{3} - 13\frac{2}{3}$).

As Round 2 began it became clear that the Oxford players were well aware of how they had been beaten last year. James Orwell began the mayhem, potting five flat winks against Simon & Spike¹ before lining a distinctly non-trivial one-on-one. It too went straight in and a 6-1 win was the

¹ Spike = Andy Milligan, Ed.

result. Gavin Orpin was next to try. He missed his first wink against Walter & Nipper,¹ but they didn't panic and offered him another chance. The first three winks went in, but the fourth landed next to one of Walter's. Andy did his best, but Walter & Nipper played very well and potted out in rounds for a 5-2. 6-1's in the other two games meant CUTwC took a healthy 18-10 lead from a round which had started so badly.

Round 3 was shared with a 6-1 and a 4-3 to each side, putting the totals at $38\frac{1}{3}$ - $45\frac{2}{3}$ and leaving Oxford needing $17\frac{2}{3}$ from the last round to tie. It was a tall order and, although some of the games were close, they never looked like getting it. Three wins in round 4 left Cambridge comfortable winners by $64\frac{2}{3}$ to $47\frac{1}{3}$. For Oxford, James Orwell & Gavin Keyte did very well to score 18. CUTwC's top scorers were Rupert & Jon with $20\frac{2}{3}$, but watching the games,

The 1992 Varsity Match

CUTwC	O U T S Gavin Keyte & James Orwell	Simon Julier & Robin Smale	Andy Purvis & Gavin Orpin	Chris Wilson & Rupert Wilson	
David Clarkson & Jonathan Williams	3 4	6 1	2* 5*	5 2	12
Rupert Thompson & Jon Marchant	3 4	1 6	$2\frac{1}{3}$ $4\frac{2}{3}$	1 6	$20\frac{2}{3}$
Simon Gandy & Andy Milligan	6* 1*	1 6	4 3	4 3	13
Ed Wynn & Nick Reid	6 1	1 6	1 6	1 6	19
	18	9	$9\frac{1}{3}$	11	

Match score :

CUTwC $64\frac{2}{3}$ - $47\frac{1}{3}$ OUTS

¹ Walter = Dave Clarkson, Ed. (I presume everyone already knows Nipper = Jon Williams!)

the most reassuring sight was Ed & Nick notching up comfortable wins in rounds 2, 3 and 4. In any case, I always maintain that CUTwC's biggest advantage in recent years has been having no weak pairs: Walter & Nipper were certainly the weakest pair on paper in this year's team and the fact that they managed 12 points had no small effect on the final result.

And so we pass on to the Silver Wink, which in the current format is very much after the Lord Mayor's show. The Oxford team was so demoralised and keen to get it over with, that it wasn't much fun for anyone. Suffice it to report that the match was over after 3 rounds with Cambridge 61-23 ahead, but with Oxford having the consolation of two wins against Alasdair & me.

The 1992 Silver Wink

CUTwC	OUTS	Gavin Keyte & Julian Porter	Simon Julier & Rupert Wilson	Chris Wilson & Elizabeth Whalley	Andy Purvis & Robin Smale	
Simon Gandy & Rupert Thompson			1 6	2* 5*	1 6	17
Jon Marchant & Ian Gameson		1 6		1 6	3 4	16
Nick Inglis & Alasdair Grant		1 6	5 2		5* 2*	10
Stew Sage & Ed Wynn		1* 6*	1 6	1 6		18
		3	7	4	9	

Match score :
CUTwC 61 - 23 OUTS

Rules Rants OK

In this section are two articles on the proposed boundary rule amendment. The London Open was played using the proposed rule as an experiment, and a final vote on the change will be taken in Congress (i.e. before some of you read this). The decision should be final, and will end (hopefully) one of the longest debates in winking history. These two articles are, however, well written and so worth including in this issue for the benefit of those who do get the chance to read them before The Big Decision.

Off the Mat Yet Again *by Charles Relle*

The present Rule 7 has been discussed several times. I mentioned it in an article in WW46, but the most important articles were an excellent one by Rob Cartwright in WW49 and my reply to it in WW50. However, that was five year's ago, so a review of the arguments may be helpful, especially in view of Richard Moore's selectively distributed broadsheet "UNCLASSIFIED".

An important point in favour of the present rule is tradition. The penalty that you lose a shot for putting your own wink (blue if you are playing Blue) off the mat, though not in the original Marchant Rules, has been with us as long as any of us has been playing. We like the game as it is, otherwise we should not be playing. If we like the game as it is, we need to be convinced that a change is necessary. Of course, if this rule had been different, we might well have liked the game as it would have been, and been staunch defenders of the *status quo*. How many people would have proposed the *introduction now* of the present Rule 7 if it had not previously existed? Maybe this is a side-issue, but think about it. However, let us return to the main point.

Do we need a penalty for sending a wink off the mat? If so, should it apply to your own winks or to all winks? This question is often neglected in discussion, but is it not equally reprehensible to send any wink off? The difficult point lies in the word 'equally'. I want to avoid the question of luck for a moment, but if you are Blue, you clearly do not, for the most part, deliberately send a blue or red wink off the mat. On the other hand, sending green or yellow off is almost certainly deliberate. Is this distinction important? It is not made at all at the moment: the distinction is between Blue on the one hand, and Green, Red and Yellow on the other. Logic would suggest that this is wrong: the sending-off rule should apply either to all winks (the opponents, if you send one or more of their winks off, being entitled to some redress) or to the winks of the offending partnership, not just to one colour, especially as the singles game has developed since the present rule came into being. My view is that the penalty, whatever it is, should apply to any wink sent off. It would be more consistent.

I advanced this view in WW50, and said that the present penalty is inconsistent: it is much less severe if you send a wink off on your first turn

than if you send it off in round 3 or 4. Both these considerations are important, and I think they are sufficient reasons for change.

How would the 'perimeter rule' improve things? First, it would involve distance rather than tempo, and thus eliminate the inconsistency I mentioned in my last paragraph. Second, it would accomplish the desirable end of treating all winks in the same way.

The perimeter rule provides that if you send more than one wink off with the same shot, you miss the next shot. It thus penalises extreme recklessness more severely. I think this is right.

I wish to consider two other points. One is the analogy with potting. It is not a perfect analogy since we almost always pot deliberately, whereas we send winks off deliberately only when we boondock. When we pot our own wink, we get another shot, but not when we pot a partner or opponent wink. This would seem to be consistent with the present rule. On the other hand, the effect on any potted wink is the same: its count, or Tiddly as we must learn to call it, is 3. This is like the perimeter rule: all winks to be treated in the same way. In any case, an analogy can be pushed too far, for changes in different elements of the game have different effects.

The other point is luck. I wrote of this subject at length in my WW50 article, because it seemed at the time to have a large place in the discussion. I did not then argue, nor do I now, that going off the table is just bad luck. It would be salutary for those who maintain that I did so to read the article again, and see just what I did write.¹ I assert now, as I did then, that though luck has a part in the landing point of a wink, luck is not the main point of the discussion of the penalty to be provided under Rule 7. The question is: what is the appropriate penalty for sending a wink off the mat?

Selectively Distributed Broadsheet by Richard Moore

Introduction

It has been suggested that the current rule on sending winks off the mat is too harsh on the player going off, and should be changed to a more complicated formula. Most rules changes are rewordings for clarity or to close loopholes, but it is fairly clear that this proposal is intended to change the game materially. This note is to explain my opposition to the suggestion.

The current rule states that a player who sends one (or more) of his own winks off the table during a shot shall miss his next shot, and have his wink replaced at the point where it left the mat.

The proposal as I understand it is that no shot should be missed, but that the opponent(s) should have the right to replace the wink going off *at any*

¹ To save you searching through back-issues (which are available at a very reasonable cost from the editor), the relevant maligned quotations are "I judge that a wink more often goes off the mat through bad luck than carelessness" (WW46) and "I still think, despite Cartwright, that winks (one's own winks, that is) go off the mat more often through luck than carelessness" (WW50).

point on the edge of the mat. Thus a player could find himself back on his own or an opponent's baseline, at the wrong side of the pot, or in certain circumstances 10cm from an opponent who has the chance to squop him immediately.

Other options have been suggested too, including automatic replacement of wink on its baseline (and no missed shot), and replacement at the point of leaving the table (as at present, but again with no missed shot).¹

Why change?

Various rationales for relaxing the rules seem to have been put forward:-

loss of a shot is too great a penalty for what is essentially just bad luck;

loss of a shot is too great a penalty anyway;

since experienced players go off less frequently, the rule as it currently stands penalises weaker players unduly.

(Two of these are contradictory; you can't claim it's just bad luck whilst also maintaining that it doesn't happen to stronger players). Let us examine the arguments in turn.

Going off is just bad luck

I certainly disagree with this. In the 5 years-odd that I've been playing, I think I've learned to concentrate harder, line up shots more carefully, and weigh the risks less recklessly than when I started. This is why I also go off less often. Frankly, when you look at the Larry Kahns and Geoff Myers of the world, it becomes quite clear that the best players avoid going off. No way is it a matter of luck.

The only times I've actually felt hard done by (as opposed to annoyed with myself) when going off have been on sloping tables. Two years ago at the Fours, for example, I had to bring in 'downhill' during one game into an area diagonally beyond the pot, and went off three times in a row. Even this was hardly bad luck: it was an accident of furniture, combined with a reckless belief that I could overcome it.

Missing a turn unduly penalises the inexperienced player

Having argued that going off is not bad luck, it follows that I think it is down to taking a silly risk or being careless. I think this is why it happens more often to inexperienced players. But I also quite agree that missing a turn is more serious than simply finding yourself in an inconvenient place on the mat. The question is, is it an *undue* penalty? Is missing a turn the disaster it seems to be, and does it mean curtains for the inexperienced player?

First of all, a lot of winks going off are bring-ins early in the game, before there's too much at stake. I am definitely not of the opinion that is you lose your area early on you have lost the game; only raving Calvinists believe in Predestination.

¹ Amongst myriads of other suggestions as well..., Ed.

If you've left your bringing in till late on, then the pressure increases and going off can be more dangerous. Often, however, a wink coming in from the edge late on has either been boondocked away by a player a long way in front, or is being brought in gingerly by someone with a cushion of free turns. In neither case is the result affected dramatically.

Only very occasionally (especially late in rounds) are the stakes high enough to make a difference in terms of game points- and in the end if you can't take the pressure and bring off an accurate shot, then you'll suffer whether or not you go off the mat.

Similar arguments apply to the pile-break; the risk of missing a turn is something to be thought about, but not ultimately decisive. The key to breaking a pile, I think, is to get your opponents away and leave your own winks closer by, hopefully leaving nothing too tempting. If you can do this, you're laughing all the way to the scoresheet; if you can't, you either got on the pile in the wrong place, or you are breaking it in desperation.

A desperate pile-break is a special case, where going off is probably a minor consideration. And in fact (this is a more contentious point), I think lessening the penalty for going off is unfair on the poor sod who has worked so hard to put you in a desperate situation.

Conclusion

The rule as it stands is an important part of the 'risk-benefit analysis' for bringing in, breaking piles, long potting and to a lesser extent positional shots (especially those going across-table).

I don't think going off is just a matter of luck; avoiding it is an interesting skill which adds to the game. The missed turn adds an extra dimension- not just, "am I going to land somewhere useful," but also, "am I going to get a go at all next time?" There is a nice balance to the rule as it stands: every incentive to improve your game and look at things differently, but no Armageddon for those who get it wrong. Just a little bit more tension, which adds to the appeal of the game.

"TIDDLYWINKS could become a tremendous power for good throughout the country. It can give back health and mental stability to those who are ravaged by the complexity and over-mechanisation of modern life. Through its low cost and the universality of its appeal, TIDDLYWINKS can enter smoothly and naturally into family life, restoring balance to the brain distorted by the incessant watching of the inanity of television. Just as TIDDLYWINKS will bring a new unity to family life, so may it exert an equally beneficial influence on international relations." Peter Downes, 1958. (In *Winking World* 5).

How times haven't changed.

The 1992 National Pairs

Wadham College, Oxford, 2nd-3rd May 1992

by Tim Jeffreys (supposedly)

I apologise for the disruption to *Winking World*, but I have yet to receive Tim's report of the event despite numerous reminders. Andy & Geoff rather ran away with the tournament. The only other thing I can remember is Matthew's pot-out in the game after lunch, which apparently featured a "chunder break" before the sinking of the 6th wink from considerable distance.

Normal service will be resumed as soon as possible. In the mean-time, here is a list of previous winners and the scoresheet.

National Pairs winners:

1972	Jon Mapley & Harvey Orrock	1983	Jon Mapley & Alan Dean
1973	Alan Bolton & Simon Gould	1984	Jon Mapley & Alan Dean
1974	Alan Dean & Jeremy Shepherd	1985	Dave Lockwood (US) & Alan Boyce
1975	Jon Mapley & Harvey Orrock	1986	Charles Relle & Mike Surridge
1976	Keith Seaman & Jeremy Shepherd	1987	Jon Mapley & Tony Brennan
1977	Jon Mapley & David Rose	1988	Alan Dean & Mike Surridge
1978	Keith Seaman & Alan Dean	1989	Larry Kahn (US) & Charles Relle
1979	Keith Seaman & Alan Dean	1990	Geoff Myers & Andy Purvis
1980	Jon Mapley & David Rose	1991	Geoff Myers & Andy Purvis
1981	Nigel Knowles & Charles Relle	1992	Geoff Myers & Andy Purvis
1982	Nigel Knowles & Charles Relle		

The better-late-than-never National Pairs write-up

by Tim Jeffreys

Good Grief! I've finally sat down and started it, and it's only been six months; what was the date again? ...

Anyway, with a few aides-de-memoire (thank-you Nick), I shall endeavour to plough through this garbage painlessly quickly. Suffice it to say that the usual boring nargs won it, the good Messrs Purvis & Myers. Apart from these young upstarts, it is very noticeable how two of the old codgers improved on the second day compared to the first (well done Mike & Jim). Apparently, day one saw one of them (?) in "what's-the-point mode", but round 9 saw Nick Inglis miss an easy game-winning big wink to go down to them 3-4, which seems to have cheered up Mr. Miserable. It also became extremely apparent early on in the morning of the second day just how potent the curries had been during the previous evening, resulting in fresh air being in short supply in the Wadham refectory.

In the winks, Relle & Dean should have beaten the Myers & Purvis combination in round 14, but let it slip, as Inglis & Satchell promptly did to Relle & Dean in the next round, Nick missing another easy big wink.

Earlier, a day earlier in fact, round 6 had seen the Purvis-Myers v. Wiseman-Heading-athon establishing its rightful place as a geological period of time (rumour has it that they are still secretly in rounds). 'Nuff said.

Nick Reid and Andy Milligan (a.k.a. Spike) did well, coming top of the bottom. Julian & Christine's pot-out against Patrick & James (round 7) was a worked counter-pot after a missed fourth by their opponents. Special recognition should be made of Chris Goddard's efforts, toiling through 15 tough games without complaint and with a win to show for it; keep it up Chris.

Finally, mention must be made of what was surely one of the most astonishing feats of winks in tournament history: I forget the actual round number, but it was the first after lunch, probably 12. Rose & Sage had apparently squeezed in the usual lunchtime skinful of beer, and Matthew (being Matthew) decided to drink milk during this post-lunch game. Clearly the game was going well, and Mr. Rose commenced a blitz. The fifth wink was a large yellow, from a range of about two feet, as was to be the sixth. However, in the midst of this yellow blitz, before the sixth was made, even to Stew's surprise (perhaps?), Matthew suddenly achieved a Technicolor Blitz of his own beside the table. With great presence of mind, he slotted the last wink from two feet, before rather hurriedly withdrawing from the room looking a decidedly odd colour. Perhaps this is what the game needs for greater audience impact.

	The 1992 National Pairs																Tot.	Pos.
	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P		
A	Geoff Myers & Andy Purvis	-	4	5	6	6	6	6	6	6	4	7*	6	6	7*	7*	88	1
B	Jon Mapley & Richard Moore	3	-	1	6	1	6	2	7*	6	2½	6	7*	7*	7*	6	73½	2
C	Alan Dean & Charles Relle	2	6	-	5	1	5	6	6	5	0*	7*	6	5	6*	7*	73	3
D	Nick Inglis & Alex Satchell	1	1	2	-	3	5½	3	4½	6	4	3	6	6	6	7*	64	7
E	Jim Carrington & Mike Surridge	1	6	6	4	-	5*	6	6	2	4	1½	6	6	7*	6*	72	4=
F	Cyril Edwards & Geoff Thorpe	1	1	2	1½	2*	-	7*	1	3	2	2	6*	6*	3	6*	50½	10
G	Alan Boyce & Phil Scarrott	1	5	1	4	1	0*	-	6	2½	6	5	7*	7*	6	6*	64½	6
H	Patrick Barrie & James Cullingham	1	0*	1	2½	1	6	1	-	2	2½	1	6	6	6	2*	44	11
I	Matthew Rose & Stew Sage	1	1	2	1	5	4	4½	5	-	6	3	7*	6*	1	6	59½	8
J	Gavin Keyte & Tim Jeffreys	1	1	1	3	3	5	1	4½	1	-	4	6	6	4½	7*	55	9
K	Tony Heading & Julian Wiseman	3	4½	7*	4	5½	5	2	6	4	3	-	6	3	6	7*	72	4=
L	Naveed Chaudhri & Chris Wilson	0*	1	0*	1	1½	1*	0*	1	0*	1	1	-	2	3½	4½	24½	14
M	Rupert Thompson & Jon Williams	1	0*	1	1	1	1*	0*	1	1*	1	4	5	-	2	6	29	13
N	Nick Reid & Andrew Milligan	1	0*	2	1	1	4	1	1	6	2½	1	3½	5	-	6	41	12
O	Julian Porter & Christine Wiggins	0*	0*	1*	1	0*	1*	1*	5*	1	0*	0*	2½	1	1	-	15½	15
P	Chris Goddard	0*	1	0*	0*	1*	0*	1*	0*	0*	0*	1	0*	3	1*	6	14	16

Cruddy New Winks

by Larry Kahn

Ever notice that when you play with a very new set of winks that they tend to shoot short, especially pots? This is because there seems to be some sort of crud film on the surface of the winks, possibly left over from the manufacturing process. You can get rid of this by rubbing the wink surface fairly hard with the edge of a blunt old style squidger, and then polishing briefly with cloth. If you do this under an angled light you'll be able to see where the film has been removed. To do a whole set takes about 15-20 minutes. After getting the hang of it, you can get a brand new set to play like worn-in winks immediately. (I'd be happy to provide winks cleaning services and/or training in this method to ETWA for a small fee, (payable in POUNDS)).¹

Letters to the Editor

ON SLOW PLAY

Dear Sir,

Why has the state of the game illustrated on the front cover of Winking World not changed since issue 55? Surely the two minute rule should have come into effect? Or does the picture represent Lockwood playing against himself?

Yours sincerely,
M. A. C. Relle

OUT OF CONTEXT

Dear Sir,

I would like to congratulate Mr. Charles Relle on his appointment as head speech writer for the Bush re-election campaign. He is obviously an expert at quoting people out of context, a true asset for this position.

Sincerely,
Larry

FROM AN AMERICAN WORRIED ABOUT THE EXCHANGE RATE

Dear Sir,

I was unemployed for several months at the beginning of the year. Does this mean I can get a refund of 83p from ETWA?

Sincerely
A cheap bastard

¹ N.B. This article was written before the withdrawal of Britain left the ERM.

ON MATTHEW'S COMPANY

Dear Sir,

May I point out that whilst under the Companies Act 1985 (as amended by the Companies Act 1989), accountancy firms may now attain corporate status (subject to confusing shareholding regulations), the "company that employs Matthew Rose" as referred to in WW58 is at present a partnership.

Yours rather tawdrily,
Matthew

ON BYES

Dear Sir,

Byes in Swiss tournaments are always a bit disappointing- London is a long way to go just to play in six games out of seven- but at this year's London Open I noticed for the first time that pairs with byes were being given a notional 5 p.p.g. for draw purposes (vice the more obvious $3\frac{1}{2}$). Why is this? It seems to me to guarantee harder opposition in the next round than statistical study would suggest is appropriate. Is the very strong correlation in the final London Open table, between pairs with byes and pairs in the bottom half overall, an accident?

Yours faithfully,
Richard J. Moore, B.A., M.Phil.

ON DESIRABLE EXPOSURE

Dear Sir,

Some articles and letters in previous editions seem to have conveyed the impression that TV coverage of winks is feasible, a natural progression, and even desirable. I would like to challenge these assumptions, and so I have written this letter.

Yours, etc.
Ed Wynn

ON NOTHING MUCH

Dear Sir,

Why are rules still passed by a simple majority, rather than, say, a two thirds majority now that most people are, by and large, content with them? And why does Britain keep the rule that forces you to free on the first available shot rather than the first available turn after free turns are completed? Historically it was because of an inadequate penalty for failing to free, but this is no longer the case following the invention of the nominated wink rule.

Hopefully that's filled up the space at the bottom of this page...

Yours platonically,
The Editor

The 1992 NATwA Singles

Hughes Methodist Church, Silver Spring MD., 27th June 1992

and the Marlin Residence, Ashburn VA, 28th June 1992

by Patrick Barrie

Your editor had the chance to view this year's American Singles at first hand. NATwA has re-established a foreign visitor fund from which I accepted a partial contribution towards travel costs. Following some unavoidable late drop-outs, there were only eight "serious" winkers present (i.e. those willing to play on both days) which is probably just as well as it was decided (eventually) to play an eight-player double round-robin final. The scores of the other five players present in principle were used to determine the composition of the final eight, but did not count towards the overall result.

It was particularly interesting to meet all the Americans on their home soil. Larry Kahn and Dave Lockwood are, of course, regular visitors to this country, while Rick Tucker and Jim Marlin have both made trips in recent times. Of the other main participants, Bob Henninge is one of the most mild-mannered men you ever could meet; Brad Schaefer is a somewhat lively academic, while Joe Sachs can be characterized by his studious deliberation over every shot. This was, incidentally, Joe's first tournament using the "new" Italian winks that were introduced in 1983-84. Sunshine (or *) was one of the "non-playing" participants. He's a former champion who has a range of odd views on tournaments. He seemed to enjoy reliving memories of the bygone days of American winks, but didn't seem to appreciate the present situation as much as he might. The other players were MP Rouse, who is an excellent guide to a baseball game (Baltimore Orioles 0, Kansas City Royals 2); Marg Henninge, one of the few American winkers whose play can be said to be improving, and the Strong boys, who were both enthusiastic.

Everyone had a fairly scrappy first round-robin series, after which Dave was leading despite losing three of his seven games. I'd had the pleasure of running an excellent six against him, but Larry had done the same to me. I'd also played hideously in my games against Rick and Jim, but was still in joint 3rd at this stage. During the second series the top three (Dave, Larry and I) steadily pulled away from the pack, and I managed to catch up the two leaders with a (slightly lucky) 7 in the game after lunch against Bob. There was now only one point between the three leaders, a state of affairs which continued until the first of the key games between the top three. I held Larry to a 4-3 win, despite Larry's creative attempts at obtaining more in round 5. In the next round I had the critical game against Dave, and ended up watching as he gained sweet revenge on the first day result by running a good six against me to put me out of the contest and him into pole position. Dave and I are very much getting into the habit of running six against each other. Important points were still at stake, and both of us potted superbly from varying distances for the minor places- in the end I pinched a point with a 2½ foot pot. Larry had only managed a 5-2 win over Jim which meant that Larry needed a 5-2 win against Dave in the last round to retain his title. Larry and

Dave have played each other many times in the last round to determine the outcome of the tournament, and Larry has won the last five (or so). However, he never looked like getting the points he needed once Dave had removed any pot-out threat. Dave's blues were always going to get first place, and he ended up with a 5-2 win for the tournament. I ended with a safe 6-1 over Jim to finish joint 2nd. Brad emerged from the pack lower down to take 4th.

I was left with the impression that neither Dave nor Larry had been squopping particularly well during the weekend, and Dave can consider himself slightly fortunate to win a Singles title with a p.p.g. of only 4.71. I achieved squop-ups in all six of my 6-1 victories, which indicated that, apart from my poor display in my first games against Rick and Jim, I crushed the other opposition quite effectively.

My thanks go particularly to the owner of the car with registration number "Maryland WINKER" who put me up over my stay, and I thoroughly recommend Washington D.C. to any other intrepid explorers out there, if only to hear the original version of "The Family of the Sun".

	Player	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	Total	Pos.
A	Dave Lockwood	— —	2 5	2* 6*	6 5	6 4½	6 4	3 5	5½ 6	66	1
B	Larry Kahn	5 2	— —	5* 4	4 5	1 6	6 7*	4 4	3 4½	60½	2=
C	Patrick Barrie	5* 1*	2* 3	— —	1 6	6 7*	1 6	6 6	6 4½	60½	2=
D	Jim Marlin	1 2	3 2	6 1	— —	3 1½	6 4	1 1	7* 4	42½	6
E	Bob Henninge	1 2½	6 1	1 0*	4 5½	— —	6 5	5 3	1 3	44	5
F	Rick Tucker	1 3	1 0*	6 1	1 3	1 2	— —	6 1	6 2	34	8
G	Brad Schaefer	4 2	3 3	1 1	6 6	2 4	1 6	— —	3 6	48	4
H	Joe Sachs	1½ 1	4 2½	1 2½	0* 3	6 4	1 5	4 1	— —	36½	7

(some pot-out games may not have been marked by asterisks)

The Catford Invitation

26 Canadian Avenue, June 1992

by Charles Relle

The participants in this charitable tournament were Simon Gandy, Julian Wiseman, Phil Clark, Cyril Edwards, Rob Cartwright, Charles Relle, James Cullingham, Alan Dean and Duncan Budd. Duncan, who lives within walking distance of the host, was the last to arrive, and was accorded the first round bye. Incidentally, it is a curious fact that the car was not the preferred mode of transport for the players.

This tournament is divided, like Gaul, into three parts, Four rounds, Lunch and Five rounds. It turned out this year that the middle part lasted longer than anticipated, and was the cause of the tournament's finish at 7.15 rather than 5.30. It was also the time when some notable alterations in performance occurred.

After Four rounds the leaders, on 18 points, were Julian and Phil. Neither had had a bye. Cyril, who had also played every round, was close behind on 16. Of those who had had byes, James was lurking on 12, while Charles, who had the bye before lunch, had scored 11. At this point, put down your WW and plan a meal of at least four courses for your family and nine players that can be cooked in one round...

Now read on. The Wiseman-Clark clash came straight after lunch, and Wiseman, partnered by Simon Gandy, took a 7 from Clark & Cyril Edwards, which gave Julian a six point lead over Simon, now in second place with 19 points, with Phil still on 18 and James, who had scored a 5 with Duncan against Charles & Alan, a point behind Phil. This win doubled Duncan's score to 10.

The bye after lunch is one of the most desirable strokes of luck in Tiddlywinks. Or is it? Round six brought together the people who had had the byes before and after lunch, Charles and Rob. Exhausted by the cooking and washing up, they piloted each other to a zero against Simon & James. Julian was meanwhile scoring a 2 with Duncan against Phil & Rob, and held a one point lead over Simon, with James 3 points behind on 24 with no bye to come.

At the end of the penultimate round, Simon was in the lead on 32 points, with Julian on 29 and James on 28. This would have looked good for Simon if he had not been due to have the last round bye, and if James had not been about to play against Julian. Thus, one of them was bound to overtake him. It turned out to be James, was partnered a resuscitated Charles to a six against Julian & Phil, who scored 7 points after lunch. Duncan, however, ended with a five in each of his last three games, the last with Alan against Rob & Cyril.

It is not usual to publish the scores in this tournament, as it really is more important to participate than win, but I am doing so on this occasion, because, after 9 rounds, only 11 points separated all the players. The best after-lunch players were James and Duncan with 22 points, Alan with 21, and Simon with 20 and a bye.

The scores were: James Cullingham 34, Simon Gandy 32, Julian Wiseman 30, Alan Dean 28, Duncan Budd 27, Cyril Edwards 27, Charles Relle 26, Phil Clark 25 and Rob Cartwright 23.

Proceeds from this tournament and the London Open went to Lewisham Hospital Diabetes Day Centre, and I am sure everyone will be delighted to know that after the latter tournament I was able to send off a cheque for £200.

Portrait of a Marriage

by Julian Wiseman

The start of an up-market intellectual writers' corner, the like of which *Winking World* has never seen, and probably will never see again. It also fulfils the function of being the basis of this issue's competition.

"Julian", she said, between sips of the Latour '83, "I don't believe you really trust me". In this way, across a formal dinner table, my wife of twelve years told me that she wanted to kill me.

So, it is to be murder. Not the cold callous murder that steps strangely from an alleyway with a rusty knife, and flees ecstatic into the darkness. Not a long drawn-out Agatha Christie poisoning, with the damning phial buried in a Welsh graveyard, nor a blind swipe in rage that serves only to boost the tabloids' flagging circulation. Insofar as murder can, this one is to be perfect. A murder by request- a murder that has waited like a long-buried German bomb until disturbed, between sips of the Latour '83. And just as elegant.

I had devised it. And had told her. Had told her the first time we met, across a formal dinner table. There was no good wine at that table- indeed, I drank only water. But we discussed my death, and she liked it- is that why she married me, so that she could kill me later? I don't mind, it has been a good marriage.

The plan, or rather the script, for each actor takes a part, has only one fault. It could not be used by anyone at random- it would only succeed if danced by my wife, and on me. Not any wife could use it- for only I would ever fall for it.

"You could have saved it for the port", I chastised with a smile. And it was the last of the Taylor '70.

A guest interrupted: "You are coming to our do next Saturday aren't you Julian?" This is as I had reckoned. "No, I can't. I have promised to attend a play at nine". She looked at me quizzically, when my love saved me- "I must come alone, but I shall talk for the two of us". I am to die next Saturday, whilst my wife sups an all-knowing sherry. And I approve.

My wife wished me to prove to her that I trusted her. It is a very difficult thing to prove to someone that they are trusted. Give them a knife, and handcuff yourself- it doesn't work, both parties know that there will surely be heavy metallic slam of prison door at the end, and ne'er again the

sun be seen. "The man had killed the thing he loved, / And so he had to die." No, there is a way to prove trust, and I had devised it, and now she was to use it to kill me. Perhaps. Next Saturday.

We did not discuss it in the week at all. We each knew our part, and the time, and so bided what of it I had left. At breakfast I read the comics and the sporting page. Particularly I would remark on any matter bar my impending death. She had to do nothing because I prepared everything. That is as it should be.

And so, on Saturday, after she had left for her drinks, I got to work. I took the portrait down from the wall, and propped it against the leather armchair nearest the door. She had painted it herself, I sitting in this same chair, and she standing behind me the light in her hair. Behind us, a silk carpet bought in Pakistan on our honeymoon- I love her still, and no less. It was exquisitely done.

Filled the syringe, and put it in the drawer in the hall. She could find it there. On the kitchen table mixed my potion, of poison and sleep. 'Tis better to die in one's sleep, I am that much of a coward at least. Some Speyside in a glass- my best of both, and some water. A sudden moment of inspiration- she'd like this, whatever she chose. Pen, paper- "I love you always"- clasped in my left hand. I sit, the chair is comfortable. Taste my drink with the slightest hint of sherry and smoke. Not yet, I have a minute. Again I nose my drink, is that taste apricot?

The clock strikes nine and I take my potion.

Perhaps she is to stay at her party, and return in an hour or two to find me dead. She would call the police and an ambulance, and would be flush with witnesses. Or, perhaps she is to return at a few minutes past, find and inject me with the antidote, and then to leave again. Does it really matter which she chooses, for I will always love her?

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Competition

Answer the questions below correctly to win the right to be murdered by a plot of Julian's choosing.

1. What has the above story got to do with tiddlywinks?
2. When is Julian going to get married?
3. Which spy winker described the story as being "... a tale both pretentiously mock-aristocratic and grotesquely bourgeois. The narrative flashes back on leaden wings to the turn of the century, the age before two world wars taught mankind what death involves; the age of murder as élitist plaything, of murder as slash in the dark of the ghastly metropolis, of murder as country house diversion. Only the dates of the vintages are changed."

This competition is not open to anybody who knows or is capable of guessing the answers.

The London Open

Riverdale Hall, Lewisham Centre, 4th July 1992

by Richard Moore

This year's London Open, ably organised by Charles Relle, took place once again in the salubrious surroundings of Lewisham, and again doubled as a fund-raising event for local charities. It boasted a field including some obvious front-runners (Mapley & Surridge, Purvis & Edwards, Boyce & Cartwright) as well as some less familiar names. Charles had trawled from the distant past one John Breeze- doubtless familiar to all who have learned the 1960's Varsity Team line-ups by rote- whilst Geoff Myers and Patrick Barrie partnered new members of the St. Andrews Tiddlywinks Society, a most encouraging development. Geoff & Jo Mitchell were sportingly 7-0ed by Andy & Cyril in round one, but Ben Soares managed a winning return to competitive winks. We certainly wish the new club well.

It seemed Mr Breeze had put his years away from the game to good use, viz. potting practice, for he and Charles potted out in each of the first two rounds. The other front-runners at lunch were, more predictably, Mapley & Surridge. When the two pairs met after the break, it was Jon & Mike who took another 6-1, and this record continued until the last couple of rounds when they dropped a whole $3\frac{1}{2}$ points. Jon & Mike thus ended runaway winners, deservedly so since I heard a number of pairs say afterwards what good form they were in.

There were good late showings from Orwell & Julier (unable to capitalise on two 6-1's in rounds five and six because of a bye in the final round), and from Inglis & Goddard who even managed 3 against Mapley & Surridge to take them into third place overall, behind Purvis & Edwards but just ahead of Boyce & Cartwright. The minor placings ended in the confusion inevitable in such a short Swiss tournament.

Finally, so that Andy's tireless insistence on score-card asterisks cannot be said to have been in vain, consider the following statistic: there were 10% more pot-outs this year than in 1990, but 5% less than last year. Hmmm...

The Marchant Trophy

by Andy Purvis

Even by OUTS' very high standards, this was something of a record. OUTS managed not to win the Marchant Trophy despite all of the players who took part being paid-up club members. Two Phils and two Tims called themselves PinTS and beat the various Charlies all ends up. I was very upset to see Phil Carmody pot six in a row against me, especially as he'd promised to miss at least one. I maintained my record of never winning a Marchant match, and we still don't really know which team to call OUTS A and which OUTS B, as they never got round to playing their match.

London Open 1992		Rounds							Total	p.p.g.	Pos.
A	Jo Mitchell & Geoff Myers	B	D	E	K	N	bye	J	13	2.167	16
		0*	2	4	1	5*	—	1*			
B	Cyril Edwards & Andy Purvis	A	O	M	L	bye	Q	C	31	5.167	2
		7*	1	5	6	—	5*	7*			
C	John Breeze & Charles Relle	D	M	O	G	Q	P	B	27	3.857	5=
		6*	6*	1	6	2	6	0*			
D	Tim Jeffreys & Matthew Rose	C	A	J	F	L	K	M	26	3.714	8=
		1*	5	4	5	4	1	6			
E	James Cullingham & Gavin Keyte	F	I	A	bye	K	M	N	12½	2.083	17
		2½	1	3	—	1	1	4			
F	Phil Carmody & Geoff Thorpe	E	bye	L	D	G	O	I	17	2.833	12
		4½	—	2	2	6	1½	1			
G	Julian Porter & Elizabeth Whalley	H	Q	bye	C	F	J	L	14	2.333	15
		5	3	—	1	1	3	1			
H	Simon Julier & James Orwell	G	K	N	I	M	L	bye	23	3.833	7
		2	4	4	1	6*	6*	—			
I	Anthony Heading & Julian Wiseman	J	E	Q	H	O	N	F	27	3.857	5=
		3	6	1	6	1	4	6			
J	Phil Clark & Phil Scarrott	I	L	D	N	P	G	A	26	3.714	8=
		4	2	3	6*	1	4	6*			
K	Chris Goddard & Nick Inglis	L	H	P	A	E	D	O	28½	4.048	3
		2½	3	2*	6	6	6	3			
L	Patrick Barrie & Ben Soares	K	J	F	B	D	H	G	25⅔	3.667	10
		4⅔	5	5	1	3	1*	6			
M	Simon Gandy & Ed Wynn	N	C	B	P	H	E	D	18	2.571	13
		6	1*	2	1	1*	6	1			
N	Stew Sage & Andy Milligan	M	P	H	J	A	I	E	17	2.429	14
		1	4	3	1*	2*	3	3			
O	Jon Mapley & Mike Surridge	P	B	C	Q	I	F	K	39½	5.643	1
		6	6	6	6	6	5½	4			
P	Alan Boyce & Rob Cartwright	O	N	K	M	J	C	Q	28	4.000	4
		1	3	5*	6	6	1	6			
Q	Stu Collins & Richard Moore	bye	G	I	O	C	B	P	19	3.167	11
		—	4	6	1	5	2*	1			

The Monopoly Pub Tour

London, 8th August 1992

by Ed Wynn

The idea is an old one: to go to all the identifiable places on the Monopoly board, and to drink at each. With 26 stops, it needed half pints and a fair degree of organisation. We could manage halves, but organisation was in short supply. The idea languished. Then, computer print-outs were circulated at the London Open. James Cullingham- the hero of this tale- had done a "dry run" of the route, meticulously timing the walks from pubs, waits at platforms, train and tube journeys, and walks to pubs. Presuming a reasonably small time in each pub, he had added it all up- with sub-totals and cross-checks- and concluded that the enterprise was possible. Faced with better organisation than anything seen before, the idea perked up, put some old clothes on, and drank some milk that morning.

The rendezvous was 1040 hours, outside Garfunkel's in London Bridge station. This was troublesome, because a bomb scare had stranded the station's tube-stop. However, a good mix of new and old faces turned up: James, Patrick Barrie, Doive Salter, Phil Scarrott, and James' workmate, Mark. We were expecting Nick Inglis, Matthew Rose, Graham Hancock, and his workmate, Chris. While we were waited for them and a (delayed) train, James handed out revised schedules. He had done another "dry-run" (- a misnomer; only dry to the extent that he didn't visit all the pubs).

We set off without the late-comers. We were already late: we calculated that we had zero minutes to get served and drink our half pints, instead of the schedule's generous allowance of nine. It wasn't a hopeful start. Fast walking brought us back to schedule by the first pub. Returning from a swift, fizzy half, we came across the late-comers, who were in and out of the pub in 70 seconds, and came up to schedule back at the station. Nick had to queue and argue for a while to replace his Travelcard, which he had mangled, but after that we made swift progress.

Nine minutes' drinking time? Laughingly dismissed as exorbitant; three was comfortable. Underground lines closed? The bus turned out to be quicker. Pub closed? We found another. That pub shut due to power cut? Another again. Hungry? The next pub served sandwiches- but don't slow down, eat them on the way. Phil even had the time to put £2 into a fruit-machine, and then the impudence to take £12 out of it. We gained more and more time over the schedule, amassing more than half an hour as a "cushion" in case things deteriorated.

Things did deteriorate of course. At the fifth pub, Dave started a mass exodus to the toilets. (A mass exodus, but definitely not unanimous; see later.) Julian started to share half pints with Mark, who had always seemed to prefer photographing the pubs to drinking in them. At the Underground change between Marylebone Station and Bow Street, one faction ran ahead, one faction decided to walk, a third faction stayed in the middle and wondered where everyone was. We spread out and looked for each other; missing only

Graham, we sent a vanguard to the pub and looked again. (Ordering ten halves at the pub, we were greeted with the comment: "Oh, you must be on a Monopoly crawl".) The confusion cost us vital minutes; our lead over the schedule dropped below half an hour. Drinking times were creeping up, even gnawing at double figures. Morale was high, though; Graham converted his jeans into shorts in the middle of a pub (what did he do with the leg sections? from where did he get the scissors?), but we kept going nonetheless.

The next place, Vine Street, is tiny. It has a police station and a pub that's closed on Saturday afternoons, and that's it. We had to settle for a nearby Mexican bar and two expensive jugfuls of strawberry cocktail. That didn't satisfy Graham and Chris, who went on to try the house-special, chilli-flavoured tequila, and regret it.

After Vine Street- the 13th stop- we were half way. Nick had still not visited the toilets.

From Vine Street towards the Strand via Piccadilly Circus, where Dave, Graham, Chris, and Matty dived into Burger King. They were declared renegades: we weren't going in, and we were damned if we were going to wait on the pavement for a bunch of, etc. We pressed on, stopping only for pizza, and waited in the Strand's pub for the Burger Subjects. After a reasonable stop, we moved on to Fleet Street, waited, phoned back, and moved on to Trafalgar Square, where the renegades were waiting. They had stormed through the Strand pub without our noticing. In all the excitement, Nick still hadn't wazzed; he began to speculate smugly whether he might last the entire course.

At Fenchurch Street Station we had to settle for the nearest Saturday alcohol- a wine bar, according to the schedule- but even that was shut. We wandered around, forlornly looking for an open pub. We gave up, returned to Fenchurch Street Station, and found that it had a station bar after all: James' one technical fault, which he cursed at.

From there, it was all downhill. No-one knows where Coventry Street is, but there's a pub near it. The 19th pub, and Nick still hadn't wazzed. At the next, he rushed in, hurriedly sank his half- breaking the important psychological 10-pint barrier- and succumbed. The relief (as it were) allowed him to fall asleep on the tube from there on. This gave the group a less threatening appearance, mainly by acting as the focus for its abuse.

I don't remember much more. Liverpool Street Station is magnificent. Matthew broke a glass there (the first of several). I took to offering to buy each round. At the last pub, we had full pints to celebrate, then another to be smug. We were only slightly boisterous: most of us about curries; Matthew about nothing in particular.

So, all in all a splendid day out: a rather long-winded way to get the beer down, and it doesn't even keep you off the streets, but splendid. All the credit and many thanks go to James for his thorough organisation.

The mountain has been scaled, but the challenge is still there. Remember the Olympic motto: Faster! Stronger! More! - all have relevance to beer. We can try for more stops; Nick can try for less waterworks. Perhaps we'll even Go To Jail next time...

IFTwA and Panasonic

The role of IFTwA (the International Federation of Tiddlywinks Associations) is to adjudicate on world competitions when ETwA and NATwA can't agree between themselves. However, the Secretary General has been busy with other things following an advertisement by Panasonic in the National Press featuring the headline "If you can't make good home movies with this, take up tiddlywinks". Here are some selected highlights of the exchanges.

The Marketing Director, Panasonic Consumer Electronics UK

10 June

"... The implication is that anyone who plays tiddlywinks must have an intellect comparable to a retarded tortoise... Before I refer your unpleasant rhetoric to the Advertising Standards Authority I would like to give you the opportunity to make amends, and look forward to hearing from you in the very near future."

Jonathan Mapley (Secretary General, IFTwA)

The Advertising Standards Authority

1 July

"... and the literature should demonstrate that the sport is not only taken very seriously by its participants, but that the average level of intelligence of the players probably exceeds that of any other leisure activity requiring a combination of mental and physical skill... I therefore seek you assistance in restraining Panasonic from using it in future."

Jonathan Mapley (Secretary General, IFTwA)

Mr Mapley

4 August

"I enclose a copy of a letter which sadly seems not to have reached you in June..."

Barry Bryant (Vice Chairman, Burkitt, Weinreich, Bryant, Clients & Co. Ltd.)

Mr Mapley

15 June

"... I am sorry the advertisement caused offence, since it is never our intention to upset members of the public... This is not to denigrate the game or its players, but simply to say that it is not a *difficult* game... The ad was written in a spirit of tongue-in-cheek humour..."

Nick Johnstone-Jones (Account Director, Burkitt, Weinreich, Bryant, Clients & Co. Ltd.)

Mr Bryant (Burkitt, Weinreich, Bryant, Clients & Co. Ltd.)

11 August

"I accept that the advertisement did not intend to offend, but I must reiterate that minimal research might have led to the conclusion that it would... Now all that will happen is that the cheap joke has been further perpetuated, and the next issues of *Winking World* and *Newsink* will carry an editorial message in large print, urging all members of ETwA and NATwA to boycott Panasonic products worldwide, and invite their friends and acquaintances to do likewise."

Jonathan Mapley (Secretary General, IFTwA)

Mr Mapley

18 August

"... We have considered your complaint and I would advise that we see no grounds for ASA intervention in the matter... Although we will not be pursuing your complaint on this occasion, thank you for taking the trouble to write to us."

Andrea Storey (Advertising Standards Authority)

Ms Storey (ASA)

19 August

"... whilst accepting I am fighting a losing battle, the battle will continue... Decades of ignorance and prejudice will eventually be overcome, but probably only when the great gods, television and money, are brought in on our side."

Jonathan Mapley (Secretary General, IFTwA)

I believe OUTS also had some communication with Panasonic. I have included these excerpts in the same "spirit of tongue-in-cheek humour" as the original advertisement, Ed.

Memoirs of an Old Fart

by Andy Purvis

Saturday 26th October 1985, far too early a.m., outside Queens' Porters Lodge. A rotund gentleman with more ginger hair than you'd have thought possible leads a motley assortment of people to his car. He wears a beige T-shirt, several sizes too small, with "ETwA" on the front. He opines that "It's (somewhat) cold, kiddies." He starts the car and a windscreen wiper falls off. The man in the passenger seat leans out of the window and makes a fair impersonation of a windscreen wiper. Before we have even left Silver Street on the way to my first tournament, I have learned that cars don't like going to tournaments and will happily act to avoid doing so. As the weekend's games showed, this was in fact the only part of the game that I was quick to pick up. After the tournament, I had my first kebab from the Oasis, my first amigos, and my first sight of someone trying to walk away from a party while attempting to conceal a beer barrel under a jacket clearly unsuited to the purpose. I was hooked.

By the Singles, I had progressed (?) to amigossing before tournaments too. Well, Charles Relle had appeared on some strange television quiz show that evening pretending to be, of all things, an aristocratic miner ("off down t'pit"). Before the second game, Steve Harbron asked me how long I'd been playing. On hearing my reply, he grinned and asked if I would mind him potting out for 7-0. I didn't mind, so he put three in, missed next to me, and I eventually got my first ever pot-out. I remember playing Larry Kahn that day too. Well, I remember watching; I didn't get to play much.

When I played Dave Lockwood in the 1986 Singles, he had written in *Newswink* that Alan's "antiquated flip-style bring-in style" had been largely to blame for his defeat in a recent match. In our game, Dave's new-fangled hyper-modern squop-style sent three off, while I managed to flip eleven of my winks near the pot and one straight into it. I enjoyed that. Unsurprisingly, my quickest game against Dave is my favourite. The next few days featured probably the best play I've yet seen and confirmed my faith in the effect of potting well. In the singles final Jon Mapley slumped visibly when Alan Dean slotted a wink from the edge in rounds; then Jon potted like a dream in his World match (which was of superb quality) while Larry didn't.

Soon after this, I played Tim Hedger in a CUTwC tournament and played absolutely out of my skin. It was the best I'd played to that time, and I still doubt I've played as well relative to what I might have hoped for. However, Tim played at his best too, and he was simply better than me; he won 4-3, 6-1. I especially recall a sequence late in the second game. The main pile had sucked in all nearby attackers and defenders and stood in splendid isolation. I squopped it from about a foot away, only to see Tim resquop me from virtually the edge. Perhaps the most telling comment on the games was that we played them in Queens' Bar one evening and people were watching.

Turning points often stick in my mind. Jim Carrington and I were winning a game in the Cambridge Open and our opponents were sizing up a very unlikely bristol. "We've got them now; desperation tactics", Jim confided, before the bristol became a double-knock-off-and-squop and killed us stone dead. Dave Salter and I were losing a game badly until Dave suggested that we pot some enemy winks. I didn't know what was going on but he did and we won easily. Against Alan Dean in one of our everlasting Jubilee matches, I had two winks on the messy main pile and one nearby, so thought I was back in the game. He just waved his magic squidger and bristilled the whole pile onto all three. In my first Singles final, I was surprised to find myself not squopped up against Geoff Myers. But a "kiddies' boondock" (where the top wink flies off and the bottom one stays put) soon restored normality. Don't you just hate it when that happens? I have a photo of my favourite turning point, from my first singles game with Tim. It was in a tournament to decide who would play in the two Magdalene Cuppers teams (ah, takes you back...). Tim had started potting, while I had brought in terribly. He was resting on the sixth wink when the photo was taken. With a very bright flash. The wink sailed way past the pot to land next to three that I had cunningly put there; 3-4, ta very much guv.

Most play gets what it deserves, but some deserves rather more. My favourite ever shot comes into this category. I potted a small wink that was on a pile, sloping down to and touching the pot, then totally cocked-up a two-incher for the game. I watched Geoff Thorpe go through insanely complicated calculations to work out that a planned pile shot would promote one colour equal to another, sadly forgetting in the process which colour partnered which. And I was there when Phil Carmody, in round 5, potted four in a row, for the first time, to lose half a point.

The really close games are often the most satisfying. I remember a really tight 3-4 partnering Nick Inglis in the Pairs against Alan Dean and Mike Surridge, successive draws against Larry and Nick in the Singles final one year, a really tight Jubilee match with Jon Mapley which I won only because of two 7-0's, loads of nailbiting University games (still the ones that matter, dammit) partnering Duncan Budd, Richard Moore, Phil Carmody, Ken Zetie and especially Jon Mainwaring, and a string of four 4-3's with Gavin Orpin against Gavin Keyte and Simon Julier that made the score 13-15 before my partner blitzed in the final game.

And some games are just plain daft all the way through. Any game involving Gary Shrimpton is worth a look, but the silliest I've been in was with Duncan Budd against Richard Moore and Tim Roscoe. Things had already been degenerating long before Duncan missed an easy sixth wink onto a large tenuous pile. We asked Stew to judge it. Unfortunately he tripped, falling heavily (how else?) onto the table. "Well", pronounced Stew, "it was squopped...".

NATwA Pairs 1992

Dedham MA, 26th September 1992

Full round robin of 10 pairs followed by full round robin of top 4. One notable feature of the tournament is that James, Stew and Rupert managed to start and complete their entire game (admittedly a pot-out) in the time that it took Don and Ferd to play a single shot. Draw your own conclusions.

NATwA Pairs 1992	g	w-l	pts	p.p.g.	g	w-l	pts	p.p.g.
1. Arye Gittelman & Larry Kahn	9	9-0	53	5.889	12	11-1	65 $\frac{1}{2}$	5.458
2. Dave Lockwood & Rick Tucker	9	6-3	40	4.444	12	9-3	57	4.750
3. Nick Inglis & Geoff Myers	9	7-2	44 $\frac{1}{2}$	4.944	12	8-4	54 $\frac{1}{2}$	4.542
4. Don Fox & Ferd	9	4-5	35	3.889	12	4-8	37 $\frac{1}{2}$	3.125
5. Richard Moore & Ed Wynn	9	5-4	34	3.778				
6. Charles Frankston & Joe Sachs	9	6-3	32 $\frac{1}{2}$	3.611				
7. TDI (Indian) & Bill Renke	9	3-6	24 $\frac{1}{2}$	2.722				
8. Tony Heading & Brad Schaefer	9	3-6	23 $\frac{1}{2}$	2.611				
9. James Cullingham (solo)	9	2-7	21	2.333				
10. Stew Sage & Rupert Thompson	9	0-9	7	0.778				

World Singles 36

Natick MA, 27th September 1992

Larry Kahn

World Singles 36 between Geoff and Larry took place outside of Boston at Indian's yuppie mansion. The setting was great, about 15 people attended, but NOBODY took notes, so I'll have to do this from memory.

Game 1 was really tight, and became constipated near the end of time limit (for you newcomers,¹ constipated means all winks are involved in piles).

¹ and all non-Americans..., Ed.

There were some great pile shots and piddles by both players. I needed to pot off two piles ending the game for a 4 but only made the first and ended with 2. A very interesting end-game.

Game 2 was more wide open, and toward the end of time all of my yellows were free but most of them a long way from the pot. I was basically playing for a 4 with remote pot-out possibilities, but I potted badly (not for the last time, either), and a pile blow by Geoff ending game gave him a 6.

Geoff went for the kill in game 3. We had both brought in really well but he had won the squidge off and had the first crack. 5 went in easily and I figured I'd really be up the creek, but incredibly, he missed the shortest one and I ran my 6 to get back in the match with a fortunate 6-1. Total score was now 12-9.

I don't remember a lot of details for the next two games other than they were closely fought throughout. Toward the end of each game I only had realistic possibilities for 4 out of each one and played them that way, taking two straight 4's, leaving the match at 18-17 for Geoff.

Game 6 was probably my worst game. I was fairly aggressive and got into trouble early when I didn't make a critical 3" squop. From then on it looked like a 6-1 loss and that's the way it turned out even though I was able to keep up a decent struggle throughout. This left me needing 7 in the last game.

Game 7 was REALLY interesting. I was able to put into effect my strategy for going for a needed 7 about halfway into the game. At the time, I was definitely behind but I lunched 3 blues and this enabled me to slowly turn the tide my way. A number of great shots by both sides were made during this game. In rounds, I had actually worked it to the point of being able to pot out, got 5 in and missed the 6th off another wink. Geoff made the 4" squop with the next color, but I got the knock off and he couldn't re-squop. I then potted out, and had the chance for 7 (I had been able to boondock a red previously). The first 5 went in, but I then missed the 6th (about a 5" big), and Geoff got his remaining 3 blues in for the 25-24 win. It was really a tough way to lose after all that work, but that's how it goes sometimes- the person who makes the last mistake often loses.

It probably wasn't the best played match, but certainly one of the most exciting. There were a large number of excellent shots, but both of us were more inconsistent than normal. I think I may have had a squopping edge, but Geoff had the edge in potting. So for now, Geoff takes over the #1 spot. How long will he stay there? So far in the 90's there hasn't been anyone to gain consistent domination like what happened in the 80's. Is it going to be possible at all? The next couple of years should be interesting (and great) for winks. Just remember, as Ahhnold says- I'LL BE BACK.

World Singles 36	Game Scores							Total
Larry Kahn	2	1	6*	4	4	1	6*	24
Geoff Myers	5	6	1*	3	3	6	1*	25

World Singles 36, alternative account *by Nick Inglis*

Geoff's first World Singles match was played in Indian's house (complete with a balcony overlooking the table, so that some spectators could view the game from almost directly above) on Sunday 27th September. Game 1 was pretty scrappy with Larry on top early on, but Geoff making some very good shots in rounds. Larry also missed a pot and Geoff ended up winning 5-2. In Game 2 Larry had chances for a 4-3 win, but again he missed the pot and Geoff won 6-1. The third game saw a very good bring-in, and both red and yellow were soon lining up pot-outs. Geoff had won the squidge-off with red and so he had the first attempt. He potted the first five, but the last was a fairly close small with another wink directly behind it. He missed this and Larry ran six to gain a much needed 6-1 to close the gap to 9-12. Game 4 was a 4-3 win for Larry and he observed that 4-3 wins in the remaining games would be just good enough to retain his title. During this game Geoff began to sub his winks with impressive consistency and in Game 5 he started very poorly, but eventually managed to break up the emerging pile so that with 15 minutes played the game looked as if it had just begun. Another 4-3 to Larry was the result leaving Geoff ahead by 18-17 (and, as Dave pointed out, only Geoff could win in one game). Game 6 was a comfortable win for Geoff, the only squop-up of the match, and the 6-1 win gave him a 24-18 lead meaning you-know-what: Larry had to get a 7 to retain his title.

The game started off sanely enough, with Geoff trying to get Larry's winks involved in squops. But Larry began to lunch Geoff's blues, and by the time he had potted three of them he had begun to take control. It became clear that Larry could pot out with yellow and Geoff had a long think before coming off Larry's last green in an attempt to stop yellow. He was unsuccessful, and soon Larry was potting greens. He potted the five flat winks, but missed the last (a one-on-one from about six inches). Geoff squopped the green, but yellow immediately knocked off. Blue just failed to put a red on the green, and green completed the pot-out. At this point Larry had six close yellows, Geoff had five close reds and one that had been boondocked and three close blues. Geoff potted the close reds and missed the last one into a pottable position. Larry potted his first five yellows, but the last (a large from about five inches) hit the rim. Geoff potted his three blues (to his huge relief) and missed the red, so it was a 6-1 to Larry and a 25-24 win to Geoff.

Trivia: the match lasted four hours and twenty minutes. Dominant corners won comfortably (33-16). The squidge-off was always won by red (on the five occasions Geoff won it) or green (when Larry won it). The squidge-off winner lost 17-32 (but only 15-20 if we exclude the two pot-outs). It may not have been the highest quality game in World Singles history, but it was frightfully nerve-wracking to watch.

Myers Shatters P.P.L. Record

by David Coleman

Records tumbled in a no-holds-barred WS36 in New England this fall. New boy Geoff Myers was up against 19-timer Larry Kahn, but this did not deter the ice-cool rookie from his ambitious target. "I knew that if I could achieve the first-ever back-to-back threes that I'd be in with a shout, and I just hung on in there, David", was Myers' nonchalant response to his amazing 2.000 mark.¹ Previous holder Nick Inglis (1.900) was unavailable for comment, his superb figure of a mere 22 months' standing washed up on the shores of time. A source close to the hirsute Scot was quoted as saying, "He's gone away for a while to re-group. Give him time, and he'll be back."

Brave words, but for now the glory goes to Myers, who seemed naïvely unaware of other winking frontiers he had crossed in his gargantuan quest. It was the third seven game match in a row, only the third 3-4 score in games, and just the second to be won by losing game seven. Myers was, however, in full possession of his faculties in the magic seventh game, becoming the first player in history to score the needed point. Great names like Lockwood (#10), Dean (#22), and Kahn twice (##31+34) can testify to this- they all blew it with a 6 when 1 was needed. "I was obviously playing for another 3, which would have put me over the moon on a p.p.l. of 2.500, but Larry seemed determined to inflict a zero on me, so I went for second best and took the 1. I'm well pleased, David." This all on double Nelson, the 222nd game in World Singles- quite remarkable.

So, Dave Lockwood goes above Kahn by 1,319 millionths in all-time p.p.g. without lifting a squidger,² and will face Myers in November on the Brit's home mat. "I know he'll be desperate for that career-crowning losing back-to-back sixes, but I'm ready with a ploy or two of my own stashed away", joked Myers, his confidence growing visibly.

We can only wait with bated breath. It promises to be ... average!

Page-filler: Winners of World Singles matches

WS1	Bill Renke (US)	WS23	Larry Kahn (US)
WS2-WS5	Severin Drix (US)	WS24-WS27	Jon Mapley
WS6-WS14	Dave Lockwood (US)	WS28-WS31	Larry Kahn (US)
WS15-WS19	Larry Kahn (US)	WS32-WS33	Andy Purvis
WS20-WS21	Arye Gittelman (US)	WS34-WS35	Larry Kahn (US)
WS22	Alan Dean	WS36	Geoff Myers

¹ Several players have achieved a p.p.l. higher than 2 in other WS matches- Geoff now has, however, the highest *career* p.p.l. in WS matches, Ed.

² ... though both of them are behind Bill Renke, Andy Purvis and Severin Drix, Ed.

Nick Inglis' World Ratings

(at the time of going to press)

This time I've adopted stock-market format for the world ratings by including the highest and lowest value for each winker during the past year. This is (a) so that the ratings are comprehensible to all the winkers working in the City, and (b) to show that Geoff Myers is fallible and did slip below 2500 at some time during the year!

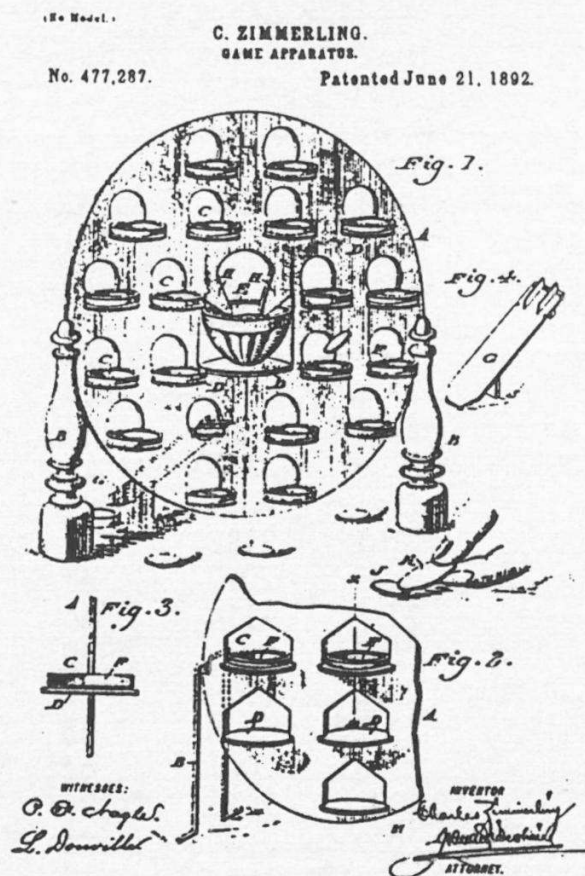
Here's a brief explanation of how the ratings are calculated for the benefit of those unfamiliar with the process. Nick will have to correct me some time if I get this wrong. The ratings are calculated by feeding the results of all the games in national tournaments into Nick's pet BBC micro. The programme is designed to take into account the strengths of a player's partner and opponents, and recent form (with recent results weighted more heavily than those n years ago). The original prototype programme got slightly confused over what rating to give complete beginners, but this is now avoided by allowing games in which you partner a complete novice to only affect the novice's rating rather than your own (unless you yourself are a complete novice). This is the origin of the "rated games" column. For the purposes of the programme, anyone who hasn't played a tournament game in the past year reverts back to being a newcomer, as it's been found that the form of people in this category (at least in this country) can vary dramatically.

The programme's been extensively developed over the years to be as accurate a guide to a player's ability as possible. Ratings only become stable after about 30 rated games have been played. Hence in the table, players with less than 30 games in the past year have been italicised, while those with fewer than 15 have been omitted. The section with the high and low ratings over the past year only considers stable ratings (i.e. those involving more than 29 rated games in the past year); any ratings indicated in this section from between 15 and 30 games have been bracketed.

Note that these ratings are produced for interest only, and they have absolutely no influence on the price of squidgers.

Current Rating	Player	Rating in past year:		Games in past year:		
		High	Low	Rated	Total	p.p.g.
2610	Geoff Myers	2644	2490	84	90	4.639
2555	Larry Kahn (U.S.)	2602	2539	56	68	4.676
2553	Dave Lockwood (U.S.)	2573	2486	71	71	4.394
2531	Jon Mapley	2554	2434	76	84	4.593
2485	Andy Purvis	2494	2422	80	92	4.391
2445	Mike Surridge	2445	2317	30	30	4.867
2377	Charles Relle	2380	2328	47	54	4.407
2362	Nick Inglis	2386	2329	80	92	4.063
2330	Alan Dean	2374	2294	52	52	4.202
2320	Patrick Barrie	2433	2252	80	93	3.889
2312	Tim Hedger	2312	2273	44	44	3.875

Current	Player	High	Low	Rated	Total	p.p.g.
2303	Richard Moore	2325	2257	73	79	3.937
(2288)	<i>Bob Henninge (U.S.)</i>	(2342)	(2288)	27	27	3.500
(2276)	<i>Keith Seaman</i>	(2276)	(2276)	18	18	4.528
2276	Matthew Rose	2321	2234	63	63	4.000
2212	Rick Tucker (U.S.)	2212	2155	61	61	4.008
(2193)	<i>Brad Schaefer (U.S.)</i>	(2344)	(2193)	23	31	2.903
2188	Phil Scarrott	2188	2005	77	77	4.234
2179	Simon Gandy	2303	2166	51	63	3.675
(2172)	<i>Ian Gameson</i>	2172	2071	23	23	4.391
2168	Julian Wiseman	2171	2016	41	41	3.927
(2153)	<i>Jim Marlin (U.S.)</i>	(2226)	(2153)	25	25	3.120
2145	Alan Boyce	2151	2051	47	61	3.459
2132	Alex Satchell	2161	2132	33	47	3.915
2132	Cyril Edwards	2173	2067	48	48	4.198
2114	Geoff Thorpe	2231	2114	46	54	3.762
(2106)	<i>Jim Carrington</i>	2106	2053	29	29	3.879
(2101)	<i>Rob Cartwright</i>	2170	2059	24	24	3.271
2051	Ed Wynn	2252	2026	58	58	3.733
2027	Tim Jeffreys	2138	2001	63	63	3.421
(2025)	<i>Stu Collins</i>	2077	2013	25	25	3.480
2000	Anthony Heading	2039	2000	51	51	3.490
(1993)	<i>Chris Andrew</i>	(2034)	(1842)	17	17	3.353
1982	Jon Marchant	1982	1812	35	35	3.276
1971	Gavin Keyte	2001	1928	70	78	3.135
1946	Alasdair Grant	1992	1930	37	37	3.392
1917	David Clarkson	2044	1904	43	45	3.133
1910	Phil Carmody	1970	1891	32	32	3.078
1873	James Orwell	1873	1731	45	45	3.056
1859	Jon Carlaw	1952	1859	43	43	2.791
1855	Nick Reid	1855	1627	59	59	2.780
1849	Rupert Thompson	2021	1799	49	49	2.605
1846	Stew Sage	1958	1846	67	73	3.034
(1840)	<i>Phil Clark</i>	1861	1816	24	24	3.187
(1826)	<i>Tim Batham</i>	(1826)	(1825)	24	24	3.687
1825	James Cullingham	1897	1778	80	80	3.381
1807	Robin Smale	1872	1798	37	37	2.982
1806	Chris Wilson	1946	1806	50	50	2.573
1777	Simon Julier	1777	1626	53	53	2.943
(1773)	<i>Elizabeth Whalley</i>	(1773)	(1616)	17	17	2.108
(1764)	<i>Christine Wiggins</i>	(1764)	(1764)	29	29	2.034
1678	Andy Milligan	1686	1573	55	55	2.536
(1652)	<i>Chris Goddard</i>	(1652)	(1488)	22	22	1.924
(1646)	<i>Naveed Chaudhri</i>	(1646)	(1646)	23	23	2.326
1559	Jon Williams	1759	1559	58	58	2.259
1405	Gavin Orpin	1519	1405	41	41	2.118
1399	Julian Porter	1399	1327	50	50	1.920



Winking World is the official journal of...



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