



The Winking World

The official organ of the English Tiddlywinks Association

Issue 64



WORLD EXCLUSIVE

Stew Sage is a deviant —
Nick Inglis is mean

— page 26



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The ETwA council is:

Chairman:

James 'DanePak' Cullingham
11a Alfred Road, Sutton, Surrey, SM1 4RR
Tel. (0181) 643 5045

Vice-Chairman and Treasurer:

Stu Collins
118 Robin Hood Lane, Sutton, Surrey
Tel. 0181 661 1863

Secretary:

Patrick 'Volume Control' Barrie
123 Clare Court, Judd Street, London WC1H 9QR
Tel. (0171) 387 7050 ext. 4616 (day)
Tel. (0171) 278 0476 (evening)

Winking World Editor:

Rupert 'Voice of Reason' Thompson
Queens' College, Cambridge, CB3 9ET
Tel. (01223) 335614 E-mail: rjet1@cam.ac.uk

Publicity Officer:

Stew 'Fat Old Queen' Sage
Queens' College, Cambridge, CB3 9ET
Tel. (01223) 335607 E-mail: sos10@cam.ac.uk

Tournament Organiser:

Mathew Rose
Flat 3, Canfield Gardens, London, NW6 3EB
Tel. (0171) 625 6367

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Articles for publication should be sent to the Editor. Witty illustrations (black and white, please!) are most welcome. Please mark address letters for Mystic Gertie to her $\frac{v}{o}$ the Editor.

Membership of ETwA costs £5, or £2.50 to students and the unwaged. Members are entitled to regular newsletters outlining forthcoming events, entry to ETwA tournaments at a reduced charge, and to vote on any proposed rules changes. Cheques, payable to 'The English Tiddlywinks Association' should be sent to the Treasurer, to whom all enquiries about the purchase of equipment should also be directed. 

Inane rantings page

WHAT IS THE WORLD coming to, dear Reader? A strange state of affairs is upon us as I write. Which Sage would have dared to predict the events of this year?—not Nostradamus, I'll warrant, nor our own Mystic Gertie (who, let me warn you, got a little carried away at a Doris Stokes meeting, and is now convinced she is the seventh son of a seventh son of a gypsy princess. Poor soul).

What is the catastrophe, I hear you cry! Is he just ranting inanely, as the title of the column suggests? Nay, nay, thrice nay, and verily I say nay again (well, to be honest, yes, just a little bit—I have to fill the issue with something, don't I?). Having been bitten by the journalistic bug, the printer's ink flows in my veins, and I see the headlines even now:

Alasdair Grant passes driving test.
And, what's more, he drove to the Scot.Tw.A. pairs, only to have his pride and joy wrecked by vandals. Or were they Cambridge winkers on the way back from twenty pints and a curry? Horror of horrors, you shout! Alasdair on the roads! Here, in England! Yes, but it gets worse ...

Sage wins national winks tournament. The aforementioned Scot.Tw.A. pairs, no less, and partnering Matthew Rose. A report of the horror should be appearing in the hallowed pages of the next issue of this august organ. For the moment, ask yourself has it gone to his head? Well... practising for the E.Tw.A. Singles, twice in the same week... does that sound like the disciple of the game's seriousness that we all know and love? To quote John Wayne, 'The hell it does.' (Readers are asked to practise their own American monotone before reading the previous sentence).

Cambridge out-flipped after 28 years. As the Torygraph page 2 main article said, in very large print. What does this strange legend mean? I leave that as an exercise to the reader to decipher. Page 21 might help those who have been living on another continent. I can report, however, that considerable beer was drunk in Cambridge on the evening of 5th March. And considerable ranting was engaged in.

WW has, you will have spotted, gone up-market. One might almost describe it as a multi-media experience, what with exciting E.Tw.A. logos all over the shop, and even illustrations. Yes, the techno-revolution has finally reached the Cuning Linguist Press, and I am pleased to be able to announce that from the year 2640, WW will be available on CD-ROM with movie-clips (as our colonial cousins would refer to a sequence of cinematic film) of important moments from matches. In the meantime, we are still experiencing a few teething troubles.

You will notice, for example, that this issue fails to report the World Singles match (number 41, I believe) played by Patrick Barrrie and Dave Lockwood at the end of last year. The report is floating about somewhere in cyberspace (which, to my ear, sounds more like something out of Doctor Who than a reliable information carrier) between the Former Colonies and Cambridge. Hopefully, it will appear in the next issue. If we find it. I can report, however, that Patrick won, and Larry described the play as 'shitty'.

Two further results came in too late for inclusion in this issue. Alasdair Grant partnered Patrick in a World Pairs match against Andy Purvis and Geoff Myers. Andy and Geoff won. So perhaps there is hope left.

And only yesterday Patrick and Larry played World Singles 42(?) at Camden Lock. I'm told television cameras were covering it, and that after six games the scores stood at 21 each. Larry went on to win 26½ — 22½.

Finally, no Nick's World Ratings (not rankings, remember) this issue, as none have been submitted. At least, none of recent validity.

So, once more to the press, dear friends; and I shall leave you with the traditional Pompeian valediction, 'Semper in femoribus!'.

Infamous quotations

A small quizlet to fill up some space, and to while away those tedious moments between games of winks. But mostly just to embarrass those involved.

Who said this, about whom, under what circumstances, and who replied:
'X looks better with her clothes off.' — 'No she doesn't.'

Who said this, what is it, and why should we?
'Be on the lookout for it at all times.'

And who said about whom:
'I've spoken to X for just two minutes, and I really hate him!'

Who is who, and what was the occasion:
'We were told not to practise in case we beat them by too large a margin.'

Who was involved in this exchange:
'Doesn't that mean he has bowel cancer?' — 'Probably. Let's hope so.'



THE NATIONAL TEAMS OF FOUR

Queens' College, Cambridge, 29th-30th October 1994

Spike

After a fair amount of discussion, secret deals and randomness eight teams were formed on the morning of the 29th, entailing an all-play-all format.

In the first round Crisis at winks tournaments set the standard for the rest of the tournament by taking an early lead, due to a victory over the traditional Hysterical Betty's Boys. Only half a point behind were Brian, with Exploding Bangers only half a point behind them.

Before the second round the draw was altered, to enable a few teams to play grudge matches either side of the lunch break. Ed and Julian kept up the spirit by allowing a pot-out against them in each game! This may not be entirely surprising, as Julian was playing left-handed, due to a freak accident. A defeat of Crisis by Oh my God it's a nightmare, and a victory over Exploding Bangers left Cardboard cut-outs at the top of the tree. The Rupert Thompson inspired In femoribus also had a $19\frac{1}{2} - 8\frac{1}{2}$ victory over James, Stu and their respective baggage, which moved them into third.

The third round saw the game between the eventual top two, with Crisis shading the match against In femoribus 15-13. Cardboard cut-outs kept a share of the lead, despite a defeat by the Inglis-Heading alliance that was Oh my God it's a nightmare.

The next round was split over the two days, with the morning a change of novices for In femoribus. The AGM was held in the interval, with the unprecedented sight of everyone present agreeing with Rupert. The rest of the evening was also a show of unity, with most people adjourning to the Ancient Druids. The winks saw Crisis move into a clear lead with a $19\frac{1}{2} - 8\frac{1}{2}$ win over Exploding Bangers. Betty's Boys moved into second with a $16\frac{1}{2} - 13\frac{1}{2}$ win over Cardboard cut-outs. This round also saw the best result so far for Don't leave your baggage unattended, with a hard fought draw against Oh my God it's a nightmare.

Round five saw In femoribus jump into second place with a $20\frac{1}{2} - 7\frac{1}{2}$

victory over Hysterical Betty's Boys. The Crisis team suffered a narrow defeat by the Cardboard cut-outs, but still kept a lead. This win also kept the Cut-outs in third place. This round also saw the emergence of Geoff Myers, to replace Stephen Crossman, to make it even more of a nightmare. However even he could not stop the team going down to a 15 1/2 - 12 1/2 defeat by Exploding Bangers.

The penultimate round saw the top three teams all winning giving Crisis a 5 1/2 point lead going into the final round, with only the winless Don't leave your baggage unattended to play. However in the final round a pot-out by Stu, and a win by James, both over Alan and Killian enabled a shock 15-13 win. It didn't make any real difference though, with both In femoribus and Cardboard cut-outs suffering defeats to allow the Crisis quartet of Charles Relle, Alan Dean, Matthew Rose and Killian Anhauser to win by 7 points. The next three places were closely contested, with only 1/2 a point separating In femoribus and Hysterical Betty's Boys, with Cardboard cut-outs wedged between them. 🕒

Teams and handicaps

A. Crisis at winks tournaments.

Charles Relle(7), Matthew Rose(7), Alan Dean(6), Killian Anhauser(2).

B. In femoribus.

Rupert Thompson(5), Andy Milligan(3), Philip Holdsworth(2),
David Jago(0) [4 rounds only], Adam Branscomb(0) [4 rounds only].

C. Cardboard cut-outs.

Alasdair Grant(5), Gavin Keyte(5), Paul Woodman(4), Chris Goddard(3).

D. Hysterical Betty's Boys.

Richard Moore(7), Stew Sage(5), Andrew Dominey(4), Andrew Young(3).

E. Brian.

Simon Gandy(6), Ed Wynn(6), Julian Wiseman(3),
Paul Lewis(2) [6 rounds only].



F. Oh my God it's a nightmare.

Nick Inglis(7), Geoff Myers(7)[3 rounds only], Anthony Heading(6), Stephen Crossman(0) [5 rounds only].

G. Exploding Bangers.

Patrick Barrie(7), Ben Deane(5), Harry Parkes(2).

H. Don't leave your baggage unattended.

Stu Collins(6), James Cullingham(5), Angela Walmsley(0), Isabel Brent(0) [6 rounds only].

The Results

		Opponents								Tot	Pos
		A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H		
A	Crisis at winks tournaments	—	15	13.5	20.5	17	12.5	19.5	13	1	111
B	In femoribus	13	—	11.5	20.5	13	11.5	15	19.5	104	2
C	Cardboard cut-outs	14.5	16.5	—	11.5	12.5	12.7	19	17.2	103.75	3
D	Hysterical Betty's Boys	7.5	7.5	16.5	—	22	17	18	15	103.5	4
E	Brian	11	15	15.5	6	—	20	13	15	95.5	5
F	Oh my God it's a nightmare	15.5	16.5	15.5	11	8	—	12.5	14	93	6
G	Exploding bangers	8.5	13	9	10	15	15.5	—	19.5	90.5	7
H	Don't leave your baggage unattended	15	8.5	10.7	13	13	14	8.5	—	82.5	8

ENGLISH NATIONAL PAIRS

Queens' College, Cambridge

European League

Gavin Keyte

Well, it seems that I agreed to write a report on my league of the tournament. I have to say I'm buggered if I remember but I'm told that I did so here we go.

Erm.....

I'm also buggered if I can remember what happened. This may be because of the trauma associated with my partner or just because I wasn't paying attention, who can tell?

I've been given a list of scores and this always seems like a good place to look for inspiration.

Round one saw Dean & Rose and Wynn & Wiseman both start well with 7s and Lockwood/Kahn, Sage/Deane and Gandy/Collins start with 6s. None of the games in the second round was any closer than 6-1 either and it wasn't until round 3 that there was a close score or a point for Dominey and Osborn.

There was only one drawn game in the division and that was, needless to say, between Charles and Rupert (partnering respectively, although not necessarily respectfully, Phil Clark and Philip Holdsworth).

There was never too much doubt that the likes of Lockwood & Kahn or Dean & Rose would qualify for the final stages but the ease with which Sage & Deane did so was surprising. Also not too much danger of Young & Orchard nor Dominey & Osborn of qualification --- the afternoon off was also won by Keyte & Wiggins whose 6-1 loss to Thompson & Holdsworth was the decider which allowed that pair to get through. [*'Allowed'? Compelled, more like! Think I wanted to have to play more TBW the next day, do you? — Ed.*]

A memorable tournament. Apparently not! ☹



Humberside League

Simon Julier

Despite the fact that this League had nobody from Humberside in it, and that it wasn't played by the River Humber, and that nothing was left on the side afterwards, this did not prevent a number of a number of interesting results arising in the games from this League.

The first round began with the predictable 'rabbit bashing': two 7-0 pot outs (by Tucker & Purvis and Thorpe & Cullingham), and two 6s (for Inglis & Heading and Carrington & Carlslake). Williams & Goddard managed an impressive 3 against Mapley & Cartwright.

By an appalling piece of bad luck, Barrie & Moore had the bye in the first round, despite having to turn up on time for registration. However, in the second round they made their entry with a 7 against Garrard & Jago. Williams & Goddard repeated their impressive result by pulling a 3 against Carrington & Carlslake. Inglis & Heading acquired their lead and held it for the next three rounds before they were overtaken by Barrie & Moore. They held this until the final round when, in a dramatic game, they lost 7-0 to Purvis & Tucker allowing Mapley & Cartwright to pip them to first place.

The performance at the lower end of the table was somewhat disappointing, with the bottom three pairs acquiring substantially fewer points and one win against each other. However, it was pleasing to see that Grant and the Oxford novice Mushin qualified. ●●

The Final Group

Richard Moore

Of the qualifiers, only Dave & Larry and Jon & Rob were unbeaten as we moved into the final seven games. Also strongly placed were Alan & Matthew—second above Jon & Rob by $\frac{2}{3}$ point—and, perhaps surprisingly, Stew & Ben, whose contrasting attitudes, not to mention buttocks, had given them a series of excellent results against highly-rated pairs.

In the event Dave & Larry headed the table throughout the day. They slipped up only twice, and to win by eight clear points in a strong field is no mean achievement. Rick & Andy, winning their last seven games, sneaked eventually into second place. A sixth of a point behind came Jon & Rob, an impromptu pairing, and popular winners of the right, as top Britons, to a challenge for the world title. It was particularly good to see Jon, who has been the bridesmaid so often in recent years, do so well.

Patrick and I were the holders but finished a poor sixth—my fault, I'm afraid, as I missed a 2-inch sixth wink against Rick & Andy which, made a sure 7-0 into an eventual 0-7. I also played one of the worst pile shots in history to free Jon's sixth wink in rounds during an earlier game. Whenever Patrick cocked-up shots, by contrast, we seemed to get away with it! Still, at least we beat Stew & Ben, and at least we competed, unlike that new Bobby Fischer of winks, Geoff Myers.



Tombstone no. 1: Thorpe & Cullingham vs. Lockwood & Kahn





Tombstone no. 2: Heading & Inglis vs. Wynn & Wiseman

It's a bit disappointing, however, that the Ams outshone the Britons in the final table—are we seeing the pendulum of winking power swinging back to the other side of the pond after a few years' British domination?

A few amusing incidents need to be recorded finally, including a pile reconstruction made entirely of yellow winks in the game between Rick & Andy and Ed & Julian ('That yellow's a red, see, but *that* yellow's a blue ...'). There were also two tombstones—they seem to be getting awfully commonplace—on adjacent tables in the same round. Messrs Heading and Thorpe, perhaps predictably, were the perpetrators and the incidents are illustrated here for posterity. ●

Illustrations: Richard Moore

Non-qualifiers' Plate

Sylvester

There had not been a plan to have a 'plate', but it was generally agreed amongst the non-qualifiers that one would be a good idea. Benedict quickly organised one. The draw consisted of choosing people completely randomly to play in the available games at each round. Luckily this all worked out quite well, with few repeated partnerships and no-one having more than one bye (I think). There was no handicapping, and it was decided that the winner (with the most points per game) could miss up to two rounds.

The winks played was to a high standard, although I cannot remember anything spectacular happening—just plain old winks. After two rounds we adjourned to the Red Bull for lunch. Since everyone playing that afternoon was also there, we decided to extend the lunch 'hour'. This gave us ample opportunity to invent a new, completely inoffensive drinking game—the sort of thing you can play in polite company in a busy pub during the day.

After lunch there were more games of winks. At the end of it all, Sly had the most points per game, so he won.

C.U.Tw.C. 40th Anniversary Weekend Cambridge, 14th-15th January, 1995

C.U.Tw.C. celebrated the 40th anniversary of its foundation, and therefore the invention of the modern game, by trying to get together as many current and former winkers as possible. Addresses for Cambridge members were obtained from the University, and an open invitation was extended to the whole winking community to participate in a Cambridge Open-style tournament over the weekend of the 14th-15th, with the centre-piece of the weekend being a formal dinner in Queens' Old Hall on the Saturday night. We were fortunate in gathering together over 70 winkers, mostly of Cambridge provenance, but with a significant Oxford contingent, and even a party from St. Andrews who braved BR. Most importantly, we managed to get in touch with the club's founders, Prof. Bill Steen, and Rikki Martin, who came along with their wives.

On Saturday morning, Cambridge winkers held a sponsored record-breaking session in support of the Alzheimer's Disease Society. £240 pounds was raised, although no-one from Cambridge broke any records. Ben Soares showed us how it was done, by becoming the long jump record holder, with a squidge of over 31ft.

The tournament was based on the Cambridge Open, with a very complex system of floating handicaps to enable those who have not picked up a squidger in ... years to play on an equal footing with current nargs. A complicated computer program was put together to run it. It turned out to have several interesting consequences: at one point, for example it drew Geoff Thorpe to partner Geoff Thorpe, against Geoff Thorpe and Geoff Thorpe. 'That's a feature, not a bug!' I confidently asserted. It also got a bit confused over the identities of Matty Rose and James Cullingham, so the results and handicaps were totally mangled. The only thing we can be sure of is that Andrew James won. Surely, though, the high point of the tournament was the game on Sunday morning when Rikki Martin played for the first time since leaving Cambridge.

Saturday's dinner was, shall we say, eventful. Spike lost stomach integrity somewhere during the starter. Actually, *over* the starter. The college launderers took one look at the table linen the next day, and burned the lot of

it. At some point also, the Quinta da Noval 1955 got the better of Mr Relle, who attempted to attack the WW editor with a bottle and a candle. 'If I don't kill him now, I'll do it tomorrow. I'll *burn* him!' he exclaimed, as at least ten people tried to restrain him. It was at this point that our founders, with their wives, left. Saying, it must be reported, 'If we started this, we did well!'. Things progressed in traditional C.U.Tw.C. dinner fashion, and two events from later in the evening must be recorded for posterity. Firstly, Tony Heading's trolleys were *eaten* off by some random totty. Tim Hedger engaged in some athletic activity on his way back to Magdalene, having to swim across the Cam to get in. 'What did you do with your dinner jacket?' I asked. 'Kept it on. I wasn't going to leave it behind. It wasn't mine!' he replied.

Things never change, do they?👁

A speech

concerning the foundation of the modern game of winks
made by Prof. William Steen,
on the occasion of the 40th Anniversary Dinner

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen, it was with considerable delight that I got Stew Sage's letter announcing the 40th anniversary dinner and the fact that during that time some 1500 people at Cambridge have been members of this august club. Stew was kind enough to allow me space to say a few words on the early history of the club which Rikki and I founded those forty years ago. Now we are nearing the final pot in the skies, or the great 40 winks, it is an opportunity I could not resist. It is a bit spooky to find that something one started 15 generations of students ago is still prospering. We were only half mad then but I can see you have made great progress since then!

It was in early December 1954 when Rikki and I - old friends from the RAF where we both served as jet fighter pilots and were then both newly up at Cambridge studying natural science - were discussing in the drawing room of my parents home in Cambridge, our dismal chances of obtaining a blue for sporting achievements against Oxford due to lack of talent.



It then occurred to us that our best chance was to start our own sport and preferably write the rules as well. Camel racing, ploughing and Egyptian PT were considered and then Tiddlywinks sprang to mind. My father, a fellow of Christ's, was present and sarcastically supported the concept which stimulated more concrete thought. To pursue the idea we had to establish whether Tiddlywinks was already established elsewhere.

A friend of ours, John Rillet, joined the club the next day. Over the Christmas vac Ricci did a literature search for any tradition with which we should be linked. This led to a copy of the Boy's Own Paper of 1892. The Cambridge University Library, as you know, has copies of everything printed and hence Rikki went and asked for a copy. The librarian in whose mind's eye was this vast pile of books and the 189 edition near the bottom, put up some resistance but eventually got the book. This was given to Rikki, all 2000 pages of it, and he had not a clue which page he was looking for. On page three he found a reference "In the village of Brickswell in Somerset the villagers converted a pig sty into a men's club where they played ludo, darts and tiddlywink". One thing this research revealed was that Tiddlywink was akin to dominoes and Tiddlywinks was something different. Winks were found in the pyramids, the Wallace collection and 18th century France. So a concept of history was established.

John Rillet wrote to the Air Ministry to try and find a fellow serviceman who had claimed to be the European Tiddlywinks Champion. He apparently went round with a set of winks in his pocket which he kept well oiled with olive oil.

I wrote to as many manufacturers as I could find enquiring about their knowledge of the history of the game, how to play the game and if there was any organisation in the game. Most were helpful but ignorant. The Marchant Games Co. said they had been manufacturing tiddlywinks for over 100 years and by way of a sales line felt sure that it was an English game. They sent us our first free sample, which ensured their honoured position in the early club developments.

Armed with this sparse information and a great deal of pent up energy, Rikki, John and I collected Laford Howells, Bryan Tyler and Michael Hodge to swell the club. We held a meeting, decided on the rules and approached the Proctors for official University recognition as a club. Knowing the

daughters of one of the Proctors, I learnt that our request made their meeting very jovial. It is the anniversary of this decision which we celebrate tonight.

We all thought big, having seen a number of small university clubs place themselves in an insignificant position. We vowed we would aim for the top or not play a match.

We wrote to the RCAF at Stamford and they left the country two weeks later.

We wrote to the USAF at Mildenhall and got no reply. We rewrote and were told they did not play and did not wish to learn. We later discovered that they were a group headquarters full over men in their 50s - young men.

Someone told the Daily Express of our formation and out of the blue came a cheque for £2 10s. The Cambridge Daily News were our staunch supporters.

Manchester, London, Southampton and Oxford either did not reply or were not very enthusiastic. Gilbert Harding, a popular TV commentator, said he grew up at the age of six and the House of Commons would not reply. So we turned our energy to researching the game. We wrote a thesis "The Science of Tiddlywinks". I have a copy here which I am pleased to give to the club, though you probably have a copy already. The chapter on "Atmosphere Mental" featured Rikki doing the tests for the effects of wine, women and song. Through this we discovered that non pile carpets were essential for a game of skill and hence wrote to four carpet companies asking if they would present us with carpets of this quality. Peter Shepperd Carpet Co. replied by return with 75 different carpet samples in three qualities. That weekend we wrote an 18 page essay on why their best quality needleloom carpets, in light blue, were what we needed. The other firms offered us reduced prices but could not consider Tiddlywinks a charity

Armed with four light blue carpets we felt on top of the world. A newspaper strike brought a roving reporter from the Daily Mirror to my rooms. She was interested in Tiddlywinks and during our chat she said that the Daily Mirror was willing away the hours playing chess while the Times was playing poker Dice. After she had gone Lawford Howells and I wrote to five newspapers challenging them to a match during the strike. The strike ended the next day, so all we got were a selection of letters refusing and stating that



our letter gave them more reason for being gratified that the strike was over. But we got no letter from the Daily Mirror.

A month later the Daily Mirror accepted our challenge. Noel Whitcombe - a social columnist - put together a team of show girls and we had our match in the Cock Tavern in Fleet Street. The Club was launched properly. When these girls leant over the mat Rikki, in particular, found difficulty in deciding which pot to go for.

The People newspaper printed an article on "Does Prince Philip cheat at Tiddlywinks?" which led to us challenging him as the Duke of Edinburgh to scotch this rumour for ever by playing us. He appointed the Goons as his champions. Some two weeks previously we had written to the Goons challenging them to play us at any time, any place at their convenience. They replied that their convenience was too small and they would play in ours in 1984. So two weeks later they received the Royal Commission to play us! We received a huge leather gauntlet from Spike Milligan. The newspapers reported that the Prince had sent them a crate of Guinness to practice with. So we wrote to Rowntree and said that we had found that "Guinness insoluble, non alcoholic, light blue smarties were the best for playing tiddlywinks". They replied that they did not give away free samples. So we wrote to Showerings and said "We have found that light blue topped Babycham was ideal for Tiddlywinks". Their representative was around the next day with tea towels, biro's, models of the Babycham and several crates of Babycham. Their Largesse extended many years after I had gone down.

It was like living in a fairy story. With the Royal name behind you things became possible. Harry Secombe could not come because of his pantomime rehearsal in Coventry; so Fissons lends a helicopter so it could be said that "Pest Control sent Harry Secombe to Coventry". Whitbread gave us a trophy, Marchant Games gave us winks, Peter Sheppard gave us knee pads. But let me read from the thankyou letter we wrote to Peter Sheppard after the match.

"Dear Mr. Sheppard,

"Thank you very much for the pads for the Royal knees which arrived mid day Friday. By mid afternoon our sewing class was hard at work while conducting a press conference, sorting out a tangle caused by forged tickets

and a threatened demonstration. Like all good citizens we sorted out the tangle by asking a policeman - who happened to be the chief constable.

"On Saturday morning most of the Cambridge police force was holding back the vast crowds of expectant Goon seers and the red, blue and bare footed students that had collected in front of the Guild Hall; while we smuggled the Goons in through the back.

"At 11.00 a.m. a fanfare welcomed the two teams onto the stage in the Great Hall, after the National Anthem and the reading of the Duke of Edinburgh's message combat commenced on the four little arenas with their light blue Tuftbury surfaces. By half time sweating from the heat of innumerable arc lamps and the strain and tension of the two preceding rounds we were ready to drink our Babycham and watch the Goons trying to smoke their rhubarb. After a further two thrilling rounds it was seen that Cambridge had won an outstanding victory, thereby acquiring the Whitbread challenge trophy - a pint pewter tankard. After a further presentation of the consolation prizes to the Royal Champions, there came the most moving moment in the tournament when the whole hall rose as a body and led by Harry Secombe joined in singing the Tiddlywinks anthem.

"We thought you might like to have the enclosed autographed programme as a souvenir of the event which you did much to help.

"Although in an early state of planning our club hopes to go on tour later this summer. Our main aim is to visit some of the firms which have helped us so much in our pursuit of this Royal activity, and beat them all at Tiddlywinks! So far we have been challenged by the Directors of Showerings Ltd. in Somerset and we hope to defeat Bristol University *en passant* as well as perhaps playing a exhibition match in schools and hospitals in aid of NPFA. We would like to reiterate our challenge of late 1955 when you declined on the excuse that your team was practising. We feel the time is now ripe lest you get too good; and would very much like to play your team on our tour. With very many thanks for your interest and support, with best wishes,"

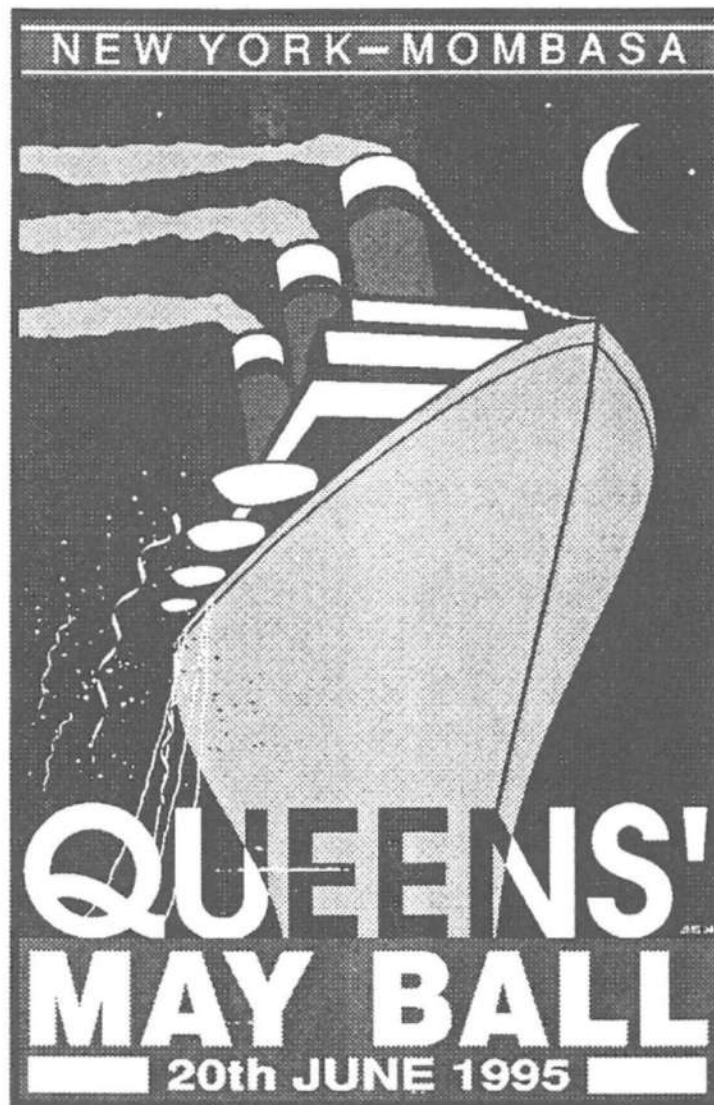
We had a huge fan mail including letters from Prince Philip and the Archbishop of Canterbury's secretary.



You probably know the rest. Clubs sprang up all over; The Lord Taverners Club organised several matches for the NPFA; The ETA was formed. Guinness presented the Bombay Bowl for International matches between England, Ireland and Wales and the First World Tiddlywinks Congress was held in Cambridge on June 11th and 12th 1958.

Any organisation that can last 40 years can last for ever particularly when it is based on a good game, with good humour to succour it. I wish the Club success in the future, renewed strength in their innovation in finding opponents and joy in simply playing a good game. ©

ADVERTISEMENT



For an application form, contact Rupert Thompson (Tel. 01223-335614)

Old Refectory, Wadham College, Oxford,
Sunday 5th March 1995

An embarrassed Cambridge winker

For reasons obvious, the events of Black Sunday have largely been wiped from my memory. Barely can I bring myself to recall what happened.

Cambridge, lets face it, played rather badly. The first round was a walkover to Oxford, 17—11. The C.U.T.w.C. managed to make a slight comeback in the second, losing only 15—13. The traditional lunch-time magic worked a treat, with Cambridge winning 18—10. Now we come to the nail-biting bit.

The final round was going reasonably well for the Fens. But then suddenly it wasn't. Final shot of the final game: a Cambridge winker has a pot for an overall tie. The silly sod missed.

So there you have it. The final score was O.U.T.S. 57½—54½ C.U.Tw.C., the first Oxford win in quite some time. Just *how* long, of course, we have no idea. I, for one, can only hang my head in shame, and congratulate them.

		OXFORD				
		Julier Mushin	Whalley Roberts	Anhauser Green	Warkman Barton	
CAMBRIDGE	Dominey Catterall	4 3	5 2	6 1	6* 1*	7
	Holdsworth Deane	1 6	3 4	6 1	3 4	15
	Young Thompson	1 6	3 4	3 4	1 6	20
	Goddard Carslake	2 5	5 2	3 4	5½ 1½	12½
		8	16	18	15½	57½ 54½



World Pairs 14

27th March, Hendon, London NW4

Andy Purvis & Geoff Myers vs.

Jon Mapley & Rob Cartwright

Patrick Barrie

Geoff was given home advantage to counteract the so-called "Moscow influence", which I gather is something to do with jet-lag. Due to the vagaries of the Northern line, the first game was already over when your intrepid correspondent arrived - no squops had been taken, and Jon had potted out. It was not until 10 minutes into the second game that Andy made his first squop of the match: "Splendid, now we're cooking". This squopping lark seemed to do the business as Andy & Geoff gradually built an advantage. Geoff played a shot described as "can't do any harm" until it took a doubleton on his own main pile, and Rob hassled well, but this became a straightforward 6-1, even though there were some "Barmy Army" potential pot-out shots which fascinated Andy. Game 3 was a genuinely good game, even after Jon said "It's about time we had an area we can dominate" before rolling his second wink off the mat. The first umpiring decision was made by Andy: "The nearer one is free; the further one is squopped" (referring to the St. Emilion kindly provided by the host). Rob played a "wet fish" shot, while Geoff played a shot described as "Sound logic, total fluke" after "accidentally" making a three-light year squop onto a pile. At any rate, in rounds Geoff always looked good for first, Jon challenged well but was almost caught up by Andy in round 5. The score: 5-2 to Andy & Geoff. Geoff went through a rough patch in the first half of game 4, and Andy didn't fare much better. However, they did eventually manage to find an edge at which to fight, and Andy started playing well so that going into rounds Jon & Rob's winning margin looked as though it would be restricted to 4-3. A great pile-flip by Rob changed this, and after a few pots it ended up 5-2 to Jon & Rob. Jon's pot-out potential attracted Andy & Geoff into his area in Game 5. There was a brief comedy of errors and then a couple of unlucky shots by Jon & Rob, which gave Andy & Geoff an advantage going into rounds. I'd been envisaging Andy getting first place, but he didn't pot as well as Jon who got two or three long ones in rounds 4 and 5. Geoff, however, potted three in round 5, including one awkward one off a singleton, to get first place and thus a 5-2 win. In Game 6, as soon as Jon had brought in two winks,

Andy became worried about Jon's pot-out capabilities, and instructed his partner to "bring in so as to spread our position". There was an amusing interlude for a couple of rounds when Andy and Jon left winks within 1 mm of each other and refused to play the simpleton squop. More surprisingly, Andy didn't attempt to pot out even with six free winks. Rob's colour was always struggling throughout the game, and Andy & Geoff had a certain 5-2 going into rounds. Jon's desperation tactics didn't work, and it ended up 6-1.

Andy Purvis & Geoff Myers	2*	6	5	2	5	6	26
Jon Mapley & Rob Cartwright	5*	1	2	5	2	1	16

This was a far higher quality match than recent World Pairs, and by and large there were few unforced errors. Games 3-5 in particular were interesting, with the points being in the balance all the way through rounds. Jon & Rob can be pleased at putting up such a fight - they certainly made Geoff & Andy work for their points, and if Geoff's potting in rounds hadn't been in the top form to which we've grown accustomed the result may well have been different. Jon also potted well while Rob made a number of excellent pile shots at key moments.🎯

A Letter to the Editor

Sir,

I trust that there is still time to include a mention of my 4-3 victory over A. Grant this morning.

Yours etc.,
Benedict
CUTwC President



Mystic Gertie

Messages from behind the Altrincham Coffin
(woo-oo she's really accurate, honest gub)

Dear Ms Mystic Gertie,

I feel out of touch as regards in-jokes. I cannot understand the 4th sentence on page 21 of WW 65. Am I missing something?

Yours sincerely,
Worried of Oxford

Mystic Gertie replies:

Dear Worried,

You are not the first to ask this. If you look carefully at that sentence, you will find that it is an anagram of 'The end of the world shall come when CUTwC's drinking days are done', and if you anagram it correctly, you should have six letters left over, which form the hidden message 'AMIGOS'.

M.G.

Dear Mystic Gertie,

Ever since losing the Varsity Match, I feel like topping myself. What should I do?

Yours sincerely,
A disgraced President of CUTwC

Mystic Gertie replies:

Dear Heap of Shite,

Top yourself. M.G.

Dear Mystic Gertie,

I appear to have had ten pints of beer and a curry. I have most of WW 64 toedit befoore tomoroww. Wjat should I doo?

Help!,
Ed.

Mystic Gertie replies:

Dear Editor,

Hic! So do I! How can that be, I wonder? M.G.

++++ MESSAGES FROM BEYOND THE ALTRINCHAM COFFIN +++++ MESSAGES FROM B

FAT OLD QUEEN, OF CAMBRIDGE:

The pancreas is in the old shoe box on the left.

WELL-HUNG OF CAMBRIDGE:

Try thinking as much about your direction as your length, and you might win the Varsity Match. (Oops, too late ...)

WW EDITOR OF SOMEWHERE:

You're not going to get this finished by tomorrow so you had better just top yourself.

FOXY OF CAMBRIDGE:

Watch out for the editor he seems to be after you.

CONFUSED OF LONDON:

I would, if I were you.

SCRUFFY LITTLE URCHIN OF SOHO:

The bouncer knows who you are, and he's coming.

Mystic Gertie likes to help with readers' problems. Write to her c/o Winking World, and she will offer psychic help. Gertie regrets that she cannot reply to letters individually. Messages From Beyond the Grave are brought to you in association with Otherside Media inc.



RICHARD MOORE'S WORLD RATINGS

or The 'proliferation of maniac potters' (Larry Kahn, *WW*56, p.22)

WW is not in possession of an up-to-date copy of Nick Inglis' World Ratings—we could let you know your rating just after the Pairs, but what would be the point of that? Instead, we present some fascinating statistics compiled by Richard. And for once, there are rankings as well as ratings.

The percentage is the number of pot-outs (for or against) expressed as a percentage of the total games published in *WW*, in tournaments for which pot-outs are recorded (eg. not the Cambridge Open). Only players with 30 or more rated games are included, but the rating is not based on rated games only.

Ranking	%	
1. Julian Wiseman	40.7	↑
2. Stew Sage	34.8	
3. Matthew Rose	34.4	
4. Richard Moore	34.2	Deviant players
5. Larry Kahn (USA)	31.6	
6. Dave Lockwood (USA)	30.5	
7. Andy Purvis	29.5	↓
8. Geoff Myers	28.8	← 28.9 % $\bar{x} + \sigma n$
9. Richard Hunt	28.2	
10. Paul Roberts	28.0	
11. Julian Porter	27.0	
12. Rupert Thompson	26.8	
13. Jo Mitchell	26.2	
14. Andrew Dominey (Benedict)	26.1	
15. Alasdair Grant	24.4	
16. Andrew Young (Sylvester)	23.7	
17. Patrick Barrie	23.5	
18. Simon Gandy	23.2	
19. Gavin Keyte	22.5	
20. Nick Inglis	21.7	← 22.1 %, mean
21. Andrew Milligan (Spike)	21.6	
22. Alan Boyce	21.1	
23. Alan Dean	21.0	
24. Ed Wynn	20.7	
25. Jon Mapley	20.5	
26. David Carslake (Buster)	20.0	
27. Jon Williams (Nipper)	19.4	
28. Paul Woodman	19.2	
29. Simon Julier	18.9	
30. Ben Deane	18.6	

31.	Christ Goddard	17.5	
32.	Rick Tucker (USA)	16.7	
33.	Phil Scarrott	16.2	
34.	James DanePak Cullingham	15.3	← 15.3 % $\bar{x} + \sigma n$
35.	Ben Soares	14.5	↑
36.	Geoff Thorpe	13.7	
37.	Elizabeth Whalley	13.4	
38.	Kilian Anheuser	12.2	Deviant players
39.	Cyril Edwards	11.4	
40.	Graham Turnbull	11.3	
41.	Charles Relle	10.6	
42.	Bob Henninge (USA)	9.4	↓

The Editor comments: I'm not sure what relevance these statistics have, but at least they confirm our common perceptions about which winkers are deviant!



