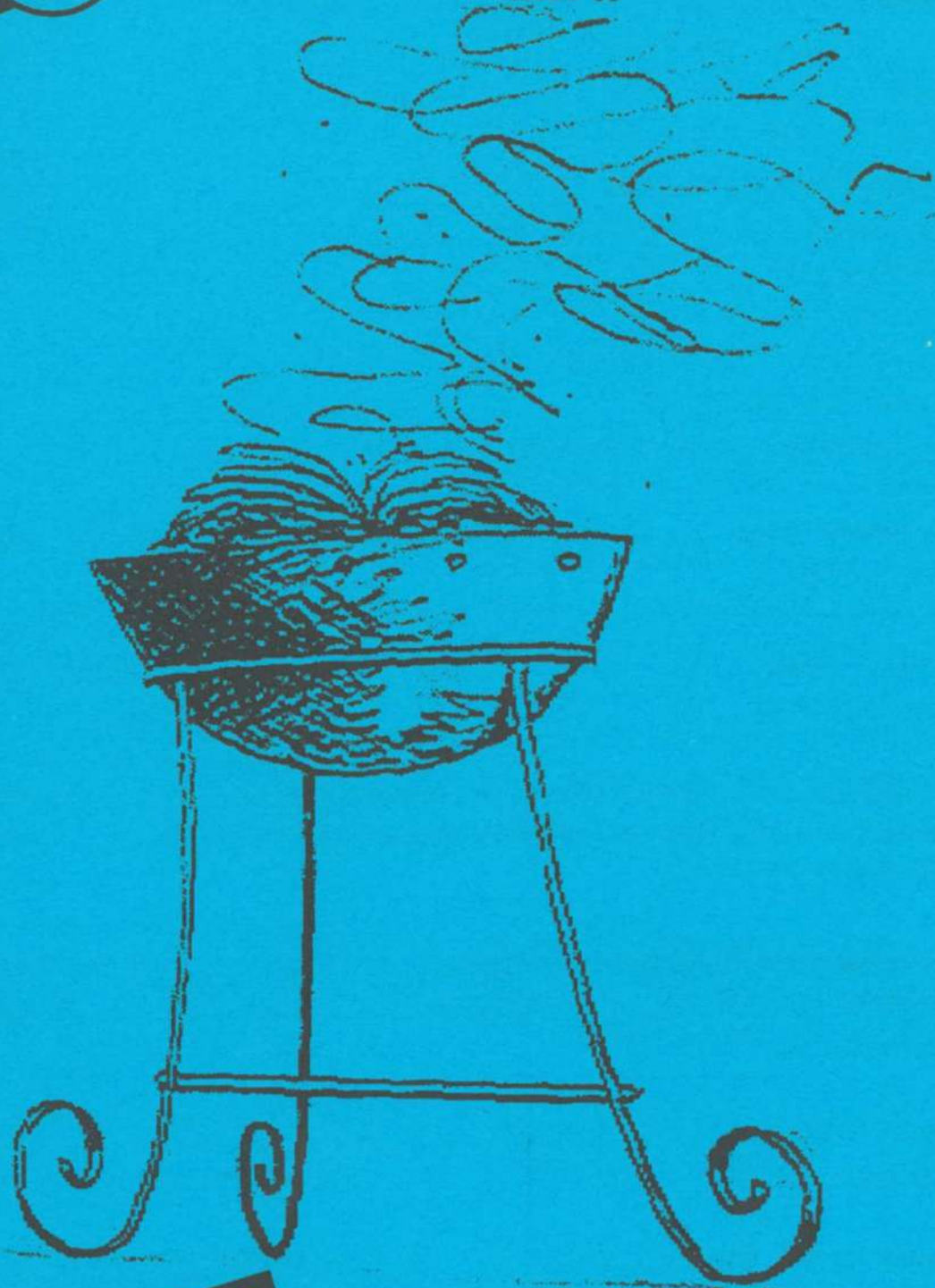




The Winking World

The official organ of the English Tiddlywinks Association

Issue 65



WORLD EXCLUSIVE

Read the story of one woman's trawl through the prime of winking manhood — and no, it's not Anne!



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Activity page!

Fill in the names of the E.Tw.A. council as they are elected!

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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 c/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

THE PROLOGUE:

Our story tonight, dear friends, concerns the National Singles. Or, rather, the lack of it. Or, to be more precise, the lack of write-ups for it. Only one of the people commissioned to pen a report has done, so the rest of them have had to be made up by yours truly. The snag? Yours truly wasn't *at* the Singles. So, if my version and yours differ slightly, you know why....

WW has always moved with the times, and I think we have a winking first for you this issue. Yes, WW in association with *Mills and Boondock* brings you the trashy romantic short story. If anyone can make out what's going on, I'm sure my successor would like to publish a key to it!

Finally, I should like to thank everyone who submitted articles and pictures for this and the last issue of *Winking World*, and then go away and edit something slightly more academically weighty.

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

R. Thompson



ENGLISH NATIONAL PAIRS

Queens' College, Cambridge

Bosphorus Leage

Benedict

The first round saw good wins for Richard and Andy over Cyril and Giles. Benedict was the first of many to lose to Keith Seaman, and a mixture of Matty warming up and Buster playing well resulted in a surprise victory for Buster. Buster then went on to take $2\frac{1}{2}$ points off Andy just before lunch, when Andy fell for the 'Greeeed Factor' after having Buster squopped up. Benedict beat Alasdair 4-3, a reported in the last edition of *Winking World*.

BOSPHORUS LEAGUE

		Opponent									Tot.	Pos.
Player		A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I		
A	A. Purvis	-	5*	1	6*	1	6	7*	4½	7*	37½	2
B	M. Rose	2*	-	1	6	7*	7*	3	1	6	33	3
C	R. Moore	6	6	-	6	6	6	6	7*	7*	50	1
D	A. Grant	1*	1	1	-	4 2/3	4	3	6	7*	27 2/3	5
E	K. Seaman	6	0*	1	2½	-	6	6	5	6	32½	4
F	C. Edwards	1	0*	1	3	1	-	3	4	7*	20	7
G	A. Dominey	0*	4	1	4	1	4	-	4	5	23	6
H	D. Carslake	2½	6	0*	1	2	3	3	-	2*	19½	8
I	G. Wade	0*	1	0*	0*	1	0*	2	5*	-	9	9

Round three consisted of big wins for the top seeds before Matty continued his suspicious behaviour of losing to current members of CUTwC in the fourth. By round 6, the lower seeds were beginning to have sensible opposition and so fewer pot-outs were occurring. Keith's string of 6-1 wins came to an end and Buster suffered a shock defeat, becoming Giles' first

ever pot-out victim after Buster failed to keep Giles' last wink squopped. Matty beat Keith 7*-0* in the penultimate round, and after losing 5*-2* to Andy in the final round, Keith needed 6 points off Buster to qualify, which he seemed to be heading for until missing a pot out opportunity and allowing Buster to scrape 2 points. Richard, Andy and Matty (by $\frac{2}{3}$ point, losing more games than the seventh seed) qualified for the final round. ☉

Forth League

Dave seemed, and proved, somewhat unassailable in this league, taking six points off everyone in the first seven rounds, except for dear old Cliffy in the sixth, who managed to keep hold of an extra $\frac{1}{2}$ point. Going into the last round Dave had a 3 point lead over Patrick, whom he beat 4-3 to secure first place. Julian's two successive 6-1 defeats at the hands of Dave and Stu robbed him of first or second, but could not stop him from storming into a clear third, and a place in the Final.

Cliffy evidently found the whole experience so traumatic that he subsequently failed his first year exams, and is now trying something a little less strenuous in Aberystwyth... ☉

FORTH LEAGUE												
		Opponent										
	Player	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	Tot.	Pos.
A	P. Barrie	-	3	1	6	7*	5	5½	7*	7*	41½	2
B	D. Lockwood	4	-	6*	6	6	6	6	6	5½	45½	1
C	J. Wiseman	6	1*	-	6	1	5	6	5½	7*	37½	3
D	R. Cartwright	1	1	1	-	2⅓	5½	5	5	7*	27 5/6	6
E	S. Collins	0*	1	6	4 2/3	-	3½	1	6	6	28⅓	5
F	G. Keyte	2	1	2	1½	3½	-	7*	6	6	29	4
G	J. Cullingham	1½	1	1	2	6	0*	-	3	6	20½	7
H	H. Parkes	0*	1	1½	2	1	1	4	-	5	15½	8
I	C. Orchard	0*	1½	0*	0*	1	1	1	2	-	6½	9



Verrazano Leage

VERRAZANO LEAGUE													
		Opponent											
	Player	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	Tot.	Pos.
A	L. Kahn	-	7*	6	5*	6	7*	6	6*	7*	7*	57	1
B	A. Dean	0	-	3	1*	1	6	5*	6	5*	6	33	5
C	P. Scarrott	1	4	-	4	7*	1	6	7*	6	1	37	4
D	E. Wynn	2*	6*	3	-	4	6	6	6	7*	1	41	2=
E	P. Wright	1	6	0*	3	-	3	2	6	6	1	28	7
F	S. Sage	0	1	6	1	4	-	2	6	7*	3	30	6
G	J. Williams	1	2	1	1	5	5	-	2	7*	1	25	8
H	C. Wiggins	1*	1	0*	1	1	1	5	-	5	1	16	9
I	S. Catterall	0*	2*	1	0*	1	0*	0*	2	-	1	7	10
J	T. Hedger	0*	1	6	6	6	4	6	6	6	-	41	2=

From a league containing Larry Kahn, you expect Larry Kahn to qualify. And he did. Mercilessly winning every game has a tendency to help you do that sort of thing. Stew would appear to have gone down against him 7*-0* in the fourth round, which I imagine was either just before or just after lunch. Probably the latter. So I expect Stew remembers about as much of it as I do (and I wasn't there, remember).

The final round saw four contenders for the other two qualifying slots: Alan Dean and Phil Scarrott, both on 33, Tim Hedger with 35, and Ed with an itsy-bitsy 38. Phil took Ed for a 4-3, while Larry thumped Alan for 7*, and Tim took 6 off Peter Wright. If only winkers could come to a clear result but no! Ed and Tim finished joint second with 41 a piece, and both won the prize of playing more exciting winks the next day!

Tagus League

TAGUS LEAGUE												
		Opponent										
	Player	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	Tot.	Pos.
A	G. Myers	-	6	5	6	3½	6	6	7*	7*	46½	1
B	J. Mapley	1	-	6	2*	6	6	6	6	6*	39	2
C	S. Gandy	2	1	-	4	6	6	6	5½	6*	36½	3
D	A. Boyce	1	5*	3	-	7*	1	1	1	5*	24	7
E	G. Thorpe	3½	1	1	0*	-	5	5	6	6*	27½	4
F	C. Andrew	1	1	1	6	2	-	1	1	6	19	8
G	S. Phillips	1	1	1	6	2	6	-	4	6*	27	5
H	C. Goddard	0*	1	1½	6	1	6	3	-	6*	24½	6
I	T. Hunt	0*	1*	1*	2*	1*	1	1*	1*	-	8	9

Geoff started well by rabbit-bashing Chris and Tim for two 7*'s in the first two rounds. A no-doubt embarrassing draw against Geoff was his low-point in round five, but was not enough to stop him from coping. Simon was the main rival until round 6, when Jon got a 6 to Simon's 3½; Jon then took 6 points off Simon in round seven, and Simon's eighth round bye didn't help. It was by now quite clear that the three of them would qualify (there were no other serious challengers by this stage): all that remained to be seen was who would be first, and who second. Geoff's 6-1 victory over Jon in round nine sorted that one out. ☺

Humber League : The Final

An oral contribution by Patrick Barrie

Patrick didn't do all that well, but heroically 6-1'ed Dave Lockwood in the last round to stop him from winning. Hurrah for Patrick's team.

The results follow:



HUMBER (FINAL) LEAGUE

Player	Opponent											Tot.	Pos.
	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	
A L. Kahn	-	2*	1	4	7*	7*	7*	2*	6	1	7*	7*	51 2
B R. Moore	5*	-	1	2	1	6	1	2*	6	1	6	6	37 6
C G. Myers	6	6	-	6	5*	6	6	6	6	3	2*	6	58 1
D D. Lockwood	3	5	1	-	1	6	6*	6	6	3	1	6	44 5
E P. Barrie	0*	6	2*	6	-	6	2	6*	2 1/3	2	2	2*	36 1/3 7
F J. Mapley	0*	1	1	1	1	-	0*	6	5	1*	3	5	24 11
G A. Purvis	0*	6	1	1*	5	7*	-	5*	6	7*	6	6	50 3=
H E. Wynn	5*	5*	1	1	1*	1	2*	-	1	1	4	1	23 12
I T. Hedger	1	1	1	1	4 2/3	2	1	6	-	2	5 1/2	1	26 1/6 10
J S. Gandy	6	6	4	4	5	6*	0*	6	5	-	3	5*	50 3=
K M. Rose	0	1	5*	6	5	4	1	3	1 1/2	4	-	1*	31 1/2 8
L P. Scarrott	0*	1	1	1	5*	2	1	6	6	2*	6*	-	31 9

Non-qualifiers' Plate

Stew Sage

(with a small debt to Vivian Stanshall)

Not unusually, the turnout for the Singles Plate was small. However, numbers eventually grew from four to eight. This poor attendance is a bit of a pity. The plate trophy is much nicer than the real thing and the winks much more amusing. The trophy dates from 1320 when S4C presented it for a tournament run by SotWink. The rules also date from that time. Pairs are randomly drawn each round and handicaps are used. Players start with the handicap they had at the last Teams of Four, or one plucked out of thin air (just like at the Fours). Any player winning a game by $4\frac{1}{2}$ or more has their handicap increased by $\frac{1}{2}$, any player scoring 2 or less has their handicap reduced by $\frac{1}{2}$. The purpose of this is to cause considerable confusion, and to introduce hideous fractions into the scores. Now read on ...

The first round started late and sedately, hangovers being the order of the day. The silence was disturbed however, not long after the squidge-off, when Nipper inexplicably fell over. Good stuff, that Elle's SB.

The second round saw the first of many bizarre games and, with the advantage of being before lunch, I can remember it. Our Great Leader (or James, as some people call him), was playing singles against myself and (probably) Benedict. With an eye on lunchtime I tried, rather out of character, to pot out. I missed the sixth. Twice. James squopped us up and appeared to be about to wipe the floor with us when, somewhat unexpectedly, he decided to come off my last red as well as three blues with a freeing shot. A 7*-0* was secured, if not the early lunch.

The Mill provided the traditional entertainment. Occasional visits were paid by the big boys in the Final. Most notable of these were two by Ed Wynn, who joined us to celebrate pot-outs against Larry and Richard, each with a pint of Old Growler.

What happened in the third round of the Plate is largely a mystery, myself being one of several competitors who used their right to miss up to two rounds and still win. Apparently Alasdair beat Geoff.



Round four heard the beer starting to talk. Quite why Geoff exclaimed 'Ooh! That was straight in the bottom and out' we shall hopefully never know. I expect, however, he deserved the $\frac{1}{8}$ th point he got after handicap transfer.

The fifth round saw two swift pot-outs. James completed his against me with a two-foot pot. 'You bastard!' being the general reaction.

The tournament having worked, nobody was sure who was leading going into the last round, although it was rumoured that Nipper might be $\frac{1}{200}$ th of a point ahead of James. Whatever the case, Alasdair won, but I seem to have expunged the events of the final round from my memory.

So, the Plate once again proved to be a good mini-tournament in itself. It certainly justifies a trip to the Singles by the majority who are unlikely to trouble the master scoreboard on the second day. Those not brave enough to face the Singles proper perhaps should consider the Plate alone. Give it a try next time. ☺

Final ppg's:

Alasdair Grant	$5\frac{1}{32}$
James Cullingham	$4\frac{1}{5}$
Geoff Thorpe	$3\frac{103}{144}$
Jon Williams	$3\frac{71}{144}$
<i>Gavin Keyte</i>	$3\frac{1}{4}$
Andrew Dominey	$3\frac{1}{6}$
Stew Sage	$2\frac{109}{120}$
<i>Stephen Catterall</i>	$2\frac{9}{16}$

(Those not qualified to win shown in italics)

THE SILVER WINK

Wadham Old Lecture Room, Sunday 14th May 1995

Andy Purvis

A warm and sunny spring day (*not* raining). A proud OUTS team, hoping to follow up their startling Varsity Match win. An extremely hopeful CUTwC side (whatever happened to complacency?) out for revenge.

What more could you want?

Well, mats. And winks and pots.

Sixteen games to play, and one mat on which to play them. At least the mat rotation would be easy. It still wasn't clear what the Oxford *team* was to be, never mind the pairings, but Paul R. and Elizabeth opened the batting for the home side against Stew and Walter, and, in a *crème brûlée* of mixed metaphors, soon found themselves behind the eight ball facing an uphill struggle with no light at the end of the tunnel. They were also squopped up.

A second 'mat' appeared, though Rupert was reluctant to accept its membership of that class: he seemed to cope, though, as he and Sly also got a squop-up. The OUTS president now appeared with an abundance of mats, forcing us to pick our team. Simon and Paul W. started to lose, too, but Andy and Pete had to delay losing because Alasdiar had gone from being not entirely there to being not there entirely. So CUTwC had to make do with a 17-4 lead for now.

OUTS picked up in the second round, but CUTwC's one win was the only 6-1, and was enough to tie the round. Alasdair and Benedict completed the Round 1 rout with a 5-2.

Andy blitzed to start Round 3, and OUTS looked like they were going to make Round 4 interesting. But Ed and Ben, reduced to one wink by Cyril and Andrew, did what you're supposed to do: put it on the pile at the start of rounds, crud, and outpot the opponents. Don't you just hate it when that happens? Another tied round left CUTwC needing anything over 6 for a victory.



Both Stew and Benedeict blitzed to rapidly secure the win. As the match meandered to a finish, Ed had a squop for $4\frac{2}{3}-2\frac{1}{3}$, which would have rendered the score unsingable. Man of principle that he is, he went for a harder pot for fewer points. He got it illegally, missed it legally, and ended with honour and singability intact.

All the Cambridge pairs got at least half-points (so *that's* the secret...), and OUTS managed only one 6-1 win. Six of the OUTS team will have left by next year, whereas CUTwC will be joined by that chap Barrie ... Eek! Any volunteers for the London University team for 1996? ●

THE LONDON OPEN

Lewisham Centre, Lewisham (!), July 1995

Chris Goddard

In now traditional fashion, July saw winkers from far and wide decending upon the Lewisham Centre for the London Open. Once again, Charles had arranged our use of the hall without charge, on the basis of a charitable donation. Many thanks go to him for organising a most amusing event.

An unusually early start meant that breakfast was hardly an option, so it was not until a brief raid on Sainsbury's had been mounted (dubbed 'Five get fat in London') that winking started in earnest. Stu Collins started the day in style, with a bizarre round five pile break which successfully bristled his own winks off, leaving the pile intact. Was the resulting 6:1 to Andy and Ben an omen ? It certainly gave them a tactical advantage over Nick & Geoff and Peter & Tim, who carelessly scored 7 and so had to fight each other in round 2, while Purvis & Soares sneaked in another 6 to take the lead from behind. Nothing however was quite as tactical as James's approach (partnering himself). He, having been in joint 12th place with Stew & Benedict at the end of round 1, chose to let his position slip a little in round 2! Fortunately, the third round saw a dramatic doubling of his score, by allowing $3\frac{1}{2}$ points for a bye, thus putting him well ahead of the likes of Wynn & Goddard. This, in part, was due to a hard fought game against Steve Phillips and Lesley Wilkins for $3\frac{1}{2}$ in round 2. Meanwhile, back at the front line, Ben & Andy were maintaining their lead by taking 5 off Nick & Geoff and putting their opponents into 4th place into the bargain.

It was at about this point that lunch started to enter into the equation and it is worth noting that Sage and Dominey came out of round 3 in single figures. Lunch itself was notable for a number of points. With an unusual lack of ranting, the traditional ploughman's lunch was enjoyed by virtually all, but marred slightly by our drinking the bar out of almost everything ! Fortunately Sage had some grapes, in the form of a case or two of Spitfire from the ground floor bar and things were soon back in full swing. As lunch dragged on however, winkers started to gather along one side of the bowling green. This in itself might be considered unstable, but the spontaneous outbreak of 'Mexican Sit-ups' I can ascribe only to the assembly of a winking 'critical mass'.



The round after lunch was the source of several interesting developments. Having drawn the bye, Purvis and Soares could only sit back and watch as Wright & Hedger took 6 off Barrie & Kendal to give them the lead by a point and a half. Meanwhile, in traditional fashion, Sage was running 6 against Grant and Parkes to give himself and Benedict a 7. This in itself might have been of little note, had they then failed to take 7 off Patrick and Martain in the next round. Things were also becoming serious for Ben & Andy who lost 5:2 to Wright & Hedger, putting them into 3rd behind their opponents and Sage & Dominey ! So far un-noticed, but gathering speed were Mapley & Relle, now in 4th, after a five from Inglis & Myres. Round 6 and the Dominey / Sage stomp continues with 4½ off Wright and Hedger, but a six to Andy and Ben puts them back into second.

Going into the final round anything was possible. Wright & Hedger on 29½ were due to face 4th placed Mapley & Relle (26), while Soares & Purvis on 28½ needed a convincing victory over Sage & Dominey, now on a convincing roll, with 27½. Could Stew & Benedict really come from last place to first in seven rounds ? Might the quiet but consistent Mapley & Relle storm through at the last ? Or maybe Wright and Hedger would simply extend their lead, anything could happen. Well, nearly anything, but when the squidgers were finally still, John and Charles had split their points 4:3 with Peter & Tim giving Andy & Ben final victory, with a 6 from Stew & Benedict. All in all, a close and exciting finish to the day's play.

So there you have it. I'm going to go and have a lie down after all that nail biting tension, but you can have a look at the scores if you're really brave.



LONDON OPEN

	Player	Opponent														Tot.
		A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	Bye	
A	Goddard/Wynn	-	2	1		1		3½				6	1	6	-	20½
B	Kete/Thorpe	5	-				2	6	1½			2	1		3½	21
C	Soares/Purvis	6		-	2	6	6			5	6				3½	34½
D	Wright/Hedger			5	-	3	2½		6	3		6		7*	-	32½
E	Mapley/Relle	6		1	4	-		6		5	4	4			-	30
F	Sage/Dominey		5	1	4½		-		7*	0*			7*	4	-	28½
G	Phillips/Wilkins	3½	1			1		-			1			1	3½	11
H	Barrrie/Kendal		5½		1		0*		-	1			5	6	3½	22
I	Inglis/Myers			2	4	2	7*		6	-	5	1			-	27
J	Gandy/Collins			1		3		6		2	-	1	6		3½	22½
K		1	5		1	3				6	6	-	5		-	27
L	Grant/Parkes	6	6				0*		2		1	2	-	1	-	18
M	Cullingham	1			0*		3	6	1				6	-	3½	20½



WORLD PAIRS 15

Purvis & Myers vs. Grant & Barrie

Geoff's House in Hendon, 26th April 1995

Andy Purvis

Andy Purvis & Geoff Myers	6	2*	5	4	5	5*	27
Alasdair Grant & Patrick Barrie	1	5*	2	3	2	2*	15

Alasdair and Patrick played the better winks in the first three games, but a couple of pile breaks each turned games, so Patrick's very good seventh turn blitz was almost all they had to show for their superiority. He tried an even harder blitz in the fourth game, but the fourth wink was squopped. He potted the other two, and Alasdair hassled the pile very well. Geoff was beginning to play well now, but Andy still potted atrociously and Alasdair squopped his sixth wink in round five to give Patrick a share of first place.

Andy and Geoff actually deserved to win game five, though it was close nearly all the way; Patrick had to pull off an excellent small-on-small squop in round five in order to sneak the 2.

Alasdair was foaming at the potting squidger in the sixth game, but the last of the four close ones misbehaved. Geoff potted out. The match ended in farce as Alasdair went off when bringing in his boondocked wink, and Andy, not to be outdone, potted five nicely before sending the sixth backward off the mat to stake a strong claim for the five.

In the end, it was a comfortable margin – but it could easily not have been.



WORLD PAIRS 16

Purvis & Myers vs. Kahn & Lockwood

Bowett Room, Queens' College

Andy Purvis

Andy Purvis & Geoff Myers	3	3	2	1	4	4	17
Larry Kahn & Dave Lockwood	4	4	5	6	3	3	25

Geoff and Andy should have won the first two games by large margins, but missed shots late in rounds. Andy also missed the first of two easy pots which would have won game three by 4-3. These three games were played on Friday evening and were very slow, lasting a total of three hours, with all the players making mistakes, and Geoff and Andy's mattering more. The rest of the match was played on Saturday evening. Play was much quicker (except, interestingly enough, for the end of game four, when the American pair had a squop-up — they played free turns very slowly), with Andy playing worse than the previous day and everyone else playing quite a bit better. Geoff managed first place in each of the last two games but Andy wasn't a lot of help. Larry and Dave opted for a certain 4 in the sixth game rather than a quite feasible 5 or 6.

Geoff and Andy had won seven matches on the trot — a record — but were shadows of their former selves, especially Andy. In the past, each had managed to cover when the other made mistakes. This time, Andy wasn't playing well enough to cover for Geoff, and no-one's ever been playing well enough to cover for Andy.

Congratulations to Larry (6th World Pairs win) and Dave (who's also won before); they played pretty well, especially on Saturday. Outstanding challenges are from Larry and Arye Gittleman, Stew Sage [*Have I ever told you I'm the Scottish Pairs Champion?*] and Matthew Rose, and Nick Inglis and Tony Heading. It remains to be seen whether Larry will side with Arye or with Dave



WORLD SINGLES 42

Barrrie vs. Kahn

Camden Lock Market, 27th April 1995

Patrick Barrrie

Patrick Barrrie	6*	1	0*	6	4	4	1½	22½
Larry Kahn	1*	6	7*	1	3	3	5½	26½

Stew Sage carefully took notes of this entire match in order to write an objective report for *Winking World*. However, one week before the expected date of publication [*What?*] Stew discovered that he couldn't understand any of the notes he'd taken, and so readers will have to make do with this report based on comments I posted to usenet immediately after the event.

This was the first match to be played in public for several years and attracted some quite good publicity with several interviews for local radio and TV. The ITV item in particular lasted about five minutes and was shown at prime time in the evening. The venue wasn't bad, and there were quite a number of passers-by who varied from being completely baffled to looking quite interested. Fortunately for the event the match was closely contested, and while the quality wasn't always great, it certainly wasn't bad either.

Game 1 was a failed pot-out by Larry which was a straightforward conversion for Patrick. In game 2 Patrick had a slight advantage for much of the game, but never got enough winks in support to be able to hold it, and Larry came through well near the start of rounds. Larry ran six for a successful blitz in game 3 to take control, but never quite nailed the position. However, when Larry did threaten to come back into it, Patrick managed to respond: I particularly remember going for and getting a difficult doubleton from medium distance when a miss would have proved costly. In the end, a combination of luck and judgement worked for Patrick in rounds. The match score was now Patrick 13 — Larry 15.

It was clear that on this day the two combatants were well-matched, and the battle was going to be close (even exciting!); the tension factor began to increase. In game 5 Patrick potted five yellow winks and then carefully

brought the sixth wink in from the edge to a good potting distance (his greens were excellently placed to follow in after a pot-out); Larry missed with blue from a foot away, but then made the squop with red from about 18 inches. There was plenty of time for Larry to convert, but one of each of his colours gradually got tied up in the pile as Patrick continued to hassle. In the end, Larry missed a difficult nine inch pot off a singleton in round 5, which would have given him first place, so Patrick held on for a 4-3 win, and closed the gap in the match to 17-18.

Game 6 was also close with Patrick having to play most of the game in Larry's area. Going into rounds, a 5-2 to Larry seemed likely, but Patrick played well to get one colour into first place. After six games the match was now level at 21-21 (the first time this has happened in a World Singles).

Game 7 was the decider. Despite Larry's curses when his shots didn't quite come off, Patrick had to start the game by going into Larry's area to stop simple pot-out threats. As a result, Patrick was always behind, and only ever looked likely to get 2 points at most out of the game, despite hassling as best he could.

And so for the second World Singles in a row, the winner was the player who only won three games. Well played to Larry on once again regaining the title. Speaking personally, I'm sorry I lost it, but I'm glad i put up a good fight.

Special thanks for the event should go to Ray Bathke of Village Games, Camden lock, for arranging the venue. I would also like to thank those who helped with the publicity side, and all those who came along simply as spectators.☺



WORLD SINGLES 43

Barrrie vs. Kahn

Queens' College, Cambridge, 1st May 1995

Patrick Barrrie

Patrick Barrrie	3	1	0*	3	6	3	16
Larry Kahn	4	6	7*	4	1	4	26

Fairly early on the Monday morning after the Singles, two winkers gathered to play yet more games of winks. Indeed, by the end of the match, Patrick Barrrie had played 52 games of tournament winks in a mere 10 days, while Larry Kahn had played 39 games in 5 days. Surprisingly, despite the 'winks fatigue' factor, the standard was moderately high, and all the games were interesting.

In game 1, Patrick had a slight edge throughout, but missed an 8-inch pot ending round five for a 5-2 win. Larry had the edge for much of game 2, but opened up the game by accidentally playing off one of Patrick's winks that was lurking invisibly underneath the top wink. The game became very close and in round 5 a 4-3 win to Patrick was on the cards. However, Patrick's pot of a nurdled small wink went over the pot, and Larry potted off two singletons to steal the game 6-1.

Game 3 was an unsuccessful double pot by Patrick. All six reds looked nice, so blue started potting with one on the baseline, but missed the third. And then Patrick had two attempts at potting the reds: I think three went in first, and then another two before the sixth was missed (from about 8 inches). Larry got an excellent 4-inch squop using a completely nurdled wink to gain complete control, and a 17-4 lead.

In game 4 there were blitz possibilities as well. After some initial skirmishes, all Patrick's yellows suddenly became free within six inches of the pot (with two not badly positioned on singletons). The first wink went in, but the second (a large yellow) went straight in and bounced out to cover a green right beside a preying red. Tiddlywinks can be a game of luck, sometimes. As a result Patrick was a long way behind for virtually all of the

game but hassled well, eventually freeing enough winks to get ahead of blue. Larry on the other hand was probably content to keep red in first place and go into a 21-7 lead.

Larry played very cagily in game 5, knowing that any points would virtually guarantee him the match. It was fairly uneven until, with about five minutes to go, he went for a knock-off but landed on the pile. Patrick made an excellent squop onto it, and Larry was forced to attack. Patrick soon gained a few doubletons, and a squop-up at the start of rounds. The score now stood at the traditional 21-7 lead.

There were early pot out threats in game 6, but Larry wasn't going to let his opponent have any opportunity. Patrick, needing a big win, went behind and so was forced to nibble aggressively at Larry's area in desperation. It worked to the extent that Larry's blues gradually became tied up, but there were too many of Larry's reds free and a 4-3 to Larry always looked likely with five minutes to go. That's the way it turned out.

The match took only 3 hours, and was quite good fun. Larry now has 14 World Singles wins to his credit. I can't help feeling, though, that it would have been an awful lot closer if one or two pot attempts had been successful.

Thanks to Stew Sage for being on hand for the occasional umpiring decision. ●●



SINGLES SCENE

A tragi-comic romance telling the story of one woman's struggle, set against the backdrop of the tragic John Wayne season of 1971

by April Date

If anyone knows what on earth this is about, please, please, please, tell me. Anyway, April has certainly expanded my organ.

I turned up at my appointed time, and, for the second year running, was devastated to discover that I would have to spend the entire weekend without a partner. it is well known that I prefer to be paired. I perked up a little when handed a copy of *The Winking World*. But Oh! what a disappointment. ETwA's organ may have gone up-market, but it was as small as I can remember and not really exciting at all. I'm always in favour of seeing spaces filled and organs expand to their full glory, so here is my little contribution. In the following tale, the names have been changed to incriminate the guilty.

You may be interested to know how someone like me got into winks in the first place. Well, it was the influence of big Jem. I knew him to be a fit, sporty man, keen jogger, vertical and horizontal, just the sort of man to set a girl's heart racing. Anyway, one morning over breakfast, he told me that he played tiddlywinks. This would have put me off if I hadn't known Jem so well already. He persuaded me that we would make perfect partners and we went to the Pairs. He'd get his big squidger out and try to play near the centre of the mat. However, while I was good for a roll I had trouble staying on the mat. Our partnership was doomed to end. Jem liked to be on top. But he liked me to be on top as well. In fact we seemed to spend most of the time flat on the mat nowhere near each other.

After this I spent some time in the winking wilderness without a partner [*Hasn't she missed an obvious double-entendre here? Something like 'Winking on your own is no fun'?*]. This was a very sad period in my life. I don't really like the singles scene, so I went all out to get myself back into a pair. I even degraded myself by putting an advert in *The Winking World*, but to no avail. I'm sure you will recall that I became a winks groupie offering hand relief to those people whose hands were tired out from playing with

their squidgers all day.

Eventually I got what appeared to be a hot tip. [*Try vaseline.*] Bill told me that Mal was a bit of a ladies' man. He was quite happy to run several partnerships at the same time. In fact, you couldn't trust him as far as you could throw a wardrobe. We girls like that sort of thing so I thought that I would give him a try. Frankly, the experience was a bit of a disappointment. He was obsessed with winking. He'd practise on his own into the early hours of the morning. There was no chance of him taking an early night. He became a much better player than I was, but I'm sure that he missed out on the real meaning of partnership. All work and no play makes Mal a Doctor of Philosophy. All winks and no play makes Mal a national champion (but not with me).

After Mal, I rather fancied partnering Rab. He was another tall one. You could see that he liked me, but he was a bit inhibited. I tried everything, but I just couldn't get him to ask me to partner him. Pity, because I really think we could have had some fun together.

I finally came to the conclusion that Bill was not being at all honest with me (or with anyone else for that matter). He was a bit of a dark horse who had been laying red herrings to divert people's attention from himself. I thought he might be interesting. Bill was not so tall as the others, but size isn't everything. It is better to have loved a short man than to have never loved a tall. Bill had a squidger with *POT* written on it, and he certainly liked putting winks in the pot. But he also liked putting other things in their natural home. Bill had a more casual attitude to winks. He was into wine, women and winks in that order. This caused him to score less well in tournaments but he scored rather better away from them. He played his winks close to the pot but he held his cards even closer to his chest. He told me that I was the only natural blonde he had partnered but I'm not so sure. I'm convinced that it was Bill who set SotWink on the slippery slope to sex scandal. Eventually the home made wine got the better of me, and I moved on.

My last real partner was Ike. He had hair nearly as long as mine. He was a dangerous obsessive, rather like Mal but more so. He had two strategies. Firstly, there was the blitz. In this one the fun is all over before you know you've had any. The second was the long grind. In this one there was a lot of



moving around, but no real action. Occasionally there was a big finish when everything happened in a rush at the end. It was Ike who introduced me to foursomes. We teamed up with Mal and Rick. I know a conventional foursome has two of each but I thought there might be more fun in this. It turned out you only partnered one of them at a time so it was a bit disappointing for me. However, it was even more disappointing for the other pair. This tournament did allow me to change partners throughout the day which kept them fresh.

I suppose the Fours led naturally to the Cambridge. This is a tournament for the swingers: a new partner every round and a chance to spend the night at Jem's. Mind you, it could wear a girl out. Eventually the pace told on me and I had to take a break. But now I'm back and raring to go again. Stuff the winks, does anyone want a partner? I'm yours for the asking. ●●

Mystic Gertie

Messages from beyond the Altrincham Coffin

Dear Mystic Gertie,

I have an enormous problem, can you help me? I need to find a partner before the Pairs. As long as he has the right buttocks, I don't care about his attitude. My previous one has gone off to Guildford to live in sin with Elizabeth Whalley, and unless I find a new one who looks just like him (at least from behind) I'll have to partner the Wild Man of the North. Where can I look?

Yours worriedly,
A man with a need.

Mystic Gertie replies:

Dear Needful,

These situations are always difficult. Never mind. With my extraordinary powers I can see what has to happen. Either you have to go south and abduct your former other half, or you have to resign yourself to a fate worse than a lightly done haji with a raw egg on top.

*Off dear,
M.G.*

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

CUTWC PRESIDENT OF CAMBRIDGE:
TRY GIVING YOUR BROTHER TRAVEL SICKNESS PILLS

JANE OF NOTTINGHAM:
THE WILL IS TAPED UNDER THE BIRD CAGE

