

WJRNJRN

WORLD

66

SPRJRN

1996

Winking World is the official journal of **The English Tiddlywinks Association (ETwA)**, and is edited by Charles Relle of 26 Canadian Avenue, London SE6 3AS; email mrelle@gn.apc.org. Copy for the next issue should reach him by the end of July 1996.

Winking World is distributed free to ETwA members, and costs £1.50 to non-members.

Articles published in *Winking World* are the copyright property of their authors and ETwA, but quotation from *Winking World* is freely permitted if the source is acknowledged.

Annual membership of ETwA costs £5 (or £2.50 to students and unwaged people). Anyone interested in ETwA is invited to contact one of the officers listed on page 5 of this issue.

CONTENTS

Editorial Jottings	3
Announcements	4
IFTwA	4
ETwA Officers	5
Rules Proposals	6
Winks on the Internet	9
St Andrews Open	10
Varsity Match	11
First Impressions	12
Teams of Four	15
World Singles 44	19
National Pairs Championship	24
Cambridge Open	28
Oxfordshire Open	33

Golden Squidger	38
News From America	42
The Second A–T Tournament	55

EDITORIAL JOTTINGS

Charity events are very close to my heart, so I begin by saying thank you to everyone who contributed to the A-T tournament at my house on March 2nd. £706 was raised, so many, many thanks if you donated, whether you played or not.

All editors deserve sympathy, and I sympathise with my predecessor, Rupert Thompson, in his struggle to get articles for *Winking World*. Last time I began an editorship of this magazine, I wrote that most of the magazine had been written by myself. That is still true of the present issue. Please, all readers, let your squidgers rest for a while and start writing, or even drawing, for the next issue. I should like to produce the next issue in time for the Fours in the autumn. This really means I have to prepare it in August or September. Do not leave writing until the last minute, or the last minute will simply not exist for me.

When you are not writing for *Winking World*, do not forget to encourage others to play the game. It is very hard to get a new club started, and some clubs find it hard to keep going all the time. Do, however, remember, that you can always introduce the game to friends, and bring them along to tournaments, especially the Fours. This handicapped tournament gives

everyone a chance.

A new tiddlywinks club *has* formed in Cornwall which is called the City of Truro Tiddlywinks Association (CTTA) and is based at Truro College. Contact details are available, from Patrick Barrie, to any winker likely to be in the vicinity who would like to give them a hand in starting up.

I have tried to keep up to date with news: if I have missed anything, let me know, and I will remedy it omission in the next issue. I am much in need of articles. Send copy to me at 26 Canadian Avenue London SE6 3AS, or email me on mrelle@gn.apc.org.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

We congratulate Andy and Ruth Purvis on their marriage last August, and wish them every happiness.

We also congratulate David and Déjà Lockwood on the birth of their son Benjamin.

I.F.Tw.A.

Jonathan Mapley has relinquished the post of of IFTwA Secretary-General, and has been replaced by Nick Inglis.

E.Tw.A. OFFICERS

At the A.G.M. of October 1995, the following Officers were elected.

Chairman: **James Cullingham**, Flat 41, 5 Rossetti Road, London SE16 3EY

Telephone : 0171-231-5541

Secretary: **Patrick Barrie**, 19 Benians Court, Cambridge CB3 0DN

Telephone: 01223-501598

Treasurer: **Stuart Collins**, Flat 3, 118 Robin Hood Lane, Sutton, Surrey

Telephone: 0181-661-1863

Tournament Organiser: **Tim Hedger**, 3 Wiseton Road, London, SW17 3EE

Telephone: 0181-672-7949

Publicity Officer: **Stewart Sage**, Queens' College, Cambridge CB3 9ET

Telephone: 01223-335607

Winking World Editor: **Charles Relle**, 26 Canadian Avenue, London SE6 3AS

RULES PROPOSALS

by Patrick Barrie

There is going to be a rules meeting on the Saturday of the ETwA Singles (27th April). The rules sub-committee have the following proposals.

MAJOR RULES CORRECTION

According to the current rules, the number of potted winks should be included when counting the number of free turns after a squop-up! This is clearly contrary to all previous practice. We propose the addition of the word “unpotted” in the second sentence of rule 11(a) so that it reads:

“Before doing so, the squopping partnership may play one turn per **unpotted** wink on the field of play which was neither squopping nor squopped after the shot which caused this Rule to be invoked.”

(N.B. potted winks are technically on the field of play; sending one of your own colour off the field of play does in fact cause that colour to miss their next shot, which certainly isn't what happens someone pots a wink!)

MINOR RULES REWORDING

Rule 14 (Umpire) has been viewed as slightly unsatisfactory for a while, as it may be made clearer by changing the order of the sentences. It also contains an anomaly which is contrary to current practice: it stipulates that the clock should always be stopped as soon as an umpire is called. This is sensible for squopping decisions but can become nonsensical for shot judging decisions. For instance, if you are behind in a game then according to the rules you are quite entitled to call a shot judge every single shot and stop the clock immediately (after 1 nanosecond) rather than after the normal 30 seconds. You're entitled to do this whether it's your turn or your opponents. We would also like to reword rule 12(e) in the light of comments from beginners.

Proposed wordings:

12 (e) In the event that a foul shot is played and winks have to be replaced, then the time taken to replace the winks is not counted as part of the game.

14. UMPIRE

If the players are unable to agree on any matter concerned with the play of the game, or are in doubt as to the meaning or interpretation of any rule, they must if possible call a competent person to act as an

umpire. The time taken for an umpire to arrive at the table is not counted as part of the game. Similarly, time taken over the interpretation of any rule or a judgement determining the status of winks (e.g. squopped or non-squopped) is not counted as part of the game.

If a player is doubtful whether a proposed shot will be played legally, an umpire must be called before the shot is played. The umpire must decide whether the proposed shot is likely to be legal, and if it is played, whether it has been legally executed. Any time taken to correct a foul shot is not counted as part of the game.

The umpire's decision is final on all matters on which he is consulted.

Note

=====

We're open to suggestions for a gender-neutral final sentence that is acceptable to all linguistic winkers. Suggestions so far have included: (i) "The umpire's decision is final on all matters." (ii) "The decision of the umpire is final on all consulted matters." (iii) (from Geoff Thorpe): leaving as it stands, as the rules earlier define the umpire to be "competent" implicitly implying that the umpire must be masculine...

WINKS ON THE INTERNET

Most people seem to have Internet access these days, and maybe everyone has already seen what Tiddlywinks has to offer on the superhighway. ETwA so far has no site of its own, but ScotTwA has. On it, information about ScotTwA is excellently laid out, and you can find more general articles about the history and rules of the game and how to play it.

In America, Rick Tucker, winks player, collector, historian and general enthusiast, has gathered a miscellany of winks lore, some of which is found on ScotTwA's site too, but much besides, most of which relates to America. Rick is trying to gather a gallery of notable players, but so far people have been rather shy of giving photographs and information about themselves. The opening page has a superb photograph, published some time ago in *Newswink*, of a wink being potted.

Material for the next two articles has been gleaned from ScotTwA's site. We hope to have more extensive reports later.

ST. ANDREWS OPEN

Februrary 18th was the St. Andrews Open, which had a bizarre format which I will attempt to explain here:

Pairs were drawn randomly for the first round, and in an anti-Swiss style for each round thereafter (so the person with the most points partnered the person with the least so long as they hadn't partnered before). However, for the purposes of "winning", for the last round you partnered your original partner and the final winning pair was the pair with the highest p.p.g.

Okay, if that's clear, well done. If not, send abuse to Bruce. Anyway, we had nine people playing at various stages of the day. They were: Katie Mills, Kirsty Wright, Nick Inglis, Adrian Grant, John Wilson, Rachel Sterratt, Bruce Turnbull, Graham Turnbull, and Ben Soares.

I'm afraid I don't have the scores at hand, but I can tell you that since there were nine people (an odd number) Katie ended up pairing herself, and also ended up winning. However, she only played in about half the rounds (of which there were nine) and had left by the presentation, and so in a last-ditch attempt to get rid of the two monstrosities masquerading as trophies (they actually looked like monstrosities masquerading as monstrosities) - two Tiddlywink Tai

(spelling? Graham?) Dancers - we gave them to Nick and John who had played in all rounds and both done quite well.

Surprise of the day: Adrian Grant consistently winning with his outdated, outmoded style, squidgers, tactics etc. Lesson of the day: Don't think too hard when playing tiddlywinks.

VARSITY MATCH 1996

by Kilian Anheuser

Cambridge restored lost pride in this year's Varsity Match against Oxford. After Oxford's narrow surprise win last year Cambridge was represented by a strong team who not only won with a total score of $93 \frac{1}{2} : 18 \frac{1}{2}$ but also managed to win all 16 games. Best pairs on the Cambridge side were Chris Goddard & Andrew Dominey and David Clarkson & Matt Fayers, who both scored a total of 25 points. As for the OUTS team Kilian Anheuser & Thomas Lundh managed to get Oxford's only 3 points in a game. OUTS was playing with five novices and two second years in their team, a radical change after five players of last year's winning eight left Oxford. Some of the games were closer than the results indicate, but to be honest, most were not. CUTwC's victory was never in danger even though they had agreed to play the

match in Oxford out of turn. OUTS enjoyed the match and its friendly atmosphere, and we shall certainly try to win the trophy back next year.

[Editor's note: If either team will send me a scoresheet, I will publish it in the next issue.]

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF TIDDLYWINKS - THE FOURS AND OTHER NONSENSE

by Matt Fayers

It is not clear why Charles asked me to write an article about my first impressions of tiddlywinks; surely even the oldest and dearest winkers must have had first impressions themselves at some stage. But in order to expand this edition of WW, here goes...

My first experience of serious tiddlywinks was in fact several years ago when I saw the now famous instalment of "That's Life" in which Esther Rantzen played on the pavement with a bizarre looking bloke with a long red beard.... However, this initial trauma failed to put me off the game for life, and of course my first priority upon coming to Cambridge was to join the winks club (actually that's not true; I was in fact wandering through the Freshers' Fair minding my own business, when I was drawn in by this magical

aura emanating from the CUTwC stall; Chris and Stephen proceeded to extort eighty-eight pence from me, and the rest, as they say, is history). After I had been to winks meetings for a few weeks, and had discovered that despite its intensely serious image, tiddlywinks is in fact mildly amusing, the first tournament of the winks calendar arrived - the National Teams of Four, to be held in Oxford one weekend in October. Having been assured that the handicapping system meant that novices couldn't lose, a plethora of Cambridge first-years (well, two anyway) turned out for the event.

We cunningly decided upon teams in advance for the fours, and then even more cunningly decided not to do anything as obvious as putting one team in each car. The result was that the four people driven by Rupert, having been on a small sightseeing tour of the West Midlands, and then, upon reaching St Cross, having been told by some random female to "try the Van Heyningen room; there's something happening in there", and then having tried the Van Heyningen room and found a college council meeting taking place within, became a team of four with a bye for the first round and no winks to play until after lunch. Pete decided to celebrate this achievement with his attempt to throw up at a tournament without yet having played any winks. Seemingly he narrowly failed; he will have to try harder next time.

We returned to St Cross in time to make our

challenge for the tournament. With a combined team handicap of just eight, things seemed even better than with our previously arranged teams; the bucketloads of free points should surely see us through.

We soon discovered, however, that (a) Pete was decidedly confused, and (b) we were completely crap anyway. It became clear after the first couple of rounds, in fact, that we were looking towards holding up the bottom of the table. Not to worry, it's not the winning that counts, it's the getting inebriated afterwards. And indeed the chance to meet new and interesting people; and who could be more interesting than this strange group of Cambridge winkers, ex-Cambridge winkers (What? People actually leave Cambridge to go out and get real jobs?) and even Oxford winkers?

The day's play having ended, we proceeded to get somewhat confused, get fish and chips, get back to St Cross. and get to sleep, and then the second day of the tournament was upon us. Could we put right the previous day's disastrous start and still make a serious challenge? It seems we couldn't, and by the end of the day we were to coast in to a comfortable last place.

The major talking point of the second day was in fact to become the major talking point of the winking year. I was examining the list of team handicaps, and noted that the self-styled "Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" had a combined handicap of twenty-seven. My thoughts of "Well they can't really afford

to be losing any games then” were interrupted by a loud crash and a shower of winks from behind me. The cause of this is now well-known; suffice it to say that in the following game, when Matty played against Pete and myself and potted from the squidge-off, we thought better of making any “You bastard”-like comments.

And so the teams of four ended with the usual drunken revelry. Rupert drove us home, this time treating us to a trip round the M25, and the CUTwC first-year contingent returned to Trinity to reflect on why the hell we were wasting our University careers with plastic counters and glasses of intoxicating brown liquid. The answer may become clear to us some day.

Well, that was a few months ago, and now I sit here older and wiser, with more tournaments under my belt, and a blue and white scarf around my neck, and look forward to the opportunity to initiate next year’s freshers into this strange religion we call tiddlywinks.

TEAMS OF FOUR

Matt Fayers has, in his article, given something of the flavour of the Teams of Four Tournament. It was good to see several new faces, and to be welcomed by the Oxford club. Both Oxford and Cambridge have, over the years, provided sites for tournaments without which Tiddlywinks could scarcely ex-

ist, and I am sure everyone would want me to thank Oxford for their hospitality on this occasion.

The Fours is a very informal tournament: some people played in more than one team, and on one occasion only one member of a team had returned from lunch, and was compelled to play all four hands against opponents who were less bibulous than his team mates. This is a good tournament at which to introduce people to the game, so try to bring along someone new next year. Again, if, like Jon Carlaw and Steve Chamberlin, you are making a return to the game, the Fours is a good time to start. The participants are listed below.

Team A: DEATH WARMED UP (BUT NOT MUCH)

James Cullingham, Tim Hedger, Nick Inglis,
Charles Relle

Team B: THE OUTRAGEOUS TEAM

Patrick Barrie, Andrew Dominey, Chris
Goddard

**Team C: OOPS, IS THIS A COLLEGE COUNCIL
MEETING?**

Matt Fayers, Pete Keevash, Rupert Thompson,
Andrew Young

Team D: THE FAR CORNER

Jon Carlaw, Steve Chamberlin, James Gagg,

Matt Tam, Jon Mapley (Sunday), Simon Julier (Sunday)

Team E: FOUR SAINTS AND A GOD

Kilian Anheuser, Cyril Edwards, Andrew Green (Saturday), Kartik Ghia (Saturday), Elizabeth Whalley (Sunday)

Team F: THE FOUR OTHER HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE

Stuart Collins, Simon Gandy, Richard Moore, Matthew Rose (Saturday)

Team G: TEAM 7

Geoff Thorpe, Rupert Wilson, James Mushin (Saturday), Simon Julier, (Sunday), Jon Mapley (Sunday)

Please turn to the next page for the results of the tournament.

	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	TOTAL	POSITION
A		18	15 1/2	12 1/2	9 3/4	12	14	81 3/4	6
B	10		16 5/6	17 1/2	18	14	13 1/2	89 5/6	1
C	12 1/2	11 1/6		15	9	14	13 1/2	75 1/6	7
D	15 1/2	10 1/2	13		14	13 1/2	17 1/2	84	5
E	18 1/4	10	19	14		12	12	85 1/4	4
F	16	14	14	14 1/2	16		11 1/2	86	2=
G	14	14 1/2	14 1/2	10 1/2	16	16 1/2		86	2=

WORLD SINGLES 44

Larry Kahn (champion) vs. Geoff Myers (challenger)
Armitage Room, Queens' College, 17th
November 1995.

by Patrick Barrie

I've a nasty feeling that this is my sixth write-up of a World Singles match for Winking World in as many years, so don't be too surprised if it sounds like you've heard it all before. The scale of this result, however, was somewhat unexpected.

Game 1

Larry appeared to be accidentally playing pot-squop strategy, as he managed to get four greens squopped by the time he brought in his sixth yellow (to a nurdled position). Geoff, unconcerned, got a baseline squop onto the yellow with blue. Larry's winks were closer to the action and a tight middle-game developed. Both players ran out of mobile winks, and there was an interlude of Larry performing little bristols around (and over) a 16-wink pile, while Geoff was making lots of little click-squops. The game situation was close at the start of rounds, but Geoff pulled out a good shot every time Larry threatened to do anything, the most notable being a "surgical" knock-off

of a yellow high on top of the pile without disrupting the rest of the pile in any way. All in all this was a close game, with both players having chances to win well. Geoff, however, was the one to make the key shots late in rounds, and achieved a squop-up in round five to gain a 6-1 win.

Game 2

The first half of this game was very messy, as blitz possibilities didn't quite develop and both players seemed to spend more time squopping themselves rather than the opponent. Larry at one point managed to knock himself off a singleton while subbing under the enemy wink, which doesn't happen very often. By the end of the time limit it was clear that pressure potting and squopping in rounds would determine the outcome as all four colours still had flat winks as well as being on small neutral piles. Both players made some good squops to take out enemy winks, with Geoff's blues looking most likely for first place. Larry seemed to play to get yellow up to first place, but crucially missed two medium-distance pot attempts. Geoff's single red pot and single blue pot (at the second attempt) were sufficient to gain both first and second place and another 6-1 win.

Game 3

This proved to be the crucial game, as Larry desperately needed some points to get into the match. Geoff brought in five blues well, and then rather

tentatively potted them and brought in the sixth blue to one inch from the pot. Green couldn't play as he'd sent his previous shot off the mat. Geoff then played an excellent shot, putting a red onto a yellow doubleton; these two yellows just happened to be the only two of Larry's winks which had any line at all on the last blue. Wonderful clinical stuff, until Geoff spoiled it all by sending the sixth blue sailing over the pot rather than into it. Larry missed his first squop attempt at it, but then got his second (even though this was trickier than the first).

Geoff hassled well and the pile grew. With four minutes to go, Geoff finally got a free red on top of the pile containing the last blue. However, at this stage it wasn't worth blowing the pile, as virtually all of Larry's winks were under it! Larry did eventually achieve a squop-up (with no free turns) close to the time limit. He split up the pile well to free lots of his greens. By round two, Larry had three greens in the pot, one free fairly near the edge, one pottable off a singleton, and one in the pile with the last blue buried deep. Thus he had an almost certain 5-2 win as he could easily get five greens in the pot, and straightforwardly free the last green in the pile in round 5 (at which point he wouldn't need to worry about the risk of any reds coming free on the pile). However, he chose to be more aggressive. Yellow's shot in round 2 on the pile was played far too hard, and it not only

freed the sixth green, it freed a red over the last blue. "I would probably think you didn't want to do that" said spectator Dave Lockwood. Green potted his 4th wink, but missed the longish 5th; red played the last blue to one inch from the pot; yellow missed a 4 inch squop onto this last blue, and Geoff nervously potted it (from almost exactly the same position as he'd missed it from 20 minutes previously). An undistinguished scrap for minor places gave Geoff a 6*-1* win. Notwithstanding the fact that the three games had been close and tight up until rounds, Geoff had emerged with an overwhelming 18-3 match lead.

Game 4

After a break for food, the next game featured slightly more aggressive one-on-one squopping from both players. After 15 minutes Geoff's reds became tied up, a situation not helped by the fact that Larry had lunched two of them, but Geoff had a couple of effective doubletons even though the support was limited to a single colour. Rounds were quite complex as all colours had possibilities. It looked initially as though Larry's yellows would challenge Geoff's reds for first place, but this plan went awry due to good play by blue. In the end Larry had to pot three greens in round five to get to nine tiddlies to share first place with Geoff's reds; he did so successfully giving a scoreline of 4-3 to Geoff.

Game 5

Geoff now had a 22-6 lead, meaning that Larry needed at least one 7-0 to retain his title. It never remotely looked like happening, as Geoff got a good position early on and achieved a squop-up with seven minutes to go. Some of Geoff's freeing shots were tricky ones out of the main pile, but he clung on for a secure 6-1 win, and to take the world title by the impressive scoreline of 28-7.

Larry Kahn	1	1	1*	3	1
Total =	7				

Geoff Myers	6	6	6*	4	6
Total =	28				

Geoff will no doubt be pleased that he got away so easily. He did play better than Larry, particularly in rounds, but the luck also seemed to go with him. Geoff thus becomes the first Briton ever to regain the world title. As for Larry, he may have won more titles than any other player, but he also now shares the record for the most World Singles whitewashes against him...

NATIONAL PAIRS CHAMPIONSHIP 1995

Cambridge is always delightful, even in November. The architecture, the bookshops, the pubs, the bookshops again, all these promise a relaxing day or weekend out. As Winking World editor, I could combine these pleasures with watching the National Pairs in journalistic capacity, walking from table to table and seeing how others confronted difficulties that I normally faced myself.

But it was not to be. I do not know whether to praise or blame Tony Heading. On the one hand, I had a stimulating and agreeable partnership with Nick Inglis; on the other, I had no idea what was happening at the eight other tables, and I had appointed no other person to help write up the tournament. How does Tony Heading come into it? Well, he didn't: he was to partner Nick, but did not appear, so I agreed to be substitute.

New players are especially welcome at all tournaments, and some who had braved the Fours, an event designed to encourage newcomers, decided that the Pairs was not too formidable and entered. As there were eighteen pairs, the largest number at which an all-play-all is possible, they had a long, tough weekend, and as they were seeded in the lower half of the

draw, they had to play the highest seeded pairs at the beginning. We hope they will be back next year, and at other tournaments too, where the going is not so hard.

The list of entrants had few other new names, but many in new combinations. For instance, Stewart Sage and Geoff Thorpe were playing together, and came equal first in one respect, the number of pot-outs in which they participated. Unfortunately for them, only one was in their favour. Other partnerings new to the National Pairs were James Cullingham and Jonathan Williams, and Alasdair Grant and Gavin Keyte. Most of the other pairs were recognisable, even if some, like Tim Hedger and Peter Wright, not to say Alan Dean and Jonathan Mapley, were positively archival. It was good also to welcome back Steve Chamberlin and Jonathan Carlaw, who had also been at the Fours. From America came the holders, Larry Kahn and Dave Lockwood.

“In this tournament, no game is going to be easy” is a comment frequently heard as lists of names and seedings go up at the start, and so it proved, to me at least. The surprise of playing at all, and the lack of practice, made it all the more difficult.

By the last round there were two pairs in contention, the holders and Patrick Barrie and Richard

Moore, the latter of whom beat Geoff Myers and Ed Wynn 6 – 1. Lockwood and Kahn need seven against Dean and Mapley for an outright victory. A break-up from a fairly closed position left Dave with a chance for a pot-out, not easy in the lie of the winks or the circumstances. He succeeded magnificently, and his partner secured second place for the seven.

Many thanks to Stewart Sage and Queens' College for the venue.

The pairs were as follows:

- A: Patrick Barrie and Richard Moore
- B: Geoff Myers and Ed Wynn
- C; Larry Kahn and Dave Lockwood
- D: Alan Dean and Jon Mapley
- E: Tim Hedger and Peter Wright
- F: Nick Inglis and Charles Relle
- G: Stuart Collins and Simon Gandy
- H: Alasdair Grant and Gavin Keyte
- I: Stewart Sage and Geoff Thorpe
- J: Alan Boyce and Phil Scarrott
- K: Jon Carlaw and Steve Chamberlin
- L: James Cullingham and Jon Williams
- M: Cyril Edwards and Harry Parkes
- N: Dave Clarkson and Rupert Thompson
- O: Matt Fayers and Chris Goddard
- P: Kilian Anheuser and Christine Wiggins
- Q: Poss Ellis and Ed Porter
- R: Chris Abram and Tim Hunt

	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	TOTAL
A		6	4 1/2	7 ^m	5	7 ^m	6	6	6	5 1/2	3	4	6	2	6	6	7 ^m	7 ^m	94
B	1		4	6	6	4	4	5 1/2	3	6	2	6	4	2 1/2	7 ^m	6	6	6	79
C	2 1/2	3		7 ^m	7 ^m	5	7 ^m	4	6	6	4 1/2	6	7 ^m	4	6	6	7 ^m	7 ^m	95
D	0 ^a	1	0 ^a		6	4 1/2	5	6	6	6	6	1	7 ^m	4	6	7 ^m	4	4	76 1/2
E	2	1	0 ^a	1		1	4	6	1	3	4 1/2	4	5 1/2	6	4	6	6	7 ^m	62
F	0 ^a	3	2	2 1/2	6		2 1/3	6	7 ^m	3	7 ^m	6	5	6	4	6	6	6	77 5/6
G	1	3	0 ^a	2	3	4 2/3		6	6	4	5	5 1/2	6	6	6	6	6	6	76 1/6
H	1	1 1/2	3	1	1	1	1		2	5	5 1/2	6	5 1/2	6	6	5	6	6	62 1/2
I	1	4	1	1	6	0 ^a	1	5		6	4	1	2	5	1	2	2	1 1/2	43 1/2
J	1 1/2	1	1	1	4	4	3	2	1		2	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	62 1/2
K	4	5	2 1/2	1	2 1/2	0 ^a	2	1 1/2	3	5		4	6	3	6	6	5	5	61 1/2
L	3	1	1	6	3	1	1 1/2	1	6	1	3		6	1	1	6	5	1 1/2	48
M	1	3	0 ^a	0 ^a	1 1/2	2	1	1	5	1	1	1		1 1/2	4	4	6	6	39
N	5	4 1/2	3	3	1	1	1	1 1/2	2	1	4	6	5 1/2		2	6	5	6	57 1/2
O	1	0 ^a	1	1	3	3	1	1	6	1	1	6	3	5		1 1/2	6	2	42 1/2
P	1	1	1	0 ^a	1	1	1	2	5	1	1	1	3	1	5 1/2		6	1 1/2	33
Q	0 ^a	1	0 ^a	0 ^a	1	1	1	1	5	1	2	2	1	2	1	1		4	24
R	0 ^a	1	0 ^a	3	0 ^a	1	1	1	5 1/2	1	2	5 1/2	1	1	5	5 1/2	3		36 1/2

THE CAMBRIDGE OPEN

Day One Report by Chris Abram

“This is the year of the Sage!” exclaims Stew of that ilk, prompting an in-depth discussion of the viability of a World Pairs challenge in the near future; a decision was reached, if I recall correctly, that as an idea it was all well and good, but who would actually want to partner him?

Cambridge: I assume readers of this august journal will be familiar with this most attractive of English towns, with its manicured lawns, punt-strewn river, and spying dreamers. You will also be aware that Cambridge is the spiritual home of the game of Tiddlywinks, and this is why, on the first weekend in February, a varied selection of the great and the good of the world of winks arrived to squidge off on the bouncy tables of the Bowett Room. To be absolutely honest, apart from the ultra-keen novices of CUTwC (amongst whose number I am pleased to count myself), it was rather difficult to establish who was there and who was not; the flexible and friendly format of the tournament meant that people seemed to spend most of their day in the bar, or, particularly, visiting Heffer’s. Don’t they have bookshops in the rest of the country?

Back to the format. It’s details you want, I imagine. This, however, is where your scribe falls down.

The outstanding feature of the first day's play was the utter failure of the computerised draw system, which seemed, over the course of the day, to develop a distinctly cantankerous personality, which some might say bore an uncanny resemblance to that of its programmer. We did not quite reach the legendary level of Geoff Thorpe and Geoff Thorpe against Geoff Thorpe and Geoff Thorpe, but, as soon as people started going sight-seeing, arranging club dinners or indeed buying books, the computer insisted on entering them into the next round regardless. I wouldn't buy an Acorn laptop if I were you; you can't trust this British technology. The pen and paper, and somebody's hat, came to the rescue, but not before much confusion had ensued, with Nick Inglis' kindly-meant shouting of the rugby score over the noise of his personal stereo not entirely helping. And, what all this means, is that I have no scores for the computerised section of the day's play. To be honest, it's all a bit of a blank.

Still, I do remember the fact that I always seemed to be playing with or against Patrick, who was on fine form, ending up with overall victory and an excellent ppg. Anne Austen, now sadly departed from the cosy confines of CUTwC, counted herself very unlucky to be potted out against in round 5 whilst playing singles against Andy Purvis and Kilian. Our current Wunderkind, Matt Fayers, had a steady day, seeming to be fairly lucky with his partners. The boy

will go far, combining the out and out squopping prowess of Dave Lockwood with the charm of Larry Kahn, or perhaps vice versa. The rest of CUTwC failed to impress in their home tournament, with Benedict and Nutty Wal both hitting poor streaks of form. Thankfully this was remedied, by much hard practice, in time for the recent Varsity Match. Our president, however, surprised everyone by doing quite well, although I can't remember any details. And, surprisingly, Rupert Thompson did not appear all day.

As the afternoon drew on, helped by a cunning new variation on the Nurdle Boondock theme in the bar, a Pot-out bonanza began. Dr Sage, who had spent an extra round over his beer, advising this novice that this is in fact the gentlemanly thing to do, was in unstoppable form in pot-out situations. Stu Collins was also entirely consistent, and looked one of the best players on the day. (I didn't actually play against Andy, who finished with 6 ppg). By the last round, everyone was thoroughly sick of the stupid game, or so it seems; the evidence of every game but one ending in a pot-out speaks for itself. But by this time your scribe had gone home, eager young face flushed with excitement after another exciting day of winks. Unfortunately, the evening's revelries proved too much for my tender constitution, and so not only was I unable to compete on Sunday, but my knowledge of the details of Saturday are somewhat hazy.

Day Two Report

No report of Day Two has reached your Editor, but, as one of the participants, he can record a diminished attendance rate at the beginning of Sunday. The computer, in common with some of the human element, did not recover overnight, and the draw was made with paper and a hat. This seemed to work satisfactorily. Many people played just a few rounds: one of the pleasures of the Cambridge Open is that you can play in as many or as few rounds as you wish. Congratulations to Patrick Barrie on winning the tournament, to Matt Fayers for a fine score in his first year of winks, and to Andy Purvis for averaging 6 on the first day. The results are presented in the two traditional parts.

QUALIFIERS BY ENDURANCE

	Player	Points	Games	Average
1	Patrick Barrie	72	13	5.54
2	Stuart Collins	50	11	4.55
3	Matt Fayers	56	13	4.31
4	Nick Inglis	54	13	4.15
5	Paul Moss	47	12	3.92
6	Charles Relle	41	12	3.42
7	Phil Scarrott	44	13	3.38
8	Kilian Anheuser	36	13	2.77
9	James Cullingham	35.5	13	2.73
10	Harry Parkes	30.5	12	2.54
11	Andrew Dominey	24	11	2.18

PART TIME PARTICIPANTS

	Player	Points	Games	Average
	Andy Purvis	42	7	6.00
	Matthew Rose	32.5	6	5.42
	Anthony Heading	20	4	5.00
	Chris Goddard	39.5	9	4.39
	Geoff Thorpe	25	6	4.17
	Stewart Sage	23	6	3.83
	Julian Wiseman	25	7	3.57
	Jon Williams	28.5	8	3.56
	Chris Abram	21	6	3.50
	Andrew Young	14	4	3.50
	Tim Hunt	27	8	3.38
	Chris Andrew	19	6	3.17
	Jon Mapley	15	5	3.00
	Rupert Thompson	6	2	3.00
	Richard Moore	3	1	3.00
	David Clarkson	25.5	9	2.83
	Pete Keevash	23	9	2.56
	Simon Gandy	5	2	2.50
	Christine Wiggins	18	9	2.00
	Andrew Milligan	6	3	2.00
	Stephen Catterall	11	7	1.57
	Anne Austen	10	7	1.43
	Jane Brown	1	1	1.00
	Honey	0	1	0.00

THE OXFORDSHIRE OPEN

St Cross College was for the second time this academic year the venue for a tournament, and provided us with a spacious room and tables the right size. The organisation and hospitable nature of OUTS provided us with a good atmosphere, and the excellent local pubs sustained us amply at lunch time.

OUTS had decided to try a new system this year. At the end of each round the leader was to be paired for the next round with the person with the lowest score, second with next up, and so on. The bidding system, now almost traditional but not used last year, by which each pair predicted its score at the start of each round, was also in operation. We were thus introduced to new people, and an agreeable element of risk, appropriate to a fun tournament, was introduced. It took us time to do all we had to do between rounds, and to start with intervals were rather longer than we should have wished, but co-operation among organisers and other willing people soon produced quick processing.

Almost the most useful thing produced was a sheet showing adjusted scores. Your editor still does not understand the system but you could see at a glance what difference your bidding might have made, or indeed might make.

We did not have an exact number of people for the movement, and in the first round, for which there was a random draw, Christine Wiggins had to play *sola*. Finding herself drawn against Chris Abram and Patrick Barrie, she bid 1. She was right. They bid 6 and were right too. The only other pair to make a correct bid in this round were Cyril Edwards and Charles Relle, who bid 4 against Poss Ellis and Nick Inglis. It was quite a struggle to get the 4, even though 6 seemed on for a short time. At this stage the leaders were Kilian Anheuser and David Carslake, who had achieved 7* against Anja Filip and Andrew Young. Their adjusted score was $11 \frac{1}{3}$, for they had bid $4 \frac{1}{3}$. James Cullingham, who was playing *solo* against Stew Sage and Chris Goddard, bid a modest $3 \frac{1}{2}$, but achieved 6. His opponents had had high expectations for they had bid 5.

So to round 2, in which the bidding was quite accurate: in particular Elizabeth Whalley and Nick Inglis, after bidding $4 \frac{1}{3}$ against James Cullingham and Christine Wiggins, actually scored $4 \frac{2}{3}$. Please, someone, tell me how you can get $4 \frac{1}{3}$, as I do not believe it is possible. There was some discussion of 'rare' scores in *Newswink*, issues 14 and 15, but $4 \frac{1}{3}$ was not mentioned. Overbidders were Patrick Barrie and Andrew Young, who 5 bid and scored 2

against the more modest Kilian and Chris Goddard, who had bid 1 1/2. The leader was now David Carslake, who had bid and made 6 with Stew Sage against Poss Ellis.

I am ashamed to say that I have forgotten when lunch occurred at this tournament. It must have had something to do with round 3, for at three of the five tables there were pot-outs. Either people were hurrying in order to get to the pub, or were coming back from lunch in high spirits. Rounds 2 and 3 were notable for a surge by Matt Fayers who had bid 5 1/2 and 6, and actually scored 6 and 5 1/2. In round 3 Uli Brand, partnering James Mushin against Charles Relle and Andrew Young, upbraided his opponents for their 'arrogance' in bidding 6, and pronounced to Charles the following *bon mot*: 'I'll make you regret the day you were born!' Uli did score one point in that round, and, partnered now by Matt, one more in the next, when he was again up against Charles, who however, chastened by Uli's remarks, had bid only 4, and had underestimated his partner Anja. Adjusted scores of 12, 12 and 10 had brought Charles into the lead at this stage. However, the tournament was wide open, with large scores, both plus and minus, available for each round, and Nemesis lurking at every shot.

Round 5 brought Charles an adjusted score of $3 \frac{1}{2}$ in partnership with Christine against James and James, but meanwhile Patrick had scored $12 \frac{1}{3}$ as had his partner Kilian, and Matt Fayers, playing solo, had managed $9 \frac{1}{2}$ after a potout. Cyril and Poss had got $8 \frac{5}{6}$ against David Carslake and Anja, leaving Cyril in third place.

The last round brought Charles and Uli together as partners. They bid and made 4 against Cyril and Anja. Whether this consoled Uli for Charles's continued existence history does not relate, but it was just enough to give Charles the tournament, with Patrick, who had, by dint of bidding 6 and making 7, scored 13, in second place. It is only fair to point out that Patrick scored the highest total of actual points on 31. Charles had $28 \frac{1}{2}$, Kilian and David 28 and Nick $26 \frac{2}{3}$.

OXFORDSHIRE OPEN RESULTS 1996

Player	Round	1	2	3	4	5	6	Total	Position
Chris Abram	12	1	1	7	-1	3	13	35	9
Kilian Anheuser	11 1/3	6 1/2	0 1/2	3	12 1/3	9	42 2/3	6	6
Patrick Barrie	12	1	1	13	12 1/3	13	52 1/3	2	2
Uli Brand	7 2/3	1	1	0	0 1/2	8	18 1/6	17	17
David Carslake	11 1/3	12	1	10	5	10 1/2	49 5/6	3	3
James Cullingham	9 1/2	3 1/2	10	10	7 1/2	-2	38 1/2	7	7
Cyril Edwards	8	11 1/2	11	1	8 5/6	6	46 1/3	4	4
Poss Ellis	5	2	25/6	10	8 5/6	-6	22 2/3	14	14
Matt Fayers	4	11 1/2	10 1/2	0	9 1/2	-1 1/2	34	10	10
Anja Filip	-3	1	1	10	5	6	20	16	16
Chris Goddard	-2	6 1/2	11	12	-2 1/2	-1 1/2	23 1/2	13	13
Nick Inglis	5	9	7	13	0 1/2	10 1/3	44 5/6	5	5
James Mushin	4	12	1	-1	7 1/2	-2	21 1/2	15	15
Charles Relle	8	12	12	10	3 1/2	8	53 1/2	1	1
Stewart Sage	-2	12	10 1/2	12	3	-2	33 1/2	11	11
Elizabeth Whalley	7 2/3	9	25/6	2 1/6	4 2/3	10 1/3	36 2/3	8	8
Christine Wiggins	2	3 1/2	0 1/2	1	3 1/2	-2	8 1/2	18	18
Andrew Young	-3	1	12	10	-2 1/2	10 1/2	28	12	12

THE GOLDEN SQUIDGER

by Charles Relle

What is the Golden Squidger? It is a challenge pairs trophy, corresponding to the Jubilee Cup in singles, and has not often been played for. In fact the first challenge for many years was played at 26 Canadian Avenue on February 22nd.

The holders were Geoff Myers and Charles Relle: How this was decided I do not know, as I cannot recollect ever playing for it. I suspect we challenged and got it by default. The challengers were Jonathan Mapley and Andy Purvis.

'I'm getting too old for this game' has, in the mouth of Charles Relle, become almost a cliché. But, spoken by Jon, as it was on this occasion, it was the quote of the match. There were no spectators, and it was just as well. They would have found it hard to reconcile the number of mistakes made with the supposed eminence of the players. Charles was very fallible, and Geoff perhaps the most consistently accurate, but many a time a missed half inch squop was answered, not by instant punishment, but by a similar miss by the other side. The satisfying clump of wink into pot was heard much less often than the ping as it glanced off the edge. Perhaps Charles's Lenten observance and the consequent lack of home-brewed cider had something to do with it.

Luck does play some part in tiddlywinks. We do not talk about it much: it is ungracious to attribute a poor result to luck, and people prefer to think that their own skill has achieved the good ones. But luck and the first game were entwined. Geoff and Charles had much the better of it: their opponents got the subs and the unfortunate rolls, and when Geoff or Charles broke a pile, their own winks seemed to fall on top. Nevertheless, it was a hard game, which they took $5\frac{1}{2} - 1\frac{1}{2}$. Memory suggests that they were on a six much of the time, and that Charles missed a pot that would have clinched it. Spectators would have be-moaned the slow pace, but might have been interested by the discussions of both sides. All were playing with care, and each partnership was comparatively new. Each partnership also seemed a contrast in styles. For example, Geoff is a well-known strategist, whereas Andy once said of Charles: 'Charles, you have no strategy. You just play the shot you fancy playing.' He might have added, 'and the more outrageous the better'. Be that as it may, I was learning both from my partner and from the debates of the other pair. One of the delights of Tiddlywinks is that one can always learn: even now, in my declining years, I watch my opponents to see if there is some new shot to acquire.

So to the second game, which ended 4 – 3 to Geoff and Charles. This was a battle from the start. It is recognised that it is a good policy to bring your winks in as soon as you can: in this game winks were

engaged so early that Andy and Charles both had winks at the baseline at a fairly late stage. However, with about six minutes to go Geoff had six free winks, and decided to pot. He missed the fourth, and the battle to squop him and catch up was on for the opponents, while Charles was trying to frustrate them by freeing him or squopping them. As the score indicates, he did just enough of the latter. So now he and Geoff were leading by five points.

Game three, with its scoreline of 6* – 1* to Geoff and Charles, perhaps suggests a blitz. But it was not a blitz in the normal sense. Geoff did produce some brilliant pots, notably of a nurdled wink with two opponents just behind it, but an unusual miss had put him in that position, and the two winks that got there had been attempts to squop him. Excitement was added to ineptitude when his last wink was squopped, and Charles was forced to justify his existence by going to free him. He made the necessary squop (it cannot have been very difficult), and given the chance to free, accomplished this. It would be satisfying to report that after Geoff had potted out, the others followed in sequence. In fact one of the most undistinguished passages of the match followed, and Andy eventually got second place, succeeded, after an interval, by Charles.

It would, nevertheless, be wrong to see the match as a catalogue of misses. Both sides brought in accurately, and one reason why in at least one game

there were winks at the baseline until near the end was the intensity of the battle in the centre; the constant pressure kept the players keenly involved. Both sides appreciated the need for positional play, and sometimes preferred a short and more certain shot rather than something more distant. After the match Geoff remarked that there had been some interesting end games.

Game four was influenced, I think, by the fact that Charles and Geoff needed 2 1/2 to win the match. I was blissfully unaware of this, but the others could count. Andy and Jon were looking for a big win, and this affected their outlook. In fact, Jon brought in very well, with his winks near to the pot and all close together. His opponents were forced to make a raid on his position, and secured a doubleton. He replied by squopping this, and after they had not squopped him, making an excellent pot out of the pile. For him, still, no wink is 'impottible'. A second followed, but the third inexplicably hit the pot and landed on another of his winks, and near his partner's green, presenting Charles with a tripleton. But Jon and Andy had winks close, and their opponents did not, so their cause was very far from lost. Eventually it came to a struggle between Jon and Geoff for first place, but Jon and Andy, their manoeuvres dictated by their need to get a high score, could not manage more than four points.

It was a hard fought and interesting match. I was exhausted by the end. After the guests had

departed, I sat down and switched on the television. Cricket, that well tried soporific, was on, and confirmed my view that all sane people should be in bed.

GOLDEN SQUIDGER RESULT, February 22nd 1996

Myers and Relle 5 1/2, 4, 6*, 3 Total 18 1/2
Mapley and Purvis 1 1/2, 3, 1*, 4 Total 9 1/2

NEWS FROM AMERICA

Cleveland, Ohio was the venue for a family and fun tournament in October 1995, as well as the U.S. Pairs Championship. Local publicity was extensive, and there was a piece in *Sports Illustrated*, which we reprint. We are grateful to Franlin (Frank) Porath for supplying the material for this article.

Frank writes 'We had an informal tourney in the fall of 1994 when leading US winker (and astrophysicist) Brad Schaefer was in town to deliver a talk on gamma bursts from space. We had access to an art gallery for the public part of the program, which on both occasions, 1994 and the more formal 1995, was heavily covered by the local television stations. In fact, the tourney was the basis for a story in *Sports*

‘The serious tournaments were held in our house which was large enough to have three separate simultaneous games on wink-tables we made for the event. We actually had 12 house guests for the weekend. (The monster sized winks mentioned in the article on Margaret below was part of the house decorations on the front lawn.)

‘The whole event became one long party, with participation from the “pros” down to their children. The 1995 tourney was held during the final frenzied days of the baseball season, which saw the Cleveland Indians win its first championship since 1994.

‘The bottom line was that we had a first rate convocation, good competition, and most excellent fellowship.’

Two press releases take up the story. First the announcement of the tournament:

‘WINKS ’95 - International Winks Play Comes To Cleveland!

‘Is Cleveland becoming the sports capitol of the

world?

‘National and International champions of Tiddlywinks (yes!) will descend on Cleveland during the long Columbus Day weekend (October 7-9) for the Cleveland Pro-Am Winks ’95 Invitational.

‘Tiddlywinks? Yes, but not quite the childhood game of flicking little colored plastic discs into a cup any more. Winks is, in fact, a game of strategy and tactics, involving a fascinating mixture of manual dexterity and intellectual acuity as well.

‘Anyway, tiddlywinks is taken seriously by all those who play the adult game. There are regular tournaments in Britain and the USA and even a world title.

‘Saturday will feature a Pro/Amateur Tourney, pairing amateurs with the leading winkers in the country: a terrific opportunity for novices to experience play while paired with the best in the country.

‘The Sunday National Pairs Tournament is being staged for the seasoned winkers, including World Champions Larry Kahn and Dave Lockwood, US Champion Bob Henninge, and Scottish Champion Matthew Rose. Other competitors are expected from Canada and England.

‘The Saturday Pro/Am public demonstration will be held at The Murray Hill School, 2036 Murray Hill Road, in the Elise Newman Gallery, starting promptly at 10:00 AM. For information on the Winks ’95 Tournament or on being paired with one of the champions at the Pro/Am Tourney, call Margaret Calhoun at 231-0034. (Margaret Calhoun, artist and instructor at the Cleveland Institute of Art, teaches Winks at Hawken School, and is the ranking national woman winker.)’

Next the result:

‘CLEVELAND WINKS ’95 INVITATIONAL- COMPETITION RESULTS :

‘Cleveland has truly become the sports capitol of the world as National and International champions of Tiddlywinks descended on Cleveland during the long Columbus Day weekend (October 7-9) for the Cleveland Winks ’95 Invitational, a nationally sanctioned doubles tournament.

Tiddlywinks? Yes, but not quite the childhood game of flicking brightly coloured plastic discs into a cup any more. Winks is, in fact, a complex game of strategy and tactics, involving a fascinating mixture

of manual dexterity and intellectual acuity as well. Tiddlywinks is taken seriously by all those who play the adult game, with regular tournaments in Britain and the USA and a world title.

‘Top rated competitors for the Cleveland Winks ’95 Invitational Tournament staged for NATwA (the North American Tiddlywinks Association) included World Champions Larry Kahn and Dave Lockwood, US Champion Bob Henninge, and Scottish Champion Matthew Rose.

‘After eight rounds of doubles play the leading competitors remaining were World Singles and Pairs Champion Larry Kahn with Rick Tucker of Washington DC, against Yale Astrophysicist Brad Schaefer and the other World Pairs Champion, Dave Lockwood. The Schaefer/Lockwood team had a small lead which was converted into a large lead of 43 1/2 points to 36 1/2 points in a playoff round.

‘Schaefer and Lockwood are now expected to advance to challenge the English doubles teams in the world competition at Oxford, England in November.’

More publicity followed. The following story is taken from CWRU Magazine – November 1995, the magazine of Case Western Reserve University.

'OF SQUIDGERS AND SQUOPS

By Kathy Ewing

Home on the Mat

(to the tune of "Home on the Range")

*Oh, give me a mat,
and surface that's flat,
And a set of winks and a pot.
And I'll be content,
feel my hours well spent,
There's enjoyment in every shot.*

— From a publication of the North American
Tiddlywinks Association song committee.

'When my son Doug and I arrive, we can't help but notice the huge, colorful cardboard disks on sticks lining the front sidewalk. They look like giant suckers. They are, of course, giant tiddlywinks. *[They were part of the decoration for the occasion of the front lawn. —Editor]*

'We are at the Cleveland Heights (Ohio) home of Winker Extraordinaire Margaret Henninge Calhoun (Case Western Reserve University Graduate School Class of '92, art education). A different breed, these winkers. Besides fancying curious lawn ornaments,

they employ a silly British vocabulary all their own. The “squidger” is the large disk with which you propel your wink. In a “squop,” you cover your opponent’s wink with your own. To “boondock” is to send an enemy’s squopped wink out of the playing area. A “John Lennon Memorial Shot” is a simultaneous boondock and squop.

‘And they look so normal, Margaret and her ten-year-old son, Nathan, who guides us inside the house. (Older brother Jesse is gone for the day.) We exchange pleasantries and have something to drink and then get down to business: We are here to learn how to play.

‘Margaret is slight, well dressed and nearly dead serious about the game. Possibly a tiny twinkle appears in her eye when she repeats the spelling of “squop” for me and explains the basics of the game. Unlike the children’s game which you may remember, the sole objective of which is to shoot your winks into the center pot, in real tiddlywinks it’s preferable to squop. You can win by getting all your winks into the pot, “potting out,” but each wink you pot is no longer able to squop. Each player has six winks, besides the squidger, all of one color (blue, green, red or yellow).

‘To start, Margaret sets up two practice games, pitting me against her and Doug against Nathan. She patiently demonstrates the Bristol, whereby the

squidger is rested vertically on the top wink of a pile. With a gentle downward pressure she slides the whole pile onto another wink of mine. Likewise, she demonstrates the gromp, the crud and the bomb.

‘After Doug and I have been soundly beaten, we play a real four-person game. Doug and I are partners and play diagonally across from one another. Each boy naturally resolves to pot out, opting boyishly for the glamorous home-run kind of play. I try to imitate Margaret’s delicate touch and graceful shots. She is unfailingly encouraging, but try as I might, my winks fly through the air, over the piles I’m aiming for and sometimes off the mat. Of course, I tell myself, I don’t own a personalized hand-filed squidger like a certain other person.

‘In the end, Nathan pots out, and he and his mom win the game. At least I can say that I have been beaten by the world’s ranking woman winker. Also the only woman winker in competitive play, but never mind. [*The writer does not read Winking World, it seems. — Editor.*]

‘The typical American winker is a brainy male sporting a pocket protector; Eastern technical schools like MIT and Cornell are hotbeds of winking in the United States. Margaret organized a tournament at her home the weekend of October 7 that drew some of the eminent winkers in the world. One of them is

Bob Henninge, Margaret Calhoun's brother, who introduced her to the game when she was in high school.

'Margaret's other interests are nearly as interesting and unusual as tiddlywinks. She makes kites, which are featured at the Elise Newman Gallery and the Cleveland Museum of Art gift shop. She also plays several musical instruments, teaches drawing at the Cleveland Institute of Art and is a courtroom artist.

'Winking, however, is her first love. I think she would echo the sentiments expressed in the song book of the North American Tiddlywinks Association. All together now, to the tune of "Home On The Range"...

*Winks! Winks! That's for me.
The game of the happy and free.
O Life's a delight
Playing Winks every night.
Just try it and you will agree.'*

The other article was in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, on November 27, 1995. It is reproduced on our next page. As copy came to us by email, a photograph in the original article has not been included.

'TIDDLYWINKS

To Squop, or Not to Squop?
Winks wizards on both sides of the Pond face such
agonizing dilemmas every day

by Mark Wexler

Larry Kahn and Dave Lockwood have, ahem, one of the most enduring sports rivalries in U.S. history.

LARRY KAHN bent over a felt-covered table and contemplated his predicament.

"O.K., so I can't pot my nurdled wink," he said smugly. "I sure as heck won't let you piddle free so you can boondock my red."

Standing nearby, Kahn's opponent, Dave Lockwood, was a study in intensity. "Go ahead," he challenged. "I'll gromp the double anyway, and then I'll lunch a blue."

Piddle? Pot? Gromp? Sounds like a debate over bathroom etiquette. But such banter is part of the game when the two superstars of competition tiddlywinks meet in one of the most enduring rivalries in U.S. sporting history. Forget Ali and Frazier, Chamberlain and Russell, Evert and Navratilova. Kahn and

Lockwood have been dueling one another since the early 1970s, when they met across a six-foot tiddlywink table as students at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Since then the engineers, both of whom now live in the suburbs of Washington, D.C., have won 70% of the U.S. tiddlywink championships and half of the world titles.

Last month they took their rivalry to a Cleveland mansion for the 1995 U.S. pairs championship. But when they and 20 other “winkers” squared off, the event was overshadowed by another local attraction – something to do with a team called the Indians. “We had hoped the mayor would toss out the first wink,” says Lockwood, “but he was busy.”

Tiddlywinks is believed to have been invented in 1888 in England, and with its formal rules and strange terms such as “squidger,” “nurdle” and “squop”, the game seems indelibly British. Joseph Assheton Fincher, a London shop owner, came up with the idea of flipping disks into a cup as a way to keep pub customers happy. Tiddly fever spread like crazy during the 1890s. On both sides of the Atlantic, winks parties were the rage. But soon the fad faded, and the game was banished to children’s playrooms. Then, in 1955, some Cambridge University students organized the first official tiddlywinks tournament.

Seven years later a winks team from Oxford University toured the U.S., trouncing every American in its path. “We were not going to take it lying down,” says Alexandria, Va., engineer Rick Tucker, another MIT grad and self-appointed tiddlywink historian. In 1966 a group of college students formed the North American Tiddlywinks Association to attract players and perfect the U.S. game. International play began in earnest when the MIT team traveled to England in 1972 and crushed the British champs. “I think the American winkers have more of a killer instinct. Winning seems to matter more to them than to us,” says Charles Relle, a Cambridge grad who at 54 may be the world’s oldest competitive winker.

In competition tiddlywinks, the best shots are not always those that land in the pot but rather the ones that mess up an opponent’s game. These include “squops,” with which a player immobilizes his opponent’s winks by covering them with his own. “It’s a probabilistic decision-theory game,” says Lockwood. Say what? “It’s like chess, only you have to shoot your piece where you want it,” says Kahn.

Many winks players have science or engineering backgrounds. “The game requires an unusual combination of mental and physical skills”, says Relle. Or as Kahn puts it, “In what other game do players

take into account the coefficients of friction and Hooke's law?" (The latter is a theory of physics stating that the amount that an elastic body bends out of shape is in direct proportion to the force acting on it.)

Perhaps that's why the competitors in Cleveland didn't look like hulking jocks. Lockwood's partner was Brad Schaefer, a Yale physics professor. Kahn was paired with Tucker, a 23-year winks veteran. As expected, the tournament came down to these teams.

"Dave and I are very good friends, but each of us wants to beat the other more than anything in the world," says Kahn, who has won more titles than any winker ever.

"It's always intriguing when Larry plays Dave – it's like a very skilled boxer against a very hard puncher," says Andy Purvis, a British Royal Society Research Fellow and one of England's top winkers. "Larry wins through skill," adds Tucker, "whereas Dave wins through the force of his will."

On this day Lockwood's will won out, and he breathed a sigh of relief. "At least when you win," he says, "it's easier to go home and rationalize to your wife why you were out again playing tiddlywinks."

National Wildlife editor Mark Wexler admits that he's a klutz when it comes to winking.'

THE SECOND A-T TOURNAMENT

Why A-T, and and what happens? A-T stands for Ataxia Telangiectasia, which is a rare genetic disease affecting the nervous system, and has other complications. Someone I know has set up a medical research trust to investigate it. Her son has the disease. So far she has raised about £350,000. That is why.

What happens? June 1995 comes, and with it the A-T newsletter, announcing “**We’ve Found the Gene!**” Not being a scientist, I know this is important, but little more. I read the newsletter: there is not a cure, but a big step forward. I decide I must have another A-T tournament (I had the first in January 1994). Perhaps September, I think. Soon after, I get my next year’s timetable, and it is horrendous, heavier than my present one, which is coming near to forcing me to give up Tiddlywinks. There it rests, but my conscience does not. I know I must do something.

The Fours are at half term, and it is meant to be a fun tournament, so I suppose it will not matter if I play badly. Anyway, a weekend away from work will do me good. So I go, and at the AGM am made *Winking World* Editor. I am in the game for another year. My fault: I said I would do WW if nobody else would, and nobody else would. Fixtures are made, but the dates of the Cambridge and Oxfordshire Opens are

not decided. In my own mind I have the idea of a New Year tournament for A-T, like the one in 1994. In December I send out some emails, proposing a tournament in February. Back come replies: I have picked the day before the Oxfordshire Open, already announced via alt.games.tiddlywinks. My access to this newsgroup is imperfect, so I do not know. I hastily compose another email, suggesting March 2nd, and send out letters with Christmas cards, including the line "please let me know by the turn of the year whether or not you can come". Two or three replies come back, including one from a friend of undergraduate days. Some people say they cannot come. Will I be able to run this tournament or not?

The year turns, the Spring Term includes two weeks of jury service, and there is a student in my department. Life is not so bad. At the Cambridge Open I ask a few more people, and discover March 2nd is a clash for some others. It is the same at the Oxfordshire. By this time I am planning menus in my head, and am wondering whether the tournament will be for eight people or twelve, or some number in between.

The week running up to the tournament goes something like this.

At weekend, decide finally on menu. Plan what

crockery, cutlery and glasses to use. Decide what pots to use to cook the food.

Tuesday: do some shopping. Look at list of players on computer Who *did* say yes and who no? Have I got it right? Mild panic: ring Geoff Thorpe: "Geoff, there may be thirteen on Saturday; is there a movement for thirteen players?" Long pause: "There will be if you need one". I bless him and go on planning. Fix menu, allowing carefully for vegetarians: Potage Crécy, Oeufs en Tapénard or Hummus, Carbonade Nimoise or Beans Bourguignonne, Cheese, Cheesecake (get vegetarian gelatine for this), and the traditional macaroons. Wine already bought last weekend: allow one bottle each plus one spare plus two bottles of sherry.

Wednesday: shop, soak beans for Bourguignonne. Message on answering machine "Charles I can't come on Saturday". Ring Geoff again: Geoff, there will not be thirteen; don't worry". He wasn't, but on the day he brought a book of Bridge movements just in case. I do another count: I think I have eleven players.

Thursday: in morning rinse and refrigerate beans: in evening cook and refrigerate again. Discover someone else cannot come. I am now, I think, down

to ten. It is no good ringing Geoff of anyone else: there is no individual movement for ten players. Saturday is going to be interesting.

Friday: check all ingredients, make Cheese-cakes, hard boil eggs, prepare Tapénade, prepare Bean Casserole, make Hummus, set up tables. A light evening's work, but there is a telephone call: "Charles, I know you said reply by the turn of the year, but is there any chance I can come tomorrow?" "Yes", I say, and remind him of the details. I put down the telephone and sigh with relief: the tournament will now work!

Saturday: get up at 6 a.m. to prepare Carbonade and put out crockery, cutlery and glasses. Put eggs in Tapénade. I check timings, and set various watch and clock alarms to make sure things get cooked at the right time. Eleanor, my wife, volunteers to buy bread and salad.

Nine o'clock comes and with it the first arrival for the ten o'clock tournament. Perhaps privatisation has done something for British Rail after all. I make the final preparations as other people arrive. We start more or less on time.

Five rounds are played before lunch. Rounds 4 and 5 are punctuated by various bells: games come to

a halt, and I say “Play on, it’s to do with lunch”, and dash for the kitchen. Just before round five, I bring on the sherry, and tell the people in the front room to help themselves. I serve the people in the back room. The games in the front room must be interesting because the sherry there is untouched by lunch time. The players, however, put things right.

Lunch seemed to go on for about five rounds. Before lunch Rupert Wilson was leading with an average of 5.3. His post-prandial average was 3.00. We played the six further rounds, and though one or two people had to leave before the end, the day seemed to be enjoyed. At the end, I asked who had won, having no idea of the state of the tournament. “Someone called Relle”, said Rupert, who in fact came second.

I have been holding tournaments at Catford since 1982, and have never won before. But, to use a line which I make no apology for repeating, the real winner was the A-T Medical Research Trust. Thank you all very much.