

Winking World 73

*SPECIAL MILLENNIUM ISSUE —
2000 YEARS OF TIDDLYWINKS**

*Tawdry Bandwagon-jumping. Does not imply special contents

winter 1999

Winking World 72 Spring 1999 Contents

- 3 Editorial — *Chris Abram*
- 4–8 A Lifetime in Tiddlywinks — *Stew Sage*
- 9 Un Coup! Un Coup! — *Tim Hunt*
- 10–11 The ETwA National Singles 1999: Qualifying Leagues
- 12–15 The National Singles Final — *Christine Wiggins*
- 16 The National singles Plate — *Tim Hunt*
- 17–22 Review of Winks in the 1990s — *Patrick Barrie*
- 22–23 Shot of the Millenium — *Chris Abram*
- 23 The Second most common Score in Winks — *Patrick Barrie*
- 24 Sir, do you prefer your winks boiled or fried? — *Larry Kahn*
- 25–27 World Singles 50 — *Matt Fayers*
- 27 The Year in America — *Larry Kahn*
- 28–29 Millenium Winks Moments — *Matthew Rose*
- 30–31 World Singles 51 — *Matt Fayers*
- 31–2 Auntie Gertie's Cocktail Cabinet
- 33 The London Open 1999
- 34 Millenium Winks Survey — *Tim Hunt*
- 35 Mystic Gertie's Millenium Predictions



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Winking World is distributed free to members of ETwA, and it may be purchased by non-members for a small sum. Those interested in joining ETwA should contact the Secretary, Christine Wiggins of 19 Benians Court Cambridge CB3 ODN, telephone 01223 501598.



Miss Otis Regrets (she is unable to lunch today) *Cole Porter*

Notes from the Editor

Just in Time for Christmas

I must apologise that this issue of Winking World, notionally scheduled for the beginning of November is so appallingly late. I know that for some of my readers the prospect of a new Winking World twice a year is all that sustains them through this harsh life. This tardiness is nobody's fault but my own. Sometimes, it may seem like getting people to write articles is like getting blood out of a stone, but perhaps I don't squeeze hard enough. At any rate, I'd like to thank everybody who has written for Winking World 73. And I'd like to remind ETwA members that there will be an opportunity to vote for somebody else at the next ETwA congress. Please.

I wish all my readers a very Happy New Year, and good winking in 2000.

Slu

Stew Sage Reminisces

Stew Sage

The first inkling I got that tiddlywinks was anything other than a kids' game was in a letter I received from my college contact (guiding second year) just before I went up to Cambridge. Ed Beale had ended his letter "and of course, everyone in Queens' plays tiddlywinks".

My first memory is thus the Queens' College Tiddlywinks Club (QuCTwC) Squash. I went along to Liz Bertoya's room in response to a splendid poster on QuCTwC Headed Paper, which features Romans playing winks. As I ascended Y staircase, a whiff of alcohol caught my nostrils, and the rest as they say, is history. I don't actually recall seeing any winks played at this gathering, but the QuCTwC punch, a curious concoction involving cherry brandy and kiwi fruit, was rather good. I never did understand why it was being served from a paint-roller tray. Or why there were so many whips hanging on the walls. Anyway, Liz along with Nick Inglis ranted about the joys of the game and I decided to find out more.

Finding out more meant joining the Cambridge University Tiddlywinks Club (CUTwC), since in those days QuCTwC never did anything beyond organising Cuppers (Inter-Collegiate Competition) Teams. I went along to the Societies Fair and searched for the CUTwC stall. Attracted by the sound of Nick in full flow, I paid up my £1.20 and turned up for the ritual of my formal election to the club at its first meeting the next day, *Wednesday* 14th October 1981.

Entering the Old Hall at Queens', I encountered Roger Long, then the CUTwC President. He was a man with a curious dress sense who stored his potting squidger in an After Eight wrapper. It fell to Liz however, to teach me the rudiments of the game. The minutes of the meeting record "Membership soared to 34: the second highest number of members the club had ever had. A number of these new members were very keen: could this be the resurgence of winks as we know it?". As it turned out, it was. Three of the novices there that night, myself and fellow Natural Scientists Paul Hilditch and Jon Prince, were to go on to seize control of the committee at the end of the year. CUTwC had 80 members a year later and over 200 by October 1985.

At that first meeting it was announced that CUTwC was to play a game against QuESH (Queen Ethelberger's School, Harrogate - but not really) the following Saturday and that novices were welcome. The team was

led by Nigel Knowles and would include someone called Dave Lockwood, who was apparently the World Champion. Neglecting some impossible Chemistry Tripos questions, I went along and played my first competitive games. I and my partner, Harold Snow, won three out of five of these, including our game against Lockwood and his novice partner. I would not see similar success for many years. If ever.

My second term saw the first Cambridge Open, which was devised as a way to keep people off of the streets and in the pubs on the weekend of the CUTwC Annual Dinner. I attended my first dinner which passed off largely without incident compared with later years, but was memorable in a way (at least in parts). The committee had picked a menu in which each dish included alcohol, and I had my first meeting with two strange characters called Relle and Thorpe, with whom it was my pleasure to sit. Much promised rituals were gradually unfolded. The Sicilian Bandit Joke. The President's Vice. And more alcohol than even I thought sensible.

CUTwC Dinners could provide an endless string of recollections, so I must limit myself. The year I was CUTwC President will serve as an illustration. A suitably tasteless President's Vice had been devised and Ms Bertoya (now Mrs Sparrow) assisted me in the purchase of the condoms. "How many people are coming tonight?" she exclaimed loudly in Boots, and then proceeded to argue in favour of Fiesta for the committee. Our Guest Fellow turned out to be a Roman Catholic and seemed rather nervous about the whole thing. He went on to earn Honorary Membership of the club after mounting a successful defence against the college authorities, who had intervened after a member of staff reported the room littered with "a large number of untranslated french letters". Critical to his argument was his statement that "I have seen far worse after Fellows' Dinners". (Curiously this has not been my own experience of the Fellowship of Queens'). The evening ended with Mr. Thorpe being overcome with emotion when my Junior Treasurer, Simon Every, bit the head off of his lifelong companion, Teddy. Later, awoken from his slumbers on the windowsill, Geoff was conveyed away to Mr Inglis' rooms, regaling us with the evenings entertainment en route and failing to co-operate fully in our attempt not to wake the slumbering members of SOTWINK who were billeted in another of Nick's rooms.

Other celebrated dinner moments include the scuffle between Andy Purvis and Jon "Nipper" Williams, which resulted in them

exchanging pairs of glasses, but not noticing until their vision seemed inadequate when the winks resumed the next day. Another was the time I waited patiently to lock up the room whilst Ed Wynn put on a shoe somehow shed during the evenings events. Eventually he looked up, remarking "Wrong shoe!". As far as I know, the mystery has not been solved. Nor how Ed had obtained a black eye by the following morning.

CUTwC's Fortieth Anniversary Dinner deserves a special mention. I had had my eye on the anniversary for a number of years before and enlisted the help of the Cambridge Alumni Office in tracing as many old members of the club as possible. I had gathered the names by reading all the CUTwC Minutes Books from 1958 onwards. This was a surprisingly pleasant task as most CUTwC Secretaries over the years have written entertainingly. Over seventy people attended the dinner. Top of the guest list was Bill Steen, the founder of CUTwC and of the modern game. His accomplice in the great events of 1954-55, Rikki Martin, was also there. The event, perhaps inevitably, got rather out of hand. I remain unsure quite how to take Professor Steen's thank you letter which ends "what a wonderful evening — so full of youthful exuberance". I rather suspect this refers to the youthful exuberance he and his wife had to tip-toe around on the way out.

Getting back to winks, I recall my first Varsity Match as a splendid occasion. I had to wait until my fifth year as a student for this, not because I was useless (although many would beg to differ), but because OUTS had inconveniently passed into abeyance in my second year. Fortunately, they were revived by Tony Brennan in the nick of time for me to secure a quarter blue. The CUTwC team set off to Wadham College, Oxford on February 22nd 1986 with considerable excitement. Not only would we all be earning our first quarter blues, but the whole business was to be captured by the BBC (for Grandstand!) and by Australia's Channel 10, who had taken the bait I had put out as the first holder of the new ETwA post of Publicity Officer. (Recollections of my time as Publicity Officer appear in WW 50). CUTwC had expected to win the Varsity Match, given that Tony though an experienced player himself, had to field seven novices. I partnered CUTwC President, James Robinson, and played the OUTS first pair in the first round. Completely outplayed in front of the cameras, we went down 4-3. This however was CUTwC's only loss of the day. The OUTS novices were ruth-

6 lessly crushed and CUTwC returned to Cambridge triumphant with a

massive 98-14 victory. What by then had become a very sociable club made the most of it. An eight pub crawl was completed before 9.30 and Queens' Bar was invaded by the winkers chanting their score. The next day I was told of an altercation between the Winks Club and the Rugby Club, who had not taken kindly to the chant "QCRFC are a bunch of f***ing w*nkers". I was under the impression that I had already left by this time and said that I wished I had been there. I was told that I was.

When I joined CUTwC it was unusual to find anyone venturing from Cambridge to national tournaments. I ventured out once I became CUTwC President in my fourth year and soon learned how amusing these events could be. Alas the amusement was seldom linked with anything like success. The first sign of that came in the National Singles in 1987. I was well used to turning up to tournaments, especially the Singles, for a ritual thrashing by this time. I was really only in Pinner for the London Pride. Disconcertingly, I found that by lunchtime I had won all of my games. Things didn't improve in the afternoon and when I took 3 off top seed, Mike Surridge, and then took 6 off of the second seed, Peter Wright (who had got carried away at lunchtime), qualification looked on. There were five qualification leagues that year, with two going through from each. I squeezed into my first final as one two additional players decided on ppg.

After riotous celebration of my qualification and a night chez Myers, the last thing I expected was any points in the final. However, I managed 5 wins. Two were particularly memorable. PINTS had organised an excellent lunch which I found needed much washing down. As I staggered from the pub, I overheard Charles Relle say "Sage after lunch, mustn't lose to him!". Charles, sensing my post-lunch condition, tried to blitz me. He missed - the fifth I think - and as much to my surprise as his I squopped it from some distance. Even more to my surprise, I then ran 6 and followed in. A great joy though this was, I slightly regret the fact that one more point that day would have given Charles the title and kept an American out. I have no such regrets about the other memorable match. Richard Moore had rather precociously qualified for the final in his second year. We had a typically cantankerous game and when he was attempting a pot from the edge of the mat I called a Shot Judge in case he should miss and the wink hit his other arm. Gary Shrimpton attended, Richard missed, the wink hit his arm at high velocity, Gary judged it to be going of f, Richard was eventually persuaded to

accept the decision, I took 6 (probably potting out, but it was before the days of stars), and Richard and I have argued about it for the last 12 years. I finished ninth. I was not to qualify for the final for another ten years.

It was another argument with Mr Moore that indirectly led to my first national success. Partnering him in the National Teams of Four in 1988, we ended up in a heated dispute that led me to shoot one of my winks off the table deliberately. Losing the game quickly, we headed for a couple of bonus post-lunch pints in The Gate, one of Southampton's finest watering holes. There we overheard one of the regulars say "You know? I think some of the things in the Sunday Sport are made up". Cheered and refreshed, we returned to our next match of a much more tranquil kidney, and proceeded to pull off an unlikely pot out against Surridge and Boyce. Points continued to pile up and our "Betty's Boys" team (also including Tony Heading and Savidge Alcock) took the title.

My only other national success was in the Scottish Pairs. I partnered Matthew Rose with some success in the first Scottish Pairs after the tournaments revival in 1993. We tried again resulting in a near miss in 1994. We finally pulled it off in 1995, having got the balance right between sensible games and quick pot outs followed by bonus whiskies in the Cellar Bar. Alas we never got to play our World Singles Challenge, despite meeting up in Toronto to try to do this. My subsequent performances north of the border have been no better than those to the south. My last effort in St. Andrews was a tournament of two halves. Christine Wiggins and I potted out in almost every game on the Saturday. We became such regular visitors to the Cellar Bar that by the afternoon they were setting up a G&T and a malt every forty minutes. Alas, since both of us had to drive on the Sunday we picked up very few further points.

Sad old man that I am, I could carry on for ever. However, I think Richard Moore's Favourite Moments were limited to 10, so I had better stop. I will not have time or space to mention the incident involving Geoff Myers and Benedict's sleeping bag, nor David Clarkson eating Stu Collins' squidger during a Teams of Four. Equally I will have to pass over the Somerset Invitations, with their grandfather clock and tortoise related incidents. Likewise the Oxford Guest Room. Probably just as well.

Un coup! Un coup!

Tim Hunt

(...as people tend to cry when playing Jeux de Tarot.) It all started when I invited Matt Fayers round to my place yesterday (11th October 1999) to play a few gentle games of winks as practice for the National Singles.

When he arrived, Matt said, "So have you managed to find out yet what the state of Jubilee Trophy is?" and I replied, "No, no-one really seems to know what is happening. When I try to challenge I am told to talk to the E.Tw.A. secretary, so I go and talk to Christine and she says 'Um, Err, I don't know'."

"So," said Matt, with a camp gesture, "speaking as E.Tw.A. tournament organiser ..." another camp gesture, "... how about we play a 5 game match this afternoon and DECLARE it to be a Jubilee Trophy match. Of course, if people rant loudly enough, and actually explain to us the proper procedure to challenging, we will have to back down. But if not this might actually get the tournament off the ground again."

Well there seemed to be no way out so I agreed. Matt won and so, until further notice, All hail Matt Fayers, Jubilee Trophy holder.

What? Oh, the match! Surely you don't want me to bore you with the details of that? All right then, I shall be brief. Matt played better tactics than me and made more shots.

Matt Fayers (upstart challenger) 6 5 6* 4 total: 21

Tim Hunt (upstart challenger II) 1 2 1* 3 total: 7

The EtwA National Singles 1999

Not very many people turned up, so we had three leagues of seven.

And this is what happened:

Hammersmith and City League, described by Simon Gandy.

Well, y'know, it was winks really. Simon qualified in first place, dropping only three points, in some large measure due to fortune. The key game, arguably, was the game between Pete and Charles in round three. Pete squopped 'extremely well' (according to Charles) to nail the six points. This gave him (your author infers) the courage and belief to carry it off, and he only lost one further game. In contrast, Stew, for the first time seeded to qualify, lapsed into complacency with the lack of pressure, and dropped too many points. the result was determined before the final round. Meanwhile, Paul didn't really get the results his play deserved, though he did get the victory against Pete, while John managed to beat both Stew and Paul to finish sixth. So there you go.

		OPPONENT							SCORE AFTER ROUND								
	PLAYER	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	2	3	4	5	6	7	TOTAL	POS.	
A	CHARLES RELLE	—	1*	6	4	7*	1	6			14	18	24	25	25	2	
B	SIMON GANDY	6*	—	7*	6	6	7*	7*			20	27	33	39	39	1	
C	STEW SAGE	1	0*	—	5*	3	1	6			10	10	11	16	16	5	
D	JAMES CULLINGHAM	3	1	2*	—	7*	3	6			16	19	20	22	22	4	
E	JOHN HASLEGRAVE	0*	1	4	0*	—	1*	5 1/2			5	5	6	11 1/2	11 1/2	6	
F	PETE KEEVASH	6	0*	6	4	6*	—	2			16	18	24	24	24	3	
G	PAUL ROBERTS	1	0*	1	1	1 1/2	5	—			3	8	8	9 1/2	9 1/2	7	

Hammersmith and City League

Central League, described by the participants. Thoughts ordered by Chris Abram.

Rule no. 1: count your winks. Things got of f to a bad start when Christine tried to maximise her pot-out chances by playing with five reds against Chris. Chris wanted to replay the whole match, but common sense prevailed and Christine got a close win. James was also disgusted by Phil's tactics, which involved a long squopping battle until Phil snapped and potted-out out of the blue. James fared no better against Alan, squopping the maestro up after twelve minutes, before playing some slack shots which eventually gave Alan victory. That was probably the closest anybody came to beating the runaway league leader.



By round four, the hyperbole of the Central League was becoming somewhat

far-fetched: 'SLU is mighty!', wrote Chris, after dealing efficiently with James, who was by now pretty depressed. 'But Christine is mightier', wrote the good lady, with more justification after squopping up Dr Barrie for a historic 6-1 win. So, by round seven, things were more or less settled. Patrick, Alan and Christine were set to qualify, as would Phil as long as he scored three or more points against Chris. The death score to be avoided was 5-2 to Chris which would result in the dreaded play-off. So, ending round five, I merely had to free a yellow on a largish pile to ensure this very score line, which, frankly, had looked grimly inevitable from the start. So, I bombed the pile. The wink went into the pot. The crowd gasped. With the subsequent extra turn, I just about managed to dislodge the crucial yellow in the pile, and we went into overtime. I have to say that, if Phil had been unlucky in the first game, I did play pretty well in the decider, which was undoubtedly the most exciting game I've ever played. I had Phil squopped up fairly soon, but he played a couple of excellent shots, and the pile broke just before rounds. By this stage, most of the other players, their work done, were watching the excitement. Phil and I got pretty nervous, and refused to take on simple pots which would probably have won us the game for fear of missing them. All of which left Phil ahead in round five. Luckily, however, I'd taken the precaution of winning the squidge-off again, so I causally sunk the fourteen-inch pot, to the adulation of my peers. Sorry 'bout that, Phil. If I'd known in advance the horror of the Singles Final due to commence the following morning, I would probably have looked less smug.

Central League

		OPPONENT									SCORE AFTER ROUND							
	PLAYER	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	2	3	4	5	6	7	TOTAL	POS.		
A	PATRICK BARRIE	—	1*	6	6	2	6	7*			15	21	27	28	28	2		
B	ALAN DEAN	6*	—	6*	6*	4 1/2	6	6			16 1/2	22 1/2	28 1/2	34 1/2	34 1/2	1		
C	PHIL SCARROTT	1	1*	—	2	4	6	6*			16	17	18	20	20	5		
D	CHRIS ABRAM	1	1*	5	—	3	4	6			13	14	15	20	20	4		
E	CHRISTINE WIGGINS	5	2 1/2	3	4	—	6	3 1/2			11 1/2	14 1/2	20 1/2	24	24	3		
F	PAUL MOSS	1	1	1	3	1	—	1			5	6	7	8	8	7		
G	JAMES MURRAY	0*	1	1*	1	3 1/2	6	—			3	9	9	12 1/2	12 1/2	6		

Picadilly League

		OPPONENT							SCORE AFTER ROUND							TOTAL	POS.
	PLAYER	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	2	3	4	5	6	7			
A	LARRY KAHN	—	7*	3	4	6	7*	6			19	23	26	33	33	1	
B	MATT FAYERS	0*	—	1	5 1/2	6	6*	6			18	19	24 1/2	24 1/2	24 1/2	3	
C	JON MAPLEY	4	6	—	1	5 1/2	6	6*			17	23	27	28	28	2	
D	PHIL CARMODY	3	1 1/2	6	—	3	6	4			13	16	17 1/2	23 1/2	23 1/2	4	
E	TIM HUNT	1	1	0*	4	—	2 1/2	6*			6	6	11 1/2	17 1/2	17 1/2	5	
F	ANDREW GARRARD	0*	1*	3	1	1 1/2	—	4			5	9 1/2	11	11	11	6	
G	KILLIAN ANHEUSER	1	1	1	3	1*	2 1/2	—			5	7 1/2	8 1/2	9 1/2	9 1/2	7	



The Singles Final

Christine Wiggins

As the first woman in anyone's memory to qualify for the second day of the National Singles it fell to me to write up the day for Winking World. I was of course flattered to be asked to do this, but due to the fact that I have wiped most of the horrific day from my memory (yes, I was the weakest rabbit!) I have relied very heavily on the random scribbles of the other people present. Here goes:

Round 1

The only notable feature of the first round was that it started roughly on time, and all games seemed to end 6-1 (some probably with stars next to them!). According to Jon Mapley, when he last analysed the proportion of 6-1's in the World matches he found that approximately 71% of all games finish with this score. Why he was working this out one has to wonder, but according to the great man it was because he was bored with looking out of the office window. I'm not sure that's a good enough excuse!

Round 2

Winks fatigue hadn't yet set in for anyone, as I'm not sure many of us were yet awake. However, Larry Khan and Pete Kevash had a "Groundhog Day" game with Larry squopping up Pete 4-5 times in a row. Simon Gandy and James Cullingham had a very tedious game with no free winks and total faffage until it went horribly wrong for James. According to James, Simon played so boringly that James was compelled to throw it away. Charles Relle eventually squopped Matt Fayers up, and Matt was unable to upset the fragile pile. In the game between myself and Jon Mapley there were lots of separate piles, mostly with Jon on top. Jon manages the squop up and conversion, but I potted well for second place. In the match between Patrick Barrie (blue and red) and Phil Carmody (green and yellow) there were still 4 yellows, 4 reds, 2 blues and 3 greens on the baseline after 10 minutes. Phil tried to make a small Thorpe's ring and succeeded in freeing blues in round 4 - oops!!!

Round 3

In the game between Larry & Matt a huge pile developed, but Matt managed to squop himself instead of Larry - what a silly sod (his words not mine!!). I went for another victory against Patrick by going for the pot. That just left me outnumbered, and Patrick won 7*-0* easily, avenging himself for his dramatic loss in qualification. In the game between Charles and James, James decides to pot out, and misses the 5th over the pot. Charles makes sure of the squop up in the next round and eventually pots out - his last week coming off a 3-wink stacked pile. Apparently a lack

of distinction followed. In the game between Jon and Chris "SLU" Abram both side threatened to pot-out with Jon missing his first, and Chris scrunging his first. Jon struggled to dominate a suopping game where Chris had some of the piles. The killer sequence for Chris was when Jon played his yellow out from a pile onto Chris' last pole, then Bristolled off onto the last big blue (at least, so I'm told!). Simon squopped Phil up within 10minutes and Phil didn't really challenge after that. Trying a desperate pot-out with blue (red having failed) in round two, Simon managed to pot both the blue and the yellow it was on. He missed the following one though.

Round 4

This was a round where the rabbits promised so much. Christine played really well against Larry, and when finally squopped up hassled well and didn't leave him enough time to convert his squop up. Chris almost squopped-up Charles, but such things are not meant to last, so Charles squopped up Chris instead to win. Matt was on a 3-4 loss against Patrick and went for a blue pot of f a yellow in round 5. Unfortunately for Matt he potted the yellow and succeeded in only getting 1 1/2 - 5 1/2!!!

Round 5

Guess what Patrick did! Well I bet that unless you were there you guessed wrong! Who would have thought that mild mannered Patrick would upset a game just entering rounds between Pete & Charles by clearing away the winks? Actually, it wasn't really his fault, but it is a salutatory lesson to those people who go away & leave a game in progress.

Round 6

Christine's 1 1/2 foot pot hit the front rim to leave Alan with an easy 5-2 win. In the game between Larry and James Larry, in his own words, got 'greedy' and freed James on top of the pole. Pile-breaks ensued, and a frantic mopping-up operation left three colours tying for second place. Charles and Phil entered a protracted battle which ended with Charles squopping Phil up.

Round 7

In the match of the rabbits (Chris and myself) Chris went for a frisky pot-out and got it. Simon and Charles had a fantastic game. Charles had an early pot-out chance, but missed the second red near a yellow, which squopped it. After several fierce squopping battles, the other five yellows came free, which Simon bucketed. However, he missed the sixth and Carles grabbed it. Simon managed to free it again but

Charles squopped it while steadily bucketing blues, eventually potting out in rounds. Can't remember who won between Pete and James, but the message I have says "pot 5, miss 1, squop, no resuce, easy conversion, blah blah, you are all rabbits and I am your king". In the Jon vs Larry match Larry was up in the early squopping forays, but Jon got 4 reds free with the other two in a pile. He ran the 4, but missed from the pile and managed to hold Larry up until he eventually potted out in round 4. Alan went for an early pot out against Patrick whilst he still had 2 at the baseline. Patrick took some very good squops to thwart the attempt.

Round 8

Phil brought in very well against myself, but I threatened to pot-out with 6 free reds. Phil took lots of squops and I attacked from below (you subbed you silly cow!). After the 10th "silly cow" we gave up saying it. A very dissatisfying game. Fortunately Jon and Alan had a much better game. Alan ground Jon down and had free turns approaching rounds. Jon got on the biggest pile. Alan decided to pot 4 and let Jon free. Jon then went for the pot-out himself, and both just fail Alan winning 15-13 on tiddlies. Simon and Patrick played a squopping game with many good shots and a few exceptional ones. Simon got on the pile ready to blow it, but Patrick knocked him off from over the pot. Simon Bristolled onto the very top of a pile which included 4 of Patrick's reds hungry to get potted in round 5. Patrick bombed the resulting pile, squopping the top wink and freeing 2 reds to win.

Round 9

Charles tried to pot-out with one on the baseline against Patrick. He got caught with 5 in the pot. Charles then tried to pot-out from afar with his other colour, but good squopping from Patrick resulted in 9 free turns and an easy conversion. I continued to sub all over the place allowing all my winks to get into one bug pole. I had one attempt at blowing this up, but everything still stayed underneath! Phil and Chris had a messy game with lots of mistakes, but a tactical lunch by Phil let him take an upper hand, and with a few more squops allowed him to pot-out. Meanwhile Larry gained early control over Alan and Alan potted his own bug yellow. In the mid-game Larry bombed his own pile letting Alan back in. Alan had chances but enough pots by Larry gives him victory.

Round 10

All Phil remembered about his game against James was that James put 4 blues in the pot, Phil squopped both others and failed to keep one of them which went in. Phil then squopped with green only, oops, and docked the last blue and a red before trying to pot the last yellow. James' red butted the yellow onto a pile and

AL.	ORE	PLAYER	OPPONENT												SCORE AFTER ROUND										TOTAL	POS.	
			A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10				
9		SIMON GANDY	—	3	1	2	1*	1*	5	6	6	6	6	6	12	18	24	30	35	36	38	39	40	43	6		
1/2	B	ALAN DEAN	4	—	1	1*	4	6	6	5	4	5*	6	5*	11	15	20	26	31	32	36	37	43	47	5		
3	C	LARRY KAHN	6	6	—	5*	6*	2	6	6	6	6	5	7*	12	18	24	31	36	42	44	50	56	61	1		
8	D	PATRICK BARRIE	5	6*	2*	—	3	6*	5 1/2	7*	6	6	6	6	12	19	24	1/2 30	1/2 36	1/2 42	1/2 47	1/2 53	1/2 56	1/2 58	1/2	2	
8	E	JON MAPLEY	6*	3	1*	4	—	5 1/2	6	6*	4	6	5	6	12	18	23	29	33	34	37	43	47	52	1/2	3	
5	F	CHARLES RELLE	6*	1	5	1*	1 1/2	—	6	6*	6	6	7*	6	12	19	25	31	37	43	48	49	50	51	1/2	4	
1/2	G	MATT FAYERS	2	1	1	1 1/2	1	1	—	6	6*	2	2*	6	2	3	4 1/2	5 1/2	7 1/2	9 1/2	11	1/2 17	1/2 23	1/2 29	1/2	8	
4	H	CHRISTINE WIGGINS	1	2	1	0*	1*	1*	1	—	6	1	1	1*	2	2	3	4	6	7	8	9	15	16		12	
4	I	PETE KEEVASH	1	3	1	1	3	1	1*	1	—	1	5*	5	2	5	6	7	10	15	20	21	22	23	9=		
1/2	J	PHIL CARMODY	1	2*	1	1	1	1	1	5	6	6	—	5*	2	3	5	6	7	12	18	24	29	35	7		
3	K	JAMES CULLINGHAM	1	1	2	1	2	0*	5*	6	2*	2*	—	1	2	2	4	5	7	9	14	20	22	23	9=		
0	L	CHRIS ABRAM	1	2*	0*	1	1	1	1	1	6*	2	1*	6	—	3	4	4	5	6	12	14	15	16	22	11	

Phil's pot of the pile failed. It went in next go, but James potted well to get 2*. I finally managed to play semi-decently, although Pete was very unlucky with several crucial subs. I didn't manage to convert the squop-up, but it was my one and only victory of the day! Simon and Larry had a to and fro game, but the crucial shot was probably Larry's pile flip onto Simon's separate triplet. Simon was always chasing the game after that, but Larry didn't squop him up.

Round 11

The only game of importance was Patrick vs Larry. Patrick missed the 5th blue pot, Larry squopped from 6 inches and that was that!

Anyway, those of you who weren't able to qualify either because you played badly on the Saturday or because you didn't turn up at all missed a really good day of high quality winks. It may look from the scores as tho' all us rabbits keeled over & died, but I can assure you that was not the case, and we fought as hard as we could. It was a great day, and the best and most fun day of winks I have ever played. I didn't even get winks fatigue, so that says something about it!!!

Hope to see you all at next years tournament when I will be hoping to qualify again!

The Singles Plate

Tim Hunt

In the tradition of the great James Cullingham I came, I organised, I won. Last year's holder, Andrew Garrard, did not pose much threat because he was dying of the dreaded lurgi and only turned up for three rounds. Anthony Horton only found out in the final round that it was meant to be a pairs tournament. I don't know what he was complaining about however, he would have come second overall if his partner, Stew Sage, hadn't tried to be a bit too rampant. So much for partners. Kilian led most of the way through but was pipped at the post. We all had fun, so it is a pity that no novices chose to join us.

Unadjusted Scores

Round 1:

Phil Scarrott 6 - 1 Stew Sage Tim Hunt & Kilian Anheuser 6 - 1 Anthony Horton

Round 2:

Phil Scarrott 4 - 3 Kilian Anheuser Tim Hunt & Stew Sage 5 - 2 Anthony Horton

Round 3:

Tim Hunt 1 - 6 Kilian Anheuser

Round 4:

Tim Hunt 6 - 1 Kilian Anheuser Phil Scarrott & Stew Sage 4 - 3 Anthony Horton

Round 5:

Kilian Anheuser & Stew Sage 5 - 2 Anthony Horton Andrew Garrard 1 - 6 Tim Hunt

Round 6:

Kilian Anheuser & Stew Sage 1 - 6 Tim Hunt

Andrew Garrard & Patrick Driscoll 2 - 5 Anthony Horton

Round 7:

Anthony Horton & Stew Sage 3 - 4 Kilian Anheuser

Andrew Garrard 2 - 5 Tim Hunt & Patrick Driscoll

Pos.	Player	Rounds played in	Adjusted PPG	Initial handicap	Final handicap
1	Tim	7	4 3/42	5	6 1/2
2	Kilian	7	4	3	3
3	Anthony	6	3 3/4	2	2 1/2
	Phil	3	3 5/12	6	6
	Patrick	2	3 1/16	2	1 1/2
4	Stew	6	2 3/8	6	4 1/2
	Andrew	3	1 23/24	4	3

Review of Winks in the 1990s

Patrick Barrie

There have been a number of articles over the years published in *Winking World* that have looked back at developments in the game of tiddlywinks. For instance, WW55 in 1990 contained several articles on great winking performances in the history of the game. As we leave the 1990's, it therefore seems appropriate to provide a review of what has gone on in the game during the last decade. I shall first review the level of winking, then consider changes in the game itself, and conclude by discussing what has happened in tournaments since 1990. I might even get myself into a position to nominate a "winker of the decade" by the end of this article.

What level of winking activity has there been over the last decade?

The early 1990's had the highest tournament attendances of the modern era: for instance, 52 people played in the 1992 National Singles tournament. It was always going to be difficult to maintain that level of interest, and the number of active players has declined. Indeed, only 21 players entered the National Singles this year. It is, however, worth commenting that about 90 people have played in tournaments in this country over the last 12 months (which sounds far healthier!). The "collapse of winks" has been feared in this country before and debated many times over the years. The reason for the decline in the number of people entering tournaments is twofold. Firstly, there are fewer new players. It should be noted that recruiting new players to the game at the University clubs is a matter of luck as well as hard work and planning, and so will inevitably have its ups and downs. Secondly, we need to keep established players active in the game. Many of the players competing in the tournaments in the early 1990's have aged to the extent that they have far more work and family commitments; these can take precedence over simply flicking about bits of plastic at a tournament, albeit with the added inducement of entertaining lunch-times.

There was good news and bad news over the decade in terms of University clubs (the main centres of recruitment to the game). Firstly new University tiddlywinks clubs were formed at St Andrews (StATS), Silwood Park (WASP) and York (YUTS). However, this has been balanced by the bad news. Southampton (Sotwink) collapsed in 1992, and it looks like StATS has

gone the same way this year following the departure of all the founding members of the club. (The Scottish Tiddlywinks Association do still hope to arrange occasional tournaments on a one-off basis). While there are still occasional winkers in York, they haven't been able to recruit new members, and so they no longer hold regular meetings. Activity in Silwood Park has also declined recently, and it now consists of a handful of people playing winks informally every other week or so.

Fortunately the clubs at Cambridge (CUTwC) and Oxford (OUTS) remain fully active, and they have continued to produce new winkers throughout the decade. The standard of winks at CUTwC meetings is very high. This is because many of its players stay on to do PhD degrees (or even remain after that), so that there are several highly experienced players. The number of Cambridge undergraduate players is significantly lower now than was the case in 1990. Encouragingly, OUTS currently has plenty of undergraduate members following two good recruitment years. It remains to be seen how many of these members keep playing the game and develop into people who can hold their own on the tournament circuit.

It is not my part to comment on winks developments in America, but it seems to me that they remain in exactly the same situation as they were ten years ago. They continue to have a few very good players, and not a lot else. The main American hopes of progress at the moment rest with those learning to play at high school coached by Severin Drix.

How has the game itself changed over the last decade?

The answer is not much. I can't think of any new shot developments that have taken place. This is in contrast to the 1980's which saw the introduction of the flexible squidger for potting nurdled winks, and the "Cambridge Good" shot (the method of playing a Good shot while holding the squidger Bristol-fashion). People are now better at playing certain pile shots than they were in 1990, but are weaker at some other aspects. There was a big shift towards more pot-out games between 1985 and 1990. However, I judge that the balance between pure squopping games and those with pot-out attempts has not changed significantly over the last decade. It's been interesting to observe certain shots come into and go out of fashion with time. Shots whose popularity have noticeably changed over time are long-distance Bristols, out-

rageous pile flips, Good shots and John Lennon memorial shots.

The rules have, however, developed in the last decade. It may surprise younger winkers to learn that several tournaments in the 1980's featured rules disputes as situations occurred where it was difficult (or impossible) to interpret or implement the rules at the time. Many hours were therefore spent discussing possible rules changes. The major sources of difficulty in tournaments were the free turns/ failure-to-free rule, and the playing-out-of-sequence rule. Thankfully both of these have now been fully resolved. In the first case, the "nominated wink" rule for a failure to free was passed in 1990, replacing an unsatisfactory rule along the lines of "move a wink aside the minimum distance freeing the minimum number of winks but allowing the opponent to play". In the second case, messy situations resulted in the 1980's whenever a winker played the wrong colour. For instance, if the out-of-turn shot wasn't immediately noticed, then in some cases every subsequent shot in the game was technically a foul shot: this caused chaos when the situation wasn't immediately detected. The out-of-sequence situation was modified by changes to the foul shots rule passed in 1993 (either the winks can be replaced and the turn replayed, or the offended pair can choose with which colour to play next).

There were some other minor rules changes in the 1990's. A player is now allowed to "pot at risk" prior to playing a freeing shot during the freeing turn after a squop-up. Winks that are leaning against the pot are now left as they lie when they happen also to be squopped. This removed the anomalous situation (the "Cullingham squop") in the old rules where winks had to be moved so that they were simultaneously squopping and squopped by the same wink. In a bid to prevent slow players breaking up their opponents' rhythm, winkers are now allowed to practise on a nearby mat during a game if their opponents are taking more than 30 seconds over a shot. There have also been a significant number of wording improvements to the rules to remove ambiguities and improve clarity.

The other major rules discussion, which was debated to death, was the so-called perimeter rule. There is a sizeable minority of winkers who feel that the "missing a turn" penalty for sending a wink off the mat is too harsh. Several alternatives have been suggested, and the American winkers in particular frequently play a modified perimeter rule by mutual agreement. This is that all winks sent off the mat are replaced at a position on the edge of

the mat chosen by the opponents of the person playing the shot, and there is no missed turn. Another variant is that there is a missed turn if more than one wink (of any colour) goes off the mat. However, proposed modifications to the existing miss-a-turn rule have always been rejected whenever the matter has been brought to a vote, and I think that the status quo on this matter is likely to continue.

In general, people now are far more satisfied with the rules than they were in 1990. Indeed, I can't recall a major rules rant at a tournament or in Winking World for a few years now. That said, I am aware of several instances where the current rules are not ideal and could still lead to unfortunate situations; fortunately, these are fairly rare occurrences, and they are normally solved by mutual agreement between the participants.

What has happened in tournaments in the last decade?

The first thing to state is that most of the tournaments have exactly the same format as a decade ago. This does at least mean that people know what to expect. Thus we still have the National Singles, Pairs and Fours, together with the Cambridge Open and London Open. The Hampshire Open was replaced by an Oxfordshire Open. Last year in place of the Oxfordshire Open, there was a new National Handicapped Individual Pairs event aimed at being particularly novice-friendly. The Wessex Cup has occasionally been a fixture. There have also been quite a large number of "invitation" tournaments during the 1990's (notably in Somerset, Cambridge, Catford and Kidderminster). There have been several experiments in changing the times of year at which the national tournaments are played. These were motivated by a desire to make them more accessible to novices, but results on the effects have been inconclusive.

Cambridge has dominated the University club level, winning the British Universities' Trophy, the Silver Wink, every year in the 1990's, with occasional strong resistance from one of Southampton, Oxford, St Andrews or Silwood Park. However, Cambridge didn't quite have it all its own way: Oxford achieved a surprise victory in the Varsity Match in March 1995. The other ETwA team trophy, the Marchant Trophy, is still contested, but it hasn't been entirely successful with only a handful of matches played each year.

Kahn and Dave Lockwood to this country , and occasional tours by CUT wC and other individuals to America. These have enabled the World Singles tournament to be a success. Even in 1990, I'm not sure that we would have guessed that as many as 51 World Singles matches would have been played by the end of 1999. The World Pairs event has been less successful, with some challenges "lapsing". Thus there have only been 20 World Pairs matches (and three of those matches were challenges from Scottish Pairs champions). This is due mainly to the greater logistical difficulties of getting the right four winkers together, but in a few cases there simply hasn't been much inclination to play the matches. There have been limited opportunities for tiddlywinks matches at an international level.

In Winking World 55 in 1990, Dave Lockwood wrote that Larry Kahn was number one at that point, and commented "Will Larry be number one in 2000? Perhaps. In fact, he must have the best probability of that. Will he or anyone dominate in the 1990's? Probably not." On this occasion, Dave got it absolute right (though he was less successful with his predictions of the contenders to the throne). Larry ends the year 1999 holding the World Singles, World Pairs, and both ETwA and NATwA Singles titles. However, Larry hasn't quite had it all his own way. Dave himself still wins the occasional major tournament. For Britain, Geoff Myers, Andy Purvis and I have all held the World Singles title in the last decade, and all been ETwA Singles champion twice. Unfortunately, we let Larry win the ETwA Singles three times (with yours truly finishing in 2nd each time). The World Pairs title spent the first half of the decade in English hands (Myers & Purvis), and the second half in American hands (Kahn & Lockwood). Andy Purvis won the American Singles twice in the 1990's, and there have also been English winners of the American Pairs title. This is revenge for some of the results in the 1980's, when both Larry and Dave tended to have the upper hand on the British winkers: in those years Americans won the ETwA Singles title seven times in a nine-year period, and even filled the first three places in the 1985 ETwA Singles final.

Tiddlywinks isn't just about the winners of major tournaments. In this country, it is always nice to see how many different individuals do win a tournament of some description. For instance, the Cambridge Open has been won by nine different winkers since 1990, and the winners include a few names that wouldn't normally be associated with great winking prowess.

In 1990, Nick Inglis' World Ratings made their first full public appearance (rather than simply being tested and shown to a small Cambridge clique). The world ratings quickly became recognised as an interesting way of monitoring trends in players' performances. In particular, weaker players now had some measure (albeit not a perfect one) of gauging whether their tournament results were improving or not. Earlier this year I took over maintenance of the ratings database and I display current ratings on the ETwA WWW site. Incidentally, I intend to inflict "Ratings 2000" on the winking community shortly: this is another change to the calculation algorithm, and is designed to give the ratings a slightly firmer statistical basis.

Finally we come to my nomination for the title "winker of the decade". I think it should be awarded to whichever winker enjoyed himself (or herself) the most.

And what of the future?

That is up to time and the rest of you to write!

Shot of the Millenium: the Pile Flip *Chris Abram*

Charles Relle is famous for his Bristols. Geoff Myers of blessed memory was very good at potting the seemignly-nurdled wink. As a starry-eyed novice, I was superbly impressed with Stew Sage's potting from eighteen inches or more, and Benedict Dominey's use of a phone card. I admire the Larry Kahns of this world, who, as the old ScoTWA anthem has it, 'squop distant winks at will'. All these shots are impressive, and in the hands of a master they can be beautiful. For yes, the aesthetics of winks (not, I hasten to add, the aesthetics of winkers) has been overlooked for too long: is this, perhaps, because the outrageous pile flip is out of fashion? Because there is no doubt in my mind that the pile flip is the prettiest, most impressive and all around best shot in the game. I value it even more for the fact that it rarely has any tactical value: when one is on top of a pile, it is better, surely, to hold position, and work to chip one's own winks out than to fanny around and risk losing the lot? If you wish to view winks in this cold light, gentle reader, where winning is more important than beauty, then I pity you. You are probably a symbol of all that is wrong with this hard, materialistic world. You would, of course,

beat me hollow nine times out of ten, but that is beside my point.

The pile flip is the outrageous slower ball of winks, the Le Tissier free kick, the fifty-yard drop goal attempt. If it comes off, we applaud the thrilling virtuosity of the practitioner. If the slower ball is hit for six, however, or if the drop bobbles into touch, if Le Tissier shoots over the top, we condemn these artists for their frivolity, and in the case of Le Tissier he never gets the chance he deserves to lead his country to international glory. But I digress.

The pile flip is played with a firm and positive stroke, involving multiple winks. Played properly, the winks will leave the mat, and fall gracefully back into their desired position. There is much potential for disaster, which is why it is all the more thrilling when everything runs smoothly. That is why nothing is more satisfying to the connoisseur of the game than a neatly executed flip shot. Smugness is well-justified.

I remembering playing Dave Lockwood in my first national singles, and, short of anything pressing to do, I decided to flip a pile which was yellow on blue on yellow. It came off perfectly, and I glowed. Dave graciously congratulated me on the shot, adding 'but I would always have chipped that wink out'. Indeed. That is what separates us, Mr Lockwood, my kind and yours, the dreamers and the pragmatists, the artists and the philistines. And also why you beat me that day and always will.

What is the second most common score in winks?

I've just finished counting (over many months) the number of *Patrick Barrie* games in the ratings database that finished with every possible scoreline. Disappointingly, no 6.5-0.5 nor 5.67-1.33 game scores have yet been reported. The results are summarised in the following table.

Score	Number of games	Percentage			
7-0	1320a	11.0%			
6-1	5782	48.2%			
5.5-1.5	567	4.7%			
5-2	1949	16.2%			
4.67-2.33	90	0.8%			
4.5-2.5	347	2.9%			
4-3	1869	15.6%			
3.5-3.5	71	0.6%	Total	11995	100%

Note (a): Isn't it funny how this number keeps cropping up?

Sir, do you prefer your winks boiled or fried?

Larry Kahn

This winks episode happened long before most of you young whippersnappers ever picked up a squidger, back in the dark ages of "old" winks. I think most of you have at least seen the old winks. They came from a different manufacturer and had a definite warp to them. One thing you did not want to do (at least for most shots) was to shoot directly on the warp since the result could be random. So a great deal of time was spent in picking up free, non-pile winks and either turning them over or rotating them to be off of the warp before you made your shot.

Back around 1977 I was sitting around the house with nothing to do, and somehow got the bright idea of trying to dewarp a set of winks. I figured you would have to heat them up somehow until the plastic was pliable, and then clamp or press them into shape. So I put a few into a pot of boiling water for a few minutes, and lo and behold, was able to take them out and flatten them by pressing down really hard with a big plastic rod. The process did have some problems. If you left the winks in the water too long they would get very grainy, and you needed to press them with something perfectly flat or else you'd put indentations in the winks.

Anyway I eventually pressed out a set or two and brought them to tournaments. Some people liked them, a lot didn't because they played slightly different, but they got used off and on. I also created the infamous "pringle" set, which was ultra warped winks bent to extreme shapes. Trying to pot or squop with those was a real adventure.

When I first came over to England in 1978 I showed the flat winks to Charles Relle, who immediately went out and flattened his own set. I think he started bringing it to tournaments and would use the winks for each of his games, which was quickly outlawed. What's ironic is that a few years later we ended up going to the "new" winks, so everyone ended up using "flat" winks by default (and a few old geezers STILL hate them after 16 years).

World Singles 50

Matt Fayers

Held in Oxford

"I'll just do something I haven't done since May" said Andy as Patrick and I entered the room, "bring in". This set the tone for this WS encounter. Andy has by his own admission got fed up with playing Larry, who would challenge the winner of this match just before the Singles in two weeks time; Patrick's challenge would expire then, so the first all-English encounter since 1320 was set up to give the best man the chance to hold Larry off.

I went along to a well-hosted event at Corpus as company for Patrick as well as umpire and inevitably WW writer-upper. Apologies to Paula, with whom I had arranged to go to dinner. Gavin (sounds like) was watching as well as the OUTS committee and, intermittently, various potential and actual Oxford novices.

I've written a lot of these reports before (rather more than have been published, in fact), so apologies if it sounds familiar.

To be confusing, the players decided to keep red and blue in dominant corners (a quick explanation of this much-maligned though fully malignant theory was given to the youngsters present) and to alternate corners, with Andy dominating first.

Game 1

Andy gave a hint of his intentions with lots of pot-out threats; Patrick indicated his by rolling off when bringing in. Andy was never quite in a position to go for it, and big piles started to build up. Patrick was less out of practice than Andy, but never quite nailed him. Red started potting in rounds, but yellow was well placed and green ended with a pot from the edge to squeeze ahead of red. 6-1 Patrick.

Game 2

Game 2 immediately involved lots of squopping and missing, with Andy particularly guilty. A large neutral pile formed with a small green in the middle alternately being squopped and de-squopped, not necessarily in phase with the intentions of the two players. Andy began subbing like the origi-

nal silly cow to give Patrick the squop-up, but the pile was still tenuous enough to require work. Andy managed to get on and break ending 1. A potting race ensued, with yellow missing ending 5 to give Patrick the points.

Game 3

A scrappy start was exemplified by Patrick who cocked up a Bristol, rolled off and then subbed with consecutive shots. Despite this, Andy had a green pot-out threat to contend with, and got the squop from 6 inches. Andy then killed Patrick off, his form picking up a little.

Game 4

Andy was becoming friskier by the minute; he potted a green from the edge and then another and then docked, unfortunately leaving blue an easy squop. Not yet pessimal, green and yellow went after the squopped green, which Patrick held down with some difficulty. Green eventually broke the pile but not very well. With time running out, Patrick regained control but still had the problem of the two potted and one pottable green. A slightly frantic finish ended with three consecutive missed pots to end the game. Not the highest quality, but good enough for Andy to get 4.

And so after four games there was only a point in it; it was already after nine o'clock and Andy was flagging; he still rejected caffeine, opting for Sprite instead. I had a pint of Tetley's, heroically bought by Gavin (sounds like) from the karaoke-infested bar with the psychotic landlord - apparently an ex-Marine who once beat up some bloke helping his son over a fence because he thought he was a paedophile (the bloke, that is, not the son). With such banter was the atmosphere in the Fraenkel Room cooled as Andy and Patrick began the next game.

Game 5

Here we saw Andy beginning to get fed up. After a very poor bring-in and lamentable squopping from Andy, blue potted one and then missed with a phonecard. Green squopped, red freed, blue potted three more and then Patrick squopped blue and converted with fair ease with green. For the follow-in, Patrick and Andy left the table and invited a couple of Cambridge novices who looked very much like them to have a go. 6*-1* Patrick.

Game 6

With Andy needing big points, Patrick was able to relax - it's so much easier to cope when you're like that. He wasn't totally dominant, though, and some complicated pile play required him to learn the colour order in round 4. 6-1 nonetheless.

Game scores:

Purvis	1	2.5	6	4	1*	1	15.5
Barrie	6	4.5	1	3	6*	6	26.5

So Patrick took the trophy home; he was certainly the better man on the day, but would need to practise a lot to beat Larry.

The Year in America

Larry Kahn

Winks isn't dead yet in America, but we're working on it. Actually, there's some hope, as November's pairs tournament had more US pairs (10) than we've had in quite a while. This due mostly to the resurgence of Ithaca High School, which has a pretty good group going. The winners were Severin and Julian Drix; this is the first father and son pair to win and Julian is likely the youngest to win a national title (15 +-1 I believe). In addition to recruiting, Natwa is now growing its own stock, as evidenced by many second generation winkers at the pairs (Dave only contributed two this time around). Our singles was rather disappointing this year (in terms of turnout, I liked the end result) and we also had a couple of other random events. Next year may see more tournaments as we will make a big push to keep the high school going. I've heard rumors of a Cambridge trip, and we'd certainly schedule something then if they make it over.

Millenium Winks Moments

Matthew Rose

If having played winks for around 13 years qualifies one to be able to offer this most esteemed organ one's most memorable winking moments then here is a personal selection.

Favourite Tournament

No real choice other than The Somerset Invitation (rip) - what more memorable way to commence a year than to enjoy the fine hospitality of fered in Somerset and the occasional game as well ?

Most Controversial incident witnessed

One of the first tournaments I saw featured the infamous "That hit your arm it must have been going off the table" encounter between Stew Sage and Richard Moore at the 1987 Singles - how Gary Shrimpton was able to judge that yet still remain friends with both players remains a mystery !

Most nervous game played

In the Cambridge Open of 1990 I found myself partnering Dave Smith in the final round when a victory would make him a very unlikely winner - I was more nervous playing to help Stosh win than would otherwise have been the case - especially as I'd beaten him the previous round - in the end he shared the title with Nick Inglis - a suitably bizarre ending !

Most memorable near-misses

Playing against Larry Kahn (probably the most difficult opponent in my view) and winning is always an achievement. Missing out narrowly against Larry and Arye Gittleman in the US pairs in 1994 with Richard, and against Larry and Dave Lockwood in the World Pairs in 1997 with Geoff were disappointing. But oh well, there's always next time!

Most memorable game played in

This is in fact one Stew and I lost to Geoff Myers and Andy Purvis (the best partnership I have ever played against) in the Pairs in 1990. For a number of complete rounds all 4 players went for and achieved amazing shots from distance which created and built a pile unimaginable at the number of complete rounds all 4 players went for and achieved amazing shots from distance which created and built a pile unimaginable at the start of those turns.

Most memorable tournament success

This would have to be Stew and I winning the Scottish Pairs in 1995, a first "Major". Being able to play for 1 in the final match against John Mapley and Charles Relle to ensure a win, when it was meaningless for them, was also pleasing. Did you know Stew has been a National Champion ?

It was disappointing that Stew and I did not get the chance to become World champions, as Dave preferred a school reunion to the prospect of a World match to be staged in Canada.

Proudest moment

This would have to be winning the 1996 Pairs in the final game with Geoff against Larry and Dave (preventing a hat-trick of US wins), mainly for the spontaneous applause from the English players at the end of the game (during which there had been an eerie silence). The crowd rather amazingly managed to avoid starting a mat invasion or showering the players with spittle.

Most memorable winks partner

Despite Geoff being the best player partnered to date, this would have to be Stew. Too many amusing incidents to recount, and too many pot-out attempts followed by whiskies between games to mention.

Memorable social occasions

Amongst many I remember, probably many I don't and many I wish I couldn't, some of the early drinking feats of Graham Hancock, truly a legend in his own lunchtime, afternoon and evening sessions, usually followed by the slumbering figure of Nick in a chair, remain notable. The punting incident when Alex 'Hairgel' Satchell most definitely did not fall off a punt despite having soaking hair, and the en masse singing of winks songs in Dinner suits on Green Park station are also memorable along with numerous CUTwC elections.

Embarrassing moments

The 'natural break' required at Magdalene bridge by the eight-legged team in a CUTwC Pub crawl along with the Giant Famous Winkers card Ed Wynn constructed for Geoff to display as part of his Best Man's speech at my wedding are two I probably least wish to remember. There must have been many others I could choose, and many winkers who could have been mentioned for their unique personalities and contribution to the game, and more importantly the humour at tournaments and other events - Patrick Barrie, Simon Gandy and Brad Schaeffer would certainly fit in here! Thanks to so many people for a most enjoyable set of tournaments and memo -

World Singles 51

Matt Fayers

ries - here's to the next Millennium, whenever it really starts.

Castle Inn, Cambridge

22nd October 1999

Barrie 5.5 1 1* 1 5 1 14.5

Kahn 1.5 6 6* 6 2 6 27.5

And so Larry gets it back again. A very enjoyable match, once more umpired superbly. The standard was very different from two weeks ago; I don't know how much Patrick had practised in the meantime, but he gave Larry a game. Both players were going for and getting hard shots, and scarcely a pot was missed (but see game 3). Larry had the slight edge in terms of consistency, which is what is needed in these matches. Brief game reports follow.

Game 1

A very unclear game all the way through, with neutral piles being broken and reformed. Both players play adventurously going into rounds, with Larry missing more than Patrick, who pots nicely for 5 1/2.

Game 2

A tighter bring-in resulted in a red (Larry) threat, which Patrick stopped. Red went under, and Patrick looked good, but Larry broke the big pile, and a succession of missed shots allowed Larry to squop up.

Game 3

Patrick brought in badly initially, so decided to dive into Larry's area, which worked quite well. Some good pile play allowed Patrick to create first a red then a blue pot-out threat. Towards the end of time, green went for a hard pot-out to stop reds, but missed the third. Red went for it, and missed the sixth of f a yellow. Larry squopped and converted.

Game 4

After a break for food, the bring-in for game 4 was of mixed quality. Lots of singletons were taken, and neither player really seemed in control. Eventually yellow (Patrick) went under, and Larry squopped up.

Game 5



Patrick had a threat with blue, but missed the first. Larry hit his own finger

with a bring-in for the first time in fifteen years. Blue went for it again, but missed a tricky pot-off. Patrick had the advantage but never tied Larry down, and frantic (and mostly very good) potting in rounds resulted in a 5 to Patrick.

Game 6

Larry had the early threat this time, and took advantage of the position (prov-

Auntie Gertie's Cocktail Cabinet:

PCB

I feel sure that some of you are waiting, albeit subconsciously, for an update on progress with the PCB cocktail.

The story so far:

Beetroot juice is available in bottles from some health-food shops. It's very nice. The existence of this product (satisfying a consumer demand previously unrecognised) inevitably calls to mind the possibility of a beetroot-based cocktail.

The first attempt, simply based on a Bloody Mary (and provisionally called a Bloody Idiot), was a combination of beetroot juice + vodka + sea -sonings. This was attempted but abandoned, since it was not as nice as plain BJ or plain vodka. (On the positive side, it was more palatable than neat Worcestershire sauce and dry celery salt. No, even if you like neat Worcestershire sauce, which I doubt you honestly do, it was nicer than that.)

A wider brain-storming session was conducted recently in a hunting lodge -- well, more of a *maison de chevalier*, really -- and the concept of [BJ + port + something] came out as favourite. One suggestion was the name "PCB", which helpfully narrows the field for the third ingredient to those starting with the letter C. (PCBs, as you'll remember, are polychlorobiphenyls, a family of chemicals which enjoyed a wide commercial use until they were found to be poisonous. The parallels are obvious, especially when you consider that PCBs were found to be particularly durable in the environment, soluble in fatty tissues and forming high concentrations in larger organisms at the top of the food chain.)

Several contenders were suggested for the mystery C ingredient. In the Fatty paradigm of mixed drinks, a strongly-flavoured spirit or liqueur might be called for (along with strategic use of diluents and buckets). Accordingly, top suggestions were calvados, Cointreau and cognac. (I don't remember Chartreuse of any colour being mentioned, which is strange; we were drinking enough of it at the time. Perhaps it was mentioned but

I forgot; that would make sense.) *Creme de banane* was thought of as a rank outsider, but a potential stroke of genius.

Well, I have carried out some preliminary tests. The [BJ + port] mixture is quite acceptable -- so much so, that I have willingly drunk some for pleasure rather than research. I happen to have some calvados, and I can fully endorse the resulting PCB. I don't have any Cointreau or cognac, but I may try Grand Marnier and armagnac as experimental analogues. At present, work has stopped because I've drunk all the beetroot.

The exciting news is that I've also tried some Finzi Banana Rum. By heck, it works! It may still be rank, but it's not an outsider. I don't know whether *creme de banane* is greatly different, but further research is fully justified. In fact, the success of the step-out candidate may broaden the search for C: cortisone? cough mixture? creosote?

I see PCBs becoming a family of noxious toxinogens, just like their chemical namesakes. For dry palates, the calvados variant may be favoured; for sweet, the *creme de banane*. They will probably be outdoor drinks for autumn, where spillage and catatonia are less risky, and the rich purple colour complements the changing complexion of the natural world. I recommend them to you, and look forward to hearing from fellow investigators.

Editor's note: Unfortunately, I have not been able to try Autnie Gertie's excellent-sounding recipe, living as I do in something of a beetroot-juice desert. But I would like tentatively to suggest that champagne be the missing third ingredient. And, at the risk of departing too radically from Auntie's vision, the port could be replaced with Pernod, to make a much more sophisticated version of the 'Purple Nasty', or a Hemingway with added beetroot-juice, if you prefer. I can't help but think that the Nobel Prize-winning (but substantially overrated, in my view) author, would have approved.

Winking World is always interested to receive beetroot-themed recipes from its readers.

The London Open 1999

In many ways, London is Great Britain's largest city. So it came as no surprise that the organisers of the London Open chose to host the tournament there again this year. Eight pairs descended on London's glittering West End/ colourful East End/ somewhere else completely (I don't know, I wasn't there; it's hard to extrapolate local colour from a scoresheet, and there's so much space to fill.)

Christine Wiggins and Stew Sage, who finished fourth, were involved in six pot-outs out of seven games. Next best were the pan-Oxbridge couple Anthony Horton and Olivia Lakin (4 pot-outs), who may very well have set some sort of record by finishing with a ppg of 0.57. I hope they enjoyed their lunchtime, at least.

In the end, though, a comfortable win for James Cullingham and the infrequently-sighted (I mean seen, not that Matty's vision is impaired on an occasional basis) Matthew Rose was averted by none of the other pairs.

I imagine that some money was raised for a worthy cause, as is the nature of this tournament. If only somebody would let me know, I could tell you.

	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	TOTAL	POS
A Charles Relle & Matt Fayers	—	3.5	6*	4	4	6	1	6	30.5	3
B Phil Scarrott & Jon Mapley	3.5	—	6	1*	1	7*	1	5.5	25	5
C Phil Carmody & Tim Hunt	1*	1	—	1*	3	5	0*	6	17	6
D Christine Wiggins & Stew Sage	3	6*	6*	—	0*	7*	0*	7*	29	4
E Alan Dean & Patrick Barrie	3	6	4	7*	—	7*	3.5	6*	36.5	2
F Anthony Horton & Olivia Lakin	1	0*	2	0*	0*	—	0*	1	4	8
G James Cullingham & Matthew Rose	6	6	7*	7*	3.5	7*	—	6	42.5	1
H Kilian Anheuser & Rupert Wilson	1	1.5	1	0*	1*	6	1	—	11.5	7

Notes:

Anthony played solo against Alan & Patrick

Kilian played solo against Charles & Matt

Millenium Winks Survey

Tim Hunt

I wanted to write an article explaining the three fundamental concepts that underpin the whole of winks theory. Then I realised that I didn't know what these were. So instead I am going to ask you think the fundamentals of winks are, and I will compile the various answers into an article for the next Winking World.

Because winkers tend to be a rather apathetic lot I thought that you might require an incentive of some sort. So I am offering a bottle of champagne. The names of everyone sending me an answer will go into a hat and the lucky winner of the champagne will be drawn out at random.

Please send me your answers by E-mail (tjh1000@cam.ac.uk), post (73 Maids Causeway, Cambridge, CB5 8DE), or hand them to me on a bit of paper. If you want a chance to win the bottle of champagne then get your answers to be by the end of the Cambridge Open.

If you find it helpful you can present your suggestions in the form of answers to any combination of the following questions. Suggestions don't have to be particularly serious or deep. I hope that as many people as possible will submit some sort of an answer so that we can get an idea of the range of views out there.

Question 1) At the national singles a relatively inexperienced player comes up to you and says "I seem to be getting the hang of this game at last. I mean, I have been getting squops, and even managed to pot some winks in rounds! But still, most of the time I don't have any idea what I am supposed to be doing and so I am still loosing. Tell me, what are the three most important things which I should be thinking about when choosing which shot to play?"

Question 2) Near the end of a long arduous winks tournament a relatively experienced player comes up to you and says "Help! I can't take it any more. I've got terminal winks fatigue, my mind has gone to jelly, and I no longer have any idea which shots I should be playing. Can you suggest three basic things for me to concentrate on to get me through the next few games?"

Question 3) You are Patrick Barrie and you are about to do battle against some evil American for the World Singles. Before the match starts you want to remind yourself of the three fundamental principles of winks to keep yourself on the straight and narrow. What are three most important principles to get clear in your mind?

Mystic Gertie's Millenium Predictions

I, Mystic Gertie, initiate in the mystical arts of the ancients, bring the greeting of the Wizard Merlin to you, the Winking World reader. The editor of this august journal has crossed my palm with silver, so I will share with you the secrets of the millenium yet to come.

Your personal runic horoscope

Because you were born on your particular birthdate, the coming millenium holds both good and bad news, joy and pain, hope and fear for you. Over the course of the future, you will win friends, you will make enemies. You will have a degree of financial security. You will either fall in love, or not, as the case may be. Into your life rain will fall, but the sun will also shine upon you. I am afraid, however, that it is unlikely that you will survive the whole of the next one thousand years. Bad luck on that one.

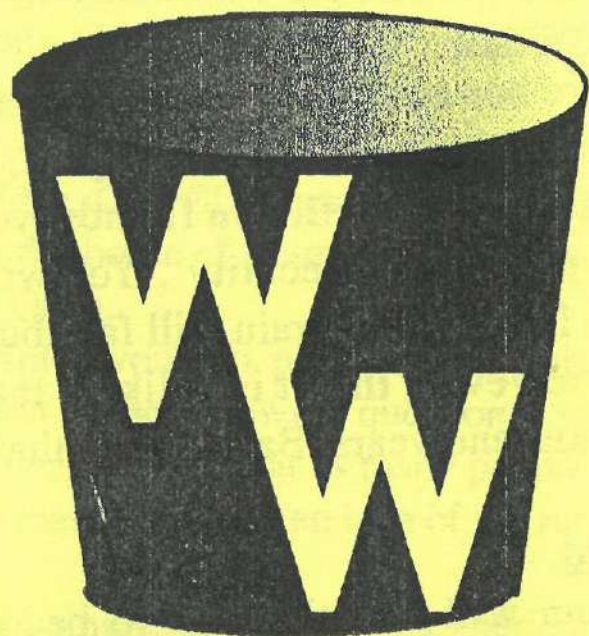
Predictions for the World

A man or woman will win the race to become mayor of London. Horses will continue to win the Grand National, and each week the National Lottery jackpot will be won by the person who has the winning ticket. Unheralded scientific advances will take place, which will affect our lives in many ways. The double-breasted suit will come back into vogue, and by 2345, yellow will have been the 'in' colour at least once.

Predictions for Tiddlyinks

The game will not die. Given lottery funding as the only game the British are any good at, winks will spread across the globe, being taken up as an Olympic sport in time for the first Games on Mars in 2546. In the meantime, Stew Sage will qualify for the Singles Final one more time, and Matt Fayers will become the campest ever world champion. The superiority of the Cambridge University Tiddlywinks Club will continue forever, and Winking World editors will continue to fill space with stupid made-up articles attributed to a mysterious 'Auntie Gertie' figure.

Merlin has left me now. I shall merely wish you a happy new year, and express my hope that, whatever the next millenium may bring, it can hardly be worse than the last



The Official Journal of the English Tiddlywinks Association