

WINKING WORLD

75

AUTUMN 2000



BEING A FAITHFUL* AND ACCURATE*
RECORD OF THE ACTIVITIES OF THE
ENGLISH TIDDLYWINKS ASSOCIATION
AND OF THE PERAMBULATIONS OF ITS
CORRESPONDING MEMBERS

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COVER ILLUSTRATION courtesy of Charles Relle. As he put it:

"I am also attaching a copy of one of the photographs of CUTwC playing on ice. If you look carefully, you will see that we were using the old needleloom mats that went out in 1961. We decided that the new felt mats might get damaged. The game on ice took place in February 1963, as far as I can remember.

"The photograph was taken by John Breeze of Trinity, and the people in it are, from the left: Michael Paterson (Trinity), Professor of Computer Science at Warwick, Charles Relle (Trinity), Brian Weatherhead (Jesus), former professor of Biology at Hong Kong, who has now taken early retirement and is living in New Zealand, Nigel Shepherd (St John's), now working in Edinburgh, Robert Patten (Trinity), now working in Sussex, and Martin Durrell (Jesus), now Professor of German at Manchester."

* Winking World is only as reliable as the befuddled memories of its contributors. It would be more accurate to say that this is the most faithful and accurate record of these events available.

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EDITORIAL

Tim Hunt

This is the part where I am supposed to speak sagely of the state of winks today. I find, however, that I have nothing interesting to say, beyond a big “thank you” to all of the contributors: Matt Fayers, Patrick Barrrie, Larry Kahn, Charles Relle, Andrew Garrard, Christine Wiggins, Stew Sage, Charlie Oakley, Alan Deane and Rupert Thompson. I would also like to thank Patrick Barrrie and Matt Fayers for proofreading this issue in double-quick time. I emailed them the draft on Thursday morning and had received all of their comments by the end of Friday. Needless to say, actually asking winkers for pedantic, nit-picking comments produces spectacular results. The net result is a greatly improved Winking World.

To complete this editorial I could, of course, resort to one of the traditional rants—slow play, the length of lunchtimes, a pet peeve about the rules or the alleged “Death of English Winks”. In my position many past editors have taken this easy way out. But you have heard it all before, and, I assume, you have no great desire to hear it all again. If you have, Patrick Barrrie has boxes full of old Winking Worlds he would like to dispose of. Instead I would like to share with you something I noticed recently. I was reading “Jeeves and the Yule-tide Spirit” by P. G. Wodehouse when the description of one of the characters started to sound rather reminiscent of one of our past great leaders—apart from the trivial matter of the spelling of her name which I correct herein. See what you think:

“I hardly like to take the liberty——”

“Carry on, Jeeves. We are always glad to hear from you, always.”

“What I was about to remark, if you will excuse me, sir, was that I would scarcely have thought Miss Wiggins a suitable——”

“Jeeves,” I said coldly, “If you have anything to say against that lady, it had better not be said in my presence.”

“Very good, sir.”

“Or anywhere else, for that matter. What is your kick against Miss Wiggins?”

“Oh, really, sir.”

“Jeeves, I insist. This is the time for plain speaking. You have beefed about Miss Wiggins. I wish to know why.”

“It merely crossed my mind, sir, that for a gentleman of your de-

scription Miss Wiggins is not a suitable partner.”

“What do you mean by a gentleman of my description?”

“Well Sir——”

“Jeeves!”

“I beg your pardon, sir. The expression escaped me inadvertently. I was about to observe that I can only asseverate——”

“Only what?”

“I can only say that, as you have invited my opinion——”

“But I didn’t.”

“I was under the impression that you desired to canvass my views on the matter, sir.”

“Oh? Well, let’s have them, anyway.”

“Very good, sir. Then briefly, if I may say so, sir, though Miss Wiggins is a charming young lady——”

“There, Jeeves, you spoke an imperial quart. What eyes!”

“Yes, sir.”

“What hair!”

“Very true, sir.”

“And what *espièglerie*, if that’s the word I want.”

“The exact word, sir.”

“All right, then. Carry on.”

“I grant Miss Wiggins the possession of all of these desirable qualities, sir. Nevertheless, considered as a partnering prospect for a gentleman of your description, I cannot look upon her as suitable. In my opinion Miss Wiggins lacks seriousness, sir. She is too volatile and frivolous. To qualify as Miss Wiggins’s partner, a gentleman would need to possess a commanding personality and considerable strength of character.”

Scary, isn’t it? P. G. Wodehouse must have owned a time machine.

THE JUBILEE TROPHY I

**PLAYED AT THE RELLE HOUSEHOLD ON
SATURDAY 10TH JUNE 2000**

Alan Dean

Charles Relle retains the Jubilee Trophy, with an 18-17 win over Alan Dean.

A practice game was played first, at Alan's request. This was partly because he was rather out of practice, and partly because he still felt slightly tipsy from the excellent supper which Charles and Eleanor provided him with the previous evening. Alan won this 6-1, by squopping well throughout. Then the real thing began. There were no spectators so only very brief notes were made at the end of each game. There was also no-one around to act as an umpire, but this posed no problem: in the only close call on a possible squop Charles looked at it with a torch, declared in his favour and Alan accepted the verdict without closer inspection.

Game 1: Charles did not start very well, putting one of his approach shots on the floor. Alan potted four greens, missing the fifth in a fairly safe place, near the pot and the sixth green. Charles took a good long squop to hold the pot-out at bay. Alan rescued this captured wink but it proved unnecessary as he potted six yellows in the next round. [7-0 to Alan]

Game 2: This was a closely fought squopping game, which was fairly evenly balanced for most of the time. Charles gained an advantage with one colour towards the end, so Alan played for a 3 by attacking Charles's weaker colour in rounds. In round five Charles saw a way of getting a 5-2, by potting a wink, which would allow him to play off one of Alan's and onto one of his other colour. The pot went astray but bounced off the pot to land a wink of the required colour, so the 5-2 was achieved by accident! [9-5 to Alan]

Game 3: Another closely fought squopping game. Charles gained the advantage towards the end and should have won, but missed a pot in round five to give Alan a 4-3. [13-8 to Alan]

Game 4: Yet another evenly balanced squopping battle. Alan gained the upper hand early in rounds, having more free reds than there were of any other colour. The lead was given back when Alan decided to use a large red to knock a few more winks free, but it subbed. Charles won 4-3. [16-12 to Alan]

Game 5: The only one-sided game of the match. Alan brought in badly, and also subbed a couple of times. Charles brought in well, and mopped up any of Alan's winks that got near the action, giving Charles a 6-1 win, and just getting his nose ahead at the optimal time in the match. [18-17 to Charles]

Congratulations to Charles. Are there any other potential challengers out there?

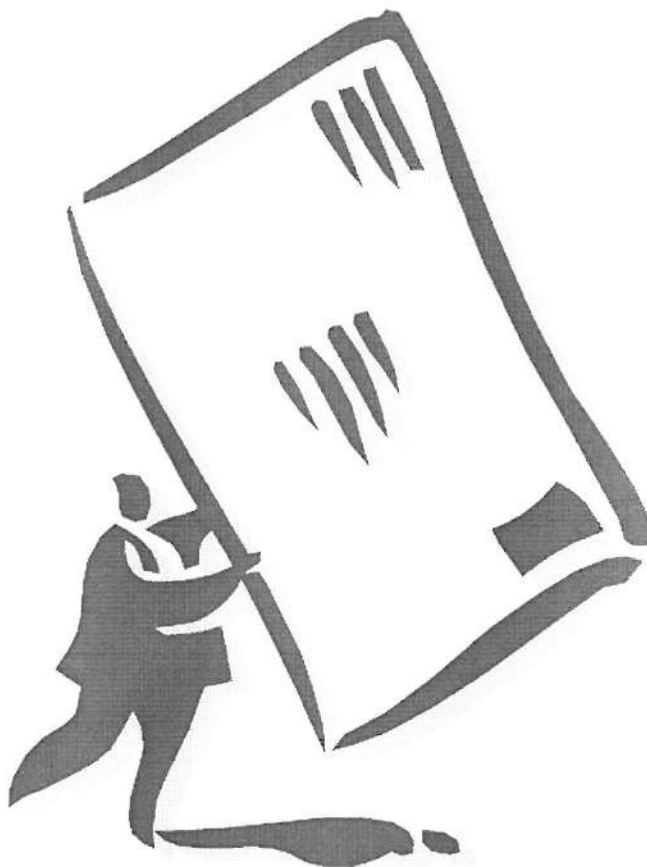
LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Charles Relle

Sir,

I need to correct Jon Mapley. I have never used the expressions “Sackcloth and ashes; I’m getting too old for this game” as a single sentence. I remember only one occasion when I said “Sackcloth and ashes”, and that was when I was playing Keith Seaman in the World Masters tournament. I had brought an early wink in and he had squopped it. With my next shot, I knocked him off, but my wink fell back on my previous one, giving him an easy doubleton. I thought “Sackcloth and ashes” was appropriate to the situation.

I have said, “I’m getting too old for this game” quite often, chiefly when I have had to stretch a long way over the table to play a wink, or when my partner has suggested a shot so improbable that it had not occurred to me. I have not said it for some time, because, a few years ago, I was seriously thinking of giving up Tiddlywinks altogether. Pressure in other parts of my life meant that I was not playing well enough to enjoy the game. Later, I thought that things I do not like should not force me away from things I do, so I have been more active, even if my results have not been spectacularly good.



Nowadays I rarely say “Partner dear...” as the expression seems to have been taken over by others. I continue to say “Middle for diddle” in order to keep in my mind the originator of that phrase, John Furlonger, whose fourth year at Cambridge coincided with my first, and who was one of the best players I have ever seen.

Yours faithfully,

M. A. C. Relle

TOEPEN—A RANT

Matt Fayers

I must begin by offering my apologies to those who object to articles in *Winking World* solely concerned with drinking games, but the needs of the editor are greater than the needs of the many. I wish to discuss problems with a drinking game popular among 'winkers, namely Toepen. In order to alleviate the pointlessness of this article for those who don't know the game (as well as to enlighten the world generally) I shall give a brief summary of the rules. Toepen is a card game for two or more players. A standard pack is used, but should be shortened as described below. Each player receives four cards, and eldest leads (or folds - see below); standard rules of trick-taking apply; there are no trumps. The cards in each suit rank, from high to low, T987AKQJ65432. The winner is simply the winner of the last trick (or the person remaining, if all others have folded).

If at his turn to play a player wishes to raise the stakes, he may knock [Matt seems to think that women cannot play drinking games—Ed.]; the remaining players may either fold, drink the current fine and play no further part in the hand, or they may stay in; the current fine then increases by one finger (having started at one finger). At the end of the hand, all those left in apart from the winner drink the current fine. If a player should knock twice without anyone else's knocking in between, he is said to have double-knocked, and his fine is doubled; a triple knock quadruples the fine, and a quadruple knock multiplies it by eight. If the winner of a trick has folded by the end of the trick, the next remaining player to his left should lead to the next trick.

The protocol demanded by Toepen is stricter than in many games. The deal must be in twos; players play their cards immediately in front of them rather than to the middle of the table, and fan successive cards so that at any time all the cards so far played are visible. To fold, a player should place his unplayed cards face down on top of his played cards while leaving the latter visible. In case a folding player has played to the fourth trick, he removes his first three cards from under his fourth and places them face down on top. To indicate intent to stay in after a knock, a player should say "Pah!". The fine for revoking is, of course, a pint.

The pack should be shortened (from the bottom of the ranking order upwards) so as to leave eight cards over after the deal. For example, four players should use T987AK of each suit.

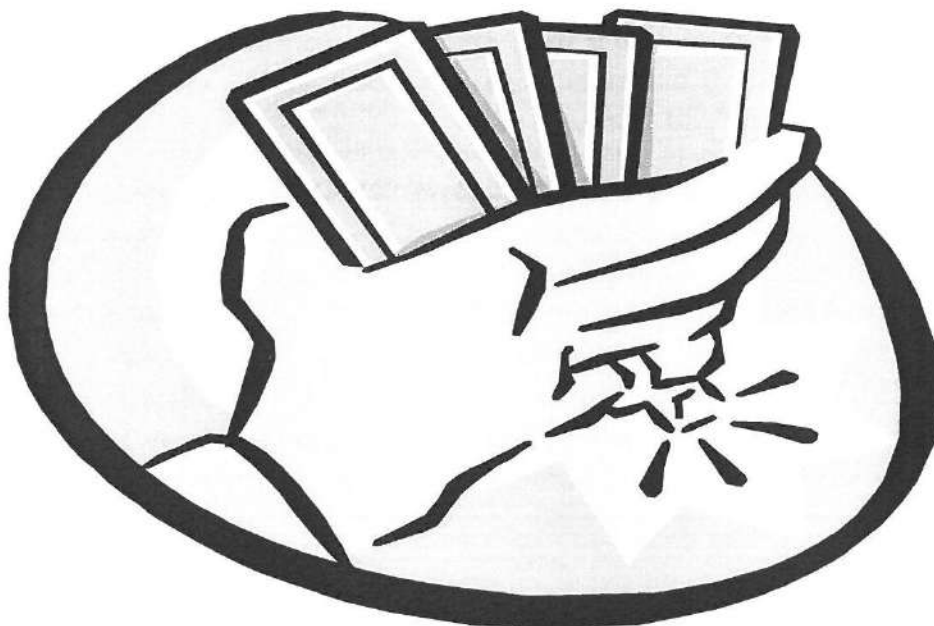
Recent practice has allowed players to fold *ab initio*, i.e. before any card has been played. In case eldest does this, the next player to his left should lead.

Toepen is notable for two reasons. Firstly, it is often described as boring (folding *ab initio* is generally intended as a protest about this). Secondly, it has produced some of the largest fines in drinking games' history; a quick calculation shows that for n players, a fine of $2n+3$ pints is possible. Julian Wiseman tried to address the first issue; he noted that one rarely has a choice of cards to play, and so the

process is largely automatic. His initially proposed solution was a game called Proto-Peterborough 2000; in this, one of the suits was shortened to just one card, the other suits were shortened just enough to make the number of players divide the number of cards, and then the entire pack was dealt out. The net result was that the players had more cards each in fewer suits with no unknown missing cards (until someone folded), which in principle should have opened the card play to greater skill. Unfortunately the game was abandoned after just two hands; trying to improve a drinking game by enhancing the card play was never going to work in CUTwC. The real Peterborough 2000 was a game in which one had to decide whether one detested Tarot even more than The Great Dalmuti.

My argument is that the lack of skill in Toepen arises from the increased fines for double-knocking. This means that people tend not to fold when someone has double-knocked; they risk less by staying in than the knocker. Indeed they often claim to be 'honour-bound' to stay in, just in case a six-pint fine occurs (by which I mean that a six-pint fine is incurred; the drinking of such fines is entirely another matter). This spoils the game, for there is no longer an incentive to bluff and hope that people will fold. Occasionally CUTwC receives emails from Holland (whence the game was imported) saying that they don't have increased fines for double-knocking. They don't play for beer either, but the fact remains; the game is boring because it soon becomes clear which player almost certainly has the best cards; the others then fold except for some poor bastard who is honour-bound to stay in and drink his 6+ fingers. The occurrence of a six-pint fine about once every two years does not justify this.

Apparently the double-knocking rule was introduced shortly after the drinking rules for Toepen were drawn up; I strongly suggest that Toepen be tried again without it; it would become once again a game of skilful knocking and bluffing, and no-one would be forced to sit out for ages in order to drink a huge fine (or to pass out, if they happen to drink it in Bells). Try it and see, or rant back at me.



THE VARSITY MATCH

PLAYED IN THE FRAENKEL AND SEMINAR ROOMS, CORPUS
CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD ON SATURDAY 21ST MAY 2000

Stew Sage

The annual clash between CUTwC and OUTS was played at Corpus Christi College, Oxford on Sunday 21st May. Strangely, it was raining in Cambridge as CUTwC departed, and sunny when they arrived in Oxford. The weather, however, was all that was untraditional about the day's proceedings.

Lunch was taken at The Bear, while old Queensman Dr Michel Lefebvre regaled us with tales of the Canadian tax system. CUTwC knocked back a few pints of 6X whilst OUTS looked astonished at this behaviour.

The match was played in the Fraenkel and Seminar Rooms in Corpus. CUTwC had one new Quarter Blue in first year Allen Rand. OUTS had a number of new faces and had selected their team on the basis of the winners in their Cuppers (intercollegiate) competition.

IN THE FIRST ROUND I watched the Oxford first pair of Charlie Oakley and John Kane take on CUTwC's Pete Keevash and Tim Winchcomb. The game was typical of most, with Oxford doggedly relying on potting or even double potting. Oakley's yellows avoided getting involved in a few early squops and he started potting with all six flat but one on the edge of the mat. He missed the third but Keevash was unable to get a blue on it and red was nowhere near. Yellow missed again and this time blue got the squop. Yellow carried on regardless although the chance of rescuing the sixth looked slim. However, blue and red were pretty involved and beating the five yellows in the pot looked like it would be tough. Winchcomb struggled to pot reds and was not helped when blue squopped one of the more pottable reds in round four. Blue failed to lunch the red in five and OUTS took four points. Cambridge took the other three games 6-1 to leave OUTS trailing 7-21 at the end of round one.

I SWAPPED ROOMS FOR THE SECOND ROUND and watched Matt Fayers and Allen Rand play Carie Barker and Matt Moorhouse. The game was short. At the end of the bring in, Fayers had 5 flat yellows and one squopped by a blue. Another blue knocked the squop and inverted it, allowing yellow to attempt a pot-out. The first yellow missed and Moorhouse started potting blues. Yellow put three in the pot before missing with the fourth. Blue declined a fairly easy squop onto the yellow, instead preferring to continue potting. Barker attempted to put a red on yellow but missed, allowing yellow to complete the pot-out in his next turn. New boy Rand was evidently overwhelmed by the occasion and couldn't follow his partner in, so CUTwC had to settle for a 5*-2*.

On another table, the newly elected CUTwC President, Patrick Driscoll and old hand Tim Hunt were locked in battle with Oakley and Kane. Once again Oakley was playing yellow, and once again he began a pot-out with one wink on the edge of the mat. He missed the fifth, which was soon squopped along with the sixth. Red took over squops from blue, and Driscoll ran six. Yellow slotted his two remaining winks in and Hunt then cleared up for a CUTwC 6*-1*. The other two games went to time and ended with a six and a five for CUTwC, giving the Light Blues the round 22-6 and a comfortable 43-13 lead at the halfway point.

IN ROUND THREE I saw Keevash and Winchcomb play a good positional squopping game against Andrea Gorman and Alastair Harrison. CUTwC eventually achieved a squop up close to time. OUTS tried Plan 47, but to no avail and CUTwC took a 6-1. Meanwhile recent Ex-President and CUTwC Captain Anthony Horton potted out against Catherine Goodwin and Andrew Walpole. Fellow SEPTIC partner James Murray missed his sixth red to allow OUTS to salvage two points. Not to be outdone, Driscoll potted out again and this time Hunt followed in leaving Barker and Moorhouse on the receiving end of the first 7*-0* of the day. CUTwC secured a six in the final game of the round, which they won 24-4, so guaranteeing them the match with an unassailable 67-17 lead.

THE FINAL ROUND saw four pot-outs. Goodwin and Walpole attempted to Dave Taylor against Fayers and Rand, who were having none of it and soon strangled the OUTS hypocrisy at birth. Slowly a blue pot-out was set up and Rand put them away with red following at the second attempt, depriving OUTS of a point. Hunt potted out against Gorman and Harrison and Driscoll made it 18 successful potting shots in a row as he ran six to follow in. Keevash and Winchcomb also potted out, but had to make do with a 6*-1* against Barker and Moorhouse. The final game of the contest was also a pot-out, but in this one CUTwC were on the receiving end as Oakley and Kane's day-long quest for the pot was eventually rewarded as Kane put them away for a 6*-1*. This restricted CUTwC to a 21-7 win in the round, but left them with a healthy 88-24 win overall.

So, business as usual in the Varsity match. Reporting on last year's match, I commented that OUTS main problem was a lack of tactical ability and that this would only be overcome when they ventured to tournaments and learnt from the great and the good. Alas to date they haven't and it shows. Hopefully they will get more players along to tournaments in the coming year. It was however very encouraging to see not only a full Dark Blue team of eight, but also a number of other players turning up to watch. After several worrying years, OUTS appear to be on a more sound footing.

At the end of this academic year CUTwC loses Tims Hunt and Winchcomb to the real world, and James Murray to Oxford. It is now CUTwC which is desperately short of young players, and closer contests than that of 2000 may be in prospect as Varsity winks enters its second millennium.

THE VARSITY MATCH RESULTS TABLE

Oxford Cambridge	Charlie Oakley & John Kane	Carie Barker & Matt Moorhouse	Andrea Gorman & Alastair Harrison	Catherine Goodwin & Andrew Walpole	Totals
Anthony Horton & James Murray	6* 1*	1 6	2 5	2* 5*	17
Tim Hunt & Patrick Driscoll	1* 6*	0* 7*	0* 7*	1 6	26
Tim Winchcomb & Pete Keevash	4 3	1* 6*	1 6	1 6	21
Matt Fayers & Allen Rand	1 6	2* 5*	1 6	0* 7*	24
Totals	12	4	4	4	24 88

THE SILVER WINK

PLAYED IN THE FRAENKEL AND SEMINAR ROOMS, CORPUS
CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD ON THURSDAY 22ND JUNE 2000

Andrew Garrard

The Silver Wink this year was held in Oxford. OUTS had gone to great effort to paint their pots Oxford Blue; a detailed study was not made as to whether this had an effect on scrunging probabilities.

ROUND 1

John & Charlie v Stew & Rupert.

Rupert (blue) won the squidge-off with some intervention from the umpire. A squopping game ensued and after a while Kane (playing green) started plan 47. Stew started to pot to counter. Eventually only two greens remained out - one on red and one under. Stew missed a pot near the end with some complaint because spectators were causing wildly changing shadows. After an illegal pile shot the game finished 5*-2* (Rupert failing to follow Stew).

Matt & Carie (Carie played instead of Abigail in this game) v Patrick & Anthony.

Patrick had six flat and unchallenged yellows and missed only once to give an 8th turn pot-out. Anthony followed - after which Carie started to play the piano, causing some distraction to Rupert.

Andrea & Pole v James & Pete.

Pete (red) won the squidge-off. The game consisted of many singletons with James potting and Pole (green) following. The game turned to Cambridge in rounds with many winks in the pot.

Catherine & Chris v Timmy.

Timmy potted five then got squopped and then free again to pot out with green. Yellow followed after blue (Chris) missed the sixth.

At this point your reporter was sent to fetch food. I can conclude that the chippie in question (Carfax?) is the slowest I have ever attended, being almost empty when I arrived and taking over an hour to produce a medium-sized order. Amazingly, given that it took twenty minutes even after they'd started to wrap stuff up, the result was still warm when delivered. But it did mean a large gap in the report.

THE SILVER WINK RESULTS TABLE

Oxford Cambridge	Charlie Oakley & John Kane	Abigail Hancocks & Matt Moorhouse	Andrea Gorman & Andrew Walpole	Catherine Goodwin & Chris Jones	Totals
Stew Sage & Rupert Thompson	2 5	0* 7*	1½ 5½	1 6	23½
Patrick Barrie & Anthony Horton	1 6	0* 7*	0* 7*	1 6	26
James Murray & Pete Keevash	1 6	1* 6*	2 5	3 4	21
Tim Hunt (solo)	6 (5*) 1 (2*)	3½(0*) 3½(7*)	3½(0*) 3½(7*)	3½(0*) 3½(7*)	11½ (23)
Totals	10 (9)	4½ (1)	7 (3½)	8½ (5)	30 82

I have been advised of the following events from the next two rounds.

ROUND 2

Timmy v John & Charlie.

Timmy (playing green) had a disaster which he ranted about at great length. Here in his own words is the rant:

“Morally speaking here are the before and after pictures.
[Fortunately these images have been lost in the mists of time, but this was still a total outrage!—Ed.]

“I am Green and Yellow. I am playing versus Kane and Oakley. I forget which way round they are, but the tall thin one is blue and the other is red.

THE LONDON OPEN RESULTS TABLE

Position	Partnership	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	P.P.G.
1	Tim Hunt & Phil Carmody		2	4		6	6'	6'	6		30/6 = 5.000
2	Matthew Rose & James Cullingham	5		7'	2½		3	6		6	29.5/6 = 4.917
3	Rupert Thompson & Jon Mapley/Ed Wynn	3	0'			6		6	6'	7'	28/6 = 4.667
4	Andrew Garrard & Ben Deane		4½			1	5'	5	6	6	27.5/6 = 4.583
5	Matt Fayers & Charles Relle	1		1	6		4½		6	5	23.5/6 = 3.917
6	Patrick Barrie & Charlie Oakley	1'	4		2'	2½		6	6'		21.5/6 = 3.583
7	Pete Keevash & James Murray	1'	1	1	2		1		1	7'	14/7 = 2.000
8	Christine Wiggins & Chris Abram	1		1'	1	1	1'	6		2'	13/7 = 1.857
9	Stew Sage & Paul Moss		1	0'	1	2		0'	5'		9/6 = 1.500

“There are 5 reds and 5 greens in the pot and it is blue to play. Yellow’s previous shot was an attempt to bucket a few yellows in preparation for the inevitable green pot-out. Unfortunately one went long over the pot and freed the blue on the pile.

“Blue and Red start ranting because Blue, the voice of reason, thinks it is all hopeless. Red seems to think that there is a way to lunch the Red. At this point I call Pete over to shot-judge since his game has just ended in a pot-out and I don’t believe it. Blue eventually gives in and hits the bit of the red he can see. It ends up nicely pottable and a yellow ends up on the green. My chin hits the floor in horror as what has happened sinks in. Red pots his sixth. Blues are all over the place so it ends up 5*-2*.”

“Harrrrrsh!”

ROUND 3

I’ve been advised that the only excitement in round 3 was in the game involving James & Pete v John & Charlie. This was a close game with lots of good shots played, but most notably an umpire (Carie) was called in to decide about a green on blue squop that had been hit by yellow, to ascertain whether the squop was still held. Having asked which wink was green and which was blue, the umpire decided that blue was squopping green - i.e. that the pile had inverted. At which point all four players agreed that the umpire was incompetent (after checking with a rules narg whether the umpire had to be competent for the result to stand) and the result was called side by side.

ROUND 4

Timmy v Andrea (blue) & Pole.

Timmy won the squidge-off with green, and potted five yellows from a big pile to pot out. He converted, in his own words, unconvincingly.

Stew & Rupert v Matt & Abigail.

Matt (green) started going for the pot from long range, slowly and with one wink under. Abigail bounced a wink off her forehead. Stew (red) waited, then counter-potted, followed in by Rupert.

James & Pete v Catherine & Chris (blue).

The game started with a lot of squops, mostly under Oxford in several piles but with three of Pete’s yellows in the pot. This became four yellows by the end, with green under to give a 4-3 to Cambridge.

Patrick & Anthony v John & Charlie.

A squopping game, mostly under Cambridge.

THE LONDON OPEN

**PLAYED IN THE BRIDGE LEISURE CENTRE, SYDENHAM ON
SATURDAY 8TH JULY 2000**

Charlie Oakley

OK, so how do I write up such a tournament? I haven't written any essays since my English GCSE 53 moons ago, so forgive me for my lack of journalistic ability.

It all started 400 yards north of where the ETwA newsletter indicated, in the Bar of the Bridge Leisure Centre, Sydenham, 4 hours before Venus Williams and Lindsay Davenport started their final in SW19.

The first thing that had to be sorted out was not the draw, but Tim Hunt's sweepstake of how many pints (alcoholic beverage of around 4-5% ABV) will be pulled by the ladies behind the bar and subsequently consumed by us. At a pound a guess, 50 percent of the pot would go to the Lewisham Hospital Diabetes Day Centre, nominated by Charles Relle. Charles was celebrating 40 years of winking and the last day of his 59th year.

Patrick Barrrie and Charlie Oakley set the early pace before the lunch break with Matthew Rose and James Cullingham in hot pursuit, attempting to retain their title. Then Oranjeboom, the Dutch entry, made the biggest impact over the lunch break but was soon seen off over games of Liar Dice and Pass the Pigs.

After the break, any of six pairs had a chance of lifting the trophy with the other three in close contention for the wooden spoon. The teetotal pairing of Andrew Garrard and Ben Deane set the target before receiving the bye in the last round.

The draw for the final round drove some of the country's greatest, albeit slightly inebriated, brains mad. It was finally settled that four pairs had their eyes on a 7*-0* to get their grubby mitts on the twenty-odd-year-old trophy. Rupert Thompson and Ed Wynn got their 7*-0*, but in vain, as Tim Hunt and Phil Carmody picked up six points in their final game to pip Rose and Cullingham by one twelfth of a P.P.G. overall.

Stew Sage ended up in last place with his partner Paul Moss, but salvaged some pride in winning the sweepstake, with the guess closest to the 106 pints actually pulled.

Champagne (or rather some sparkling white substitute) all round toasted Charles Relle for booking the venue and reaching his historic landmark, and everybody else for helping to raise £222.22 for his charity. In April 2002, Charles will be able to celebrate 1320 million seconds in the game, so maybe we can celebrate that in similar fashion!

[The results table for this tournament appears on page 12.]

THE LONDON OPEN BEER SWEEPSTAKE

Tim Hunt

This year the London Open took place in the bar of the Bridge Leisure centre and Charles Relle was celebrating his 40th year as a winker. All-in-all a certain amount of carnage was to be expected. On the train on the way there I joked that perhaps we should run a sweepstake to see exactly how much beer was drunk.

Then suddenly it wasn't a joke. I found myself accepting sealed bids and pound coins from all sides. With half the money going to the winner and the other half to charity it was a much better deal than the National Lottery. Winkers were wandering round counting heads; asking Ben Deane if he was still teetotal; establishing that the bar would remain open all afternoon; and so forth. The bids remained sealed to the very end, but we can take a sneak preview now:

Charlie Oakley	49½	Stew Sage	103
Ed Wynn	61	Matt Fayers	113
Andrew Garrard	67	Phil Carmody	123
Pete Keevash	69	Tim Hunt	127
Patrick Barrie	79	Charles Relle	131
Christine Wiggins	80	Chris Abram	132
James Murray	96	Paul Moss	176
James Cullingham	102		

There are some interesting pairings there. Stew Sage on 103 and James Cullingham on 102 are almost indistinguishable; Patrick and Christine on 79 and 80 virtually inseparable; and in the Relle/Abram Abram/Relle combo on 131/132 do we see the minds of two great scholars of the ancient world thinking alike? Charlie Oakley, the sole Oxford representative, was clearly lacking in experience of the typical winks tournament. As we shall see his bid fell very quickly. As for Paul Moss, what can one say? A bid that entails every winker present drinking more than 10 pints might have worked in the good old days, but given the state of English Winks today it was always going to be optimistic.

Charles Relle gave an early indication that he had bid high. Buying the second round of the day, to help sustain us through the third round of winks, the round before lunch, he purchased one pint of beer for each of his years in winks. It was one of the most splendid sights I have ever seen. Why oh why did Andrew Garrard leave his digital camera at home? Words cannot convey the beauty of three tables buried beneath beer.

My memory of the afternoon is somewhat hazy so I cannot report whether the expected carnage materialised. I do remember that my partner got very, very cross with me (sorry Phil) and I did manage to keep track of the beer buying. The final reckoning was, 70 pints of Oranjeboom, 17 pints of fizzy bitter and 19 pints of Guinness, making a grand total of 106 pints.

Which just goes to show that Stew Sage knows a thing or two about drinking.

NOT DEAD YET

Larry Kahn

NATwA continues to struggle along, although we may be in slightly better shape than last year. Of the three major winking centers [I suppose that I have to respect the linguistic peculiarities of ignorant colonials and leave this word unaltered—Timmy] (Wash DC, Ithaca, and Ohio), Ithaca seems to show the most promise with the revival of the high school. This spring at the informal teams match we had about 30 players show up, which is pretty good for us. The national pairs (coming up) will also be in Ithaca, and we're hoping for maybe 8-10 pairs (or more). Over the past few years we've kind of gone the Scottish route, with the strong players partnering novices or less experienced players. According to Dave, we did have a singles in October, although the result was not to his liking.

Distance remains our biggest problem. The three main centers are a minimum of 6 hours apart, so you can't easily hop into the car for an away match or weekend. DC took a big hit when Jim moved to Oregon, although we did import Sly as a (temporary) replacement. In addition to Ithaca recruiting, NATwA has adopted a "grow your own" policy, helped along greatly by Dave. We're also attempting to do some recruiting in a DC billiards café, although no real luck so far. So near term we'll probably muddle along as usual, with a core group of 8-10 dedicated geezers ensuring that the game continues on.

NOT DEAD YET—ALTERNATIVE VIEWPOINT

Patrick Barrie

Reports of winking life in America may have been somewhat exaggerated. The following are the complete results of their National Singles played on the 7th-8th October 2000:

Place	Name	Games	Points
1.	Larry Kahn	11	61½
2.	Dave Lockwood	11	55½
3.	Andrew Young	11	23
4.	Max Lockwood	7	14
5.	Jon Lockwood	4	1

This does though provide two good bits of news:

- a) Sly is alive and well;
- b) Dave Lockwood doesn't have a WS singles challenge.

THE WESSEX TROPHY

PLAYED AT QUEENS' COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE ON
19TH AND 20TH AUGUST 2000

Christine Wiggins

Well, it was yet another winks tournament. Here I sit over a month after the event trying desperately to remember exactly what happened and whether there was anything that interesting that it has stuck in my memory in any way.

Well, the first thing I had to do was look up in my diary when it was—quite a difficult thing to do considering it wasn't in my diary (and probably not in many of yours either!) However, a little bit of detective work and I decided it happened in August, and didn't clash with my two holidays, so it must have been the 19th/20th. If I'm wrong I'm obviously very confused, but that's what winks does to a woman!

Next thing to do was to retrieve the scores. This was surprisingly easy as they've been sitting at the bottom of my pile of things to do since the day after the event! I was also lucky that Patrick, in a bout of efficiency, had typed the scores into the ratings program and had therefore produced a one page sheet with the summaries on.

The next thing I had to do was to get my stupid computer to spring into action and open up Word despite not having enough memory for this. As you may have guessed by the fact you are reading this, I managed this sometimes difficult feat!

Well, that's all the preparation done for writing up the tournament. This is where it gets harder as I have very little recollection of the 2 days at all!

THE PARTICIPANTS

Patrick Barrie, Geoff Thorpe, Chris 'SLU' Abram, Charles Relle, Matt Fayers, Gavin Keyte (almost mythical OUTS winker!), Christine Wiggins, Stew 'sleepy' Sage, Pete Keevash, Andrew Garrard and James Cullingham.

THE VENUE

No prizes for those who correctly guessed Queens' College in Cambridge!

THE TOURNAMENT

The Wessex Trophy in Exile with two teams competing for a rather splendid piece of metal, not dissimilar to the World Singes Tiddlywinks Trophy!

CHOOSING THE CAPTAINS

Initial suggestions of Christine v Patrick were very quickly dispelled as neither was in the mood. It fell to Gavin and SLU to choose rather random teams, especially since several players turned up late and insisted on not playing every round (I know it's allowed in this tournament, but with only eleven people in total it did cause some complete randomness!).

THE PLAY

I suggest those who are sad enough to be interested in this part of the day just sit around and read the tedious score sheets printed here. However, to make them more interesting, and in a vague hope that they might remind some player other than me of what happened, I have included some comments where appropriate:

ROUND 1

SLU/Christine	1	v	6	Gavin/Patrick
Charles/Matt	3	v	4	Stew/Geoff

ROUND 2

Charles	6	v	1	Stew
SLU/Andrew	1	v	6	Gavin/Geoff
Matt/Christine	5*	v	2*	Patrick/James

Hurrah for Charles in the round before lunch. SLU played a captain's innings: unfortunately, it was Nasser Hussain's! Fayers is a potting God; he bounced the second one in to please the crowd.

ROUND 3

SLU/Charles	5	v	2	Geoff/James
Christine	1*	v	6*	Patrick/Stew
Andrew	5	v	2	Gavin

Christine failed to notice Patrick's 7th turn pot-out! Andrew alternated between moderate competence and utter disasters but managed to blow a pile near the end of rounds and managed to pot before missing with both colours in rounds four and five. Gavin, having been ahead most of the game, unfairly qwxclled when counter potting.

ROUND 4

Andrew/Christine	5½	v	1½	Geoff
Charles	6	v	1	Gavin
SLU	0*	v	7*	James/Patrick

Christine gets two heroic pots in round five—shame about the squopping tho'. Patrick's tactics surprised James but were effective.

ROUND 5

SLU/Christine	6	v	1	James/Gavin
Andrew/Charles	0*	v	7*	Patrick/Geoff

James successfully Bristolled a tetrad onto enemy winks in a desperate attempt to get some points. Geoff's turn to pot out!

Here endeth the first day.

ROUND 6

SLU	3	v	4	James/Geoff
Matt	5	v	2	Gavin/Stew
Charles/Christine	1½	v	5½	Patrick

This game could have been called a comedy of errors, except that it wasn't funny. Christine and Patrick played like drains. Charles got a three inch Bristol onto a doubleton, but no surprise there.

ROUND 7

Charles	1	v	6	Geoff
Christine/Andrew	1	v	6	Gavin/Patrick
SLU/Matt	6	v	1	James/Stew

The old adversaries come up trumps!

ROUND 8

Matt	1*	v	6*	Patrick
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Double pot—the tactic for the next millennium.

Charles/Andrew	6*	v	1*	James/Stew
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Triple pot—fourth millennium beckons.

SLU/Christine	6	v	1	Geoff
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What a squop up!

ROUND 9

Andrew	6	v	1	Stew
SLU/Charles	4½	v	2½	James/Patrick
Matt/Christine	5*	v	2*	Pete/Geoff

Christine sends three winks to the edge including one of her own and one of Matt's. Matt still wins!

ROUND 10

Matt/Andrew	1	v	6	Pete/Patrick
SLU	1*	v	6*	Stew/Geoff
Christine/Charles	4	v	3	James

All very tight going into the last round.

ROUND 11

SLU	6	v	1	Pete
Matt/Charles	2	v	5	Patrick/James
Christine/Andrew	1*	v	6*	Stew

Loads of squops to Christine and Andrew, then a chip-out by Christine knocked Stew to where he could pot off a pile to run six (oops!).

The End!

THE WINNERS

Stew, for being the only person with any decent sleep after abandoning the tournament after three rounds on the Saturday to go to bed. When woken that Saturday evening he was heard to say "Is it Sunday already!?". Who says lunchtimes are ever confusing?

THE LOSERS

Geoff's cheese mountain definitely came off worst being demolished completely.

THE JUBILEE TROPHY II

PLAYED AT CHARLES RELLE'S SCHOOL ON SOME DATE IN EARLY SUMMER 2000

Charles Relle

There is an occasional session of tiddlywinks at my school, and one of my pupils, Suzanne Morton, was persuaded to have a tilt at the Jubilee. We played before school one morning, and experience, if not dexterity counted. Suzanne played bravely, but lost 19-2.

Like many less experienced players, she found grouping difficult at the start, and was often forced to go for speculative shots to rescue unpromising situations. Some indication of her potential showed itself when she potted five in a row to secure second place in a potted out game.

It is fair to say that, though outgunned, Suzanne made a good showing. A small advantage in skill to her opponent translated itself into a large advantage in points.

HOW TO PLAY IN ROUNDS

Larry Kahn

[Again I have grimaced and retained the American (mis-)spellings—Timmy.]

Calling all nubile, young wenches! If you would like private instruction in the art of playing around from a true master, please see me the next time I'm in England. Oh, wait a minute. Sorry. I see that this is supposed to be a winks article about playing *in* rounds. Well, I'm an expert in that also, so here goes:

Like the earlier parts of the game, there are no hard and fast rules about what strategies to use, or what shots to take. Unfortunately, each situation is unique and often it takes years of experience to recognize how best to proceed. And even then there will be times when it simply isn't obvious what to do. However, these guidelines may help.

ASSESS THE CURRENT STATE OF THE GAME. Actually, you should be doing this throughout, but it's particularly important as time expires. Figure out what your expected score is. Sometimes it's obvious. You're totally squopped up and are just trying to get more than one point. Or maybe you have one color so far ahead and the other color buried that you'll almost assuredly end up with a four. However, in many situations, it may not be obvious, and you might end up with anything from a three to a six. The main thing is to have some sense of where you stand as rounds begin.

FIRST PLACE WINS THE GAME. One of the most important things to remember is that first place gives you four points and a guaranteed win. That should be your first priority—make sure one of your colors is ahead; then try and help your other color. Try and determine as early as possible which of your colors will go for first, and then keep that color free. Use the other color to hassle your opponent's main color, or to free squopped winks of your primary color. But you have to remain flexible. Sometimes things can quickly change and it's now your other color that has the best chance at winning. Don't get fixated on a specific strategy.

TRY AND PLAN AHEAD. Now that there are a limited number of rounds left, you can more easily figure out an overall strategy. Figure out what you want to do with each color, and how many turns it will take to do it. If red has to get on a pile, blow it up, and then pot, you better not wait until round four to start this since you'll run out of time. Identify sequences of shots you want to play, and try to leave an extra round or two to deal with pesky opponents. Sometimes you may have to assume that the opponent will miss a shot, since if they make it you're dead meat anyhow.

AHEAD = CONSERVATIVE, BEHIND = RISKY. If you're ahead and have a choice of two shots to play, consider taking the more conservative approach. It's better to take what you can get rather than push it. Your opponent is already behind and may be feeling the pressure to try risky shots, and when they miss it will hand you even more points. (If they make it that's another problem addressed elsewhere.) Conversely, if you're behind you may have to go for broke unless you're playing for points. You don't have much time left, so attack where it will do the most good, even if you have to count on your opponent missing an easy shot. There's no point in making a successful shot if it's not going to buy you anything significant.

TAKE YOUR TIME. In rounds there isn't quite as much need to play quickly. If there's a tricky situation to analyze, then don't rush it. Above all, don't make stupid mistakes like miscounting (ugh) tiddlies and playing the wrong shot. Know where all the winks are; some may be hidden under piles or buried in the pot. There's nothing worse than making a tough pot ending game to get six instead of five and a half, only to find out that you just handed your opponent a 4-3. I've actually seen things like this happen, though of course I'd never be a big enough turkey to do it myself.

POT AS EARLY AS POSSIBLE. If there are winks that you know you want in the pot, then start as soon as possible. You could always miss, or even bounce out, and if you wait until round five you won't get another chance. Or your free wink might get accidentally squopped by a freak shot. It's always good to apply a little extra pressure on your opponent by getting some winks in the cup. However, don't overdo it. Yes, a wink in the cup is worth three (ugh) tiddlies, but it's out of the game. If the game is close, make sure you won't need the wink later, even though later might only be a round or two.

CUT YOUR LOSSES. Depending on the situation, it might be best to play for a sure three instead of a risky five or six. If you're, like me, an Exalted Winks God who figures to be in contention at the end of a tournament, then every point counts. Early in the day it might be better to take a sure three (or even two) than to play for the 1% chance of getting a six but a 99% chance of getting a one. This can be particularly important in head to head matches (like World Singles) where the point swings against your opponent are doubled. I wish I had taken my own advice a few times early in my career. However, for the rest of you mere mortals, you might as well go all out for a win, as they happen so infrequently.

TEMPO IS EVERYTHING. Once you hit rounds, do everything you can to make use of gaining tempo. Delaying the opponent's response by even one round may be crucial. If the opponent gets on a big pile, it may well be worth your while to hop off a single squop to get the pile wink, even if it only means delaying the inevitable pile blow by one round. Make use of boondocking. The opponent may frequently have other things they need to do, and never have a chance to bring that wink back in. This can lead to a net gain of one (ugh) tiddly

when you pot your wink and they get stuck missing a three foot pot in round five. Color order can also be used with great effectiveness, also. Simplest example is potting off a wink whose color has already gone in round five, but there are lots of other possibilities.

BE A NARG. If you have a decision to make, you might want to use probability, decision trees, and expected values to help make a choice. Sometimes it's better to step back and be totally objective about a shot, rather than be goaded into it by an opponent flapping his arms and making chicken noises at you. If you're trying to pot off a wink in round five for an extra half point, is it really worth it? Do the math and find out. If it's a fifty/fifty pot but you'll lose two points if you miss, then maybe you're better off waiting until round six. Your mileage may vary, though, since some people don't mind the risk.

PREPARE FOR THE WORST. Assume the opponents will make their shots and plan accordingly. Sometimes, though, you'll have to play the probabilities and hope that they won't be able to make a difficult shot.

DON'T PANIC. You've been there before. You've been ahead the whole game and have held a squop out for the last ten minutes. But in round three the opponent has just blown up your huge pile and the game now looks wide open. But is it really? The real point here is not to panic or suffer a huge letdown. Take your time and see what you can do to recover the situation. Don't get so distracted that you miss seeing something obvious or spaz an easy pot. With a little care, you might be able to get your 6-1 anyway. True, you might be screwed and are now going to lose the game, but it's better to lose 4-3 than 6-1 if possible. If not, well then try not to let your disgust carry over into the next game. Kicking your conqueror in the ass instead of shaking their hand is a good way to blow off some steam.

DON'T GIVE UP. Well sometimes you might as well, since not even *I* could do anything about it. But I've seen enough miracle shots to know that almost anything is possible, so you might as well go down swinging.



A BLUFFER'S GUIDE TO TOURNAMENT TIDDLYWINKS

Matt Fayers

WORDS AND PHRASES

The tournament scene can be incomprehensible to the uninitiated; in particular, certain elements of jargon, slang and cliché abound. The purpose of this article is to equip the novice with a basic tournament vocabulary, and to remind the rest of us what we are talking about.

TOURNAMENT The *raison d'être* of winks. Every competitive sport needs competitions, and winkers gather for a weekend every few months, socialise and play winks to a greater or lesser extent. Unlike in medieval tournaments, falling off horses is rarely involved.

TOURNAMENT ORGANISER The person (often an elected council member, sometimes even the member elected as Tournament Organiser) who is responsible for organising the tournament. The job includes arranging the venue and the equipment, but TOs are scrutinised above all for their chosen length of lunch-times (see below). At the end of the day, though, everyone will agree that the TO did as good a job as anyone else, so don't worry if you find yourself inadvertently elected to this position.

FORMAT Who plays with whom, against whom, and when. Some aspects of this are obvious (you won't get to partner many people in the National Singles), but the rest is subject to advance planning, revising on the day, and then changing completely half way through the tournament. Only the blessed presence of group theorists gets us through it all.

DRAW The prelude to a re-draw.

RE-DRAW In a tournament whose format requires drawing players to play each round, the crucial period between the draw and the start of the round (sometimes as little as fifteen minutes) almost invariably sees someone arrive, leave or realise that they have been drawn twice (or more – see below). A re-draw is then necessary, and the rant factor increases.

“RE-DRAW!” A cry often heard, indicating that a re-draw is about to be made, or should be made, or simply that the existing draw is unfavourable, or simply that a draw has been made.

GEOFF THORPE AND GEOFF THORPE AGAINST GEOFF THORPE AND GEOFF THORPE The now legendary result of an early attempt to computerise the draw. This will inevitably be recalled every time a computerised draw is used.

LUNCHTIME The period in the middle of the day when a break is taken from playing winks; some will spend it browsing in bookshops or even having lunch, but many will head for the pub. The relative importance of winking and drinking remains a moot point, and the major skill in organising a tournament is to prescribe a suitable length of lunchtime. Indeed, certain TOs have been elected on the “lunchtime ticket” – a promise to certain block voters of long lunchtimes.

In certain tournaments, players may drop in and out as they please, and thus can dictate their own lunchtimes, which may go on for days; some would even claim that Stew Sage has been continuously at lunch for the last fifteen years.

RE-START The time at which the tournament re-starts, either after lunch or at the beginning of the second (or subsequent) day. An unusual method of time-keeping is used for this; if the TO announces “2 for 2:15”, the implication is that he hopes people to be back by 2.30. People will start to think about leaving the pub by 2:35, and with luck everyone should be playing by 3.

THE ROUND BEFORE LUNCH The game of tiddlywinks has an unusual feature in that a small proportion of games are rather shorter than the others. Moreover, a simple strategy exists to increase the chances of the current game’s being one of the chosen few (perhaps to the detriment of one’s chances of winning). The advantage of this in the round before lunch should be obvious.

THE ROUND AFTER LUNCH This round is often strategically similar to the round before lunch, for two reasons; those who didn’t get a long enough lunch often fancy a chaser, and those who did forget that there is any other strategy.

THE DEATH OF ENGLISH WINKS A mythical Armageddon which always seems to be upon us (some would say that it has already happened, and we were too drunk to notice). The phrase resulted from a famous rant at the end of a famous lunchtime; the protagonists need not be named.

PARTNER DEAR This form of address has come to be simply a synonym for “partner”, even in such contexts as “I believe you are my partner dear”. The term does not imply (but certainly does not preclude) any affection.

OPPONENT DEAR A facetious spin-off from “partner dear”.

RABBIT-BASHING The early part of an all-play-all draw, when high-seeded players play against low seeds. Grin and bear it; one day you may be a basher.

“MIDDLE FOR DIDDLE?” An old-fashioned invitation to squidge-off. If you hear this, you are likely to hear such other chestnuts as “Oh my giddy aunt”, “I’m too old for this game” and “Pull yourself to pieces”.

“LIGHT, PLEASE” A slight misquotation from Genesis, Chapter I. Suitable lighting remains one of the important features of tournament venues (after suitable tables and suitable pubs). Don’t cast your shadow over someone’s shot unless invited to.

PUSILLANIMOUS Look it up yourself.

THE JUBILEE TROPHY III

PLAYED AT THE RELLE HOUSEHOLD ON
SATURDAY 7TH OCTOBER 2000

Charles Relle

I have held the Jubilee Cup twice, once for just over six years and once for just over six months. During the latter tenure, I managed one successful defence [Charles seems to have temporarily forgotten his match against Suzanne Morton—Ed.], beating Alan Dean 18-17. The score indicates the closeness of the match. The first four games were as follows: (my scores first) 0*-7*, 5-2, 3-4, 4-3. This left me with the need to get at least six in the final game, and luck was with me to the extent that I did score six, squopping Alan up and holding the position.

When Tim Hunt visited me to play the next challenge, I viewed the prospect with some apprehension, but some hope also. I did not foresee the actual score. He played very well, and I did not. In the first game, I brought in red well, grouping it very tightly near the pot. Tim elected not to attack it. I tried to pot out and missed the fifth, but was given a life. When, however I missed the sixth as well from a very easy position, Tim squopped it, and had plenty of time to arrange a potout for himself, winning the game 6*-1*.

The second game was very even until round four, when I had a simple pot that would have given me a 4-3 win. Again I missed, giving Tim a doubleton, and a 5-2 win. Tim continued to play well in game three, in which he achieved a total squop up with minutes to go, and another 6-1. This meant that if I were to retain the cup, I had to score two sevens in a row. This seemed improbable in the light of the course of the match so far, and in fact Tim squopped me up again for another six and a 23-5 win.

Congratulations to Tim on his win; will he now break Andy Purvis's record and keep the cup into the next decade?

[Sadly, no chance. In the confusion following World Singles 52 I managed to get myself challenged by Matt and Stew—although I later had no memory of this. My match against Matt is described later in this issue.

[I think that this match illustrates the way you can get on a roll playing winks. If, before the match, I had been told that the score would be 23-5 I would naturally have assumed that I was the one who was going to score five. Yet Charles narrowly fails to pot out in the first game; I get six points and my confidence start to increase; Charles puts himself under increasing pressure, going for difficult shots that he would get on a good day; but today he misses a lot of them and it is easy for me. I expect that once Charles has retired and is rested and in practice, the Jubilee will be his once more.

[There, page nicely filled. I can shut up now—Timmy.]

WORLD SINGLES 52

PLAYED AT THE CASTLE INN, CAMBRIDGE
FRIDAY 20TH OCTOBER 2000

Matt Fayers

Larry Kahn	6	4	2	6	6	2	26
Patrick Barrie	1	3	5	1	1	5	16

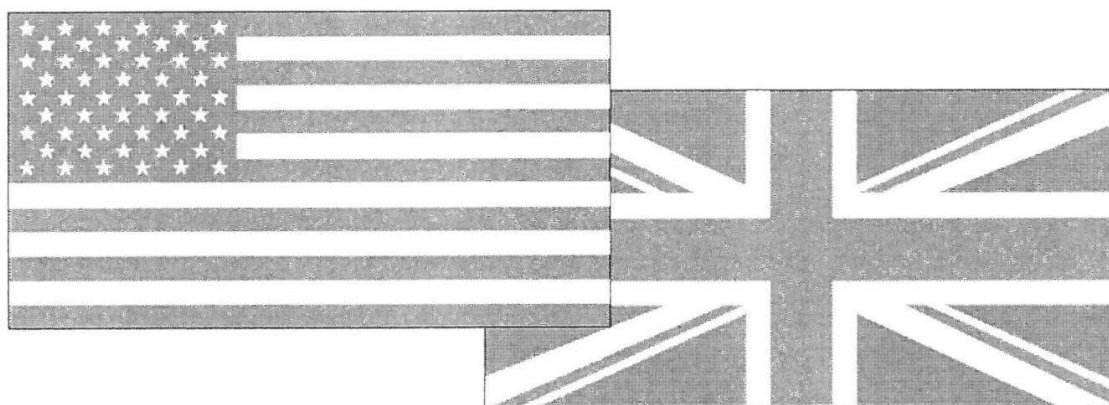
Again John and Elaine were happy to host the World Singles in the Castle, which was very nice of them. Quite a few people were spectating, and the match was very enjoyable. Patrick, John Stevens and I had gone to the pub the previous evening to rescue the traditional tiddlywinks board from the shed at the back; I cut my thumb in the process.

Well done to Larry for defending once again. He warmed up much more quickly than Patrick, who improved but never looked as though he would get right back into the match. The standard of play was fairly high throughout (although the potting was ropery in places), and Larry was cautious enough not to let Patrick in. Shot of the match was Larry's simultaneous boondock and pile-flip in Game One - a George Harrison shot? I shan't give individual game summaries, because no-one ever reads them, and nothing terribly unusual happened.

Trans World were on hand to film the event; I don't know whether it will have been broadcast by the time this is published*. As soon as the cameraman remembered how difficult tiddlywinks is to film (about twenty seconds in), he filmed a trick shot demonstration from Phil and Andrew on a nearby table, and then interviewed a spectator. "Have you picked up any of the terminology?" he asked. "Well, I've played a lot of the drinking games, so I know my squops and my Bris-tols." What a good advertisement.

Patrick's revenge on the Sunday presumably means it will all happen again when Larry comes for the Pairs. See you there.

[* Television coverage was seen in Cambridge and New Zealand but not by any winkers.—Ed.]



THE ETWA NATIONAL SINGLES—QUALIFYING

PLAYED IN THE ARMITAGE ROOM, QUEENS' COLLEGE ON
SUNDAY 22ND OCTOBER 2000

Tim Hunt

Well I did my best, I asked all sorts of people, people with literary talent, people with wit and style, but it was in vain. Despite numerous promises, no write up of the singles qualifying has arrived in my inbox. So instead you are going to have to put up with more tedious drivel from me.

That is assuming that I can remember anything about what happened. The bit I will never forget is my game against Andrew Garrard in the Turn off your TV Standby League (well I suppose that it is slightly better than naming the leagues after Teletubbies, just.) Until then I had been having quite a good day. Andrew didn't bring in terribly well, so whilst his six reds were all in and unsquopped, after a few moments thought I decided that he was welcome to try it if he wanted. He did try it, and into the pot they all went. Phenomenal potting and a very well deserved 7*-0* for Andrew. The advantage of the written medium is that you can't see me cursing, swearing and sticking pins into a wax model of Mr Garrard as I write these seemingly calm words.

Turn Off Your TV Standby League		A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	Total
A	Patrick Barrrie		4½	6	6	6	6	6	6	40½
B	Simon Gandy	2½		6	1	5½	3	6	5	29
C	Tim Hunt	1	1		1*	0*	6	6	6	21
D	Phil Scarrott	1	6	6*		6	6	6	2*	33
E	Andrew Garrard	1	1½	7*	1		5	5*	3	23½
F	Christine Wiggins	1	4	1	1	2		3	6	18
G	Anthony Horton	1	1	1	1	2*	4		3	13
H	Antony Proietti	1	2	1	5*	4	1	4		18

The other amusement from this league was when Antony Proietti got back late from lunch having been ranting at Boots about his camera. This appeared to be going to delay the entire league, until Antony blitzed Phil Scarrott for a 5*-2*.

Recycle Aluminium Cans League		A	B	C	D	E	F	G	Total
A	Larry Kahn		1	6	6	6	6*	6	31
B	Jon Mapley	6		3	6	0*	6	6	27
C	Matt Fayers	1	4		2*	5½	7*	6	25½
D	Geoff Thorpe	1	1	5*		0*	6	3	16
E	James Cullingham	1	7*	1½	7*		6	5	27½
F	Gavin Keyte	1*	1	0*	1	1		5½	9½
G	James Murray	1	1	1	4	2	1½		10½

Insulate Your Loft League		A	B	C	D	E	F	G	Total
A	Geoff Myers		2*	5	2	6	4	6	25
B	Matthew Rose	5*		6	4	6	3	6	30
C	Phil Carmody	2	1		4	5*	3	6*	21
D	Rupert Thompson	5	3	3		5	0*	4	20
E	Chris Abram	1	1	2*	2		6	7*	19
F	Stew Sage	3	4	4	7*	1		6	25
G	Paul Roberts	1	1	1*	3	0*	1		7

The Recycle Aluminium Cans League seems to have gone fairly tediously as one might expect, although I imagine that Our Glorious Leader must have quite enjoyed 7*-0*ing Jon Mapley and Geoff Thorpe. Other than that, what a bunch of boring nargs.

The day's controversy comes from the Insulate Your Loft League. In the final round Rupert Thompson is playing Phil Carmody and the winner is going to make it into the final. Rupert, the man who has given up the game of tiddlywinks more often than any other player I know, appears to be cruising to a comfortable victory. Suddenly, and none too soon, for it is round five already, he realises that this ghastly calamity is going to overtake him. In horror he stares at the mat. Is he really going to have to suffer through eleven games of Tiddlywinks tomorrow? Surely not. Then, with relief, he spots that if he squops that blue there with this red here all will be well and it will be Phil in the final not he. He crouches down, lines up the shot, and plays...

The problem with Rupert is that he has no sense of dramatic irony, and frankly he is a bit of a narg. To round off this story properly he needs to miss and then spend the next day nobly suffering his way through the final. Instead he makes the shot; Phil qualifies with a sour taste in his mouth; and Rupert is able to go away to whatever prior engagement he had lined up for Sunday.

That evening we all retired to the Cambridge Blue to celebrate or commiserate as appropriate. There we played one of the best games of Nurdle-Boondock that I can remember. And if only Geoff Myers had remembered that 161 is a boondock it would have been even better still.

The other table, of course, played violent Royal and Ancient which probably explains Stew's performance on the Sunday. Remember Stew: four fives good, three fives bad.

AUNTIE GERTIE'S GIN SORBET RECIPE

Transcribed for you by Rupert Thompson

Pre-cool the gin in the freezer.

Pour a quantity of gin into an ice-cream maker.

Add tonic water until ice crystals just start to form. This guarantees the most alcoholic gin sorbet possible.

Add a squirt of lemon juice to taste.

Let the ice-cream maker do its business, then transfer to a plastic box and return to the freezer for several hours to firm up.

Serve in chilled glasses.

HOW I WON THE NATIONAL SINGLES FINAL

Patrick Barrie

This year, Larry Kahn was going for his third singles victory in a row—this has only happened once before when Alan Dean won the first three titles in the 1970's when the tournament had a knock-out format. I was therefore keen that there should be a British winner this year, but knew that Larry had been squopping ominously well during the World Singles a couple of days earlier.

The pattern at the top of the leader-board became clear during the morning's play. I scrapped hard in my games to get four 6-1 wins and 24 points, Jon Mapley claimed to hit squopping form and be delighted with 22½ points by lunch-time. However, Larry Kahn had started with three sevens and a six to give him 27 points and a useful lead. It turned out that these three players were to occupy the first three positions throughout the entire afternoon.

Larry's lead was reduced when he lost 3-4 against Geoff Myers. Geoff had been slightly rusty during the qualification leagues the previous day and so was lurking as a "rabbit" in the bottom half of the draw, but everyone knows that you have to beware of wolves in rabbit clothing. Geoff also took points of Jon, and was unlucky not to get more off me—he missed an important pot in round four and I potted well to steal joint second as well as first place.

After six games, Larry had 36 points, I had 35½ points, and Jon had 35 points. There were then two key games—firstly Jon and I played each other. In a high-quality game of fluctuating fortunes, it ended up 4-3 to me after Jon missed a match-winning pot to end round five. Then Jon played Larry. Jon got ahead early in the game, and then squopped superbly to defend his position and win 6-1.

In the closing rounds, I managed to get high scores in each game. Jon was held to a 4-3 win by Matthew Rose, and Larry was held to a 4-3 win by James Cullingham who realised that you can get three points if you keep one of your opponent's colours in a single pile.

Going into the final round, I led with 58½ points, while Larry and Jon both had 53 points. I was to play Larry, and thus only needed one point to finish ahead of him. However, Jon was playing James, and knew that a 7-0 could give him the tournament if I did only get 1 point off Larry. I brought in all my greens perfectly and had to restrain my potting instincts due to the tournament situation when Larry refused to attempt any squops. While Larry did get six free reds at one stage (two long and one on a singleton yellow), I wasn't too concerned as green and yellow were ideally placed to follow in and there was still a blue on the base-line. Larry did get two reds in the pot before missing. I squopped well, and Larry never looked like winning the game, far less obtaining the 7* he required. Eventually, I was happy with a solid 5-2, and thus won the tournament without losing a game.

Jon did almost work the pot-out that could have won him the trophy against James—he managed to get five in before James made a squop onto his sixth wink from two feet away in round five. Jon's 6-1 win did, however, mean that he finished second in the tournament. Larry was third, while Geoff Myers emerged with a series of good wins against the lower half of the draw to finish fourth. There was then a cluster of players, headed by Matt Fayers in fifth, within a few points of each other.

Even though the numbers of people entering tournaments has dropped a bit in the last few years, the final of the National Singles still has a special atmosphere. People are taking the tournament relatively seriously, concentrating more than in other events, and the overall standard of play is high. There are few easy games, and to win the title a player needs to play well at critical times and have a bit of luck. In my games, this certainly happened. Stew Sage was leading against me going into rounds after a protracted Inglis game, and I was playing for a 3-4 loss until I made a knock-off-and-squop-doubleton that meant I could play for a win. I had very few winks left against Simon Gandy when my blue shot successfully put a red on top of a distant pile, while luckily knocking a wink out at the same time. Against James Cullingham, I was behind and chose to play a long Bristol onto a doubleton to act as distraction from the main pile which I was losing. Fortunately it worked, and the distraction gradually became the key match-winning pile. Both Phil Scarrott and Matthew Rose had pot-out opportunities against me, and I was pleased that my squopping worked when they missed.

I have now won the National Singles outright three times, and on each occasion have set a record of some sort. They are:

1. the largest number of points gained (63.5 points, 2000)
2. the smallest number of points gained by the winner (50.5 points, 1996)
3. the largest margin of victory (12 points, 1993)

In my defence, I should also report that I finished firmly in last place in the ETwA Singles final of 1991 - there is thus hope for anyone in the game to improve.

A BUNNY'S-EYE VIEW OF THE SINGLES FINAL

Andrew Garrard

As the first-time qualifier, I can say that the Singles final was harder than I was expecting—and I was expecting it to be pretty difficult. I can plead bad health (at least, that's my excuse for the damage to my rantings) but the real problem is that, in my past experience, I would have expected more people to be having a bad day. Geoff was particularly out of practice by his standards, but that didn't help me much. All my games went according to the form book, which is not

THE ETWA NATIONAL SINGLES—THE FINAL SCORES

PLAYED IN THE ARMITAGE ROOM, QUEENS' COLLEGE ON
SUNDAY 22ND OCTOBER 2000

Cycle To Work League		A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	Tot	Pos
A	Patrick Barrie		5	6'	7'	6	4	6	5½	6	6	6	6'	63½	1
B	Larry Kahn	2		6	6	4	1	6	3	7'	7'	6	7'	55	3
C	Matthew Rose	1'	1		3	6	3	0'	5	6	2	4	6	37	7
D	Phil Scarrott	0'	1	4		3	2	5'	3	6	1	3	6	34	8
E	James Cullingham	1	3	1	4		1	5½	1½	4½	1	1	5	28½	10
F	Jon Mapley	3	6	4	5	6		5½	4½	7'	6	6	6	59	2
G	Matt Fayers	1	1	7'	2'	1½	1½		1'	7'	6	6	6	40	5
H	Geoff Myers	1½	4	2	4	5½	2½	6'		6	6	5½	6	49	4
I	Stew Sage	1	0'	1	1	2½	0'	0'	1		1	3	1½	12	12
L	Simon Gandy	1	0'	5	6	6	1	1	1	6		6	6	39	6
K	Phil Carmody	1	1	3	4	6	1	1	1½	4	1		6	29½	9
L	Andrew Garrard	1'	0'	1	1	2	1	1	1	5½	1	1		15½	11

good given the absence of any bunnies to bash in the final (except myself and Stew, who were well behind everyone else). I didn't expect to beat any of the players who beat me, but I expected the probabilities to give me a result against at least one of them. Stew, I'm told, has never lost every game before—and considers himself to have played pretty well (certainly better than the last few times I've played him). I had a few close games, but in all honesty I didn't play well enough to deserve a better result. Guess I'll have to try harder next year.

THE ETWA NATIONAL SINGLES—THE PLATE

PLAYED IN THE BOWETT ROOM, QUEENS' COLLEGE ON
SUNDAY 22ND OCTOBER 2000

Tim Hunt

I was slightly saddened when, leaving home to go to the singles, I had to take with me the National Singles Plate Trophy. It is a truly splendid shield which has formed the centrepiece of my trophy cabinet for the last year. I was sad to see it go and I did not expect to see it again for, with a certain amount of arrogance, I was expecting to qualify for the final. Well deciding to "let the cocky wee shite go for it" against Andrew Garrard and getting 7*-0*ed put paid to that idea so I reverted to plan B.

I quickly volunteered to organise the plate trophy, for there is a tradition for the organiser of this particular event to emerge the winner. Perhaps my trophy cabinet would remain intact. Thanks to a bout of insomnia I was able to break into the Applied Maths Department at 7:00am on Sunday morning to print out some preposterous results tables to do the floating handicap thing on. (Well, the pubs aren't open at that time in the morning.)

The crowds gathered in the Bowett Room for a 10:30 squidge off. Well, when I say crowds I am being poetical with the truth. Then I made my first big mistake. Christine asked to do the draw, that is she wanted to be the one to pick the names out of the metaphorical hat. She got very bouncy and excited and gave the impression that it was going to give her a lot of pleasure so weakly I agreed. Of course I now realise that it was all a subtle plot. Christine had worked out that it wasn't the filling in of tables with hairy fractions that controlled the result. No, controlling the draw was the way for a tournament organiser to achieve success, and she had seized control.

In round two I did my best to disprove that remark in the last paragraph about writing fractions in tables. You see James Murray and I lost 6-1 to Geoff Thorpe and Daniel Cole, a rather promising CUTwC novice. Then, to add insult to injury, the handicap transfer made it 7-0. I was so shocked that as well as adding seven point to Geoff's and Daniel's scores, I also added seven points to mine. This moved me up the leader-board somewhat.

Then to lunch. It was really rather pathetic. There was more soft drink on the table than beer. Of course some of us were driving, but others were just feeling hung-over. It was at this point that Christine sealed her victory. Seeing the sorry state to which we had been reduced she moved on to double gin and tonic.

Of the afternoon's winking I remember little until we come to the last round. Using the scores as written on the pieces of paper it seemed to be a three horse

race between Christine, Daniel and myself. Christine skilfully drew me to play singles against Daniel whilst she amused herself with a largely SEPTIC foursome. I scented victory and ruthlessly potted out against Daniel whilst Christine got a safe 3 with Rishi that was adjusted to a $3\frac{3}{4}$ - $3\frac{1}{4}$ victory. So I awarded the trophy to myself and we trooped off to see the end of the final.

Whilst we were waiting for the final to finish Christine went off to Sainsbury's, and I decided to check the scores because there are always some small, meaningless, half-point errors, what with the floating handicaps and all. Big mistake. Suddenly I have to concede that there are seven points in there that I shouldn't have, and Christine got back from the shops to be surprised with the trophy.

Of course there are other possible explanations as to how Christine won. She may not have cheated. Christine's version is "I played like a goddess!" (how true), whilst I really think that it just goes to show what a splendid drink gin is.

Well done Christine. You are by far the nicest person named on that trophy.

THE NATIONAL SINGLES PLATE SCORES

Position	Player	Games Played	Handicapped P.P.G.	True P.P.G.
1	Christine Wiggins	6	$4\frac{5}{8}$	$4\frac{5}{6}$
2	Daniel Cole	5	$4\frac{13}{40}$	$3\frac{7}{10}$
3	Geoff Thorpe	4	$4\frac{1}{4}$	$4\frac{3}{8}$
4	Patrick Driscoll	4	$4\frac{1}{8}$	$3\frac{3}{4}$
5	Tim Hunt	6	$3\frac{31}{48}$	$4\frac{7}{12}$
	Anthony Horton	2	$3\frac{7}{16}$	$4\frac{1}{2}$
6	Chris Abram	6	$2\frac{17}{24}$	3
7	James Murray	5	$2\frac{11}{20}$	$2\frac{2}{5}$
8	Rishi Shah	5	$2\frac{7}{20}$	$1\frac{1}{2}$

THE WORLD RATINGS—POST ETWA SINGLES

The Algorithm (<http://www.cheng.cam.ac.uk/~pjb10/winks/ratings/method.html>)

Position	Player	Rating	Rating Reliability Factor	Games in the past year	P.P.G. in the past year
1	Patrick Barrie	2438	100	128	4.453
2	Larry Kahn	2414	100	80	4.844
3	Dave Lockwood	2330	100	44	4.140
4	Matthew Rose	2296	98	23	4.196
5	Richard Moore	2290	53	13	3.846
6	Jon Mapley	2289	100	48	4.927
7	Geoff Myers	2276	85	20	4.600
8	Ed Wynn	2232	95	42	4.591
9	Severin Drix	2203	26	19	3.947
10	Alan Dean	2197	94	62	4.290
11	Simon Gandy	2195	100	57	4.509
12	Bob Henninge	2167	97	26	4.058
13	Joe Sachs	2112	29	14	4.179
14	Matt Fayers	2104	100	98	4.031
15	Charles Relle	2083	100	79	3.956
16	Sunshine	2078	33	7	3.262
17	Phil Scarrott	2052	94	28	3.714
18	Tim Hunt	2027	100	85	4.288
19	Mike Surridge	2018	25	13	3.500
20	Rick Tucker	1993	91	9	4.389
21	Phil Carmody	1988	100	85	3.541
22	Dave Clarkson	1981	57	17	2.471
23	Ferd	1979	60	19	4.263
24	Jim Marlin	1971	60	7	3.071
25	Ben Deane	1953	63	18	3.417
26	Geoff Thorpe	1923	100	38	3.697
27	Rupert Thompson	1917	86	28	4.232
28	Jim Carrington	1909	25	13	3.500
29	Andrew Dominey	1906	1	7	3.571
30	Jon Carlaw	1888	19	7	3.429
31	James Cullingham	1858	100	95	3.089
32	Mac McAvoy	1844	86	26	3.929
33	Chris Abram	1824	100	81	3.259
34	MP Rouse	1795	4	1	6.000
35	Cyril Edwards	1794	1	5	2.900
36	Stu Collins	1791	44	3	2.667
37	Pete Keevash	1766	100	45	3.033
38	Andrew Garrard	1762	100	86	3.064
39	John Haslegrave	1751	85	24	2.896
40	Daniel Sachs	1744	24	14	4.179
41	Christine Wiggins	1739	100	81	2.852
42	Stew Sage	1723	100	81	2.568
43	John Kane	1717	67	17	3.794
44	Julian Drix	1698	18	13	4.615
45	Daniel Cole	1676	8	5	3.700

ALL TOGETHER NOW: “Ratings/Rantings, it’s all the same. Load of old non-sense anyway. I don’t hold with any of it.”

Position	Player	Rating	Rating Reliability Factor	Games in the past year	P.P.G. in the past year
46	Shawn Sorrells	1672	1	3	5.500
47	Kilian Anheuser	1666	60	23	3.000
48	Gavin Keyte	1643	69	13	2.577
49	Nathan Calhoun	1636	36	9	4.056
50	Brian Hackett	1632	24	14	3.071
51	Yu Gu	1626	27	11	3.636
52	Paul Moss	1623	98	37	2.486
53	Anthony Horton	1623	92	34	3.529
54	Marg Small	1607	29	9	2.944
55	Andy Young	1604	78	18	1.944
56	Nick Germain	1598	27	16	2.844
57	Aaron	1589	52	19	3.868
58	Antony Proietti	1554	81	26	2.750
59	Patrick Driscoll	1549	82	43	2.605
60	Jacob Usner	1547	1	4	2.125
61	Jesse Calhoun	1547	30	9	3.389
62	James Murray	1545	100	44	2.432
63	Paul Roberts	1537	66	19	2.500
64	Tim Winchcomb	1529	67	11	4.182
65	Jeff Hillebrandt	1500	24	14	2.429
66	Kevin Jaw	1499	27	16	2.563
67	Sam Lockwood	1497	31	7	3.000
68	Vita Maynard	1480	1	4	3.000
69	Allen Rand	1468	53	22	2.864
70	Matthew Wachs	1464	35	14	3.464
71	Gareth Clegg	1445	5	7	2.857
72	Charlie Oakley	1445	77	21	3.476
73	Ben Rockey-Harris	1425	38	13	3.038
74	Megan Evans	1406	16	7	2.000
75	Kat Levick	1404	1	4	2.500
76	Alastair Harrison	1349	1	4	1.000
77	Nathaniel Drix	1341	2	7	2.714
78	Cat Hartley	1326	4	7	1.929
79	Chris Jones	1320	43	13	1.654
80	Rishi Shah	1301	9	5	1.500
81	Andrew Walpole	1256	42	10	1.550
82	Abigail Hancocks	1231	20	5	1.200
83	Andrea Gorman	1230	46	17	1.588
84	Max Lockwood	1203	77	25	2.400
85	Carie Barker	1200	9	5	0.800
86	Anne Austin	1127	1	2	1.000
87	Alex Lockwood	1119	49	12	2.125
88	Catherine Goodwin	1059	47	10	1.150
89	Matt Moorhouse	1050	38	10	1.300
90	Jon Lockwood	874	46	8	1.313

AUNTIE GERTIE'S PROBLEM PAGES

Auntie Gertie

Our untiring oracle takes time out from her tour of the gin palaces of the Old West to assist some troubled readers. She says that she is having a wonderful time, and that once you get away from the big name brands, American gin tastes subtly different from English gin and is rather nice.

Anyone with any problems with which they would like Auntie's help should send them to the editor in time for her answers to be included in the next issue.

Dear Auntie Gertie,

I am considering returning to the winks scene after some 6 years' absence. However I notice from the ETWA web site that the top players are just the same as when I left. Even then I couldn't squop like Larry, or pot like Andy, or play piles like Geoff M. More importantly I couldn't drink like Stew, do ludicrous game situations like Thorpe, do hair like Nick, fashion like Charles, or do attitude like Dave, Mike and Richard. I'm now bound to be worse at all of them, so I'm not sure whether I'll be able to cope.

What do you suggest?

Watt Mighthavebeen.

Dear Watt,

Who cares how well you perform? Why not go along to a tournament to see whether you are really as bad as all that? Where I come from taking part is more important than winning. When the one great scorer comes to mark against your name, it matters not who won or lost, but whether you drank your fines. Or at least slid gracefully under the table still trying. Whether or not you have the talent, surely you can get as much enjoyment out of a winks tournament as the next narg.

G

Dear Auntie Gertie,

During the Olympics I discovered that the official rules for beach volleyball dictate the wearing of bikini pants and crop tops, with the midriff on display. I fear this is the thin end of the wedge. The mere thought of this dress code in the rules of tiddlywinks induced a major case of projectile vomiting. Can I suggest that we pre-empt the situation and explicitly ban the showing of any flesh other than that necessary to play the game (arms and face)? I fear nothing less than a boiler suit, Wellingtons and balaclava will do for some exponents.

A. Reformed-Bricklayer

Dear Brick,

You have not given this matter sufficient thought. Room full of winkers, hot day, and you want them covered from head to foot. No.

G

Dear Auntie Gertie,

Why aren't there more callipygous winkers?

Cheeky Chappie.

Well 'ark at 'im. Look who's got a new dictionary. If, Mr. Chappie, you are trying to ask a genuine question, I suggest that you stop showing off your vocabulary, and concentrate instead on clarity of meaning. Are you asking for a greater number of winkers who are callipygous, or would you be satisfied with fewer winkers, each demonstrating a higher degree of callipygousness?

G

THE JUBILEE TROPHY IV

PLAYED IN THE ERASMUS ROOM, QUEENS' COLLEGE, ON
WEDNESDAY 1ST NOVEMBER 2000

Tim Hunt/Matt Fayers

Tim Hunt	4	2½	5½	1*	4	17
Matt Fayers	3	4½	1½	6*	3	18

Matt kindly wrote this up for me as “Matt played very badly, and Tim was pretty unlucky. Matt escaped after having his sixth blue squopped repeatedly in game 4. But there it is; Matt (as champion) eagerly awaits a match with Stew, and (as ETwA secretary) eagerly anticipates more challenges, especially from people who haven't played yet.” It wasn't like that at all, but what is an editor to do? He also wrote lots of boring tat about the other Jubilee matches but that is already reported elsewhere and it didn't fit so I cut it.

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

Tim Hunt

Rupert Thompson has “leveraged his diverse portfolio of technical know-how” or something, and is now working for Analysys, a telecommunications consultancy. He is still living in Cambridge, however, and he still seems to be supervising classics for Queens' College in his spare time.

Pete Keevash has gone to the USA, following his Ph.D. supervisor.

James Murray has defected to Oxford from Cambridge to start his Ph.D. He comments that this has improved the average ability of both CUTwC and OUTS.

Anthony Horton has merely moved from Trinity Hall, Cambridge to Queens' College, Cambridge for the same reason. Whilst this is clearly a step up in the world I don't quite see the point.

I have finally submitted my Ph.D. Thank goodness. Viva soon, fingers crossed. I have also left Cambridge in the general direction of Oxford, but I got stuck half way in Milton Keynes where I am working for the Open University, writing educational software.

Andrew Garrard has left Advanced Rendering Technology (nothing to do with lard) and has started an M.Sc. in Computing at King's College London.

Simon Gandy had finished his Masters in saving the planet at Imperial College London and is now working for Environmental Resources Management somewhere in Oxfordshire.

And other people have done other things, but managed to keep it from my spies.

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**WIN!
WIN!
WIN!**

Entries to the Editor
whose decision
is final.

PICTURE COMPETITION

This magazine suffers from a pitiful lack of pictures and I'm not going to stand for it.

Instead I offer a bottle of fizzy wine to the person who submits the best (in my view) picture published in WW76.

Anything will be considered—Photographs, Sketches, Oil Paintings in the style of Van Gogh. Just so long as I can get it into the next issue.

There will also be five (5) runners' up prizes of one (1) pint of the finest real ale.

But:

The whole thing is off unless I receive entries from at least seven different people.

So enter, and get your friends to enter, and you could be sipping some champers.

