



WESPAC 2019 place-getters (L-R): 3rd Thacha Koowirat (THA), 1st Nigel Richards (NZL), 2nd Jesse Day (USA).

Also in this issue:

Word Famous in New Zealand:
Julia Schiller

Skeletons, & Long-leggedy
ABIETES

What's good in the -HOOD?

Ask Liz

World Seniors Championship

A is for Apple, O is for Orange

WESPAC Goa

Ask And-dream-a

NZASP Executive

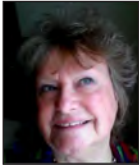
President



Howard Warner

Phone: 021 215 3962
Email:
thathowardguy
@gmail.com

Vice President



Lynne Butler

Phone: 027 428 5758
Email:
scrabblylne@gmail.com

Secretary



Liz Fagerlund

Email:
scrabliz@inspire.net.nz

Treasurer



Scott Chaput

Email:
treasurer.nzasp
@gmail.com

Web Master



Clare Wall

Phone: 021 0228 7122
Email:
scrabble.clare
@gmail.com

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Editorial

I've been thinking lately how having Scrabble in your life is startlingly like having a partner. Now, before you start sending pitying thoughts my way, hear me out.

I remember the first time I realised that competitive Scrabble was a thing. I was astonished, bemused, intrigued, and a little bit hopeful that I might be onto something great. Isn't that how you feel when you get introduced to that hottie at work for the first time, or the interesting man at that party you went to last weekend asks you for your number?

Then, after discovering competitive Scrabble (learning that people actually attend Scrabble clubs etc.), I went along to my first date, which happened to be at the Dunedin Scrabble Club. And after my first two games (I was slow then and could only fit in two), I was charmed, captivated, enthralled. I left that first club night having lost both games magnificently but wanting more, wanting to improve and impress at my next appearance. And, again, isn't that exactly how you feel at the end of a fantastic first date? You go home buzzing, on a high, desperate for next time, and wondering how you're going to make sure he wants to see you again.

That first date was back in 2002. In the ensuing 17 years, Scrabble and I have had our ups and downs. For the first few years I was passionately in love. I studied word lists every day, wrote endless mnemonics, analysed my games, played Scrabble with myself when no-one else was

available, and dreamed about it in my sleep. If Scrabble was a human partner, that first flush of love would be called LIMERENCE... and I had it in spades.

But of course, like all long-term relationships, over the years we settled into something more familiar and comfortable, and less frenzied. There have been stretches of time where Scrabble has had to take a bit of a back seat simply because things happened: work happened, children happened, other activities happened. But sometimes, just like a human partner, if you ignore Scrabble for too long then remember to give it some attention in between writing a legal opinion and cleaning up baby vomit, you find that it has got a bit sulky. You try to spend some time with it, but it throws rubbish letters at you, all your word lists have fallen out of your head, and you miss really basic anagrams and plays because you've forgotten all your hooks and try to put an ess on JAI or something.

But here's the thing about Scrabble. Like a good friend and partner, it's always there for you when you need it most. Perhaps it's just me, but I find that when I'm at my lowest, a game of Scrabble (even one where I'm being beaten to a pulp) makes me forget for a little while that life is hard or sad or scary right now. For instance, when I had my first three children and they were all under four, the anticipation of being able to get away for the odd evening to play some friendly Scrabble games was sometimes the only thing that got me through to the

end of the day or the week without making an appointment to get some teeth extracted just for the break sitting in the dentist's chair. And when I was going through my marriage breakup and the numerous emotional upheavals that come along with having to share custody of one's children, deal with more difficult financial circumstances and so forth, it was Scrabble that got me through those unhappy times.

The thing is, playing Scrabble means that your focus has to be on something other than whatever curveball life is currently throwing at you. While you're shifting letters around on your rack, sifting through

play options in your head, and dragging anagrams out of the depths of your brain, you don't have the time or space to dwell on other things. Scrabble is the friend and partner who knows that they can't fix your problems for you, but they can help you to forget them for a little while.

But it's even more than that because, almost always, sitting across the Scrabble board from you is... a friend. And, on the rare occasions that it's not a friend playing Scrabble with you, then at least you know it's someone just as crazy in love as you are with this beautiful game.

Words from the President

by Howard Warner

Where is our next generation?

We're not getting any younger. The New Zealand Scrabble scene, that is. (I'm not just spouting some vague cliché about life.)

A significant gap in our playing ranks is the young ones, those who should be forming our next generation. In fact, in New Zealand we could call anyone under 40 a 'young one', and it'd still constitute a very small group.

This is something we need to address fairly soon if we are to keep up with the rest of the world. As I discovered while on my recent overseas Scrabble jaunt — in Sydney for the New South Wales Champs and Goa for the WESPA Champs.

Here are a few instances:

Tony Hunt, one of the WESPAC players, has started a small Scrabble academy at his local school in Sydney. His wife, who teaches there, runs the programme; he designs the activities and mentors the kids. About a dozen of them played a tournament alongside the NSW Champs, on the last day. And then they had a full prize-giving, applauded by the adults. You could see how chuffed they were to be part of this occasion.

Indian player A. Krishnan, whom I played in the first round at WESPAC, runs Scrabble clubs in three different schools, under the delightful name 'Lingo Bingo'. Like Tony, he is starting small, aiming to develop a model that can attract government support and funding. Then he can consider expanding.



Howard Warner

increasing pressure on the many great adult players.

In a single day of the WESPA Champs, two kids each beat me by around 300 points. They were from Sri Lanka and Singapore, and had come through their countries' youth programmes. They were both confidently representing their country at the highest level.

The surprise package of the tournament was a baby-faced 15-year-old Thai player, Tarin Pairor. He got up to first place at one stage, after beating Nigel at the top table. I'm told he has only been playing for two years! Again, another schools programme, though one that has been in place for a long time now.

Karen Richards' long-standing efforts among Australian youth are bearing fruit, with young Queenslander Cameron Farlow among the frontrunners at WESPAC. Karen (Alastair Richards' mum) has now shifted to Malaysia, where she is spreading her influence among a new catchment of keen young competitors. She told me of one recent tournament, held at a university in Kuala Lumpur, which attracted over 600 kids and young people.

And in the US, trademark owner Hasbro has shifted all its resources into promoting school Scrabble.

Nigeria, a country with more than 4000 competitive Scrabblers, has a full-time director of coaching. The African powerhouse has a strong youth programme putting

So we can expect a whole new generation of Scrabble superbrains coming through that system soon.

Where does all this leave us in New Zealand? Frankly, nowhere. We currently have one child playing competitively. He's very good – but there's only one of him. You could say he's 'peerless'.

One of the goals your executive is keen to work towards is fostering Scrabble in schools, developing our own next generation. But we need keen, committed volunteers to help out. I know that among our members are many teachers as well as supportive parents/grandparents. If you think you've got something to offer, in even a small way, please let us know. We'd dearly love to hear from you.

Also, any thoughts you have about how such a programme might work in practice, please let us know. Then we can develop a cache of ideas out of which something real might develop. I recall this topic drew strong discussion at the last management meeting. So I know you all care about it as much as I do.

On a similar note, the *Forwards* editorship is fast coming to an end, with only one more issue after this one to be edited by Olivia Godfrey and Anderina McLean. Still no one has put up their hand. If you have even a halfhearted interest or have any suggestions about another way this role could be managed, please speak up. I know Anderina and Olivia would be happy to discuss the ins and outs of it with you.

Word Famous in New Zealand



Julia Schiller

I am an only child, born smack in the middle of Generation X, and raised in Baltimore, Maryland, a city that manages to be both cosmopolitan and provincial. Dad was an economics professor and most years we'd have two summer holidays, one on the road and one in a cabin in the Tuscarora Mountains of Pennsylvania. My mother was from New Jersey and Dad from St Louis, Kentucky, so when we were on holiday once in the West, a stranger commented that none of us had the same accent.



Entomology was my original career aspiration, and I have kept the little Golden Guide to insects from my childhood, in which I ticked off all the insects I'd seen. I was also a huge fan of sowbugs (slaters), the world's only fully terrestrial crustacean. I used to collect them in plastic margarine tubs, and I worked out how to tell the males from the females because they are just like Maryland's famous and yummy Chesapeake Bay blue crab in this regard.



SOWBUG

In high school I captained the quiz team, played badminton, and was a summer exchange student to France. A huge nerd, I went off to Washington University thanks to a generous scholarship. I double-majored in anthropology and French, and took up German, a language that had always appealed to me. I spent most of the summer before I graduated studying German at the Goethe Institut in Göttingen. I took the opportunity to travel as far as my *Eurail pass could get me on weekends.

I married young and had my son, Nicolas, when I was 25. Shortly after, we moved from Denver (where my parents had settled after I went off to uni) to Carlsbad, California, where I got involved in politics via the League of Women Voters. It was also in California that I became a one-woman anti-death penalty advocate, and even visited a death row inmate. I was delighted to hear that the current governor has put a moratorium on capital punishment and hope somehow that this will last beyond his term of office. Everyone knows minorities are more likely to receive death sentences. Also, a perhaps lesser known fact is that geography impacts hugely on punishment. California is a good demonstration of this. It includes a progressive county that doesn't pursue death sentences (San Francisco), a county with so many murders that it can't allocate the resources to often pursue capital punishment (Los Angeles), and several wealthy counties that pursue it

with a passion and where the suspect is often a person of colour. In late 2000, we left the US, something I'd been inclined to do since my early teenage years, sensing that the US was on a downward trajectory. New Zealand appealed as a good place to raise a child, with public health care and a lack of gun nuts. I had been diagnosed with manic depression several months before the move. (In resistance to the conventional view of my illness, I studied, and then practised homeopathy for several years.)

Adjusting to New Zealand wasn't easy. Unlike other immigrants I've met, I've never fallen in love with the place, but after all these years, it's home. Returning stateside was simply never an option, (all the more so now with the Orange Cheeto in office).

After about 15 years, my husband and I separated. My illness had taken a toll, as had his workaholicism, and Ma Belle Mère (I've always wondered if the French cooked up that phrase in sarcasm). I had a few hard years of precarious employment, teaching ESOL to support myself and my son. This experience is part of why I



L-R Husband Chris, mother Susan, Julia, and son Nicolas



Julia with some of the titles published by Cheeky Parrot Games

worked so hard to get National out of office (having my first relapse in nine years along the way).

Board-gaming became more prominent in my life almost 10 years ago. I joined the NZ Scrabble fold but also started meeting up with another game lover, Amanda Milne. In short order, we'd created two games and a company to publish and distribute them, SchilMil Games. I went on to design and publish three other games with Amanda, then decided to break away to start my own company, Cheeky Parrot Games, so I could focus on affordable games for the family market. Cheeky Parrot recently published its sixth title, Flipology, and distributes games for other small publishers. This year we've been doing more and more business with Whitcoulls, which pleases me because it indicates my games are going mainstream.

On the personal front, I remarried in 2015. Some of you will remember my lovely Chris Guthrey, who briefly dabbled in Scrabble before turning to wood-turning as his hobby of choice. Chris and I bought an apartment in Papatoetoe last year. I love our new neighbourhood and joined the women's barbershop singing group based here, SouthCity Soundz. Nicolas is all grown up, living and working in the Auckland CBD, and my mother, Susan, moved to New Zealand in 2013. Some of you will know Susan as she belongs to the Mt. Albert Scrabble Club.

Editor's notes: The sex of Chesapeake Bay blue crabs can be distinguished by the shape of the crab's abdomen or "apron". A male has a strongly-tapered t-shaped abdomen, mature females have a broad, rounded abdomen, while immature females have a triangular abdomen. Additionally, the bright blue claws of mature females feature red tips. So next time you're looking at a slater, see if you can apply Julia's "blue crab method" to spot if it's a male or female.

For those of you who aren't particularly familiar with French, Ma Belle Mère can mean either "mother-in-law" or "stepmother". Two guesses as to which of these meanings Julia was referring to!

New Zealanders on the International Stage: WESPA Seniors 2019

In late August, many Kiwis crossed The Ditch to take part in the World Seniors Championships. This event, open to anyone aged 55 or over, was held in Southport on the Gold Coast. While most of the participants hailed from Australia as you might expect, players came from as far afield as Singapore and Malaysia.

Over three days, 133 players duked it out in 24 games. Ultimately, the tournament was taken out by Esther Perrins of Australia on 20 wins, followed by our very own Joanne Craig on 18 wins (though of course, like Pavlova and Crowded House, the Aussies might try to claim Joanne for this occasion). New Zealanders acquitted themselves well and claimed many of the special prizes. Apart from being runner-up, Joanne won the 60+ age category. John Foster won the 80+ category with his 14 wins, while Shirley Hol won the 85+ age category with 10.5 wins. Karen Miller won a prize for the player who achieved the greatest placings increase. Karen began the tournament in 114th place but finished 80 places higher in the 34th spot!

As neither of the editrices are old enough to attend the Seniors event yet (we both now have less than two decades to wait!), we've had to rely on the observations, memories, and photography skills of those who were lucky enough to be there. Thank you to Selena Chan, John Foster, and Howard Warner for your photos, and thank you to Liz Fagerlund for your very informative Slack post detailing some of our Kiwis' triumphs. Now read on for a couple of short pieces from Howard detailing those things he observed that were particularly interesting, odd, or uniquely Australian during his Scrabble adventures in Southport.

Southport RSL oddities

by Howard Warner, *Independent*

Here are some noteworthy things that happened at the World Seniors in Southport, Gold Coast.

The event was held at the giant, multi-faceted Returned Services League (RSL) complex. As you enter the front doors, you are met by two things: a staff member shouting at you to take off your hat instantly (this is apparently the biggest sin imaginable here) and a cabinet full of lethal weapons.

At 6:00 each evening, all Scrabble play stops dead and everyone stands to attention as a trumpeter plays *The Last Post* somewhere in the complex.

At a lower table, two old dears completed five turns before realising no one had gone through the middle square. They called over the director, who advised them to just continue playing. And if a word touched that pink square, then it could be doubled.



The gun cabinet

Giant Scrabble

by Selena Chan, *Christchurch*

This photo shows Murray Rogers (NZ) playing George Khamis (Australia) at the Australian Fare mall in August. This was a promotional event organised by the Gold Coast Scrabble Club in connection with the World Seniors tournament. The set is hired from the local toy store, at a cost of around \$225 per day!



On this occasion the hireage fee was sponsored by the Gold Coast Council.

Ten things I admire about Aussie tournaments — and two I don't

by Howard Warner, *Independent*

While playing the three days of the World Senior Champs in August, I had pause to notice how our trans-Tasman cousins do things. (Aussies represented a good number of the 133 entries.)

Of course, many of these innovations involve substantial costs that we Kiwis have not been able to cover with our much smaller resource base. Australia has about 10 times as many players as us, as well as seven different state and territory-based Scrabble associations. Also, they tend to charge higher entry fees — especially for international events. The fee for this tournament was A\$150.

Booklet: This was very flash. The cover featured mugshots of all previous six winners — three of them Kiwi and not called Nigel! Inside was a list of all entrants, each accompanied by coloured mugshot, flag, WESPA rating, age category, and answers to three questions: the age they started playing, hobbies, and favourite word. There was also a

complete prize list from the 2018 Seniors World Championship and an advert for the 2020 event, to be held in Malta from 29 April to 1 May. It was very nicely presented and laid out.



Results: The display of round-by-round results — ironically hosted on Karen Richards' World Youth website — was very clear and easy to read. It was also updated promptly and meticulously. For the record, you can find the final, round-24 results here: youthscrabble.org/Sen2019/SenTou/Results/a.html

Name tags: Every player received one, protected in a plastic sheath and hanging from a lanyard. The tag displayed the player's name, photo, age category, country, country's flag, and full name of event. On the reverse side was the games schedule for the three days, so there was no room for confusion about when to return from lunch.

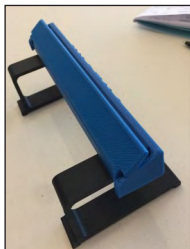


Tile sheets: Under each board was a laminated tile sheet, not the paper ones we use. Like us, Aussies no longer bother arranging tiles meticulously on the sheet — a random 10x10 on the board is enough. But they do use these sheets for putting tiles back in the bag. You scrape the letters onto the sheet, bend it slightly to 'contain' the letters, then pour them into the bag. It's quicker, easier, and more efficient than our pulling-off-letters-in-handfuls method.



The tile sheet in action

Rack and stand: These are designed and made by South Australian Antony Kimber. It's a fairly standard plastic rack, in a range of colours, but with a flip lid you can use to cover your tiles when you leave the table for word-judging. The stand, which comes in two



The folded rack and stand

heights, lifts up your rack so you don't get a cricked neck from looking down. Priced at A\$35 for just the rack or A\$45 with the stand. Antony sells them through his website www.brainy-racks.com or you can contact him direct at antonykimber@outlook.com.

Trophies: Basically, there were loads of them – the top 10 finishers all received one together with their prize-money. They're nice-looking, a reasonable size – something you'd feel proud to display on your trophy shelf. (The photo shows what I received for coming only fifth – get Joanne Craig to show you hers for finishing runner-up.)



Badge of honour: This was nothing to do with the tournaments but a domestic Australian initiative. Players are presented with badges for



reaching 1000 tournament games, 2000 games, right up to 6000 games. They wear these proudly. And I gather it's a big deal each time someone is presented with their badge. We just acknowledge these landmarks in *Forwards* and on the website, updating it once a year. Hmm...

Table numbers:

Large, stylised, made of moulded PVC. No idea where they came from, or who made them. But they really stand out.



T-shirts: Karen Richards has always been big on inscribed T-shirts for major tournaments. Every player got one, in a choice of maroon or purple. The sizes went up to 6XL, I noticed. Very considerate of the wider-bodied players.

Bookmarks:

These were laminated bookmarks promoting the local Southport RSL Scrabble Club. These are distributed all around the town, where potential recruits might spot them. There was a pile of them on the registration desk.



So, these are some things Aussies do that impressed me. I'm not suggesting we copy their ways – not without more resources anyway. But it gives plenty of food for thought.

Now to the two things Aussies do that don't float my boat.

Free challenge: This means you can challenge any word without penalty. This method was applied at the Seniors and is allowed for in WESPA rules – though most international tournaments use our five-point penalty rule. With free challenge, people end up challenging almost every word just for the sake of it. You're constantly getting up from your chair, you have to remember to turn the clock back on each time, and your game loses its flow. I know it's about providing a level playing field, but it feels as if players are being rewarded for having a lesser word knowledge.

Tile drawing: The common Aussie method is that the tiles go straight from bag to rack. This has always bothered me. Many players look at the tiles in their hand on the way to the rack – there's great potential for sly bag-fiddling. I'm not saying anyone does that. But it would be tempting if you've seen the tiles before they go on the rack, especially if your hand is going back into the bag for more tiles. Some people actually look at tiles in their hand below the table. It's only a small step to drawing tiles below the table. I saw that as well! Our own method of putting tiles face down on the table first – enshrined in our ethics though not our rules – is way more transparent.



*NZ WESPAC Goa participants:
Standing (L-R): Lawson Sue,
Joanne Craig, John Foster,
Val Mills, Andrew Bradley,
Howard Warner, Nigel Richards
Kneeling (L-R): Dylan Early,
Anderina McLean,
Liz Fagerlund, Anne Goldstein*

*WESPAC Goa
place-getters and
organisers*



New Zealanders on the International Stage: WESPAC Goa

During October, 11 New Zealand Scrabblers travelled to Goa, India, to represent our country in the World English-speaking Scrabble Players Association Championship (WESPAC) and its associated side tournaments.

Nigel Richards is once again World Champion, following a nailbiter of a best-of-seven final (but nobody really doubted who would take the trophy in the end!).

As for myself, before I departed for the trip, I did loudly proclaim something like, "I don't really care about the Scrabble, provided I don't get sick!" It turns out that, glad as I was *not* to get sick, after four days of play wherein I only once won more than one game in succession, I actually *do* care quite a lot about the games!

I have heard that Kiwis were finding it difficult to access the information / results, so for the record, here's how we all fared:

Championship Grade, final placings:

1 st	Nigel Richards
28 th	Howard Warner
46 th	Joanne Craig
47 th	Dylan Early
75 th	Lawson Sue
91 st	Andrew Bradley
128 th	John Foster
133 rd	Anderina McLean

Championship Grade, New Zealand team (Nigel not included!):
Ranked 19th out of 31 teams

Winning % vs. others: 47.66
Mean ranking: 77.29



Indian Open, Division A, final placings:

19 th	Liz Fagerlund
26 th	Val Mills
33 rd	Anne Goldstein

If you want even more information, visit <http://indianscrabble.com/games/wespacgoa/> and investigate under "TSH reports" for each event.

Over many Indian meals together, and rather frequent visits to Baskin-Robbins ice cream parlour (conveniently nextdoor to where the majority of Kiwis were staying), I encouraged each player to consider a brief contribution to *Forwards* regarding their WESPAC experience. Full credit to my fellows! I am delighted by the skill, variety, overall positivity, and timeliness of their responses, and I hope our readers will likewise enjoy experiencing some of the flavour of WESPAC Goa over the next few pages.

Accompanying comics are photographed by Lawson Sue, and adapted by him using the Android app, Comica. *Forwards'* editors are not responsible for any errors of spelling, punctuation, or characterisation contained therein. This also applies to the picture on the cover of this issue.

The ABC's of Goa by A.B.

Andrew Bradley, Mt. Albert

A - Air Conditioning - A must

B - Baskin Robbins ice cream parlour

C - Cows everywhere!

D - DATELINES - My best move through disconnected letters

E - Exploring the Portuguese history of Goa

F - Food - Spicy and tasty

G - *Goan fish curry

H - Hot weather: 26dg-33dg

I - Individual rooms - Much needed

J - John Foster - A fantastic effort and achievement to get there

K - Kids - Smiling and friendly

L - Laid-back nature of the locals

M - Motorbikes and scooters very popular

N - Nigel Richards - Champion again!!

O - Opportunity (thanks, NZASP!)

P - People very friendly

Q - Quality time with other Scrabble nerds

R - Rest and relaxation - Unfortunately not enough

S - SCRABBLE of course! Tough competition

T - Taxi rides (Aarrgh!)

U - Unplanned delays (Just a few)

V - Venue - It was massive!

W - Words - Some amazing ones were played

X - XYLIC played against me

Y - Yes it was a worthwhile experience

Z - Zany - Did I mention the driving?



Andrew Bradley

As a former Civil Engineer...

by John Foster, Independent

Leaving Goa's airport, the first thing I noticed was the new structures for highway works apparently stalled or abandoned for many months, and I speculated at the reasons for this. On investigation I found that I had been seeing only a small corner of a much bigger picture. It turns out that the works are part of the 590km four-lane highway which will eventually link Goa to Mumbai. In this context the structures I saw made perfect sense, but I wouldn't bet on the planned completion date of the end of this year being met. When eventually completed, it will provide a stark contrast to the minimal roads our buses bumped and lurched over for an hour or so every day going to and from the venue.

The tournament venue itself was an enigma. It's a massive asset created, and then not maintained so that, less than six years after opening, defects were already showing. Anything broken was either left, or a bodgie patch-up repair done. In at least two areas I saw where unrepaired water leaks had caused significant damage to the otherwise very nice parquet floor.



Anderina McLean



John Foster

Of more concern, though, was the cracking that I observed in the massive buttresses necessary to support the huge roof span.

This cracking indicated to me that the concrete mix was too porous. This would have allowed water intrusion to corrode and expand the reinforcing, which will eventually spall the concrete cover and compromise the integrity of the entire structure.

The lack of provision for maintenance apparently extended to all structures, including houses, which were built and then allowed to deteriorate. Particularly puzzling was the continuing practice of constructing buildings with tiled roofs underneath coconut palms. Inevitably, falling coconuts punched holes, which were then patched over with tarpaulins or scraps of corrugated iron. Numerous instances of this could be seen looking down from our hotel windows. Even so, nobody seemed to have worked out yet that coconut palms and tiled roofs cannot happily coexist. Go figure.

The Last Chance Qualifier

by Liz Fagerlund, Mt. Albert

My trip to Goa was a great experience, both with the Scrabble and the very different culture and environment. I love Indian food, and the Indian (Kingfisher) beer also goes down well in such hot weather. However, I'd had enough Indian food at the end of nearly two weeks!

Cows are everywhere, and often block traffic and are in no hurry to move out of the way. There are also lots of dogs who appear to be homeless, but are very placid with people and each other, and there are seldom arguments between them!



A cow walking down the middle of the road

Credit: Liz Fagerlund

I had four full days of sightseeing and relaxing before the first tourney I was to play in: the Last Chance Qualifier. The top 20% of finishers in this tournament earned themselves a place in the main WESPAC event, which meant that I had to finish in the top 12. There were some pretty good players in this, and with just eight

games in the tournament, it wasn't an easy task.

By lunchtime with four games played, I'd only won two and I was in 27th place out of the 60 contestants – not a promising start! Val Mills had won three at this stage and things were looking a lot better for her. Another loss in Game Five, though I still had a positive spread, put me in 35th place, and it wasn't looking at all likely I would make the top 12.

After winning Games Six and Seven with quite good margins I'd moved up to 19th, maybe I had a chance after all? However players ahead of me were already on seven, six, five and a half, and five wins, so my four wins didn't look good enough.

I won Game Eight by 79, giving me five wins overall. An anxious wait for the results to go up on the board followed. Five wins could be enough? In the end five wins was enough for two of the players, but not for me; I finished in 14th place, very close to winning one of those spots. Val finished 30th with four wins.



Liz Fagerlund

Thoughts on Goa

by Val Mills, Pakuranga

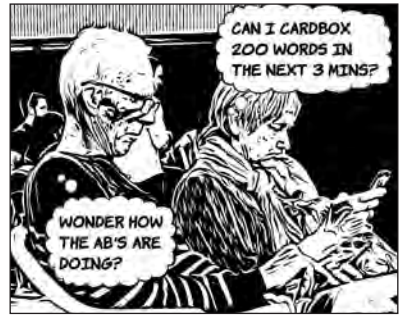
Having been to India on a number of occasions, but never to the South, I was very keen to support our team in Goa. I would have loved for a miracle to have happened and for me to have got into the main event via the Last Chance Qualifier - but that didn't happen. All of us in that event were trying hard for the same thing!

Some of my lasting memories are:

1. The people: The organisers were extremely helpful and friendly, as were a lot of the players. One day a woman from Bombay called Viji sat down beside me on the bus. The trip to the venue took anywhere from 45-90 minutes, so naturally we started talking. She commented that both our names started with V. I happened to be fully decked out in all my Scrabble accessories and was wearing two 'V' necklaces. I asked if she would like one, and she shyly said yes. As we got off the bus she said, "I would like to give you my necklace". I was truly taken aback but of course accepted, so now I am the proud owner of a ceramic Indian necklace - see selfie



2. Doing the dumbest thing you have ever heard of... I started with REGROUT, it was challenged off. I figured that maybe GROUTER was



Val Mills with partner Paul

right. He then made his first move and I thought, "Great, he's given me a place for REGROUT" and *I played the same wrong word... again!!!* To add insult to injury, GROUTER is allowed! Duh!!

3. Finally getting a bit of help from the card-boxing that I have been doing: I had at least 25 racks that I recognised from my *cardbox. Knowing a more unusual anagram such as ROUTHIE instead of OUTHIRE got me more points as did IDONEOUS, FRISEES, JEMIDAR, ANTIQUER, VENDEES, and STOITER. I suppose playing for five days straight meant there was more chance of me getting some of the racks in my *cardbox - usually I feel that none of those racks ever come up!

4. A play that I liked: I started with TUATUA, and my opponent came back with TUI.

5. As much as I love Indian food... After having it for breakfast, lunch, and dinner for two weeks straight (my choice, as Western food was available), when our taxi driver in Singapore, on our homeward stopover, suggested we might like to eat in Little India as it was *Diwali, I thought, "mmm... no!"

Game against Odette Rio, WESPAC 19

by Dylan Early, *Independent*

This is the story of how I lost to Odette Rio from the Philippines, 2018 World Seniors Champion and all-round wonderful Scrabblor.

I started the tournament by winning the first five games, and found myself in sixth position overall before I could wipe the curry-flavoured sleep out of my eyes. In a grand gesture of karmic justice, the tile gods visited four quick losses on me in an effort to correct my ill-founded optimism. I narrowly lost the ninth game to Tony Leah of Canada, a game which I could have won, so when I came across Odette Rio in Game 10 I was determined to get back on the winning track.

We both started the game by changing five tiles, but my luck turned quickly and I had bonused twice within five moves (ALIENER and UNACTED). After seven moves, I had a comfortable 100-point lead and both blanks on my rack. I burned one of my blanks for 48 (declined the bonus of UNDERWAY for 67 in favour of RUNTY for 48, which was the correct move according to Quackle), and continued to score while keeping the board tight.

Odette scored 47 for FOIDS, and then 59 for RELAX, which was a sneaky setup I could not block. Despite having a blank, my racks deteriorated and I could not play a bonus, so I just scored the best I could on a closed board.

After 12 moves, scores were Dylan 377 vs. Odette 327. The board was closed and the bag was empty. My

rack was BNPST? and Odette's rack was EHIJMST. This was the board position below. I'm sure you can imagine my surprise when Odette made a beautiful winning play.



She played JAMMIES as a double-double at 5E across for 82. At that point it was goodnight Dylan Early. Final scores: Odette 438 vs. Dylan 404. See final board below.



It's the circle of... Scrabble?

by Joanne Craig, *Independent*

I competed in my first World Scrabble Championship in Mumbai in 2007, so it felt as if I'd come full circle competing in Goa in 2019.

In 2007 there were 104 players, and Nigel Richards earned his first World Champ title in a best-of-five playoff against Malaysian giant Ganesh Asirvatham.

In 2019 there were 140 players in the main event, and Nigel reigned supreme again in an exciting best-of-seven playoff against Jesse Day (USA), which went down to the wire at four games to three.

I finished 46th with 17 wins from 32 games. Here are a few of my game highlights/statistics:

Favourite plays: BLIPVER(T) (a very small advertisement on TV) and W(R)ITERLY

Favourite Extension: BIO (HAZARD) (72 points, extending my opponent's opening play of HAZARD)

Highest Game Score: 541 (to 363 against Terry Kirk (France))

Average Game Score: 447 (to my opponents' 428)

Highest Word: A(S)TATiDE (149) (unfortunately against Andrew Bradley (NZ), who later played a brilliant DATE(L)IN(E)s (72) between two unconnected letters)

Highest Combined Score: 1008 (I lost 446-562 to former World Champion Wellington Jighere (Nigeria) despite playing four bingos)



Joanne Craig

When Keith met Nigel

by Howard Warner, *Independent*

Young Keith Jones, of Hong Kong, had only been playing Scrabble for one year when he got to represent his country in the WESPA Champs. This was partly because, (as he told me over a fish thali in the stadium cafeteria), he was the only player not of Chinese heritage (his parents are English and Filipino). Therefore he could leave the country most easily at this time in history.

He was totally outclassed in Goa, but was delighted just to be there, rubbing shoulders with the greats.

And one in particular...

For the final two King-of-the-Hill rounds, there were huge waits while matchups were worked out. So Keith asked Nigel if they could have a non-championship game. Nigel said yes, and sportingly offered a 200-point handicap. Keith cheekily suggested that Nigel should not play bonus words either. Nigel accepted.



Dylan Early



Nigel and Keith

The game attracted a big gallery of spectators. For the record, Keith scored an admirable 429 (including the 200-point start). Nigel scored 437. On Keith's scoresheet were recorded the words "Friendly" and "No bingos".

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The Finals

by Liz Fagerlund, Mt. Albert

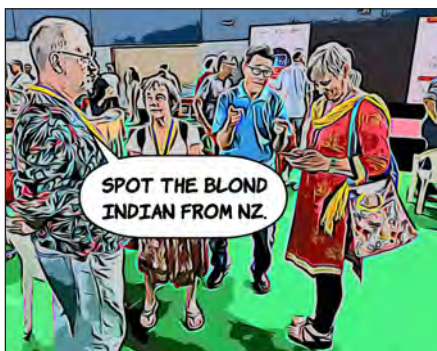
The format was the best-of-seven games between the first and second finishers after 32 games in the main event: Nigel Richards (NZ) vs. Jesse Day (USA).

The games were being livestreamed, but in case of any streaming failures, I and one of the Indian players were also doing paper annotations as a backup. This is something I've done at six other Scrabble World Championships, and something I love to do! It involves sitting by one of the players, recording all their racks, their plays, and their scores.

I was annotating for Nigel, our amazing New Zealand player. Of course, all the NZ players there were hoping for Nigel to be victorious, but he had a very tough opponent in

At the end, the two shook hands. Nigel told young Keith that he'd played very well. And Keith can tell people for the rest of his life about the day he met — and took on — Scrabble royalty.

For the record, Keith's champs stats were 2–30, with a -6587 spread. Nigel won 23–7, and then 4–3 in the final. Keith was ecstatic with his whole WESPAC experience. Nigel gave nothing away about his.



Jesse Day. I could see Jesse's plays as well, but not what tiles he was playing with.

Nigel won Games One and Two; nice plays in these games being BEDRI(V)EL, TROpARI(A) (this one got a challenge from Jesse, gaining Nigel five extra points), sHODERS, and DECOKEs.

In Game Three, Jesse raced to the lead with back-to-back bonuses (LATINAS and FEnNIED), and later on WEANELS and UPROOTER. Meanwhile, Nigel struggled with awkward racks and none of the esses or blanks. Games Four and Five were also Jesse's. In Game four Nigel played ANTONYMS and INFINITE, while Jesse played GRADELY,

REVAMPS, and MARTINI, as well as three scores in the 50s for non-bonus words.

By the penultimate game, Jesse was needing just one more victory to claim the title! Game Six was a close-fought game, but Nigel went out with OVARIES to even it up and take it to the deciding seventh game.



Nigel Richards



Annotation in action

This time things really went Nigel's way. After Jesse played OMERTAS, Nigel used the O to play a triple-triple (AV(O)IDERS for 167 points). Jesse scored solidly, but Nigel won that game 562 – 408, making him a five-time World Scrabble Champion! Nobody else has ever even held that title more than once!

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Conversations with a World Champion: What does the man who famously gives no interviews say?

by Anderina McLean, Whanganui

When I tell people I'm attending the World Scrabble Championship, a question that often comes up is, "So who's the best in the world, then?" There can be only one answer. No matter his ranking, nobody disputes that New Zealand's Nigel Richards is the best there's ever been. So I've often told people that "Nigel's kind of like a god", by which I have hitherto meant something along the lines of Isaiah 55:8-9 – he is so high above the rest of us that we cannot really begin to comprehend him.

However, over the course of my time in Goa, I had some exchanges with Nigel that lead me to believe that he may be even more DEIFORM than I had hitherto believed. And everybody, including my coeditor, always wants to know, "What's he like?", so I have decided to reproduce these snippets here, for you all to catch a glimpse of our legendary hero.



Anderina McLean

Conversation 1:

Setting: Between the tournament venue and the shuttle, at the end of the Championship

Liz to Nigel: Would you have Jocelyn's phone number? I'm sure I have it somewhere, but...

Nigel: I have it in my head.

Anderina, incredulously: How do you have room for *numbers* in your head?!

Nigel, deadpan as ever: Well you see, I can't forget anything. It's a real problem!

Conversation 2:

Setting: Food Court in Goa domestic airport. Anderina's flight to Mumbai has been delayed three hours; Nigel is on his way to Chennai in the near future. Anderina resisted the urge to go all FANGIRL and take a photograph to go with this snippet. World Champion for less than 24 hours (this time), Nigel is carrying his enormous trophy, but keeping it under wraps such that you wouldn't notice it if you didn't know to look for it.

Anderina: Oh, hi!

Nigel: Hello.

(Insert inevitable small talk about destinations, flight times, etc.)

Anderina: I was going to get KFC, but what I really want is chips, and they don't seem easy to come by.

Nigel: I don't think they do just chips here.

Anderina: ...And I'm not sure I want to try my luck with a Zinger combo.



Howard Warner and Nigel Richards

I heard you don't do spicy food?

Nigel: No, I won't eat here, it's all spicy. Zinger, Zinger deluxe, Hot wings, Supercharger...

Anderina: Oh, do you think the Supercharger will be spicy too? I thought that was my best bet ☺

Nigel: Of course! If you want non-spicy, I suggest you try Subway.

Anderina: Would you eat the salad?

Nigel: I would. I do. Every country I've been to, I've been sick, except in India.

Anderina: Well, I am tempted... if you say it's OK... but if I get sick, I'll have to blame you.

(Power goes out)

Anderina: And *Subway* won't be affected by the power cut.

Nigel: You can't blame *me* for the power cut!

[Postscript: I ate the Subway. I did not get sick.]

Conversation 3:

Setting: Goa airport, later on. Nigel demonstrates his point from Conversation 1.

Nigel (on the subject of cycling): ...So I'll probably die under the back wheels of a bus somewhere, but at least I'll die doing something I love.

Lawson: Is there any particular word that'll be on your mind when that happens?

Nigel: Oh, probably CHLORODYNE.

Anderina and Lawson: *What?*

Nigel: You know, just a random word. That one's ten letters.

Lawson: How do you spell that?

Nigel: Exactly how it sounds.

(Lawson tries, and fails, to look it up on Word App)

Nigel: You need an aitch...

Lawson: I just need to see it written down, then I can remember it.

Nigel: It's already written down. It's in *Forwards*. 1998, maybe 1999... Jeff Grant wrote a snippet about it.



Anne Goldstein

Conversation 4

Because every wait in an airport is infinitely long... some more about how Nigel's mind works.

Lawson: So what's the next challenge you've got lined up for yourself? You're World Champion in English, in French...

Anderina: Go on, please tell me it's "backgammon"!

Nigel: Spanish. As soon as I can get hold of their word list.

(Smalltalk about why he didn't make it this year; whether Spain plays Duplicate or Matchplay, etc.)

Anderina: So, how do you do it? How do you keep all the lists separate in your head? CSW, TWL, French, Spanish...

Nigel: Do you speak another language?

Anderina: A little NZSL, a little Māori... nothing fluent.

Nigel: Well, you don't get those mixed up, do you? You know which words belong to which language? It's a bit like that.

Anderina: But even properly bilingual people, I've seen them flounder in one language, and want to insert a word from their other language...

Nigel: A-ha, but they *know* they're using a word from their other language, don't they?

.....

So there you have it: Goa, construction/engineering, Scrabble bloopers, Indian food, and Nigel, in a nutshell.

What's happening in the -HOOD? O₁

While editing Selena Chan's article in the previous issue on "deliberate practice" versus "playing games" as a method for improving one's Scrabble, I noticed that she used the word "experthood". I confirmed with Zyzzyva that "experthood" is, in fact, not a valid word. Weirdly, NOVICEHOOD is allowed, though I suspect that this is more related to joining the NUNHOOD or MONKHOOD rather than anything to

do with one's expertise or lack thereof in any particular field. To my astonishment I did find that CSW19 actually allows 116 words with the -HOOD suffix, a much greater number than I had expected.



Of course, most of us would know of BROTHERHOOD and SISTERHOOD, ADULTHOOD and CHILDHOOD, and we all live in some kind of NEIGHBOURHOOD (or NEIGHBORHOOD if you're living in the U.S.). We've heard of guys sustaining damage to their MANHOOD, and we've probably even recounted stories from our GIRLHOOD/MISSHOOD or BOYHOOD/LADHOOD from time to time.

If you've read as many trashy bodice-ripper romances as me, (I cannot tell a FALSEHOOD, I prefer them to a Tolstoyan tome every time!) there's a LIKELIHOOD that you've heard of women losing their MAIDENHOOD to

some titled lothario busily sewing wild oats in his BACHELORHOOD. And, as is the way with the plotlines of most of these novels, soon after leaving her



VIRGINHOOD behind her, the heroine often finds herself experiencing MOTHERHOOD, and the hero turns out to not only be a paragon of the GENTLEMANHOOD after all but also takes to FATHERHOOD with sexy aplomb. If the novel isn't quite complete by the time the kid arrives on the scene, then we hear a little about its BABYHOOD or INFANTHOOD or even its TODDLERHOOD, but we basically never get to see it in its YOUTHHOOD. Just as well really because I've been told that PARENTHOOD isn't such a sexy thing when your children are going through their teen years. Now here's an interesting point though: by the end of a good bodice-ripper, the heroine is invariably dealing with the joys of WIFEHOOD, but somehow it's not the same for the hero because apparently there's no such thing as a *HUSBANDHOOD.

Family relationships do seem to be a good source of -HOOD words. Apart from the ones already mentioned above, you can also have GRANDPARENTHOOD, SONHOOD, DAUGHTERHOOD, COUSINHOOD, and AUNTHOOD but (again with the asymmetric gendered peculiarity) you can't have an *UNCLEHOOD.

There are also a bunch of “hoods” describing religious positions and entities. So you can have a GODHOOD and GODDESSHOOD, and an ANGELHOOD. If you’re more high-minded than me, and would eschew the bodice-ripper for the Bible, then you could enter the seminary in the hopes of joining the PRIESTHOOD, or even the ARCHPRIESTHOOD. If you do particularly well in your studies, you could ascend to the POPEHOOD someday and from there it’s only a hop, skip, and a jump to the SAINTHOOD. Otherwise you might just have to settle for the DEACONHOOD or BEADLEHOOD.

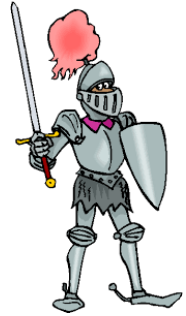
Unaccountably, there are several –HOOD words relating to animals. So if you want to make a LIVELIHOOD in the zoological field, you might come across the BEASTHOOD, CREATUREHOOD, APEHOOD, CALFHOOD, CATHOOD, COLTHOOD, CUBHOOD, HOGHOOD, PUPPYHOOD, SWINEHOOD, or TABBYHOOD. Really? TABBYHOOD???



Actually, TABBYHOOD is apparently nothing to do with cats but another word for SPINSTERHOOD; goodness knows how or why!

There’s a reasonably large category of –HOOD words describing social positions. There is, of course, the KNIGHTHOOD and DAMEHOOD which, for us Commonwealth dwellers, has come to mean the title bestowed upon a man or woman by the queen or king of England, where the person has provided some outstanding service to their country or

community. You can also have KINGHOOD, QUEENHOOD, PRINCEHOOD (no *PRINCESSHOOD though), and THANEHOOD.



Just as there are –HOOD words for the “higher” social positions, there are –HOOD words for those persons who serve them. In Medieval times, a person of the KNIGHTHOOD would have had a boy from the SQUIREHOOD to do his bidding. Royal personages might have had a lad from the PAGEHOOD. And, of course, they would have all had people from the SERFHOOD and SERVANTHOOD running around after them.

I could go on for several more paragraphs describing and discussing these (you must admit) somewhat bizarre words that can have a –HOOD added to them. I won’t because, after all, most of you can operate Zyzzyva and ULU just as well as I can. However, I can’t resist finishing by pointing out some of my absolute faves: GAWKHOOD, HOYDENHOOD, and HOBBLEDEHOYHOOD! All three mean something to do with the state of being a bit physically awkward. I realise that none of them are particularly playable without some major contrivance, especially in the case of HOBBLEDEHOYHOOD, but really, aren’t they just awesome? Try saying HOBBLEDEHOYHOOD five times quickly. Even writing it is difficult!

Hall of Fame: Coiffeur extraordinaire

by Jennifer Smith, Kiwi Scrabblers

Bon jour. I was born François Marcel Woelfflé in France 1852, was often known as Francois Marcel Grateau, took out patents in America as Francois Marcel, and died as François Rene Marcel in 1936.

I started out in the 1870s as a hairdresser with a small salon in Montmartre, France, where my clients were from the poorer classes. My inspiration came from my mother who had beautiful, natural, wavy hair – I wanted to find a way to imitate those beautiful waves.

As I developed the waving method that would later become my eponymous style, I struggled initially to find customers to practise on. I was forced to offer free hairdressing (often to prostitutes from the slums) in order to refine the process and build experience. Once others saw the beautifully waved hairstyles of my early models, I started to experience an increase in custom and was able to start charging for my services.

Most women wore their hair long at that time, but I used heated irons to produce a stylish wave as an alternative to the curls (called finger waves) which were in vogue then. Finger waves were created with, well, fingers (bah, oui!) and a comb on wet hair. My waves, on the other hand, are loose and voluminous, and were created with a curling iron heated over gas burners (the irons could only be used by trained operators). Tongs had been used before I invented my iron,

but they were primitive. It was hard to maintain the correct temperature with them, which is important because, too cool and the wave did not set, too hot and the hair got burnt.

My big break came in about 1872 when I styled the hair of popular French actress and operetta singer Jane Hading. Her reputation as one of the leading actresses and singers of the day was established not only in France but in America and England as well. Her look generated enormous publicity, which I capitalised on of course.

By 1882, when I was 30 years old, I was quickly conquering the market of hairdressing in France, and then the rest of Europe. I patented my revolutionary hair iron, and it continued to be used for five decades with few variations and improvements.

I went on to develop and patent many other specialised hair waving tools, including hair curlers, barber's hair-cutting scissors, and a permanent waving machine that was used in hairdressing schools and parlours for many years. Although many of these patents were granted after my death in 1936, I had applied for them years before.

The hairstyle I invented became known as the "Marcel Wave". It revolutionised the art of hairdressing all over the world and remained in vogue for over 50 years, making me rich. It also marked the beginning of

hairdressing taking on its contemporary shape, with women flocking to salons in unparalleled numbers and creating a huge new source of revenue.

As the beauty of the marcel wave started to spread around Paris, I decided to keep my technique secret - only I knew I used tweezers – and I did my work in a closed room. For 15 years, between 1882 and 1897, I charged 500 francs per hair ripple, when my colleagues just managed to charge 10-20 for an entire hairdo. Poorer clients would come to my salon, but I made house calls for my richer clients.

Many of my French clients were women of the nobility, including the very admired Princess of Sagan and the Princess of Fürstenberg. In addition, I styled the hair of great actresses of the time such as Rejane and Otero, and famous Parisian courtesans like Liane de Pougy and Emilienne d'Alençon.

As soon as I'd managed to amass a fortune of a million francs, I retired to a 500-acre country estate and castle in Normandy and only then revealed my technique to colleagues. Thus I defined hair fashion of the late 19th and early 20th centuries. Marcelled hair became a hugely popular style worldwide, often in conjunction with a bob cut.

Famous wearers included Josephine Baker (American-born



The MARCEL hairstyle

French entertainer, activist, and French Resistance agent), Bebe Daniels (American singer/dancer/writer/actress/producer), and Jean Harlow (American film actress and sex symbol). You 21st century people would have seen marcel hairstyles in “Downton Abbey”, and the “Great Gatsby” movie. The doo-wop group, the Marcells, were also named for my hairstyle.

Forget about the pompadour, the only other eponymous hairstyle that is acceptable in Scrabble! Louis XV's mistress, Madame de Pompadour, hasn't had as great an influence on hair fashion or the hairdressing industry as I have with my MARCEL. And for you Scrabblers, note that MARCELS, MARCELLED, MARCELLER, and MARCELLING are also good. Remember me and play MARCEL instead of CALMER to elicit a challenge.



I'm demonstrating how to do the MARCEL

Mailbox



Olivia Godfrey, Whanganui, writes:

Some time ago, my boyfriend, Hamish, sent me this link for inclusion in *Forwards*:

<https://www.haggardhawks.com/single-post/2017/09/11/synanagram>. It's a fascinating commentary on the concept of *synanagrams and *antigrams. I've always been struck by the fact that the word ANGERED can be rearranged to make (among other things) ENRAGED, DERANGE, and GRENADE. All four of these words



have roughly similar meanings give or take a bit of licence with their definitions. Well, it seems that someone has come up with a term for these same-meaning-different-anagram words —

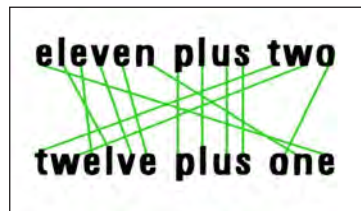
synanagrams (sadly not allowed in Scrabble). The site also lists some other wonderful examples such as STATEMENT and TESTAMENT, and EVIL and VILE. While this isn't one word, the writer also mentions the brilliant and beautiful fact that "ELEVEN PLUS TWO" is a synanagram of "TWELVE PLUS ONE", since both equal 13.

By now you will have worked out that an antigram (again, not allowed in Scrabble) is a word that can be rearranged to make another word that has the opposite meaning. Examples given by the site include UNITED and UNTIED, and FLUSTER and RESTFUL. Again, the writer points out

a lovely bit of mathematical antigramming — the number FORTY-FIVE antigrams to OVER-FIFTY!

Anderina and I have come up with a couple more examples of our own. On the synanagram front Anderina has suggested EXPANDS and SPANDEX (this appears to have been a deliberate coinage by the manufacturer), and a LISP being a SLIP of the tongue and/or LIPS. Then, while up against Anderina at the Wellington Swiss-draw tournament in September, I played FLIRTING against her and asked if you could be TRIFLING with someone's affections if you're FLIRTING with them? And with respect to antigrams, while playing another game (this time against myself — yes I know that's sad and desperate) I realised that I could play either SAINTLY or NASTILY; I chose NASTILY because that scored more (isn't that always the way?).

So now, of course, we're keen to know whether anyone else out there has thought up other examples of *synanagrams and *antigrams and, if so, please share them. Send in your brilliant word plays and we'll be happy to publish them in the next issue of *Forwards*. Single words or phrases are all acceptable.



Twenty years ago in *Forwards*

by *Liz Fagerlund, Mt. Albert*

As you can see from this article submitted by John Foster, mistranslations can cause much mirth, or perhaps horror, on the part of the company advertising the product!

*Misspellings of English words are very common in foreign countries too, and Goa, India was no exception. The restaurant of the hotel that many of the New Zealanders were staying in offered this very common cereal as one of the breakfast items: *CONFLAX (maybe an anti-laxative?) It certainly looked like just good old CORNFLAKES though.*

It Pays to Advertise — Sometimes

Here are some good reasons why advertising companies should hire linguists:

- ☺ The American Dairy Association's huge success with the campaign 'Got Milk?' prompted them to expand advertising to Mexico. It was soon brought to their attention that the Spanish translation read 'Are you lactating?'
- ☺ Coors put its slogan 'Turn it loose' into Spanish, where it was read as 'Suffer from diarrhoea'
- ☺ Scandinavian vacuum maker Electrolux used the following in an American campaign: 'Nothing sucks like Electrolux'.
- ☺ Clairol introduced the 'Mist Stick', a curling iron, into Germany, only to find out that 'mist' is slang for manure. Not too many people had a use for the manure stick.
- ☺ When Gerber started selling baby food in Africa, they used the same packaging as in the US, with a smiling baby on the label. Later they learned that in Africa companies routinely put pictures on the label of what's inside, since many people can't read.
- ☺ An American T-shirt maker in Miami printed shirts for the Spanish market which promoted the Pope's visit. Unfortunately, instead of 'I saw the Pope' (el Papa), the shirts read 'I saw the potato' (la papa).
- ☺ When Parker pen marketed a ball-point pen in Mexico, its ads were supposed to have read, 'It won't leak in your pocket and embarrass you'. Instead the company thought that the word 'embarazar' (to impregnate) meant to embarrass, so the ad read 'It won't leak in your pocket and make you pregnant'.

from *Menzed* magazine, August 1999 —
submitted by John Foster (NSB)

Making no bones about it

Earlier this year, upon reading the autumn issue of *Forwards*, my seven-year-old daughter Annabelle complained to me that it was unfair that I had included a picture of her younger sister Cordelia wearing her favourite onesie while she (Annabelle) didn't get to show off her fave costume. Some of you may recall a not particularly outstanding pic of one of my daughters wearing a pig onesie, which we used to illustrate the Three Little Pigs story that I wrote to mark this Year of the Pig.



I tried to excuse my egregious parental failure to Annabelle by pointing out that a) you couldn't even recognise that it was Cordelia in the pig onesie, and b) that there were actually two pictures of Annabelle in that issue, both of which were recognisably Annabelle. However, this didn't seem to appease her deep sense of outraged injustice because, as she informed me in very clear terms, the point was that I didn't show her in her "FAVOURITE ONESIE". It never fails to astonish me how numerous, unavoidable, unforeseeable, and completely inexplicable are the pitfalls of parenting.

Anyway, to cut a long story short, Annabelle's favourite onesie is a skeleton and, while trying to extricate myself from the unexpected patch of parenting quicksand in which I found myself, it occurred to me that the human skeleton is actually quite a rich source of Scrabble vocabulary. After

all, a fully grown adult has 206 bones, (babies actually have 270 bones at birth but some of these fuse together as we grow, hence fewer bones are found in adults). All these bone names are allowable in Scrabble.

Being symmetrical creatures, we have multiples of the same bone so there are not 206 different names of bones. Nevertheless, there are a goodly number and, thanks to the internet and Alastair Richards (our resident Dr. Scrabble who helped our layout editor Lyres with the bone identification process), here is a labelled human skeleton for you to study during this happy Hallowe'en season. Good luck with your next bony rack.

Note that, while most bones pluralise in the conventional manner, there are some interesting traps to look out for. These are as follows:

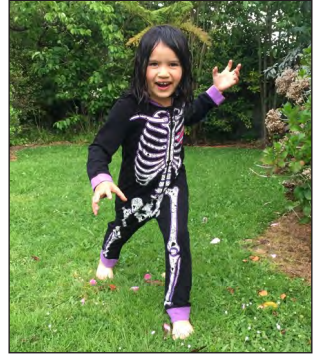
1. All bones ending in -A can be pluralised using either an E or S, as in SCAPULAE/SCAPULAS, TIBIAE/TIBIAS etc. However, and as always, there is an exception; NAVICULA can only be pluralised with S.
2. All bones ending in -UM can be pluralised either by adding S or by replacing the -UM with an A as in STERNA/STERNUMS, TRAPEZIA/TRAPEZIUMS, etc. Again, though, there are exceptions. Both the ILIUM and the ISCHIUM can only be pluralised with the replacement A pattern.
3. Bones ending in -US are complicated. The MALLEUS,

RADIUS, and TALUS can be pluralised by either adding ES or by replacing the -US with I. However, more than one INCUS is only INCUSES while, confusingly, HUMERI and CALCANEI are the only allowable plurals of the HUMERUS and CALCANEUS bones.

4. The STAPES are only ever mentioned in the plural it seems. Thus, there is no such thing as a *STAPE and there are certainly no *STAPESES.

5. Finally, and perhaps most fascinatingly, (though the most inaccessible for Scrabble purposes), the plural of COCCYX is either COCCYXES or COCCYGES.

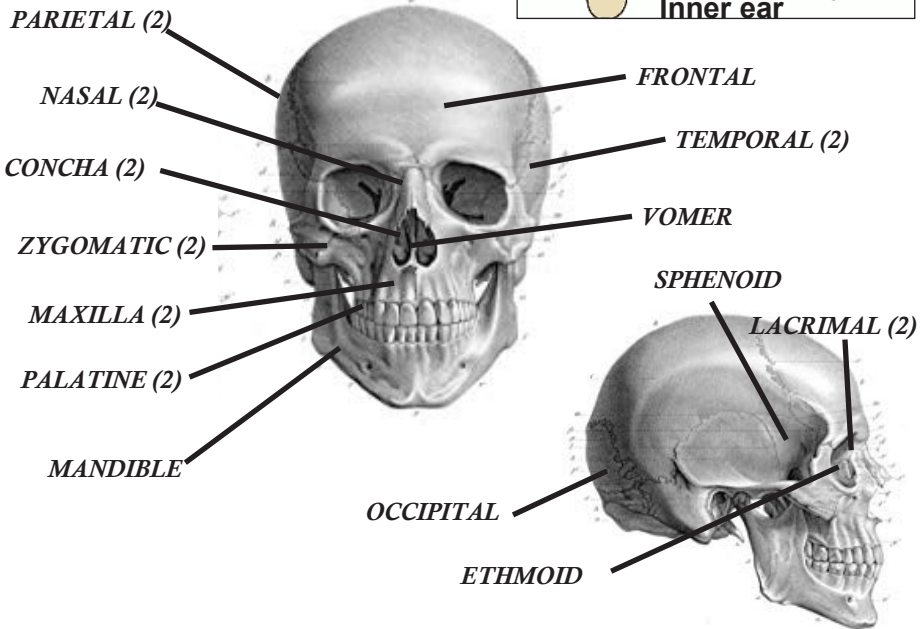
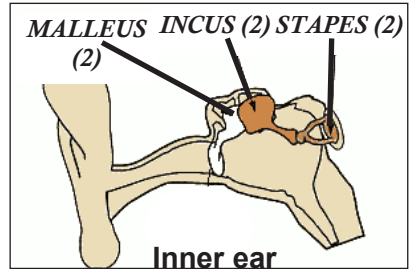
And here's Annabelle in her favourite skeleton onesie.

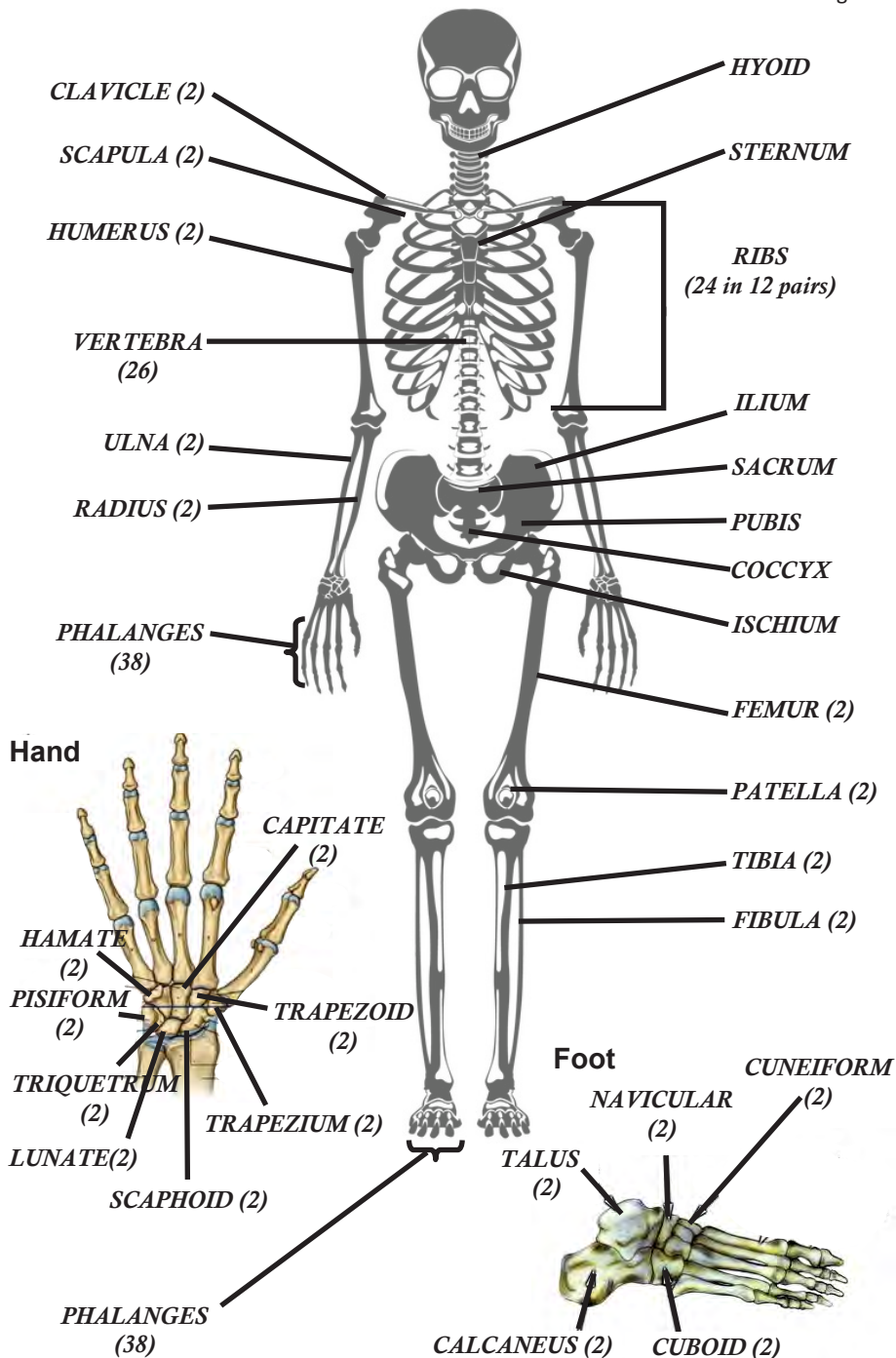


Annabelle in her "skellie"

Let it be known that I have now fully discharged my parental obligations and righted an enormous wrong. PHEW!!!

28 bones in the head and face:





Long-legged ABIETES: 10 Scrabble words you probably didn't see in costume this Hallowe'en



An olde Scottish prayer entreats:

*"From GHOULIES and *GHOSTIES and long-*leggedy BEASTIES,
good Lord deliver us".*

(ABIETES apparently means "pine trees", but it's a highly-probable seven-letter word new to CSW19, and BEASTIE is all I can ever see when I look at that rack).

GHOSTY is allowable in Scrabble, but only as an adjective, therefore the 'plural' is not allowed. Other, less common, adjectives used to describe SPOOKERY include PHANTOMY, PHANTASMIC, EIDOLIC, UNSEELIE, CURSENARY, DOOMFUL, FUNEST, MALEFIC, and (my favourite!) CHTHONIAN.

Anyway, I digress. Here's a short list of critters, goblins, malevolent spirits, and suchlike, gleaned from around the world, and also, inevitably, from Zyzzyva. Did you know, if you search Zyzzyva for words with definitions containing "evil", ZYZZYVA itself features in the results list? I'll leave it up to you to puzzle out why...

GYTRASH: A goblin or spirit that takes the form of a horse, mule, or large dog. It's said to haunt solitary byways, particularly in the northern parts of England. I picked this one up over a year ago, while driving to a Scrabble tournament. I was listening to the audiobook of *Jane Eyre*:

*"It was very near but not yet in sight when, in addition to the tramp, tramp, I heard a rush under the hedge, and close down by the hazel stems glided a great dog, whose black and white colour made him a distinct object against the trees. It was exactly one form of Bessie's GYTRASH — a lionlike creature with long hair and a huge head: it passed me, however, quietly enough; not staying to look up with strange *pretercanine eyes, in my face as I half expected it would. The horse followed, — a tall steed, and on*

its back a rider. The man, a human being,



broke the spell at once. Nothing ever rode the GYTRASH: it was always alone; and goblins, to my notions, though they might tenant the dumb carcasses of beasts, could scarce covet shelter in the commonplace human form. No GYTRASH was this, — only a traveler taking the shortcut to Millcote."

HAINT: Also a ghost, and again gleaned from classic literature (in this case, *To kill a mockingbird*). Jem asks his sister, Scout "Ain't you scared of HAINTS?" as they walk past the Radley house on their way to their school Hallowe'en festival on a warm, dark October night.

DUPPY: Another ghost, this one forming the basis of much of Caribbean folklore. It's said to be malevolent and come out at night to haunt people in the Caribbean islands. Although **DUPPY**, like the Māori **KEHUA**, can be either singular or plural, our dictionary also allows **DUPPIES** (and **KEHUAS**).

PONTIANAK: Yet another ghost, but this one's quite specific. It comes from Malay or Indonesian folklore and is the vampiric ghost of a woman who has died while pregnant. It resides in banana trees during the day then comes out under a full moon, announcing its presence by making soft baby crying sounds. If the cries are quiet then, somewhat counter-intuitively, the **PONTIANAK** is nearby, but if it is loud then she is at a distance. She has the gruesome habit of ripping out her victims' organs to consume them. Maybe don't encourage your little ones to dress up as a **PONTIANAK** this Hallowe'en.

DYBBUK (DIBBUK): A wandering soul in Jewish folklore, the **DYBBUK** is malevolent and often possesses humans, only leaving the host once it has accomplished a particular goal or been exorcised. Like many words of Yiddish origin, the plural form can be either **-S** or **-IM**.

WORRYCOW (WORRICOW, WIRRICOW): Despite its enviably evocative name, apparently it's just a **HOBGOBLIN**. They're generally friendly but

troublesome spirits, in that they like to cause mischief. It is possible that the first part of the word, **WORRY**, might derive from the Scots word meaning to harass, as in to worry sheep.

EMPUSA (EMPUSE): A goblin in Greek mythology. The spirit is always female and she apparently possesses one leg made of copper (no idea why). She is able to shape-shift and, in certain myths, she is categorised as a **LAMIA**, a group of spirits that preys on and seduces young men. Both variant spellings are singular, and the plural in both cases is a straightforward **-S**.

BARGHEST (BARGUEST, BARGEST): A doglike goblin that portends death. It may also become invisible and walk about with the sound of rattling chains. Like the **GYTRASH**, the **BARGHEST** comes from Northern English folklore (the Northern English seem to like their animal ghosts!).

RAKSHAS (RAKSHASA): From Hindu mythology, an evildoing demon or goblin, also reputed to be a man-eater. The female variant, ***RAKSHASI**, is not allowable. **RAKSHAS** is singular, plural **-ES**.

TIKOLOSHE (TOKOLOSHE): From Zulu/Xhosa mythology, this is a dwarflike water sprite that can become invisible by drinking water. It can be summoned and commanded to frighten children, or cause illness or even death.



EMPUSA
Credit LPChan

Ask And-dream-a



It has been a while since my dream-reading skills have been called upon. However, recently while I was in India, Olivia called upon my services to interpret a dream that she found, in her words, "oddly disturbing and dark". Luckily, upon consulting my most mystic sources, I am pleased to furnish her with this positive interpretation.

Olivia's Dream:

I was attending a tournament which included games late into the night. The tourney was quite a major event and some people attended whom I haven't seen for years, such as Connie Flores from Christchurch. I don't even think that Connie still plays Scrabble in real life, and the last time I would have seen her at a tournament would have been 10 years ago or more. Some women had had to bring their children with them. All entrants were staying overnight at the venue, which appeared to be something like a camp facility or maybe marae. Scott Chaput was doing all the emceeing, acting in his capacity as an Exec member.

It was the morning of the second day. We had been required to bring our own breakfasts. I had decided to treat myself by bringing 400 grams of bacon and a big box of grapes. While I was waiting for my bacon to cook, I went for a walk with Tony Hunt, an Australian player from NSW. We were rushing to get back in time to have breakfast. Scott was making announcements in the playing room when we got back, but I still needed to have breakfast. For some reason, Dianne Cole-Baker was still in the kitchen area. When I went to get my bacon... it was all gone! Other Scrabblers had eaten it. Dianne said, "Oh, has it been eaten? That's not great," and then she left the room.

I was very upset because the bacon had been a treat that I had saved up to buy and budgeted for out of my grocery budget. I was determined to hijack Scott's announcements in order to have my grievance heard. Meanwhile, I ate a lot of grapes to console myself. I went into the playing room to ask Scott if I could have a word, but Connie Flores's son (around 10 years old) offered me a seat and the rest of his breakfast. I had never met him before and in real life I don't even know if Connie has a son, let alone one of that age. In my dream I had earlier heard him moaning to his mum about why he had to be there.

In the end I sat down with him, still slightly resentful at the Scrabblers but consoled by him.

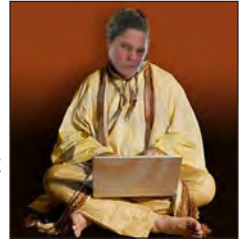
And-dream-a says:

This is not a dream about playing Scrabble, it's obviously about the impact Scrabble has on our lives. As we all well know, this impact is not limited to a weekend away now and then, or a few hours spent at club each week. Scrabble often encroaches late at night, early in the morning, and during mealtimes, as your subconscious has reminded you.

Grapes have symbolised fertility and plenty since ancient times, but bacon is a more complicated symbol to interpret. I consulted the almanacs, and was met with a startling variety of possibilities, often conflicting. However I believe that the bacon in your dream is actually symbolising how you feel about playing Scrabble! Your emphasis is on the bacon being something that was yours alone, and something that you value highly. It's something that you have to budget for in two senses of the word: you have to budget for it financially (we all know that going to tournaments can be costly when we factor in travel and accommodation costs), and you have budget your time. Scrabble is a "treat" in your life, one that you can't currently indulge in as much as you'd like to. But when other Scrabblers are about, that treat is something we all appreciate.

When you started competing, most Scrabble tournaments in NZ were pretty much the same. Now Scrabble in New Zealand has entered into an era of increasing flexibility, with no lunch provided as often as not, more WESPA-rated tournaments, increasing numbers of games per tournament, a mixture of Swiss draws and round robins, and so on.

Your dream has expanded on some of these variations, by throwing in a new setting, a different timetable, and the requirement to provide our own breakfast. Perhaps this is a prescient glimpse into our competitive future?



In my view, the main theme of your dream is one with which all New Zealanders should be familiar:

*He aha te mea nui o te ao?
He tangata, he tangata, he tangata.*

What is the most important thing? It is people. Your dream has dispensed with playing the games, and focussed on the variety of *tangata associated with your Scrabble experience. You have named four specific players, quite varied in origin, role, age bracket, skill level, etc., none of whom you have a particularly close relationship with in waking life. But across the board, all are momentarily equals, and everybody is equally entitled to their share of your time (if not your breakfast!).



A is for APPLE, O is for ORANGE

by Jennifer Smith, Kiwi Scrabblers

Having trouble getting variety in your daily five-plus fruits? Here's a smorgasbord of fruits for your delight, served up to you in mostly alphabetical order.

A is for **ACKEE** or **AKEE**, Jamaica's national fruit. Sometimes called the Spanish lime, it's used in Caribbean cookery. Apparently, the pulp contains toxic substances that can irritate the throat, especially in children. So, overall, perhaps not a fruit you'll be rushing to taste! Try **ATEMOYA** instead, a green knobbly-looking fruit that's popular in Taiwan, where it's known as the pineapple sugar apple.



ACKEE

B is for **BILIMBI**, an East Indian, sour, green fruit used in chutneys – a wonderful way to use up those pesky I-vowels. Its alternative name, **BLIMBING**, is worth remembering if LIMBING is on the board and you don't have a C.

The African **BAOBAB** has a crumbly white flesh and looks like a coconut after a wet shave! The **BAOBAB** tree is sometimes described as an upside-down tree – you might recognise it as the home of Rafiki in the *Lion King*. Because it has three B's, it would rarely make an appearance on a Scrabble board though. You'd be more likely to play **BABACO**, a subtropical five-sided fruit related to the **PAPAYA**.

And there's always berries! The eight-letter B-berries are **BARBERRY**, **BAYBERRY**, **BILBERRY** (an ingredient in my current hair product, I noticed this morning!), and **BOXBERRY**. I didn't want to poison anyone, but it was tricky finding out which berries were edible. Apparently, there's a "berry rule" that says 10% of white and yellow berries are edible, as are 50% of red berries, 90% of blue, black, or purple berries, and 99% of aggregated berries. However, I'd venture to suggest another rule, judging by all the berries that I've discovered: if the name is in the Scrabble dictionary as one word, ie. a [something]**BERRY**, it is probably entirely edible, or parts of it are (and are used in some way, eg. cooked or in medicines), or at worst, only slightly toxic. So there's another good reason for learning the acceptable Scrabble ones! You could try a **COWBERRY**, **DEWBERRY**, **DOGBERRY**, **FOXBERRY**, **HAGBERRY**, **INKBERRY**, **MULBERRY**, **NISBERRY**, **PEABERRY**, **SUNBERRY**, **TAYBERRY**, **TEABERRY**, **WAXBERRY**, or **YUMBERRY** without risking your life.



DEWBERRY

Aggregated berries are interesting. They should bring to mind one of our oft-used Scrabble words...

ETAERIO/S. These are fruits that have developed (like the raspberry) from multiple ovaries of the flower tightly joined to make a larger fruit.

C is for

CHAYOTE, which belongs to the gourd family and is sometimes called the

vegetable pear. The citrus **CEDRATE** is grown in Northern Iran where people make jam with it and perfumiers use its oil in perfumes.



CHAYOTE

D is for the infamous **DURIAN**, the tropical fruit with a strong odour and a formidable thorn-covered rind. The persistence of its odour, which may linger for several days, has meant that it is banned in some hotels, subways, and airports, (please don't bring one in your lunch to a Scrabble tournament!) and animals can smell one from half a mile away. It tastes like a rich custard highly flavoured with almonds or, as novelist Anthony Burgess wrote, "eating durian is like eating sweet raspberry blancmange in the lavatory". In Thailand, Indonesia, and Malaysia, however, it's known as the "king of fruits".

E is for **EGGPLANT**, a colloquial name for

the **CANISTEL** or yellow **SAPOTE**. Its orange-yellow flesh is sweet, with the texture of hard-boiled egg yolk, so that explains its name.



DURIAN

F is for **FEIJOA** and **FIG**. We know about those so no more need be said.

G is for **GUARANA**. Since it has twice the concentration of caffeine found in the coffee bean, some energy drink manufacturers use GUARANA as a "natural" caffeine. The high caffeine concentration in the plant's berries and seeds seems to repel herbivores... well, not human herbivores who frequent coffee shops, perhaps! The GUARANA fruit ranges in colour from brown to red and contains black seeds that are partly covered by white arils, a colour contrast that makes them look like eyeballs.

The indigenous people of Brazil believe that a deity killed a beloved village child, but another more benevolent god, to console the villagers, plucked the left eye from the child and planted it in the forest, resulting in the wild variety of GUARANA. The god then plucked the right eye from the child and planted it in the village, giving rise to domesticated GUARANA.

H is for **HONEYDEW** melon; no need to go into how delicious those are!

You already know an I-fruit. I is for **ITA**, the fruit of the MIRITI palm that thrives in South America, where it is known as the "tree of life". A logical description, since it has a yellow-fleshed fruit that's edible, buds that are eaten as a vegetable, a

stem that provides sago, sap that is drunk fresh or fermented, fibres that make threads and cords, and a reddish coloured oil that they use on

hides and skins. It plays host to many animal species that the locals eat, including weevils that burrow into the tree trunk. Imagine the complete menu: roasted weevil and steamed ITA buds garnished with chutney made from the fruit, followed by ITA fruit and sago for dessert, all washed down with a drink of ITA sap.

J is for **JUJUBE**, sometimes called red date, or (variously) the Chinese, Indian, or Korean date. The fruit is smooth and green when immature, and it tastes like an apple. When it's mature it becomes wrinkled and turns a brown/purplish black colour. In Madagascar the JUJUBE is eaten by free-ranging zebus, and its seeds grow easily in zebu faeces. Think about *that* the next time you munch on a raw date! By the way, the Bedouin call it **NABK**.

J is also for **JAMBOLAN**, **JAMBOOL**, **JAMBU**, **JAMBUL**, or Java plum. This fruit changes from green to pink to red to black as it ripens. The tree is venerated in Hinduism because it's associated with Lord Vishnu.

K is for **KAFFIR**, a lime in Asia, and for **KUMQUAT** (or **CUMQUAT**), which looks like an oval-shaped orange, and can crossbreed with other citruses.

L is for **LONGAN** or **LUNGAN**, a Cantonese name that means "dragon-eye", because of its translucent flesh with a black seed in the middle. They belong to the **SOAPBERRY** family that also includes **LYCHEES**.

L is also for the yellow-fleshed South American **LUCUMA**, respected by the Incas of Peru who considered it to be a symbol of fertility and creation – perhaps because it produces fruit in spring. They call it the "gold of the Incas". It looks like an avocado, and tastes like maple syrup.

You could choose your five-plus fruits for the day from the M-fruits alone!



JUJUBE

So let's start with the interesting M for **MEDLAR**, which originally came from Persia. The Greeks and Romans grew them as well, and they were common in Britain hundreds of years ago as a favourite wintertime sweet treat before the arrival of

sugar. However, they fell out of favour in England. Do you wonder why? The fruit's French name is **cul de *chien* (translation: dog's arse). Shakespeare called them "open-arse", and in a poem, D. H. Lawrence called them "autumnal excrementa". Add to this the fact that it's inedible unless bletted (a process of letting it ripen in a cool place until it's squishy, soft, and brown) and it won't be surprising if you choose a different M-fruit. Perhaps an Australian fruit?

Try M for **MONSTERA**, a creeping vine originally from the tropical forests of Mexico, and now grown in Queensland and the West Indies. Note that it gives you an end hook for **MONSTER** – given that it looks like a large green ear of corn and can be up to a foot long, the name may not be coincidental. Its creamy white flesh tastes like a cross between banana and pineapple. However, it takes 12-18 months to ripen enough to become

safe to eat! Unripe fruit can cause loss of voice. So perhaps *not* a great choice . . .

Neither is the **MAYAPPLE**, a yellow fruit that grows on a plant under an umbrella-shaped leaf in America – the entire rest of the plant is deadly toxic!

The **MUNTRIE**, one of Australia's oldest bush-foods, may suit you better. The green-red berries are very high in antioxidants (four times as high as blueberries), crunchy, and taste like a spiced apple. And the **MAYPOP** is an edible fruit of the beautiful **PASSIONFLOWER**, whose egg-shaped and egg-sized green fruits 'may pop' when stepped on.

You can hardly go wrong with how you choose to spell the **MAMEY** or **MAMEE** or **MAMIE** or **MAMMEY**. (Even **MAMMIE**, a word for mother, wouldn't get you challenged off.) Plurals are **MAMEYS**, **MAMEYES**, **MAMEES**, and **MAMIES**. Its bright yellow flesh is the larval food of many colourful butterflies.

In the centre of Madrid there's a statue of a bear eating the fruit of the **MADRONO** tree. The image appears on the city's coat-of-arms, taxicabs, manhole covers, etc. The **MADRONO** (also **MADRONA** or **MADRONE**) fruit ferments on the tree if left to ripen, so the bears often become drunk from eating it.

Just as well N is for **NAARTJIE**, **NAARTJE**, or **NARTJIE**, a South African name for a fruit similar to a mandarin orange, because it might be hard to tempt you with the other N-fruits . . .

N is for **NONI**, the most-used name of the 100 names for it across south-east Asia. I'm not sure you'll want to know some of the



NONI

other names, but here goes . . . Some are innocuous, like Indian mulberry, but others, such as cheese fruit and vomit fruit, derive from its pungent smell when opened. You won't be surprised to hear another name is starvation fruit, implying people only eat it when there's a famine or they're impoverished.

O is for **OLIVE**, the oldest trees harvested by humans, in two senses: trees live as long as 1000 years, and we've been eating their fruit for more than 8000 years. Trees are not grown from seeds, but from cut roots or branches allowed to root or grafted onto other trees. Green olives eventually turn to black on the same tree, but "black-ripe" olives are picked green, pumped with oxygen to turn them black, and colour-fixed with a black chemical. Raw and freshly picked olives are very bitter, so "curing" them in brine, water, salt, sun, or air makes them edible. Varieties of olives include **KALAMATA**, **NICOISE**, and **PICHOLINE**. It's worth remembering the front hook, **SOLIVE(S)**.

P is for **PITAYA** or **PITAHAYA**, fruit that grows on a cactus. Because the Asian **PITAYA** looks like a dragon with its red scales, it is commonly known as the dragon fruit. The white flesh liberally sprinkled with black seeds tastes like the **KIWIFRUIT**.

P is also for the **PLUOT** or **PLUMCOT**, a hybrid fruit of plum and apricot. Natural **PLUMCOTS** have been known for hundreds of years in regions of the world that grow both plums and apricots.

I can't move on from P-fruits without mentioning the delightfully named **PIGFACE**. This red fruit grows on a ground succulent, and is known for its saltiness, a rare property in fruits.

Q is for the **QUETSCH**, a plum with dark skin used in Germany to make a liqueur. It's also for the wild native Australian peach, the **QUANDONG**, one of Australia's best-known bush-foods. The fruit is red or sometimes yellow, with a waxy skin and a high vitamin C content. A useful bonus in the bush is that the **QUANDONG** seeds can be burnt as a light.

R is for **RAMBUTAN**, native to the Malay/Indonesian region. It's closely related to the **LYCHEE**, and one of the top three fruits produced in Hawaii. The fruit, a berry, has a reddish leathery skin covered with fleshy pliable spines, hence the name, which means 'hairs' (in Malay) or 'messy hair' (in Vietnamese). The fruit flesh is translucent, whitish, or very pale pink, with a sweet, mildly acidic flavour reminiscent of grapes.

S is for **APPLE**. Yes, seriously – read on . . .

The **SAPOTE**, **SAPOTA**, or Mexican apple has white or black flesh, and the **SWEETSOP** or sugar apple was brought to Asia by Spanish traders. The **SWEETSOP** is pale- to blue-green, with a thick knobby rind. It is



*Malaysian market featuring
PITAYA and RAMBUTAN
Credit: Anderina McLean*

unique among **ANNONA(S)** (the genus it belongs to) in having segments that tend to separate when ripe, exposing the interior. The flesh is fragrant and sweet, and creamy white through light yellow. It looks like and tastes like custard – hence another of its names, the custard apple.

And S is for **SHADDOCK** (note the front hook for the fish), another name for **PUMELO** (also **PUMMELO**, **POMELO**, and **POMPELO**), a citrus fruit similar in size to a grapefruit.

T is for **TOYON**, known as the Christmas berry because that's when it ripens in North America. Its orange-red berry makes a good cider.

The first U-fruit that springs to mind is the ***UGLI**, but forget it! It's not in our word list yet. However, there is a U-fruit that you have probably played a dozen times: **UVA**, a grapelike berry.

V is for **VANILLA**, produced by the only orchid that bears an edible fruit. (A good quiz question, perhaps?)

W is for **WONGI**, which is an orange-

red berry with an apple-like flavour. **WONGI** is its Australian name. The Torres Strait islanders travel from island to island to harvest it, while in Java, it's associated with royal Javanese rituals.

X is for **XYLOCARP**, the name for hard woody fruits like the coconut.

Y is for **YUMBERRY**, which we mentioned in passing in our B-fruits. You can be pretty sure that it tastes yum! Not like the **YUZU**, a Japanese citrus fruit. Owing to its acidity, the **YUZU** is rarely eaten as fresh fruit, but its zest is highly appreciated for garnishing and flavouring purposes, while its juice is an alternative to lemon juice.

I'll bet you haven't heard of the fruit **ZINFANDEL**, a grape. It's probably too long to be much use in our games. However, it is commonly called **ZIN**, and that will be no stranger to you.

You might have known **AKEE** and **ZIN** before you started reading this article, but perhaps you have now enlarged your vocabulary (and your dietary choices) with some of the 120-130 fruits in between A and Z!



XYLOCARP

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Ask Liz

Questions by *Anderina McLean*, Answers by *Liz Fagerlund*

During the competition in Goa, I experienced a number of occurrences which, although most did not require adjudication at the time, have made me wonder how things could have been done differently:

1. *You know how some people write a capital E like a backwards numeral 3? I played an opponent for whom English is his first language, and he played the word F(U)TILeST, clearly declaring that the blank was the letter E. Nothing ambiguous or troublesome there. However, when he wrote his E on the sheet, it was 90 degrees from the expected orientation, so it looked very much to me as if the sheet said “Blank 1: W”. I asked him to clarify again, and again he told me “E”. I asked him if he minded me altering it, and he didn’t. I wasn’t going to challenge the word anyway, but I wonder if there are any rules regarding the level of legibility with which the blank must be recorded?*

The rules say that if the opponent is not sure of the designation of the blank then the opponent may stop the timer and ask the player to repeat the declaration of the blank. I don’t see anything wrong with you asking to alter it so that it looked more like the correct letter to you. Additionally, I would check with the player to ensure that they agreed that your alteration definitely looked like the intended letter to them. I’d say, though, that you should only make alterations sparingly; it’s certainly not something I’d want to do as a rule.

2. *In one game I played FOBBInG. It contained two blanks and utilised a number of hooks, and maths is not my strong suit. So while it was still my turn, I added up the score, added it up again until I got the same total twice in a row, jotted down my turn score in the appropriate space on my scoresheet, wrote down and announced the two blanks, clarifying with gestures which blank represented which letter, and pressed my clock. Then of course I only had to add on my turn score (which was already written down in the appropriate place) to get my cumulative score and write that down correctly. But then I suddenly wondered if I had inadvertently skated a little too close to “flash drawing”, in my determination to do the right thing and not interrupt my opponent’s concentration by recounting during his turn?*

Technically, yes, you have flash drawn as you’ve prewritten your turn score (even if you haven’t prewritten your cumulative score). I suggest that, if you want to write down the score due to maths not being a strength, then you write it somewhere else on your sheet so that, after you press the clock and before you draw replacement tiles, you still have to write both the turn score and the cumulative score in the correct place on the scoresheet – then you cannot possibly be accused of flash drawing.

3. *When I finished a game with a one-point win, my opponent requested that we do a recount. I was a little panicked, as I had temporarily forgotten that that option existed in this competition, and might have made different endgame choices had I remembered. However, we went through the process, and the only discrepancy we discovered was that a bonus of my opponent's, which she had announced as scoring 73, scored only 63. She graciously accepted her now 11-point loss with only a little face-pulling. But I imagined how a player with a more aggressive personality might have reacted differently to this circumstance. Is it the case that, once a recount has been undertaken, any changes to the score are deemed to be final?*

Yes that's correct. A recount is just that, a re-count! The person who originally lost by one point was hoping to find extra points to give herself a win, but both players accept that a change in score can be in either player's favour.



Dylan Early snapped this photo in Goa, and sent it to the Forwards team, saying, "On the bus to the WESPAC tournament, everybody was studying words, but Liz was studying the rules."

4. *During two separate games, the digital clock failed while we were playing. The first time, we were unable to pause it so that my opponent could challenge my word. On the second occasion, it looked like the same thing was happening, but my opponent hadn't noticed, so I made a second attempt to pause it, and the clock reset to 25 minutes each. On both occasions the Tournament Director simply brought us a replacement clock and instructed us to use that (from 25:00 each). He said nothing about time penalties, or the possibility of either of us going overtime; in fact he seemed supremely uninterested in the matter. I found his solution to be unsatisfactory, and I wonder what should have happened instead (besides providing better equipment from the outset!)?*

This is an extremely poor decision by the TD. The same thing happened in one of my games, and the same ruling was made. In my game, I knew I had less time left than my opponent – approximately seven minutes while he had approximately eight minutes. We agreed on this, then I got him to set the ULU clock on my iPad to give us those times – seven and eight minutes – so that we could continue the game with close to the right time each.

The WESPA rule states that the Director will, in conjunction with the players, and if necessary any other observers of the game, determine as accurately as possible how much time each player had left. The Director will then assign each player the agreed remaining time on the replacement timer.

5. *When the Grand Final was over and the World Champion announced, all those who had been spectating spilled exuberantly into the room where the Final Frenzy tournament was still taking place. One player requested quiet with a level of stridency many felt was inappropriate. At other occasions during the tournaments, the Director used the microphone to make repeated announcements while games were still in progress. I feel that all Scrabblers should exercise the*

'golden rule' of treating others how you would like to be treated, but when that fails, whose responsibility is it to enforce a suitable noise level in the playing area?

It should be the TD's responsibility. The appropriate thing for a player to do if they are concerned about noise would be to ask the opponent to neutralise the clock while the TD is called over. The player can then ask the TD to quieten the non-players.

Club News

We bring to you a very brief Club News this spring, with only one item. Remember that we will only be printing one more issue of Forwards after this one and, at this stage, as no-one has come forward to take over the editorship, the next issue could well be the last one for some time. Therefore, if you have anything to share from your clubs, get them in quick so we can get your news into our last issue.

Mt. Albert October Tournament 2019

by Mary Gray, Mt. Albert

Mt. Albert was delighted to again run its annual October tournament. Numbers were down this time at 50 competitors, as many A-graders were off in Goa at the WESPAC tournament. This made for a tense battle for top honours between Jeff Grant and Patrick Carter. Both had 14 wins, having been unbeaten in the 15-game tournament going into their final game against each other. Jeff proved to be the overall winner.

The B grade also provided an interesting tussle with eight people on eight wins with two rounds to go. Jean O'Brien came out on top with a final

10 wins. Su Walker took out the C grade with 11 wins (as well as her beloved bonus words prize: 26 words!), and Annette Coombes topped the D grade with a very creditable 13 wins.

A couple of notable spot prizes featured. We again had a *Schnapszahl prize and had four winners, all with 333 for their score. The best India/Goa word (referencing our absent friends) was TAJ, epitomising for the selectors an ageless image of the grandeur of India.

Thank you to all competitors and organisers for a very enjoyable and smoothly-run tournament.

Tournament results

Tauranga

24-25 August 2019

13 games

Name	Club	Wins	Spread	Ave
A Grade				
1 Lawson Sue	PAK	11	1117	443
2 Cicely Bruce	WRE	11	873	425
3 Glennis Hale	IND	9	616	423
4 Lorraine Van Veen	IND	9	471	398
5 Rosalind Phillips	TGA	8	43	387
6 Shirley Martin	KIW	7	-42	390
7 Stan Gregec	IND	6	19	404
8 Roger Coates	KIW	6	-388	369
9 Margie Hurly	WRE	5	-218	385
10 Yoon Kim Fong	KIW	5	-438	370
11 Delcie Macbeth	IND	4	-382	391
12 Carolyn Kyle	IND	4	-654	365
13 Jean O'Brien	IND	3	-479	369
14 Puti Rowe	IND	3	-538	367

B Grade

1 David Gunn	WKP	11	907	423
2 Joanne Morley	ROT	9	482	382
3 Barney Bonthron	KIW	8	-5	398
4 Helen Sillis	WTA	7.5	360	400
5 Nola Borrell	IND	7	79	393
6 Jeanette Grimmer	ROD	6.5	485	403
7 Barbara Dunn	TGA	6	-60	364
8 Betty Eriksen	WAN	6	-111	362
9 Heather Landon	TGA	6	-223	362
10 Carole Coates	KIW	6	-264	364
11 Faye Cronhelm	IND	6	-538	370
12 Lyn Toka	KIW	5	207	384
13 Chris Day	TGA	5	-312	349
14 Junior Gesmundo	PAP	2	-1007	347

C Grade

1 Glenda Geard	IND	10	735	397
2 Ruth Godwin	ROT	8.5	345	356
3 Sharron Nelley	KIW	8	326	360
4 Janny Henneveld	ROT	8	51	349
5 Antonia Aarts	MTA	7	198	375
6 Suzanne Harding	WRE	7	88	369
7 Judy Driscoll	KAP	7	-62	348
8 Wendy Anastasi	ROT	6	169	355
Jacqueline				
9 Coldham-Fussell	KIW	6	-44	357
10 Shalisha Kunaratnam	IND	6	-197	365
11 Anne Scatchard	WRE	5.5	-320	334
12 Rosemary Wauters	TGA	5	-269	343
13 Annette Coombes	WKP	4	-423	332
14 Dorothy Bakel	TGA	3	-597	335

D Grade

1 Aaron Peries	IND	10	655	370
2 Tim Henneveld	ROT	9	396	342
3 Marian Merrin	TGA	9	148	350
4 Awhina Taikato	WAN	8	338	349
5 Jan Kite	ROT	8	92	320
6 Faye Leach	KIW	7	140	337
7 Pam Fulton	TGA	7	24	338
8 Noelene Bettjeman	TGA	6	20	329
9 Dael Shaw	TGA	5	-25	329
10 Jillian Greening	KIW	5	-208	331
11 Valerie Scott	TGA	3	-391	303
12 Margaret Webb	TGA	1	-1189	264

Tauranga winners:
*Lawson Sue, David Gunn,
 Glenda Geard, Aaron Peries*



Christchurch

7-8 September 2019

14 games

	Name	Wins	Spread	Ave
A Grade				
1	Blue Thorogood	12	795	436
2	Murray Rogers	9	559	410
3	Lewis Hawkins	8	355	401
4	Herb Ramsay	7	-245	387
5	Liz Fagerlund	6	336	405
6	Paul Richards	5	-307	388
7	John Baird	5	-465	372
8	Paul Lister	4	-1,028	360

B Grade

1	Irene Smith	9	691	408
2	Peter Johnstone	9	150	384
3	Anna Brouwer	8	220	391
4	Selena Chan	7	348	394
5	Lynn Wood	7	-308	367
6	Allie Quinn	6	198	386
7	Jean O'Brien	5	-525	368
8	Carolyn Kyle	5	-774	350

C Grade

1	Shirley Hol	8.5	514	402
2	Gabrielle Bolt	8.5	75	366
3	Colleen Cook	8	-400	373
4	Malcolm Graham	7	85	391
5	Ray Goodyear	7	-53	366
6	Grant Paulin	6.5	26	375
7	Marian Ross	6	-16	389
8	Joy Jones	4.5	-231	351

D Grade

1	Hanna Dodge	12	824	368
2	Meg Hewlett	9	434	364
3	Marilyn Sinclair	8	478	362
4	Sharon McKenzie	7	12	332
5	Bruce Weatherall	4	-712	287
6	Trish Fox	2	-1,036	273

Mt. Albert

12-13 October 2019

15 games

	Name	Club	Wins	Spread	Ave
A Grade					
1	Jeff Grant	IND	15	1455	449
2	Patrick Carter	MTA	14	1472	458
3	Cicely Bruce	WRE	11	660	417
4	Glennis Hale	IND	9	832	436
5	Rosemary Cleary	WAN	9	397	390
6	Anna Brouwer	IND	8.5	6	402
7	Shirley Martin	KIW	8	80	391
8	Delcie Macbeth	IND	7.5	61	408
9	Lorraine Van Veen	IND	7	-420	383
10	Mary Curtis	IND	7	-507	393
11	Lynn Wood	IND	6	-274	387
12	Dianne Cole-Baker	MTA	5	-538	361
13	Roger Coates	KIW	4	-653	369
14	Stan Gregec	IND	4	-692	376
15	David Gunn	WKP	3	-576	365
16	Roger Cole-Baker	MTA	2	-1303	356

B Grade

1	Jean O'Brien	IND	10	359	391
2	Jeanette Grimmer	ROD	9.5	382	398
3	Pam Barlow	IND	9	442	389
4	Chris Higgins	IND	9	355	383
5	Yoon Kim Fong	KIW	9	331	387
6	Jenny Litchfield	WRE	9	250	378
7	Carole Coates	KIW	9	-418	361
8	Mary Gray	MTA	8	397	387
9	Bev Edwards	WRE	8	181	379
10	Carolyn Kyle	IND	8	130	386
11	Joanne Morley	ROT	7.5	-141	376
12	Lynn Carter	IND	6	87	391
13	Betty Eriksen	WAN	5	-166	359
14	Faye Cronhelm	IND	5	-504	354
15	Heather Landon	TGA	4.5	-587	366
16	Puti Rowe	IND	3.5	-1098	329

C Grade

1	Su Walker	IND	11	597	413
2	Merelyn Fuemana	MTA	9	354	392
3	Julia Schiller	PAP	9	72	389
4	Joanna Fox	CHC	9	34	364
5	Bernie Jardine	IND	8	149	398
6	Suzanne Harding	WRE	8	29	387
7	Karen Miller	IND	7	-247	365
8	Antonia Aarts	MTA	6.5	-424	354
9	Glenda Geard	IND	4.5	-218	375
10	Junior Gesmundo	PAP	3	-346	358

D Grade

1	Annette Coombes	WKP	13	637	365
2	Anne Scatchard	WRE	9	177	336
3	Ruth Godwin	ROT	8	228	343
4	Joan Beale	PAP	7	-102	342
5	Joan Stanners	PAP	7	-143	327
6	Judy Cronin	MTA	6	68	341
7	Jackie Reid	MTA	5	-119	324
8	Susan Schiller	MTA	5	-746	295

Tournament Calendar 2020

Tournament	Location	Dates
Wellington	Wellington	18-19 Jan
Pakuranga	Auckland	25-26 Jan
Nelson	Stoke	15-16 Feb
Rotorua	Rotorua	29 Feb-1 Mar
Mt Albert	Auckland	21-22 Mar
Dunedin	Dunedin	28-29 Mar
# Masters	Tauranga	10-12 Apr (Fri-Sun)
Nationals	Hamilton	30 May-1 Jun
Whangarei	Whangarei	4-5 Jul
Kiwi	Hamilton	8-9 Aug
Mt Albert	Auckland	10-11 Oct
Whanganui	Whanganui	24-25 Oct
Otago	Dunedin	28-29 Nov
# Restricted entry		

Whanganui

26-27 October 2019

15 games

Name Club Wins Spread

A Grade

1	Mike Sigley	WAN	12	1300
2	Vicky Robertson	IND	10	144
3	Lynn Wood	IND	7	-592
4	Glenyss Buchanan	LOH	6	-182
5	Glenda Foster	IND	6	-210
6	Denise Gordon	WAN	4	-460

B Grade

1	Carolyn Kyle	DUN	10	346
2	Helen Sillis	NPL	9	164
3	Mary Gray	MTA	8	297
4	Jean O'Brien	IND	7	-276
5	Nola Borrell	IND	6	-313
6	Yvette Hewlett	WAN	5	-218

C Grade

1	Leila Thomson	LOH	12	883
2	Fran Lowe	IND	9	687
3	Suzanne Ford	WAN	9	218
4	Betty Eriksen	WAN	8	184
5	Sheila Reed	WEL	8	124
6	Judy Driscoll	KAP	8	-268
7	Awhina Taikato	WAN	5	-502
8	Robyn Stansfield	WAN	1	-1326



*Joanne Morley and Mary Gray at the Mt Albert Tournament
Credit: Stan Gregec*

Rankings as at 28 November 2019

	Name	Rating	Wins	Games	%		Name	Rating	Wins	Games	%
1	Alastair Richards (GM)	2379	343	427	80%	41	Delcie Macbeth	1538	1087	2090	52%
2	Howard Warner (GM)	2244	2362.5	3148	75%	42	Irene Smith	1529	266	546	49%
3	Patrick Carter (GM)	2131	895.5	1404	64%	43	Peter Johnstone	1527	274.5	516	53%
4	Lyres Freeth (GM)	2127	647.5	975	66%	44	Margie Hurly	1526	402	817	49%
5	Joanne Craig (GM)	2125	443.5	673	66%	45	Rosalind Phillips	1524	690.5	1345	51%
6	Dylan Early (GM)	2121	151	231	65%	46	Clare Wall	1494	375	726	52%
7	Jeff Grant (GM)	2105	1822	2442	75%	47	Pam Barlow	1494	900	1781	51%
8	Blue Thorogood (GM)	2100	776	1099	71%	48	Mary Curtis	1481	444	847	52%
9	Peter Sinton (GM)	2010	827.5	1172	71%	49	Allie Quinn	1480	1208	2480	49%
10	Cicely Bruce (GM)	1953	809.5	1470	55%	50	Roger Coates	1475	925	1934	48%
11	Lynne Butler (GM)	1940	997.5	1659	60%	51	Karl Scherer	1460	133	236	56%
12	Andrew Bradley (GM)	1937	983	1853	53%	52	Selena Chan	1440	399.5	795	50%
13	Lawson Sue (GM)	1935	1169	2142	55%	53	Carolyn Kyle	1429	1116	2251	50%
14	John Foster (GM)	1911	1765.5	3123	57%	54	David Gunn	1429	1486	3028	49%
15	Glennis Hale (GM)	1850	1669.5	3031	55%	55	Dianne Cole-Baker	1428	707	1376	51%
16	Anderina McLean (GM)	1847	933	1748	53%	56	Stan Gregec	1421	208	392	53%
17	Lewis Hawkins (E)	1832	314	523	60%	57	Mary Gray	1417	799.5	1616	49%
18	Murray Rogers (E)	1821	1113	2117	53%	58	Yoon Kim Fong	1404	753	1477	51%
19	Liz Fagerlund (GM)	1810	1493	2867	52%	59	Paul Freeman	1383	107.5	197	55%
20	Paul Richards	1807	43	76	57%	60	Anne Goldstein	1378	258	518	50%
21	Steven Brown (GM)	1782	970	1821	53%	61	Jean O'Brien	1374	1467	2891	51%
22	Nick Ascroft (E)	1781	245	454	54%	62	Helen Sillis	1364	819	1681	49%
23	Scott Chaput (E)	1778	329	578	57%	63	Roger Cole-Baker	1362	753	1470	51%
24	Jennifer Smith	1771	1316.5	2730	48%	64	Yvette Hewlett	1362	535.5	1119	48%
25	Val Mills (E)	1756	1547.5	3180	49%	65	Shirley Hol	1350	819.5	1742	47%
26	Rosemary Cleary (E)	1746	940	2013	47%	66	Jeanette Grimmer	1349	313.5	643	49%
27	Lois Binnie	1719	178	361	49%	67	Ruth Groffman	1336	738	1490	50%
28	Olivia En (E)	1691	957	1850	52%	68	Joanne Morley	1333	195	366	53%
29	Paul Lister (E)	1685	913.5	1662	55%	69	Jenny Litchfield	1327	188.5	325	58%
30	Glenda Foster (E)	1677	1221.5	2455	50%	70	Nola Borrell	1321	612	1157	53%
31	Herb Ramsay	1673	239	388	62%	71	Leila Thomson	1315	651.5	1408	46%
32	Vicky Robertson	1590	439	908	48%	72	Carole Coates	1311	795	1630	49%
33	Karen Gray	1588	320.5	604	53%	73	Puti Rowe	1293	397.5	828	48%
34	Pam Robson	1588	655.5	1424	46%	74	Joan Thomas	1289	1245	2503	50%
35	Glenyss Buchanan	1582	761	1645	46%	75	Barney Bonthron	1285	121.5	211	58%
36	Lynn Wood	1582	2249.5	4731	48%	76	Lynn Carter	1263	859.5	1673	51%
37	Anna Brouwer	1581	899.5	1828	49%	77	Betty Eriksen	1263	1786.5	3533	51%
38	Lorraine Van Veen	1563	1026	2073	49%	78	Heather Landon	1237	757	1508	50%
39	John Baird	1543	355	652	54%	79	Barbara Dunn	1237	377.5	654	58%
40	Shirley Martin	1541	1126.5	2258	50%	80	Shirley Pearce	1225	154	315	49%

Name	Rating	Wins	Games	%	Name	Rating	Wins	Games	%
81 Bev Edwards	1224	327	637	51%	122 Jacqueline				
82 Chris Bell	1205	36	77	47%	Coldham-Fussell	798	777.5	1586	49%
83 Jena Yousif	1187	630	1266	50%	123 Sharon Teasdale	797	38	67	57%
84 Gabrielle Bolt	1180	558.5	1090	51%	124 Judith Thomas	791	268.5	575	47%
85 Grant Paulin	1180	66.5	125	53%	125 Madelaine Green	774	159.5	305	52%
86 Faye Cronhelm	1178	980	1968	50%	126 Anne Scatchard	766	620.5	1216	51%
87 Lyn Dawson	1165	437.5	847	52%	127 June Dowling	764	107	196	55%
88 Su Walker	1161	1259	2479	51%	128 Rodney Jardine	722	184	386	48%
89 Joanna Fox	1160	238.5	463	52%	129 Anne-Louise Milne	721	191	536	36%
90 Malcolm Graham	1156	710.5	1426	50%	130 Phyllis Paltridge	715	172	361	48%
91 Bernie Jardine	1152	222	429	52%	131 Llane Hadden	715	52	122	43%
92 Lyn Toka	1143	641.5	1241	52%	132 Tim Henneveld	684	553	1216	45%
93 Allison Torrance	1134	536.5	1038	52%	133 Kathleen Mori-Barker	669	433	877	49%
94 Merelyn Fuemana	1125	161	304	53%	134 Awhina Taikato	640	28	79	35%
95 Colleen Cook	1099	469	961	49%	135 Dorothy Bakel	621	86	212	41%
96 Suzanne Ford	1095	251	473	53%	136 Joan Beale	616	405.5	797	51%
97 Chris Handley	1086	443.5	872	51%	137 Sharon McKenzie	600	51.5	108	48%
98 Karen Miller	1072	678	1338	51%	138 Marilyn Sinclair	587	190.5	407	47%
99 Sheila Reed	1071	367	765	48%	139 Margaret Toso	543	176	399	44%
100 Suzanne Harding	1070	683	1355	50%	140 Frances Higham	540	308.5	815	38%
101 Julia Schiller	1063	365	791	46%	141 Faye Leach	536	159	396	40%
102 Ray Goodyear	1060	280.5	583	48%	142 Joyce Mowbray	530	89	208	43%
103 Tony Charlton	1055	388	808	48%	143 Jan Kite	528	67.5	136	50%
104 Jo Ann Ingram	1040	299	582	51%	144 Jillian Greening	526	440	916	48%
105 Marian Ross	1036	668.5	1317	51%	145 Valma Gidman	522	760.5	1551	49%
106 Suzanne Liddall	1033	122	221	55%	146 Judy Cronin	520	214.5	515	42%
107 Sharron Nelley	988	129.5	239	54%	147 Joan Stanners	474	109.5	241	45%
108 Glenda Geard	984	1253	2555	49%	148 Dael Shaw	458	33	66	50%
109 Wendy Anastasi	953	113.5	183	62%	149 Jackie Reid	448	120	254	47%
110 Antonia Aarts	951	375	806	47%	150 Pam Fullton	445	35	76	46%
111 Judy Driscoll	910	309.5	775	40%	151 Lynn Thompson	441	368	866	42%
112 Shalisha Kunaratnam	904	19	40	48%	152 Noelene Bettjeman	418	379.5	828	46%
113 Cathy Casey	878	37	72	51%	153 Lyn Blaker	413	36	72	50%
114 Junior Gesmundo	861	292.5	604	48%	154 Hannah Roberts	289	38.5	107	36%
115 Annette Coombes	859	918	1987	46%	155 Bruce Weatherall	197	10.5	41	26%
116 Noeline Monsef	855	57	115	50%	156 Fay Wenzlick	189	31	90	34%
117 Rosemary Wauters	850	191	395	48%	157 Bev Allen	150	66.5	298	22%
118 Sandra Cowen	842	125.5	270	46%	158 Susan Schiller	143	86	456	19%
119 Hanna Dodge	839	219	419	52%	159 Valerie Smith	132	87.5	357	25%
120 Ruth Godwin	822	547.5	1167	47%	160 Trish Fox	23	46	355	13%
121 Janny Henneveld	816	593	1211	49%					

Club	Club Contact	Phone Number	Email	Meeting Day & Time
Christchurch (CHC)	John Baird	03 332 5996	john@jrsoftware.com	12.30 pm Wed 6.45pm Fri
Dunedin (DUN)	Chris Handley	03 464 0199	chris@redheron.com	7pm Tues
Hastings (HAS)	Joan Thomas	06 878 2418	thomas.joan@xtra.co.nz	1pm Tues
Kapiti (KAP)	Judy Driscoll	04 293 8165	judydriscoll5@gmail.com	7pm Mon
Kiwi Scrabblers (KIW)	Jacqueline Coldham-Fussell	07 846 7422	jjcoldham-fussell@hotmail.co.nz	1pm/7pm Alternate Thurs
Lower Hutt (LOH)	Glenyss Buchanan	04 569 5433	glenyss.buchanan@xtra.co.nz	7.30pm Tues
Mt. Albert (MTA)	Judy Cronin	09 626 6390	bvjac@5star.kiwi.nz	7pm Mon
Nelson (NEL)	Tony Charlton	03 545 1159	tonycharlton44@gmail.com	7pm Wed
Pakuranga (PAK)	Jeanette Owler	09 534 4453	cliffordo@xtra.co.nz	12.30pm Tues 7pm Thurs
Papatoetoe (PAP)	Frances Higham	09 278 4595	jambo@actrix.co.nz	1pm Mon
Rodney (ROD)	Vivienne Mickelson	09 902 9207	vivienne.moss20@gmail.com	12.45pm Mon
Rotorua (ROT)	Ruth Godwin	07 349 6954	ruthmgodwin@gmail.com	9am Thurs
Tauranga (TGA)	Barbara Dunn	07 544 8372	dunn.barbara44@gmail.com	9am Tues
Waikato Phoenix (WKP)	David Gunn	07 855 9970	-	-
Waitara (WTA)	Ngairé Kemp	06 754 4017	ngairelyndac@slingshot.co.nz	1pm Wed
Whanganui (WAN)	Lynne Butler	027 428 5758	scrabblylne@gmail.com	1pm Mon
Scrabble Wellington (WEL)	Nick Ascroft	-	nick_ascroft@hotmail.com	7pm Wed
Whangarei (WRE)	Jenny Litchfield	022 106 3857	jen.e.litchfield@gmail.com	1pm Thurs
Ratings Officer	Steven Brown	021 164 4641	sgbrown@mac.com	
Forwards Editors	Anderina McLean	021 266 8399	anderinamclean@googlemail.com	
	Olivia Godfrey	021 413 697	olivia.awhil@gmail.com	
Layout	Lyres Freeth	-	lyresfreeth@gmail.com	
Distribution	Lynn Wood	04 387 2581	lynnypinny49@gmail.com	