

NORTHWEST CHESS May 50¢ 1974

8TH ANNUAL
1974 WASHINGTON STATE HIGH SCHOOL TEAM CHAMPIONS



Davis High School, Yakima: Standing left to right- Randy Leth, Dave Andreotti Coach, Rick Pittelko, Brent Youlden, Mike Andreotti and Dave Cornell (photo by: Dot Stenning 17029 4th Ave NE Seattle, WA 98155)

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TOURNAMENT GAMES

by D.L. Brown

In the early morning hours before the Flat Fish Open was to begin, I tossed in my sleep, wondering just how successful the tourney would be, and what new kinds of problems would arise.

Thoughts went through my mind about the players. There'd be the usual groups from Evansville, Benkodom, Psycherton and Spastic City. But, would there be enough entries to cover the guaranteed prize fund, or worse, would there be enough tables if whole hoards showed up?

At the 8:30 registration, I imagined that Clyde, the Cutter, would play. He always terrified his opponents by displaying a collection of knives and pushed his pieces around with a stiletto. He'd usually claim a win by swinging a cleaver through his opponent's King.

It was real alright! Some of the early entries would include three nuns, a bank robber out on bail, a monkey who was rated 2660, two dead people and a retarded neurosurgeon. The ratings of the players went from 12 to 4479.

All this made me uneasy.

One guy brought a set of pieces that consisted of thirty-two trained mice, half were Albino white, half Norwegian brown. Another wore a head-piece which received signals from the hereafter. And yet another insisted on playing his games in the nude.

Five minutes before 1st round pairings, I got a phone call from Mr. Oscar Obese. He weighed 8,000 pounds and said he couldn't get into the building. "Use your imagination", I said, already perplexed by enough difficulties. A moment later, I glanced out the window and saw Oscar perched atop a nearby hill. To get around, Oscar sat on 32 motorized wheelchairs, and now he was coming at us full speed. Bang-crash - it was horrible. He wiped out the whole south wall...but at least he was in the tourney room, debris and all.

Then entered Mr. Simon Snake, a real snake, a diamond-back rattler! The first thing he did was to eat a chess set - the trained mice!

So bewildering was this strange array of contestants that I turned my attention back to the pairing cards and quickly got the tourney under way.

Two minutes after the 1st round began, everyone stood up and, in perfect harmony, sang to the melody of 'Here comes the Bride', the words: "We claim a draw, according to law, We made enough moves, and we claim a draw".

"What", I shrieked! It was so befuddling and I hadn't even started filling in the pairing cards. It must be a conspiracy, I thought. But then, Clyde stepped forward with blood in his eyes and said, "Make the 2nd round pairings before I get bored", and everyone else shouted, "Yea!"

O.k., I thought, nobody pushes a TD around! "Sit down", I cried, "or else I'll forfeit all your games and give the prize money to the National Parchesi Foundation."

Well, they quieted down.

A few began playing speed, the cheapos began guzzling the free coffee and others went to sleep.

Oh, what a dismal tournament this was.

How does a TD pair the 2nd round when everyone has 1/2-1/2?

Naturally, in my dream I avoided this most annoying question and moved on into the end of the round. There were wins and losses, but also 23 games were still going on and on and on. The 5th time control: how miserable! Adjournal or adjudicate? How long should I wait?

But as often happens in dreams, the visions floated away and I drifted into the peaceful serenity of nothingness - ensconced in the lovely thoughtless pillows that dare not challenge my tired brain.

But alas, I awoke, doubled over on the TD's table, arms and legs numbed by constricted arteries.

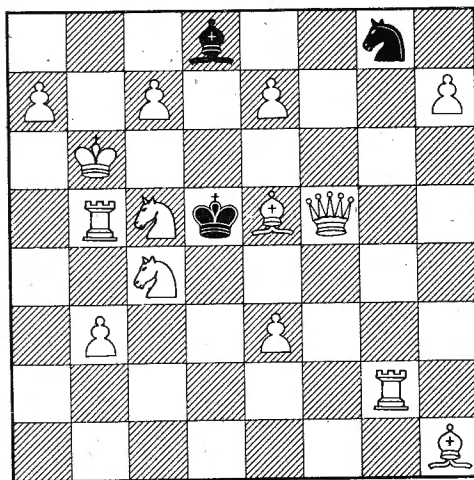
My God! I realized that someone just stole the pairing cards and even the prize money! This meant I'd have to write out new cards and even supply a new prize fund from my own pockets. Chess pieces were flying around the room. Everyone was shouting complaints at me. People fighting, smashing clocks against the walls and sailing paper boards through the air. Yelling and screaming in every corner. It was bedlam par excellence. Terror, fear and confusion reigned supreme!

And suddenly, I sat up in bed with cold sweat beading on my forehead. I realized I was just dreaming an ugly nightmare. And truly, I was safe now, none of this really happened! But as I started getting myself together, I mused over what strange things we'll sometimes put ourselves through. The subconscious mind seemingly invents such safeguards as this to keep us on our toes.

Yes, to understand these things gives inner security as well. I felt nothing could shake me at the tourney today. I was completely prepared now and could control anything.

I quickly showered and got dressed, gathered all the TD's equipment and headed out the door - glancing at the kitchen clock as I left. It read 11:52, which meant that the tourney should have started 3 1/2 hours ago!

Joseph Key Batson
"Brentano's" 1882



The above is a One-mover Construction Task: 47 mates in One. Babson was once a resident of Seattle and "Brentano's" was the highest quality magazine of its day.

There are many kinds of construction tasks, including maximums of moves, captures, mates, checks, stalemates, stalemate releases, self-mates, stopmates, stopchecks and keys. Many of the records have been improved upon, but the 47 mates in one has never been surpassed! The position must be legal (arrived at via a possible game) and no extra promoted force, although promotion can occur in the task, e.g. the four white pawns become either Q and B/R which count as 8 moves altogether.

Anyone who can get 48 mates in one is assured a place in chess history!

These tasks are not problems per se, but merely a chess expression to be appreciated.

Anyone who can construct a good task, of any size and using any form or stipulation, contact the Problem Editor.

