

# SILVER PIPE

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The is Silver Pipe, August, 1971. It is prepared for FAPA by Lon Atkins of 12615 Pacific Ave, Apt. #7, Mar Vista, California 90066. Art by R.E. Gilbert and Jurgen Wolff. A Zugzwang Publication.

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Hello. I'm Lon Atkins. Some of you already know me. Others -- well, pleased to make your acquaintance.

Most apazines which I've published have had the dual task of maintaining my membership and advancing me within the apa (f'rinstance, in the egoboo polls). Silver Pipe will be aimed at preserving my membership alright, but the other half of its existence will be concerned with serving as an outlet for things that I've wanted to write but for one reason or another haven't done in the past. Not that I'm planning on using FAPA for a dumping ground. Far from it. You'll be spared reams of dull mailing comments and trip reports. Instead you'll get items like the surrealistick whatever in this issue. And like the strange chess report.

A small note of apology for that last item. It contains the actual scores of six games I played. If you read chess notation and are so inclined, set up a board and play along as I comment. The annotations aren't technical, but are concerned mostly with my states of mind. This experiment probably got chess commentary out of my system, so you'll see no more of that. I'm interested primarily in writing.

This entire issue was done directly onto stencil as a result of the extremely short supply of time. Eight pages per year, however, is a very small requirement, so I intend to put more thought and polish into future Pipes. End of routine promises. Health, peace, and prosperity to ye all.

# RAVEL

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The deadbolt clicking home was her first sound impinging past the gait of his typer keys. He had to complete the word. One second later as he turned she was stepping with green rustling noise to the exact center of the room. The pupils of her brown eyes were huge. Anything could hide in that darkness. Her breath stirred eddies in the closed apartment. The rustle of her movement was silk garment shapeless folds and cuts like foilage like Eve in the Garden sweet brown smooth body. He broke back to her eyes.

"Well, hello, pretty lady. What brings me such luck tonight?"

She could smile. He waited for some fluid winsome speech of implausible explanation. Her gaze was a sparrow, hopping, flying about the eye perches of the room. He was sure she especially liked the Freas. The cloud of her hair was lampblack, reflecting none of the light that fell upon it. He started to rise but she motioned him down with her long fingers and her eyes went wide.

"Nooo. Nooo. Make more of your words."

Her voice flowed in his ears like warm oil. Closer, she smelled like sandalwood.

"I talk better on my feet." He gave her a strong smile as he pushed his chair aside.

"Nooo. With the machine."

In that fragment of time before he remembered the typewriter her sheer physical aura captured him. His impulse was to gather her close, kiss her, and breathe in the aroma of her hair --- then the typer dropped from the sky and capsized his sudden hunger. Nothing made sense. Monkey curiosity scampered ahead of caution.

"What are you, an sf groupie? Get your jollies watching pro's at work? There's lots better ways, sweetheart."

"Your words are part of here." She was dancing, bestowing ghost touches on ashtry and bookspine, turntable and decanter. She was doing it again. Her rhythm was just quick enough to elude his clear focus. Design or chance, it was filling him with the recurrent impulses of desire.

"Here is like the inside of a crystal, all silver vibrations in their harmonic places." She seized his hands, never ceasing her dance, massaging his fingers with green touches.

"If you make words with your hands there are higher vibrations, brighter than silver, like radiance."

He looked down at the tingle in his fingers and noticed that the flesh had become faintly translucent. She was singing very softly to herself in a language that he must have forgotten centuries ago. He found that her touch had removed all haste from his mind. Her name and errand were eventual. The complete enjoyment of her was always and inevitable. Relaxed, abandoning the keen single focus of his analytic eye, he saw into the pattern of her hypnotic dancing.

Each time she pulled on a finger it grew longer and more limber. Two nests of snakes with frosted translucent skin, glowing within by the light of some power. His fingertips were alive of themselves, weaving air-runes as he watched. Was she right? Did his fingers flash radiance as he created his commercial space sagas? He looked again at his hands, each finger a good foot long, thin and and serpentine. He could believe it. Yes, and that his words, packed onto cheap paper like freeze-dried Medusa extract, would turn their readers to stone for one or two hours.

She was turning him back to the typer, leading him with strokes and tugs on his enchanted hands. Visions of exotic cultures spanning the emptiness between stars bloomed in his mind in a profusion of invention. Poets and emperors embroidered or rent the fabric of history. All spiralled down in a vortex onto the typewriter and he felt all his timeless creations go spinning away into the void that may precede either true genesis or blank constipation. No matter. With a tearing motion he stripped his previous effort from the roller and inserted a fresh carbon sandwich. Golden sparks were coaxed from the typer as his fingers approached. Physical contact was so sweet as to be almost painful.

She was singing, somewhere behind him, a ballad in her forgotten language. A tongue of dreams, older than things, burnished in the fire of time. Her words were the whisperings of a muse and his fingers were were a choir of echoes. Strike the machine, now grown larger than two eyes could encompass, so to match the pace of creation. Feel the silken green river of her words. Hear the cataclysm in stone groove fingers as that river tumbles into the abyss of english.

Time was a stranger. In the midst of her forest of song he sat beating a great stone drum. Walls shivered into stucco dust. The ceiling receded and became a halo round the orange moon. The floor grew moss over all its boulders. Her song was the voice of summer night breeze through the thick leaves of some small slim tree. Song of the dryad.

In that glade grew a chronicle of legend, unmoored from the egocentric chronology of species. It was beauty with itself as referent, space broken free from the skewer of time. She had not lied an eon ago that evening when she'd seduced him with the lure of radiance. With each beat of the strange gestalt's metal heart there flashed a crystal vibration, as pure as April dew surprised by the dawn in a garden spider's web.

Deep in a quirk of the beast that drew sparks from the flint of words, that drummed to the timeless song of the dryad, was a clock that knew but one ceasation and a word that knew no rhyme. As the radiance grew in intensity it penetrated the quirk and awakened the eye of the clock and the word. The single sight of that one eye was like a tunnel that bores straight through mountains and cares nothing for the heights that rise in grandeur to kiss the stars. Caught now in the polarity of his

vision, he saw the walls about him again. He grew tone-deaf and lost her song. He gazed with fear into her hungers and powers and her were-nature -- and into his. Flowers of ice bloomed in his hands and mind. Splashed freezing into his molten core was the compulsion to resist her song that transcended time and melted rhyme.

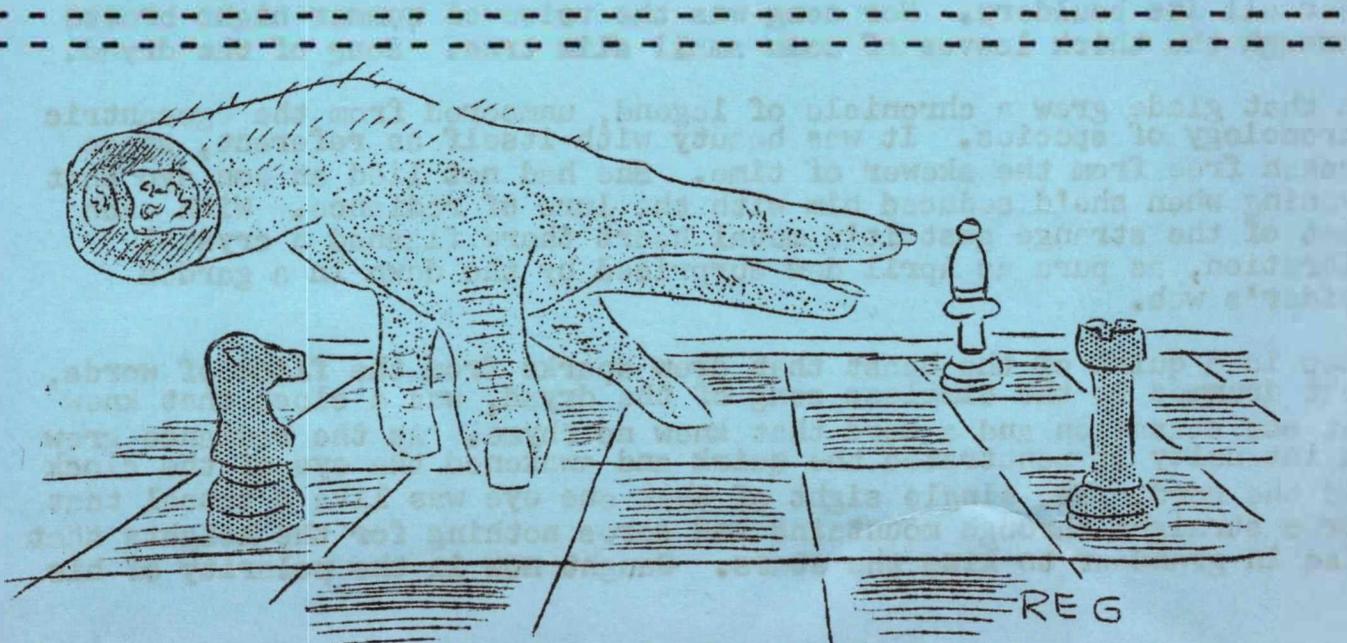
She sensed her enemy. Her branches folded near about him and rustled with worried intensity the green sounds of nonsense songs. Her touch went to his dwindling fingers, but he balled them into fists and denied translucent revival. The fragrances of his childhood vacations in the mountains blew unexpectedly into the room. The lamp crashed onto the floor and only the residual glow of the typewriter illuminated black pines at the outskirts of his sight. She cried out in an owl's voice for him to look up and see the bright moon.

Pain twisted his fingers. The room was black to his eyes, yet his hands held intimate memories of the typer. He found the right keys and began to strike a brisk tattoo of order. A kind of sightless light appeared to guide him. Successfully he changed pages and continued. He was injecting pattern into the lyrical epic. Carefully he was rationalizing the logical threads with which he intended to tie up her song and transform it. He constructed the binding paragraphs while her song and touches faded into tremors.

When he stood up and turned around there was no one but himself in the room. Faint light of dawn was brightening the curtains. He drew them open and slid wide the window. The cool air revived him.

The manuscript assembled easily. His eyes scanned with professional accuracy, detecting the occasional error. Some he corrected and some he left for his agent. With the quintessence of the story in mind he impassively typed the last emotionally-keynoted paragraph. Then he dashed off a note for his agent and sealed the whole thing into a manilla envelope.

The morning was birthing splendidly as he walked the six blocks to the mail drop. Traffic was very light, not muffling the ring of his footsteps. He thought, as he mailed his envelope, that it was exactly as strange as usual.



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## GLIMPSES INTO THE CHESSIC MIND

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There was a man come to Los Angeles from the hinterlands who plunged so whole-heartedly into the pleasures of the city that he neglected his principle skill and for three years played in no rated chess tournament of California. This man held the rating title of Expert. It behooved this man, who had won his title in the East, to prove himself in the West. When his mind returned positively to chess he recalled this obligation and so entered a Rating Tourney sponsored by the Santa Monica CC. Here his result was mediocre and he was sore disappointed, although he retained his title and was asked by the Director to join the Santa Monica team for the City Team Championship. The team was victorious in the matches and many strong rivals were defeated, yet this was a team instead of an individual effort and so did not satisfy our Expert. He achieved another mediocre result in the Pacific Southwest Open, a mighty tournament, then retired for a year. He chose another Rating Tourney to test himself in a third time.

The name of this man was Atkins. As he stood amongst the crowd of entrants that first night he saw the faces of friends and rivals, other Experts of the area and rising young players whose playing strength outstripped their official rating. It was an unusually large Rating Tourney. When the entry was list was drawn up Atkins was ranked third strongest by rating index, for although he had lost rating in his two previous tournaments, he'd gained points for his performance in the team matches and so was not descended into the lower reaches of the Expert title.

Six rounds were to be played. In the first Atkins knew he could expect a relatively weak opponent, for under the Harkness pairing system the top half of the field would play the bottom half. This same method would be repeated within the point groups (one point for a win, one-half for a draw, none for a loss) throughout the tourney.

ROUND 1. White: Atkins; Black: Catalanello. Atkins knew Bob Catalanello to be a plucky Class B player, tactically oriented yet prone to leave small flaws in his attacking plans. The game plan would then be to offer Catalanello the opportunity to overextend himself. 1. P-Q4, N-KB3; 2. P-QB4, P-K3; 3. N-QB3, P-Q4; 4. P-KN3, P-QB4. (Now is the time for temptation.) 5. N-B3, PxQP; 6. KNxP, P-K4. (The bait is taken! Now it is up to Atkins to survive the onrush and take lightning advantage of any error.) 7. N-B3, P-Q5; 8. N-QN5, P-QR3. (A dilemma for Atkins -- he cannot give up his knight, yet if he retreats it all initiative goes to Catalanello. The knight must be somehow artificially maintained on its strong square.) 9. Q-R4, N-B3; 10. B-N2, B-N5 ch; 11. N-Q2! B-Q2. (Thus finally the knight must retreat, for the pawn is no longer pinned to the rook. Catalanello has played extremely solidly, avoiding risky but tempting lines. Atkins begins the psychological preparation for a long siege. He may have to win the point by attrition.)

12. N-R3, castles; 13. castles, Q-N3. (Catalanello continues with solid moves. Atkins must now decide between a totally defensive approach or desparado tactics. He choses to provoke complications.) 14. N-B2, BxN; 15. BxB, N-QR4. (The fatal error! Correct was either continued consolidation with rook moves to the king and queen files, or dangerous complications with 15....QxP, after which Atkins could regain the pawn in an unclear position.) 16. QxN, QxP; 17. KR-B1, P-Q6; 18. B-QB3, P-QN3; 19. QxKP, QR-K1; 20. BxQ, RxQ; 21. BxR, PxN; 22. BxN, PxB; 23. RxP, R-K1; 24. R-N1, B-B4; 25. P-K4, BxP; 26. BxB, RxB; 27. RxP.... And Atkins won easily by advancing the pawn and promoting it. Catalanello never obtained compensation for the knight he blundered away. For Atkins there was relief that after a year's layoff the old skill of skating along the edge of defeat and coming out unscathed was still there.

ROUND 2. White: Bartlett; Black: Atkins. Bartlett's rating, exactly on the borderline between Classes A and B, was an inducement to the "second round blahs." The tension of beginning another tournament had been dissipated in the first round. The second round opponent wasn't rated as enough of a threat to raise expectations of a fight. Perfect setup for an attack of disasterous carelessness. Atkins reminded himself to play with precision against this unknown quality, despite the relatively high probably of an easy win. 1. N-KB3, P-KN3; 2. P-KN3, B-N2; 3. B-N2, P-K4; 4. P-Q3, P-Q4; 5. P-QB3, N-K2; 6. castles, castles. (No difficulties in the first phase of the opening, but which path to chose from here is a question. If Atkins choses the move he most favors it will lose its surprise value for later in the tournament when it may be needed against a more dangerous opponent. Therefore another line is picked, one which involves the establishment of a strong, fixed center.) 7. QN-Q2, P-QB4; 8. P-K4, QN-B3; 9. R-K1, P-Q5; 10. Q-B2, P-N3; 11. R-N1, B-K3. (Now a tangible advantage lies with the Black side -- control of space in the center. Atkins is pleased with himself and relaxes. A wild goose chase on the queenside develops, wasting time when a kingside attack should have been mounted. It's a delayed case of those "second round blahs.") 12. P-B4, N-N5; 13. Q-N3, P-QR4; 14. P-QR4, P-B3; 15. N-B1, R-R2; 16. P-R3, Q-K1; 17. Q-Q1, P-KN4; 18. P-KN4, N-N3; 19. N-N3, N-B5; 20. BxN, NPxP. (Now it will be Bartlett who winds up with an aggressively-placed minor piece on the kingside. Atkins undertakes a program of provoking Bartlett into a series of small errors, after which control of the kingside has changed hands again.) 21. N-R5, B-B2. (Hoping to have the dark-squared bishop, hemmed in by its own pawns, exchanged for Bartlett's advanced knight.) 22. NxB, KxN; 23. N-R4, K-R1; 24. N-B5, B-K3. (Atkins is poised to initiate kingside action. He'd like to capture the annoying knight, but if he does Bartlett's light-squared bishop escapes from the trap of its own pawns. The formula is to bring more force to the kingside.) 25. P-N3, N-B3; 26. P-R4, N-Q1; 27. P-B3, BxN. (As soon as Bartlett closes off his bishop Atkins captures the knight. Immediate kingside action commences.) 28. KPxP, P-R4; 29. K-R2, R-R2; 30. K-R3, K-N2; 31. R-N2, Pxp ch; 32. Pxp, RxP ch. Bartlett resigned, as he is checkmated in one move

ROUND 3. White: Atkins; Black: Sacks. Andy Sacks was the strongest player in the tourney. Atkins was playing him out of turn because of a business trip. Andy was available to play an early round. Atkins had played Sacks once before, in the team matches, and had beaten him with a tactical explosion from a tight maneuvering

game. An encore would not be objectionable. 1. P-Q4, N-KB3; 2. P-KN3, P-KN3; 3. B-N2, B-N2; 4. P-K4, P-Q3; 5. N-K2, castles; 6. castles, P-K4. (The position is similar to last game's opening, with the colors reversed. This time Atkins selects his preferred system, keeping a very fluid center while developing all his pieces.) 7. QN-B3, P-B3; 8. P-QR4, P-QR4; 9. P-N3, N-R3; 10. B-QR3, PXP; 11. NxP, R-K1; 12. Q-Q2, N-B4. (Atkins must defend his king pawn. After the obvious R-K1 Sacks has no adequate continuation. After the ultra-cautious move chosen Sacks has tactical threats which enable him to escape from the binding pressure. No explanation for the goof is offered.) 13. P-B3, Q-N3; 14. K-R1, N-K3. (The crux point of the game. After NxN Atkins can capture Sacks' queen pawn with his bishop, but the bishop could then be pinned very annoyingly. To retreat the knight, however, lets Sacks make the freeing move ...P-Q4. Then the outline of an attack began to shape up. First the preparatory move.) 15. N(4)-K2, P-Q4. (Atkins studied this position for 40 minutes. The attack was very complex. It looked unsound, but of great practical danger. If played it would have to remind Sacks of the earlier game, in which ... attack had defeated him. Add a little luck to that psychological advantage and Atkins could see the full point. Other lines looked like tedious draws. Onward!) 16. P-K5, N-Q2; 17. P-B4, P-B3; 18. P-KN4, PXP; 19. P-B5, N-Q5. (At this point Atkins saw that Sacks should have captured the advanced bishop pawn. Now there will be a weak pawn in the king's field to serve as a target. The attack rolls forward upon pressure bearings.) 20. PXP, PXP; 21. Q-N5, N-QB4; 22. QxNP, R-K3; 23. Q-B7 ch, K-R2; 24. NxN, PxN; 25. R-B3, R-R3; 26. P-N5, R-N3; 27. R-B4, PxN; 28. R-R4 ch, R-R3; 29. RxR checkmate. Of all parts of chess, to win such an attack across the board in a critical game is the most enjoyable. Atkins felt that the tournament was his, ended prematurely in the third round. Unrealistic but human, for was not the greatest battle already won?

ROUND 4. White: Weinbaum; Black: Atkins. Old Dr. Sid Weinbaum has been active in the Los Angeles chess scene for 52 years. He's rated near the top of the Class A, but he's a tough old fox, very rarely losing but often drawing. He was in good form this tournament, as Atkins was to discover. 1. P-K4, P-QB3; 2. P-Q4, P-KN3; 3. N-KB3, B-N2; 4. P-QB3, P-Q3; 5. N-R3, N-Q2; 6. B-Q3, Q-B2; 7. N-B2, P-K4; 8. N-K3, KN-B3; 9. castles, castles; 10. P-QN3, R-K1. (Ho. Hum. Atkins is now ready to achieve perfect equality with the freeing move ...P-Q4. The probable position after exchanges in the center looks very dull. It's hard to concentrate on such a routine game when on nearby boards major battles between other contenders are occurring. One of the Experts is being routed by a Class A player. Another is launching a highly speculative attack.) 11. Q-B2, P-Q4; 12. PxKP, KNxP; 13. BxN, PxB; 14. QxP, NxP; 15. B-Q2, P-QN4. (Woe for a too hasty move. This is the right idea, but first be coupled with pressure on the kingside. Ennui takes its toll.) 16. NxN, BxN; 17. Q-KR4, Q-Q1; 18. QxQ, RxQ. (Atkins exchanged queens because he felt he could win the endgame, a foolish idea with so small an edge. Weinbaum now plays very well, and even has pressure himself when the draw is finally agreed.) 19. QR-Q1, P-KB4; 20. P-KB4, B-B2; 21. N-B2, B-N3 ch; 22. B-K3, BxB ch; 23. NxB, B-K3; 24. K-B2, P-QR4; 25. RxR ch, RxR; 26. k\*k2, K-B2; 27. P-N3, K-K2; 28. R-B1, R-QR1; 29. R-B1, P-B4; 30. R-Q2, R-R2; 31. N-Q5 ch, BxN; 32. RxB, R-B2. A draw was agreed at this point. Atkins felt like he'd yawned himself into a draw. The tournament was now receded, though still winnable. But there could be nothing more but victories.

ROUND 5. White: Atkins; Black: Holzapfel. Hans Holzapfel was a new name to Atkins. A trip to the wall charts turned up information. He was rated in the middle brackets of Class A. He had two adjourned games and for pairing purposes was being given a win in each. He'd lost a game to Art Spiller, local Expert. Atkins did not like being paired "down" against a 3, when he had 3½. He wanted a chance to knock out some 4. The game started with Atkins distracted.

1. N-KB3, N-KB3; 2. P-KN3, P-Q4; 3. B-N2, P-KN3; 4. castles, B-N2; 5. P-Q3, castles; 6. P-B3, P-QB4; 7. QN-Q2, N-B3; 8. P-K4, PXP.

(Atkins had not expected the capture. Standard is ...P-Q5. A careful examination of the position revealed a solid line, so Atkins resumed his examining of wall charts and other game positions. Certainly not a wise policy in light of the previous round.) 9. PXP, Q-B2; 10. Q-B2, R-Q1; 11. R-K1, N-N5; 12. B-B1, N(5)-K4; 13. NxN, NxN.

(Now Holzapfel has an opportunity to exchange off many pieces with ...RxN followed by N-B6 ch. Atkins moans and forsees another draw. Still, there's nothing left but to carry on, so he makes the move he'd prepared. Holzapfel, wanting more than a draw himself, passes the chance by and lives to regret it.) 14. P-KB4, N-N5; 15. P-QR4, B-K3; 16. N-B4, QR-N1; (Now Atkins is well pleased with his position. His kingside pawns are agitating to advance in a smothering wave. First the development of the queen bishop must be attended to, and a firm underpinning established behind the kingside pawns.) 17. P-KR3, N-B3; 18. B-K3, N-R4; 19. Q-B2, P-N3; 20. N-Q2, Q-B1; 21. P-KN4, N-B3; 22. P-B5, B-Q2; 23. B-QB4, Q-B3. (The position is ripe for a White victory, but Atkins has gotten himself into time pressure and misses the best continuation -- B-B4, followed by P-N5. Fortunately Holzapfel is also in time trouble and in the ensuing scramble he errs.) 24. PXP, PXP; 25. P-K5, N-Q4; 26. B-KN5, R-K1; 27. Q-B3, B-K3; 28. B-N5, Q-B2; 29. BxR, RxB; 30. Q-K4, Q-N1. (Having won the exchange Atkins has only to press his kingside attack for easy victory. Instead he is obsessed with the thought of forcing an endgame.) 31. N-B3, N-B2; 32. QR-Q1, P-N4; 33. P-R5, P-B5; 34. Q-B6, R-QB1; 35. P-R6, N-Q4; 36. Q-N7, QxQ; 37. PxQ, R-N1; 38. N-Q4, RxP; 39. NxB, PxN; 40. R-K4, P-R3; 41. R-QR1. Atkins' last move was sealed, unknown to his opponent, for the game has reached the time control and was adjourned. Holzapfel had other adjourned games to play off, so this game would be finished after the tourney had had its last round. Atkins was to spend his free time analyzing deep into the very complex ending left as a challenge for him to win.

ROUND 6. White: Rubinsky; Black: Atkins. Dave Rubinsky is rated as a lower echelon Class A player. Atkins has beaten him in a previous tournament. On first board the two undefeated, untied contestants will battle for first place. In the slim possibility that they draw, Atkins can tie with them for first place in the tournament by winning his last two games. It's absurd to speculate on such a remote chance. 1. N-KB3, P-KN3; 2. P-KN3, B-N2; 3. B-N2, P-QB4; 4. castles, N-QB3; 5. P-QB4, P-K3; 6. N-B3, KN-K2; 7. P-Q3; P-Q3; 8. B-Q2, castles; 9. R-N1, P-Q4. (Atkins has had to waste a tempo in advancing his queen pawn. Rubinsky threatens a strong pawn attack on the queenside. It must be blunted without taking on any permanent weaknesses in the process.) 10. P-QR3, P-QR4; 11. Q-B1, P-Q5. (Rubinsky's queen is now misplaced, blocking the bishop's retreat, as will be demonstrated later. However, his knight has three good choices to select from. Atkins must play very carefully.) 12. N-N5, P-R5;

13. P-QN4, PxP E.P.; 14. RxP, P-K4; 15. N-N5, B-B4. (Rubinsky has several tactical threats which Atkins sees he must survive. The hope is psychological misdirection. Atkins can visualize the dividing influence of a pawn at K6. The White position would be cut in half and Black pieces could strike on either wing at will. But he must keep skating under Rubinsky's threats.) 16. P-B4, Q-Q2; 17. P-R3, P-R4; 18. K-R2, QR-K1. (The position is ripe for explosion. Atkins has already used most of his two hours, and he is now moving rapidly to conserve time. Rubinsky feels the pressure and begins to hasten his own moves. The Upheaval is about to occur.) 19. B-K4, P-B3; 20. BxB, PxB; 21. N-KB3, P-K5; 22. N-R4, P-K6. (Here it is, the miracle position! Rubinsky's only hope is to sacrifice his bishop, but he is rushed and cannot believe that the game has turned tables so suddenly.) 23. B-K1, K-B2; 24. P-R4, R-QR1; 25. Q-R1, R-R3; 26. R-R3, R(1)-R1. (Atkins has mastery of the position, but he must also master the clock. He must make 40 moves before time control. To do this he will keep that misdirection moving, from one wing to another, until the time is ripe for those final breakthrough preparations.) 27. R-N1, B-R3; 28. Q-Q1, R-KN1; 29. Q-N3, K-K3; 30. R-R1, K-B2; 31. R-KB1, KR-QR1; 32. R-B3, N-Q1; 33. B-B3, PxB; 34. RxP, N-K3. (Rubinsky has finally sacrificed that obstructive bishop, but it is too late. With a series of minor tactical threats Atkins chokes off counterchances.) 35. R-B3, N-Q5; 36. NxN, PxN; 37. R-QN1, RxP; 38. P-K4, BPxP; 39. P-B5 ch, Q-Q4; 40. QxQ ch, NxQ. As the time was control had now been reached, Rubinsky resigned.

On the first board a draw had been reached. Atkins went home and delved deeply into his adjourned endgame. It looked won, it smelled won, it felt won, yet always there was that delectable dancing chance of a draw down some obscure variation. And Atkins knew well that if he overextended himself trying to win that he could easily even lose. At last the night of the playoff arrived. Atkins was nervously pacing his cage when the phone rang. It was Holzapfel. He resigned without resuming play.

So it was a triple tie for the money, but for the title tie-break points are used. How well a man's opponents did in the tournament is assumed to be an index to the toughness of his path upward. Atkins' opponents had outrun the tie-break horses of his co-leaders. Third time was indeed the charm. That man named Atkins had won his first California tournament.



