

Over the years I had a lot of contact with Jay as he went to various libraries and looked up old games. He would often look up old British newspapers to get games by people like Cochrane.

It turns out that Cochrane had a set of regular Brahmin opponents such as Malhotra and Mohishunder. Their opening choices were strikingly modern. There appeared, if you look up the games, a set of modern looking King's Indians and Bogo-Indians and other up to date openings you would expect in the 21st century, not in the 1840s and 1850s.

In 1984 Jay was staying with me in Upper Manhattan and one night he went down to the Village Gate music club to play backgammon with the owner. When Jay came back to my apartment in the middle of the night he woke me up so we could count all the 50's and 100's bulging out of his pockets. I'm surprised he made it back from Greenwich Village to 170th Street in one piece, but there he was with all this money.

I was in a master's program at Columbia at the time, but Jay and I hatched a plan to fly immediately from JFK to Milan and then take a train to play in Lugano Switzerland. I gave myself time off and Jay sprung for the two tickets. On the train, he found Malcolm Pein in the eating car and he asked Malcolm where there might be a vegetarian restaurant in Lugano. I still recall Pein's expression of total bewilderment.

I attach a great photo taken by Catherine Jaeg from that event, where Jay is conducting a post-mortem with the great Viktor Korchnoi. You will see Florin Gheorghiu and Boris Spassky kibitzing (I had the pleasure of playing Spassky in the same event).

I also attach a photo of young Jay from the US Junior 78. He was the youngest player there. The players signed the photo, but in case you cannot read that, from left to right:

NM Tom Costigan
Jay Whitehead
Yasser Seirawan
Michael Rohde
Paul Whitehead
Steve Odendahl
Mark Ginsburg
John Fedorowicz

Going into the last round, I had an even score and Jay had a bad score. He suggested we stay up all night, which sounded reasonable at the time, so we wandered along train tracks in Memphis and then contested a totally incoherent game the next day (a draw). Play over that game if you want to see a funny example of playing on a dare.

Feel free to use this material in any memorials that you may want to write!

Thanks Mark