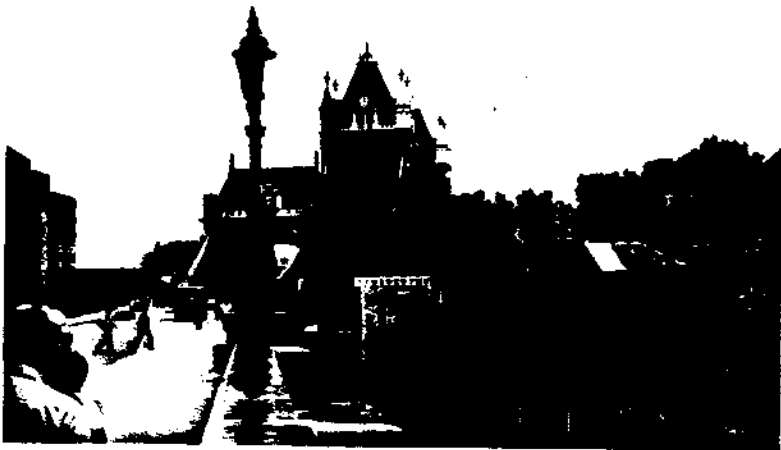
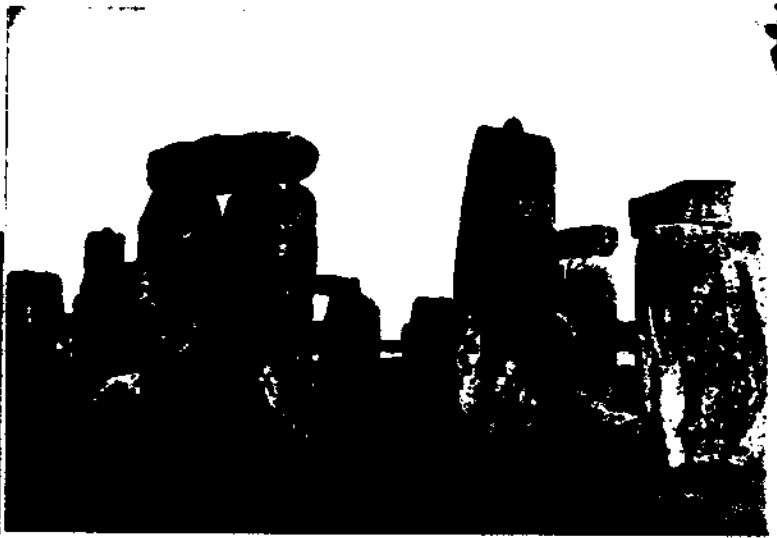


Cathy's
BRITLINGS
16





Tower Bridge



Stonehenge



St. Andrews



Loch Ness



Glastonbury

TALES

Cathy's Ramblings 16

Cathy Ozog 1526 N. Lawler Ave. Chi, IL 60651

And now here it is the long awaited story of the Ozog's in Britain. Well, maybe it's not that long awaited, but you know what I mean...

It didn't start out on the best of footing. We are all packed get to the airport and notice that Eric forgot to bring the camera bag along. ((Note how it is Eric, who forgot and not me. This is something you see in wives, the longer you are married.)) So off goes Carolyn, Eric's sister, back to the house to get the camera bags, while we hope our plane doesn't leave. All is well in the end and off we go to Britain.

There's nothing that really can describe the plane flight over. I have always hated it, but you hope after 8 hours on the plane with no real sleep and no movement, that once you land, you will be able to go about your normal business. Such is not the case. I've never seen so many people trying to get into Britain. Our flight was about an hour or so late and then we got to stand in line to go through customs. And we stood there and stood there and stood there. It was very hot and no sleep. We were about 3 hours late and I didn't know if Rob Malos, who we were staying with in London would still be waiting for us. I'm convinced that they have customs like that to get rid of the weak. They just pass-out from the heat and lack of sleep. Only the strong and hearty can get in. But at last we pass customs. Then we just have to get our bags right? Another wait, but not as bad and then off to see if Rob is Still waiting for us. You go down this long corridor and at the end is a mob of people being held back with ropes and security guards and holding signs up for the people they are to meet to read. I look at Eric with a "How the hell will we find Rob in this chaos" look on my face. We walked towards the mob of waiting people, when suddenly there is flash of movement and I hear, "Cathy, Eric? I'm Rob Malos. Come on, we go this way." Looking at his shirt with the words, "Hyper-drive" on it and I know this really is Rob, but where did he come from? How did he get through the security? Slightly amazed but very thankful, we followed Rob to the Underground and on to his place in Wimbledon. After a short (ha, ha) walk to his house and a very slight (ha, ha) climb up the stairs to the top Flat, we were at last settled. I can't thank Rob enough either for putting us up at his place. I fall on the bed and just lay there. It was close to 12:00 noon by this time. We tried to decide whether it was worth sleeping or eating or what. After a slight time of "Well, what do you want to do? I don't know, what do you want to do?" and Rob deciding that we were helpless. He called John Norris and it was decided that we would eat first and then meet John and see some of the sights of London.

We were late in meeting John and that is the story of my life when it comes to meeting people. Still we finally met him. I won't spoil things by telling you lot what John looks like. He wasn't what I expected and Rob wouldn't give me any clues. Still, John is amazing. He seems to know everything. we walked about the shopping area, going to game stores and Record stores and book stores. Eric got an Irish drunk to shake his hand, while Rob stood on one side of him and John on the other trying to suggest that we really must be going now. It really was quite funny. Eric couldn't understand a word that he was saying, but then neither could I. Somewhere along this point we were asked what we would like to see. I suggest that Eric might like to see Piccadilly Circus and so off we go. At some point John wanted to know why we wanted to see Piccadilly Circus. I said that we could see the statue and it was kind of landmark. And this point, John mentions that the statue as been removed for work to be done on it and where else would we like to go? And this point we started in our usually, "I don't know, where do you want to go? I don't know what do you want to see?" Rob shakes his head at John, "See, I told you they couldn't decide on anything." So it was decided that John would show us the sights and he did that. At last we were away from the crowds and it was quiet. We stopped in Green Park, no maybe it was St. James Park, well, anyways we stopped for something to eat and drink and to rest our feet. By this time it was getting late and we said good-bye to John and headed back to Rob's house. There we had a quick dinner and Rob called St Andrews to say hello to everyone there. By this time I was ready to pass out were I sat and Rob had a party to go to, so he left and we fell to sleep at last.

The next day was more sight seeing. Hyde park and then to the Tower of London. Massive lines everywhere. Being a Sunday, nothing opens until about 2:00 pm and so the lines are twice as long. I really wanted to see the Tower and Eric didn't want to stay in line. So I told him to go take pictures of the Tower Bridge real quick and then I will be at the top of the line and we can go on in. A mistake that. I got to the front of the line and still no Eric. I waited and waited and finally left the line. There wasn't really any line at this point and I still waited. You see the Tower Bridge is an amazing thing if you never seen it before and you have a camera. I've seen it before and I have nearly 20 pictures of it. I should have known what would happen to Eric, but I was foolish. By the time Eric, got back, it was too late for us to see the Tower of London and so we headed back to Rob's to decide what to do. We found that Bryan Betts had called and so I called him back and we decided to meet and go out to a pub or something. My timing once again is bad. I didn't give us enough time to eat and meet Bryan. Not if we went to a sit down place and being Sunday there wasn't much open. Rob found a Kabob place and promptly went in. I followed and after a few moments we noticed that Eric hadn't come in. He wanted real food and didn't want to say it in front of the man inside. Oh, well, WE'll meet Bryan and then tell him that we must eat. Bryan was closer to what I expected because I had seen a picture of him before. Bryan is the editor of Masters of the Prime. It's quite good and I play En Garde under him. Just in case some of you out there want to know who he is. We finally find a place to eat, yes, it's it's Pizza Hut!! So much for British food. We eat and talk. Rob and Bryan take us to Soho and show Eric about and we see the Chinesse area and find a pub that's open for a quick drink. By then it's close to mid-night and we must be going back if we want to get back to Rob's place before the last train leaves. We say our good-byes and Bryan makes me promise to call him when we get back under London because we got to spend so little time together. I promise and we make our train. Tomorrow we would get our car and say good-bye to London. So we decided to get some sleep and get up early the next day.

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FROM

Off we go the next day to get the car. Rob spent quite some time giving us directions on how to get to his place and gave us maps of London to help us. God only knows we needed it. I told Eric that I would drive because I had driven in England and London before and I would be better than him. Inside I was terrified considering that it was 3-4 years ago that I had driven here and then only for one week. Lots of waiting for the car. I was trying to stay calm and pretend I could handle everything. It turned out ok, after I knew where the gas peddle was and the brake peddle was. Eric was quite good at directions something which I am not as good at as you will find out later.

We made it back to Rob's and decided to have lunch first and then get out of London heading towards the West. We didn't know where we would spend the night, but I wanted to get as far west as we could. Getting out of London was interesting in it's self. I don't know how many wrong turns we made but Eric always managed to get us back on the right track. You've never seen such tiny roads and the houses are set right up against the street with little or no sidewalk. It's not Chicago. We only managed to see Stonehenge the first day. You can't get near Stonehenge because they have a rope around it now. Lot's of things are having that happen to them. It's sad really, but what can you do? It was enough for us to just see the stones. From there we went to Glastonbury to spend the night at a B&B. Quite a lovely room and we had a place to park the car which was nice. I stayed at Glastonbury when I was here before, but it seemed much bigger now. Maybe it was just that we came in a different route then the way I had come in before.

Eric loves to climb and see things from a view point. I think one of our fundamental differences is that he likes to climb hills and see nature, while I like to see castles and historic sights. Part of the problem is that I can not climb. I have bad lungs and all that, but this was leading somewhere wasn't it? In Glastonbury, Eric took me on a walk. Now Eric finds a street that goes up and says "Let's go this way." I say, "But Eric, do you know where it's going?" "No, but we could get a view." And so up the street we walk and up and up. At the top was a park and it did give a rather nice view. Me- I'm just so practical about things.

The next morning, we got up to breakfast and a little family quarrel in the background. Actually it was quite funny to listen to. The house had a garden in the backyard and we went out after breakfast. It was quite beautiful. You could see the Tor in the distance on the hill and there were flowers and hens and this cat that wouldn't leave us alone. She seemed to love people. Then we went off to see Glastonbury Abbey. The abbey was dissolved under Henry VIII, but the head of the order didn't follow Henry's orders. He was arrested and dragged to the top of Tor, where he was drawn, hung and quartered. Not a pleasant ending. The Abbey is mainly ruin's now, though they do use part of it for services. There will always be to me a mystical quality about Glastonbury Abbey. You can almost close your eyes and imagine it in it's prime. What a sight it would have. Eric took a picture of me standing next to one of columns and I look like a mouse next to it. It was started in 1184 to give you some clue as to its age. It's also famous for being the sight that supposedly King Arthur's grave is. King Edward 1 had the grave opened and found the remains of a King and his Queen. The monks told him it was Arthur and thus Glastonbury was named as the sight of his grave. This was in 1278, but the grave was opened in 1191. Edward had the remains moved to a black marble tomb.

Next we stopped at the rural life museam and then up to the top of the Tor. The tor is the center of many legends. It is here that the holy grail was found and some say it is a gate to the underworld. It is set on the top of hill that is 518 feet above sea level. There is evidence that there has been buildings on the site from as far back as 5th and 6th century A.D. It is quite a sight. The worst is imagining as you walk up the long and steep path, the Abbot who was dragged up here for his execution. At the Top you can look down and see the ruins of the Abbey in the far distance. From the Tor, we went down to the Chalise Well. Here is the healing water of legend. All in all, it was very peaceful and a cool place to rest after the long walk to the Tor and back down again. Then we leave Glastonbury behind and go to the southwest and try to find a castle to make me happy. The result is Powderham Castle which is south of Exeter in Devon.

Powderham is the home of the Earls of Devon. It is still lived in by them but is open to the public at certain times. It was built in 1390 by Sir Philip Courtenay. The family like so many fell in and out of favor. They were Lancasterian in the War of the Roses, but in the end made out quite well. The Earl married Katherine one of Edward VI daughters, but they fell out of favor later. They were Royalist in the Cival War and the castle was severely damaged. What exists now is highly changed. It is not an amazing house. Not a Warwick castle or anything like that. It is smaller and quiet. The garden lacks the mass of people that the biggest castles have. When we were leaving we stopped at the gift shop to pick up a few reminders. Some people walked in behind us but I didn't notice them. Then the lady behind the counter said, "Did you notice the Lord and Lady Devon? They just smiled at you." That was as close to any nobility that we got.

From there we went to Exmore and some climbing for Eric. I fear we took the wrong path and ended up between two fields at the top of the path. The view was nice, but as I mentioned before I am not a climber and it was getting late. We were to be in Bristol tonight and Brian Dolton was waiting for us. Brian doesn't have a phone and we couldn't call him and tell him that we would be late. So off we go and leave the south behind and start our trail to the north starting with Bristol, the center of the British Postal hobby, well, from my point of view it is. We managed to find Brian's place without much problems thanks to Brian's map and Eric being able to put up with my directions, though I think he was just abit nervous. Anyways, Brian comes bouncing down the stairs to greet us and isn't half the beast he tries to be. In fact he is very nice and even feed us dinner. Graham Staplehurst was staying with Brian and in few moments it seems that half of Bristol showed up in the forms of the cute and quiet, Peter Groome, the short and quiet, Tim Barnard and the not so short and not so quiet, Allan Brown.

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We sat about and talked for awhile but Eric being the devoted Dipper that he is and being able to count that there was 7 of us, suggested that we play Dip. Brian didn't have a Dip set, but Peter did. And after a few moans, Brian set Peter off to his house to get the dip set and the rest of us went to the liquor store. Allan didn't play but watched and we played what I call the "Tallman variant". We played it alot in Seattle. Meaning it was semi-gunboat. We had to do all the talking at the table. I allied with Brian and we did quite well. Eric did well on his side and we felt in the end Eric would stab his allies and share a 3-way with me and Brian. But time ran out and we called it 6-way or something foolish like that. I suppose I could have done better, but Brian keep a sharp eye on me, explaining that he knew what it was like to have Glover as an ally and he wouldn't let me pull the same tricks. Moi? I'm innocent and a most trustworthy ally, just ask anyone...well, almost anyone.

The next day we went north and north. When I told Brian we were going to spend the night in North Yorkshire, he thought we were crazy. Well, as it turned out we were abit crazy. We did see the Battle of Bosworth field. For those of you who don't know your history, it was here that Henry Tudor, afterwards Henry VII fought Richard III and won. It was the last official battle of the War of the Roses. It was the end of the Plantagenets and the start of the Tudors. It was especially interesting because the battle took place on August 22, 1485. Here we were standing in the same spots of a battle that took place almost to the date 500 years ago. It was quite well marked and they placed flags were Richard and Henry were and were Stanely was at. The Richard III society had a stone placed at the spot were they think Richard fell in battle. It was quite exciting to me and surprizingly Eric enjoyed it, too. There was quite abit of walking see. Then we got back to the car and looking at our watches and seeing how far south we were, we decided to head north to York asap. And so we did.

I really fell in love with Yorkshire. It is a beautiful country filled with small villages and castles and abbeys. We spent the night at Sherriff Hutton in North Yorkshire. Eric wanted to stay at a farm and I had my own reason's for going there. Sherriff Hutton castle was one of Richard III's castles. It was here that Edward of Warwick, John of Gloucester, Elizabeth of York and John de la Pole waited out the results of Bosworth battle. Edward was sent to tower for the rest of his short life. John was granted a small allowance for a time but was later executed, Elizabeth married Henry VII and was the mother of Henry VIII. John de la Pole escaped at that time but was later killed in a small rebellion against Henry.

You'd never know the history looking at it. There is nothing but three ruined walls left. It is on private property, but you can walk fairly close to it. It is at the top of a short hill and the ruins can be seen for miles around. Eric didn't feel very well and I left him asleep at the farm house and I went into the big town of Sherriff Hutton. The big town is one gas station, a Post office / grocery store and a drug store/grocery store. There is also a pub, no town or village could be without one. I went into the drug store and started talking to the owners. They were wonderful. It seems they have a B & B too and showed it to me. It's very nice, so the next time you happen to be in Sherriff Hutton and need a place to stay, that is the place to go. It was getting late at this point and I was very hungry. Eric didn't want to eat and so I tried the pub. It was jammed and I decided I didn't want dinner after all. I got in my little car and went back to the Farm and Eric. Much to my joy, our host had tea waiting for me when I got back. A Wonderful thing tea is. I gobbled down the cakes she had with it and Eric and I sat and watched the sun-set over the Yorkshire hills with the ruins of Sherriff Hutton in the distance. It was very beautiful.

The next day, we when to Castle Howard of Brideshead revisited fame. Now this is a castle. But it was very expensive and very crowded. You can't take any pictures inside like they let you do at Powderham. The grounds were amazing as well, but it felt more like a tourist trap and we decided to leave as soon as we could. Our next stop was Middleham Castle. Another famous Richard III spot. I think I liked the drive there better then the castle itself. Up to now, we had been traveling on main roads or on the moterway going 70 to 80 miles per hour. Now we were on the little back roads of Yorkshire, the "all creatures great and small" land. You'd drive along and suddenly there would be a wall and gate to go through. this lead you into a small village and somewhere in the village is the remains of the estate that had the wall build once hundreds of years ago. We go to Middleham at last and I thought that the castle was closed for repairs. This should be funny because it is nothing but ruins anyways. I think they were just trying to keep it from falling down even more. It turned out that they were just closed for lunch. When we got in there was just me and Eric and another couple. It was nice to have the whole place to yourself after the crowds of Castle Howard. At one point in time Middleham was called the Windsor of the North. Now it's just ruins, but to me it was exciting to see it.

I had had enough of my castles for one day and now it was Eric's turn. We went to the North Yorkshire Moors. I should explain that Britain doesn't have the same national Parks that we have. There are public foot trails that go through private land that has been set aside for that use. There are very many markings. You need a good map of the area. I had one and Eric found the path he wanted to climb. I still don't know how I made it the top of the moor, but I did. The sheep looked at us like we were crazy and I had to agree with them. The view from the top was quite amazing. The moors are just desolate hills that can only support sheep. The breeze off the moors is quite cold and I found myself wanting to walk to keep warm. Much to Eric's surprize and my own, I started walking up hill even farther. Eric just followed behind me. It was quite something else to be at the top of moors with no one not even the sheep up there with you. All about you is the rolling green hills of Yorkshire and not a man or city for miles and miles. Eric could describe it better, but these are just my humble attempts.

From there we went to Hexham and meet the Rogersons there. As usual I am late. The phone in town center didn't work and so we decided to try to find the house of Glover's and Dave's father. As it turned out we found a phone on the way there and gave them a call. At last I got to Meet Glover and

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Philly and Dave Rogerson. They were very nice. Dave may be a slime that walks in games, but in person he's quite nice. What an horrible thing to say, it's so bland. Now Glover, on the other hand, always had a smile on his face which makes one wonder what he's thinking. We got some fish and chips and then stop at a pub for a few drinks and chat. Then it was back to the Rogerson's house for tea and more chat. Before we fell to sleep later. We were going to get up early and go swimming. Well, Eric would swim and I would watch, but we slept in. Glover said I was curled up in a little ball and Eric was snoring softly and they didn't have the heart to wake us up. Well, we had breakfast and then went on a quicky tour of Hexham. The Abbey whose saying is "Seven times sacked by the Scots, burned down three times, but still going strong." I wished we could stay longer, but lots to see and not much time. We were planning on staying in St. Andrews the next day and so we had some distance to go yet. Dave and Glover's Dad suggested a route for us to take through to Hadrian's wall and then across to the coast line.

As luck would have it, it started to rain and we saw Hadrian's wall in the rain. I was the one who started to feel sick then. Eric's was amazed by Hadrian's Wall and after meeting some of the Scots later, was convinced that they would rebuild the wall. We stopped for lunch and finally figured out how to order a pub lunch. You order it at the bar see. We were waiting for someone to take our order. Boy did I feel silly. Then it was hitting the road North again. We were on smaller roads and the going was very slow. We stopped to see Holy Island, but the tide was in and you couldn't cross on the cause way. We went around Edinburgh and across the Fourth Bridge which is quite a sight. We tried to get a picture of it, but it was difficult once we got on it. Then it was on to St. Andrews.

We arrived late and didn't know where we would spend the night. Well, no problem, we'll call Pete Lindsey up. Clive said we could call him. Well, Pete was at home and said he had heard rumours that we would be heading to St. Andrews. Then he said that Doug Rowling was over at his house and Doug could take us to the hobby meet. What a hobby meet? What good luck. Eric thought we would get to play Dip, but I had to explain to him that British hobby meets weren't the same as American ones. We just get together and drink and talk. The Mad Lads would love it. Well, over comes one tall and bearded Doug Rowling and away we go. We meet John and Kitty Macintyre, Pete Shepard and later Pete Lindsay and Jane show up as well. Never get Doug talking about American football. I know nothing about football and was useless to him. After a pint of Guinness or two, Kitty turns to me and asks where we were staying for the night. I smile sheepishly and say, "Well, I was really hoping we could stay with you and John. Glover and Philly said you could blame them." Then much to my relief, Kitty is quite happy to have us. After all G & P just made an extra bed there. So knowing where we were going to sleep and seeing that Eric was going to drive, I decided to relax and have a good time. Pete Lindsay amazed me. I've never seen anyone drink Guinness like it was water. We talked about motorcycles and football and other things until we noticed it was time to leave. So we decided to drop in on Clive Palmer and embarrass him. Clive was working at another bar. So this mob of people show up looking for Clive wearing his tux suit. I get to say hello and that's about it. Eric and Doug wander off somewhere and I talk to John and Kitty, who tell me how they met. Kitty is an American see. And John - well, John is very Scottish. At some point in time we decide to head off. Eric, me, John, Kitty and Pete Shepard head towards our little Ford Escort and we pile in and drive off to Downside. An interesting drive from what I can remember of it. With Pete on one side and John on the other. Kitty was in the front giving Eric directions on how to get there. I found watching the road interesting as sometimes there was two roads in front of me and sometimes there was one road. Pete was asleep and John keep falling forward like he was going to fall asleep, but kept catching himself at the last moment. At last Downside, which has a saying, "Downside, it's a damn side better now." Or something like that. Kitty makes us cheese on toast with help from Pete and we talk awhile longer before going to the famous bed that G & P made.

Next morning Kitty go up and went into Crail to get breakfast and we got a tour of Downside. John and Kitty bought the house with no land and over time they are slowly making it into a great place. It was kind of dream come true to me and Eric. We saw the chickens and the kittens and Gaughan, their dog who we loved. Then Kitty came with us into St. Andrews and we meet Doug Rowling and saw the sights of St. Andrews. At about 2:00 or so, we finally had to get on the road. We were still going north, north north. We said goodbye to Doug and Kitty and headed off. Into the Highlands we went. Eric wanted to take pictures everywhere we went. We only got as far as Aivemore. It looks like a small village, but it has been turned into a tourist area. We stay at a B&B, with a wonderful Scots woman who calls me Eric's "bonnie bride" She gets us up early and sends us north, warning about the traffic around Inverness

It is Sunday now and there wasn't much traffic and it goes very smoothly on the A9 up to Inverness, but once you by Inverness, roads such as we know them cease to exist. A9 looks like the small B roads that we were riding on in Yorkshire. North we go and go, into Caithness. I feel like I know Caithness better than any other area of Scotland. It is a barren area. Flat with gentle rolling hills. No trees. This is sheep land. There are grim reminders of the past in Caithness. Everywhere you look are ruined farmhouses. Just the shell left to tell the tale of the family that once lived there and bleak brown houses. Brownish grey like the land that surrounds them. The only colour is the blue-green paint on the window frames and the doors. Some of the houses must have been the reminder of the Clearances. After the failure of the last Jacobite rebellion and Bonnie Prince Charlie left Scotland never to return again, the highlanders were executed, murdered and shipped abroad to slavery. They were forbidden to own arms or wear tartans. Then came the Napoleonic wars. England needed cheap food and where to find it except in sheep and the highlands was the perfect sheep country. Just one problem. There were too many people living there. So the people were literally cleared out. House burned down and families left with nothing but their clothes. A few stayed and the sheep were brought in. In Caithness you can see for miles and miles. Only one out of every four or houses exists in a state that isn't ruins. And sheep, well, they are still everywhere. If someday you happen to be looking in the folk section of record store, look for a group called "Silly Wizard" and an album by them called So Many Partings. On the cover is a picture of a family being "cleared off" and it is very true to what we saw. Especially the ruins and the land in the background. The album is quite good too.

OF BRITAIN

We saw the Grey Cairns in Caithness. These are cairns that you have to crawl on your hands and knees to get into, but once you get to the center you can stand up. Wick, were we had lunch and saw the rocky coast and the old Wick castle, which is nothing really. We drove to Dunshead, the Northern most tip of Scotland. Now I have been to the Lizard, the southern most tip of England and Dunshead. Anyways, we saw the light house there and the lighthouse keeper showed up about the place. We drove to Thurso and John O'Groats. John O'Groats is really a tourist trap, but it's the easiest way to get to the Orkney Islands. We signed up for a day bus tour for the next day and set about finding a place to spend the night. We stayed at a B&B in East Mey. A small town somewhere between Thurso and John O' Groats. It was a quiet night for a change. It is cold up north. Cold and cloudy and grey. I thought I would never get warm.

The Orkneys. If you look at a map of a place it almost never turns out to be what you expect. What can I say about the Orkney Islands. It is flat and green. Only Hoy has hills and mountains. There are the same ruined houses here as in Caithness. The sun is up forever, which only made me dread to think what the winters must be like. It was cloudy and then rained. I was soaked and cold. We were going to stay the night on the Orkney's but looking at the map and realizing how far north we were and how far south we had to be by Thursday. It's Monday now and we are to be in Bristol by Thursday. I look at the clouds and the barren land and grey/brown houses and I want to go south again. Back to England, back to my Yorkshire and warmth and Green and rolling hills. We go South, but only get as far as Golspie. This is a nice town, but we walked for miles to find a place to eat. What would we do without Fish & Chips places.

South and South to Loch Ness and Urquhart Castle. No monster there but it was a beautiful setting. Too bad there was so many people. The Lochs this way down were a sight to see. The Flat hills of Caithness were left behind, along with the ruined houses. There was nothing for miles around, just the mountains and the Lochs. At one point we came to a Loch that had small islands in the center with trees trying to stay alive. There was nothing, anywhere. I tried to imagine, what I would do if I just crash landed here. Where would I go? It looked like something from another planet. We stopped at Fort Williams for lunch and shopping. It was still cold and wet and the roads were small and winding. South, South, we must go South. At last we come close to Glasgow and real roads start and even more wonderful the sun comes out. We stop and I try to call Wallace Nicol. No one is home. We try Derek Sutherland. No one is home. I promised my Mum to see the home of my Great, great, great grandmother in Kilwinning and we decided to go on to that area. We just didn't have much time left. Kilwinning is not much. A mixture of old and new, run down and barely alive. We decide to somewhere else for the night and find Ardrossan. Here we found the wonders of slot machines and wasted several pounds to the machines.

We say goodbye to Scot land and enter England again. Sweet sunshine. We spend the day in the Lake District in Cumbria. Eric falls in love with Cumbria and it's many mountains to climb, much to my despair. I only make it half way up the hill, but Eric climbs and climbs. I go back to car and take a short nap and before I know it Eric is back. We drive into my Yorkshire and call Mike Dean. Eric wants to stay at a farm house like the one we stayed at in Sherriff Hutton. Mike says he has a car and can meet us where ever we want to meet. And so we have one of my not quite timed right nights. We went to Bolton Abbey and saw a farm house listed there. We couldn't find it and we had to meet Mike. We meet Mike and then try to find it again. Finally we find the farmhouse. It's nearly 10:00 by now. Our car is on empty, but we decide to risk it and go to a pub. We talk and Mike gives me and Eric the beautiful wine glasses. Mike looks and acts very much like Steve Knight. I think they could be brothers. For some unknown reason we make it back to the farm without running out of gas. The next morning, I saw my life pass in front of me as we tried to get to a gas station. This is a one lane road that goes over streams and sharply up hill at times. One of the uphill climbs, the car suddenly loses power and I fear we are going backwards. Eric shifts down and I mutter, "oh, my God, we're out of gas." But we manage it into town.

I shall try to keep the rest very brief. We see Bolton Abbey, Skipton Castle and Ludlow Castle that day. It is Thursday. Eric got to climb mountains yesterday and so today I get to see my castles. We try to call Glover and Philly from Ludlow, but no one is home. Not knowing what to do, we head to Bristol and I decide I'll try to call them on the way. I did but no one is home. I know that they know we are coming, but... We know how to get to Brian's house, but Brian doesn't have a phone. We don't know how to get to G&P's house. Finally we decide just to go to Brian's and see what happens. There at the door is a note to me and Eric. It's a treasure hut. Now we have to find Tim Goodrick's house. Finally we make it, only slightly late. I see Glover wave to us from upstairs and comes down to greet us. Everyone is there minus Brian, who is out job hunting and Peter Groome, then Add Tim Goodrick (I wonder why?) and Nick Crouch, who left us the note. We sit down, or rather I sit down and Eric and Glover stand despite the extra chair that no one sat in. We watch Rocky Horror Picture Show. It was nice to just relax for a time. Then we watched some rock video taps with the funniest announcer. I was laughing so hard. Then, since it was late and most people had to work the next day, Tim sent us on our way. The Bristol crowd got into leather and rode away on thier bikes. We were staying with Nick at Brian's. G & P's place didn't have any hot water. We talk to Nick abit and then go to sleep. Early the next morning, there is a ring and Nick, who went to sleep after us, stumbles down stairs to get the door. I get dress quickly and I find Mr. Richard (Glover) Rogerson at the door. Brian had some stuff they were suppose to give to us last night but forgot. Strange seeing that leather coat over the tie and nice accounting outfit. Then you match this with the grin on his face and he wakes Nick up again before he leaves with "Wake up you lazy bastard, you have guests." Oh, Glover and now I know why I don't want to play dip with you. We talked to Nick for awhile longer. Nick's big in history and so we had lots to talk about. Then it was back to London and Rob's. A story in itself, but not more for now. On to the plane we went and home again. But we will come back again and next time, we won't try to go from one end of Britain to the other. We will spend more time in one place. And now I leave you atlast.

AT YOUR SERVICE

((It should be noted that there are two At Your Service here. This is because DSP didn't quite make my last deadline and I am late this time. So I'm putting them both together. Players should understand what is going on))

AT YOUR SERVICE 7-2-85

Game opening delayed owing to Origins. Was worth it though. Paranoia won ~~as Charlie~~ along with Twilight 2000 for best role playing game.

 You see yourself coming slowly awake, stark naked, in a solid concrete cube. Each wall is roughly 10x 10x 10. There is no visible entrance or exit and no other visible features. As you glance quickly around you see four other slowly waking, similiary clad people (sex indeterminate at this point)

AT YOUR SERVICE 8-4-85

No. 4

The game: One of the five characters stand up and starts pounding on the walls while shouting "help me computer! I've been captured by communist mutants from the planet Titan! Help! Get me out of here!"

This action is followed by sounds of loud machinery after which the wall immediately in front of this character falls outward with a giagantic thud of tons of material impacting. It is followed by further thuds as the floor it has struck makes noises cloding with and falling through an apparantly infinite array of progressively lower levels. A second character walks over, looks down and says in a low but clear voice, "There doesn't appear to be any botton I can see." From out of no visible speaker a synthetic voice booms: "What are you five doing in a restricted area? Who are you? What is your clearance? Which ones of you are the commie mutants from Titan? Which ones of you possess knowledge of Titan and when were you given clearance for this information?"

Next moves due by 8-11-85 or the next issue of Cathy's Ramblings, whichever is sooner.

PARANOIA QUESTION OF THE WEEK: As one of the just being published adventures may appear to result in the destruction of the Alpha complex, where are the succeeding ones to take place? WEG is of tow minds in this regard. The prevailing wisdom is that all complexes are called alpha. The countervailing view is that there can exist Beta, etc. Complexes, as yet no one admits to a high enough clearance level to resolve this problem.

PARANOIA NEWS: THE Yellow Clearance Black Box Blue and Send in the Clones appear to be on chedule and should be generally available respectively now and the end of september. Acute Paranoia is still hopefully on schedule for the pre-christmas period. Advanced Paranoia and the further adventures are at best tentatively scheduled; their actual release date interacts in various negative fashions with the release dates of other WEG products. The adventure Don't Take you Laser to Town was clearly intended as a joke. This is no longer clear and may serve as the working title of still another adventure.

WEG NEWS: Imperium Romanum II is currently on hold owing to the more rapid that planned responses to Paranoia. Of what can be announced, John Butterfield's RAF is scheduled for release in midwinter for Toy Fair. John Southard's Chickamagua is probably slated for the same time period owing to the Charlie he won for South Mountain but could slide to Origins 86. Cosmic Encounter II will be out but the time frame of sept-Mar is deliberately vague owing to the above mentioned Paranoia reasons. The next Eon product to be released/reworked will be either Quirks or Borderlands. Votes for your Eon favs and/or comments are always appreciated. The first title from the Palter-Patejak alternate line will be Exocet by Stefan Patejak and myself. Volunteers for out of house playtesting are specifically solicited. This is a fairly simple modern naval game specifically excuding carriers which otherwise so dominate play as to leave the other ships as mere targets/flak projectors.

INDUSTRY NEWS: Victory has signed the liscense to do a DR. Ruth's Good Sex Game. Overall game sales up but the adventure game field is in a difficult commercial time owing to the continued fallout from the problems/actions/policies at/of TSR. It may take several years of generally good business to enable many major retailers to overcome their uncertainties on adventure game products and many such as TOYS R US have effectively dicontinued stocking such items pending this occurance.

Dan Scott Palter 999 Central Ave, #300, Woodmere, NY 11598

((To any player of the game who maybe reading this. I'm not sure if the deadline was serious or a typing mistake. I just got AYS a few days before Dan's deadline. He may have meant 9-11-85. I guess that will between Dan and the players as I do not have the security clearance to know such matters. There's only five of you, so I hope Dan is dealing with this himself.))

7 Games

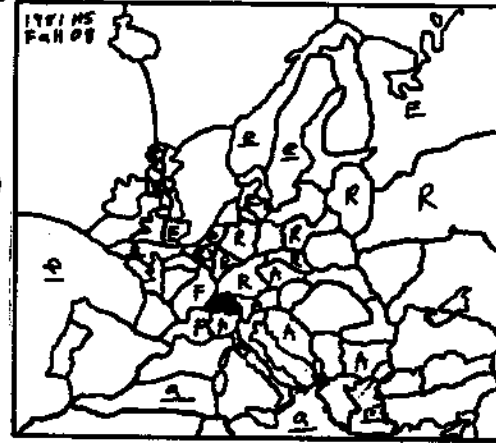
International Dip 1981 HS

It's Not DEAD YET

Fall 08

IT FINALLY DIES, BUT FRANCE ISN'T IN

England-Groome: NMR! F Lvp H, A Lon H, F Eng H, F Bel H, F Hol H, F Den H, F Swe H, F Nvy H, A St Pete H
 Russia-Palter: A Sev-Mos, A War-Lvn, A Sil S A Mun, A Mun S A Ber-Kie, A Ber-Kie, F Bal S A Ber-Kie, A Ruh S A Ber-Kie, F Aeg S Aust F Adr-Ion, A Pru H.
 Austria-Davies: A Bul-Rom(nsp), A Bud-Tri, A Tus-Pie, A Rom-Tus, A Tyr S A Tus-Pie, A Boh S Russian A Mun, F W Med-Spa(sc) A Adr-Ion, F Tri-Alb
 France-Pearson: F MAO-Spa(sc), A Mar-Spa, F NAO-Clyd, A Bur-Bel, F Bre-Eng



Winter 08 Supply Center Chart

England: Home, Bel, Hol, Den, Swe, Nvy, St Pete = 9, Even
 Russia: Mos, War, Sev, Mun, Kie, Ber, Ank, Smy, Rum = 9, even
 Austria: Home, Ser, Gre, Ven, Nap, Bul, Rom, Con, Tun = 11, build 2
 France: Home, Spa, Port = 5, even

ERA DRAW PASSES!!!! Congrats to you all!!!

Game History provided in part by Alan Pearson because I did not have it. Thanks Alan!

Zine: Jihad, subzine 'Pax'(W'01), The Shogun's Sword (S'02-F'02), Cathy's Ramblings, (S'03-F'08)
 GM: Jeri Overby (W'c01), Mike Barno (S'02-F'02), Cathy Ozog (S'03-F'08)

	1901	1902	1903	1904	1905	1906	1907	1908
Austria	4	5	6	8	9	8	11	11*
England	4	5	5	5	7	8	9	9*
France	6	7	9	11	11	9	5	5
Germany	5	4	3	1	0	0	0	0
Italy	4	4	2	0	0	0	0	0
Russia	6	6	8	9	7	9	9	9*
Turkey	4	3	1	0	0	0	0	0
neutral	1							

Austria, England, Russia
 Draw passes in 1908, Fall

Deadline: Sept 27, 1985
 For end game statement

Players:

Austria: Steve Bagwell(drop W'02), John Davies(Draw F'08)
 England: Marion Bates (dro W'01), Keven Kozowski (res S'02), Toby Tanis(Dro W'02), Peter Groome(Draw F08)
 France: Al Pearson
 Germany:Edwardo Porteny(d, W'01). Irwin Schroeder (d S'04), Chuck Doehrer(eli'W04)
 Italy: Peter Mc Donald, (resign F'03), Robert Acheson (eli W'03)
 Russia: Todd Bowen (drop S'02), Dave Grabar (drop S'04), Dan Scott Palter(Draw F'08)
 Turkey: Jim Bragg (drop F '02), Bob Olsen (eli W'04)

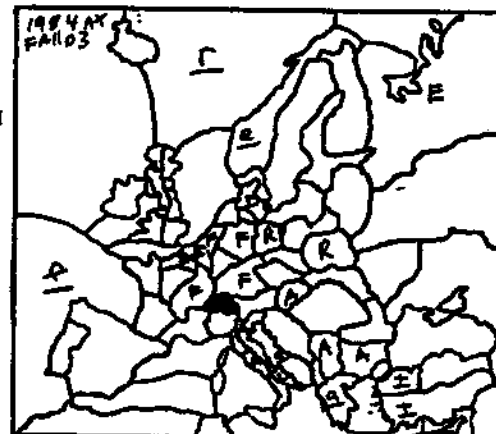
Thank you all for staying with this game, especially to Al Pearson from sticking with it all these years!!

1984 AX International ANARCHY FALL 03

NOW IT'S TIME TO SAY GOODBYE TO HANSON

FALL 03: (Note: The Italian A Rom-Ven, should have been A Rom-Ven

Turkey-Acheson: F Con § A Ank, F Smy S F Con, A Ank S F Smy(Dis,ann)
 Germany-Hanson: A Kie S F Hol(dis,ann), F Hol S A Kie(dis,ann)
 Italy-Stewart: A Rom-Ven(dis,ret: Nap, otb), F Eas-Ion, F Nap-Apu
 England-Cartier: A Fin-StPete, F Nvy S A Fin-StPete, A Lon-Den, A Yor H
 Austria-Rogerson: A Ven S A Tus-Rom, A Tus-Rom, A Tyr-Vie, A Ser H, A Bul-Con, F Tri-Adr, F Gre-Ion
 Russia-Holley: A Ber S Fre A Mun-Kie, A Rum H, A Sil-War, F Arm-Ank, F Bar-Nwg, F Bla S Arm-Ank, F Den § Fre A Mun-Kie
 France-Norris: A Mun-Kie, A Boh-Mun, A bur S A Boh-Mun, A Ruh-Hol, F Bel S A Ruh-Hol, A Pic S F Bel, F MAO H



WINTER 03 SUPPLY CENTER CHART:

Turkey: Con, Smy =2, even
 Germany: 0, out
 Italy: Nap, Tun = 2, Remove 1, or even
 England: Home, Nvy, Swe, St Pete = 6, build 1
 Austria: Home, Ser, Bul, Gre, Ven, Rom = 8, build 1
 Russia: Sev, War, Mos, Rum, Ber, Den, Ank = 7, even
 France: Home, Bel, Hol, Spa, Por, Mun, Kie = 9, build 2

Note: - see back cover for cartier COA

Deadline: Sept 27, 1985

9 Games

DEADWOOD CONTINUED:

- Italy: F MAO-Por
- Austria: F Tun S English F W Med-Tyh(nsm)
A Sev-Ukr
- France: A Par-Bre(dis, ann), A Gas S A Par-Bre, A Spa-Por
- Russia: A Ukr-Mos, A War S A Ukr-Mos, A Ruhr-Mun, F Nth-Edi, F StP(nc)W
- England: F WMed-MAO, F Bar-St Pete(nc), F Nwy S F Bar-St Pete(nc),
F Eng S F Bre, F Bre S F Eng
- Germany: F Kie-Hol, F Den-Kie, A Fin-St Pete, A Bud-Tri(dis, ret: Gal,
otb), A Pic-Par, A Bur S A Pic-Par, A Lvn S A Fin-St Pete
- Turkey: A Vie-Bud, A Tri S A Vie-Bud, A Rom-Tus, F Nap-Rom, F Apu-Nap,
F Ion-Tyh, F Alb-Ion, A Smy-Arm, A Bul-Rum, A Ser-Rum

Winter 05 Supply Center Chart:

- Italy: Port = 1, even
- Austria: Tun, Sev = 2, even
- France: Spain, Mar = 2, even
- Russia: Rum, St Pete, Mos, War, Mun, Edi, Vie, = 7, plays 3 short, nbp
- England: Lvp, Con Nwy, Bre = 4, remove 1
- Germany: Ber, Kie, Den, Swe, Hol, Bel, Par = 7, build 1 or even
- Turkey: Home, Ser, Gre, Bul, Tri, Ven, Nap, Rom, Bud = 11, build 1

Press:

Eng-Ger: NMRed like a true Mad-Lad. I always knew you guys were good for something.

Germany-All: Sorry about the NMR. I figured out the orders and assumed that I sent them in with the Orknaire stuff. I have no intention of NMR'ing out and letting Mr. ratings player run away with this. Looks like I'm one of the few (other than my good friend Austria) who is able to prevent Stafford from achieving one of his stalemate lines.

Germany-England: Stafford is Turkey, since you asked.

England: I am pleased to announce that I am converting my country into a retirement community for washed-up Stafford toadies. These mindless veggies will be able to hide in English dots and (one can only hope) meditate on the bumbling folly that led them to lose their own country and forced them to take up residence in mine. Russia and Italy have already made reservations: a place is being saved for Germany but to get there he would have to move his units...

Ank-War: I left Vie in your control, and did my best to leave you Rum as well. I will support you to Sev, if I am in position. Go for it, even if it means leaving Mos open.

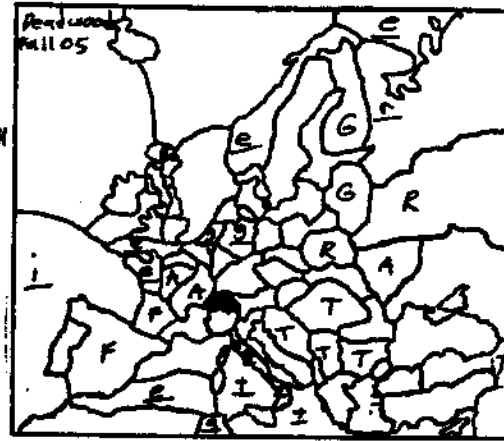
UNK-UNK: How dare you participate in a standoff of one of my pieces! One of MY pieces! What is this Hobby coming to.

Eng-Board: Don't look now guys but I'm not going to be the only one to keep the Genie in his bottle.

Turkey-France & Italy: I do appreciate the help, guys, though I don't know what I did to earn it.

The Wall-Sieze: Though our press war in Casablanca id precipitate my resignation it was due to fear that the fallout was affecting my friendship with Eric Ozog more than anything else. Until you become a little more human in your dealings with others though I think I'll continue to blacklist you from any gamestarts that I enter. Got to admit though you haven't been too irritating thus far. Must be losing your touch. ((No, he's just getting old and is running out of new rating systems that can place him at #1))

GAME NOTE!! Proposed concession to Turkey and a T/R/G/ E/ F draw! Please vote next time!!



DEADLINE Sept. 20, 1985

Gunboat Dip 84 Drb 32

LIVEWOOD

Summer 05/Fall105

NOT TOO MANY CHANGES HERE THIS FALL

SUMMER 05 France retreats F Eng to Bre

Fall 05:

- England: F Eng-MAO, F Nwy-Edi, F Nth S F Nwy-Edi, F Nwy-S F Nth
- Austria: F Bul(sc) H, A Gre S F Bul(sc), A Ser S A Bud-Rum, A Vie-Tri,
A Rum-Ukr, A Gal S A Rum-Ukr, A Bud-Rum
- Germany: A Sil S Aust A Gal-War(nsm), A Mun-Bur, A Hol S A Ruh-Bel,
A Ruh-Bel, F Swe S F Ska-Den, F Ska-Den
- Russia: F Sev-Arm, A War-Lvn, A Ukr-Sev
- Italy: F Tyh-GOE, F Aeg-Ion, F Con-Bla, A Ank H, A Pie H, A Ven-Tyr
- France: F Clyd S A Edi, A Edi S A Clyd, F Bre-Eng, A Pic S A Bel,
A Bel S A Par-Bur, A Par-Bur, A Bur-Mar

WINTER 05 Supply Center Chart:

- Russia: Mos, War, Sev = 3, even
- Germany: Home, Hol, Den, Swe = 6, even
- Austria: Home, Rum, Ser, Gre, Bul = 7, even
- England: Lon, Nwy St Pete = 3, remove 1
- Italy: Home, Con Smy, Tun, Ank = 7, build 1
- France: Home, Spa, Por, Bel, Lvp, Edi = 8, build 1



DEADLINE SEPT 20, 1985

10 Games

LIVEWOOD CONTINUED:

GAME NOTES: The Stand-by for Germany is now playing Germany. Thanks!!!!

PRESS:

New Germany-Austria: Believe it or not, I already had the order witten before I read your press.

Austria-Germany: Orkay, I'll accept the support next spring.

Russia-Germany: How about going after England while you're waiting for the cement on the Maginot line to dry? Besides, did you notice that Austria wants Warsaw for himself? Then there's Moscow and Sevastopol - not many more directions besides West.

Austria-Italy: If you take Armenia and the Black Sea - Sev is yours; Next spring let's vacade Triest and Venice permently.

Russia-Austria: Having problems with Italy?

Italy-Austria: I'm counting on you not to attack me like France wants you to.

France-Italy: Ok, I think you're a horrible vile slime and should be wiped form existence! Now will you go away and leave me alone?

New Germany-France: But where do I go instaead? Besides, maybe you aren't as unbreachable as you thought! Remember how Germany got around the Maginot line?

France-Germany: You are not making my life easy, you know. If I get done in, do you really think you'll be the one to profit from it? Hit England, you know it makes sense!

Italy-France: I'm sure we can keep our pieceful relationship - just give me my piece of the dotty pie.

Germany-England: Let's both head southwest at full speed. I hate arrogant frogs.

Germany-Austria: Now where are you going next?

Austria-GM: I expect that France is wrong, this original player is still left, you lucky GM, you. (Thank)

Germany-GM: Gosh, these really are stupid moves. I'm sorry, you deserve better but you know what Eric always says about me. ((What are you doing, trying to give yourself away? I tell you the Sleaze isn't in this game!))

New Germany-Dead Livewood: Really?

New Germany-GM: How come you didn't give me the player's addresses? ((go ahead torment me more.))

GunBoat Dip

WindyWood

Winter 03/Spring 04

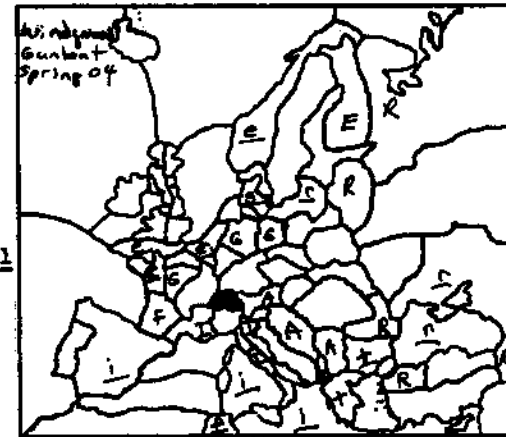
FRANCE IS STILL ALIVE YET!

WINTER 03:

Russia: build A Mos, F Sev, France: Remove A Par, A Pic
England: build F Lon(added wrong, only one build for England)
Italy: Build A Rom

SPRING 04:

France: F W Med-Tun, A Ber-Mun(dis,ret: Pru, Sil,otb), A Gas-Spa
Turkey: F Bul(sc) & A Gre, A Gre S F Bul(sc)
Russia: A Mos-Lvn, A StPete-Fin, F Bal-Swe, A Rum S A Con-Bul, A Con-Bul
F Bla-Con, F Sev-Bla, A Ank-Arm
England: F Nwg-Nwy, A Fin & F Nwg-Nwy, F Nth-Bel, F Lon-Eng, F Bre H
Austria: A Ser S F Alb,FAIB H, A Tri-Ven, A Tyr S A Tri-Ven,
Italy: A mar S F Spa(sc) H, A Ven H, A Rom S A Ven H, F Spa(sc) &
A M ar H, F GoL-Tyh, F Ion S F GoL-Tyh
Germany: F Den-Swe, AKie S A Mun-Ber, A Mun-Ber, A Bur-Par
DEADLINE FOR SUMMER 04 and FALL 04 is SEPT 20, 1985



PRESS:

Germany-Fellow Libra(or should that be "Compatriot" or something less sexist): Most of the other players seem to know who they are by now and even have some idea who their non-Libran compatriots are. I have been unusually successful in hiding my identity, but in doing so, I have no idea who any of these people are. To make it worse, the others seem to be playing brillian tactical games, while I remain OTL.

England-Italy: Stay out of the MAO!

Ita-Eng: I'd be pleased to meet you half-way, but I hope your concerns are north and east and not much further south.

England-Germany: Want to take out Italy?

Ita-Ger: I appreciate the attack on Burgundy, is there anything you wish to disscuss? Note Austria's support of the (ex) French army is Silesia.

Bud-Ber: You're spread all over Kingdom Come. How did you ever manage it?

Bud-Lon: Button, Button, who's got the button(otherwise known as Belgium)?

Germany-England: Sorry about Belgium. You'll get it this year.

Bud-Mos: Take me out after we take care of Italy, not before, ok? He has me very upset with him.

Ita-Aus: Terribly sorry, I did not trust your motives regarding Venice. Played somewhat differently you might have had 2 or 3 builds this winter, which would have been very bad.((For who? You or him?))

Germany-Austria: Why can't we be pals? I have no leaking security...you however, are another story.

Germany-Italy: I', reasonably coherent. Whay would you like to do?

Bud-Rome: So, you want to play rough. Say goodbye to Ven. ((He out guessed you there.))

Germany-Austria: What? Are you...a seemingly well known dogbreath...assessing my feline skills?

MORE PRESS ON 13 AFTER THE PROMENADE PRESS

11 GAMES

1985 AD

PROMENADE

GM: Dan Stafford
58 W. 9th Apt E
Columbus, Oh 43201
(614) 421-1808

FALL 1901: AUSTRO-TURKS DENY RUSSIA A BALKAN BERTH AS THE CZAR ABDICATES!!

RUSSIA(~~Walker~~): F BOT C A lvn-SWE, A UKR-rum, F SEV-bla, RESIGNS.

FRANCE(Holley): A spa-POR, F bre-MID, A PIC S german A ruh-bel.

ENGLAND(Crosby): F nth-NWY, F lon-NTH, A wal-YOR.

AUSTRIA(Anderson): F alb-GRE, f vie-tri (NSU), A SER S turkish A bul-rum, A VIE Unordered.

TURKEY(Graessle): F ANK-bla, A bul-RUM, A con-BUL.

ITALY(Byrne): A ven-TYO, A rom-VEN, F ion-TUN.

GERMANY(Stewart): F HOL S A ruh-BEL, A kie-DEN.

GER: Ber, Kie, Mun, BEL, DEN, HOL (6) has 3

RUS: Mos, Stp, Sev, War, SWE (5) has 4

AUS: Bud, Tri, Vie, GRE, SER (5) has 3

TUR: Ank, Con, Smy, BUL, HUM (5) has 3

FRA: Bre, Mar, Par, POR (4) has 3

ENG: Edi, Lvp, Lon, NWY (4) has 3

ITA: Nap, Rom, Ven, TUN (4) has 3

Would John Davies, PO Box 968, Port Hardy, B.C. VOM 2P0 CANADA take over the Russian position?

Here is an up-to-date address list. Note the COA's.

Alan Stewart, 702-25 St Mary St, Toronto Ontario M4y 1r2 CANADA

Melinda Ann Holley, PO Box 2793, Huntington WV 26140

Richard Anderson, 925 Guerrerro #1, San Francisco CA 94110

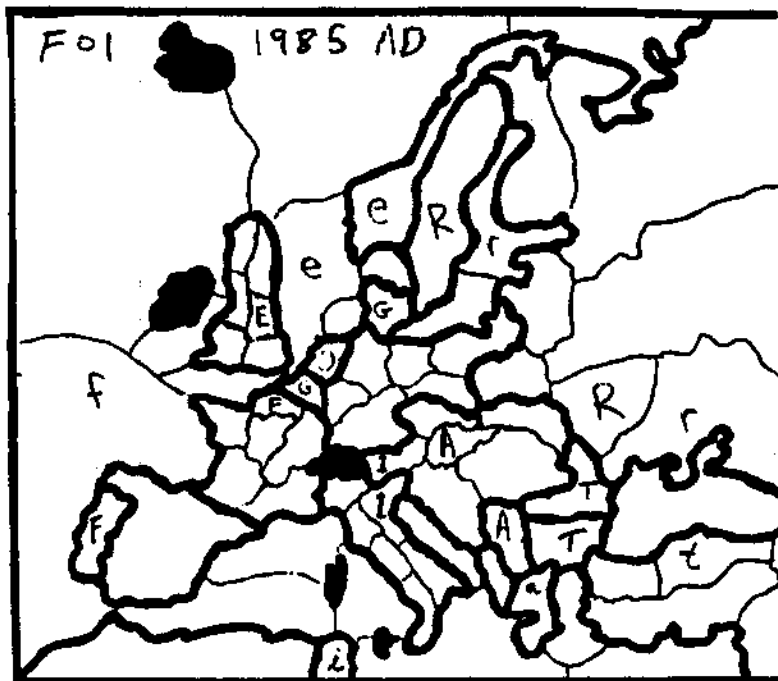
George Graessle, 326 Park Place, Irvington NJ 07111

After 7/15: John Crosby, 1496 Washington Ln, West Chester PA 19382

currently: 830 Hunterhill Tr, Roswell GA 30075

COA: Kathy Byrne, 29-10 164th St, Flushing NY 11358

Only one request is required to separate the Winter 1901 season. Deadline is July 30th.



1985 ^{AP}

WIRED - the Movie

S'01

GM: Dan Stafford
58 W 9th Apt E
Columbus, OH 43201
(614) 421-1808

SPRING 1901: AUSTRIA ABOUT TO GET 'BYRNED'!
NO, WAIT A MINUTE. KATHY ISN'T EVEN IN THIS
GAME! RUSSIAN AND ITALIAN ARMIES ARE LURED
MERCILESSLY INTO TRAP BY AUSTRIAN PRINCESS!

RUSSIA(Walker): F sev-RUM, A mos-UKR,
A war-GAL, F stp/s-BOT.

AUSTRIA(Holley): F tri-ALB, A bud-SER,
A vie-TRI.

GERMANY(Hauterberg): F kie-DEN, A ber-KIE,
A mud-RUH.

ENGLAND(Bowen): F lon-NTH, F edi-NWG, A lvp-YOR.

TURKEY(Bevis): A con-BUL, A smy-ARM, F ank-CON.

FRANCE(Acheson): F bre-ENG, A par-GAS,
A mar-SPA.

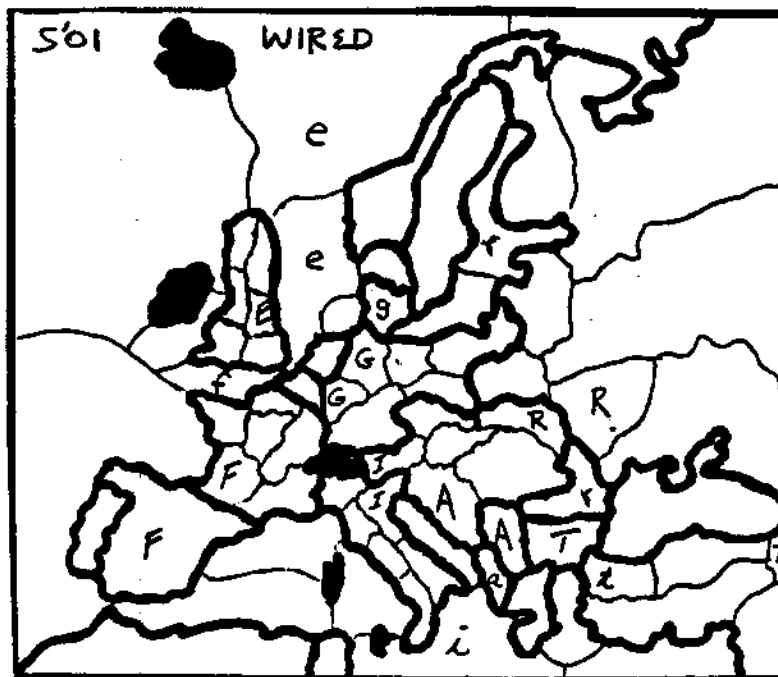
ITALY(Crosby): F nap-ION, A ven-TYO, A rom-VEN.

Someone asked about press. You may use any
dateline except the home SC of another country.

COA: John Crosby, 1496 Washington Ln, West Chester, PA 19382

Temporary (8-8 to 10-8) COA: Capt. Dennis Walker, PSC#1, SOS Class 85-E, Maxwell AFB AL 36112

Address Correction: Derwood Bowen, 4400 Clarkwood Pkwy #101, Warrensville Heights OH 44128



12 GAMES

WIRED BOURSE		Round 1		Spring 1901			
	RUS	AUS	GER	ENG	TUR	FRA	ITA
	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00
ALCO		-500	1000				-500
BOSS	-500	2000	500	-500	-500	-500	-500
BRUX	-500	-500	3000	-500	-500	-500	-500
DBTB	300	-400	-300	300	-300	800	-400
LIAR	800	-500	400*	-500	-500	800	-500
RCI	-500	1000			-500		
SLI							
SPIN	-500	-500	-500		2000		-500
	-.09	+.06	+.41	-.12	-.03	+.06	-.29
Round 2	RUS	AUS	GER	ENG	TUR	FRA	ITA
	.91	1.06	1.41	.88	.97	1.06	.71
ALCO	-500				500	-500	500
BOSS		-500	100			500*	-200
BRUX	-500	-500	-500	3477*	-500	-500	-500
DBTB	200	493*	-200	-300	200	-400	100
LIAR	500	-500	600	-500	-500	480*	-500
RCI		-500	-500			500	500
SLI	-500	2000	-500	-500	-500	-500	697*
SPIN		367*		-500	-500	-500	1500
	-.08	+.08	-.10	+.16	-.13	-.09	+.20
FINAL	RUS	AUS	GER	ENG	TUR	FRA	ITA
	.83	1.14	1.31	1.04	.84	.97	.91

ALSTEWARTCO: The Alstewartco announces a cautious, fiscally prudent programme of investment-oriented, shareholder-protecting, bluechip transactions, all designed to conceal the fact that it doesn't know how this thing works.

WIRED BOURSE	FINAL HOLDINGS						
	RUS	AUS	GER	ENG	TUR	FRA	ITA
ALCO	500	500	2000	1000	1500	500	1000
BOSS	500	2500	1600	500	500	1000	300
BRUX	0	0	3500	3977	0	0	0
DBTB	1500	1093	500	1000	900	1400	700
LIAR	2300	0	2000	0	0	2280	0
RCI	500	1500	500	1000	500	1500	1500
SLI	500	3000	500	500	500	500	1697
SPIN	500	867	500	500	2500	500	2000
SC-count	4	3	3	3	3	3	3

Company Name	Rank	Cash	Acronym
DOUBLE TROUBLE	227	\$0	DBTB
SPIN BLEND	226	\$0	SPIN
BRUX BASHERS INC.	224	\$0	BRUX
SATTELITE LAUNCH INC.	220	\$0	SLI
RIVER CITY INVESTMENTS	215	\$350	RCI
ALSTEWARTCO	215	\$145	ALCO
BOB'S OMBUDSMAN & STOCKBROKER SERVICE	212	\$1	BOSS
LANDSHARK INVESTMENTS AND REPUNDS	174	\$0	LIAR

13
GAMES

Not exactly a huge turnout, but I'm hoping that now that people see how this works, we might possibly pick up a few more companies this turn. None of you guys have what anyone-not even your mother-would call a commanding lead. In fact, half of you didn't even break even. By all means, join the game if you are so inclined.

I'm considering one rule change. That would be to expand your last 2nd round buy order in such a way to use up all of your cash. That way I won't have to keep track of that from turn to turn. I can't see that there is any real advantage to accumulating cash given the inflationary nature of the currency price levels. Also, if you are caught with a cash surplus when the game ends, you would be out of luck and would feel cheated. Does anyone object to the proposed rule change? The * indicates a buy that was out short by lack of funds. Every company will have a * except those who didn't buy enough--those companies have a cash surplus instead.

BOURSE PRESS:
BOB'S OMBUDSMAN & STOCKBROKER SERVICE to BOURSE: How do you expect to compete against Solomon-Like Wisdom?

GM to BOSS: Apparently, it's not too difficult.

OLSEN to STAFFORD: Two rounds is clever but still this is not quite Ultimate Bourse. Let me cogitate Solomon-like on this matter and I'll get off a letter to The Not For Hire on the matter...

WIRED - 1985 AP - PRESS

RUSSIA-AUSTRIA: Yes, it's true, I lied. What do you expect? By the time you finally wrote I had made other arrangements. Hope you understand...maybe some other game...etc,etc...zzzz.....

SLEAZE to COOPER: Congratulations on finally opening your own franchise! Best of luck and all that. Tell me, does that mean that you are your own boss now and could possibly slip away for PudgeCon, or must you still kiss Area Rep. ass?

ENGLAND to BOARD: Bounding, bounding, over the sailing main. (Or something like that.)

BOSS to GERMANY: Win one for the Gypper, OK?

ENGLAND to PAUL: Here's looking towards a resumption of correspondence. How's the bar?

RUSSIA-GERMANY: It's funny that you suggest Melinda may be overextended because she is in 15 games when Derwood tells me you're in twice that many.

GM to GAME: I can't let that release slide without comment. Awesome, Mr. Walker, I love it!!

BOSS to AUSTRIA: Now you know how Don Williams felt. Or maybe you don't, you're not a wimp like him.

GM to BEVIS: Hell yes, it's an Ohio State address! One of the greatest pleasures I've known lately has been seeing the U of M drop down into the second division! (Guess that tells you a lot about the kind of life I've been leading lately, huh.)

ENGLAND to ROBERT: My first game with a Canadian. Let's hope for a good one.

PROMENADE PRESS:

BER-LVN: That's really dated.

AUSTRIA-ENGLAND: Thanks for the card. I think you're right.

T-R: Like I said in "The Marathon" I get nervous when people stop writing.

ITALY-GER: I look forward to the maple syrup, and your help vs. Austria!

ITALY-AUS: Care to bounce again--I just love the way you touch my blocks!

AUSTRIA-ITALY: Again? I should've guessed you're just another pushy New York broad.

FRA-ITA: I wondered how long it would be until someone pulled that trick on you.

ITALY-RUSSIA: What's the matter, mommy take your crayons away?

BER-VEN: Who said two wrongs don't make a right?

BER-VIE: Who said two wrongs don't make a right?

FRA-GM: Me & Russia like to entertain our GM with our unusual moves. Donations welcome.

GM-FRA: I gave you what it was worth....one center.

BER-MOS: Business Practices Act, R.S.O. 1980, c.55, s.2(a)(xiii).

ITALY-FRANCE: Boy, the men in this game are really fresh - always trying to bump into us.

DEVIL-GM: Today I look like the Sultan, tomorrow, maybe the fat lady on the elevator.

ITALY-TURKEY: If you could forget about hell for the moment, I'd appreciate some form of help here!

WINDYWOOD PRESS CONTINUED:

Germany's Wail in the Wilderness: All I want for Christmas is my...
Ven-Tri: The Venice art and historical society wishes to express grave concern over the militarization of the border.

Bud-Par: Care to lend a hand in giving the Italian fits? You're doing fine with the German.

Germany: To get to the church on time.

Bud-Con: You is dead meat boy. Here comes the White Army.

NOTE TO ALL GAMES: Sorry for the delay this time. I hope to keep things moving more quickly. Orknaire will go out on Flier a few days after you get this to players only. If anyone else wants to read it, drop me a note and I'll send you a copy. That's it for now....



"Old McDonald had a farm ... now we have it."



"Let's drive down to the NOK launch facility and see what a full size looks like."

DBM 50



"Someday this will all belong to you if you're the high bidder at the auction."

NAZIS WILL SOLVE THE FARMERS' PROBLEMS —by Eric Ozog

ABC's documentary TV show "20/20" last week showed the nation how neo-nazi groups are bringing their hate campaign to America's breadbasket, telling bankrupt midwestern farmers the farm foreclosures are the result of a Jewish conspiracy to take over their land. These Nazi jerks are also supplying irate farmers with automatic weapons to eliminate the bad guy Jews. I haven't actually seen the show, but heard enough about it to believe the situation exists, but not to what extent. I thought rural Americans were more intelligent than to believe such garbage—hopefully it isn't widespread and will soon die out. The media does like to sensationalize. It's probably true a few Midwestern yahoos (with a corn cob where the brain should be) are going along with the idea. If you're down and out and looking for a scapegoat one might listen to any poison whispered in your ear.

"Maw, ah can't git the seed loan so me an' Virgil are gonna goosestep uptown wit this here newfangled laser-gun that Mr. Dunderheimer give me. We'll raise such a ruckus and blow away that bugger Goldstein..."

It's no illusion many mid-size family farmers are in big trouble, it was figured in March of this year that up to 1/3 of the Midwest's muddled sized family farms (annual sales of \$40,000 to \$200,000 and up to 600 acres in size) will go under unless there is a big transfusion of money from the Feds. The Reagan administration offered some 600 million in aid; hard-core pro-farm congressmen wanted some \$2-3 billion. I don't know what compromise was reached, if any, in the resulting legislation, and the issue has sure died down this summer.

Several factors are responsible for the bankruptcy of mid-size farms:

1. Crop surpluses. Americans grow twice as much food than they consume, with the result of crop prices plummeting.
2. Strong American dollar overseas responsible for foreign customers looking elsewhere (such as Canada and Argentina) for their grain.
3. Easy credit to farmers (during the 1970s boom) to expand their operations, buy land. G-Men were actually soliciting farmers to expand on credit. When the bubble burst and land values dropped, Farmer John was left holding the bag.
4. Bad weather. Parts of the Midwest were hit hard by drought.
5. High technology. Pushes agriculture towards larger and fewer farms, more efficiently run. Smaller farms can't compete.
6. Federal subsidies benefit mega-farms more than smaller farms and encourage bigger farms to expand by reducing the risk. Big corporations and urban investors also get into the act.

"We call it the 'industrialization' of agriculture, and it is making farming a lot less human in nature." —Marty Strange, co-director of the Center for Rural Affairs.

"We can lament it, and we can complain about it, but it's the march of the times." —John Ford, chief congressional lobbyist for the Agriculture Dept.

"You've got a rural ghetto developing out there." —Larry Swanson, rural sociologist, Univ. of Nebraska.

"I think what they're trying to do is shove the little guy out, and they've just about got it done. I just don't know, when they get us all shoved off, where they're going to put us." —Azlon Grap, southwestern Iowa farmer.

Perhaps insensitivity exists, or do "they" want to phase out the "little guy?" A federal appeals court ruled that John Block, U.S. Agriculture Secretary can be sued by a group of Iowa farmers for having denied them federal disaster relief money, entitled to them by law because of the 1983 drought. If they win the settlement will be in the millions of dollars.

With the disappearance of the mid-size family farm the small-town businesses which support them dry up also. Mark Lew suggested in his article in *Midlife Crisis* #21 that "a non-agricultural economic base in Midwestern communities" could be started with the money which would have gone toward credit programs. I tend to agree, although Lew's view of "too many farmers, so get out" is insensitive. If a farmer has been his own boss, self sufficient, working his own land for X number of years then lose everything is a shock—and working a mediocre job under someone else, demeaning. Not much worse off though, than the Midwest steel worker given the pink slip after 25 years of service, no pension, then having to train to become a computer jock.

Whatever view you take of the issue, the trend is towards larger mechanized corporate farms providing the lion's share of America and the world's foodstuffs, with the family farm but a memory. I don't like the idea of lots of land concentrated in fewer hands, but the corporations have everything else, why not also the farm? Better call in the Nazis to save the day.

34 CHICAGO SUN-TIMES, Sunday, August 18, 1985

Country singers to stage 'Farm Aid'

CHAMPAIGN (AP)—Taking their cue from rock music's Live Aid concerts for victims of African famine, country singers and others will stage a 12-hour "Farm Aid" concert here next month to help struggling American farmers.

Singer Willie Nelson told a press conference that he will be joined in the Sept. 22 show at Memorial Stadium by Neil Young, Waylon Jennings, Johnny Cash, Merle Haggard, John Cougar Mellencamp and Bob Dylan.

"What it really amounts to is we are going to call some attention to the farmer's situation and raise some money and see where this money can be spent," Nelson said.

The musicians might record a benefit album for farmers to raise money and attract attention to their plight, he said.

"I see no reason why we shouldn't try and get everything out of this that we can," Nelson said.

Nelson said he will meet with farm representatives from around the country to discuss how money raised by the concert should be spent. He said he thought the most immediate use would be feeding farm families.

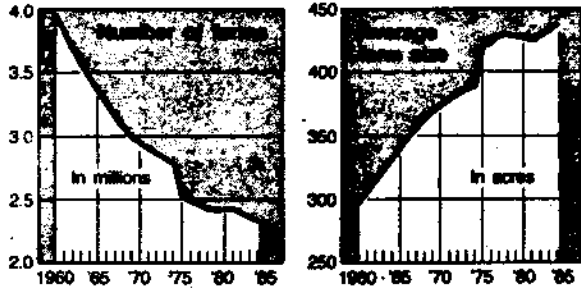
Nelson said the group has set up a toll-free number to accept contributions: 1-800-FARM AID.

A group of musicians came up with the idea to hold the concert after the Live Aid concerts in Philadelphia and London raised more than \$70 million for famine relief in Africa, Nelson said.

When asked if the musicians would compose a song similar to "We Are the World," which was recorded by dozens of rock and pop singers to promote awareness of hunger in Africa, Nelson said, "I hope someone will come up with one."



Agriculture in the U.S.



Chicago Tribune Graphic. Source: U.S. Department of Agriculture*

Sources: Chicago Tribune, March 31, 1985
August 16, 1985

Cartoons: Chicago Tribune comics section.

don't care at all how the zines rank. But no, Bruce Linsey literally drooled in admiration of Smyth by printing several of Smyth's ScT articles in his last VOD, and commenting how great Smyth is. While it is true Randolph Smyth is a hobby great, Linsey was clearly over-flattering the man. Unwittingly, Smyth turned the poll over to Linsey. Bruce was so nice to him.

After seeing the results, I'm convinced the poll does not belong with Bruce. Look how the pro-Linsey zines are at the top while the anti-Linsey zines are at the bottom. Especially WHITESTONIA placing so close to the bottom makes the poll results an inaccurate disgrace.

I don't think things will improve either. I see every future Runestone Poll being marred with either hate votes or an equal number of "10" votes. This will almost always happen whether Linsey runs it or not. But as long as this hobby has its extremists, the poll will continue to suffer from bias, especially with Capt. Linsey at the helm. Until these hobby geeks drop out, simply ignore the poll results.

RECORD REVIEW BY KEITH PAULSEN



...and no brain required either. This album is a BIG disappointment for Phil Collins fans. The songs go nowhere! It's the same repetitive crap from beginning to end. I really can't think of one good thing to say about this album except "Inside Out" and "Don't Lose My Number" are fair songs.

I like Phil a lot, so don't get me wrong. His production of Philip Bailey and ABBA singer Prida was excellent. He's a great drummer, and his voice is pretty soulful for an Englishman (this man wishes he was Black.) His last two albums were very good, but this album is still crap!

Don't let the credits fool you either. Peter Gabriel, Sting and guitarist Daryl Stuermer can't pull this album out of the trash can. Daryl's guitar playing is boring, Pete's voice is lost on the only track he's on, and who really cares about Sting?

I think Mr. Collins' hair isn't the only thing that's wearing thin. It seems that his main priority is producing and playing with other bands while Genesis and his solo career suffers. What a waste of talent.

A LITTLE BIT ABOUT ENGLAND

Well, it's 2 am and there's work tomorrow morning. Cathy's covered most of the great adventure, so there's not much for me to add. I had a really great time, even if Cathy put a dog collar around my neck and drug me through all those Castle ruins (they started looking the same after awhile)(just kidding my Bonnie bride, Cuddles Cunning, my brave little knight who died 500 years ago fighting for Richard III in the War of the Roses).

My thanks to Cathy's British buddies for opening their homes to us, your hospitality has been first class and greatly appreciated. Special thanks to Rob Malos for getting us through London, it would have been utter chaos otherwise.

We put close to 2500 miles on the rental car in the span of 12 days. Driving was quite an experience, getting in and out of London traumatic. What a HUGE-city, twice the population of Chicago, historical and hysterical. I like it. Take note Michalski, there was a tee shirt vendor on Oxford street selling Hitler tee-shirts. I should have bought you one.

Cathy and I took plenty of pictures, and we'll be bringing them to the cons we attend.

THIS BUD(APEAT)S FOR YOU

This is a new sime by Matt Fleming, who wrote an interesting editorial called "A Trend in Zines", which bangs the drum that smaller zines are better because they consume less time to get out, being less of a burden to the publisher, thus will be more stable. It is also his opinion that smaller zines will bring in more alternative points of view, rather than one monolithic publisher broadcasting His Good Word to 100+ subbers. I concur entirely. Matt's address: 4290 Chateau de Ville #C St. Louis, MO 63129

MARC PETERS BOUGHT A NEW DIP-VAN

Especially for use in driving to Diplomacy Cons. We saw his new Toyota mini van when we were at Russ's poker party a couple weekends ago. I call it 'The Space Van' because it's so futuristic looking. It looks comfortable, and the engine is located under the front seat to keep him warm during those cold Wisconsin winters. He and the Mad-Lads will take it to...

FUDGECON IV: "SHOOT THE BAD GUYS, HANG UP YOUR GUNS"

I've made every FudgeCon so far, and once again will be making 1500 mile trip to dip my guts out. With me will be Cute and Cunning, The Sleaze plus anybody else who decides to tag along at the last minute. (Labor Day Weekend.)

FIRST THE WEDDING BELLS, NOW IT'S SCHOOL BELLS

It will be back-to-school for me come in a week. I'll be going to Wright Junior College, a two-year transfer school here in Chicago and close to home. If all goes well at Wright this year, Cathy and I will be moving to Flagstaff, Arizona where I'll continue my studies at Northern Arizona University's School of Forestry- then hopefully someday become Ranger Orc. For this semester I'll be taking afternoon classes, while working in the morning. I imagine I'm going to be quite busy, but maybe I'll find time to do this rag once in a while. If not you know why I'm incommunicado.

THE '85 RUNESTONE POLL: FARCE OF THE YEAR

I find it very odd that Bruce Linsey can take a poll which had a history of generating lukewarm interest and few responses and turn it into a mega-event of the year with 265 responses, more responses than several past polls combined. I think he did it by....

"In Linsey's poll, even the dead get up to vote." Or maybe, "Don't forget to vote early, and vote often." Or how about,

Calling people on the horn, long distance, soliciting votes like some crazed politician? Could be. Cathy and I were contacted by Linsey, asked to vote in the poll. We think he called us because we were more or less sitting on the fence regarding Linsey's controversies. If we weren't neutrals we would not have been called. Cathy told Bruce we weren't voting in the poll, not really over dislike for him, just because we couldn't care less about it.

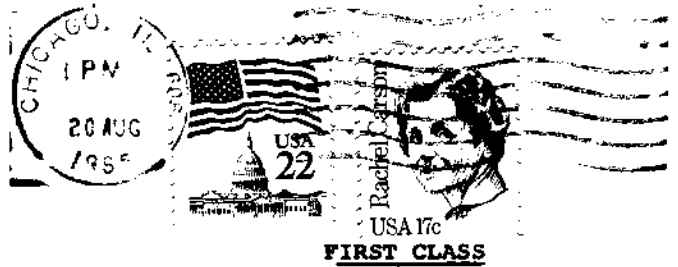
I'll hazard Bruce Linsey was making plenty of calls to get out the vote, especially calls to his toadies. With the anti-Linsey faction abstaining in the poll, VOD had it locked up as number 1.

I was once ambivalent about Linsey running the Runestone Poll, I had offered Randolph Smyth I would take over the poll because I would have been acceptable to both feuding factions as well as unbiased- I

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Cathy Ozog
1526 N. Lawler Ave.
Chicago, IL 60651 USA



SUB ENDS: MSCR26
I have you \$10.00 of sub
Rusnak in Britain... credit ok?
TO:



STEVE KNIGHT
11905 Winterhur Lane #103
Reston, VA 22091

THIS has been the very little hobby chat version of Cathy's Ramblings #16.

Travelogue: Cathy Ozog, 1526 N. Lawler Ave, Chicago, IL 60651 USA (312) 237-4650
Rebel DBM: Eric Ozog, same as above
GOOD GM: Dan Stafford, 58 W. 9th, Apt. E, Columbus, OH 43201
At Your Service: Dan Scot Palter, 999 Central Ave, #300, Woodmere, NY 11598
Father Knows Less: John Caruso, 29-10 164th St., Flushing -, NY 11358

HOBBY SERVICES:
BILL Quinn (301 Conroe Dr., Conroe, TX 77301) Needs you to be a Universal Standby! Bill is the Boardman number custodian, for those of you who don't know. Send him your name and address and how many games you're willing to standby in.

20 Years On : The British version of the ZineRegister is out. You can get it from Ian Shaw at 2 Whinfall Close, Streatham, London, SW16 1QG, England for 40 p each. American editors wishing to be listed in 20 Years on should send Ian a sample of thier zines.

INTERNATIONAL SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE: An easy way to get 20 Years on. You just send your money to Steve Knight, 11905 Winterthur Ln. #103, Reston, VA 22091 and your request for what zine you want. Then Steve sends this to Doug Rowling and Doug sends it on to the Editor of the zine you want. Simple, Eh?

1985 North American Zine Poll: Do we really care? See EE for full results. CR is the extremely mediocre zine with a Profscore of 5.00. I Don't know, I kind of like it. Let's get rid of polls!

FREE ZINES! Want a zine? Me and Eric have tons of them. We want to get rid of some of them and will send them to you for the cost of postage only. I hve quite a few British zines I want to get rid of too.

CHANGE OF ADDRESSES! PLAYERS PLEASE LOOK HERE NOW!!! DEADLINE: Sept 27, 1985

John Crosby, 1496 Washington Ln, West Chester, PA 19382
James Wall, 114 N. Franklin # 1, Madison, WI 53703

GAME OPENINGS:
Double Bourse: GM: Dan Stafford. Many Openings!! See this issue to get a feel for it. Write to Stafford
Orknaire will go out on Flier this issue to players only. it should be to you in a few days.

STAND-By: Bob Olsen, John Javies, Jerry Lucas, Don Swartz, Robert Acheson, Derwood Bowen, Jim Burgess, Alan Stewart, D.S. Palter, Melinda Ann Holly, Tom Hurst, Jeff Bevis, Scott Hanson, John Crosby, Keith Anderson, Ken Corbin, George Graessel, Stephan Dycus, Please let me know if you want on or off.
Subs \$7.00 for 10 and 90p per issue for British or \$1.20 per issue.