

# CLAW & FANG

October 10, 1979

Number 107



# TRICK OR TRICK

## TRAVELLER #VI by Eric Ozog

## How to Create a Universe

TRAVELLER is one of the few games in which you can play God. Materials needed are the rules book 3, a hex grid, pencil and paper, and dice. One hex is equivalent to one parsec (3.26 light years) and there's usually a 50% chance of a star system being in each hex. A die is rolled for each hex. Then 2 dice are rolled to establish the starport type on the planet. The type of port ranges from 'A', which is nearly a Taj Mahal, complete with all the facilities, to 'F', which is just a bare rock to land on.

Following that, dice are rolled for Atmosphere. It ranges from none, thin, and healthy, breathable air, all the way to the choking, deadly, garbage atmospheres. Before that is the roll for planetary size.

A roll is made for the hydrographic percentage (water content). That will range from the watery worlds like Earth, to the nice arid planets like the moon.

Of course, the creator may use die modifiers to make some really weird deals, and it must be stressed that TRAVELLER uses one planet to a hex, in order to keep the game simplistic, and in actual, there would be a full system in the hex. Otherwise, there would be literally hundreds of planets, and the creator would be creating planets for a month. More on this later.

## The Story

As the Exeter II neared Randia, Elliot decided to have his long-put-off talk with Minna Grok. He called her to the bridge...

"First of all, Miss Grok", said Elliot, "I saw your little trick back on Troniphia, and I want to know how you pulled that one off, and why I was not affected."

"I have the ability to play with time, and the minds and souls of others. I will tell you that I am one of the greatest psychically advanced persons in this galaxy. You were not affected because you are one of the few who has a natural shield."

"Where are you from? And I hope you know that it is dangerous to talk to anyone about your abilities, let alone demonstrating them!"

"I happen to be from Altron, a planet within the void, and its location will remain secret to your kind. We build that place into a virtual paradise after the holocaust, the few of us that were left. Dangerous to talk? Who can harm me? You? The F.U.S.S.? They would have to get their psychic thinking caps in order in order to catch me."

"What holocaust? And why are you here if your home is such a nice place?"

"To make it short, BSP got out of hand. Lower evolved ones got hold of this power, and used it for evil. The Earth and its neighbors were destroyed in the resulting struggle. That's what you now see, the void. I am here to prevent the same thing from happening, and now the stakes are high because the human race has expanded outward. I got to this region on my own thought propelled ship, but alas, the FUSS got their paws on it, and I found it in many small pieces, so now I am with you."

The ExeterII at last reached Randia. There was much rejoicing.

After planetfall, Elliot ordered the dock workers to unload the supply of much needed food for hungry Randians. He also ordered the passengers off, and recommended a couple of local hotels. Everyone was cleared through customs and Minna Grok was nowhere to be seen.

The postmaster handed our hero, Sir Xavier Sourcess, a private letter. It read,

'From the Sourcess estate to Sir Xavier Sourcess /thru Assinka Communications Commission stardate 504.135/ Dear Xavier, I regret to inform you that your father, Count Alexander Sourcess, was found dead by one of the workers in distillation plant no. 4 this morning. He was murdered. The authorities haven't a clue as who killed him and what type of weapon was used, but it must have been pretty exotic because all that was left of Alex was a charred spot on the floor. The doctors identified him by matching the cellular structures. Please return home immediately. You have my deepest sympathy, Joe Koninstan, asst. mngr. TO BE CONTINUED

## DIPLOMACY PASSIONS

## A One Act Exchange of Ideas

by John Kador

(I started out with an article and ended up with a morality play. Much of the dialogue is lifted verbatim from letters in the Diplomacy press. What's left is lifted from other various sources. The title is mine.)

When the curtain rises, two men are seen to be stuffing envelopes. They are well dressed and seem intelligent. They are players of Diplomacy. They have been arguing.

BENTLY: I can't believe you! Are you actually defending Wormer?

KURTZ: I'm not defending . . .

BENTLY: That louse! That obnoxious, cheating son-of-a-bitch! How can you sit there and defend him?

KURTZ: Would you hold on a minute? Why does Wormer rile you up so much? Is it that he uses a false name? Is it that . . .

BENTLY: That's part of it. He destroys his reputation under one name, so, instead of changing his behavior, he changes names. He must be a public relations executive. On top of that he has pubescent kids, including his own, front for him, and he stacks his games with ringers. Finally, he is, as one man put it, the worst GM in history. It sickens me to see you defend him like this when a person with your influence ought to use it to the fullest to get rid of Wormer totally.

KURTZ: If I can put together a compound sentence without being interrupted, I'm not defending Wormer. I hate the bastard!

BENTLY: (Skeptically) You do?

KURTZ: No one can have a higher opinion of him than I have--and I think he's a dirty little beast.

BENTLY: Then why not kick the scum out of your 'zine?

KURTZ: Because he hasn't violated any of my houserules. There's a principle involved.

BENTLY: Principles! Hah! The most useful thing about a principle is that it can always be sacrificed for expediency.

KURTZ: (Laughing) It's easy to be tolerant of the principles of other people if you have none of your own.

BENTLY: All I know is it's easier to fight for one's principles than to live up to them. So he hasn't broken any of your houserules? So what?

KURTZ: So I don't have a houserule for kicking people out because they have a personality disorder.

BENTLY: But Wormer is guilty of some of the most base abuses in the hobby. You can't turn your back to that.

KURTZ: I haven't. More than half of the issue we're stuffing into envelopes deals with Wormer's outrageous practices. That's how I confront the situation.

BENTLY: An awfully liberal view, what? A liberal, it's always seemed to me, is a man who leaves the room when the fight begins. Look, you indict your own arguments when he's on the subscription roster of your own 'zine. He's wronged the hobby, right?

KURTZ: Can't be denied.

BENTLY: Then, as G. B. Shaw would say, "Kick the baggage out!"

KURTZ: That would simply be wrong.

BENTLY: Wormer is wrong.

KURTZ: (Sheepishly) Two wrongs don't make a right.

BENTLY: That argument is not to be tossed aside lightly, but hurled with great force. There is not any way we can make a right out of this. The best thing we can do is kick Wormer out and get back to normalcy. The only way to cure cancer is to cut it all out.

(continued overleaf)

KURTZ: That's absurd! Wormer is not going to metatase!

BENTLY: Well, maybe it is absurd. But only exceptionally rational men can afford to be absurd.

KURTZ: That's nonsense!

BENTLEY: Yes, but it's clever nonsense! Look, Kurtz, let's get down to cases: if you don't kick him out, you're tacitly supporting him.

KURTZ: Bently, give me a break. I'm not defending him. I'm defending the concept of due process. I have house rules for a purpose. I can't kick somebody out of my 'zine unless they violate a houserule.

BENTLY: (Getting angry) But then you are defending him!! He's a worm! Even his name means . . .

KURTZ: Will you shut your face for a moment!

BENTLY: (Faster now) No, I will not! Kick him out!

KURTZ: (Patiently) For what?

BENTLY: He's dangerous. A bad influence. Just plain bad.

KURTZ: I have no houserule against that.

BENTLY: Maybe you should. There are higher "rules" you should be concerned about.

KURTZ: Then let the administrators of those higher rules judge Wormer. I look after my own houserules.

BENTLY: That's a chickenshit way out.

KURTZ: No, sheer simplicity. My houserules, Bently, my housefules. I know what's legal, not what's right? I'll stick to what's legal.

BENTLY: Then you set your houserules above what's right?

KURTZ: Not at all. Let me draw your attention to one fact: I'm not God. The currents and eddies of right and wrong, which you find such plain sailing, I can't navigate. I'm not sure enough! But with my houserules, there I'm confident of my ground.

BENTLY: Fine words! I wonder where you stole them?

KURTZ: I confess it. There would be little left of me were I to discard what I owed to others. I may be a plagiarist, but at least I steal with good judgment.

BENTLY: I just don't know what to say to you anymore.

KURTZ: Then don't say anything. You know, you have occasional flashes of silence that make your conversation perfectly delightful.

BENTLY: And do you know, while we're talking here, he's corrupting everything he touches, including, by his very presence on your sub roster, your immaculately well-argued magazine.

KURTZ: Thanks. It requires a very unusual mind to make an analysis of the obvious.

BENTLY: You and your principles. I would rather be an opportunist and float than go to the bottom with the principles around my neck. Tell me, would you die for your principles?

KURTZ: (After a pause) To die for an idea puts a rather high price on conjecture.

BENTLY: Man is ready to die for an idea, providing that idea is not quite clear to him. Kick him out! He's a devil!

KURTZ: No! Under my houserules Satan himself may subscribe to my 'zine and take what satisfaction he may from it until he violates my rules.

BENTLY: So now you'd give the Devil benefit of the law.

KURTZ: Yes, what would you do? Cut a great road through the law to get after the Devil?

BENTLY: I'd cut down every law in the land to do that!

KURTZ: (Roused) Oh? And when the last law was down, and the Devil turned round on you--where would you hide, Bently, the laws all being flat? This country--and my 'zine--are planted thick with laws from coast to coast. Man's laws, and in this specific case, my laws. If you cut them all down, do you really think you could stand upright in the winds that would blow then? (Quietly) Yes, I'd give the Devil benefit of the law, for my own safety's sake.

(continued on page 5)

BENTLY: Kurtz, I'm impressed. That was eloquent! I always thought the prime purpose of eloquence is to keep other people from speaking.

KURTZ: Thanks.

BENTLY: That's why, like Oscar Wilde, I dislike arguments of any kind. They are sometimes vulgar, and often convincing. You always were a good diplomat. You could tell a person to go to hell in such a nice way that he'd actually look forward to the trip. So you're going to do nothing, then?

KURTZ: Not at all. We have a magazine to get out. Keep stuffing.

CURTAIN

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197801

GM: FANGMASTER This is the Press Game

AUTUMN 1908: Turkey F Con R Bla; Russia A Ukr R Mos.

WINTER 1908: Austria (Watson) builds A' Bud, A Tri. France (Schlickbernd) builds A Par, F Bre. Germany (David Loewenstein) removes F Nwy. Russia (Fiack) even. Turkey (Baumeistor) removes F Ank.

SPRING 1909 due November 10. PRESS

BERLIN: (overheard in the Kaiser's war room) "He WHAT?"

"That's right, my Kaiser. He sent the orders for the 6.3th army in Munich..."

"...to a beer house in Kiel. The fool! The moron!! The traitor to the Fatherland!!! The scum-sucking bastard-dog-of-a-pig's whore!!!"

"Excuse me, sir, but I think you forgot a !."

"So I did!!!!!!"

OSLO: (heard in the Oslo Lutheran Church and Bingo Hall): Dear LORD, it's not that I am a proud leader. I can understand me being forced out of the Fatherland to live in (brrr...) Scandinavia. I can learn to cope with the eventual destruction of my empire, the barbarity of the French hordes, even the stupidity of my officers. But must I truly put up with Fangs' spelling my name Lowenstern when it is obviously Löwenstern?

POICTESME TO JOHN LE CARRE: "This is James Branch Cabell--another famous dead writer--here in John Birch territory interviewing that infamous "Claw & Fang" whipping boy, Bruce Schlickbernd. At the moment, the black-hearted scoundrel and countless stabber of Don Horton is leaping about the room, smashing furniture, throwing paper about, and hurling four-letter Anglo-Saxon invectives. What is the reason for this behavior, Bruce?"

BRUCE: #\$\$%\*c&@#!!!

CABELL: Would you mind translating that, please?

BRUCE: "Gamestor"? "Gamester"!!! In 30 issues of my Dippy zine, never did an article on playing the game appear. They were banned, in fact.

CABELL: Ah, but didn't you write just such an article for another publication, CLAW & FANG?

BRUCE: Oh, well, yes. Ah...ah...ahha! I had an excuse, it was either that or pay a six dollar game fee to that usurious cretin. I haven't paid for an issue of that zine since number twenty-four. Don't print that, though--if Fangs should see it he might start getting ideas. Anyway, that was the only one. How can you call someone who participates in "Slobbovia" a gamester?

CABELL: "Slobbovia"?

BRUCE: A Diplomacy variant that has 30 players, 3 pages of adjudications, and 60 to 90 pages of press each issue.

CABELL: You sure snuck that in.

BRUCE: Have to. Horton charges for plugs. I told you he was usurious. That dirty, no-good, backstabbing &\$%@!.....

CABELL: Any final comments? Ahhhh, printable ones?

BRUCE: You realize, "Mr. Le Carre", this means war!

Snarl, Foam, froth, rage! Shried, howl, ululate. Grrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr.

1978HK

GM: Rod Walker, "Alcala", 1273 Crest Dr., Encinitas, CA 92024  
 GERMAN ARMY LOST IN HIGHLAND SNOWS AS BERLIN ORDERS NEW NAVAL  
 CONSTRUCTION. ARMIES POP UP ALL OVER CENTRAL EUROPE.

Winter 1905: This is all we are going to have because several players requested it that way. That's actually the way I'd prefer to do it but I figured I'd give you all an opportunity to speed things up a bit if you wished.

AUSTRIA (Berch): Build A Bud. Has: A Bud, A Rum, A Ser, A Gre (4).

FRANCE (Stevens): No change. Has: F Mid, A Spa, F Nth, F Lpl, F Iri, A Bur, A Pic (7).

GERMANY (Carpenter): (Autumn: A Lpl R-d.) Build F Kie. Has: F Kie, F Bel, A Hol, A Ruh, A Ber (5).

ITALY (Price): Build A Ven. Has: A Ven, F Wes, A Tri, F Naf, A Mar, F Lyo, A Vie (7).

RUSSIA (Hightower): Build A War. Has: A War, A Sil, A Ukr, A Nwy, A Den, A Pru, A Gal (7).

TURKEY (Shreve): No change. Has F Ion, F Bla, F Arm, A Bul.(4)

SPRING 1905 ORDERS are due Monday, 5 November 1979. I have tentative SO6 orders on file for Austria, Italy, Russia (very tentative). I have a COA for Turkey: Dwayne Shreve, 3734 N. Pine Grove, A-202, Chicago, IL 60613. And I have press.

BUDAPEST (no date given): The Emperor decided to take the German carpenter's words about press to heart: "Now hear this," he declaimed. "My unsuccessful enemies, consider yourself taunted. Staunch allies, you are hereby bolstered. Confused enemies, you don't even know yet that you've been misled."

"Er, boss, you don't really have it right. You're supposed to actually mislead them, not just boast having already done it."

"Why not?"

"Because you haven't actually done it yet."

"Precisely. They will thus incorrectly think they've been misled. Once that misimpression sinks in, they will have been misled."

"I don't think that's what Carpenter had in mind."

"Oh? Was he misleading me?"

"Of course not. He isn't your enemy."

"Then you must be misleading me about his intentions. Guards! Where are those rough hands and that theatrically gleaming axe? Return them to 78CI when you're done."

HAMBURG (no date given) [HAMBURGERZEITUNG]: It was 0200 hours in a cramped radio-room on the shore of the Nordsee and the young RO was nervous due to the unaccustomed presence of High Brass. Suddenly the little speaker came alive with a small tinny voice, "W-h-e-o-e-o . . . this is Liverpool calling Wilhelmshaven, Liver to Onions, come in Wilhelmshave, over."

"Answer, schnell!" ejaculated Chancellor Zimmerman.

"Jawohl!" Click. "This is Wilhelmshaven, go ahead, Liverpool."

"Mission partly successful . . . lost half our men to enemy action but have raised and organized guerrilla hands from the English populace. The French do not know which way to turn. Tying down approximately three times our own strength. Hard pressed though, will be forced to relocate. Send supply U-boat to \*crackle\* . . ."

"Jawohl, mein Herr, we are receiving not even a carrier signal now."

"They are on their own. God help them."

STRASSBURG (no date given): Cheers and singing erupted along the Rhein front as news of Italian victories reached the troops. As the Garlici Divisions continue to drive into Frogland, German spirit rises. Front line commanders are hard pressed to restrain their units which are anxious to swarm over the line and tear into the offending fops.

CONSTANTINOPLE (no date given): Government sources have indicated that a compelling need for energy has spurred Turkish nuclear experts to work on the atom as an energy source. In a concurrent move, Turkish planners are hard at work, developing sites for these installations in France, Russia, and Encinitas.

## Claw &amp; Fang Demo Game Analysis - by Bruce Schlickbernd

The course of this game rests in the hands of Russia and France. Everyone else—barring some rather unlikely alliances—is committed to a specific course of action. How these two countries deal in the classic confrontation areas of Scandinavia, the Lowlands, and the Balkans is the key.

In the Balkans, the coming battle between Italy and Turkey is readily apparent. Both are obviously basing their hopes on a Russian alliance. Italy and Russia have already cooperated over Vienna, with Italy significantly getting it. But if Russia were to aid Italy against Turkey, he would have about a nine-unit Italian moving directly at him once Turkey was gone (assuming a 50/50 split of the supply centers) with a difficult—but not impossible—job of demilitarizing their common border. An alliance with Turkey would have an ally moving away from Russia, and also of significance, Turkey has allowed Russia into the Black Sea. This gives the Russian a measure of security against any Turkish stab, and an excellent base to launch a stab of his own. Turkey must now deal with Russia from a position of weakness, and must depend on Cusack's good will. By hamstringing himself thusly, Turkey has little choice but to hope for the continued alliance of Russia, and is already shifting his fleets to the Mediterranean for a probable battle with Italy. Italy, seeing this, will have to do the same making the likelihood of even a temporary alliance between Italy and Turkey almost non-existent.

Both Turkey and Italy, then, will be competing for an alliance with Russia. Russia probably has not made a decision yet and will undoubtedly choose the greatest advantage, both in the east, and whatever compliments his northern strategy best.

Oh. I forgot to mention the great advantage of Austria. At least you don't suffer from a lingering death and can go on to the next game. If Turkey or Italy perceives that he is the odd man out, Austria might be able to side with him, but this would not prolong the inevitable for more than a season or two.

England has thankfully given newcomers an excellent lesson in playing the game. It is a classic example of how not to stab. Nothing was gained, his presumed ally France probably figures that England encouraged Germany to attack France and who needs an ally like that, the door to German/Russian cooperation has been opened. Playing both ends against the middle is exceedingly dangerous if you are too transparent or the other players stop and compare notes. Now, this isn't necessarily the case, but the builds will tell all.

Germany has been left out to dry. The howls of outrage are probably still reverberating. He can well turn things around diplomatically, but he will be stuck between two larger countries (France and Russia) if he does, with little immediate prospect of securing a flank on an edge of the board, leaving him surrounded. Russia will probably jump at the chance to take Scandinavia, or at least delay England and France should they ally while Russia concludes the more unbalanced two-on-one conflict in the East. And unless the relationship between France and Germany has been deceitful or vitriolic don't count out possible cooperation there. Germany would be only too happy to abandon Burgandy now and France would no doubt be ecstatic to see him go. If one believes in press (a highly dangerous thing to do) France seems to have invited negotiations with Germany. The big question is, did England try to screw France by getting Germany to invade.

I'm not too concerned about predicting moves in my analysis. I'm more concerned about giving a strategic overlay and the options—diplomatic and military—that the players would be most likely to explore. Perhaps the most important consideration—personalities and their interactions—cannot be discussed since only the players will know this (and maybe not even then). A remarkable amount of players will play the country and not the players, which is the greatest mistake they can make. But that is another lecture.

Having said all that, let me throw it out the window onto the nearest compost heap and predict that Russia will move against Norway and stall in the south, France will build the fleets and go after England, and Austria won't last out the year. Really tough that last prediction, eh?

R'lyeh 4.4

7 October 1979

GM: Eric Verheiden; 200 S. Azusa Ave., #2; Azusa, CA 91702  
Phone: (213) 334-3149 (eves.)

1979 EPV Claw & Fang Demo Invitational

Spring 1902 Bear Claws Demonstrated; Fangs to be Next?

Austria (Sergeant): F Gre-Alb, A Ser S F Gre-Alb, ~~A~~ (A) S  
RUSSIAN A Gal-Vie?

England (Palter): F Nwy-Ska, F Nth-Hel, F Edi-Nth, A Yor H

France (Reese): A Bre-Pic, A Par S A Bre-Pic, A Bel-Bur,  
A Mar S A Bel-Bur, A Spa-Gas, F Por-Mid

Germany (Bingle): A Bur-Bel, F Hol S A Bur-Bel, A Kie-Den,  
A Mun-Ruh

Italy (Ditter): A Tri-Ser, A Vie S RUSSIAN A Gal-Bud,  
F Ven-Adr, A Rom-Ven, F Nap-Ion, F Tun S F Nap-Ion

Russia (Cusack): F Swe-Nwy, A Mos-StP, A Gal-Bud, A War-Gal,  
A Rum-Ser, F Bla S TURKISH A Con-Bul?

Turkey (Marley): A Con-Gre, F Aeg C A Con-Gre, A Bul S  
A Con-Gre, F Smy-Eas

Fall 1902 orders are due 7 November 1979. Tentative Fall 1902 orders are on file for Russia.

Press

Moscow - London: Your silence warrants such action in the North as you see. Said action to be withdrawn if correspondence/orders are suitable.

London - Moscow: As this move should show, I keep my word.

London - Berlin: Read your mail for a change, it helps.

London - Paris: Three army build noted.

Germany to Italy & Russia: My ire for the western infidels and their snobbish letters looks to reap you an advantage. Russia may take Den, Ber with my blessing and assistance. Italy may take Mun and Bel on the same terms. (Hurry though, I can only hold them so long). By now, I expect you've figured out my plans for my remaining center. Yes, I'm going to Kiel myself.

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THE DIPLOMAT'S OTHER TABLE

Stolen from Herbe Caen in the SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE:

"The Chinatown grapevine works fast: Barbra Streisand and Jon Peters sneaked into Tommy Toy's Imperial Palace Mon. for a quiet lunch, and emerged to find two dozen fans awaiting her, pencils and pads at the ready...Because she didn't order in advance, Barbra was not able to try Tommy's new \$50-a-head delicacy, 'Buddha Jumps Over the Fence,' made entirely of ingredients from Mainland China: dried abalone, sea cucumber, sharkskin, dried fish stomach, gold coin turtle, hairy sea vegetables, deer tendons, snow fungus, bamboo mushrooms, dried scallops, tips of winter bamboo shoots, dried shrimp, Kumwah ham and an entire boned chicken. This is arranged in layers in a huge urn, covered with rice whisky--ng ka py!--and steamed for 16 hours...Why the name? Well, Buddha was fasting but when he smelled the delicious odors--there is no resisting dried fish stomach--he leaped the fence and joined in. A fable d'note."



Sept. 29, 1979

A small but elegant town house  
in the Midlands

Dearest, dearest, Fangy;

As a long time CLAW & FANG subscriber it gives me great pleasure to accept Mr. LeCarre's offer and submit analysis for 1979 EPV. But then--who better for such a task? After all, the history of Europe is hardly confined to nasty little battles and horrid little wars--but rather a story of grand romance and all conquering love! Justinian and Theodora, Napoleon and Josephine, Catherine the Great and Secretariat--their stories will outlast the ages! Here then are my thoughts of EPV. (Could it possibly stand for E pluribus Venus--Out of many, love?)

Yours in so many ways,  
Barbara Cartland

*Barby*

Analysis of Demonstration Game 1979 EPV

by Barbara Cartland

## Chapter 2 Winter 1901--Betrayal in Burgundy

Little Helga could hardly believe that it was all happening as she gazed around her sumptuously appointed room atop the highest tower of the castle. Though Yves had strongly warned her under no circumstances to open the heavy velvet curtains shrouding the west window, the open window to the east showed a glorious view of the beautiful Loire Valley, lightly covered with snow on a brisk February morning. Just imagine--she thought to herself--only a few weeks ago she had been a poor, humble girl tending her father's small flock high in the Vosges; now she was the lover of the gallant Marshall of France, Yves l'Oeuf. Even now her dashing, handsome Napoleon was building the navy they were to use in the conquest of England. He had even promised that she would become his queen in Westminster Abbey itself, after they had sailed up the Thames in triumph. She sighed in a useless attempt to still the pounding within her breast.

A loud knocking on the huge wooden door brought her back from her dreams. Expecting her Yves, she flung the door open gaily, but her smile faded quickly. It was Otrar, a huge bull-necked bear of a man with a savage purple scar slashed obliquely across the entire length of his face. She had seen him skulking around near Yves and had assumed him to be a bodyguard.

"Come, little one," he growled sharply, "we must go before it is too late for you."

"Where is Yves?" she cried, drawing away from his grasping paw.

"Your part with him is over. He is through with you, you are no longer useful, you are in danger. Come. Quickly!"

"Get out," she sobbed, "I don't believe you! Even now my beloved is building the ships that will carry us to England!" He was now very close to her trembling body.

"Inkland!" he bellowed. "Zhips!" he roared, stepping around her to rip open the curtains of the west window. "Do you see any zhips?" Below in the courtyard countless thousands of new recruits were drilling. "Do you think they plan to walk to Inkland? You haf much to learn about men, my little Frau." He held her subbing, helpless form close.

A thought crossed her mind as she tried to fathom the spark that glowed behind his one good eye. "Your scar," she gasped, "from Yves' sabre?"

"Nyet," he replied, forgetting himself in his passion and using his native tongue, "an unfortunate accident with Don Horton's cat." And they talked no more.

END OF CHAPTER TWO

(Will little Helga choose Yves or Otrar? Will Kruger escape Terraxinis clutches? Does Franz-Joseph like ouzo? Will there be a chapter three? Until next month.....)

CLAW & FANG is published monthly by Don Horton, 16 Jordan Ct. Sacramento, CA 95826. Tele: (916) 383-4848. Cover by Smacko. Subscription rate is 12 issues for \$5.00. Game fee is \$3.00. plus a subscription. (There are game openings with a guest GM.) Articles, recipes, puzzles, letters, humor, etc., solicited from readers. Payment is one issue for each published  $\frac{1}{4}$  page of material. I am still looking for someone to do gamezine reviews. These can be done under a pseudonym.

## THE BOX SCORE

During the past month in C&F:

Games started	2
Games finished	0
Games in progress	35

This issue is dedicated to C. Kenneth Dodd, Jr., the Department of Interior defender of the Pennsylvania timber rattler. Dodd succeeded in getting a Washington D.C. restaurant to take this endangered rattler off the menu (and substitute another, more plentiful Texas variety). For his efforts, Dodd was bitten by the fangs of the government bureaucracy which is now trying to separate him from his job. When bureaucracy strikes it seldom hits the right target which is less than can be said for the Pennsylvania timber rattler.

1978CA

THE WINNER'S GAME. GM: David Forte, Apt 412, 11800 Edgewater Dr., Lakewood, Ohio 44107. Phone: 216-226-0456. Not home until late. Don't rely on phone orders.

WINTER 1906: France: NBR will be 2 short. Italy: F Ion ret EMed. Russia: build A War.  
SPRING 1907: WESTERN POWERS FLUB ORDERS.

AUSTRIA Kendter (7): A Tyr\* S A Boh-Mun, A Boh-Mun\*, A Tri\* S A Tyr, A Vie\* S A Tyr, A Bud\* S A Tri, A Alb\* S A Tri, F Gre\* S A Alb.

ENGLAND Straten (9): A StP\*-Liv, A Fin\*-StP, F Bar\* S A Fin-StP, F Both\* S A StP-Liv, F Bal\* S A StP-Liv, A Den\*-Pru (Imp), A Kie\* S Hol (NSU), F Nth\* H (unordered).

FRANCE Willemsen (10, 2 short): NMR: A Mun H /d/ ret Bur, OTB, A Ruh\* H, A Pie\* H, A Nap\* H, F Ion H /d/ ret Tyrr, OTB, F Tun\* H, F Apu\* H, F Adr\* H.

GERMANY Fiack (2): A Bor\*-Pru, A Ven\* S FRENCH A Pie-Tyr (NSO).

ITALY Kahan (1): F EMed-Ion\*.

RUSSIA Bassett (6): A War\* and A Mos\* S A Liv, A Liv\* and A Sil\* S A Pru, A Pru\* S A Sil, F Aeg\*S ITALIAN F EMed-Ion.

From the Shores of Lake Erie: Although Mike missed his moves he is still in the game. It shows how complacent a winning group can become. The slugfest continues. Fall orders due my place on November 7. Beware the delays in the mails.

Who does Schlickbernd call an usurious cretin?

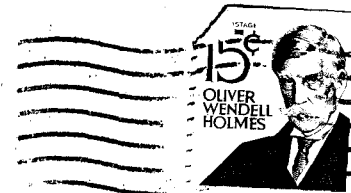
(This is not a hard question.) See page 5 of

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