

R'lyeh 4.16

10 November 1980

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1979 CT Claw & Fang Demo Invitational

Fall 1906 France Jumps into Commanding Lead

England (Palter): A Den-Nwy, F Ska C A Den-Nwy, F Swe S A Den-Nwy,  
F Bot-Fin

France (Reese): F Por H, A Pic-Bel, A Bur-Mun, A Sil-Nar,  
A Pru S A Sil-Nar, A Lvn-StP, A Kie-Den, F Nat-Lpl,  
F Nth S ENGLISH A Den-Nwy, F ~~W~~ (R Edi, Cly, otb) S  
ENGLISH A Den-Nwy

Italy (Ditter): A Tyo-Vie, A Ser-Rum, A Gal S A Ser-Rum,  
A Bud S A Ser-Rum, F Gre S A Bul, A Bul S F Aeg-Con,  
F Aeg-Con, A Alb-Syr, F Ion C A Alb-Syr, F Las C A Alb-Syr

Russia (Baker): F Nwy-Nwg, F Bar S F Nwy-Nwg, A Fin-StP,  
A StP-Mos, A War-Ukr, A Sev-Rum, F Bla S A Sev-Rum,  
A Ank S A Con, A Con S ITALIAN A Bul-Aeg?(imp), A Smy-Syr

Winter 1906 orders are due on 7 December 1980. Spring 1907 orders may be submitted as desired. Note: orders should be conditional upon French retreat and consequent ownership of Edi.

Supply Center Chart

England: Lon, ~~LpL~~, ~~W~~, ~~Nwy~~, Swe, Edi(?) (4 or 3) Even or Remove one  
France: Home, Spa, Por, Bel, Hol, Kie, Mun, Ber, Nar, Den, Lpl,  
Edi(?) (13 or 14) Build three or four  
Italy: Home, Tun, Tri, Vie, Bud, Ser, Rum, Gre, Bul (11) Build one  
Russia: StP, Mos, Sev, Con, Ank, Smy, ~~W~~, ~~W~~, ~~W~~, ~~W~~ (6)  
Remove four

COA Don Ditter; 910 Hope St., #12A; Stamford, CT 06907

CLAW & FANG

Number 120  
November 10, 1980

Published monthly by Don Horton. Sub rate is 45¢ per issue. #124 will be the last issue. There are no game openings.

This issue is dedicated to the peregrine falcon.

I wish to thank Jerry Jones for his tribute to CLAW & FANG in the latest issue of DIPLOMACY WORLD (#26).

A COUPLE OF WINTER SEASONS

1978HC: Autumn--Austria A Ser R Bul.

Winter 1908: England (Sherwood) rmv A Scr. Germany builds A Mun, A Ber, F Kie. Italy builds A Rom. Turkey even.

1978W: Autumn--Germany A Kie R Ruh.

Winter 1911: England build A Lon, A Edi. France build A Nar. Germany remove A Sil. Russia even. Turkey builds F Smy, A Ank.

Claw and Fang game 1979CZ

G.M. Paul Funkenbusch  
110 W. South Ave.  
Houghton, Mi 49931  
(906)-482-1491

11/9/80

Winter 1905

Austria(Schuetz) 5-even  
England(Forte) 1-disbands F Wal, F Edi  
France(Albrecht) 8-even  
Germany(Rodriguez) 7-builds A Kie, A Ber  
Italy(Baker) 5-even  
Russia(Roybal?) 8-build 1 - NMR will be one short

Press from the world's capitals:

Houghton: The Russian standby is:

Bill Quinn  
219 E. Sunshine  
San Antonio, Texas 78228

Spring 1906 orders are on file for everyone except Russia and France. Spring 1906 is due 12/7/80 (12/6/80) by phone).

Both draw votes failed. German-French and German-French-Russian draw votes have again been proposed.

As to what happens when Claw and Fang folds, the 2nd proposal received one positive and one neutral vote. No one else mentioned it. As a unanimous vote is required would those other people please let me know their views?

Best,

Paul

THE DIPLOMAT'S OTHER TABLE

Chili Chicken Casserole by Scott Rich

(Note: Read all before beginning!)

- 1 chicken, whole or enough parts, simmered with seasoning of your choice (salt, pepper, bay leaf, etc), boned and chopped.
- 1 bag regular sized corn chips.
- $\frac{1}{2}$  pound or more shredded jack or cheddar cheese.
- 1 can cream of chicken soup.
- $\frac{2}{3}$  can milk (use empty soup can)
- 1 medium sized onion, diced as you please.
- 1 large can ( $7\frac{1}{2}$  oz) chilies -- washed/seeded/diced.

Step 1: Cook chicken in 1 cup water in covered pan until tender, debone it (can be done before cooking...) and chop into small pieces.

Step 2: Prepare sauce -- Mix together soup, milk, onion, chilies (for those who like Mexican food or want to die in agony, a whole can will do -- otherwise  $\frac{1}{4}$  can will be more than enough) and heat a little.

Step 3: Find a 9 x 12 cake pan and dump in layers:  
1st: half the corn chips (maybe up to  $\frac{2}{3}$ rd).  
2nd: half the chicken.  
3rd: half the sauce from step 2.  
4th: half the cheese.

Then repeat layers--optional, see note below.

Step 4: Bake  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour in  $350^{\circ}$  oven covered with lid or foil. Serves 4 to 6.

Optional note: Use whole chicken for whole recipe, part of left over chicken can be used for half a recipe i.e. it is possible to make only one layer of everything.

## DOWN MEMORY LANE WITH CLAW &amp; FANG

(Two more columns from the past. The first one appeared in C&F #63, February 7, 1976. The second ran in issue #65, April 3, 1976.)

## THE ADVENTURES OF FANGMASTER IN FRANCE

## Paris Sans Oeufs and Mona

Several years ago columnist Art Buchwald wrote about a friend's successful attempt to set the four-minute Louvre. This was predicated on two facts: (1) tourists in Paris are in a hurry so that they can get out of town before their money does, and (2) there are three "must-sees" in the Louvre museum, the Mona Lisa, the Venus De Milo, and Winged Victory. According to Buchwald, the goal has always been to accomplish the feat of seeing these three attractions in four minutes or less. Buchwald's friend went on Sunday when there is no admission charge and he wouldn't be slowed by buying a ticket. He went early when most of the tourists were still in their hotels learning that a continental breakfast doesn't include eggs.

I consider Buchwald's friend only the holder of the Sunday record. On a rainy Wednesday having little else to do, I decided to have a go at the Wednesday record. It also had rained on Tuesday, but as the Louvre is closed on Tuesday, it is difficult to make a good time since a Gendarme will be clutching each leg. However, my dreams of the four-minute Wednesday Louvre were soon dispelled. Everybody else had the same idea. With the rain and the previous day's closing, there were wall to wall people. It took four minutes to move up two places in line for the ticket window. With lunch-time only a couple of hours off we decided to forgo the Louvre this trip.

Consulting my map, we set out walking for a restaurant not too far away. Le Souffle is recommended by all the guide books and since souffles are one of my special weaknesses I was anxious to try the restaurant. We arrived there, after a couple of wrong turns, shortly before noon. There was not a customer in the place. We asked for a table for two. The maitre d' took one look at me and indicated they were all booked up. (I must get those fangs capped.) We then went to a nearby restaurant and learned what an egg-less lunch was like. With my luck, all I would get for dinner would be eggs. After lunch we went back by Le Souffle....it was still empty. I presume they had been booked for lunch by a tourist group. I hoped that when that bus load of tourists arrived they made so much commotion that all the souffles fell.

It turned out that I didn't have eggs for dinner that night. We went to one of my favorite French restaurants from previous visits, Chez Rene on Boulevard St. Germain. My only problem was that I remembered it being on the opposite end of the street from where it really was so by the time we reached it I had worked up a very good appetite. We were directed to a table and our waiter, whose name we learned was Girard, appeared. Helpmate ordered her meal in her impeccable menu French. I grunted and pointed at the menu like a ravenous Neanderthal (that's not a bad description). Girard got the message, lots of food and quick.

Girard apparently took a liking to us and he soon revealed to us that he could speak some English. He spoke it with a cockney dialect. He explained to us that when he was in the French army he had been stationed in England for a year. (This was the first time that I had heard that France ever occupied England...but I digress.) And, as Girard put it, the way to learn a language is to sleep with a dictionary. His dictionary obviously had a cockney publisher.

For dinner we started off with quenelles. These fish dumplings (not an adequate description) are a measure of good French cuisine. When they are right they are featherly light and delicious. And when they are not....ugh! Well, these were so light we had trouble keeping them on the plate--because they were soon on the fork headed mouthward. These were followed by veal, green salad, chocolate mousse (Helpmate's) and gateau (mine). This was all surrounded by several glasses of Beaujolois.

The meal was very good, the wine was very good, and Girard was very good (or should I ask his dictionary?) and we certainly plan to return. The next time you are

(contined overleaf)

in Paris visit the Boulevard St. Germain, drop in on Chez Rene and ask for one of Girard's table. Tell him that Fangmaster sent you.

"Who, Guvner?"

(We did return to Chez Rene three years later and Girard was still there. And, no, he didn't remember me.)

### The Cavern Caper

There comes a time in a person's life when he feels he must go back to the land of his ancestors....return to the "old sod" as it were. The ultimate trip in this regard is a visit to Les Eyzies in central France. This area has numerous findings of Cro-Magnon man sites. Probably most of us could trace our ancestry back to this locale if the Cro-Magnons had only kept better records. (There are a few people I know that would more likely trace their ancestor back to the Neandrathals who also inhabited this area.)

Les Eyzies is in the Perigord region which is also known for truffles, cepes (a variety of large mushroom), and foie gras. Our first stop was in Ferignoux and the Hotel Domino. According to Michelin this is the best hotel in town and I won't dispute him. I had considered racing out into the woods on a truffle hunt but lacking a trained pig and not having a sensitive nose myself I gave the idea up. We decided to have dinner in the hotel dining room and settle for little black specks in our pate which the menu assured us were pieces of truffle. For the main course I chose boeuf en chemise because it sounded racy. It was actually a steak wrapped in a crepe and was served with a brown sauce. It was delicious.

In the morning we set out for Les Eyzies. I must admit to a certain excitement. There was a choice of a dozen or so caves to visit in the vicinity and a choice of two Michelin starred dining rooms. Knowing my priorities, I was looking forward to a day of tramping through a cave or two in order to work up an appetite for a sitting at one of those starred beauties in the evening.

The cave with the best preserved paintings, the Grotte de Lascaux, was only discovered in 1940 and because the paintings were starting to be damaged from exposure it is now closed to the public. What sounds like the next best cave is the Font de Gaume which is just a short distance outside Les Eyzies. Our first discovery was that in order to get to the cave you have to walk up half a mountainside. After that climb I could see that my appetite wasn't going to wait until dinner...but fortunately, I hadn't had lunch yet.

The visits to the caves are done strictly by guided tours. These go about every hour and last for about 45 minutes. We plunked down our five francs (a little over a dollar) apiece and joined the next group. There were about two dozen people in our group. The tours are conducted in French only and there were a number of us (both British and American) that could speak only English but had the foresight to bring along a spouse that could understand French. The guide would point out something, describe it in French. Then a lower babel of murmurs would follow as the spouses got briefed to bring their education up to the rest of the group's.

Two things of note about this cave. The paintings while faint were not merely outlines but had been filled in with color, usually red or brown. They really were very nice. The disheartening thing was that the paintings near the entrance had been ruined by having graffiti (names I believe) chipped into the stone through them.

The other cave we visited was Grotte de Rouffignac. This cave is about twenty kilometers from Les Eyzies. This one is the lazy man's cave tour. You can drive right up to the entrance of the cave and park. The cave paintings are seen while riding in an electric train. There is good reason for the electric train, the cave is immense. Considering all of its galleries the cave is over ten kilometers long. Walking this would work up a larger appetite than even I could handle. This is called the cave of a hundred mammoths but in addition, there are drawings of bison, horses, wild goats, and rhinoceros so there is a lot to see. Unfortunately, there is also graffiti to see. Also, be sure to wear a coat, it gets cold when you're inside that cave.

(continued on page 5)

Why did our ancestors paint those pictures in their caves? Since there is no written record to tell us, all we can do is speculate. Perhaps it was to help them in the hunt. Maybe it was just to pass the long winter evenings. Or just because the little women wanted something to brighten up the house. I rather think that after climbing up to that cave the Cro-Magnon could think of nothing but food so he painted it. Come to think of it, didn't I see a star by one of those bisons?

Bon appetit!

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November 3, 1980

A tidy little condo in Gingerbread  
Acres

Dear Donald,

Hello. How are you? That's very nice. Although I am not a novelist, I felt that if I could get Mr. LeCarre to help me over some of the rough spots it would be nice for me to contribute to your Demonstration Game analysis by famous writers, 1979CT. I know that everyone thinks of me as the perky Pollyanna with the idiot grin in the wimpy yellow dress who looks like she just crawled out of Berby and Ken's dream house in time to be on the Mike Douglas show--perhaps now I can show my familiarity with the darker side of life as well.

Pleasantly,

/s/ Dr. Joyce Brothers

Analysis of Demonstration Game 79CT

Chapter 15 --- Silver Linings in Soggy London --- by Dr. Joyce Brothers

The London fog had somehow found its way through the thick concrete walls of the basement of the Circus. It had condensed in grimy droplets on the sooty surfaces, leaving greasy black trails as they wormed their way floorward. The path of the droplets reflected the spirits of the motley, weathered trio gathered in the small, dank basement office. The "host" was Alexander MacNeil; one time respected trouble-shooter of British Intelligence, now biding his time watching his crippled nation limp along to the beat of more powerful drummers. Even in this he was more fortunate than his "guests"---refugees who no longer had any country to call their own. Kruger, MacNeil's approximate counterpart in the German service, had escaped from the wreckage of his homeland bringing along little Helga, Marshall Ploef's erstwhile mistress, from her French detainment. (See Chapter Two.) (I must confess that Mr. LeCarre helped me with that first part. Now I'm on my own!)

Drip...Drip...Drip...went the smoggy little drops.

"Gone, all gone," muttered Kruger. "My family, my country, my life. Gone, all gone. Gimme another wet one, Alex, I need it."

Indeed, they were hitting the hard stuff--and they were hitting it hard. MacNeil had considerably provided... (Just a minute while I do my research. Liquor really isn't my strong area. Oh, goodie, found my bartender's guide)... a pitcher of Brandy Alexanders, and the men were getting into it in a big way.

"Gone, everything's gone. C'mon Alex--I need another B.A."

"You know," little Helga spoke up brightly, lifting a finger scoldingly, but with a friendly smile to let them know she was just being helpful, "melancholy thoughts never got anyone anywhere. We must always look on the bright side. And alcohol, though it may seem to lift our spirits, is really a depressant!"

Drip...Drip...Drip...

"All gone," Kruger continued to mumble in his glass. "Even my family. My little girls. All dead. All because of me." He lowered his head and sobbed.

"Now now," said Helga consolingly, "there's a hard and fast rule of psychology that a parent must never blame him or herself for the death of a child. You mustn't--it just isn't so!"

"Oh yeah? The Russki's shot them because they found their names in my diary. They were my agents. The youngest was six. My little girls--I recruited them myself."

"Well," Helga shrugged with her mischievously pert, dimpled smile, "that just shows you--every rule has its exceptions!"

(continued overleaf)

Drip...Drip...Drip...

"How can you be so happy after what happened to you, sugar," growled MacNeil through his alcoholic stupor. "Yves promises to marry you, then throws you in chains and tortures you on what was going to be your wedding day. Any cheery thoughts on that?"

"Oh, I can't really be mad at Yves," she sighed with a wistful smile. "We had good times together I would have never known but for him. As for our wedding day--you must realize Yves was under a lot of pressure. He had many important things on his mind. Who can say what anyone else, even you, might have done with me in similar circumstances."

"She's got ya there," belched Krager.

(Just a minute, Mr. LeCarre. I'll write one more little bit then you can finish up for me, o.k.?)

"Gone...all gone," continued Krager, "Now I'm running and hiding, I've let my country down and it's been destroyed by my failures, hundreds of innocent people are dying because my networks are blown..."

"Now, Herr Krager, don't be so hard on yourself! Okay, maybe as a spy you weren't very good--but gosh!, you can learn to do something else. The way you drove that car under the check-point barricades--you could become a chauffeur or a school-bus driver..."

Which was when they throttled her.

END OF CHAPTER 15

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STOLEN FROM HERB CAEN IN THE SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE

It's transition time in Washington, and have obtained a list of Carterites who will brief Reaganites on major issues ... Stand by for these: "Whipping Inflation, From 6% to 17% -- Dr. Alfred Kahn. "Discos I have Known" -- Hamilton Jordan. "How to Deal With Terrorist Nations" -- Billy Carter. "Proper Attire For State Funerals"-- Miz Lillian Carter. "Making Detente a Dirty French Word" -- Zbgniew Brzezinski. "A Formula For Winning the Moo-kec-yer Arms Race" -- Amy Carter. "Aphids and Other Pests in the Rose Garden" -- Jimmy Carter.

#### Advertisement

PLAGUE TIMES is a new game zeen published by the hobby's only semi-literate medium. As such it will contain things involving dead people as well as the usual game stuff you expect in this sort of publication. A regular feature will be Interview with a Dead General offering insights into the behaviour of many of the famous military leaders throughout history. Already the response to the first part of a two part interview with Field Marshall Irwin Rommel in PLAGUE TIMES #1 has met enthusiastic response. There is also a regular game review column and Zeen Corner, brief profiles of other publications. You can get a sample of PLAGUE TIMES by sending a stamp to Marion Bates, P.O.Box 381, Kalkaska, MI, 49646.

How did Girard learn to speak English so well?

See page 3 of

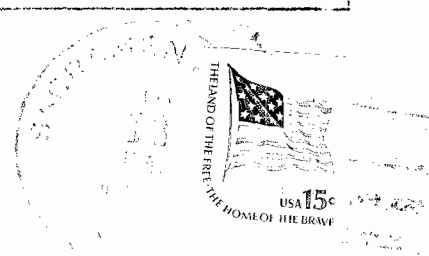
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