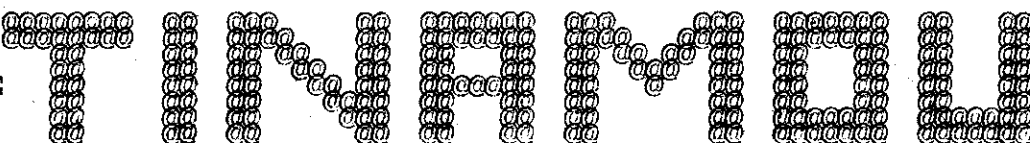


Guess who just got back today?
 Them wild-eyed boys that have been away.
 Haven't changed that much to say,
 But man I still think them cats are great.

They were asking if you were around,
 NHow you was - where you were to be found.
 Told 'em you were living downtown,
 Driving all the old men crazy.

THE  forty
 six

Is back in town.
 Spread the word around.

Definitely the best thing I've heard all year - Live & Dangerous by Thin Lizzy. It may not have any naughty bits - there again - but it's got everything else. Jane has got Zappa's 'Hot Rats' on downstairs - what fine taste the lass has! Ho hum. I'm Bob Brown. This 'ere in your sweaty little fist is my magazine which is produced for your delectation and so that games of proven postal-playing ability may be played via that medium. I live at 53 Broadwood Drive, Fulwood, Preston. Lancs PR2 4SS and may be reached telephonically on Preston 863459 (home). I leave my work number (Preston 51831 ext 219) with you in the hope that I may actually be there one of these days when somebody rings. If you do call and do not get me - for God's sake at least leave your name, and preferably a number that I can call you back on. This magazine supports Mothercare, drinks gripewater (ugh!) and would now prefer nappies rather than cheques. Price 25 pee (how many nappies?).

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DEADLINES RR and En Garde to the two Davids by Saturday 6th January
 All the rest to me and Ron by Friday 19th January

DEADLINES

And if you can't remember the address you want, here they are:

Ron Fisher, 85 Studfold, Astley Park, Chorley. Lancs. (Tel Chorley 70030)
 Micheal O'Shea, 29 Marian Rd., Rathfarnham, Dublin 14. Eire. (Athgor)
 David Watts, 'Rostherne', 102 Priory Rd., Milford Haven. Dyfed SA73 2ED. (Railway Rivals)
 Dave Waring, 39 Grange Rd., Bishop's Stortford. Herts. Tel BS 54835 after 7 weekdays.

And now for the serious business:

 Your credit is:

And a Merry Christmas to you too. If your credit is getting low, why don't you do what Martin Feather, Don Brown and James O'Fee have done this issue and make a contribution. They receive this issue free as a consequence and so will you if you send me something which gets printed in The Tinamou.

Right, first of all, many thanks from myself and the lass for all your kind comments regarding our impending 'happy event' (as Jane has the annoying habit of putting it). I guess that I shall get used to the idea in a few months - about six maybe? I really ought to grovel a bit because I missed someone off the 'Top of the Sprogs' chart last time - Anne James, wife of John, has just given birth to a girl (a week ago, to be precise, and my brain still curls up and shrivels at the thought of all the ale I consumed last Monday night - as for you, young James, you drunken wretch - words fail me). I am told that Sian James looks just like her father - we all have our crosses to bear, I guess.

Next on the list is the next deadline, which the more astute of you will have noticed is a six-week one. This is avoidable, but would entail considerable hassle. I shall be down in Plymouth until the 6/7th of January, so that weekend is out - I was going to give you an extra week over Xmas/New Year anyway. However, the weekend after that is StabCon, which I fully intend to go to, especially as I won't be able to make it over to LepreCon (see elsewhere). This means that the first available weekend is the one which I have given. I won't apologise for the long deadline - I consider it much more important to produce The Tinamou to a reliable turn-round time rather than come out with an issue every 19.63452876 days (give or take 19.63452876 days). Whilst I think of it, the man to contact in connection with StabCon (if you've not already done so) is Dave Waring. Dave - there is 50p added to your credit for my registration for StabCon.

First Doubleday, and now Birks has taken a swipe at me for not putting enough effort into producing T. Guilty, your honour, but with extenuating circumstances - my efforts have been directed elsewhere of recent (haven't they my love?). I will try to do better in the next few issues. Coming up next time will be the final report for Moonshine, which hasn't been included this issue due to lack of space and lack of comments from John Fisher, which I know would be welcome from both my viewpoint and that of at least one of the players. One of the reasons for the lack of chat etc recently is the copious amount of press which I keep receiving - keep it coming lads. It is a source of pleasure for me that you feel encouraged to write lots of press - I consider it a sign of a healthy game. I have got one or two ideas for articles, but I'm tending to store them up for four issues hence - only natural, guv!

Rival $\frac{2}{3}$ (?) publications continue to come and go. The latest to hit the fan is Bruce. Well, perhaps that is putting it a bit strongly, but Paul is going to run Bruce down over the next year or so and finish somewhere around issue 50. This has been in the wind for a little while, I would think. Also rather laggard is Ethil - must be a month or so late by now. I reckon that Ron has got the best explanation for Piggott's tardiness - see the shock horror probe revealing story in the Supplement. I understand that we will be seeing another edition of New Statsman sometime as well: Paul Simpkins reports seeing some completed stencils hanging up in the Bullock household. Latest of all, though, is Nitchawk and I fear that we can only draw the worst conclusions.

I bought some games off Mike Jervis the other week. A complete set of Traveller and the first six issues of The Wargamer with games included. We have played several of these games in our local get-togethers and I shall be giving you our views on them in forthcoming issues. If you would like some bargains, perhaps you might like to take a look at page 8 where there are details of a load of wargames for sale.

Well, this is the last issue for 1978, which has been an eventful year for me. As James (O'Fee) put it - a new car, my first student and PolyCon in 1978; a babe and what else in 1979? Good question! You'd forgotten my stay in hospital, though, James. That's an experience I don't care to repeat in a hurry. I do have great hopes for an eventful coming year, but more of that in future issues. I must admit that I am looking forward to the Christmas break now - this has been my hardest term at work and I'm pretty tired. Best record for me this year was undoubtedly 'Live & Dangerous' as detailed elsewhere - I look forward to the new Rory Gallagher LP with some anticipation, though. Best book I've read must be one of the Star-pilot Grainger books by Brian Stableford - the latest one is about no 6 and is excellent. Most pathetic book - 'Sword of Shannara' - I wouldn't have believed that such a straight take-off off LotR would be allowed.

MERRY XMAS from Ron and Myself and Jane.

Let the good times roll!

And a pleasant New Year!

The Coral UK Professional Snooker Championships 1978 - Preston

The Coral UK Professional Snooker Championship was in a state of slight disarray when Ron, his mate Dave and I descended upon Preston Guildhall for a Quarter-final game. The top three seeds, Patsy Fagan, Ray Reardon and John Spencer had all met their demise in the first round, leaving Fred Davis (4) and Alex Higgins (5) as the two main seeds left in the tournament. We were therefore very pleased to find that our 'pot-luck' tickets had brought us along to see the second half of the battle between these two players. As an alternative we could have watched David Taylor, the conqueror of top-seeded Patsy Fagan, versus John Virgo, both matches standing at 6-2 after the afternoon frames (to Taylor and Higgins).

Having no particular bias, we naturally elected to watch the match between the two 'Name' players and having sunk a quick pint we made our way into the hall. The first thing I found was that the live game is very different to the game on TV. (No, cry the readers in disbelief!). This came as no real surprise, but I found the live atmosphere to be very warm and friendly unlike the formal, 'starched' atmosphere which the TV portrays. We settled down for the first couple of frames which, despite our whispered exhortations of "Stuff him, Fred", went to Alex Higgins. Not that we had any real antipathy to Higgins, just the natural urge to support the underdog, especially as it was the very likeable Fred Davis.

Fred hadn't played very well thus far and it looked like curtains for him, along with Virgo, who was also 8-2 down in the best-of-seventeen-frames match. We were proved wrong, however, as Fred rallied and Alex made more errors than previously. The two 'experts' on either side of me were quick to point out the mistakes - not that it was necessary for Fred Davis, who had a tendency to look disgustingly at some corner of the boring ceiling of the auditorium when he erred. Alex Higgins just tensely chain-smoked his way through the frames. Fred managed to claw his way back to 8-4 when we took the break. Meanwhile, Virgo and Taylor were battling out a very close frame which turned out to be their last - Taylor taking it to win their match by nine frames to two.

Resuming fifteen minutes later, and with Ron and Dave having bet a pound that Higgins wouldn't/would win the next frame, we were treated to a classic game of snooker. A very close game with the majority of the reds clustered around the black on the bottom cushion saw both players making many superb safety shots. Dave was of the opinion that Higgins, having apparently mastered the weakest portion of his game - safety play, would now be World Champion again before long. There was never much in it and Fred led 53-50 with only the black left. The white and black were both about 2/3 inches from the long cushion on the lefthand side and about a foot either side of the centre pocket, so Higgins tried to slam the black into the bottom left. He missed, but the black bounced off the righthand long cushion and fluked into the top left. Merde! I suppose he probably had this possibility in mind when he tried the shot, but **!???. What a jammy rat! So out went Fred and Alex went on to play Taylor in the semis. Dave was sufficient gentleman not to claim his pound off our Ron!

In the semi-finals, Higgins eventually lost to Taylor, having pulled up from being about 8-2 down to eventually lose 9-5. In the other semi, Doug Mountjoy beat Graham Miles, the only other remaining seed, so that the final was between two unseeded players. The first set of frames were dead even at 7-7, but in the later stages, as those of you who follow the sport will know, Mountjoy pulled steadily ahead as Taylor's long game faltered and took the final with a break of 120 (the maximum is 147) to win 15-9. This was a pity for Taylor, who had played well for most of the tournament, but Mountjoy really does look impressive when he starts potting.

The three of us really enjoyed our evening out, especially as we were able to sneak into the Lamb & Packet (of PolyCon fame) and pick up a pint afterwards whilst we waited for the Indian restaurant over the road to get our take-away meal made up. If he had asked me, I could have told Dave that they made their curries quite hot, so he had a bit of a surprise when he got into his vindaloo! I assume that they both got home OK - Ron was running Dave back to Stockport and then returning to his own place in Chorley.

PaddyCon

PaddyCon passed off enjoyably and exhaustingly enough as one of those smaller and more intimate Cons whose demise some have lamented. I had hoped for 15-20 people attending, so the 18 that did turn up made numbers just about ideal. The Irish Sea swishing sullenly and expensively in the way, I had not really expected any from 'cross the water'. The arrival of one ~~100%~~ enthusiast was a pleasant surprise. This was Graham Box who made the long journey from London. A special thank-you to you, Graham.

Der Garvey arrived as well, though dogged by bad luck. A delayed London-Dublin flight caused him to miss his Friday night train connection, forcing an unwanted stay in Dublin. Then on Sunday he had to take a very early train - the later one would have missed his evening flight to Cork. Again very nice to see you, Der, thanks for coming.

Their arrival throws into sharp relief the failure of any of the Dublin crowd to arrive, despite positive undertakings. This certainly does not increase our willingness in Ulster to attend the proposed Dublin Con. Thanks for writing Simon, though I think you're not fully aware of hobby traditions of 'roughing it' in style.

Let's remove that nasty taste by talking of the regular troops of people marching into the room where Iain Drylie had his 'Sorcerer's Cave', the Con's most popular attraction. My sole venture resulted in my becoming impossibly lost and trapped by earthquakes. These fantasy games seem not to be for me. Those who secretly yearn of unleashing a devastating first strike were also well catered-for. Frequent mushroom clouds appeared above the 'Warlord' board, and 'Nuclear Destruction' was thrown in for good measure.

There descended a horde of hirsute gallowglasses from the wilds of West Ulster namely Stewart Wright, our resident Scot. Promises of safe conduct have been given and we hope to mount an expedition to bring the gaming gospel to the ~~inhabitants~~ inhabitants.

Other pleasant memories were the shrieks of horror when I suggested a breath of fresh air first thing in the morning, and the Graham Box-led chorus of 'hic, hac, hoc'.

James O'Fee 17.11.78.

Micheal O'Shea writes:

"PaddyCon...the bad 'vibes' are still reverberating. The crux of the matter is that we led James to expect people from Dublin but no-one informed him of our admittedly last minute change-of-heart...It shows well the unhappy mix of loyalties and interests that prevails in Dublin. Gamers here are far from a naturally homogeneous group. A healthy trend of late is the return to playing games at home rather than at Trinity. Gordon, Cliff and myself are rarely to be seen there, though it was precisely of this decision that James fell foul, since neither homesters nor Trinity gamers can talk for the group as a whole, which is what we tried to do.

LopreCon is indeed going ahead for the last weekend in February (Friday 23rd to Sunday 25th). ((Full details have now been received - the date is correct and the con is to be held in Trinity College, Dublin, only minutes walk from the centre of town. Bed & Breakfast is available at £4 a night and there will be a 50p cover charge for administrative costs. The flier also gives some suggestions about the best way to get to Dublin from the mainland. During the course of the weekend, it is hoped to arrange a number of competitions and talks. Games Workshop have donated a prize for a D&D competition and there will be a Dippy tournament if there is enough support. Lew Pulsipher will head the list of speaker(s). All enquiries and money for accomodation should be sent to: SIMON BOURKE, 4 WASHINGTON PARK, TEMPLEOGUE, DUBLIN 14. IRELAND)) This date won out eventually because the clubs wanted to have it in term-time, to attract a bigger Dublin crowd. This is not an invalid argument, as it is to be the "First National Games Con", whose main ultimate function is to boost the hobby in Dublin and throughout the Republic."

((That's fair comment - those last remarks are aimed at me because I told Mike that there was no way I could get across in term-time when he told me the provisional (now actual) date for LopreCon. I doubt that I could really go now anyway, but I hope that some of you will be able to make it. All Cons deserve full support))

En Garde - January, 1601

The Gatekeeper waited impatiently until midnight, when he was legally obliged to close the gates of Paris, then sent a note to the King to say that two newcomers who were supposed to arrive hadn't. What should he do? The laconic reply expressed a hope that the wolves didn't find them too tough. (Yes, citizens, already there are two NMHs in this game; Simon Burke and Jeremy Tullett, hang your heads in shame! And send me some orders next month!)

As expected, this was a quiet month, with most newcomers finding their way around town. There was a brisk sale of "The A to B of Paris", and several people could be found perusing the list of young ladies-about-town. Notable amongst them was Redmond Samuel Finisterre, who eventually found his way to the door of Bella Donna. Impressed by his English accent, she invited him in. Not so lucky was Mustapha Krappe; he got lost on his way to see Jane Fondue, probably because his turban fell over his eyes. Most others were busy trying to join regiments, though not all with success; Perkin Twassocke was so discouraged by the refusal of the Royal Marines to accept him as a Private that he immediately left for the front with a Frontier Regiment. As did Randolph Catstrangler, but he managed to purchase the rank of Captain in the Royal Marines before he left. Seiko Quartz and Giscard d'Stain both failed to get into the Crown Prince Cuirassiers with the rank of Major, but Seiko managed to acquire the same rank in the Picardy Musketeers; and figuring that he'd used up his luck for the month, he too left for the Frontier. Marmaduke Bogwash entered the 53rd Fusiliers with the rank of Major; while Mark de Cards, failing the intelligence test for the Princess Louisa Light Dragoons (how many beans make five?) joined the same regiment as a Captain. Guillaume d'Enfant and Patrick de Foie Gras both achieved the rank of Captain, the first with the Fighting 13th (as the 27th Musketeers jeeringly call them), the second with the Royal Foot Guard. Pablo de Casserole was undisayed by the absence of the Colonel of the Dragoon Guards, and sat down on the step of their recruiting office to await his return. Meanwhile that noted rake Tuffus la Custard was dissipating himself in the Frog and Peach; although the management there were a little dubious about his pet chihuahua, they let it in, on condition that Tuffus clean up after it.

Week 2: Although often being mistaken for a doormat, Pablo de Casserole sat bravely on outside the Dragoon Guard office - but in vain. Vain too were the hopes of Giscard d'Stain and Redmond Samuel Finisterre; Giscard failed once more to enter the Cuirassiers, while Redmond unfortunately forgot to remove his earrings before visiting the Royal Marine Barracks. There was a slight contretemps when Tuffus la Custard and Guillaume d'Enfant met on the doorstep of Sally Goldfield; but since Guillaume retreated rather hastily after being viciously barked at by the chihuahua, Tuffus was free to work his evil way on the poor girl. Marmaduke Bogwash could be seen on the practice field, rather ineptly trying out his new rapier; and his concentration wasn't helped by snide remarks from Mark de Cards, on his way back from Red Philips. Patrick de Foie Gras sat moodily in Hunters all week; his friend Jeremy hadn't turned up. Meanwhile Mustapha Krappe had finally turned his map the right way up, and after a few minor adventures (like finding someone to read the street name for him!), he eventually found his way to Jane Fondue's bedroom.

Week 3: By now, Pablo de Casserole had been accepted as a landmark by the pigeons of Paris, and was being decorated like all the rest; in fact, a Private almost mistook him for a hitching post and gave him a fresh coat of whitewash. But still no Colonel. Mustapha Krappe passed him without noticing him, on his tour of the barracks of the Kings Musketeers, the Cardinals Guard, and the Dragoon Guard, before finally being accepted into the Queens own Carbiniers as Major. Redmond Samuel Finisterre, having removed his earrings, was commissioned into the Royal Marines, though not without facing several pointed comments from his Colonel about young men nowadays. Giscard d'Stain finally abandoned his attempts to join the CPC, and joined the Grand Duke Mar' Dragoons as a Major. Marmaduke Bogwash was joined on the practice field by Patrick de Foie Gras, who also brought his rapier. Mark de Cards and Guillaume d'Enfant spent the week in Madame Tussaud's Sporting House - in separate rooms, of course - but Guillaume's temper was not improved by the news that that dastard, Tuffus la Custard, had abandoned Sally Goldfield and captured the affection of Ali McGrovy instead!

Week 4: Success! The Colonel arrived, and Pablo de Casserole finally achieved the rank of Major in the Dragoon Guards. His commander, who admired a man who could keep still, spent the rest of the week teaching him the regimental pastime, a game called cricket; the regiment had been looking for a new wicket for months! Mustapha Krappe spent his week slashing furiously with his rapier at dummies of the Colonels of the KM, CG, and DG. With him was Tuffus la Custard, with his faithful chihuahua; he too used the rapier possibly with Guillaume d'Enfant in mind. Guillaume was drowning his sorrows in Red Philip's, and there trying to comfort him were Mark de Cards and Redmond Samuel Finisterre, who had been slumming for a week (since he could have joined Blue Gables he must have been!). Marmaduke Bogwash and Giscard d'Stain went to Mme. Tussaud's, where Marmaduke surprised his friend by warning all the girls of impending doom. Giscard finally discovered that Marmaduke had heard a friend say that the girls were all cats; and since he liked cats and the infamous Catstrangler was known to be in Paris... Patrick de Foie Gras finally gave up waiting for his friend, and paid a visit to Marjory Troops, who found his new uniform a little loose around the waist; so he let her have it altered, and stayed at her house all week (well, he could hardly leave without his trousers, could he? People might talk!)

League Division One

Name	Player	Old New		Cash	Regt	Rank	Ms	Cl	EC	MA
		SL	SL							
Patrick de Foie Gras	Ian Doherty	9	9	36	RFG	Cp(f)	9	2	2	2
Pablo de Casserole	Rob Chapman	9	9	87	DG	Mj(2)	-	3	4	4
Redmond Samuel Finisterre	Graham Box	8	8	94	RM	Cp(f)	6	6	4	3
Mustapha Krappe	Brian Douglas	7	7	3	QOC	Mj(2)	3	4	2	1
Seiko Quartz	Nick Clennett	6	6	60	PM	Mj(2)	-	-	2	2
Giscard d'Stain	Ian Guilty	6	6	116	GDMD	Mj(2)	-	-	2	6
Tuffus la Custard	George North	5	5	399	-	-	4	5	1	5
Randolph Catstrangler	Bob Brown	4	4	22*	RM	Cp(e)	-	-	4	6
Mark de Cards	Brian Williams	4	4	391	53rd	Cp(f)	-	6	1	2
Guillaume d'Enfant	Mark Evans	4	4	51	13th	Cp(f)	-	6	4	4
Marmaduke Hogwash	Douglas Mills	3	3	0*	53rd	Mj(2)	-	-	3	1
Ferkin Twassocke	Mike Jarvis	3	3	11	-	-	-	-	2	4

Abbreviations should be obvious, but here they are: SL-social level Regt-Regiment Ms-Mistress Cl-Club EC-Endurance Class (1-50:1, 51-100:2, 101-150:3, 151-200:4, 201-250:5) MA-Military Ability. An asterisk after your cash means you've been advanced your next months allowance.

ZE MISTRESSESESES

No.	Name	SL	No.	Name	SL
1.	Arwen Evenstar	13	10.	Agatha Crispie	5WBI
2.	Joni Michelin	15B	11.	Alison Wonderland	13I
3.	Jane Fondue	11B	12.	Linda McCartwheel	15B
4.	Ali McGravy	8WI	13.	Anne McCafe	14
5.	Barbara Castille	14	14.	Janet Morris-Minor	13B
6.	Bella Donna	9W	15.	Ursula le Gannet	8I
7.	Sally Goldfield	8I	16.	Tanith Leaf	11
8.	Sarah Jane Smyth	4I	17.	Delilah Bak	12I
9.	Marjory Troops	9WI	W=Wealth B=Beauty I=Influence		

Death and Dreck: Guillaume d'Enfant has cause to challenge Tuffus la Custard over l'affaire de la belle Goldfield.

Weekend Returns: Marjory Troops reluctantly turned down the offer of a liason; her back was hurting from mending a uniform, she told the applicant.

The Merchant of Venice: Several notable citizens visited Shylock this month, amongst whom were: Seiko Quartz (600); Tuffus la Custard (200); Redmond S. Finisterre (400); Guillaume d'Enfant (100); Mark de Cards (400); Pablo de Casserole (600); and Mustapha Krappe (400).

Rule Changes and Clarifications

After several requests for a shorter battle sequence, this rule replaces no. 29

29) There are four campaign seasons in every year, each lasting three months; the first is Jan/Feb/Mch. The regular army campaigns in July/August/September. There will be one battle result every month, and players should send me either standing orders, or bravery/politony orders every month. Players must be at the front for the complete month to get a battle result for it. If a player's Military Ability would normally go up one, a die is rolled; on a 5 or 6 it goes up. For each failure, +1 is added to the next roll until it finally goes up.

Joining a club does not take a week, but joining a regiment does, however, you may attempt to join as many regiments in a week as you like; but each new regiment must be lower on the table (Regiment Table A) than the previous one.

Another new rule, this time to clarify the Expertise situation

17) Four weeks of practice with a weapon, or winning a duel, raises a player's expertise by one only with the weapon used. Players may raise their strength one point by losing three expertise points in every weapon.

Medals are in addition to any chance there might be of getting a title.

You may only carouse sufficiently to gain 1 additional status point per week, and cannot spend 9 x SL and gain 9 status, for example.

Players Characters (those not published last time). Anything not here is on the table.

Brian Williams: 2nd son of a well-to-do gentleman. SL: 4 In: 250cr All: 50cr

George North: 1st son of a well-to-do gentleman. SL: 5 In: 275cr All: 55cr

Mike Jervis: 1st son of a peasant. SL: 3 In: 11cr No All

Brian Douglas: 2nd son of a wealthy Baron. SL: 7 In: 500cr All: 100cr

Ian Doherty: 2nd son of a wealthy earl. SL: 9 In: 500 All: 100

Graham Box: 2nd son of an impoverished Marquis. SL: 8 In: 40 No All

Mark Evans: 2nd son of a well-to-do gentleman. SL: 4 In: 250 All: 50

Rob Chapman: Bastard son of a well-to-do Viscount. SL: 9 In: 225 All: 45

Simon Burke: Bastard son of an impoverished gentleman. SL: 3 In: 36 No All EC: 2 MA: 4

Jeremy Tullett: 2nd son of a wealthy gentleman. SL: 4 In: 500 All: 100 EC: 2 MA: 6

Der Garvey: 22 McDonagh Rd., Ballyphehane, Cork City. Eire. 2nd son of a very wealthy merchant. SL: 3 In: 500 All: 100 EC: 3 MA: 1

Tom Butcher: New Hiroo Hts 203, Hiroo 5-8-15, Shibuya-ku, Tokyo. Japan. 2nd son of a wealthy gentleman. SL: 4 In: 500 All: 100 EC: 2 MA: 3

Ted Linden: Tamamachi 1-15-2, Fuchu-shi, Tokyo, Japan 183. 2nd son of a peasant. SL: 2 In: 10 No All EC: 3 MA: 3

Press

A LETTA TO IS GLORIOUS MAGESTI KING DAVE THE NEERLY
FROM IS UMBLE SUJEC PERKIN TWASSOCKE

Dear King,

I aint never ad a chans in life. Born the sun of an umble pesant Ive never ad no muny or owt. Ive cum tut big citi to surve yor majesti in eny wai I can. I ope you will mik use of yor umble servant. yors truley, Perkin Twassocke

X his mark.

Dear Mister Twassocke, Gratified as His Majesty is by your most generous offer, I am afraid that at present there are no vacancies in the Palace. There was a post free earlier this week, that of attendant to the King. However, that has been filled by an Egyptian gentleman who claims he was personal servant to the Pharaohs - The Valet of the Kings, he calls himself. However, we shall of course get in touch with you if the situation should change. Yours, Sir Miles N. Milesanmiles, Deputy Assistant Temporary Undersecretary of State.

Notice found pinned to the door of the Hotel de Ville

Notice is given of the arrival in the capital of three fighting panthers (Endurance Class 6, Strength 19, armed with claws and fangs). These beautiful felines have been

trained to detect the stench of all who hate cats, and, having detected, to kill. All people are advised therefore to avoid and ostracize the felon known as Catstrangler. You have been warned!

"...kicking up such a terrible stink that Catstrangler left for the front immediately. However, there are apparently other troubles brewing in the city. The proprietor of the Frog and Peach is organising a petition amongst his regulars that that dreadful chihuahua belonging to la Custard be put down. Apparently its savage and unprovoked attacks don't actually do any harm; but the shock often startles the victims into spilling their drinks, a terrible state of affairs. And usually reliable sources inform me that a blood feud may be brewing between Mark de Cards and Pablo de Casserole. de Cards is none too polite at the best of times, even though he couldn't punch his way through a wet parchment, but last week he surpassed himself. Seeing Pablo seated on the step of the Dragoon Guards recruiting office he was evil enough to buy several flasks of wine and then keep him company for a while, sharing the drink. Several hours later the wine had worked its way through Pablo's system, and then Mark pulled his really evil trick; he bribed one of the Dragoons to tell Pablo that the Colonel was expected any minute. Which meant poor de Casserole was in agony for an hour, not daring to leave his post in case the Colonel missed him, and at the same time desperately needing to visit the midden behind the barracks. And then de Cards had the gall to send him a chamber pot by special delivery! Not a very nice fellow at all!"

A further extract from the Letters of Alphonse de Nutt

((Players should note that A de N. is a non-player character run by myself. His letters are merely put in to give players ideas and suggestions; so Pablo and Mark could ignore the above and become best of friends. These letters cannot be quoted as cause for a duel)).

The weary traveller slept fitfully along the barren, cobbled roads of Alsace, as resonant metal-rimmed wheels bore a carriage on towards the dimly-lit streets of Paris. The man, long-haired and of a grimly-set countenance, was closely-wrapped around by a black cloak, upon which there appeared the insignia of four arrows pointing outwards towards the main points of the compass. "They will soon learn to recognise my sign," thought the stranger aloud, "and the "Ends of the Earth" will become the most dreaded force in France."

Finisterre again perused the message he had received from his friends in London: 'Catstrangler returned to Paris. Be on your guard'. The name meant nothing to him, so he reluctantly concluded that it was in code. Still tired, he dragged out his codeword diary, and under December 23rd 1599 read the word "Cutlass". Wondering briefly if there were some other special significance of the day, he turned up "Sitting Mongoose 3" and translated: "North to North-East, backing slowly, 23 miles, 1010 and rising."

Still he didn't understand, but felt that in some way these words were a justification for his journey. He could not explain why, nor could anyone else have understood the hatred which was taking him to the capital, to seek revenge upon the man who had brought his father to shame and beggary. He would pay them back for their ruthlessness with interest, and restore the Finisterres to their former noble standing in France.

Right, that's that. And despite all my appeals, still only three pieces of press! You'll have to do better than that for next time!

Dave (Hex(Nearly)).

Games off Sale

Contact Ron or myself.

Games at £2.	Tannenberg	Wolfpack	Sixth Fleet
	Frederick the Great	Conquistador	Panzergruppe Guderian
	Combined Arms	Cobra	Raid
	Kharkov	Vera Cruz	South Africa
	Assassinate Hitler	Siege of Constantinople	
Games at £1.	Battle for Germany	World War 1	Oil War
	Punic Wars	Breitenfeld	Revolt in the East
	Road to Richmond	October War	Dixie
	Stoewall (Stonewall)		
Others.	Drang Nach Osten & Unertscheiden £13.		Barlev £3.50
	War of 1812 £3.50		La Grande Armee £3
Back numbers.	Strategy & Tactics 35p each (no game)		
	Phoenix (35p).		

We Apologise for the Delay, but.....

RT 66 B - Round 3

Black Bob (Bob Brown, black) 3a) (N19)-A60-Coventry-A64. 3b) (A64)-A65-B65-B66. 3c) (B66)-B68-E70. 42+1-1 (with L&L) +1 (from CARROT) = 43.

London & Liverpool Ry (Chikako Butcher, red) 3a) (D57)-D56-C56-C53. 3b) (E68)-Oxford. 3c) (H15)-H14-G14-G11. 28+5-1+1 (with BB) -1 (to CARROT) +1 (from MOLE) = 33.

CARROT (James O'Fee, blue) 3a) (Huddfld)-L6; (Derby)-A56. 3b) (A56)-L17. 3c) (L6)-J7. 48+1 (from L&L) -1 (to BB) = 48.

MOLE (Mark Evans, orange) 3a) (H3)-J4-K4-M5. 3b) (L20)-L23. 3c) (L23)-L28. 55-1 (to L&L) = 54.

Looks like a well-balanced game here. Throws: 6,6,6

RT 53 B - Round 6

FHT (Harry Turner, red) 6a) (I70)-I71-London; (Glos)-G28. 6b) (G28)-D29. 6c) (D29)-Newport; (B48)-B46. 7+2 (from PASS) -1 (to SDR) +1 (from LOVE) +5 = 14.

SDR (Paul Ward, purple) 6a) (I17)-F15-F13. 6b) (F13)-F10. 6c) (F10)-F8; (H44)-I44. 56+1-1 (with PASS) +2-1 (with MARS) +1 (from FHT) +1-1 (with LOVE) = 58.

MARS (John Marsden, orange) 6a) (I9)-I11-G12 (1 short; had built M/C-I9 in round 2). 6b) (G12)-G13; (H15)-H17. 6c) (H17)-K19-K20; (J18)-Wolverhampton. 49+1-2 (with SDR) -2+1 (with LOVE) -2 (to PASS) +1 (from SDR) = 46.
John: G15 is a hill on the r-p map; about 10 other changes to old sheet.

LOVE (John Love, green) 6a) (F57)-A60. 6b) (A60)-M21-L20. 6c) (L20)-K20; (C59)-Leicester; (B49)-B48-Doncaster. 82+2-1 (with MARS) +1-1 (with SDR) -2 (to PASS) -1 (to FHT) = 80.

PASS (Tom Butcher, black) 6a) (I63)-I67-J67. 6b) (J67)-K68-K70. 6c) (K70)-K72-London; (D60)-Leicester; (E8)-F7. 2-2 (to FHT) +1-1 (with SDR) +2 (from LOVE) +2 (from MARS) = 4.

Runs for Round 7

- 1) 11-32 Grimsby - Manchester
- 2) 24-56 Huddersfield - Oxford
- 3) 43-65 Peterborough - London
- 4) 12-54 Hull - Newport
- 5) 23-66 Bradford - Any port
- 6) 41-35 Derby - Liverpool

Looks mostly one-horse races.
Builds: up to 14 points.

Stab Gamestart

The seventh player needed for this to start has turned up in the shape of Graham Box, so would Mark Evans, Jeremy Tullett, Dave Thomas, Ian Doherty, Gary Murkin and John James as well as Graham, let me have preference lists by next time. Gary and John have already given me one, but you may care to change it?

Waiting Lists

Regular (75p): Chris Bishop, Jeff Garrett, Dave Thomas, Patrick McCarthy, Peter McDonald.

Third Age II (75p): Geoff Hardingham, George Kingston, Dave Tucker, Patrick McCarthy, Simon Burke and A.N. Other which will be me if no-one else wishes to play, so a gamestart will be announced next time gents. Preference lists to Ron Fisher.

Other variants are shelved, I'm afraid, until a vacancy arises for a variant ie when the Mercator or one of the two above finish.

Railway Rivals (30p): Tim Sharrock (BCK), Graham Box (BDK).

Changes of Address

Arthur Lowe to Villa Gavaz, Via: Praloran 138 Limana, Belluno. Italy.

Don Brown (my brother) now has a phone (Nottingham 702718) and is just itching to have it used - so you know who to send your obscene phone calls to!

Jugular, Spring 1910 (1977 DX)

GM: Bob Brown

France: F(MAO)-Spa sc, F(ENG)-MAO, A(Mar)-Pie, F(ING) S F(BAR)-Nor, A(Rom) S F(TYR)-
(Geoff Hardingham) Nap, F(GOL)-WMS, F(Tus)-TYR, A(Kie) & A(Mun) S A(Ber), F(WTH) S A(Den) S
A(Kie), A(Tyr) S A(Boh) S ITALIAN A(Vie)

Italy: F(Nap), A(Tri), A(Vie), A(Ser) stand unordered
(Anarchy)

Russia: A(St.P.) & F(Swe) S F(Nor) St, A(Sil) & F(BAL) S A(Pru)-Ber, A(Bud) S
(Andy Norman) ITALIAN A(Vie), A(Gal) S A(Sil)

Turkey: F(ION) & F(Tun) S F(WMS)-TYR, F(ADR)-Apu, A(Bul)-Gre, A(Ank)-Con
(Dave Browne)

Masties. Italian F(Nap) chopped.

Frelech. Concession to France defeated. 3-way draw proposed - votes next time please.
Failure to vote counts for the draw.

Screwtape Wellbeloved the Good takes this opportunity to wish all opponents and allies, including heartless GM's, a very merry Xmas and a prosperous New Year - God bless you all!

Coronary Street. An Everyday Story of Sickly Sultans.

Last month we left Caliph Screwtape incubating the common cold. Indeed few things commoner or colder are known around the Chancelleries of Europe, excepting possibly the stony heart of his brother 'King Screwtape the Nettlesome'. Still with a streaming cold, the scheming old fool has his feet in a steaming bowl of water. Unfortunately the mustard bath is a bit too hot, which explains the screaming. Also, Dr. Machiavelli's operation didn't seem to have done anything to reduce the agony of his throbbing prostate, and he'd insisted that the Sultan had to keep lying on this lumpy old divan.

"It's an occupational disease, I'm afraid," he had said, "quite incurable; you'll always be a chronic liar!"

Then Dr. Rasputin had had him rubbed with vile calomel, giving him all sorts of skin troubles and blowing his face up in bumps. Getting that second opinion had turned out to be a very rash action. By Allah, the Agony. It was Hell!

"That's not a person we mention down here, Master Screwtape", hissed Old Nick. "Winko your mouth out with caustic soda." He prodded the carcass with his toasting fork. Coming along nicely, but it wouldn't be done for a few Time Jumps yet. A little more barbecue sauce perhaps? Yes, and just time to add a few peppers before he time-jumped off to Lawson Park. Ho Bottle Bill had invited him to inspect the new A.R.S.E. Establishment.

ooo000ooo

Kyte, Spring 1908 (1977 DY)

GM: Bob Brown

Austria: A(War)-Gal, A(Vie)-Tyr, A(Tri) S F(ADR)-Ven, A(Bud) S A(Ser) S A(Run)-Bul,
(Arthur Lowe) A(StP)-Liv, A(Sev) stands unordered

France: MR!: F(TYR), A(Pie), A(Spa), F(Por), A(Par), A(Mun), A(Boh), A(Kie), F(HEL),
(Stephen Andrews) F(ENG) stand unordered

Germany: A(Ber)-Sil, A(Swe) S A(Den) St
(Graham Box)

Italy: A(Ven) St
(Kevin McAdam)

Turkey: A(Con)-Ank, F(Smy)-Con, A(Bul) MS A(Gre), F(Rom) S F(ION)-Nap, F(Tun)-TYS,
(Mike Johnson) F(Pre) St, F(MAO)-NAO

Anarchic Pieces: English F(ING) & Russian F(Nor) both stand.

Masties. Italian A(Ven) chopped, MRO.

Berlin - Paris: Thanks for the message, which you will excuse me for finding a little difficult to accept. If you have continued to 'stand by the truce', may I suggest you vacate Kiel to allow me to return. Perhaps then we might be able to talk.

Olum, Autumn 1905 (1977 JX)

GM: Bob Brown

Gallant Austrian stand ends.

Austria: A(Vie) S ITALIAN A(Gal)-Bud
(Jon Love)

England: F(Nor)-Swe, F(Lon)-NTH
(George Kingston)

France: F(NWG)-Edi, A(Yor) S GERMAN F(NTH)-Lon, F(Den) St, A(Gas) St, F(GOL)-TYR,
(Geoff Chase) F(Tun)-ION

Germany: A(Liv) S A(Sil)-War, A(Ruh)-Mun, A(Kie)-Mun, F(NTH)-Lon
(Martin Feather)

Italy: A(Gal)-Ukr, F(Nap) S FRENCH F(Tun)-ION, F(ADR) S F(Ven) St
(John Marsden)

Russia: A(Ukr) S A(War), A(Fin), F(SKA) & F(Swe) S F(St.P.nc)-Nor, F(Sev)-Rus
(Stephen Agar) A(Bud)-Gal

Turkey: A(Arm)-Smy, F(Smy)-EMS, F(AEG) & F(Gre) S F(ION), A(Tyr) S A(Tri)-Vie
(Ian Doherty)

Nasties. Austrian A(Vie) chopped, NRO. English F(Nor)-BAR, F(Lon) chopped, NRO. Russian A(War)-Mos.

Winter 1905

<u>Austria:</u> Vie		OUT
<u>England:</u> Edi, Lon, Nor		removes F(BAR) for OUT
<u>France:</u> Bre, Mar, Por, Spa, Lpl, Par + Edi, Den, Tun	builds F(Mar), F(Bre), 1 short for 9	
<u>Germany:</u> Ber, Kie, Mun, Bel, Hol + Lon, War	builds F(Ber), A(Mun) for 7	
<u>Italy:</u> Nap, Rom, Ven, Tyr	removes F(ADR) for 3	
<u>Russia:</u> Mos, StP, War , Run, Bud, Sev, Swe, Ukr + Nor	GM removes F(SKA) for 7	
<u>Turkey:</u> Ank, Con, Smy, Bul, Ser, Gre, Tri + Vie	builds A(Con) for 8	

France - Russia. Well played you bounder, but it wasn't really cricket you know.

The Pope wishes to deny the implication in the way that his last press was printed that he is a toady. Such allegations would not even be fit for Pigmy!

NAMIBIAN AUBERGINE: Ostriches might eat almost anything, but even they draw the line at NA's

GERMANY - TURKEY: Would you believe me if I said we were Moslems too?

Germany - Allied Horde (reputedly based in Switz.) Do you think you could arrange an Autumn season in which there are no enemy (i.e. non-German units either in, or adjacent to, Munich? Pretty please?

I say etc., What's getting bigger, is blue, and has yet more lumps all over? Answer -- an expanding France.

CONSTANTINOPLE - Our correspondent today reported a speech by His Most Glorious and Omnipotent Majesty, Protector of the Faith, Light of the East, Sultan Mohammed bin Rashid al Pepper in which he revealed information regarding the German nation. It appears that they are busy learning to write so that they may communicate with other nations. Sultan Pepper detailed aid being sent to the Germans, including a large batch of 'Arabic Made Easy for Krauts!' as, he said, the whole world will be speaking Arabic soon by the Grace of Allah the all-powerful God.

CONSTANTINOPLE - Sultan Pepper will be off on an inspection of his Southern provinces until 10th January. His address will be: C/O Gray Mackenzie & Co Ltd., PO Box 70, Dubai. UAE. Letters will take 5/6 days airmail (10^{1/2}pp). Look forward to hearing from you all.

ooo000ooo

Noyau (1977 JS)

Tis all over me boys. The draw 1st C/T, 3rd E/I, 5th F has been accepted (4 in favour and one abstension). Final details and any comments from the protagonists will be printed next time and a merry Xmas to you all.

Ulysses, Definitive Mercator, May 1890

GM: Bob Brown

Argentina: A/F(SPO)-TAS, F(Wel) St, A(Bog) St, F(CRS)-Tah, A(TAS) D Syd
(Jon Love)

Austria: F(ION)-Zag, A(Bud) & A(Clu) S A(Zag)-Ser, A(Vie) MS A(Tri)
(Ian Doherty)

Brazil: F(CAN) S A(CAN) L Por, A(SAO) L Nig, A(Por) S ITALIAN F(Mor)-Spa sc,
(Don Brown) F(Sah)-CAO, F(SAO)-CHS, A(Nig)-SAF, F(CAN) St

China: A(Tib)-Cle, F(GOT)-SCS, A(IMO) MS A(Pek), A(Ksu) S A(IMO), F(SCS)-Bor
(Jeremy Tullett)

England: F(NTH) S A(NTH) L Den, A(Den)-Kie, F(SKA)-Den, A(GRA) B F(NWP), A/F(NWP)
(Doug Wakefield) S F(GRA)-Que, A(NWP) D Van, F(ROC)-GRA, F(LRI)-ENG, F(MAL) S FRENCH
A(MAL) L Jav

France: F(MAJ) S A(MAJ) L Sar, A(GOL) L Pie, A(MAL) L Jav, A(Pic)-Par, A(Sav)-
(Hick Robson) Lyo, A(Jav) St, A(Sar) St, A(Pie)-Bol, F(Can)-Sai, F(GOL)-TYS, F(Por)-CAN

Germany: F(BAL) S A(BAL) L Swe, A(Sil)-Pos, A(Bch)-Sil, A(Tyr)-Ven, A(Bur) St,
(Peter Nunn) A(Bel) St, F(Den) S F(Hol)-NTH, F(CHS)-Mdg, A(Pos) E F(BAL), A(Bel) E
ENGLISH F(ENG), A/f(ENG)-BIS

India: A(Del)-Cle, A(Bna) S F(BOB)-Tha wc, A(Tkn) S CHINESE A(Ksu)-Sik,
(Chris Bishop) F(Cey)-WIO, F(Jav) S F(Mdr)-EIO

Italy: F(TYS) S A(TYS) L Tus, A(Tus)-Bol, A(Rom) St, F(Nap) S F(Tun)-TYS,
(Stuart Daggar) F(Mor)-Spa sc, A(Alg) St, A(Alg) E F(TYR)

Japan: F(NOM) S A(NOM) L Van, A(CPO) L Phi, F(CPO)-Haw, A(Van)-Chi, F(Alc)-NPO,
(Tom Butcher) F(NPO)-CPO, A(Tan) St

Russia: F(Swe)-GOB, A(Pru)-Pos, A(War)-Sil, A(Lvn)-Pru, A(Mos)-St.P., A(Ukr) S
(Andy Norman) A(Rus) St, A(Snk) S A(Cau)-Tkn, A(OMO) & A(Sib) S A(Snk), A(Man) S
A(OMO), F(Kor) S A(Man)

Turkey: A(RED) L Eth, A(Gre) D F(DAS), A(LEG) L Cre, A(Ira) S RUSSIAN A(Cau)-
(John Marsden) Tkn, A(Ser)-Bul, F(PER) S F(RED)-ARA, F(LEG)-DAS, A/F(DAS)-ION, A(ION) D
Apu

USA: F(CHA) S A(CHA) L Van, F(HAT) S A(HAT) L NeY, A(Van) & A(NeY) S
(Geoff Hardingham) A(Chi)-Que, F(Clf) S F(CHA), A(NeY) E F(HAT), A/F(HAT)-GRA, A(Van) D
F(CHA), A/F(CHA)-NOM

Nasties. French F(Por) chopped, no possible retreat ordered. German F(Den) chopped,
HRO. Indian F(Jav)-TIM, A(Tkn) chopped, HRO. Russian F(Swe)-GOB.

Prelech. How many times do I have to say that TS3 fleet or army/fleet moves are not
allowed unless that fleet has been involved in a TS3 army move; either D (leaving a
fleet) or E (producing an army/fleet)?

Press or Something. It's been a good month for Dochertys hasn't it? First Tommy gets
let off, then Ian does. Luck of the Irish?

I'll discuss war and sex any time,
For such things are sublime.
Yet fulfillment, it would seem, in these times,
Comes from writing silly rhymes!

Paris - No comment!

ITALY - AUSTRIA: You any relation to Tommy Doherty?

ANON - WORLD. You've all heard of the Murky five and the Brown-Love affair, now there's
a new threat, 'The Wakefield Trinity'.

AUSTRIA - Please note my COA.

China - Russia: Let's hope things have gone according to plan THIS time.

ANON - REST OF WORLD. Help! I'm being "Butchered".

June 1890

Argentina:	Buc, San, Tuc, Lin, Tah	+ Bog, Syd, Wel	builds F(Buc), A(Tuc) A(Jor)	for 8
Austria:	Zag, Vie, Bud, Tri, Clu, Ser		no change	for 6
Brazil:	Rec, Rio, Iqu, Nig, Uru	+ Por, Saf	builds F(Rio), A(Rec)	for 7
China:	Can, Shg, Pek, Han, For, Vtm	+ Bor	builds A(Sik)	for 7
England:	Lon, Edi, Wls, Joh, Lpl, Ice Nor, Que, Wyl	+ Den, Kie, Van	builds A(Lon), A(Edi)	for 11
France:	Bré, Mar, Sai, Par, Lyo, Cam Wyl , Sar , Btl	+ Jav	no change	for 8
Germany:	Kil , Wyl , Ber, Mun, Pos, Bel Wyl , Hol, Btl , SU	+ Mdg, Swe	removes F(Mdg)	for 8
India:	Cey, Mlr, Del, Clc, Bma, Btl Wyl	+ Tha	no change	for 6
Italy:	Nap, Lib, Rom, Bol, Btl , Mor Tun	+ Spa	no change	for 7
Japan:	Tok, Osa, Kob, Nii, Ale, Kar Phi	+ Tan, Haw	builds A(Cgo), A(Tok)	for 9
Russia:	StP, Vla, Mos, War, Sev, Oms Kor, Man, Omo, Rum, Snk, Btl SU	+ Tkn	no change	for 13
Turkey:	Smy, Dan, Bag, Con, Ank, Bul Egy, Gre, Ira	+ Cre, Eth	builds A(Mus), F(Smy)	for 11
USA:	NeY, Clf, Kan, Tex, Cub, Wyl		GM removes A(CHA)	for 5
Neutral:	Gui, Yem, Pth, Azo			

H. GRATUITOUS CRAPPER - WHOM IT MAY DISMAY

Having observed the press in ULYSSES for several seasons I feel that it is about time I made a poor submission of my own. I realise, of course, that I cannot hope to approach the heights of such outstanding contributions as 'The Tail of the Vicar of Wakefield' and the 'Legend of Hawkins P.', but those were other times and other places. There is only one constraint on press I feel, that is, it must be relevant to the game and/or players.

Herewith then, my effort:- (In ballad form since I am a traditionalist).

A Song on Nippon

The Russians now have moved the other way
I hold this truth to be self-evident.
The Chinese can't decide which game to play.
So no-one my final win can prevent.
With Black-belt hanging bravely round my knees
I wonder who best can support my plan?
I search for ways to help the Viennese
I know I'll move right in and snaffle Tan.

c H.G. CRAPPER

Doug Wakefield. I am not an arrogant swyn and I am capable of riting my oan pres. So now yu no!

Bosie (Vienna): I am so sorry that my government has adopted the attitude that it has. I would much prefer a forceful German gentleman to those hairy Russian things.

ROME - ROSIE. May I make a date for December?

Doug Wakefield - Easy! Easy!

Vienna - Tokyo - Thanks for the consolation Hiro!

With Apologies to Lewis Carroll

'To the Mercator world it was Wakefield who said,
 "I've a sceptre in hand, I've a crown on my head;
 Let Mercator players, whoever they be,
 Come and lick my boots, come and bow the knee!"

And eleven voices joined in chorus:-

We will move our pieces the way that he tells
 And refuse to admit that we're under duress,
 When he wins the game we will ring the bells,
 And believe every word of the great man's press.

"Oh Mercator players," quoth Wakefield, "draw near!
 'Tis an honour to see me, a favour to hear,
 'Tis a privilege high, so whoever you be,
 Don't forget that the rules say, you must support me".

Chorus!.....

"All Mercator players - or almost all
 Know, the great Nunn's behaviour cost me appal,"
 Said the Wakefield, "Come and join me we'll sort out the mess,
 And I promise you will all come second or less".

Chorus!.....

A lonely voice was heard to cry:-

In Mercator I stand with my back to the wall
 While Wakefield's minions fawn to excess
 But the words of the once great Nunn I recall
 "There are lies, damned lies, and Wakefield press!"

Peter Nunn - I think it is about time that some of this press was explained and that some of the outrageous claims made on my behalf were denied. I do not write all the gratuitous crap appearing under Doug Wakefield's name - just the stuff he pays me for.

Doug Wakefield - Just a few final words on Definitive Mercator. It seems that some of you have still not got the message about this superbly balanced game, so I must spell it out even more plainly. It is not true to say that there is any country which has a geographic or power advantage over any other and it is really not necessary to wait the several years that might be required for me to play in each position. I simply state it as evident that I can win with any country.

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Annalid, Autumn 1917 (1976 AD)

GM: Bob Brown

England: F(Maf) S P(PAO)-WMS, F(IRI) S F(ENG)-MAO, F(BAL)-Den, F(Tor) S A(Gas)-
 (Dave Browne) Spa, A(Bre)-Gas, A(Bur)-Mar, A(Mos) S A(Ukr), A(Ukr) MS A(War), A(Tur) S
 A(Sil), A(Ber) & A(Ruh) S A(Mun), A(Sil) MS A(Mun)

France: A(Mar) St
 (Roger Ayre)

PTO for press.

Turkey: F(ION)-Tun, F(AEG)-ION, F(Pie) S F(Spa sc)-Mar, F(COL) S F(WMS)-Spa sc,
 (Stephen Doewra) A(Ven), A(Tyr), A(Boh), A(Tri), A(Vie), A(Bud), A(Gal), A(Sov), A(Run), A(Arm)
 all stand

Nasties. French A(Mar) annihilated. Turkish F(WMS) chopped, NRO.

England: Edi, Lon, Lpl, Mor, Hol, StP, Den, Swe, Ber, Mos, War, Kie, Mun, Bel, Por, Par, Bre

17

France: ~~V44~~

OUT

Turkey: Ank, Sny, Bul, Run, Ser, Bud, Con, Gre, Sov, Vie, Ven, Nap, Tri, Tun, Rom, Spa + Mar

17

Prolech. No builds were ordered by Turkey, who is consequently 2 short. This is the first time I've seen a 17-17 split of centres reached by play, but the game doesn't end until either a two-way draw is accepted by both parties or one gets another centre. The latter looks pretty certain for England who has Spain at his mercy now.

Wezand, Autumn 1901 (1978 GU) GM: Bob Brown

Austria: F(Tri)-Ven,A(Vie)-Tyr,A(Ser) St
(Doug Mills)

England: F(ENG) S & F(NTH) C A(Edi)-Nor.
(Ray Harper)

France: F(ENG) S GELMAN F(Den)-NTH,A(Pic)-Bel,A(Spa)-Por
(Ian McIntyre)

Germany: F(Den)-NTH,A(Kie)-Den,A(Ruh)-Hol
(Vic Smith)

Italy: A(Ven)-Tri,A(Rom)-Apu,F(ION)-Gre
(Ian Doherty)

Russia: F(Fin)-Swe,A(St.P.)-Nor,A(Ukr)-Mun,F(Sev)-BLA
(John Miller)

Turkey: A(Bul)-Mun,A(Arm)-Sev,F(Ank)-BLA
(John Fisher)

Nasties. English F(NTH) chopped, NRO.

Winter 1901

Austria: Bud,Tri,Vie + Ser	builds A(Bud) for 4
England: Edi,Lon,Lpl	builds F(Lon) for 3
France: Bre,Mar,Par + Bel,Por	builds F(Bre),A(Par) for 5
Germany: Ber,Kie,Mun + Den,Hol	builds F(Kie),A(Mun) for 5
Italy: Nap,Rom,Ven + Gre	builds F(Nap) for 4
Russia: Mos,Sev,StP,War + Nor,Swe	builds A(Mos),A(War) for 6
Turkey: Ank,Con,Sny + Bul	builds F(Con) for 4
Neutral: Rum,Spa,Tun	

Moscow - Constantinople: If you've been clever I shall scream!

Moscow - Vienna: I'm afraid it doesn't look like a Lepanto to me...

PRIVDA SITUATIONS VACANT UNIVERSITY OF SEVASTOPOL
School of Middle Eastern Studies
Senior Lecturer required (Armenians need not apply)
(I SAID, Armenians need not apply!)

Constantinople - The World: I didn't know so many of you cared about the fate of a Diplomacy club in the foreign waste-lands of the North. Indeed, if a few more people up here had cared, there might be still such a club. Unfortunately, our administrative Diplomacy was not as good (?) as that of our game, so I am afraid that the club is defunct.

Caliph of Baghdad - The Pope, The Czar and Franz-Joseph: Sorry about the dearth of letters. Business has been hectic.

Italy - Please note COA in Odium.

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Annalid Press

Screwtape Wellbeloved the Good takes this opportunity to wish all opponents and allies including heartless GM's, a very Merry Xmas and a prosperous New Year - God bless you all!

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Kyster (1978 JI)

I am two sets of orders short - one probably due to an oversight and the other due to the fault of the post office. Chris Bishop had a choice epithet to describe the post office when his orders (which I suspect included his orders for this game) failed to arrive for the last deadline, so I am going to give him another chance to resubmit his orders (and the other defaulter). I will adjudicate the game and get it out to you all before Xmas - it's handy that I have got the long deadline which enables me to do this. I'm sorry about this slight hold-up, but it would be sad to adjudicate the game with two sets of orders missing.

C3 Bourse, Spring 1905

GM: Bob Brown

	<u>Crowns</u>	<u>Pounds</u>	<u>Francs</u>	<u>Marks</u>	<u>Lire</u>	<u>Roubles</u>	<u>Piastres</u>
Arthur 2-sheds	-500	+2151	-500	-	-500	+1465	-500
Geoffrey Pourmyle	-188	+2997	-500	-500	-	-500	-476
John Marsden	-500	+3923	-500	-	-500	-499	-500
Pezoco Inc	-500	+1001	-500	+1096	-500	-500	-
Lpl InvestmentNo transactions received.....						
Garfield Butler	-500	-	-500	+2012	-404	-	-500
Scrooge & Marley	-	-	-500	+1251	-	-	-500
Dealings	-1812	+10072	-3000	+3859	-1904	-34	-2476
Old value	1.73	0.92	1.90	1.55	0.78	0.83	1.98
New value	1.55	1.92	1.60	1.93	0.59	0.83	1.74

	<u>Crowns</u>	<u>Pounds</u>	<u>Francs</u>	<u>Marks</u>	<u>Lire</u>	<u>Roubles</u>	<u>Piastres</u>	<u>Total</u>
A. 2-sheds	543	3157	3630	0	500	1500	5359	23575.75
J. Marsden	521	4739	3887	304	1103	756	952	19647.08
G. Fourmyle	4856	2997	997	2206	0	0	0	19133.82
Pezoco Inc	3474	2001	900	3032	658	710	0	17495.90
G. Butler	466	0	2127	4986	0	0	566	14733.32
Scr & Marley	3517	1651	400	1814	129	0	973	14531.42
Lpl Invest	1989	649	1500	1078	0	2865	1580	13936.72

Cybercrud 3, Spring 1905

GM: Ron Fisher

Austria: A(Gal)-Rum, A(Rum)-Bul, A(Bul)-Con, F(ION)-Gre, A(Tyr) S A(Ven) S A(Tus)-Rom,
(Andy Holborn) F(ADR) S TURKISH F(AEG)-ION

England: F(MVG) S F(Lon)-NTH, F(St.P.nc) S F(Nor) S FRENCH F(NTH)-SKA, A(Yor) St
(Doug Wakefield)

France: F(NTH)-HEL, A(Mar) S A(Bur) S F(ENG)-Pic, F(MAO)-ENG
(Allan Ovens)

Germany: F(Swe)-Den, F(HEL) S F(SKA)-NTH, A(Hol) S A(Bel) St, A(Mun)-Bur, A(Pic)
(Richard Sharp) stands unordered

Italy: F(TYS)-Tun, F(Nap) S A(Rom) St
(Stuart Dagger)

Russia: A(Mos) S A(Ukr)-Sev
(Willy Haughan)

Turkey: A(Sev)-Ukr, F(BLA) C A(Ank)-Sev, F(AEG)-ION
(Dave Johnson)

Retreats. Turkish A(Sev)-Arm.

Berlin: The lily-livered speculators who are selling their Deutschmarks will find that they are VERY MUCH MISTAKEN.

COA: From 9/12/78 Allan Ovens to Officers Mess, RAF Lyneham, Wilts.

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NGC 215, Spring 1908

GM: Ron Fisher

"The Sultan wishes to apologise profusely to the GM and neighbouring countries (friendly or otherwise) for his last NMR. He would have been happy to lay the blame for this offence on the Turkish GPO, and accordingly massacred a few Post Office workers (a course of action which must appeal from time to time to many other politicians).

However, in fear of being struck down from the heavens by a thousand syringes, the Sultan must be honest and regretably admit to a lapse of memory. He is currently venting his rage at the consequences to Turkish seapower by creating a number of extra eunuchs."

England: NMR! A's Yor, Ber, StP, War & F's Cly, Lpl, Lon, Den, BAL stand unordered
(Hugh Baldwin)

France: F(ENG)--Wal, F(MAO)--ENG, F(NTH) S A(Kie)--Den, A(Mun)--Ber, A(Ruh) S A(Hol)--
(George Kingston) Kie, A(Pie) S A(Tus)--Ven, F(Ven)--Apu

Italy: F(ION) C A(Nap)--Alb, F(Tun) S F(ION)
(Ian McIntyre)

Turkey: A(Boh) S A(Tyr)--Mun, F(ADR) S F(AEG)--ION, A(Tri)--Tyr, A(Bud)--Tri, A(Gal)--
(Pat Jones) Bud, A(Rum)--Bul, F(BLA)--Con

Retreats. English F(Den) chopped. French A(Mun)--Bur.

Note: England appears to be one unit short. No-one informed me of this situation; hence, England must remain one short until the next build season.

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Rhubarb, Autumn 1903 (1978 DY)

GM: Bob Brown

Austria: A(Ser)--Gre, A(Rum)--Bul, A(Tyr) S A(Tri)--Ven, F(ION)--Nap
(Tom Watkins)

England: NMR! F(NTH), F(Den), A(Nor), F(Swe) stand unordered
(Pete Turner)

France: A(Por)--Spa, A(Mar)--Spa, A(Bur)--Mar, A(Gas)--Bre, F(Bel) St, F(GOL)--TYR
(John James)

Germany: A(Kie)--Den, F(HEL)--NTH, A(Hol) S A(Ruh)--Bel, A(Mun)--Bur
(Harry Turner)

Italy: A(Pie) S A(Ven)--Tyr, A(Tus)--Ven, F(MAO)--Por
(Ian Pringle)

Russia: A(Gal), A(Ukr), A(Mos) stand
(Anarchy)

Turkey: A(Bul)--Gre, A(Con)--Bul, F(BLA) S A(Sev)--Rum, F(Smy)--AEG
(Chris Bishop)

Hasties. Austrian A(Rum)--Bud, A(Tyr) chopped, NRO. French F(Bel)--ENG.

Winter 1903

Austria: Bud, Tri, Vie, Ser, Gre + Nap	builds A(Vie), 1 short for 6
England: Edi, Lon, Lpl, Nor + Den, Swe	2 short for 6
France: Bre, Mar, Par, Bel , Spa, Por	removes F(ENG) for 5
Germany: Ber, Kie, Mun, Den , Hol + Bel	no change for 5
Italy: Alb , Rom, Ven, Tun	removes F(MAO) for 3
Russia: Mos, StP, War, Smy	no change for 3
Turkey: Ank, Con, Smy, Bul, Rum, Sev	builds F(Smy) for 6

FRANCE - ROW: Telegraph still down and the GPO doesn't work at all.

To Russia: Now is the Winter of our discontent.

To Turkey: Awake, O sleeper. From a one-time potential friend.

Prelech: Interesting game this. It was no surprise to me that Russia went into anarchy; he was exhibiting all the symptoms of dropping-out. Pity about the English NMR, though. Still, it leaves the situation much more open - as does the Austrian failure to order a retreat for his Tyrolian army which leaves him one short as his home centres are a bit cramped. I was also disappointed to see the demise of the rogue Italian fleet. I know that Johnwill be most relieved to see it leave the board, but I had hoped that it would stay around to wreak havoc behind someone's lines. Such is life. I wouldn't like to try to predict who is going to be around at the finish at the moment - though Turkey and England, no longer having Russia to worry about, must be good bets.

Tickle, Autumn 1902 (1978 GB)

GM: Bob Brown

Austria: NMR! A(Tyr), A(Tri), A(Ser), A(Gre), F(AEG) stand unordered
(Pete Turner)

England: F(WMG) S F(Nor), F(Nor) sleeves well alone, F(NTH)-Den, F(Hol) MS F(Bel)
(Frank Dashwood)

France: A(Mar)-Pie, A(Tur)-Ruh, A(Par)-Bur, F(MAO)-Spa sc, F(COL)-Spa sc
(Martin Styler)

Germany: F(Den)-Kie, A(Sil)-Ber, A(Mun) St, A(Ruh)-Hol
(John Foulger)

Italy: A(Pie)-Mar, F(TYR) S F(WMS)-GOL, A(Ven) St
(Don Brown)

Russia: A(Sil)-War, F(Swe) S ENGLISH F(NTH)-Den, F(Sev)-BLA, A(Rum) S AUSTRIAN
(Dave Sharrocks) A(Ser)-Bul, A(StP) St, A(Pru) unordered

Turkey: A(Con)-Smy, A(Bul)-Con, F(BLA)-Rum, F(Ank)-Arn
(Chris Bishop)

Nasties. French F(GOL) chopped, no possible retreat ordered.

Winter 1902

Austria: Bud, Tri, Vie, Gre, Ser	no change for 5
England: Edi, Lon, Lpl, Bel, Nor + Den, Hol	builds F(Lon), A(Edi) for 7
France: Bre, Mar, Par, Por, Spa	no builds ordered, 1 short for 5
Germany: Ber, Kie, Mun, Deh , Abt	GM removes A(Ruh) for 3
Italy: Nap, Rom, Ven, Tun	no change for 4
Russia: Mos, Sev, StP, War, Rum + Swe	builds A(Mos) for 6
Turkey: Ank, Con, Smy, Bul	no change for 4

Edinburgh

With a jaundiced eye, King Frank the ~~fantastic~~ er, Fantastic, regarded his secretary. Today the duty roster had provided him with 'the Guernsey Gladiolus', and he so much preferred 'The Alderney Anenome' or 'The Sark Sunflower', while as for 'The Herm Honeysuckle'..... Stop! This wasn't good for his blood pressure. Well there was nothing for it but to get some work done this morning.

"What's on today's list?" he grunted.

"Item 1. The Liberal leader, a Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, is applying to be the next Prime Minister, Sire," said glamorous Glad.

"No. We will not have these disgusting modern liberal ideas in Our Realm, and following the Tsar's good example we will condemn them all to the mines. Have a list of MPs prepared for the first batch to go to the Minehead."

"Item 2. 'The Times' is on strike."

"Really this is too much. First we have trouble with Games & Puzzles and Dolchstoss, and now 'The Times'. Right, put the printers on the rack and bring down Haughan and Olsen from 'Howay the Blur' to get the paper out. Newcastle Brown Ale and all football matches are banned until Births and Deaths are back to normal."

"Item 3. Choice of Christmas presents for the European Rulers."

"Oh, send them each a signed framed copy of Psalm 146, verse 3 - and make sure that the Kaiser's one is specially illuminated, Dear."

"Item 4. Menu for the State Banquet."

"What is this? Bacon Butties?" His Majesty exploded. "Does some Sassenach nincompoop suggest we feed the exiled Royalty of Norway, Belgium, Denmark and Holland on Bacon Butties?"

"Baacon Bootties, actually Sire, it is the latest fashion," giggled Glad. "M. Styler the French Ambassador took me out the other night and we both had them from Harry Ramsden's; very tasty too!"

(Forth Bridge - This is known as a take-out double.)

"M. Styler - Taste? Absurd," muttered the King. "We are not going to Harry Ramsden's. Warn the Hellfire Club that the potenteats will be served there tonight."

(Forth Bridge - 'The Prepared Club', of course)

His Highness thought for a moment. "Take this down. No, not that Dear, the Menu:-"

- 19 -

Scotch Broth

- 0 -

Norwegian Lobster with Hollandaise Sauce

- 0 -

Tagliatelli Verde a la Romana
(or would Verdi's Travatore be better?)

- 0 -

German Sausage and Russian Salad

- 0 -

Now for the main course. Hungarian Goulash? Turkey with
Spanish Chestnut stuffing? No, of course,
Roast Beef a la Anglaise with French Beans, Brussel
Sprouts, Spanish Onions, Swedes bashed by kind permissio
of the Czar and the last of the Murphies.

- 0 -

Welsh Rarebit

- 0 -

Apfel Strudel a la Mode
(Forth Bridge - This is the famous 'Vienna Coup'.)

- 0 -

Danish Pastries

- 0 -

Turkish Coffee and Other Delights

- 0 -

Port. Cigars by Father Brown

- 0 -

Really, this has given me quite an appetite. That's enough work for today, Gladys, but as you go, just ask 'The Ailsa Craig Antirrhinum to step inside, please, and I'm not to be disturbed until teatime."

"Your Majesty forgot the Namibian Aubergines," sneered Gladys flouncing out. She opened the door, deftly dodging the Encyclopaedia of World Cookery, hurled at her by the Merry Monarch. The flying tome clubbed the Queen, who had been listening at the keyhole, behind the left ear and she fell as if poleaxed.

(Forth Bridge. Yes, 'playing for the drop', of course as the Queen was almost certain to be on the wrong side).

Germany - Toothache Tree: No, I wasn't responsible for McCrockomoot.

Germany - England: You low dog. You snake in the grass. You pile of festering manure. You etc etc.

Perfection - France: No Sir. The dateline 'Hyphen the Horrible' is only used when we are playing Russia.

Frank Woodflash - Harold Wilson. Despite your lessons, I still have trouble with the buttons on this Gannex coat. But I'll keep practising, and one day I'll show everyone a thing or two!

King of England - President of France. No, I'm still just down the corridor from you. Tap on the wall and I'll hear. Germany won't, of course. He can't even hear the Russian next door due to the extra padding in his cell.

Sauba, Spring 1903 (1978 EU)

GM: Bob Brown

Austria: A(Tyr)-Tri, F(Tri)-ADR, A(Ser) & A(Gre) S RUSSIAN F(Rum)-Bul ec
(Chris Bishop)

England: A(Yor), F(NTH), F(NWG) stand unordered
(Anarchy)

France: F(IRI) S F(Bre)-ENG, A(Spa)-Mar, A(Pic)-Bur, A(Bel) S A(Bur)-Ruh
(Kevin McAdam)

Germany: F(Den)-HEL, A(Ruh) S A(Mun)-Bur, A(Ber)-Kie, A(Kie)-Hol
(Stewart Wright)

Italy: F(Tun)-ION, F(AEG)-Con, A(Rom) MS A(Ven)
(Stephen Agar)

Russia: F(Swe)-SKA, A(Nor)-Swe, F(St.P.nc)-Nor, F(Rum)-BLA, A(Sev)-Rum, A(Mos)-Sev
(John Robson) A(War)-Gal

Turkey: F(BLA) S A(Bul)-Rum, F(Arm)-Sev, A(Con) St
(Peter McDonald)

Nasties. German A(Ruh) annihilated. Russian F(Rum) annihilated.

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Verity, Spring 1902 (1978 GJ)

GM: Bob Brown

Austria: A(Ser)-Gre, A(Vie) S A(Bud)-Tri, F(Tri)-Alb
(Tim Sharrock)

England: F(NTH) C A(Yor)-Nor, F(ENG) St
(Chris Bishop)

France: NMR! F(Por), A(Bur), A(Spa), F(Bre), A(Par) stand
(Gary Murkin)

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

Italy: F(Tun)-ION, F(Ven)-Apu, A(Tyr) S A(Rom)-Ven
(Geoff Chase)

Russia: A(Ukr) S F(Sev), F(Swe) S A(StF)-Nor, A(Liv)-Mos
(Jeremy Tullett)

Turkey: A(Bul)-Rum, F(BLA) S A(Arm)-Sev, F(Con)-Bul ec
(Chikako Butcher)

Austria- World: please note that if you want to get in touch with me between Dec 21st and Jan 2nd, I will be back at 6 Wrigley's Close, Freshfield, Liverpool L37 7DT.

Timothy. Yes, Jeremy, I'll run. I'm just a frightened bunny & I don't want to catch the myxomatosis!

Preston Polytechnic - The Thousand Fragrant Blossoms of the Seraglio: Our apologies. If we had known that you were a lady, we would have raised our hats, of course. We Murkins have our code.

Italy - Austria. Thanks for your letter, but I do not agree, as you can see.

Italy - Queen's Lane: I spent half an hour trying to decipher you, then I realised who you were.

RUSSIA - TURKEY: Look, you are wasting your time attacking me - go beat up Italy or something. I still deny responsibility for that daft press. Love and Kuddles, Jeremy.

Switzerland - Everyone. The one thing in this game which is clear is the Russo-German alliance. ((Yeh!))