

THE

TINAMOU

HEINZ VARIETIES (57)

Being the product of one Bob Brown of 53 Broadwood Drive, Fulwood, Preston. Lancs PR2 4SS. Telephone Preston 863459 (home) or Preston 51831 ext 219 (work). Today is Sunday October 28th 1979. This costs you 20p unless you live overseas and has a circulation of about 115

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DEADLINES

En Garde to Dave Waring by Saturday November 17th
Everything else - Friday November 23rd

DEADLINES

Ron Fisher, 85 Studfold, Astley Park, Chorley. Lancs (Tel Chorley 70030)
Dave Waring, 39 Grange Rd., Bishops Stortford. Herts (Tel BS 54835 after 7pm weekdays)
Michael O'Shea, 5600 Wuppertal, Hellendahlerstr. 56. West Germany.

Yeh, OK, so the last issue was below par. I knew that when I put it together, but I just wasn't able to do better in the time available. That's the problem - too many calls on my time. So...as of now, all waiting lists are closed except those which are already partly full. In other words, I will start the Mercator as agreed plus one more game of 100 when the list fills and one more game of regular Diplomacy and that's your lot until I am down to a manageable level. En Garde and Athgor will remain open as they don't entail any great amount of extra work if new players join up, but the others will be closed - perhaps for good? Who knows - what I do know is that I will be saying goodbye to many of you when your present games have finished. This is sad, but I can do without the extra work. At the moment I envisage getting down to just a few games of regular (including the Tinamou all-winners game) plus the Mercator. I may just kill the zine when were down to just one or two games. I don't know. On top of this:

*****IMPORTANT ALL PLAYERS. Deadlines will now be strictly adhered to - orders arriving on Saturday will no longer be accepted. On Friday evenings, I will accept phone calls between 6 and 9, but I will start to adjudicate at 6 starting with games with complete sets of orders and then ones with the least sets missing. If you phone too late - too bad. I don't see why orders have to be left to the very last minute. If you want to risk it, that's up to you. IMPORTANT ALL PLAYERS*****

There we go, I've said it. Now let's look on the bright side. What have we got for you this time. Well, everything is present this issue, including one of the best Athgor's (in terms of illustrations anyway) that we've had. Ron Fisher went down to Richard Sharp's "wedding" and tells us all about it - I would have liked to go, but it is very difficult now that Matthew is eating real food (albeit mushed up - it's surprising how unappetising a piece of T-bone steak can look when it has been liquidised with some gravy and carrot) so I chickened out. Pity, Ron said it was a great do.

In the next issues, there's a couple of Diplomacy oriented quizzes coming up - one from Nicky Palmer with a cash prize and one filched from Diplomacy World. Your local reporter will also be going to the Coral UK snooker championships and will be present during sessions of the quarter finals and the final.

An interesting point came up between issues. My adjudication of Verity was challenged in respect of my ruling on retreats. Basically what happened was that two units had been forced to retreat and had put the same space as first choice. One didn't have a second choice, so that was disbanded and the other piece was retreated to its second (or lower, I can't recall exactly) choice. This ruling contravenes rule XI.2 - both units should have been disbanded. Now, this can't be a very frequent occurrence, as this is the first time I have come across it as player or GM, but it just goes to show that you don't necessarily know all the rules.

Two new zines have come my way this month. In chronological order, we have The Baltic Battler and Ode. TEB comes from Torbjörn Ström (sorry about missing off the umlauts (? is that what you call them) elsewhere) of Länsmansvägen 19, S-370 10 Bräkne-Hoby, Sweden. He's setting out to conquer the world, starting with England and I wish him every success. The zine is produced in both Swedish and English (I wish I could write fluently in two languages), and will come out every 4 weeks carrying regular Diplomacy and Kingmaker. The regular games will be run in three sections: all Swedes, all UK and all world. Gamefees are about £1. Torbjörn is trying to get the game off the ground in Sweden and I wish him every success. You won't go wrong if you subscribe.

Ode you all know about as you received a flyer for it in the last issue. Not many of you have subscribed which is a shame, but it's not too late. John Marsden lives at 6 Bouldeth Road West, Manchester 20. Waiting lists for Regular, Youngstown and Vain lists. There will also be an invitation game for prolific press-writers with a bourse associated with it. Cost 20p. Gamefees - erk, can't see any. Subscribe to this one as well.

There's a little note on my pad which says 'Voice of Doon'. I'm sure it's another new zine, but where is it? Ah, here it is - it's from the USA (Bruce Linsey, 71 Hudson Terrace Heights, Newburgh, N.Y. 12550). Subs are 10 issues for 4.50 dollars. Gamefees are 3 dollars with the same amount as deposit.

Letters to the Editor's Peripherals

BBP: BASH004/ENGINE Expertinences.

Oh Thou Sub-Routine,

Now you reveal the identity of that mindless computer which for years has been bombarding us, at approximately monthly intervals, with exhortations to obtain the American Express Credit Card. An overrated plastic oblong which, for an exorbitant fee, does considerably less than Access or Barclaycard, to say nothing of our own Ancient and Honourable Society of Free Foresters.

Kindly note that the American Express Holiday Insurance Policy, to which you refer, excludes all forms of radioactive contamination and makes no reference to Strontium 90, subergines, plutonium or any specific noxious material.

Moreover, subergines could be deemed to be excluded under a number of other sections:- 'suicide; intentional self-injury; venereal disease; insanity; motor cycling, etc'. 'Any expense which could be foreseen from knowledge in the possession of the Insured Person before the holiday or journey commences'. 'Pre-existing physical defect, infirmity or disease; any recurring illness'. On the other hand, robots would be covered by the exclusion, Section F (Personal Liability):- 'Ownership, possession or control of land, buildings or mechanically propelled vehicles, aircraft, watercraft or craft of any kind; wilful, malicious or deliberate act'.

Your letters continue to astonish with the number of falsehoods you manage to cram in per paragraph (1). To enumerate a few:-

Far from being a 'derivative', our esteemed editor is fully integrated.

There are no hamsters. They are still merely figments of your overheated circuits.

Your repeated boasts of egg-plant kinship with the pear family are as ludicrous as Old Screwtape's persistent claims to be related to his betters.

The fact that no sane person is interested does not prevent the T. 52 $\frac{1}{2}$ equation from accurately representing that vile vegetable which, whether stamped on or not, the G.A.C. will not accept (2).

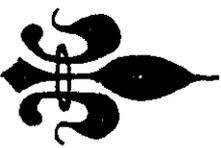
Though it has been suggested (3) that, 'Every man has his own planet', we suggest a more relevant tally to be:-

7 stars and 7 stones

and Yours faithfully, (4)

One White Tree.

(Cont on last page)



Ringor XVI

THE WENDLINE BOOKS:

From the Chronicle of Glaves, part III

"Oh God, how fucking dramatic!"

The Prince looked a little surprised.

"What uncle of yours?"

"You mean the King?"

"Yes, Lindhower, the King! Oh that man, he has no sense; he's just so ruddy

effeminate!"

"The cat and the kettle," murmured the Prince to another of his companions, who in turn called out to the first:

"Drink up, Sarki! And let's hear you sing us a rousing chorus of 'This Is But The Beginning'!... 'And here is future paradox...!' " he sang, mocking the second line of the Great Hymn.

"You never take anything seriously, do you?" snapped Sarki, whose real name was Astarlan vo'Chur, a name of no great weight, but proving that he was a distant relative of the Barons Thirgan and the House of Orden. He was neither so foolish nor so petulant as the others of the group might lead one to think, but in this youthful company the least weakness of character was seized upon as cause for banter. Now he was by no means in a mood for fun.

"I repeat. You never take anything seriously! That man is a fool, and whether he was drunk or not I don't care to know: the point is that he's a dramatic gabbling idiot."

The Prince frowned. "Come on, Sarki, out with it..."

Sarki stopped, blushed, hesitated and then dropped the comment "Well, he shouldn't be on the throne, that's all."

"Is that all?" asked two or three of them together. By now Sarki had got everyone's attention, and even the bar-maid, with her big busy dress and her beady eyes, stood listening.

"Yes," said Sarki and buried himself in his pint.

"Idiot!" they cried "Of course he shouldn't be on the throne! And you know why, don't you! Because then Lindhower would be king, and w'd be in the lap of luxury!" At which there was general mirth throughout the Inn, where several groups of Gows were gathered talking of the prospects for next year's trade. One figure got up from the far corner and left.

"Well, I think that's cause for a round!" said Velim, the one who had asked Sarki to sing the Hymn. He nodded to the bar-maid who smiled eagerly and ambled back to the Kegs, straightening her dress as she walked.

In the momentary lull that ensued while they were waiting for the beer - a special fingery sort of brew much loved by the Gows - the Prince asked if many of the young men had been at the Ceremony. Most wagged their heads with an expression of mild distaste. One or two actually nodded, and it was to one of these, Nepomuk, who was sitting next to Velim, that the Prince now directed his attention.

"You're a sensible fellow, Nepomuk; what did you make of the new Pope?"

"A theologian, I thought."

"Ah you mean to say he's got God on tap?" said Velim "Like Wendi here's got her ginger-beer!" - Wenigale was the bar-maid's actual name. -

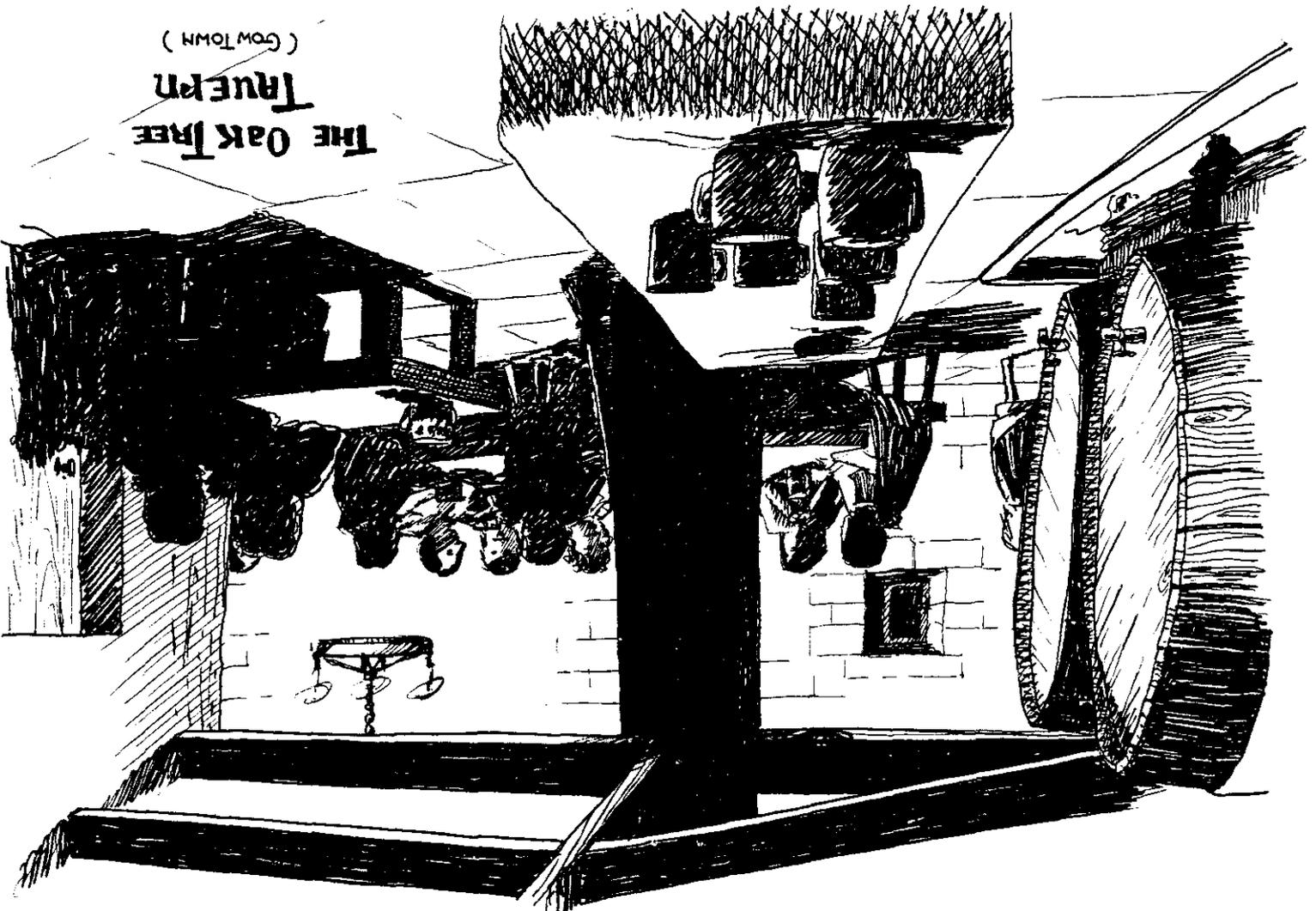
"Not quite!" said Nepomuk, smiling, and looking at the grinning faces around the table in case anyone should take up the inference.

"But, em, I think he's more than that. Don't you?" said the Prince.

"I suppose he is," said Nepomuk "Fact, I don't doubt it."

At this point Wenigale arrived carrying the first six pints, three in either hand, and laid them gently on the table as a sort of four-de-force.

"Very nice! Very nice!" said one of them.



whiteness, as was Dune, but the opulence and mystique of its towers and minarets, its long, low palaces and endless colonnades, and especially the dark magnificence of the sombre fortress in which Euvan now found himself, made it an awesome sight, even in defeat.

Nor indeed was it fully defeated...strange happenings abounded, men disappeared, and a group of Zatac's closest aides and students were known to operate in the labyrinthine 'FADSAT' or poor district.

Euvan, however was not concerned with all that just at present. His captain of the Guard stood uncomfortably before him.

"I cannot believe, Kalan, that the great Zatac died in the manner that you describe. I believe that this is some illusion - another of his tricks." He put his hands to his eyes and groaned, altogether less at ease as the events of the last months filled his mind. "Indeed, I can scarcely believe half the things that have happened since the death of Gorg, and the huge storms in the Northern Seas..."

"My Lord, I have the sworn testimony of a dozen of your officers. The Black Lord Zatac boarded the Athgorian flagship, and advanced upon the odd little dwarf whom you took with you on the expedition. Then, all of a sudden, an arrow was shot FROM HIS OWN SHIP at his back, and he crumpled over the dwarf."

"And what happened next?"

"His second-in-command (or so I assume he was) ordered that the Enemy flagship strike its colours. Funny thing was, when we boarded, there was no sign of the man."

"Hmm. I shouldn't be surprised if it were Zatac himself -"

"Oh no, Lord, this man was very different. Tall he was, alright, but he wore no cowl. He had very pale creamy sort of skin, and blue-grey hair. Some said his eyes were burning, like...."

*

Prince Euvan was glad to be back in Dune. The atmosphere and the people of Epizeon, and the revelations he had received there, had depressed and worried him. It seemed as if he were merely a pawn in some great war of which the Athgor-Briezh conflict was only a symptom. The revelations of Burkon the dwarf tended to confirm this. The question was, who was fighting who? Burkon... "Guard! Fetch me Burkon the Dwarf. He is imprisoned on board the Nortonlander flagship. Bring a heavy escort."

There was a soft knock at the door. "Bring in the dog." Euvan said. The door opened, but there was no sound of the Guard. Euvan looked around and jumped to his feet. "You!"

The tall, pale-complexioned man strode into the room. Euvan stared at him, powerless to say anything other than another gasped "you!" The man sat down, saying nothing. Finally Euvan found his voice. "Who are you? What do you want of me? Why are the Warlocks come to Dune, and to my fleet, and to Epizeon -"

"There are no Warlocks, Prince of Haradon. There is only I."

Euvan's face was almost as pale as the other's. He said nothing. The stranger continued, "I thought that you would know me. I am the Emissary of the Dawn. I am come to be a warning of events to come, and to prepare the land and the circumstances for those who will come. You must follow the advice of Burkon. Now is the time to seize the independence that you and your fathers longed for."

"Why have you come to me? How can I leave the Athgorian States at this time? I would be crushed between the armies of Athgoria and those of the North..."

"I can say no more. When you remember me and my past, you will know. But you will succeed...you must."

And he rose and left. Euvan sat speechless. Who was this man? And why should he, Euvan, remember him? Eventually he summoned the Court sage, an ancient man named Citrus. He instructed him to search the histories and fables of the Kingdom, and find some record of this strange visitor's ancestors.

One week later, a proclamation went forth from Dune:

"BE IT KNOWN throughout the land of Dune and the Kingdom of Nortonland that his Majesty, King Euvan I, has decreed that his domain shall henceforth be known as the Kingdom of Nordland, and shall comprise the city of Dune, the province of Nortonland, and the Empire of Briezh, recently conquered by His Majesty. BE IT FURTHER KNOWN AND UNDERSTOOD that His Majesty repudiates and severs all links of tribute and serfdom with the Empire of Athgoria, and in this has the support and good wishes of the Eastern Emperor Himself, to whom his Majesty offers tribute and alliance. LET ALL CITIZENS AND NEIGHBOURS BE AWARE that any act or scheme to overthrow the power of His Majesty shall be met with defeat, complete and final, from His Majesty's hand and that of the Emperor."

"MAY ALL GODS SAVE THE KING!"

"Thank-You," said Sarki, in a loud voice.

At this point there was an abrupt knocking on the door and three Royal Guards walked in. Two went for a table to the left and pushing one man aside grabbed another and began hauling him outside. The other guard walked up to Wendi and asked to speak to her father. He was in the kitchen and came hurriedly out to see what all the noise was. He stood horrified at the sight of the two Guards pulling one of his customers out the door, where another man seemed to be waiting.

"What is this?"

"The man is being arrested on suspicion of Anti-Athgorian Activities," explained the Guard. "There is no need to worry; you won't be in any way involved, except perhaps to give general evidence. Thank you, and excuse the rudeness of our interruption. Please." The Guard made a brief bow to both Wendi and her father, who was still unbelieving that any of this was taking place. By the time he thought to look at Wendi the Guard had gone and shut the door.

There was a period of silence. Then the pub slowly began to come to life again, as increasing murmurs could be heard throughout the room. Amid the hub-bub, Nepomuk reached over and tapped the Prince on the arm. Lindhower, who was still staring at the door, jumped. "What? Oh, yes!" he smiled, took a sip of his pint and shortly afterwards excused himself, saying that he was a little overcome by the air and needed to take a walk. Sarki insisted on joining him and the two left the somewhat quarrelsome group behind and walked out into the cold night and along the water's edge.

The History of Zatac:

Dr. O Byrne has already translated passages describing Zatac's rise to power, his conquest of the Sacred Islands and his subjugation of the Trading States. Now his fleet returns to Epizeon, his capital, which has been captured in his absence by the Royal Athgorian Fleet under the command of Euvan, Prince of Dune. ((This same battle was described in the Story of Burkon, Captain's Log Supplemental IV. See TIMANOU 48 for any further details or background information.)) "The men's spirits rose as land came into view...."

"Then, to the south, a fleet appeared, the flag of Athgor billowing freely in the wind. But this had been known to Zatac. All was clearly visible now. The path was simple to follow. Sadron knew what to do; he drew back his own fleet and that of the pirates, Phillipas and the Soloways. Yes; this was the way it had to be. The Briezh must fight for their homeland singlehanded. A half league to travel and the straights would be reached. Now Zatac ordered his fleet to a standstill. The enemy was not there. The waiting game was on. To the south battle had been engaged. Indeed the fleet of Athgor was larger than had been anticipated by Sadron but still he saw the outcome as being inevitable and soon the Athgorian vessels were forced to retreat. But unfortunately for them the pirates had circled around behind and soon the slaughter was on. The pirates carved through the Athgorians like a butcher through lean meat.

"But by this stage Zatac's fleet had been engaged by the enemy. He had stepped onto the forecastle and moved his arms as if to pull aside a curtain, and there to the north and south and also to the rear three squadrons of Euvan's vessels suddenly appeared, cutting through the peaceful sea unveiled by the Master. But Zatac had told his men that he would see to the Gods, and now, at this event, their faith in him rose, rather than their morale ebbing. Then a darkness fell and shadows appeared to float through the air, which itself became stagnant and dank. A mist descended. A mighty gale arose. Yet the sea remained calm. The men, confused, turned towards Zatac. From him slowly, yet with a controlled, imperturbable steadiness, a light began to grow. His cloak did not move. A smile lay upon his face.

"Then he roared. 'To battle my friends! All is well. Let your minds guide you. Mine will guide yours. Victory is assured! I am stronger!'"

The Books of Eleduin: Volume II, Part I

Epizeon!

Prince Euvan of Dune lounged in one of the salons of the Palace of Night, sent of the late dreaded Zatac, so-called Shadow of the North. The view of the town from the high window was impressive, to say the least. Epizeon was not magnificent in its gleaming

NCC 204 W - Final Report (1977 BF)

Started January 1977, ended September 1979. Zines: Dolchstoss, The Tinamou. GMs: Richard Sharp (to Spring 1910), Bob Brown. Players: Austria, Pete Swanson; England, Ron Fisher; France, John Balson; Germany, Andy Davison; Italy, Phil Stimpson; Russia, Duncan Morris; Turkey, Stuart Dagger. Six-way (EMGIRT) draw agreed after Spring 1911.

	<u>00</u>	<u>01</u>	<u>02</u>	<u>03</u>	<u>04</u>	<u>05</u>	<u>06</u>	<u>07</u>	<u>08</u>	<u>09</u>	<u>10</u>
Austria	3	4	3	1	0	-	-	-	-	-	-
England	3	4	4	3	4	5	5	8	9	10	7
France	3	5	5	5	5	7	8	7	8	5	8
Germany	3	5	5	5	5	5	3	1	1	1	1
Italy	3	4	7	7	8	7	7	9	5	4	3
Russia	4	5	6	7	6	4	4	1	1	1	1
Turkey	3	5	4	5	6	6	7	8	10	13	14

Turkey. It is obviously disappointing to be stopped that close to the line, but against players as good and as communicative as John, Phil and Ronnie a draw was always the most likely result. And even if the result was a disappointment, the game certainly wasn't quite one of the most enjoyable I have played in fact. So, my thanks, gentlemen, and I hope you enjoyed it as much as I did. With more players like you, and fewer GM's whose personal problems make it impossible for them to spend five minutes on the phone asking a friend to arrange homes for games they can no longer run, I shouldn't now be retiring. As it is, I am. Thanks again; it's been fun. And of course thanks also to Bob for rescuing the game and for seeing it through to a conclusion.

Italy. This was without doubt the most skilful and enjoyable game I have ever participated in. The opening was a 'Key Lepanto' with Austria inviting an Italian army through Trieste and Serbia etc to assist in an attack on Turkey. This can be very serious for Turkey, is quite good for Austria (but risky) and is always advantageous for Italy, who obtains a good position whether or not he stabs Austria. The crunch came in the third game-year - we were making good progress against Turkey (Stuart Dagger), but Austria (Pete Swanson) seemed to be losing interest in the hobby in favour of Sci-Fi. He failed to reply to letters and stopped coming up with original ideas. The silver-tongued Stuart was continually urging me to defect and in the end I perpetrated the stab. This was a most efficient effort - each of my pieces performing three different functions, and took Austria out of the game overnight. The longer Italy delays the stab in this type of opening, the more effective it is when it comes. I would not have done it were it not for Austria obviously losing interest. You may say that Austria decided the fate of this game; had we continued our attack Stuart would have been the first eliminated!

At this time, Turkey and Italy became allied. This became an effective partnership for a while, with Turkey expanding North and Italy preparing to go North and West. However at this time France began to take an interest in my territories and Turkey slowly began infiltrating armies around the Balkan region. It became obvious that I was being set up, but there was no-one else I could call upon.

A very amusing interlude occurred between 1905 and 8. France (John Balson) kept informing me what Turkey was going to do, and Turkey told me what France was going to do. The position oscillated to and fro, with France taking 2-3 important squares from me in the Spring and losing them disastrously in the Autumn. Turkey gradually picked off my ex-Austrian bases one at a time. A nail-biting period for me, especially as England was undergoing a revival and taking some of the pressure from France off me. I could hold one off at a time, but not both. Turkey eventually decided to make a dash for 10, and in co-operation with France, told me what they were both going to do. But they didn't, and I plummeted from outright leader to next candidate for elimination. That crunch was as well orchestrated as the one against Austria.

I believe Turkey could have made a quicker advance from this position, taking German centres, all the Italian ones including Tunis, with Marseilles for the eighteenth. France and England were vacillating and not forming an active opposition. But Turkish progress seemed very slow, and once France had guaranteed his survival, the outcome was a certain draw. French and English units would have poured into Italy and even begun to push Turkey back. This would have made an intensely interesting period, but with the multiple delays of recent seasons, most of us were becoming disheartened and losing interest.

I feel quite relieved to have survived. Both Italy and Germany could have been eliminated, without giving either side a winning advantage. On the other hand, Russia's single unit was untouchable. So the most accurate eventual result would have been a four-way draw.

A satisfying aspect of this game was the mature attitude of all the players. Just because one country had attacked another without warning did not result in a complete abandonment of negotiations. Instead talks were carried on in a constructive way. Thus I was always on good speaking terms with Turkey throughout, and even with France, although he never ceased to attack me until the very end.

Of Stuart I would say that he is a very difficult person to beat, and often manages to talk his way out of desperate situations. Of John, I have never come across anyone who can lie in such a convincing way, even if I didn't believe a word of it anyway. If anyone should come up against these, pray that they are on your side!

Sharp's Wedding or "There and back Again"

Have you ever been to a wedding reception and heard the groom say

"Jesus Christ, I think I'm about the only single man at my wedding!"

Well, it happened down Amersham way last weekend when Tricky Dicky and his Birde Bronwen "got-it-together". Owing to a mix-up over dates and notifications etc, the Registrar would not seal the knot for them on Saturday morning - so the reception went ahead with the bride and groom unhitched. Said reception was at the hobby-famous Emperor of India on Farham Common. A fine drinking house, remaining open from lunchtime through to midnight. Needless to say much alcohol was consumed by the attendant rabble, too numerous to mention individually, so I won't bother.

Bridge, darts and brag were the games of the day - no poker! The local team beat a Tricky select 11 4-3 at darts - Birks and I being subjected to an ignominious defeat ie we played crap. My own best man, young Haughan of S&N was uninvited but still made the trip - why? - well he was on his way to Watford to watch a so-called soccer game and had the good/mis (delete as you think fit) fortune to encounter Birks en route (in a London pub actually) and consequently attended the wrong match. The last I saw of him he was staggering into the Doubleday-machine to be driven God-knows-where.

The landlord of the Emperor had obligingly laid on a special curry for the evening thereby short-circuiting the ritual of the trip to the Indian nosh-shop. Not bad!

Glyn Palmer's entourage departed towards eleven for Hinckley and Sharp soon realised that the Palmers' car was full of their wedding presents! Palmer et al were obviously too drunk to realise.

The Bullocks, Simpkins's, Craig Nye, Andy Wright, Noelle and I were staying at Sharp's house in Amersham. We drove to Amersham in convoy to find that RS had stabbed us yet again by pawning us off with the wrong key! Simpkins rang the Emperor from a phonebox and we arranged to meet RS on a roundabout near to the honeymoon hotel (a broken-down, second-rate ale-house with beds). Forty freezing minutes later at the roundabout and still no sign of RS. Rang the Emperor to be told that he left 20 mins ago to meet someone on a roundabout. Gave up and drove back to Amersham to find Richard and Bronwen outside - Sharp was so drunk (an amazing achievement as he was on tomato juice until after 6) he had forgotten about the roundabout-rendezvous!

Sunday morning consisted of black coffee and the Telegraph and Mirror (!) cross-wards and then off to the Boot & Slipper where the Bullock-family won every game of Shanghai-Over & Under-Turme Road etc. We stopped off for lunch before the M1 and later we were treated to the spectacle of a stationary Bullock car with Mick kneeling down to re-decorate the grass-verge. Good go!

T.S. Probably the most amusing observation of the weekend was the fact that until 1917 the Emperor of India was called the King of Prussia. Quote Birks "When they didn't sell any booze for three years they thought they'd better do something about it!"

((The editor would like to point out that Mr. Fisher's observations - especially any which may be libellous - are his and his alone.))

En Garde - November 1601

King Dave the nearly looked up in irritation as another scream came faintly through his window. He motioned to an aide.

"Go and tell de Champs and de Brave to stop torturing my private secretary!" he ordered. "Even if he did misreport their social standing they've done enough to him to make up for it!"

The assault on Giscard d'Stain's prison was carried out with precision and force - but on breaking in, it was found that the idiot had paid a ransom to get free! Nevertheless, the fact that nearly 50% of Society joined the raid shows the respect in which d'Stain is seen ((although four of the attackers hadn't sent in orders - and nearly died because of it!))

Riandier-General Seiko Quartz was the only attacker to benefit greatly from the attack. He was promoted to Lt. General, picked up 1200cr in confiscated ransoms, and mentioned in dispatches (4). For his bravery in entering the fortress once it had been taken, he was knighted and awarded the Medaille Militaire. Pablo de Casserole was captured, though not before he heard that along with Nice Ramsperger-Kassel and Pierre de Guinness-Light he had been offered a post as Lt. Colonel in a Frontier Regiment. Angus de Mars and Pisin de Paddy were both mentioned in dispatches (4 and 6 status respectively). Unfortunately, neither Tuffus la Custard nor Patrick de Foie Gras received anything for their services - save the knowledge that they had helped save their country from the savage rapacity of (cont. p.29).

Events in the City

Week One: As expected, things were rather quiet in town - especially in Bothwells. The management were just as surprised as Pierre Boyard and Fortmain when Pablo de Casserole failed to throw his promised party. Stamford Rafflesworth was throwing his own party in Red Phillips, all for himself. Zutre des Champs spent the week being measured for a new uniform by Agatha, while Luther Bloopan was seen putting up some wallpaper for Andre. Randolph Catstrangler acquired a new friend in Cilla Blackett-Direc, who was obviously impressed by his wealth - no-one could think of any other reason.... Sigismund de Brave, meanwhile, was testing his skill with the rapier; and Frank de Stamp, having bought his way up to Subaltern, could be seen ordering recruits around in his barracks.

Week Two: The only person not drinking this month was Zutre des Champs, who was applying for a post in the GMD. But since most officers of that regiment are lusher his application was rejected! Sigismund de Brave kept his "shove centime" reputation in Hunters, but that noted feline fellow Catstrangler had to put up with the Frog & Peach housecat sitting on his lap all week! Enough to try any man! Stamford Rafflesworth had been joined in Red Phillips by Frank de Stamp, tired out after his previous weeks bullying and hectoring. But Luther Bloopan decided on a solitary session in Blue Gables, leaving Fortmain and Pierre Boyard to investigate the Red Light district by themselves.

Week Three: Sigismund, Luther and Randolph continued their alcoholic imbibings, and after borrowing a hip flask from a friend, Zutre des Champs bought his way into the GMD. Fortmain was doing stable duty, while Stamford, Pierre and Frank were all on the duelling fields, with rapier, cutlass and sabre respectively.

Week Four: Sigismund, Luther and Randolph were still at it! Everyone else could be found testing their blades; Zutre, Stamford and Fortmain with rapiers; Pierre a cutlass, and Frank his sabre.

Death & Dreck: The long-awaited duel between Zutre des Champs and Nice Ramsperger-Kassel was a bit of an anticlimax. The two simultaneously furiously slashed at each other, and then Nice surrendered. Not being made of the same stuff as Dreton, Zutre accepted the surrender.

Pierre Boyard challenges Stamford Rafflesworth who challenges Pierre de Guinness-Light. Angus de Mars challenges Dreton de Volution.

Shylock. Owed at beginning of next month: Dreton de Volution (110), Pablo de Casserole (660).

Royal Society. Giscard d'Stain was accepted, by 11 votes to 3!

Maisons. Cilla disappeared one weekend. Agatha turned one down.

Top of the Pops

<u>Socialists</u>	<u>Calprits</u>	Old		New		<u>Cash</u>	<u>Regt</u>	<u>Rank</u>	<u>Ms</u>	<u>Cl</u>	<u>EC</u>	<u>MA</u>
		<u>SL</u>	<u>SL</u>	<u>SL</u>	<u>SL</u>							
Sir Pablo de Casserole, MM	Rob Chapman	14	14	1087	DG	M(2)	20	1	4	4	4	4
Sir Patrick de Poie Gras	Ian Deherty	12	12	318	RFG	M(2)	2	1	2	3	3	3
Sir Sigismund de Bravo	Derek Wilson	11	12	2343	KM	M(2)	13	2	3	2	2	2
Sir Mustapha Krappe, SF	Brian Douglas	10	10	645	CG	M(2)	11	2	2	1	1	1
Sir Giscard d'Stain, FAS	Ion Quilty	10	10	4260	GDMD	M(1)	-	-	2	6	6	6
Sir Seiko Quartz, FAS, MM	Nick Clennett	6	10	1488	IM	IntL/C	-	-	2	3	3	3
Luther Bloopan	Deryck Devey	8	3	571	ALC	M(2)	19	4	3	2	2	2
Ruffus le Custard	George North	7	7	2186	RM	LCe1	9	3	1	6	6	6
Angus de Mars, FAS	John Marsden	7	7	552	13th	LCe1	-	6	3	4	4	4
Eric Ranspenger-Kassel	Jeremy Tullett	6	6	65	13th	M(2)	4	5	(2)	3	3	3
Randolph Catstrangler	Bob Brown	5	6	4332	IM	M(2)	18	5	4	6	6	6
Zutre des Champs, SF	Ted Lendon	5	6	1713	GDMD	M(2)	10	5	(3)	3	3	3
Pierre de Guinness-Light	Andrew Jones	5	5	279	FLIB	M(2)	-	5	2	1	1	1
Breten de Volution, FAS	Tim Sharrock	5	6	608	CFC	Sub	15	5	2	2	2	2
Pierre Mayard, CG	Tom Butcher	5	5	1673	IM	M(1)	-	5	2	3	3	3
Bisin de Maddy	Der Garvey	5	5	1975	13th	M(1)	-	6	3	1	1	1
Frank de Stamp, FAS, L d'H	Rabin Hood	4	4	1908	CFC	Sub	7	6	3	2	2	2
Stanford Rafflesworth	Philip Jones	3	4	67	IM	C(f)	6	6	2	3	3	3
Dottler le Boethoye	Simon Burke	2	3	341	IM	Sub	-	-	2	4	4	4
Bartmain	Mark Evans	2	2	40	53rd	Sub	-	-	5	6	6	6

Investment. The next dividend will be at the end of December. Pierre Mayard has invested 1000cr in commerce; however, he will not receive a dividend until the end of March, as you must invest for the whole of a season.

Father - last month you gained 25 status - not 24 as you thought. However to go up to SL 9 you need 3x9=27 status.

Zutre & Sigismund - Sorry lads and thanks for correcting me! (He smiled forcedly, his fingers itching to reach for a death warrant.....) (Joke - honest).

Father Bloopan apologises that he cannot think of anything to say this month. Everybody steps back in amazement.

Pierre de Volution. Sir, if you deserve such a title, I am most grievously hurt by your "treatise". I at first took it as some kind of spoof, but now find that it was serious.

The "toys" you refer to obviously include the rapier. I should be more than happy to demonstrate its effectiveness on you, if, of course, you are by some strange reason able to use one. Either you retract your article instantly (if not sooner) or prepare to defend yourself as I shall be forced to demand satisfaction. Yours, Patrick de Poie Gras.

Lajours have reached Paris of a small, black-clad hunchback carrying a stuffed parrot on his shoulder. This apparition is apparently riding towards the city, ruthlessly treading underfoot any peasants foolish enough to get in his way. Who can this be? The Paris "Gleil" will reveal all next issue.

Lt Colonel Angus de Mars - Ursula. You slut! How could you prefer a mere subaltern to me? You and I are finished! ((Obviously!))

To all members of the Royal Society. Surely it is your duty to heckle at meetings of this upstart "Academie de Casserole" (sounds like a library of cockery books!). I would like to do so, but, alas, fighting for our Glorious Sponsor, the King, comes first. Angus. ((No need to worry my faithful subject - if Casserole can't remember to attend his own meetings, it'll never get off the ground!))

Frank de Stamp to de Guinness-Light. Well - come on then, stop sulking behind that lush bushing at the mouth. Step out and face me so that I can fight you to your death, you black-hearted cur, you.

((Typist's Note: Events in the City have been omitted for Mustapha, Breten and Dottler, as they are still in the post. Their effects on SL have been included, however. One bit of press hasn't made it due to lack of room - sorry))

We Apologise for the delay, but.....

ME 81 K - Round 3

MARKS (Graham Box, black). 3a) (M11)-C49. 3b) (C49)-D48-E49. 3c) (E49)-Sevenscocks; (C2)-
Norham. 30+5=35 pts.

ME (Tim Sharrock, orange). 3a) (J43)-L44-S. London; (C47)-C48. 3b) (C48)-E49. 3c)
(S. London)-E. London-W. London. 45+15=60 pts.

STRC (Gordon Fish, blue). 3a) (Canterbury)-D69-E70; (E57)-D56. 3b) (J54)-J53-K55. 3c)
(K53)-K51. 35+8 (from SCONE) -1 (Fine for not specifying route for J54-K53)=42.

SCONE (Deryck Covey, red). 3a) (I52)-H52-G52-F52-Sevenscocks. 3b) (I51)-K50. 3c) (C49)-
Canterbury-D69-E70. 45+5-6 (to STRC) =42 pts.

Throws for Round 4: 3,5,2

ME 86 C - Round 6

JM (Jonathan Salfrey, black). 6a) (I2)-K2-San Francisco. 6b) (D28)-27; (Kansas City)-
C73. 6c) (A27)-San Antonio; (C73)-D73-Dos Moines; (J30)-Oklahoma City. 46+5+1 (from DITE)
=52 pts.

DM (David Watts, orange). 6a) (I29)-H28-M27. 6b) (H27)-H22. 6c) (H22)-I10-C10.
33+1 (from DITE) =64 pts.

DITE (Deryck Covey, blue). 6a) (H28)-K69. 6b) (St Louis)-C77-E77-E78. 6c) (E78)-F78-C79-
Chicago; (L69)-D70. 24+1 (to DM) =25 pts

HT (Harry Turner, red). 6a) (J10)-I10-H9. 6b) (H9)-H8-G8. 6c) (G8)-G7; (K62)-K63.
27+1 (to JM) -1 (fine for misquoting route from J10) =26 pts

Round 7 Runs

- 1) Chicago - Billings
- 2) Fargo - San Diego
- 3) Any E Terminal - Houston
- 4) St Louis - Any Pacific Port
- 5) N. Orleans - Duluth
- 6) San Francisco - Salt Lake City

Builds: up to 16 points.

BYEM appears to have dropped out, so his lines are to be auctioned off in the following lots:

- a) Chicago to Omaha and branch to Milwaukee.
- b) Omaha to Billings and branch to L61.
- c) Billings to Spokane to K15.

Please send in your bids with your next set of orders - highest bid gets the lines. The BYEM lines are not available for runs in Round 7, but you can send in builds conditional on the results of the bids you make.

Arghh. Jonathan, you were correct about DITE's payments last time and I've not corrected them above. DITE has 25 pts and JM has 50 pts as a result of an error last time when DITE's payment to JM should have been 4, not 6, points.

ME 87 B - Gamestart

Breton: Geoff Hurlingham, 40 Caspian Way, Wheaton Aston. Staffs. (Colour - orange).

London: Deryck Covey, 25 Alexandra Rd., South Woodford, London E18 1TZ. (Red).

Bristol: Don Brown, 61A Church St., Old Basford, Nottingham NG6 0GA. (Blue).

Osaka: Tom Butcher, New Hiroo Bts 203, Hiroo 5-8-15, Shibuya-ku, Tokyo. Japan 150. (Black)

Throws for Round 1: 6,6,6

You may be interested to know that David Watts ('Westhorne', 102 Priory St., Milford Haven. Dyfed SA73 2EB) is UK distributor of Hutehorn Spiele games from Germany. This has come about as they are producing him as a boxed game (called DIE FENESS) for £6.50 (I think). The latest Railway Livals recorder contains details of all the games which are available together with an estimate of what they are like. Coming from Germany they aren't cheap, but I doubt that this will deter you if you really want one of them.

Cybercrud 3, Autumn 1910

GM: Ron Fisher

Austria: F(AEG) S F(Alb)-Gre, A(Itum)-Gul, A(Fud) S A(Gal)-Mun, A(Bch)-Sil, A(Cen)-Ank, A(Ven)-Tyr, A(Pie)-Mar, F(GOL)-TYR, F(ION)-TYR, A(Mun) S A(Per)-Kie
 (Andy Holborn)

England: F(MAF) S FRENCH F(MAO)-WMS, F(Swe)-DAL, F(HEL) S A(Den)-Kie, F(Fru) S GELMAN F(Kie)-Per
 (Paul Wakefield)

France: A(Spa) S A(Mar) St, A(Par)-Cas, F(MAO)-WMS, F(Tun)-ION, A(Gur)-Mun, F(WTH) S A(Dol), A(Hol) S ENGLISH A(Den)-Kie, F(ENG)-MAC
 (Allan Ovens)

Germany: F(Kie)-DAL, A(Fuh)-Dal
 (Richard Sharp)

Russia: A(War) S A(Ukr)-Gal, A(Sev)-Rum
 (Billy Houghan)

Turkey: A(Ank)-Gen, F(Gre) S AUSTRIAN A(Cen)-Tel
 (Dave Johnson)

Retreats. Turkish F(Gre) chopped. German F(Kie) chopped.

Builds

Austria: Bud, Tri, Vie, Ser, Rum, Ven, Bul, Rom, Con, Nap, Svy, Per, Mun + Gre	builds A(Vic) for 14
England: Edi, Lpl, StP, Swe, Den + Kie	builds A(Pi) for 6
France: Par, Mar, Bre, Cor, Spa, Hol, Wor, Lon, Tun	no change for 9
Germany: /// , Bel	no change for 1
Russia: Mos, War, Sev	no change for 3
Turkey: Ank, ///	no change for 1

GM: Draw proposals etc all defeated. (Rather surprising that).

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Cybercrud 3 Bourse, Autumn 1910

GM: Bob Brown

	<u>Crowns</u>	<u>Pounds</u>	<u>Francs</u>	<u>Marks</u>	<u>Roubles</u>	<u>Piastres</u>
Geoffrey Fournyle	+718	-499	-500	-43	-	-
Rozoco Inc	-500	-500	-500	-	+4594	-
John Marsden	-500	+1767	-500	-	-1	-
Dealings	-282	+768	-1500	-43	+4593	-
Old value	2.83	1.50	2.47	1.14	0.74	1.45
New value	2.81	1.57	2.32	1.14	1.19	1.45

Holdings

	<u>Crowns</u>	<u>Pounds</u>	<u>Francs</u>	<u>Marks</u>	<u>Roubles</u>	<u>Piastres</u>	<u>V. Points</u>
Geoffrey Fournyle	8095	1396	2408	0	0	0	1414
Rozoco Inc	4058	1901	5578	0	4594	0	1307
John Marsden	3788	2709	5509	0	999	0	1202

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Yokutan, Winter 1904/Spring 1905, Stab

GM: Bob Brown

Austria (Ian Doherty) A(Dud)-Ser

England (Jeremy Tallett) ITO for Press

France (John James) F(Per)-MAO

Italy (Graham Fox) A(Vic) S A(Tri)-Bud, F(WMS) S TURKISH F(Maf)-GOL

Russia (Mark Evans) A(Mos) S A(StP)-Liv

Turkey (Dave Thomas) A(War)-Liv, A(Ser) St, F(Maf)-MAO

The Dad News. Austrian A(Dud) dead - no possible retreat ordered.

Sauba, Autumn 1908 (1978 EU) GM: Bob Brown

Austria: A(Bch)-Vie, A(Ven)-Tyr, A(Tri)-Bud, A(Ser) S A(Bud)-Hum, F(Bul sc) &
(Chris Bishop) F(ION) S F(Gre)-AEG

France: F(Bre), A(Par) stand unordered
(Anarchy)

Germany: F(SKA)-Nor, A(Ber) S A(Mun)-Sil, A(Kie) S A(Ber), A(Hol) S A(Kie),
(Stewart Wright) A(Par)-Pic, F(ENG)-Lon, A(Spa)-Gas

Russia: NMR! F(Bdi), F(Lon), A(Wal), F(Den), F(BAL), A(Pru), A(Sil), A(Gal), A(Ukr)
(John Robson) A(Hum) stand unordered

Turkey: F(Con)-BLA, F(Smy)-AEG, A(Ank)-Con
(Peter McDonald)

Hosties. Russian A(Sil) and A(Hum) go to meet their maker.

Winter 1908

Austria: Tri, Vie, Gre, Nap, Ven, Tun, Rom, Ser + Hum, Bal, Bud builds A(Tri) & 2 short for 11
France: Bre, Par no change for 2
Germany: Kie, Mun, ~~Wal~~, Hol, Bel, Spa, Mar, Por + Nor, Ber builds A(Mun) for 9
Russia: Mos, StP, War, ~~Pol~~, Swe, Sev, ~~Fin~~, Lpl, Bdi, Lon, ~~Den~~ + Den 1 short for 9
Turkey: Ank, Con, Smy, ~~BLA~~, ~~AEG~~ no change for 3

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Wazand, Autumn 1906 (1978 GU) GM: Bob Brown

Austria: A(Bud), A(Ser) stand unordered
(Anarchy)

France: A(Lon) St, A(Par)-Fel, A(Spa)-Gas, F(MAO)-IRI, F(Waf)-MAO, F(Mar)-Spa sc
(Jan McIntyre)

Germany: A(Yor) S F(NPH)-Lon, F(Nor) S F(Fin)-StP sc, A(StP)-Mos, A(Gal) S A(Liv)-
(Vic Smith) War, F(Ber)-BAL, A(Ruh)-Bel, A(Vie) S A(Mun)-Tyr, A(Tri)-Ven

Italy: F(TYR)-Tun, F(ION)-Alb, A(Pic) S A(Tyr), A(Tyr) S A(Ven)-Tri
(Ian Deherty)

Russia: A(Mos) S F(GOB)-StP sc, A(War)-Ukr, F(BLA)-Con, F(Con)-Smy
(John Miller)

Turkey: A(An) stands unordered
(Anarchy)

Hosties. French A(Lon)-Wal.

Winter 1906

Austria: Bud, Ser no change for 6
France: Bre, Mar, Par, Por, ~~Wal~~, Spa removes F(Spa sc) for 5
Germany: Ber, Kie, Mun, Den, Hol, Bel, Bdi, Swe, Nor, Vie, Lpl, Tri, StP + War, Lon builds F(Kie), A(Ber) & 1 short for 15
Italy: Nap, Rom, Ven, Cre, Tun no change for 5
Russia: Mos, Sev, ~~Fin~~, Hum, Bul + Con, Smy builds A(Sev) for 6
Turkey: Ank, ~~BLA~~, ~~AEG~~ no change for 1

Berlin - GOB: I'm trying for Christ sake. Just stand still, do nothing and wait.

ccc000ooo

Yagatan Press

France - Allies: Plan B well advanced.

France - Italy: Kindly refrain from spreading rumours. The alliance between England and France will last....has lasted many seasons. The fleet in Liverpool is an accident and I am sure my English ally understands the need of a fleet to put into port for supplies etc. Now this published intention of Italy to invade England is far more serious.

England - Italy: Yes, I suspect that the MENCH F(Lpl) may explain the loss of centre. The reasons he has got so strong 'at my expense' are a) I trusted him b) I didn't know where his units were. I too hate to state the obvious.

Cybercrud 4, Cerims II, Third Age II CM: Ron Fisher

Triader: A(Att) & A(SDo) S A(Wea)-Ihu, 2A(Dun)-Hol, F(Min) St
(George Kingston)

Abenion: 2A(Ere) S A(CMo), A(Mun)-Wil, A(CMo) & A(DG) S A(And), A(And) S WFLADOR
(Bob Brown) A(Att)-Ihu

Rohan: A(WEm)-Wiz, A(Edc) S 2A(Isl), A(Wol)-Ihu, A(Eas)-MEM, 2A(Igd) S CONFOR
(Simon Burke) A(Ison)

Condor: A(Ison)-Min, A(Dmr) & A(Lcm) & A(Cai) S 2A(MTi), 2A(MTi) S A(Cai)
(Dave Tucker)

Border: 2A(GF) S A(Mor), A(Mor) S A(Hol), A(Hol) S A(Ihu) St, A(Udu) S 2A(Mit),
(Patrick McCarthy) 2A(Mit) S 2A(SIt) S A(MMc)-MSH, 3A(Mun) S 2A(MSH)-Kha

Umbor: F(SUn) & F(Eol) S 2A(SGo), A(MUm)-Har, 2A(SGo) S A(Kha)-MSH, A(Sth) St
(Geoff Waddingham)

Retreats. Border A(Ihu)-Gwy. Umbor A(Kha)-ML.

<u>Triader:</u> Shi, Eve, Ihu, Ang, Min + Ihu	builds A(Shi) for 6
<u>Abenion:</u> SMi, GMc, DG, Car, Mun + Ere, And	builds A(SPi) & 1 short for 7
<u>Rohan:</u> Edc, Eas, WEm, Igd, Wol + Ihu	builds A(Eas) for 6
<u>Condor:</u> MTi, Cai, Lcm, Inf, Ison	no change for 5
<u>Border:</u> Udu, Par, IMo, MSH, Mor, /// , /// , /// , Hol, GF, NIt, SIt + Kha	no change for 10
<u>Umbor:</u> MUm, Cit, Hrd, HdW, SGo, /// + Sth	no change for 6
<u>Neutrals:</u> Arn, Bra, FMa, Cel, /// , /// , Riv, Lor	

Denethor-Rohan: Is anyone there?

Theden-Denethor: In the "Lord of the Rings" I don't arrive until the last minute. I will write & explain strategy (which doesn't include MMR's!)

Theden-Milbo: What the hell are you doing in Dunland? Have you got the ring??!!

GM-BarkLord: Repulsive maybe but it is up to you to ensure I receive orders on time. Ever used a telephone to check-up?

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NGC 215, Autumn 1913 CM: Ron Fisher

England: F(RWG) S F(Lpl)-NAO, A(Cly)-Eti, F(MTU)-Hol, A(Ler) S A(Den)-Kie,
(Hugh Baldwin) F(SMA)-Den, F(Nor)-MTU, A(Sve)-Nor

France: F(Apu) & A(Pie) S ITALIAN F(Ven), F(Kie) S TURKISH A(Sil)-Per, A(Luh) S
(George Kingston) F(Kie), A(Tur)-Mun, F(IRI) S F(Wal)-Lpl, F(NAO) S A(Edi)-Cly

Italy: F(Ven) S FRENCH F(Aru), F(Nap)-TYR, F(Mun)-TYR
(Tom McIntyre)

Turkey: F(ADR) S F(ION)-Apu, A(Tur) S A(Ser)-Tri, F(Lib) & F(Gre) S F(ADC)-ION,
(Pat Jones) F(Smy)-EUS, A(Tyr)-Ven, A(Mun)-Ihu, A(Sil) S A(Moh)-Mun

Retreats. French F(NAO)-NAO, F(Kie)-ML, F(Apu) chopped.

Builds

<u>England:</u> /// , Nor, Sve, Stl, Mos, War, Den, Nor, Kie + Hol	no change for 9
<u>France:</u> Ere, Mar, Par, Per, Spa, Tel, /// , /// , Lon, Eti + Lpl	builds F(Tre) for 9
<u>Italy:</u> Rom, Nap, Tun + Ven	builds A(Rom) for 4
<u>Turkey:</u> Ank, Con, Smy, Jul, Gre, Ser, Tud, Sev, Mun, Vic, Tri, Mun	no change for 12

GM: The proposal has been made that the game end as 1st Turkey, 2nd England, 3rd France, 4th Italy. Votes next time, please. Failure to vote counts for the finish.

Xyster, Autumn 1906 (1978 JI) GM: Bob Brown

Austria: A(Gal) S A(Rum)-Ukr, A(Pul) S A(Bud)-Iam, A(Ser) & A(Gre) S A(Pul),
(Roger Ayre) F(ION) St

England: F(Wal)-Lpl, F(SKA) S F(Den) S F(Swe)-BAL, A(Nor)-StP
(Dave Tucker)

France: F(Tor) St
(Paul Ward)

Germany: A(Bre) St, A(Ber)-Iru, F(BAL) C A(Kie)-Liv, A(Del)-Kie, A(Del)-Hol,
(Chris Bishop) A(Pic)-Bel

Italy: F(MAO)-ENG, F(MAO) S A(Spa)-Por, A(Tun) St, F(TYR)-WMS, F(Nap) S AUSTRIAN
(Gordon Goddes) F(ION)

Russia: A(War), A(Ukr) stand unordered
(Anarchy)

Turkey: A(Mos) S RUSSIAN A(Ukr), F(BLA)-Sev, A(Con) S F(ABG)-Bul sc, F(EMS)-ION
(Bob Larter)

Hosties. French F(Tor) dead. German F(BAL)-GOB.

Winter 1906

<u>Austria:</u> Bud, Tri, Vie, Ser, Gre, Rum, Pul	no change for 7
<u>England:</u> Edi, Lon, Lpl, Nor, Swe + Den, StP	builds F(Lon), F(Edi) for 7
<u>France:</u> xxx	no change for 0
<u>Germany:</u> Ber, Kie, Iru, Hol, Del, Tre, xxx , Par	no change for 7
<u>Italy:</u> Nap, Rom, Ven, Mar, Spa, Tun + Por	builds A(Ven) for 7
<u>Russia:</u> xxx , War	GM removes A(Ukr) for 1
<u>Turkey:</u> Ank, Con, Smy, Sev, Mos	no change for 5

England - Germany: I've heard of European coastal defences, but this is ridiculous.

England - Italy: A precis of your long-term plans would be appreciated (or even short-term!).

FABRICATOR - Germany. Yes, Chris. I am paying taxes just to support you in luxury in W.A.O.R. All I ask in return is that you (and the other lads) hold back the mighty forces and weighty fleets of the Warsaw pact nations and any other hostiles - long enough for me to emigrate to Polynesia. Ah, those pellucid blue waters etc. But I can't agree that your shores are particularly fair. Rocks, desert and dusty olive-groves mostly, is my recollection.

ooooo

Canadheras, Spring 1910 (1978 DK) GM: Bob Brown

England: F(BAL)-Swe, F(Edi) S F(Den)-NTH, A(Wal)-Lon, F(IRI) S F(MAO)-ENG
(Allen Lennox)

France: F(Spa sc) S F(Tor)-MAO, F(WMS)-Tun, F(Bel) S F(Bre)-ENG, A(Pic)-Dur,
(Harry Edgar) F(NTH) C A(Hol)-Lon, A(Kie)-Den, A(Ber)-Kie, A(Mos)-Sev

Italy: A(War)-Sil, A(Tri)-Vic, A(Ven)-Tyr, A(Rom)-Ven, F(Nap) S F(ION)
(Bob Johnsey)

Russia: A(Fin)-Nor, A(Stl) S A(Ukr)-Mos, A(Gal)-Vie, A(Bud) & A(Ser) S A(Alb)-
(Phil Moss) Tri, A(Rum)-Sev, F(ABG) S F(EMS)-ION

Hosties. English F(MAO)-WMS. French A(Mos)-War, F(NTH)-SKA. Italian A(Tri) annihilated.

Prelech. I have received the proposal that the game be ended as a two-way draw ~~1/2~~ between France and Russia with Italy and England third equal. Votes next time, please. Failure to vote counts for the draw.

Russia + Italian Empire = Victory.

Prelech - Russia: TMS is tetramethylsilane, Phil, and you're right about it being used as a reference in NMR (proton NMR anyway).

Olysses, October 1891, Definitive Mercator

GM: Bob Brown

Argentina:
(Jon Love)

A(Chi) B F(SOL), F(SPO) S A(SFO) L Wel, A(Cey) B F(EIO), A(CHA) B F(HUM),
F(CEL) St, A(Den) S A(Nig)-Poz, A(Tog)-Lim, F(Tet)-HOK, F(San)-GIS,
A/F(SOL) S A/F(HUM)-GIS, A/F(EIO) St, A(Wel) B F(SPO), A(EIO) D Mdr,
A(SOL) B Syd, A(Lim) E F(GIS), A/F(SPO)-TAS, A/F(CRS)-HUM

Brazil:
(Don Brown)

A(BCC) E Ipl, A(NWF) B F(ROC), A(Que) B F(NWF), A(Eth) L F(AMA), F(CAN)-
Box ec, A(Ana)-Gui, A(Med)-Tan, A/F(ROC) S A/F(IWF)-BWG, F(WIO) MS
A/F(CAN), A/F(GIS) S A/F(AMA)-WIO

China:
(Jeremy Tullett)

A(Jov) St, F(CEL) S F(SCS)-Chi, F(Dor)-MAL, F(Joh)-AND, F(Tha ec)-GIS,
A(Ana) S A(Tib) St, F(Dor) St, A(Ksu) & A(Fek) nervously watch the
North Western borders

England:
(Doug Wakefield)

ITALIAN A(Spa) B F(SIS), BRAZILIAN A(ROC) B F(NWG), BRAZILIAN A(AMA)-
F(NOM), A(Lon) B F(ENG), A(Gis) B F(SAR), F(NWG) F/F BRAZILIAN A(AMA)-
ARC, F(NOM) F/F BRAZILIAN A(IWF)-ARC, A/F(CAN) S F(NWG), F(SIS) St,
A(Edi) St, A(Kar) paddles, F(Nor)-SKA, A(Swe)-Nor, A(Del) St, F(Uel)-YEL,
A/F(SIS)-CAN, A(Lye)-Par, A(Den) St, A/F(ENG)-TRI, A(Del) B F(NTH),
A/F(NTH)-ENG, A(Den) B F(SKA), A/F(SKA)-MAL, A(Nor) B F(NWG), A/F(ROC)-
ROC, ITALIAN A(WMS) B F(CAN), A/F(CAN)-CAC

Italy:
(Stuart Dagger)

A(Ser) B F(TYR), A(Spa) B ENGLISH F(SIS), F(Dor) S A/f(SIS)-CAN,
E(COL)-Spa ec, A(Lie)-Sav, A/F(TYR)-WMS, F(Tus)-TYR, F(BOT)-Tun, A(Tyr)-
Vie, A(Zag)-Bud, A(Mun) S A(Kie)-Ser, A(Iah)-Tur, F(Apu)-ION, A(Tri)-Cre,
A(CAN) D Mor, A(Cre) B F(ION), A(WMS) D ENGLISH F(CAN), A/f(CAN)-CAN,
F(WMS)-CAN, A/F(ION)-BOT

Japan:
(Tom Butcher)

A(Alo) St, A(Tan)-Gui, A(Vla)-Kor, F(CDC)-GIS, F(MPO) S F(Osa)-CDC,
A(Kor) B TURKISH F(YEL), A/f(YEL)-ECS

Russia:
(Andy Norman)

WNR! A(Ber), A(Sil), A(War), A(Mos), A(Vol) stand unordered

Turkey:
(John Marsden)

A(ION) L Cre, A(Wel) B F(TAS), A(Snk) S A(Tkn)-Sib, A(Cau)-Vol, A(Sov) S
A(Cal)-UKr, A(Cla)-Cal, F(Pur)-PLA, F(ION)-BOT, A(Cre) St, A(Egy)-Sud,
A(Dam)-Egy, A(Ken)-Cgo, A(Afg)-Snd, A(Ira)-Tag, A(Clc) S F(Mdr) S F(Tus)-
ARA, F(WIO) S A/F(TAS)-EIO, F(Man)-YEL, F(Kem)-SCO, A(Cre) B F(BOT),
A/F(BOT)-SMS, A(Snd) B F(AMA), A(Sev) B F(MLA), JAPANESE A(Kor) B F(YEL),
A/F(YEL)-ECS

Basties. Japanese A(Van)-Tag. Russian A(Ber) feed. Turkish F(WIO)-SON.

China - Turkey. Thanks for your note and sample magazine. I can't afford to sub st the amount, but good luck anyway. I shall agree to the partitioning of the borders, but I can't think an attack on Japan is on. (Ooops...)

Indifferent Thomas - Not so nice Douglas.

So you're not going to win it this time, eh? My heart absolutely bleeds for you. You may remember that it was you who stabbed me, not the reverse, in order to consens with that pair of South Americans, who soon gave you what you deserved. Perhaps next time you'll choose your friends a bit more carefully? And hang on to them? Consider yourself forgiven this time--the folly of youth and all that, but if you are both foolish and insulting about it a second time my seconds will have to call on you. You don't sound like much of a hand at pistols or foils so shall we make it custard pies at three paces?

Turkey - Japan: I liked your ideas; I hope you didn't change when you got my letter.

Who is this Nice Douglas? There's no-one like that in this game!

Embarb, Autumn 1908 (1978 DY) GM: Bob Brown

France: A(Yor)-Edi, F(Lon) St, A(Pro) St, A(Par)-Pic, A(Mar)-Tur, F(TYR)-Nap,
(John James) F(Tun) S F(WMS)-NAF

Germany: A(Liv) & A(War) S A(StP)-Mos, A(Gal)-Ukr, A(Tyr) S A(Sil)-Moh, A(Pic) S
(Harry Turner) A(Mun)-Tur, A(Tur)-Gas, F(ENG) S F(WTH)-Lon, F(Edi)-Yor

Italy: A(Ven) St unordered
(Anarchy)

Turkey: A(Sev) S A(Mos) S A(Ukr)-War, A(Pud) & A(Vie) S A(Iam)-Gal, A(Tri)-TYR,
(Chris Bishop) F(ADR) S F(AEC)-ION, A(Rom) S F(ION)-Nap, F(GOL) S F(NAF)-WMS

Rasties. French F(Lon) dead, MCO. German A(Gal)-Sil.

Winter 1908

France: Bre, Mar, Par, Spa, Por, ~~Lpl~~, Lpl, Tun no change for 7
Germany: Ber, Kie, Mun, Pol, Bel, Den, Nor, Swe, War, Edi, StP, ~~Wp~~ + Lon no change for 12
Italy: Ven no change for 1
Turkey: Ank, Con, Smy, Bul, Rus, Sev, Gre, Ser, Pud, Nap, Vie, Rom, Tri + Mos builds F(Smy) for 14

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Odium, Spring 1911 (1977 JX) GM: Bob Brown

France: F(WWG)-WTH, F(PAL) S A(Kie)-Den, A(Hol)-Kie, A(Ruh) S A(Par)-Tur,
(Geff Chase) F(ENG)-Pic, A(Pic) S ITALIAN A(Rom)-Ven, F(GOL)-Spa sc, F(TYR) MS F(Tun)

Germany: F(Dre)-MCO
(Martin Feather)

Italy: A(Rom)-Ven, A(Smy)-Apu, F(Nap) S A(Smy)-Apu
(John Marsden)

Russia: F(WTH) S F(Nor)-WWG, A(Den)-Swe, A(Pru) S A(Sil)-Ber, A(Ukr) S A(Gal)-
(Stephen Agar) Iam, A(Arm)-Sev

Turkey: A(Mun) S RUSSIAN A(Sil)-Per, A(Tyr) S A(Ven)-Pie, A(Vie)-Gal, F(MLA) S
(Ian Doherty) A(Pud)-Rum, F(ION) & F(EMS) C ITALIAN A(Smy)-Apu, F(Gre) S F(ION),
F(Ank)-Arm, A(Con)-Smy

Rasties. French F(WWG)-BAR, A(Pic)-Mar.

France - German Guest in Prest: Please try my Atlantic coast, but stay clear of Picardy.

Italy-Turkey: Have I annoyed you?

To France: I know something that will kill off Black things fast. American food!

Cording the beaches of Brittany in vain for D'Ashwood and his trusty oil-can, the 3 R's (in their rusty Armoria) would have had cause to worry - had their rudimentary circuits been capable of such emotion.*

Already they had been 'blacked' by the Confederation General Du Travail and their nonlife support systems were failing. Mother's milk didn't seem to suit them. Reluctantly (*See above) they left the breast and put to sea again. Perhaps Port would be more digestible?

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Postal Gaming Newsletter (ex 25 Years On)

If you are looking for a particular game or a new zine or both, this newsletter gives you all the information you require. It is available on subscription (or send an OSAR for a sample copy) from Robin Hood, 103 Oxford Gardens, London W10 6NF. There is a brief description of all the zines listed, together with hard facts like price, frequency, method of production etc. Athgor is listed as 'infamous' and T is given a frequency of 4-5 weeks when the last five week deadline we had was last Xmas. My lawyers may be calling on you in the near future gentlemen, so be warned! The latest issue contains some ideas about reincarnating the NGC (BFF) (MCC, OBE ... We are the men of the MCC...MCC, OBE... I wonder if we'll get the Goodies back this year?). I may mention that elsewhere.

Zephyr, Autumn 1904 (1979 NR) GM: Bob Brown

- Austria: A(Dud) S GERMAN A(Gal)-Run, A(Vie)-Gal, A(Ser) & F(Gre) S ITALIAN
(Christian Norris) W(Tul sc)
 - England: F(NWG) S F(Lon)-NTH, F(NTH)-Bel
(Chris Bishop)
 - France: F(DNG) S ENGLISH F(NTH)-Bel, A(Par)-Tur, A(Gas)-Mar, A(Mar)-Spa,
(Jeff Garrett) F(GOL)-WMS
 - Germany: A(Tur) S A(Bel) S F(Kie)-Hol, F(Den) St, A(Nor)-Fru, A(Gal)-Run
(Dove Thomas)
 - Italy: F(WMS)-Tur, A(Pic) NS A(Ven), F(Tul sc) S AUSTRIAN A(Dud)-Run
(Dove Brown)
 - Russia: F(Run) S TURKISH A(Cen)-Tul, F(BAL)-Swe, A(Fin) S F(Nor) St, A(StP)-Mos
(Peter McDonald)
 - Turkey: A(Smy) St, F(AEG) S A(Cen)-Tul, A(Ank)-Cen
(Pick Shears)
- Justics. German A(Bel)-Pic. Russian F(Run) dead, NRO.

Winter 1904

- Austria: Tri, Ser, Gre, Vie + Lud builds A(Vie) for 5
- England: Edi, Lon, Lpl, ~~Npt~~, ~~Npt~~ + Bel builds F(Lon) for 4
- France: Bre, Mar, Par, Tor, Spa no change for 5
- Germany: Ber, Kie, Han, Hol, ~~Npt~~, War + Den, Jam builds F(Kie) for 7
- Italy: Nap, Rom, Ven, Tur + Tul builds F(Nap) for 5
- Russia: Mos, Sev, St, ~~Npt~~, ~~Npt~~, Swe + Nor builds A(Sev) for 5
- Turkey: Ank, Con, Smy, ~~Npt~~ removes A(Ank) for 3

Insech - England: Yes, I am sure you didn't order a retreat for F(Den) to HEL. You did order a retreat to Hel....

Machiavelli was rubbing his hands with glee. "Bulgaria! Bulgaria! We got Bulgaria," and he jiggered about exuberantly in his enthusiasm.

Screwtape, however, was in a cynical humour. "We got Bulgaria because Turkey gave it to us" he said "and I would like to know why. To get a fleet behind our lines is, on its own, too thin a reason. Who is he working with? Russia, certainly, but in this instance it's to no purpose. Austria, perhaps?" He closed his eyes and shuddered at that thought, it was too awful to contemplate.

But Machiavelli was irrepressible. "They fled because they feared to encounter our Deadly Killer Robots," he declared stoutly. "The cowardly swine - yellow in colour, yellow by nature."

"I must remind you," Screwtape remarked in icy tones, "That our so-called Deadly Killer Robots consisted of one clockwork monkey with a faulty mainspring, manufactured in Hong Kong, and a pocket calculator with flat batteries. Hardly a task force designed to score skittles of shit out of a backward five year old let alone the armies of the drawn sword of Islam. No, be assured that the surrender of Bulgaria is a gambit of the Colich's and its purpose is not to our welfare." He paused, then, suddenly terse and commanding, continued. "Advise our stations in all Capitals - all agents to give priority to obtaining any and all information concerning Turkish plans and intentions - make that double priority to our Vienna station and send it in our old code - the one we know the Russians have broken." He smiled thinly at the thought of the confusion this ploy of his would create. Now, all that remained was to consider ways and means of turning the new German/Russian alliance to his own advantage.

France to England. Poor Crazy George, yes you can have Belgium and Holland and Kiel, but do remember Munich is mine. By the way, I've promised Edinburgh to Russia, but do not worry, I was lying to him.

England - Russia: Give me back Norway and I will give you Denmark, Berlin and Munich.

Kaiser to Tsar. Help me against England and I will give you back Warsaw.

Moscow - Berlin: Give me back Warsaw and help me in the Balkans and I will give you Vienna and Trieste.

Constantinople to Rome: Gotcha!!

Italy to Austria. I am your loyal slave and ally -- help me please.

London to Vienna. Beware of the Hun, he plans a clever betrayal.

Moscow to Constantinople: Hold on a little longer. We have a new friend, soon our enemies shall be routed.

Turkey - Italy: Has anybody ever told you that your 'diplomacy' is about as credible as Nuddy and Big Ears? Do you actually read the reports before you write? PS You may not have noticed, but you're a little surrounded. 'Bye, 'bye.

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Author, Spring 1902 (1979 BA) GM: Bob Brown

Austria: F(Gre)-AEG, A(Ser)-Gre, A(Tri)-Ser, A(Bud) S TURKISH A(Bul)-Rum, A(Vie) S ITALIAN A(Ch)-Gal

England: A(Lon) S F(Nor)-Swe, F(NTH) C A(Edi)-Nor, F(Lon)-ENG

France: F(Tor)-MAO, A(Spa)-Gas, F(Mar)-Spa sc, A(Bel) S A(Par)-Rur, F(Bre)-ENG

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

Italy: A(Ch)-Gal, F(Nap)-ION, F(ICH)-EMS, A(Tun) St

Russia: F(Sev) S F(Mun)-BLA, A(War) S A(Ukr)-Gal, A(Mos)-Ukr, F(Swe) S GERMANY A(Kie)-Den

Turkey: F(BLA) S A(Bul)-Rum, F(Ank) S F(BLA), A(Con)-Bul

Nasties. French A(Bel)-Pic. Russian F(Jam) annihilated.

Meanwhile.....The Tiger stood behind the Archdruid, beaming all over his face. Denmark was and Sweden was just out of reach.

"Well what will the Keller Kaiser do?" queried the Tiger.

"Well he's suffering from a severe bout of the blues at the moment, so Belgium will be for the chop. But another way, we'll be safe."

"I'd worked that out for myself. What I want to know is; what will the frogs do?"

The Archdruid slowly waved his arm over the dish of water in front of him. "I see water" exclaimed the Druid in a slow methodic voice.

"Yes, yes, so do I stupid! What I want to know is what do you see in it?"

"One dead wasp, a couple of flies...Oh, I see what you mean. FRENCH fleet, that's what I see."

"In the Channel?"

"Hmmm, they seem to be dithering about that one. They might, but there again they might not."

"So what should we do?"

"I suggest going there. Much better to see the blues than to feel them."

ENGLAND - GERMANY, FRANCE, ITALY, AUSTRIA, TURKEY and RUSSIA. OK, which one of you scur is trying to get the others to attack me?

GERMANY - FRANCE: I must not be greedy, I must not be greedy, I must not be greedy, I must.....

Paris - London: Sorry I didn't reply to your letter, but I've been incredibly busy lately.

Papal Visit to Warsaw?

Austria - Turkey: They fatten chickens up at Christmas too.

"Yes, the Anglo-French forces seem to be cleaning up nicely in Germany. But the Balkans are a mess. There is something rotten in Serbia which has been dead for quite a long time - a few nanoseconds at least. I suppose we'll have to clear it up eventually."

As Wood-violet scurried off to fetch the patent robot-remover, the Imperial command stopped her. "Never mind that my Dear. We don't come here to look at the maps, but to admire all the varied and elegant wooden frames. Keep them polished and you'll be all right."

Another pregnant pause ensued. (His Majesty does use the map room for other purposes on occasion.)

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1371, Autumn 1903 (1978 GE) GM: Bob Brown

Ireland: A(StP)-Mos, F(PAR)-StP nc, A(War) S A(Den)-Swe, A(Kie)-Den, F(NTH)-Hol
(Funcan Morris)

France: A(Mun)-Ger, A(Bur)-Bel, A(Spa)-Mar, F(MAC)-Spa sc, A(NAF)-Tun, F(WMS)-GUL
(Cava Johnson)

Germany: NMR! F(HEL), A(Hol), A(Ger) stand unordered
(Chikako Butcher)

Italy: A(Gal)-Yoh, A(Tyr)-Man, A(Pie)-Mar, F(GOL) & F(Tun) S F(TYR)-WMS
(Sellick Davies)

Russia: A(Swe), F(BAL), A(War) stand unordered
(Anarchy)

Turkey: A(Mos) S A(Ukr)-War, F(FLA) St, A(Ser) St, A(Rum)-Gal, A(Bul)-Rum,
(James O'Fee) F(Smy)-AEG, F(ICN) S ITALIAN F(Tun)

Hosties. French F(WMS) annihilated. Russian A(Swe) chopped.

Winter 1903

England: Lon, Lpl, Bli, For, Den, Kie + StP, Swe	builds F(Bli), A(Lon) for 6
France: Bre, Mar, Par, Lon, Spa, Bel + Mun	builds F(Mar), F(Bre) for 7
Germany: Ber, Yoh , Pol	GM removes F(HEL) for 2
Italy: Nap, Rom, Ven, Tun, Vie, Bul, Tri	builds F(Nap) for 7
Russia: StP , Yoh , War, Pol	GM removes F(BAL) for 1
Turkey: Ank, Con, Smy, Bul, Gro, Ser, Sev, Rum + Mos	builds A(Con) for 9

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Variety, Autumn 1907 (1978 GJ) GM: Bob Brown

Austria: A(Ber) S A(Vie)-Gal, A(Lud) S A(Bul)-Rum, F(ICN)-Tun
(Tim Sharrock)

England: F(Cly)-Lpl, F(Yor)-NTH, F(Ber)-SKA, F(HEL)-Den, F(BAL) S A(Den)-Swe
(Chris Bishop)

France: F(MAC), A(Pie), A(Par), A(Bur), F(TYR) stand unordered
(Anarchy)

Italy: A(Ven) S A(Tus)-Pie, A(Ser) S AUSTRIAN A(Bul)-Rum, F(Con) S F(AEG)-Smy
(Geoff Chase)

Russia: A(Ank) S F(FLA)-Con, A(Rum)-Bul, A(Gal) St, F(SKA) S A(Swe)-Mar,
(Jeremy Bullett) F(NTH)-Bel, F(Wal)-Lpl

Hosties. English F(Ber)-StP nc. French A(Pie) chopped. Italian F(Con) dead - no legal retreat ordered (ie no coast for Bul). Russian A(Gal)-War, A(Rum)-Sev.

Winter 1907

Austria: Lud, Bul, Nap, Ber, Mun, Tri + Tun, Rum	builds A(Tri) & 2 short for 6
England: Bli, Lon, Yoh , Hol, Kie, Den + StP, Swe	builds A(Lon) for 7
France: Bre, Mar, Par, For, Spa, Yoh	1 short for 5
Germany: Vie	1 short for 1
Italy: Rom, Ven, Gro, Yoh , Ser, Pol + Smy	builds F(Rom) for 5
Russia: Mos, Sev, StP , War, Pol , Mar, Yoh , Lpl + Bel, Ank, Con	no change for 6
Turkey: StP	no change for 6

Tickle, Autumn 1907 (1978 GR) GM: Bob Brown

- Austria: A(Ser) stands unordered
(Anarchy)
 - England: F(NTH) C A(Yor)-Hol, A(Mos) & F(PAR) S A(Nor)-StP, F(BAL) C & F(Kie) S
(Frank Dashwood) A(Swe)-Ber, F(Den)-Swe
 - France: A(Ruh)-Dur, A(Dur)-Mun, A(Pie)-Tus, F(MAO)-WMS, F(TYR) S F(WMS)-Tun,
(Martin Styler) A(Vie)-Tri
 - Germany: A(Gal), A(Ber) stand unordered
(Anarchy)
 - Italy: A(Ven)-Rom, A(Tri)-Ven, A(Alb)-Tri
(Don Brown)
 - Russia: A(War) S A(StP)-Mos, F(GOB)-StPsc, A(Rum) S A(Dud)-Ser, F(Sev)-BLA,
(Dave Sharrocks) F(BLA) unordered
 - Turkey: A(Apu) S F(Nap)-Rom, F(ION)-Nap, F(AEG)-ION, A(Bul) S AUSTRIAN A(Ser),
(Chris Bishop) A(Con) S A(Bul)
- Nasties. English A(Mos)-Sev. German A(Ber) dead.

Winter 1907

- Austria: Ser no change for 1
- England: Edi, Lon, Lpl, Nor, Den, StP, Swe, Kie, Hol + Ber, Sev builds A(Edi), A(Lon) for 11
- France: Dre, Mar, Par, Por, Spa, Bel, Tun + Mun, Vie builds F(Mar), A(Par) for 9
- Germany: ~~Gal, Mos~~ GM removes A(Gal) for 0
- Italy: ~~Alb, Ven, Tri~~ removes A(Alb) for 2
- Russia: Mos, ~~War, Rum, Sev, Dud~~ removes F(GOB), A(Dud) for 4
- Turkey: Ank, Con, Smy, Bul, Gre, Nap + Rom builds F(Ank) for 7

Deep in Tunisia

The French tricolour fluttered defiantly from its paint-stripped flagpole with the halyards still in a tangle, but a distinct air of dereliction hung over the now abandoned fortress. The sturdy wooden gates were barred, no guards manned the battlements, no shouted commands rose from the courtyard. Very much alone, this tribute to military engineering faced the empty sands, the clear sky and the inevitable looters.

Only 48 hours previously a crack French fighting unit had been garrisoned here. Keen eyes had scoured the horizons, ever vigilant; men ready to die for their country at a word from their leader. At 6.15 pm the final dawn patrol returned, the gates yawned open and the fortress swallowed up the men for the last time. When the sun rose the following morning they were gone, heading for the coast and home. Little remained to tell of the hardship they had willingly endured: three mounds of stones, bearing crosses; a few cartridge cases scattered behind the walls; and four words immortally scratched on the gates - "Martin Styler was here".

And estate agents all over North Africa began to mark up the asking prices of once desirable properties again, with sighs of relief. Then a distinct aroma of garlic came floating in on the mistral. Out to sea was a small boat. Alphonse Maldemer and a boatload of sweating, cursing French sailors could be seen pulling for the shore. Sadly the estate agents slashed their prices yet again.

To be continued in The Tinamou No. 43 (This piece comes to you by courtesy of Time Jump plagiarists Inc.)

Locking, as ever, like a cross between an oversized beer barrel and the carved totem pole of some British Columbian Indian tribe - one which worshipped obesity but which lacked artistic skill - King Frank the Evergreen surveyed the great War-map on his wall. Beside it the Isle of Wight Wood-violet stood trembling. It was her first day on this duty and she hoped she had got all the units in their correct places. It was all very confusing with the French in Vienna, British troops in Moscow and a new Turkish Bishop of Rome about to be elected, so it was rumoured. Her favourites were the soldiers being convoyed from Yorkshire and Sweden. They looked ever so smart in their new galvanised armour. There was a lengthy silence. At last his Majesty spake.

Verity contd

Trelech. The draw proposal was defeated. Sorry about the cock-up regarding the retreats last time. Those of you I didn't notify - the Turkish fleet was also chopped.

Austria - Italy: I am sorry if I have not done exactly as I promised, but I forgot to keep a copy of my letter.

For Sale. Black Sea steamer. Owner going out of business.

Italy - France. Move over. The little green men are coming.

Russia - Italy: What sort of a deal is that???

Russia - Austria: Why me? Why not Italy?

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Changes of Address

Martin Feather to USC/Information Services Institute, 4676 Admiralty Way, Marina Del Rey, California 90291. USA.

Michael O'Shea to West Germany (see front cover).

Waiting Lists

Regular Diplomacy (Gamefee £1). Chris Bishop, David Smith, Torbjorn Strom. This game will start when two others have finished and will be the last regular gamestart in the near/medium future.

Definitive Mercator (Gamefee £1). Chris Bishop, Dave Barry, Don Brown, Peter McDonald, Geoff Hardingham, John Marsden, Jeremy Tullett, Simon Burke, Doug Wakefield, Tom Butcher, Allan McGregor, Neil Patton, (Roger Ayre). 12½/13 players. Two people have dropped off the list and Roger has asked to be reserve, so there's a spare place, although I will offer the place to Roger first. Who knows, I may ask for preferences next time.

Railway Rivals (Gamefee 50p). Chikako Butcher (any but B), David Smith (various including OUEFIC). Last BR gamestart.

En Garde (Gamefee 50p first year, 20p per year thereafter). Contact Dave Waring.

Athgor (No gamefee). Contact Michael O'Shea.

YOUR CREDIT IS:

YOU ARE A TRADE/FREEE

- 1) "Decipies alias verbis vultaque benigno, Nam mihi jam notus dissimulator eris."
(Martial. Epi. Bk 4)
- 2) IMPORTANT. Dangerous substances, including explosive, certain inflammable, toxic, corrosive, noxious or otherwise harmful substances, must not be sent by post at all. (Post Office leaflet PL (D) 3318).
- 3) Dr. Thos. Fuller. 'Gnomologia'.
- 4) Or alternately:-
'Mi spiace assai dover reclamare, ma i difetti che presenta le merce sono tali da non poter essere trascurati'.

Oh boy, glad I've finished copying that - it's murder when you can't understand what it is that you are typing. That's what you get when you're a B.Sc. Calcutta (failed).

I think that will suffice - see you all again in four weeks.

Ciao,