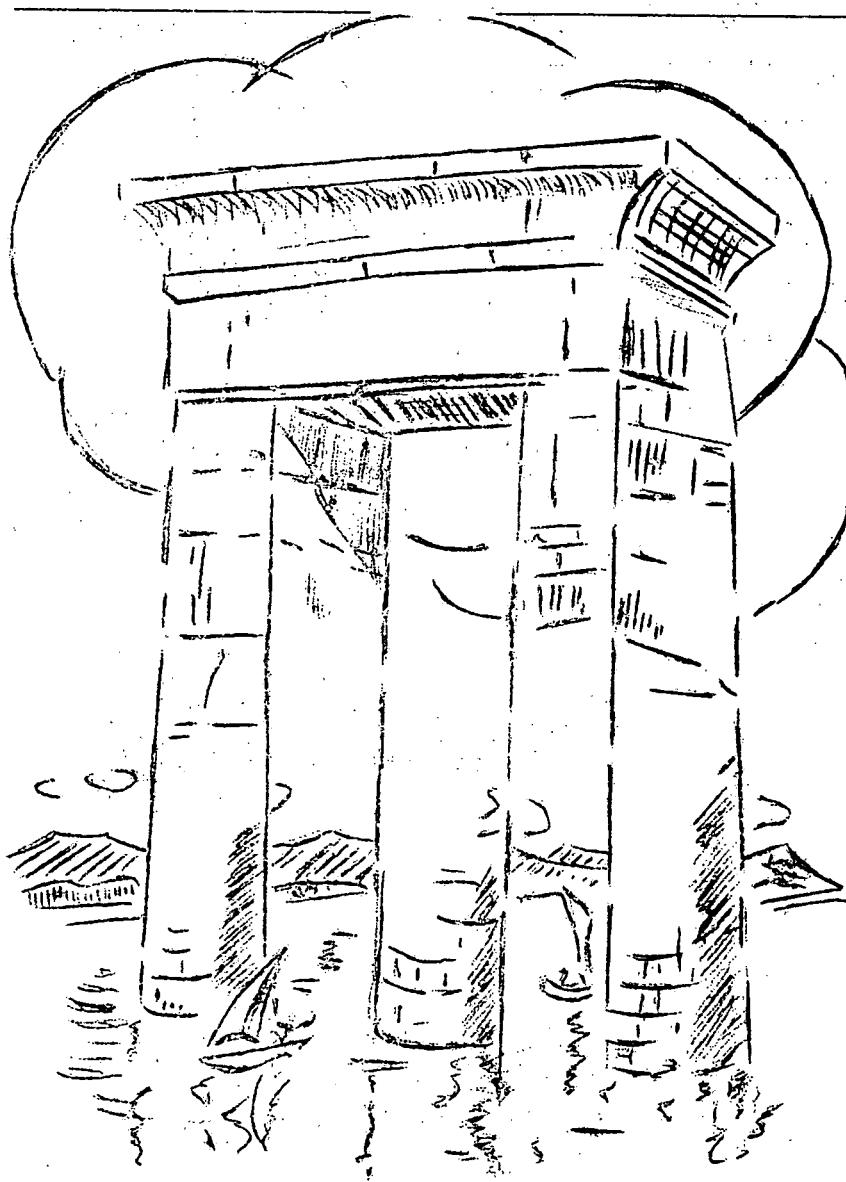


ISSUE NUMBER TWENTY-FIVE

6th January 1976



Well, how was Christmas and the New Year? I hope you didn't over-indulge but if you did have a little too much to drink, then don't have a look at the picture on the left until you're sober. There's something wrong with it, but I can't just put my finger on it.

This, by the way, is the 25th issue of the wonder-zine Chimaera and the first thing we want to do, (that's Boot and I), is to convey you our wishes for a happy and prosperous new year.

So far it's been a pretty uneventful and dull year for Chim, it's almost a week old and we still haven't won any awards. I liked 1976.

Chimaeras main purpose in life is to act as an organ for the playing of postal games, but it always tries to carry other items that I find humorous, amusing, enlightening or educational. Sometimes it may even carry items that appeal to you too, you never know your luck. It appears once every four weeks and costs the incredibly small sum of a mere

2p per sheet, or, to put it another way, 3p for every 8 pages. There are openings in a few games at the moment, and there will no doubt be a few more appearing just as soon as I've seen how the land lies with my new job.

Ah, my new job, I didn't tell you about that did I? Well, as from January the 3rd I shall be moving to a new appointment, still within the same company, but one with much more interest and 'involvement' than that which I've held for the past year or so. I asked for the move as I was bored to tears and I have no doubt at all that the new job is going to be far more taxing than the last. I am absolutely certain that it will make inroads into the time I have available for postal games playing and for producing Chimaera, and cut backs will no doubt have to be made. One of these will probably be the recombining of Chimaera and Chimaera Too into a single magazine with a resultant cutting down on size to something like a 'normal large' Dippy !zine. We shall see.

This is NOT the first step towards a fold, I hasten to add, Chimaera's future is quite secure, I enjoy it much too much to even consider packing it in. Many times in the past I've threatened a two week-end production schedule without ever slipping to it, but now, with the prospect of the occasional (unpaid) Saturday of work a spectre on the horizon, it might soon happen.

So, that's told you. I've probably painted the picture very much blacker than it actually is, but at least you know what's happening, and why, should

... my involvement in the hobby start to shrink a little.

O.K. you pessimistic old pubbers, Mick, Richard, etc., you can all say "Told you so" in chorus now. I didn't burn up though did I, which was your main fear? I know what I'm doing, you're worrying about now't. Burn up? I'm not even warm.....

DIPLOMACY GAMES SECTION

.....but first, a recitation.

DIPLOMACY

... by

BOOT, the wonder-dog.

1. Diplomacy's not a game for me,
The dirty deeds and trickery
leave my mouth agape, my eyes agog,
it's too much for this noble dog.
 2. I'm man's best friend as you well know,
but in this game I mustn't show
too much joy at his proffered hand,
just bite it hard and grab his land.
 3. But I'm not the sort to take
that course,
and swipe SC's without remorse.
I'm such a trusting hound you see,
that's why I hate Diplomacy.
 4. But now, at last, I have a plan
so brilliant that nothing can,
stop it once it's set in motion.
The basis of it? Plain emotion!
 5. I play along whilst things go well,
the others leave their schemes to
gel.
But, once the glinting blades come
out,
"Look out, Boot!" you'll hear them
shout.
 6. For at that point I'm on the table,
just as fast as I am able.
I profess it's just to lap their
faces,
(but I kick their units from their
places!)
 7. "You stupid dog!" the others claim,
"Now we'll have to start again.
We'll call that one a seven-way
draw,
will someone show that hound the
door?"
 8. But I'm quite happy with my showing,
I leave the room with pride a-glowing.
"I shared a win!" I huff with glee,
"There's nowt to this Diplomacy."
HUFF! HUFF! HUFF!
BOOT, the wonder-dog 1976.



BOOT, the wonder-dog 1976.

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Well? What do you expect, he is a dog when all's said and done. Could that Snoopy creature do better? No way, no way at all.

Ah well, that's conveniently got me into a very awkward position of being about 4 lines from the bottom of the page and having nothing to say to fill the space with.. I could point out that the games start over the page I suppose, but that's probably too obvious. I could call somebody names, but it's Christmas, season of goodwill, so I won't bother.... Hah! here's the dotted line at the bottom of the stencil, you can turn over now.

COCKATRICE 1975ID AUTUMN 1909

FRANCE (Scott) F(NTH) c German A(Den)-Edi, A(Ven) s A(Tri), A(Tri) s A(Tyr)
 -Vie, A(Boh)-Gal, A(Tyr)-Vie, A(Bel) st., F(SKA) st., A(Spa)-Gas, F(Tun)-ION,
 F(TYR) s F(Tun)-ION, F(Nap)-Apu, F(ION)-EMS,
 GERMANY (Groom) A(Den)-Edi, F(GOB)-StP-SC, A(StP)-Mos, A(Lvn) s (StP)-Mos,
 A(War)-Ukr, A(Pru)-s A(Sil)-War, A(Sil)-War, F(Nwy)-NWG.
 RUSSIA (Nash) F(NWG)-Edi, A(Arm)-Smy, A(Rum)-Bud s A(Ser), A(Gal)-War sby
 A(Mos), A(Ukr) s A(Mos), F(Gre) st.
 TURKEY (Haughan) F(Smy) st., A(Vie) st.
Retreats: Russian A(Mos) disbands. Turkish A(Vie) disbands.

WINTER 1909 - Builds

FRANCE	Bre, Par, Mar, Spa, Por, Bel, Lpl, Lon, Tun, Ven, Rom, Nap +Vie, +Tri	= 14:bu 2 A(Mar) A(Par)
GERMANY	Kie, Hol, Den, Edi, Mun, Swe, Ber, Nwy, +StP, +Mos, +War	= 11:bu 3 A(Ber) A(Mun), A(Kie)
RUSSIA	Sev, Ank, Con, Bul, Rum, Gre, Ser, (StP), (Mos), (War), (Smy), +Bud	= 8:bu 1 A(Sev).
TURKEY	(Bud), (Vie), (Tri), +Smy	= 1:N/C

GM note: You all know that builds cannot be conditional on what another player builds, so why did you try it on?

PressSEVASTOPOL

It has been reported that the communist revolution has failed and that its leaders have been executed. The Tsar is now back in control of the Russian forces and hereby makes a declaration that he wishes to sue for peace. The mix up on my last orders spelt the end. I hereby make the following proposal:

France/Germany 1st, Russia 3rd, Turkey 4th. And I vote in favour.

Would everyone please submit votes with their next orders. Is that O.K., Clive? ((O.K.)) I could hold out for another 4 - 5 years but is it really worth it? The result will be the same.

RUSSIA - TAG HILL

Remember what happened with Echo, Clive? ((She got the last word?)). When I saw the orders that you published for me last time I nearly died and thought the same thing had happened again. I was about to write to you and complain, (naturally - it's all I ever do) when I discovered my amended orders in my wallet. I forgot to post the bloody thing. C'est la vie.

TAG HILL - RUSSIA

Shame, shame. Incidentally, I think my GMing is improving, I haven't had a single complaint yet about this game this year!

And that is the only game I have a full set of orders for, damn, that's thrown the schedules out already. I shall wait until the first post tomorrow, Friday, before GMing any further games but after that you've got a NMR.

You may care to note that some second-class mail is now taking ridiculous lengths of time to get here. It's not the fault of the Christmas mail either, for the problem has been running for about the last three issues of Chim, so beware. I've no doubt that things will improve once we get the pony express working but until then I think you'd better post 2nd class Tuesday to arrive Friday/Saturday.

ECHO 1976AU AUTUMN 1905

AUSTRIA (Dove) A(Ven)s French F(Tus)-Rom*, A(Ser) s F(Gre)-Bul-SC*,
 F(Gre)-Bul-SC, no such unit!, A(Gal) s A(Bud)-Rum, A(Bud)-Rum, A(Alb) unord.
 ENGLAND (Thompson) F(ENC)-Bre, A(Hol)-s F(Den)-Kie, F(NTH) s A(Hol),
 F(HEL) s F(Den)-Kie, F(Den)-Kie, F(BAL) s A(Lvn)-Pru, A(Lvn)-Pru,
 A(Mos) s Turkish A(War).
 FRANCE (Watson) A(Bel)-Hol, A(Bur)-Mun, F(GOL)-WMS, F(TYR)-Nap, A(Tus) Rom
 GERMANY (Canham) A(War)-Ukr, no such unit!, A(Pru)-War*, A(Kie) ms A(Ruh),
 A(Sil) unordered.
 ITALY (Lindsay) A(Rom)-Ven sby F(Apu).
 TURKEY (Nash) F(MAO)-Por, F(Rum) st sby A(Sev), A(Gre)-Ser sby A(Bul),
 A(Con)-Gre cby F(AEG), A(War) st., F(Tun) st.

Retreats: Austrian A's Ven & Gre disband. German A(Pru) disbands.

WINTER 1905 - Builds

AUSTRIA	Vie, Bud, Tri, (Ser), (Ven)	= 3:N/C
ENGLAND	Lon, Lpl, Edi, Nwy, StP, Mos, Den, Swe, +Hol, +Bre	= 10:bu 2 A(Edi), F(lon).
FRANCE	Par, Mar, Spa, (Bre), (Por), +Nap, +Mun, +Bel, +Rom	= 7:bu 2 F(Mar), A(Par).
GERMANY	Kie, Ber, (Hol), (Mun), (Bel)	= 2:lose 1, A(Ruh).
ITALY	(Rom), (Nap), +Ven	= 1:lose 1, F(Apu).
TURKEY	Con, Ank, Smy, Bul, Sev, Rum, Tun, Gre, War, +Ser, +Por	= 11:bu 2 F(Smy), F(Con).

PRESS

KAISER - FRANCE

"Don't worry, I won't take Munich", he says Huh!.... Belgium is just as bad. While England and Turkey take your home centre's I will laugh! Together we could have strung this game out and got in plenty of plugs for Leviathan, Military Enthusiast and UKDA PF. (Oops.....done it again, haven't I Clive?) Which of the players in Echo is to be next to start up a 'zine and plug it?!"

KAISER - MRS THOMPSON

Two people playing one country is not fair - even if one of them is not very old yet!. I hope an indulgence in pickled onions and custard, or whatever, causes you to NMR.

ANKARA

The Sultan would like to apologise for any inconvenience caused by my couriers in this game, and wish to state now that it shall not happen again. My courier has been shot dead and unlike his counter-part in Cockatrice, I have no intention of resurrecting him again on Sunday.

TURKEY - ENGLAND

Hello Linda, by now we should control 20/21 of the 34 centres, so hows about going for a 17-17 split? I don't mind which: either a 1st equal draw, or a first to get 18 race, it's up to you. *I always respect decisions made by my allies.* No one can say that we haven't been very open about it - the alliance - so I hope that no-one else is offended. *Not/that I give a damn anyway.*

SMYRNA *Si monsieur vous n'avez pas envie de venir visiter la ville de Smyrne, je vous enverrai des photos.* This is an advert: The UKDA PF is now running free games of Dip for anyone that is interested. 3 games have already started and lists are open for an infinite number more. Apply to R.Nash NOW.

TAG HILL:

So you thought you'd get another free plug did you? I suppose everyone will be rushing around now writing letters to you asking for a free game, it's a pity I forgot to publish your address isn't it? Heh, heh. Incidentally, I suppose that your free games must include a free sub to Albatross for if I've got to pay out a sub to that too, the games are no longer free are they? Tricky thing this 'Trades Descriptions Act' and you've just committed yourself. Come on everyone, write to Richard for your free game of Diplomacy, he'll even refund you the cost of postage, otherwise it ceases to be a free game and he's breaking the law.....

TAG HILL - EVERYONE

What a cock-up this season turned out to be, what's a matter with everyone.

FRODO 'WAR OF THE RING' YAVIE 3023

MORDOR (Drylie) 3A(DAM)-PGè, Goblin 2A(Ere) st., 2A(Beo)-AVa, A(Dag)-Bro sby 2A(Wil), A(EMu)-Wol sb by 2A(EEm), 2A(Isn)-GoR, 2A(Edo)-WEm, A(Har)-Pel, Abb(MIT)-GOL, A(Pel)-MTi, A(Lam)-Edo, A(MMo)-Ith, A(BDù)-Udu, A(Udu)-Dag, A(DMA) st., A(Wet)-EMu, A(Rau) st., A(DGu) s A(Dàg)-Bro, A(Mor)-Ere, A(The)-SDo, A(Min)-Bar, A(Ere)-Rha, GA(Nen)-Shi, GA(CDu) st.

ROHAN (Jones) 2A(Gor), A(WEm)*, stand NMR!!!!

GONDOR (Kennedy) 2A(Low) stands NMR!!!!

DWARVES (Lindsay) 2A(EMi-II)-WHe sb by A(For), A(Bre)-Shi.

ELVES (Dove) 2A(BLa) st.*

Retreats: Rohan A(WEm) disbands, Elven 2A(BLa) disbands.

HRIVE 3023 - Builds

MORDOR	Mor, Udu, BDU, MMo, Umb, Riv, Ith, NWi, Pel, Dag, Isn, Rhu, Beo, Har, Tha, Mir, Dal, Esg, Wld, MTi, Ano, Dun, Edo, DAm, EEm, Ere, CDu, DGu, +WEm	= 29: bu 4. Owed, none received.
ROHAN	Isng, (WEm)	= 1: N/C
GONDOR	Fan, +Lor	= 2: bu.1 owed. None rec.
DWARVES	ELu-II, Bre, Shi, MGu	= 4: N/C
ELVES	(Lor)	= 0: OUT!!!!

ICARUS 1976HB SPRING 1903

AUSTRIA (Pringle) A(Vie) s A(Tri), A(Tri) s A(Ser), A(Ser) s F(Gre)-Bul,
F(Gre)-Bul*, A(Bud)-Rum,
ENGLAND (Johnson.L) F(IRI)-MAO, A(Nwy) st*, F(NTH)-Yor,
FRANCE (Forrest) A(Pie)-Mar, F(Por)-MAO, F(Bre)-Pic, A(Wal)-Lpl, A(Bel)-Bur,
F(ENG)-Lon.
GERMANY (Wardley) F(Den)-NTH, A(Ber)-Sil, no such unit, A(Mun)-Tyr, A(Ruh)-Kie,
A(Hol) st., A(Pru) unordered.
ITALY (Ashbolt) F(ION)-Gre, F(Apu)-ADR, A(Tyr)-Ven, A(Ven)-Rom.
RUSSIA (Bull) A(StP)-Nwy, F(Swe)-s A(StP)-Nwy, A(Ukr)-Sev, A(War)-Pru.
TURKEY (Johnson.J) A(Arm)-Sev, F(AEG) s Italian F(ION)-Gre, A(Rum)-Ser,
A(Bul) s A(Rum)-Ser, F(BLA)-Rum.

Retreats: Austrian F(Gre)-Alb, English A(Nwy)-Fin.

PressPARIS

The Maid would like to wish you all a happy new Year, and hopes you had a merry Christmas as well: could she also have some supply centres for her birthday?

TAG HILL - PARIS

Sure you can, just help yourself.....oh, you are. Many happy returns of the 31st all the same.

KAISER - MAID OF FRANCE

Greetings! Communications between our two great nations have not been as they should. The fault is entirely mine for which I offer my humble apologies. My month of absence was due to an abdominal maledy which struck me down whilst residing at my Black Forest hunting lodge. I hope to re-open negotiations on matters of mutual interest in the near future and assure you that my intentions are most honourable.

GERMAN HIGH COMISSION AND PUBLIC RELATIONS OFFICE

Investigations reached a conclusion the other day concerning the issuing of 'Black' press releases under the German date line. During the Kaisers serious illness the perpetrator of this heinous crime was discovered as it became obvious that the Kaiser himself was not responsible for these pathetic bletherings. The culprit, a snivelling foreigner, is thought to have been a member of the LEVIATHAN ((?!!**!??)) editorial team. This subversive individual normally publishes under the dateline Mr.C and is often to be seen reporting in a distorted fashion on various notable conventions. Mr. C. This person is under sentence of death should he attempt to enter the Fatherland. (Evidence leading to his capture and subsequent demise will be generously rewarded by the Kaiser in person).

TAG HILL - GERMAN etc.,

What's 'demise'? You don't mean the things that make de holes in de skirting-board do you?

ENGLAND - GERMANY

I just love a good, strong NMR alliance - first one to move is a coward.

RUSSIA - ANYONE

How about a bit more help down south (please) - strong alliances available, cheap, good, honest and reliable (please everso). Exchanges can be arranged

ENGLAND - FRANCE

"Bunnies can and will go" - damn it.

TAG HILL - ALL

One change of address for you all to note. Lee Johnson (right?) is now back in this country after his stint in Brussels. I understand that Jan has let him back into the house, so it's all communications to: 59 Hillview Avenue, Hornchurch, Essex again forthwith.

LEANDER 'REDISCOVER'GM: RICHARD BARTLE

Double deadline! Orders have been received from Turkey and Scandinavia, but they can send in revisions if they like. The rest of the orders must be in by the next deadline.

A few questions have cropped up, so I'll answer them here to stop getting asked again. The spot south of Syria is Suez, Sue. Apparently it looks like S4E on some peoples maps. The GM will decide retreats if you don't give them. The area in the heel of Italy is Apulia, Apu. I think that's all.

On the question of shorter deadlines raised by Clive last issue; if I am requested to hold the game because of short deadline, then I will do so, otherwise all the orders I receive will be used. I'll probably accept orders up to the second day after the deadline, so postal delays or forgetful players won't hold up the game.

Hope you all had a merry Christmas,

RICHARD BARTLE 1976ARGOS 1975FH SPRING 1907

Trouble again for Steve Plater as he once more hasn't been able to get the up to date position sorted in time for the deadline (Have you noticed, but it seems to be ever since he became a civil servant.....). Rather than testing all our patience to the very limit by asking for yet another delay, he has decided to resign the position in favour of RON CANHAM, 48 High Street, Ipswich, Suffolk IP1 3QJ. Ron, just to get off on the right foot, has also missed his orders this time (?!), though thankfully I do have some on file for him in respect of this particular game.

ENGLAND (Bullock) F(MAO)-Por, A(Bre)-Gas, A(Par) s A(Bre)-Gas, A(Lon)-Pic cby F(ENC), F(Bel)-Hol, F(Xle) st., F(Ber) st., F(Nwy)-NTH, F(Swe)-BAL, F(Lpl)-IRI, A(Edi)-st.

FRANCE (Canham) F(GOL)-Spa-SC, F(WMS)-s F(GOL)-Spa-SC, A(Ven)-Pie, A(Bur)-Ruh, A(Boh)-Mün, A(Sil) s German A(War)-Pru, F(Rom)-TYS.

GERMANY (Davidson) A(War) st*,

ITALY (Nash) F(Gre)-Bul-SC, F(Nap)-Apu, A(Tri) ms A(Ser).

RUSSIA (Lovibond) A(Lvn)-War sby A(Mos), F(StP-SC) st, A(Sev)-Rum-sby F(BLA), F(Con)-AEG, A(Ank)-Con, A(Bul)-sby A(Bud).

TURKEY (Pratt) A(Rum) st*,

Retreats: German A(War) disbands, Turkish A(Rum) disbands.

Press

ROME

El Duce II would like to thank the thousands of letters that he received in response to his appeal last issue. He is asking the Pope to bless them all. ~~Dobryj zivot, Mick~~. It is to be hoped that our deliverance will come soon.

ITALY - NON-STANDBYS

What's the matter? all got writers cramp or something?

TAG HILL - RUSSIA

Nowt wrong with your memory,

BASILISK 1975FS SPRING 1909

AUSTRIA (Howes) A(Bud)-Ser, A(Bul) s A(Bud)-Ser, no such unit, A(Rum)-Bud A(Tyr) s Russian A(Sil)-Mun, A(Vie)-Tri, A(Ser) st unordered.

ENGLAND (Meadon) F(NTH)-Nwy sby F(NWG), A(Lpl)-NAf cby F(NAO) & F(MAO), F(Mar)-GOL, A(Par)-Bur, A(Gas)-Mar, A(Lvn)-Den cby F(BAL), A(Lon)-Bre cby F(ENC), F(Bel)-NTH, A(Ber) ms A(Mun), F(WMS) st.

ITALY (Davies) NMR!!! F's ADR, ION, Gre, Nap & A's Ven, Tri all stand.

RUSSIA (Cook) A(War)-Lvn sby A(Mos), & A(StP), A(Sil)-Pru, A(Con)-Sev, F(BLA) c A(Con)-Sev, A(Smy)-Irm.

TAG HILL

No press? How boring.

DAEDALUS 1976AO SPRING 1906

AUSTRIA (Thorby) A(Ukr)-War, A(Mos) s A(Ukr)-War, A(Gal) s A(Ukr)-War, A(Boh)-Mun, A(Tyr) s A(Boh)-Mun, A(Vie)-Boh, F(Gre)-s A(Bul), A(Bul) s Italian F(WMS)-Spa-SC, A(Sev) unordered.
 ENGLAND (Howes) F(StP-NC) st, A(Pru)-Ber sby F(Bal), F(HEL)-Hol sby F(Kie), A(Pic)-Bel sby F(NTH), F(Lon)-ENC.
 FRANCE (Cook) A(Hol)-Ruh, F(Bel) st*, A(Par) s English A(Pic)-Bur, F(Spa-SC) s F(GOL), F(GOL) st., F(MAO) s F(Spa-SC).
 GERMANY (Ovens) A(Bur)-Gas, A(Ber)-Kie*,
 ITALY (Lean) A(Con)-Bul sby F(AEG), F(Nap)-ION, A(Tus)-Ven, F(Mar)-GOL sby F(WMS), A(Pie)-Mar, F(Tun)-TYS.
 RUSSIA (Barker) A(War)-Sil.
Retreats: French F(Bel) disbands. German A(Ber) annihilated.

PressDEAR COOCHIE COO

Yeah!

KUDDLES.

NUTHATCH - MONA

How can I stab you while you've still got that fleet in the Aegean? Ah, that's better.

AUSTRIA - RUSSIA

Your proposal interests me. Can I think about it for a month or two, or do you need a quick answer?

AUSTRIA - ITALY

Stop BUGging me.

MONA - NUTHATCH

The one thing worse than a smart-alec Diplomacy player is a smart-alec RR player.

WARSAW

Peasants sweated as they lowered the cavalry onto their steaming beasts outside in the courtyard. "You have your orders, Captain," said the Tsar busily adjusting his dress in the latrine of the Warsaw barracks. "You are to charge the enemy in a last effort to regain our former territory and glory. Is that understood?"

"Which enemy, sir?"

Damn these Poles thought the Tsar, always questioning whatever I say. It's a pity I have to rely on such as these, but were my other troops any better? "The Oust...., er, Astr, uh Ingel, damn! Make it the Germans then!"

The lancers were ready to set out on their quest, but I won't forget this, Thorby, mutter.....

GORRON 1976GB AUTUMN 1904

AUSTRIA (Batchelor) A(Tri)-Ven sby F(ADR), A(Tyr)-Vie, A(Ser)-Bud, A(Gre)-Bul.
 ENGLAND (Quinton) A(Yor)-Bel sby F(NTH) & sby F(ENC), F(BAL)-Swe sby F(Nwy), A(Swe)-Den.
 FRANCE (Humphries) F(WMS)-TYS, A(Bel) st*, A(Bur)-Mar, A(Ven) st*,
 GERMANY (Davies) A's Hol,Kie,Ber,Ruh,Mun, st. NMRI!!!!!!
 ITALY (Bartle) A(Pie)-Mar, F(ION)-st, F(Tun)-s F(ION).
 RUSSIA (Howes) A(Mos)-Lvn, A(Fin)-StP, A(Con)-Bul, F(BIA) s A(Con)-Bul, A(Rum) s A(Con)-Bul, A(Gal)-Bud., A(Smy) st.
Retreats: French A(Bel)-Pic, A(Ven)-Rom.

WINTER 1904:Builds

AUSTRIA Bud,Tri,Vie,Ser,Gre,Ven,(Bul)	= 6:bu 1 A(Bud)
ENGLAND Edi,Lon,Lpl,Nwy,Den,Swe,+Bel	= 7:bu 1 A(Lon)
FRANCE Bre,Par,Mar,Spa,Por,+Rom	= 6:bu 2 A(Par), A(Mar).
GERMANY Kie,Ber,Mun,Hol,(Bel)	= 4:lose 1 A(Ruh) GM
ITALY Nap,Tun,(Rom)	= 2:lose 1 A(Pie)
RUSSIA StP,Mos,Sev,War,Rum,+Bul,+Smy, Con,Ank	= 9:bu 2 A(Mos), A(War).
TURKEY (Smy)	= 0:OUT!!!!

PressLONDON-MOSCOW

I voted for you in the IDA presidential elections, so how about an alliance in 76/2?

LONDON - PARIS

I hope you received my letter in time, to take any action, if not we'll just have to wait a bit longer!

P.S. Watch your builds!

P.P.S. Has Albert got any friends?

CZAR'S MEDICINE-MAN ADVISES CUT-BACK

Due to a great increase in the Czar's intake of steak and chips (at least 4 meals a day) he has been expanding at a rate which has alarmed many of his fellow autocrats: despite warnings from the court doctor that at his age such action could be detrimental to his health he continues to grow outwards and he has stated that this will continue until his waist measures 18 feet (The significance to the old man of this figure is not clear, but is thought to have a deep-rooted religious connection).

HYDRA 'MERCATOR III' OCTOBER 1890

Well, we'll start in the traditional way and tell you what was wrong with the last report.

Firstly, the Japanese moves F(CPO)-CHA & F(Osa)-CPO failed, as did the U.S.A. move F(GOC)-CHA. This meant that the Japanese could not build A(Osa) and they built instead F(Kob).

Secondly, the Turkish move A(Ben)-Lib should have been underlined.

ARGENTINA (Fisher) F(SAO)-Nig, F(SAf) s F(SAO)-Nig, F(Ata)-Iqu, A(Asu) s A(Ata)-Iqu, A(Bog)-Lim, A(Rio) st., F(Tah) s F(CRS), F(CRS) s F(Tah).

AUSTRIA (Neuman) A(Tyr)-Ven, A(Tri) s A(Tyr)-Ven, A(Gal) s A(Rum), A(Rum) s A(Cl)-Ser, A(Cl)-Ser.

BRAZIL (Canham) NMR!!!!!! F's CAO*, Nig*, A's Iqu*, Sah, Tun all stand.

CHINA (Roberts) NMR!!!!!! F For, A Han stand.

ENGLAND (Wakefield) A(Bre) bds F(ENC), A/F(ENC)-NTH, A(NTH) dis Bel (unstabbed), A(Lon) bds F(NTH), A/F(NTH)-SKA, A(SKA) dis Nwy, F(Nwy)-BAR, F(HEL)-Kie sby A(Hol), F(IRI)-RCC, F(Den)-BAL.

FRANCE (Morris) A(Vtm)-Lao, F(Cam)-Tha-EC*, A(Mun)-Sax, A(Kls)-Mun, F(TYS)-MAJ, A(Rom)-Gen sby F(GOL) & F(Pie), F(Spa-SC)-CAN, F(Pic)-Bre,

GERMANY (Porter) NMR!!!!!! F's Kie*, Mdg, A Pru stand.

INDIA (Pratt) A(Mdr) bds F(EIO), A/F(EIO)-MAL, F(GOS) s A/F(EIO)-MAL, A(MAL) dis Jav, A(Tha) s A(Sai)-Cam, A(Sai)-Cam, F(Bor)-CEL, F(WIO)-EIO, F(ARA) s Turkish F(PER)-Yem, A(Tit-Snk, A(Sik)-Vtm.

ITALY (Crisp) F's GOA, Yem, Apu, Gen*, A Ven* stand NMR!!!!!!

RUSSIA (Segal) F's Swe, GOB, Sib*, YEL*, A's Mos, Snk*, Shg, Man, Lvn all stand NMR!!!!!!

JAPAN (Waterhouse) A(Tok) bds F(CPO), A/F(CPO)-CHA, A(CHA) dis CLF, F(Nom) s A/F(CPO)-CHA, F(Kor) s F(ECS)-YEL, F(ECS)-YEL, F(Kob)sECS,

F(SOJ)-s A(Vla, A(Vla) s F(NPO)-Sib, F(NPO)-Sib, F(Osa)-CPO, A(Van)-Chi

TURKEY (Dagger) A(Cau)-s A(Sev), F(BLA) ff A(Arm)-Rum, A(Con)-Bul,

A(Sev) s A(Arm)-Rum, A(Ser) s A(Arm)-Rum, A(Ben)-Fez, A(Syr) bds F(SMS), F(SMS) c A(Syr)-F(AEG), F(Cro) s A/F(AEG)-ION, A(ION) dis Alb, A(Nap) st., A(Tur) s Indian A(Tib)-Snk, F(PER) s F(Bag)-Nej-EC.

U.S.A. (Nunn) A(Syd)-Pth, F(MAL)-Jav, A(Wel) bds F(SOL), A/F(SOL)-CEL, F(HUM) s F(GOC)-CHA, F(GOC)-CHA, F(GIS)-Haw, A(Pan)-Gui, F(GRA)-Que, F(Azo)-CAO, F(Rec) s F(Azo)-CAO.

Retreats: Brazilian F's CAO, Nig & A Iqu disband. French F(Cam) disbands.

German F Kie disbands. Italian F Gen & A Ven disband. Russian F's Sib, YEL & A Snk disband.

PRESSBUDAPEST

Grunge screamed as the Emperor kicked him in the stomach. He was writhing in agony still when the Emperor raised his hands to the sky and screamed "Why? Why is it that my Empire falls about me?". Doing the old, 'Why-should-it-be-to-have-my-Empire-that-falls?' cliche. The Emperor decided to do one thing.

"To hell with this" he said as he calmly stepped into the reactor chamber of his personal nuclear power plant. Only one person was sad to see him go. Me.

TAXIDERMY - JAPANESE STYLE

1. A myopic eagle with feathers a'lacking
Did broadcast his fleets, thus decisiveness lacking
He thereby forsook the fine chance he had had
Of a Knackers yard trip for Hirohito's dad's dad.
2. A few months before - amidst gnashing and tutting
Eagle's proud Yankees round Tokyo were strutting
(Occasionally stopping, their britches astir
At the Japanese maidens who flirt here and there)
3. But Eagle the while, like a bloody great fairy
Was dallying long in his Washington on eyrie
With claw on his heart vouched he 'No intent
to stay long in Tokyo' - and, stone me, he went!
4. The crafty old Jap - an unscrupulous ruffian
Decided forthwith to give Eagle a stuffing
- but bided his time, just waiting his chance
While Eagle raked dung about England and France.
5. The big-booted braggart who rules Argentina
Drop-kicked Brazil all the way to the cleaners
Our obsiginous eagle fancied this not too much
- and pensively kicked Fisher, quite hard, in the crutch
6. Alas though, for Canham, Eagle 'heavily hearted'
(In truth, t'was but greed) out for Rio got started
'To rescue fair Nutland from yon braggart's toils'
(Making sure, all the same, he got most of the spoils)
7. But alas and alack, the whole thing went tatty
When Fisher was stricken (by too many chapatties)
- reprehensibly failing his units to move
(While he stuffed umpteen curries down his cavernous groove)
8. The Japanese now, each with plagiarised Hoover
Proceed to clean out the Yanks from Vancouver
Thus explaing to all just why Eagle quite mad is,
Indecisively muttering, 'Oh Jesus. Quo Vadiss??

PARIS MARSAILLES

I suppose that it is quite a relief really to have Doug stab me. Now I know where I stand.

MUNICH

Which way to Geneva please?

JORIL - ABERDEEN

O.K., but Doug's little fun may slow me up a bit.

JORIL - BBC

Make me an offer!

FLUSHMAN

Flushman sat in a corner rolling old Diplomacy letters into thin spills. He then soaked them in paraffin wax and set them aside to dry. He was making candles for his impending party, a process he called 'wicking his dip' - a pastime for which he was justly famous. Things were not going well and he was killing time in 'loo' of any better ideas. He had asked Bald Eagle for help in his attempted castration of Dung but all that had happened was that one miserable American fleet was now threatening Iceland.

Clearly the time had come to take stock of the situation. It probably had been a mistake to kick faithful old Dung, still an offer of a few scraps of Porter would put this right. Bald Eagle was in big trouble with the Nips so they would spend the rest of the game trying to destroy each other. There was nothing to worry about in that direction.

There remained only one big force to deal with and that was the terrible Turk.

Flushman spent no more time thinking - straight down to the Cheadle Hole Arms and a word in the Landlords ear. He proved enthusiastic when he heard Flushmans offer. After all Cheadle Hole Arms had always sounded a bit tame and the prospect of a really ugly Turks head to hang over the door - blood

and all - would make it really worthwhile changing the name.

What next, thought Flushman, obviously the Indian could not be relied upon again or El Piss for that matter. They weren't as big a danger as the Turk, but it wouldn't do any harm to take precautions. His main problem was that most of his dirty tricks were becoming rather well known. What he wanted was something really outrageous. A thought flashed (flushed?) into his mind and he felt sick - the idea was totally repulsive but its very insistence paused him to pause and consider. It really would be the coup of all time, so completely foul and evil, so totally out of character that it would never be suspected and there was every chance that most of his opponents would go out of their minds.

He immediately contacted the four affected personages. With each he made a pact and a promise of an alliance. Have you guessed his dastardly plot? He intended to keep his promises.

ODE TO AN NMR

1. Hydra's the name of Clives finest game.

And I'm willing to state, the players are great.

Tell me where you are, you NMR.

2. Now China I know, suffered a blow.

He stupidly fought, and probably
thought.

Better by far, to NMR!

3. But what of the Pratt? Where is he at?

It must be the post, his letter is lost.

I'm sure such a star would not NMR.

4. And then there's the fish, was he

on the piss?
I'm quite sure that he, tho'
sozzled he be,
Would even leave the bar, to avoid
NMR.

4. I wish that the Nip, would take a long trip.

It really would be better if he didn't send a letter.

From me a big TA! if you'd NMR.
6. And England I know (tho' terribly
slow)

Gets there in the end, his orders
to send.
My faith it would jar, to find
Doug, NMR

5. I'm sure we all hope, Daggers had enough rope.

I wish you no harm, but please break your arm.

Both me and the Csar cry, 'PLEASE NMR'.

JANUS 1976HX SPRING 1902.

AUSTRIA (Waldschmidt) F(Grc)-Bul-SC, A(Ser) s F(Gre)-Bul-SC, A(Vie)-Gal sby A(Bud), A(Tri) s A(Bud).

ENGLAND (Nash) F(Lon)-ENC sby F(NTH), A(Nwy)-StP, F(NWG)-BAR.

FRANCE (North) F(Par)-MAO, A(Bur)-Pic, A(Mar)-Bur, A(Spa)-Gas, F(Bre) st,

GERMANY (Watson) F(Swe) st., A(Kie)-Den, A(Ber)-Kie, A(Hol)-Bel, A(Mun)-Ruh

ITALY (Nathan) F(ION)-EMS, F(Nap)-ION, A(Tun) st, A(Ven) st.

RUSSIA (Dove) A(Gal)-Vie; A(Ukr) s F(Sev)-Rum, F(Sev)-Rum, F(GOB)-BAL.

TURKEY (Forrest) A(Arm)-Sev sby A(Rum)*, F(Ank)-BLA sby F(Con).

Retreats: Russian A(Gal) disbands. Turkish A(Rum) disbands.

Press

VIENNA - CONSTANTINOPLE

I am sorry. I hope I have not offended, but this is Diplomacy.

VIENNA - LONDON

Are you trying to win the Boring Chimaera Press of the Year Award?

VIENNA - ALL

A belated Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to you all.

ANONYMOUS TO WHOEVER YOU ARE

Somebody somewhere wants a letter from you.

THE REYKJAVIK ARCHIVES III

Kaiser Rudolf III summoned Pushov, the Russian envoy, to his command H.Q. in the fort in Belgrade.

"Look here, I'm fed up with your troops being in Austrian territory, you must order them to leave, I was planning to spend my holiday there, and now you've ruined it."

"We were held up by the snow, we couldn't get out."

"But it was summer, you fool!", replied the Kaiser.

"Well, this was special Russian snow, it seems to follow us about", replied the envoy, shaking some snow-flakes from his jacket, which was odd as the weather was very fine outside. Just then a messenger entered the room.

"I've got a crystal ball," he announced.

"You should see a doctor then", replied Rudolf.

"The young messenger blushed and then continued, "It's from Qwerty Uiop, the Rumanian Wizard."

Rudolf looked into the crystal ball and saw a Turkish Cabinet in full session. "This should be interesting", he said.

But just at that moment the Turkish Ministers all left the cabinet and resumed their seats. The Minister of the Interior spoke first, "The Sultan has asked me to bring the G.M. to trial for insulting her. He suggested that she should be condemned to the wastes of Siberia. The Sultan feels that...."

The Kaiser allowed the scene in the crystal ball to fade. "This is boring, he thought, 'is that all they have to discuss?'

The scene in the crystal ball changed. A haggard, dishevelled man, who looked miserable and was obviously suffering from cold, hunger, and deprivation, was making his way through a frozen, barren landscape. The man carried a placard around his neck which read, "I INSULTED THE SULTAN". Soon he met a talking albatross.

"Hello, albatross" said the man, "I'm very hungry, I haven't eaten anything for three months and I'm going to eat you."

"Beware", said the albatross, "I am the only albatross north of the equator and I am enchanted. If you touch me I shall cast an NMR spell."

"What does NMR stand for?"

"No More Russia", replied the albatross. The scene faded.

Pushov, the Russian envoy remarked, "So that's why we're having all that snow, somebody has found the enchanted albatross and has disturbed it."

Just then, Kurt Hans, the Kaiser's secretary, rushed into the room. "Your horses have left a sign of their presence in the grounds outside. We can't clear it away. It's covered in some white cold stuff. What are you going to do about it?"

"Well, you know what they say - there's no business like snow-business.

BORING NEWS DEPT.

I have nothing exciting to say at all.

REPETITION DEPT.

I have nothing exciting to say at all.

FOREIGN DEPT.

Regarding Russia, we have nothing exciting to say at all.

TURKEY DEPT.

Regarding Turkey, the King has nothing exciting to say at all.

NEWSFLASH

Regarding Turkey, actions speak louder than words, hence the reason for the last statement, by his majesty.

OPINION OF ENGLAND DEPT.

What a bore.

LONDON - ALL

I told you I would bore you to death before the end of the game: with one exception anyway, (~~not you, silly....~~)

ANKARA

The Sultan hopes for a long and trusting friendship with the Emperor; she also hopes for English help in the new year. Hope you all had a very Merry Christmas.....

TAG HILL - ANKARA

Now just a minute, I don't think you can have a female Sultan can you? I mean, it would be like having a male queen in this country, imagine Will Haven.....oh, I don't know though, perhaps it is possible.

KRAKEN 1976FF AUTUMN 1901

AUSTRIA (Ferguson). A(Tri)-Vie, A(Ser) s F(Alb)-Tri, F(Alb)-Tri.
 ENGLAND (Gale) A(Edi)-Nwy cby F(NWG), F(NTH)-Den.
 FRANCE (Rundle) A(Mar)-Spa, F(MAO)-Por, A(Bur)-Mun.
 GERMANY (Dove) A(Ruh)-Bel sby F(Hol), A(Kie)-Den.
 ITALY (Barker) F(ION)-Tun, A(Ven)-Tri, A(Tyr)-Vie.
 RUSSIA (Powis) A(War)-Gal, A(Mos) s F(Sev), F(Sev) st, F(StP)-GOB.
 TURKEY (Close) A(Arm)-Rum, F(BLA) c. A(Arm)-Rum, A(Bul) s A(Arm)-Rum.

WINTER 1901 builds

AUSTRIA Bud, Tri, Vie, +Ser	= 4:bu 1 A(Vie)
ENGLAND Edi, Lpl, Lon, + Nwy	= 4:bu 1 F(Lon)
FRANCE Bre, Mar, Par, +Mun, +Spa, +Por	= 6:bu 3 Owed, none rec'd!?
GERMANY Ber, Kie, (Mun), +Hol, +Bel	= 4:bu 1 A(Ber)
ITALY Nap, Rom, Ven, +Tun	= 4:bu 1 F(Nap)
RUSSIA Mos, StP, Sev, War,	= 4:N/C
TURKEY Ank, Con, Smy, Bul, +Rum	= 5:bu 2 F(Con), A(Smy).
NEUTRAL Swe, Den, Gre	= 3

PressVRANJE

The latest reports of the miracle reported earlier are that members of the S.L.F. have kidnapped the Austrian army of occupation and replaced it with an inflatable imitation. A message given to a trendy newspaper at the time read 'this is not the first time this will happen, not that it will ever do any good. We shall not rest until all kilted Austrians have been pushed back to Vienna.'

YOU KNOW WHO TO SULTAN

How about an agreement over the Black Sea?

MAYPOLE

Cunning moves last time Russia. Eventual man of the match - France surely, followed by Turkey.

TAG HILL

Many thanks to Mike Lean for submitting the standby orders but fortunately they were not needed.

Martin, I looked on the back and even pulled the envelope out of the bin to make sure I hadn't somehow missed them, but I'm sorry, there were just no build orders.

One change of address to note, though only a temporary one. Alan Powis will be at 14 Wyrley Close, Willenhall, West Midlands until the 16th of Jan.

FRIGATE 75/23 1975BK AUTUMN 1912

ENGLAND (Fisher) F(Lon)-NTH, F(Edi) s F(Lon)-NTH, A(Pic) ms A(Par), F(MAO)-ENC, F(Spa-SC)-Mar, F(HEL)-Hol, no such unit, F(Lpl) unordered.
 GERMANY (Ross) NMR!!!!!! F's NTH*, Den, Hol, A's Bel, Ruh, Mun, Bur, Nwy, Mos* Yor all stand
 ITALY (Howes) F(Apu)-Ven, A(Pie) s F(Apu)-Ven, F(ADR)-Tri*, A(Rom)-Nap, F(TYS)-Tun.
 TURKEY (Barker) F(Alb)-ADR sby F(ION), F(AEG) s F(ION), F(Sev) st., A(Ukr)-Mos, A(Bul)-Rum, A(Ser)-Bud, A(Tri) s A(Ven), A(War) s A(Ukr)-Mos, A(Boh)-Sil, F(Ven) stands*,
Retreats: German F NTH & A Mos disband. Italian F(ADR)-Apu, Turkish F(Ven) disbands.

WINTER 1912 Builds

ENGLAND Lon, Lpl, Edi, Bre, Spa, Por, Par, +Mar	= 8:bu 1 F(Lon)
GERMANY Kie, Mun, Ber, Hol, Den, Bel, Swe, StP, Nwy, (War), (Mos).	= 9:bu 1 owed, none rec'd
ITALY Rom, Nap, Tun, (Tri), (Mar), Ven	= 4:lose 1, F(Apu)
TURKEY Smy, Con, Ank, Bul, Gre, Sev, Rum, Ser, Vie, Bud, (Ven), +War, +Mos, +Tri	= 13:bu 3 A(Con), F(Smy), A(Ank).

PressANKARA - VEN.....MAP.....ROME

So it would. Thanks for the cheque, I hope to have seen you move off all your centres. The only problem was that the cashier was a bit hesitant when I tried to pay in your 'Bank of Toyland' cheque, so I cashed it instead. Happy

birthday or whatever....

TAG HILL

Please note that until January the 12th Paul Barker will be found at Shillingford Road, Bampton, Devon, EX16 9AD.

Will MIKE LEAN, 55B Friary Park, Ballabeg, Isle of Man please do the honours of standby orders for Germany.

'Tis now precisely 2.07am on January the first, nineteen-hundred and seventy-seven and I claim this to be the first Diplomacy season to be adjudicated this year. Happy new year everyone,

STANDBYS

Would PAUL BARKER, Shillingford Road, Bampton, Devon please be kind enough to submit standby orders for Basilisk/Italy & Gorgon/Germany.

Would MIKE LEAN, address above, be kind enough to do the same for 75/23 Germany.

On the question of standbys I am seriously considering abolishing their use altogether. Unless there is a massive protest from players in the games these will be the last standby positions offered and two future NMR's (consecutive) will result in the country going into anarchy. What do you say to that?

WAITING LIST

Diplomacy - 2 season/year, prophetic builds. Game fee 50p + £1 refundable deposit.

Players: Pete Cousins, Steve Plater, 5 more needed, game starts immediately one other finishes.

I'm I the most understanding GM in the hobby or simply the most naive? How many others would have a waiting list composed entirely of people who had earlier dropped out or resigned from their games..... I ~~WANT YOU MAKE THE DEPOSIT ZZ.~~

PASSWORD

A second NMR from Jan & Lee Johnson this time, so I'm afraid we must assume that they have given up their title as 'Password Champeens' with no more than a token struggle. Now then, it's all up to the challengers.....

	Game 1	Game 2	Game 3		Game 1	Game 2	Game 3
Bob Howes	XXXXX!	XXXXX!	XXXX	Ian McLaren	0	000X	0
Les Kennedy	NMR	NMR	NMR	Richard Nash	0	00	0
Mike Lean	XXXXX!	00	XXXXX!	John Piggott	0	XXXXX!	0
Bill Thorne	XXXXX!	OXX	XXXX	Richard Bartle	-	0	X
Mick Bullock	00	OX	XX	Dave Tant	00	1 pt	X

So at the moment it looks to be between Bob Howes and Mike Lean and if either can find the last word next time, then they should be the victors. Bob with an XXXX to work from must be favourite, but it's by no means certain as he'll probably realise when he starts to look at the possibilities.

Richard Nash says he assumes the words are interrelated like Fairy/Queen/Haven, but I'm afraid he assumes wrongly. The only connection the words have is that they are found in the same book, Chambers Dictionary.

!?!?!?!?!?!?
!?! TEASER !?!
!?!?!?!?!?!?

For those of you ~~YAKING/YA YAS~~, who don't get Chimaera Too, let me tell you that we have resurrected the old 'teasers'. You remember, where I give you a limited amount of information on a situation and you have got to determine what is going on by questioning. All the questions must be answerable by Yes or No however, for they are the only answers you will receive. As an example let's assume that the information I gave to you was that there was a pool of water and that in this pool of water there was a hat, a pipe, a carrot and several pieces of coal. You then ask away with your questions and should eventually determine that all that has happened is that a snowman has melted.

Easy, isn't it? O.K. then, well this times teaser is 'MAGGIE & NORA ARE

PLAYING A GAME. WHAT ARE THE RULES? That's it! That's all you've got to work, and the best of luck to you. I've been guessing away for several months now and I seem to be no nearer the solution than when I started. If you'd like to have a try and show how stupid how must be, just send your first series of questions to Rob Chapman, 61A Berry Road, Paignton, Devon TQ3 3QL with a s.a.e., he'll let you have answers back. Alternatively, if you're writing to me anyway, drop your guesses in the envelope and I'll forward them to Rob. He'll then return them to me and I'll distribute them with Chim, that way you'll save a bit on postage. If you do manage to find out what it's all about, please tell me.....

££££££&&&&££££££&&&&££££££&&&&££££££&&&&££££££&&&&££££££&&&&££££££&&&&££££££

'Hello, Boot!, I'd been wondering were you'd got to. I suppose that you've heard that Bob Howes says he can do lots of things that you can't, like counting for instance. Surely there's something that you could do that he can't!'



'Nice one, Boot'

EEEEEEEEE TTTTTTTT TTTTTTTT EEEEEEEEEE RRRRRR RRRRRR SSSSSSS
 EEEEEE TTTTTTTT EEEEEEEEEE RRRRRRRR SSSSSSS
 EEEEEE TTTTTTTT EEEEEE RRRR RRRR SSSSSSS

232. Ron Canham

L took a battering last issue of Chimaera and deservedly so. There are considerable problems in producing the best looking game magazine in the hobby. I would like all our knockers to look back at their own 4th issue and if they don't publish a 'zine they should give someone a hand who does to find out just what is involved.

As we get more experienced, L ((Leviathan)) will get better.

Oh, come on Ron, I don't think it took such a battering, I just happened to mention that it was late in my usual sarcastic manner. I sincerely hope that you aren't going to start taking the things I say to heart, you've been taking Chim long enough now to know that the whole thing is one big joke to me. Dear old Will Haven knows it, otherwise he'd have been down here to tear me apart months ago. Levi is one of the best looking games 'zines around, possibly the best. It did have a record of slow turn-around but last time you went a long way to stopping your critics by having the issue out incredibly fast.....it's a pity that some of the pages were marred by thick black fingerprints, isn't it? I like Leviathan, I enjoy reading it, but don't try and get too professional, Ron, I think it's the little quirks and faults in our amateur magazines that make us so enjoy reading them.

233. Richard Ware

From the desk of Richard Ware.

Clive Booth,

Rumor has it that you publish a Diplomacy 'zine. If this is so, please confirm it by sending me the name of the 'zine and your correct name and address on the enclosed postcard. Thanks.

Bloody Yanks! Who the hell is Richard Ware and what does he want the information for? The above is the full extent of his letter, nothing more, not

even the barest details of why he should want to know, not even a stamp on the postcard. Sounds just like the sort of leg that Boot would like to get his teeth into, that sort of approach might work in the states, but at Tag Hill we're a little more civil. Have any of you other publishers heard from the gentleman? What was your reaction? Or, for that matter, does anyone know who he is, all I need now to set my year of well is for someone to tell me I've just written a snotty letter to the chairman of Avalon Hill or something.

234. John Rayns

I agree with Dave Watts comments about the tasteless joke (?) in Chimaera 22. Also can we have some jokes other than Irish ones, which strike me as more insulting than humorous. I also disapproved of the Richard Sharp letter in which you (in my opinion) allowed a statement, which can be construed as slander, to appear in your 'zine. I can understand letters slating other 'zines, but to allow Richard Sharp, who should know better, to insult George North (whose only 'crime' is to read and contribute to Bellicus) is frankly beyond my comprehension.

Ooops, isn't it amazing how I manage to get up so many peoples noses so easily? I honestly don't try to be offensive (even if it does guarantee a regular supply of letters. I try to leave that for other editors. Hi Will!) I disagree that the joke in Chim 22 was tasteless, but will concede that any taste it did have was bad, I humbly apologise and grovel at the feet of the many people I offended, seeking forgiveness. It won't happen again, but the problem is knowing where to draw the line. Just when does a rag-mag joke cease to become that and become instead obscene?

I must admit that I had never considered that my publishing Richards letter may have been construed as an insult to George North, and I hope that neither George nor anyone else will have taken it as such. I printed the comments so that I could make exactly the same reply that you have done, i.e. that if Richard was going to criticise a 'zine for not telling its readers things, then it isn't fair, and is totally unreasonable to condemn those same readers for not knowing things.

Finally, Irish jokes, always a tricky problem. Every time I get an enquiry about Chimaera from the Republic I worry about what the response will be when they reach the rage with the Irish jokes on. Surprisingly it's never the Irish that complain and they seem to find them as amusing as we do. The jokes are funny, I think you'll admit that, and I'm sure we only make them Irish because it's a convenient hook to hang them on. I don't think they'd be any less funny if we made them Scotsmen, or policemen, or Yanks. The Germans tell English jokes, but they don't offend me (You English have the best Industrial Relations record in Europe, there's hardly a day goes by when you don't settle a strike.), many of them are in fact just 'Irish' jokes with Englishman inserted. The Americans, I believe, tell Polish jokes, the Canadians, New Foundlander jokes and so on. If we're going to start getting touchy like that, John, then there'd soon be very few jokes fit to tell. For instance, 'Waiter! What's this fly doing in my soup?'

'It looks like the back stroke, sir'
...could soon become outlawed to as being unfair to waiters...or flies.
Anyway, we'll let an Irishman have the last word.....

235 Der Garvey

The 'Irish' jokes in Chimaera amused me. It's funny how everyone seems to pick on one group to tell these jokes about. The English tell the 'stupid Irish' jokes, the Dubliners tell the 'stupid Corkman' jokes, the Corkmen tell the 'stupid Kerrymen' jokes, and the poor Kerrymen don't tell jokes about anyone, 'cos they're too stupid. Anyway, I am including a few jokes about Kerrymen, if you want to use them, just substitute the word Irishman wherever you see Kerrymen. (You English are probably too stupid to know what a Kerrymen is anyway)

Did you hear about the Kerrymen who tried to blow up a car? He burnt his lips on the exhaust pipe.

A Kerrymen was out on his first parachuting lesson, his instructor repeated the orders over and over until he had memorised them. 'Count to 5 and open the main parachute, if that fails, open the reserve parachute. When you land there will be a jeep to pick you up and bring you back to the camp.'

When his turn came, the Kerryman jumped and after counting 5 he pulled the main cord.....nothing happened! He waited another 5 seconds and pulled the reserve cord.....again nothing happened!

'Crikey!' exclaimed the Kerryman in disgust, 'with my luck, I bet the blasted jeep won't have turned up either!'

Kerryman: Could you give me 2 dozen screws, please?

Shop Assistant: Certainly sir, how long would you like them?

Kerryman: Well I had rather hoped I could keep them.

Did you hear about the Irish Wolfhound who lay in the sun all day and chewed a bone?When he got up, his leg fell off.

And that's only a few! More to come next issue, folks. One final one from me just to round off, and we'll make it Irish and in bad taste.....(not ever so bad though)

Patrick and Michael are sitting on the beach at Blackpool. Michael is asleep but Patrick is wide awake watching the talent parading itself before him. Eventually one of the bikini-clad young ladies stops, puts down a towel nearby and stretches out in the sun. She looks up and smiles at Patrick, who immediately shakes Michael awake.

"Michael, Michael, that young lady over there smiled at me"

"So what?"

"What shall I do, Michael?"

"Smile back"

So he did.....then she winked at him.

"Michael, Michael, that young lady over there winked at me"

"So what?"

"What shall I do, Michael?"

"Wink back"

So he did.....then she lifted the top of her bikini and squeezed her breast. "Michael, Michael, that young lady over there just showed me her breast"

"What!"

"What shall I do, Michael?"

"Er, show her your nuts" (italics) won words of aog jaist ti sfidw o2

So Patrick stuck his thumbs in his ears, waved his fingers and rolled his eyes shouting "Nyah, nyah, nyah".....

Did you notice how, during that story, in the interests of good taste, I avoided saying 'Irishmen' and 'tits'?

Before leaving the subject of 'Irishmen' for this issue, I must just quote one more bit from Der's letter....."enclosed is a cheque, please send me Caissa and Caissa Too".....er, this is Chimaera, Der, Caissa is a competitor.....

236. Dave Tant

Tell me, I keep deliberately leaving 'Wellington Station' out of your address, assuming it's a gag and I might confuse the postman and miss a deadline. Is it really an integral part of your address?

I must admit that it was just a gag when I started it, but it's become so accepted now that I think I might even put a name plaque up on the front of the house. The post-lady found it highly amusing when the first letters started coming in addressed that way, though I'm sure she has no idea of the origination of the name. I don't think you need worry about it delaying orders, some of the addresses that have found their way here/unbelievable and all praise to the Post Office for getting them through. The dear old post-lady often comes up the street chuckling away at some of the comments on the outside (particularly Kuddles Thorby's and Noah S. De English's). The only problem now is that I'm so well known with the Hleanor Post Office I seem to get all the other mail intended for Booth's (there are two others on our street) and I have to redistribute it.

237. Richard Bartle

So that's what Cil is. I still don't know how it's pronounced, but at least I know where he stole the name from.

I don't know how to pronounce it either, Richard, I did ask him but he ignored the question. I don't think he knows either.

238. Richard Nash

By the way, I noticed that you asked who got the 7R thing right a few issues ago. When I got that issue of Chimaera I tried the question and thought up 7R but assumed there was a trick to it and forgot about it. Is it meant to prove something psychologically? Like why everyone picks 7 as a number between 1 and 10 and why red as opposed to black? Almost all the people that I asked picked 7R as well.

I suppose that it is a trick, but I haven't a clue as to how or why it works. I just know that if you ask a person to think of a number between 1 and 10, and then to think of a colour, red or black, 80% of the people will give you 7Red. It must be something psychological, but I wouldn't know where to start to look for the answer. Perhaps Steve Pratt can help? Incidentally, if you don't believe it works, just try it on a few people.

239. Dave Kuddles Thorby

I've just read line 46 of page 18 of issue 55 of 'Games & Puzzles'. What are you going to do ~~if~~ when you get another 1,000 subscribers to Chim?? (Tee-hee)

Another 1,000? What happened to the first 1,000? Actually it bought about 15 enquiries, but they still keep coming in dribs and drabs. Fame, fame at last, I trust you've all seen my moment of glory, a mention in a G & P article. on En Garde written by Charles Vasey.

240. Ron CanhamSoccerboss - Ipswich Town

I would like an investigation into a bit of naughty dice rolling by the GM in this game. Yes, I am claiming I was victimised, and I have PROOF!! You only have to look at the team values compared to final placings in the first division. 47-Man Utd., 46-West Ham, 44-Liverpool, 42-Everton, 49-IPSWICH, 40-Brentford, 39-Newcastle, 37-Bolton Wands, 32-Leeds Utd, 31-Watford.

Obviously some hanky-panky is going on Mr. Booth! Team value 49 should be at the top as the others are all in descending order.

So what? It just goes to show how realistic our game was, doesn't it? I mean, let's take the real life First Division, sort out the best team by far, Derby County, and compare them to the position of Ipswich in the Chim league. See what I mean? Much more realistic than the games in other magazines where greasy dago's are allowed to actually beat the better British teams.

Ron, that letter arrived after the non-dip deadline and hence your orders for other games (with the exception of Formula One) could not be used. The same thing happened to Laurence Parrott.

241. Richard Nash

Now that Soccerboss has ended, how about putting the 'zine together again for the New Year - and evermore? Chimaera Too was O.K. when there was too much to put into the one 'zine, but since En Garde is now a subby and Soccerboss est fini, I would love to have Chimaera back in its old form. I always preferred the old system where everything was jumbled up.

If you've read the editorial you'll have realised by now that that is what may well happen, in fact, even with this issue it looks as if Chim Too readers may be getting short measure, but it can't be helped. I leafed through my file of back issues last week and I must admit that the big issues, like the American bi-centennial one, do look much more interesting than two smaller 'zines.

242. Mike Close

The Welsh correspondence Chess Champion last year was T.Ll Jones ((It had to be didn't it? Either that or Evans)) - who pipped D.O. Vaughan on Sonnebruin points (a system involving who plays who with what colour). I came about 4th or 5th.

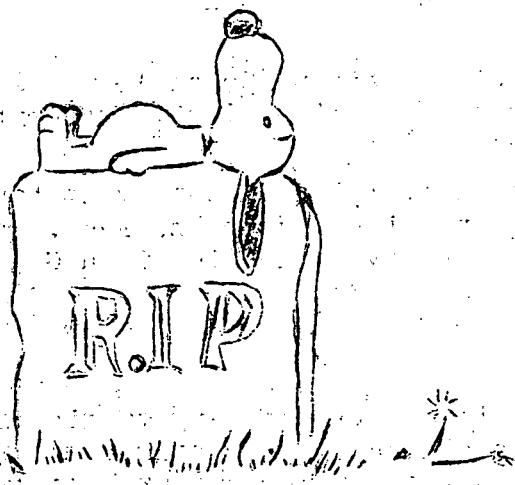
I see you're stirring then - go on, what did he ((Richard Sharp)) say about me in the last Dolchstoss then? No, I am not a member of the NGC.

Ah, so you're a chess player, and a pretty good one by the sound of it. 4th or 5th in Wales, eh? Not bad, though I shall expect you to improve next time. What did Richard say about you? Oh, it was horrible, horrible, not fit for this sort of magazine, I quake when I think of it. He said, "gulp", he said, "you're sure you can take it?....he said..." Mike Close complains nobody told me about MidCon". Oh.....I thought it was worse than that. Tell me though, if you're not a member of the NGC, how did you get into the hobby?

That's about it for letters, not a lot, so come on let's have some more for next time.....please?

WALAMALAYSIAGAZETTEWALAMA LAYSIAGAZETTEWALAMA LAYSIAGAZETTEWALAMALASIAGAZETTE

There, I did mention it, so keep those wraiths of Albert, will you?



ODDS AND SODS

Just to round off this issue, we'll fill in with all the odd items of news etc., that have come the way of Super-Newshound BH Calcutta failed, during the past couple of weeks.

Lew Pulsipher of Diplomacy World variant fame asks me to mention that he's looking for British designed variants, new or old, for publication in the magazine. If you've got anything to offer you'd better send it to Lew at London House, Mecklenburgh Square, London WC1 2AB

Congratulations to Chim subber Anne Forrest on her 18th birthday and a get well soon message to Ron Fisher who's hobbling about on crutches after falling outside the front door. (He doesn't say where he'd been or how much he'd consumed.)

Paul Blackwell's Fantasy/Wargame campaign mentioned last issue, is called CHEAPY, not O'Neal, silly me.....

Readers of UKDA PF will have noted Richard Nash blowing the well kept secret that Chimaera may be able to print photographs, wide open. First person to appear in the Rogues Gallery, if it comes off, will be him for that.

New game on the way from SPI is 'Outreach', 'a grand strategic simulation of intra-Galactic conflict'. Apparently the object of the game is to guide the destiny of a civilisation to make it the supreme one in the galaxy. Sounds a bit much for me to grasp. Price £4.99, tell me what it's like if you get it.

Whilst we're on the subject of SF did all you old time editors who condemn Chim for not being SF orientated, see what Sir Charles Curran, the B.B.C. director-general had to say about the subject? He said "We felt that some of the sequences were a little too realistic for a science-fiction series". In other words, you can have blood and guts in a police series, but SF is only a joke anyway, it doesn't matter if it's realistic. Heh, heh, what do you say to that then?

Who criticises the spelling in Chimaera? Well, how about this....Owl & Weasel, the newsletter of the Games Workshop say in their current editorial -

"In issue 19 we stated that David Pritchard and David Wells were no longer with G&P. Again, a spelling mistake and it should have read that Albie Fiore was now editor, David Wells was still puzzles editor and David Pritchard was editor-in-chief."

Now that's what I call a spelling mistake, Ian!! At least mine tend to be close...heh, heh. While we're on the subject of Games Workshop, let me remind you about two 'days' they have planned for a little later this year. The first is a 'games day' at Chelsea Town Hall on February the 12th, and the second is a 'D & D day' at Fulham Town Hall on March the 12th. Should have more details next time.

Also in the last 'Owl & Weasel' was a couple of lines about a new role (cont. half way down p.21

TOO SEE OURSELVES AS OTHERS SEE US

This issues ~~victim~~ guest is.....

LINDA THOMPSON

nee POMEROY.

Ready Linda? Now you can really know, at last, what the Dippy world thinks about you. Of course you don't have to read it if you'd rather not. Who's first? Ah yes, gentleman at the back there.....

I must admit I was only joking when I pretended not to believe in Linda's existence. Actually I first met her at Descontent, only in those days she was known as Ellie Nye.

Of course, her hair was longer then and she was a pound or two lighter, and did used to wear girls' clothes, but I'd know her anywhere (provided Wink wasn't about).

It is hoped that Motherhood (and marriage?) will not cause her to drop out of the games scene.

I happened to be standing nearby when Nicky Palmer greeted her at MidCon. "I don't believe I've had the pleasure," he said. What did he mean?

The name Linda Pomeroy makes one think of a vision of loveliness whose looks make you draw your breath and who bashfully turns her head when she laughs. In truth her laugh sounds like she's drawing her breath, and her looks make one turn one's head as she is fully bashed. I believe I met the muscle bound lady at MidCon - she blocked the steps down to the hall and wouldn't let me past until I coughed up 30p for the Formula One championship. However, she was not at all like I imagined her - I had imagined her to be looking. Although she has bumps in all the right places, they are unfortunately swamped by larger ones elsewhere. Just as I was reluctantly handing over my six bob to her only to be convincingly defeated by several enthusiastic experts less than quarter of an hour into the future, I noticed that Linda was holding her head very awkwardly. On pursuit of the reason, I was told that 'Ott's jeust a bot o' draaf', in that sweet Celtic accent, and she re-arranged her wig. All in all, Linda Pomeroy deserves to be called fat, short, thick and money-grabbing, only I can't help thinking that she may not be all that bad; if only she didn't look at me so....'

CRIPPEN

Linda Pomeroy conjures up in the mind an extremely attractive, well-stacked intelligent sex-pot. Mrs Linda Thompson conjures up in the mind a bored, drab, uninteresting, common housewife.

A.MOUS

Now you know as well as I do that this nubile young lady is just a figment of your festering imagination.

Now the thing about Linda ex-Pomeroy is her attitude. She seems to catch on quickly so she can't be the dumb, innocent blond type. That means she is, intelligent, not innocent (not surprised with the way she is now) and very dark haired. Also, by the way, she seems to be carving the place up in Echo she must be good.....at Dippy, you fitthy minded people.

So, we have a small (intelligent people are always small or average to low height), dark-haired, full stomached, lady with a carving knife. She can't be too repulsive as Wink isn't that mad.

UNSIGNED (again).

....and that's the lot, I don't think I missed any but apologies if I did. It's your own fault though if you will insist in putting your entries in the

middle of letters about other subjects, it's always difficult to find the relevant bits again when I want them. Well, how did Linda come out of it? First thing that strikes me is that very few of you must have actually met her as your comments are way off beam. I have, and I'll vouch that she's a most attractive young lady, though perhaps a little larger than life. Certainly not a fire-breathing old witch as 'Crippen' would have us believe. Obviously he's never met her inspite of his comments, for I'm sure that no one would confuse Linda's cider country accent with Gaelic.....though having met Crippen too, I suppose it's possible he could.

What I need now is a 'guest' for next issue, let's think.....mmmmm....
....I know!! Howz about 'ALLAN OVENS'? What's your honest opinion of the
young man? Come on now, no holds barred and if it's slanderous and not fit for
the gutter press I'll protect you by letting you do it anonymously.....heh,
heh, heh. This is going to be fun, fun, fun..... Hi Allan!

THE BEIJATED TANTALUS CHRISTMAS QUITZ.

The following quiz should have gone in the last issue of Chimaera to give you something to mull over whilst tucking away the mince pies, but unfortunately it arrived a little too late for inclusion. Not to worry though, the FIRST PRIZE OF £2 IN CHIMAERA CREDIT still stands and the quiz can become another 'first' for Chimaera.....first Christmas Quiz of 1977. Everyone is expected to have a go, even you, so put your entry on a separate piece of paper from other correspondence and send it to me to be passed on to Tantalus for marking. Results will be included in issue 27.

Ready? 3...2...1....go!

1. A nice easy Mastermind type question to begin with. In a Chimaera 'Password' game, you are given the hint that the word has 'connections with the festive season'. You make three attempts with the following results:

 - a) CAROLE - X0 ; b) GINGER - HOLLY - X1
 - c) CHOIR - OO

What would your fourth guess be? (10 points if you find the correct word, otherwise 2 points for each letter correctly placed and 1 point for each letter correct but misplaced.

2. THE NAMES IN THE GAMES

PANZERBLITZ
STALINGRAD
DRAUGHTS
DUNGEONS & DRAGONS
CLUEDO
MASTERMIND
THIRD REICH

Seven famous board games. Hidden within them are four equally famous Diplomacy players, which can be found by extracting one letter from each game and then sorting the letters into order.

To help you, one name will not need sorting - it is already in chronological order reading downwards. (5 points for each name you find)

3. WHAT'S IN A NAME

This was the most popular poser last year, so here is another one for you to unravel. Hidden within the short article below are the names of several people who are currently playing in CHIMAERA games. They are secreted therein in anagram form. E.g., 'The rules were proposed and seconded and we carried them unanimously' contains 'Neuman'. Score 1 point for each name found.

SEE NAPLES AND DIE

Italy's in dead trouble' from 'Go', and in the long term can have scant tactical opportunity to pose more than a nominal challenge to the other nations. Sadly, I regret to say, she has little bargaining power, and a vital necessity is to devote diplomining time to badger gullible partners such as Russia and Austria to trap Turkey, or by threat to beguile both of them to break reliable alliances and attack one another.

We can with luck block out Austria and lock out France, but even so we have faint hope of withstanding a savage slaughter as our survival odds vanish.

Can Italy last? No way! She hasn't a chance!

4. KNIGHTS MOVE.

I have taken the diabolical liberty of making our chess board a 9 x 9 square. Using the knight's move, which I am sure you all know, you are asked to move from square to square spelling out the names of Diplomacy 'zines. Letters can be used any number of times, so long as you get a continuous process of letters forming a name. Find your own starting square for each name. You will get 1 point for each 'zine you find. There is an added bonus for the competitor who can find the longest continuous sequence of names, i.e., the knight's move continuing from the last letter of one 'zine to the first letter of the next,

B	C	O	D	I	R	I	S	P
L	S	E	U	J	E	N	L	E
Y	S	I	P	G	M	U	A	W
E	L	A	T	O	D	S	B	E
M	E	H	E	D	R	M	U	C
C	X	O	T	I	S	N	E	U
H	S	T	T	A	A	S	R	A
P	L	L	N	E	N	S	E	B
S	T	R	M	B	T	T	A	O

TANTALUS 1976

Remember, there's a first prize of £2.00 in Chim credit for the entry scoring the highest total, but a word of warning, I don't intend giving £2.00 up without a fight and so I too will be having a bash. You'd better be good if you want to win.

/7/7/7@7@7@/7/7@7@7@/7/7@7@7@/7/7@7@7@/7/7@7@7@/7/7@7@7@/7/7@7@7@/7/7@7@7@

(cont. from p.18)

playing game based on 'Watership Down' and called Bunnies & Burrows. Almost certainly another of their jokes, like 'Friday in Dundee', but the idea somehow appeals to me. If they are pulling our legs I reckon we ought to put one together ourselves and call it 'Wabbits and Wawwens'. Waiting lists are open.

Walter Luc Haas has now added 'Cheesehole News' to his publishing empire. It's an information sheet on the games he has available for sale and will be periodically revised to keep prices, additions etc., up to date. Issue number 1 has brief details of games available including a new SF role playing game called 'Metamorphosis Alpha' set aboard a vast star-ship, sounds interesting. Cheesehole News is available from Walter at Postfach 7, CH-4024, Basel 24, Switzerland for 40p. Send money to Dave Watts, 32 Eastleigh Drive, Milford Haven, Dyfed, SA73 2LY.

Pete Swanson/Walter Luc Haas are producing 'RollCall', a mini-magazine listing all British 'zines and their game openings, regularity, size, content, etc. About the only use I can see for it, is to send it to newcomers to the hobby as a sort of 'Who's Who'. Could be useful I suppose.

Rats live on no evil staR, that other publication of Pete Swanson's continues to get better and better (and it was good to start with). Articles on Dippy strategy, walks down memory lane and a growing letter column. He does insist on keep hammering Chimaera though, it's a good job his criticisms of games 'zines (as opposed to Dippy 'zines) are so contrived otherwise people might start to take him seriously.....

I'm sure that someone asked me to mention something this issue, but I'm damned if I can remember what it was. Apologies in advance if it was you, I usually keep notes but Christmas has thrown the system haywire.

Dave Allen, of The Norns fame (oh come on, you must remember) says he will be disappearing more from the hobby and will probably have time only for The Norns. No, don't laugh, I'm serious.

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1st deadline for Kingmaker, Formula One, The Pits of Cil etc., is:

FRIDAY 21st JANUARY 1976

Main deadline is FRIDAY 28th JANUARY 1976

Please be on time.

Thanks to everyone for the Christmas cards and new year wishes.

Now it's time for my four weekly battle of wits with the duplicator.

Em Garde: New players' addresses:

George North, 24 Wigton Road, Romford, RM3 9HD.

Bob Stuart, 20 Kent Close, Orpington, Kent. BR6 7HD.

Paul Blackwell, Boundary Hall, Tadley, Nr. Basingstoke, Hants.

£0.50 game fee deducted from all new players a/c's

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No.5 January 1977

This is Chimaera Too, the non-Diplomacy section of the Diplomacy Magazine Chimaera. It is produced by Clive F. Booth of 71 Clara Mount Road Langley, Heanor, Derbyshire, DE7 7HS, appears every 4 weeks and cost £1.00 more than a meagre £1 per sheet.

* * * * *



WHO'LL WIN THE CUP?

Fans from both sides started to pour into Tag Hill almost before the sun had risen, in preparation for todays last and most important game of the season. There has been little trouble so far as the Tag Hill bobby on his bike has been able to keep the sides apart, one at each end of the town. The Town Ground itself, scene of todays clash, is looking in excellent condition and if the groundsman can just fill in the ruts on the left hand side of the pitch in time (caused by Farmer Buxtons herd), it may even prove playable.

The teams are at this moment in the changing rooms readying themselves for the match, and from where I sit I can hear the obscene chants of their supporters echoing around the ground. Only five minutes to go before the kick off now, so let's have a quick look at how the two teams arrived here at Tag Hill.

Round 1

Ilford Town (O) 2 v Watford (O) 0
Peart, Haskall.

Peover Celtic (1) v Manchester United (2) 4
Rozmys Dennison, Say, Joyce, Hall

Round 2

Ilford Town (2) 4 v MPBU & BBLU (0) 1
Peart, Haskall 2, Graham
Leighton.

Manchester Utd (3) 6 v Luton Town (1) 1
Say 2, Mansley 3 Morton
Bates.

* * * * *

Quarter-Finals

Ilford Town (1) 3 v Liverpool Y. (1) 2
Diamond, Schwarz, Di Plomacy, Ustinov.
Peart

Satans Bastards (1) 1 v Manchester Utd (3) 4
Neddy Seagoon : McKay, Say, Mansley,
Raymond.

Semi-Finals

Bolton Wanderers	(1) 1 v Ilford Town	(2) 3
Langton	Peart, Haskall, Fleming	
Manchester Utd.	(1) 4 v Allfrens Utd	(3) 4
Mansley, McKay,	Beard 2, Neeskins,	
Harrison, Dennison	Mills.	

Semi-Final replay

Manchester Utd	(3) 5 v Allfrens Utd	(0) 1
Bates, Dennison,	Develin.	
Joyce, Harrison		

So, here they are ready for the final and the teams have now been announced.

ILFORD TOWN

MANCHESTER UNITED

Goalkeeper:	Annan	Goalkeeper:	Key
Defenders :	Beaufort, Schwarz	Defenders :	Watson, Lee
Midfield	Fleming, Wheeler, Cooks	Midfield	Bates, McKay, Dennison.
Forwards :	Haskall, Kinder, Leighton	Forwards :	Erskine, Raymond, Say,
	Winkle, Peart.		Harrison, Joyce.

Now, at last, the match itself.....*****

MANCHESTER UNITED (47)	(2) 4 v ILFORD TOWN (43)	(1) 3
T/M Allan Ovens		T/M Laurence Parrott
McKay 45, Harrison 36,		Wheeler 16, Winkle 55
Erskine 67, Raymond 90		Haskall 80.
Manchesters Dennison & Raymond -1, Ilfords Beaufort sent off.		

This proved to be a first class game, well worthy of its title as match of the season. Manchester United were favourites to win the match against their second division opponents, but in clashes in previous rounds, Ilford had shown that they were well able to hold their own against top class opposition. Both teams played an open game right from the first whistle and the pin point passing that turned the defences and then pulled them apart showed that we were going to be in for some goals. The first one came after just 16 minutes when Ilfords Wheeler latched onto a Peart shot as it rebounded from the diving body of United keeper to Key, and slotted it into the back of the net. There was a stunned silence from the massed ranks of United fans as they realised that there team were a goal behind. No doubt there hearts skipped beats too in the quarter of an hour that followed as both Peart and Haskall came near to extending the lead. 36 minutes gone though and the game changed again, Manchester Uniteds Erskine, a stand in for leading scorer Mansley who was forced to miss this game, beat Cook on the left to float in a high ball to the far post that was met with such force by the head of Harrison that we all thought it would surely burst the back of the net. 1 - 1, and the ground was alive with excitement. It was anybodys game and no one but a fool would have put money on the outcome. Half time loomed, the referee looked at his watch and put his whistle to his mouth. The Ilford players faltered and there was United's McKay bursting through them to make it 2 - 1 with a low shot into the corner of the net. The Ilford players protested but the goal stood.

The second half took much the same form as the first with flowing passes and fast end to end moves. After 55 minutes Winkle had put Ilford back into the game with a goal to make it two - two, and once again the game looked as if it could go either way. 67 minutes gone though and catastrophe struck at Ilford. Uniteds Erskine ran onto a ball pushed through by McKay and chipped over Annan's head to make it 3 - 2. The Ilford players didn't like it, they claimed Erskine had been off-side when the ball was played (later re-runs of the TV film show that he wasn't), the referee was surrounded by Ilford players and when he emerged he held aloft the red card. Beaufort marched dejectedly back to the changing rooms, head hung low. Now it was Uniteds match, wave after wave of red shirts swept down on the Ilford goal but their defence held good. United committed more and more men to attack, but this only resulted in their leaving gaps at the back. With just 10 minutes left to play, a hefty kick out of defence by Ilford sent Haskall on a 40 yard run that resulted in

in him rounding the advancing Key to level the scores at 3 - 3.

For the last 10 minutes United really threw everything they had at the 10 men of Ilford, but they held firm under the pressure. The seconds ticked away as United forced corner after corner and Ilford stopped their advances in whatever way they could. A draw looked certain, until with injury time being played, United's Raymond squirmed his way through the packed area and forced the ball over the line at the second or third attempt. The stands erupted in a mass of singing, chanting, swaying red and white, United had done it! The first team in the history of the Chimaera Soccerboss league to pull off a cup and league double in the same season!

And that's it. All over in almost exactly one year. It's a pity that we can't go on into a second season, but all good things..... Congratulations to Allan Ovens on his team completing the cup and league double and commiserations to Laurence Parrott for his team falling between stools, the league division 2 promotion race and now, the cup.

How about a few words from the winners?

Victory statement

OLD TRAFFORD - or, we are the Greatest!

Well, we proved it in the end. Without knowing the result at this time, but expecting United to triumph, this victory statement will suffice both for League and Cup champions. The double in the 'Original' and only Chimaera Soccerboss. With Walkerdine's head in the trophy room, result of United's only defeat, we feel confident that there is none greater.

Unfortunately I must agree with the Bullocks of this world. It was 80% luck. In the original 5 or 6 matches I was active in the transfer market and spent some time and effort building up a good side. After this initial period though, all I needed to do was sit back, make the odd substitution for injury, and hope Clive rolled some good dice. He did of course, and although it resulted in a United win, this was the serious fault of the game; too much dependence on the dice and not enough on players time and effort.

The new rules Clive has proposed would alter the situation and perhaps give Soccerboss the impulse it needs to remain as a popular postal game. In a way it is sad that Clive is ending it now, but thanks for the past season Clive, and how many pints did you say I owed you?

Thanks Allan, you just keep letting Don Diego win those duels, nobody's tumbled it yet you know.

Er, I suppose this next one is a (born) losers statement.

THE ABERDISFOG & AUTIMUCHLIE GAZETTE AND STAR

from the Football and Haggis correspondent.

All Scotland will mourn the passing of that once great football club, Sporran Academicals. Having led the Chimaera League Division Two at the start of the season, the teams form never returned after the Burn's Night celebration (indeed, six of the team were only found, wandering, in March). Although handing in his resignation weeks before the end of the season, the manager is still with the club for its descent into the fifth division of the Serbian league (no-one can find the key to the office where he has been locked since Hogmany). It is pleasant to report, however, that in the last matches of the season, Sporran beat fellow-sufferers Luton, and only narrowly lost to Ilford. Not bad. The team morale was improved by the Friday night party to celebrate the forward line's Old Age Pension increase.

We have word that losing the league won't do Sporran too much harm - and that the league won't survive the departure of the grand old club. Those Sassenachs will never learn.

IAN MCLAREN (Team Manager (retired))

And that's the way Soccerboss ends, not with a bang but a whimper. Only two of the players seeing fit to comment. Oh, Martin Rundle thinks I ought to point out his super-human ~~feat~~ feat of keeping Luton in the second division after taking them over when they were odds on for the drop, and I agree. Well done, lad. Another memory is Workingtons amazing second half to the season

that saw them come from nowhere to almost grab promotion, hard luck Willy. First ever drop out from a postal Soccerboss game anywhere in the world had to be sleepy Dave Allan, who else? (Couldn't understand the rules, duh!).

For my part I enjoyed it, and if I wasn't running a dippy 'zine I'd certainly continue for another season, (with the new rules, of course). I think more control over the teams performance on the field is a vital necessity, but rule out the chance element all together and I think you'd destroy the game. You must keep the chance that a minnow may defeat one of the big fishes given a good run of luck, just the way that nothing is ever certain in real life football. When I mooted the idea of a postal soccer game it was intended to be no more than a vehicle for humerous press, cashing in on all the arguments and insults that were flying around at the time. The press never really came and I think one or two people began to take it much more seriously than it was intended, and therefore became disappointed. It'll never take the place of Diplomacy, that's true, but as a good fun game I'm sure we're going to see it around for a little longer yet.

Farewell Soccerboss, it's been nice having you.

KINGMAKER

Nobles cannot be ordered to 'shadow' another noble except directly after a parliament.

Turn 18

AUDLEY becomes a pin-cushion.

BEAUFORT Duke of Somerset, clobbers Howard and carts him to Southampton.

BERKELEY Archbishop of Canterbury moves to Chichester where he's piped aboard Le Rose.

BOURCHIER Earl of Worcester, Admiral of England, Bishop of Norwich, must stay in Norwich putting down peasants.

CLIFFORD loses his head.

COURTENEY Earl of Devonshire, Marshall of England, Bishop of Lincoln, spits at the peasants in Thetford.

CROMWELL stays at Tattershall.

FITZALAN Earl of Arundel, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, whups Percy at Fotheringhay before moving to Tickhill (stopping off for another minor battle on the way) and laying siege.

GREY stays just outside Lincoln.

GREYSTOKE moves to Ravensburn.

HASTINGS stays at Usk.

HERBERT stays at Usk.

HOLLAND Earl of Westmorland, Bishop of Carlisle stays at Compton.

HOWARD is captured by Beaufort and taken to Southampton.

MOWBRAY Duke of Norfolk, Warden of the Cinque Ports, stays at Framlingham.

NEVILLE Earl of Warwick, moves to Ravensburn.

PERCY Earl of Northumberland, Bishop of Durham, stays at Alnwick.

POLE Duke of Suffolk, stays in Ipswich.

ROOS Archbishop of York, moves to Tickhill where he joins Fitzalan in the fun of the siege.

SCROPE moves to Ravensburn.

STAFFORD stays in Leeds.

STANLEY stays in Eccleshall.

TALBOT Earl of Shrewsbury, stays in Pevensey.

SHTPS

SHIPS
LE CHRISTOPHER to ls of Carisbrooke. LE MARGARET to ls of Carisbrooke.
LE MICHAEL stays at Milford Haven. LE ROSE sails to Chichester.
LE SWAN sails to Boston. LE LUCAS stays in Carisbrooke.
LE GEORGE fights the French from PEVENSEY. LE TRINITY sails to Caister.

BATTLES! Blood, blood, blood!

1. Beaufort emerges from Corfe Castle and stumbles across a very sleepy Howard. Their forces join together in battle with the result that Howard is defeated and taken prisoner.

2. Fitzalan, spotting that Clifford has been left all alone outside Fotheringhay after Percy's departure, decides to bash him. In fact he bashes him so hard his head comes right off. R.I.P. Clifford.

3. Fitzalan, still feeling on top of the world after his victory against Clifford, marches north and bumps into Audley going east. A battle ensues and Fitzalan is once again victorious. Unfortunately Audley steps into the line of fire of Fitzalans archers and doesn't live long enough to become a prisoner.

SIEGE!

1. Fitzalan, still not satisfied with all the bloodshed he has caused, joins forces with Roos and lays siege to Tickhill. The garrison collapses with hardly a struggle and not a cauldron of boiling oil in sight.

END OF TURN ACTION

French Raid - Mowbray to Rye with Le Trinity and Le George

Bourchier to Rye with Le Trinity and Le George.

Appearing this time: Son of Silence, John and

Son of Clifford at Conisborough.
Son of Audley at Rockingham (yes Rockingham)

GM to Fitzalan: Exchange completed no hitch

I have yet another proposal for this game to be declared a draw. Is it worth asking for a vote?

Margaret of Anjou still resides in Fotheringhay, and Richard of Gloucester still puts away the frogs legs in Calais.

Well, enough of games for a little while, I've just typed five pages of them solid and I reckon we're in for a bit of light relief. Just to liven things up a bit how about the next chapter of the continuing Chimaera saga, 'Is Co-Education Wise'. This weeks author is Dave Tant (and he's actually written something, you subbers never cease to amaze me!).

IS CO-EDUCATION WISE?

By: Richard Bartle, Stephen Hatfield,
Kedge Neuman, Linda Thompson,.....
.....and now DAVE TANT.

Felix switched off the projector and turned the house-lights on. "Well, what do you think of it so far?" he asked the finance director, hopefully.

The other opened one eye, fixed it balefully on Felix, and delved into his forty years of film experience, searching for the right phrase to describe the mind popping, nerve numbing, sense shocking, exhilarating pyrotechnical.... "Pepsi!!" he shouted. "er. I mean CRAP!!"

"That's it C.B.," enthused Felix. "You're so right, it's utter Crap." "So why the smiles?" queried C.B. "You mean it's meant to be Crap?"

"Right on, C-B," cried Felix rapturously. "Crap is in! All the kids!"

"Right on, C.B." cried Felix rapturously. "Crap is in! All the kids want Crap. And this is left orientated Crap. Why, we've already worked in Lenin and the Red Baron, both played by Marty Feldman, and if you can get the board to come across with another couple of hundred I can get Robert Redford to play Chairman Mao in the lake swimming scene."

"Robert Redford," gasped C.B.

"Sure, him or Dave Thorby. Come to think of it, Dave could do it nude, and we could offer their entrance money back to anyone who noticed, as a gimmick."

C.B. shook his head. "That's the trouble with you, Felix. Okay, you've got the crap market sewn up, you're catering to the pinko reviewers, and if you can get the Bay City Rollers to play the 1812 overture you'll pack the

Heavy Rock buffs in, but you've forgotten the most important section of the public. Felix, we must have something for the dirty mac' brigade"

Felix looked crestfallen. He brightened momentarily, "Dave Thorby could...."

"It's been done, Felix," the other reminded him, "several times! You've got to try something new."

Felix smacked his fist into his palm, so excited that he ignored the coconut that fell on his head. "I've got it," he cried. "Dames!"

There you are, Clive, I've worked you into that one, too.

How about Charles (Hernia) Vasey carrying on, and perhaps the editor could continue to try my new, wonder ingredient, punctuation.

DAVE TANT 1976

Ooooooo, hark at him, my new wonder ingredient he says, then he doesn't even tell me where I can get it from. As a matter of interest I must point out that I do use punctuation, it just tends to get put in the wrong place.

Nice continuation, Dave, I liked it! I wonder if Charles will be daft enough to continue you with it, (I never knew that was what the H stood for).

Well, since we've continued that story I propose that we go on with the other one too (three, four...), only not from where we left off last time, for as I got killed I'm insisting the whole thing be done again. Here then is.....

THE SIMON HARDBOTTLE SAGA

by Mike Webster, Paul Blackwell
and now, MIKE LEAN.

Hardbottle was marched along a short corridor, down a short flight of stairs and into a small room. It had not been built with the intention of being a prison cell but, once the door was locked, it served that purpose extremely well. Simon locked around. It was a small room measuring about 8' x 6' by 8' high. A bed was pushed against one wall, but, apart from this, there was no other furniture or feature in the room. Simon had heard about prison cells and he recalled the old word for them - dungeons. That word conjured up visions in his mind, visions of tortures, visions of secret doorways. He carefully searched each wall but the myth of secret doors and passageways was obviously no more than a myth.

Simon lay down and tried to think about the events of the last 24 hours. How had he fallen into this mess? He tried to recall but in doing so he soon fell asleep.

His sleep was broken by the sound of a key in the lock. He feigned sleep in the slim hope of somehow gaining an advantage over his captors. He sensed someone enter the room and then heard the sound of the door being re-locked. Suddenly he felt a sharp pain across his thighs. He opened his eyes blearily. There before him stood a young woman, she was clothed in skin-tight black leather and was clutching in her right hand, a small whip with which she had obviously struck Simon. As his eyes rose to look into her face he gave a short gasp.

"You do recognise me, don't you?" she asked.

"Yes", said Simon. Of course he had recognised her. This was none other than secret agent Pomeroy! He recalled briefly that she had been responsible for the training of the South's crack troops, the Lemming Division, led by the notorious Colonel Howes. Howes' secret force had been formed with the sole aim of infiltrating the Northern Armies and bringing about their downfall. With Pomeroy here, there may be a chance of getting out of this place.

"Will you help me to escape?" asked Simon.

"No", answered Pomeroy, "You do not seem to understand the position you are in. Colonel Howes sent me here to bring about the destruction of Boothy's small but significant force. You see, Howes and Booth are the only contenders for the rule of England but neither is aware of the fact. I have given both Howes certain information which can only lead to a large scale battle between the two forces and, when that battle is over, the superior Scottish Army, based in Rhu, will be able to mop up the remains and will triumph victoriously over the whole country."

Simon gulped. So Pomeroy was a double, nay treble agent. He would somehow have to inform Howes, but that would mean escaping, which did not look too promising at the moment.

"We only have one obstacle," she continued, "You are the only person here that knows of my connections in the south. I shall have to deal with you."

Simon had noticed that she was becoming too confident as she unravelled her plans to him. He waited until her back was towards him and she was now turning towards the door in order to be let out. He waited until her back was towards him and then he leapt! His hands desperately tried to gain a grip on her neck. He heard the whip crack and felt a sharp pain across his left cheek. Pomeroy stepped aside and Hardbottle was grovelling on the floor. The last thing he remembered was the right boot coming up to mett his face before he blacked out.....

(Meanwhile, meek, mild-mannered Kuddles Thorby was preparing to leap into action as Superman.....but his zip was stuck and he couldn't get his trousers off.)

***** MIKE LEAN 1976

Ahem, this is getting sillier, I mean, who's ever heard of Kuddles Thorby taking his trousers off? Any volunteers ~~to help him~~, to write the next installment? Only one condition and that is that Booty must be victorious over Old Father Howes. We've got to keep a semblance of sanity and realism in the story somehow.

Ah well, back to the games and what shall we have next? How about.....

RAILWAY RULES

RR 05 J
Round 4

Station-master
DAVE WATTS

The Gremlins seem to have got at the last report; I don't know whether they were my errors or Clives; but anyway, it looks like TSR was 40 points and TPR 59 points, and Keighley should have been underlined for TPR. Curiously, Tony didn't point out the errors.

Other players may find the final scores in RR 01 J of interest:

Tony Ball 1st, 197 points: Pete Charlton 2nd, 188 points: Paul Simpkins 3rd, 183 points: Ian McLaren 4th, 174 points: Gus Ferguson 5th, 146 points: and Mick Bullock 6th, 144 points.

Builds (throws were: 5, 6, 3.)

KEIGHLEY, BURY & LIVERPOOL SERVICE

David Kuddles Thorby - Blue

4a:(M11)-Barnsley; (Wigan)-K7-J6-St.Helens. 4b:(C7)-E8-Leeds; (E8)-H6.
4c:(St.Helens)-G6; (L10, sheet 5)-K11.

60 + 5 - 1 (to GNF) - 6 (to TPR) = 58 points.

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY

Mike Lean - Black

4a:(B7)-C8-Blackburn-Darwen. 4b:(Warrington)-Liverpool; (G7)-Widnes.
4c:(I9)-St.Helens; (C7)-Preston.

38 + 15 - 2 (to TPR) + 1 (from KBALS) + 6 (from TPR) - 11 (to PIST)
= 47 points

TRANS-PENNINE RAILWAY

Tony Ball - Red

4a:(J15, sheet 4)-J10. 4b:(J10)-J8-I8-St.Helens-G6. 4c:(G6)-Liverpool;
(G6)-Widnes,

59 + 2 (from GNF) - 6 (to GNF) + 6 (from KBALS) = 61 points.

PRESTON INDUSTRIAL STEAM TRACTION

Dave Tant - Green

4a: (C13)-D13-D16-Selby. 4b: (D16)-D3, sheet 3. 4c: (D3)-D6.
39 + 5 + 11 (from GNF) = 55 points.

CLOCKWORK CHOCOLATE CARRIAGEWAY

Tan McLaren - Brown

4a:(Pontefract)-B17. 4b:(B17)-Goole-B3-C4. 4c:(C4)-D4-D6.
43 + 5 + 3 (from TSR) = 51 points.

TRANS SIBERIAN RAILWAY

Richard Bartle - Orange

4a:(Barnsley)-N8; (Sheffield)-D8. 4b:(D8)-Chesterfield; (N8)-Dewsbury;
(N8)-N9(?) 4c:(N9)-Wakefield-A12.
40 + 5 - 3 (to CCC) = 42 points. (note, missed one hex on 4b)

PIST and CCC race for Hull; PIST missed a chance to get some points from CCC here, as he could have been a hex ahead but for the diversion to Selby. A sudden rush at the other end for Liverpool; KBALS hesitant method of expansion has lost him a few points this time, and his main line has developed a couple more Loch Ness-monster type loops. Everybody is now in the position where they feel they must expand at both ends - most of them have two 'essential' first moves next time. Nobody has paid the TSR the compliment of invading his territory; nobody can avoid trespassing into the KBALS far-flung realm.

Please note that conditional builds are NOT allowed. Conditional runs are, however, in the situation where two players agree on a joint run, or exchange running powers - i.e. both agree to race separately, but use each others track for part of the run so that payments for running powers roughly cancel. In these cases, players will be allowed to give alternative instructions in case the other party backs out.

There are surprisingly many towns not yet reached by rail: 21, counting Hull as 3.

This looks like it's going to be an even closer game than RR Ol J was. Tony Ball might be interested to hear that one games player (who admitted that he hadn't played RR) thought there must be a lot of luck in this game....

THROWS FOR ROUND 5: 4, 3, 6.

DAVE WATTS 1976

* * * * *

Thanks Dave, Railway Rivals is available direct from Dave at 32 Eastleigh Drive, Milford Haven, Dyfed SA73 2LY, for 48p + 12p postage.

Right, what's next? Brmmmm, brmmmmmmmm.....

FORMULA ONE

<u>Turn 38</u>	Start	New speed	Move	Tactic card	Penalty	State of car
	TW	BW				
Y. Howes	120	100	B25-29		-	1 1
Eu. Taylor	80	80	B19-21, C22			5 1
Rk. Nash	120	120	B18-23		TWL	6 1
O. Canham	120	120	B2-39, B10-13		-	0 0
G. Crun	100	140	B51-55, C56-57		TWL	6 1
<u>Turn 39</u>						
Haycart	100	140	B30-36		-	1 1
Concorde	120	120	B24-29		TWL	7 1
Blue streak	80	60	E23-25		-	5 1
Orange flav.	120	120	B14-19		TWL	1 0
Green	140	140	C58-64		-	6 1
<u>Turn 40</u>						
Haycart	140	100	B37-41		BWL	1 2
Concorde	120	160	E30-37		-	7 1
Blue streak	60	120	E27-32		-	5 1
Orange flav.	120	160	B20-27	Superb driving	-	1 0
Green	140	140	C1-7		-	6 1

PRESS

CONCORDE - HAYCART

How can it be a two-horse race? Horses don't travel at 160mph you know...
...Anyway, I'm going to win this race easily - since I spin off so much, ~~will~~ ^{the} will the diff't come up b'f I'll, /don't you ~~will~~? I can cut the corners and miss out half the course on the final lap.....

ORANGE FLAVoured CAR - HENRY 'MOTORING' (Ho ho ha ha he ho ha! that's a laugh)
Need a tow?

CRUN.

ARMAGEDDON

(SPT: September 1972)

A review by

ANNE FORREST

Armageddon is SPI's simulation of tactical combat from 3000 B.C. to 500 B.C., covering such famous battles as Kadesh (1294 B.C.) to Lake Regillus (496 B.C.) and naturally enough including the battle between the Egyptians and the Judeans at Armageddon itself in 609 B.C. There are 7 different types of infantry units, two of cavalry and several other types, as well as 14 scenarios. The terrain map is quite simple and open, allowing for fast and relatively free movement.

Each move consists of movement, firing by missile, and melee, in an attempt to attain certain geographical objectives as dictated by the scenario in question.

Two sets of units of different colours are supplied, each side having almost exactly similar number of types of units; militia infantry and spearmen, swordsmen and axemen, medium cavalry, horse-archers and chariots, as well as bowmen and other units. Each unit has a movement allowance and melee strength, with the bowmen having an additional range allowance. Chariots have the ability to pick up, carry and put down units, and are very valuable due to their high movement rate.

Generally it is a very simple game, with the usual SPI rulings on stacking etc. Melees are between adjacent enemy units, while the bowmen can fire up to 4 hexes away though their effect decreases as the range increases. The counter mix is good, and unlike CA there are no unnecessary items provided; of the 14 scenarios, very few are unrealistic - in general Armageddon is a very good, well balanced simulation of ancient warfare, albeit on the simple side; for those not wishing anything too complicated, but merely an introduction to the art of ancient warfare, Armageddon is a game to be bought.

Overall rating: 8

ANNE FORREST 1926

1829

Right, this game starts with this issue and the GM is Ian McLaren, 156 Agar Grove, London NW1. Player line-up is Gus Ferguson, David Tant, Tony Ball, Rod Thommason and Bill Thorne. First reserve, in the event that Bill does decide against participating, is Keith Thommasson, brother of Rob. (I'm not terribly familiar with the game and am assuming a six player version isn't possible, I may be wrong). Each player is getting a set of notes from Ian with this issue (excepting Keith, who I hope may be able to loan Rob's). I don't think there's anything else for me to say, except we can always use standbys so if you're interested get in touch, and the best of luck to each. Game fee is 50p, but that's to go to Ian, not to me, if you'd prefer me to deduct it from your subs let me know and I'll send it on to the GM.

Adresses: Gus Ferguson, 37 Inch Cres., Bathgate, West Lothian. Dave Tant, see 'Pits of Cil', Tony Ball 27 St.Johns Court, St.Albans,Herts. Rod Thommasson, 8 Armstrong Close, Eastcote, Pinner, Middlesex. Keith Thommasson, 16 High Worple, Raynors Lane, Harrow, Middlesex. H92 9SU. Bill Thorne, 93 Downend Road, Horfield, Bristol, BS7 9PR.



TEKUMAL

THE EMPIRE OF THE PETAL THRONE

Part eight

Old readers of Chim will know what all this is about and will probably skip right past the next page or so, newer readers on the other hand are going to wonder what it's all about, so I think a few words of explanation are called for.

It all started way back about issue 9 or 10 when I reviewed a game called 'The Empire of the Petal Throne'. It's a fantasy game, huge in scope and similar to D & D, but my review somehow turned into a narrative of a characters adventures during the early stages of the game. The intention had been to show some of the mechanics of play but it grew and grew until it became something of a serial, relating the experiences of a young magic-user called Ukshen right from the moment he first arrived with his tiny boat in the bustling harbour of Jackalla. We followed him through his first meeting with the much more experienced magician Qyshu and we saw him adopted as an apprentice by this same magician. We went with them through two hazardous expeditions among the tunnels beneath the city and we left them as they emerged from the second of those expeditions, very lucky to be alive. They had, during that expedition, uncovered a small box which, when opened, had revealed it's contents as two old maps, allegedly 400 years of age and once belonging to a famous pirate of yore called Chayau'dlang'ush.

Now, owing to great demand (I kid you not), we resurrect the tales of Tekumal.

In the days following their somewhat fortunate escape from the labyrinth of tunnels beneath the ruined temple of Hyashra, Qyshu several times paid calls to the nearby temple of his own god, Ketengku, where he gave thanks for his deliverence from that deadly place. Many were the times too that he carefully took the maps from their container to spread them before him on the huge library table, carefully planning and re-planning his proposed expedition in search of the pirate treasure. Ukshen, the young magic-user rescued several weeks earlier by Qyshu from that squalid lodging house of the Red Dome, was now looked upon as an equal to Qyshu's other two employees, the battle scarred fighting men Hailmhüling and Dyogheykh. These two had been with Qyshu for a good many years and had shared with him in his many successes and few failures. All three of them seemed to have strong paternal feelings towards Ukshen and he realised that he was being drawn more and more into everyday affairs and gradually obtaining more responsible duties. Even so it still came as quite a surprise to him when he found himself called to Qyshu's huge library and there actively involved in the final planning of the expedition to the island.

There were many problems confronting them, not least of which would be finding a ship, a captain and a crew willing to risk their lives by sailing from sight of land and trying to pinpoint a tiny island in the vast Deepes of Chana'ga. Still, Qyshu was confident that he could tie up that end of it and it fell to Ukshen, with the assistance of Hailmhüling and Dyogheykh, the task of touring the city buying supplies and the like with which to equip the expedition.

On the sixth day of Fesru, Qyshu met Ukshen strolling in the garden directly after breakfast, and telling him that today they had a very important part of their plans to put into operation, he led the way off, across the city, in the direction of the harbour. Ukshen had been quick to spot the map container carried in the left hand of Qyshu and he was intrigued as to what his employer was now up to, after all they had told no one else of the existence of the maps and all preparations of the last couple of weeks had been done beneath a blanket of total secrecy. He still didn't have the confidence to question his employer about such matters though even with the close relationship that was building between them, so they walked on, their conversation confined to more

pedestrian matters.

It soon became apparent to Ukshen that they were heading for the cities large merchant harbour and by the time they had strolled out onto the quayside there he had built himself to a high pitch of eager anticipation at the thought of once again seeing, hearing and feeling the rich atmosphere of the place. He remembered vividly the last time he was there some weeks before, a stranger in a strange country, the quayside was just the same now as he remembered it then, a seething mass of bodies, crates, and goods. The ships had all changed though, presumably the ones that he had seen last time were now plying their way through the waves towards some other far distant part of the planet. He was finding it no less fascinating than his last visit and his attention flicked from one item of interest to another as they walked. He tried to pick up snatches of conversation from some of the groups of bartering traders as they passed....."4,000K a barrel! Tell me you're joking, I can get it from old man Aþþt'athy for 3,400K.....and that's delivered to the door!"....."We sail for Tsamra on the next tide, if you want a berth it's going to cost you..."...."Well we could stop off at Laigas to drop it off for you, but it would put another 4 days onto the voyage.." etc., etc. Other conversations were going on in languages that Ukshen couldn't even recognise, but this wasn't too surprising when one considered he couldn't even recognise the species of creature doing the talking anyway!

He became completely enthralled in the bustling activity of the harbour and when Qyshu finally stopped he shunted into the back of him before realising it, his attention being on five tiny Tinaliya as they wrestled with a copy of the 'Jackalla Journal' newspaper almost half again as large as they were. The headline was something about the heir to the Petal Throne being kidnapped, but he didn't have time to dwell on this.

"Oh, ... I'm sorry, I didn't realise you were stopping."

"Never mind that, there's the man we want talking to the Port Officer over there, Ghrehl hiPropnoi," he motioned in the direction of a large roly-poly man, holding his sides as he rocked with laughter.

"But I know him!", said Ukshen, "he's the man that bought my boat from me on the day I arrived.....wonder if he'll remember?"

"I shouldn't think so", answered Qyshu, "he's got a nice little side line going in the boats you immigrants arrive in; I bet he must handle 20 or 30 a week during the summer months. Anyway, let's go and see shall we?". And with that he stepped forward a few paces, pointed towards the roly-poly man and bellowed over the hub-bub of the harbour, "Greshl hiPropnoi Jackallayani, you great unflying kayi, won't you ever get any thinner??!"

"Uh, what? Who said th..... Qyshu Ohtuk!!". The fat man rushed forward, arms flung wide ready for an embrace of welcome. "Hah, so you haven't forgotten your old friend Greshl after all. Where have have you been for the last month? Don't tell me you've been practising that magic of yours again - you'll never get it right! Why don't you get a proper job like me, eh?"

"What!, and make a living selling 10 a qirgal goods at 2 a kaitar?! No thank you!"

"Ah, now you've hurt me, you make me sound like a scoundrel.....but this time I'll forgive you....."

"You always forgive me!"

".....come, come, let's go up to my office and have a drink, there we can talk and you can tell me what you've been up to, come." With this, his massive arm around the shoulders of Qyshu he led the way back along the quay, talking all the time.....then he stopped, looked at the Port Officer who still stood where he'd left him with documents in hand, and said "Go and put your feet up somewhere for an hour or so, I'll see you later", then, to Ukshen, "Well, come on then, I suppose you'll want a drink too!", and then the three of them rolled along the quay to his office.

Once in the office, after all the odds and ends of news had been exchanged, Qyshu got down to detailing the reason behind his visit. He'd told of the recent adventures in the underworld beneath the city, but had so far omitted to elaborate - now he did so. He swept the papers that already decorated Greshls untidy desk into a neat pile at one end, and then he carefully unrolled one of the maps, set it down on the desk in front of Greshl and then stepped back.

"Uh?, What's this then? That's a nifty looking box you've got there, I thought you'd bought some sandwiches..... oh, it's a man is it? By Chastanna

"look at the state of it! Couldn't you get a new one? They're not expensive you know, you old skinflint, in fact if you'd asked m....." Greshl fell silent as his eyes darted back and forth over the map following his finger as it traced out the lines of print. "It's.....it's a joke! You old son of a kuruku! I nearly fell for it too, but you should have....."

"It's no joke" interjected Qyshū calmly.

"Eh?... oh, come on, it's....."

"Look at the age of the paper, the

I'm not the perpetrator, it's a 400 year old joke.

"Huh?" Greshl examined it again even more closely.

thing do you realise what it could involve?"

"Yes, and that's why I came to see you, you old fool, I want to know if you want in on it?"

"What terms?", already Greshl's bu

"You supply a ship, a crew and a captain in return for 30% of whatever we find, you can then sit on your fat backside and wait for us getting back."

Greshl laughed heartily, slapping Qyshū on the back and then grabbing his hand in a vigorous shake, "One ship and crew it is", he agreed, "And I know just the man to act as captain.....me! You like that, eh? It's time I had a bit of adventure and this sounds like fun, even if we find nothing, which is the most likely result, I still reckon it'll be an enjoyable three or four months. When do we start?"

Qyshu carefully rolled up the map and replaced it in the container, "Three weeks soon enough" he said.

"Soon enough for me", answered Greshl, "we'll take the Adhish Eng'shaur, she's just been overhauled and put into shipshape condition. Do you know her? If you fancy a look she's in the dock now, T'nek class, 20 crew and twelve passengers. Will she do?"

Qyshū nodded, "We'll see her first, but I think she will," he raised his glass, "here's to our fortune and a successful voyage".

There they go then, all set for the expedition. Qyshū has still to get himself an intrepid band of adventurers together, but next issue should see them setting sail. Anyone wishing to learn more about the kidnapping of the heir to the Petal Throne which Ukshén fleetingly spotted as an headline to the Jackalla Journal on the docks, might like to have a look at Leviathan which is running a postal game where players endeavour to rescue him. The reward of 5,000K for his safe return wasn't enough to tempt Qyshū who has his eye on much bigger things, but I have three characters in there already in hot pursuit.

Leviathan is available from Clive Wardley, 93 Mortlake Road, Kew, Richmond, Surrey, TW9 4AA and if you ask nicely I bet he'd even send you a copy of Jackalla Journal (yes, it does exist!).

DUNGEONS + DRAGONS

Right then, next on the Chimæra fantasy agenda is Dungeons and Dragons, and I think we'll start with the continuation of Paul Cook's article.

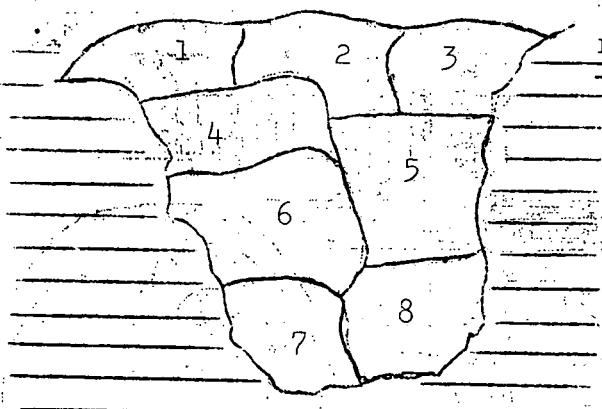
THE ISLE OF WIGHT CAMPAIGN

PART V

Nobles.

Rules.
When the wilderness is first drawn up, it takes about half an hour, you do just the "landscapes" and then bung a few castles onto it! After a time, these castles are visited by players and dice are rolled to see who the occupants are. Players are then given personalities, and are friendly to some and hostile to other nobles. Here then are a few nobles from the Isle of Wight game, incidentally - Fren = Sir, Torn = Castle, thus Torn Hope = Castle Hope.

These are the districts of the Empire, for reference as to roughly where the castles are.



1 = Srila	2 = Preen	3 = Cra
4 = North Chenal	5 = Fall	
6 = Chenal	7 = Corin	8 = Tupel

Fren Sra Papek: The real ruler of the empire, he has a monopoly of all castles in Tupel and west Corin, but is hated in the North. He makes sure the Emperor stays put, and is highly chaotic. His use of Orcs and his complete lack of aid to the north against

the barbarian states, has made him even more unpopular, though the fact that he is always surrounded by a bodyguard of never less than 50, makes assassination unlikely.

Fren Kupel: A knight with a very high charisma, he is lawful and committed to the welfare of the north of the empire. He was involved in the second fringe wars of 10 years ago, and is set on making sure that the barbarians make no more progress into the decadent empire. He goes around trying to convince other nobles that they ought to join him in the Northern Alliance, and with his unusual charisma (20), he usually succeeds. He has no hired bodyguard, but is rarely without 5 elves who are his friends and would give their lives for his safety. His castles are all in the Cra/Preen area.

Fuul Blemer: A neutral magician of incredibly high level, and also of great age - he is at least a thousand years old, and is dying. He has been plying himself with potions and spells of youth for so long that they no longer have any effect. It seems unlikely that he will live to the end of the year, though he would like to see a war with the barbarians so that he could go down in a blaze of glory - perhaps opposing a single army single-handed, though the strain of using some of his greater spells would almost certainly kill him.

Fren Hlel 'The Madman': A local knight who owns a castle not far from Torn Hope. If anyone comes near his castle and is defeated by him in combat, they are usually taken inside, where they are subjected to his whims, none of which are over-nice. He has been known to turn men into mutants and set them loose in the dungeons - being near to Torn Hope a corridor runs underneath his castle. He is chaotic, sympathetic to the barbarian cause, and unlikely to change his mind or grow bored about something very quickly. He has an insane loathing of Elves and will do anything to kill one - painfully, of course.

Finally...

Grimy, son of Groin: A Dwarf (how did you guess?) of neutral tendencies. He is the only playing character to own a castle. He gained it by poisoning the poor bugger who owned it before, having told him it was a potion of invisibility! He has a leaning towards chaotic characters and is currently involved in bringing about the downfall of the Empire in the hopes that the barbarians will give him a few more castles in gratitude for his aid.

Well, those are the main and the most interesting castle owners, there are lots, lots more but I didn't want to bore you.

PAUL COOK 1976

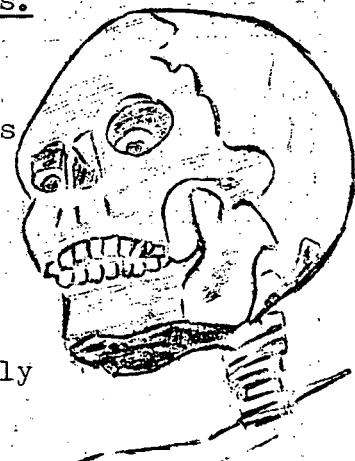
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No point in starting the 'Pits of Cil' in this little bit of a space, so I'll just rattle on myself for a minute or two to fill in. Somebody, Dick Bartle, Special Agent, I think, asked me how you used miniatures to play D&D. Easy, you just set up the room or passage on a board as the DM explains it, and then just drop the figures in. Best is a 'Cul-de-Sac' board (Lazy Days) with its plastic walls that slot into a plastic board, but from years ago I can remember a Waddingtons game called 'Kimbo' that would probably work just as well. Another idea, one that Allan Ovens uses, is to draw out every room on a square of cardboard, positions of occupants, men, monsters, treasure, tables,

etc., all marked. Then, when ever a party open a door, he gives them the relevant card and sets up the miniatures on it. It's so much more fun and worth the trouble even if you do get branded as a 'big kid' for playing with toy soldiers. I reckon we're all big kids any road, don't you?

THE PITTS OF TIL' UY'

The Chimaera game of Dungeons and Dragons.
Dungeon-Master DAVE TANT



Ron Canham had not, after all, dropped out, I'm glad to say, but Iain Drylie has taken Laurence Parrott's place. Laurence chose and equipped his party, entered the main hall, and then NMR'd twice, so his party turn chaotic, and Laurence himself dies. (Let's hear it for Laurie, folks!)

No other NMR's, thank goodness, so this may mean a longish wait for the others on the waiting list. There's a game all set to start in Lemming Express though, if only they can get a D.M. Address for subs given last time

Les Kennedy (or to be more exact a skilful archer in his gang) killed the gargoyle they met on the mezzanine floor, and was rather disappointed with the 100 gold and 100 silver pieces he found in a box nearby.

As the way to higher levels was blocked by a centuries-old rockfall, Les came back down, and had a look around the second entrance corridor (which still has its door to the outerworld sealed) without finding anything.

Clive Booth took another route up to the mezzanine (the doors you passed in the first entrance corridor), but the treasure box had been emptied by the time he got there.

Clive Wardley, having watched everyone else's progress, and observing signs of impending chaos about Laurence, entered the second pair of doors from the left in the East Wall. He took rather a long time to settle the hash of the statutory group of Orcs which attacked him, and one of his men took a couple of not too serious wounds. In his customary slow, deliberate style, he is now having a look round the Orcs' dormitory and, indeed, the floor there is so littered with dead Orcs by now that progress is becoming a little difficult. (I think I'll have to materialise some Carrion Crawlers and Rust Monsters to clean up.) He is now alone in this room.

Ron Canham entered the same room by a different door, and dealt with his Orcs with great despatch. Indeed, three were so panicked that they ran away down the stairs taken by several other parties. Ron followed them for a while, but has now stopped to investigate a secret door.

St. Martin Rundle has been having lots of adventures. He frightened off a couple of Hobgoblins, entered a narrow passage and walked full tilt into a Gelatinous Cube with two of his men.

Amazingly they all escaped damage (must get these dice seen too!) and destroyed the G.C. with a fireball spell, reinforced with a fire-bomb. Unfortunately he now appears to be in a tight spot, with about two seconds to save himself from the dreaded

.....Dave Allen who, in complete silence, has managed to come up behind St. Martin with a wand at the ready. Will the evil Sorceror triumph? Dave seems determined to do for someone, but all his plans have so far been thwarted (and will probably go on being so if he persists in ringing me up when I'm taping Alan Dell's jazz programme).

Also in the vicinity, is C(ed)Rick, that mighty Paladin. Cedrick was about to go to St. Martin's assistance (he's all heart, this boy) when a Beholder appeared before him and understandably distracted him. Prior to this

Cedrick had permitted the same two Hobgoblins to pass unmolested, after a few questions (too few actually) and had dismembered the Carrion Crawler which had been unwise enough to attack such a mighty warrior. In the C.C.'s innards, Cedrick found 2 rubies, a gold key and chain and two old bones.
 (Now why didn't some of you others think of that?)

Not far away is Ian Jones. He has been having the odd spot of luck with magic finding, but no treasure so far. Somehow, one of his party seems to be in two places at once, or else some of his men have double vision. Ian has also come across the odd Hobgoblin, killing two and frightening the other away (perhaps it was Miss Muffett).

Bill Howard seems to be in a spot of bother at the moment, but will no doubt find a way out of it. (The last part of this sentence may have particular significance by the time he reads this). He seems to be cornered in a werewolves' lair by the resident family, who rather resent it, and are threatening nasties if he doesn't lay down his magical weapons and depart whence he came.

Bill is trying to brazen it out, having just pulled a rather nice Magic sword down from the ceiling, where it was hanging. Unfortunately it was pulled down into the eye of one of his men (or women actually, as it happens) and some of his followers are beginning to get restive.

As he has slightly more women in his party, I'm waiting to see what happens in his first rest period. I think he may be play-testing a new category 'Sex-offenders', for 'Dragon'. Any suggestions for the titles of the first eight levels?

Allan Ovens has descended considerably lower than most of the rest of you! (Always the last with the news, me. I suppose that makes him a good choice for level 8). He is now belting along the third level, and has stopped on the way to listen to a suspicious noise! (Major Bloodnok?)

Allan did have a battle with a considerable number of Hobgoblins a little while ago, killing them all without damage to his party. I must say you've all been a bit rotten to my morstares. Hardly anyone has tried to speak to most of them, let alone enlist their aid. If you go on at this rate I shall have to call up some more from the lower levels.

Adrian Attwood has gone through the double doors in the south wall, the first party to do so up to now. In the room beyond, his cleric successfully turned away a Spectre, which vanished after flitting about a bit, and he has sent a Hobbit down a chute leading downwards from the South Wall.

Being a humane sort of chap, he gave him a rope first, or three ropes joined together to be precise, and as it took nearly all the resulting footage to reach the bottom, the chute seems to go down some way.

Adrian is considering how to get his party, including a mule, down the chute at the moment (see Matters Arising). He also found a couple of very useful magical items in the room, but no treasure.

Actually, it's surprising just how many items, both magical and treasure, have been missed, so if you lads on the waiting list ever get started, don't think it's all gone.

Iain Sonic Drylie is breaking new wind (sorry, ground; that stupid nickname confused me for the moment) in his characters' names. Would you believe, two thieves named Ronald Biggs and Norman Stanley Fletcher? (Better not go near South America though Iain. I don't think Big Ron would like you giving Fletch a higher charisma).

Iain has got his basic selections complete, and will probably be joining the fun at any moment. Only problem is that he hasn't yet chosen an alignment. Could be chaotic though, as there aren't any paladins.

MATTERS ARISING

31. STRENGTH: I think you all know the table in part three of Dungeons & Dragons, giving extraordinary strength as allowing 1,200 weight allowed for 18/00. Part I states 'Maximum load/person half normal movement 3,000', so that gives us 4,200 as the most anyone could carry about. However, I think rather more could be lifted for a moment or two. Probably at least 5,000 onto or down from a mule's back, for instance, if the lifter was very strong.

32. WEIGHTS: I have decided that an unladen mule weighs 7,500 gp's.

33. ROPES: There must be some sort of maximum breaking strain for ropes, so we'll say they break if more than 10,000 gp's weight is suspended from them. (Watch out how many characters climb them at once, from now on.)

34. RANGES: One or two of you apparently need to check on ranges of wands/spells in the rules. If you can't find them, or don't have the rules, don't hesitate to ask, or cover it provisionally in your orders.

35. POCKETS: Following my exhortations not to overload your belts or backpacks, some of you are taking to sticking things in your pockets. Well, armour-wearers can't get at their pockets for a start, and the others have very limited pocket capacity, nothing over 4 inches long or 10gp's in weight is liable to stay safely in a pocket for long, and nobody has more than one pocket, so there!

I should have realised last time that this deadline would be too late to wish you Happy Christmas. Still, I hope you all had a great time, and here's hoping for a highly successful 1977.

Next deadline as KINGMAKER, see back cover.

Write to Dave Tant, 32 Nursery Avenue, Bexleyheath, Kent, DA7 4JZ.

Waiting list: 1st reserve Ian McLaren, 2nd Ray Gale, 3rd Clive Waterhouse, 4th Mike Close, 5th Paul Blackwell, 6th Chris Boyes

((Apologies to Ian McLaren for losing him from the waiting list last time)).

£££££&&&&&&£££££&&&&&£££££&&&&&£££££&&&&&£££££&&&&&£££££

NEWS FROM FANE

SORCERER'S NEWSLETTER TO YOU AND YOUR SORCERERS

GM'd by Kedge Neuman.

Hi, no, once again it's not Kedge, but I, Clive doing the talking. No Sorcerer moves this time I'm afraid for we have no orders from Pete Lindsay which is holding the whole show up. The orders I sent out to players last time were sent direct to me by John Rayns who had the foresight to send them here so that they could catch the last issue. They just made it, which explains why the magazine report said there weren't any when you all got some. One thing to point out in respect of those moves though, is that the Purple Sorcerer does not make it to the fortress, for as he attempted to carry a Troll with him, he violated the stacking limit.

Orders as soon as possible please from Pete Lindsay, and send them to 10 Burton Road, Hornsea, E. Yorks. HU18 1QY.

£££££&&&&&£££££&&&&&£££££&&&&&£££££&&&&&£££££&&&&&£££££&&&&&£££££

OUTDOOR SURVIVAL

GM'd by CARL JENNINGS

No, it's not Carl either, it's still me, dear old brown eyes, Clive.

Outdoor Survival is going to be a casualty of the Christmas mail congestion I'm afraid, for late arrival of orders has meant that Carl has not been able to get them finished. It'll be Thursday again now, before I see him and it's my hope that Chim will be well away by then, which unfortunately means it won't be included. If, however, something does hold up production long enough, you may find you've got maps anyway.

£££££&&&&&£££££&&&&&£££££&&&&&£££££&&&&&£££££&&&&&£££££

RUSSIAN CIVIL WAR

This game should be starting with the next issue, GM Charles Vasey.

Players will be: Robin Hood, Dave Tant, Dave Thorby, Allan Ovens, Alan Watson, and Tony Dinsdale. Game fee 25p + sae's.

Other waiting lists are: En Garde - game fee 50p - add Steve Plater and C.J. Charles to Allans list (in reverse order.)

Railway Rivals: GM: Dave Watts. Players: Mike Close, Clive Waterhouse, which game do you want to play?

Conquistador: GM: Charles Vasey. Players: Me, Charles Vasey(?), Allan Ovens(?). More details next issue, no space left, 'bye.

BASEBALL STRATEGY

(AVALON HILL)

a review by
KELVIN RANDALL

The game comes in Avalon Hill's 'bookcase' format and the basic equipment is simple: a board showing the baseball diamond round which the men race, and the offence and defence charts which are the core of the game; a pack of pitch cards, giving the range of deliveries the pitcher ('bowler') can send down to the hitter; two identical squads of men from which each player selects his team of nine; game rules; scoresheets, and handbooks of the official baseball rules.

In essence the game is simple. The pitching team puts face down a pitching card (7 different choices); the batting team calls out the way he intends to hit it (between 4 and 12 choices according to the proficiency of each batsman); the ball and hit are then cross-indexed on the offense chart; a number is given and this is carried over to the defense chart - based on the pitching teams fielding strength - to give the result, which either puts the batsman out or gives him a number of moves round the bases. Once three men are out the innings closes and the pitching team bats. There are nine innings for each side per game.

That then, is the routine of play but there is a lot of scope for strategy and tactics. The team cards form the basis for this: each card shows a man's field position, his batting average (and therefore how many sorts of shots he has in his repertoire), the power of his hits, and whether he is a fast base-runner, and finally how good a fielder he is. These different abilities are well-balanced so that the choice of nine men for a team and substitutes during a game is wide open for tactics: the best hitters may be atrocious fielders who will miss all your opponents hits or slow base-runners who will take ages to get around the four bases. In addition the choice of different hits and pitches has different advantages and disadvantages: if you try a long hit against a curving, breaking pitch you could get a home run, but try to hit it carefully with a place hit and you're liable to be out.

The rule book gives certain optional rules for a more advanced game and for tournament play, including the choice of injuries to players. Baseball teams play a series of games against each other usually spread over three or four days so obviously you can't use your best pitcher and best hitter in every game.

I really enjoy this game and, surprisingly, so does my wife, a confirmed games-hater. The disadvantages she has pointed out are two: the price £7.95, (though I got mine second-hand); and the jargon of American baseball which does appear in the defense chart and may take a Briton a while to get used to.

Apart from that, we can recommend 'Baseball Strategy' as a really good introduction to the action and excitement of America's national game.

Complexity	6	Overall Value	8
Enjoyment	10	Action/Excitement	9
Playability	9	Realism	8
Postal playability	Doubtful	Skill	6

Thanks for the article, Kelvin, it sounds a very interesting game and one that I think I would like to have a try at. Ariel's 'Gillette Cup' cricket game uses the same idea of bowlers card against batters card, but in a very, very simple fashion, in fact, it isn't really very similar at all, I can't think why I mentioned it in the first place.....

I think that deserves a free issue and the same thing will go for other people who can do me a publishable piece on their own favourite (or unfavourite) game. Nearly finished Chim Too for this time, just a little space at the bottom of page 17 to fill and that's it. Next issue will see articles on postal wargames campaigns from Richard Nash, and a National Hunt racing game from Mike Close, both are possibilities for future games in Chim.

ENI GARDE

No 8



Edited by Allan J Ovens, Officers Mess, RAF Bishoptcourt, BFPO 801.
Telephone Downpatrick 2351 ext 316 (work), ext 343 (home).

Welcome to En Garde No. 8, edited by Allan J Ovens who resides at the address on the front cover. The tedious side of the production schedule, duplicating and colating, is managed by Clive F Booth, for which he has my profound gratitude and amazed admiration. It takes me an entire weekend to GM and type these 14 pages. How Clive manages to type 3 times as much and then duplicate, colate and despatch the whole lot mystifies me.

I hope everybody has recovered from the Christmas and New Year festivities and an enjoyable time was had by all. Thanks for the Christmas cards, especially the one from the Hunters Mob, a copy of which, I believe, was sent to all the players.

Any of you who received the last issue of Games and Puzzles couldn't have failed to notice the article by Charles Vasey. A nice description of En Garde Charles and thanks for the mention at the end. As a direct result Clive has been contacted by many prospective players, all of whom he has had to turn down because of the limit of 35. I hate to turn people away but the workload involved in taking on new players is quite large. It takes me an average of 1 hour to adjudicate in rough the orders of 6 people. On top of this it takes an average of 1 hour to type up 1 page. It is only a hobby and I don't wish to expand to the stage where I have to stop it through overcommitment. However, after saying all that I will increase the maximum amount by 5 to bring the number of players up to 40. This figure may not be a permanent maximum. Depending on my professional workload and the perfection of my En Garde GMing systems it may well increase.

Before the En Garde article appeared, I had 7 people on the waiting list. This issue we say goodbye to 2 players; Pat Meara who has resigned and Hartley Patterson who is too unreliable. So the 7 new players and their characters are listed just before this month's orders. I cannot say how long people will be on the waiting list before being allocated a character but I hope interest doesn't wane. Anybody who is really eager to start a game as soon as possible could join one or more of the other games which have followed on from this one.

Bill Haward, 19 Ryelands Rd, Sesdon, Surrey, has just started running a game in Trojan Horse. I can personally recommend Bill as a highly reliable and equally imaginative person who will do a good job. I even suspect that his production will be surpassing mine for interest, and certainly for standards of literary presentation, after a few issues. I've just signed up for a game and he's managed to give me a truly abominable character.

Gary Porter started a game in Leviathan about 4-5 months ago. This is a continuation of a face to face game GM'd by Gary for a group of his friends. Another worthwhile game to play in, although Gary seems to make even more GMing mistakes than even I do. Originally it was difficult to figure out who was doing what, but this problem is now disappearing as Gary alters his format.

Martin Rundle is on about his 4th month in Jigsaw. Although an efficient GM, Martin suffers from a lack of space, a serious problem with a game like En Garde. Have you thought of going independent Martin?

I understand that Pete Mearns is running a game in Puppet Theatre News, though I have never seen it. And finally, Dave Allen has openings in his magazine, The Norns. To be frank I cannot recommend the latter until Dave pulls himself together and produces his magazine on a regular and frequent basis.

Those are the openings in the postal En Garde hobby at the present time. It has not yet reached the level of postal Diplomacy and perhaps it never will, but we're going to give it a close run. Role playing games seem to be the "In Thing" at the moment. First D & D followed by Westworld and En Garde type games. I understand TSR are on the verge of publishing a new game of this kind, and even Roy Taylor, that bastion of Diplomacy is muttering about designing and GMing a game where players take the part of ships captains in a modern naval warfare environment.

A cautionary word though, to those people who like to get involved in everything. Think again. The success and interest of these type of games depends greatly on the time and effort of the players. The more games one plays, the less time is devoted to any one particular game. And I for one would like to see a few really good games than a lot of mediocre games. To date, of the 35 players in En Garde there is a group of about 12 who put in a tremendous amount of work and, I hope, receive an equal amount of enjoyment. From this group comes all the press and proposed rule changes. There is another group of about 12 who know what's happening in the game, what to do and who to contact to do it. Not so much literary content from this group but they all carefully plan their moves and contribute to the game in a different sort of way. The final group of 11 are a bit of a puzzle. Their

orders come in regularly in most cases but they're sometimes not very well thought out and there is never anything other than brief orders. I have a suspicion that some of these players belong to the game solely to be able to say, "I'm playing postal En Garde". Of course there are many legitimate reasons for this, the most common being overcommittment within the games hobby as a whole. I myself am guilty of this rather brief involvement in some of the games in which I have played.

From time to time I have read in other games magazines, mainly Diplomacy, complaints by various GM of the lack of response from some subscribers. John Piggott springs to mind as the prime example, and I believe that is the reason he stopped publishing Ethil the Frog. Until I started editing En Garde I didn't really realise what he meant, but after 7 months of receiving orders from many people the lack of response from the latter group sticks out like a sore thumb.

Still, enough rambling, onto the new players:

GEORGE NORTH Address unknown, can you publish it in Cimaera Clive?

Strength 9, constitution 10, expertise 14, endurance 90, Military Ability 1. Second son of a very wealthy gentleman, Social Level 5, allowance 125cr, Initial funds 750.

BOB STUART Address known but not over this side of the water, Clive?

Strength 11, constitution 13, Expertise 14, Endurance 143, Military Ability 1. Second son of a well-to-do gentleman, Social Level 4, Allowance 50cr, Initial funds 250cr.

JOHN BRAITHWAITE 27 Mayfield Crescent, Orchard Estate, Eaglescliffe, Co Durham.

Strength 13, constitution 13, expertise 13, endurance 169, Military Ability 2. Bastard son of a very wealthy Count, Social Level 10, Allowance 113cr, Initial funds 675cr.

ANDREW GELDARD 22 Barrett Rd, Darlington.

Strength 11, constitution 11, expertise 12, endurance 121, Military Ability 4. Second son of a wealthy merchant, Social Level 3, Allowance 50cr, Initial funds 250cr.

PAUL BLACKWELL Address unknown, Clive?

Strength 17, constitution 14, expertise 11, Military Ability 2, endurance 238. Bastard son of a wealthy gentleman, Social Level 3, Allowance 45cr, Initial funds 225cr.

CHRIS BOYES 45 Abbotswood Gardens, Clayhall, Ilford, Essex, IG8 0BQ.

Strength 10, constitution 9, expertise 10, endurance 90, Military Ability 1. Second son of a wealthy merchant, Social Level 4, Allowance 50cr, Initial funds 250cr.

PETE DORGAN 32 Oxford Rd, Tilgate, Crawley, Sussex, RM10 5JQ. Crawley 31743.

Strength 8, constitution 6, expertise 9, Military Ability 1, Endurance 48. Second son of a well-to-do Baron, Social Level 7, Allowance 50cr, Initial funds 250cr.

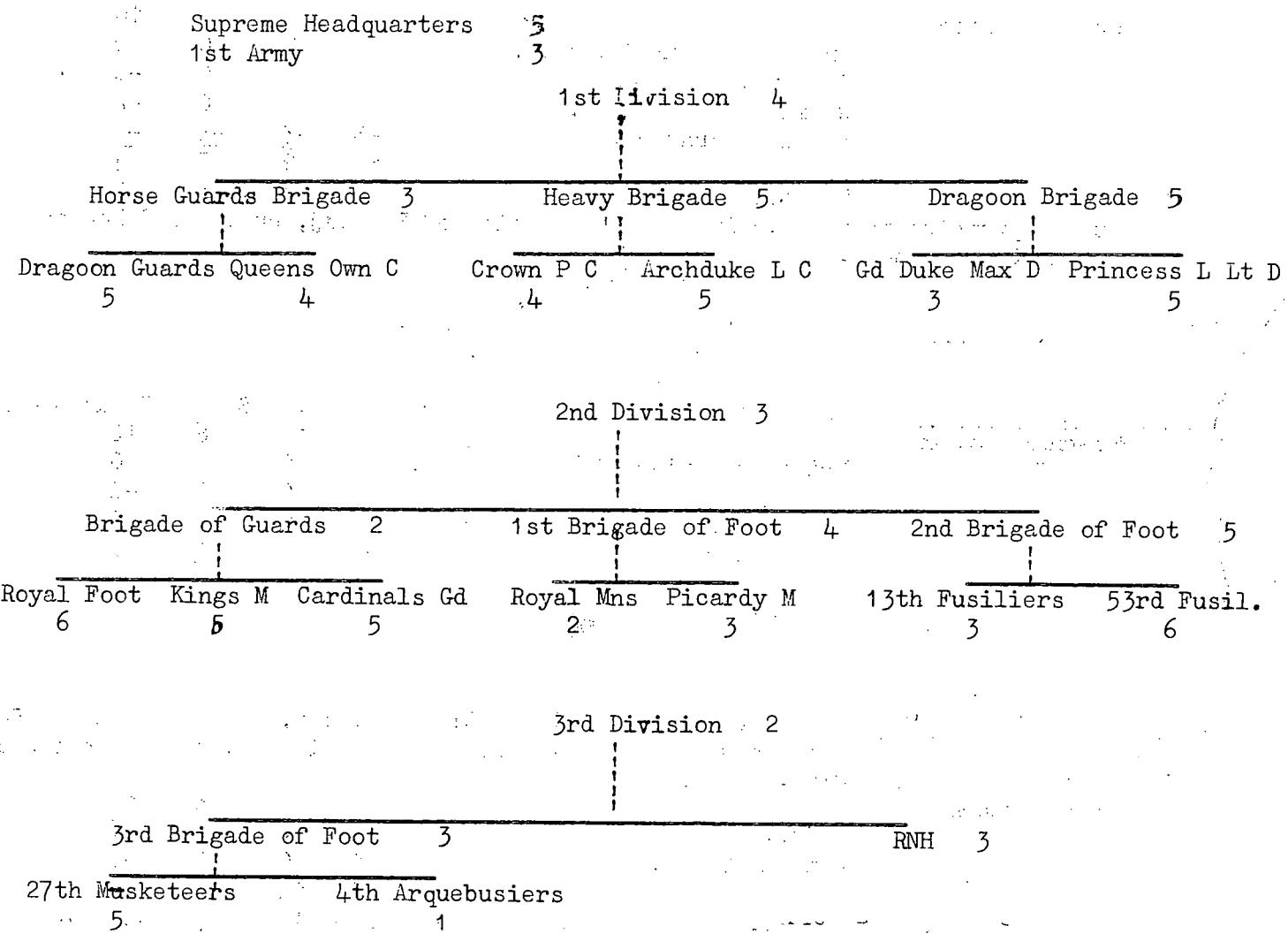
Before I start the adjudication my watchdog, Richard Bartle, has pulled me up on the following GMing mistakes made last issue:

Laurence de Ricardot is Social Level 2 not 3. Correct. Garcia Monastario went from SL 3 - SL4 illegally in issue No.6. Correct. And the worst mistake of all last time: Noah Speake de Inglisch is reinstated at SL 10 after I falsely accused him of not challenging with sufficient cause. That's 3 slaps on the wrist, wonder if I can do better this time.

JUNE 1701
@@@@@@@

DON DIEGO DELAVEGA (Clive Booth)

Support, press.	6	1
1. Visit Red Phillips as guest of Garcia Monastario, carouse.	4	1
2. Visit Hunters as guest of Auguste de Benquot le Dhege, carouse at his expense. While there he climbs on a table and announces that owing to overwhelming debts he must quit Paris society at the end of the month to serve with a Frontier Rgt, unless some kind soul prepared to loan him 440cr to pay off the Shylock.	8	
3. Visit Frog & Peach as guest of Sebastian de Senne Podde. Fails.		
4. Visit bawdyhouse, carouse, womanise.	6	1
Failure to vote on pistols. ((Who forgot then?))	(-5)	
SL 3 Funds 123cr.	16	6



Individual Results are as follows:

1st ARMY

1st DIVISION

MAJOR BENEDICT D'AMBER (Pete Lindsay)

SL 12 Funds 907cr.

Tries for Aide to General using class 9 favour from Countess Isabella. Succeeds. Attempts liaison with Donna Bella Legomia, succeeds. Cost 12cr.

Personal Outcome:

Major.	9	12	8	10
Aide to General.	+2	0	0	-2
Liaison.	+2	0	0	-2
Reckless Bravery.	+1	0	0	0
	-3	-3	-3	-3
RESULT.	11	9	5	3

Benedict is severely wounded and returned home. He is promoted to Lt Col of the Dragoon Guards, giving up his position as Aide to the General, and claims 250cr plunder.

SL 12 Funds 1145cr.

DRAGOON GUARDS

Brigadier General Dies.

GRAND DUKE MAX DRAGOONS.

Colonel dies.

Major 2nd Sqn dies.

3 Captains die.

CAPTAIN JULES BARRAMOIR (Martin Rundle)

SL 6 Funds 125cr.

Attempts to borrow money from friend, fails. Attempts liaison, fails. Cost 20cr. Applies for Regimental Adjutant, succeeds.

Personal outcome:	9	12	8	10
Grand Duke Max Dragoons.	+1	0	0	0
Captain.	+1	0	0	-1
Regimental Adjutant.	+2	0	0	-2
Reckless Bravery.	-2	-3	-3	-3
	10	9	5	4
RESULT.	4	7	6	9

You are promoted to major, give up the position of Rgt Adj, purchase 2 horses and claim 500cr plunder.

SL 6 Funds 405cr.

PRINCE LOUISA LIGHT DRAGOONS Lieutenant Colonel dies.

Major 2nd Sqn dies.

4 Captains die.

MAJOR SER CUM SPECT (Chris Walton) 021 382 5414, after 1900hrs. SL 5 Funds 676cr.

Personal Outcome:	7	10	6	12
3	Princess Louisa Light Dragoons.	0	0	0
	Major	+2	0	0
	Better result than superior	-1	+1	+1
	Poltroonery.	+1	+1	+1
		9	12	8
	RESULT.	10	9	5

Ser Cum Spect dies.

HORSE GUARDS BRIGADE

MAJOR FABIAN TITANIQUE (Bill Howard) 01 657 6673 h. 01 686 4761 w. SL 10 Funds 385cr.

Fabian is Brigade Major of Horse Guards Brigade. Attempts liaison, fails. Cost 20cr Resigns from Horse Guards Club.

Personal Outcome:	9	12	8	10
Major:	+2	0	0	-2
Brigade Major.	+1	0	0	-1
	12	12	8	7
RESULT.	9	10	4	8

Fabian claims 400cr plunder. SL 10 Funds 765cr.

DRAGOON GUARDS

Colonel dies.

2 Captains die.

Lieutenant Colonel promoted to Colonel

MAJOR TOULOOSE LALOT (Gus Ferguson) Bathgate 52828. SL 11 Funds 1560cr.

Personal Outcome:	9	12	8	10
3	Dragoon Guards.	+2	-1	-0
	Major.	+2	0	0
	Better result than superior.	-1	+1	+1
		12	12	9
	RESULT.	5	5	10

Touloose is not promoted to Lt Col because Benedict is senior. New MA of 4.

SL 11 Funds 1560cr.

QUEENS OWN CARABINIERS

Major 2nd Sqn dies

2 Captains die.

SUBALTERN JEAN PAUL DE COUER NOIR (Ray Gale) Jarrow 892477 h. Hebburn 832244 w.

SL 5 Funds 476cr.

Applies for Aide to Brigadier using influence from Fifi. Fails (Influence not of sufficiently high class.) Attempt liaison, fails. Cost 18cr.

Personal Outcome:	8	12	7	11
Queens Own Carabiniers.	+2	0	0	0
Subaltern.	+1	0	0	-1
	11	12	7	10
RESULT.	8	6	8	7

Jean is promoted to Captain (Brevet). SL 5 Funds 458cr.

HEAVY BRIGADE

Brigade Commander killed.

MAJOR ANDRE DAVIDSON (Andy Davidson) 01422 6386 h. Northwood 25244 ext 9 w.
SL 9 Funds 59cr.Applies for Brigade Major, succeeds. Attempts liaison, fails. Cost 11cr.
Personal Outcome:

Major.	7	10	6	12
Brigade Major.	+2	0	0	-2
	+1	0	0	-1
	10	10	6	9
RESULT.	9	10	9	9

Andre is mentioned in despatches twice (7 status points), knighted, and claims 150cr plunder.
NEW SL 10 Funds 198cr.

NOTE: Andre wishes to persuade the colonel of the Kings Musketeers to sack Auguste de Benquot le Dehge. Die roll required next month is 7.

CROWN PRINCE CUIRASSIERS

Colonel killed.

4 Captains killed.

CAPTAIN FRANCIS DASHWOOD (Ron Canham) 0473 51988. SL 6 Funds 196cr.

Applies for Rgt Adj, succeeds.

Personal Outcome:

Crown Prince Cuirassiers.	8	12	7	10
Captain.	+1	-1	-1	0
Rgt Adj.	+1	0	0	-1
	+2	0	0	-2
RESULT.	12	11	6	12

Since he can't be promoted, Francis is mentioned in despatches (3 status points).
SL 6 Funds 196cr.SUBALTERN MARCUS LA MERDE (Mark Holman) 569 1918. SL 5 Funds 435cr.

Tries for Aide to Brigadier, fails.

Personal Outcome:

Crown Prince Cuirassiers	8	12	7	11
Subaltern.	+1	-1	-1	0
	+1	0	0	-1
	10	11	6	10
RESULT.	10	11	7	8

Marcus is heavily wounded and returned home. He is promoted to Captain, Buys a horse and is mentioned in despatches (3 status points).

SL 5 Funds 335cr.

ARCHDUKE LEOPOLD CUIRASSIERS

colonel dies.

Lt col dies

2 Captains die.

MAJOR CHARLES HERCULE (Charles Vasey) Guisborough 2726. SL 11 Funds 850cr.

Applies for Brigade Major, fails.

Personal Outcome:

Archduke Leopolds Cuirassiers.	7	10	6	12
Major.	+2	0	0	0
Better result than superior.	+2	0	0	0
	-1	+1	+1	0
RESULT.	10	11	7	10

Charles is promoted to Lt Col, and his MA is increased to 8.

SL 11 Funds 850cr.

2nd DIVISIONGUARDS BRIGADEROYAL FOOT

Colonel dies.

Major 2nd Btn dies.

4 Captains killed.

Lt Col promoted.

2 Captains promoted.

MAJOR SERGE, COUNT (Rus) CHUKUSAFIVA (Steve Walker) 0642 68059 w. 0642 210864 h.

SL 11 Funds 2003cr.

(Continued over page.)

Personal Outcome:	6	7	5
Royal Foot Guards.	+3	0	+1
Major.	+2	0	0
Better result than superior.	-1	+1	+1
	10	8	7
RESULT.	0	8	11

Serge is mentioned in despatches (6 status points), and is promoted to Lt Col.
New MA is 7. SL 11 Funds 2003cr.

SUBALTERN LEOFRICK GRANDEARME (Chris Rick) SL 8 Funds 686cr.

Tries for post as trooper in Kings Troop. Fails, rank too high. Attempts liaison, succeeds. Cost 24cr.

Personal Outcome:	6	7	5
Royal Foot Guards.	+3	0	+1
Subaltern.	+1	0	0
Liaison.	+1	0	0
	11	7	6
RESULT.	8	7	12

Leofrick is mentioned in despatches (2 Status points), knighted and promoted to Captain.
NEW SL 10 Funds 662cr.

KINGS MUSKETEERS Lt Col killed.
all Captains killed.

CARDINALS GUARD Col dies.
Lt Col dies.

3 Captains die.
MAJOR NOAH SPEAKE DE INGLISCH (Alan Watson) Darlington 65609. SL 10 Funds 207cr.

Personal Outcome:	7	10	6	12
Cardinals Guard.	+2	0	0	-1
Major.	+2	0	0	-2
Better result than superior.	-1	+1	+1	0
	10	11	7	9
RESULT.	10	9	6	7

Noah is heavily wounded and returned home suffering from piles. MA increased to 4.
SL 10 Funds 207cr.

SUBALTERN HEINRICH VON BAUM (Roy Taylor) Nuneaton 329837. 1400-1900hrs.
SL 7 Funds 754cr.

Personal Outcome:	7	10	6	12
Cardinals Guard.	+2	0	0	-1
Subaltern.	+1	0	0	-1
	10	10	6	10
RESULT.	6	8	4	7

SL 7 Funds 754cr.

1st BRIGADE OF FOOT

MAJOR QUIGHTAYE D'ASTARD (Marcus Watney) SL 4 Funds 23cr.
Applies for Brigade Major, succeeds.

Personal Outcome:	8	12	7	11
Major.	+2	0	0	-2
Brigade Major.	+1	0	0	-1
	11	12	7	8
RESULT.	4	7	4	9

Quightaya claims 50cr plunder. SL 4 Funds 73cr.

ROYAL MARINES Major 2nd Btr dies.
1 Captain killed.
1 Captain promoted to major.

MAJOR CARLOS DE SIGUENZA Y GONGORA (Peter Charlton) SL 5 Funds 122cr.

Personal Outvome:	10	10	9	9
Royal Marines.	+1	0	0	0
Major.	+8	5	11	4
	13	10	9	7
RESULT.	8	5	11	4

Carlos is mentioned in despatches (5 status points) and awarded the Legion D'Honneur.
SL 5 Funds 122cr.

PICARDY MUSKETEERS

LT Col dies.

CAPTAIN NICOLAI BOROZOFALL PIZPIRETO CABALLERO DE BARCELONA (Kedge Neuman)

SL 3 Funds 14cr.

Personal Outcome:

Picardy Musketeers.	9	12	8	10
Captain.	0	0	+1	0
	+1	0	0	-1
	10	12	9	5
RESULT.	8	3	9	5

Nicolai is mentioned in despatches (1 status point).

SL 3 Funds 14cr.

THE SCARLET PIMP (SUBALTERN) (Richard Bartle)

SL 6 Funds 18cr.

Personal:

Picardy Musketeers.	9	12	8	10
Subaltern.	0	0	+1	0
	+1	0	0	-1
	10	0	0	0
RESULT.	5	6	7	5
SL 3 Funds 14cr.	5	6	7	5

2nd BRIGADE OF FOOT

Brigadier dies.

Lt Col (13th Fus.) promoted. (Brevet)

13th FUSILIERS

All Captains killed.

MAJOR GASTON FANCIER (Gary Porter) 01 681 7521 w. 01 651 0645 h. SL 4 Funds 530

Personal Outcome:

13th Fusiliers.	9	12	8	10
Major.	0	0	0	0
	+2	0	0	-2
	11	12	8	8

RESULT.

6 9 8 7

Gaston is mentioned in despatches (5status points).

SL 4 Funds 530cr.

53rd FUSILIERS

Col dies.

Lt Col dies.

4 Captains die.

Major 2nd Btn promoted,

2 Captains promoted.

MAJOR HAROLD FLASHMAN (John Piggott)

SL 6 Funds 51cr.

Applies for Brigade Major using Mrs Paget's class 4 favour. Fails.

Personal Outcome:

53rd Fusiliers.	6	7	5	-
Major.	0	0	0	0
Poltroonery.	+2	0	0	-2
	8	3	0	0
RESULT.	11	7	5	7
	5			

Your MA increases to 5, unfortunately your blatant cowardice was seen and you are forever cashiered from the 53rd Fusiliers. You will lose 6 status points per month until you have redeemed yourself.

SL 6 Funds 51cr.

3rd DIVISION3rd BRIGADE OF FOOT27th MUSKETEERS

Col dies.

Lt Col dies.

All Captains killed.

MAJOR FIGARO SPEACH (Rod Hunt)

SL 4 Funds 386cr.

Applies for Brigade Major, fails.

Personal Outcome:

27th Musketeers.	7	10	6	12
Major.	0	0	0	0
	+2	0	0	-2
	9	10	6	10
RESULT.	6	5	7	8

Figaro is promoted to Lt Col.

SL 4 Funds 386cr.

CHALLENGE: Figaro Speach challenges Laurence de Ricarditot to a duel for publically liaising with Anne Peyboule. Weapon- Rapier. Seconds and witnesses: Figaro- Chukusafiva and Noah; Laurence- None.

There might be some confusion over the extra personal outcome modifiers for special positions within the Army. Unfortunately I have left my errata over in NI so I can't check the exact wording. In the 2nd errata it states something to the effect that all aides receive the personal outcome modifiers of their superiors. I feel it would be totally illogical to add to one own modifiers all those pertaining to ones superior. So I am interpreting this to mean only those modifiers granted for "Command of a Brigade" etc. The position of Brigade Major receives the special modifier of its own, and nothing extra for being an "Aide" which it isn't, if you see what I mean. A Brigade Major also loses the regimental modifiers as he is no longer serving with a specific Rgt.

Many condolences to those who have died this month. I feel sure you will take solice in the fact that your deaths were not in vain. (It means more money for me.) Would you all please confirm you wish to continue and I'll print you characters next time.

The Order of Battle will be the same next month, and the types of engagements will also be the same.

SOCIAL LEAGUE TABLE
@200000000000000000000000

			RGT	RANK	MISTRESS	MONEY
1	12	Marquis Benedict D'Amber	(Pete Lindsay)	DG	LCol Countess Isabella	1145
2	11	Chevalier Touloose Lalot	(Gus Ferguson)	DG	Maj	1560
11	Baron Charles Hercule de	(Charles Vasey)	ALC	LCol	850	
11	Serge Count (Rus) Chukusafiva	(Steve Walker)	RFG	LCol Madame Sophia	2003	
5	10	Auguste de Benquot le Deghe	(Dave Tant)	KM	Maj Tess Tickal	2696
10	Chevalier Fabian Titanique.	(Bill Howard)	QOC	Maj	765	
10	Chevalier Andre D'Avidson	(Andy Davidson)	ALC	Maj Miss Wiberforce	198	
10	Chevalier Lemfrick Grandearme	(Chris Rick)	RFG	Cap Florence Quasimodo	662	
10	Noah Speake de Inglish	(Alan Watson)	CG	Maj Donna Bella Legomia	207	
10		(John Braithwaite)	CG	Sub	675	
11	7	Heinrich von Baum	(Roy Taylor)			754
7			(Graham Jeffery)			750
7			(Pete Dorgan)			250
14	6	Jules Barramoir	(Martin Rundle)	GDM	Maj Linda Pomme-Roi	405
6	Francis Dashwood	(Ron Canham)	CPC	Cap Lucy Belinda	196	
6	The Scarlet Pimp	(Richard A Bartle)	PM	Sub	18	
6	Harold Flashman	(John Piggott)			Mrs Paget	51
18	5	Gárcia Monastário	(Clive Waterhouse)	GDM	Cap	1397
5	Jean Paul De Couer Noir	(Ray Gale)	QOC	CapBtFifi Le Bonbon	458	
5	Marcus la Merde	(Mark Holman)	CPC	Cap	335	
5	Carlos de Siguenza Y Gongora	(Peter Charlton)	RM	Maj	122	
5	Sebastion de Senna Podde	(Carl Jennings)			Lady Constance	481
5		(George North)				750
24	4	Dee-Jean Mustard	(Paul Barker)			134
4	Gideon Poirot	(Bill Thorne)	RNH	Pte		12
4	Quightaye d'Astard	(Marcus Watney)	PM	Maj	73	
4	Gaston Fancier	(Gary Porter)	13F	Maj	530	
4	Figaro Speach	(Rod Hunt)	27M	LCol Anne Peyboule	386	
4	Eric de Pate de Fois Gras	(Ian R McLaren)	4As	Cap Theresa Contella	685	
4		(Bob Stuart)				250
4		(Chris Boyes)				250
32	3	Don Diego Delavega	(Clive Booth)			123
3	Laurence de Ricarditot	(Laurence Parrott)				274
3	Nicolae Borozofall Pizporeto...	(KedgeNeuman)	PM	Cap	14	
3		(Andrew Geldard)				250
3		(Paul Blackwell)				225
37	1	Rex Van Ryn	(Clive Wardley)			21
38	- 40	are all dead at the moment.				

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

JOHN PIGGOTT- 15 Freeland Rd, Ealing.

PAUL BARKER- Home: Kirtling, Brushford, Dulverton, West Somerset. Termtime: Clifton Hill House, Lower Clifton Hill, Bristol, Avon, B88 1BX.

PETE LINDSAY- 6 Albany Park, St Andrews, Fife, Scotland.

MARK HOLMAN- 96 Francis St, Leichardt, NSW, Australia 2040.

No Dateline

"Gentlemen, we have the technology - we can rebuild him - we can make him better... faster....stronger than ever before!"

The audience erupted into spontaneous applause as Sir James St. John Smythe, haed surgeon at St. Catherines Royal Hospital, London, and guest speaker to the students of the Paris Infirmary, completed his controversial speech. Beside him, on the stage, sat the bandaged form of a Castillian noble, the bandages that swathed him being there due to serious injuries received whislt defending his honour during two recent duels. Sir James motioned the Castillian to his feet before the appreciative audience. "Don Diego Delavega" he said, an arm around his shoulders. "We will make you a superman!". The lecture hall again erupted into a volcano of sound, as both Sir James and Don Diego were carried shoulder high from the hall in the direction of the oprating theatre.....

DEPRESSIONS IN DIEPPE

At the risk of being hanged by a most delicate digit, I have come to the conclusion that our good monarch, King Smelly the Turd is having a hard time of it of late. Having disclosed the achilles heel of one player who declines all battles (no sires, tis not Benny but another if you check your last issues orders). He has also been rather hard on several of his more dubious supporters in an endeavour to crush an ugly rumour that certain characters are conspiring to overthrow the King and declare a republic.....

((The King is unavailable for comment, something about having to get his torture chamber in working order))

The aggressions of our Spanish (neighbours) flies into a crescendo (to coin a Spanish word), and now the majority of our brave (and not so brave) warriors and worriers alike are sent to crush this rape and pillageing of our beautiful countryside. I don't think the King objected to them picking the flowers, but when they started making eyes at his brother in law and his pet poodle, I think he thought the end too near..... Now we will see if some of our characters who so freely flex their paper muscles are really tough or do they just smell strong.....? My advice to the pretty Officers of the poncy Princess Louisa's Light Dragoons - "they don't like it up em...." to coin a well used Victorian phrase (whoops, sorry, there I go again being futuristic in my quotes.)

After the war is over, and our society returns to a norm, I see we shall be subjected to the meddlings of Parliament - a certain Lord Foppington seems destined for greater things - I hope he succeeds as he'd look rather foolish in the other hot place in Hell....

To recap, for your amusement or teeth grinding exercises, the events of the last month, as distorted by your interminable reporter:-

Andre D'Avidson learned to his loss of the unfaithful activities of Miss Wilberforce with that dirty Knight , Fabian Titanique. Now knowing this surly soul, a Diplomacy move is brewing for Fabian - so watch your back.... Auguste de Benquot le Dheghe returned after his recent triumphal exit from the field of honour to hold a tremendous party to which all but the creeping Benny and Andre D'Avidson went - even our card of society, de Inglisch tried to get in - disguised of course, for how else would he be admitted to anything respectable in Paris - however, the King ~~decided~~ it up saw fit to unfrock him (Kinky with it), and yet another dastardly and despicable trick failed at first base....vlessed are those who don't kick against the pricks (Bible quotes too you see) and by gum we don't half have some right pricks in this game.... It seems likely that th Bothwell- D'Ambar Trust is likely to crash in the near future, for thanks to the astute observations of several reporters, this puny (if financially bloated) character must now stand up and be Counted - he's already a Marquis of course. I wonder if he can fight in the name of his King - stand by for a report next month from the front - for as always, to bring you accurate reporting we always have a foot in Front.

No Dateline

From Auguste Benquot le Deghe, newly elected president of the "It's what we're all fighting for chaps" Society.

As all our brave young men are off fighting the foreign foe, it is essential that we, the loyal patriots who couldn't go, should find ways of keeping their lovely women folk happy.

Therefore, next month, the Society is holding a wounded soldiers ball (Insert your own apostrophe) at Hunters. All wounded soldiers, lonely mistresses, and anyone else who fancies a bit will be welcome, and a mamber of the Royal Family, recently demobilised from the Navy, is being invited as Guest of Honour.

Our gallant soldiers can rest assured that their loved ones are in good ~~hands~~ hands while they are away.

Special Invitation to the Crown Prince, Your Highness,

your father's adoring subjects would be delighted if you would grace a soiree at Hunters in week 2 of next month, with your presence. The event is planned to keep happy the girlfriends of those of our soldiers who are abroad at the moment, and will, of course, be conducted with the utmost discretion (Nudge, nudge, say no more.).

Your humble servant,

A de A le Deghe, (Major, 2nd Btn, KM.)

COUNT CHUKUSAFIVA (R) WC. Chevalier de Trouserin to Marquis D'Amber.

Dear Marquis,

your interest in my welfare is indeed touching; and your offer to share your desk with me at the reading classes is deeply appreciated. I had in fact already enrolled in the Sorbumme to chair a series of popular entertainment programmes in the "Mastermind" vein. The quarter finals are now upon us and I must insist that you show more initiative and interest. Do not forget that the masses may gain an unfortunate impression of the nobility if you continue to render your name as "Pass". In the next programme I will attempt to ask you more, shall we say, basic, questions. Regreatably my local library was unable to lend me their copy of the Observers book of 'Geriatric Gigolos' so that all the questions will now be set by the manager of the Credit Lyonnais; to whom your overdraft is causing concern.

In closing may I say that even a Sub human intelligence should be capable of understanding my "Court Line" remark. That you did not is one more nail in the coffin of the Gallic Education system. It is perhaps significant that your ex-tutor is now a sanitary inspector in Ga bon. To such measures are we all sunk.

Yours with every expression of good feeling,

your devoted mentor, Chuckusafiva.

LORD FOPPINGTONS GAZETTE

Shock and horror, dear reader, shock and horror were the twin emotions that surged in my breast! His most Christian Majesty has knighted that miscreant Fabian Titanique! A man of little scruple, this who has lecherously seduced Miss Wiberforce from the arms of Andre D'Avidson. One can but think Fabe had little need for bribery as D'Avidson has hitched his wagon to the inane braying buffoon - D'Amber, whose foolishness I have oft commented on. Miss Wiberforce, scenting the smell of ambition on Titanique has wisely decided to keep on D'Avidson in the position of wealthy cuckold. I have many times spotlighted our Fabe as a man who plays both ends against the middle, beware oh Paris!

After this shack a more pleasurable event lightened my load. Once more the foul mouthed D'Amber has failed to produce Private Eye. This has advanced the cultural state of Paris no end. Indeed by not writing it I fear Benny may have earned himself the Booker Prize.

The God of War smiled upon his acolytes this month with de Sanspeur being granted an Irish Baronetcy (Baron of Mairgh-Irsay de Bulkely) although heaven knows the effect that the five months at the front will have had upon this brooding genius! Now he is once more ordered to Spain - will he never return? Ah, truely the Gods love well the good and keep them from temptation. The Scarlet Pimp who was so recently a guest at Chateau Foppington was deep in the arms of Morpheus and failed to list to Ares' brazen call! Tis rumoured his offensive presence is the casus belli for the coming war. If it was not seditious I might agree with the Spaniards. What of our new saviour, the Russian Chukusafiva? He has gone to the front and has soundly thrashed the silly switzers, proving himself not only a brave soldier but a gallant noble. Truely our country has reason to smile when such men are willing to serve her.

Not only the nobility are producing such public spirited persons. I would like to bring to your attention the rising young blade Harry Flashman. Sadly I have had previously to tick him off for profligate womanising and being a wine-bibber. Now I am pleased to see he has risen considerably in society's eyes, he is ((was)) in a rather minor infantry regiment and has taken up with Mrs Paget - who, one hopes, exercises a temperate influence upon this budding prodigy.

I observe his majesty has wisely decided to tax the rabble by the means of the new Parliament, who will be the budding politicians who leap forward. Allow me to point the ffickle finger of ffate. First, two nobles have acquired rotten boroughs - Benedict D'Amber is rumoured to be standing as a member of the Students Union of France (The Sewer-bonne). the Baron is standing as a member of the National Bocialist party at his borough of Buggleskelly. Looking at the true democratic boroughs one is struck by a lack of organisation, although one could select certain nobles as possible party leaders. Let us examine Auguste de Benquot le Deghe who has shown considerable skill in shattering the tottering Bothwell-Amber Tours and in lifting himself from the lower ranks of society. Thus he possesses the necessary abilities of any politician, organisation, ambition and MONEY!

Of course the noble Russian has much specie ((?)) as has Lalot but they lack the organisational ability. Examine Auguste's friends, they cover every single borough barring the exclusive Drooling-On-The-Lapel. If he expands on this power base then we may soon see him as His Majesty's First Minister. Who could have thought when this penniless smoothie oiled his way into his Rgt that beneath the rough exterior beat an even rougher heart.

As the most respected political commentator in Paris I feel it incumbent upon me to comment further on possible groupings. The Hunters Mob is, I feel, a marriage of convenience which will not withstand the shock of an election. There is the powerful Spanish Requetes Party including such notables as Siguenza y Gongora, Monastario, Speach, Don Diego Delavega (that most truculent of men) and possibly the strangely cognomened Pizpireto. Lead by such a desperado as Don Diego this group could threaten the mighty Hornsea Mob, The Blue Gables Gang and the emasculated Bothwell T ours. I make no secret of my support for Sergei Chukusafiva, the man is a pukka chap, if you want to vote for his Russian Roulette Party why not drop him a line with a request for election funds (20cr each). You know it makes sense.

TO THE SECRETARY, Horse Guards Club. Sir,

I feel I must tender my resignation from your Club due to the low standard of the present membership. "Lord" Foppington is a case in point. Not only is this person rude to every member who passes across the threshold, but he also has unpleasant personal habits. It is rumoured that he is living in sin with an unemployed Inspector Sanitaire and this kind of thing just lets the Club down.

I would be pleased if you could return my back issues of Jeu Garcon.

Yours,

Fabian T. Chevalier de France.

LA PLUME DE FER "In the Public Interest"

My close associate and fellow stockholder in the Bacteria, Lord Foppington, has informed me that the public hero Le Deghe was engaged in a sordid wrangle over his Blue Gables account. The manager, Antoine, would not accept Le Deghe's Excess Caed in payment for the mammoth Binge last month. In pleading terms, our hero begged his guests for a loan. All 8 notables instantly found it necessary to visit the gentlemens cloakroom, and in the crush at the door two innocent guests were trampled to death. Overwhelmed at this storm of apathy our insolvent cavalier clutched his wounded grmin and feigned a swoon. Shacked at this display of weakness Antoine and his doormen, Muscles and Gouger, attempted to revive the foetal Auguste by lovingly placed kicks to the crutch. After the 32nd size 13 had reduced his marital chances to zero, the Ex gigolo leapt to his feet, assumed the Hai-ki-do killing stance favoured by the Korean black belt Ah-Shi, and collapsed for real. His tormentors; 62 stone of blue chins and shoulder holstered rapiers, recommenced their therapy but were diverted when a -owerful wallet fell from the victims crimsoned tunic. In the hiatus the damaged Auguste, screaming softly to himself, crawled to safety in the ladie powder room. After finding that the wallet contained only blank promissary notes bound in fifties, Antoine swore revenge and stated in public that the next club he built would be erected on the bridge of le Deghe's nose.

This apparent ill feeling goes much deeper; indeed, Le Deghe's Sicillian ancestry is steeped in the lore of the Mafioso. Known to his intimates as "Augie"; Le Deghe has been prominent in many nefarious unione coarse plots and counterplots. Consider his record (released by Paris police in hardback. 3cr.)

April 1st 1652 Born to impoverished parents in Palermo. His father, an ex Duke, was at that time caddie at a miniature Golf course in the city.

Jan 1653 The Deghes, forced out of the city by public opinion (Only people in Italy to have a pram drawn by percherons). Move to La Kasa, a small village famed for the power of its cheeses (The Chevalier Lalot was felled by one fired from a culverin; silver bullets having failed)

Feb 1661 Auguste's precocious talent finally recognised and his bruised mother takes him to the monastery of the Blessed Virgin of Pinner, where he is taken in as the "before" part of a Vatican sponsored "before conversion and after" religious commercial. Pope Ghenghis VII however, on viewing the result, screamed, "Who needs this meshuggener?" And was last seen organising Satanist rites among retired social workers in Etheopia.

Mar 1670 Auguste joins the Army as a trainee Musketry target. He is fired after 8 months, and is arrested by the local police as a moral danger. Escaping from the dreaded Sing Low prison in company with axe murderer and philanthropist Noah "Knuckles" Inglish, he becomes involved in the dealings of the Mafia.

Sept 1678 Top Mafioso Don Corleone D'Amberini impressed by the simple idiocy of Auguste despatches him on a mission of death to New York. Twelve months later Augie arrives to find the city not yet built but is sold a share in the future Brooklyn Bridge by honest Dan Rockefeller, at that time ensconced in a 14 storey tent in the projected Wall St area.

Arriving back at the Dons place in little Sicilly, Wigan, the hapless Deghe proudly flourishes his share certificate. The outraged Don Amberini, who had staked his fortune on heavy investment in downtown Manhatten, assumes this to be a lack of faith on Augies part and sends him for a ride. The hit man however is non other than the over muscled Englisch, willing, but of tree stump intellect, and the sawn of caliver volley left Auguste wounded only. Fleeing to France he fakes a battle wound and is accepted reluctantly into society.

It is rumoured that the sign of the Black Hand has appeared around Augie's lodgings, at MA's Massage Parlour and Soup Kitchen and that a hideous apparition with the body of a crab and the head of a marriage counsellor has been seen lurking about his rooms. This abomination can only be Anberini's top hit man D'Avidson, surgically altered to render him inconspicuous. This is indeed bad news for Augie as D'Avidson never fails, and was used by "crusher" Diego to surreptitiously remove Ffitzwilliam by sucking out his brain through a straw.

Our reporters are following Augie in the hope of obtaining an on the spot deathbed confession as D'Avidson strikes, and our front page is being held over to this end.

Your Servant X.

((I enjoyed that, bloody good reading.))

THE EDITOR Depressions in Dieppe, Address Unknown. ((Try Dieppe))

Sir, it has been brought to my attention that you have most foully maligned my fair name. I would not have noticed this insult as I choose to ignore your third rate column, but your evil statements have been brought to my attention and I cannot let it pass. You accuse me of dragging along a ball and chain. Nothing could be further from the truth. Are you so stupid you cannot recognise a beer keg when you see one? And then you have the impudence to link me to that scandal sheet La Plume de la Fer. I would not be seen dead near it. There is only one column worse in town, and that is your own.

I was unable to find the address of the park bench you sleep on. The brothel you normally frequent no longer desires your patronage, as it has become widely suspected that you have contracted an unsociable disease. Finally I was able to persuade one of your numerous creditors to give you this note next time he dropped by with a summons.

I remain disrespectfully yours, Marcus la Merde.

CHUKUSA FIVA TRIUMPHS!! Enemy Confounded!! Noted ~~Friend~~ Routs Enemy Hordes!! Our Glorious Victory!

Paris' favourite son, Count (R) Chukusafiva, but recently arrived at the front rode like a grim reaper through hosts of the enemy. Following him, his 600 stout guardsmen emulated the leader they adored and cut a swathe of destruction. The invincible legions of our noble King are once more triumphant! The noble warrior does not solely possess the martial virtues; on taking the city the valiant count behaved with such gallantry that the Mayor appointed him honorary Geshitze Skrubber. This rare honour, we believe, entails the arduous task of cleaning bird excrement from cuckoo clocks; and is carried out on April 1st each year. A pension of 1cr is paid.

Ave to our young Caesar!

I now fid myself with only 1 more stencil left after this one, and I won't be getting any more from Clive until too late too type anymore. Methinks a lot of stuff is going to get left out of this issue. I must get the Rgt Organisation Tables in, so here they are:

REGIMENTAL ORGANISATION

	<u>DRAGOON GUARDS</u>	<u>QUEENS OWN CARABINIERS</u>	<u>ROYAL FOOT</u>
Colonel	NPC-Rgt Cdr	NPC-Rgt Cdr	NPC-Rgt Cdr
Lt Col	Benedict-1st Sqn Cdr	NPC-1st Sqn Cdr	Sege-1st Btn Cdr
Major	Touloose-2nd Sqn Cdr	Fabian- Brigade Major	NPC-2nd Btn Cdr
Major	Vacant	Vacant	NPC-3rd Btn Cdr
Captain	NPC-Act 3rd Sqn Cdr	NPC-Act 2nd Sqn Cdr	NPC-A Cpy Cdr
Captain	NPC-Atrp Cdr	NPC-Act 3rd Sqn Cdr	Leofrick-B Cpy Cdr
Captain	NPC-B Trp Cdr	NPC-A Trp Cdr	NPC-C Cpy Cdr
Captain	NPC-C Trp Cdr	NPC-B Trp Cdr	NPC-D CPy Cdr
Captain	Vacant	Vacant	Vacant
Captain	Vacant	Vacant	Vacant

KINGS MUSKETEERS

Colonel	NPC-Rgt Cdr
Lt Col	Vacant
Major	Auguste-wounded
Major	NPC-Act 1st Btn Cdr
Captain	NPO-Act 2nd Btn Cdr
Captain	NPC-Act 3rd Btn Cdr
Captain	NPC-A Cpy Cdr
Captain	NPC-B Cpy Cdr
Captain	Vacant
Captain	Vacant

CARDINALS GUARD

	Vacant
	Vacant
	NPC-Act Rgt Cdr
	Noah-wounded
	NPC-Act 1st Btn Cdr
	NPC-Act 2nd Btn Cdr
	NPC-Act 3rd Btn Cdr
	Vacant
	Vacant

CROWN PRINCE CUIRASSIERS

	Vacant
	NPC-Act Bgd Cdr
	NPC-Act Rgt Cdr
	NPC-1st Sqn Cdr
	NPC-Act 2nd Sqn Cdr
	Francis-Act 3rd Sqn Cdr
	Marcus-wounded
	NPC-A Trp Cdr
	Vacant
	Vacant

ARCHDUKE LEOPOLDS CUIRAS.GRAND DUKE MAX DRAGOONS

Colonel	Vacant
Lt Col	Charles-Act Rgt Cdr
Major	Andre-Brigade Major
Major	Vacant
Captain	NPC-Act 1st Sqn Cdr
Captain	NPC-Act 2nd Sqn Cdr
Captain	NPC-Act 3rd Sqn Cdr
Captain	NPC-A Trp Cdr
Captain	Vacant
Captain	Vacant

ROYAL MARINES

Colonel	NPC-Rgt Cdr
Lt Col	NPC-1st Btn Cdr
Major	Carlos-2nd Btn Cdr
Major	NPC-3rd Btn Cdr
Captain	NPC-A Cpy Cdr
Captain	NPC-B Cpy Cdr
Captain	NPC-C Cpy Cdr
Captain	NPC-D Cpy Cdr
Captain	Vacant
Captain	Vacant

PICARDY MUSKETEERS

	NPC-Rgt Cdr
	Vacant
	Quightaye-Brigade Major
	NPC-Act 1st Btn Cdr
	NPC-Act 2nd Btn Cdr
	NPC-Act 3rd Btn Cdr
	NPC-A Cpy Cdr
	NPC-B Cpy Cdr
	NPC-C CPy Cdr
	NPC-D Cpy Cdr

PRINCESS LOUISA LIGHT DGNS

	Vacant
	NPC-Act Rgt Cdr
	Vacant
	Vacant
	NPC-Act 1st Sqn Cdr
	NPC-Act 2nd Sqn Cdr
	NPC-Act 3rd Sqn Cdr
	NPC-A Trp Cdr
	Vacant
	Vacant

13th FUSILIERS

	NPC-Brevet Bgd Cdr
	NPC-Act Rgt Cdr
	Gaston-1st Btn Cdr
	NPC-2nd Btn Cdr
	NPC-Act /rd Btn Cdr
	NPC-A Cpy Cdr
	NPC-B Cpy Cdr
	NPC-C Cpy Cdr
	Vacant
	Vacant

53rd FUSILIERS

Colonel	Vacant
Lt Col	NPC-Act Rgt Cdr
Major	NPC-1st Btn Cdr
Major	NPC-2nd Btn Cdr
Captain	NPC-Act 3rd Btn Cdr
Captain	NPC-A Cpy Cdr
Captain	NPC-B Cpy Cdr
Captain	NPC-C Cpy Cdr
Captain	Vacant
Captain	Vacant

27th MUSKETEERS

	Vacant
	Figaro-Act Rgt Cdr
	NPC-1st Btn Cdr
	Vacant
	NPC-Act 2nd Btn Cdr
	NPC-Act 3rd Btn Cdr
	NPC-A Cpy Cdr
	NPC-B Cpy Cdr
	Vacant
	Vacant

4th ARQUEBUSIERS

	NPC-Rgt Cdr
	NPC-1st Btn Cdr
	NPC-2nd Btn Cdr
	NPC-3rd Btn Cdr
	NPC-A Cpy Cdr
	NPC-B Cpy Cdr
	NPC-C Cpy Cdr
	Eric-D Cpy Cdr
	NPC-E Cpy Cdr
	Vacant

CAUSES FOR DUEL

Noah has cause to challenge Benedict for liaising with Donna Bella Legomia.

Figaro has cause to challenge Laurence for the liaison with Anne Peyboule.

No other challenges were taken up from last month. Ser Cum Spect did not turn up for his duel.

This just about completes this issue. There are an awful lot of queries unanswered and a lot of interesting points not discussed. These will have to wait for the next issue. Bits and Pieces is here, or part of it, is. I have had a few comments on the Parliament rules, although not as muchas I would have liked. You still have time to give me your comments before next issue. The vote on pistols was overwhelmingly for, so with one or two modifications whick I'll be listing next issue they're in. I'll sned you your pistol expertise individually under seperate cover. The player, or character, with the Clap stil has it. And that's it. Happy new year.

DEADLINE DEADLINE DEADLINE DEADLINE FRIDAY 21 JANUARY DEADLINE DEADLINE DEADLINE DEADLINE

Grovel

Here we are again, back in time for the 'shooting' season, this year's hunt is being arranged at the Spanish border and many society notables are thought likely to attend, by personal invitation of the King....

What effects this will have on Town society for the duration of the hunt remains to be seen.

Of course even all those who remain in the city are not necessarily going to be seen about for a few months. Rumours have been heard that suggest that 'undesirable aliens' are likely to be put into protective custard incase the mob becomes inflamed with patriotic passion on hearing of our glorious armed forces' inevitable victories that are even now being invented by the Ministry of Lies, Distortions and Official Histories (Sole Prop Lord Floppingballs).

Some of those tipped for the luxury suite at the Hotel Bastille (all mod cons, inc hot and cold dripping slime) are the well known clap epidemic and francophobe Don Dago ("just call me greasy") DeClavega, and an unpronounceable Spanish-Russian half breed from Barcelona.

Of course there are some who will not be too sad to leave the city at this time, for instance Bonny D'Amber has been having rather a badtime of it recently, having had his good name dragged through the mire by every one of the gutter press publications that sprang up in our absence.... Remember Benny you'll get a better class of mire from L'Oeil...

So to it: Ther party scene has suddenly changed as certain people have realised that the practice of toadying can work two ways, hence we see the start of what be the new style at Auguste de Benquette le Deghe's party at the Blue Gables, where he paid for people to attend! Of course the result was a little less refined than a typical D'Amber lecture, and in fact the culminating ion of this tasteless event was the expulsion of one Jules Barramoir for acts of gross

cruelty against dumb animals when he stood on the owners dog in an attempt to make up the difference between his 4'2" and the bar's 4'6", all went well until he tried to lift his second half pint mug of the evening when he fell off the 'stool' spilling his shandy. In a fit of drunken ill humour he then proceeded to try and balance the legs of the 'stool' with his pen-knife macking a chock every now and again by jumping up and down on it to "see if it still rocks" much to the displeasure of the animals owner, the manager's wife. The managorhimself later revealed to me that it was not so much the loss of the dog that upset him ("a savage little brute...") but rather the way in which Barramoir tried to deny any knowledge of the deed whilst furtively rubbing the sticky mess into the carpet with his foot.... "It was a new carpet you see I'd only picked it up from one of the Bothwells dustbins the week before..."

And on the subject of things pulled out of dustbins some very strange rumours have reached me concerning the identity of the editor of Lord Fops Gazette, favourite tablecloth at the Cafe Bacteria (meeting place of the gutter press). The Gazette is well known for its vendetta against Benny D'Amber indeed this is the main source of its circulation. Yet it is noticeable that the Big F as he has reacently been called, also takes more than the occassional swipe at the Hunters Mob, and that while his accusations against Benny are too far fetched to impress anyone o (other than the touchingly trusting Noah de English) his items about them are much subtler and ring true. This has lead some to speculate that the D'Amber stories are merely there as a blind.... ..and that D'Amber himself runs the Gazette.

Investigations, as the Surcto say, are continuing!

Noah - About Face?

Benny D'Amber ~~was talking to me~~ recently when he last slip the fact that Noah De English very nearly apologised to him recently. It seems that Noah admitted that he had no real quarrel with Benny, just that painted as a cad and bully and egged on by the jealousy of the Hunters mob he picked on Benny as his target.

Wondering if this and his reluctance to fight with Flandry de la Terre, did indicate the revelation of a new facet to Noah's character I took my myself, heart in mouth and scented kerchief to nose, to beard the lion in his den:

Grovel Noah, certain recent events have led to speculation that you may be becoming a reformed character?

Noah Step outside and say that.

Grovel Er, well how do you explain your recent letter to the Marquis D'Amber?

Noah I don't remember it. I must have been sober, have some Meths.

Grovel Hm Well what about your refusal to fight with Flandry de la Terre then?

Noah Its very difficult to fence with a sheet of iron down the back of your pantaloons, and backed up against a tree....!

Grovel I see what you mean

Writings on the Wall

Strrolling past Bothwells the other day day I noticed the words "Sergi cool OK" daubed on a nearby wall and paused to enquire of the Doorman as to the reason why this had not been removed immediately on its appearance.

"Well you see sir its orders of the Marquis de- well I'd better not say who, but he made a little addition and said that there was no need to clean the wall for a couple of days, and as he gave me 50 cr 'to pay the cleaners when they do come' I didn't argue, you see sir."

Intrigued by this I inspected the wall a little more closely and sure enough I found the addition:

"But he's not a member"
A telling point perhaps?

EDITORIAL

It has been a source of great distress to me recently to see how one of the nobler spirits in our land has had his good name dragged through the mire by the gutter press

This peaceful old gentleman and noted educationalist has attracted the envy of the lower orders in daring to be a nobleman born of an ancient and honourable House, rather than a Jonny-come-lately life honour of which far too many are currently being doled out to all sorts of common soldiers.

In their search for mud to sling at this wonderfully generous person they have fixed on his christian attitude displayed in his refusal to slaughter a certain well known ruffian-about-town merely for 'honour's sake', and labelled this cowardice!

Other vile accusations that have surfaced from the depths of their filthy minds are of profiteering meaning his attempts to cover the costs of his philanthropic talks given at great expence to the populace, and perhaps make a small profit to help keep himself and his constant companion Mistress Rita Chevrolet R.Ed who assists him in his lectures.

Frankly I am disgusted that His Majesty should allow this to happen to one of his loyalest subjects and cannot believe that He is aware of the full baseness of these terrible accusations. Action must be taken and taken soon to protect this poor innocent man!

To help him fight these injustices a fighting fund has been set up and I am sure that all men of good will will want to contribute generously to it. The address to send your money to is; Gnome Fighting Fund,

Swiss Bank No. 987654.

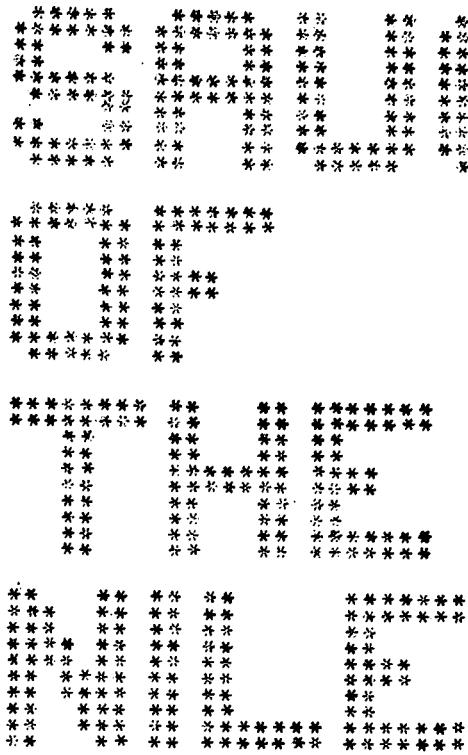
C/o Gnome House.

You can be sure that your money will be greatly appreciated.

E. E. LeStrobes
p.p. Lord Gnome
Gnome Château
Neasden
Paris

At last!

This is a flier for



SAUCE

SAUCE of the Nile is a monthly-turnaround zine about to be launched upon the world from the home of Richard Bartle, which is at 6, The Crescent,

Hornsea,
E. Yorkshire.
HU18 1SW.

Believe it or not, by some evil design I've not got any subscribers - yet. First of all, the bad news; prices. The cost of SAUCE will be 0.4p per printed side of zine plus postage, which can be any class you like (telegrams?). However, to give you all a chance for love at first sight, the first issue will be free of charge? Now isn't that the most generous offer you've heard all day? Like a fool I thought I may get some

subbers that way. All you need do is send me a stamp and your address; the zine will arrive as soon as possible after it's printed.

Games will be available (surprised?) for the fee of 50p plus 50p deposit. The deposit is, of course, returnable, but one amount of 50p covers you for all your games in Sauce. Thus you can play in 3 games for the same total deposit as one game, 50p. See?

I'll GM anything you like provided I've got the rules, map and there are enough players. However, if the task is too awesome, I'll pass the buck onto someone else (any volunteers?). Sub-zines are welcome, so if you feel like getting SAUCE free, drop me a line. Like most editors, I'll be on the lookout for articles, letters, praises etc, so if there's any bright young lad out there who wants to help a poor up-and-coming zine editor, hi!

With regards to trades, I'll swap credit or do direct trades with anyone and everyone who approaches me on the subject.

Look at all this wasted space at the bottom of the page! I'll never make a living this way....

Hope to hear from you soon,

Richard

Reverent friends at all ends of the earth
and especially to dear friends
at home, I send my love and best regards.

My mother has been very ill for a week
and still is not quite well - especially with a cold
and rheumatism which seems to be getting worse.
She is not able to get about much but
is still able to sit up and eat and
read books and listen to music and
watching the birds outside the window which
she likes very much.

It would be nice to have you here to help care for her
but we are trying to get along without help
as long as possible. We have a good supply of food
and medicine and we are trying to keep her comfortable
and as comfortable as possible. She is not able to do
any work or go out but she is able to sit up and read
and listen to music and watch the birds outside the window.
She is very fond of the birds and loves to see them
flying around the house and eating from the bird feeders.
She is also fond of reading and listening to music.
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