

Yes, your postcard got through in time - just !!
See you at Craig's on 4' 15m? FOR

MAD POLICY

ISSUE
NUMBER
40.

Yes, you've guessed it, it's here again. (Just me? Rubbish, we're all) MAD (Have you renewed your insurance) POLICY (Don't worry mate, I've got your) NUMBER (Life begins at) FORTY. ((Phew!)). Published by the bearded, married and considerably overworked Richard J. Walkerdine of 'Cheriton', 15 Crouch Oak Lane, Addlestone, Surrey, KT15 2AN, England. Price is 5p plus postage per issue until inflation brings the bank manager to see me again, back issues are available at a special give-away rate of 4p each and there are no game openings planned until one or two of the existing ones finish.

Today is Monday, February 10th, 1975.

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Before I tell you what's in store for you this issue I'd better mention one thing that isn't. There's no announcement of a sub-zine poll. I was hoping John Morrison could run one at the same time as I did the Zine Poll, but events have conspired against it. Fact is, John (or was it his wife? Can't remember what he said exactly...) has just given birth to a daughter, and obviously he's far too busy right now to be able to spare the time to run a poll - personally I think he's done damn well to get the Annexe out. Mother and daughter were both fine last I heard, and father is apparently as well as could be expected. Nice of you to help swell the ranks of the Fletcher fan club John. Congratulations.

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Standby Players

- | | |
|--|---|
| 'C': Challenger, <u>Prevot</u> . | 'H': Black, Pimley. |
| 'I': Coombe. | 'J': Sargent, <u>Prevot</u> , Challenger. |
| 'L': Challenger, | 'M': <u>Knowles</u> , Challenger, <u>Prevot</u> . |
| 'N': Sargent, <u>von Metzke</u> . | 'O': <u>Meadon</u> , <u>Kelly</u> , <u>Challinger</u> . |
| 'P': <u>Prevot</u> , Black. | 'Q': <u>Black</u> , Challenger. |
| 'R': <u>Pollard</u> , <u>Prevot</u> , Black. | |

Orders requested from those people underlined please - and my thanks to all of you who have offered to go on the standby list. Much appreciated.

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C's of A

- ROBIN CHURCHILL, 35 Roselands Close, Keydell, Lovedean, Hants.
- ANDY DAVIDSON, 3 Ravenscar Mount, Roundhay, Leeds, LS8 4AX.
- STEVE DOUBLEDAY, 39A North Street, Egham, Surrey.
- DAVE ROSS, Supt Trp C Sqn, 16/5 Lancers, Northampton Barracks, BFPO 33.

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Enclosures with this issue should have included the next QR, but due to the recent rush of completed games it's meant I've had to do another TFT instead. QR should now appear next time unless yet another TFT intervenes. This time we have TFTS, bringing us up to 56 completed games and the latest full results of the MW Rating System for those of you who have asked for them. That's it; on with the show....

Let's start with a special report from our U.N. correspondent:

General Assembly Meets at United Nathans:

I'd been to the Nathan synagogue before, and with the memory of getting hopelessly lost in Watford's one-way system still fresh in my mind even a year later I planned the route more carefully this time. Indeed the nearest I would get to Watford at any time would be when I finally arrived at Bushey, some four miles away.

'Nearly there now,' I said to Claire as I peered hopefully through the rain-drenched windscreen. 'There's a sign up ahead that should say 'Bushey'.' 'Watford' said the sign in large black letters....

But I did at least manage to beat the one-way system this time, and we arrived at Brooke Close a short while later. Within a mere five minutes we were at the front door, having finally managed to squeeze our little Midget in between two of the huge fleet of cars that we found littering this normally peaceful backwater. Damp but not disheartened we staggered across the threshold to be greeted by the ever-beaming Norm amid the milling throng of earlier arrivals. Claire disappeared somewhere with our bottle of wine and I deposited the ~~Formula 1 game I just happened to have with me in what I hoped would be a safe~~ place. 'Come and have a drink,' said Norman, but I'd already noticed Pete Birks and Ellie Nye among the crowd so I knew all the Gin would be gone...

Two games of Dippy were already in progress, with not enough spare bodies to start a third, so I contented myself with wandering about the place seeing what new faces I could strike off my list of 'read but never seen'. I managed to bag a Wakefield, a Morris, an Allen and a Sedgwick - not bad for an old lag I thought. But four new faces in one day is about as much as I can manage, so I settled down for an hour or so of discussion with the likes of Scott, Ball, Meadon, Doubleday, Nye etc. about various games interspersed, of course, with teasing Ellie, who seemed to be dividing her time fairly equally between Claire and Pete Birks - discussions of men and gin-prices respectively I suppose.

Then some fool suggested a game of Diplomacy and, much against my better judgement, I got roped in - to think I'd gone all the way to Bushey only to end up playing a horrible game like FtF Dippy! Still, needs be if needs must I thought and, grabbing the board, gave my world-famous impersonation of Al Jolson singing 'mammy' to the assorted company. Eventually we set up the board and allocated the countries, only to have Claire pour a glass of wine all over it and force us to dismantle the thing again and wait until it dried out. For her sins Claire was elected GM and we were finally ready to start.

After that game was over ...oh, you want to hear the gory details? Well, I got Turkey to Richard Scott's Austria, Norman's Russia and an Italy controlled by Norman's young son, Philip. With a probable Italian-Russian alliance against us Richard and I naturally became the best of friends and I agreed with Norman ~~that we should stand each other off in the Black Sea - which we did, but I~~ accompanied it by moving an army into Armenia. Norman wasn't very happy and set to work convincing Austria to turn against me. He finally did in autumn 1902, reducing me to three units when I was just about to grab Sevastopol for six! Then I went to work again on Austria (who was by now up to seven), and finally got him to switch sides again and help me into Sevastopol for four against Russia's (by then) three. 1904 saw Russia down to two, France out and England (Sharp), Germany (Wakefield), Italy and Austria talking about a four-way draw. I didn't like the sound of that, and liked it even less when my former ally/enemy/ally turned from an Italian campaign to send his fleets my way, so I supported the Russian army in Moscow and pointed out that I could survive for another two years before elimination and wouldn't it be a better idea to let me in on a 5-way draw for the sake of finishing the game early? But my bluff was called when Sharp and Wakefield refused and suggested a trip to the pub and the continuation of the game afterwards, so I acquiesced and it ended as a 4-way draw. I must admit that a 4-way draw in 1904 seems a bit stupid to me, and I question the wisdom of people taking part in a game that starts an hour or so before they want to go to the pub. But I would almost certainly have been third out anyway so it didn't really make a lot of difference to me.

Next came the second round of what is fact becoming the Walkerdine/Nye Grand Prix circuit; a game of Formula 1. Back at Desscot in December I came first, Scott was second and Nye was third and the three of us lined up again on the grid this time. Within a couple of turns though Richard Scott had seen the looks of grim determination on the faces of Craig and me, thought better of it and handed his car over to Ellie, leaving her, Simon Rooke, John Meadon and Philip Nathan to try to keep Craig and yours truly in reasonable catching distance. After a couple of laps Craig, Simon and I were pulling away from the others and taking turns to share the lead when it was suddenly announced that the time was 8.15 and that dinner was served!

Amid girlish screams of delight from Claire and Ellie as they rushed to quell their rumbling stomachs we filed into the kitchen to be presented with enormous plates of steaming goulash or meat balls, followed by a salad and a choice of apple or mincemeat pie. Delicious. If you're ever hungry in Bushey just wander along to 3 Brooke Close and tell them their kitchen staff have now been awarded a five-star rating in the Walkerdine Good-Eating Guide for 1975.

An hour or so later, by the time our stomachs had finally gained the upper hand in the battle to assimilate the enormous quantities of culinary delights they had so recently been presented with, it was time to continue the motor racing. Another change of driver for the black car saw Claire taking over from Ellie and after another lap or so it was Craig and me disputing the lead with the other four battling it out for the places. A small but respectable lead by Craig entering the fifth and final lap was quickly turned into a large one by a couple of pit cards and some injudicious spin-offs on my part and we finally rolled across the finishing line with Craig first, me second and Claire in third place - well raced Nye, but watch out at your place on the 15th....

With racing now firmly in our blood we then found a box that Dave Allen had brought called 'Hare and Tortoise - the greatest race game in the world'. So we settled down to give it a bash and spent the next hour or so moving round the board by paying carrots in to the carrot patch, eating lettuces and juggling the hare (quote from rules: 'You may only eat one lettuce at a time - if you eat any more you are making a pig of yourself'.). I'm not sure whether we spent more time actually playing the game or laughing at each other, but I think everyone agreed that the game was certainly 'different'. John Meadon won it, with Craig, Richard Scott and Simon Rooke all in contention.

By the time that finished the poker game was well into its stride of course, though thanks to the repair bills on the car that month I wasn't taking part that time. We mooched around for another half hour or so and by about half past twelve decided it was time to head for home. After wishing everyone goodnight I'd actually got the front door open when Norman called out, 'Can you spare another five minutes for a chat about the NGC Congress?' Poor, innocent little me agreed of course and we sauntered back inside....

It was a good hour later that Doug Wakefield walked by, looked again and remarked that he thought he'd said goodbye about an hour ago. 'You did', I replied, 'I think I must be somewhere between Windsor and Staines by now'. So he joined the discussion, along with a bottle of his excellent home-made wine, and it was another hour, several coffees and a couple of sessions with the Tower of Brahma later that we finally got up to leave. The poker school was still in progress, with Sharp, Johnson and Birks up to their usual standard I think, as we said goodbye for the second time. But this time we actually made it, arriving back in beautiful downtown Addlestone around four in the morning.

A marvelous event, superbly well organised by Norman who even after twelve hours or more of having a couple of dozen games fiends trampling all over his carpets was still managing to beam through it all. Thank you.

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The MW Rating System

Games seemed to be finishing thick and fast over Christmas, and hard on the heels of the last issue, which contained TFT7, we have TFT8 going out with this one. So John Meadon has naturally done another run of the system to bring

us up to date. All of you who have asked for a full copy of the results should be receiving same with this issue - if not, please yell.

Here are the individual country results and the ratings of all players who have completed three games or more.

<u>Country</u>	<u>Average Rating</u>	<u>Standard Deviation</u>
France	1286	502
England	363	560
Germany	343	547
Russia	322	505
Austria	-149	543
Italy	-462	492
Turkey	-1703	494

<u>Player</u>	<u>Position</u>	<u>Av. Rating</u>	<u>Standard Deviation</u>	<u>No. Games</u>
Gareth Lodge	35	4752	1279	4
Ray Evans	48	4135	1819	3
Conrad von Metzke	55	3601	1227	3
Richard Walkerdine	56	3543	1374	3
John Piggott	68	2582	770	9
Edi Birsan	73	2111	1449	3
Andy Davidson	75	2082	769	12
Will Haven	79	1877	1783	3
Richard Sharp	89	1670	1472	4
Charles Burton	91	1476	1171	4
John Morrison	93	1208	1453	3
Geoff Nuttall	97	863	1957	3
Dave Black	104	590	1639	3
John Meadon	109	174	1221	6
Les Pimley	115	1	965	6
Wink Thompson	128	-868	1379	3
Brian Yare	141	-1762	1336	5
Chris Hancock	144	-1813	1783	3
Andrew Waldie	145	-1877	925	8
Mike Sherrad	149	-2011	1355	4
John Lettice	150	-2038	1353	5
Howell Davies	186	-4489	1618	4
Len Nelson	211	-6790	2027	3

I've cut out a few names from the above list; those people who are no longer active in the hobby. The full list, covering the 56 games reported up to TFTA, now has 234 names on it.

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News and Stuff

The next FtF do is chez Snookums on the 15th. Anyone interested in travelling all the way to darkest Sussex just to get beaten at Formula 1 had better drop a line to Craig Nye, 56 Meadow Drive, Lindfield, Sussex. See you there.

Most British publishers should now have received a pile of Diplomacy Conference Maps from the IDA via Pete Swanson. I have a few for any players who want them - I'll have to restrict it to just a couple each however, as my supplies are limited. No charge.

And not to be outdone by the parent body, IDA/UK now has a new service to offer. This is the Novice Publishers Package, intended as a guide to the dos and don'ts of Dippyazine publishing. Any prospective new publishers I hear of will be receiving a copy from me, and if anyone else wants to have a look at the thing just drop me a line. Again, no charge.

And still on the subject of free gifts, there's a new issue of Game Openings 'A' just appeared from Andrew Herd (35 Austin Drive, Didsbury, Manchester, M20 0FA), listing all British Dippyazines and genzines and giving details of size,

price, content, frequency and openings etc. I've got a few spares if anyone wants one, or else send Andrew an SAE.

The next three NGC zines should all be appearing in late February or early March. Look out for Yggdarsil from Phil Murphy (41/43 Park Avenue, Belfast, BT4 1PU, Northern Ireland), Japhidrew from Phil Stutt (c/o National Westminster Bank, 80 The Horsefair, Bristol, BS1 3JT) and an as yet un-named one from Dave Ross (C Sqn, 60/5 Lancers, BFPO 33). Rumours that the next crop of NGC zines are likely to hail from Mongolia, Antarctica and one of the moons of Jupiter are at present unconfirmed....

Richard Mark (14 Northwood Drive, Spencer Road, Ryde, Isle of Wight) is trying desperately hard to break away from the Orbit orbit ((?...er...)) and start out on his own with a zine called Me On My Own. At present he's trying to gather enough players to start the first game and might also be taking on an orphan or two. Apparently he's experiencing the same difficulties in gathering subscribers as the last two non-NGC zines, Lemming Express and The Norns, did last year. (Reminds me of the long wait I had before starting the second game in MP). Anyone who is looking for a new zine to subscribe to is asked to remember Richard.

The Polar Knight is a new zine from Ake Jonsson (Box 176, S-981 01 KIRUNA 1, Sweden), which will be running a small number of pressless games. The cost is to be postage only, and Ake hopes to have the first issue out this month, with deadlines every three weeks.

And finally we have a zine called Bumm! It's a German-speaking zine from Walter Luc Haas (Postfach 229, CH-4018 BASEL 18, Switzerland) which will be running German-language-only games, though I think some English-language games are also planned at a later date.

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Splendidhamstaffshire-on-Trentoncalf: "Wait a minute..." mutters Crinklecrud. "I thought Brian Yare had been deposed!"

"Only temporarily," grins one of the two captors evilly. "We managed to dupe even the famous TV star John Piggott!" And his two unfirmed companions echo his cry, "Death to all Frogs!"

"Master--" cringes Grud bewilderedly, "aren't we in the wrong series?"

"Never!" snaps one of Yare's goons, interrupting the Mad Menace. "Our Master knows what he's doing." Any further discussion is cut short as the jeep pulls up beside a manhole in the middle of the street. "Out," commands one of the goons shortly, demonstrating his point by roughly pushing the Tall Thin Green Stranger with no balls out of the vehicle. Crinklecrud and company obey.

"Well--" snaps the Dean of Destruction in an exceptionally foul tone, "where is Yare, since he was so anxious to ask my advice?"

"Ask your advice?" cries one of the three Yaremen, bursting into laughter. "Why would he want your advice?"

But again interrupting the Evil Scientist's retort, he stamps his foot three times, then twice again, on the manhole cover. "It has been necessary," he explains grandiosely, "for us to go underground. Down!"

Crinklecrud crawls down first, and even his stomach is turned at the rotting slime and putrid odours present in Yare's headquarters. Idly he wonders if Duncan Morris has been about lately...

"Why, hello..." whispers an unbelievably sexy voice. Crinklecrud looks up to find Yare's secretary appraising his wrinkled form, and suddenly feels terribly naked. Not to mention old. "My Lord Yare will see you soon," coos the voluptuous creature that Crinklecrud now recognises as:

"Aren't you --" he gasps...

"Isn't that --" cringes Grud...

"My God, that's --" cries the Tall Thin Green Stranger with no balls...

"Heavens to greepsicles!" gasps Lettice. "It's --"

"Why, it's --" mutters Swanson...

"CLAIRE WALKERDINE !!"

"Yes," she smiles sensuously. "I've defected."

For what evil purpose has Yare summoned our heroes to his Yare-Lair? How did he escape the horrible hygroscope?? Where are the rest of his Menacing Minions??? And how did he entice the voluptuous Claire Walkerdine from Richard's crottled clutches???? See next issue -- if your intrepid reporter is not devilishly despatched by Yare's Goons....

((And if you think we've now got rid of him for another four weeks, I should warn you that we've still got at least three other people's efforts dotted about the rest of the zine - YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED!!))

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1972Aiei ('C' - Youngstown) -- Autumn 1916 GAME TAKES ON A BESPECTACLED LOOK!
Four eyes and one nose!

As you might have divined from the headline, the draw proposal has failed. Four people were in favour but one blithering nuisance voted against - he would only accept a four-way draw with England excluded. So we must go on, but note my comments after the supply centre table.

AUSTRIA (Waldie): A Sev S A Arm, A Arm S F Smy, A Ank S A Arm, F Smy S F Aeg, A Con S F Smy, F Aeg S F Ion, F Gre S F Ion, F Adr S F Ion, F Nap S F Ion, F Rom S A Tus, A Tus S A Pie, A Ven S A Pie, A Tri wonders when it will all end ((so does the GM - it's holding up the start of any new games!)), A Pie S (GERMAN) A Mar.

CHINA (Buckingham): A Eaf - Sah(OBB), F Tun - Ion, F Alg - Tun S by A Sah, A Mor - Alg, A Eaf(OBB) - Mor S by A Mor(OBB), A Syr - Arm S by A Bag, A Oms - StP, A Sib - Oms S by A Tur, A's Pez Sud Nej Yem Ira Can all stand.

ENGLAND (Meadon): A Wal MS F Lon, F Yor MS F Edi, F Bar stands and wonders what will happen next.

GERMANY (Davies): A Mar S A Gas, A Bur S A Mar, A Gas MS A Bre, A Pic S A Bre, F Bel - Eng S by F Wth, F Hol F Hel & F Den all S F Nth, A Mos Stands, F Ska - Nwy S by A Pin & F StP(NC), A Lvn S F StP(NC).

JAPAN (Knowles): F TyS S (CHINESE) F Tun - Ion, F WMS S F TyS, F Eng - Bre, F Spa(NC) - Gas S by F MAO, F GoL - Mar, F Por - Spa(SC), F Jor(NC) S F EMS, F EMS & F Lib both S F Egy(NC) - Pen, F Sue - Egy(NC), F Nrg - Nwy, F NAO - Nrg, F NAO(OBB) - NAO, F MAO(OBB) - NAO(OBB) ((Terry; this is an illegal move in this version - you can't go direct from one OBB to another. rjw)), F NPO - MAO(OBB), F SPO SPO(OBB) & ECS all stand.

Retreat: ~~German A Gas - Par. Japanese F Eng - Tri.~~

Winter 1916 Adjustments

- A:15 Centres: Bud, Clu, Tri, Vie, Ser, Gre, Rum, Ven, Bul, Con, Sev, Ank, Smy, Rom, Nap, no change.
- C:18 Centres: Can, Han, Pek, OMo, Snk, Man, Vtm, Oms, Tha, Cam, Cal, Del, Mor, Bag, Ira, Eth, Tun, Yem. No change.
- E: 5 Centres: Edi, Joh, Lpl, Lon, Ire. No change.
- G:15 Centres: Ber, Kie, Mun, Pos, Bel, Hol, Den, Swe, Par, War, Bre, Mos, StP, Nwy, Mar. No change.
- J:19 Centres: Kyo, Osa, Tok, Kar, Phi, For, Kor, Vla, Bor, Sai, Jav, Cey, Mad, Mog, Bna, Egy, Pen, Spa, Por. No change.

GM comments: The above supply centre table is exactly the same as it was in 1915 and 1914. For the last season or two there have only been a handful of units that have moved at all - and none of them, in my view, have looked like breaking the stalemate line. If by Winter 1917 the supply centre table is still unchanged I am going to declare this game finished as a five-way draw, votes or not, unless someone can show me a certain way in which the stalemate can be broken. Okay?

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1973BYbb ('I' - Multiplicity) -- Autumn 1907 ENGLAND'S WEIGHT BEGINNING TO TELL
Italy a good each-way bet?

Summer Retreats:

French A Bel - Bur.
Italian A Ven - Rom.

ENGLAND (Doubleday): 2F Bel SPLIT = F Bel + F Eng -- F Bel S F Bel - Eng,
F Eng + F Bel MERGE = 2F Eng, F Nrg - NAO, A Mos - Sev, F Bal - Den,
F StP(SC) - Lvn, F WMS - MAO, A Kie + A Ber MERGE = 2A Mun, A Bre Stands.

FRANCE (Morris): A Bur S (ENGLISH) A's Kie + Ber = 2A Mun, 3A Ven stands unordered.

ITALY (Meadon): 2A Mun Stands, A Tri + A Bud MERGE = 2A Tri, F Ion - Tun S by
F TyS, F MAO - Bre S by A Par & A Gas, F Spa(SC) - Por, A Rom - Ven.

RUSSIA (Buckingham): A War - Mos, 2A Smy - Con.

TURKEY (Davidson): A Ukr - War, F Rum - Sev, F Bla - Sev, F AnkMS F Con.

Retreats: Italian 2A Mun - Ruh, Sil, Boh, Tyr or disband.

English A Bre = Pic or disband.

Winter 1907 Supply Centre Chart

E:13 Centres: Edi, Lpl, Lon, Hol, Den, Nwy, Swe, Ber, StP, Kie, ~~Tyr~~, +Bel,
+Mos, +Mun. Builds 2 (or 3 if A Bre disbands).

F: 1 Centre: ~~Edi~~, ~~Par~~, ~~Var~~, ~~Bel~~, +Ven. Removes 3.

I:13 Centres: Nap, Rom, ~~Nrg~~, Vie, Ser, Tri, Bud, Gre, Mar, ~~Wyl~~, Spa, +Por,
+Par, +Bre, +Tun. Builds 2 (or 4 if 2A Mun disbands).

R: 2 Centres: ~~Nrg~~, War, Smy. Removes 1.

T: 5 Centres: Con, Bul, Ank, Rum, Sev. No change.

All I'll be wanting for next issue are the builds, removals and retreats please. Andy, you're let off for a month - though you can send some spring orders just to be on the safe side of course.

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1973IQ ('M') -- Autumn 1908

DOWN TO FIVE AT LAST!
Well, 4½ actually....

AUSTRIA (Davies): F GoL S (FRENCH) A Mar, F WMS - Tun S by F TyS, A Pru - Lvn,
A Boh - Sil, A Tri - Tyr, A Ser - Bud, A Gre - Ser.

ENGLAND (A.Davidson): A Nwy - StP, A Lvn S (GERMAN) A War - Mos, F Nth Stands,
F MAO - Spa(SC), F Eng - MAO, F Bre - Gas, F Naf S (ITALIAN) A Tun.

FRANCE (Coombe): NMR! A Por, A Mar, A Spa all stand unordered.

GERMANY (B.Davidson): F GoB - Bal, A War - Mos, A Sil - Boh S by A Mun,
A Kie - Ber, A Ruh - Hol, A Gas - Mar S by A Bur.

ITALY (Birks): NMR! A Tun stands unordered.

TURKEY (Black): F Ion S (AUSTRIAN) F WMS - Tun, A Bul - Sev C by F Bla,
A Gal - War S by A Ukr, F Aeg - Bul(SC), A Mos S (AUSTRIAN) A Pru - Lvn.

GM Comments: Please note that my house rules state that an unordered unit may not be supported by anyone.

Winter 1908 Adjustments

A: 9 Centres: Bud, Tri, Vie, Ser, Gre, Ven, Rom, Nap, +Tun. Builds A Tri.

E: 7 Centres: Lpl, Lon, Edi, Nwy, Bre, ~~Nrg~~, Bel, +StP. No change.

F: 2 Centres: ~~Mar~~, Spa, Por. No change.

G: 8 Centres: Ber, Kie, Mun, Den, Swe, ~~StP~~, ~~Var~~, Par, +Mar, +Hol. No change.

I: 0 Centres: ~~Tyr~~. Eliminated.

T: 8 Centres: Con, Ank, Smy, Bul, Mos, Rum, Sev, +War. Builds A Con.

Damn! I've forgotten the retreats. Sorry. Here they are:

Austrian A Boh - Vie. French A Mar annihilated. Italian A Tun annihilated.
German A War - Gal.

PTO for standby request and some press...

'M' Game contd....

It seems we need a standby. Now let me see who's name is next on the list...oh no! Not him! Er...would TERRY KNOWLES, 508 Oakwood Drive, Pickering, Ontario, Canada, LLW 2M7, please send standby orders for FRANCE. Ta mate.

Warsaw: The remains of this western city have again changed hands, for the umpteenth time more than any other city in Europe. One inhabitant was heard to remark, "I thought wars took place in Belgium and Burgundy."

"C'est la vie," as the mite from Darkest Cornwall might reply.

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1974BD ('N') -- Autumn 1905

ITALY GOES MAD!

Mad for blood, that is...

FRANCE (Meadon): F WMS - MAO, F GoL Stands, A Bur - Mun, A Edi Stands, F Lon - Nth S by F Eng & F Nrg, A Bel - Hol.

GERMANY (Cousins): A Ruh - Bur S by A Mun, A Hol - Bel, A Kie - Ruh, F Den - Nth S by F Nwy, A Fin S F Nwy, F Nth - Yor.

ITALY (Ball): F TyS MS F Tun, A Vie - Bud, A Tyr - Vie, F Aeg - Con, A Ser - Bul S by F Gre.

RUSSIA (Waldie): A Mos - Sev S by A Rum & A Ukr, A Gal S A Rum, A War - Pru, A StP - Nwy.

TURKEY (Swanson): F Smy - Aeg, F Bla S A Bul, A Sev - Rum S by A Bul, A Arm S A Sev ((illegal! - Sev was ordered to move.)).

Retreats: French A Bur - Gas. Turkish A Sev annihilated.

Winter 1905 Adjustments

F: 9 Centres: Bre, Mar, Par, Spa, Por, Edi, Lpl, Lon, +Bel. Builds A Par.

G: 7 Centres: Ber, Kie, Mun, Den, Hol, ~~Bel~~, Swe, Nwy. Removes A Fin.

I: 10 Centres: Nap, Rom, Ven, Tun, Tri, Ser, Gre, +Vie, +Bud, +Con.

Builds A Ven, A Rom, F Nap!

R: 5 Centres: Mos, StP, War, ~~Bud~~, Rum, ~~Vie~~, +Sev. Removes A Pru.

T: 3 Centres: Ank, ~~Bel~~, Smy, Bul, ~~Sev~~. Removes F Bla.

Kiel: Now watch the evil Meadonites scatter before the glorious German armies. The French aren't so good when they are meeting their enemy face to face, instead of face to back (thinks: Duncan Morris could have helped me there!).

Splendidhamstaffshire-on-Trentonalf: Professor Crinklecrud, Mad Scientist, Enemy of all Mankind, Outcast from Every Country and Ex-Member of the IDA, gathered his little clique around him. There was Grud, the tall thin green stranger with no balls, John Lettice (who is currently under the impression he is Napoleon) and tiny Pete Swanson, a stunted WOMBLE.

"Okay, we are in St. Andrews. That is terrible, true, but it's not that bad," explained the Wizened Wonderfreak. "But we must get out of this hell-hole."

"But how, Master?" asked Grud, perverted manservant extraordinaire.

"That's for me to know and you to find out, putrid!" But in reality the Mad Mental was worried. St Andrews was a trap, and he and his entourage were caught in it. Who had snared them though?

"Well, I shall figure the whole thing out in time, with my high I.Q. and Captain Midnight Decoder Ring," thought Crinklecrud.

Just then an apparition grew before their very eyes. A large box, about the size of two coffins, was generated from the haze, followed by a loud explosion.

When they picked themselves up they found they faced a police call box. "No, it can't be, it couldn't be..." squealed Swanson

A door opened, and from the box stepped a male caucasian. "Who are you?" snapped Crinklecrud, annoyed that matters had got beyond his control.

"My name is Terry Knowles, and I have come to take you, my creations, back to Canada. I lured you to this out-of-the-way-village-somewhere-in-Scotland with the help of my accomplice, John Lettice."

"What?" gasped Crinklecrud. "A traitor in our midst?"

"Well," said Knowles, "you may have the satisfaction of knowing that you

have driven him insane. Come here, my poor Nappy."

Lettrice stepped forward. Knowles raised his hand, revealing a peculiarly shaped gun. Before they could say 'Richard Walkerdine' he had pulled the trigger and zapped Lettrice out of existence!

"He was expendable," sighed Knowles. "Amusing, but expendable."

The others flinched with horror, but not Crinklecrud. Here was a man after his own heart!

1974BE ('0') -- AUTUMN 1905

SUDDEN ATTACK OF SLEEPING SICKNESS!

Or maybe you think 4 out of 7 isn't bad?

AUSTRIA (Lindsay): F Alb - Gre, A Bud - Rum S by A Ser.

ENGLAND (Coombe): NMR! F Cly, F Nth, F Lon, A Wal all stand unordered.

FRANCE (Birks): NMR! A Edi, F Iri, F NAO, F Eng, A Bel, A Mar all unordered.

GERMANY (Burton): A Pru - War S by A Sil, A Hol Stands, F Den - Nth,
F Bal - Swe, F Swe - Nwy.

ITALY (Knowles): F Ion S (AUSTRIAN) F Alb - Gre, A Tri S (AUSTRIAN) A Ser,
A Vie S A Tri, F Adr S A Tri, F Tun S F Icn.

RUSSIA (Bullock): A Gal - War S by A Ukr, IF Rum does that to sailors I'm glad.
I drink whisky, A StP - Nwy, F GoB - Swe.

TURKEY (von Metzke): NMR! F Aeg, F EMS, F Con, A Bul, A Gre, all unordered.

Retreats: Russian F Rum - Sev, Turkish A Gre disbanded.

Winter 1905 Adjustments

A: 4 Centres: Bud, ~~Vie~~, Ser, +Gre, +Rum. NBR! 1 unit short (twit!).

E: 3 Centres: Lon, Lpl, ~~Vie~~, Nwy. GM removes F Cly (see below).

F: 7 Centres: Bre, Mar, Par, Spa, Por, Bel, +Edi. NBR! 1 unit short.

G: 6 Centres: Ber, Kie, Mun, Den, Hol, Swe. No change.

I: 6 Centres: Nap, Rom, Ven, Tun, Tri, +Vie. Builds A Ven.

R: 4 Centres: Mos, Sev, War, ~~Vie~~, StP. Removes F Sev.

T: 4 Centres: Ank, Con, Smy, Bul, ~~Vie~~. No change.

GM Comments: The criteria I use for removing excess units in the case of missed orders are, first, furthest from a home supply centre, secondly, fleets before armies, and if all else fails alphabetical order of centres occupied (which is what has happened in the case of England here).

Standby orders now - and thank goodness several of you were kind enough to put your names forward. Orders for ENGLAND please from JOHN MEADON, 10 High View, 31 Avenue Elmers, Surbiton, Surrey. FRANCE please from RON KELLY, Room 210, 225 Virginia Ave S.E., Washington DC 20061. And TURKEY from GEOFF CHALLENGER, 23 Priestnall Road, Heaton Mersey, Stochport, SK4 3HR. Thanks to all.

Skaro to Jamul: I don't know, you asked first.

Splendidhamthudshire-on-Jamulcalf: Crinklecrud shuddered apprehensively. "Which of those perverts is writing me this week, I wonder?" he pondered.

"Pardon, Master?" cringed Grud.

"Be quiet you illiterate fool. It's all your fault. If you hadn't used that testicle atomiser in the first place, none of this would have happened."

"None of what, Master?"

"That!" said the learned professor, pointing to a thin green copy of MP, from which issued a slight humming noise, pierced by the occasional shrill scream followed by a small trickle of dust from between the pages. "Now they're all at it! Soon there won't be ~~xxxx~~ an unatomised testicle in the zine, and we're all ankle-deep in dust already!"

"And look who's making a profit out of it!"....

Skaro Advertiser: FOR SALE: Ex-MCC Protective Boxes!

Tried and tested in the face of some of the best bowling in the world!

Read this unsolicited testimonial: 'Dear Sir; thank you for the wonderful

feeling of security afforded by wearing one of your devices. For example, just recently a small perverted manservant placed a testicle atomiser within a hairs breadth of my crotch, pronounced the Magic Incantation, flipped the switch, pressed the orange button, giggled suggestively and stood back. And nothing happened! In fact I have been informed by one who should know that I am in excellent working order. Yours, thankfully, A. Player.'

Send now for your model (full operating instructions included) for only £50 inc p&p, VAT.

Sorry, no foreign orders can be accepted.

Extracts from the recent interview between Ali-Stir Kuk and Mikhail Bollok, Chairman and President-for-life of Russia: "Comrade Chairman, it has been made known that certain recent correspondence with certain other heads of state has involved the suggestion of a radical re-appraisal of inter-European relations. Have you any comment to make?"

"Niet."

"Well, can you confirm that present policies will continue unaffected by such rumours?"

"Niet."

"Do you mean they will not remain unaffected?"

"Niet."

"I see. Well if we assume your present policies continue, do you think it will ultimately involve confrontation with Turkey?"

"Niet."

"Ah, so you intend pursuing an expansionist policy with regard to Germany?"

"Niet."

"Do you consider there to be a dichotomy between the philosophy of the Revolution and the underlying assumptions which are the basis of your foreign policy; namely the desire to extend Russian influence over neighbouring, non-Russian, peoples?"

"Niet."

"I see. Well, thank you Comrade Chairman for granting me this insight into the current turmoil. May I add that few people can match the eloquence with which you have expounded the tenets of Russian foreign policy and its place in the context of modern European history."

"Get stuffed."

Q - KB7 x N: Will somebody please tell me who Jeff Oliver is?

Imrryr: Ask Skaro (or maybe Jamul...).

Skaro to 'N-KB7 x P ch': Just watch it mate, that's all.

Roma to Skaro: Bloody rubbish! You're just jealous.

1974F ('P') -- Spring 1907

AUSTRIA WINS ELIMINATION STAKES!
By a short head from England, France.

AUSTRIA (Sherrad): A Ser MS A Gre.

ENGLAND (Buckingham): F Eng - Lon, F Edi S (RUSSIAN) F Nrg - Nth.

FRANCE (von Metzke): NMR! F MAO, A Por stand unordered.

GERMANY (Knowles): A Vie S A Bud, A Bud S (ITALIAN) A Tri - Ser, A War - Ukr, F Bal - Den, F Kie - Hel, F Nth - Lon, F Hol - Bel, A Bur - Gas, A Spa - Mar, A Bre smells garbage rotting in the streets -- or Duncan Morris, A Yor - Lpl.

ITALY (Meadon): F GoL - Spa (SC) S by F WMS, A Ven - Tri, F Ion - Gre, A Tri - Ser S by A Alb.

RUSSIA (Kelly): A Nwy - Cly S by F Nrg, F Den S (GERMAN) F Hol - Nth, A Gal - Rum S by F Sev, A Mos S (GERMAN) A War - Ukr.

TURKEY (Sharp): A Rum - Sev S by F Bla, A Bul - Rum, F Con - Bul(SC), F Aeg S (ITALIAN) F Ion - Gre.

PTO for retreats etc.

'P' game contd....

Retreats: Austrian A Ser & A Gre both annihilated. Russian F Sev - Arm.

Grateful thanks to Stewart Buckingham, who is now in charge of England. A frown for Paul Boymel who has missed this issue completely and so is no longer on the standby list (not at the moment, anyway). Therefore will ROLAND PREVOT, 14 av Theophile Gautier, 75016 Paris, France, please send standby orders for the remains of his belle homeland. Ta.

Dear Imrryr: You're not much help, are you? Anyway, I've given up the little English piece - she was raped by a Canadian and I never was one for soiled goods. Recently I've been getting affectionate letters from some American girl, but I've never heard of her. Not very promising, so I think I shall become a monk. Meanwhile, if you are serious about wanting to meet some of my young friends I suggest you join the NGC (Nubile Gropers Consortium) which is where I've been making all these interesting contacts. Good hunting. -- Past It, Amersham.

Dear Past It: Thanks for the tip, I'll bear it in mind. Though actually I've heard some disturbing rumours about what happens to people who get involved with the members of that particular group; premature baldness, loss of memory, lack of coordination etc. I hope you're still fit. -- Virile, Imrryr.

.....

1974BT ('Q') -- Autumn 1903

ENGLAND HAS HIS NOSE IN FRONT!

I wonder how far ahead that puts him...?

AUSTRIA (Samson): A Boh - Sil, A Vie - Boh, A Tyr - Mun, A War stands, A Bul - Gre, F Gre - Bul ((??)).

ENGLAND (Knowles): A StP S (RUSSIAN) A Mos, F Bar S A StP, F MAO - Por, F Pic - Bre S by F Eng.

FRANCE (Buckingham): A Bre Stands, A Mar - Spa.

GERMANY (Prevot): F Swe Stands, A Ber - Sil, A Ruh S A Mun, A Bur Stands, A Par S (ENGLISH) F Pic - Bre.

ITALY (Kelly): A Pie - Mar, F TyS - GoL, A Tun - Spa C by F WMS.

RUSSIA (Pimley): F Fin becomes A Fin and walks to Nwy, A Mos - War.

TURKEY (Boymel): NMR! A Ukr, A Sev, A Arm, F Smy, F Bla all stand unordered.

Retreat: French A Bre - Gas.

Winter 1903 Adjustments

A: 7 Centres: Bud, Tri, Vie, Gre, Ser, Bul, +War. NBR! 1 unit short.

E: 8 Centres: Lpl, Lon, Edi, Bel, Nwy, +StP, +Bre, +Por. Builds F Lon, F Edi, A Lpl.

F: 2 Centres: ~~FyB~~, Mar, ~~FyF~~, Spa. No change.

G: 7 Centres: Ber, Kid, Mun, Den, Hol, Swe, +Par. Builds A Kie.

I: 4 Centres: Nap, Rom, Ven, Tun. No change.

R: 1 Centre : Mos, ~~StP~~, ~~Wax~~. Removes F Fin.

T: 5 Centres: Ank, Con, Smy, Rum, Sev. No change.

My thanks to Stewart and Dave for the standby orders. Stewart Buckingham is now in charge of France and Rudolph Tatay is blacklisted. Dave Black? You still there? Could you have a go with Turkey this time please? Ta. (That's Dave Black, 12 Downsides Road, Glasgow, G12 9DA, Scotland, for anyone who wants to write to him).

Principality of Scugog: Who, why, where, and mostly What the Hell is a Pulsing Pirate? And why isn't it in 'O' game, with the rest of the freaks?

Imrryr: Does that mean it wasn't you writing it under a pseudonym after all? But it wasn't me, was it, 'cos I'd remember, wouldn't I? Can this mean that you and I aren't the only two people in this hobby after all? Has one of our creations got some life of its own do you think? Good grief!

.....

1974EB ('R') -- Spring 1903

BOARD RUNS RED WITH ENTRAILS AND GORE!
Not really, but it's a lovely headline....

AUSTRIA (Challinger): A Ser - Bud S by A Tri.

ENGLAND (Meadon): F Nth - Ska, F Hol - Nth S by F Nrg, A Fin - StP, A Lon - Yor.

FRANCE (Nathan): F Por - MAO, F Mar Stands, A Bur - Ruh, A Par - Bur,
A Bre Stands, A Bel - Hol.

GERMANY (Boymel): NMR! A Vie, A Boh, A Den, F Hel, F Kie all stand unordered.

ITALY (Churchill): F EMS - Aeg S by F Ion, A Bud - Tri S by A Ven, A Pie - Mar.

RUSSIA (White): A StP - Fin S by F Swe, A Mos - StP, A Gal - Rum S by F Sev,
A War - Gal.

TURKEY (Morris): A Gre - Ser S by A Bul, A Con - Gre C by F Aeg, F Smy stands
in awe.

Retreats: Austrian A Tri - Tyr. English A Fin - Nwy.
Turkish F-Aeg annihilated (no retreat space given!).

Would DAVE POLLARD, C18, Cripps Building, St Johns College, Cambridge,
CB2 1TP, England, please send standby orders for GERMANY? Thank you kindly....

Splendid-you-know-the-rest: The sun is setting as the world famous Addlestone
grape pressers plod their weary way home after a good day's pressing. The unique
flavour of Addlestone Reisling is now known the world over for its pungent smell
of old socks and printing ink. All the grapes are grown on individual vines,
picked by hand and then trodden by foot. At this point the top is taken off the
scummy fluid and is mixed with old scrap metal to form a compound which eats
through the paintwork of any car.

The main bulk of the fluid however is then poured into massive 2-litre jars
and a special ingredient is added. The jars are left to stand for 5 years in
total darkness before being reopened. Then they are poured into bottles, labelled
with the now familiar symbol and crated and sent to various parts of Europe.

The man in charge of the research section is Richard Walkerdine, an eccentric
tasteless Bob Dylan fan who speaks rather poor English and is very worried
about the work permit he has running out. Mr Walkerdine is in charge of all the
new products of the Addlestone factory. Recently the firm have been co-operating
with units of the French company of "Bored 'Eaux" in the hope of making a new
heady wine to be drunk very fast. Also there are plans to make a wine for the
more common markets called the Winebus. But the government have recently put a
stop to all this new expansion by announcing their intent to close the Addlestone
factories and also close the Welsh company of 'No Hawkers' and combine them
into one giant closed factory run by the British Wine Corporation.

Imrryr: But all, perhaps, is not quite as black as some prophets of doom would
like to think. For although the government is indeed planning to assist the
famous Addlestone firm in its takeover of the tottering 'No Hawkers' lame
duck, the redoubtable RJW knows full well that the qualities which made the
present Addlestone Wine Corporation into a firm which is respected, and indeed
feared, the world over will still be present under the new administration. With
order-books currently bloated to record levels and workers striving manfully
to produce enough of the many and varied products of this great firm - not only
home-grown products but also several exciting new varieties produced in friendly
co-operation with our French, German and Italian friends - to satisfy the
current world demand, the future does indeed look bright for at least the
factories at Addlestone, Bristol, Preston and Stevenage - all of which produce
items unduplicated anywhere in the known world ((GC, AH and a few others please
note!)). The Hatfield, Manchester and Kingston factories of 'the other lot' may
indeed be closed in a few years time due to lack of successful products, but the
brave lads of ~~AWC~~((oops..))AWC remain confident of a bright and prosperous
future.

.....

Die Ziet: "RLDO RULES OK".

Imrryr to Die Ziet: I'm not really a nut; tis just that I bolted my last set of orders, screwed up my plans, and lost the thread of my campaign.

Imrryr to RLDO: Hey Honey, how about living up to your dateline? If you've got the leather gear, I'll supply the whips, Claire can work the camera, and we can start some new games for fun and profit! Of course, playing postally might have a few drawbacks.....

+++++

Right then, let's get on with a game where Walkerdine isn't involved: 1973GI('J'): -Spring 1911.....A DRAW STILL ON????

AUSTRIA(~~WAXKXEM~~ Meadon): A-Rom-Ven, F Nap S(FRENCH)-F-Tun-Ion.

FRANCE(Swanson): F Edi-Nwg S by F Nth, F Hol stands, F Tun-Ion S by F TyS, F WMS & F GoL stand, A Mun S A Tyr, A Ruh S A Mun, A Tyr & A Tus & A Pie all S(AUSTRIAN) A Rom-Ven.

RUSSIA(Pimley): F Nwy-Ska, F Kie stands, A Ber S F Kie, A Mos stands, F StP(nc)-Nwy, A War-Sil S by A Gal, A Ukr S A Gal.

TURKEY(Sharp): A Ven-Apu S by F AdS, A Boh-Tyr S by A Tri, A Bud-Gal, F Apu-Ion S by F Gre & F Aeg, A Con-Bul, A Sev-Ukr, F Rum-Sev S by F Bla.

Retreats: None!

Anti-LONA-League: Come on out Sharp, we know you're in there! Surrender before we set the Americans on your rear.

And don't forget that the minute Marseillan is on our side, as well as the raving Russian.

We have you surrounded on all, er, two, er, um, um.....

We're in front of you!!!!

Marseilles: The 22nd Division of the Grande Batallion de L'Atrine Diggres led by General d'Anus today met up with the crack Batallion of the Irish Home guard, who were wending there weary way along wonderful wooded walkways whereone was welcomed with wild yells from the french farm labourers.

"Mon Dieu," said the General, "We thought you were going on to Munich through Switzerland."

The Irish private looked at him with pierceing eyes, and then replied, in a voice showing his fatigue. "It was just impossible," he croaked.

"We tried to climbed the first mountain, and it was then that we realised the immensity of the task."

"What happened?" asked the General, fearing the worst.

"Oh!" replied Mick, "We ran out of scaffolding!"

+++++

Two down, and one more to go, and that can only mean one thing....oh no,
oh yes, it's:

1973Defa('L'):- Autumn 1460....THE SOUTH RULES, OK!

BEAUFORTS(Ross): F Pur-Dor S by F Exe, F WCha S ~~W~~ F Exe.

FRANCE(Scott): F ECha-Cal S by A Pic, A Cch MS A Lew, F Por-IOW,
F Dor-Exe S by A Bri.

NEVILLES(Walkerdine): A Glo-Bri S by F Sev, ~~W~~ F StG wishes Morris
 luck in Ireland, F Mer S A Sou, A Che S A Der,
A EMar-Sta, A Mid-Lei S by A Der.

PERCIES(Davies): A Sca stands.

RED ROSE(Knowles): A Sal-Dor, A Sur-Cch S by A Win, F Tnt-Dov,
F Str-ECha S by F Cal, A Wea-Lew, A Clt-Bks,
A Bed S(NEVILLES)A Mid-Lei, A Rut-Lin S by F Nor1.

SCOTS(Morris): A Uls stands, F Wiri-MBay, A WMor-Car, A Lan stands,
F Bwk-New.

WHITE ROSE(Black): F New MS A Dur, F Yor-Lin, A WRid-Don, A Don-Der
S by A Not.

Retreats: FRENCH A Cch disbands-nowhere to go.

FRENCH F Dor-Por.

FRENCH ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ A Bri disbands-no retreat space given.

RED ROSE F Cal-Nor2.

King: Still in the big city.

WINTER ADJUSTMENTS 1460:

BEAUFORTS : 2 Centres: Dor, Exe, ~~Win~~. REMOVES F WCha.

FRENCH : ~~6~~ Centres: 20B, Har, ~~Cch~~, IOW, Lew, ~~Str~~, +Cal.
 BUILDS F Har, ~~XXXXX~~.

NEVILLES : 10 Centres: Glo, Oxf, Pem, Abe, War, Here, Cae, Che, Der,
 + Bri. BUILDS A War.

PERCIES : 1 Centre : Sca. NO CHANGE.

RED ROSE : 13 CENTRES: Lon, Can, Roc, Col, Bed, Dov, Cam, Nwh, Sal,
~~Str~~, Ntn, +Win, +Lin, +Cch. BUILDS A Lon, A Can.

SCOTS : 6 Centres: 20B, Dum, Car, Bwk, Lan. BUILDS A Dum.

WHITE ROSE: 5 Centres: Don, Not, ~~Lin~~, New, Yor, Dur. REMOVES F New.

+++++.....

Right then, that's it for this issue, as I am rather tired. I hope to
 be back with News & Views next issue,bet you can't wait.

Cheers, John.

.....TAFTAN.....

The Back Page

Some Late News

The second issue of Top O' The Pile has just appeared from Mick Bullock, 14 Nursery Avenue, Halifax, West Yorkshire, HX3 5SZ, giving the results of six different rating lists applied to the first 49 completed British Regular games. There's also an overall conglomeration of all the different systems which puts Michel Feron on top of the heap, followed by Gus Ferguson, John Bullock and Terry Knowles. 2p plus postage from Mick and highly recommended reading to all ratings fanatics.

The "Second Annual Continental European Conflict-Simulation Games Convention" is to be held in Brussels from May 2nd to the 4th this year. All sorts of wargames plus Diplomacy, auctions, conferences, films etc. for 200 BF or \$5 - accomodation not included. For further information write to Michel Liesnard, Av A Milcamps 221, B-1040, Brussels, Belgium.

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And just to be different (ha ha) let's end up with some SF, shall we?

In one corner of our living room, in an alcove next to the fireplace, there stands some sections of shelving thrown together to make a book-case. On these shelves stand about 500 SF paperbacks - my entire collection in fact. Obviously I can't mention many of them here, but there is one book in that half-a-thousand which stands out, in my mind, far and away from all the others. It is 'I Will Fear No Evil' by Robert Heinlein, and I consider it to be in a class of its own. I bought it over two years ago, started it, stopped, scratched my head, started again, stared around me in amazement, and finally ploughed through it right to the end. And since the day I finished reading it I have vowed to keep it forever. Why? Because it is so appallingly dreadful! I have not the slightest doubt that it is the worst, most boring, most time-wasting load of rubbish in my entire collection. It's not the worst book I've ever read mind. Not quite. I can dimly remember one or two books by long-since (thankfully) forgotten authors that might just have had it beaten. But at least I managed to burn or flush away those other monstrosities. But the Heinlein book I've kept; not for masochistic reasons but as a reminder of just what depths of drivel and boredom a once-great writer, who I admired not a little, can actually descend to. I'll not bore you with any details of plot or characters - it might make me cry - but if there are any of you out there who would like their interest in SF, and perhaps in literature in general, to run the risk of being destroyed for ever I suggest you need look no further than 'I Will Fear No Evil'.

.....

Mad Policy games: WEDNESDAY, MARCH 5TH, 1975.

DEADLINES:

Annexe games: MONDAY, MARCH 3RD, 1975.

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