

Special hot and sticky armpits issue!

MAD POLICY

ISSUE
NUMBER
57.

Issue number 57 (or 111001 even, binomially speaking) of MAD POLICY, a sort of postal Diplomacy zine from a very hot and exceedingly sweaty Richard J. Walkerdine of 43 Chapel Grove, Addlestone, Weybridge, Surrey, KT15 1UG, UK (Weybridge 40136), who is currently suffering from near collapse in this bloody 90+ degree heatwave! However, to return to the point, may I mention that there are openings in both Multiplicity (one only) and regular games available for the mere pittance of a 60p game fee for normal humans and a 40p game fee for IDA members. The rag itself will set you back 7½p plus postage per issue. Most back issues are still available for 3p each plus postage...

Today is sort of Monday, June 28th, 1976.

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Clever Old Nancy Takes Extra Napkins To Sell (your turn, Jeremy..)

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(The Annexe is stuck between pages 6 and 7 this time.)

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Well my appeal last issue for volunteers for some of the hobby jobs I've been doing resulted in exactly the response I expected - kind offers from people who are already even more over-committed than me and a big fat zero from everyone else! But I've been around the hobby too long to let that sort of thing put me off, so anyway it's probably no longer necessary. In the last couple of weeks I've actually managed to find some spare time again, with the result that the Boardman Numbers are now up to date again - most GMs should be receiving a list of outstanding numbers with this issue - and two issues of TPT have been printed and are also being sent out with this issue. The TPTs don't bring completed games up to date of course, but it does cut the backlog in half. With luck there should be another two issues ready by the time of the next MP and then we really will be back on course again.

Mind you, I can't do everything at once and there's still been no further progress made on the orphans I've been trying to re house, but if, as I hope, the extra bit of spare time I've been able to dredge up actually continues then I hope to be able to get around to them after I've got TPT up to date again. One thing at a time though.

It's progress though, and with luck it should continue.

Flyers this time are Dave Allen's NGC election platform plus the TPTs and Boardman Numbers mentioned above.

One last thing. Should have mentioned it under CoA's, but forgot. Pete Swanson is now in the USA for three months, so don't bother to write to him for a while....

THE SILENT SPEAKERS

A short story by Paul Willey

Part Two

Peter stops the car and makes his way into a small pub with a thatched roof. He buys a beer and takes it to a table, where he lights a cigarette. On the table is a cribbage board and a well-worn pack of cards advertising Woodbines.

With wicked glee, Peter laid down a pair of kings and picked up the massive discard pile on to which Angela had just played the king of hearts. They were playing canasta, and Peter was winning quite substantially. With the triumphant conclusion of each hand, he was crowing unbearably. It was a dangerous pastime for two people who had, for some time now, been getting flashes of the other's memories - and always something they would rather not have seen.

Of course, they both knew that there had been other girls in Peter's past, and other men in Angela's, but they didn't talk about them, and to suddenly catch a memory of one during an intimate moment was a more effective dampener of ardour than a cold shower.

Gleefully, Peter totted up the score. Exasperated, Angela threw down her cards, "I don't want to play any more," she said. "I concede." She picked up a book, and deliberately started to read it.

"Ah, come on," he said, "it's only a game."

"All right, you've won. Well done. I'm going to read now."

"Well there's no need to be such a bad loser."

"There's no need to be such a bad winner!"

"What's that supposed to mean?" he demanded.

"Nothing," she said. "I'm going to read for a bit."

"Well, what am I supposed to do?" he asked.

"I don't care," she told him coldly. "Now would you mind not talking to me, so that I can read."

Angrily, Peter walked over to the television and switched it on. Maybe he had rubbed in his victory a bit much, but she had no reason to start acting like this.

"Would you mind switching that off again," she said. "I'm trying to read." It was a calculated goad.

Peter sprang to his feet. "Switch it off your bloody self! I'm passing off home."

"There's no need to swear at me."

At the height of their mutual anger, the "door" opened again, and Peter felt his face being stung by her raining blows upon it. It was a purely symbolic representation of her feelings, and did not correspond to a factual desire on her part, but it was nevertheless an extremely hostile emotion. He did not know what she saw in his mind, but, from the pallor of her face, he knew it was something equally violent.

Without another word, he went out and slammed the door.

Peter drives from the pub, still lost in thought. They could have been the first pair of a new race. The Adam and Eve of Homo telepathis. But, God, what misery would have been wrought in the world then!

He gets out of the car by the stream where they sat the day the rot first set in, when their strange link had started to go sour on them and they had seen thoughts beneath the conscious level. He walks to a bridge over the stream and stares down into the water. Noticing a cuff-link in his sleeve, with the "P" cut into it, he impulsively takes the cuff-links off, and weighs them in his hand.

Bitterly, he leans over the bridge and deliberately lets them fall into the water where, with a soft "plop", they vanish.

He walks back to the car, feeling in his pocket for his cigarettes. Encountering an unfamiliar shape, he takes it out. It is the cardboard container of a bottle of Chanel No. 9.

"This is to say I'm sorry," he told her, giving her the perfume.

"Oh, Peter! Chanel. That's terribly expensive. You really shouldn't have."

"Ah, but I hope that I shall get the benefit of it - you will smell delicious."

"You make it sound like an Oxo cube, or something," she laughed. "Let me put some on."

She opened the box, and gave it to him as she used two hands to try to unscrew the top. "It's a bit stiff," she said. "Can you do it?"

He took the bottle from her, automatically putting the box in his pocket to leave both hands free. The top was stiff, but he moved it and gave it back to her. She unscrewed it and dabbed the narrow top on her wrist. Lifting her wrist to his nose, he sniffed indelicately. "Good heavens!" he grinned. "I have a barely suppressable urge to club you over the head and drag you by your hair to a dark cave."

"That sounds rather fun," she smiled provocatively. "-At least, the dark cave bit does. But before you do, I've got something for you, too, because I was just as horrible to you."

She gave him a small box, and he opened it carefully. Inside were two small cuff-links, each carved with a letter "P".

"Oh they're beautiful," he said. "They must have cost a fortune. I wish you hadn't"

"I'm glad I did, but if you're going to forget about that dark cave idea, I'm going to regret giving them to you."

He put the cuff-links away and took her in his arms. Passionately she embraced, and his hands moved about her body. She squirmed with delight, rolling back on the settee on which they were sitting, so that he came down on top of her. In a moment they were both panting with desire, and their relationship progressed towards the next logical step as he began to unbutton her clothes.

At the last possible moment, before they had gone too far to stop, his mind was suddenly, without warning, subjected to an overwhelming battery of hideous thoughts, all memories from her mind, and reflections of his own memories. He saw her crying with ecstasy in bed with John; he saw Angela sending off the ring again, but this time with utter distress; he saw himself bringing a former girl-friend to her climax, as she pulled him tighter into herself; he saw deep dark secrets in her mind which disgusted him, and felt his own mind probed of the memories he even tried to forget himself. The experience seemed to go on for an eternity, getting more and more unbearable. It was like the feedback howl of an amplifier whose microphone is picking up its own signal from the loudspeaker, and rising intolerably in pitch and volume. But it was infinitely worse, for it was the feedback of two minds, totally exposed to one another.

Then it was over, and there was cold sweat on Peter's brow. He realised, with horror that he was now physically incapable of making love to Angela, even had he been mentally prepared. His body had lost its passion of the moment before with apparently no possibility of regaining it.

Likewise, Angela had gone from boiling point to zero degrees, and her breathing, and pulse rate had both dropped to dead slow.

Without speaking, they sat up and began to reassemble their clothing.

At length, Peter said, "It's no good, is it? This is going to happen every time." She nodded mutely.

Peter laughed bitterly. "You would think telepathy would ramse sex to the ultimate, wouldn't you? But, instead, it just renders us incapable!"

"Peter," she said, "you know I love you. If only we could stop seeing each other's minds, I would never want you to leave me. But I can't stand this any more. It's torture being so close to you, but not being able to get really close without alien thoughts out of your head bombarding me."

He nodded. "If we knew how we did it, we'd know how to stop it, but, as it is, I think the only way to stop it is to stop..."

"To stop seeing each other. I'm afraid you're right," she said with tears in her eyes. "We must do it quickly - go now. Goodbye, Peter. I shall never forget what we might have had."

"Nor I," he told her sadly. "Listen, if I ever weaken and call you, hang up, and tell me you're not home."

They looked at one another. The strange affinity which had once drawn them together was, they both knew, the same power which was driving them apart. Quickly and abruptly Peter turned away.

Peter looks at the Chanel box once more, and slowly allows his fingers to relax so that it falls to the ground. Lighting a cigarette, he gets into the Mini, and starts it. He is unaware of both nearside wheels going over the perfume box, and

he drives away towards Dave and Reg at the Stag. He is oblivious of the once-expensive cardboard container lying crushed into the dirt and destroyed almost beyond recognition...

The end.

A Cautionary Tale

— By John Leatrice

About a year ago now I was being stood up in a St. Andrews bar. The throbbing in my head blended with the throbbing pain in my wallet, and I had just decided to leave when, through the smoke, an ancient mariner hove into view. I recognised him as Jerry Milne, disastrous Dark Lord from a long dead Third Age game, but now he informed me he was making good commanding minesweepers on 'goodwill' visits to Portugal. I made to leave, but found myself unable to button my coat because of the glass of whiskey which had miraculously appeared in my hand. Never argue with a live ancient mariner - I settled down to hear his tale.

It concerned an age gone by - 1973, when grants walked the Diplomatic stage; Piggott, Sharp, Yare (for pygmies also walked that stage). Brian Yare was a St. Andrews gamesmaster whose zine, Grafeti, had fallen on hard times. Circulation had peaked at "67 and still rising!" and he was casting around for some way to unload some of his games. One game, a game of Third Age, was in the process of being won by Gondor, controlled by Bob Harris, and Mordor, controlled by John Robertson, the proprietor of a shop selling ...ah... therapeutic books. Mordor, losing, was controlled by our friend Jerry Milne.

As I say, Yare wished to unload as many games as possible, and at this point in the game, as Gondorian armies hammered on the gates of Mordor, there was a confused scuffle, then victory was awarded to Gondor, revoked and the game restarted, Jerry Milne was replaced by Duncan Morris as Dark Lord, and Brian Yare replaced by Geoff Corker as GM. (Corker started a complete new zine for the occasion, filled with games which, as Yare later told me, would have taken the rest of his life to GM. Corker later died of boredom.)

Games of Third Age that are not won by Mordor in the first few seasons usually do take a very long time to GM, but here a very strange thing happened. Morris slashed his way through to Mordor, with no apparent regard for what was happening elsewhere, and took the ring from Mordor's ring-bearer, and won! Luck? Not according to Duncan. He told the story of how he had gone through to Dundee to see John Robertson, ruler of Mordor, at his shop and had induced him to explain the game to him (the Robertson empire, diplomatic and otherwise, was controlled from his shop) by pretending he was not Duncan Morris. I actually arrived at the end of this meeting to collect my weekly copy of 'Necrophiliae lust in the undergrowth' (purely medicinal), and Morris, having met me at 'Scorpion' feared his scheme was rumbled. Fortunately for him, I appeared not to recognise him. (Hell, can you remember every hack you've beaten at Decline and Fall?) Anyway, Morris absconded with the loot - the knowledge of the position of the ring, imparted by the outrageously urbane and overconfident Robertson. We were left asking each other who the hell that idiot was. And, except for the victory that was the last I heard of the game until that fateful night in the Cross Keys Hotel.

The Milne story differs at no point, but draws attention to the first attempt at stopping the game. This was triggered by Gondor's forcing the Mordor ringbearer to retreat. If the Mordor ringbearer is eliminated victory goes to the largest of the other powers. Yare saw the chance of reducing his workload and collared Jerry, pointing out that he could retreat it, or disband it and thus end the game. Jerry, a figure whose saintliness transcends even that of St. Francis and Allan Ovens, totally unsuited for Diplomacy, had already said he wished to end the game and naturally opted for disbandment. The snag was, however, that the rules state that multiple armies like Mordor's ringbearer cannot be disbanded, and when this was realised Yare had to continue the game. Jerry declined to continue, and Duncan

Morris took over.

So far so good. But, when the game had 'finished' for the first time, Morris, who was living at the same address as Yare at the time and had taken a keen interest in the progress of the game, had actually inquired as to the whereabouts of the ring, and had been told! Despite this Yare allowed him to join the game. Morris's 'espionage' trip to Dundee was in fact window-dressing to explain his making a bee-line for the ring, and to check that it really was where he thought it was.

I smiled. The tale had ended and, as everyone knows, ancient mariners let you go on your way at this point. So it was with mounting horror that I watched him launch into the tale of why Brian Yare failed to get, or even to be allowed to present, his PhD.....



'P' Game Final Report

1974F. Zine: Little Imp (to A03), Mad Policy. GM: RJW. Players: A- Mike Sherrad (out S07). E- Rudolph Tatay (dro S07), Stewart Buckingham (out A08). F- Mark Weidmark (res A01), Conrad von Metzke (dro A07), Roland Prevot (out A08). G- Terry Knowles. I- Steve Hall (res A03), John Meadon. R- Ron Kelly (won A14). T- Richard Sharp (dro A13), Dave Black. Started: 1-1-74. Finished: 1-6-76.

| | 00 | 01 | 02 | 03 | 04 | 05 | 06 | 07 | 08 | 09 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 |
|---|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|--------|----|----------------------|----|-----|----|----|----|
| A | 3 | 5 | 6 | 6 | 5 | 4 | 2 | - | | | | | | | |
| E | 3 | 5 | 5 | 4 | 3 | 2 | 2 | 1 | - | | | | | | |
| F | 3 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 2 | 2 | 1 | - | | | | | | |
| G | 3 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 10 | 11 | 13++14 | 10 | 11 | 9 | 7 | 4 | 1 | |
| I | 3 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 6 | 7 | 7 | 6 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 8 |
| R | 4 | 6 | 6 | 7 | 6 | 6 | 6 | 7 | 9+ | 13+ [†] 13+ | 13 | 14+ | 16 | 19 | |
| T | 3 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 5 | 4 | 5 | 4 | 5 | 5 | 5 | 6 |

German Comments

This was quite a game - I must say I really enjoyed it despite the unhappy ending.

I began allied with Rudy Tatay (England) and knocked out France very quickly. I then turned on Rudy - who had done absolutely nothing to deserve it, and for which I still feel guilty at times - and knocked him out in turn. In fact I met Rudy face to face for the first time at a Dipcon about a week after I'd sent in my set of stab orders, and I was terrified that he had seen the latest issue of MP, or LI at that time I guess, by then.

I can't even remember now why I stabbed Rudy, but Italy was next on my list. Shortly after I hit him I got my just desserts in the form of a very neat stab by Ron Kelly. At this time I was sure I had the game sewn up, so the stab caught me in a nasty situation, between Italy who wasn't about to forgive me - although I tried - and Russia who could smell victory.

Towards the end Ron speeded things up by stabbing me twice more, thereby setting a new Dolchstoss record I'm sure - he proposed we ally again to give me second place, since Italy and Turkey were giving him too much opposition, I agreed but my letter of agreement 'had arrived too late' I found and he had gone ahead to attack me, not knowing that I had agreed, or so he said! But would I be willing to trust him again and ally? Fool that I was - although not seeing too many other options at this point - I agreed again. Same thing happened. From there Ron had only a few short steps to victory.

Apologies to Rudy, and John, and sincere congratulations to Ron - a very nicely played game and a well deserved win.

— Terry Knowles.

GM Comments

No contribution to this from anyone else - thanks Terry - so I'll add a few thoughts to Terry's summary.

A bit of a funny game, this. The first of the old Little Imp games - my daft attempt to run a second zine - which got transferred when I merged them together, and perhaps one of the very few games which Mike Sherrad actually managed to stay

in until his elimination! Terry certainly did seem to have it all sewn up after the first five or so years, with a seemingly very helpful Ron Kelly and a totally boxed-in Richard Sharp. But Ron's stab(s) certainly changed the picture, although there was a stage - around 1909 I think - when Terry's attackers and Ron's inability to build new units due to German and Turkish forces in his homeland combined to give Richard at least the appearance of being in with a chance of a share of the spoils. But a couple of missed moves and an eventual dropping out by Richard (aided partly by the Post Office) finally removed the last slight threat to a Russian victory and Ron duly accepted his opportunity.

John Meadon played a very quiet game as Italy, keeping out of trouble as much as possible and almost growing large without being noticed. He was never in a really strong enough position to have a real chance of winning although if he and Sharp could have established an effective and reliable alliance at the time of the Russian stabs there just might have been a different result.

So congratulations to Ron on some nicely timed stabs and a rather hard earned victory. It was certainly always a pleasure to run the thing.

'AA' Game-start & Waiting Lists

Having just rounded off one game it seems only fair to replace it with another, so here goes with 'AA' game, also to be known as 1976GZ.

- AUSTRIA: Nick Baker, 112 Honiton Road, Exeter, Devon.
- ENGLAND: Martin Dean, Alp Trida, 58 The Rutts, Bushey Heath, Herts.
- FRANCE : Pete Charlton, 12 Sylvester Street, Lancaster, Lancs.
- GERMANY: Bill Orr, 52 Burntnill Cres., Glengormley, Newtownabbey, Co. Antrim, N.Ireland.
- ITALY : Richard Potts, 16 All Souls Road, South Ascot, Berks, SL5 9EA.
- RUSSIA : Roger Collins, 92 Wilmot Way, Banstead, Surrey.
- TURKEY : Paul Segal, 29 Heath Hurst Road, London, NW3.

Money next. IDA discount granted to Bill and Paul. Credit after deducting the game-fee but before paying for this ish is; Nick, 45¹/₂p, Martin, 72p, Pete, -35¹/₂p. Bill, 130¹/₂p, Richard, 119¹/₂p, Roger, 98p, Paul, -14p! So cash required from Pete and Paul by next ish, from Nick soon after that, and from the rest of you not for a while yet.

As usual you can have a double deadline to start if you wish. If I have all seven sets of Spring 1901 orders by next deadline I will use them, if not the game will start the deadline after that. A volunteer to send standby opening moves for all seven countries would be appreciated, just to be on the safe side.

That's it, it's up to you now - and good luck...

Which leaves the waiting lists looking rather like this:

Multiplicity: Paul Willey, Duncan Morris, John Lettice, Martin Hammon, Anthony Dawson, Keith Black. One more still needed, don't forget a preference list, game will start as 'AB' game as soon as it's full.

Regular 'AC': Paul Simpkins, Keith Black, Anthony Dawson, Ron Canham. Three more needed, with their pref. lists. Will start in MP60.

Quiz Time

Here's a neat little problem, sent in by 'Devil'.

The positions are: England; F Eng, A Lon, A Pic. France; F Nth. Russia; F Nwy, F Den. The situation is that France and Russia have a rock-solid, definite alliance, but England, in his state of overconfidence, has publicly stated 'My moves next season will be A Lon - Bel C by F Eng & S by A Pic'. How can the French-Russian alliance cause the English moves to fail and so prevent England capturing Belgium? You may assume that all provinces bordering this scenario are empty; the only units involved are those described above.

A free issue of MP to the first correct solution-sender, and a free issue to 'Devil' if nobody gets it right. Deadline is next deadline...

IT'S A BIT LATE . ISSUE 38.

Well, you see, it's the wife's birthday tomorrow, and we were at a party until 5 a.m. Sunday morning, which means that this is another short edition. Now for the games.....

1975DF('U'): Autumn 1905.....Then there was France.

AUSTRIA(Ovens). A Tyr-Tri, A Boh-Mun, A Gal-Sil, A Rma-Sev S by A Ukr,
A Con S(ITALIAN)F Bla-Ank, F Aeg-S A Con.

ENGL ID(Haughan): F Nwy-Nvg, A StP stands, F Bal s F Hel-Kie.

FRANCE(Pratt): ~~WINDO-NWB, ANGLIA-EDEN~~ A Lvn-War S by A Pru, A Hol S A Kie,
A Lur-Mun S by A Kie & A Bor, F Lon-Nth S by F EnC,
F NAO-Nvg S by F Cly, F Sko-Nwy, A Mar-Fic.

GERMANY(Willey): F Nth-Edi.

ITALY(Kelly): A Ven-Pie, F Smy-stand, F Bla-Ank, A Rom-Tus.

RUSSIA(Lindsay): A Mos-Sev, A Arm-Smy S by A Ank.

TURKEY(??????): NMR! I can't remember if it got annihilated last time,
and I haven't received my MP. I am therefore assuming that
the A Ank was chopped last time, and that is that.

WINTER 1905 ADJUSTMENTS:

AUSTRIA: 9 Centres: Dud, Tri, Vic, Ser, Gre, Bul, Rum, +Sev, +Con.
BUILDS .. Vie, .. Bud.

ENGLAND: 3 Centres: ~~Edi~~, Nwy, Swe, StP.
REMOVES F Hel.

FRANCE : 13 CENTRES: Bre, Mar, Par, Spa, Bel, Por, Lon, Mun, Ber, Lpl,
Hol, Kie, War.

BUILDS A Par.(Yes, that is builds)
GERMANY: 2 Centres: Den, +Edi. OWED ONE UNIT..Nowhere to build.

ITALY : 6 Centres: Ven, Nap, Rom, Tun, ~~Com~~, + Ank, + Smy.
BUILDS F Rom F Mar.

RUSSIA : 1 Centres: Mos, ~~Sev~~, ~~Smy~~.
GM REMOVES .. Arm.

TURKEY : 0 Centres: ~~Ank~~. OUT!

RETREATS: RUSSIAN A Ank disbanded-nowhere to go.

C OF A: Paul Willey from 1st July will be at 72, Victoria Road,
Workington, Cumbria.

Crimson King to Assa Marra: See what I mean?

Crimson King to Austria: It's not fair! How can I fight you when I can't see where you are-I've run out of little red bullets!

GERMANY - Nauseous Pratt: I hope that takes the smirk off you're face. If so, it was worth dying for.
+++++
1975FL(W), Spring 1904...FREE WORLD DE-VALUED BY 13%.

AUSTRIA(Spanton): F Gre S A Bul, A Bul MS A Run, F Tri-AdS, A Bud-Tri S by A Vie, A War MS A Gal.

ENGLAND(Allen): F Lpl-Iri, A Hol-Pic-C-by-T-ith, F Lon-EnC, F Bre-ILAO. ((Nth Sea does not join Hol and Pic))

FRANCE(Anarchy): A Par stands unorderd.

GERMANY(Willey): A Den S F Swe, F Sve S(ENGLISH)A Hol-Nwy, F Kie-Hol S by A Bel, A Mun-Ruh, A Mar-Gas S by A Bur.

ITALY(Plater): A Ven-Pie, A Rom-Ven, F Aeg-Say, F Ems-Ios, A Smj-ank.

RUSSIA(Lindsay): A Lvn-StP, A Mos-war, A Sev-Rum, A Nwy-Svc.

TURKEY(Coombe): F Bla C A Con-Arm.

Retreats: ENGLISH A Hol annihilated-no retreat space given.

The Continuing Story Of The Kaiser's Barber: "I don't quite understand the point of your wooing the English," he said to the Kaiser, "...unless it's because of their blue eyes. I would have thought it more important to make peace with the Russians. They have an army on the Prussian border." "True," admitted the Kaiser from beneath a white beard of shaving-soap lather, "but to do that I shall have to go to war against Austria, and I don't particularly want to do that....That reminds me, I must tell the Chancellor sometime. I shouldn't think they want war either, for the campaign in Turkey seems to have caused a rift between Austria and Italy. I heard that Italy is planning to..." He lowered his voice and whispered in the barber's ear. A slow smile spread over the tonsorial artist's face, and he winked, conspiratorially. "Are you going to warn the Chancellor?" he asked. The Kaiser looked shocked. "I can't say anything," he said. "It's nothing to do with me!"

Vienna: The Emperor is feeling p.sed off this issue due to females, finance and exams(in that order). But never fear, Kaufman confidently expects to persuade him to write to his allies soon after they read this.

~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~

Sunny (drought stricken) Somerset: Bloody Russia again.

MOSCOW: Alliances going cheap, "Q" on the ~~1st~~ (damn these commie infiltrators) right.....well don't all rush at once, will you.

+++++T.L.F.L.L+++++

'T' Game contd....

Retreats: French A Bur - Gas.
 GERman A Ven - Pie.
 Russian A StP annihilated.

And that leads, quite logically, to....

'T' Game Bourse

| <u>Spring '07 Dealings</u> | <u>CROWNS</u> | <u>FRANCS</u> | <u>MARKS</u> | <u>LIRA</u> | <u>ROUBLES</u> | <u>PIASTRES</u> |
|----------------------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|--------------|----------------|-----------------|
| Duncan Morris | +225 | 0 | 0 | -500 | -500 | +4500 |
| Jeremy Maiden | +1133 | -499 | -500 | 0 | -500 | 0 |
| 'Shylock' | +598 | -500 | -500 | -3 | 0 | +1 |
| 'Credit Suisse' | +738 | -500 | -300 | +2003 | -500 | 0 |
| 'Cuthbert' | +277 | 0 | -500 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Phil Stutt NMR | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Steve Pratt | +1090 | -500 | -500 | 0 | -500 | +515 |
| Embull Enterprises | +318 | -496 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Pete Swanson NMR | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Ethilfrog Finance | +711 | -500 | -500 | -499 | 0 | -499 |
| 'Aries' | +434 | -500 | -500 | +1,00 | 0 | +500 |
| Tony Ball | -500 | -500 | -96 | 0 | -4 | +10339 |
| Phil Murphy | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| 'Devil' | 0 | -469 | 0 | +2114 | 0 | 0 |
| <u>Nett Trade</u> | <u>+5074</u> | <u>-4464</u> | <u>-3396</u> | <u>+3615</u> | <u>-2004</u> | <u>+15356</u> |
| <u>Old Value - \$/unit</u> | <u>4.71</u> | <u>3.02</u> | <u>2.61</u> | <u>0.67</u> | <u>5.05</u> | <u>0.40</u> |
| <u>New Value - \$/unit</u> | <u>5.21</u> | <u>2.58</u> | <u>2.28</u> | <u>1.03</u> | <u>4.85</u> | <u>1.93</u> |

| <u>New Holdings</u> | | | | | | <u>Total Value</u> |
|---------------------|-------|------|------|------|-------|--------------------|
| Duncan Morris | 225 | 0 | 0 | 2000 | 36191 | 4500 187443 |
| Jeremy Maiden | 2238 | 1476 | 950 | 0 | 14515 | 0 88031 |
| 'Shylock' | 10298 | 906 | 1842 | 0 | 0 | 1 60191 |
| 'Credit Suisse' | 4701 | 3501 | 0 | 3506 | 1503 | 0 44425 |
| Tony Ball | 2885 | 2948 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 10339 42590 |
| 'Cuthbert' | 7209 | 0 | 1770 | 0 | 0 | 0 41594 |
| Phil Stutt | 5085 | 2000 | 2033 | 4639 | 0 | 0 41066 |
| Steve Pratt | 5090 | 2213 | 2517 | 0 | 20 | 515 39058 |
| Mick Bullock | 5620 | 3312 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 37825 |
| John Piggott | 3054 | 2605 | 2359 | 2642 | 0 | 1958 34510 |
| Pete Swanson | 3073 | 1500 | 6205 | 0 | 0 | 2 34031 |
| 'Aries' | 2804 | 2635 | 2772 | 500 | 1 | 500 29212 |
| Phil Murphy | 3503 | 1660 | 1075 | 207 | 0 | 0 25197 |
| 'Devil' | 719 | 3557 | 0 | 2114 | 0 | 0 15100 |

If Russia is eliminated next turn, as seems rather likely, then you have just one last chance to deal in Roubles...

Joril: Wot! Still here! Oh well, let's wreck another currency!

Imrryr: You and the rest of 'em - it's fast becoming a new national sport! Fun though...

1975FA ('V') -- Autumn 1905 Bird-man still fighting his way to a wing!

Voting results: 1 Yes, 5 non-voters (= Yes), 1 No. So we continue - just. Be careful about failing to vote please, I can't believe all five of you want to end it yet...

AUSTRIA (Kelly): A Gal - War S by A Sil.

ENGLAND (Buckingham): A StP S (RUSSIAN) A Nos, F Nrg - NAO, F Nwy - Nrg.

FRANCE (Meadon): F Eng - Lon, F Cly MS F Ed1, A Bre stands, F Spa(SC) - MAO, F Mar - Spa(SC).

