

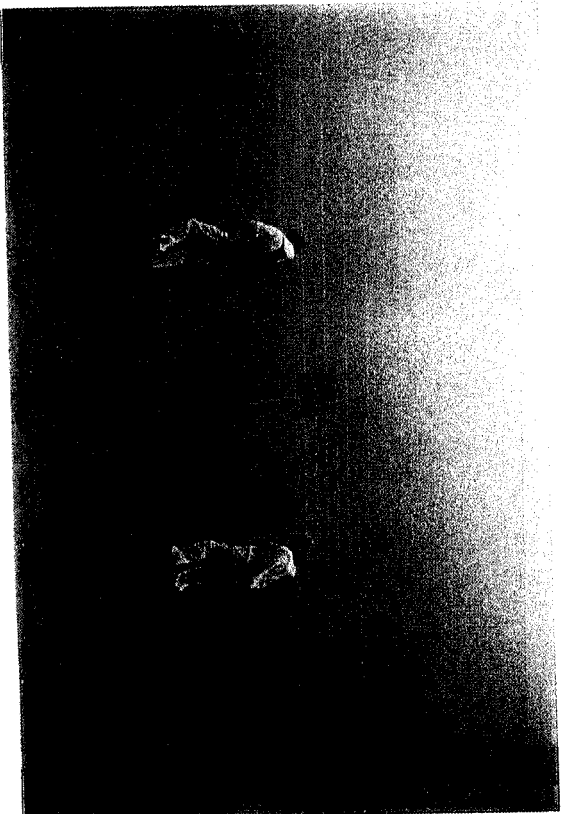
## Back Page

This is my third attempt at "signing off". My formerly trusty printer is at the repair shop, and the bit of scrap that has been standing in for the Mac I intend to own one day has decide to corrupt nearly all the files on the TWC disk. So I'm doing this on my new laptop, or "Notebook Computer" as it prefers to style itself - actually, it is quite heavy and cumbersome, and I'm not that enamoured of the idea of parking something that probably produces short-wave radiation in the manner of a microwave or a mobile right on top of my gonads.

Obviously, there are no game openings, but at least I know now what is happening to the few remaining games that I am supposed to be running. The zine is dead; long live the subzine! I have been offered a place in which to continue my ramblings in that fine and upstanding organ "The Sprouts of Wrath", and the Turkey Chase game will be transferring there with immediate effect. For any of the players who do not currently subscribe to Sprout, I am offering a transitional sub of £5.00 - after that, you are on your own.

The gunboat game which I have been running by filer will be put to bed soon, so that's it really. I do have every intention of producing yet another "final issue", to tie up all the loose ends, but as it's taken over six months to get this one out, don't hold your breath. Things are happening in my life, not all of them good - I get tired very easily and lose many afternoons to sleep. But I am trying to move a few things forward on the lifestyle front, not to mention catching up on my backlog of unwatched videos, so TWC 25 will not be a high priority.

And that's it, really. Golden heydays to all.



## The White Cat 24



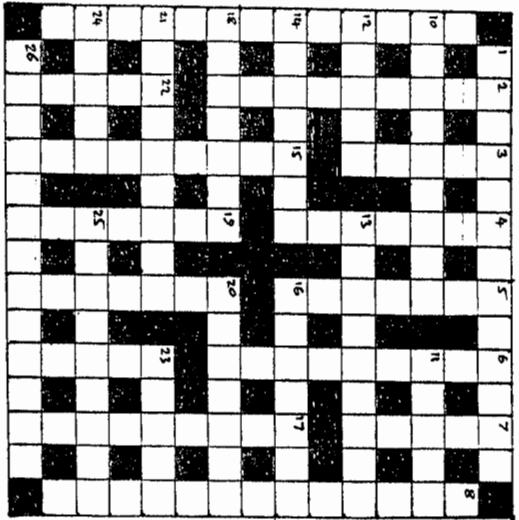
The Railway Bridge of the Silvery Tay

Dumfries District Libraries

**accept no substitutes .....**



*Tread softly, for you tread on my fish ....*



Clues across

- 1 Matched with both a writer and an Eastern potentate this month (6,7)
- 10 Under pressure, I gave money to the National Trust (2,7)
- 11 Briefly, Cuban ace gains point in northern isle (5)
- 12 Bags and bags surround the King (5)
- 13 Maybe I can act it, like Tal (9)
- 14 What the King did, when he gave up and lost the point (7)
- 16 Contribute, as is the custom in victory (5,2)
- 18 Fail to overprotect international security officer (7)
- 20 The Queen's opening? (7)
- 21 Masters at one on inside issues boost congress funds (9)
- 23 Player in no mood to waste and squander advantage (5)
- 24 Silly part of an old game in a new guise (5)
- 25 Riotous soldier clutching wine, with a murderous goblin about (9)
- 26 Grading officer as we see him - somehow, he ate red skate (3,4,6)

Clues down

- 2 He leaves an official to rejoin his monarch, fighting (9)
- 3 Beheaded villains go straight (5)
- 4 Discussed the accomplishment around the club (7)
- 5 What a rook does? (4,3)
- 6 Describes Alekhine's play - sound like he's into espionage! (9)
- 7 Errant knight, whose greeting holds up a resort (5)
- 8 Initial and full result of not playing the Swiss gambit (5,5,3)
- 9 Nine pink characters cheat, like kibitzers (4,2,3,4)
- 15 A trend one perhaps follows when almost checkmated (4,2,3)
- 17 At the eye of the storm, I took down a passenger where we most need influence (9)
- 19 Exit from journey, a failure (4,3)
- 20 Three cardinals have a warning for American ratings (7)
- 22 Below is part of a game played by Blackburne at Hastings (5)
- 23 Work hard to find a defence to the Queen pawn down the King file (5)

(18)

Spring is here, somewhat unseasonably. I was assisting in some conservation work last Sunday, cutting back rhododendrons in an area of mixed forest (they spread like wildfire and release a natural herbicide which prevents anything else from growing), and it was just like a day in June. Temperatures near Aberdeen reached 18 celsius, and as we were using a fire to dispose of our cuttings it was practically a T-shirt job. Since then, frost and snow have returned, which is good news for the ski resorts, and not something which I as a non-driver have a problem with. February is the coolest month, as T. S. Eliot so neatly said, and I look very cool in my leathers.

What about the war, eh? I know it is a serious subject and that some friends of mine could get killed by some trigger happy Yank tanked up on amphetamines, but really, you have to laugh. Not only is the leader of the Free World so obviously a laboratory experiment in cloning gone horribly wrong, we are all treating that clown Saddam like he was some sort of military genius. OK, so he has a few tanks and planes that we sold him, and which were parked in Iran for safe keeping last time round, but his best shot last time was to fire off a few Scuds at Israel ..... I'd like to see him try that again now that it's "bulldozer" Sharon who has his hand on the nuclear button.

Firstly, and I'm serious about this, the CIA should have contracted out the (preferably painful) killing of old moustacho to Mossad a long time ago - they don't fuck about. Secondly, we should send in all our clapped out tanks and rifles that don't work in an all-out blitzkrieg, staffed by the paras or some such gung-ho brigade (with maybe some Kurdish asylum seekers for good measure?); then we can make a whacking great insurance claim if our hardware gets trashed. Finally, as for the new leader of Iraq when all the fighting is over, how about Nasser Hussain? He is already being used as our secret weapon against that other evil dictator, Robert Mugabe, in the hope that being made to watch England play cricket will cause him to die laughing.

Saddam if captured alive should be sent as some sort of diplomatic emissary to North Korea, with a free hand to take out the Dear Leader if he tries to torture him by showing his video collection of his late father's speeches. While he is there, he can seek out and destroy (or merely purloin for his own personal use) the Korean nuclear arsenal, which could be loaded up on the back of an old pickup truck and sold off at auction to a friendlier starving Third World country. Let it never be said that we in the West are not generous to a fault.

Back on the home front, my financial burdens have been somewhat eased by the leasing of my old flat to a young man in search of a job. As long as the deal goes ahead and he, or rather Dundee City Council, coughs up the readies, I should make a net gain of £1,050 every six months before tax and be free of the obligation to pay council tax on an empty property. I still have a big bank loan to pay off, so it will be three or four years before I am technically solvent, but it's one less thing to worry about, and I am already starting to look for larger premises. My New Year's resolution last year was "New Year, New Luck", so I am only 13 months behind.

My trial date on the trumped up charge of "Criminal Damage" (I went walking in a field dressed as a bee) has been re-scheduled for March 18th. I have now been over to Cupar Sheriff Court twice: once for the "Intermediate Diet", at which the Fiscal insisted that the trial should go ahead on December 23rd, despite defence objections, and again on December 23rd when he was forced to request a postponement as half of his witnesses were off sick or on annual leave. I could have told him that police officers have a tendency to take holidays over Christmas, but would he have listened? I am defending myself, and against this guy, I am quietly confident of a result!

(3)

As a result of this untimely court commitment, I spent New Year instead of Christmas down in Cornwall with my parents. The journey was, inevitably for "Jonah" Wilman, not without incident. Firstly, the train from Dundee to Edinburgh, which started at Aberdeen, was packed to the gunwales and no hot drinks were being served. A similarly crowded train departed from Edinburgh; it could have done with two extra carriages, a requirement not difficult to anticipate on one of the busiest holiday weekends of the year. Because of engineering work on the main East Coast line, we went via Lockerbie and Carlisle to pick up the West Coast route, which is actually quicker and more pleasant, and all went reasonably well until we arrived at Preston.

There the train waited for about twenty minutes with no announcements until a disgruntled squaddie went to investigate and returned with the unwelcome news that the train had been "cancelled". What appears to have happened is that the train manager had simply walked off without waiting for a replacement, who failed to turn up. I hope that this wretched individual has now been sacked. So for once we had a train that was on time and in perfect working order, no problems along the way (in August, I was delayed by a landslip in the Cheltenham area), but the driver was refusing to go anywhere without a train manager, and there were no Virgin staff around doing anything about it.

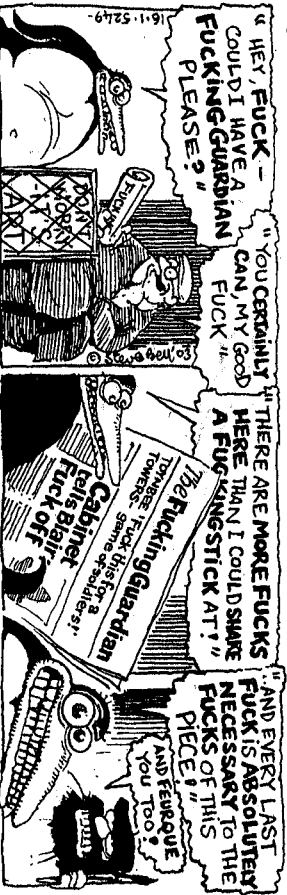
Eventually, the station manager was forced to cancel the train as he needed the platform, and the Hardy few travellers to Wesssex and beyond were left to our own devices. With trains being cancelled all over the place, I hopped on the next train bound for London, as directed, changed there for another bound for Stansted Airport, stood all the way to Birmingham, and eventually picked up the next cross-country Virgin train, which I could have waited for in the relative comfort of the Preston buffet bar, had I but known.... this one was going all the way to Plymouth. It was touch and go whether or not this (delayed) train would catch up with the First Great Western train speeding from Paddington to Penzance - by now it was after eight pm and that was the last possible connection, but we made it with one final change (making 5 in all) and about two minutes to spare.

Naturally, I wrote a letter of complaint on my return home, and was rewarded for my efforts with a magnificent £8.00 rail voucher. I'll try not to spend it all at once.

What did Santa bring you guys for Cimbo? I asked for, and received "Stupid White Men", by Michael Moore. Since then I have also seen his film, "Bowling for Columbine". Otherwise, entertainment has been thin on the ground. I now spend two half-days a week working for the local Citizens Advice Bureau, which I find quite tiring, but also challenging and sometimes fun. Apparently, it will look good on my CV if I ever find the need to become a wage slave again, although we property barons tend to be above all that. Anyway having lost at least two months in the production process this time, I will abandon the effort to fill this page with my musings and treat you to a cartoon instead.

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### Steve Bell



(4)

Reading De Quincey is an experience which must, I am guessing, be rather like being on a mild acid trip. His casual excursions into Greek and Latin, the result of a classical education force-fed at an early age during his studies at Eton, give pause to the otherwise breathless flow of words, subject to none of the discipline that even the wordiest Victorian writers were able to apply to their textual excesses.

After an account of his juvenile wanderings (boy runs away from home) that take up fully half of the work, he concludes by suggesting strongly and forcefully that the regular taking of opium is the only reliable preventive measure against the likelihood of contracting tuberculosis, a theory which might sound strange to modern ears, but which was no less ludicrous than some of the quackery foisted upon the populace by mainstream Victorian doctors of the day. He also makes the point, which is of relevance to today's debates on the legalisation of cannabis, the modern equivalent of De Quincey's "Opium", that excessive consumption of eg brandy, a spirit he rails against with particular venom, is likely to prove more harmful to the imbibor and those around him than his own drug of choice.

Whatever you may think of the man, his privileged life and the squandering of his undoubted abilities, this book is fun to read, and for real fans of De Quincey, there is apparently loads more, the "Confessions" being merely the tip of a huge iceberg (his essays are supposed to be eminently readable).



(17)

But there was some correspondence about the possible future for humanity. "Last and First Men" was mentioned, of course, among others. Here are my top three.

"A Canticle for Leibowitz" (Walter M Miller jr); "Beauty" (Sheri S Tepper) and "Manalona" (Colin Kapp). Jokes about what DUBYA would make of the title of the first are most welcome. In such times, of course, one can only cultivate one's own garden. Lucky me! I don't have one .....

Post hoc ergo ante hoc (discontinued)

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**Book Review** - "The Remains of the Day"

by Kazuo Izigiro

This has famously been made into a film starring Anthony Hopkins as the narrator/butler, and no, I haven't seen it. But I have had the pleasure of hearing Izigiro on "Desert Island Discs", and I got the impression that the music he favours is in some way similar to the sparse beauty of his prose.

Perhaps I am a minimalist at heart, though you wouldn't believe it to look at my desk, my bookshelves and my living room floor, but I have never liked the sprawling works of Indian writers who write in English, any more than I like the excellent translations available of turgid Russian writers; hence my preference for Bulgakov over Tolstoy - his brevity is as important to me as his waspish satire.

Ishiguro moved to Britain when he was six years old, so English comes naturally to him, but his Japanese genes and cultural background give him a unique perspective on today's multi-cultural Britain - although unlike, say, Zadie Smith, he concentrates instead on upper-class pre-war Britain in this novella, and post-war Japan (bourgeois art) in his more widely acclaimed follow-up, "An artist of the floating world".

**Book Review** - Confessions of an English Opium Eater, by Thomas de Quincey

I managed to plug this book on radio, which gave me inordinate pleasure. It appears that De Quincey fell into the habit of taking laudanum to settle a queasy stomach, and soon found himself consuming vast quantities of the stuff, money being no problem to this minor scion of the aristocracy.

### Your letters ..... and my replies

Allan Staeg

Thanks for TWC, which held a lot of interesting articles. I particularly enjoyed the Philosopher's take on Star Trek, although most of the examples quoted were from the first series, which was pretty dire. Subsequent series, and the DS9 and Voyager spin-offs, did much to fill in the backgrounds that were lacking in the first series, particularly for the Klingons, Ferengi and Borg.

*(And now we have "Enterprise" ... Actually I had in mind The Next Generation, probably the series with which I am most familiar, and from which I drew most of my examples - Tasha Yar, the Borg and the Crusher family. Any show that includes Patrick Stewart and Whoopi Goldberg has to have something going for it, and Jean Luc Picard actually behaves like a Captain.)*

Brian Aldiss - excellent British SF author, who wrote some good novels and some really good short stories. His work in the 1960s formed a staple part of my SF diet, and I can safely say that I have read more of his short stories than those of any other author. Having said that, there is no really outstanding work with which he can be identified, in the way that Frank Herbert is identified with Dune. Good to see that he has gained some acknowledgement for the film AI being based on one of his short stories.

*(The Helliconia trilogy is his most ambitious work and would film well, I would have thought.)*

John Brunner - sadly no longer with us, but responsible for a number of excellent and influential books at the end of the 60s and the beginning of the 70s. There were four of these Stand on Zanzibar (which won the 1969 Hugo, I think), The Shockwave Rider, The Sheep look up, and The Jagged Orbit. These novels were remarkable not only for their length and their themes (environment, overcrowding, pollution) which were very cutting-edge for the time, but also for their radical style. Chapters would be short, embracing multiple story lines, often leaving you struggling to keep up. In many ways they were genuinely ahead of their time, and are still a rewarding read today. Unfortunately, a lot of his other work is far less satisfying.

*(If one gave me "The City of the Squares", which is stylish, witty and ironic.)*

The Death of Grass belongs to the school of British "fireside disaster" novels of the 50's and 60's. John Wyndham was the flagbearer of this school, John Christopher and Keith Roberts also produced some interesting work, and John Blackburn's A Scent of New-mown Hay (which I first heard on the radio) is also as valid today as it was back in the 60's

*(If you don't count Captain W. E. Johns, Wyndham was probably the first SF author I read, at age 12 or so. "The Chrysalids" and "Trouble with Lichen" were my favourites.)*

Richard Smith

The final poem was Ode to a Nightingale by John Keats. No I didn't recognise it. Mr. Google found it for me in 0.11 seconds.

*(I must be cracking up - I chose "Ode for a Nightingale" because it is one the most famous poems in the English language, and yet I still managed to forget it. Also, the way I GM the game should ensure that I enter the name of the author along with the text - failing that, I use a bookmark and a prominently displayed copy of the book as backup. Usually.)*

## The editor as columnist

### The Right stuff

Having a go at people is easy; paying a tribute to someone you don't even know, quite out of the blue and simply because they deserve it, rather more difficult. I suspect that most of us have seen an episode of the TV quiz show "Fifteen to One". Some may even have auditioned for it (Mick Haytack was actually on it, but he doesn't receive this zine).

No-one who knows anything at all about the subject would deny that William G. Stewart is the doyen of quizmasters; he is scrupulously fair, unfailingly polite, does everything he can to put the understandably nervous contestants at their ease - and he actually knows quite a lot (comparisons with socialite Anne Robinson are perhaps a bit unfair)

And yet, he sometimes has to explain (I heard him doing this) that the element of luck in the game has been reduced to an absolute minimum. What a gentleman and scholar. A tip of my own, by the way: in round two, try to be invisible. I have practised this myself, on trains and in bars. It isn't easy, but it's a trick worth persisting with if you have the knack.

### Leave well alone updated

Am I some sort of prophet, and do I deserve honour in my own country? Last time I had a go at the proposed offence of "car-jacking"; now they are pushing for "phone jacking"!

These are not proposals for legislation, of which we already have more than enough, merely frivolous suggestions with an underlying *frisson* of actuality.

Parents: don't buy the wretched things for your grotesquely pampered offspring! Sure, they know how to use them; *lend them yours* if they have occasion to need one!

Kids: flashing a mobile phone in a playground is like showing off your genuine Rolex in the Queen Vic (or any other fictional pub of your acquaintance).

Sorted.

### Sheep look up (continued)

I don't know what you were thinking about on September 11th (though I do, thanks to my eclectic reading habits, know what a Chilean representative was saying), but I was most concerned about the possibility of an accidental nuclear war, with the whole US military at Defcon 4, or whatever they chose to call it. After all, they were only minutes away from launching an attack on a flock of geese once (I'm reasonably confident that won't happen again) when some over-worked screen watcher misread his equipment.

I enjoyed WC23, shame there's only one more to go. A few comments regarding your spiel on crime: Agreed some sentences are still a bit light, but I think you'll find the law is generally getting lighter on motorists. First it was drink-driving, then speeding, and now anything that interferes with concentration such as mobile phones and kikkats. The shortage of donor organs (due in part to road safety improvements and slower traffic caused by congestion) was in the news recently - perhaps the answer is those convicted of serious driving offences have to forfeit one kidney?


I too have wondered why police can't be issued with some kind of non-lethal weapon with which to fell felons. I suggest that instead of marksmen they have police blowgunners dressed in loincloths sneaking up on the perp in order to administer a trunk dart to his buttocks.

(The blowpipe is an underestimated weapon, though not against armour class 3 - again, I am indebted to JJ for this knowledge. You could easily disguise one as, say, a recorder, though getting the curare to put on the darts could be difficult.)


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# CAZ


A CRASH HELMET? You must be joking!




WE DON'T WEAR CRASH HELMETS!




CONCEPTS OF THE ROAD ARE HELMETS!




AND CONCEPTS DON'T WEAR CRASH HELMETS!



WE DON'T WEAR CRASH HELMETS!



CONCEPTS OF THE ROAD ARE HELMETS!



Oban is a rather seedy, run-down town on the west coast of Scotland. You might, in a tourist brochure, find it described as "gateway to the Western Isles", or some such nonsense. It is undeniably true that you can get a ferry to the island of Mull, which boasts two small towns, one of them made famous by the Wombles and a comic song by the Scottish singer Bill Bailey, but there is a bridge to Skye these days and I suspect that most holiday makers use that.

For one glorious weekend in November, however, Oban is home to the deservedly famous Oban Chess Congress. It is three hours from Glasgow by train, and there is only one train a day, but unlike a Virgin cross-country express, it is extremely reliable and passes through some spectacular scenery. There is even a designated smoke-break for nicotine addicts, when the train splits in two at Crianlach - the rear half goes to Fort William, by way of Rannoch Moor, which is where British Ice Ages start (not a lot of people know that).

On the Friday evening, there is a free buffet for the weary travellers. I almost missed this, because I was taking a power nap. It didn't stop me from losing my first round game to John Senior who had a good tournament and scored the second best rating performance, after me.

Breakfast was adequate, though not as good as last year, and I really got fired up for the weekend when I sat down to play Richard Wiltshire. He took one look at me and said "I see I'm down at the fag end of the tournament already" Fighting talk. I am fairly mellow about opponents these days, but I don't take that sort of thing lying down. I toyed with him, positionally crushed him in the best game I have played in two years, missed the win of a piece in his time trouble, but was still one ahead when he lost on time. Then I bought him a drink - he appeared to need it.

The Saturday afternoon game was great fun, even though it ended in a draw - I missed several clear wins, again in his time trouble. The guy was from Yorkshire and a dead ninger for Billy Connolly in his bearded days. I asked him if he knew my old mucker Tag (Tony Taglione, ex-Yorkshire champion), but he didn't. Then I went out for an Indian with the Mc Glichnsts, Siegrun and Athol. Athol is a retired skipper from the merchant navy, and very interesting company when his wife lets him get a word in. Siegrun is a German intellectual and a nutcase. She and my girlfriend got on famously ....

In the evening there was a pub quiz, which was enormously popular, though not my cup of tea - and yes, I am mainly drinking tea these days. I don't think that Oban has a casino. We came about 11th. The whole team of six was quite spectacularly useless, especially me. A far cry from last year when I was on the winning team - but it was fun.

Sunday morning gifted me a surprisingly easy win against a 1900 whose surname would have scored 34 points at Scrabble. I could have done the crossword while putting him away, but that is rightly considered bad manners. This should have set me up for a barnstorming finale, as I was in with a shout for the grading prize, but I finally dialled a strong opponent in Joe Redpath, a junior international. For reasons best known to myself, I came up with a TN on move 2 (1 d4 Nf6 2 Nf3 Ne4?) and got crushed in 13 moves. This opening shall henceforth be known as Mc Caig's folly, after the monument of that name which dominates the Oban skyline. I would play it again in the same circumstances, for purely chess reasons, as it avoids such theoretical lines as the KID (franchetto variation) and the lethal Barry attack.

Sam Collins, the bookshop proprietor, was the popular winner of my lost grading prize, and Alan Grant was the equally popular winner of the tournament. He fought off a courageous but ultimately unsound sacrificial attack from John Senior in the final round. The only IM in the field, Steve Mannion, lost to Ed Spencer from Dundee in round two, while a strong German tourist was an early victim of the deceptively dangerous Mr Senior, who finished 2nd with 4 straight wins.

"Big Yellow Taxi"

The TWC Lyrics Quiz

Round Four

Allan claims points from last time for identifying "Happy Jack" by the Who.

- 1) "She's unavoidable, I'm backed against the wall. She gives me feelings like I've never felt before."

"It's simply Irresistible" by Robert Palmer

Richard Smith 10, Allan Stagg 10

- 2) "With the WD40 in their veins the screeching little brakes complain"

(allegedly) Turin Brakes, "Underdog (Save Me)"

Richard Smith 10

- 3) "And when I touch you I feel happy inside It's such a feeling that my love I can't hide"

The Beatles: I wanna hold your hand

Richard Smith 10, Allan Stagg 10

- 4) "When you think that night is in your mind, That inside you're twisted and unkind"

"I'll be your mirror", sung by Nicole on the Velvet Underground "Banana" album.

Richard Smith 10

- 5) "So, put me on a highway, And show me a sign"

"Take it to the limit" by the Eagles

Richard Smith 10, Allan Stagg 10

- 6) "You're old and disillusioned now, as you realise you've lost That all you have accomplished here will have soon all turned to dust"

"Burning Rope" from the album And then there were Three by Genesis

7) "I'll take you another vodka and tonic  
To set you on your feet again"

Elton John: Goodbye Yellow Brick Road  
Allan Stage 10

8) "Reputation's changeable,  
Situation's tolerable"

Sung by Roy Orbison for the Travelling Wilburys  
I am shocked and surprised that no-one got this!

Final totals: Richard Smith 225, Allan Stage 175, Simon Ives 95, Nick Parish 85,  
Jim Reader 65, Adrian Walding 30, Brian Frew 10.

My thanks to all who took part.

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NO I CAN'T SEE YOU TONIGHT  
GEEBALD, IT'S MY GESTALT  
THERAPY AND INNER PENCE  
NIGHT.  
T



YOU ONLY DINKA TO SEE  
IF I FINKED A QUICK  
WAPAT ??  
T



NO, TORPERSOCS IT'S MY  
TENSICAL, ANAVYAS  
AND PERSONAL GROUND.  
T



GEERALD THAT'S THE BIGGEST  
FINKING IVE HEARD !!!  
T



AND WEHNESSDAY IS MY  
KISA CLASS AND TALK  
WITH MY GURU,.....  
T



YOUR JMUZZI ONE  
MINUTE ?  
T



## Diminishing Returns

In what was, for me, a rather surprising result, Ode won the 2002 zine poll, exactly duplicating the result of twenty years ago - spooky, or what? Consistency is clearly John Marsden's greatest asset, since he isn't doing anything different from what he has always done, and now has more than 250 issues under his belt. As a games zine pure and simple, you simply can't fault it. Even though the latter column, sometimes cut entirely if the editor is "too busy", features such world-shattering topics as whether or not David Watts is a good GM of his own game, Railway Rivals, or a bad one because of his petty "fines" system (and let us remember here that we are talking about a game played with dice and crayons...) is not so much a cozy escape from reality as a horrible reflection of the nerd in all of us which we thought that by middle age we might just have escaped from (let me out of here, I'm a grown-up!), those reassuring games reports swung it.

In the days when I used to review zines on a regular basis, and before my system was nicked by Agar, "Star quality" was less thin on the ground and editors with monstrous egos bust their ample guts to outdo each other. Even then, it was possible for a straight dip zine to win on occasion, as "War & Peace" once improbably did, churned out by the amiable and probably harmless right-wing looney Derek Caws. Where now is our token crypto-fascist, with Sharp and Dochstoss both sadly deceased... there is a clear vacancy here for Doodley to make a comeback. And I assume that Hopscotch is still going; that one also topped the greasy poll in one of those touching tributes to the feegood wisdom that nice guys don't always come last.

Elsewhere, we note that "Under the Mango Tree" seems not to have survived the editor's move to darkest Yorkshire, graveyard of many a fine zine - I think it is fair to say that "Back to the Dark Ages" went there and decided to stay. In one of the later issues, we saw a picture of the Ryk Domnes des rich- and he had apparently become mayor of the place, amiably involving the local yokels in various get-rich-quick schemes. It all looked very nice - I hope he got to keep the roof over his head. Shame he couldn't complete the game he roped me in to help out with as a standby Austria in a dodgy position, which I had plinked to a snoot 15 and certain victory before the axe fell, but there you are - star quality. Some have it and some don't.

Do I really have to publish a pamphlet called "how to spot a con-man", or should I just mention the names Neil Kendrick and Maic Smith in the same sentence and wait for their defenders to deluge me with complaints? I'm all ears guys, really, and not at all bitter.

\* He who proclaimed the death of the postal hobby, none other than Steve "The Boss" Agar himself, is now contributing to it by jumping ship again. Armistice Day was indeed an excellent zine while it lasted. But it didn't last, did it, and where will all those folk go now whom Stephen so ably recruited? Being so out of things generally, I can only recommend that they try the three zines I still sub to - Sprouts, The Cunning Plan and the aforementioned Ode. Or simply play Dip on the web, as apparently many folk do, though I don't seem to have got the hang of it yet.

I usually avoid Manroon, probably because they insist on holding it in a goldfish bowl on the hottest weekend of the year, but I may give it a whirl this July, just to show my face and shoot the breeze. I also have a virgin set of 1895 to broach, and I'm on the lookout for an out-of-print Ravensburger game called Quest. I just need to remember to stock up with lots of painkillers and sleeping pills for the prison cell style beds, and some books to read on delayed and cancelled Virgin trains....

Ode - John Marsden, 91 Westwood Avenue, Lowestoft, SUFFOLK NR33 9RS

Sprouts - Mark Wightman, 52 Park Road West, Bedford MK41 7SL

TCP - Neil Duncan, 25 Sarum Hill, Basingstoke, HANTS RG21 8SS

\* Breaking news - Agar relents. Make yer bloodin' mind up!



Turkey Chase

"Animal Farm"

Round Six

Alex Bardy Turkey G4 feeds (2 pts)  
 Turkey G2 feeds (2 pt)  
 Farmer H5 - G5 (1 pt) Score (8) + 2 + 5 = 15

Allan Stagg Turkey I9 feeds (2 pts)  
 Turkey I9 - H9 (1 pt)  
 Turkey J5 - J4 (1 pt)  
 Farmer D5 - E5 (1 pt) Score: (7) + 3 = 10

John Colledge Turkey F9 feeds (2 pts)  
 Turkey E9 feeds (2 pts)  
 Farmer E7 - F7 (1 pt) Score: (9) + 3 + 3 = 15

Paul Scott NMRI Turkeys @ B5 & C7; Farmer @ G7 hold unordered; Score 7

	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K
1	1	1	1	1	1	0	0	1	1	1	1
2	1	2	2	2	2	0	0	2	2	2	1
3	1	2	3	3	3	3	0	3	3	2	1
4	1	2	3	5	5	5	0	5	3	2	1
5	1	3	3	5	5	7	5	5	3	2	1
6	0	0	5	7	7	10	7	5	3	2	
7	1	2	5	5	7	7	5	5	0	0	1
8	1	2	3	5	5	5	5	5	0	2	1
9	1	2	3	3	3	0	0	5	0	2	1
10	1	2	2	2	0	2	0	2	2	2	1
11	1	1	1	1	0	0	0	1	1	1	1

0  
Bird

□  
Farmer

—  
Fence

□  
Farmer

TWC Gunboat Diplomacy (no press) "Necktie Party" Autumn 1908

ENGLAND (anarchy) F (Hol) hold unordered

RUSSIA A (War) s A (Sev) - Mos, A (Sev) - Mos, A (Rum) hold, F (BLA) s A (Rum),  
 F (Ank) - Con, F (BAR)\* - NWY

AUSTRIA A (Bul) - Gre, A (Ukr) - Rum, A (Gal) s A (Ukr) - Rum, A (Tri) - Ser, A (Vie) - Bud

ITALY NMRI A (Pie), A (Ven), F (GOL)\*, F (Smy) & F (Con) hold unordered

FRANCE F (NRG) - BAR, F (NWY) s F (NRG) - BAR, A (Fin) - SIP, A (SIP) - Mos, A (Ruh) - Kie, A (Ber) - Pru, A (Mun) - Sil, A (Ber) - Mun, A (Mar) hold, A (Gas) s A (Mar), F (Spa sc) - GOL, F (WMS) s F (Spa sc) - GOL, F (Tun) - TYS, F (ION) - Apu

Underlined moves fail due to standoff, support cut or dislodgement (marked by asterisk)

Moves in italics also fail, usually because they are illegal.

Retreats

Russian F (BAR) annihilated; Italian F (GOL) disbands NRO

Supply Centres held and adjustments after Winter 1908

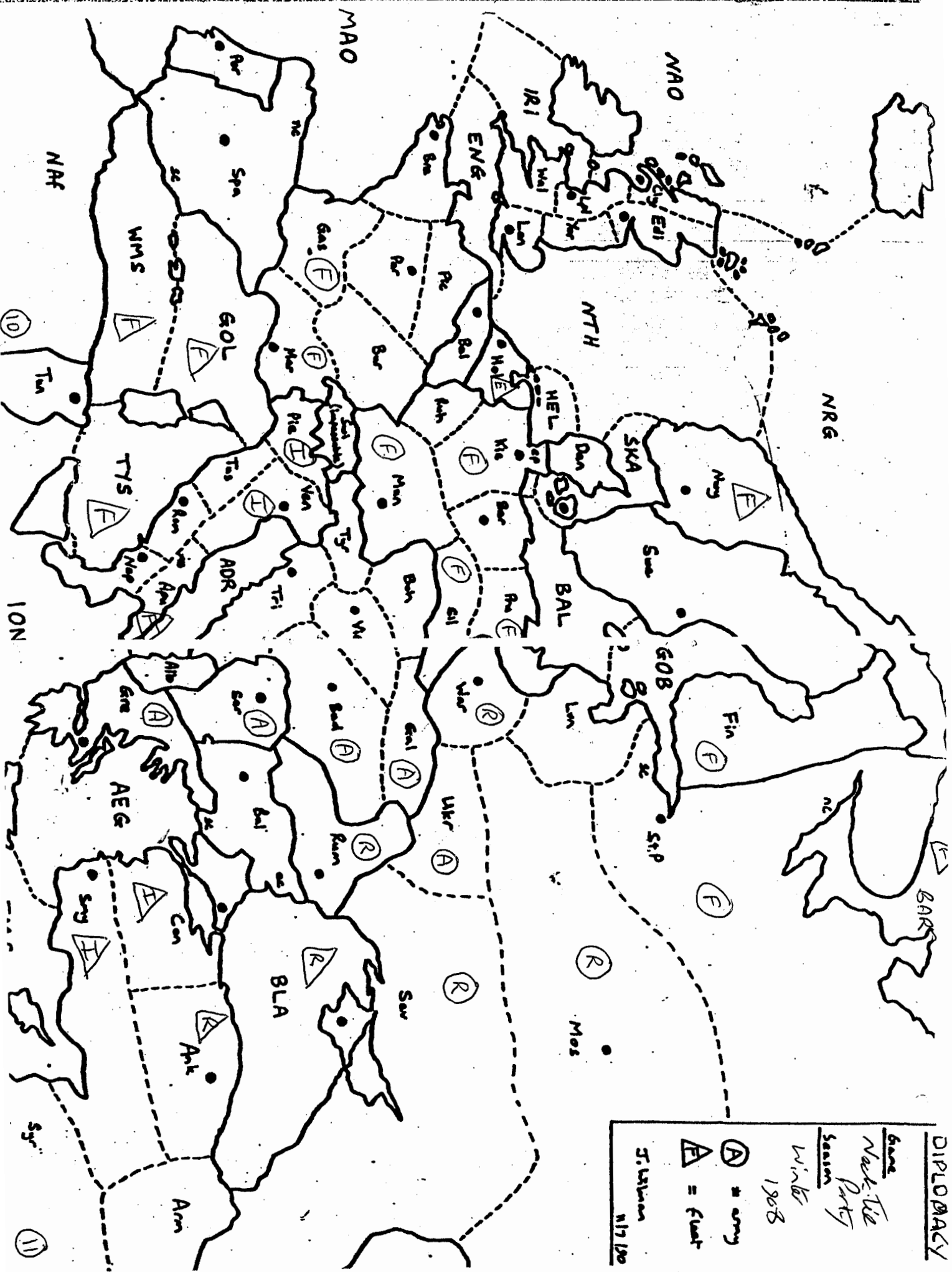
England	Hol, loses Kie	(01)	owed 1
Russia	Mos War Sev Ank Vie Rum loses SIP	(06)	builds A (Mos)
Austria	Bud Tri Ser Gre Bul	(05)	no change
Italy	Rom Nap Ven Smy Con	(05)	owed 1 - NBO
France	Par Mar Bre Spa Por Bel Lpl Mun Lon	(17)	build A (Par) F (Bre)
	Edi Den Ber Swe Nwy Tun gains Kie, SIP		

The new player of record, replacing Paul Scott, is:

Hilbre Jenkins, 44 Craigmount Road, Dundee DD2 4QE

Orders are on file from Alex and Allan (but it wouldn't hurt to send them again ...)

Revised deadline is Friday 30th May 2003 - orders on file so far from Russia



DIPLOMACY

Game  
Name: The  
Party  
Season  
Winter  
1908

1908

- (A) = army
- (R) = fleet

St. Petersburg  
117 190

(10)  
ION  
SY