

# • UNDER • THE • WIRE •

**(Editorial - from centre column)**

the bad things about living in a purchased flat over here - especially when common repairs, or work needs doing, and paying for. But she is slowly getting the picture.

That's why I don't really want to move into another flat, and neither of us wants something too modern because they have real pokey rooms and thin walls. That really leaves us looking for something detached, or semi-detached, and possibly with an extension. Most properties of these types are outwith our intended mortgage band. Hopefully we'll find a dream home we can afford over the next few weeks, and by the next issue, there should be definite news of a change of address.

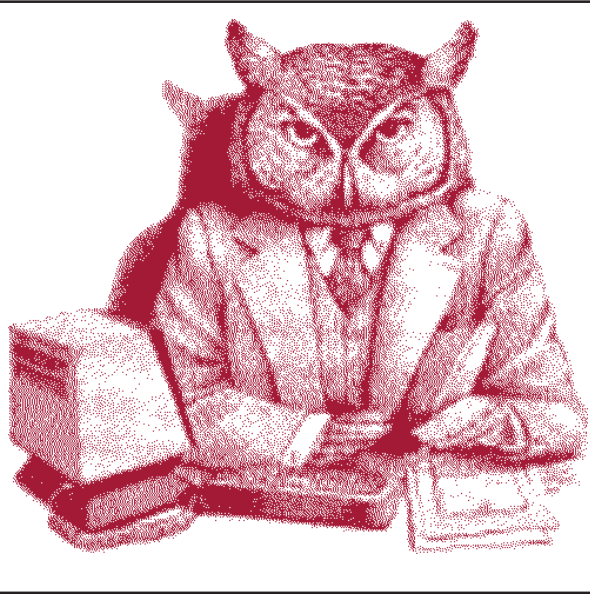
It's all been a real hassle, and I'm glad it's not something we do every year of our lives!

With Jill here, and now working, weekends are becoming a bit more precious so we try to get out and about every so often. Had a long weekend down in the north of England, driving to Hexham for the first night, and visiting some of the Roman ruins along Hadrian's Wall on the Saturday. It was real bleak. A cold, damp wind blowing from the North, and cloud level down to the ground. We got a good feeling how the displaced soldiers in the Roman Army might have felt. Men from mainland Europe, used to warmer, and sunnier climates than this. And this was May!

We went to three separate forts in the area around Hexham. Each had its own character, perhaps due to the different eras in which they were discovered and excavated.

Vindolanda, the most recent (indeed, still under excavation) shows not only the fort but also the external community with visitors houses, and the bathhouse. To one side of the fort sample guard towers in stone and wood have been erected to give visitors the idea of the original structures. This seemed to be a site dedicated to the historical presentation. Beyond the fort, in a wooded valley, is a modern museum and tearoom, with landscaped gardens and ducks on the patio. Exhibits

**(continued at the foot of column 3)**



Things are all in an upheaval at this end at the moment. Jill and I are in the throes of selling off my flat, and buying somewhere that will be big enough for the two of us, the two bikes, and all our combined belongings. For the last few weeks we've been moving all the non-essential stuff out of my flat back to my mother's floored loft (six carloads so far!) so that my flat looks a bit neater, tidier and emptier (thus apparently more spacious), and hopefully more appealing to anyone that might want to buy it. I did some redecorating, and though the flat has only been on the market for a week, we've had seven people viewing, two of them have called back, and both have had a survey done. Things are looking quite good on the selling side.

As for buying, we have a slight dilemma. Though what we really want is inside the amount the Building Societies would be willing to lend us, we don't want to be mortgaged to the hilt just in case the unexpected should strike when least expected. As unexpected things do! Like roof repairs! We both wrote down what we wanted in terms of requirements. I came up with three bedrooms (one for use as an office and one for guests), a garage for the bikes, and a bit of garden; Jill's requirement was for a haven, not claustrophobically built-up and not noisy from traffic. Does this typify the natural dichotomy between male and female, with my concern for facilities and fabric, while Jill's are spiritual/emotional?

Having lived in a tenement block of sixteen flats for the last few years I want a change, and some land to call my own. In the States, where Jill has come back from, there's an abundance of decent, private, unfurnished, rented accomodation, where the repairman is just a call away, and he comes free (sort of). She hasn't necessarily experienced

**(continued in column 1)**

Editor: Wallace Nicoll  
 Address: 48 Broughton Road, Edinburgh EH7 4EE  
 Tel: 031 556 7006 (home), 031 469 5343 (work)  
 Work Fax: 031 469 5335  
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**Culture Shock 2**

by Jill Reynolds, Edinburgh

Living conveniently in an Edinburgh New Town flat, about fifteen minutes downhill from work, I find the walk home at the end of the day very relaxing and use it to unwind, to ponder imponderables, or just to veg out after the hours of staring into the VDU.

As I started down last Tuesday, and looked out across the Firth of Forth from the top of the hill, it occurred to me that something should be said to balance the last list of the ten things I missed most about America. This list should be the ten things I miss least about America but let's be honest, these are things I don't miss at all.

1. Five month long summers of unbreathable heat and humidity.
2. Lack of personal safety/ security.
3. Degree Audit (the one part of my job that I hated).
4. Doctor's bills.
5. Having to file my own taxes... and then being audited by the I.R.S.
6. Obnoxious TV commercials every seven minutes... especially during Star Trek.
7. Neon-lined streets filled with fast food restaurants.
8. Ninety percent of the people telling me that their ancestors came from Scotland (we must be a prolific lot).
9. Living in the Bible Belt.
10. Living three thousand miles away from Wallace.

**(Editorial - from left column)**

here included audio visual presentations and a reconstructed kitchen from one of the soldier's houses with his wife's commentary on their life in the community.

Vindolanda is situated several miles behind the Wall, and this may account for the presence of a civilian community alongside the fort.

The Wall itself forms the northern edge of the fort at

**(continued on Page 2)**

*(Editorial - from Page 1)*

Housesteads, which has altogether a more purposeful appearance. An older excavation, with a less ambitious museum, it is sited about half a mile uphill from the car park through a sheep pasture, and is protected against straying sheep... though not always successfully... by surrounding fences and gates.

The fort at Chesters sits astride The Wall, with gates, curiously, opening to both sides. Just below is the River North Tyne, crossed by the Wall. Chesters, at first glance, looks as if it has the least to offer to prying eyes. Its museum is antiquated, with old glass display cases of Roman coins surrounded by lumps of stone from pillar or statue. The fort itself is only partially excavated, with small sections fenced and gated, this time to keep out the small herd of heifers, which seemed as interested in the tourists as we were by the fort. The areas inside the fences, though, included the commander's residence showing the hypocaust system, and the bath house with each room identified and the plumbing system on display. We discussed how it seemed to have taken fifteen hundred years after the Romans left Britain to get back to the same levels of comfort and cleanliness that they had. The bath house comprised both hot and cold rooms, and plunge pools, similar to the modern day sauna.

The real reason for the weekend in a foreign country was to meet up with Kathryn and Marc, kindly lent by Pete Tamlyn (formerly of Acolyte fame) to her parents for a holiday. Jill was taken on the grand tour of the surrounding area, and shown where various issues of The Acolyte were produced. The tour also included a river walk in Durham, and a brief visit to the Cathedral.

On the return trip to Edinburgh, due to heavy traffic on the A1, we took an unplanned detour through the Scottish Borders stopping off at Jedburgh. We stopped to bag another of the Border Abbeys founded by King David the First of Scotland, having visited Melrose at Christmas, and with Kelso yet to come. Coming so close on the heels of the visit to the much larger, and still operational, cathedral at Durham, we were struck by the contrast of the ruins at Jedburgh. Jill, curiously, commented that she found the ruins to be more "fitting", and more holy, than the opulence of Durham.

To continue the theme of stark contrast, recent expeditions have been to two very different country homes. The House of Dun, near Montrose in Angus, is one of the most recent rehabilitations completed by The National Trust for Scotland. Designed by William Adam, father of the architect Robert Adam (famed for his work in England), and built in 1730, this house is rich in period furniture, hand embroidered drapes and very elaborate

French plasterwork. In some of the rooms it was like standing inside an upturned Wedgewood Bowl.

Traquair House, a few miles from Peebles in the Borders, is still in private ownership and shows none of the polish and effort that the National Trust can provide. Since the family supported Mary Queen of Scots, the Catholic Church while it was banned, and both Jacobite Pretenders, their history includes periods of imprisonment in the Tower of London followed by heavy fines upon their release. With cellars dating from the 11th Century and the newest wing of the house completed in 1680, the place is rich in atmosphere, but seems somewhat neglected and damp. The current owners are trying to make a visit to Traquair a complete experience for the visitor, with working craft workshops, a brewery, woodland walks, a maze, and cafe/tearoom with patio in a secluded walled garden. The entertainment for the day was provided by a two year old who took a nose dive into the fountain, and two peacocks, one of whom spent the afternoon defending his honour against his own reflection in a shiny, navy blue, BMW, and the other boldly stealing food from people's plates. On the wall of the teamroom hung a sign saying "Don't feed the Peacocks", but obviously the birds hadn't read it.

One of the advantages of having Jill around is that it gives me, for the first time in a number of years, the incentive to get out and about, in and around, Edinburgh. However, strange things can happen...

I was rudely awakened from a Saturday afternoon nap by the ringing of a telephone. The result of the call was that two hours later I found myself on the deck of a Royal Navy minehunter moored at Leith Docks, the personal guest of the captain (a childhood friend of Jill's). After drinks in the Ward Room, and a guided tour of the vessel, we proceeded to a completely dead disco in a marquee in the grounds of the Royal Forth Yacht Club. Retiring to the bar, the expected vision of blazers quaffing G&Ts was rudely banished by the preponderance of woolly pullies and pints of Special. So much for expectations!

With all the house hunting stuff noted above, turnaround on this issue has been a bit more relaxed than ideal, though it's now only a week after the deadline. Simon's USO game reports have been in for a week, Clive's music column is carried over from last issue, and all the games are now done.

The editorial this time has been a combined Wallace and Jill production.



### Clive Davenhall (Leicester)

Do you have a new address for Doug?

*Yes, and for someone in the shipbuilding industry, the town name is quite appropriate. Or is that the only place he looked for a house? See somewhere else for the various COAs.*

### Doug Rowling (Rivett, Australia)

*[Attempts to send articles for you] fell by the wayside as I got a house, then sorting out the worst of the situation. The house was cheap for its price and it had been tenanted for quite a while and was not in a terribly good state when I moved in. It still isn't, but most of the worst offences are rendered innocuous now, partly through work and partly through time. Still the practice I put in helping upgrade Damside will stand me in good stead here. In some respects the place is like "The Pit" - a hole in the floor, rambling and lightly built. The latter, though, is standard for Australian houses, the climate being milder.*

*The summer only got into the upper thirties a couple of times, but apparently it was a mild and wet summer by local standards. Autumn was most pleasant with temperatures not being so high, and the trees changing colour. Now we are starting to get into winter - -1 or -2° C or so most nights, and the days going up to 12-15° C or so, and most pleasant. The main advantage though is lack of rain - maybe rains once a fortnight or so, but heavily and it takes quite a while for the ground to dry out. The land is clay. To say the soil is clay would be wrong as there is damn all here in the way of soil, dirt is the description that is the closest fit. The garden still contains grass and bushes, no flowers. There are a couple of palm trees and tree ferns. I will probably plant a peach, nectarine and figeola in the garden as they apparently do fairly well here. At least winter stops the grass growing and obviates the need for a lawnmower.*

*Flew Business Class from Heathrow. Great. 2 seats in place of 3 in tourist, and food on crockery and glass rather than plastic. The seats were monster armchairs and wondrous.*

*Singapore airport was wondrous after Heathrow, arriving into sultry humid heat. Took a moderate priced hotel and*

*(continued on Page 3)*

*(Letters- from Page 2*

didn't do a great deal except wander about and eat at hawker stalls. Shopping seems to be the great activity to do, but with 48kg of baggage (I didn't get stung extra!) there didn't seem a great deal of point. Public transport especially the underground is superb. The place is squeaky clean except for Little India and China Town (the old part of town). which were very much colonial in style in their architecture and narrow shopfronts.

Not a great deal to say - worth a look but not a long stay. 2 days was about all I wanted. The most impressive thing perhaps was the harbour roads absolutely packed with merchantmen of all sizes. The other would be Chinese Death Columns in the paper. Sometimes half page spreads by relatives listing all that person's children, grandchildren, great grand children, etc and whilst nearly everything was written in English you heard very little spoken on the street. The same could be said for Australia, of course.

[*Arriving in Australia*] met at the airport and taken to a luxury apartment. All mod cons, pool, barbeque, etc. Then got house.

The job is pretty dreadful and all I expected it to be. On the other hand it is fairly secure, career oriented and the people are pretty good. The office is on the edge of Mount Ainslie Nature Park and kangaroos can often be seen about. One nearly took me out on the bike - a 250cc Superdream until I get round to sorting out the Harris for registration. Cancon was much like Dipcon in the US. Altogether too many Dip players.

Canberra has no soul, very planned out. Virtually no unemployment or poverty and most people working in and around the government. Four main suburban areas. I am in the smallest, and the house is 20 years old and reckoned to be pretty old in the scheme of things round here. Each of the suburb centres round a shopping mall that shuts at 5pm, 6 on Fridays and 1 on Saturdays. Buses are hourly on Saturdays and outside commuting hours, and virtually non-existent on Sundays. Virtually no pubs. Canberra is nice and a safe environment to bring up a family. However, it is also pretty dull too. Strangely it is also the sex capital of Australia with the video industry and brothels being about the only non-local infrastructural of governemtn industry about. They are located on the trading estates which are quite extensive adjacent to bike breakers or carpet warehouses and discount garden centres. Not at all what I had been led to expect. The section under "escorts" in the Yellow Pages is also quite extensive.

Fair amount of wildlife about. Birds are often parrot based and quite pretty. Suplhur crested cocaktoos are common

and I have spotted kookaburras about as well. The downside is that the dawn chorus is raucous and some birds sound as if they gargle in the morning rather than sing. The houses being quite lightly built are almost anything but sound proof, and despite being detached I don't play the pipes indoors. Joined one of the three local pipe bands who are all mediocre, but this lot are pretty close by. Putting the pipes up once a week or so, though in the summer evenings when it is more pleasant there are plenty of mountains about so I'll just wander out of the city (not far, bush starts a few hundred yards away).

Down to Sydney next week for the Sydney Morris Ale, this weekend was the Canberra Morris Ale. All being well I should be doing stint as a Muso in the Opera houses and see something of the town. Will make a change from rebuilding the house.

**John Breakwell (Reading)**

I like the addition of colour though I'm not too sure about red. Do you lose much paper in the second pass or is the laser a good one? The editorial needs a different font to mark it from the other columns, I feel.

*I had wondered about making the editorial a different font, or in a bigger size. But given the limited available space I decided to have it at the same size as the rest of the text. I may try it and see how it looks this time.*

**Clive Davenhall**

I didn't think the colour was overdone; in fact it was quite subdued. The letters were easier to follow with people's names being emphasised, and the Folk at The Phoenix article came out well. Incidentally, I've not been to see anything else since I moved into the [new] flat; I've been too busy!

**Gavin Greig (Glendaruel, Argyll)**

I liked your use of the red toner and thought it was effective and not overdone - however, I'm not sure I'd have been happy with it if it was described as "red" by the seller. Had you seen the result before buying?

*Yes, I had seen the output. I'd hoped for a good scarlet toner, but in terms of colour toner for laser printers (and some of the multi-colour photocopiers) a bright red is very difficult to produce. The latest range of copiers can give good reds. The more common colours available are brown and a turquosy blue. I got sdamples of all three before buying, and tried printing black text alongside, and figured the best contrast came with the "red". The dry toner is definitely red; once it's fused onto the paper, it's a little burnt!*

**Paul Richardson (Wakefield)**

I like the use of colour, your owl stands

out well. Does the machine need any cleaning between the red and black print runs? I once had a holiday job in a printing works, it was my job to clean the machines between runs of different colours.

*No, it's simply a case of swapping over a toner cartridge. The paper, when it's printed by the laser printer gets an electric charge put on its surface. This then passes close to the toner which sticks to the bits it's supposed to. A little toner ends up in the guts of the printer, but it's not worth worrying about. I can even print one sheet of each colour at a time and there's no overhead. It's just the same as switching between the black, and the red parts of a typewriter ribbon. What's a typewriter?*

The house move looks as though it may happen soon. We've found some buyers with a complete chain. This is after six offers, or expressions of serious interest. The estate agent says we have broken records in the number of people who have looked round our house - around forty. Ten of these were in the space of a single weekend.

**John Breakwell**

I really sympathise with Jill - although I wouldn't like to live in the US, I think there are a few aspects of their society we could do with. The helpful estate agents sound great - do they really exist like that?

Did you get the **Green Goblin**?

*No! Not recently, anyway. As for Estate Agents, or Realtors, the answer seems to be "Yes". This comes from a Scottish friend who moved to a new area within the US.*

**Clive Davenhall (Leicester)**

I find it difficult to take seriously the argument that a 'zine is only a real 'zine if it is produced on a duplicator etc. Not to put too fine a point on it, it is silly. True enough it's the sort of thing you joke about, especially after a couple of pints, just as a programmer is only a real programmer if he's programmed in Fortran IV on punched cards, assembler on paper tape, toggled in machine code on the front panel (delete as appropriate). But as a considered opinion, seriously held, it is daft. Surely the sensible approach to zine production is to use the technology which is most convenient and which gives the most presentable finished result, within the budget that you have available. I would suggest that anyone who disparages modern methods of 'zine production acquires a quill pen and a pot of ink and goes away and scratches out individual copies for their subscribers.

*I, personally, don't think it makes a blind bit of difference how a zine is done - whether it's handwritten and mimeod, or DTPd and laser printed, it's taken blood, sweat and tears to produce. If you can cut*

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**P U C H - BB26ENG**  
ROUND 7

**RACES**

Races not possible: 2, 4, 6, 7, 9.

No	Route	BOSS (51)	RNBL (54)	BBB (61)	WRECS (54)	EOR (50)
1	Derby - Liverpool	30	-	-	-	-
3	London - Liverpool	-	-	-	-	-
5	Bournemouth - Wales	-	-	-	-	30
8	Birmingham - Leicester	10 (91)	- (54)	20 (81)	- (54)	- (80)

NOTES: None.

**ROUTES PURCHASED**

**Eoin Rutter - EOR - Green**

Heathrow - London - Cambridge 80-12 = 68

**David Watts - BOSS - Yellow**

Nottingham - Peterborough; Preston - Blackpool 91-12 = 79

**Miguel Anton Rodriguez - RNBL - Black**

Nottingham - York 54-11 = 43

**Pete Harbron - WRECS - Blue**

Leeds - Preston; 54-8 = 46

**John Breakwell - BBB - Red**

Cambridge - Ipswich 81-8 = 73

**GAME NOTES**

NMRs from both RNBL and WRECS, though I used their outstanding builds from previous orders this time in an attempt to minimise any effect should they intend continuing with the game. Let's hope this has just been a minor blip in the ether. John, as you'll see from the above, the racing rounds come before the purchases of new routes! Purchase order next time is Miguel, Pete, Eoin, John and David.

**PLAYERS**

Same addresses as last time.

**ROUND 8 RUNS**

2	Yarmouth - London	12	Newcastle - Manchester
4	Skegness - Luton	13	Norwich - Oxford
6	Scarborough - Middlesborough	14	Kendal - York
7	Gloucester - Exeter	15	Sheffield - Hull
9	Southampton - Ipswich	16	Stoke - Brighton
10	Preston - Portsmouth	17	Nottingham - Blackpool
11	Cambridge - Carlisle	18	Lincoln - Gatwick

**SAGITTARIUS**  
**FRANCIS BARNETT**  
TURNS 40 & 41

**Manoeuvres**

**Enola Gay (ACE) 4**

S14 (R14) A - A - LS  
Q15 (P15) A - •

**Albatros DII**

Q15 (P15)  
SPLAT

**Len Lorek**

a0 d2 61p  
a0 d0 51p

**Max von Klingon (ACE) 6**

N7 (O8) A - A - RS (FR)  
P10 (Q11) RS (FR - 2)

**Albatros DVa**

P10 (Q11)

**Sandy Dewar**

a9 d9 36 (31)p  
a8 d9 48(31)p

So, with Len's NMR!, his pilot flies into a hail of bullets and Francis Barnett comes to an end, with Sandy being the last flier alive. Thanks to both of you for sticking with it to the end. I had visions of the game running and running, with both of you outflying each other. What happened to the camaraderie one reads of in the Biggles' books between the ace pilots of each nation who, when they realise their enemy's guns have jammed, fly by, and with a wave of a hand, wish them well, willing to wait until both are back to full strength before finding out which is the better aerial combatant?



**Folk at the Phoenix**

**Clive Davenhall**

**19th April 1992**

**The Kathryn Tickell Band**

Considering the trouble that I went to to see the Kathryn Tickell band during last year's Edinburgh Festival, on the basis that it might be my last chance, it is ironic that they should be the first proper concert that I went to in Leicester. This was the third time that I had seen them. They performed in what I took to be the auditorium of the Phoenix before a packed audience of several hundred people, including, as I discovered when I got there, several of the people that I work with.

The line-up of the band had changed since last September. Kathryn Tickell still played the Northumbrian small pipes and fiddle, Ian Carr the guitar and Geoff Lincoln bass guitar, but on the accordion Lynn Tocker had been replaced by sometime Poozie Karen Tweed (who, indeed, may still be with The Poozies; I found out later that they performed at the Phoenix a few months ago and she had still been part of the band then). I do not know what has happened to Lynn Tocker. I heard somewhere that she was going to make a solo album, so it could be that she is tied up with that project. At any rate, Karen Tweed did a good job and played extremely well. She seemed to be thoroughly enjoying herself; throughout she was smiling, and, indeed, looked ridiculously happy. She played standing up, whereas Lynn Tocker played sitting down.

All the band showed their usual high standard of musicianship. They played a mixture of traditional and modern material; I think there about equal amounts of each, but perhaps there was slightly more modern stuff. The *Answerphone Reel*, for example, came into the latter category. They played the *Drop Dead Waltz* again (I think they must like telling the story of how it got its name) and several other tunes that I recognised from either the albums or previous concerts. The traditional tunes were mostly English or Scottish, but one was from Cape Breton Island and one was Greek.

Kathryn Tickell played the fiddle almost as much as she played the pipes. The guitars seemed to be more prominent than they had been previously, or perhaps I just noticed them more. During one of the numbers, the girl selling the merchandise (I did not get her full name; I think her Christian name was something like Tasmin) joined the band on stage and played fiddle and did some clog-dancing

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BUS BOSS  
**Q U A S A R - BB33SCT**  
 ROUND 12

**RACES**

Races not entered or not possible: 5, 24 and 36.

No	Route	RIBBLE (282)	POLLUTE (144)	FTL (252)	BOSS (353)
4	Aviemore-Dumbarton	-	30-5	-	+5
10	Crianlarich-Ballater	-	-	30	-
21	Falkirk-Mallaig	-	30	-	-
28	Inverness-Ballater	-	-	-	30
37	Ardrossan-Newton Stewart	30	-	-	-
42	Dundee-Mallaig	-	10+6	20-6	-
45	Cumbernauld-Dunfermline	20-3	10-1	+3+1	-
46	Dunbar-Falkirk	15-5	15+5	-	-
47	Edinburgh-Aviemore	-	-	-	30
48	Glasgow-Edinburgh	15	-	15	-
49	England-Striling	-	+6	10-6	20
50	Kyle of Lochalsh-Paisley	+2	-	30-2	-
51	Fraserburgh-Arbroath	-	-	-	30
52	Greenock-Aberdeen	10+2 (368)	- (250)	- (347)	20-2 (486)

NOTES: Two tied races in amongst that lot.

**GAME NOTES**

I omitted a payment of 4 from FTL to BOSS in the last report for race 38, and curiously can't deduct properly for Janice's total scores (270-15≠156!) Thanks to David for spooting those. Congrats, Janice, on getting the new job. Hope you're still enjoying it.

So the first game of Bus Boss in *PoW!UTW* ends. I think it caught at least two of you who had thought there was another round at least - Eoin miscalculated on the Oban link, while Janice sent in build orders along with this round of races. Sorry about that you two. Congratulation to David, thanks to Eoin for stepping into an almost hopeless position, and the other two of you for seeing the game through. Shame about the loss of Simon Brooks early on which led to less competition for routes and races. If anyone else wants to drop me a game end comment, please feel free to do so for next issue. I have one from David, and some comments from Eoin enclosed with his orders.

**David Watts (Winner)**

Not my favourite map! Buying the drop out routes put me in a very strong position, so I could choose my runs. I enjoyed it, anyway. Thanks to GM and other players, especially Eoin for taking over Tom Nash's poor position.

**Eoin Rutter (4th)**

The last few races have panned out well for David (as if he needed it!) I should pick up about 100 points. Respectable finish, but still last. Ho hum!

**PLAYERS**

Paul Richardson, 22 Thornes Moor Avenue, Thornes, WAKEFIELD, WF2 8PZ  
(0924 377206)

Eoin Rutter, 233 High Street, EDINBURGH, EH1 1PE (031 226 5214)

Janice Sorrell, 35 Chamberlain Street, ST ANDREWS, Fife, KY16 8JG (0334 77524)

David Watts, "Rostherne", 102 Priory Road, MILFORD HAVEN, Dyfed, SA73 2ED  
(0646 692752)

BUS BOSS  
**NEV AL - BB38USA**  
 TURN 2

**ROUTES PURCHASED**

<b>Bill Becker - Dispatch Illusion Service - DIS - Blue</b>		
Indianapolis - Chicago ; Indy - St Louis; New York - Boston	89-12	= 77
<b>John Breakwell - North American Folk Ferriers - NAFF - Green</b>		
El Paso - San Antonio - Houston	88-12	= 76
<b>Nik Whitehead - National Coach Corporation (est 1701) - NCC 1701 - Purple</b>		
San Francisco - Portland - Seattle	89-12	= 77

## RAILWAY RIVALS

**OSSA**  
 TURN 6

**BUILDS****Bill Becker - RRS - Red**

- a (Dijon)-~~x26~~-y27-z27-z28 [-3,-1]  
 b (z28)-a69-b69-c69 [-1]  
 (w16)-w15  
 c (w15)-v14-u14

**Scotty Mcleod - ICBM - Orange**

NBR - no builds received

**Eoin Rutter - OUI - Blue**

- a (q23)-St Etienne  
 (f59)-g60-h60-i60  
 b (i60)-j59-Amiens-k58-l57  
 c (l57)-m58-Calais (buy ferry) [-6]

**John Breakwell - GOBLIN - Green**

- a (St Etienne)-q23  
 (m25)-m26  
 b (m26)-l26-k26-j26-i27  
 c (i27)-h26-g26 [-1]

**Ulf Jiretorn - JIR - Purple**

- a (Bayonne)-f7-e7  
 (Paris)-~~f59~~-g60 [-6]  
 b (g60)-h60-i61-j60-k61 [-3]  
 c (k61)-l61-Lille

**FINANCES**

	START	CITY	RIVALS	END
JIR	97	-	-8	89
OUI	75	-	+4	79
ICBM	53	-	-	53
RRS	29	-5	-	24
GOBLIN	14	-	+3	17

**ROUND 7 RACES**

- 24-53 Nantes to Toulouse
- 42-32 Mulhouse to Dunkerque
- 12-63 Paris to Marseille
- 62-44 Montpellier to Lyon
- 25-34 Orleans to Reims
- 55-(1) Bayonne to England
- 14-(6) Paris to Spain

**ROUND 7 BUILDS**

Upto 14 points may be spent on building, but this must include payments to rivals. Where this is exceeded intentionally, the GM retains the right to stop track building as near as he can to a total cost of 14 points. Where this is exceeded due to other player's builds during the same round, a slightly more lenient view will be taken. Full payments will, however, be made when this happens. Did I say what scoring system was to be used? Appears as though I did. As a reminder, it will be the Bus Boss system where all entrants to a race will score something. If any of you want details, give me a call.

**GAME NOTES**

John, yes, you only come out of the mountains, or finish the bridge, on the third build. Player list as previous, as I don't want to run over onto another page! Bill, Ulf did it in Turn 4 (*UTW*1)!

**David Watts - Buses On States Seviles - BOSS - Yellow**

Dallas - Memphis - Tulsa 88-12 = 76

**Eoin Rutter - St Louis Indianapolis Cincinatti Knoxville - SLICK - Black**

Pittsburgh - Washington - New York; Washington - Richmond 88-12 = 76

**Frank Burns - The Engines Cannae Tak It Cap'n - TECTIC - Lurid Orange**

Pittsburgh - Cleveland - Chicago 90-8 = 82

**GAME NOTES**

Thanks to a few of you for pointing out my errors last time - TECTIC's builds cost 10, not 11, and DIS cost 11 not 12. John gets to go first next time.

Frank Burns, 51/26 Caledonian Crescent, EDINBURGH EH11 2AT

Bill Becker, 1515 Ridgewood, JENISON, Michigan 49428, U.S.A.

John Breakwell, 62 Shackleton Way, Woodley, READING RG5 4UT

Nik Whitehead, 4e Alexandra Place, ST ANDREWS, Fife

David Watts, 102 Priory Road, MILFORD HAVEN, Dyfed SA73 2ED (0646 692752)

Eoin Rutter, 233 High Street, EDINBURGH EH1 1PE (031 226 5214)

## SNOWBALL FIGHTING

## O E C

## GAME-END COMMENTS

**Hugh McNaghten**

As predicted, the Snowball game was irretrievable, but had been very enjoyable. Initially I hadn't realised the importance of getting stuck in. Taking some damage is not important as long as you're dealing out more. I felt I was a bit unlucky to get so badly plastered ion the penultimate tuirn having accurately predicted everyone else's moves for the turn, but so it goes. Congratulations to the winner (Jim), and thanks to all the other players (and GM) for an enjoyable game.

## SNOWBALL FIGHTING

## PANTHER

## TURN 9

**In the Garden**

Frosty Balls, gathers his mitts and gets ready to dash back into the fray. Everyone else stands around, Dick gathering some ammunition to throw at the clump of bodies not too far from him. Sapporo Yakuza thrusts a White Wildcat into Wild Bill's face from close quarters, while being hit with Thaw's Dolton Dirigible. The shock is intense, but so is Thaw's glee at the damage he has caused. "If things work out for me this time, I could win the game", he thinks, "and we can all get in to sit by the fire."

Frsoty bursts out into the cold, launching a Lindsay Lob at the nearest of his friends, Dick Ross Tonix. Dick, facing into the garden and chucking a Wildcat at the hapless Wild Bill, doesn't see it coming, and it knocks his hat off. Bill is a favourite target, as Sapporo again hits from close range. Three snowballs lie at Thaw's feet, and with a quick movement, he once more has his hands full. He changes targets, aware that Dick has returned, and makes a solid strike.

As Sapporo and Frosty both bend collecting three snowballs apiece, Dick launches a White Wildcat at Wild Bill. For the fourth time he takes the blow, and mutters, "I've had enough, I'm going inside." As he does so, Thaw, with a flashy flourish that signals his grand finale, attempts a scintillating Drummond Duubleshot at both Frosty Balls and Wild Bill. The chance to score a game-winning double takeout is slim, but by some freak of nature both snowballs find the way to the hearts of their intended victims. Bill is completely cheesed off at this point, and so, for that matter, is everyone else in the garden excepting Thaw.

Name	Start	seg 1	seg 2	seg 3	End	Holds	HP	VP	
Sidhe Lob	v8	Heads into the kitchen			kitchen -		10	1	Gail Baker
Frosty Balls	kitchen	kitchen	>v8,LL@DRT	+3ss	v8	3ss	9	9	Tony Dickinson
Sapporo Yakuza	o11	WW@WB	WW@WB	+3ss	o11	3ss	6	13	Pete Gaughan
Thaw	r12	DD@SY	WW@DRT	DDbl@FB@WB	r12	dd	3	15	Gavin Greig
Dr Snow	In the kitchen making the cocoa								Andreas Gomolka
Dick Ross Tonix	u9	+3ss	WW@WB	WW@WB	u9	-	8	11	Duncan Halley
Wild Bill	q11	Snow blinded			q11	-	0	12	Scotty Mcleod
Jadis Thorne	d14	Snow-blinded			d14	dd	5	12	Nik Whitehead

Snowballs on ground :

**GAME NOTES**

Congratulations to Gavin for a stunning final turn, scoring six points from the four hits. As I adjudicated the game I thought, it'll last another turn yet, since some of these attempts are bound to miss. But with every shot finding the mark, a very close game (again) comes to a clsoe. Game-end comments welcome for next time. Shame about the NMRs from both Scotty and Nik. While Nik's presence may not have affected the outcome, there's a possibility that shots by both of them might have taken their toll on Thaw before he made the winning strikes. In fact, I think any of the six of you were still in with a chance of winning as this turn started.

**PRESS**

Yakuza to Billsan: We have Word for such as honorable you: *baka* (Rook it up...)

Thaw! to Wild Bill: Thawd off, you thneak! I'm thoaked!

**(Letters from Page 3)**

corners by using the available technology, then that's well within the remit of the job. Where there is a slight problem is with potential editors and publishers. If the zines they see, the mainstream and high profile ones, are produced using the best equipment, and a financial outlay measured in thousands of pounds, they may give up before they get started as they know they can't meet what they perceive as the expectations of the masses. There needs to be zines of all types, and production methodologies available to such people to let them see that there is no need to get the latest technology just so they can produce a zine. And the postal hobby always needs new blood and ideas. My suggestion for anyone seriously considering publishing, or running games, is to approach an existing editor and offer to run a game or two in a subzine for a year or two first to find out if the interest can be maintained while real life goes on around you. Running a subzine, with no administrative overheads, is much less demanding. A reliable zine will provide a regular regime and deadlines to meet.

**SUBS RECEIVED FROM**

Basil Drury, Ulf Jiretorn, Eoin Rutter, Len Lorek.

**COAs, etc**

Doug Rowling, 30 Angophora Street, RIVETT, ACT 2611, Australia  
Clive Davenhall, Flat 59, Stoneycgate Court, 298 London Road, LEICESTER LE2 2AJ  
Anthony Dickinson, 67 Little Lane, Purston, FEATHERSTONE, West Yorks WF7 5DN

**GAME OPENINGS**

The only game currently with an actual opening for new players is Simon McInnes' Under Starter's Orders which is distributed with UTW. Should any of you, not currently playing, want to get involved in this horse racing management game, contact Simon directly at 236 Sydenham Road, West Croydon, Surrey CR0 2EB.

My Touchdown! American football league (CCTFL), also running outside the zine is currently about to have a number of coaching changes. If anyone wishes to be considered for spaces on the bench, please contact me.

**(Folk From The Phoenix - from Page 4)**

(well, I assume that is what it was). Again, it was all well done.

The band were very relaxed and comfortable on stage. There was rather more joking than previously: there was a drawn out joke about the halibut (which I hope it is not out of place to mention — sorry) and a running joke about a cut-out picture of John Major which Geoff Lincoln had. Despite being an instrumental band, when called back to do an encore, they pretended that Ian Carr was going to sing, but fortunately, that too turned out to be a joke. It all added to the relaxed tone of the evening.

All told, a very enjoyable evening with a high standard of musicianship and I am looking forward to the next time that I see them.

**Declan McNicholl**

This was my second visit to the Phoenix Theatre's free Saturday lunchtime folk sessions. Learning from my previous visit, I decided to combine listening to the session with having lunch. The cafeteria was crowded, though perhaps not as crowded as it had been for Latin Quarter, and I was able to get a seat. Mercifully, there were fewer young children present in the cafeteria this time. They seemed to have moved downstairs to the foyer, where, judging by the amount of noise, fortunately muted by the distance, they were busy conducting a riot.

I had not heard of Declan McNicholl previously. He turned out to be a young Irish musician who sang and played the guitar. He performed solo and sang some of the songs unaccompanied. He gave an impressive performance, singing and playing well, and was able to make himself heard in the less than ideal conditions of the cafeteria. The audience seemed to appreciate the performance and gave an enthusiastic response.

Most of the material was modern, rather than traditional, and I think he mostly covered other people's songs, rather than ones he had written himself. A fair number of the songs were about emigration; the Irish seem to have even more songs on this topic than the Scots. I think that the songs that I appreciated most were those that I already knew, such as *Flower of the Forest*, *Kilkelly*, a poignant, heart-rending piece consisting of extracts from letters sent by a father to his emigrant son in America, which featured in the recent BBC series *Bringing it all Back Home* and the associated compilation, and

Eric Bogle's *The Band Played Waltzing Matilda*. It was the first time I had heard the latter two live and they were particularly well done.

In summary, again an enjoyable concert, though the venue was less than perfect. And yes, I unexpectedly bumped into someone from the department.

**Liam O'Flynn**

The second proper concert at the Phoenix that I went to was given by the Irish piper Liam O'Flynn, who played the Uilleann pipes. Again, he was someone I had not heard of before, though judging by the programme notes he seems to be quite well known. Paraphrasing from the notes, he was part of Planxty in the 1970s, has played with Kate Bush, has worked with the avant-garde composer John Cage, and his piping was featured in the soundtrack of the film *Cal*.

The Uilleann pipes are a type of bellows-blown small pipes, originally from Ireland, with a sound noticeably different from the Northumbrian Small Pipes. During the course of the concert Liam O'Flynn played two different sets of pipes, one tuned to 'concert' pitch and the other to 'flat'. The latter set were made in the 1820s. It has to be said that when they are being tuned up they sound lie a foghorn.

He played mostly traditional Irish material and performed, as far as I could tell, in a fairly traditional style (compared, for example, to the more experimental techniques of Davy Spillane on the same instrument). The quality of the playing was absolutely excellent throughout and he coaxed some amazing sounds out of the pipes. On balance, I preferred the faster jigs and reels; I find the Uilleann pipes sound almost oppressive on some of the slower, mournful numbers. The final piece was about a fox hunt, and apparently is virtually the only descriptive piece in the whole canon of pipe music. As before, the concert was packed; I estimated there must have been about five hundred people in the audience.

In summary, a very impressive performance and an enjoyable evening. Incidentally, the concert resolved something that I have often wondered; how is 'Uilleann' pronounced. The answer seems to be approximately 'Illan'. And yes, once again, there was someone else from the department at the concert, albeit a different person this time.

**DEADLINE FOR UTW 4 ORDERS – 7th August 1992  
(USO Deadline 31st July)**