

# • UNDER • THE • WIRE •

## *(Editorial - from centre column)*

break from house hunting, and a chance to get out and about. It will also be a bit easier in terms of finding somewhere, and giving a known entry date, rather than having so many unknowns as when trying to both sell and buy.

The new address ought to be (we should know by the end of August) assuming the references are accepted,

**26 Carfrae Park,  
Blackhall, Edinburgh,  
EH4 3SN**

and we should be there from the 11th of September until May/June next year. We could be in a week earlier, but at the moment it's still up in the air as the owner is trying to sort out when he's going overseas. You could try phoning us on 031 336 3328, but for now, it's probably best to get me at work. In the interim period between moving out of my flat, and moving into the bungalow, we're staying in the flat belonging to a friend of my boss. He's trying to sell it prior to it being repossessed by the building society, but since it was intended originally for students, he didn't have anyone in it. It's at least the same roof over our heads for the few weeks. We had visions of our having all our gear in the car, shifting from one B&B to another each night of the week.. Happily, this is not the case!

Since we're only there for a few weeks, there's no point in letting any of you know the address. There's redirection from Broughton Road to it for now, and that will get changed to the Carfrae Park address, or wherever we do end up.

After we had completed the move into the temporary flat, we still had three days which we'd booked as annual leave. And after the traumas of moving we decided the last thing we wanted to do was sit and look at all our boxes. So we took off for a long weekend on the Cowal Peninsula, or at least that's what we intended.

The Cowal Peninsula lies on the west side of the Firth of Clyde (west side of Scotland, just



**A**pologies for the delay in getting this issue out to you all. I had good intentions in getting this issue done before we moved, but the hassles surrounding the move meant I realised I wouldn't get the time I needed to get the games adjudicated.

The flat was sold two and a half weeks after it went on the market. After two potential buyers had had the place surveyed, I set a closing date for offers. Only one offer was received, but it was about what I was hoping to get. Catriona seemed to have missed out on a few flats over the previous few months, and was delighted when I added that I was leaving all the wooden bathroom fittings (cupboard, towel rails, loo roll holder etc). However, once we accepted the offer and Catriona's entry date of August 14th, there was no going back. That gave us about six weeks to find somewhere to buy ourselves, or else be forced out onto the streets and a couple of cardboard boxes.

We missed out on a bungalow by offering about £2000 less than the top bid, but it was going to need rewired immediately, and in the near future a new kitchen and bathroom. In some ways we were glad we didn't get it!

Our second choice, a large modern semi, had a closing date (that we weren't told about when we viewed) that we missed for which the owners didn't get an acceptable offer. Then they went off on holiday for a fortnight, and on their return as we waited for a closing date, we found out they'd had a death in the family and weren't going to close for a week or two. That was cutting things just too fine for our liking. We feel they've messed us around enough already, and have formally dropped interest. So we've gone into rented accommodation for nine months, which will give us a

*(continued in column 1)*

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downriver from Glasgow) the area in question being the testicles of the phallic Mull of Kintyre. To reach the peninsula requires either a seventy mile drive from Glasgow through "Take The High Road" country on Loch Lomondside and the rugged terrain of the Arrochar Alps, or take the ferry from Gourock direct to Dunoon.

We chose the latter, and within two hours of leaving Edinburgh, found ourselves a quiet B&B overlooking a calm, yacht strewn, bay at the mouth of the Holy Loch. Exhausted from the house move during the week, we decided to leave the energetic outdoor exploration until Saturday, and to head north for more cultural activities (Inveraray Castle etc) on Monday before returning to Edinburgh on Tuesday by the scenic route.

Despite a clear, moonlit night which seemed to promise all we could hope for to enable us to enjoy the best of the scenery, when we poked our noses out of the door the next morning we lost them in low flying clouds. The River Clyde might as well have been the Atlantic, since you couldn't see the other side. Not a day for looking at scenery. And so, not for the last time in the trip, we were forced to change plan.

We scoured the guidebooks for something that could be done indoors. All we came up with was visiting Gavin Greig in nearby Glendaruel. We didn't think he, or his parents, would appreciate us for four days... The only thing for it was to drive to Inveraray. Maybe the weather might clear up while we were in the castle.

Inveraray Castle is the home of the Duke of Argyll, who is also MacCailein Mor, Chief of the Clan Campbell. The current castle was designed by Roger Morris and built between the years 1744 and 1788. It feels more like a stately home than a castle, despite the three storey high armoury hall with its display of antique

*(continued on Page 2)*

arms and armour. The dining room and drawing room, on either side of the entrance hall, evoked images of Versailles, dripping with ornate painted friezes and panels, heavy tapestries and lavish ornamentation. It reminded Jill of Jane Austen's best humorous digs at the upper class bad taste of the Regency period. As in many of the occupied homes open to the public, we only got to see a handful of the rooms. The Victorian Room was simply a display cabinet for some of the period pieces, including a black japanned cabinet and chest of drawers, each converted from a state coach - perhaps the heritage of Scottish thriftiness has not been completely refined out of the Scottish aristocracy.

In the continuing rain, we drove south through Inveraray towards a site recommended to us by Gavin. The township (or farming village) of Auchendrain comprises a collection of traditional crofters cottages, and several outbuildings. It is a folk museum built around, and within, the original cottages with their original furniture, and household goods (or at least items similar to those that would have been used).

Virtually everything was shared, or held in common. Fields were worked in strips alternating between shareholders; peat and timber resources were held in common, and their diminishing use carefully controlled. Grazing lands were open to all, with each shareholder having a limit to the number of stock they could graze. In many parts of the country farming improvements meant the deathknell for such communal farming townships. But here, in the lands of the Dukes of Argyll, though plans were drawn up in 1788 to turn the land over to sheep, and resettle the population, nothing was done. Auchendrain continued through the years as it had done for centuries.

Many of the cottages consist of three rooms - living room, dairy and byre - under the one roof, and often with just the one door. Latterly roofed with corrugated iron sheets, the original cottages would have had a thatching of heather, and bracken. Walls were of a dry stone construction, pointed with clay mortar. The living room was the centre for all the family activity - kitchen, sitting room, workroom and bedroom. Information boards are to be found in most of the buildings, and an interesting exhibition has been established in the visitors centre. In many ways, even though my own memories only go back some thirty years at most, I do recollect many of the methods, tools, and implements described or displayed at Auchendrain from childhood holidays up the Angus glens. The smallholder with his horse-drawn plough; cutting hay with a scythe, and all the locals helping him build it into haystacks; the two roomed cottage with

bed closets in which granny spent all of her days; cooking on a log/coal fed black iron range; getting milk by the half gallon, straight from the cow.

It was still raining when we left Auchendrain, and headed south towards a slightly brighter patch of grey, and gradually the rain seemed to back off a bit. Turning northwest at Lochgilphead, we headed towards Oban, the setting off point for our holiday in Mull last year. Dunadd hillfort, the centre of the kingdom of Dalriada, passed in the mist. Then the stone circles, and burial tombs, at Kilmartin. There are about ten historic sites within a five or six mile radius, which makes this a feature-rich area to visit - when it's dry and sunny!

As we arrived in Oban the weather turned fair, the clouds rolled back, and a lovely evening ensued. The B&B looked out over the bay towards Mull, and the fading sunlight.

For the second time, the promises of a lovely evening were dashed by morning cloud and rain. There seemed little point hanging around on the west coast, and Sunday turned into an exercise chasing the sun, while the rain chased us. Apart from a short break at Killin, and a walk at nearby Ben Lawers, Sunday was spent in the car. As we travelled east through mountain glens, the weather slowly improved, culminating in another gorgeous evening which we spent in Aberfeldy.

It's a neat little town, sitting on the River Tay, with forest-clad hills on either side. Robert "Rabbie" Burns immortalised the town in verse, when he wrote of the delights of the Birks of Aberfeldy. We sampled those delights in a gentle (Jill says "gruelling") two mile forest walk by cascading waterfalls.

By Monday morning the rain had caught up with us again, and since mornings seemed always to bring bad weather, we decided to head for Arbroath (and the parental homes) where we knew we wouldn't be forced to check out by 9.30am. The direct route led us to Glamis Folk Museum and Castle. The Folk Museum contains a series of rooms showing different aspects of country life over the last hundred years or so. Unlike at many of the other stately homes that we've visited over the last six months, you have to go round Glamis as part of a guided tour - taking chances with sharing a guide with Americans, Italians, French, and Germans. It wouldn't have been so bad were it not for the simultaneous translations in three different languages as the guide described each room. The guides are knowledgeable, and have great pride in the links with Royalty through the Queen Mother, who spent some of her early years at Glamis. But due to the numbers visiting, the tours are hurried, and you don't get a chance to browse and look at everything displayed.

For the first time, we woke to sunny skies, and on our return route to Edinburgh we stopped off at a renovated meal mill, and two earth houses, all lying within three miles of one another just off the main Arbroath to Dundee road.

Barry Mill is a typical oatmeal mill from the early to mid 19th Century. In Angus alone, there are records for several hundred such establishments, each serving the needs of small local communities. Oats was a staple foodstuff, and in many cases, was used in lieu of wages. The mill was worked commercially until 1984, when flooding damaged the mill lade and dam. The mill is now owned by the National Trust for Scotland, the owner having sold it to them rather than have it turned into a house, or fall into disrepair. Having been worked until such recent times, the machinery needed little repair work done, though the building did need re-roofed, and the walls repointed. The Army, as part of its Military Aid to the Civil Community Scheme, brought in a JCB, cleared out the mill pond, redirected the stream, and rebuilt the mill-lade. The Trust have a deal with a local farmer and he supplies them with oats or wheat, which are ground at the mill into meal for his pigs. Thus the mill can provide visitors with an interesting, if slightly dusty, insight into the operation of a water-powered mill.

Nearby are two earth-houses (or souterrains) from a much older period. These are reached by walking alongside, or through, fields of beans and barley. Ever since I can remember travelling between Arbroath and Dundee I remember seeing the signs to both sites, yet never stopped to visit them. Both are similar in that they consist of several connected stone-lined arms dug into the ground dating from the 1st or 2nd Century AD. The people who built them, lived in circular wood and thatched structures, whose outside shape resembled an upturned cone. The cellar was dug into the ground around the outside of the house, covered with slabs of stone, and a mound of earth. An entrance was made into the "cellar" from outside, as well as from within the house. No remains of the huts are displayed at Carlungie, but there are some stone slabs marking out the huts at Ardestie.

#### UNDER STARTERS ORDERS

Simon's deadline next time falls just before he goes away to Ireland for a few days. Should I be extra efficient in getting my stuff done, I'll hold back the copies of UTW for those playing in USO until I get the reports from Simon.

BUS BOSS  
**NEV AL – BB38USA**  
 T U R N 3

**ROUTES PURCHASED**

<b>John Breakwell - North American Folk Ferriers - NAFF - Green</b>		
Houston - New Orleans - Memphis	76-11	= 65
<b>David Watts - Buses On States Seivces - BOSS - Yellow</b>		
Memphis - Nashville; Memphis - Birmingham - Atlanta	76-12	= 64
<b>Eoin Rutter - St Louis Indianapolis Cincinatti Knoxville - SLICK - Black</b>		
Chicago - Omaha; Indy - Nashville	76-12	= 64
<b>Frank Burns - The Engines Cannae Tak It Cap'n - TECTIC - Lurid Orange</b>		
Chicago - Omaha - Kansas City	82-10	= 72
<b>Bill Becker - Dispatch Illusion Service - DIS - Blue</b>		
Indy - Nashville - Atlanta	77-11	= 66

**GAME NOTES**

I've had nothing from Nik since the first turn. Please erase any of her track from your maps. I could look for a replacement, but I think the map can cope with five.

Frank, you can build to a total of 12 points, with each route costing two more than its length. Thus this time, you can only build the two routes noted above, whose combined cost is only 10. You were unable to build the links into St Louis and Indianapolis because of this 12 point maximum.

- 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
- David Watts, 102 Priory Road, MILFORD HAVEN, Dyfed SA73 2ED (0646 692752)
- Eoin Rutter, 233 High Street, EDINBURGH EH1 1PE (031 226 5214)

BUS BOSS  
**P U C H - BB26ENG**  
 R O U N D 8

**RACES**

Races not possible: 2, 4, 6, 7, 13, 14, 15.

Races not entered: 3, 12

No	Route	BOSS (79)	RNBL (43)	BBB (73)	WRECS (46)	EOR (68)
9	Southampton - Ipswich	-	-	15+6	-	15-6
10	Preston - Portsmouth	10-1	5-3	5-3+2	+6	10-1
11	Cambridge - Carlisle	30-5	-	-	+5	-
16	Stoke - Brighton	5-3+6	10-3	10-3+6	-	5-3
17	Nottingham - Blackpool	20+2	10-8	-	+6	-
18	Lincoln - Gatwick	5-3 (145)	20-6 (68)	+6 (117)	+6 (69)	5-3 (90)

NOTES: None.

**ROUTES PURCHASED**

<b>Sandy Dewar- RNBL - Black</b>		
Nottingham - Leicester; Leeds - Manchester	68-12	= 56
<b>Pete Harbron - WRECS - Blue</b>		
No Purchase ordered	69-0	= 69
<b>Eoin Rutter - EOR - Green</b>		
Oxford - Leicester	90-11	= 79
<b>John Breakwell - BBB - Red</b>		
Ipswich - Yarmouth - Norwich	117-12	= 105
<b>David Watts - BOSS - Yellow</b>		
Peterborough - Norwich	145-11	= 134

**GAME NOTES**

My mistake in giving BOSS 30 points for run 3 last time. David had offered BOSS up for a joint run, but no-one did likewise. I noted this down, but overlooked the fact it was a proposed joint. This, of itself didn't change the purchase order this time, though the fact that RNBL had less than WRECS does. Miguel has resigned from the game, and did so with sufficient time for me to be able to offer the position to Sandy Dewar when he asked



**Gavin Greig (Glendaruel, Argyll)**

I like reading about your visits to places like Vindolanda and Traquair House - is Traquair the place where the gates have been closed since Bonnie Prince Charlie went through them?

*Yes. There's also a house near Dundee - Panmure - whose gates have been closed since 1715. I wonder if they had the same idea?*

In common with most folk I seldom find my way to anywhere interesting, through a lack of motivation. There are a lot of places I would actually like to visit but haven't. Most are Dark Age, or earlier sites, in Scotland, tying in with my RPG (dormant at the moment) Albannach, which is set in 8th Century Scotland. I've visited a number of hill forts and Pictish symbol stones, mostly in Tayside, but there are so many places further north and on the islands. Will I ever get there? Hmm.

A good example of the problems posed is Dunadd and the Kilmartin area. These are about ten miles away from where I live - as the crow flies. By road they're about seventy miles away. I have actually visited them, but you get the idea. As for transport - well, it's a car or nothing, really.

*I guess that's what comes of living in such an out of the way place...*

I detect a certain Scottish Puritanism in Jill's preference for the Jedburgh ruins over Durham Cathedral! It's something I'm quite aware of in myself - a small village church like the one here seems so much more "suitable" than larger "cloth of gold" churches. Ruins, however extravagant, fit into the same bracket as the village church because the sumptuous fittings are no longer there. I'd be interested to know if that's the kind of thing Jill meant - that's how I see it anyway. Perhaps I should say that Kilmotan Church looks rather like a large white-washed house with limited external indications of its use - a graveyard obviously, a bell largely exposed to the elements and two large, arched (but plain) windows among the smaller square ones. Inside the greatest impression is made by the wood of the pews, balconies and pulpit - it's of amazing quality and well worth seeing. No fancy carving or anything, just beautiful wood. Of some

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if there were any Bus Boss openings. Pete called me up in the midst of the house move saying he'd send his orders to me - I don't think I had paper or pen to hand at the time. They've not yet arrived, and I hope they're not lost in the middle of the postal redirection. Same purchase order next time. Good selection of joint runs this time with EOR and BOSS linking up on three occasions, and BBB and RNBL for two. Race 9 ended in a tie between EOR and BBB.

## PLAYERS

David Watts, 102 Priory Road, MILFORD HAVEN, Dyfed SA73 2ED (0646 692752)  
 Sandy Dewar, 17 Queensberry Avenue, Clarkston, GLASGOW, G76 7DX (041 638 4490)  
 John Breakwell, 62 Shackleton Way, Woodley, READING RG5 4UT  
 Pete Harbron, 27 Torridon Crescent, Woodcrest, BRADFORD, N. Yorks BD6 0XX  
 (0274 690432)  
 Eoin Rutter, 233 High Street, Edinburgh EH1 1PE (031 226 5214)

## ROUND 9 RUNS

2	Yarmouth - London	19	Margate - Scotland
3	London - Liverpool	20	Manchester - Bristol
4	Skegness - Luton	21	Chatham - Dover
6	Scarborough - Middlesborough	22	Northampton - Bath
7	Gloucester - Exeter	23	Leeds - London
12	Newcastle - Manchester	24	Shrewsbury - London
13	Norwich - Oxford	25	Newport - Heathrow
14	Kendal - York	26	Peterborough - Birmingham
15	Sheffield - Hull		

## RAILWAY RIVALS

### OSSA

#### TURN 7

## RACES

	JIR	OUI	ICBM	RRS	GOBLIN
1	Nantes to Toulouse	-	-	-	-
2	Mulhouse to Dunkerque	-	5-5+4	+5	12-4+10
3	Paris to Marseille	9+5	-	-	16-3
4	Montpellier to Lyon	9-10+5	-	-	16-2+10
5	Orleans to Reims	15-6+5	-	-	15-5+6
6	Bayonne to England	+10	30-10	-	-
7	Paris to Spain	30	-	-	-

NOTES: Races 2 and 5 ended in ties. In 2, with 25 to be shared between GOBLIN and RRS, because GOBLIN has the lower total points, John gets the extra point.

## BUILDS

### Bill Becker - RRS - Red

(u14)-t13-s12-s11-s10-La Rochelle (s13)-r13-q14-q15-Limoges  
 (c69)-d69-e69-Metz (r13)-q13

### Scotty Mcleod - ICBM - Orange

NBR - no builds received

### Eoin Rutter - OUI - Blue

(o26)-n26-m26 (-1 GOBLIN) (h60)-h61-h62-Reims (-7 JIR, -2 GOBLIN)  
 (m13)-l12-l11-Bordeaux (j59)-k60-l60 (-1 ICBM)

### John Breakwell - GOBLIN - Green

(Reims)-h62-i62-i61 (-1 JIR)

### Ulf Jiretorn - JIR - Purple

(h60)-h61-h62-Reims (-2 GOBLIN)  
 (Orleans)-z16-z15-z14-z13-z12-z11-z10-z9-a50 (-6 ICBM)

## FINANCES

	START	RACES	BUILDS	RIVALS	END
JIR	89	82	-12	+0	159
OUI	79	24	-12	-11	80
ICBM	53	5	0	+7	65
RRS	24	55	-14	+0	65
GOBLIN	17	24	-3	+4	42

## SNOWBALL FIGHTING

### PANTHER

#### GAME-END

### Pete Gaughan

Well, isn't that a lucky sequence. I think it was pretty clear that I was attacking the leader it was easiest to send inside - if I'd known Thaw was going to come back from 9vp...!

### Gavin Greig

Thankyou mortalh. Let me be the firth into the kitchen and I will grant you the thecret of thelethial cocoa (Dr Thnow appearth to have thtolen it anyway).

But seriously, I'm as gobsmacked as you must be. I met Wallace at the St Andrews hobbymeet and I imagine he rather enjoyed handing me a copy of UTW and watching my jaw drop!

From the start of the game it seemed that the snowmen would be the key points in the snowbattle, offering excellent cover and free ammunition with no drawbacks (conifer storm, shed avalanche). I was lucky enough to start near one and grabbed it. I was rather surprised the other was only temporarily held by Duncan (Dick Ross Tonix). Other than that, as Hugh commented on OEC, it was important to get stuck in. I aimed to lob as much snow as I could while trying not to end a turn with my hands empty (which could have made my next action more predicatable).

However, by the penultimate turn I wasn't doing so well. Scotty (Wild Bill) picked up on my predictable immobility and took advantage of it to Wallace Wrestle me, which was quite a shock to the system - it seems highly effective and particularly worthwhile with a Dolton Dirigible. In addition, my shots had missed, opening up a lead of three points for Scotty (over me, that is), a gap I wasn't confident of closing.

Well, I saw the possibility of ending the game in one turn, but as I commented to Wallace in my orders, possibility is one thing, and probability another. It seemed the best thing to do was to pile on as much snow as possible and hope to close the gap a bit. I expected to take some damage but got lucky. I guess Scotty became the obvious target! Having decided on four throws in one turn I aimed to hit as many separate folk as possible (to avoid annoying anyone in particular). The Drummond Doubleshot? Yeah, I was trying to be flashy!

Thanks to all other players and both GMs for a very enjoyable game which I was extremely lucky to win. Special mentions go to Scotty and Nik (Jadis Thorne) who both came close and Pete (Sapporo Yakuza) who always had me worried, if not the rest of you! He made that corner of the garden pretty

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*(Letters from Page 3)*

architectural interest, there are oculi above the current pulpit. These are two little round windows set in the 2 to 3 foot thick wall. The round shafts of the windows are angled so that the light coming in is focused on a point within the church. This is now directly under the central balcony, but when the church was built in 1610 that was the wall against which the pulpit stood. So, solar spotlights!

**Jill Reynolds (Edinburgh)**

I don't know, Gavin, but I've been pondering the question since your letter came. To some extent, I'm probably influenced by the remaining Puritanism or Calvinism inherent in the Scottish culture. But I don't think that in itself can explain my feelings here. A year before I left Britain, I toured York Minster without any noticable distaste.

I think the problem I have now with rich and lavish churches is that their wealth seems to be so much in opposition to the teachings they're supposed to be based on (Wallace reminds me that the same is true of today's American televangelists). I can't find God in a wealthy church. But in the ruin of a formerly wealthy church, it's as if the wind and rain of the centuries have cleansed it of the greed and self-concern of the past, so that there's room there for God again.

Perhaps all this just represents a late-blooming of Calvinism in me, developed during my years away from Scotland. Maybe if I hadn't grown up here, I'd have been able to find God amongst the gold plates as easily as amongst the bare stones. But I'd like to see your Kilmodan Church sometime: it sounds the sort of place that doesn't *have* to be a ruin!

*Part of my University degree course covered the evolution of the British landscape. Through much of the Middle Ages, and not just in Britain, the Church acquired, or were given, much wealth and land - perhaps not the fault of the priests who believed this was the best way to satisfy God. It seemed a bit unjust that religious houses should have so much in the way of worldly goods, while those around had little. It is difficult to know if this feeling is just me, or social conditioning from being Scots.*

*Gavin, as you read earlier, the weather forced our change in plan, and we were unfortunately unable to drop by.*

*When I started UTW, I left a couple of trades in place to ease any transatlantic problems. One was with Pete Gaughan, editor of Perelandra. We were playing in games within each other's zines, and both have now finished.*

**Pete Gaughan (Novato, California)**

Now that the game's over, I'm actually a bit torn. *UTW* looks as entertaining as *PoW!* was. And if every issue is going to have the chat #3 has, a trade for *Pere* is about fair!

But I think I'm going to let it go just the same. I'll send you #100 and then I'll move on, looking to expand my readership here at home before I pick up more foreign trades.

Thanks for all the fun and education. *Thanks for the comments, Pete. It's been fun getting Pere over the years, especially reading about your road trips and environmental stuff. Glad that PoW! and UTW have been informative. Sadly, or perhaps not, the chances are that with three games ending last time, it's likely that the remaining UTW's will be much slimmer, and less chatty. Of course, that may not prove to be the case! Depends if there's much I feel like writing about.*

**Anthony Dickinson (Huddersfield)**

Hmm! So that's it. No more games!?! It feels sort of funny - I don't suppose another showing of "It's A Raid!" is on the cards?

*No! But you'll find it in Pigbutton, Clive Palmer's zine. You can get Clive at 36 Ravensfield, Barstable East, BASILDON, SS14 1UG.*

Thought not - ho hum! Anyway, sounds as though Doug's enjoying himself in Oz, though he would somehow.

Are you prepared to allow any more externally GMd games?

*No, afraid not, but thanks for the offer of your services.*

**SUBS RECEIVED FROM**

David Watts, Iain Smedley

**GAME OPENINGS**

UNDER STARTERS ORDERS - Simon McInnes' horse racing game which is distributed to players only with *UTW*.

Simon McInnes, 236 Sydenham Road, West Croydon, Surrey, CR0 2EB

CCTFL - TouchDown American Football league. Wallace Nicoll, 48 Broughton Rd, Edinburgh, EH7 4EE

*(Snowball Fighting - from Page 4)*

uncomfortable to be in, snowmen or no snowmen.

**Anthony Dickinson**

Well, well, well! Just when I got back into the fray some bugger finishes the game off. Congrats to Gavin (Thaw), a jutsy, innovative finale - and thanks to everybody else for making it the enjoyable game that it was, including of course, the GMs Doug and Wallace.

*(Ossa (RR) - from Page 4)***ROUND 8 RACES**

1	24-53	Nantes to Toulouse
8	52-31	Limoges to Amiens
9	21-66	Brest to Nice
10	13-46	Paris to St Etienne
11	54-41	Bordeaux to Strasbourg
12	15-36	Rouen to Nancy
13	64-(5)	Marseille to Italy
14	22-(4)	Cherbourg to Switzerland

Players may enter upto four races.

**ROUND 8 BUILDS**

Upto 12 points may be spent on building, but this must include payments to rivals.

**GAME NOTES**

Should have mentioned last time that a maximum of four races could be entered. Thus a joint run between JIR and RRS didn't happen. If there are seven or eight races offered, players can enter upto four. If more than that, players can enter five races. JIR's ordered build was truncated due to known total (including payments to rivals) in excess of fourteen points. Was the last build an error, Ulf? A costly one, if it was.

Ferries bought between Calais and Dover (OUI) and Dieppe to Newhaven (RRS).

Second NMR from Scotty, but his orders may have been lost in the changeover of addresses. If there's no word from him by next time, I will either look for a replacement (if anyone wants to step in) or to auction off his track in useful sections.

**PLAYERS**

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

Scotty Mcleod, 35 Chamberlain Street, ST ANDREWS, Fife, KY16 8JG (0334 77524)

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

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

Ulf Jiretorn, Västergatan 12B, 332 00 GISLAVED, Sweden

**DEADLINE FOR UTW 5 ORDERS – 25th Sept 1992**  
**(USO Deadline 18th September)**