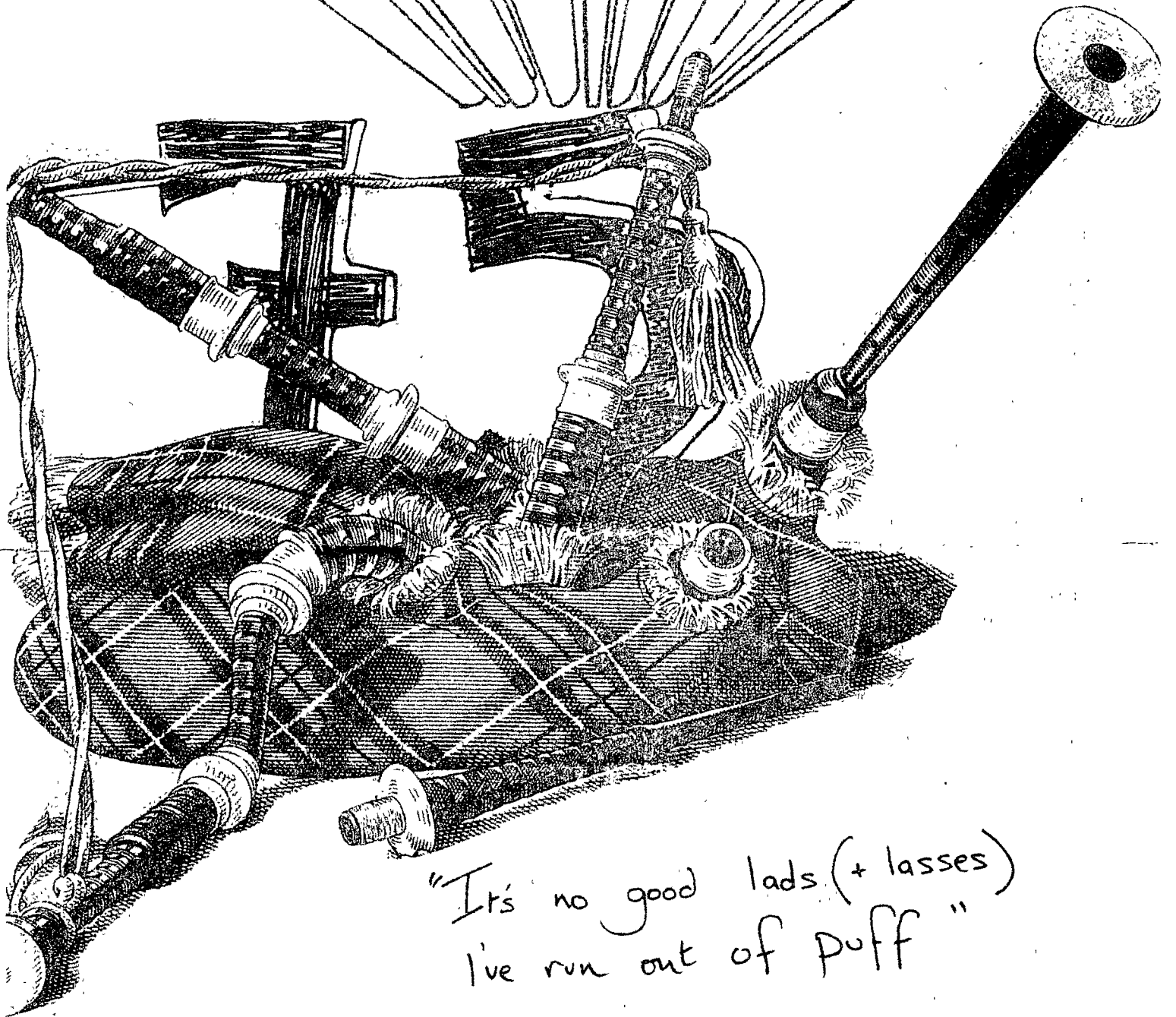


# DIB DIB DIB



"It's no good lads (+ lasses)  
I've run out of puff"

The end.

Welcome to the 75th issue of Dib Dib Dib - a zine dedicated to games, games players, and the civilised game of Diplomacy. Edited by Tom Tweedy, 29 Stanley Hill Avenue, Amersham, Bucks., HP7 9BD. Tel. 02403 4513. BUT ON THE 5TH MARCH 1988 AT 7.30AM THEY'RE CHANGING OUR TELEPHONE NUMBER TO 0494 724513.

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EDITORIAL

After all these years of editing Dib without a break, I've finally decided to fold. This is the last issue.

I decided to fold several months ago actually, and worked out a changeover with Mike Allaway as he mentioned he wouldn't mind restarting Pyrrhic Victory up again, but he couldn't take Dib over then because his new baby was due in January this year (Mike thought it would be a good idea to 'get that out of the way first').

My reasons for folding, apart from it going on for too long (I only started Dib to see how Sopwith would run postally), is because I want to get back into the hobby and actually get to play some games for a change. I LIKE playing games. I also like writing letters and articles for other zines. You've heard me say before, I never get time nowadays to write letters - editing a zine just eats up the time. I'm sorry if this upsets anyone's game, but I think you'd rather I made arrangements for a neat changeover than leave Dib with half-hearted adjudications or a messy fold.

I must say you've been a grand bunch of subscribers. Some of you have even been with me from the start. Clive Booth (ex Editor of Chimaera) is still with me, along with Dave Tant, Richard Bass, Brian Moore and George North to name but lots, even the relative newcomers (those after issue 7) were good subscribers. You've ALL helped contribute to Dib in one way or another - not only making it great fun through the years for me, but hopefully making it fun for others as well. An editor couldn't have wished for a better bunch of subscribers.

So - what's happening now? Well, as I mentioned above, everything will be handed over to Mike Allaway to be run in his zine, Pyrrhic Victory. Deadlines and cost per issue will be the same as mine so there should be no reason for hiccups in the games. Mike's a proven and reliable GM, and as you saw in my Zine Poll listing of polls been-and-gone PV has even been in the top ten, (meaning he also produces an excellent zine). PV's letter column is even similar to Dib's, so I would hope you support him as you have so manfully (and especially womanfully) supported me.

I be staying in the hobby though - for a star I'll be GMing a couple of games in PV - 'DEADLY NIGHTSHADE', 'COLOMBO' and the Jotto game. Hell, who knows, maybe in time I'll feel the urge to start Dib up again, as Richard Sharp and Walkerdine have done with their zines. Once the bug bites y'know...

CREDITS: Unless I hear otherwise (before the deadline) ALL credits will be transferred to PV. If you DON'T want to try Mike's zine and want your credit returned, let me know by 19th March and I'll gladly refund outstanding credit.

DIPLOMACY GAMES: All Diplomacy games will be run by Mike in PV EXCEPT 'COLOMBO' and 'DEADLY NIGHTSHADE' - continue sending orders for these two games to me.

EN GARDE & JOTTO: En Garde will also be going to PV so continue sending your orders to Jake. As for the Jotto, send your words to me so we can finish off the game (adjudications will be printed up in PV).

TRADES: All trades are cancelled. If I trade please find enclosed a subscription, or, as I can't sub to all, my heartfelt thanks for the past issues.

MURDER CAN BE FUN!  
by John Colledge

Someone somewhere, obviously meant us to go to a Murder Weekend. By a complete fluke we had arranged to be off for a long weekend when the final one was being put on last year and it was to be in Harrogate. It couldn't have been better.

Each weekend has a different theme such as The Reading of the Will, a Family Wedding, a Fashion Show, The Porridge Club (a collection of ex-cons), etc. Ours was to be The Golden Pipe Awards. We were all to be actors who had been on radio playing the three main parts in Sherlock Holmes stories. The staff were excellent. When we arrived I said we were there for a Murder Weekend. I was met with a look that would have killed a horse. When I changed my story to I was there for The Golden Pipe Awards, the smiles came back.

To commemorate the 100th Anniversary of the publication of Conan Doyle's first short story "A Study in Scarlet" we were to wear something scarlet to the reception on the first night. We were told to leave our inhibitions at the door so I went armed with a scarlet scarf, bright red tie, and one of Denny's large black hats with a scarlet ribbon round it a la George Melly. I found out later that several people thought I was part of the cast so perhaps I went just a little too far!

At this stage we met the cast who were mingling while chatting about the impending awards and pointing out how sorry they were to hear that we had not been nominated for an award. At this point it was really difficult not to ask each other where they had come from and how we had heard about Murder Weekends. Some people were really quick witted but a lot like myself were basically nosey and wanted to find out who were acting and who were potential sleuths.

After the reception (champagne, of course) we had a very pleasant meal then the awards were given out. Insults were then exchanged (we actors are quite a bitchy lot after all) then there was a game which involved finding clues in newspapers. Each table had been allocated an actor from whom we were to glean as much information as possible. Our young lady was half gone with drink by the sound of her as she spent a lot of time screaming at her husband who was at another of the tables. She was a dab hand at the clues game mind you, so we won.

There then followed a disco but it didn't last long as the husband crashed to the kitchen door with a knife in his back. Super sleuth was quickly on the scene to see the reactions of the main players and anyone we might not have figured out as being part of the cast. The police were called for after the ambulance left, and an incident room was prepared. The idea was that clues would be left here as and when found, which should help us to deduce who the murderer was.

Next morning further clues in the form of a list of quotations had been pushed under our bedroom doors. More clues had been revealed during the night so they were on show in the incident room. That morning you were free to wander round Harrogate while taking part in another game which involved putting red things in a little bag. We only found about fifty. The winners had over a hundred. Lunch was served which was again very good though the soup could have been better.

After lunch there was a Treasure Hunt. When we had recovered from that word went round that a body had been found in room 301. Have you ever taken part in a stampede? Believe me it is no fun being swept up three flights of stairs by a group of people who resemble a pack of dogs after a fox. I must confess when I saw it was our loud mouthed young lady I was more upset by the fact that we would have no person to ask questions than by the fact that she was dead.

However we were all becoming expert at asking the most personal questions and when it came to the evening meal we were all swapped about so there was someone else to interrogate anyway.

We had been asked to make our own fancy dress costumes for the second night with the Sherlock Holmes theme being the inspiration for them. I went as The Hound of the Baskervilles and Denny went as a coded message from the Case of the Dancing men. I am pleased to say that Ned Kelly Dog as I became fondly known won top prize but there is no truth in the rumour that I will be appearing at Crufts next year! The Bar Staff had to be more or less revived when I asked for a whisky and lemonade for my partner and a bone for myself at one stage.

We were all sure there was going to be another murder that night. One vigilant person actually did without their meal because they had found a half filled bath. Little did they know that there were actually three baths prepared for action but there were so many people running after the different actors the poor soul who was to have been the victim didn't die until two hours after she was meant to. She also had to lie on a wet floor for nearly twenty minutes before she was found. As she was my number one suspect at that stage I was far from pleased.

Rumours were rife by now. There was another disco but only about half a dozen people were dancing. The rest of us were running around frantically asking questions, comparing notes and looking for clues. The cast was superb. It didn't matter what you asked them they would answer. I must admit to stopping a couple of them in their tracks but they came back to me later with the answers to my questions. When you think that there are about a dozen different stories it is hardly surprising that a bit of conferring has to go on from time to time. At one stage one of the older women actually went out onto the fire escape to get away from some yopungsters. Most of us went to bed about one o'clock but I gather some were eventually ushered upstairs about three. This detective needs his beauty sleep though.

Having said that, due to a slight error with the alarm clock we were first into breakfast next morning. There had been a few more quotations pushed under the bedroom door during the night but we were still not too sure what was on the go. The early bird catches the worm though and as it turned out the second person into breakfast was a member of the cast. I am sure he wasn't expecting the next best thing to the Spanish Inquisition but that was what he got. This was the meeting which made me at least change my mind about who dunnit.

We were given a couple of hours to do our final enquiries then we had to meet in one of the larger rooms where coffee and doughnuts were served as all was revealed. Between us I think Denny and I covered everything but it turned out that only one young American lady got the whole thing right. We were then free to circulate with the cast to ask questions and to say our farewells.

Although it was fairly pricey as £110 each, when you think that we were staying in a three star hotel and taking part in a play lasting about 40 hours it really was quite good value for money. We certainly can't wait to go again. They are doing one on the Canberra this year if anyone fancies it. If anyone is interested you can write to Joy Swift, Managing Director, Murder Weekends Ltd., "Serepta", 21 College Road North, Blundellsands, Liverpool, L23 8RU. They are held in places as far apart as Edinburgh and Moretonhampstead in Devon.

Who dunnit?? It wasn't the butler, it was aaahh..... My lips are sealed.

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((It sounds excellent, just the sort of weekend I'd fancy - sod all the money wasted on ski resorts and sunny beaches. It's the sort of weekend I could even take Jan as well, she likes who dunnits. A very enjoyable article - please accept this issue free John.))