



Next morning I slowly emerged from unconsciousness, only to be shanghaied into a regular Dippy game. Preference lists were used, so I of course gained France. Sharp got England, Dave Allen Germany, Doug Wakefield Italy, Steve Doubleday Austria, Richard Donaldson Russia, and I just cannot remember who got Turkey. Sharp, of course, moved to the English Channel in Spring 1901, thereby violating our agreement. This was the beginning of his downfall, since I immediately allied with Dave Allen, and thus eliminated Sharp by 1903. While all this was going on, Austria and Italy were dismembering Russia and Turkey. By 1905 it became clear that my alliance with Germany and Steve's alliance with Doug were both, of necessity, permanent. A stalemate line was set up, and the game ended as a four-way draw. I obtained my second consecutive equal first, and Sharp gained his second consecutive seventh. His comment at the end of the game was, 'What about my rating?'

Meanwhile, Waldie, Morris, and the other kiddies were playing Formula One. Heavens! I haven't mentioned Brian Yare! Yes, this archaeological remnant of the jurassic era was indeed present! Somebody actually spoke to him, one can only assume that the poor soul was not aware of Yare's identity.

Lunchtime finally came, and Wakefield, Allen, Noble, and I visited a local inn. Their pies were unbelievable (on the good side) and the spirit measures were 50% more than English ones! This is the one good thing about Scotland that I can remember.

About an hour later, and somewhat less sober, we returned to Doug Wakefield's car. Doug immediately proceeded to drive the wrong way up a one-way street. His excuse was, 'So? I'm only going one way!'

Finally returning to Lineside Walk, the meeting got down to business, and the poker game started. The players were Richard Sharp, Brian Yare, Ron Fisher, Duncan Morris, Dave Allen, and myself. Stakes were nowhere near the last meeting at Amersham, where losses and gains were in excess of £100, but there were still some exciting moments. Sharp immediately started winning, and Dave Allen seemed to be losing. Yare and I were progressing quietly. After about an hour, I was six or so pounds in the black, as was Sharp. Then came a hand of 'Silly Buggers' an incredible game where one places one's card on one's forehead, so that everybody can see your card, except you. The highest card takes the pot. Well, there were six players, and the highest card I could see was a seven! Naturally I thought that I was on to a good thing, and started pushing up the pot. Finally there were three of us left, me, Yare, and Fisher. Fisher went two pounds, Yare raised to six and I called. Ron stacked, and I looked at my card, which only had to beat a seven to scoop a £15 pot. What was my card? The two of clubs! Ah well, easy come, easy go. The game never seemed the same after that, and I came out about £5 down. Sharp won £15, Yare about the same, and Ron Fisher around £7 or £8. Dave Allen lost about £19, and Morris about £13, which he paid in the form of a cheque to me.

That night we played the locals at darts, and Sharp raked off yet more money. Colin Bennett kept on about how playing poker was a sin against God. On being asked what money was for anyway, he replied 'Drinking, (hic)'. So much for Godliness. We finally returned home, (as it was beginning to become) and I, to my immense surprize, won first prize in the raffle, i.e. a single bed!

Needless to say, I immediately retired to my well won sleep, only to find that Willy Haughn had stolen my pillow. I just didn't have the heart to wake him up, since I might have disturbed his teddy bear, so I made use of a blanket.

Next morning, I was wangled into a game of Mercator, Doug Wakefield's great new thirteen player variant. I got Argentina, and Sherrad got Brazil. Presuming (quite correctly as it turned out) that these two countries should always ally. Sherrad thought otherwise, and I achieved my greatest ambition, that of coming ~~13th in a Diplomacy game! This lasted until it was time to go home, with Sharp, Wright, Doubleday and Morris all stabbing each other on the last move. So~~ typical, I thought.

That, you might think, was it. We set off from Rhu to multitudinous waves and abuses, at about four o' clock. Morris had somehow persuaded Sharp to drive back via Ochel Hills, so that we could pick up his duplicator and transport it to London. The road from Rhu to Kinrossshire takes you right across Scotland, and we did not arrive until seven. Sharp and I soundly trounced Doubleday and Morris in a game of team chess, quite a victory when one considers that Sharp was trying to drive the car at the time (trying being the operative word). Doubleday's excuse was that 'his bladder failed him!'

Arriving in Sir Alec Douglas-Home's constituency (or should I say ex-constituency) I could not help but notice the slight difference between the acres and acres of farming land the slums of Glasgow, but one mustn't let that prejudice one. We had a marvellously enjoyable meal at Duncan's fiancée's parent's house. (notice that my typewriter has an acute. Other unique goodies will be shown later) and it was not until about 8.30 that we were ~~let out~~ allowed to leave.....



