

```

TTTTT U U RRRR N N          000 FFFFF          T
T U U R R NN N          0 0 F          E
T U U RRRR N N N          0 0 FFF          N
T U U R R N NN          0 0 F          T
T   UUU R R N N          000 F .          H

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TTTTT H H EEEEE          SSSS CCC RRRR EEEEE W W
T H H E          S C C R R E W W          T
T HHHH EEE          SSS C RRRR EEE W W          U
T H H E          S C C R R E W W W          R
T H H EEEEE          SSSS CCC R R EEEEE W W          N

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Turn of the Screw, issue number ten. 17th July 1976. Circulation: 80

From: Greg Hawes, 16 Crescent Road, Sidcup, Kent, DA15 7HN.
 ((and Corpus Christi College, Oxford, ... I hope)).

Price: ½p per side plus postage, frozen until December. This 6p plus post.

Changes of address:

Greg Hawes to: 16 Crescent Road, Sidcup, Kent, DA15 7HN.
 Jonathan Palfrey to: International Institute of Management,
 Griegstrasse 5-7, D-1000 Berlin 33, W. Germany.

No contents page. All the games are in alphabetical order.

Now another chess problem, submitted by Ian Forsyth. All correct solutions will get a free issue. Let's have the solution next time, Ian.

White (capitals)
 plays up the
 board.
 It is White to
 play.
 Can he win ?

				n	r		k
		a	r				p
p			b		p		q
	P						
		P				R	
P							
	P	B		R			
							K

```

DDDD EEEEE AAA DDDD L III N N EEEEE SSSS
D D E A A D D L I NN N E S 0
D D EEE AAAAA D D L I N N N EEE SSS
D D E A A D D L I N NN E S 9
DDDD EEEEE A A DDDD LLLL III N N EEEEE SSS

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For Intimate Diplomacy games: Saturday 31st July.

For Regular, Youngstown, Mastermind and Chess: Saturday 14th August.
 - No telephoned orders for this deadline; I'll be on holiday -

For NGC 144 ("Aragorn") only: Friday 10th September.

Sorry no cartoon this issue.

Tenth Turn of the Screw, page 1.

EDITORIAL (A tale of many joys and sorrows).

Well, I bet you've all been wondering what old Greg has been up to since the last TotS came out, and why this issue is so late. Some of you have even gone so far as to write or phone.

The story goes roughly as follows. Eights week went OK, but not as well as we had hoped. On the last day I was told that I'm going to be Captain of Boats for Corpus Next year ! That night I got more pissed than ever before in my life - I actually woke up at noon the day after with not just a hangover, but still drunk ! Ugh !! Blame some nit of a Scottish rower with a bottle of whisky, which went on top of beer, Pimms, sherry, wine and shorts. That day I was visited by my father and grandmother. Oh, dear !

On deadline day I had just finished my last exam, so there was no question of typing then. The day after was the Poker game at Richard Sharp's, which I decided to attend at the last minute. Very lucrative it was, too - I won nearly £100, most of which came in a new NGC record pot of over £500 ! That set me on a trail of two weeks' debauchery. I had already arranged to visit a friend at University College, Durham the following week, and I went to their June Ball in the Castle. That was great ! Then we came back to Oxford with two girls from Durham who stayed another week. And you expect me to produce a Dippyazine !

Then my exam results came out. To my amazement and horror I had failed ! I retake in September (next two issues will be games and Fetlock only) and have one hell of a lot of work to do because if I fail I'm out.

Home at last to find I'm chucked out of my room as one of my brothers has a French correspondent. I end up at my grandmother's for the week, mostly playing bridge; a welcome rest.

And now I'm on the dole, broke and forced to work like a dog. I think I can get two small issues out after this one before term starts so this should be the last long delay you experience.

Went to the International Gifts Fair in Harrogate last weekend, where I met Derek Knight of Knight Games - ~~very nice bloke. There is a chance~~ that my father will be opening a games department (adult games, that is) in his shop sometime, and he'll need someone to run it. A young games enthusiast with knowledge of a wide range of games would be ideal - I would qualify but I wouldn't like that kind of work full time. Perhaps one of my readership would. Anyway, things are only very tentative at the moment.

I expect you will all have heard by now of the sad death of Les Pimlby. I didn't really know him, meeting him only at DessContent, but he was a very popular figure, famous for publishing three zines (simultaneously !), running the alcoholic Pimlicons and playing in over fifty games in British zines. Mick Bullock (14, Nursery Avenue, Halifax, West Yorkshire, HX3 5SZ) is organising a collection for his wife. The response so far has been very good. You should find £1 enclosed Mick; let me know if I forget, cos I do want to contribute.

The NGC election results are out and already Nicky is furiously producing all sorts of stuff. My role will be low-key for the first couple of months, for the above reasons, but I've decided to rejig the gamcstarts procedure to simplify it. Details in the next Dolchstoss, I hope. PETE BIRKS - please can I have all the old regular stuff, and do you think you could also supply me with a list of NGC editors, so I know just who I'm supposed to be supplying with games !

I didn't vote in the elections myself - I missed the deadline ! I actually missed several deadlines, including the Dolchstoss one, for the first time ever. Bloody annoying. It's amusing to note the number of objections to committee members - the number of people who find me objectionable is only passed by the number who find Richard Sharp so. I know Dave Allen was one objector to me because I foolishly told him I was voting for Nicky !

Any suggestions for the Regular Game assigner are welcome from all members - I'd appreciate help in this direction.

Finally, Richard is running a player poll in Dolchstoss - I'm not voting because I don't think I've played enough regular games (4) to make a reasoned decision.

The GRIMSBY Joke.

((This much-hallowed tradition of Corpus Christi College Boat Club is at last brought to the Diplomacy-playing public. The Jo-ak, as it is known, is told at all Boat Club dinners and bump suppers, and occasionally before a first-eight row. Gyles Brandreth would do well to include jokes of this high standard in his repertoire, but I fear that this particular specimen is hardly suited to be told to the middle-aged dames one encounters at the National Scrabble Championships! Take heed, then; all those of a nervous disposition or liable to be easily offended please turn over now, 'cos here we go....))

WELL ... you see there was this BLIND man ... who chanced to travel by train from Kings' Cross to a certain well-known North-eastern fishing port called ... GRIMSBY!

The blind man entered a first-class compartment and seated himself by the window, having ascertained that all the other seats in the compartment were empty. The train then proceeded on its journey.

When the train stopped at Peterborough, it chanced that a certain woman of dubious virtue embarked thereon, and by pure coincidence she happened to enter the very compartment where the blind man was sitting, and seated herself opposite him. But from the blind man there was, of course, ... NOT A FLICKER ... due to the fact that he was blind.

A few miles further down the line, the Woman of Dubious Virtue began to, er, feel the urge, and decided to ply her trade, as it were. To this end she removed her fur coat and thigh length boots, and started to, er, wobble things. BUT from the blind man there was, of course, ... NOT A FLICKER ... due to the fact that he was blind.

Somewhat surprised at this, the Woman of Dubious Virtue decided to remove some more of her clothing, so off came the see-through blouse and the mini-skirt, and she presented herself, shall we say, to the blind man. BUT from the blind man there was, of course ... NOT A FLICKER ... due to the fact that he was blind.

The Woman of Dubious Virtue was quite worried at the total lack of response, and began even to fear that she might be losing her touch, so she provocatively peeled off her sheer stockings, black suspender belt, half-cup bra and open-crotch pants and stood, naked as the day she was born, before the blind man, displaying her all. BUT from the blind man there was of course ... NOT A FLICKER ... due to the fact that she was blind.

By now, the poor Woman of Dubious Virtue was at her wits' end. Her ego was shattered and her self-confidence gone, and her natural desires had increased rather than subsided. So, in despair, and as a last resort, she .. er.. she ... how can I put this ... she put a certain part of her anatomy ... oh dammit ... she thrust her muff into the blind man's face!

At this, the BLIND man started, breathed in deeply, and exclaimed...

"Aaaaaah, GRIMMMMSBY; this is where I get off!"

The management apologise to all readers of a nervous or sensitive disposition, and especially to our lady readers, for the inclusion of the above anecdote, but you were warned!

Those interested in the other traditions and peculiarities of Oxford College life may be entertained to know that Corpus men do not speak in English when communicating with one another, but use a hybrid language of many centuries' evolution. Olive Booth may be interested in the following for his "dialects" column. Here are a few examples:

Totty - anything female. Top Totty - Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II.
Good value totty - an attractive young woman. Spd - Spotted (i.e. yes).
NIF - Not in fact (i.e. no). Totty spotting - lechery.
Chunder - throw up. BUNG - general term of elation
Widdle-diddle - oh Knockers! Deceatere - to leave for the vacation
and many more.

FETLOCK

My recent trip to Gambia at the request of the British Groundnut Council prevented me from fulfilling my customary star role in TotS (see, or rather don't bother, last edition). Faced with a rapidly declining circulation and threats of takeover from the moribund Sunday Observer, Mr. Hawes was faced with little choice but to raise the pecuniary rewards of his ace contributor. The result of this strategy, I am pleased to inform you, is my agreement to continue the supply of erudite wit to which you, fortunate reader, have become accustomed.

To start. A failure to learn from past experience is a regrettable characteristic of government minions; it therefore came as no surprise to learn that the wretched Piggott had been unwise enough to print, concealed within the inebriated rambblings of his hack columnist Lucifer, a thinly veiled attack on the Fetlock escutcheon. I know the appalling Lucifer well as he fagged for me during my final years at Winchester in the '30s. At that time he bore a close resemblance to a pimple on legs and his ingratiating and obsequious manner towards those he considered his betters often aroused the more fun-loving senior pupils to suspend him from his ankles in front of the common room fire and attempt to pick him off with Champagne corks.

Rendered imbecilic by his childhood experiences it is little wonder that he should eventually enter the employ of the seedy editor of an even seedier journal, published (if memory serves me) in Orpington. Upon the demise of the publication, the result I recall of certain unorthodox accounting procedures, Lucifer was forced to trade in his worn epigrams and pawn his Lenin Compendium of Humour.

Which brings me to this point: knowing the Fellow's past and bearing in mind the criminal label charges against a certain satirical magazine, I am amazed that Piggott, dumwitted worm that he doubtless is, should have seen fit to offer him space in Victor Ludorum. It really is little wonder that men of breeding and learning should be leaving the country in droves when a far too liberal legislature denies them recourse to the duelling pistol when dealing with the malignant pen-pushers of the gutter-press and their agents.

Taking my customary Friday afternoon stroll from the Buckingham Arms, Petty France, to St. Stephen's Tavern, Westminster (there to hurl abuse at those who presume to spend my money on their pleasures), I was approached outside the Abbey by a pixie like figure in blue jeans and a crew-necked jumper. Believing the apparition to be a waif of distressed circumstances I was about to plant my cane firmly on its head when a grubby paw thrust a poorly-duplicated journal into my hand and demanded some money - I do believe he also referred to me as 'Guv'nor', a phrase with which I am not acquainted.

Closer inspection of the publication revealed it to be the official organ of a body purporting to be Kent University Students (sic) Union - though I confess to having no knowledge of such an institution. Fearful lest the tract be the product of some Marxist group I held it between thumb and forefinger at which stage several stale jokes and purloined cartoons fell to the floor.

The snivelling wretch before me cowered pale under the grime and attempted to leg it for safety. Fortunately his miserable condition, the result of a diet of beans and chaps, had greatly unpaired his speed, and I found little difficulty in administering a sound thrashing to his person.

Ah Birks, little cardboard inhabitant of the Stockwell ghettos, can you ever forgive me.

Whilst it is not the habit of this column to indulge in personalities I have found it impossible to let Bullock's recent jibes of "Plagiarist" and "Charlatan" pass without comment.

The event to which I referred in my article regarding the cricket match has one advantage over Parkinson's similar tale in that it actually occurred and was not the produce of an imagination stimulated by delusions of grandeur or the lamentable Yorkshire trait of exaggeration.

I have already stated my abhorrence of the likes of Bullock and the mean, petty-minded puritanism one associates with his ilk, so clearly there is no need for me to reiterate my point. However, I state categorically that my original piece was not lifted from Parkinson, an author who in any event I find even more disagreeable than Bullock. That is an end of the matter!

That the collapse of our civilisation is imminent can no longer be denied in a society that allows the frightful Eric Heffer to publicly state his dangerous and offensive views in our national press. It is perhaps merciful that the idiotic Heffer should choose, for the moment at least, to restrict his output to statements of such lunacy that even the Bingo-playing beer-swilling, malingering British proletariat finds them stupid.

Witness a recent Heffer assertion that evidence of an unfair distribution of wealth in Britain is provided by the £3000 paid by passengers on the recent Cunard world cruise. The half-baked member for Liverpool Walton makes no attempts to discover how many passengers were from overseas, and hence exempt from the envious dirigiste policies of the left, nor how many were retired Britons spending their hard-earned savings.

Indeed, it would be of considerable interest to learn the opinion of Southampton seafarers; 1000 are employed aboard the QEII; to Heffer's demand that such cruises should cease!

Why is it that our Northern shires should have such an abundance of hypocritical humbugs? One can only assume that their attachment to the socialist folklore of the shires, the depression and the general strike has so addled their brains that they are unable to differentiate between the innocent pleasures of the middle class, to which most, if not all, workers now belong, and the vices of the aristocracy fifty years ago!

It all raises the interesting thought that the immiscration of the workers, believed by Marx to be the inevitable outcome of capitalist production, should, in fact, be more likely to result from the Victorian attitudes of the "Social Democrats" he so rightly despised.

* * * * *

MASTERMIND.

Series 2, Round 3:

	Shorney	Bullock	Bustany	Macdonald	Collins	Dashwood	Simmons	Swansen
Game 1:	-	00	-	-	000	00	X00	0
	0	X00	0	-	X	0	X0	000
	00	X00	X0	0	XXX0	XXX00	X00	00
Game 2:	X	00	X00	-	000	0	XX0	X00
	00	0000	0	X0	0	XX0	XX0	XX0
	X	X00	XX0	00	000	X000	X0	XXXX
Game 3:	0	0	00	0	X000	X0	00	X00
	0	X00	00	X0	0	000	X0	00
	000	00	00	00	X0	X00	XX00	000

There we are, then. Frank looks to be doing the best at the moment, but it's difficult to tell.

There is some disagreement as to which version the next series should be. However, Lemming Express 20 contains the rules for Poker Mastermind, which I would like to play next.

For this, the GM deals five hands of five cards each from an ordinary pack of playing cards (no jokers). The players guess the hands each turn, on the presumption that they are read from left to right. Each card must be designated face value first and suit second, e.g. KS, 10D, AH, 2C etc..

Marking: capitals will be used for the face value, lower case for the suit. A correct face value in the right place will be scored X, in the wrong place 0. A correct suit in the correct place will be scored x, in the wrong place o. Obviously, an X for face value will not necessarily tie up with an x for the suit. To help you, I shall ask a simple leading question each issue, answers marked as right or wrong in the next issue.

Game fee is 15p, divided between the winners. Waiting list now open.

LETTERS

IAN WAUGH: So now you know who I am ! 'Sfunny, I knew you weren't a big, strong chap. ((Check !))

Well, as I've finished my two ID games now, all I can do is defend my point of view from your editorial witticisms.

Referring to my last letter and your reply; I would agree that noone is fully aware of the commitments when taking on a zine but you must have had a good idea what would be required (You have enough friends - perhaps associates would be a better word - in the publishing - zines that is - business) and also what would happen when exams etc. came around.

Publishers have a duty to their readers to run an efficient (see Bellicus) zine even if they do run at a loss, (which would take me into all those "should a publisher actually lose money" arguments which I won't go into - I say he shouldn't by the way).

As far as letter length goes - this has NO relation to the aesthetic qualities of the letter and is in no way connected to how boring or interesting it may be - surely you can't argue that it is ?

I think the last letter of mine was the most boring I've ever written (no; they're not all like that) and you still printed it - there's no accounting for taste.

I don't consider any of my letters to be sermons - no more than anyone else (apart from Will Haven of course).

My contributions to Lemming were various. I wrote a fairly long letter which was mostly relevant to points brought up or discussed in the last issue and the other pages included a couple of reviews, a bit of humour, and this Dippy quiz you seemed so eager to shun. The least you could have done was to read through it before dismissing it out of hand simply because you saw I had written it. I am prepared at least to give everyone a chance. I do know of one or two people who I consider to be boring in print (apart from myself that is) but I at least read their letters and comments before dismissing them as rubbish. Still, a busy zine editor like yourself.....

Well, there's not much else of relevance to say regarding TotS no. 9. Pity you only made 21st in the zine poll. Next time, though, I see HDJ! did quite well in spite of complaints about the layout. It's content that matters don't you know ?

((Sure I had some idea of what would be needed as a zine editor. I foresaw difficulties in production at times but that didn't stop me going ahead. Nor should it. I think the duty is still there, though, but noone should be forced to make a loss - I make mine up in the enjoyment I get from trades.

((Sorry, perhaps I should have said your letters are more interesting when short; and I'll print anything ! Gosh ! Don't you take things I say seriously ? I didn't really not read your article cos I saw it was by you - that was a joke, but I quite often find I don't have time to read through all my trades anyway.

((I never expected to do well in the zine poll - perhaps when I'm more experienced as a publisher.))

MARTIN STYLER: I must say that I don't agree with Ian Waugh's letter in TotS 9, not that I agree with much of what he ever says. I personally joined the NGC to play games by post and not to read half-page letters which are about as exciting as a maths textbook. I know that if he sent articles to my zine (if I had one) I would edit them put altogether to stop the other readers falling asleep. How can he be bored with reading through other games with such people as Frank and me playing ? Perhaps it is because in the games he plays defeat comes so quickly, he never has time to enjoy them. A three-year-old kid could beat him, even though his press releases wouldn't be so long. I like playing Dippy etc., and in my opinion TotS is just right at the moment, so lay off Woffy and leave us in peace.

((Well well. Just shows you that one man's meat is another man's poison. Glad you like TotS, Martin, though I must admit I've always liked a zine more if I'm playing in it, which is why I prefer, for example, 1901... to Mad Policy.)

Spot 1901... OSCAR for a magnificent win by your editor. My record after 4 games is: 2nd, =1st (with one other), 4th, 1st. You can get TOP out now, Mick !

GAMES

NGC 144 (1975FE)

"ARAGORN"

SPRING 1905

Two NMRs.
Germany held ?

AUSTRIA : A(Gal)-Boh A(Bud) st. A(Vie) S TURKISH A(Ven)-Tyr A(Ser) st.
(Phil Dines) F(Gre) st.

ENGLAND : NMR! F(ENG), F(Lon) stand unordered.
(Jon Grose)

FRANCE : A(Gas)-Par A(Bre) S A(Gas)-Par
(Frank Dashwood)

GERMANY : A(Ber)-Sil A(Bel)-Bur A(Hol)-Bel ((it's in Ruh)) A(Mun)-Tyr
(Martin Styler) A(Tyr)-Pie F(Edi)-Cly F(Kie)-Den A(Par) S A(Bel)-Bur*
F(SKA)-NTH F(Nor) S F(SKA)-NTH

ITALY : A(Apu)-Rom F(Nap)-ION F(WMS)-MAO F(Spa)n.c.-Gas
(Jonathan Palfrey) A(Mar) S F(Spa) n.c.-Gas

RUSSIA : NMR! F(StP)s.c., A(Ukr), A(Mos) stand unordered.
(Chris Bishop)

TURKEY : A(Ven)-Tyr F(ADS)-ION F(Bul)e.c.-BLA F(Smy)-AEG F(BLA)-Sev
(Ian Macdonald) A(Con)-Bul A(Rum) S A(Con)-Bul

*Retreat: German A(Par)-Pic.

Press:

Berlin to (what's left of) France: I never did like Paris anyway; Picardy is much nicer even though it might not have as much going for it. I'll be back. Also how about a game of ID, Frank ? It could settle some old scores. (Or anyone else who may be willing)

De La Frenâie: Infamy ! Infamy ! They've all got it in for me !

* * * * *

NGC 154 (1975JE)

"BILBO"

AUTUMN 1903

Two more NMRs !
Russia decimated.

AUSTRIA : A(Bud)-Rum A(Ser) S A(Bud)-Rum A(Bul) S A(Bud)-Rum A(Gal)-War
(Alan Reason) F(ION)-Tur A(Tri)-Vie

ENGLAND : F(Lpl)-Wal F(Lon) S F(Lpl)-Wal F(NTH) S A(Bel) F(Nor)-StP n.c.
(Mal Copeland) A(Bel) S GERMAN A(Bur)

FRANCE : NMR! F(Bre), F(ENG), A(Pic), A(Mar), A(Gas) stand unordered.
(Chris Bishop)

GERMANY : A(Bur) st. A(Mun) S A(Bur) A(Fin) S ENGLISH F(Nor)-StP n.c.
(Alan Bustany) A(Swe)-Ber F(Kie) S A(Swe)-Ber F(BAL) C A(Swe)-Ber

ITALY : A(Ven)-Tri A(Tyr)-Vie F(Gre) stands F(Apu)-Nap
(Eddie Goffin)

RUSSIA : NMR! F(BLA), A(Smy)*, F(Sev), A(Rum)*, A(StP)*, F(Ber)* all
(Bob Grove) stand unordered.

TURKEY : A(Ank)-Smy A(Con) S A(Ank)-Smy
(Keith Smith)

*Retreats: Russian A(Smy), A(Rum), A(StP) & F(Ber) all unordered - @M disbands them.

((PTO for supply centre chart. Now a bit of press.))

Austria-World: Sorry about the lack of Diplomatic activity. I hope the situation is only temporary.

Just space here to note a letter from Ian Macdonald; "... I am going on holiday... I will not be back in Scotland until the 19th July...". At Ian's request I have extended the deadline for NGC 144 to enable him to

NGC 154 (continued):

How they stand:

AUSTRIA : Tri Bud Vie ~~Gre~~ Ser Bul + Rum War Tun = 8 Builds A(Bud), A(Vie).
ENGLAND : Lon Lpl Edi Nor Bel + StP = 6 Builds F(Lpl).
FRANCE : Par Mar Bre Por Spa = 5 No change.
GERMANY : Mun Ber Kie Den Hol Swe = 6 No change.
ITALY : Ven Rom Nap ~~Tyr~~ + Gre = 4 No change.
RUSSIA : Mos ~~War StP~~ Sev ~~Kie Smy~~ = 2 No change.
TURKEY : Con Ank + Smy = 3 Builds A(Ank).

* * * * *

NGC 161 (1976AE)

"CELEBORN"

SPRING 1902

Italy trying a late Lepanto ?
Russia puzzled.

AUSTRIA : A(Bul) st. F(Gre)-AEG A(Bud)-Ser A(Vie)-Tyr A(Tri) S A(Vie)-Tyr
(Iain Forsyth)
ENGLAND : F(Lon)-ENG F(Nor)-Swe F(NTH)-HEL F(Edi)-NTH A(Bel)-Hol
(Jonathan Palfrey)
FRANCE : A(Par)-Pic A(Spa)-Mar A(Bur)-Mun F(Por)-MAO F(Bre)-ENG
(Davey Hunter)
GERMANY : A(Ruh) st. A(Sil)-Mun F(Den)-NTH
(Peter L. Smith)
ITALY : A(Tyr)-Ven A(Tun) st. F(ION)-EMS F(Nap)-ION
(Andy Davidson)
~~RUSSIA : F(Rum) W AUSTRIAN A(Bul) A(Sev)-Arm A(Mos)-StP A(War)-Sil~~
(Norman Hydra III) F(StP)s.c.-GOB F(Swe) S ENGLISH F(NTH) -Den ((no such order))
TURKEY : A(Con)-Bul F(BLA) S A(Con)-Bul F(Smy)-AEG
(Helen K. Clarke)
no retreats.

Press:

Berlin: The celebrations were drawing to a close. As distinguished guests drifted towards the exits it was noticed that the large pile of empties in the corner of the grand ballroom had begun to move. As the bottles rolled away the cause became apparent.

Chancellor Schmidt emerged, a glazed expression on his face. He was holding a beer bottle in his right hand and he glared at it as though it was its fault that it was empty. A party hat was tilted at an incredible angle on his bald head and part of a coloured streamer had somehow become entangled in his moustache. Oblivious to this he staggered to his feet and swaying dangerously would have fallen again had he not been caught by the Austrian leader.

"I feel I must inform you, your excellency" began the Austrian "that while you have been asleep your country has been plunged into a most bloody European war. There are Russians approaching Berlin, French troops threatening Munich and English warships dominating your oceans. In addition the shipbuilders are demanding higher wages or they will not build the navy you ordered last winter. What do you propose to do to save your country?"

"I propose" replied the German in a slurred voice; "I propose that we have another drink".

At that he collapsed in a crumpled heap on the floor and went back to sleep.

London-Moscow: Sorry mate, I was warned by a third party that you didn't intend to follow our agreement, and in the end I decided not to risk it. ((More fool you !))

Sofia: "...standing by the river side, We shall not be moved."

Turkish govt to all other govts: Alliance required with anyone NOT in league with Austria or Russia.

NGC 161 press (continued):

Hydranews: I know all about Davey Hunter in NGC 165. Also, I've lost your address Jonathan - sorry there's been no letters.

GENESIS RULE OK

Trick of the Tail, Voyage of the Acolyte, The Lamb, Selling England, Foxtrot, Nursery Crymes & Trespass are triff. OK. Anyone else in NGC like Genesis? How about you, Greg?

SSSS: Not exactly my cup of tea in fact. However, I do like the Lamb - it's a very pleasant pub!

Austria-France: I suppose your sense of humour comes in handy watching 'Well every week!

Kraut Imperial Press: My hovercraft is full of eels.
Mein lüftkissenboot ist full mit aales

Turkish govt to Russian govt: Watch our Austrian friend (you know, the one with a good Scottish accent) - don't count your chickens etc..

H.K.C. Ltd: How about it then, Norman?

* * * * *

NGC 166V (Youngstown)

"DENETHOR"

SPRING 1902

Make or break year for
Russia

AUSTRIA : A(Clu)-Rum A(Ser)-Bul A(Gre) S A(Ser)-Bul A(Bud)-Ser
(Lee Johnson) A(Vie)-Gal F(Tri) farts in the direction of Venice.

ENGLAND : F(Tha)e.c. st. A(Lor) Nor F(NTH) C A(Lon)-Nor F(Nor)-BAR
(Eric Willis) F(Joh) MAL F(Ire)-NAO F(Edi)-NWG

FRANCE : F(Bre)-MAO F(Mar) GOL F(Mor)-WMS A(Spa)-Mar A(Por)-Spa
(Paul Willey) A(Par)-Bre F(Cam) GOS F(Sai)-SCS

GERMANY : A(Bel)-Ruh A(Pos)-Pru A(Sil) S A(Pos)-Pru A(Hol)-Kie
(Alan Bustany) F(Ber)-BAL F(Den) S F(Ber)-BAL A(Mun)-Oms?

ITALY : A(Ven) st. A(Rom)-Apu A(Tun)-Lib F(ION)-EMS F(Yem)-RED
(Frank Dashwood) F(Mog)-GOA

RUSSIA : F(Sev)-Arm F(GOB)-Fin A(Ukr) st. A(War)-Lvn A(Mos)-Oms
(Bob Denton) A(Omo)-Sib F(Kor)-YEL F(Vla)-SOO

TURKEY : A(Egy) Pen F(Smy)-EMS A(Con)-Bul A(Rum) S A(Con)-Bul
(Peter Mearns) A(Ira)-Sev A(Bag)-Arm F(BLA) S A(Rum)

CHINA : F(Can)-SCS F(For) S F(Can) SCS A(Han)-Pek A(Pek)-IMo
(Bruce Little) A(Man) Kor A(Vtm)-Ann

INDIA : F(Cey)-EIO F(Mad)-BOB A(Bma)-Sha A(Cal)-Bma A(Del)-Cal
(Andrew Shorney) A(Snk) S CHINESE A(Pek)-IMo

JAPAN : NMR! F(SOJ), F(ECS), F(SPO) stand unordered
(Jeremy Maiden)

No retreats.

Press:

Austria-Knife: Get knotted.

Austria-Turkey: On second thoughts, perhaps 6 for me & none for you would be more appropriate. I like to share everything out fairly according to intelligence you know.

Your actual Moscow - none of your poor substitutes: CARVE THAT LOT UP THEN!

Turkey-All: Austria and I are in a game long alliance, as such none will be able to...Aaarrrrrrggggh!!!

Captain Fantastic: I'll get you Mearns - the memory of 89 has not yet faded from my mind, and I have a strange feeling that it will be some time before you forget 166V! BEWARE!

Warsaw-Vienna: We'll see ..

NGC 166V press (continued):

Chinese Peoples Republic: Despite offers of assistance to comrades in Japan no reply has been received, so it is thought that they may have fallen under the evil influence of Imperialist forces. In the circumstances, Chairman Little can only repeat that this offer is made only with one condition; that his little Red Book is printed in Japanese. Meanwhile the Red Guard is proceeding south in order to ~~grab some more~~ spread the word.

Captain Fantastic: Of course I like the Bay City Rollers as well, that goes without saying..

Knife: Rumour has it that the Russian is laying down arms. Italy is warned that France means business.

Alfheim: Imric looked pale. Deep in thought he surveyed the scene before him. Russia looked on the edge of collapse, Italy and Austria had allied, Bustany was playing Germany. The Turks looked ripe to be stabbed. Was there no hope? The Elfearl sighed and looked at France, perhaps there was still a chance...

Russia-Germany: What do you think you are up to you young ponce?

Constantinople: What the hell's going on?

Knife: Well I got most of them wrong last time, just shows what a silly bastard I am. Can anyone tell me what I'm doing to myself, can anyone tell me where I'm going ??????? I'm lost - HELP.

* * * * *

Important note to all players in NGC 161 (Celeborn). I have received the following letter from Peter Smith (Germany):

"Tragedy after tragedy seems to be dogging my first attempt at Diplomacy with the NGC! Before I could correct my moves based on the assumption that you might allow me an extra build after deadline, I had to depart for hospital for an emergency operation. Having now emerged from the tender care of the local nurses, I now return to find I've missed the deadline for Spring 1902!

I really think it would be for the best at this stage for me to withdraw from this game as it will be practically impossible to recover from this point.

I express my apologies to all concerned, but I'm afraid the fates have been very much against me all the way..."

Well, I used Peter's uncorrected moves for this season. Sorry to hear about your illness, mate, and hope you're OK now. If you want to resign, OK, but I hope you'll play on to the end and continue to play Dippy. 95% of new players have a disastrous first game, but we all learn by bitter experience eventually. I hope you won't mind me telling you why I think Germany was doomed from the start in 161; it was your opening moves that did it; how jammy Willis persuaded you to go that way I don't know. In general, it's best for completely new players to try one of the relatively better-known openings for the country they find themselves landed with. Which are the most frequently-played openings? To find out write to Mick Bullock (of 14 Nursery Avenue, Halifax, West Yorkshire, HX3 5SZ), enclosing 15p in stamps for issue 62 of his magazine 1901 and all that, in which a very comprehensive analysis appeared. 1901... itself is very good and well worth a sub. Mick also publishes Who's Where (2p + postage), which tells you who's playing what in which magazines, and Top of the Pile, which analyses players' performances using several different rating systems. All recommended.

Anyway, I've strayed a bit from the subject. If you decide to resign from 161, Peter, I'll ask Gordon not to confiscate your deposit - to return it, in fact!

Just a note on dropouts, deposits and resignations, for the benefit of all players... if you miss two successive deadlines you will be considered to have dropped out of the game and your country will go into anarchy. Unless you have a good excuse you will also be blacklisted and lose your deposit. Several people need to heed this warning this issue. Missing any one deadline incurs no special penalty (anyone can be unlucky with the GPO), except possible damage to their position in the game at the hands of the other players!

NGC 168 (1976AQ)

"ELROND"

SPRING 1902

Oh, God !
Two more NMRs !!

AUSTRIA : NMR! F(Tri), A(Vie), A(Ser)*, A(Bud)* stand unordered.
(Chris Bishop)

ENGLAND : F(Nor)-NWG A(Yor)-Lon F(Lon)-ENG F(NTH) S F(Lon)-ENG
(Jim Gravenor)

FRANCE : NMR! F(Por), -A(Spa), -A(Pic), F(Bre), A(Par) stand unordered.
(Gary Parks)

GERMANY : F(Den)-HEL F(Kie)-Hol A(Hol)-Bel A(Mun)-Bur A(Ruh) S A(Mun)-Bur
(Roger Sterry)

ITALY : A(Tyr)-Vie F(Ven)-ADS A(Apu)-Ven F(Tun)-ION
(Roger Collins)

RUSSIA : A(Gal)-Bud A(Rum) S A(Gal)-Bud A(War)-Gal F(Sev) S A(Rum)
(Norman Nathan) F(GOB)-Swe

TURKEY : F(Ank) st. F(Smy)-AEG A(Con)-Bul A(Bul)-Ser A(Gre) S A(Bul)-Ser
(Jonathan Effemey)
no retreats.

Press:

Kaa to Bagheera: Keep going, you're doing well. May your stabs all prosper
(But surely never on me ?).

Turkey-Italy: Sorry for the sharp tone of my letter. There is little need
to worry as at present we certainly have the same objectives
in the shape of the adjacent dark orange patch.

Rome-London: Let's hope your vicious, unfounded rumours about Roger and I
are right - otherwise, there goes another best-laid plan.

Rome-Berlin: Had I known about Norman and you, we could have set up a neat
tripartite alliance from the start, without all this bloody
diplomacy.

Rome-Moscow: (or are you in St. Petersburg ?) See Rome-Berlin.

Rome-Ankara: I love you too.

Rome-Paris & Vienna: Please don't feel left out, but are you relevant ?

Turkey-Vaduz: The Austrian information service does not seem particularly
overactive from the south east while the yellow nurses are
coping quite adequately.

Dissections Anonymous: Shall we wipe her out this year or next ?

* * * * *

ID - 'H' (Intimate Diplomacy)

"WALKERDINE"

NEW YEAR 1902

	Jonathan Palfrey (Austria)	v	Martin Styler (Turkey)
	£10	-	£19
BIDS: England	(-)	-	-
France	(-)	-	-
Germany	(A)	-	£9
Italy	(-)	-	-
Russia	(T)	-	£10
Total of successful bids:	£10	-	£10
Credit remaining:	£0	-	£9

Press:

General "Gasbag" von Zeppelin: Oh, deep in my heart, I do believe
We shall overcome some day...

Sara's Sleazy Swedish Sauna: Just one season this time, I'm afraid. However,
we ought to be able to keep to two-week deadlines
for this game in future. Spring 1902 orders on file...

NGC 184 (1976??) Richard ?

"FRODO"

GAMESTART

AUSTRIA : Phil Dyson, Paddock Way, Howell Hill Grove, Ewell, Epsom, Surrey.
ENGLAND : Chris Side, 146 Watergall, Bretton, Peterborough, PE3 8NG.
FRANCE : Lee Batchelor, 18 Tant Avenue, Canning Town, London E.16.
GERMANY : Stephen Agar, 3 North Road, Chester-Le-Street, Co. Durham, DH3 4AQ.
ITALY : R. N. Wheelans, 12 Wycliffe Road, London S.W.19.
RUSSIA : P. D. Sanham, Cartrefle College of Education, Wrexham, Clwyd.
TURKEY : C. J. Garvey, 22 McDonagh Road, Ballyphemawe, Cork City, EIRE.

Welcome to you all. TotS house rules are enclosed - I hope they answer most of the queries you may have. If there's any point over which you are unsure please don't hesitate to write.

Now, then, down to the nitty-gritty; will you all please send your gamefees of £1.50 and deposits of £1 to Gordon Bell ('Midtown', Easton, Wigton, Cumbria; CA5 5DL.) as soon as possible, as the game cannot start until you're all paid up. Cheques payable to the National Games Club.

In addition, you will all have to subscribe to TotS in order to get the results of your moves. TotS costs $\frac{1}{2}$ p per side plus postage; £1 will see you through until about Easter, £2 till about the Christmas after next. Cheques to me made payable to 'G. V. Hawes', please. If you send your sub. with your Spring 1901 orders that'll be fine.

A few points to note, especially for any among you who may not have played Diplomacy by post before. First, note that I use 'conditional retreats'; this means that you should submit retreats with your orders for any unit which may possibly be forced to retreat at the end of that season. The best way of doing this, I've found, is to list all the adjacent provinces in order of preference. Builds are conditional too, and should be submitted with the autumn orders. Both can be made conditional on anything that took place during the season, for example; "If the English F(NTH) is dislodged and retreats to ENG, or if Germany moves F(Bel)-ENG and it succeeds, then build F(Bre), otherwise build F(Mar)" or something like that. Second, please type or write your orders clearly on one side of a reasonably-sized sheet of paper. There is nothing more annoying than to have to sort through loads of horrible scraps! And third, please post your orders in good time; the GPO is taking up to three or four days from some areas, even with first class mail.

It only remains for me to wish you luck. I hope you enjoy your game. The deposit is refundable when the game finishes or you are eliminated. Let's have some Christian names from Italy, Russia and Turkey please, and remember don't hesitate to write if you have any queries.

* * * * *

ID - 'D': I have Spring 1905 orders on file from Dave but none from Paul. However, I think I remember reading in one of Paul's letters that he'd like to resign the game, which I find understandable, considering his position. Could you let me know what you want to do, Paul? If you wish to continue then I'd like orders by the deadline. Ta.

* * * * *

CHALLENGE !!! Lee Johnson has asked me to issue challenges in his name to two readers of this magazine. The first is DAVEY HUNTER, of whom he says; "I think he has the mind of a Japanese carburettor (all fart and no Phut) and his Diplomacy/stab techniques are suicidal, though for a two-year-old he's not too bad a player..."

The second is Andrew Shorney:

"I'll play that bigheaded bloke who beat poor old Ian Waugh, think his name was Andrew Shorney, I'll smack his legs!"

Oh yes, in case you're wondering, the challenge is to a game of that peculiar variant known as Intimate Diplomacy. (Gamefee 50p to Gordon).

* * * * *

Waiting-list for a game in TotS: Julian White, R. Howells, Max Stanger