

GAME OPENINGS:
see page 10

28 April, 1973



- 'A' Spring 1913..... p.4
- 'B' Christmas 1916..... p.3
- 'C' Spring 1911..... p.6
- 'D' Spring 1910.... . p.8
- 'E' Spring 1909 p.5
- 'F' Autumn 1908..... . p.6
- 'G' 2 Ringaro 3018..... p.4
- 'H' 1 Ringaro 3018..... p.2
- 'I' 2 Hisimo 3018 . . . p.8
- 'J' Spring 1902... . . p.7

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ETHIL THE FROG

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Editorial

Well, times come and times go, and while the Eastercon is over for another year its effects linger on, at least in this corner of the globe. Some unspeakable cur gave me a cold while I was in Bristol, and this caused one of the biggest upsets I've had for some time. Returning by car from the con, my companions and I stopped off at Brian Aldiss' house to deliver some artwork; we hadn't intended staying, but he invited us in. As you can probably imagine, there are a number of things I'd wanted to say to him... so too, perhaps you can imagine my frustration, for I had completely lost my voice...!

Students of the bizarre and extraordinary may be amused to learn that the 1974 Eastercon will be held in Newcastle. Chairman of the committee is none other than Ian Maule, god help him. And let's face it, with cons the size they are today he's going to need all the help he can get.

This Ethil seems rather slimmer than usual, despite its being the full ten pages. For the first time for some while, I haven't had to madly think up things to say in order to fill the last half-page, and a page of SF book reviews which I'd stencilled earlier in case a page needed filling has had to be shelved for a later issue. Still, I certainly hope the resurgent volume of press continues. Just as long as it doesn't reach the titanic proportions of, for example, 1971EC in Graustark, which a while back featured seven pages of continuous press in a single issue... Nearer home, of course, 1973D in Mad Policy is also getting longer and longer. Subscribe and read it, you miserable lot!

The next issue of Ethil will be truly truncated. My exams start in the last week of May and I won't want to spend a whole day at the typewriter so close to Tripos. Accordingly, Ethil 27 will most likely contain only moves, all press releases submitted being carried over until issue 28 (though there may be room for a couple) You have been warned! We'll be back to our normal level of ~~very~~ excellence, of course, once exams are over.

1972ACdc ('H'). 1 Ringare 3018

HOBBIT PANZERS CAPTURE LORIEN!!!
POETS RIFE IN MIDDLE-EARTH!

ERIADOR (Lettice). f sou-bel; a mor-lor s by =a gf, a 1gd stands;
a and ms a gm; a gwy-dun; a sdo-rhd, a rhd-hol; a lhu-arn;
a eve-fnt, a shl-sdo.

MORDOR (Ward): 2a 1sn-lam s by =3a cas & a edo; a bar-dag s by a ash;
2a rau-nin; 2a wol-bro, a cel-wol, a sm1-cel; a dg stands;
a car-rhn s by a run; a wem stands.

ROHAN (Davis). =2a mmo s (umbar) a nur-bar;
a udu s (umbar) a nit-nin.

UMBAR (Harris): a nur-bar; a nit-nin; =a sit-nit, a sgo-sit,
a hrd-sgo; a lam stands s by a mt1 & f tol; a kha-nur;
f cit & a msh stand

*Retreats: Umbar a lam-cal. Lorien garrison annihilated.

Barad-Dur: Wanted urgently - rhymes for 'Lettice', 'Frodo', 'Eriador' and
'Hobbit': Large-rewards offered.

Barad-Dur (Anything-you-can-do-I-can-do-better dept):

There was a young hobbit from Dundee
Who thought he could fight all and sundry.
But the mighty Dark Lord
Swept him clean off the board
That'll teach that young hobbit from Dundee.

Barad-Dur: The Dark Lord himself has authorised the replacoment of 'hobbit'
with 'pirate' in the above limerick, following an abrupt change of enemy.

Barad-Dur: 'Epitaph for a Failure':

There was a dwarf chieftain from Sale
Who thought Right against Might would prevail.
It didn't, of course
He was crushed by brute force
And he languishes in Maoron's jail

The Lamentation of the Boss of Mordor.

Although I shelter from the rain
Under a broken tree
My chair was nearest to the fire
In every company
That talked of ruling Middle-Earth
Ere time transfigured me.
There's no-one left who'll turn his eyes
Upon my poetry
And yet I mind when I could pay
My psychiatrist's fee.
I spit upon the face of time
That has transfigured me

Etnal the Frog (Dept. of failed experiments):

To type, or not to type: that is the question.
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous poetry,
Or to stencil this sea of troubles
And drive away the readers?

Morgul Vale: Theodred had watched the rider for several miles. As he
approached, he realised it was Eomer, his hair matted with sweat, blood and
dust. He reined his horse, panting with fatigue. "Sire," gasped Eomer. "All
of Rohan lies under Orkish rule. I have just avoided the trap they laid for
the remnants of the Eastfold'iyrd. What now? I lay Guthwine at your service."

Theodred sucked his teeth. "Not much we can do, really," he said at
length. "Let's see if those corsairs have got the Ring. I'm not going
back up Orodruin for anybody."

"Has Hannibal?" asked Eomer

Theodred rolled his eyes. "Last time I was in touch, he was on some
self-pitying binge after seeing himself described as History's Most Glorious
Failure by some punk called Liddleil Hart "

Lorien. "Okay, youse guys, dis' is a raid, see? F B.'s bin hearing dat dis is da new home of da 'Tell A Fairy Joke' contest, so we're aimin' ta clean da place up. You two, cut dat out an' get dressed - c'mone up against the wall. Hey, Lou, we're gonna need da wagon! Will somebody get dat giraffe outa here? You wid da crown - Crusher here has some good reasons for your givin' us a certain object we want."

Orodruin: "Not much further, Master," whispered Sam soothingly. "Look, there's an opening up there. That must be the Sammath Naur."

Wearily, the two clambered up the final drift of volcanic slag. "At last," sighed Frodo. "Here, at the end of all things, the Quest is achieved!"

"Piss off, tich, or I'll belt you with my cutlass," said the corsair guarding the entrance.

Moria: "You can come out, now!" yelled Beorn and the Balrog together. The puppeteer timidly crept out from the shadows. Its heads waved weakly at the ends of its arms.

"I've never known quite such a revolting planet as yours," said the puppeteer. "If the story gets out, I shall never be allowed to breed again."

"We like it," said Beorn. "Now, about this trading post you wish to establish with us - what do we get in return?"

"Since the dragon took away our rings," put in the Balrog, "we've no prizes to give the winners of the 'Tell-A-Fairy-Joke' competition."

"Would you be interested in--"

"A variable-sword? We'd be fascinated," purred Beorn. "Now, what's all this nonsense about Sauron? Why do you keep calling him a thrint?"

Mountains of Shadow. As their eyes slowly recovered from the blinding flash, Ar Phasixpence, the Professor and the Witch-King stared at the Thing from Beyond Space. It was blue, covered in scales, and sported large flat feet and a wicked-looking curved beak.

"Oh man, what a trip," exclaimed the Thing. It appeared somewhat dazed. Ar Phasixpence advanced to greet it.

"Welcome to Middle-Earth," he said, offering the creature his hand.

"That's very nice of you," it said. "I've been dying for something to eat." The general let out an astonished yelp, and withdrew his hand just in time to save it from being bitten off.

The Witch-King thrust the two adventurers aside. "Now look here," he said. "I have summoned you so that you could help my master crush the vermin of Umbar."

"Indeed?" smiled the Thing. "That sounds like fun, but I'll have to think it over, of course."

Realising the danger, Ar Phasixpence rushed forward and thrust some papers at the creature. "Read this," he said, "before you make your decision."

"No!" screamed the Witch-King. But it was too late. The creature had started to read the latest issue of Grafeti.

"He'll be too blind after reading that to be of any possible use to Mauron," chuckled Ar Phasixpence.

Washington. News of the destruction of Elrond O'Flanagan's Speak-Easy soon reached F.B.I. headquarters, and on that very morning the case was assigned to Elliot Ness. Ness had only one slim lead: whoever had made the hit had also taken a giraffe from the premises. Ness had to find that giraffe...

Bree Plaza: Following the unfortunate fire at the Weathertop Odeon, the season of Marlon Brando films continues with 'On the Langstrand'.

.....
1972Kco ('B'): Christmas 1916

In the last issue I made a couple of rather silly errors in the report, which, unusually, were not blatantly obvious. I failed to underline the French move f tys-nap, and also the Turkish move f tun-tys, which both should have failed because of the attempted Turkish debarkation on Naples.

This would have been all right, but unfortunately this move's sets of orders see Turkey blithely ordering about a non-existent f tys. Since this is my fault for not telling Geoff earlier (I plead forgetfulness) I'm going to declare a Christmas truce this issue to allow Geoff to re-think his moves. January 1917 will be next issue, folks! Orders which I already have will be used unless countermanded.

1972K ('A'): Spring 1913GERMANY NEARS HER NEMESIS; RUSSIAN FLEET
ENTERS ATLANTIC

GERMANY (Davidson): a edi-lpl*; a lon stands; a bel ms a bur;
a gas s a bur; f por ms a spa.

RUSSIA (Jeffery): a nwy-edi c by f nth & s by f nrg; a swe-nwy;
f stp(n)-bar; f den-hel, a hol & a kic s (austrian) a mun-ruh;
a sil & a ber commit atrocities against Germans, a war s a sil;
a ukr-rum; f wms-mao.

AUSTRIA (Robertson): a mun-ruh; a tyr-mun s by a boh, a vie-tri,
a sor stands; f ion-tys, a mar stands s by a pie & f gol;
f iri-lpl, f eng-bre.

*Retreat: German a edi-yor.

Vienna (Govnt): The Emperor views sadly the loss of the remaining French forces and the complete occupation of their homeland. Sad to say, after much help was given to France the stand-in president forgot how to write, consequently failing to secure Austrian support for the right places. Rumours suggest that, although partly to blame, the secret subversive sabotage sect known as the G.P.O. was not entirely at fault

Marseilles (Winegrowers' Chiropody Monthly): For sale - French flag, German flag, anti-Austrian posters, 2 boxes national honour. Five francs for the lot.

Plymouth (Drake's Drum). Anti-German riots followed the visit of an Austrian fleet eager to do battle with German forces. Disappointment followed when they failed to make the ships move around on the land, notwithstanding the help of the Bishop and wheels donated by a local scrap dealer. Admiral Petronov, a Hungarian, was heard to say that the German armies would just have to come out like men and fight us on the water

Trieste Advertiser. Ghost writer seeks employment as a Press Release Officer; guaranteed work, without a single Gibbon, Hannibal, Merlin, Tripe or Italian Ice Cream anywhere in the repertoire.

Ethel the Frog Gimme! Gimme!

1972ABde ('G'). 2 Ringare 3018HOBBITS TRY TO RE-ENTER SHIRE - SAURON
FLEES IN PANIC!

ERIADOR (Morrison): a sdo-shi s by a tow; a eve-lhu*; a wea-ang.

MORDOR (Davidson). =3a shi-cwo; 2a bra-shi; 2a arn-lhu; a nwa-fdw;
a ang-arn s by 2a fnt; a iro-gun; a gm-ett, a rhd-sdo;
a mn-rhd; a and-gm; a gwy-bra s by a ene; a hol-gwy;
a dun-min; a lor-fan; a run-wil, a mn-bro; a cal-me;
a nit-cal; a lam-dmr; a mt1-lan; a isn-lef; a lef-anf;
a anf-1sn, a gap-cdo; 2a sgo-hrd s by a hdw; a msh-sgo;
a kha s a hdw; a nh-fh, a sit-mt1, a nur-rhn.

UMBAR (Jeffery) a hum ms a hrd, f fh stands.

*Retreats; Umbar a hrd-cit; Eriador a eve-fri.

E: 2 bases: shi, ang. Removes a ang, a sdo.

M: 36 bases: bar, msh, udu, nmo, nit, sit, sgo, kha, cal, lam, mt1, mor, gf,
lor, and, wem, cas, car, col, sm1, run, edo, igd, rau, wol, isn, dg,
ere, bra, hol, rhd, gm, eve, lhu, arn, hrd. *pnew*
Builds a mor, a igd & a msh...

U: 2 bases: cit, hum. Removes f fh.

Borders of Lhun. Yess, my preciouss, we're safe here. 'Smeagol will look after you now We can't let that nassty Davidsson get its hand on you, can we? If only the world knew that it was I, poor Smeagol, who beat them all, gollum, gollum! Yess, preciouss, but it was worth it. We will never be parted again, gollum!

Ethel the Frog (Dept of biased GM's): Hmm, thirty-six bases. Still, I shouldn't wonder if there's still a chance for the little guy in this game (subtle double joke there, folks).

1972CI ('E') Spring 1909- FRANCE GETS BACK INTO MUNICH AT LAST -
RUSSIA ABANDONS THE WEST'

ENGLAND (Feintuck): a cdi-yor; f den & f ber stand; a kie s f ber;
f bar-nwy, f hel s a kie; f gob-lvn; a pru-war;
a lvn-mos s by a stp.

RUSSIA (Elsmerc): a mun-sil, a ank-sev c by f'bla; f bal-lvn;
a wer ms a mos.

AUSTRIA (R.Lawson): a boh s (russian) a mun-sil, a ven-apu;
a tyr-ven s by a tri; f aeg-ion s by f alb; a gre s f alb;
a ser-bud.

ITALY (I.Lawson): f smy-ems

FRANCE (Walkerdine): a ruh-mun s by a bur; a tus ms a pie; f mar-gol,
f adr s f ion; f rom, f apu & f ion stand.

*Retreats: Russian a mos-ukr.

Moscow (overheard in Czar's bathroom):

Czar: Have you ever heard the one about the two nuns in the bath?"

Friend: "No."

Czar: "Well, one said, 'Where's the soap?' and the other replied, 'Yes, it does, doesn't it?'"

Friend: "I don't understand that."

Czar: "That's why you're my friend."

Cleethorpes: At a wayside inn, not a thousand miles from Potters Bar, Mrs Gettill was saying goodbye to her daughter, Carmen.

"Now remember, my dear, when this stage-coach reaches Worthington, you go straight to your uncle Henry's house. He'll be expecting you."

"Yes, mother. Don't worry - I know Worthington's a large town, but I'll be all right at Uncle Henry's. Oh, look, here comes the driver; it must be time to go. I must get to my seat."

Her mother held the door open for her to climb aboard, but before she had taken two steps the man from the ticket office came running up, shouting to them to stop:

"Don't put your daughter on! The stage misses Worthington!"

Ethel the Frog: E, that's a beery funny joke.

Somewhere on the high seas In the ninth year of its epic voyage to smash the French, the Austrian Grand Fleet was making slow progress. Steaming now at low speed through a dense fog, they suddenly came upon a small fishing boat, quietly fishing in the ocean's depths. Admiral Lutgendorff called to the crew of the fishing boat through his flag-ship's megaphone:

"Ahoy there! Are we on course for France?"

"Sure dinkum, cobber. But you're going the long way round!"

"Now what does he mean by that?" mused the admiral.

Ex-Sultan of Turkey: Okay, you bums, stand aside! You haven't got rid of me yet! Actually, while I'm here, could I interest any of you illiterate sods in a set of encyclopedias, or (in joke) a pair of sandals?

Cagliari: "That should keep them guessing," said Kiryak as he finished writing the latest orders to his forces. "Apart from that fleet in Marseilles and the army in Ruhr, we won't be moving a single unit for six months! They will have a shock when they see what that means!"

Chuckling to himself, he sealed the orders and handed them to a messenger for immediate dispatch. He smiled as he poured himself another glass of rich Burgundian wine...

Kzin: "What's next on our list of planets to conquer?" said Telepath.

Chuft-Captain hissed. "Some hick burg they call 61 Cygn C," he said.

"I wish that just once, they'd let us do one of the big jobs."

Ethel the Frog That reminds me of a joke I once heard about 'Elephant' brand toilet paper... it was for the really big jobs. 'Elephant', you see - oh, never mind...

Switzerland: "Hey, did you hear the one about..."

Ethel the Frog: No.

1972CL ('F'): Autumn 1908 ITALY SEEMS ABOUT TO WIN AS ENGLAND, RUSSIA BARELY SURVIVE

ENGLAND (Feintuck): f yor-lon, f hel-hol.
 GERMANY (Morrison): a swe-nwy, a mun-ruh s by a kie, a mos ms a war; a den s a kie.
 RUSSIA (Elsmore): ~~f/bal/ber~~ (unit is in lvn); a ukr-rum*.
 ITALY (Oliver): f sev-bla; a rum-ukr s by a gal; a arm-sev; a ank stands; a scr-bul, f apu-adr, f acg-lon; a mar-spa s by f gol; a pie-mar, f tys-wms; f lon-tun.
 FRANCE (Alexander): nmr // f edi, f cly, f nth, f eng, a gas, a bur, a ruh & a hol stand.

*Retreats: French a ruh disbanded; Russian a ukr annihilated.

E: 1 base: lon. Removes f hel.
 G: 8 bases: ber, mun, kie, swe, den, nwy, war, mos. Builds a mun & a ber.
 R: 1 base: stp. No change.
 I: 17 bases: ven, rom, nap, tri, bud, vie, ser, gre, rum, bul, con, ank, smy, sev, tun, mar, spa. Build a ven, a rom, a nap: no room for fourth build.
 F: 7 bases: bre, par, por, bcl, hol, lpl, edi. No change.

BOB HARRIS is asked to submit standby orders for France. Thanks, Bob.

The Caucasus (Govnt): "Okay, Druid, what went wrong? The speed worked, they all drank the magic brew, but they went haring off and smashed themselves to pieces on the enemy lines. You promised the brew would make them invincible!"

"Oh, it does work - but only if you're a Greck. It makes the Romans into even worse cowards than they are normally, and God only knows what it would do to the Franks."

There came a rumble from the floor. It was the Badger Book salesman recovering from the unprecedented experience of having sold one of his books to a person with a positive I.Q. He said, "I've just had an idea. Why not disguise the brew as ice-cream and leave it where the enemy will find it. We all know Italians can't resist ice-cream; they'll eat it, be turned into cowards, and we can scare them all away by showing 'Godzilla meets the Thing' at the local flea-pit."

Scientific Embassy, Outer Siberia: "Damn it all, man, I want to know - what's the point of writing notes, press releases and ~~g/aff/z/z~~ statements if nobody ever replies?"

1972EK ('C'): Spring 1911 NOW IT'S FRANCE'S TURN TO BE PARALYSED FOR A TURN!

ENGLAND (Taylor): f den-bal; a war-ukr s by a mos & a stp ((sic)); a lvn-war; a kie-ber; f wms-tys; f nth, a hol, a ruh, a fin all stand.
 GERMANY (anarchy): a ber stands.
 RUSSIA (Oliver): a sev s (turkish) a ukr.
 TURKEY (Jeffery): f gre-alb s by f lon & a tri; f aeg s f lon; f adr & a ser s a tri; a gal ms a vie; a ukr s a gal.
 FRANCE (Bell): nmr // f mar, f tun, f alb*, f nap, a rom, a pie, a ven, a tyr, a boh & a sil all stand.

*Retreats: French f alb disbanded.

Standby orders for England from Phil Jones were not needed - thanks anyway, Phil. Now would you like to send in some French orders?

Bleak Obscurity of 'D' Game: If only she'd forget to send in orders twice on the run instead of every fourth turn, I could get my hands on all those lovely English pieces and that Italian army in Finland.

Ethel the Frog. No, I don't understand those last words, either.

1973?da ('J'): Press for Spring 1902

Genoa: "After the debacle last time," said the crone, "I'm going to try my crystal ball." The seven gathered round the wizened hag as she bent over her globular fragment of star. She gave it a rub with her sleeve and in the heart of the sphere there grew a shimmering form, which held the luckless players as if spellbound.

Suddenly the amorphous wrath solidified into a shape which was instantly recognised by the observers, who recoiled in disgust. "What's this?" cried the gypsy. "Do any of you know anything about this shipment of camel dung?"

Genoa (later): "Knock, knock."

"Who's there?"

"Yvonne."

"Yvonne who?"

"Yvonne your trench coats, lads, the Germans are coming!"

English Press - censored!

Ankera (Govnt): Hiz Imperyal Majustee the Sultann thanx the Amerikan Ambassador for his gift of a typewriter but is puzzled by the buk: he cannt undastand a wurd.

OLMWLM: ZWNRIZOGB LUURXRZOH GLWZB WRHXOLHVW GSZG Z UIVMXS XLWV YLLP SZH YVVM XZKGFIVW HGLK RG RH VMGRGOVW VZHB IVXRKVH ULI HORNVIH.

VSGRO GSV UILT: ULI HZOV: VMTORHS XLWV YLLP. HVIRLFH YRWH LMOB KOVZHV: ZKKOB VWRGLIRZO LUURXVH.

Paris (La Record): Yesterday a tape recording was found by one of our reporters, M. Dereux, in a toy koala bear halfway up a tree in the Champs Elysees. A transcript of the recording is below:

'Colonel Belch, your next assignment concerns a new dance called the Charleston. It originated in England one year ago, and has since spread to the German High Command. German troops have been seen moving in a westerly direction muttering something about dancing around the Eiffel Tower. Your mission, Jim, should you decide to accept it, is to stamp out this new craze before the whole of Europe is plunged into a devastating Last Waltz. As usual, should you or any member of your team be captured, this department will deny all knowledge of your activities. This tape will boop-boop-de-boo in ten seconds.'

Black Forest: "Good morning, Greengos! You don't know who I am, huh?" Watson rubbed his eyes incredulously; they faced a fat, swarthy figure, clad in sombrero and serape.

"Leave this to me, Watson," said Holmes, hastily assembling his collapsible violin. "You, sir, are El Swarfiga, the notorious Mexican bandit. You are here to kidnap Crispin Dry, the English oil magnate."

"How do you know that?" snarled Swarfiga, searching for a prompter's box. "You know my plans, you rot here forever!" He slammed the cell door.

Watson flew at Holmes. "What the devil did you do that for? We might have persuaded him to let us go!" Holmes continued to play his violin, slowly ascending the scale till had reached almost unbearable heights. As Watson's spectacles shattered, the cell door flew open. "Try not to get too overwrought, Watson," said Holmes patronisingly. "Now we must find Crispin Dry, and warn him."

"But aren't we supposed to be finding the Kaiser's lost armies?"

"Really, Watson, you know my methods. Who pays most?"

Tyrolia: "You know, I wish the cook could think up some new recipes."

"Yes, stewed carrots for breakfast, lunch and dinner is a little tedious."

"It's supposed to make us see in the dark, you know."

"The only effect it's had up to now has been to increase the birth rate."

"Yes, times are hard." Conversation failed as the pair finished off their stewed carrots and custard.

Trantor (University): "You see, Gaal, the only thing that could cause the Plan to fail would be for the sun to die on our home planet," whispered Seldon, slowly. "And this could only come about if it were written into the rules of one of those accursed war games."

"You don't mean---"

"Yes! Next year we start out to bring about the downfall of that strange mutant, The Frog."

1972BV ('D'): Spring 1910

AUSTRIAN ARMIES CONSOLIDATE FRONT.
GERMANY LOOKS WESTWARD!

Last issue's mistakes... the English unit in your is a fleet, not an army; and I clean forgot to put the Turkish move a mos-war (failed) on stencil. Apologies... stay tuned for further thrilling errors!

ENGLAND (I.Lawson): f lon-wal; f swe-ska.GERMANY (Joncs): a lpl-wal; f edi-nth s by f ska; a ber-pru;
a den-swe s by f bal; a sil-war; a mun-sil; f kie-hol,
a bel makes more and more shoes.TURKEY (Oliver): a con-apu c by f acg & f ion; f cms s f ion;
f bla s a rum; a ser-gre s'by f bul(sc); a mos-ukr s by a rum;
a stp-mosAUSTRIA (Davidson). a bud-ser s by a tri; a gal-rum; a vie-bud;
a gre-alb; a nap-apu; f tun-ion s by f tys; f bre-mao.

*Retreat: English f swe-nwy.

Constantinople (Radio 1 Club): Yes, it's number one, it's TOP OF THE POPS...
"If I ruled the world, every unit on the board would be Turkish..."Armenia (Ferret Breeders' & Gibbon Lovers' Weakly): For sale - fully
serviced secondhand gibbons. You want 'em, we got 'em. Sorry, no deliveries
- personal sale only, we don't want these gibbons getting into the wrong
hands! Apply Jadeff Oilcan, Bazaar Armenia.Imrryr: "This is a new departure for us," said Kiryak. "I must admit that
the journey across the multiverse has left me knocked. Still, I'll put
my legs up when the Doctor arrives with Tancred, Berengar and the Newky
Brown.""Stop moaning," came the reply. "All you ever do is gripe. You'll
have to watch your language now you're in 'D' game - they won't tolerate an
ill-mannered lout like you if you don't watch your step.""Oh, god, nag, nag, nag. You're as bad as my old woman. If you carry
on like this I'm off to Der Krieg."

"You'll be lucky, after what happened between you and that gibbon."

"Right, that's it. Enough is enough. You can bore the readers on your
own!" So saying, he swept his cloak around his shoulders and disappeared into
the mist..

1972ADde ('I') 2 Hisinc 3018

NLW SAURON STARTS MOVING SOUTHWARD -
ROHAN EXTERMINATEDERIADOR (Waldie) a bra-shu, a mor s (rhovanion) a lor; a wiz s a lgd;
a dun-Isn s by a lgc & f lcf; a gwy-dun s by a min & a eneGONDOR (McIllich): a edo ms a Isn*; a rau ms a bro*; a eas-wem.MORDOR (Davis): 2a wol-bro; 2a wem-ecm; 2a cal-nin; 2a mtl-slt;
=3a slt-sgo, a bar-ash; a nur-rhn; a nit-mmo; a udu-dag;
a nsh-kha.RHOVANION (Pijohn): a dag-bro s by a sm1 & a cel, a gf s a lor;
a lor &=a dg s a cel; a and-war; a mm-and; a ash-bar;
a run-wil s by a rhn.ROHAN (Yarc): a fan-wiz.UMBAR (Morrison). f sou-hum; a hum boards fleet; f bel stands,
a khe-hdw; =a sgo stands.

*Retreats. Umbar =a sgo-mtl; Gondor a bro annihilated, a Isn-lam.

E: 11 bases: shu, eve, lhu, bra, riv, ang, hol, arn, mor, Isn, lgd.
Builds a eve, a lhu.

G: 5 bases: lam, edo, cas, rau, wem. No room to build - one unit short.

M: 10 bases: bar, nsh, mmo, udu, nit, slt, cal, sgo, kha, wol. No change.

RH: 11 bases: and, sm1, gn, ere, run, car, gf, dg, cel, lor, rhd. No change.

RO: Eliminated. a fan removed.

U: 4 bases: hrd, cit, hum, mtl. Removes a hdw.

Somewhere deep in Far Harad: "Aaach! Okay, you win; I'll write a press release if you'll stop twisting my arm. Where's my pen? Herc goes:

'Now I'm in charge of Umbar, but the trouble is, you see,

That nothing rhymes with 'Umbar', so it means no poetry.

No? That won't do? Well, I will try to write a line or two

So, now to think of what to put. I haven't got a clue!"

There! That should fill up a line or two. What? No, no, please don't make me sign it, please..."

Isengard: "Ooh! What happened? Where am I? Who are you? Why are you looking at me like that?" whined Frodo.

"We were nugged by some Hell's Angels from Rohan in Moria, whisked by Nazgul to Mordor, back to Bag End, to here, Orthanc; I'm Pippin, and I'm ~~xxxxxx~~ worried about you, in that order," answered Pippin.

"Pippin, did you say Hell's Angels? They carry riding crops and wear spurs, don't they? Oh, I wish I hadn't flaked out. Just imagine the pain," simpered Frodo.

Pippin purred. "If I'd known you were a masochist as well as a poofter I'd have brought along my bull-whip."

"Pippin! Where did you learn such words? I'm going to have to slap your wrists!"

"I'll have you know I'm a connoisseur of such words," boasted Pippin. I search for them in magazines the world over - things like Playboy, ~~xxxxx~~ ~~xxx~~ Men Only..."

A stranger entered. He wore a coat of many colours, covered in sequins, and in his hand he held a staff. "Enough! Enough!", he screamed. Pippin and Frodo froze. Where had they heard that voice before?

Standby Players

- 'A' Andrew Waldie, Gregory Ward
- 'B' Jeremy Elsmore, Bob Harris
- 'C' Phil Jones, Jeremy Elsmore
- 'D' Henry Pajohn, Martin Davis
- 'E' Howell Davies, Bob Harris
- 'F' Bob Harris, Howell Davies
- 'G' Gregory Ward, Martin Davis, John Lettice!
- 'H' Jeremy Elsmore
- 'I' Jeremy Elsmore

Orders from underlined people, please!

Answers to last issue's 'Puzzle Corner'

Questions were on page 2 of EtF 25. Diplomacy section: (1). E, R, T, I. (2): All of them. (3): None. (4): 22. (5): Autumn 1902. (6): Never. (7): North Sea. (8): Serbia. (9): the 25 centres comprising I, R, A, T, G, the Balkans, Scandinavia, and the Low Countries. -

(10) The shortest possible Monopoly game is just four turns long; the second of two players is made bankrupt at the end of his second turn.

Player 1 - first turn: Throw 4+3, goes to 'Chance': "Advance to Mayfair". Buys Mayfair for £400.

Player 2 - first turn. Throw 2+2, 'Income Tax, pay £200'; throw 6+6, lands on Bow Street which he buys (£180); throws 2+3 for the Strand, which he also buys (£220).

Player 1 - second turn. Throw 4+4, arrives at 'Chance' after collecting £200 for passing 'Go'. "Advance to Trafalgar Square", which he buys (£240); throw 6+6 for another 'Chance' - "Go back three spaces" to 'Community Chest' which reveals "Bank error in your favour - collect £200"; throw 3+1 to land on Park Lane, which he buys for £350. By mortgaging Trafalgar Square for £120, three houses on Mayfair, two on Park Lane are bought, leaving cash-on-hand of £30.

Player 2 - second turn: Throw 4+4 - Piccadilly, which he buys (£280); throws 6+4 to Mayfair. Player 2 has £620 on hand, and can raise £340 by mortgaging all his property. The rent, alas, is £1100...

The moves for the second player given above are not unique. I am told that the odds against the first player getting this particular combination of throws is 7,524,679,679:1. You better believe it...

Game Openings

It is now time for me to formally announce the formation of new games of regular Diplomacy in Ethil. Since I do not wish to get too bogged down under the workload, a maximum of four new games only will be started at this time. Entries for the new games are now invited. Those who are not presently playing in any Ethil games will be given priority over others, should the lists be oversubscribed; otherwise, places in the games will be assigned on a first-come-first-served basis.

And now for the bad news. The game fee for the new games will be 50p. In addition, a game deposit of £1.00 per player will be levied. This deposit will be refunded upon a player's elimination from a game, or when the game ends, whichever is earlier. Should a player drop out of a game without good reason, he will forfeit his deposit and it will help fill the bottomless Ethil coffers.

The reason for my decision to ask for a deposit from players is, of course, that I am totally fed up with people who just drop out of games without telling anyone. I can understand it if people lose interest, but just to disappear is the height of impoliteness. I have sung this song before. I am no longer starry-eyed enough to believe that £1.00 will make any difference to the hard-core of congenital drop-outs, but at least it will sweeten the sorrow on my side of the fence.

In addition, the high charge may serve to cut down the number of entrants, not a bad thing when the present huge size of British Diplomacy fandom is considered. When the subscription is considered, joining an Ethil game will now entail an outlay of some £2.50 initially (top fee for a top game?).

Since the time allowed for Diplomacy between moves is about 12-14 days, I regret that it will not be feasible for people to play unless they are resident in England or some of the very nearest foreign countries, such as France, Belgium and Scotland. Sorry, Conrad, but it just wouldn't work, I fancy. I see if I can fit you in after I leave college...

The game starts will be announced in Ethil 28, dated June 5, 1973. If you want to play I must have received your application by this date. Please do not send the game fee till the start has been announced; I may forget I've had it, and whilst exams are on I shall have time for only the most rudimentary of filing. Countries, by the way, will be assigned by lot.

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DEADLINE: Friday, May 18, 1973. Latecomers and movemissers will be zapped...

ART CREDITS: This issue's cover is from a postcard sent me by Goupi Liesnard.

ETHIL THE FROG 26

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