

# Megalomania 61

August 1994

A fanzine associated with the games hobby, published at the start of each month by its editor, Chris Tringham, 10 Jubilee Court, London Road, Thornton Heath, Surrey CR7 6JL (Phone 081-683 2815, CompuServe 100343,362) Subscribers pay 30p an issue and waiting lists are open for Regular Diplomacy and nothing else.

## Editorial

I can't be the only person in the country to find the hot weather of the last few weeks very difficult. My biggest problem is that my asthma is made much worse, and it's been so bad that I have started to wonder whether I ought to move out of London (I doubt that I will, but I have thought about it). Travelling is unpleasant, both in cars and on public transport, and when I get home in the evening I feel terribly lethargic. The only positive aspect is that all the three offices where I've been in the last few months have air conditioning and so are quite pleasant. I remember one summer about five years ago working in central London in an office with no air conditioning, and I was probably only about 50% productive.

I can cope with these sort of temperatures when I'm on holiday in France (only five weeks to go), for three reasons: I can laze around, houses there are built to stay cool, and the temperature drops at night. The fourth reason is the humidity, and the fifth is that there aren't the traffic fumes. So that's five reasons, then.

It's now got to the time of year when I start watching the exchange rate of the Franc against the Pound. Two years ago 'Black Wednesday' made my holiday considerably more expensive than anticipated, and by last year the tourist rate had fallen further, to about 8.50FF=£1. Now it's down to 8FF=£1, and I'm starting to wonder how much further it can fall. I practice a certain amount of self-delusion by mentally converting prices at 10FF=£1, a rate that I last actually got about five years ago (or was it longer?).

Talking of my holiday, the prognosis for issue 62 is not very good - the deadline falls on a Wednesday, and I'm off on holiday on the Sunday, so what with last minute packing and so forth I think that it may be rather smaller than usual. The following issue will, of course, be mainly taken up with an account of what I did on holiday, but I do have a full week after I get back so there might be other stuff.

## Manorcon

It is traditional (for me) to start Manorcon accounts with an account of where I got lost in Birmingham on the way.

This year I tried a slightly different route, coming in on the A45 (the Coventry road), going round the Outer Ring Road and then up the A41 to Sparkbrook. Shortly afterwards, I saw a sign to the University of Birmingham which suggested that this was going to be very straightforward, but I then wilfully ignored the second such sign in favour of one to Egbaston Cricket Ground. All went well until I came to a junction where I should have turned right (and would have done if I'd known where I was), but instead I followed the sign to the cricket ground and went left! A swift u-turn later and I was back on course, and arrived at Lake Hall without further incident.

Oddly, the entrance to Lake Hall had a sign re-directing Manorcon visitors to Wyddrington Hall, for that was where the registration desk was located.

Upstairs to my bedroom, which turned out to be a twin room. The two wardrobes had the grand sum of three coat hangers between them.

After a shower I went downstairs and was greeted with a cheery 'Hello, Steve' from David Watts (he met my brother once, about ten years ago, and the confusion has persisted ever since) and had a brief chat with Francis Tresham about 1825 (the new modular version of 1829) and the 1853 expansion kit (different starting rules and extra director's cards so that someone with 20% of a company can control it!).

I enquired about *Mission from God* (Pete Sullivan hadn't got enough contributions to produce it yet) and Richard Walkerdine's commemorative '25 years of the hobby' booklet (likewise).

I then played a football game with Steve Jones - I forget its name, but you each get a number of teams and try to get through to the World Cup Final by

playing cards that will influence the result, trying not to let other people know which countries you own. I picked first, and got Germany! Steve Jones won, as I recall.

I had organized a meal at Sloans, arguably the best restaurant in Birmingham, owned by Roger Narbett who is now at the Dorchester. The other participants were Iain Bowen, Pete Birks and Paul Cakes, and I have to admit that I had a few doubts about how this combination of people would function, and my worst fears were confirmed when Paul and Iain started squabbling over the wine list. Fortunately this was resolved amicably, with Paul ordering an excellent white wine and a good red wine that we all enjoyed. I had breast of wood pigeon with salad as a starter (it was excellent and there was plenty of it) and red and grey mullet with noodles as a main course (it was excellent and there was plenty of it). As I recall, we then had the cheese board (good) and desserts (excellent).

The bill (per head, including a tip) was slightly less than the cost of my room for three nights, but I thoroughly enjoyed both the meal and the company and ate so much (and so well?) that I didn't eat again until Saturday night.

On Saturday I paid Stewart Cross £10 to register my copy of his Diplomacy Game Manager computer program, and he informed me that he is working on a Windows version, which is excellent news.

I observed various 18xx games being played, some of which were prototypes that Francis is developing, including Canada (and no, I can't remember what it's called apart from 18xx)

I chatted with Brian Williams, John Dodds and Stephen Agar about Midcon, but the planned committee was first postponed and then abandoned.

Lunchtime in the bar was improved by the music - Elvis Costello, probably 'The Man' (greatest hits)

In the afternoon John Dodds and I chatted with Xavier Blanchot about various hobby things, including his absence from Midcon (he had lost his job and was ill), and his run-in with Manorcon over the £15 registration fee (the French had not expected to have to pay this). He is claiming that he will bring a sizeable crowd over for Midcon, for which foreign visitors are exempt from the registration fee. We will believe this when we see it.

The French and Swedish hobbies have apparently elected Stephen Agar, Shaun Derrick and John Dodds to be the British representatives on the European Diplomacy Association.

In the evening I joined Stephen Agar, Robin ap Cynan, William Whyte, and Stewart Cross for dinner at Le Silverside, a moderately-priced French restaurant. Robin drove us there in his Mercedes, playing music from the likes of the Pet Shop Boys. The food was good (I had paté and duck breast), the (French) waitress was very attractive and a good time was had by all.

Back at Manorcon, we drank some wine that Robin had brought with him and Stephen had kept it cool in his fridge (yes, when they refurbish the rooms they put fridges in). I went and got some glasses from the bar and we sat and watched Stephen and Stewart playing Croquet. Meanwhile, Paul Oakes was single-handedly winning the Pop Quiz that Mick Haytack had organized.

On Sunday lunchtime we finally had the Midcon committee meeting in the 'Unspoilt by Progress'. Lunch was not very good, but the meeting was very constructive.

Back at Manorcon, Bowen and Walkerdine were playing Diplomacy(!).

I played in the bridge tournament, but it was a rather sad thing compared to previous years - we eventually had twelve players, and so played a rather strange teams event in which Paul and I were paired up with Mark Stretch and Nicholas Parish. I played reasonably well, but the heat definitely had an adverse effect (well, that's my excuse).

However, the final set was, I think, my least enjoyable bridge experience ever - we were playing against a German pairing whose names I forget. I would not deny that I can be a little slow on occasions, but they were unbelievably slow! Our set lasted fully twenty

minutes longer than the other two tables, including a four or five minute pause whilst one of our opponents considered what card to play in a somewhat unexciting 1NT contract for which I was declarer (and which made exactly). Towards the end of this marathon I totally lost interest in the game, and began to see why the likes of Richard Sharp find it so difficult when people play slowly - for one thing, you can lose track of what has happened in the hand.

I wandered round in a dazed condition after the bridge, and seriously considered having a Manorcon meal (which tells you how badly affected I was). Then the bar opened, and I had an entertaining time in the company of assorted drunks including Birks, Walkerdine, Oakes *et al* as the various drinks ran out - included Guinness, which I had been told we would have to do very well to finish. Everyone seemed to be switching to Holsten Pils, which seemed to be holding up.

Paul went off to play 1830, and I gather the game didn't finish till 4 am! Andy Bate appeared, and then went off to organize his 'zine archive' exhibition: this was a very strange business, and I was amazed by the way that a few old zines created a quiet and almost reverential atmosphere in one corner of Manorcon.

As closing time approached, Pete bought several bottles of wines from the bar. After the bar had closed, Pete persuaded Dave Thorby to buy a couple more bottles! When I went up to bed, they looked to be settled in for a long night, and the bar staff were at the other end of the bar drinking as well!

~~The bar staff had obviously had a very busy few days, but as far as I could tell they seemed to have enjoyed it - certainly more than the Muslim conference a few weeks previously - and that must in part be due to some people making an effort to keep them happy, by buying drinks and chatting to them. I spent a comparatively small amount of time (and therefore money) in the bar this year, but it was undoubtedly a more pleasant place than the bar at, say, High Hall.~~

On Monday morning I decided to risk breakfast, and I lived to tell the story - actually it wasn't too bad.

Another year, another Manorcon. Of course this was World Dip Con as well, but I'm afraid that this had very little

impact on me, though clearly the large contingent of French and Swedish players made a big difference to the Diplomacy - indeed they won most of the prizes in the Diplomacy, which was unsurprising given that they made up about half of the competitors. The extended duration didn't make any difference to me, and I guess that the five rounds of Diplomacy made it rather difficult to organize too many extra events (perhaps I'm being unfair here, as there were a lot of other things happening, but most of them were Manorcon regulars). I don't wish to belittle the idea of World Dip Con, but I do think that we need to recognise that the various national hobbies have quite different characteristics - and that therefore it is quite possible that no British convention will both be capable of staging a World Dip Con that would be attractive to the European hobby and wish to do so.

This assumes that there will be future World Dip Cons - the meeting on Saturday night made a series of changes to the draft charter and then voted the whole thing down. The French have been informally awarded the next World Dip Con, but there appear to be a rift between the two (or more?) different groups who want to stage the event. They are currently looking at mid-November 1995, and hence clashing with Midcon, though an alternative is apparently the week after Essen so that people (Americans, English, etc.) could visit both events.

Thinking about it, the first World Dip Con was different from a normal Manorcon because we had a few Americans and a small number of continental Europeans attending, and they added to the event without changing its character. This one was unaffected in some ways, but changed for the worse in other ways. I doubt we'll ever see five rounds of Diplomacy at a British con again!

Personally, I had a good time in spite of the stifling heat, and I didn't even manage a visit to Imrans! As ever, I feel slightly ambivalent about Manorcon, and it seems more than slightly odd to stay in basic student accommodation and then go out for expensive meals...

Many thanks are due to the Manorcon committee for their efforts, and a special mention for Richard Walkerdine who almost single-handedly revived Manorcon ten years ago and is now retiring from the committee.

## Love on a Branch Line

I missed the first episode of this, not realising that David Nobbs had adapted it for television, but I watched the rest of it and thoroughly enjoyed it - there were some excellent performances from some fine old British character actors

## Room 101

Another transfer from radio, this seems to be working fairly well. I particularly enjoyed Peter Cook complaining about packaging, and then managing to open everything he'd brought along without any real difficulty!

## Chris Morris

I managed to miss the show that got him suspended from Radio 1, though by all reports he didn't actually say that Michael Hesletine was dead. Jerry Hayes, of all people, should be the last to complain when someone exploits his willingness to appear on TV or radio by setting him up in the way that Chris Morris did (he asked him for an obituary of Hezza).

## The World Cup

Well, the final was bloody awful wasn't it. Brazil just about deserved to win it, but neither side seemed over keen on attacking.

As regards the TV coverage, the low point was Kevin Keegan's instinctive defence of Leonardo, the Brazilian who elbowed Tab Ramos just before half time in the Brazil vs USA game. He argued correctly that the American had committed an offence (for which he was booked), but that in no way excused the elbow that the Brazilian used in retaliation. To his credit, Keegan admitted later that he was wrong, though at the time his fellow commentator (Brian Moore?) couldn't persuade him of this fact.

## The new football season

Three weeks to go, and Palace start with a cracking game - home to Liverpool, against whom they have a good record recently. I remain cautiously optimistic that Palace will do fairly well, though it is obviously a bit difficult to make a judgement before the season starts. The Paul Stewart transfer saga is off at the moment (as Palace have signed another striker, Andy Preece, from Stockport), but I

wouldn't be surprised if a deal were done before the season starts. My tip of twelve months ago was that David Whyte would become a big star, but Palace have sold him to Charlton as part of a swap deal, so that's a severe setback to his career.

In the last few days Spurs have gone mad buying up World Cup stars. This is a brave move, but is it altogether wise? Time will tell, but there's more to being successful than buying up expensive players (and remember that Premier League rules limit them to 3 foreigners). It also brings to mind the story of Robert Maxwell, who was happy to spend money on players for Derby but then suddenly lost interest and virtually destroyed the club in the process.

## Rail Strike

Week one was painless because I was on holiday. Week two wasn't too bad, but week three was bad news. By week four I was back in Finchley, and so I adopted the simple strategy of leaving for work early and having a couple of drinks after work.

Week five saw me on a course in Feltham, so I had to drive. After my previous problems I used the M25 and it took about 90 minutes, and it was a fairly cool day. My only real problems came on the Tuesday night before the strike, and didn't have anything to do with the strike. I had arranged to meet a friend who has recently moved to Teddington. On paper it looked simple enough: change at Twickenham. Unfortunately, when I got there I couldn't find any indication as to which train I should take. Eventually I asked at the ticket office, where I was told that I had missed the train and should get a 281 bus! I ignored this advice and went down to the platform where the train eventually turned up 18 minutes late and with the destination board on the front of the train showing 'Strawberry Hill via Richmond' which is not very helpful when Strawberry Hill is the next stop, and it actually goes to London Waterloo via Kingston!

Which reminds me that on the very same Tuesday, on my way to work, they shut the train doors whilst people were still getting off the train! What amazed me was that the passengers didn't seem too concerned!

Week six was relatively painless, apart from getting up early.

Week seven was the 48 hour three-day strike, but my Tuesday morning and Thursday evening journeys were easier because so many people had made alternative arrangements. Network South Central are now running trains on strike days to Streatham Hill, but don't seem to publish the timetable, and so I'm not inclined to risk it.

I'll be at Feltham again for the next one, and then it's quite likely I'll be working in Rugby until I go on holiday. Is it too much to hope it'll be sorted out by then?

## Bus shelters (no, really)

A few months ago I composed a short piece about bus stops and bus shelters, but dropped it because I thought it was a touch too whimsical even for this zine. The gist of it was the way that they had moved the bus stop a few yards down the road so that it was outside Jubilee Court - except that they left the shelter where the stop had been. People are obviously creatures of habit, and so they continued to wait by the old stop even after they moved it.

Then they did something even stranger at the bus stop near Norbury station - they moved the bus stop from the lampost at the north end of the shelter, to a new stop at the south end. Many weeks later, people still queue at the wrong end and expect the bus to stop there rather than a few feet down the road.

In the last fortnight, they have removed the shelter, only to replace it with what Croydon Council describe as a superior bus shelter. I am not an expert, but to me it looks like, er, just another bus shelter.

## Internet

The current issue of *Computer Shopper* has a disk which gives you access to Internet via CityScape free for a month (as long as you've got a modem, stupid). I confess to finding it fascinating, though pretty much entirely useless. It uses a Windows interface with hypertext to make it entirely painless to explore, though I have to admit that at times I would prefer to move directly to a particular page (probably possible but I haven't worked out how).

The main drawback is that if you want to continue after the free trial it is £50 to join and £30 a month! I can't justify

that level of expenditure when CompuServe is about a quarter of that price (\$9.95). I do have a disk from Cosmos, whose service is £30 a year, for a somewhat reduced level of access, but I can't seem to load the software!

## PC World

I have never been very impressed with PC World, though obviously it is very convenient because it is nearby. It's range has never been large enough, or its prices low enough, to really convince me. I think I may be changing my mind - they have recently refurbished it (including painting the outside bright purple) and this has both increased the range and made it easier to find things. They even seem to be competing on price, most noticeably on a multimedia kit that I am seriously thinking about buying. This represents a major transformation compared with a few weeks ago when I checked out their range and was horrified by the prices.

The cheapest place locally for diskettes (and many other things) is Cargo Club, a few hundred yards away. This is a warehouse club with low margins that makes a profit by charging £25 a year for membership. I have a free trial membership for three months, and it's a terrible temptation to go there and spend a great deal of money!

## Town Planning (or not)

Mention of PC World and Cargo Club reminds me that the A23 London-Brighton road seems to have become one huge retail park a mile or two south of here - in addition to the two just mentioned there are Ikea, Habitat, Sainsburys, Comet, Currys, B&Q Depot, Toys R Us, Chlldrens World, and a host of smaller outlets. Which would be fine except that the A23 is supposed to be a trunk road, and that stretch is the Croydon bypass - soon we'll need a bypass for the bypass....

## Vanilla flavour

Here's something that I find rather strange - the use of 'vanilla' as a synonym for plain. Vanilla pods have a definite flavour that you couldn't really describe as plain, and yet all manner of things are described as 'vanilla' when they are plain or unadorned (including computer software and hardware). The reason isn't hard to find - the way that plain ice cream is described as vanilla flavour - but it isn't really correct.

## ELVIS COSTELLO & THE ATTRACTIONS AT THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL

My evening started in typical fashion, having arranged to meet Paul Oakes in a pub that turned out a mile or so away from where he had claimed.

The concert started with an awful sound mix as he ploughed through an opening morass of three or four songs including "Beyond Belief".

Things got better after that, with a much clearer sound for two of the best songs from the current album *Brutal Youth*: "Sulky Girl" and "London's Brilliant Parade". I wasn't keeping count, but I guess they performed virtually all the material from the latest album.

As the show continued, more of the old favourites appeared, albeit sometimes re-interpreted, such as a Smokey Robinson medley of "The Tracks of My Tears" and "The Tears of a Clown", rounded off by Costello's own "Clowntime is Over". There was a slow version of "Alison", and "Shipbuilding" was performed in an authentic stripped-down solo unaccompanied version.

One thing I don't understand is the need to go through the pretence of doing encores when they are clearly pre-planned as part of the concert. You know when a Costello concert is over, and that's when he does "Pump it Up". Nevertheless, we went through the motions.

For the first encore, Steve Nieve played the Albert Hall organ for "Favourite Hour" - a typical piece of depressive Costello - and the combination worked well.

The final encore was predictable, but very enjoyable - "Accidents will Happen", "(What's so funny 'bout) Peace, Love and Understanding", and the inevitable "Pump it Up".

Then it was all over, two and a quarter hours after it started.

The biggest problem was the venue - the Royal Albert Hall really isn't suitable as a rock venue (it might be OK for the likes of Eric Clapton, but Costello isn't as clapped out as that, yet). The sound isn't really right, and it seems to create the wrong atmosphere, even when you remove the seats from the central area. I find the balcony seats too far removed from the action.

It says a lot when you realise that even in a 2½ hours here were still a lot of good songs that were missed out - "New Amsterdam" and "Olivers Army" spring immediately to mind, and there are many more besides.

This was a great improvement on the last set of London gigs he did, with the Rude 5, at the Hammersmith Apollo, but it wasn't quite classic Costello. It's great to have the Attractions back, and perhaps next time they'll find a more suitable venue.



I've just been watching the German Grand Prix - what a shambles! Murray Walker was confidently predicting that they'd have to restart the race after about a third of the cars didn't make it past the first bend, but they decided to carry on regardless. This all seems a bit unfair when most of the drivers were blameless.

Then there was the frightening accident with the petrol pump, involving Jos Verstappen's car - no-one was seriously injured, but you can't help wondering why they introduced this strange rule change.

I happened to be watching Eurosport this morning, and they had a totally chaotic series of interviews with various drivers and team bosses - when the microphones worked. The most revealing moment was when the interviewer asked the Benetton team bosses whether Jos Verstappen (currently their second driver) had their full backing. They just smiled and said nothing...

I can't help thinking stupid things when I watch Grand Prix Motor racing - like if they really want to slow down the cars why don't they install speed humps, and when they refuel the cars do they get the tokens.....

In cricket, Surrey are having a very strange season. They lost heavily to Warwickshire, then beat Notts by a innings and 200 or so runs, but yesterday they lost to Sussex by an innings and 34 runs. It now looks as though Warwickshire will win the County Championship along with everything else.

## Around the Zines

Last month seemed very thin for zines, and inevitably a large pile dropped through my letter box in the days after *Megalomania* 60 was posted.

*Arfle Barfle Gloop* 60 was much more cheerful than the previous issue, as Kris is making a full recovery from his illness. The threat to fold seems now to have evaporated, which must be a relief with zines folding left, right and centre and precious few replacements.

Kris has been out and bought a CD-ROM drive from PC World. As mentioned elsewhere, my local branch has now been painted purple and totally refurbished, and this seems to have been accompanied by better prices and improved service. Hence when Kris says that PC World were both cheaper and more helpful than their competitors I will suppress the hollow laughter that this would hitherto have produced from my direction. I still can't convince myself that I need a CD-ROM, but I am rather tempted.

*The Cunning Plan* 17 (time to drop the roman numerals methinks) is more of the usual stuff.

*U-Bend* 28 is a two-page effort to let us know that Harry is still around, and doesn't plan to fold. Unfortunately, financial problems mean that for the next year or so he will be restricted to thin issues every 7-8 weeks (who said that is just like *Megalomania*.....)

*Y Ddraig Goch* 84 contains the best set of con reports I've seen for a long time, with an account of Iain's trip first to Sweden for Euro Dip Con and from there straight to Dip Con in the States.

The only drawback is that Iain typed up his reports at 2 am whilst still feeling jet-legged! As a consequence there are a fair few errors. Sweden sounds rather as I would expect: clean and tidy and rather expensive, and the convention was typically European with five rounds of Diplomacy.

Iain then flew from Stockholm to Raleigh/Durham (via Heathrow and Boston) to get to DixieCon in Chapel Hill, which this year was playing host to DipCon. The meals were huge and cheap, and a good time seems to have been had by all. I am now seriously considering going to DixieCon next year, having never been to the States before. If you're reading this Iain, send me some details when you have them!

Somewhere, I have a copy of *C'est Magnifique*, which has an alternative account of DipCon, including a rather more difficult set of flights as Mr Sullivan opted for a cut-price ticket. The one thing that puts me off this sort of journey are the hassles of changing planes. That and the heat and humidity, though I imagine air conditioning helps a lot.

*Spring Offensive* 25 is a celebratory issue, as Stephen reaches his quarter century. The issue features an extensive amount reprinted from his huge archive, including a series of articles on the 'hedgehog', a set of defensive moves for Austria in Spring 1901, and a *Fall of Eagles* retrospective. *FOE* was a very good Diplomacy zine that was never seriously diverted from its objective of being a good Diplomacy zine. It had an excellent reputation as a place to play the game, but as a zine it never achieved greatness. When Stephen started *Spring Offensive* he apparently wanted it to be a similar zine, though I think he would agree that his GMing is not so good and *SO* has a much wider scope than *FOE*.

The letter column is its usual interesting self, with Pete Swanson (last sighted in the hobby ten years ago) observing that little seems to have changed in the hobby, and threatening to appear at a con. There's Pete Birks, agreeing with my observations on the condition under which his back page editorial in *GH* 184 was produced, and revealing that he has left City Index and is currently 'resting'. Pete goes on to reminisce about 1981, including the Lamb hobbymeet and LepreCon in Dublin.

Oddly, Stephen ignores the carefully crafted letter I sent, and instead prints an email note about going out to eat at Manorcon!

There's a second letter column on Diplomacy tournament scoring systems, a subject which I do find quite interesting. Stephen and I had a discussion about this when I was staying with him during Furrycon, and I really ought to get my thoughts together, though I don't think we've got much chance of persuading Mr Dodds to alter the Midcon system!

Stephen hopes I won't say anything nasty about him in this issue, and as far as I am aware I haven't....yet. Is there time to remedy this omission? I fear not!

*Dolchstoß* 188 has more of Richard's account of his last holiday, this time covering his spells in Switzerland and eastern France. The lettercolumn has Jonathan Palfrey suggesting that organic wine is less hangover-inducing. I have heard other people say this, and I suppose it's quite logical since it's the impurities that give you a hangover. What I don't understand is that I definitely drink to excess on holiday in France but don't seem to suffer any ill effects.

Nicky Palmer recounts tales of being the Labour candidate for the Euro elections in East Sussex and South Kent. How on earth did a resident of Basel (not even in the EU, for goodness sake) get selected by the local Labour party? My brother had a go at getting the nomination for an equally unwinnable seat, London South and Surrey East (or whatever it's called) but came 2nd in his constituency's list. Needless to say, both seats were won by the Tories.

John Webley complains that the nurses in his dental surgery (in Germany) are not keen on having 'Test Match Special' on all day. I'm not surprised!

It was a bit unfair of South Africa to beat England - I thought that part of the agreement under which we started playing them again was that they would have the good grace to lose.

And that's all for another month.

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Some useful addresses:

*Arfle Barfle Gloop* from Kris Morris, 10 The Poplars, Great Dunmow, Essex CM6 2JA

*The Cunning Plan* from Neil Duncan, 25 Sarum Hill, Basingstoke, Hants, RG21 1SS

*U Bend* from Harry Bond, 50 Mayer St, Hanley, Stoke-on-Trent, ST1 2JD.

*Y Ddraig Goch* from Iain Bowen, 5 Wigginton Terrace, York, YO3 7JD

*C'est Magnifique* from Pete Sullivan, 55 Brunton Street, Darlington, Co Durham, DL1 4EN

*Spring Offensive* from Stephen Agar, 79 Florence Road, Brighton Road, East Sussex, BN1 6DL

*Dolchstoß* from Richard Sharp, Norton House, Whielden Street, Amersham, Bucks HP7 OHU

## ARMAGNAC 94-BI (Spring 1903)

### Austria-Hungary (HARRY BOND)

A(Bud) S A(Ser); A(Ser) S RUSSIAN A(Rum) - Bul (not so ordered); F(ADS) S A(Tri) - Ven (CUT); A(Tri) - Ven (FAILED)

### England (KRIS MORRIS)

F(NWG) - Cly; F(Yor) S F(Lon); F(Lon) Stands

### France (STEPHEN AGAR)

F(MAO) - IRI; F(ENG) C A(Pic) - Wal; A(Pic) - Wal; A(Par) S A(Gas) - Bur; A(Gas) - Bur (FAILED)

### Germany (NEIL DUNCAN)

F(NTH) - Bel (FAILED); A(Hol) S F(NTH) - Bel; A(Bel) - Bur (FAILED);  
A(Mun) S A(Bel) - Bur; F(Den) - NTH (FAILED); A(Kie) - Den (FAILED)

### Italy (TOBY HARRIS)

A(Apu) - Ven; A(Ven) - Tyr; F(Nap) - ION (FAILED); F(ION) - ADS (FAILED, DISLODGED TO Tun)  
(FAILED)

### Russia (RICHARD SHARP)

A(Fin) - Swe; F(Nwy) S GERMAN F(NTH) (not so ordered); F(Swe) - SKA; F(BLA) - Bul ec (FAILED); A(Sev) - Arm;  
A(War) - Gal; A(Rum) S F(BLA) - Bul ec

### Turkey (IAIN BOWEN)

F(AEG) - ION; F(EMS) S F(AEG) - ION; A(Gre) S A(Bul); A(Bul) S A(Gre) (CUT);  
F(Ank) - Con (NO SUCH UNIT); F(Con) Stands unordered;

## PRESS

**England-All:** Apologies for the lack of letters. Blame the real world.

**GM-England:** You mean this isn't the real world?

**England-GM:** Looks as if I'm going to get the early bath. I never could get the hang of this game.

**England-GM:** Glad to see I wasn't the only one to cock their orders up.

**GM-England:** I'm just waiting for Iain to catch up with his A(Con).

**StP-Ank:** I'm sorry about this, but I can't stand silences.

**Vie-StP:** Sorry haven't written, but personal life shot to hell. Still with you.

**Next Deadline:**  
**Wednesday 31**  
**August**

