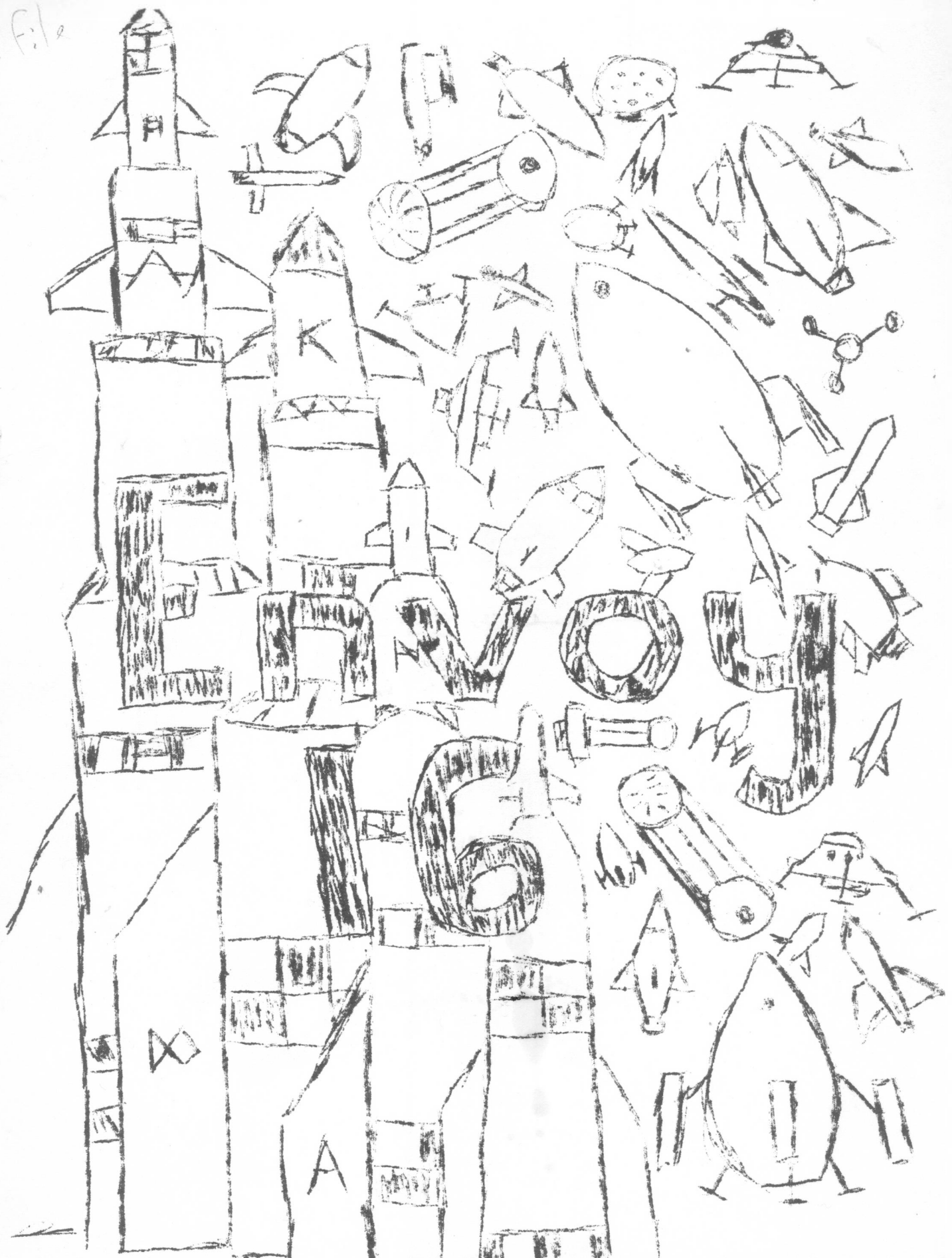


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XX  
THIS IS

ENVOY 16. from Ken Cheslin, 46 Gerald Rd, Wollaston,  
Stourbridge, West Midlands, DY8 4SA.

for the January 1975 OMPA mailing. And may Ghu blesh all who sail  
in her, like.

XX

#### COMMENTS OF THE 75th MAILING.

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OT 75. alack OMPA has not yet gotten out of the doldrums. I apologise  
for my own lack of contributions, caused partly by lack of money  
and to a greater extent, perhaps, by a continuing apathy in all things,  
not only OMPA.

Agree, let the dues remain, postage, paper etc., will get no  
cheaper.

I do not think that the apathy of the members in regard to  
voting etc., is anything new. Even when OMPA boasted a waiting list  
it was somewhat similar, the difference being that with so few  
members it is more noticable.

EGOOB POLL, I cannot really vote on the years mailings, for  
one reason because I mail on the mailings once I've commented on them.  
I had thought that if you totaled the quarterly polls you might arrive  
at an overall er..average?

FANZINE FANATIQUE Keith Walker. The Wertham article was interesting.

I can't argue with your evaluation, it seems very  
fair and accurate. The cover is offputting, as is the most part of the  
dupefing, tho' I sympathise with yr problems. The fanzines reviews  
were useful, not first class, but the very quantity makes them of  
interest in itself.

OOTT 13 Gerbish. I would like to see another OMPA combozine...but  
it needs someone to take definite action to get it  
off the ground.

BRENDON COMMON 2 Frank Denton. belated welcome. There seems to be a  
new pb on Tolkien out over here. I picked it up and  
skimmed through it but it seemed to be short, (whereas I figure no-one  
could do justice to TLOTR in less than 1,000 pages) and I've seen  
better stuff written in Tolkien zines. I can't even recall the title.

Our local branch library has recently started to collect the  
SF stuff together...about 100 titles at the most, and right underneath  
a fuller shelf of westerns! Most half of the titles are from Robert  
Hale (publishers) and mostly godawful..the others are mostly collection  
s..mostly good but old hat to most SF fans.(why am I writing this here?  
er well, y' see, its getting near the bottom of the stencil and I  
don't want to start a new comment this far down...sorry Frank). Latey  
I've been reading..library..sea type stories set from American  
Revolution to Crimea. Rammage, Fox, er..Wyke van Mason, etc., but so  
far I've found none as satisfactory as C.S. Forester...



BY OWL LIGHT 7 Frank Denton, again! good for you Frank!.

(well dupered efforts too). While quite entertaining I have yet to find a comment hook....

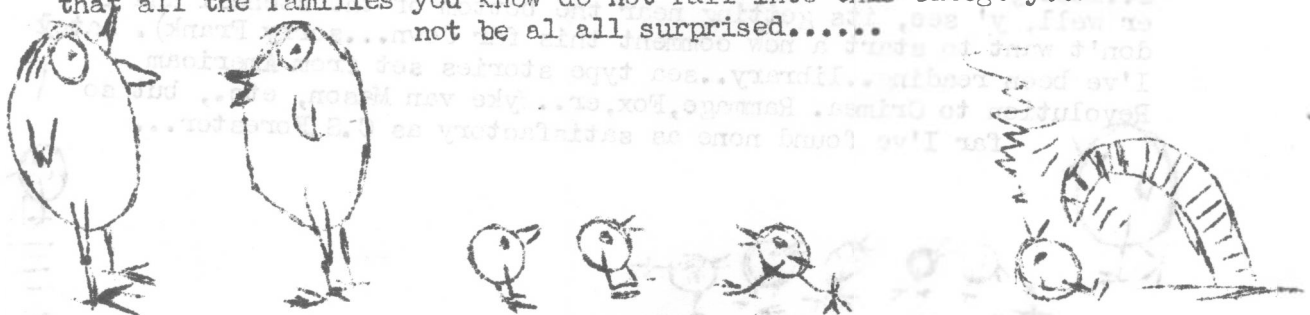
Napoleon Bonapart is one of the few mystery types I like...I've read about 15 of them..all the local library has. Some are better than others, but all are interesting..the 'bush' ones delight me most. hmm..I wonder why...

The TV people are running a series based on PLANET OF THE APES, I've not seen one yet, but fear the worst. I haven't actually seen one of the films either, though after reading a fanzine write-up of them I'm a bit more interested that I was when reading the blurbs.

FART PSkelton. yr remarks re OMPA and ROMPA. I agree that the picture of the 'gnomes of OMPA' attempting to run, control, dominate, etc., etc., fandom or having anything but a very minimal influence on the course of fandom has always struck me... well, as laughable. But it seems some people seem to have equated OMPA with Big Brother. I would indeed have thought that rather than start a new apa, with resultant dissipation of effort, ROMPA could have joined en mass and Taken Over, heck, they would practically have been handed control. ..hum.. I tell ee what, lads (& lasses) how about us disolving OMPA and all joining ROMPA?

go on, give me a serious reply....

SPINGE 32 PM to OMPA 74 Darrol. Rosemary, I'm not arguing about most of what you say in the Baby Trap review, but there is one part which I think is unrealistic. its the bit where you say words to the effect that a crefree man can choose his job of..shall we say..ethical grounds rather than by money. Now this seems to me to imply several things. One, that most men would like to ochoose a job because they like it, but are forced to choose otherwise so that they can support their kids. I disagree, even with no kids the majority, I feel, would choose more pay, without a second thought, solely to have more money to spend on themselves. Then there is another implication, that parents make infinite sacrifices for their children, this isn't so. It implies that parents take some care in rearing their children. The majority do not take much real care, they more or less just let them grow up. In my experience in this part of the country (where the moms often work too) is that kids just happen along because they take no precaution to prevent them, and when they come they might feed and clothe them, but there is little real bringing up. TV is the common child-minder. Bribery, sweets, toys etc., is the common method of 'control' and 'character forming'. In the event parents are often under illusions about their children, (where they are not dominated in one way or another) and refuse to believe that little Mervin is a liar and a bully etc., (and a litter lout like his dotty doting parents) and the police and majistraits have their hands tied when some kids, little vandals, come before them by laws etc., designed to protect ~~society~~ children rather than society. It may be that all the families you know do not fall into this category..I would not be al all surprised.....



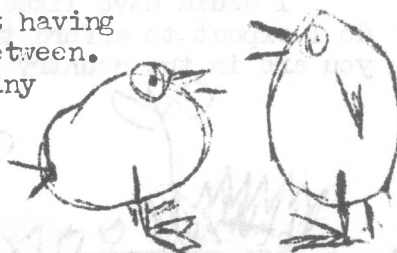
SPINCE continued.... and so you draw a world picture from your own knowlege..but in this case you must be ignorant of the mass of people and how they live. Pardon me, but it seems to me that there is something rather Fabian Societyish about the trend of your opinions...the belief that all people are more or less 'like ourselves' having similar values and sense of responsibility. Well, I make no judgement of the value of differing values, but I am convinced that people differ greatly. The idea that 'everyone knows that' or, 'everyone agrees', or 'everyone anything....' is false. Some people are more responsible than others. Most people think in terms of, Fred gets away with it, so why not me, or, why should I put my rubbish in a bin,nobody else does..or 'the council can clear it up' etc., and etc. ad nauseum. ((combs forlock over eye,sticks on toothbrush,tosh...))) I do not believe we are a race of robots, all built exactly alike. I think we (granted a racial similarity) differ sufficiently enough to make blanket generalisations ridiculous. Trying to stick to the point, I think our outlooks on life differ greatly. What one person sees as natural and locical is the ravings of an idiot to another. You seem to think that all have a similarly high ethical outlook.(simplifing to a dangerous point). On the contrary, you, (and may I include myself please?) are outnumbered. Democratically speaking we ought to follow along with the mob. 50,000,000 Frenchmen cant be wrong and all that jazz. In actual fact irrisponsibility seems to be the hallmark of the are. (high or low). Keith Joseph seems to have stirred up a storm. In fact I agree with him to a large extent. But its bad politics to tell people you hope will vote for you that they are idiots etc.. which it boils down to. What,what,what! licencoes to breed! its..well, its the inalienable right! what metter it if the poor kids are diseased or mentally incapabae?. He also said education standards are going down, from my experience its true. This is,I think, related very much to some of my previous remarks about bringing up children. Very few of them are ever expected to make any effort for themselves. At home, or at school. In which context please recall 'give me a child until he is six....." etc., The said child bping mostly under home influence at that time.The kids who come to my school are probably fairly typical...their reading etc., is worse that it used to be, and I've only been teaching 5 years.

Lets see..children,having and bringing them up. My thesis is that few parents 'bring up' children. (they just growed). This means that you are talking about a minority in your article. Remember,once again, THE MARCHING MORONS. Well, you are welcome to your point of view. I think..if I can put it into words, that responsible people have an obligation to breed, so that we are not overwhelmed. Keeping ones...er...finger...in the dyke as it were. I don't think, like that idiot Rouseu (sp?) that all children naturally become sensible adults.

Any more than I think an untrained vine will grow upwards. (please admit I have thought of the difference between training and regimenting?)

This is more a suitable subject for conversation than a mo.

Darrol..you might well have a point there about having more frequent mailings..it is a long time between. only..what would this do re postage costs? In any case I feel strongly that we should considär this. SFIE!





Darroll.....you remember we talked about forming a STOURBRIDGE FANDOM  
IN EXILE, lo many moons ago..sign...lets see, thee and  
me were to be joint dictators, (disagreements to be settled by a  
duel to the death...sardies at 5 paces?) no messing about with any  
old democratic thing...membership to be 13, invited only...hmmm..  
didn't we have Jhim Linwood and Alan Rispin down for the first  
invitees?..even got Terry Jeeves, (ghod blesh that hard working fan)  
to design a membership scroll, sardies and knights(chess) wasn't it?  
and guitars?. Maybe its worth reviving..I have a feeling that out  
programme was quite exciting, sacrificing virgins, orgies, etc., with  
an annual booze up at the eastercon...do you remember...?  
Hornblower fan club? what a good idea....

QWERTYUIOP (so easy to spell on a typer!!!) SamL. I've never actually  
been shipwrecked..but we did have a man overboard  
once. lo many yonks ago when I was a short trousered, short legged little  
lad of 7ish..There was Mad George, (who later had to be remonstrated with  
for stringing a little boy up by his thumbs..no kidding!) a few years  
older, myself, and a smaller lad called Ray. We, ah, in our youth and,  
just possibly innocence..or amorality?..once went down to the canal..  
a favourite 'adventure playground' in those years just at the end of  
the Hitler war. There we spied an unattended barge..hmm..they were  
the narrowboat type, quite small, undecked iron things..lots were rotting  
away down there. anyway, there was this barge. We could not resist the  
temptation. What ho for a life on the bounding main etc., so we went  
aboard. At least me and George did. Ray stood on the quay. We pushed  
off with a boat hook or something, great strainings..while Ray was  
frantically leaping up and down on the bank trying to make up his mind  
about signing on, as it were. Well, he made up his mind when we were all  
of a yard out and, plucky (idiot) little lad, he leapt. Er..well. after  
the leap a scrabble and a splosh! And there was Ray floundering in the mu  
muddy, leech infested, waters. Oh what merry times we had! Weilding the  
boat hook as if he meant to brain the poor lad (hhh..hmmm. in the light  
of his later record..I wonder....)) George eventually hauled the  
dripping remains out of the grimy briny. Pausing not to reason why, etc.,  
the mud bedragg'd creature, bleeding copiously from the nose, wailing in  
a most distressing manner, set off hot foot for home, leaving us there  
still drifting away, nonplussed. Well, we got the barge back and, not  
daring to look each other in the eye, retired the scene. I'm afraid,  
fearing his moms wrath, it was some weeks before we met up with Ray again.  
liked the pome.

We had a system of four letter signals when I was in the RAF...  
what struck me as curious was the time I asked the teleprinter operator  
if he had any idea what messages he was sending, or where. Perhaps I  
was wrong to be surprised, but he hadn't the foggiest idea what he  
was sending etc., and it hadn't ever occurred to him to wonder about it.  
Liked the OMPA story...must have a go again..sometime...but try to  
keep it in yr tradition..

I would have liked to go to the con but couldn't afford it..nor  
do I expect to afford the Novacon, or the Coventry one..woe is me. But if  
you are in the country you're always welcome here, we can find you a  
corner to doss down or something.

(sympathy, your mother)  
(more superflous)



ERG 48 TJ. (the TJ!) may yr kneecaps never crottle yr murgs.

Maybe you should write some more Nartaz-Zartan stories, they are all good fun...hmm. how about a "wite a Nartaz story" competition?

### Nartaz the Terrible.

Krrreeeeeggghhhhhh!!!! the cry of the mighty bull apes rang eerily beneath the darkening trees. This was followed by a solid "thwack" a groan, and a slithering noise. "Who put that damn tree in the way," cursed a cultured voice. After a period of silence, broken only by the sound of sundry teeth being spat out, and the rustle of vines being untangled, a lithe figure emerged into the little clearing. Silently it crossed the small distance to the fire and, pausing only to disengage an iron cooking pot from its left foot, it addressed the seated figure.

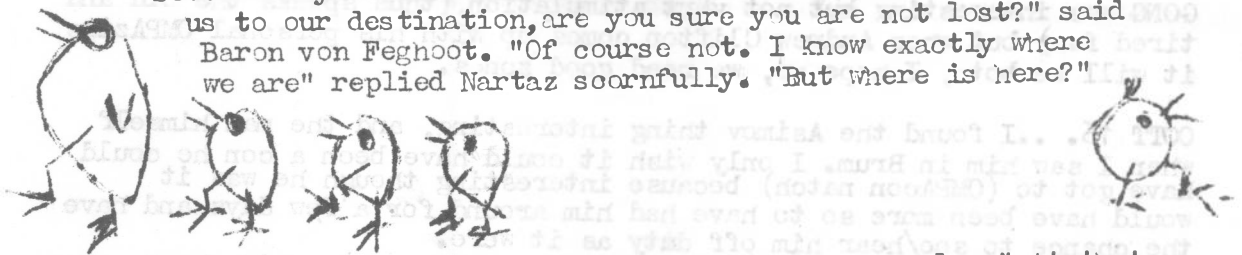
"I am Nartaz, Lord of the Jungle, Friend of Trantor, slayer of the mighty Sheatha, and part owner of the Clapham, East, Bunny Club" he announced, with a quiet dignity. "I have come in answer to your summons".

The figure at the fire rose. "I have need of a man of steady nerves, the courage of a lion, the wisdom of a sage, of lightning decision...." He gazed fixedly at Nartaz. "But as you are the only one whos turned up I suppose you'll have to do". I want you to lead me to the Valley of Lost Repose". "Ah" exclaimed Nartaz. "Follow me", so saying he strode off into the jungle, pausing only to remove another(?) iron cooking pot from his left foot.

Several days later. "You seem to be taking a long time to get

us to our destination, are you sure you are not lost?" said

Baron von Feghoot. "Of course not. I know exactly where we are" replied Nartaz scornfully. "But where is here?"



"Ah, well. That is. You see.....Anyway, its Africa, someplace" At that moment a 98 bus roared down the street, sixtyeight lice infested men in motheaten furs jumped off and overpowered the pair of them.

"Foo" said Man Chew (a cannibal) "Hyde Park Corner is hardly the place I would expect seekers for the Valley of Lost Re-prose to end up. But I'm a fair man" he added, juggling six coconuts and a ball of candy floss. "I will give you 60 seconds start". They were led outside. As far as the eye could see there were row upon row of parsley, sage and other herbs. Man Chew liked his herbs. ("I know my onions" he chortled, for no readily discernable reason) They dashed away. Behind them Man Chew started up his combined harvester. This way and that they dashed, all the time the roar of the mightiest machine coming closer and closer, and Nartaz fell, right in its path. The harvester ran straight over him. There was a sound of splintering metal and exploding cogwheels and the harvester blew itself, and Man Chew to bits. His last words were "Where did that damn great iron cooking pot come from?" Baron von Feghoot screwed his monocle in firmly and marched over to where a large bundle of herbs was making desperate noises. It was Nartaz, every rag ripped off him, every last hair cropped from his head, bound tight in a bundle of thyme. "AH" says von Feghoot. "A nit in thyme, shaved, nein?"

oh well, we can't all write em.

Cagle Chronicles. ITS wonderful how more or less ordinary incidents can be so written up to be so amusing. Reminds me of another story where a picture has to ba hung... The Aussie newsletter was interesting too.

COMMENTS

ON THE 76th MAILING.

ken cheslin 46 gerald rd wollaston  
stourbridge, west midlands dy8 4 sa

Owing to various circumstances, including not being able to get the school duplicator, I wasn't able to get into the 76th mailing. I'm sorry. I actually did an egoboo poll too, but shoved it in with the mailing and forgot to post it...

Things seem to have come to a pretty pass, the saddest being the resignation of Terry Jeeves. Well theres not many of us left. I'm afraid that I'm not much use, except as a name on the mailing list and a too infrequent contributor. I haven't any idea what can be done to recruit for OMPA, but it really is the necessary thing. Having only small number its harder to recruit I suppose, but there we have a vicious circle. I was dissapointed that the OMPAcon didn't bring us any recruits, or at least none noticable, and that surly made people realise that OMPA existed. I fail to see what can be done to get us publicity on such a wide scale. Are APAs dying out generally? or only in the UK. The price of paper and the postage rates might have something to do with it, the postage rates too. Maybe those who run their own zines think that they cannot afford the luxury of a club such as ours because of these things, and also because there is more egoboo-feedback in a genzine.

Was there an OMPA meeting at the last con? will there be one at the next? it may be helpful to get the members together to talk things over.

GONG was interesting but not very stimulation, (thus speaks the old and tired fan) but when Andrew Clifton comes up with his personal OMPazine it will be both, I hope so, we need good zones.

OOTT 16. ..I found the Asimov thing interesting, and the man himself when I saw him in Brum. I only wish it could have been a con he could have got to (OMPACon natch) because interesting though he was it would have been more so to have had him around for a few days and have the chance to see/hear him off duty as it were.

it may well be a good idea to have the AE and tres the same. person, I found it inconvenient in my time and I suppose every AE and tres have too.

APAvIEWS..I'm sorry you resigned. I'm a bit fed up of this counting noses to see who did or did not put in work on the con-committee. It is inevitable that in trying to distribute praise, and moreso when someone tries to complain of sloth, that a lot of people can get annoyed. It may be true to say that Fred and Gerbish did most of the work, but this was inevitable due to circumstances of personality and of skills and the necessary contacts. As a for instance I find it hard to think of anyone else who could have managed the films, (though of course someone else would have had to be found had he been unavailable) and Fred was almost inevitably saddled with the money side of things; whereafter things seemed to gravitate his way. But there were a lot of people who helped who have never been mentioned, and it doesnt seem fair to witter on about who did what when there are these people around, who gave up some of their time, yet who may be justly indignant at being classified as a .004 type helper or something of that sort.

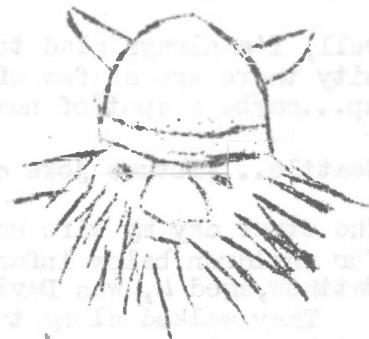
WHAT has happened to Sam Long? I don't see any mention of his resigning but his name isn't on the 76th list of members?

xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx xxxxxxxxxOxxxxxxxxxxxxxx

danm you, go back and put on your uniform.....

## FANZINE FANATIQUE.

Sometimes yr zine is hard to read, repro, and sometimes what you print I don't much care for, but, I always try to read it 'cause there are also things interestin. Hmm, faining qith damn preys.



MZB was interesting. it does read like a bit out of Readers Disgust tho. maybe its because it is written in a ladylike manner?, Point one I would skeletonise and call, communication. or perhaps more Freudian terms, keeping in touch, or contact...hmmm.

Widens mental horizons..yes..but from my little plot of the merry Black Country it seems that UK fandom has become as insular as UK mundania. Perhaps if I got more fanzines I wouldn't think that that. I remember, (time for groans from vasty OMPA audience) UK and US fandom have very strong ties, why I knew as many US fans thru their zines as I did UK fans...and my best mate was an American (Ghod bles s him).

point 3..hmm.. well, I can't say that I've noticed any literary skill develope in me due to fanzine writing..but then, I'm willing to beloeve that thats just me.

I don't know what the aims of the BSFA are. They were never, in my opinion, subscribed to by everyone, all the time, anyway. I guess it might be said that the aims were to publicise SF, enable SF readers to find a meeting ground, and to libraryise whatever SF the BSFA could afford to buy and store. I don't see how this can be done, mainly I would guess through lack of finances. The collection of SF will always be menaced by the spectre of finance, nn money, no buying or storing ..you can't rely on a member to house such a thing. The common meeting ground also depends to some extent on finances, because the lack of a goodlooking Journal (and fringe benefits) has often been cited, (with some truth) as a cause of the turnover in members.

The BFS..ah, well.. would I be right in thinking that this is a society where much greater personal participation is demanded? If this is so then it is very different from the BSFA, and more like an APA. To compare the two in that case is futile.

ROMPA...still think they should have joined OMPA, as far as I'm concerned they would have been welcome to run for office and then see what they could have done..it seems daft to have 2 APAs with so few (seemingly) members available. Of course...we could always join THEM, any offeres? How about a vote and an official offer to ROMPA to take over lock stock and barrell?.

RE Brum group refuse to release NOVACON to outsiders..hmmmm. so whats to stop anyone from putting on a con anytime, any place? do you think I'm advocating anarcy? I still think that the OMPAcon would have been alright in Brum. Bristol was OK, but, BUT, I'm still not convinced that we should have agreed to go there.

THIS OSF...have you ever heard of the NSF? National Fantasy Fan Federation?, this N American organisation (may be dead now, but suspect not) was a sort of big BSFA. Mind you, they had many more members, a bigger pool to get them from. They did much the same as the BSFA, and also had their own APA. This could work in the UK. BUT, I think that you just can't get enough people and money to make it feasible.

well, I'm always glad to see overseas names in the OMPA list...its a pity there are so few of any nationality, but maybe things will pick up...maybe a spot of new blood will help.

Seattle...(abstuse joke coming up) Beloved, the CRY country!

The other day my wife was taking no.1 son to school. This is a school for children below infant school age, under 5 years of age. With Matthew, aged 4, was David, aged 3.

They walked along through what is known as playing fields, ie;- wet, bumpy, long grassed. On a tarmaced path thoughtfully provided by the local council..who also thoughtfully end the same path in a muddy track. On the right the landscape slopes steeply down, over a matter of 100 feet, to the local river, the Stour. This is usually about two foot deep and 15 wide at best. So.

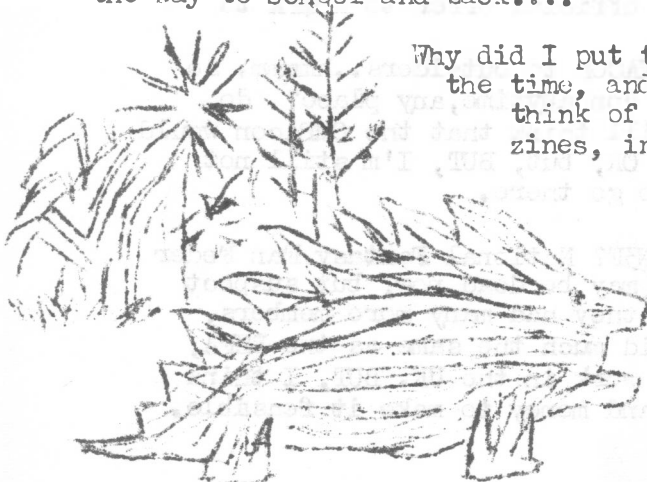
David wore a dufflecoat, with the hood up. On top of his hood he was wearing his beloved "cowboy hat". (his pride and joy, which he never takes off, night or day, unless it is forcibly removed) Whe, Oh, calamity! a gust of wind blew it off his head. The hat went bowling down t the hillside towards the river. Matthew clutched his tum and howled with brotherly laughter, David furiously knucked his eyes and howled with a heartrending despondency, Jean, coat flapping, shopping bag windmilling about, gallops down the hill in a headlong, brave, rush... thinking things like.."if David loses his hat...." scenes of endless grief, deprivation etc., but she can see that the hat is, alas, doomed to fall into the river. When a huge alsatian (er..German Shepherd?) dog gallumps past her and grabs the hat in the nick of time. Through Jeans head, (much bounced by the charge of course) flashes thoughts like.."Oh, the hero...saviour of my Davids treasured bonce decoration" etc., whereupon the said dog..er, a bitch actually, leap upon the hat and tosses it into the air and then falls upon it evidently under the impression that some succulent, but fierce, rodent was hidden therein... from up the hill Matthews laughter becomes a shrill scream...and, it seems impossible, Davids howls of consternation increase in volume and anguish. Luckily the dogs owner arrived just then and rescued the hat. It was rather worse for wear, and covered with mud and saliva. However that may be the restoration of the treasure soothed the lad.

The next day, the said Cowboy Hat being temporarily incapacitated in the wash, David wore his crash helmet or Soldiers Hat. (understandably the functions of any given hat change with the childs roles). This he fastened very firmly to his head, and clutched the straps all the way to school and back....

Why did I put that in?. er..well, It was amusing at the time, and who knows, I might not be able to think of anything to comment on in your zines, in which case please accept my donation of this tale.

but to continue.

Its a sobering thought, Ermemtrude that in another 93 million years or so we'll be extinct.





part the twoth of  
comments on Frank Dentons OMPazines.

Its not been more than a couple of months since I read WATERSHIP DOWN, and it is certainly an unusual story. In some ways I'm reminded of Hobbits. It also reminded me of one of the stories, damned if I can remember the title, by an author who signs herself BB, again a mislay the name, about some dwarfs, and animals, I think the naked naturalness of the events and actions is similar. The countryside is not the fairy-tale a la Blyton, but the coutymans. Hmm, and it reminded me of some bit of Elleston Trevors animal books, but not so strongly. It is most certainly worth reading.

We had a couple of posters. Shakespeare things, Jeans is... (pause to snout to Jean to ask) .. Rosalind, and mine Banquo. I bought some hanging things, sticks? to put them up on but they fell out of them every week or so. But I fixed em.. I put a length of balsa wood behind the top and bottom and stuck map pins through them...they've never moved since.

If you looked over my shelves you wouldn't guess that I was a SF fan; a junk dealer perhaps....I can't afford to buy any zines and have had to sell off my NW, ASF, F&SF, Galaxies, Mage, IFs....etc., etc., etc., sigh.

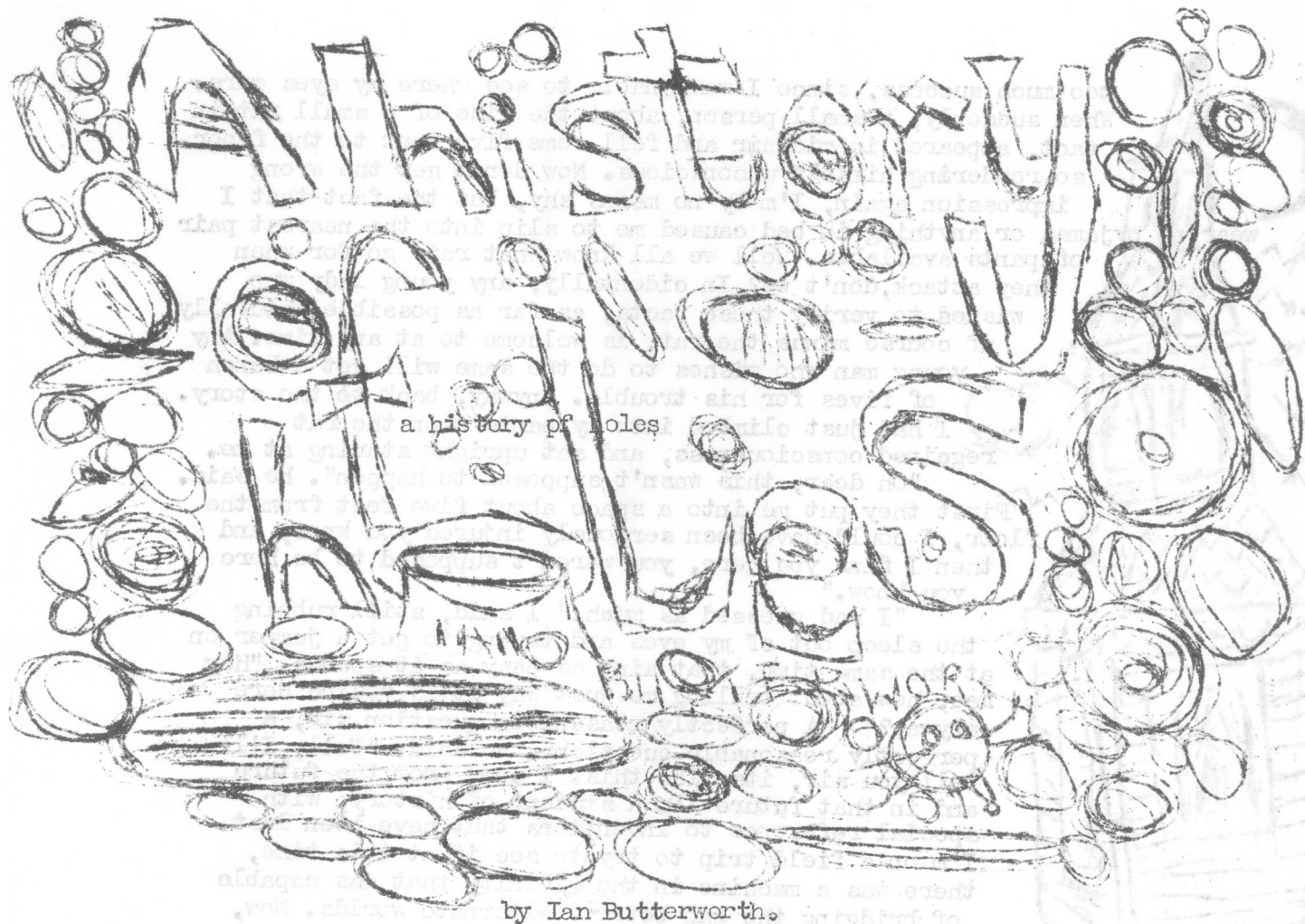
I've been frequenting the local libraries though. They have some SF, usually of two categories; Awful Junk, and I've Read It. So for some time I've been reading anything remotely readable...Wyke van Mason, Arthur Upfield, Dudley Pope, Alexander Kent, Vivian Stuart, Fraser, Graves, Suttcliffe, Welch....mostly historicals of one sort or another, (the Upfield ones are Boney) er..Duggan, (mustn't forget HIM).

I saw some interesting Arthurian books in Cornwall, in the town of Tintagel...in a sort of tourist trap place..(har har) behind locked doors in a cabinet..which I've never heard of before or since. Like an idiot I never thought to write down the titles. I like Cornwall, we camped for a month near Sennen Cove. We spent our time between Sennen and Falmouth....to Kynance Cove, the Lizard, Rinsey Head, Praa, Marazion, St Michaels, Penzance, Mousehole, Lamorna...oh, the open air theatre thrice...we climbed a baby mountain in a rain storm. Our tent nearly blew away in a storm that unhoused 4 other camping families. In Falmouth....well we went to see Falmouth but we actually saw very little..we arrived and spent ages looking for the toilets, then decided to eat...after noshing heartilly and drinking a bottle of wine we were too tiddy to do any sightseeing. We staggered back to the car..via a bookshop where I bought THE ADVENTURES OF HIRAM HOLIDAY and eventually retreated to Sennen.

I've never seen Hadrians Wall in warm weather, at least twice the ground was covered with snow and the other times it was bleak spring. I was impressed.

We went to the Lake District one day..Jean went to college there and was a valuable Native Guide.(me a Swallows & Amazons fan) It was a right rainy day..but the sun did come out for half an hour..I would like to go back again... Wales is OK too. Actually I'd like to see some real mountains...the Welsh hills and the Pennines have shrunked to mere pimples in my imagination and I long to see something like Bavaria or Switzerland or the Scandinavian countries. Jean comes from merry Yorkshire...there are people there with blond hair and long triangular faces that you'd swear had just lept off a dragon ship.

end of mailing comments.....Jan 27thish 1975.



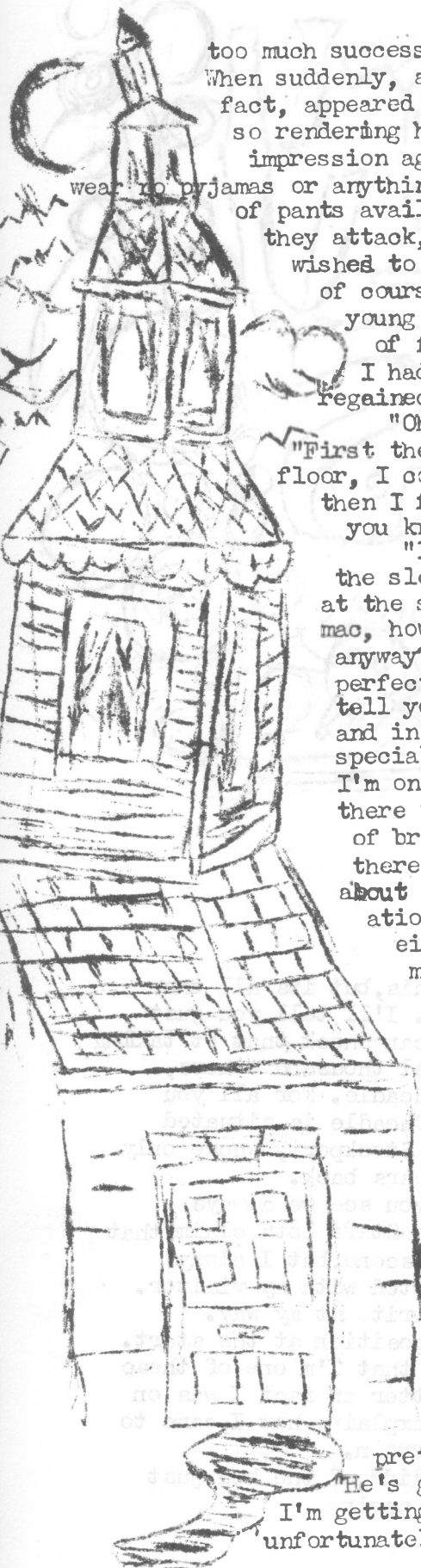
## Chapter One. The Beginning.

Hey man, like you're not going to believe this, but its all the absolute, swear on a stack of bibles type, truth. I'll tell you just how it all started. Like, er, my names Ian, you can check that bt taking a quik glance under the title. Now I, and several thousand others, inhabit a little place that goes by the name of Headle. For all you people out there with a geographical type mind, Cheadle is situated some three or four miles outside the township of Stockport, whose only claim to fame is a rather boring aircrash some years back.

Well its difficult to know where to start, you see we always disagreed on where the affair started. Gwynne and Staff both claim that the whole thing started when they arrived on the scene, but I always stood firm and insisted that the whole thing started with my visitor. And since I am writing this story, I'm going to write it my way.

Now it is important that you understand my position at the start. or you might get the wrong impression, and think that I'm one of those lazy types who live off social security. As a matter of fact I was on the dole when the whole thing started, and that explains how I came to be getting out of bed at two o'clock in the afternoon.

Well as I said, there was I sitting on the side of the bed just trying to wipe the sleep out of my eyes, and not having



too much success, since I was unable to see where my eyes were. When suddenly, a small person, about the size of a small rat in fact, appeared in mid-air and fell some five feet to the floor. so rendering himself unconscious. Now don't get the wrong

impression again, I'm by no means shy, but the fact that I wear no pyjamas or anything in bed caused me to slip into the nearest pair of pants available. Well we all know what rats go for when they attack, don't we? In cidentally, any young lady who wished to verify these facts, as far as possible, naturally of course minus the rat, is weloome to at any time. Any

young man who wishes to do the same will get a bunch of fives for his trouble. Anyway, back to the story.

I had just climbed into my pants when the rat regained consciousness, and sat upright staring at me.

"Oh dear, this wasn't supposed to happen". he said.

"First they put me into a space about five feet from the floor, I could have been seriously injured you know, and then I find you here, you weren't supposed to be here you know."

"I had guessed as much." I said, still rubbing the sleep out of my eyes and trying to get a jumper on at the same time, that aint as easy as it sounds. "Hey mac, how about telling me just why it is you're here anyway?" "A perfectly reasonable question sir, a perfectly reasonable question". he said. "Well, I'll tell you sir, its like this. I come from the future and in that future I'm a student of history, with special reference to inventions that have been lost. I'm on a field trip to try to see if, at this time, there was a machine in the vicinity that was capable of bridging the gap between alternate worlds. Now, there is, in the future, a manuscript that claims about this time a party of people undertook an exploration of these alternate worlds, and, upon returning, either accidentally or on purpose, destroyed the machine. And the art was lost forever. Oh my,

just look at the time, I've got to go now, the whole thing starts in about twelve hours according to the manuscript. Goodbye, and thank you". and with that he just walked out of the door, down the stairs, and out of the front door.

Well, after he had gone I just finished getting dressed, and promptly forgot about him.

Later that same day I was having a quiet drink in the pub when my two friends just happened to drop in, Gwynne and Staff. They were on their way to a party, somewhere in Manchester, and wondered if I would like to come along. Well, me never being a one to miss a free booze-up, I agreed to go along. On the way I told them what had happened that afternoon, about the rat. They both agreed that it was a pretty rum affair. What they actually said was,

"He's gone off his flamme rocker!" and "Stop the car I'm getting out." Any further discussion of the matter was unfortunately curtailed by the arrival at the place of

rejoicing, namely the party. After explaining how we had all lost our invitations, and showing how shocked we were at our names being left off the guest list, we gained admittance and made a beeline for the bar. After each downing three shorts in rapid succession we turned, as one, and surveyed the room to see which fortunate females would be blessed with our company for the night. As one our eyes lighted on a group of three young and rather well endowed young ladies, who were seemingly unattached.

After a few moments discussion we decided who would get whom and went in for a direct frontal attack. I won't waste your time, but suffice to say that after ten minutes chat we discovered that Staff and Gwynne had got two sisters, namely Layla and Susan respectively, while mine, Helen, was a cousin who was visiting them from London. After half a dozen more drinks all round we decided to go back to the girls place for coffee and "talk". Although Staffs car is a fairly large one it was necessary for the girls to sit on our knees, except for Staff and Layla who were sitting in the front. Poor Staff, he hates driving. Unfortunately the girls place was only about ten minutes drive away, and we were just getting to know each other better when Staff pulled up and announced our arrival with a loud squeal of his brakes. After getting up off the floor, which although uncomfortable was fun, we were shushed by the girls, and taken round the back way. Charming, I thought, now we have to use the servants entrance.

However, the door let us into a small sitting room, where we sat, while the girls made coffee. They went through the door at the far end of the room. Just as the door swung into place I heard a scream. Now I'm no hero, or never claimed to be, but I was through that door with Gwynne and Staff before the echo had come; after all we were protecting an investment. The second we went through the door we saw what had happened, as we too fell through a gaping hole in the floor. Just my luck, I thought in the few seconds before I hit the ground and knocked myself senseless, I get a smashing bird like this, and she has to have trouble with her woodwork.

## CHAPTER TWO. It's Been a Harley Davidsons Knight.

When I came to it was to find myself in what appeared to be an extremely compromising position on top of Helen, she didn't seem to mind, but then, she was unconscious.

Deciding to do the decent thing I rolled over into the tall grass and found myself staring up at an extremely tall gentleman dressed in a rather cumbersome looking outfit of steel grey armour.

"Verily, we have a strange looking company here", he said to some other gentlemen who were similarly attired.

"Like man," I said, "Er, like where are we?"

"Ye are in the land of Arthur Pendragon, the King of all England, about ten leagues from his castle at Camelot. Wake your companions and we shall see what the King makes of your presence in his lands."





The others were awake already so it saved me the task of trying to wake them. We stood, and I realised that there were about ten knights in all. And, strange to say, they were all sitting astride large motorbikes!

"Can ye ride?" the talkative knight said, gesturing to where three motorbikes were standing unattended. We walked over and got on, the girls riding pillion. As we kicked them over the knights surrounded us in what I hoped was a friendly escort. We had been travelling for about ten minutes when we were overtaken by what appeared to be; and, in fact, was, an American cop riding a horse with a sidecar attached. The sidecar was holding another American cop. This in itself was unusual, but the fact that we were doing sixty at the time; just didn't register, at the time.

We pulled into the side and the cop dismounted and strode over to us, slowly. "OK bud, whats the big hurry?" he said, drawing his notebook from inside his black leather ~~jacket~~ gloves.

The leading knight, the one who had spoken previously, produced a small wallet from inside his chain mail gauntlet; he opened it and showed it to the cop. "Oh, I'm sorry sir, I didn't recognise you sir, I'm new on the beat, you see, sir."

With a regal wave of his hand the knight dismissed him, and we rode on.

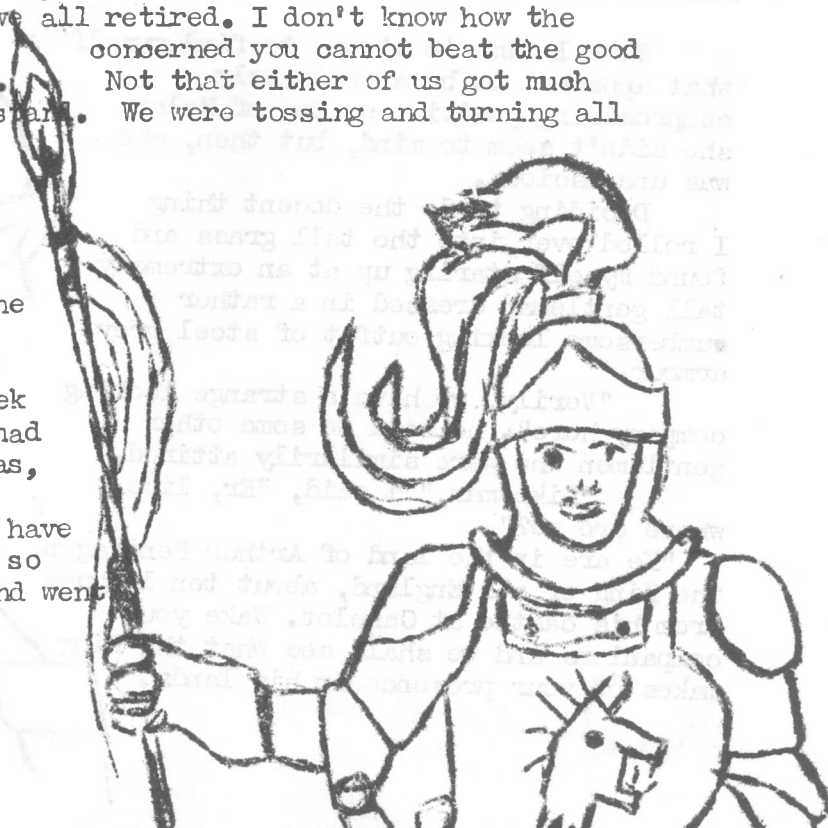
We rode across a steel drawbridge about half an hour later, and parked our trust steeds in the castle yard. Then we were shown to a large room where we were left. This gave us our first chance to have a serious discussion of our situation. While I was filling the girls in on what had happened earlier in the day Layla provided the answer to how we had managed to get here. It seemed that her father had been doing some research on the Alternate-worlds theory. Fortunately, or unfortunately, as you feel at the time, he had been rather successful.

Just as she had finished speaking the knight returned to say that Arthur could not see us that night, but we were to be treated as honoured guests for now. We were shown our rooms, it turned out that they had assumed that we were all in couples, and as the girls didn't seem to mind we didn't protest too loudly either.

With a hasty "goodnight" we all retired. I don't know how the others fared but as far as I'm concerned you cannot beat the good oldfashioned kind of hospitality. Not that either of us got much sleep, lumpy mattresses you understand. We were tossing and turning all night.

I was thoroughly exhausted when a maid came into the room to wake us in the morning. She told us that we had all been invited to have breakfast with the king. Giving a hasty affirmative I proceeded to get up and dress.

The maid gave a sort of shriek and scurried out of the room, I had forgotten I was wearing no pyjamas, but I soon remembered that Helen wasn't either. However we didn't have any time for that, unfortunately, so we just washed and got dressed and went to find the others.





Just as we were about to go we were halted by a knock on the door. In response to a summons by Helen, Gwynne and Susan, and Staff and Layla came in. They all looked as if they could do with a good nights sleep as well, Since we were all so hungry, we hadn't eaten for over twelve hours, a long time for a growing lad like me, we postponed discussion on the merits of olde worlde sleeping accomodations until we had eaten.

After some ten minutes of wandering we were finally directed to the dining hall by a kitchen maid, who, I fancy, was not averse to my attractions. But I was not able to pursue this line of enquiry as far as I wished, because Helen dragged me away.

When we entered the dining hall we saw a large wooden table, at which were already seated four people. The knight who had found us the day before, who we discovered was none other than the famous Sir Launcelot; a couple who were obviously Arthur and Guinevere; and a rather hairy old individual who I correctly deduced as Merlin. I wondered whether to give Arthur the nod about the trouble he would have with Guinevere and Launcelot, but decided against it when I considered that this was not quite an exact copy of Arthurian legend as we knew it back home.

Just then the king noticed us and signalled that we should be seated. We did as directed and were immediately presented with huge steaks of what, I presume, was venison. I let Staff tell our story so far, and, far from being incredulous as I had expected. They accepted all we said with scarce a raised eyebrow. Then the old man, Merlin, spoke for the first time. "And I suppose that you wish to return to your own world, don't you?, yes, of course you would. Well, you have come to the right place. Though I can't promise to get you back to your own world I can certainly get you out of this one."

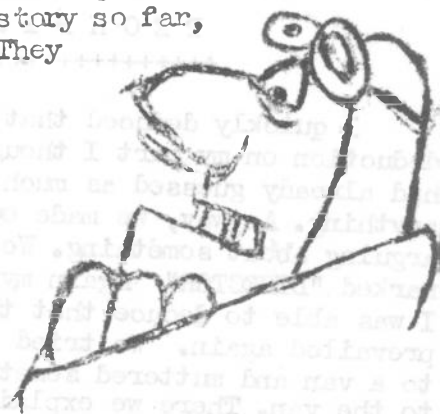
Then he got up and led the way out into the courtyard. "Now let me see now, how does it go?", he said.. "Ah, now I remember. Right; stand over in the middle of the yard; yes, that's right. Now get ready to jump when the hole appears".

With that he started to mumble into his beard, something about bats and tongues, and toads toenails, and things like that. Suddenly, a hole appeared. In the yard. With only momentary hesitation I leapt through, closely followed by the rest. Too closely followed it turned out.

### CHAPTER THREE.

Hamlet was never like this.

The drop was only ten feet this time, but it wasn't helped by the fact that all the others landed on top of me. However when I finally surfaced from the mass of flailing limbs I saw that Merlin had failed to return us to our own world. We had landed in



fact just outside what appeared to be another castle. Except. Except for the fact that daubed across the front of it in massive gaudy red letters, was the legend.....

Hamre Films Preset.

THE CURSE OF THE HAND, OF THE ARM, OF THE CORPSE, OF THE HEAD, IN THE CRYPT, OF THE CASTLE, OF THE SON, OF THE DAUGHTER, OF THE BRIDE, OF FRANKENSTEIN'S TEENAGE WEREWOLF BROTHER,

Starring.....

PETER  
CUSHIONS.

CHRISTOPHER  
LEASE.

BORIS  
KARCOUGH.

and a ghost of talented ghilrs,  
in

TECHNICOLOR.

+++++

I quickly deduced that someone was making a film, a rather brilliant deduction on my part I thought, though the others still say that they had already guessed as much. Some people will try to grab the credit for anything. Anyway, we made our way over to where a group of people were arguing about something. We asked the man who was sitting in the chair marked "DIRECTOR" Again my brilliant powers of deduction came in handy, I was able to deduce that the man was actually the Director. Logic prevailed again. We tried to explain our plight to him; he waved us over to a van and muttered something about, "special effects". We went over to the van. There we explained our problem to a short, baldheaded man who, as I again correctly deduced, was the special effects man. Ah, I was working well that day. After a little thought the man walked into his trailer and came out again with a small box. From this he produced a sheet of plastic, which he carefully unfolded on the ground. When fully spread out it made a very good imitation of the hole we had just stepped through.

"Very good" I said, "but what we want is..."

at that point I was cut off, as I tried to walk across the sheet of plastic, and promptly fell through the hole. Again I was rapidly followed by the others, but this time I managed to scramble out of the way in time to avoid being crushed by the welter of bodies that cascaded through after me. I looked up just in time to see the special effects man fold up the hole into an ever-decreasing size and put it back in its packet.





## CHAPTER FOUR.

And now for something.....

Standing up and looking around I saw that we were in a grassy meadow at the foot of an equally green and grassy hill. At the top of the hill there was a man; seated behind a large wooded desk. Behind him stood a large metal cabinet.

We climbed up to where he sat and retold our story to him. "Ah, yes. well this is what you do. Can you see that tree over there?" he said, gesturing in the direction from which we had just come at a tree about half a mile from the bottom of the hill. Seeing that we did, he continued. "Walk up to that tree, and go round it anti-clockwise. If you see a building there, then go inside. Whatever you do, don't use the lift. Ask the man in reception for the Ministry of Silly Works, and even if he tells you the top floor, you must not use the lift. When you get there ask someone for the right room for an argument. Got to the opposit room, only one up. That is, if he says "Third on the right", you go to the fourth on the left. Get it?. Right. Goodbye, and goodluck!"

With that he went back to his reading, We set off for the tree as he had directed and went round it anti-clockwise. There, right before us, was a large white building of at least thirty floors. Going inside we went to reception and asked for the Ministry of Silly Works. We were told that it was on the twentyninth floor! Twenty nine floors! That was an awful long way to walk, especially as there was a perfectly good lift. After due discussion we all squeezed into the lift and pressed the button for the twentyninth floor. After all, what could happen?.

The doors opened and we stepped out of the lift. Only it wasn't the lift, it was the metal cabinet behind the man on the hill.

"I told you not to use the lift", the man said. "now you'll have to walk all the way to the building again". "But, why can't we use the lift to get back again?" said Layla. "How do you expect a metal cabinet to take tou to a building nearly a mile away", sneered the man, "don't be silly".

We started down the hill again. When we got into the building this time we walked up the stairs. We were all puffing and panting when we reached the twentyninth floor and stopped to catch our breaths. When we had recovered somewhat we asked a passing man, "where is the right room for an argument?" He directet us to a corridor and said, "fourth room on the right". We walked up the corridor and knocked, on the door of the fifth room on the left. A mans voice said, "Come in". We opened the door and went in. And fell straight down a hole in the beautifully carpeted, wall to wall, room.

Again I found myself crushed between a mass of floundering bodies. This was beginning to be a habit, one I could well do without.

## CHAPTER FIVE.

Time for bed, bdoingg.

I struggled out from under a warm pile and saw that we were back at the girls house, or at least it looked that way. I mean, just because all the other worlds were so radically different it doesn't necessitate that all worlds have to be noticeably different. Well, what I'm trying to say is; we might not be back yet at all. We've decided to stay here anyway.

Just one thing worries me though; I havent seen any Groechal nibbling the furbitts since we got back.

Ian R Butterworth.

29 Larkhill Rd, Cheadle Hulme, Cheadle, Cheshire, SK8 5QW.

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envoy 16    envoy 16    envoy 16    envoy 16    envoy 16    envoy 16    envoy 16.

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I've had this HOLES story too long. Ian sent me other stories, oh, yonks ago, but this is the one I liked best. I haven't published it sooner partly because I was hoping to get someone to illustrate it....because I thought it deserved it...(as you see, I've had to do my own horrid illos) and then, later, I havent been able to do much.

It will, for Ians sake I regret it, get very little circulation via OMPA, this is why I'vev included Ians (last known to me) Address, so that any of you who might like to ask him permission to use it can get in touch with him.

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ENVOY 16.    KEN CHESLIN, 46 GERALD ROAD, WOLLASTON, STOURBRIDGE,  
WEST MIDLANDS, DY8 4SA.

originally for the 75th mailing, then to 76th, now probably postmailed.. or even in the 77th!

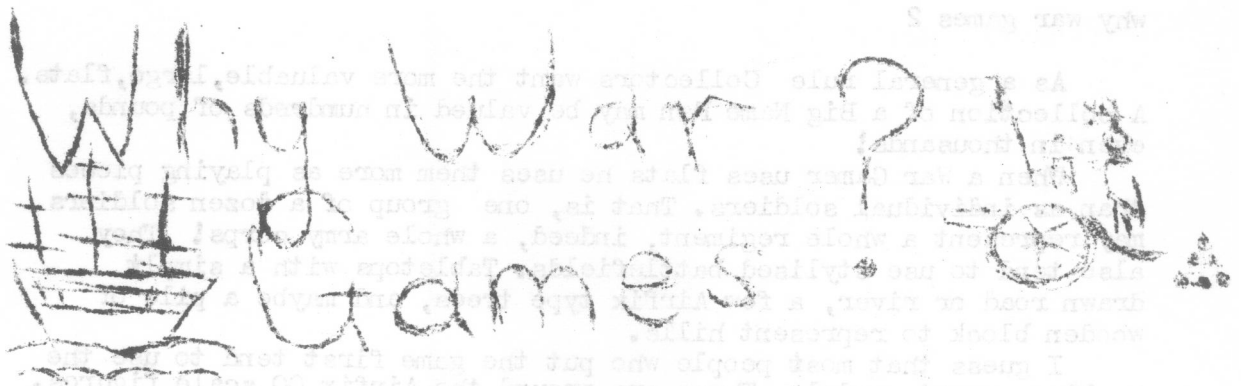
what is he doing here?

trying to get filled with corn.....

nil carbarundum illigitemi.



# Why War Games?



Some time ago Terry Jeeves said that if I did something like a write up on why I liked war games he would be interested.

I'm not sure that I can make this subject long enough to make an article, so I have taken the opportunity to type up the rules of one of the easiest and easy to make games; one which has provided me with many hours of enjoyment over a considerable number of years. (In fact, if I could manage a convention I wouldn't mind bringing it along to show... and maybe other games too...)

You should be able to make up your own war game quite easily and cheaply.

((TERRY....you can use any of this, edited or not, that you like...as it will only go thru CMA it should be unseen by your mailing list))

Before the WHY I think I'll expand a bit on the HOW. Well to deal with the most expensive method first. You need a book of war games to give you some ideas. Something like FEATHERSTONES books will do very nicely. After reading and musing for a while you should then decide what sort of a game you fancy...in effect this is limited unless you have mucho moola. what you should do is to choose a period of history that appeals to you. (it is also, in my opinion, a damn good idea to read up on your period, novels or straight history, and there are books on tactics available..this adds to the enjoyment and fills in the background and enables you to visualise your games better)

Now there are some damnable expensive model soldiers, made by some fantastically able master. What happens is that a master makes up a model, and casts are made of it. Some master models are 150 years old (the ones still commonly in use) I know little of this side of things, but for what its worth here goes.

The super fantastic models and their "families" are not commonly 'rounded' figures, though there are some. The usual is what is termed a flat. Now an intelligent audience like you lot will appreciate that a flat is not really absolutely flat, it is in a sort of low relief, but so made that, from the side, it looks round. These can be painted up. Jack, one of the nearly original Stourbridge fandum, paints his own flats. (pre-painted flats cost MORE, there are people who specialise in painting your flats for you, for a fee) Now Jack is not a bad painter and after he has painted his flats they look a real treat and three-dimensional.

This is where divisions in the ranks appear. There are in fact two types of people who use model soldier. Collectors of model soldiers, who are mainly interested in making, painting and displaying their models....and War Gamers, who are mainly interested in using the models for games. As might be expected there are many who fall between the two extremes.



## why war games 2

As a general rule Collectors want the more valuable, large, flats. A collection of a Big Name Fan may be valued in ~~hundreds~~ of pounds, even in thousands!

When a War Gamer uses flats he uses them more as playing pieces than as individual soldiers. That is, one group of a dozen soldiers may represent a whole regiment, indeed, a whole army corps! They also tend to use stylised battlefields. Tabletops with a simply drawn road or river, a few Airfix type trees, and maybe a pile of wooden block to represent hills.

I guess that most people who put the game first tend to use the smaller, round, models. These are around the Airfix 00 scale figures. There are a good selection of these available..enough to satisfy most ordinary gamsters anyway.

These figures are more often than not painted up too. Tony Hill, of D-SADO days, used to, still does as far as I know, paint up his Airfix soldiers really well. I was less skillful. He could put in very adequate facial features, buttons, etc.,

One of the advantages of having smaller models is that you can have a more realistic ratio. That is, instead of a regiment being represented by 10 men, you can use 100 me. Normally an infantry regiment is represented by 53 figures, 48 men and 5 officers. It is also quite possible, we have done it, to use one model to represent one man. (Jack tells me that one Birmingham BN wargamer has models of the entire Prussian army of about 1815. Man for man, in serried ranks on shelves round his walls.(flat figures at that!) He keeps war diaries of each campaign. Each regiment and officer has a 'war record', and gets promotion etc., He also has, if I recall the details rightly, a very demoralised regiment that scampers off the field as soon as they hear a shot fired! You see, according to the rules, the damn regiment cannot be disbanded and reformed until it has been thoroughly decimated in battle...but the never manage to get to a battle! due to aforementioned timidity.

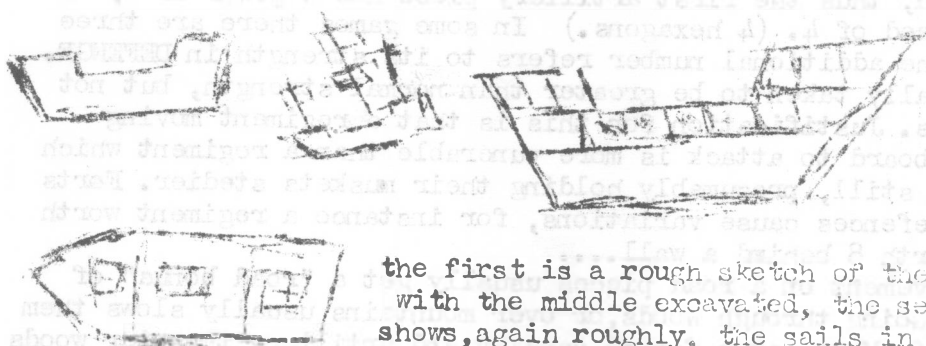
Now, for the expenditure of..(hasty calculations)..about £2 you can buy enough airfix soldiers to get enough men to fight a fair little battle. You need enough to make up about 2 regiments of infantry, 1 regiment of cavalry, and a battery of 2 cannon..each, to do any good. The airfix boxes contain too few to make up the needed numbers. About 110 infantry, 30 cavalry, 2 cannon and crews...I figure 5 boxes of ((for the sake of an example)) Napoleonio infantry, 2 boxes of cavalry, and one box of cannon. French and British are both available.

Airfix sell trees, (though you can make your own) and fences, and walls, and houses.(ditto as above of course). Buy you landscape you can make yourself. You can have quite simple landscapes...ours cost very little and gave quite a good air of realism. I find that if you have a base of something like polystyrene or even wood or newspaper, you can make good hills simply by soaking a sheet of hessian, or an old blanket, in polyfiller or plaster of paris, and draping it over the base. Then you strew sand or something, and paint it up. A lot of the fun in gaming can be got from painting your own soldiers and making your own landscapes. The hills should be moveable..thus you can change your terrain. Pins of plastercane will fix them quite solidly to the board...(I recommend a minimum of a 5ft by 3ft board). Plastercane can also be used for walls, to show trenches, etc.,

The ship game we call SPANISH MAIN is easy to make and costs very little.

A sheet of paper, preferably permanently stuck down onto some hardboard, about 4 by 4 feet is needed. You rule it off like the illustration, with about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  (one and a half) inches between the points. This is fairly easy, all you need to do to start with is to rule one line at a 60 degree angle to any side, then you get a long ruler, a lathe would do, and rule off from that base until you have the paper covered with 60 degree parallell lines. Then you use the ruler, (as long as it is about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches wide you have no worries), and put it across the bottom and rule parallell lines up the paper...er, a series of horizontal lines, one above the other, until you reach the top... then you turn the rule ...you rule more 60 degree lines back, using the crossing points of the other two lines, and, hey presto you have a series of points where 6 lines meet.

A score sheet is simply a diagram..a sample enclosed...with the ships numbered to correspond with the numbers you mark on the sails or hulls, or both, of the ships. The ships are simple. Tony made some smashing little ships, much better than mine. Balsa wood is too light, but practically any wood will do you cut a block of wood, say  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in long and  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch high and wide, you excavate the middle about  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch deep, surform the bows, impale square bits of thin card on pins and tap them into the hull...we use 3 masts, but that up to you.



the first is a rough sketch of the hull with the middle excavated, the second shows, again roughly, the sails in place, the third shows windows and gun ports simply drawn on with a felt pen, the last one shows that you can titivate the deck by drawing in such things as hatches..if you are good at it..like Tony.. they turn out lovely little ships.

You need, of course, two fleets to play. With these things, and a couple of dice, I doubt that you have spent a quid.

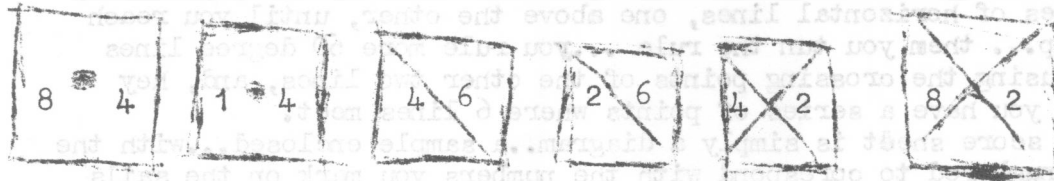
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Take a look if you can at some manufactured game like WATERLOO. All of these games are basically the same. You have a board divided into hexagons, some squares of something like thick card, a few dice and a few sheets of paper, and you're away. Waterloo and similar games cost between 6 and 8 pounds, (AVALON HILL make some good ones). I made a stencil, (and Terry Jeeves made one for me) of hexagons, and I ran off as many copies as I liked. Then I CAREFULLY stuck them down until I had covered a piece of hardboard. Unless you can scrounge a sheet of board, say 4 by 4 minimum, this will be your greatest expense.

why war games 4.

These hexagon boards are better than squared off boards, (they are, the hexagons, usually referred to as squares, I suppose it rolls off the tongue more easily). because each part of the board is more nearly equidistant than on squares..eg., going horizontally or vertically on squares for 10 squares is a shorter distance than going 10 squares diagonally.

The board you chop up into squares about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  a side and mark them up. You need two colours so that the opposing armies are not confused. typical pieces look like this....



the dot is the conventional marking for artillery, the diagonal is the conventional sign for cavalry, and the crosses, excess, are the infantry signs.

The numbers stand for the strength of the unit, and its speed...it is usual for the first figure to be the strength and the second to be the speed, thus the first artillery piece has a power of 8, and a normal speed of 4. (4 hexagons.) In some games there are three numbers.. the additional number refers to its strength in DEFENCE. This is usually taken to be greater than normal strength, but not in all cases. Justification for this is that a regiment moving across the board to attack is more vulnerable than a regiment which is standing still, presumably holding their muskets steeper. Fords and other defences cause variations, for instance a regiment worth 4 may be worth 8 behind a wall....

In movement on a road pieces usually get a "road bonus" of one point. Going through woods, or over mountains usually slows them down by half. Many games forbid cavalry and artillery to enter woods at all. The pieces can be piled up, useful in an attack (or defence for that matter) but usually no more than 3 in a pile, whose fighting strength may not be more than 15. This reflects the fact that only so many men can stand on a given area of ground.

Attacking up a slope halves the fighting strength, attacking downhill doubles it. Unless you find a bridge you have difficulty in crossing a river, you move up to it, stop, move just over it the next move, and move away on the third. There are other rules too, but I won't go into them here...but I will if, A, I feel like it next time, B, enough people ask about them.

Suffice to say that, bearing in mind that the game must be kept playable, the rules make the game as nearly as possible like real war. For a complicated game see 1914-18.

For a better account than I give here you must read the FEATHERSTONE book, available from libraries. This will tell you just about all about model soldier games. For the last type of game mentioned though you would have to get hold of a WATERLOO, or a BATTLE OF THE BULGE, or BLITZKRIEG, or STALINGRAD, or GUADACANAL, or EL ALMEIN, or 14-18, etc.,

why war games? 5.

This...hmm...well, I suppose I will have to start writing and see what comes out.

It may be that it is the feeling of playing god...and at this point I pause to muse, I wonder if politicians and back-line generals feel like this?, are the men reduced to pieces on a board, to be moved at will, gambled with, maybe lost? In what circumstances is this a good thing, or a bad thing. Is it more likely to be one than another?.

Would the 14-18 war have been fought differently had the generals who planned it visited the Front more often?. Is a general, or politician, better with or without imagination? With imagination the introduction of the tank might have been decisive..on the other hand Hitler was too imaginative....or was he just bonkers?. Where does a calculated risk end and foolishness begin...where is the difference between immovable conviction and stubborn pigheadedness.

It may be that what appeals is the complication. To play a war game realistically you have to get complicated..of course it would be unlikely that one man could operate his army very nearly as it would be operated. The organisation of garrisons, supply or arms, ammunition, recruits, their training, leaves, desertions, promotions, feeding and clothing...to but briefly skim over some aspects. Mind you, it is not too difficult to arrange some of these things..we have done so to some extent. We had a campaign map..that is a large scale map of the whole warring countries, we then marked in the most prominent woods, rivers hills, roads, and towns. We fixed a number for the population and then divided the country up into recruiting areas based on the towns. And from there they went off to boot camp, and then to their units...it is fairly easy. Similary with the manufacture of arms and munitions and the supply of horse, and waggons, and food....once it is organised it is fairly simple to manage..we keep folders with lists of all the details. We also list all the regiments, tot up casualties, send replacements, order promotions, etc., As I said, maybe its the complication that appeals, like playing god...organising your own wee world...which I guess is nothing new to SF types.

Besides this there are two more separate but similar egoboo reasons. You can fight a war on a map of your own making, of your own imaginary lands and armies. Then you can refight famous battles...

The first instance gives one a chance to play the general and to try your skill in outwitting...(outwitting being more important than out slugging)..your enemy. The thrill of command?. As you move and manouver your men you can get very absorbed in the game..you seem to shrink down to double D size and to be down there fighting the battles...I always tend to be too impulsive. My downfall on many, many, occasions has been the gallant charge. There are rules to govern the effect of moral...some way of deciding wether troops will charge on gallantly, and wether troops will face up to such a charge...but in my opinion they are not satisfactory. I probably think this way because

of the failure of my surprise attacks and advances. I am inclined to think..and I remain to be convinced otherwise...that not enough weight is given in most rules to surprise, and the effect of being charged at. I can recall many a real life battle, including one fantastic assault of some mountain...hmm...Lookout Mountain?..in the American Civil War. In my opinion, if war game rules had been in force..it would never have succeeded..not would it at battle..num..fought on the lakeside by Hannibal against the Romans, gone as it did. Of course, courage is not everything. Picketts Charge. Bunker Hill.(a damn stupid move on the British part, that).

why war games 6.

The refighting of real battles gives one the chance to do better than the original generals. This sort of battle has its points, but for me it is second best. One knows the troops that are due, and where they are, etc., and one has the value of hindsight. Still there is a certain satisfaction about it. Waterloo is the battle I've refought most...we find that the French usually win. It is something of an accomplishment however when the Allies manage to pull it off.

In the main then the thing that I like about the, probably very simple, war Games I've played is the stimulation of pitting my wits in a fairly complicated way, against someone else. It may be that there is some measure of godding about it, certainly the ego is involved...the games make one tingle with tension and excitement, in a sort of chess playing way. (which of course is a war game too). I don't think I, and probably this goes for anyone else playing, thinks in terms of fighting, warring, conquering or any of the things that might possibly be attributed to an Attila or a Hitler..etc., Deaths and wounds, widows and devastations do not come into it. The game is not really a "little war" (H G Wells wrote a book of that title, and fought some). it is more, much more, a wit sharpening, intellectually stimulating sort of enjoyment. To win is good, but even to fight and lose does not dampen the enjoyment too much.

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The latest thing I've been working on is a space war game...At present I have no-one to play with...though I have the addresses of 3 or 4 war games clubs within reach..I have not gotten round to writing to see about the possibilities of a battle yet...I do run a club at school on 2 evenings a week, but the boys do not make good enough opponents, and few of them are bright enough to manage to play a full and proper game. I've introduced a simple version of SPANISH MAIN, a simple soldier-figure game, and a simple counters and hexagon game.

If you want to play a really good game you really need at least one evening a week when you can play for 3 or 4 hours..and you could also do with a room or some place where you can leave the boards set up until the next games evening. You often take several evenings to finish a game using only a few hundred men...A biggis board is really necessary. In effect you need a board of such a size that you can just reach into the middle. Tony and I played on a 4ft by 8ft board, this he made of hardboard and 2 by 3 wood, which was built like a trestle table. We often took one evening...or Tony did it in his odd half hours...making up a landscape before we ever started playing.

This space war game, mentioned up there, really needs to be laid out on such a semi permanent basis, as it is complicated to play.

It involves hyperspace travel, in 3 dimensions, hazards like black holes, and the dangers of elphoration. At present I'm thinking in terms of expanding spheres of colonisation. The ships I have in mind are of several types, the colonisation ships, battleships, destroyers and scouts. I have ruled out any form of space radio. The idea is to colonise and turn into manufacturies as many planets as possible before getting involved in a war.... I have a vague notion that it would be necessary to have two boards at least..one the largescale 'campaign' map, the other for actually fighting the battles. Oh well.

I hope this has interested some of you.

ken cheslin.



# SPANISH MAIN

Spanish Maine is based on sailing warships at any period from Drake to Nelson. The firepower and performance has been scaled down to fit the limitations of a games board. The designation and types of ship has also been ~~simplified~~ simplified.

**MATERIALS** needed to play the game. A board ruled in such a way as to give a series of sixline points; as illustrated; each point though should be about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches apart. At least two ordinary dice. A score sheet for each player, as illustrated. A wind arrow made out of a piece of card, and its complementary wind indicator drawn onto the board at some convenient place, usually a corner is best. A couple of pencils or biros, and the model ships.

**THE SHIPS.** these can consist of eight for each fleet. ONE is the flagship, the BATTLESHIP, TWO MORE are SLOOPS, the other FIVE are MEN O WAR.

Each ship is numbered to coincide with the score sheet, usually on the sails.

B for Battleship, S1 and S2 are the Sloops, and the Men o War are simply numbered, 1,2,3,4, and 5.

FIREPOWER. type of ship	number of guns			
	right broadside..	left broadside	bow guns	stern guns.
Battleship	20	20	2	4
Man O War	10	10	2	2
Sloops	5	5	2	2

## RANGE OF GUNS... BASIC AND STANDARD GAMES.

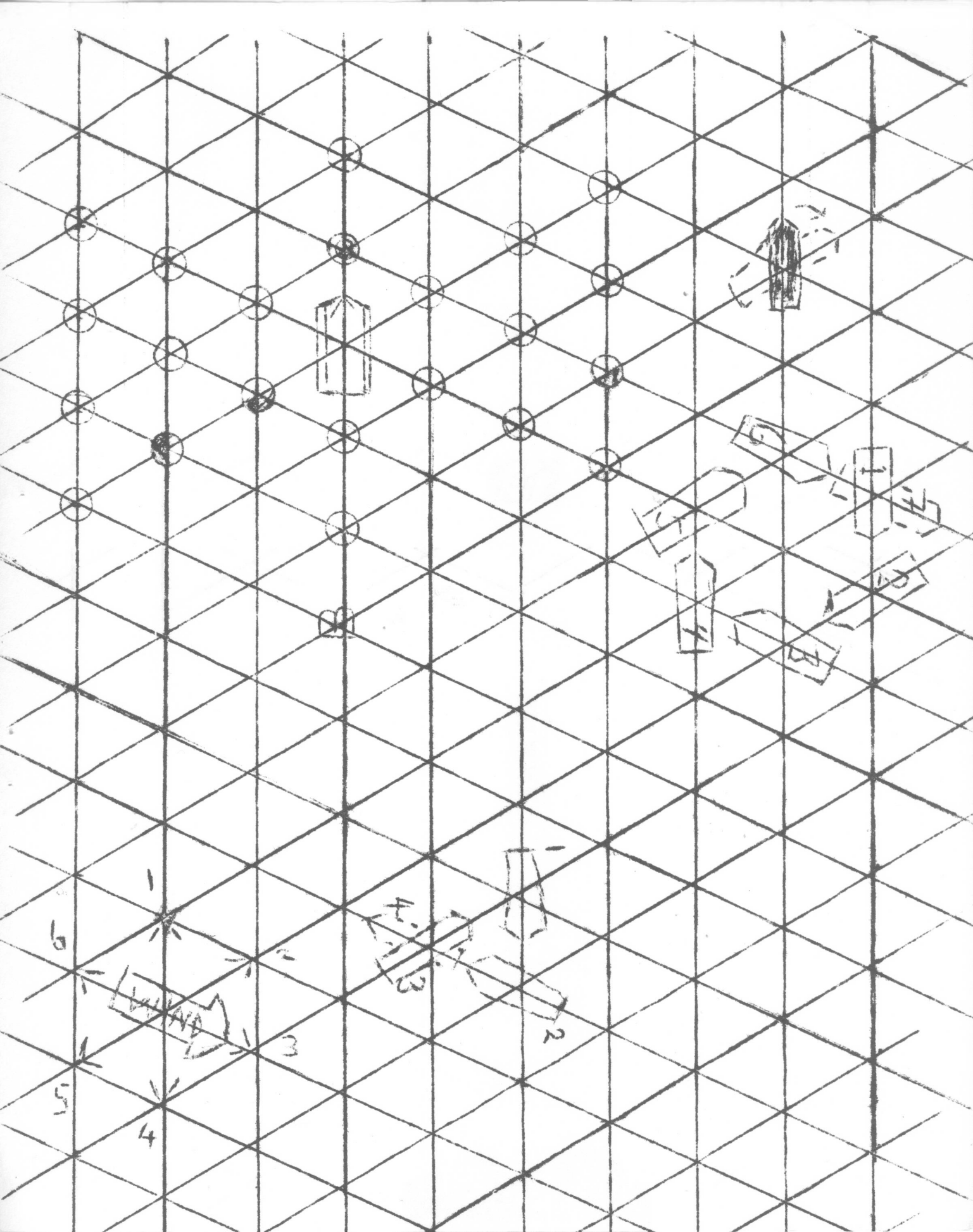
type.	any broadside	bow	stern
Battleship	3	2	3
Man o War	3	2	2
Sloop	3	2	2

## FIREING, BASIC GAME ONLY...

the players choose odd or even on the dice. when guns bear they throw dice, if it comes up their choice then all those guns hit, if it comes up the enemys choice then only half the guns hit. (defender can reply at the same time as the attacker fires.)

STANDARD GAME.	all broadsides & BS stern	all other bow or stern guns
range		range
3	one third hits	3 out of range
2	two thirds hit	2 half hit
1	all shots hit	1 all hit.

**FOR ADVANCED GAME** all Battleship guns may be reckoned as having a range of FOUR, with obvious effect of results of fireing. Men O war may be reckoned as having all guns a range of THREE, except the bow guns, which may be 4 (four.) The Sloops are all rage 2 (two) except the bow guns, which may be 3 (three).



SPANISH MAIN. explanation of diagram.

(basic and standard games)

points covered by bow guns

points  
covered  
by  
PORT  
(left)  
broadside



points  
covered  
by  
STARBOARD  
(right)  
broadside

points covered by stern guns

**B**  
the extra point covered by  
battleship stern guns

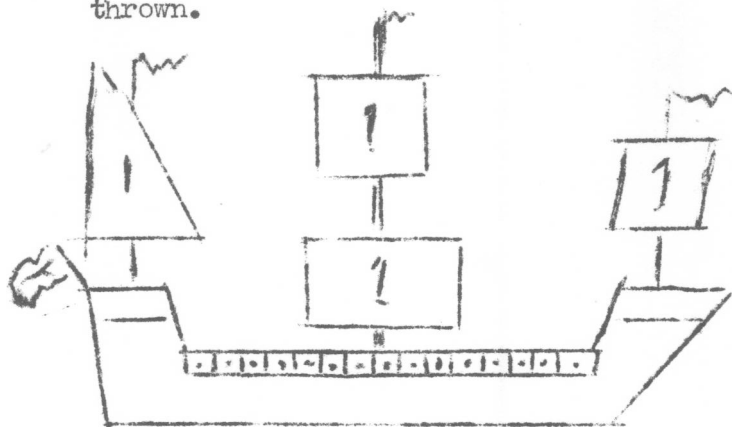
#### LUFFING.

luffing consists of turning  
the bows of a ship one point  
to PORT or STARBOARD  
Luffing may be done ONLY at  
the start of a move and costs  
one move point.

TUNING CIRCLES. (turning)  
of Battleships and Men o War.  
they turn on a hexagon only,  
no tighter.  
it would actually take more  
than one move to complete this  
manouever.

#### WIND.

a wind indicator is drawn  
onto the board thus...with  
each point numbered; one  
to six. a card arrow, the  
wind indicator, is placed  
on the board after dice  
throw, facing the number  
thrown.



SLOOPs can turn on a triangle.  
even doubling back on their  
tracks, as illustrated

ships are numbered on the sails to corespond with the  
numbers on the score cards, they look something like  
this. actual ships should be about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches long.

Fireing, continued.

Each gun can be fired, in attack or defence, once only each move. For example if a ship is attacked by two ships on its port side and it fires its guns at the first ship that comes up it cannot return fire on the second attacker. (of course you may hold fire on the first ship, but you have to score the damage, then you can fire with whats left on the second ship. Sometimes it is best to do this, but not often as the first ship may so reduce the number of your guns as to make your remaining ones ineffective).

Only those guns that can be brought to bear on the enemy can fire on the enemy, (see diagrams)

Guns may be fired at any point during the move. eg., Before the ship moves off, at any point along the move, or when halted. The front, rear, and broadside guns can fire independantly. eg. the port side at the beginning, the starboard at point one (etc) and bow or stern, or both, at any desired point.

The fleet not presently moving is deemed the DEFENDER for precedence of firing. Fleets move in sucession but are deemed to exchange broadsides simultaneously. eg., A fires on D, while the balls are in flight D is assumed to fire also; then shots are scored.

The defender can fire in the attackers move under only two circumstances.

1. if fired upon from any quarter it may fire at any ship under its guns. eg. A fires into Ds port side. D may not only fire port side guns, but also starboard, bow and stern, if an enemy is there to fire at.
2. if an attacker moves into range. Eg. A moves towards a D, intending to get close perhaps before firing, D can fire on A, thus perhaps forcing A to luff and return fire rather than let D get in shot for no reply. This has the effect of making A stand off a little, which might be valuable.

Reckoning guns available. Assume 2 Men o war, each with its broadside of 10 guns facing each other. A fires on D, D returns fire, the balls pass in the air, hits are scored. Similary A with 8 guns fires on D with 6 guns, again the balls pass in the air and hits are counted up.

HOW hits are counted. 2 hits knock out 1 gun.

1 hit does not knock out a gun, but it is marked up. It does not incapacitate the gun.

Hits are scored on the side coming under fire. If no guns are left on that side then the hits are scored off the bow or stern, whichever is nearer. If one side, plus the bow and stern, have no guns left, then hits are scored on the opposite side. In effect it is the gun crews that are knocked out.

A ship reduced to 2 or 1 guns drifts downwind at one point per move, bows first.

SPEEDS... in the BASIC GAME ONLY.

Battleship...2, Man o war 3, ..Sloop...5. all the time, as winds are not used. (or such LESS speeds as is desired)

SPEEDS of the ships in STANDARD and Advanced games.

type	with wind	across wind	against wind.
Battleship	3	2	1
Man o war	4	3	2
Sloop	6	5	4

players may of course vary these speeds but several years of playing on a  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inch between points, 4ft by 4ft board, make us feel that these are the most reasonable speed.

WIND. if the WIND ARROW is pointing to 6. The ships sailing towards 6 have it behind them, sailing towards 3 have the wind against them, all other directions count as across.

Ships sail from point to point. When halted at the end of the move they must point in the direction they intend to go.

LUFFING is changing the heading of a ship one point at the beginning of a move. it counts as part of a move.

A ship cannot INCREASE speed on coming onto a faster heading from any other heading. All WITH WIND moves must be made in a straight line. A ship must REDUCE speed immediately it turns onto a slower heading.

TURNING circles are illustrated. Big ships leave an hexagonal "wake", Sloops can maneuver on a triangle.

WIND. to find the wind. At the beginning of the game, and at such previously agreed intervals as shall be thought good, (about every 5 or 6 moves is suggested) a dice is thrown.

The WIND arrow is placed on the WIND indicator, pointing towards the number thrown, wind then blows in direction of arrow. (one can also designate wind strengths when the game is understood better)

CALMS, in the ADVANCED game, (and the STANDARD if so desired) at the start of every move two dice are thrown. ANY double causes a calm. All ships stay still, but may LUFF as it is deemed that longboats may tow the ship round a point per move. The wind arrow is not moved and unless another double is thrown next time the wind will resume as before.

GALES may be used. Some combination of dice such as a double six, may be used to indicate a gale. In that case the wind continues as on the wind arrow until a new wind is due. NO calms may be thrown while a gale is raging.

In case of a gale all ships run before it at full speed. (guns may be fired) Dismasted ships, or ships with less than 10% of their guns left, sink at once.

ADVANCED GAME, STANDARD GAME, effect of fire.

type. range effect, range effect. range effect. range effect.

Battle	4	all hit	3	<del>3/4</del>	3	1/2	4	1/4
M o War	1	all	2	2/3	3	1/3	4	out of range
Sloop	1	all	2	1/2	3 & 4	out of range.		



STRICKING the colours. No ship strikes unless called upon to do so.

Attacker may be no further away than one sailing point.

A must have twice as many guns, by itself or in consort with another A, as the defender.

A PRIZE CREW of at least 6 must be put on board the prize.

3 Attacker guns are thereupon (or more if more crew put aboard) withdrawn. (ringed round on the score sheet, from any part of A )

It takes one move to put prize crew aboard.

Prize crew take prize back to port. May work any guns they have crew for, ~~excepted~~. At discretion of Admiral may be used in the fight. Prize crew can jury rig any dismantled prize, but this takes .

6 men.....3 whole move over the boarding move.

12 men      2 whole moves etc.,

18 men      or more, 1 whole extra move.

A PRIZE can be refitted at a home port at the rate of 6 guns per move.

(or as seems desirable to the players) this depends upon having a long war in mind. You would also then need campaign maps.

You would also have to agree to a shipbuilding programme which must be as realistic as possible...study the Napoleonic period)

PRIZING. how to.

Guns on prospective  
prize.

defender fights on  
if he throws

at these  
odds.

must be ten

5 4 3 2 1

2 to 1

or less before

4 3 2 1

3 to 1

surrender

3 2 1

4 to 1

considered.

2 1

5 to 1

1

6 to 1

automatic

more than 6 to 1.

BOARDING. This can only be done by coming alongside. Sharing the same point. This may be any or all of these, port, starboard, bow or stern.

While grappled together the ships all drift at 1. before the wind.

Boarding by a side. As many boarders as desired and available, at the rate of 2 for every remaining gun, may board. Of course that means that guns are left unmanned, and cannot therefore fire. (may fire at moment of impact of course).

Boarding by bow or stern, no more than 20 men may board each turn.

DECIDING results of boarding. Two rounds of fighting take place at moment of boarding. eg;. clear away boarders, fight, remove dead men, fight again. Then no more fighting until next move.

Either side may lay alongside and reinforce. If you reinforce across the decks of another ship add one move move.

Dice are thrown for each group of six men. Odd men fight singly, highest dice winning.

MARINES may be carried. up to 1/4 of the strength of the original crew.

# SPANISH MAIN 5 man o war.

Marines are not counted as casualties from gunfire. This is not entirely realistic but it is difficult to assess them. Players could no doubt work something satisfactory out. These marines would be useful in a long war for shore party attacks.

IMMEDIATELY after the first rounds of fighting the A may call upon the D to surrender.

A outnumbered	will fight on if throws.
1 to 1	5 4 3 2 1
2 to 1	4 3 2 1
3 to 1	3 2 1
4 to 1	2 1
5 to 1	1
over 5 to 1	automatically strikes flag.

If there are survivors, and they do not surrender, they fight on in the next move of course.

DISMASTING. (in a fight, not in a gale) When a certain total of guns have been destroyed a ship MUST, every move, throw dice to see if it is dismasted.

A ship may jury rig after dismasting. Provided it has 3 moves in which the crew can work unmolested. Also providing that it has 6 or more crew left. The consorts may transfer crew to such a ship. Consorts may transfer crew to any ship at any time, if feasible.

TO retain its masts the ship must have the following crew left, and throw the following dice.

1 in 7 .....	1	1 in 6 .....	1 2
1 in 5 .....	1.2c3	1 in 4 .....	1 2 3 4 5

more than 1 in 4 left cannot be dismasted.

TOWING. any ship still having its masts can tow any other ship. The dismasted ship must have 4 men (2 guns) left, or enough men must be put aboard to make the numbers up to 4 (or more) IT takes 2 moves to rig for towing. (takes no time to cast off tow).

Towing ship	dismasted ship	speed that they travel.
Battleship	Battleship.	1
BS	Man o war	1
BS	sloop	2
Man o war.	Battleship	1
MOW	M o War	2
M o w.	sloop	3
SLOOP	battleship	1
sloop	man o war	2
sloop	sloop	4

guns may be worked while ships are towing or under tow, if there is crew available to work them.

MAGAZINE explodes. and ship alongside a ship whose magazine explodes also gets destroyed.  
HALF of those on the ship may struggle in the water for 2 moves afterwards. Can be picked up by any ship coming within one point during this time, otherwise drown.

Magazine destroyed by enemy action.

after any round of firing; an attacker or defender may throw dice, on account of any opponent ship that has come under fire. If any double is thrown the ship blows up.

Magazine explodes by action of own crew. A ship may elect to fire its own magazine at any time. To prevent this the other player must have at least 6 men on board, and throw a double.

IF the crew is outnumbered by 3 to 1 or more the attacker ~~can~~ throw more dice to get doubles. eg.  
3 to 1, throws 3 dice, 4 to 1 throws 4 dice. 5 to 1 throws 5 dice.  
Defender cannot explode his own magazine if outnumbered by more than 5 to 1 as it is deemed he is prevented.

SETTING FIRE TO SHIPS. when a ship has half or less guns left it may be fired by attacker or defender.

The defender fires the ship automatically, but can be prevented if attacker has men aboard. If attacker outnumbers def by more than 2 to 1 defender cannot set fire to ship.

If defender sets fire to ship A may throw any number over 7, two dice, to put fire out.

THE ATTACKER may throw a double to see if defender ship is on fire.

To put the fire out the defender throws dice. ONE dice is thrown for every surviving gun. The total must be 12 or more to put the fire out.

An attacker, if he has time, may send men on board to put out the fire on the enemy ship..one dice for every two men.

AFTER being set on fire a ship stays afloat for 2 more moves, during which it may be saved, as above.

Every man on board is deemed to be alive in the sea. Any ship that gets to within 1 point of the sunken vessel within 2 moves of the ship going down can pick up men. Otherwise they drown. Ships picking up men do not need to slow down or stop, or cease firing on other ships, it is assumed that sailors in the sea grab trailing lines.

Brief additional notes. Shore positions should be provided with a map. For instance, suppose D has 10 defended points. He will also have to allocate, as agreed between the players, men and guns to these. As it is a shore base any other land arm can assist the D. depending again upon the agreed availability of men. As a general rule shore batteries have a longer range than ship guns, heavier calibre, and more accuracy. Ships are less accurate, shorter ranges, and have to fire at narrow embrasures. They are also more vulnerable. This is interesting but at present outside the scope of the ship side of the game. You will be quite occupied fighting that side.

end end spanish main

