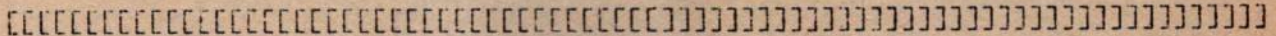


# The 5

THE #5 is composed and typed for your delectation by Richard Harter at 5 Chauncy St., #2, Cambridge, MA 02138. Typos, spelling errors, and grammatical misconstructions are Error-Max (Alphonse is on his annual vacation.) Mimeography is by Felz Press.



At the moment this is being written I haven't seen the latest L so I will pick up from 336. In The No. 3 I mentioned a particularly appalling poker variant. A less confusing and more playable variant of the whole thing is to use a four way declare - worst low, best low, worst high, and best high. Aces are low and straights and flushes don't count in low declarations. Aces are high in high and straights and flushes do count so that the best hand for best low is A-2-3-4-5 but the best hand for worst high is 2-3-4-5-7. In distinction to most split games high hand has a distinct advantage.

As in most four way split games there is not much to be gained unless you can win at least two of the four ways. This can be done by having a high hand (not a straight or flush) and winning worst low and best high by having a low without an ace or straight or flush and winning best low and worst high, or by having a low flush or straight and winning best low and ~~worst~~ high.

best

I should also mention that in playing this variant that if there are no declarations in one or more ways that the number of ways that the pot is split is decreased. Thus if there is a declaration for worst low, best low, and best high, the pot is split three ways.

Illustration: Two men playing - one with a royal and one with two pair. The man with the royal wins best low and best high. The man with two pair wins worst low and ~~worst~~ high.

best worst

Second Cousin of distribution comments on L-336.

Jocelyn - Thank you. All of New England has zip code zero. Zip code 1 starts in New York. Zip code 9 includes (I believe) California, Oregon, Washington, Alaska, and Hawaii.

Roger Hill - I can see this guy standing around outside a paper mill, swelling with pride.

Tom Whitmore - I enjoyed your con report very much. It was obvious that you enjoyed yourself very much. (I just noticed that I have a tendency to use "very much" very much.)

Bea Barrio - Well, er, ah, yes. I had thought of using that one. I'm afraid it wasn't a matter of scruples so much as a matter of figuring out what kind of drawing to use. As long as it had to be done I'm glad you did it - your rendition is better than mine would have been.

Tom Digby - Yes you can wipe tapes out by stray magnetization, but I don't know the field strength required. An even worse enemy of tapes, in practice is dust which is one of the reasons they are rather carefully handled.

The Brontosaurus and the Toad Comics were lovely. Rave! Rave! Rave!

Mike and Sheila Gilbert were up for the weekend. They showed up at a little after five on Friday afternoon. They called Howie Green and the lot of us traipsed down to Roys (Yummy, yumny.) Afterwards everybody went to the NESFA Halloween party which was a rather elaborate affair. It involved dramatic readings and other such things. It also involved lots of refreshments and plenty of plain old partying. A good time was had by all.

Saturday we went to Durgin-Park for breakfast. This was mildly complicated because Howie was driving and didn't know how to get there. Neither for that matter, did Marsha or I. What we did know was how to get to the general area and say things like "well you ought to turn that way because that's in the direction we want to go." This style of navigation is not entirely satisfactory in Boston because the streets keep changing direction and because every time you want to turn into a particular street it turns out to be one way in the wrong direction. Eventually, however, we got there and Mike and Sheila discovered the joys of wandering through the open air food markets at Haymarket Square. After Durgin-Park we wandered around for a while rubbernecking until Marsha took us up a side street where she goes shopping with some food fanatics from her office. Somehow, by some strange accident, we managed to end up in both an Italian pastry shop and a candy and nuts shop.

Having loaded up with pastries and sweets we wandered back to 5 Chauncy and collapsed for awhile. After sitting around for a bit we all got up and wandered down to Harvard Square where the Coop was having a record sale at 40% off. I wandered off to get some scratchboard for Mike and the rest of the crew went over to Design Research to look at Christmas tree ornaments. (Our Christmas tree is a sight to behold - this year we are planning to run the Christmas tree lights off the color organ.) This done we all went back to 5 Chauncy and collapsed again. Then Mike, Sheila, Howie and I took off for Martignetti's (local liquor super-supermarket) where I bought large quantities of wine and Mike bought cheese and pretzels. We then went over to Howie's to retrieve a quantity of office supplies which Howie had "liberated" for Mike. We looked at the artwork that Howie was currently working on, looked at his peculiar posters, and headed back to 5 Chauncy. There we found that Marsha had not been making curry and did not feel up to cooking so we all went out to the Midget (local restaurant). There we had what purported to be entertainment. This entertainment consisted of a piano player (?) who must be one of the worst in the business. He was playing without notes. Among the notes he was playing without were many in the tunes he was playing. What made it worse was that every time he missed a note he would go into various flourishes to cover up. This didn't disguise the fact that he was missing notes but it did disguise the tune very effectively.

Sunday we got up late. After a breakfast of pancakes we put a fire in the fireplace and sat around watching the fire and eating popcorn. I ate a pomegranate (something is wrong with that spelling but I'm not going to look it up) which is a very messy process when you have forgotten how. This time Marsha did come through and made a very good curry which was gobbled up by all and sundry. Somewhere the day vanished and Mike and Sheila headed back down to New Jersey.

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Repro is erratic because I forgot to use a typing plate while typing stencils.