

IT'S TIME AGAIN. FOR

# THE Backstabber #2



It's hard to believe another month has gone by but it has. October was rather blah. Nothing happening but a few tests and the annual Applebutter Festival here in Berkeley. It is a great relief to have the elections over and done with. No more ads on the tv or or radio. This issue should be a bit better than the last one which I admit wasn't a classic as 'zines go. Featured in the issue is a little story called "Going to Run All Night" by Harry Sylvester. Please send any comments you might have on it. Also included in this issue is the first Backstabber poll. Take a few minutes and fill it out. This will give me an idea what your interests are and help me improve the quality of this 'zine. You don't even need an envelope to mail it. Just fold it up and staple at the bottom. You'll note that my margins are on football. I am an extreme football fanatic and hope you won't mind. My favorite teams are the Vikings (originally I'm from Minnesota) Steelers, and Colts.

I would appreciate it if some of you could recruit some subbers for me. Right now my circulation is pretty low and I want to get it up there. For each person you get to subscribe you will receive one dollar in credit towards either game fees or subscriptions. Also I still don't have a logo. Anyone kind enough to send one in will also receive one dollars credit. Well now, only two more stencils to cut after this one and I am totally finished. Except for printing, addressing, mailing and a host of other things. Oh well!

CURRENT STANDINGS IN N F C EAST WASHINGTON DALLAS PHILADELPHIA NY GIANTS ST LOUIS N F C CENTRAL GREEN BAY

## GAMES

I've decided to institute lower game fees. My old ones appear to be rather high. The reason is simple, I am not losing near as much money as I expected. Check each game to be sure of the fee. To sign up just send the fee, which is refundable, and specify which game you wish to play. Also open is the stand-by list. If a player drops out of a game you take over without paying a game fee.

Third Reich: Still plenty of room. I kind of expected this as my circulation is small. Game fee is \$1.25. Second edition rules will be used. Open to five players.

Kingmaker: Five players. Game fee is \$1.75.

Diplomacy: Seven players. Game fee is \$1.50.

Note that the number for each game does not mean openings left. If these games miraculously fill up before you sign, I will start up another game and sign you up for it. The reason that Kingmaker is more expensive than the others is because I have to photocopy a map for everyone. Note, if you have a copy of the General in which a copy of a play by mail map for Kingmaker appears you only have to \$1.25.

MINNESOTA TAMPA BAY DETROIT CHICAGO N F C WEST LOS ANGELES ATLANTA NEW ORLEANS SAN FRANCISCO A F C EAST

I wish I could think of something to write here but I can't. End of page one.

I wish to take this space to set some of you straight. Many times I have received letters or what-not asking how the coal mines or hillbillies are doing. First of all I have never seen a coal mine before. There just aren't any in this part of the state. Check a map, you'll see that we're in the extreme eastern part of the state. All the coal mines are in the western part of the state. Second, you will never see a hillbilly in this state. Maybe you will in Kentucky or Pennsylvania but in West Virginia they are Mountaineers. So next time some of you think you'll have a little fuh by calling me one of those names you better think again.

NEW ENGLAND MIAMI NY JETS BALTIMORE BUFFALO AF CENTRAL PITTSBURGH HOUSTON CLEVELAND CINCINNATI AF

Now for those who are unknowing as to the origins of this buffoonery, The Backstabber is published by Russell Gilpin of P.O. Box 52, Berkeley Springs, WV 25411. Subs are \$3 for ten issues.

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#### SASE policy:

All mail which requires a reply must be accompanied by a SASE. It is extremely unlikely that I will answer it if not.

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#### PLUGS

Same ones as last month.

THE BUZZARDS BREATH: Mark Matuschak, Hinman Box 3224, Dartmouth College, Hanover NH 03755 or call (603) 643-9826. Mark has Third Reich and En Garde. TBB's game fees are \$1 and subs are \$2.50 for ten issues.

BREW AND REEFER: Roy Smith, 64 Addicks Rd. Westwood, N.J. 07675. His phone number is (201) 666-2887. Check with him as to the prices of his 'zine. Roy has Diplomacy and a new postal Mastermind game.

CWEST DENVER OAKLAND SEATTLE SANDIEGO KANSAS CITY AS OF NOVEMBER THIRTEENTH NINETEEN SEVENTY EIGHT

Sorry for many of the errors in this issue. My typewriter is messing up.

#### LAWS TO LIVE BY

Deal's Law: The faster you move to catch an elevator, the more likely it is the doors will close in your face.

Knowles' Law: It is easier to make a commitment or get involved in something than it is to get out of it.

Spence's Law: If you try to improve something by working on it long enough, it will ultimately break.

Childer's Law: By making something absolutely clear, someone will be confused.

Wickre's Law: On a quiet night, there will always be two good movies on TV or none at all.

Hickey's Law: When looking at the bank clock for the tempature, the time will always show up.

Reprinted from the 1979 Farmers' Almanac.

Heres the first article to be carried by the Backstabber. I hope you like it. If enough people say they do I will carry articles in the future. This first one is called Going to Run All Night by Harry Sylvester.

They brought him in before the commanding officer, a lieutenant colonel, and stood him there, almost as though he were a prisoner, a slight, almost little man, whose face, they now remembered, had been curiously harassed and marked by strain even before this campaign, or any campaign had begun. He noticed himself that they walked on either side of him, as if guarding him, as if, indeed, he were a prisoner or someone valued. And since he could think of nothing he had done or left undone for which they should make him a prisoner, he was driven to the incredible conclusion that finally and at last he had come to be of value.

He looked at the lieutenant colonel, seeing that the officer's face was hardly less, though newly, harassed than his own. All day, in the midst of the danger which constantly encircled them and intermittently killed some of them, the new legend of the lieutenant colonel's irascibility had grown, so that now, standing before the man, the corporal could wonder that he was not ripped up and down with words as scores of men had been that day.

The lieutenant colonel looked at him, blinking and staring at the same time, as though making some kind of adjustment, as if from rage to some kind of calm. Which it was, perhaps, for to Nilson's amazement, he said rather mildly, "They tell me that you used to be a runner, Corporal?"

"Why, yes," Nilson said. "Yes, sir, I mean"

"You used to run distances? I mean road races and such."

"Yes, sir."

"Ever run in Marathon races or anything like that?"

"Yes, sir," the corporal said, though he was thinking: There is nothing "like" the Marathon. Just the figures alone mean something no other race means: 26 miles, 385 yards. "I ran seventh one year in the Boston Marathon." Right after he said it he could see that the lieutenant colonel was not impressed, that he did not know that running seventh in the Boston Marathon was not the same as running seventh in just another foot race.

"Well," the officer said, as though making the best of a bad bargain, rubbing his eyes tiredly and slowly with the heels of his hands. "Well, as you know, they've sort of got us over the barrel here. The one radio that we still have that is working has been damaged so that we cannot vary the wave or frequency enough to keep the enemy from picking it up rather often."

He went on like that, rubbing his eyes, explaining to the corporal as if the corporal were a general--someone who ought to be told of what the situation was. "We think we can break out at dawn, if we can synchronize our attack with some sort of aid coming from our main forces opposite the point of our own attack. Break through the ring," he said vaguely. Then: "Look! You think you could run across the hills by dawn and carry them a message?"

Nilson began to think, for some reason, about how his grandmother used to talk so frequently about lightning and how you never knew where or when it was going to strike. It was not fear in him, although for a little while he would think it was fear. He made a silent gasp, so that his mouth was open before he began to speak. He said, "Why, I guess so. I mean, I'm not in very good shape. I--"

"But in no worse shape than anyone else here," the lieutenant colonel said.

"And you used to be a runner. How long since you stopped active competition?"

"Oh, I was running all the time. Right up until my induction, and even then, when I was still in the States and could get leave, I was competing some."

The officer nodded. "Well, that's about all. There'll be no written message in case you might be taken. You'll be picked up by one of our patrols probably. Just

tell them that we can't last another day here and that we're going to try to come through at dawn. It's possible they won't believe you. But that's a chance we'll have to take. If they have time, they can send a plane over with a message, to let us know they understand, although it hasn't been any to healthy for planes around here. There won't be much trouble getting you through their lines at night. I'll send a guard with you until you're beyond their lines and then you'll be on your own. Just follow the road. The main idea is to get you there before dawn. I figure it's thirty-five forty miles before they'll pick you up. We won't attack for six hours. You think you could make it say, five hours?"

"Why, if I was in shape," Nilson said, "I could, maybe, easy."

"Still," the officer said, "you're the best we have. Good luck."

"Yes, sir," Nilson said, and saluted and turned.

Outside the sergeants stood on either side of him, and the tall one said, "Well, what are you gonna need?"

"I dunno," Nilson said, "I guess I won't need anything. Maybe I'll take a canteen, maybe not." He knew that thirst for water and the actual need for water were not necessarily the same thing; he was already weighing, only half-consciously, the weight of the canteen against the necessity for water.

"Well, lets get going then," the other sergeant said.

The tall sergeant got Nilson a canteen filled with water, and they moved out into the deeper darkness beyond where the tanks and cars stood in a shallow arc like great animals vaguely huddled in the dark.

They were more than halfway across the plain of three or four miles that separated them from the hills that held the enemy, when Nilson said, "Look, this isn't any good for you two, is it? I mean, if they see us, three isn't going to be much better than one?"

"Stop being noble," the tall sergeant said. "Someone's got to show you through the hills."

"I see what you mean," Nilson said.

It was simpler than he thought it would be. You could neither see nor hear the enemy. They needed no picketts to hear tanks approaching or a plane.

The three moved upwards over the dry hills, the soil crumbling under foot as they climbed, so that at the crest, the sergeants were bushed, panting in the heat and altitude like animals, and even Nilson was sweating. In the moonlight below them and to the west and right, they could see the road.

"I guess this is where we get off," the tall sergeant said. "You better get going."

"All right," Nilson said. "I gotta get ready, though."

He undressed in the cloud-broken dark, until he sat there in his underwear, his socks and shoes and his dog tag. The other sergeant handed him the canteen.

"I'll take a drink now," Nilson said. "and that'll have to hold me. The canteen's too heavy-."

"You take that canteen," the tall sergeant said. "You're gonna need it."

"Look," Nilson said, then stopped. He saw that they did not know about water and running or any violent exercise. You could be thirsty for an awfully long time without actually needing water, but this was no time to start explaining that to them. "Well," he said, "I'll go along then."

That's it for this issue. The rest of the story will probably be carried in the next two issues. My offer still stands concerning articles and letters are encouraged. By the way if your wondering, this story takes place in Italy during World War II

UNIVERSITY OF POLAND

ENTRANSE EXAM

- |     |                              |     |   |
|-----|------------------------------|-----|---|
| 1.  | <u>SAND</u>                  | 11. | <u>KNEE</u><br>LIGHT                                  |
|     | <i>Sandbox</i>               |     |   |
|     | <i>become sand</i>           | 12. | I I I I<br>O O  |
|     | <i>is in a box</i>           |     |   |
| 2.  | <u>MAN</u><br><u>BOARD</u>   | 13. | chAir   |
|     | <i>man overboard</i>         |     |   |
| 3.  | <u>STAND</u><br>I            | 14. | DICE<br>DICE  |
| 4.  | <u>READING</u>               | 15. | T<br>O<br>U<br>C<br>H                                 |
| 5.  | <u>WEAR</u><br>LONG          | 16. | HE'S / HIMSELF  |
| 6.  | R<br>ROAD<br>A<br>D          | 17. | <u>GROUND</u><br>FEET<br>FEET<br>FEET<br>FEET<br>FEET |
| 7.  | CYCLE<br>CYCLE<br>CYCLE      | 18. | <u>MIND</u><br>MATTER                                 |
| 8.  | T<br>O<br>W<br>N             | 19. | ECNALG  |
| 9.  | LE VEL                       | 20. | DEATH / LIFE  |
| 10. | <u>O</u><br>MD<br>PHD<br>DDS |     |   |

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I have given the answers to the first two. I hope thats enough for most of you to understand whats going on. If you can answer all twenty correctly you will recieve \$1.50 in sub credit. Answers will be published in the next issue.

NOTICETOALLSUBBERSTHEBACKSTABBERWILLNOTBETHEBACKSTABBERNEXTTIMEIAMCHANGINGITSNAMESEEN

Coming up next issue: "Going to Run All Night" part two. Hopefully a game starting. Answers to the exam. A look at some other 'zines and a new name for The Backstabber.

Now all I have left is the back page.

NOVEMBER 1978

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THE BACKSTABBER

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NOVEMBER 1978

Well, I hope you all liked this issue better than the last one. I will try to improve even more next issue. Remember, your letters and articles are encouraged.

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\_\_\_ Do you want to sub/trade?

☒ Complimentary Issue

\_\_\_ You are signed up for \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_ You are on my stand-by list.

☒ Your sub ends with Free

\_\_\_ Do you want a copy of the poll?

\_\_\_ You have \_\_\_ sub credit.

*Deadline for exam answers is December 1st*

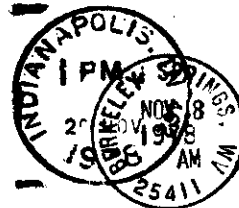
THIS IS WHERE I MAKE MY FOLD.

THE BACKSTABBER #2

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FIRST CLASS MAIL

Walter Buchanan  
Rt # 3, Box 324  
Lebanon, Indiana 46052

1. List, in order, your favorite games.
  1. \_\_\_\_\_
  2. \_\_\_\_\_
  3. \_\_\_\_\_
2. How many years have you been in wargaming? \_\_\_\_\_
3. List any three other wargaming 'zines you may subscribe to.
  1. \_\_\_\_\_
  2. \_\_\_\_\_
  3. \_\_\_\_\_
4. Would you like articles and letters printed in the Backstabber? Yes or No
5. Do you subscribe to S&T, Moves, or the General? Yes or No
6. Is there a chance that you will attend Origins V next summer in Phil.? Y-N
7. Would you like to have AREA rated games in the Backstabber? Yes or No
8. If AREA rated, write in your rating. If not see #9. \_\_\_\_\_
9. If not AREA rated, check one applicable to you.
  - ☐ Excellent
  - ☐ Good
  - ☐ Average
  - ☐ Novice
  - ☐ BeginnerP.S. Don't be modest.
10. How many wargames do you own? \_\_\_\_\_
11. What is your favorite wargame company? \_\_\_\_\_
12. Would you like variant Diplomacy games carried in the Backstabber? Y-N
13. Fill in your address on the other side. What is your age? \_\_\_\_ (optional)
14. The following space is reserved for any comments you may have.

Instructions for Backstabber polls

1. Please print clearly. It doesn't matter with what.
2. When you come to yes or no questions, circle the one that applies to you.
3. When completed just staple together at bottom and mail off to me.
4. Thank you for cooperating.
5. Thats it.

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

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