

ARMADILLO

ARMADILLO is published by the House of Coop, 3073 S Buchanan St, B-2, Arlington, Virginia, 22206. It currently carries The First Faithful Friends Diplomacy Game, #1971DK. Trade agreements welcomed. Subscriptions available on request. This publication is cooperating with Dick's Phase II. The editor may occasionally be reached at 703/5780684. Reservations are being solicited for a regular game.

FORMAT CHANGE: With this issue ARMO undergoes a facelift. The House of Coop has decided to put this rag in some kind of readable order for people like Rod Walker and Walt Buchanan who actually try to keep track of all that's published. Idiots. But anyway, with this goal in mind, we have proceeded to steal from a bunch of the better zines without their permission in order to come up with something better. Anyone having further suggestions is welcomed to bring such to our headquarters in the Pentagon basement. Sure. Get it on! and Happy Reading...

The First Faithful Friends Diplomacy Game...

#1971DK

TURKEY GETS GOOSSED; FRANCE FIGURES THE BEST OFFENSE IS A GOOD DEFENSE; ITALY LIES DORMANT AS THE POPE TRAVELS SOUTH FOR THE WINTER; AND WHAT'S THIS? RUSSIA AND AUSTRIA ARE WORKING TOGETHER...

SPRING, 1903: AUSTRIA (Cooper): A Rumania-Bulgaria; F Greece, A Serbia S A Rum-Bul; A Bohemia-Tyrolia; A Galacia-Rumania; A Budapest S A Gal-Rum

ENGLAND (Miller): A Yorkshire-Belguim; F NorthSea C A Yor-Bel/D/; F EngCh S A Yor-Bel

FRANCE (DeNorris): A Picardy-Burgundy; A Marseilles S A Pic-Bur; F Spain (sc)-GOL; A Paris-Gascony; F NAfrica-Tunis

GERMANY (Hirsch): A Berlin-Munich; A Belguim-Picardy; A Kiel-Ruhr; F Sweden-Norway; F Holland-NorthSea; F Denmark S F Holl-NSE

ITALY (Chitlik): No Orders Received: Units unordered: F Tyrr, F Rome, F GOL; A Pied, A Munich/D/--Removed

RUSSIA (Norris): F Norway-Skag; A Silesia S GER A Ber-Mun; A Warsaw-Moscow; A Ukraina-Sevestapol

TURKEY (Fang): A Bulgaria-Rumania/A/; F BlackSea, A Sevestapol S A Bul-Rum; F Smyrna-Aegean; F Const S F Smy-Aeg

RETREAT: England: F NSE -- Bel, Helgo, Lon, Edi, Nwg

Things have changed! It would seem that a few alliances have shifted, not to mention those that have faltered. The most obvious one has Austria and Russia allied against Turkey. This proved costly to Turkey: the loss of Bulgaria and one army. Turkey will be able to hold her own in the Fall, but after that... The impact of Italy not ordering her units cannot be measured. France has benefited beyond her wildest hopes: Tunis is hers; Italy will undoubtedly lose another unit in the Fall due to supply centers. The loss of Munich and the army hurts. Italy can only hope that Austria will prove to be a friend and not a new enemy. Austria has gained Bulgaria and a new unit provided Russia does not stab her in the Fall. Russia has gained time, as well as possible help from both Austria and Germany. However, the northern situation is up in the air: Germany snuck into Norway and now has a shot at St Pete in the Fall, thus forcing Russia to decide between defending it or going after Sevestapol. The North Sea area is also very much undecided. England will most likely retreat into Belguim, thus leaving Germany to decide whether to go after the English mainland or go back to the lowlands. With France now threatening her border, Germany might decide to work with one of her three neighbors. We shall see.

INTERNATIONAL BULLSHIT....

PARIS, Spring, 1903 (FUNK): Lawyers for General DeNorris caution the RAP from publishing any stories about "Coop, and His Dog, whimpy." There are severe penalties for libel.

VIENNA, Later (RAP): The French Underground News Kronicle is well-advised to mind its own business. Timothy Bashworth, legal editor of the RAP, said "FUNK ouhgt to know better than to threaten us with any type of legal action for libel. They have only to look in their own pages to find examples of slander and libel. And besides, with France in the situation she's facing, it's a wonder that FUNK has time for trivial matters such as these. But then I guess that's typical of France."

MOSCOW: The Putrid Czar strikes back!!

HONOLONDON: Home of the benevolent King Big Wave. Spring of 1903:

TO KAISER HIRSCH: (with respect) your eyes are open, but no doubt it's getting darker (nicht war???)

TO ARCH-DUKE IRVING OF POOP: Beware of Englishmen bearing gifts. (perhaps you should read up on Fijian legends)

TO STEPHANUS NOROVICH: good luck and I'll support you in the fall.

TO THE POPE AND THE SHEIK: Beware of the coop. if you would like to see some of his statements concerning his so called 'buddies', write me and I will send you a xerox copy.

TO GENERAL DENORIS: Hail! snow, rain, or sleet can't stop us now. (but watch those grapes down in Marseilles)

MUNICH: Once again this city is in German hands, and so it shall remain. Our eyes are open. We shall see what we shall see.

BUDAPEST (RAP): The following speech was broadcast today from the Royal Palace by the Arch-Duke Irving: "People of Europe. A new age is dawning on the continent; a time of peace and prosperity for all. Even though there is now turmoil on the plains of Europe as countries battle for supremacy; it is drawing to a close. I can announce to you that the days of fighting are numbered, for today an agreement has been made which shall affect the course of the war which now rages through our homelands. No longer shall tyrants and dictators spill the blood of those who love freedom. A Bond has been made to stifle and disband the armies of those around us who wish to impose their rule on the peasants and the weak of Europe. Let those who now bring arms against Austria and her allies take heed: No More! You shall perish on the fields of battle as surely as Queen Suzanne allows me a night out with the boys. Heed the fate which befalls The Sheik; others who would turn against their ally are warned."

THE HOUSE OF COOP COMES UP WITH THIS AFTER SPRING, 1903:

- | | |
|------------|------------|
| 1) Austria | 5) Turkey |
| 2) France | 6) Italy |
| 3) Germany | 7) England |
| 4) Russia | |

But it can change...

THE DEADLINE FOR FALL, 1903 MOVES IS 6PM, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1972.

Miller: Send retreat order for F NSE immediately. As soon as this is received, I will forward it to you all. There will not be a separate ish for the retreat.

ADDRESS CODE EXPLAINED: As with the better Dippy zines, an address coding system is used for administrative and editorial purposes. Not to be outdone, ARMO has come up with its own code system, explained here for the benefit of those who have to know everything:

P: you're a player. RP: you're a rotten player. L: you're a loser, (eliminated from a game; sub continues til end of game). F: you're a subscriber (fool). C: sample copy (cheapskate). A: you're Queen Suzanne (never mind what the A stands for). RO: we trade (rip-off).

PLUG: For all you novices out there who might be interested in playing in another zine, PLATYPUS PIE is running a novice game. The fee is \$5.50. Write Brenton VerPloeg, 520 Parker Ave, #202, San Francisco, CAL, 94118.

ARMO WOULD APPRECIATE your letting the editors know if you would be interested in some articles on opening moves and tactics of Diplomacy written by some of the best players in the game today. If so, ARMO will reprint them in upcoming issues.

ARMADILLO PLAYER POLL: The editors are interested in something and would appreciate your cooperation. All you have to do is send a list of the countries of Diplomacy in order of your preference in playing them, and a list of the countries in the order that you think the countries will win most often. (that's two lists!) Try to get this in with your next moves. THANKS!

ALWAYS STRIVING TO PLEASE, ARMO is still interested in your suggestions and comments, even if not always favorable. Let us know if there is something you would like to see in ARMADILLO, or for that matter, something you wouldn't like to see.

AND NOW, A FIRST IN ANY DIPLOMACY RAG ANYWHERE (we hope), ARMO INTRODUCES ITS RECORD REVIEW SECTION...

TRAFFIC: The low spark of high heeled boys

...The Coop reviewing

The last time Traffic went into the studio to record they came out with "John Barleycorn Must Die"; this time they have carried that one step further and have come out with a fine rock album with jazz overtones. "low spark..." features Steve Winwood, Chris Wood, Jim Gordon, Jim Capaldi, Rick Grech, and "Reebop" Kwaku Baah, an African drummer. Dave Mason is absent, but not really missed because the music simply doesn't need a wailing lead guitar. The album opens with 'Hidden treasure', a soft number that has Wood on sax and flute with Winwood's vocal. Wood's ability on flute becomes even more apparent on the final cut on the album, 'Rainmaker', a song which sounds as if it came off a Jethro Tull album. The next cut is the title song, by far the best on the disc. It begins softly with a soft sax (Wood), fades into an organ, then a piano. Then out of nowhere comes Winwood's vocal. Suddenly, the song has become legitimate jazz, with solos by Winwood and Wood on piano and sax. Closing out the first side is a solo effort by Capaldi, 'Light Up or Leave Me Alone' which just doesn't come up to the rest of the album. The second side opens with 'Rock and Roll Stew', which brings back memories of early Traffic. Next is 'Many a Mile to Freedom', with a fine vocal by Winwood. It sounds like something off "Blind Faith". The album closes with 'Rainmaker'. All things considered, the lyrics are not great, but because of the excellence of the music, they are of a secondary nature. I don't think this album is as good as "John Barleycorn...", but it is Traffic, and it is good.

FLASH! UNDERGROUND WHITEHOUSE RAIDED BY INSANE PUBLISHER AND HIS ATTORNEY!
(Underground Whitehouse, January 23, 1972) Yeah, it seems that the establishment is everywhere. The Coop was passing a sleepy Sunday afternoon working on some new plastic explosives, when he checks out a call to Saint Lorenzo Peericelli. It turns out that this St. Dude is in town, or what he thinks is in town (he's in Fairfax which is about 15 miles away from Washington, D.C., our nation's 'capitol'), and that he is none other than the editor-in-chief of TTT Publications and director and founder of the Institute of Diplomatic Studies (After careful research, the House of Coop has determined that the IDS is a front for the Daughters of the American Revolution Intelligence Agency -- they're always trying to get some evidence of non-patriotism on The House of Coop). Weeloo, The Coop is a very easy person, so he decided to meet the Saint for lunch. Accompanied by his dog, Whimpy and his girl, Queen Suzanne, The Coop took them to Clyde's for lunch, after showing them the sights of Georgetown, The Coop's personal playground. There, the Saint expounded on the advantages of growing tulips rather than petunias, the rotundity of Rod Walker's stomach, and other trivial things concerning the government and games. The Coop, Queen Suzanne, and Whimpy humored Lorenzo, and finally it was time to go, so the Coop woke Whimpy and all four proceeded to the Underground Whitehouse, which is cleverly disguised as a simple apartment in Arlington. After much discussion it was decided that since the Saint was planning to spend several days in the Washington area, he and his attorney, Antonio Messpot (or was it Desperate) could stay at the Underground Whitehouse. So luxurious accomadations were set up for the Saint and Desperate, and life around the U.W. went on almost as normal. (There was some cutting down on guerilla warfare practice and bomb-making, as well as smoking, but you know how it is with government spies around. You don't?) The days wore on (and off), and the Saint and Desperate wandered around the big city trying to find some job which would keep them around, otherwise they would have to reveal their cover and go back to San Diego. So after bribing every employer in the city not to hire hicks from San Diego, The Coop was finally able to send the goverment spies on the way. Of course, just to make sure they kept going, and didn't turn back after traveling just a few miles, The Coop accompanied the Saint and Desperate to Ohio. All in keeping with his master plan, The Coop steered the two agents into a blizzard in western Maryland. With six inches of snow already on the roads and more falling, the Coop knew tha agents would have trouble, what with their never having seen snow, let alone driving in the stuff. Desperate made a gallant try, but finally yielded to the Saint, who lost his nerve (and his lunch) the first time the trio did a few turn-arounds at 70 miles an hour, and let The Coop (a veteran traveler and a sanctioned SCCA driver) take over behind the wheel. After stopping in Cumberland to take on chains and supplies, and a little food, the trio set forth into the night to battle Mother Nature. And under the expert guidance of The Coop, they won, arriving in the peaceful twon of Bethany, West Virginia around 8 hours after they had left Washington. There, after a hearty meal, The Coop discontinued his trek, quite confident that he had seen the last of Saint Peericelli aand Antonio Desperate. Can you dig it?

(Editor's note: In case some of you were wondering how the Coop determined that St. Peericelli and attorney Desperate were in truth government spies, it was simple: They always rolled up their sleeping bags in the morning.)

AND FINALLY, WHAT YOU'VE ALL BEEN WAITING FOR: THE ADVENTURES OF THE COOP, AND HIS DOG WHIMPY...

Here now is chapter I of THE REHOBETH BEACH CAPER...

EXCITING
THE / ADVENTURES OF COOP, AND HIS DOG, whimpy.

--The Rehobeth Beach Caper--

Chapter 1: The Beginning.

(ED. NOTE: In the annals of history there have been a number of man-dog teams which have excelled in the area of do-gooding. They have always represented what is right and just, and have strived to uphold the moral and ethical principles of the good ole US of A. Now, out of the masses, another such team has arisen to take its place along-side Tom Terrific and Mighty Mnafred, the Wonderdog and Mr Peabody and his pet boy, Sherman. They are Coop, and his dog, whimpy, the most dynamic team to ever work for, uh, good?)

"Well, whimpy, this is it! The latest issue of Humpty Dumpty! You want me to read it to to you?"

(Smart ass sonuva people. Why he can't remember I can read is beyond me, and probably him too.)

ED. NOTE: the () indicate whimpy's thoughts. after all, it would be a bit much to have him talk, don't you think?

"Yeah, I often forget he can read. Well, ya want me to turn the pages?"

It was just after dinner as Coop, and his dog, whimpy were sitting down to relax in front of a nice warm fire. The clock on the wall was just striking 7. Time for 'Lassie'. You know how it is.

"Hey, whimp, how's about fetching my slippers and the Evening Star, huh? And maybe whipping up some banana daquiarries for us?"

(Wait til after 'Lassie'. Dog oh dog, he always wants me todo something.)

After Lassie finished saving Timmy for the 45,186 time, whimpy took off to fetch Coop's stuff. Returning about two weeks, carrying the North Star in his mouth, and wearing Coop's slippers, whimpy strolled into the den to find Coop still in his chair reading Humpty Dumpty.

"Fer crissakes, whimp, I said the EVENING STAR. The paper, ya know."

(Now he tells me. And for this I gave up life in a comic strip.)

"That's all right. While you were gone, whimp, we..."

(IT'S WHIMPY DAMMIT, WITH A Y!!!)

"oh yeah, sorry whimp, I mean whimpy. I forget sometimes. But anyway, whimp, while you were gone, we got a telegram from the President. He needs our help again. Something about the coming elections, ya know. Said something about Phase III. I guess he must use the same soap we do. Anyway, he wants us to drop by and visit him tomorrow. I told him we'd be there. I'll brief you on the way over."

Tomorrow finds the duo on their way to the White Husse. We'll quickly jump to the Prez's office to pick up on what's going on.

Prex: "Gentlemen, uh, that is, uh, well let me be brief. We need your help.."

(oh brother, and they said George couldn't do this...)

It seems that our economic plans our suffering from something other than market controls. We have evidence that there is a subversive group which is seeking to undermine this country's economy. Unfortunately we do not know how they operate or where, or who they are. And that's where you come in. We want you to find out

who they are, how they operate, and stop them. Your country is depending on you. Pat and Juli know you can do it. So do I. And say, uh, Coop, there is one thing, David wants to go along.

(Go along my paw! If that kid goes, I don't.)

"Well sir, we work as a team. I hope David will undrstand. It's nothing personal"

(Oh yes it is.)

Uh, I might add that recently we have received some complaints from the NAACP to the effect that you are discriminating because you have no blacks on your team." (I told you George should have won. Then we wouldn't have these kind of problems)
"Well sir, we've got the solution to that. We've decided to call in our special assistant, Drew Carroll."

"Oh, is he black?"

(He thinks he is.)

Well, sir, he has an afro, a beard, plays great basketball, wears crazy clothes, and is great with the opposite sex."

"You mean girls?"

(We're not sure.)

"Yes sir. I think he'll calm the NAACP people down. Just call him brother Drew."

"I see. Very well then. And good luck."

"Thank you Mr President. C'mon whimpy, let's get hoppin'"

(This is the 13th bar we've stopped in Coop. I don't think this is exactly the kind of hoppin' we're supposed to be doing.)

"What better place can you think of to find out information. Hey, look there! I think I'll go ask those chicks if they know anything."

His faithful dog whimpy guarding his beer, Coop saunters over to a table of 4 girls in the basement of the 1789 Restuarant (The Tombs). He is accompanied by Drew Carroll, who has joined him and whimpy for the job.

"Hello girls, mind if we join you?, asked Coop"

"Not at all, handsome. But who's the creep with you?"

"Ladies, allow me to introduce..."

"Drew Carroll, Notre Dame, Class of 74, pleasedtometcha."

"Oh brother, where'd you find him? It always turns out that the good-lookin' ones are with some dog."

"Now just a minute ladies, I'll have you know that my dog, whimpy is a trusted friend and faithful sidekick. We've been thr..."

"Whimpy? Who's Whimpy? She was talkin' about Drew!"

"Oh, I seee."

"Listen girls, how'd you all like to come back to my place and blow a little dope?"

"Hey, wow. No shit?"

"Yeah, like we'd love to."

"OK. Then let's move."

Back in Coop's place, our three heroes and their four new friends are getting to know each other better. This is all part of the plan to coax information out of the girls. Very subtle.

(Wow. So this is a man's life. I could kinda get to like this. Pass me that roacch.)

"Hey sweetheart, there's somethin' I been meanin' to ask ya. You ain't heard of any group that's tryin' to mess with the economy, have ya?"

"Gee honey, I haven't."

"How about the rest of your friends?"

"NO, I'm sure they don't either."

"Oh well, that's OK. Let's you and me go in the other room."

"We can't. Drew and Jean are already in there."

"Aw hell. And whimpy's entertaining ann and rene in the other room. I guess we c could just stay here. What do you think?"

"Oh, I'd love it."

So to the strains of The Chambers Brothers, 'Do It Together', we leave our super heroes hard at work.