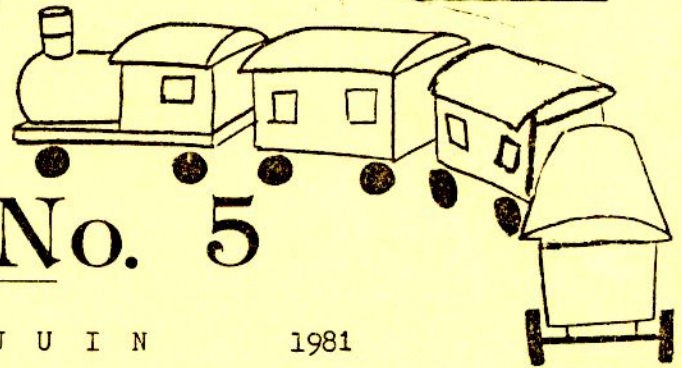


# Europa Express

Happy Holidays,  
greetings and felicitations  
from the zine which desires  
to jigglelate your luhtisibles!  
July 1st is Dominion Day in  
Canada, July 4th is the US  
Independence Day, July 14th is  
France's Bastille Day and Aug 1st  
is Belgium's National Day known  
as Fête Nationale.  
SUM-SUMSUMMERTIME!!!!



18

J U I N

1981

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§ This issue is a different one for several reasons. First it is being completely done by the printer (Last time my machine failed to cooperate and my printer had to do the last two sheets also). Second it is coming to you in envelopes (If you're not American, this doesn't make any sense) so I can address while the printer is at work and fully use the last page. ~~Your pages of note will be on the envelope but I will leave the space so you can write it in yourself if you're that sort of person.~~

§ I am experimenting with EUROPA EXPRESS. Some of you objected to my excerpting of your letters whereas I was in favor of excerpting and had some backers. But, I received a most thought-provoking letter from Steve Langley in California who said: "I rather like your letter column style---you get many more names per page that way, which appeals to the egos of more persons---and you don't require that any writer send you more than one clever paragraph---the only drawback I can note is that very few ideas get developed."

§ I have felt that with articles and letters in the same issue that one or both are getting short-changed and I was having to leave out or delay publishing of items which interested me. Consequently, this issue is mostly articles and games; No. 6 will be mostly letters and games. We will see how this works out.

§ The deadline for the three games next time will be July 17th. This is less than 5 weeks but only builds are due and the rulebook does say that builds and retreats are to be done "without any preceding diplomacy." The reason for the deadline being a little early, is that I am going to Eastcon, the gaming convention in New Jersey. I shall mail out the winter results to the players, go to Eastcon and return at the end of July, and put out No. 6 for all the subbers. Hopefully I will have an article on my experiences in the land of the Yankees. Bruce Linsey, John Caruso and a couple of others have offered to put up with me---I think some of you will be spared however, ha ha!

§ The US Postal Service's contract expires on July 20th and there is the remote possibility of a strike. If so, all games will be delayed (you may not even get this, oh yes you will, my mind's in July!) and I will send out an interim issue. I am a postal clerk but I work nights and I have had to work every one of my holidays this year which is going to include July 4th. However, my off-day is on July 4th so my "holiday" is July 2nd but I still work it. Why they want to pay us time and a half is beyond me! A correction to last issue; Steve Heinowski is not a postal clerk. He is a postal clerk-carrier. He actually delivers the mail.

§ Now some sad news: With so many fakes, you don't know the truth sometimes, but Marion Bates, pubber of Plague Times, is feeling up to par and has to undergo hospitalization. He has some wonderful friends who help him put out the last PT (there will be more!). Thanks, guys!!!

\*\*\*\*\*

§ DIPLOMACY is a registered trademark for a game invented by Allan B. Calhamer and copyrighted by The Avalon Hill Company.

\*\*\*\*\*

If you are a publisher and a red "x" appears on your envelope, I haven't seen your zine at all or in quite some time and you are in grave danger of not seeing this zine any more.

¶ ZINE PLUG ¶

Every day information about the hobby grows and it seems new zines appear each month. There exists a zine which synthesizes information on various subjects by culling items from many zines and generally organizing 'theme' issues. Diplomacy Digest (Mark Berch, 492 Naylor Place, Alexandria, Virginia 22304, USA) is the zine to read if you want to know all about stalemate lines or hobby history or the playing of Germany or almost any topic of interest. DD is mostly reprints with some original articles but the intangible factor is Mark Berch's dedication and analytic eye. DD back issues are readily available and my personal favorite is the Lexicon of Diplomacy (#34-35-36) which is a dictionary of hobby terms and history. Recently Mark published an article by Allan Calhmer, our game's creator, on what he thought of the game and some aspects of how it reached it's final form. Check with Mark on prices but you will find DD one of our hobby's best bargains.



As I think I will tell you on the first page, this issue of EUROPA EXPRESS will be mostly an issue of articles which will make for a change of pace and allow more in depth discussion both in an 'articles' issue and in a 'letters' issue which I intend #6 to be.

I think it is appropriate for the first article to be about the game of Diplomacy itself and it is especially pleasing to me to have an article by Mark "Faz" Fassio who at least up til the last issue was my ally in a Ter-ran game. I have learned a lot from Faz about how much fun this game can be and also about how to be a better player (I think!). Here tis:

WHY PLAY DIPLOMACY?

---by Mark Fassio

ATTENTION STEP: What's got orange wiry hair, a red nose and lives in a test tube?

ANSWER: Bozo the Clown.

Now that I have your attention, fellow diplomats, did you ever stop to reason why you play this ulcer-creator of a game? Lord knows it's not for the fame or recognition. Oh sure, a few diehards will recognize your name, especially the bimbos who make it their point to be in every zine and game created. Still, no one else is going to erect a statue in, say, Leechburg, Pennsylvania (one of the cultural centers of Western Civilization, may I add) saying, "In Memory of Steve Heinowski, a swell Diplomacy player." (Note the obviously fictitious name).

Who here plays for money? Other people play poker or blackjack, which at least gives you a chance for monetary return. This hobby drains us of much needed ~~best~~ survival money, and gives us in return a monthly ragsheet containing abbreviations resembling ancient Phoenician symbols.

Most people seem to be in the hobby for two reasons. One is the "birds of a feather" theory. Sit seven men in a room to play Diplomacy, and non-hobbyists will think it's a closet homo convention. Sit a mixture of men and women down to play, and people will think it's an orgy.

But, go to a wargame convention and you're IN LIKE FLYNN. People there know that A Ukr S (A/H) A Gal is a move, and not some Druid curse. Also, you may discover that there are bigger losers out there than yourself. I thought I was a real zero until I played/met some of you candidates for pre-frontal lobotomies. Now I feel I'm at least a "one" instead of a zero.

That brings me to my last reason for play: the "fun" issue. People can fantasize that they're another Machiavelli, or Hannibal, or football, or Base-bal, or whoever, while displaying some tactical skill. You can also abuse people, via press, that you've never met, and also try to meet them at a future DipCon. It's a well-rounded game, just like certain parts of girls' anatomies are rounded (Shoulders, knees, etc--you catch my drift).

(continued on page 3)

§ You're outside. It's cold. Your skin tingles. Little bumps form on it. In English, we say chill bumps or "goose" bumps. The Koreans call such skin, "chicken skin." Appropriate.

\*\*\*\*\*  
→ → → FAZ FINISHES:

Now that I've spent all this time explaining other people's reasons for playing (ridiculously obvious ones, I admit), I'll move on to other articles of equally worthless value. Address quotes about this article to: Occupant, Matawan Home For The Criminally Insane(Diplomacy Division), Anytown, USA.

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Several of you might think I have been picking on John Caruso, the pubber of Whitestonia, lately, especially if you don't read his W. My letters to him, in good English, always wind up in a Southern dialect in John's zine. My phone calls to him are placed in his zine for all to read(and laugh at is his real intention). He has criticized me for not printing his letters in full. I have had about all I can stand, the pressure is just too great. I want everyone reading this in all nine countries to learn about the real John Caruso. I think this next ??? speaks for itself. His address for those of you interested in Whitestonia is 160-02 43 Ave, 2nd Floor, Flushing, New York 11358, USA. Gregory Russell recently said that John Caruso didn't have the brains that God gave a retarded goose. All I can say is

DIS IS NAH YORK'S URBAN COWBOY  
TALKIN' AT YOUSE! ---by John Caruso

Gary, I'm making this an article because, from what you tell me, you are cutting out your letter column. I can't believe you would actually cut out the best part of your zine. It's bad enough you chop up the letter column but now you intend to cut it out altogether.

I can't believe that you take everything that everyone tells you seriously. Everybody likes to tease you Gary because you're so teasable.

I agree with you that this Tro matter must be dropped. It's a stupid, boring arguement. A similiar statement to this is appearing in Brutus Bulletin. For the record, I agree with Bruce Linsey. Tro is ambiguous, besides Tri or Tyo, it could mean North Sea, Denmark, Portugal, Piedmont, etc., etc., etc.

Not to take anything away from your plug of Steve Heinowski's Ter-ran in #4, but the article about meeting Kathy in Florida was written by Steve but appeared in Whitestonia #21. Talk about blunderers!

~~~~~

And I must also say you've fallen out of the top spot in linear separators, in fact you might even not be #2 anymore. Bernard Sampson of Torpedo has the best separators I've seen. And your friend, Black Jack Masters, has proved to be as good, if not one step better than you. Come on Gary! Don't be outdone by such dribblers. Don't let them throw mud in your face-----open your mouth.

I'm keeping this short. Think I've said enough for now. Come on Gary, cheer up, things could get worse. Sure enough, as Gary cheered up, things got worse. Take care and continued success!

\*\*\*\*\*

Until recently, Sweden's The Baltic Battler(see page 4) was printed mostly in English. Now, for some unexplainable reason it has switched to Swedish! At any rate, the many subbers from the US and Great Britain wanted to know about the languages of Scandinavia(which is usually considered to be Denmark, Sweden, Norway and Finland). "The Scandinavians" by Donald S. Connery (1966) contained some tidbits that I sent to Torbjörn, the pubber of TBB who printed them. He made one slight mistake and printed "dew" instead of"dour" in the following passage:

"There are a good many stories dealing with national characteristics, and it is the Scandinavians who tell them most avidly. For example, two Danes, two Norwegians, two Finns and two Swedes are shipwrecked and cast up on a desert island. By the time they are rescued, the Danes have formed a co-operative, the Norwegians have built a fishing vessel, the Finns have chopped down all the trees and the Swedes are waiting to be introduced. A variation of this tale says the Danes are making jokes, the Norwegians are fighting, the Finns are drinking and the Swedes are still waiting to get introduced.

Another story tells of the four Scandinavians who get together to manufacture a new product which will make them a lot of money. The Finn designs it, the Swede makes it, the Dane sells it and the Norwegian complains about it.

→ → → Loud Americans? Snobbish Englishmen?

These characteristics are about as valid as the notion of the snobbish Englishman, amorous Italian or loud American, but, of course, there is something to them. Among the Scandinavians themselves, judging from many conversations, it is popularly held that Danes are fun-loving, easy-going, shallow, shrewd, not altogether sincere and not inclined to too much exertion, THE NORWEGIANS ARE STURDY, BRAVE, BUT A LITTLE TOO SIMPLE AND UNSOPHIS-CATED, the Finns are dew, argumentative, courageous, a bit primitive and apt to be violent after too many drinks, and the Swedes are clever, capable, reliable, but much too formal, success-ridden and neurotic." [ ]

Now that passage appeared just like that in TBB. The sentence about the Norwegians was in caps because the Swedes tell Norwegian jokes like Americans tell Polish jokes or Canadians tell Newfie(Newfoundland) jokes. An example given was, "A war has broken out between Sweden and Norway. A Swedish sergeant instructs some new recruits just before they are going to be sent off to the front. He asks a soldier: Sergeant: "What will you do if a Norwegian throws a hand grenade against you?" Soldier: "Cock it and throw it back at him!"

But as mentioned before, Torbjörn printed the word "dew" instead of the correct "dour" for one of the Finnish characteristics. A native English speaker would stop and wonder what the word "dew" meant, as I did. And so would a Finn reading it. And EUROPA EXPRESS's resident Finn wrote in a answer to this in a later TBB. Here is what C-G Spare had to say. Don't you wish you knew another language as well as he knows ours!

"What does he mean, this Gary Coughlan, by calling us Finns dew? Dew? Dew? What does it mean? I have to look it up...Hmmm....Ah, here it is: Dew: moisture condensed upon cool bodies, no it cannot be that. Dew: to apply a fine spray to worsted cloth, also unlikely. But there are no more dews in Webster's. Obviously it is a derogation of such a horrendous nature, that it cannot be included in a decent dictionary. Ah, but what's this? Dew: see daw(Scottish) Hmmm....

Daw: nitwit, simpleton, fool, sluggard, slattern. Hey, watch it, man, who you call a sluggard slattern, you glaikit sumph, you shilpit wee nyaff you!

But what if I'm wrong, perhaps dew means something good? Perhaps I'd better apologize: I ask your forbearance, serene Sir, I take back my words and opine the opposite. But still, if I was right, then I exhort you to forcibly insert a dried spruce cone into the final segment of your digestive system!"

\*\*\*\*\*

NOR FOR NORWAY! Pity the poor Norwegians with the Swedes making jokes about them! There is a movement afoot to make the sometimes controversial abbreviation "Nor" the abbreviation for Norway. Allen Wells, pubber of Dot Happy, whose houserules make this particular abbreviation completely unambiguous, is sending out beautiful certificates in beautiful Old English script for the price of one SASE to all supporters. I have mine! You can get yours(and don't you want to get yours?) by sending an SASE to Allen at 550 Memorial Drive, #2E3, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02139, USA. Join the "Nor For Norwegians Fan Club"!

\*\*\*\*\*

¶ ZINE PLUG ¶



My first foreign zine was The Baltic Battler(Torbjörn Ström, Länsmansvägen 19, S-370 10 Bräkne-Hoby, Sweden)which almost singlehandedly brought postal Diplomacy to Scandinavia. Torbjörn published almost exclusively in English in order to attract Britons and Americans. Swiss, Germans, Dutch, Belgians, French and Irish subbers also joined to make TBB a truly inter-national zine with a great lettercolumn and international games. TBB has regular diplomacy as well as Dungeons and Dragons and is now virtually in Swedish with a little section in English. It is a beautiful zine, full of graphics, and interesting article I have enjoyed TBB but hate to see the English section go, but I do understand. Torbjörn enjoys lecturing British pubbers and I am just now seeing what he has meant in some comments since I sub to a few U.K. zines. Unless you are fluent in Swedish, I cannot recommend TBB. But in its time, it was superior to most English-language zines and deserves many accolades.

Next up is Konrad Baumeister, pubber of the now deceased Eggnog and Wisconsin's resident beer critic. As I am the hobby's "Southerner" to pick on, so is Konrad our "German" in North America. I have missed his sense of humor when Eggnog folded but have been able to coax an article out of him, in fact, he sent me two, but you'll have to wait for the other one. When not in Wisconsin, he is a university student at Georgetown near Washington, D.C.

LET'S ALL GO TO THE MOVIES

---by Konrad Baumeister

Georgetown----shit, I wake up and I'm still only in Georgetown. Only three movie theatres and the Cerberus; and the Georgetown has been playing Caligula for over a year. But back home it was worse; then I'd wake up and everywhere there was Private Benjamin--- ---the horror, the horror.

I lay in bed waiting for an assignment, a film review assignment. I didn't care. Any film. When was the last time I reviewed one, anyway? I had been almost three days without a fix and for my sins They gave me one. The call was fast and was over quicker than a Grade Z horror flick: "EUROPA office, one hour. Be there. Aloha."

The call had finally come and I knew from the situation that it had to be bad. Dry spells were never broken by a Stunt Man, Ordinary People, or even an Apocalypse Now. Those ones only came when you didn't expect it, never when you needed it.

When I got to the office, it had a certain dead look to it, perfect for what was about to transpire here. There were three people seated around the editor's desk: Coughlan, the Editor-in-Chief, a happy-go-lucky exterior disguising the ruthless ambition that would stop at nothing ; another, a real shark of a character, whose name nobody knows; if you ever had anything he wanted, look out, it wouldn't be yours for long; and a third guy, a little older, who looked like an Oriental Elmer Fudd with a few Y'alls behind him(haven't we all?).

"Sit down, have a seat," Coughlan said with a smirk, "we have an assignment for you."

"I figured that out for myself, bright eyes," I replied, unwilling to give him the edge.

The shark chimed in with his no-nonsense voice, "Just shut up and listen. You will proceed down to Wisconsin Ave., take an eastbound thirties bus to the White House, disembark there. Continue, on foot, in a northeasterly direction up New York Ave., enter the Town Theatre, watch the film that is playing there, learn what you can, and terminate the film."

"Terminate, sir?" I questioned.

"This film is out there operating, bringing in customers without any care paid to cinematic value or proper marketing procedures. It is an aberration that could be discontinued with a negative review," the shark concluded.

Elmer Fudd finally spoke, "Terminate---with extweme pwedjustice. Haha, ha, ha, ha!"

"What's the name of the film?" I finally asked.

"Does it really matter?" they all chimed in unison.

No, I guess it didn't. How many times had I gone into the worst section of D.C. to see a film---any film. It was an obsession, even when I knew they would be awful---I had to see for myself. Even when there was no intention of reviewing the movie for this or any other publication, I went. High crime areas at night, long rides on public transportation over traffic-clogged streets, stale, overpriced popcorn, and theatres where all you get for your \$3.50 was a lumpy seat and a sticky floor. The name of the film didn't matter one bit, I had killed off enough, but this one was different. They wanted this one dead and if I could do it without even seeing it, they wouldn't care. I guess by this point they just didn't think it would matter----but it did.

The bus trip would serve to clear my head, but the only trouble was I wasn't going to be alone. Riding with every bum and drifter who had sixty cents to his name and the ability to pass a liquor store without using it. They dotted the Metrobus route forcing the bus driver to stop so often that it made your stomach feel as if you had just finished your third serving of the cat's liver surprise smeared with ketchup.

(continued on page 6)

Many comments have come in about the identity of the man in EUROPA EXPRESS #4. In probably #6, these comments, some quite humorous and all interesting, will be printed. It is not too late for you, YOU, to get in your guess so write in!

\* \* \* \* \*  
-- -- Elmer Fudd twalks fwunny!

It was only appropriate that I should start walking at the White House where that hero of countless Warner Brothers' B movies rested his glorious bones every night. It was the dividing line between rich Washington and poor Washington; the area of drugs, pornography and street crime. I loved it. An area where a bus terminal was a haven from the street---that's where I was going.

At the door of the Town Theatre, I paid my \$3.50. There were no press passes in this neck of the woods; no sir. You paid your money and that got you in the door; after that, good luck.

The movie was named Maniac vs. the Humanoids From the Deep, starring Jamie Lee Curtis. I should have known, another horror flick, but nothing I had ever seen before prepared me for this: Beatings, mutilations, burnings, stabbings; horrible atrocities committed with no regard for simple human dignity. And this was only during the Three Stooges short.

The main feature was even worse, if that was possible. I knew why EUROPA Command wanted this one destroyed, but a review would take a week and even then might not be totally successful. The more I thought about it, the more I realized that the only solution to this was a kind of "termination" that Command would never even dream of. Or maybe they had, and that's why I was here.

Battling my way through the cigarette-fogged lobby, I finally came to the door of the projection booth. I hesitated a moment wondering what fresh horrors lay within, but I had to destroy the film.

The room looked normal enough except that chained to the projector was a bald-headed man who said, "Come in, I was wondering when you'd arrive."

He continued, "I saw a worm today walking along the edge of a straight razor and it was singing songs from the Beatles. Off key, I'm afraid, so I squashed it. It will never bother me again."

I thought I had seen it all, but this voice really put the hook in me. Prolonged exposure to cheap horror films had reduced a normal person to this sad excuse for humanity that now stood before me. He had to go also, with this insanity that he perpetrated on a daily basis. After all, I'd be doing him a favor.

The old newspapers caught fire quickly and ignited the celluloid. And as I turned my back on him as well as that part of myself that I was now exorcising, I heard him mutter, "Thanks kid, I needed that."

\* \* \* \* \*

Gregory Russell whose fresh and exciting views have breathed new life into this hobby has a mini-article based on Jim Williams' article on the various types of diplomacy players in #4. Gregory is a relative new-comer with many ideas that I wholeheartedly agree with.

FTF & PBM FT!

---by Gregory Russell

Further description of the Full-Time Player(or FT): His wife becomes a "strong ally." His job is a real "Italy". His co-workers become jugulars or clones of Edi Birsan. His boss becomes the GM(somewhere between Oaklyn and Smyth), and his stock investments are described in terms of Russia---"high risk, high gain".

He cultivates social contacts in hope of "cross game alliances", takes a Dale Carnegie course to improve his FTF play; studies typing, languages and creative writing so as to write better letters and press releases; uses risk analysis in picking his allies; and watches Meet the Press to learn how to lie.

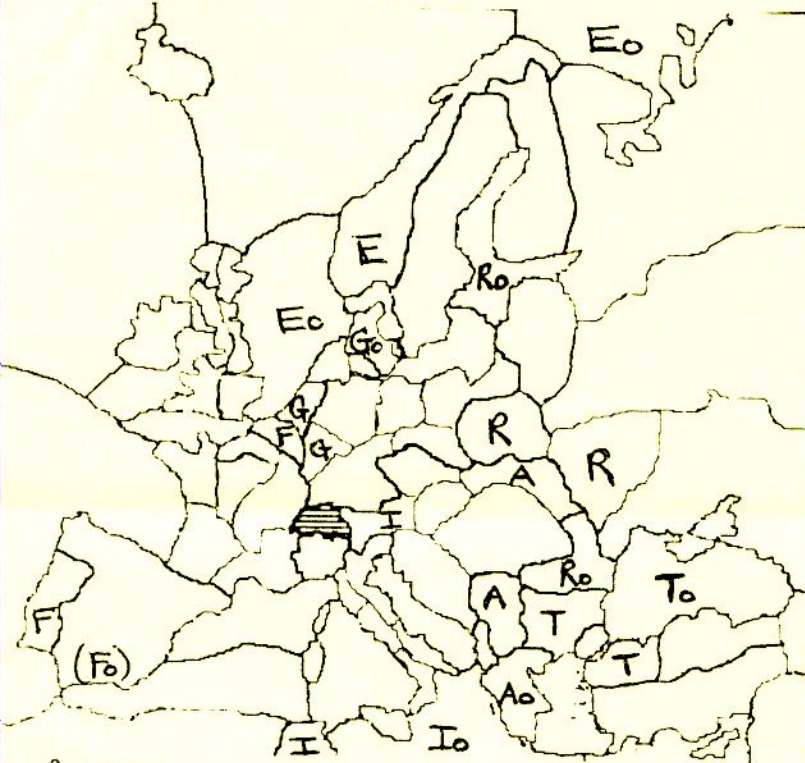
His sexual encounters are all too frequently described as "having grabbed Brest, I still couldn't get into the Channel." He has little time for sex anyway since he had to take a second job to pay for the WATTS line at his house. Sundays, he goes out looking for Jehovah Witnesses---and they ask him to stop talking to them! His ~~other~~ hobbies(Dip isn't a hobby, it's a vocation, a way of life)--hanging around airports in order to study the persuasion techniques of Fusion advocates and Moonies.

His favorite books: The Prince and Winning Through Intimidation. On his deathbed, he is apt to describe his life as "having played England, I took Scandinavia but never got into the Med." His will---"I leave all my centers to my faithful allies...My only regret in dying is that I hate to NMR."

\* \* \* \* \*  
6

FRANCE DOUBLES STRENGTH WHILE ENGLAND PREPARES FOR ARCTIC ADVENTURE!! GERMANY REBUFFS ITALY AND RUSSIA!!!

Ω FALL 1901 POSITIONS Ω



§ GAME: "Swedish Roundabout" 1981 AM  
 § GM: Herr Garmär L. Kaufflandsson  
 § NEXT SEASON IS: Winter 1901  
 § NEXT DEADLINE IS: Friday, July 17th  
 § GAME COLOR: Gul

¶ GAME NOTES: Garry Hamlin has a new address: 111 Varner Ct., Midland, Michigan 48640 USA. Players were already informed.

At last this game earns its illustrious name--Swedish Roundabout! All the neutrals, except for Sweden, are gone and three major powers are now roundabout Sweden(har, har). No, there really was a "Swedish Roundabout" in World War I.

This game seems top-heavy in datelines so a tally-to-date seems in order: Austria's s datelines are: Crud, Rockville, Legitimate Information Exchange Service(LIES), and Doomed Doomie. Russia's are: Great Doomie of the Year, Wichita, and Buddy. France's are Brux, Great Doomie in the Sky, Leisureville and Mendacious Excrescence. These are claimed!

§ ORDERS OF BATTLE FOR FALL 1901 §

- ENGLAND: A Yor-(NWY), F (NTH) C A Yor-Nwy, F Nwg-(BAR)  
 (Herr Garry Hamlin)
- FRANKRIKE: F Mao-(SPA-sc), A Spa-(POR), A Bur-(BEL)  
 (Herr Bruce Linsey)
- ITALIEN: A (TYO)-Mun, A Apu-(TUN), F (ION) C A Apu-Tun  
 (Herr Bob Osuch)
- RYSSLAND: F Sev-(RUM), A (UKR) S F Sev-Rum, A (WAR) H, F (BOT)-Swe  
 (Herr Bob Olsen)
- TURKIET: A (BUL) S Russian F Sev-Rum, A (CON) H, F Ank-(BLA)  
 (Herr Dave Tucker)
- TYSKLAND: A (RUH)-Mun, A Kie-(HOL), F (DEN)-Swe  
 (Herr Randolph Smyth)
- ÖSTERRIKE-UNGERN A Vie-(GAL), F Alb-(GRE), A (SER) S F Alb-Gre  
 (Herr Dick Martin)

§ 1901 SUPPLY CHART §

|                   | <u>Gains</u>  | <u>Loses</u> | <u>Retains</u> | <u>Has</u> | <u>Builds/Removes</u> |
|-------------------|---------------|--------------|----------------|------------|-----------------------|
| ENGLAND:          | NWY           |              | Home           | 4          | +1                    |
| FRANKRIKE:        | BEL, POR, SPA |              | Home           | 6          | +3                    |
| ITALIEN:          | TUN           |              | Home           | 4          | +1                    |
| RYSSLAND:         | RUM           |              | Home           | 5          | +1                    |
| TURKIET:          | BUL           |              | Home           | 4          | +1                    |
| TYSKLAND:         | DEN, HOL      |              | Home           | 5          | +2                    |
| ÖSTERRIKE-UNGERN: | GRE, SER      |              | Home           | 5          | +2                    |
| NEUTRAL:          | SWE           |              |                | 1          | +11                   |
|                   |               |              |                | <u>34</u>  |                       |

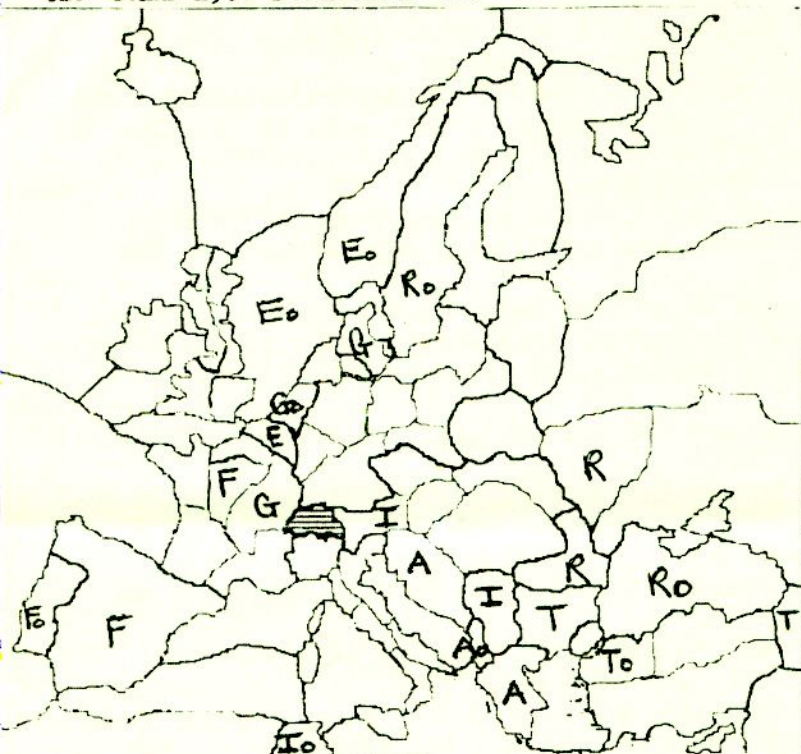
((Press starts on next page))

MEMPHIS- Did I say datelines or did I say datelines?  
BRUX to Krud, Pudge and Rumpelstiltskin: Gee, guys, we ought to feel privileged that we're the only ones in this game colorful enough to have nicknames. Let's ally together, all four of us, and wipe out the boring people.  
Mendacious Excrescence to Rumpelstiltskin: Gosh, Bob, you caught me by surprise with your move to Tyrolia. Your letters covered all the angles, from moving on Austria to Lepantoing Turkey to attacking me. BUT never once did I suspect an early Italian stab of England! Rome to Paris: You can call me "Rumpelstiltskin" if I can call you "Dungbrain."  
Memphis to Paris: A suggestion: England might like the name "Rumpelstiltskin."  
France to Queen Victoria: You think that pitiful little stratagem will save you?  
Norwich News(England): All England mourns the passing of Queen Victoria who recently succumbed to Insanus fames Luxembourgae after a lingering illness. In keeping with her dying wishes, good King Rumpelstiltskin I has declared war on the scrawny Italian usurper, in an effort to restore the dead Queen's grandson Nicholas II to his rightful place on the throne. King Rump the Ridiculous, also known as Rump the Ruthless, called on the entire Hanoverian line to crush the illegitimate rule of the Russian miscreant. He also calls on Ayatollah Tucker to join him in a holy war against the Great Satan in the frozen north.  
Austria to Memphis: OK, if I can't use "The Great Doomie at Sea", then how about "Doomed Doomie"? This, by the way, is patterned after a song by the singer you thought I didn't like in the fake.  
Doomed Doomie to The Great Doomie of the Year: ESM my ---! The ESM is never so bold, so presumptuous! They are about the same effectiveness, though....  
BRUX to Boardman: How perspicacious of you to deduce that "Jim Williams" is my pseudonym because he too disagrees with you! Gee, you're brilliant---no wonder you're a professor. Actually, I just wanted to play in two games in EUROPA EXPRESS and "Gary Coughlan" wouldn't allow it, so I had to invent another alias. Please don't tell anyone, OK?  
Memphis to BRUX: Ah, Bruce, aren't you stretching the point a bit?  
Leisureville to World: I never lie, gents! I kicked that habit when I was in the Boy Scouts  
You know: trustworthy, loyal, all that shit.  
Buddy to Rockville: Go soak your head Dick Martin! Doomies show no mercy!  
Buddy to Albany: Go soak your head Bruce Linsey! Retaliation shows no mercy!  
Buddy to Memphis: Go soak your head Gary Coughlan! The North shows no mercy!  
[LUZERN]- Good, now I can attack everybody! (1) Gary "Hambone" Coughlan--I don't dare, he always gets the last word. (2) Dick "Crud, the Roach" Martin--Thinks two garbled lines on a postcard will win the game. Yeh! (3) Garry "Parents didn't know how to spell" Hamlin--Tactic of "fearing prearranged G/F alliance" may backfire. (4) Bruce "Mr. Technicality" Linsey--He's OK, just stay off his 3/4 of the board. (5) Randolph "Yankee Go Home" Smyth--"Don't blame me for our lousy postal system." (6) Bob "Hick-Hater" Osuch--Will puppet for anybody, for the right price(US currency only). (7) Bob "Oaklyn Maildrop" Olsen--If press were a tactical skill would have won long ago. (8) Dave "You can't attack me I'm a foreigner" Tucker--would settle for an 8-way draw, with Switzerland sharing.  
Frankrike to GI: Who is that peace-loving Turk who likes to keep his hands to himself and consequently doesn't know what it means to screw? I don't want that kind of fellow in my draws! NO to the 7-way draw.  
Budapest to Constantinople: I vote NO to your proposed draw. If we don't do those nasty things to each other, who does that leave?!  
Turkey to Saxe-Coburg-Gotha France: You've got to watch these colonials; they're sneaky. You'll have tea clogging up the Seine next.  
Russia to Turkey: Stop smirking at the oafish colonials. You're next as soon as I can figure out a way to start an international incident.  
The Great Doomie of the Year to The Great Doomie in the Sky: Yuk, yuk, I'm pretty good at starting hobby feuds, ain't I? By the way, Osuch says you wear combat boots to Tupperware parties.  
BRUX to Black Jack: Gee, I've always wanted to try playing in an 8-man game! Wanna be my ally?  
BRUX to Blant: So you want to play in my game, do you? You must have a case of Mastersitis! Seriously, just sign up at the same time I do for my next game; you'll be ready for another one by 1988, won't you?  
Moscow to Memphis: Keep your mitts off my parakeet! Buddy's mine! All mine! I think I'll name my other bird( a finch) Boardman. Who else do you know around who's on good terms with both Tretick and Boardman, anyway?  
Memphis to Moscow: That must be some tightrope you're walking. Press continues on page 17.



AUSTRIANS BRING ITALIAN MERCENARIES INTO SERBIA AS TURKEY  
AND RUSSIA SQUARE OFF!!! FRENCH SAVE THE MARSEILLAISE!!!!

Ω FALL 1901 POSITIONS Ω



§ GAME: "Saxe-Coburg-Gotha" 1981 AN  
 § GM: Herr Garmar L. Kaufflandsson  
 § NEXT SEASON IS: Winter 1901  
 § NEXT DEADLINE IS: Friday, July 17th  
 § GAME COLOR: Grön

¶ GAME NOTES: Mark Fassio has an address in the South now. It is Spanish Garden Apartments, Box 24, Wedgefield, South Carolina 29168. Faz says that he will be on maneuvers from June 15-28 and that his unit may be assigned to Saudi Arabia come Dec or Jan!!!

John Marsden called me from England to give me his orders--talk about a competitor! Very English accent! I enjoyed the call, John! So far this game has given me exotic calls from both England and Alaska. West Virginia anyone?!

Last time, John got the results in 6 days and Patrick got them in 5 days. (Patrick may be coming to Eastcon I hear) I think that this justifies the early mailing idea for overseas and Alaska. John Marsden may have a new address soon so be on the lookout! On with the game!

§ ORDERS OF BATTLE FOR FALL 1901 §

- ENGLAND: A Yor-(BEL), F (NTH) C A Yor-Bel, F Nwg-(NWY)  
 (Herr Mark Fassio)
- FRANKRIKE: A Pic-(PAR), A (SPA)-Mar, F Mao-(POR)  
 (Herr John Marsden)
- ITALIEN: A Tri-(SER), A Ven-(TYO), F Ion-(TUN)  
 (Herr Allen Pearson)
- RYSSLAND: F Bot-(SWE), A Sev-(RUM), A (UKR) S A Sev-Rum, F (BLA) S A Sev-Rum  
 (Herr Patrick Conlon)
- TURKIET: A (BUL)-Rum, F (CON)-Bul, A Smy-(ARM)  
 (Herr Alan Waisanen)
- TYSKLAND: A Kie-(DEN), A (BUR)-Mar, F (HOL) S English A Yor-Bel  
 (Herr Jack Fleming)
- ÖSTERRIKE-UNGERN: A Ser-(GRE), F (ALB) S A Ser-Gre, A Bud-(TRI)  
 (Herr Kerry Elant)

§ 1901 SUPPLY CHART §

|                   | <u>Gains</u> | <u>Loses</u> | <u>Retains</u> | <u>Has</u> | <u>Builds/Removes</u> |
|-------------------|--------------|--------------|----------------|------------|-----------------------|
| ENGLAND:          | BEL, NWY     |              | Home           | 5          | +2                    |
| FRANKRIKE:        | POR, SPA     |              | Home           | 5          | +2                    |
| ITALIEN:          | SER, TUN     |              | Home           | 5          | +2                    |
| RYSSLAND:         | RUM, SWE     |              | Home           | 6          | +2                    |
| TURKIET:          | BUL          |              | Home           | 4          | +1                    |
| TYSKLAND:         | DEN, HOL     |              | Home           | 5          | +2                    |
| ÖSTERRIKE-UNGERN: | GRE          |              | Home           | 4          | +1                    |
|                   |              |              |                | <u>34</u>  | <u>+12</u>            |







§ DOLLAR DIPLOMACY §

Ole George has reason to smile these days. From his honored perch on the one dollar bill, our first President sees the 205th anniversary of our revolt against the tyranny of England and the 200th anniversary of our victory at Yorktown, Virginia (in the South natch!) and the recent good health of the dollar abroad.

Thomas Franke of West Germany expressed an interest, as did several others, in Ken Attwood's article on British money and I felt another money article would also be interesting.

A slight background of US money, before this historical article, is: The US <sup>dollar</sup> can consist of 100 pennies, or 10 dimes or 4 quarters or two half-dollars or 20 nickels which are all coins. There is also a metal dollar, very unpopular since it is frequently confused for a quarter, called the "Susan B. Anthony" Dollar. Paper dollars are \$1, \$2 (rarely seen), \$5, \$10, \$20, \$50 and \$100 and then out of my reach! On with the history of the American dollar.

THE DOLLAR IS A BUCK IS A GREENBACK IS A DOLLAR

---by Bruce Linsey

Ken Attwood's article on British money was most interesting and informative. One thing it did was to make the designers of the old British currency system look like total nincompoops. But can we in America boast about our "simple" decimal system? I doubt it. In fact, I'll bet that not one American in twenty can even intelligently discuss the history of US currency. As an avid coin collector, I have had occasion to learn a bit about this country's coinage, and I'd like to share some morsels with EUROPA EXPRESS's readers.

The first coins struck in the US under the Congressional resolution of 1785 (which approved the dollar as the basic unit and the decimal coinage ratio) were the 1787 Massachusetts cents and half-cents. The US Mint in Philadelphia opened up in 1792, and the first coin produced there was the half-disme, worth five cents.

By the beginning of the nineteenth century, the US was producing a variety of coins. The cent and half-cent were large copper pieces. Dismes (later to be called dimes) and half-dismes were made of silver. (The nickel five-cent piece did not come into being until 1866). Quarter dollars, half dollars and silver dollars were in existence then, as were some gold coins: the eagle, the half-eagle and the quarter-eagle, therefore, was worth \$2.50. Gold dollars came into being in the 1840s. All of these early coins featured a picture of "Liberty."

Also a unit of currency, but never actually minted, was the mill, which is a tenth of a cent. (By the way, the word is cent! There has never been any such thing as a "penny" in US history, not counting some early colonial coins).

The nineteenth century was the heyday of freaky American coins. The old standbys were all there, although the half-cent eventually died out and the half-dime gave way to the nickel. New on the scene were the double eagle (A 20-dollar gold piece), a short-lived 2-cent piece (notable for being the first coin to bear the motto, "In God We Trust"), a 3-cent nickel, a 3-cent silver piece (colloquially known as a "thrip", this was the smallest US coin ever minted), and one of the rarest of the bunch --- the 20-cent piece. This ill-fated coin was minted only from 1875 through 1878 and is now a prize collector's item. The 2- and 3-cent pieces were discontinued after a while, and the cent was reduced from a large copper piece to the small coins of the size we know today.

But the survey of weird denominations is not yet complete! The nineteenth century also saw the 3-dollar gold piece and the 4-dollar gold piece; the latter was also known as the "stella."

In contrast, the twentieth century has seen changes only in designs, not in denominations. (Exceptions: gold coins were discontinued and the dollar coin was recently brought back after a long lapse - no longer silver, alas!). More recently, we have had to put up with the ridiculous Susan B. Anthony dollar, which is frequently mistaken for a quarter.

(continued on page 14)

Bruce Linsey, who is the pubber of The Voice of Doom, has challenged John Boardman, who is the pubber of Graustark, to a \$100 bet that more publishers think that fake zines and hobby hoaxes are "good" than will vote that they are "bad." If accepted, details will be provided.

→ → → Pennies are too cents!!!

As for paper money, its history is also interesting. Suffice it now to say that the US has printed bills as large as \$100,000 in face value!

I hope, then, that we Americans don't view the old British system with too much contempt. With our mills, half-dimes, thrips, stellas and double-eagles; we haven't been any less confusing!

□ Now I have been able to see Canadian, British, German and French money. Mike Close sent me the individual coins(U.K. money). I liked the 50p piece which is about the size of the US half-dollar except that it has 7 sides. One interesting thing to me was that Queen Elizabeth, on the British pound, gazes at the viewer directly and a crown is on her head. But on the Canadian dollar, Queen Elizabeth's looking away and there is no crown on her head. I draw no conclusions(Did the Canadians steal her crown? Are they trying to de-emphasize their monarchical connection with Great Britain?). Of these currencies, the Canadian dollar is the largest in size whereas the German mark, French franc and British pound seem small to this American. US dollars are also lackluster being green and white. All of the other currencies are in beautiful hues like yellow, pink, brown and blue.

"In private life, I am an uxorious husband of a termagant hoyden - well not really, but I could not resist using those delightful words." Those words are by C-G Späre, who is EUROPA EXPRESS's subber from Finland. See what you think of his way of expressing himself.

THE TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS OF MILITARY CARTOGRAPHERS  
(A true story) ---by C-G Späre

In Finnish Lapland there is a lake. When Finnish cartographers first "discovered" it, they asked the local Lapps its name. The answer was "jaur", which means "lake", simply, in the Lapp tongue. So the Finnish mapmakers wrote "Jaurjärvi" on their maps, which means "Lakelake". Then the Russian army made their own maps, but based it on the Finnish map. Now the lake was called "Jaurjärviozero", or "Lakelakelake." Next the Germans needed maps and made their own, based on the Russian map. And now our lake got still a longer name--- you guessed it---"Jaurjärviozerosee." (Try to find out: is there a "Lake Jaurjärviozerosee" on American military maps of Lapland?)



FAR-AWAY PLACES WITH STRANGE-SOUNDING NAMES  
---by C-G Späre

This is another true story. It happened to me myself. You know that there are these kind of far-away places you read about in adventure books or hear songs about, but which you never think that you may visit yourself some day: Tahiti, Pitcairn Island, the Taj Mahal, Machu Picchu etc.

There is such a place we used to sing about, but which I thought to lie beyond my reach. It, however, happened so that I was sent there. I was very excited: Here I come from grey, everyday Finland to visit this apex of romantic song, this world-famous goal of sentimental journeys. Well, I arrived, and met a girl.(Now the plot tightens) But then I was floored by what the girl said to me: "Here I am, seeing people come and go, and I myself do not get to go anywhere. How I envy you, who have seen Europe and beautiful Finland. If only I could, I would leave this place at once!"

Who was this girl? Well, it was just the girl behind the Hertz Rent-A-Car counter at the airport. What was the place then? I will let you guess, but I can tell you how to get there:

You leave Pennsylvania Station at a quarter to four,  
read your paper and you are in Baltimore,  
dinner in the diner,  
nothing could be finer,

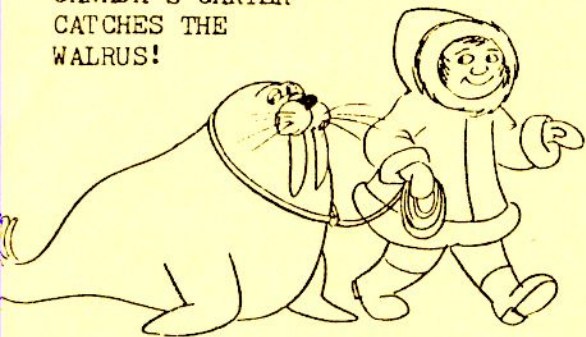
.....  
when you hear the whistle blowing eight to the bar,  
you know that \_\_\_\_\_ is not very far,  
.....

The moral of this story is that the concrete is just as grey on the other side of the fence!

□ This is "Chattanooga Choo-choo" and it is true that the grass is always greener on the other side ~~of the fence~~, or so it seems.

\*\*\*\*\*  
 CANADA'S CARTER  
 CATCHES THE  
 WALRUS!

§§ FOCUS ON FAKES §§



Someone calling himself the Walrus has dominated the faking scene during the last two months with four, possibly five fakes during this period. The Walrus did Y'all #3 and has now faked Life of Monty, Sleepless Knights, Brutus Bulletin and the Voice of Doom. Of these five I have seen four myself. I sub to VOD but was not sent a copy.

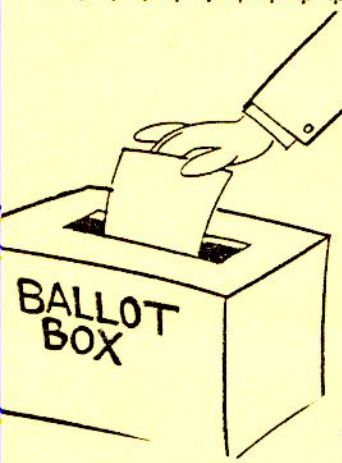
In the fake Brutus Bulletin, the Walrus wrote a long letter expressing some of his viewpoints. He did not like the fact that Bruce Linsey claimed to do Y'all #3 nor the fact that Konrad Baumeister did not send him a sample of Eggnog (Konrad was folding Eggnog at the time). The Walrus has also been following the comments about his fakes and clearly is enjoying all of the attention.

The Walrus fakes look very much like the original zines and it shows that he is putting a lot of time and money into them. He himself declares, "Four fakes in 3 months is a lot of work, even by Jack Masters' standards." Each fake mentions the Walrus.

Probably his <sup>most</sup> challenging accomplishment was the Walrus's faking of a Canadian zine, Sleepless Knights, since he had to cross an international border and use Canadian stamps for his fake to be mailed back into the US. Dave Carter, SK's pubber, believes that the Walrus is an American and indeed has named who he thinks the faker is.

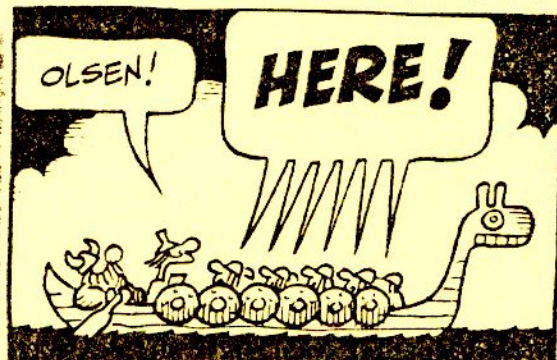
Dave Carter thought that I had done it since I have close connections with Canadians. I have proved that I did not do the fake or any of the others. Jack Masters also has denied doing the Walrus fakes. Who then is the Walrus? And what does this nom de plume signify? "I am the Walrus" is the name of a Beatles song.

Dave Carter says that Keith Sherwood is the Walrus and offers convincing proof. Dave also is giving Keith a full page in the next Sleepless Knights to either deny doing it "with proof" or to make his "acceptance speech." Dave does this in spite of the fact that he called Keith and Keith denied it over the phone. A call from Canada to New Mexico is not cheap! So Dave must be pretty sure whereof he speaks. Confession time, Keith!



\*\*\*\*\*  
**THE MARCO POLL!** Mark Larzelere, pubber of Appalling Greed (522 W. Grand River, Howell, Michigan 48843 USA) is running the Marco Poll in which you are to list your five favorite zines in order of preference, although you can vote for less than 5 but not more than 5. Anybody who has received a zine during the year (Sept 1, 1980 to Aug 31, 1981) may vote. Publishers may not vote for their own zines. Two lists will be compiled from the ballots: One: The zines with the most points (counting 1st as 5 pts, 2nd as 4 pts, etc.) and Two: The total number of a zine's points divided by the number of that zine's subbers who voted. The deadline is Aug 31st.

I like the very idea of this poll because it is totally positive, in that you only vote for zines that you like, therefore there can be no grudge votes. I am glad that pubbers are not allowed to vote for their own zines. I agree with Mark who says, "I don't think any publisher is unbiased enough to give an honest appraisal of his own zine, so why reward egotism." This poll is not a rival to the Leeder Poll but it gives us another change to express our views and in a positive way. So VOTE!!!

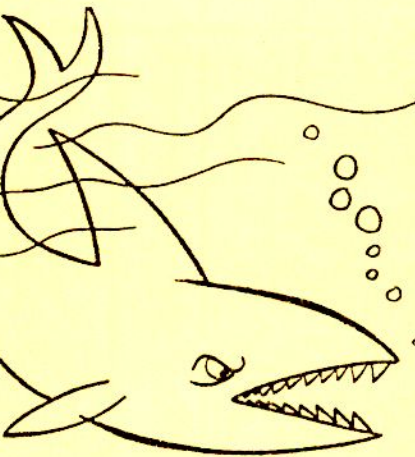


Thanks to  
 Dave Carter  
 For this  
 Contribution!

§§ TEXAS'S COUNTERFEIT CONFEDERATE §§

In his Lone Star Diplomat #9, Mike Conner proclaimed: "So far, just about everyone is satisfied (or at least resigned) to the outcome of a dog's election to this lofty post [Hobby Mascot]. Everyone except Gary Coughlan, that is.... But his is a voice crying in the aquarium, er, uh, wilderness, since no other nominator has called for a runoff."

Such Texan arrogance must cease! Mr. Conner, let us recall, only permitted pubbers to submit nominations in the first place. The great mass of hobby members--SUBBERS--were ignored. And Mr. Conner continues to ignore the justified calls for a run-off from such notables as Fred C. Davis of Bushwacker and Bern Sampson of Torpedo. He brushes aside the run-off idea proposed by his fellow Texan, Bobby Stephens. Who does this Mike Conner think he is?!!!!!!!



In a previous LSD, Mike said that Texans were not "true" Southerners. In his case I would have to say this is true since a true Southerner would never accept an unfair election without a tremendous struggle ala 1861-1865. I prefer to call Mike Conner a "Counterfeit Confederate". (Let it be noted that I have a letter from Bobby Stephens, a very astute man, speaking of his pride in being a Southerner and a Texan). And he is now representing some of the worst of Texas. This is particularly painful to me since I am a Tennessean.

Tennessee gave its heroes to Texas among them Davy Crockett and Sam Houston who made Texan and US history. Both states fought the Yankee tyranny imposed on us. But now, Mike Conner, the scalawag, is refusing to allow a run-off. Other zines are refusing to accept the minority winner as the mascot and one zine has even recognized its own unsuccessful candidate as the hobby mascot. EUROPA EXPRESS has been publicly scorned and singled out by Mike Conner for wanting a run-off. EUROPA EXPRESS will abide by the terms of a run-off but will not be dictated to by a minority candidate. In the meantime, the continuing saga of the Shark's story: (Mike's address is 3214 Beverly Road, Austin, Texas 78703 USA)

"The far end of our perimeter was hit. The men kicked and thrashed. A seaman named Hess was bitten but not badly. The sharks circled around the perimeter like Indians around a circle of wagons. The sharks' circle became smaller and smaller. As we bunched closer, our circle also became smaller and smaller. I can't ever describe the feeling of utter helplessness a man has bouncing in the water. Water is not a human's element and for that reason the terror is more acute than being attacked by some land predator. And you can't see them: only the front dorsal fins and not always that. The circling fins moved closer. One of them turned at right angles to the circle and began its run.

He hit the line to my right and went through it like a fullback through a girls' field-hockey team. In his jaws, he had an elderly chief petty officer, named Samson, by the mid-section. Samson was one of those rare non-commissioned officers who took young commissioned ensigns like me under his wing. I forcibly disengaged myself from the clutching arms on either side of me and turned into the middle of the circle. I let my life jacket loose and dove. In the quiet blue water I saw them: the shark and Chief Samson. Samson was very much alive and his beating heart pumped billows of dark blood into the water. Samson saw me and so did the shark. The monster's dead black eye regarded me for an eternity. Samson gave me what I could only take to be a smile, shook his head and waved a hand. The shark dived and disappeared into a forest of sea grass. A tremendous cloud of blood rose out of the waving grass. I looked around. At least a dozen sharks were converging on the circle from below. I surfaced.

On the top, out in the clean, clear air, the tropical evening had turned into a hellish nightmare. The most horrible screaming and wailing I have ever heard, before or since, pierced the darkness and drowned out the sound of the now choppy ocean. The circle was all but broken and each man was fighting his own personal battle for survival." (To be continued in the next issue of EUROPA EXPRESS).

THE MARX BROTHERS would be Malmbergers if they could. They can't but you can! Join EUROPA EXPRESS's illustrious list of Malmbergers: Mike Barno, Rich Carlson, Don Del Grande, Al Giddings, Rich Kovalcik, Mark Lew, Mr. Dave Manuel, Jane Proskin, Bern Sampson, Ieapo Stabo and Allen Wells. Thanks !!!







Speaking of sick jokes from Leisureville: Didja hear about the guy who had to have his left leg amputated due to cancer? The surgeon, by mistake, removed his right leg. Naturally, when the error was discovered, the left leg still had to come off. After this tragedy, the patient took the surgeon to court for malpractice. Alas, he lost. According to the judge, he didn't have a leg to stand on.

Leisureville to Kansas: Hey, I was there on a sightseeing tour once. It was great---nothing whatsoever to block out the scenery! It's tough to bear sitting back and watching that corn grow! My atlas shows that the highest point in Kansas is a large hill near the Colorado border; however this is only accurate when Bob Olsen is not lying on his back!

Vienna to Burgundy: Maybe that's why you and Kathy don't get along, Brux. Next time you see that girl in the bikini, go for it!

Warsaw to Munich: If you want to keep your "bikini" from being torn to ribbons, you'd better have more to defend yourself from Brux's advances than just his kindly words. May I suggest you find yourself a big mean protector, such as myself? Or perhaps a vicious mongrel junkyard dog? Oh, that's right, Gary can't play in his own games.

Ukraine to Zurich: If you got a card with "red streaks" from Austria, it must be a forgery. Any educated person knows all Austria's communications consist of orange squiggles.

Austria to Zurich: This is Diplomacy? If you say so....Seriously though, "Zurich", I'll send off a postcard with both red and blue streaks on it immediately. Where should I send it to? Your numbered Swiss account?

Paris to Medicine Hat: You really ought not to even try for Belgium, you know. Any player who would go for three 1901 builds is quickly vilified for his appalling greed, and won't last long.

Austria to Turkey: What a battle of wills! Who will write to the other first!?

Rockville to Memphis: What parent in their right mind would give their son a middle name like "Lower"? I'd think that would open up the poor child to endless teasing, and eventual paranoia.

Memphis to Rockville: I so agree! But my middle name was "Lover" not "Lower". (Xerox available)

France to Saxe-Coburg-Gotha: Jesus Christmas! I mean jiminy crickets! Save a few of those knives for later will ya? I mean, the game will continue beyond 1901! By the way, not to change the subject, but if my GM ever assigned my game a name like that, I'd jump out a window. And Olsen thinks that "Swedish Roundabout" is bad!

BBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBB  
"Saxe-Coburg-Gotha" 1981 AN Press continued from page 10 , the green page.

[SEVASTOPOL]- I'm just mad about saffron,  
Saffron coloured blocks.  
I'm gonna grab me a saffron,  
Saffron coloured block....

Austria-Hungary to GM: Does the 24.2% still hold up with Italy in Trieste? How come it looked so good when Crud did it?

GM to Austria-Hungary: 232 Austrias had their chance----it's all up to you!

England to Memphis: Again, go soak your head in a still. Did I say it right, did I, huh, did I, Steve?

Memphis to England: Why're Yankees always so unsure of themselves? Always seeking reassurance!  
BBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBB  
"Apis" 1981 A0 Press continued from the blue page, page 12.

Turkey to Italy: So that's an Alpine Chicken! Looks interesting.

Russia to Italy: Why don't you talk to "Saxe-Coburg-Gotha" Italy, maybe he'll show you how to use the Blueberry Whip. By the way, is it true that publishers don't attack each other?

[ZURICH]- Swiss officials announced that a Turk by the name of Hassen Ben Sober was apprehended for crimes against the government of Switzerland. He was arrested while trying to open a secret bank account using counterfeit lira.

Turkey to GM: Are you trying to tell me that 17% of the people who played Turkey in The Baltic Battler moved A Smyrna-TRO in Spring 1901? I find that rather hard to believe.

Memphis to Turkey: 17% of 232 Turkeys from many zines either held or misordered. Believe!

Russia to Turkey: Aren't you glad I'm not the "Saxe-Coburg-Gotha" Russian?

Russia to GM: If "Swedish Roundabout" can invent datelines, how about us? How about the Memphis Flash?

GM to Russia: I love it! Thank you Don!! It fits me so well!!!!



