



EMYPIN THISISSUEOUTAHEADOFFLINEATLEASTFOR SOME OF YTSO IHOPEITGOETOUTNEARLYONTIME

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ONE OF THE DYING BREED OF FLING A RESEPARATORS SOME PEOPLE ARE ABANDONING THEM BUT NOT ME FOR SURE

THE OVERSTUFFED RECLINER

(THE EDITOR'S COLUMN)

Yes, that says "ediot's".

MUSICAL COMMENTARY

Steppenwolf At Your Birthday Party was, of course, recorded by the group Steppenwolf. Jerry Jones wanted to hear about them, so here goes:

Led by croupy singer/swaggerer John Kay, Steppenwolf hit the rock and roll public between the erbs back in the tail end of the sixties with their epic youth-culture-gone bananas anthem, "Born To Be Wild." After that the hits kept on coming with "Magic Carpet Ride," "Monster," and "Rock Me."

Steppenwolf was the creation of East German-born, Canadian-raised John Kay, who formed a north-of-the-border blues band called Sparrow. As Sparrow made the rounds across the United States they gradually drifted from blues to gritty rock and changed their name to Steppenwolf at the behest of their first producer, Gabriel Makiar.

When the band hit, they hit big, with the aforementioned singles earning them a solid teen following and the long-winded "The Pusher" (a

Hoyt Axton-penned tune) scoring them big points with the underground crowd. (You were cool if your nearby FM station even dared to play it.) The low-down and nasty group achieved even more fame via a double-shot of Steppenwolf music in the counterculture classic film Hazy Rider. Success was theirs: Gold records, SRO concert dates. Even an occasional addition or deletion among the Hesse-inspired horde of musicians didn't break their stride. When success got too much to handle, the band announced a split up in 1972. Kay set off on a solo career with two albums which bombed horribly. I think his mother may have a copy of one of them. In 1974 the group was taken out of mothballs, but thus far they have proven only moderately successful. Their nightalumb acts in Milwaukee have not been bad, but it's not as if it were still 1969 and bikers reigned supreme.

Blue Oyster Cult did re-record "Born To Be Wild".

(I sent a whole mess of reviews to Dick Martin who will be printing them shortly in Excaliation. If you're interested, drop him a line.)

EGGNOG DEMONSTRATION GAME

1980J --- W03/S04 Iron STRANGE BREW

AUS (Rodriguez): Eld A Vie, A Ser S
 RUS A BOL, F Gro-Aeg, A Vie-Edi, A
 Boh S ITA AMun, A Bud S A Ser

ENGLAND (Hurst): Eld A Edl, F Sve-
 Fin, A Nuy-StP/R Sve, OPB/, F Hng-
 Bar, F Nth S FHE A Del-Hol/nsc/, A
 Edi-Yer, F Kig S RUS A Sil-Ger, A
 Den S F Kie,

FRANCE (Gonselman): Eld F Mar, F
 Mar-Iyo, F Wes S F Mar-Iyo, A Gais-
 Spa, AFic-Bol, A Bur S A Bel-Ruh,
 A Bel-Ruh

GERMANY (Bouillon): Rem A Hol, A Ruh-
 Kig/R Hol, OPB/, A Ber S A Ruh-Kie

ITALY (Osuch): NMR, A Bun H, A Tyl H,
 F Ion H, F Lyp H/a one short.

RUSSIA (Schilling): A Nuy R Fin, A
 Bul H, A Fin-Nuy, A Rus-Arn, A StP
 S A Fin-Nuy, A Sil-Bar, F Els C A
 Rus-Arn

TURKEY (Wakfield): A Con-Ark, F Aeg-
 Con, F Sqr S F Aeg-Con

A ton of press was sent in, and there is not room nor inclination to reprint it all here. Also, a dirty trick was attempted for this next season, and will be dealt with in a future issue.

1980J COMMENTARY

By Eric Verheiden

The major powers, with the exception of Italy, all did reasonably well this time around. In the west, England should retake Norway and pick up St. Petersburg. France will probably get Holland and possibly Tunis. Austria and Russia will pick up one or two builds from Turkey this year, the remainder next year.

Italy can still recover if no more NMR's are made. Further, it is probably in the interest of Austria and Russia to continue to prop up Italy rather than let France make most of all of the gains. Italy should send A Tyl-Ven, F Ion-Tun, and build two fleets. Tunis will probably fall eventually, however with Austrian support and a little luck, the rot may be stopped there.

All things considered, the prognosis for the long-term remains a

of hedging, depending on the Italian situation.

A LETTER OF INTEREST

(ANONYMOUS, postmarked Ottawa): Consider us for the moment to be your very dear and loyal friends in the ongoing struggle to rid the world of nuisances and unpleasantness the like imposed upon us by the existence of Francois Guerrier.

We are writing to you in regard to Guerrier's recent "admission" that he produced his own fake of Paschendale in April of last year. The fact is that we, and not Guerrier, produced the fake Paschendale, and we find it most distressing that Diplomacy players all over now believe that it was Guerrier's own doing. We also find it most unfortunate that you, as a result, have had to put aside your opinions on Guerrier's reaction to the fake. Your conclusions about his personality were based on that reaction, and in our opinion, could hardly have been more accurate. It would be too bad if such insight were to be rejected because of Guerrier's shameless lies.

As proof of our claims to the authorship of the fake, we enclose a unused copy of page 1 of the fake. Hoping for your co-operation in reprinting this letter and thus enlightening the masses, we remain, Yours truly, the REAL Paschendale fakers.

P.S. A similar letter along with identical proof have been sent to Rudolph Smyth.

Our only hope that this is true. The page was indeed page 1 of the fake, of which I originally had a copy anyway. I wonder what Francois Guerrier ... says ... Guerrier says to this admission. Should make for interesting reading... it's so fun to watch people make stupid lies and then try to get out of them. And Guerrier uses plenty of the former, forcing plenty of the latter.

CONCERTS IN D.C....

Uli saw Queen, AC/DC, and Black Sabbath & Blue Oyster Cult (the infamous Black & Blue concert) in Milwaukee recently, which I hope depleted his finances somewhat. With Sabbath, someone threw a bottle and hit Geezer Butler (bassist) just after ex-Rainbow vocalist Ronnie James Dio was beginning to announce "N.I.B.", and so Sabbath stopped playing and had a propo man go out and apologize for their stopping. Of course, as has happened on numerous occasions (take the Stones concert 10 years back, or when Richards & Wood & the New Barbarians hit the Arena 1 1/2 years ago, f'riinstance) in the past, the crowd in the Arena went wild and rioted. A few days later, Dick Martin and I saw Sabbath and the Cult in D.C. and they were quite good. I happen to be a Dio fan so I'd say that even if I didn't mean it, but I mean it. Maybe I'll write an article soon about Dick and the concert.

GOOD NEWS AND BAD NEWS

I haven't heard it anywhere else, but I have it on excellent authority that Deep Purple will soon be reformed. Lead guitarist (and axeman par excellence) Ritchie Blackmore invited Jon Lord (currently with Whitesnake), Roger Glover (working with Blackmore on Rainbow lately), Ian Paice (late of Ashton, Paice & Lord, then Trapeze) and Ian Gillan (Ian Gillan Band) to reform the old supergroup, and they accepted. David Coverdale (Whitesnake) was pissed off because he wasn't invited, but then he was the reason Blackmore jumped ship in 1975 to form Rainbow in the first place... Exactly how soon this reformation will come off I do not know, especially with Whitesnake currently on tour, but we'll see. The bad news is that the good Whitesnake won't be the same without Jon Lord, and worse is that the superb and much-overlooked Rainbow will be gone under. Rainbow rates as one of my top 5 existing groups right now. It's that good. Especially since How to Succeed in Business Without Really Knowing.

Arrow (Whitesnake)

YOU'VE ALL SEEN THE CARTOON...

George Washington: "I cannot tell a lie."
Richard Nixon: "I cannot tell the truth."
Jimmy Carter: "I cannot tell the difference."
(Despite what I happen to think of Nixon...he was a good man!)

MAIL AND HOYA STATION

Yeah, it's a little better, but the average letter still takes five or so days to get to me. Figure that in before you send in your notes. Please, I will NMR people who miss, and don't have the time to make collect calls any longer.

SPEAKING OF WHICH...

I must kill my policy of making collect calls to get orders which are missing on deadline day. First of all, I no longer have the phone number list, and second of all, even if I did have the list, I would not have the time anymore. Sorry, boys, but this means that you have to be quicker about sending in those orders. Also, calls are accepted, but I'm usually not in before about 10:30 nights on weeknights, and calling me after 10:30 AM on Saturday and Sunday is a waste of time. Just so you know...

THE ELECTION

Though it's still a thing of the future at the time I am typing this (10-16-80), I predict that, despite current Gallup Polls, Carter will win the election on 11-4. It is a thing to be pitied...not to mention that fact that Carter is singlehandedly responsible for the taxes and inflation that are screwing over our businesses these days. Reagan is not as bad as he's painted...at least he doesn't stop as low as the incumbent. However, I think that we're looking at four years with an economy of 1930 and the military and foreign policy strength of 1991 in America. Anybody who wants to will be able to walk over...

weeks's Tarheel win, coupled with State's 27-7 loss to Wake Forest, sent Carolina into ecstasy. "Wake may be fake, Duke may be fake, but they have their hate for State." Incidentally, Tarheals love sayings about as much as Hoyas love Quaci's.

In short, Joe and Jane Hoya have a lot of catching up to do so that sports at Georgetown can become recreational and alcoholically comparable to life in "the Southern part of Heaven." After all, if God isn't a Tarheel, then why is the sky in Carolina blue? Let's get to work, y'all -- to the Pub.

The above was stolen directly out of one of the school newspapers, and author was Mark Gittelman.

STRANGE BREW #41 (41)

Today -- Issue #41 (as you could have guessed from the above shitty typing)

This is the first and last time (I assume) that STRANGE BREW will be in EGGNOG, and as such it may be one of the shortest issues. It is EGGNOG Enterprises Production #136.

A PROBLEM HAS ARISEN. STRANGE BREW has been faked by a player in 1980. A fake issue #38 was sent out to at least some of the players in 1980, which was credited to gg, and listed a change of orders for France (Counselman) and gave Italy's orders as if they had come in (Osuch). Bob Osuch was the player who sent it to me and thus made me aware of its existence in the first place. The ruse was to make it seem as though France was stabbing England in the back, and so the western alliance would break up. Osuch said he was not directly responsible, but was "involved." (Probably to drive up to Milwaukee to mail the stuff. Also, he must have told someone, the perpetrator, that HEARD sent in those specific orders, which were then included in the fake. One thing is clear, and that is that one of Osuch's allies (and the western alliance's enemies) did the fake.)

As a result of the fake, several players went to change their orders and

this would help Osuch's friends. (I'm just assuming that this was the motivation; Bob did not elaborate.) All's Fair in Diplomacy when it comes to deception of the players, right?

Well, wrong. I once was thinking of pulling such a trick with a major magazine to pull a game to my advantage, but the project got so unwieldy and I didn't have the time to get it done before the crucial deadline to pull it off, so it never happened. (I subsequently drew, but that's another story.) I did write an article about the idea and the how-tos and such about eight or nine months ago, but I decided not to print it in EGGNOG for fear that someone would take the hint and would do it with one of my 'sines. What's wrong with it?

Well, as you all well know, I approve of just about any deception of any player in the game. However, I don't think that the Gamesmaster's name should be in any way involved, especially in the way mine was used. That's foul play, boys, so I slap your wrists and don't do it again. Let's keep it fair.

I hated to break up this little scheme, but it was the only way to get the game moving smoothly without major difficulties. I'm not pissed at anything about it, but the fake was not meant in fun.. It was meant to use my name and publication for his own gain, which isn't terribly honorable. So I had to set the record straight.

Situation: Same as per STRANGE BREW #37. I've had to throw out all submitted orders because I can't know which were written in reference to the fake #38 or the real results. As it stands now, Osuch still has the NER (but will get orders in next time) and Counselman did not change those orders. Deadline for Fall 1981 is November 22, 1981 to Conrad. And you can thank the faker(s) for delaying the game for a month. So it again and you'll get another delay.

NEELESS TO SAY

What is so great about waking up at 1 pm Sunday afternoon lying in the Copley bushes with your arms wrapped around the urinal you ripped out of the bathroom at the Pub the night before?

A university is, of course, a place of great mental pressure which is often accompanied by related physical and social pressures. But are these pressures sufficient excuse to throw up a quarter-barrel of beer on your roommate's just-completed 24 page economics treatise? I mean, doesn't it seem that it would be more enjoyable to be able to wake up in the morning, after a good night out, without finding an assortment of odd-smelling stains of unknown origin on your clothing?

I ask you to consider the parable of Bloke and Smithe: a sea-but-true tale that a friend here insists is the fate of a large portion of the rosy-checked Freshmen who arrive each Fall at the Hilltop in sagging station wagons and snowy-bottomed doorkickers.

Bloke and Smithe are roommates, newly-found friends thrown together by the omniscience of Resident Life's computer. Bloke, somewhat larger and louder than Smithe, is usually the social arbiter of the duo. He is also a man of destiny: he is destined to end up in the Pub on a Thursday night, and will most assuredly coerce the not unwilling Smithe to accompany him.

Our protagonists arrive at the venerable establishment where they slip in the back door to avoid the line (the doorman is preoccupied assessing the finer points of designer-jeans contour technology).

Once inside, Bloke and Smithe proceed to make short work of several pitchers of the layman's ambrosia, Stroh's. Shortly thereafter, they encounter a roving band of Freshman females. Being that Bloke and Smithe are not 1. med-students, or 2. upperclassmen (they haven't learned to lie about their class year yet), the daughters of Georgetown, initially ex-

Nevertheless, Bloke and Smithe insist on purchasing additional quantities of Stroh's for the targeted women, who accept their offer, seeing none better in the immediate future.

As the cherished malt beverage takes its effect, Bloke becomes a little too liberal with the placement of his hands. There is a blur of magenta as a Fair Isled arm flashes across the table and empties the contents of the plastic beer cup in its hands in Bloke's lap. Smithe laughs, till Bloke empties a large part of a pitcher of warm beer on the front of his shirt.

After a brief exchange of durred expletives, the pair ask the young women to dance. This they do, though with little regard for the music's beat (or the other people on the dance floor).

Sweat-soaked and beginning to fade, the two parties of social antagonists bid adieu to one another as the Pub closes. Smithe and Bloke, their libidos unsatisfied, stumble home belting out obscene drinking songs.

They stop to acquire a moment or two in the form of a parking garage and streetsign. In transit, they hold a boisterous conversation while for each centers around the sexual habits of the other's mother.

The curtain rises on the denouement of this tawdry drama as the semi-conscious ex-innocents lose all they had previously imbibed in the dark elevator on the way up to the floor. They tumble out of the fouled elevator, blissing each other for having ruined the attempted seduction. Noisily, Messrs Bloke and Smithe stagger to their room and collapse, fully clothed, in their beds.

The next afternoon, they get up, recalling fondly how drunk they had been the night before and what a great time they had had at the Pub.

This series of events is repeated, with minor alterations, throughout the year -- or at least till one for both of the young punks

animals gets his academic bun toasted on a midterm.

The moral of this parable is simple: there isn't one. If you can find something socially redeeming in this tale, let us know. Still, I am not casting the first stone as I am certainly without sin. It's just that it makes sense, in my opinion, to be decently coherent when participating in life's extracurricular activities. And after all, thrills aren't cheap in Washington. (Unless, of course, you make a habit out of hanging out at Trinity College) so why spoil an evening out by acting like a primate?

IN TARHEEL HEAVEN

The lines were tremendous. Alligator shirts, Oxforde, ties, dock-aiders, cords, khakis and striped belts abounded. The place reeked of beer. Loud music almost drowned out the crowd noise. Thursday night at the CU Pub, you say? Why no, just a lil' ole Tarheel football game, just like any Saturday afternoon in Chapel Hill. In fact, during a recent visit here at the University of North Carolina (at Chapel Hill) I found many similarities between life in Hoya-dom and life as an honorary Tarheel. The differences, however, are far more interesting.

"I'm a Tarheel herb." When was the last time 50,000 folks attended a Hoya game? Well, at Carolina everybody goes to see the Tarheels. They wheel in the infirm and immobile. Alumni drive hundreds of miles to see an afternoon of football. Ties, jackets and sandwiches are the order of the day and though last week's 17-3 win over Maryland wasn't they're smelting, everybody was too drunk to care anyway. (Sounds familiar, eh?) Besides, STATE got crushed.

"In a Tarheel bred." Most Carolina students live in or near the Carolina area, but upon first notice, one could guess that they could come from New York, Connecticut, Maryland, or (Good Lord) even New Jersey. In most people's minds, the word "Tarheel"

Costs could open a branch outlet and double their sales. Frat and sorority mixers make the Foreign Service Ball appear informal. Face it Joe and Jane Hoya, you have been out-propped at your own game. "Save Chapel Hill -- Shoot a Preppie Today."

"And when I die." Thought the outside trappings at Carolina appear Hoyalike, the air is one of Southern hospitality. When was the last time you heard a bartender (who in this case also pitches minor league ball in the summer) say "yes sir" to a slovenly Yankee? When was the last time you heard a "yes sir" at CU? And incidentally, when it comes to hospitality, who wished "they" all could be California girls?

"I'm a Tarheel dead." When it comes to throwing a keg party, Tarheels outdo Joe and Jane Hoya again. Carolina students consume more beer per capita than any other college in the United States, bar none. As you can imagine, Tarheels don't have much time to do anything else (studying, procrastinating, etc) for which Hoyas are well-known. In fact in last year's Ten Best Party Schools List, Carolina was excluded for being too professional. The bars all closed down at 1:00 am, but by that time, none is around to tell about it, anyway.

"Rah, rah, Carolina, rah rah Carolina, rah, rah Carolina, GO TO HELL STATE!" Since the origin of the term "groupie," there have been no more devout fans than those in Chapel Hill. No Yankee fan could come close, nor would they care to. Each Tarheel lives or dies with the success of the team in action. To prove a point, one late Tarheel even put the fight song on his tombstone, as a last swipe at archrival STATE. And who, you might ask, is STATE? Why, lil' ole North Carolina State just across the way from Chapel Hill. Tarheels bathe the state's dirt than any Hatfield had it out for any Hoya, and last

1979CU -- Fall 1966

- ENGLAND(Counselman): A Yor-Den, F Nth C A Yor-Den, A StP-log, F Swe S A Yor-Den, F NY-StP(ac)
- FRANCE(Hoofman): F Por-Spa(sc), F Mid & A Gas S F Por-Spa(sc), A Mar H, A Bel S GER A Hol
- GERMANY(Cooper): (A Tyl/a/ last time) A Dar S ENG F Sue/R Kie, OTE/, A Lun-Sil, A Boh S TUR A Vie, A Hol S FRE A Bel
- ITALY(Pfohl?): No Moves Rec'd! F Sue(sc) H/a/, F Lyo H, F Tun H, F Lon H, F Aeg H, F Gre H, A Van H, A Tyl H, A Tri H, A Eng H/a/, A Ger H, A Bul H
- RUSSIA(Ozog): A Ukr-Mos, A War S A Ukr-Mos
- TURKEY(Van Alkenade): A Vie-Bud, A Rom F A Vie-Bud, F Xia S A Rom, F Con H, A Smy S F Con

Gerry Van Alkenade must resign at this time. Replacement and standby for Italy (I can't believe that Dietmar missed moves!) will be listed near the last page in the issue with the rest of the standby players. Addresses for all players also listed separately this issue.

S.G.Charts: ENG: Home, Nwy, Swe, StP Den: 7, Eld 2. FRA: Home, Por, Bel, Spa: 6, Eld 1. GER: Home, Hol, ~~Boh~~ 4, Even. ITA: Home, Tun, Tri, ~~Mid~~. ~~Mid~~, Gro, Ser, ~~Bel~~, ~~Sil~~, Bul: 3, Ren 2. RUS: Mos, ~~StP~~, War: 2, Even. TUR: Home, Ser, Vie, Bud, Ham: 7, Eld 2 (only 1 possible).

Winter 1966 only due November 22.

SULTAN ABDICATES: Due to personal circumstances I have to resign a number of games, and devote more time to family and (most) marital affairs. Coincidental with the expiration of my subscription, I feel I have to resign my EGGNOG games. Good luck to all but one of the 1979CU stalwarts, and best wishes to Konrad, with thanks for his GManShip and personal friendship (same goes for Eric and the Chicago 7). Gerry.

EGGNOG: Sad to see a good man go. Veyr sad.

WARSAW TO WORLD: After three years of exclusion making, Year Ozog has

the Fall, instead of the usual moving into it in the Spring and leaving in the Fall. (How many gameyears have I done that Konrad?)

EGGNOG: Too many...

MOSCOW TO LONDON: I may have been half crazy in this game and I've given you a lot, but now I'm giving you no more. So now go in to the west and ~~earn~~ your centers.

MOSCOW TO ST PETERSBURG: The so-called "treaty of everlasting" is considered null and void because of the French NMR. It takes two, not one, participant to make a treaty effective. The Tsar's press secretary has been shot for treason

1979IJ -- Winter 1965 only

(a separation was asked for)

- AUSERIA(Buechs): Eld A Vie, A Bud, A Tri, Also has F Tun, F Adr, A Gre, A Tyl, A Van, A Rom, A Nep
- FRANCE(Iverson): Eld F Bre, F Mar, Also has F Nwg, F Eng, A Yoh, F Eci, A Bar, A Ruh, A Hol
- RUSSIA(See?): No Builds Rec'd, will play short. Has F Nwy, A Sil, A Ruh, A Mun, A Uvn, F Kie, F ~~Lon~~ F Ska, A Swe, A Ser, A Rom, F Smy

Spring 1966 due November 22, 1980. Standby and general address list found elsewhere in this issue.

Oh: The press submitted for 1979IJ will be printed next time, as it relayed probable spring intentions.

1979IK -- Winter 1964/Spring 1965

- AUSERIA(Passett): A Bud S A Tri-Ser, A Tri-Ser, F Adr-Alb
- ENGLAND(Hanson?): No Moves Rec'd, I short. F Tyn H/a/, F Mid, F Gas, F Bre, F Nwy, F StP(sc), A Mos all hold
- GERMANY(Verheiden): Eld A Ber, A Mun, A Kis, A Dur S A Mar, A Mar S ENG F Gas-Spa(sc)G/nsc/, A ~~Tun~~ Swe, F Dal K, A Lun-Tyl, A Ber-Sil, A Ven-Rom, A Kie R, A Gal-Rum, A ~~StP~~ S A Gal-Rum

ITALY(Osach): Rem A For. A Spa-Mar.
F Pie-Tus, F Tun S F Wes-Tyn, F
Wes-Tyn

RUSSIA(Hurst): Rem A Sev, A StP R
Fin. A Fin-Nwy

TURKEY(Spakrs?): No Moves Rec'd!
F Ion H, F Aeg H, F Ela H, A Cas
H, A Gre H, A Ser H/a/, A Rum H/a/

Standbys for England and Turkey as
well as general address list will be
listed later somewhere this issue.
Fall 1985 due November 22, 1980. As
for the press...

SCANDINAVIA: Retired vodka sales-
man Thomas I of Russia today announ-
ced to the press that he deployed
having to leave his country to the
mercy of foreign invaders. "Howev-
er," he said, "perhaps they can make
these peasants do something for a
change. At least the palace will
be swept, as I doubt that these Eu-
ropeans can put up with the filth I
had to when I was there. Why did you
think I preferred to live in a slit
trench?" He went on to say that he
would now leave all such mundane mat-
ters as governing the country to
his letters (after all, they had got
the better of him in Russia) and
would not commence to "have a little
fun in the north." He expressed the
hope that the English and the Germans
had a sense of humor.

1979- Fall 1985

AUSTRIA(Carter): A Sev S A Ukr, A
Ukr S A Bud-Gal, A Bud-Gal, A Vie
S A Gal-Boh, A Gal-Boh, A Ven S A
Tyl, A Tyl S A Gal-Boh, F Aeg-Gre
A Bul H (you missed A Iwn-War last
season)

FRANCE(?) : No Moves Rec'd. A Tun H
F Wes H, F Lyo H, A Pie H, A Mar H
A Cas H, F Mid H, A Wal H, F Nth H

GERMANY(Elliott): A Kis-Fuh, A Pra-
Sil, A Mun S A Boh, A War-Gal, A
Boh S A War-Gal/a/, A Iwr S A Mos
A Mos H, F Nwy H, F Boh-Bal

ITALY(Kelly): F Eas-Ion, F Rom H

RUSSIA(Aucott): F Ark-Con

TURKEY(Hurst) F Smy S F Con, E
Smy S F Smy

The standby for Kal-Pu Lee and the
general address list will

be found later this issue. The
deadline for Winter 1985/Spring 86
is November 22, 1980. Center chart
and then press goes...

S.C.Chart: AUS: Home, Ser, Gre, Bul
Rum, Sev, Ven; 9, Even. PRA: Home
Spa, Por, Lyp; Lon, Edi, Tun; 9,
Even. GER: Home, Kol, Dsn, Bel, Svc
War, Mos, StP, Nwy; 11, Bid 2 poss/
ITA: Rom, Nap; 2, Even. RUS: Ark/
Ank 1, Even/ TUR: Con, Smy; 2, E-
ven.

TT TO AUSTRIA: How's about trad-
ing GRE for CON? If you occupy with
A Bul you can then use my fleet
while keeping Mr. Nice Guy restrain-
ed/ Hope you told him that his
"parting gesture" hurt you a lot
more than it hurt me. After all,
I was a gener anyway. Some guys
just can't be nice to anybody.

TT TO RUSSIA: It is true that
nobody reads my press. Are you a
nobody? Or is it just that you can
not read?

EGGNOG: Draws failed. Try again.
AFC and PG draws have been proposed.

THE SITUATION FOR STANDBYS

For some reason, the last two months
have been shit for standby players.
EGGNOG hasn't had as many missed
moves in two and a half years as
ithed in these past two months. In
any case, I give the old standby
list a workout this time again, and
as usual, anybody who drops their
position forfeits their subscription
fee to EGGNOG still on file. It's
an old rule with plenty of adverti-
ment. Remember, players, that to
miss your moves is not only an in-
convenience to me, (first and fore-
most), the standby, and your fellow
players; it is also a sign of weak-
ness of character on your part, and
incompetence. Most anybody can
set up a board and write off a set
of moves to the GM. I can under-
stand an occasional delat -- hell,
I've missed moves too sometimes, and
I am not perfect either -- but to
drop a game is unforgivable and
inexcusable.

Any and all positions have po-

ential for improvement and for doing something interesting with them. Every position affects the game every season, and nothing is ever truly hopeless...even one center position should be exploited diplomatically to the fullest; they can provide an old ally with a valuable edge or can screw an old enemy.

Actually, I'm probably just wasting my breath here...most the positions where there were missed moves this time are actually quite good (14 centers for one!) and the people missing are all college students going back to school. That's where the problem really lies, you know. I hope that the pressure of college (and midterms just passed) will ease up and that the players can continue to keep up their games to the end. I know that I am pressed for time, too, but I can usually find five minutes to set up the position or look at a map and write down orders and maybe a card to an ally.

In one case the person assigned to standby didn't send in moves for his country last time. Well, he does assume responsibility for his country should the original player drop, as in this case, and is the player of record. Get in your next set, Bill. I'd hate to see you drop so soon.

So, let's go through who's to standby for the following games:

1979CU

Bob Kluge to send in moves for Italy
Ron Kelly to take over Turkey

1979IJ

Eric Verheiden to standby for Russia

1979IK

Robert Cheek for England, please
Eric Ozog for Turkey, if he would

1979IL

Bob Couch for France, please

Thanks to one and all, and I sincerely hope that your services will not be needed. But they are appreciated. Addresses for all found in the next column, if I'm not completely wrong.

GUIDE TO PLAYERS' ADDRESSES

One of the most boring and tedious things a publisher can possibly do is to type up addresses. That's why you've never once seen a directory of EGGNOG or POLITICIAN recipients. Well, because of the turnover in some of the games this month and last, I'm publishing a part of that directory for EGGNOG. I won't print the whole damned address list, but simply the addresses of the people in the games. That's it. I refuse to do more. Gagh, I hate to do it. Well, here goes:

1979CU

Ken Counsellman, 52 Avalon Avenue,
Bedford, OH 44146
John Hoffman, 16625 Leslie Drive,
Westhaven, IL 60477
Phil Cooper, 19 Dahlgren Place
Brooklyn, NY 11228
Diemar Pfohl, Stukenbuschstr.
72, 4350 Recklinghausen, WEST
GERMANY
Bob Kluge, 8513 Valdes, St. Louis
MO 63123
Eric Ozog, 1526 N. Lawler Avenue,
Chicago, IL 60651
Ron Kelly, 6038 Richmond Hwy, #311
Alexandria, VA 22303

1979IJ

Bob Buchs, 4660 N. 84th Street,
Milwaukee, WI 53225
Ken Iverson, 52 Sawmill Road
Gilbert, MN 55741
Kai-Fu Lee, 1112B Garman Hall, Co-
lumbia Univ, New York, NY 10027
Eric Verheiden, 200 S. Azusa Ave.,
#2, Azusa, CA 91702

1979IK

H.D. Bassett, Rt, 2nd Lake Road,
Newtown, CT 06470
Scott Hanson, 701 15th Ave SE,
Minneapolis, MN 55414
Robert Cheek, 10392 Ladera Santa
Santa Ana, CA 92705
Eric Verheiden, address 1979IJ
Ron Kelly, address 1979CU
Bob Couch, 3417 S. Paulina, Chi-
cago, IL 60608

Tom Kurst, 2506 McDivitt, #161
Oakland, CA 94612

1979IL

David Carter, 118 Horsham Avenue,
Willowdale, Ont, CANADA M2N 1Z9
Kai-Fu Lee, address 1979IJ
Bob Osuch, address 1979IK
Mark Elliott, #425 Hill House, 2333
Walnut Street, Phila, PA 19104
Ron Kelly, address 1979IK
Tom Hurst, address 1979IK

1980J

Al Rodriguez, 2112 Roosevelt, Bak-
ersfield, CA 93304
Tom Hurst, address 1979IK
Ken Counselman, address 1979GI
Larry Boudon, Box 27527, River Sta-
tion, Rochester, NY 14627
Bob Osuch, address 1979IK
Ben Schilling, Apt 315, 24730 Rose-
svolt Court, Farmington Hills, MI
48018
Scott Wakefield, Rt 2, Box 127,
Piano, IL 60545

I hope that this is the last time
I'll have to do that shit for an-
other fifty six issues or so...

UNTIL... THE END!

...as Jim Morrison would have wan-
ted it to be. Let's wrap up the is-
sue here, boys, I'm tired, have
some work to do, and am back on
the ten-page kick again. Hopeful-
ly this issue is better than the
last one, which, admittedly, was
hastily put together and weak. I
didn't get any comments to that ef-
fect, but I guess that I thought so.

EGGNOG #36
Konrad Baumster
P.O. Box 2231, New South #122
Georgetown University
Washington, D.C. 20057

All standby see Page 8-9

Your sub is up; hope you
will renew soon

1. I was for a while pumping up
a series of upcoming 'zine reviews
to be presented in the final few
issues of EGGNOG, if and when I
know exactly which the final few
are. There's good news and there's
bad news on that. The good news
is that the reviews are all done
honest, long, and (to me) interest-
ing I think. The bad news is that
they will not be printed, at least
not in their current form. I find
that I cannot or will not be com-
pletely honest in my reviews of
'zines without offending some good
friend or something of the sort.
A good 'zine review must perforce
be completely honest, and I don't
want to go by hurting people that
have stuck by me. Others that I
do want to hurt I think I might
just leave alone...if they haven't
learned by now, then it's too late.
I still have the stuff typed and
put away for immediate reference,
but I doubt I'll use it.

2. If any of you have a favor-
ite band you want reviewed, which
I happen to know something about,
I'll see if I can oblige you. For
next time I am considering the
Grand Funk Railroad, which has
been talked about endlessly in EGG-
NOG over the years, but never real-
ly reviewed well. Requests?

3. The weather here is really
warm for the time of year -- 50s
and 60s. In Milwaukee, we've had
snow already, and it hasn't
stuck. I miss the cold of the
north... too here.



Jerry James T
1854 Wagner St
Pasadena, CA 91107