

FRANZASIA

DIPLOMANIA Supplement -- NFFF Games Bureau & IFW Diplomacy Divisions -- Issue #47
Editor & Publisher: Don Miller - - - - - 14 October 1970
Variant Postal Diplomacy Games: The EYE of Sauron is upon you!!!
FMH-A(1969Ice)(Misc.)(pg 1) FNI(1970?)(S15)(pp 2,3) FOH(1969Pce)(H/C05)(pp 3,4)

FMH-A (Mordor-Versus-the-World IV, A) -- WAR DELAYED BY MISSED MOVES!

Error in F-46 -- Under Q'05 moves, opp. MORDOR, Chg. "TA WEm (S) MA Isg-Fan; MA Isg-Fan" to "TA WEm (S) MA Isg-Fan; MA Isg-Fan" (the move Isg-Fan worked); opp. ARNOR, after order for SA Ere, add: "(ROH SA Lor NSO)"; under "Supply Centers held", opp. MOR, add "Fan", chg. "(stands pat)" to "(May build one unit)", and chg. "(10)" to "(11)"; opp. ROH, chg. "Fan" to "Fan", chg. "(may build one unit)" to "(stands pat)", and chg. "(3)" to "(2)".

GM Note -- Dick was notified of the error, and Larry told us about it. However, error or no error, TUILLE, 3006 moves were due this issue -- and have not been received from Gemignani (GON) and Reiter (MOR); nor did Dick send a build. These two players have been chronic move-missers in this game; if either of them misses another deadline in this game, they will be replaced -- even if they have not missed two in a row. This means, each of you must get your orders in for every issue from now until game's end; one miss, and the offender is out! And if we have to replace either of you again, you will not be allowed back in the game. You have been warned! ~~###~~ Andrew Phillips, pls. send COIRE, 3005 build for MORDER (and TUILLE, 3006 moves); you'll be in game if Dick misses again. And Ritchie Dean, pls. send TUILLE, 3006 moves for GONDOR; you'll be in game if Margaret misses again. Margaret and Dick, better get on ball -- no more warnings....

Deadline (FINAL) for C'05 build and T'06 moves -- Noon, Tues., Oct. 27. (Note that deadline is a week earlier than deadlines for rest of F-47; this game will henceforth be run in DIPLOPHOBIA (HYDROPHOBIA sub-section). This gives only two weeks before next deadline -- but you've already had three weeks. Replacement players, please send in moves for TUILLE even if you have insufficient time for negotiations; just make neutral moves, and diplome for QUELLE season. This game has been delayed too much already, and we will not hold it up again.)

The Players -- No more CoA's since lastish.

The House-Rules -- As published in DIPLOMANIA #26. These are mandatory.

The Gamesmaster -- For all games, Don Miller, 12315 Judson Rd., Wheaton, Md., 20906. (Phone: 301-933-5417; call only on Mon. or Thurs., between 9 & 10 p.m., EDT.)

Replacement Players -- List appeared in F-45; changes will be pubbed in F-48. Stand-by Replacement moves needed for nextish from: Ritchie Dean (FMH-A: GON (Gemignani)); Andy Phillips (FMH-A: MOR (Reiter)).

New Games -- As noted in F-46, reservations (no fees yet) are being taken for: Regular Diplomacy, Mordor-Vs.-the-World V, Indianomacy III, Foundation II, and the Youngstown Variant. These are filling rapidly, so better hurry....

For subscription information and meaning of Address Code, see colophon in F-46.

-- DLM

DIPLOMANIA

% D. Miller

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TO: John Koning (T)

FIRST CLASS MAIL

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FNI (Scotice Scripti) -- WAR BEGINS, AS CONNACHT AND MUNSTER INVADE LEINSTER, ENGLAND INVADES KYMRU, SCOTLAND REPULSES ORKNEY INVASION!

SPRING, 1015 moves --

CONNACHT (Libby) -- A Hoscommon-Anghaille; A Tuam-Leitrum; A Sligo-Hoscommon.

ENGLAND (Reiter) -- F Chester-Irish Sea; F Berkeley-Bristol Channell; A Stadford-Shropshire.

KYMRU (Gemignani) -- A Powys-Hereford; F Cardigan-St. George Channel (impossible; Cardigan & ST. George Channel are not connected/adjacent); A Buellt-Gwent (this last order was illegible: "A Buelt to H.????t" (what is that "H."?); we interpreted it the best we could; in the future, illegible orders will fail, and units to which illegible orders are given will go unordered; please print or type all orders!)).

LEINSTER (Dean) -- A Kildare-Meath; A Tara (S) A Kildare-Meath; A Dublin-Kildare.

MUNSTER (Linden) -- A Tralee-Cork; A Cashel-Offaly; A Limerick-Cashel.

ORKNEY (L.Clark) -- F Hebrides-North Minch; F Skye-Sutherland(N.C.); F Kintyre-Lorne(N.C.) (Note that House-Rules call for all orders to be written out (i.e., fully spelled out, rather than abbreviated). In future, please spell province names out; this is particularly important in new game, when province names are unfamiliar to both players and GM -- best to do all possible to avoid possible errors....)

SCOTLAND (Grayson) -- F Dundrennan-Solvay Firth; A Lismore-Sutherland; A Alcluyd-Lismore.

ULSTER (Riley) -- A Omagh-Donegal; A Armagh-Tyrone; A Down-Dalriada.

Propaganda --

Cashel -- King Teige today told the press that the Ard-Righ is not his brother, as reported by certain incompetent and illiterate Sassenach publications. On the contrary, Brian mopped the floor with Malachy, who has taken advantage of his death to sneak back onto the throne he lost. Since we can't have interlopers from Leth Conn claiming kinship, we are taking steps to keep them out of Meath. Oh well, what can you expect from people who think that the capital of Wales is in Ceredigion?

Orkney -- The Norse chieftains of the North, assembled in thing under their Lord, Jarl Sigurd of Orkney, Hebrides, and Man, do declare Malcolm II, King of the Scots, an outlaw and so deprived of rights and privileges due all men. The same penalty shall be levied upon any Viking that renders aid and comfort to him. Sentence is inflicted for his wars upon his neighbors and for the persecutions and murders upon members of the Scot royal family. Findlae of Moray, uncle of Gillecomgan, whom Duncan so treacherously did to death, appeals in the name of all afflicted Scots for aid. In memory of his murdered nephew, of injuries done to the wife and son of our jarl, of the dead of English Strathclyde and Norse Caithness, Strathnaver, and Durness, we pronounce the doom and grant this request.

III, vi, 14 -- Sigurd-jarl stood before his chair in his great hall; long was the feast-table and many the chiefs and captains who sat at it. Thus he spoke to them all: "Hearken to me, my brothers. Long have I pondered in thought as to my actions at snow's melting. I would go viking into the west, to seek new lands for colonies and trade. But this cannot be; war drags me back. Oversea, on the Isle of Green, my kinsmen-Vikings of Dublin seek to throw off the heel of iron Brian Boru has set on their necks. My heart draws me there, for the High-King would lay a tithe upon our trade, and he could not strike a blow more bitter.

"Yet I was constrained from rushing off like a beserk to battle far from my home. Another fear stood closer to hand. Malcolm, King of the Scots, had disturbed my rule of late. The hills of northern Scotland ran red with the blood of my Norsemen, and their fields and farms lay in ruin. Not content with raising uproar among my subjects, he chose to discomfit me also. My wife, his eldest daughter, was driven from her father's court, her possessions confiscated, her health and spirit broken. Our women could do nothing, and Grey Odin stretches forth his hand for her. So in doubt I lay, until a happening which I shall relate that caused me to send the war arrow among you.

"It seemed to me, as I lay troubled in sleep, that Odin -- tall, grim, one-eyed, his ravens on either hand, came to me, and thus he spoke: 'Hail, Sigurd jarl!

In my name you have rules in the north long and wisely, and have sacrificed and paid homage to thy gods in full measure also; with thee I am well pleased. My worshippers have flourished and multiplied during thy reign, and many heathen have bent the knee before me. My altars are heaped with gold and sacrifices; all this seems good to me, and thou shalt have thy reward. Thy mind is divided between the Green Isle and the land of the Scots -- hear my counsel. The Three Sisters have spun out the thread of she who bore you . . ." ((from this point on the manuscript is unintelligible; we have sent it to an expert on the writing of the ancient Norsemen, and hope to have a transcription of the remainder for publication in FANTASIA #47. --ed.))

Deadline for FALL, 1015 moves (no SUM retreats) -- Noon, Tues., Nov. 3.

FOH (Mordor-Versus-the-World IV $\frac{1}{2}$) -- RHOVANION STAGGERED, ROHAN SET BACK, AS MORDOR CONTINUES TO ROLL! NAZGUL RETAKES CARN DUM!

LAIRE, 3005 retreat -- RHOVANION (Pulsipher): SA Misty Mtns (R) Gladden.

QUELLE, 3005 moves --

ARNOR (L.Clark): SA Mis (S) SA Ere; SA Ere (S) RHOV SA Gla-Lor; SA Bra (S) SA Ere; SA Gun-Ang; SA/BB Mit-Ere; SA Min (S) SA/BB Mit-Ene (SA Min D (Hrl, o.b.)); DU Amo (S) SA Bra.

MORDOR (Libby) -- TA Ith (H); NA Frc-CaD; SA NoM-Esg; SA Dun (S) ROH DA Tha; SA WeR (H); SA SoR-SoW; SA NoR (S) SA NoM-Esg; SA Rau-Dea; SA Mir (S) SA DoG; SA DoG (S) SA Mir; SA Hen-Ano; MA Wil (S) SA DoG; SA/BE Tol-BoB; SA/BB DoA destroy BB; MA/BE SoS-Mit; SA NWi (S) SA NoM-Esg; SA SoW-Emy; DU NuW-NoN; DU Sha (H).

RHOVANION (Pulsipher) -- SA Esg-Mir (D (GrM, Iro, o.b.)); DA Mor (S) SA Gla-Lor; SA Crk (S) SA Esg-Mir; SA Gla-Lor.

ROHAN (Dean) -- SA Ene-Min; DA Tha (S) SA Ene-Min; SA Emy-Cel; SA Wol-Rau; SA Fan (S) SA Lor; SA Lor (S) MOR NA Frc-Gla (MOR NA Frc NSO) (SA Lor (S)); DU WEm (S) SA Fan.

GM Note -- Esgaroth is no longer a Fortress province, as it has been captured.

Supply Centers held at end of H'05 (retreats do not affect count) --

ARN -- Amo, Iml, ThS, GrH, Ang, ~~Cap~~, Ere (stands pat). (6)

MOR -- NWi, WeR, DoG, Isg, ~~NW~~, Ano, Hen, DoA, Leb, MiT, Tol, Umb, Hrd, Kha, Bar, MiM, Udu, CaD, Esg, Mir (may build two units). (19)

ROH -- Tha, ~~W~~, ~~L~~, Cel, Edo, Fan, WEm, Rau (stands pat; one dest. Q'05). (6)

RHO -- Mor, Crk, ~~Esg~~, ~~Mir~~, Lor (remove one unit). (3)

Propaganda --

Amon Dîn -- Yet even as Théoden's troop turned their horses toward Edoras, a rolling thunder of horse-hooves came to their ears. Into the Mordorian camp rode a half-score Riders, helms dented, shields cloven, mail rent, horse and rider alike swaying with fatigue. With grief and horror the King and his escort heard Éothain and the remnant of his éored, tell of the disaster that befell Éomer, Third Marshall of the Mark, and his fourteen-hundred spears; of the army that burst unexpectedly from the North, drove into Eregion and strode south in the shadow of the Misty Mountains; of the countless charges and ambushes conducted by the Riders that failed on the pike-squares of the Breeland men and the unerring aim of the bow-wielding halflings; of that last fatal night when the Rohirrim encamped a scant dozen miles north of Moria.

"Uneasy we felt that night with the haunted Mines so near at hand", spoke Éothain. "The vale about Moria was an ill place with its orcs and other foul creatures before the Fall of Gandalf in its depths; since that event it has become a veritable pool of fear. Portents there were; Éomer's sword Guthwine shone even as did the ancient elven blades, and only the Marshall's presence held the Riders together. 'Wait a little', he said. 'Daily we draw them from safety; the borders of Rohan approach -- so do fresh éoreds -- all will be well.' But it was not to be.

"That very night the Northerners came out of the dark, overwhelming the Riddermark pickets, scattering the main body before them. Daylight revealed a host of men and halflings to the north, and yet another to the west, hemming the Riders toward the Mountains. Éomer spurred to the south, crying 'Ride! Ride!'. But the forefathers of the Rohirrim turned their faces from their children, and doom lay

heavy on the éoreds. Barring their way stood a great host of dwarves that had issued from Moria, a place in which no dwarf had walked for many a year.

"Balin son of Fundin, Lord of Moria, led them. Like a rock he stood, a golden crown was on his helm, and in his hands the Great Axe of Durin. Over his head waved a standard, argent on gray, bearing the Crown and Crossed Hammers of Moria, mightiest of Dwarven tokens. Their voices were as the roar of waves on the shore, splintering the very stones. 'Barûk Khazad! Khazad ai-menû!' Thence came the onset, seeming irresistible.

"Yet Éomer flinched not. Battle-lust was upon him, and every man in his company was infected. In a great wedge the Riders thundered against the Dwarf host: 'Éomer for Théoden-King! Forth Eorlingas!' Dense was the Dwarf press, yet deep they drove, flinging their enemies to either side. But the folk of Durin did not flinch in their turn -- axes hewed horse and rider, the Rohirrim were bloodily repulsed, and they wavered. Then came catastrophe.

"Gandalf who was lost in Moria came forth, robed in white; light shone about him, power cloaked him, his eye brought fear, his wizard's red was lightning. None could withstand him. Horses were maddened; men grovelled on the earth.

"From the north, from the west, with a roar came men and halflings for the kill. The dwarvish axes were never still. Éomer was magnificent. In the face of these onsets, in spite of Gandalf, he rallied his men. Like a storm his remaining Riders bore upon the Northerners, but an arrow-storm by the halflings shattered his charge, his men were transfixed on Breeland pikes. Only Éomer and his guard, berserk in fighting-madness, breached a square. The square closed, none emerged, and the tide of battle rolled over them. With Éomer's fall, dismay seized the Riders; those still unhurt and ahorse scattered to the four winds. Not one in twenty escaped.

"There is more, lord. It is said Elrond, renowned among elves and men, many great lords of Rivendell, and a power of elven-folk come from the North. The Northerners are but their advance guard. They declare you outlaw, and unworthy of your high seat. O Théoden-King! None on Middle-Earth assert that Elves are any but truth-speakers. Do we wrong? Take counsel, lord; my tale is done, and we too I deem, should you not."

A heavy silence ensued, broken at length by the Black Númenorian. His eyes were on Théoden, but he addressed Éothain. "No war is waged without misfortune, Rider, and while Éomer's fall be a great loss, consider the goal for which you strive. But enough! You are not charged with judging the actions of your lord; carry out his will, and have done. A thought worthy of being borne in mind by all, think you not, Théoden-King?"

The King did not stir; his features, ashen-gray, deepened, perhaps in hue. Without a backward glance he kicked Snowmane forward into the West; the Rohirrim were quickly lost to sight in the unending gloom. Silence again reigned under Amon Dîn.

Arnor -- The Southerners are advised that the Northerners will surrender to Rohan when Orodruin freezes over; further, Strawheads who live in grass houses shouldn't keep cows.

Arnor -- Rhovanion: But we do have hold of the DLM. All our propaganda is printed, ain't it?

Barad-dûr -- Sauron with face foliage? How dare you! All rumor-mongers who continue to broadcast such slander will be.... be.... ah.... be.... HIS NEBS

Edoras -- Imladris: Either you are even more incompetent than I gave you credit for or you are selling out very cheaply indeed. You can be sure that this gesture will be remembered. Any by more people than myself.

Mordor -- The Dark Lord, fully mistrusting the ring-thieves and other assorted ash, trash and garbage of northern Middle-Earth, declares unending devotion to his ally Théoden, and promises to pick clean the bones of Arnor!

NSG -- Sauron using elf-runes? Give him another surname in his old age. The Senile!

Deadline for HRIVE, 3005 retreats (ARN: SA Min; RHO: SA Esg) and COIRE, 3005 builds/removals -- Noon, Tues., Oct. 27. (Note early deadline.)
