

The Great War in Modern Memory



Jan. 6, 1981 1981 IG & 1980 CE Issue # 22

Crushing Deefeet

As I write I am not sure I can put out a whole issue this time or not; my schedule is crowded, I've too much to do. No sense telling all. For those of our subscribers & friends who did not receive an issue in mid-December: we did not miss, entirely. Game results were sent out, but nothing else, and no issue was charged against anyone's subs.

Our Empires housrules are becoming quite long & I doubt they will appear in GWMM, but should be available this month on request; thanks for your help, John.

I bought SPI's 2nd edition DragonQuest; in comparison to others, I like it the best, and I've been working hard on a campaign for our group. I've given up working on PET or CBM programs to help with GMing Empires because the library computers are used too much for me to be guaranteed access when I need it. I still want to use any computer to help with the paperwork, but we are going to buy one instead (soon, I hope.) Thank you everyone who sent in information & opinions on current computers I could afford, especially Bernard Sampson (I agree) & Stephen Ruddock. I can't decide which to buy, but I can't afford a computer tomorrow either.

Confessions of a Dipper

The Christmas I Shot Santa Claus

by Hugh Gardner

I remember; my first few years in the hobby were difficult ones, personally. As a young teenager living in a middle class suburban home with my parents, two brothers, and two sisters, nobody understood me. Almost everybody I knew would frown whenever I reveled in my successes or cursed my frustrations. My mother wasn't so bad; she didn't raise much fuss about my Diplomacy, and she made sure I got my mail. (My brothers and sisters, if not watched, would steal my letters often before I ever saw them. I'd find them taped to the front of my locker at school with sickly remarks scrawled on them.) My father was a different story. On weekends he'd harangue me: "Why wasn't I out with my friends getting bombed? How come I didn't read Playboy? Why wasn't I ever happy to sit and watch football for eight hours straight?" I guess he didn't want one of his sons to be different in some weird and perverse way; I didn't see that then.

My most persistently obnoxious adversaries within my family were my two younger sisters. First off, they adored one another; in any arguments against either one you immediately found the odds to be two to one against you. They rarely got in trouble for anything; it was either me, or more often, my younger brother Ron.

My smaller sister Sarah had a habit of snitching my fleets and armies to use as dollhouse furniture. (There was a BIG dollhouse furniture shortage a few years back before all these oil, paper, gasoline, competence, and peanut shortages.) I didn't mind so much but she had to take all of one color to "make things look right." (She still wants to be an interior designer.) It irked me to no end: coming home to find France or Turkey kidnapped from the board. My other sister Janice must've spent some time studying the game. She somehow discovered changing the pieces around really fouled things up, especially at certain times, like before I wrote my orders. English fleets would appear in the Channel, fleets would turn into armies, Russia would have the Black Sea instead of Turkey; Italy would be in Tyrolia. For six months I was plagued by miswritten orders and allies wondering what the hell I was doing supporting myself into Spain when nobody was around to stop me. It was a bad time.

Inevitably the Christmas season approaches us once a year, coming at us like a locomotive, full steam. The closer it gets, the more excited everyone gets. It never seems to stop though; it swooshes right by, dragging us along for a ways in its wake. I was anxious to see what new zines would be in my stocking and mom would always give me some stationary and stamps. Sarah had been wishing for a new dollhouse with REAL furniture. I was pleased. She was sure Santa would oblige her. Janice, at the height of her pranks was itching for a kick in the butt from me. That Christmas I was sixteen, Janice would have been fourteen, Sarah was almost eight, Ron was nine or ten and my older brother Milt was home from his freshman year in college. Still it looked like a good Christmas. Milt was full of stories, stuff my father never even dreamed of!

cont. on page 6

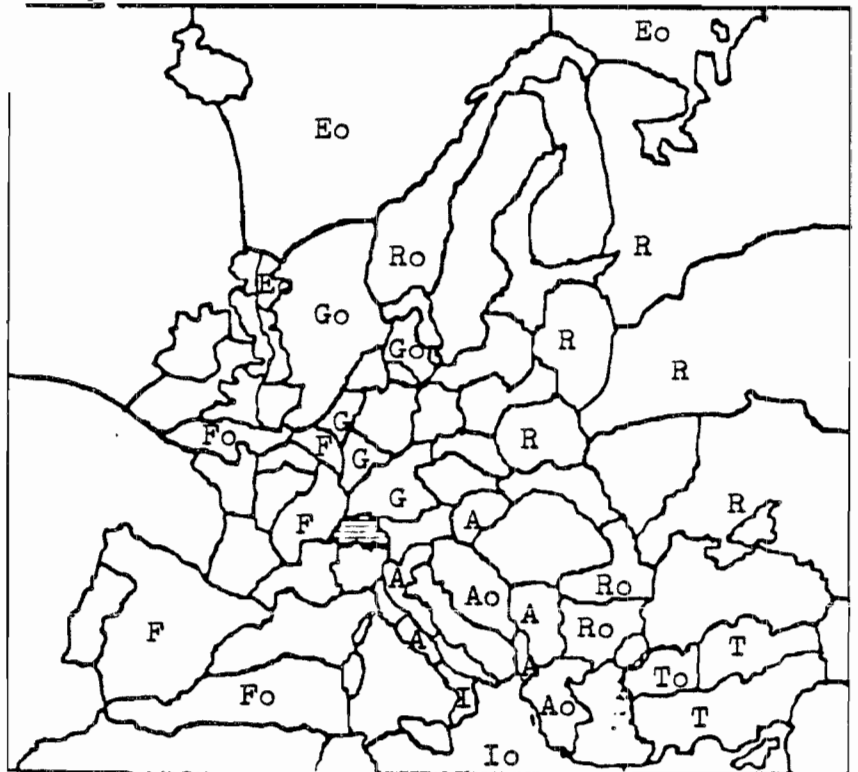
★½ "Life, Liberty And Pursuit
On The Planet Of The Apes" (1974)
Roddy McDowall, Ron Harper. Galen, the chimp, finds that an old love, Dr. Kira, is now a surgeon at the ape hospital.

The Blood Stained 1981 IG Stagger to Victory

"The machine-gun is a much over-rated weapon and two per battalion is more than sufficient."
-Douglas Haig-

DEADLINE for Spring and Summer 1903 is Jan. 19th.

Austria conquers Italy.
Whither Italy? England?
French munitions cutback
ordered at highest level
last neutral occupied,
Will current alliances
remain stable?
Thank you all for getting
your orders in on time
despite the holidays!



Milewski



A bul h (dsl, ann)
CON s a bul A SMY h
A ANK h
home ~~bul~~ (3) even

Ruddock



A HOL h, A RUH s a hol
A kie-MUN, F hel-NTH
F DEN s f hel-nth
home hol den (5) even

Meinel



A tyl-~~VEN~~, A tri-ALB
F GRE s a tri-alb
A ven-ROM,
A SER s Rus f bla-bul(ec)
home gre ser VEN ROM
(7) builds F TRI, A VIE

Gorham



A BUR s a bel, A SPA h
F ENG/lon, F mid-WES
A BEL s a bur
home por bel SPA(6)
NCA plays short

Gosselin



F bla-BUL(ec), A SEV s f rum
F RUM s f bla-bul(ec),
F NWY h, A STP s a nwy
A mos-LIV
home swe rum NWY BUL (8)
builds A MOS, A WAR

Luedi



A YOR/lon, F BAR/nwy
F NRG s f bar-nwy
F nth (dsl, r-EDI) §
f bar-nwy
home ~~nwy~~ (3) rem a yor

Kestler



F EAS/smy A tun-NAP
F ION c a tun-nap
A alb (dsl,ann)-gre
~~nap~~ nap tun ~~eam~~ (2)
rem f eas

PRESS

Paris - The Austrian Armies are to remove themselves from all Italian territory & cities—the French government has a treaty of peace with the Italians and will move to support them if the Austrians remain in Italy. The Russians are asked to at once enter Austria to bring that country into line with international law.

Vienna to Naples: You leave your ass flying in the wind like that and you're going to get it! Pope Julius knifed in the back! His final words were "E tu...."

Paris

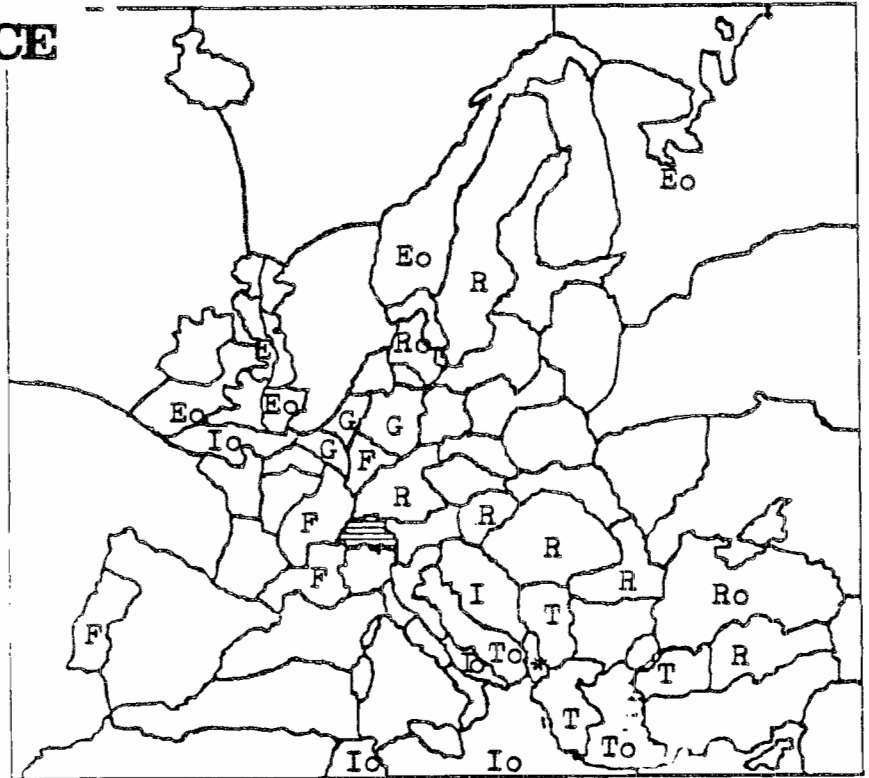
1980 CE

"To err is human. To loaf is Parisian." -Victor Hugo-
 "... a man has no home... save Paris." -Nietzsche-

DEADLINE for Fall, Autumn and Winter 1905 is Feb 1st.

Problems arise with new rules, France suffers. A new sultan reigns from Ankara. There is no news of peace.

There was an error in last season's map. Rus F BAL was incorrectly placed in bot.



*turkish fleet albania



F STP(nc) s F nwy, F NWY s F stp(nc)
 F nth-LON, F IRI s A.edi-liv
 A edi-LIV



A ber-MUN, A ukr-RUM, F bal-DEN,
 F BLA c A sev-ank, A BUD s A ukr-rum,
 A sev-ANK, A fin-swe(nsu) A SWE u,b
 A VIE s ITA A tri

Rosen



Oaklyn

A HOL s A ruh-bel, A ruh-BEL
 A KIE s Rus A ber-mun



A alb-SER, A ser-GRE,
 PAEG s A ser-gre, F gre-ALB,
 A bul-CON F apu-ADR

Wiggers

Thanks Dan, but your orders were not necessary; please note Earl Wiggers is now the Turkish player. Also, we said the game would be played under our houserules, which is why we wanted spring 1905 submitted directly to us, & the abbreviation NCR stands for No Conditional Retreats received. The French player submitted no retreat orders for his dislodged units; they're disbanded.



Kelly

A par-BUR, A MAR h, A bur-RUH,
 A spa-POR, A mun (dsl, NGR, dsb) s
 A bur-ruh, F bel (dsl, NGR, dsb)
 - hol



out 1904



Palter

F nap-APU, F ION s F nap-apu
 F TUN s F nap (imp), A TRI h,
 F wal-ENG

PRESS

Germany to Russia & England: I can not account for standby players & replacement players who will not look at what was going on and decide honorably what alliances were going down. I must now turn my attention to a back-stabber, France, even though said backstabber is new on this gameboard

Germany to England: Let's see now, Bernard. A EDI b, F Iri S a edi-lvp, f nth-enc, f nwy-nth..... them's best ya' no! Besides, Italy must give up the northern fleet. Where now, to Germany, like everyone else?

Confessions from page one

I snuck into the kitchen for a couple of quick drinks of Cutty. Mother baked a wonderful Christmas Eve Dinner. Sarah, for almost eight, sure believed in Santa Claus. She carried on about Santa and Mrs. Claus and the elves and the reindeer and the sleigh and how he does it all every year and on and on and on. Everyone seemed to be getting a kick out of it and kept encouraging her; she was fulfilling her role as the little doll in the family, which she really was. (With everyone except me!) Earlier that evening, after dinner, almost as an encore, she took my armies and fleets once again, not content to wait until morning. This time she took everything except the board. Apparently the psychedelic era was upon us. Needless to say, I was frothing at the mouth! I moved to reclaim what was taken, but I caught a glare from our mother which translated, "Don't take another step, buster." So I humbled myself by sitting in the living room with the rest of the family, pretending to enjoy listening to Milt's stories, Sarah's gibbering, and everybody's stomach making noises. Somewhere between sneaking my fourth and fifth sips of Cutty I came up with an idea. Chancy, yes. Unforgivable, probably, but definitely nasty.

"'Twas the night before Christmas and all through the house not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse..." is how the old Christmas poem goes. I must have not rated being a creature that night. I checked the clock 1:15; everybody had been in bed at least an hour. I snuck into Milt's room, eased his 12-gauge shotgun off the wall, and found two shells in a desk drawer. (He'd had more than his share of Cutty that night; he wouldn't have stirred for an earthquake.) I slowly and quietly made my way outside, positioning my self fifteen or twenty feet from Sarah's window. WHAM! I let both barrels go at once. Then started laughing really loud. "I just shot Santa Claus, ha, ha, ha!!!" My face was red by the time everyone came running outside. "Ha, ha, ha, I shot Santa Claus."

"Santa Claus was killed by a shotgun blast at close proximity, seemingly with both barrels of a shotgun. Death was instantaneous at 1:21 a.m. December 25, 19--." (Ed. note: the exact year has been withheld at the request of the author.)

I found that tacked to my door two days after Christmas the year I "shot" Santa Claus. I was not very popular around the house for quite a while after that eventful evening. Nobody spoke to me Christmas day; they all pretended I wasn't there. Sarah didn't stop bawling till almost 3 in the morning and sobbing till 4:30. She wanted to tear out my eyeballs when she first saw me, and tried to attack me several times. She still dislikes me, as does Janice. Janice didn't speak much to me for almost a year. Christmas Eve outside the house she could barely scream, "you, you, m-monster!" as she took Sarah inside. Mother hated me for about three months, but then seemed to forgive me. Dad was MAD when he came outside, but as he snatched the gun from me, (before I did something really crazy.) I could see he was a bit proud, too; seems he had had his fill of Sarah's ravings, too; it was time for the little girl to find out there is not Santa Claus. Milt, who actually made it outside in his pajamas like everyone else, was amixed bag. He kind of understood why I did it, although he never agreed that I should have; he was upset I didn't ask to borrow the twelve-gauge. He was probably the one who tacked the obituary on my door. I thought I caught a half smile and a gleam in the eye that night from Ron. After that night we got along much better and our sisters became stalemated in arguments because we'd stand up for each other. He seemed to look up to me more after that Christmas which made it all worth while.

Except....

IG Press from page two

Turkey-World: I have also sworn off spumoni.
 Vienna-Ankara: Why A bul-SER?
 Vienna-Europe: Hey, everyone, I owe Germany a big favor!
 Vienna-France: Peace, right?
 Budapest-London: You never cease to amaze me.
 Trieste-Moscow: SMASH 'EM!
 Pope Appeasement elected pope by pro-French faction.

The Great War in Modern Memory

Guy R. & Elizabeth R. Hail
 1103-b Lorrain St.
 Austin, TX 78703

G W M M is a journal of postal Diplomacy, a game invented by Allan B. Calhamer & owned by the Avalon Hill Co. of Baltimore, Maryland. Empires of the Middle Ages is owned by Simulations publications of New York, N.Y., and Black Box is owned by Parker Brothers of Beverly, MA.