

Hoosier Archives was originally a periodic listing of the Diplomacy archives of Walter Buchanan, R.R. #3, Lebanon, Indiana 46052, telephone (317) 482-2824; Archives Director, Postal Diplomacy Congress, and V-P/Treas., International Diplomacy Association. It is now primarily a Diplomacy gazette devoted to articles on good play, demonstration games such as the Multiple Winners Invitational (1972??) now in progress, rating systems, and game news. Information from the archives is vital for all this and is available to the public as well. Although the archives is virtually complete in at least xerox form, missing undamaged originals are solicited, either for purchase or a loan to permit xeroxing. (See the last archives listing in Hoosier Archives #53 for zines needed.) Many original spares are now available from the archives; more are solicited so as to make them available to others. A subscription to Hoosier Archives is 15/\$2.00 or 7/\$1.00; back issues are 15¢ apiece (20% discount for all available). Ask for #73 to get a list of all articles through #74. This is Albatross Press publication #93.



MULTIPLE WINNERS INVITATIONAL
(The Average Aces Game)

The Grudge Game had such a formidable cast that coming up with an encore was no easy task. However, this game might just do the trick. Its players have an unbelievable total of 35 postal wins together, beating out the Grudge Game by 2 wins. Since this averages out to be 5 wins per player, I thought an appropriate nickname for the game might be "The Average Aces Game." In any case, I believe this game to have the strongest field ever assembled. In fact, just to enter, one had to be a multiple winner and also have an ODD rating of over 1000 at some time. It should be a fascinating game to watch.

To increase the spectator interest, the game will run under a strict 2 week/2 week/1 week schedule (except for Spring 1901, a 3-week deadline to allow for initial negotiations) and Rick Brooks, an expert analyst, will give a running game analysis. Also, with many of the players being press release fans and with Queen Suzanne spurring on the action, a press release war will no doubt result. All in all, the Average Aces Game should be the game to watch, and I will do my best to see that it is run smoothly.

And now, an introduction of the participants is in order. Positions were determined by chance with Carol pulling the countries out of a cup. Incidentally, the winner of the game will receive a beautifully engraved trophy which was displayed at the DIPCON so there should be ample incentive for good play.

Average Aces Game
Winter 1900

AUSTRIA: Hal Naus, 1011 Barrett Avenue, Chula Vista, California 92011. Hal is the editor of Adag, one of the oldest and best gamezines to play in around. He is also ranked ninth in the latest Calhamer Point Count Rating List (CPCRL) and is on the second board of both the latest Archives Publishers Poll (APP) and Beyerlein Player Poll (BPP). In addition to his 3 wins, Hal has also drawn more games than any player around, a grand total of 6.

ENGLAND: John McCallum, PO Box 52, Ralston, Alberta, Canada T0J 2R0. John has been called the "Grand Old Man of Postal Diplomacy" and rightly so. Only Boardman, the founder of our postal hobby, surpasses him for continuous publication of Diplomacy zines. John is also widely known as the leading rules expert and among his many rating systems has designed the most popular one around, the ODD Rating System. He slouches as a player, John is on the third board of the latest CPCRL and was on the 2nd board of APP #2.

FRANCE: Edi Birsan, 48-20 39th Street, Long Island City, N.Y. 11104. If anyone can be called the world champion of postal Diplomacy today, it would have to be Edi. He is first on the latest CPCRL and also was voted first on both the latest APP and BPP. Edi has also won more postal Diplomacy games than anyone in history for a grand total of 9. His most recent win was in the Grudge Game among the stiffest competition in the hobby. In addition to his playing skills, Edi has written many brilliant articles on the openings.

GERMANY: Eugene Prosnitz, 200 Clinton Street, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11201. Gene has many high rankings to his credit. Among them are fourth on the latest CPCRL and eighth on the latest Averaged Numenor Rating System. He also placed on the top board of the latest APP. In addition to his fine performance as a player, which includes an impressive total of 6 wins, Gene is recognized as having one of the finest strategic minds in the hobby and has written many fine articles on Diplomacy strategy.

ITALY: Doug Beyerlein, 3934 SW Southern, Seattle, Wash. 98116. Doug is ranked fourth on both the latest CPCRL and the ODD Rating List. He is also fifth on both the latest APP and BPP. As if these high rankings due to his 6 wins weren't enough, Doug also has an impressive number of Diplomacy strategy and tactics articles to his credit. He is also one of the hobby's leading experts on rating systems and the originator of the Beyerlein Player Poll.

RUSSIA: Brenton Ver Ploeg, 520 Parker, #202, San Francisco, Calif. 94118. Brenton is one of the most rapidly rising stars on the Diplomacy scene today. Among his 6 wins, he has won 4 of them within the last couple of months, a truly remarkable feat that I'm sure is unparalleled in the history of the game. As a testimony to his good play, although most of these ratings were recorded before his most recent wins, Brenton is third on the latest Broddingnag and Averaged Numenor Rating Systems, as well as the latest APP.

TURKEY: Len Lakofka, 4970 N. Marine Drive, Apt. 525, Chicago, Ill. 60640. Len is probably the leading expert in Diplomacy tactics in the hobby. In addition to many fine articles on that subject, he has written many fine articles on Diplomacy strategy as well. As a player, Len is just now wrapping up his third win and because of recent wins will probably soon rank higher than his current eighth on the latest Broddingnag Rating List and his second board position in the latest APP. Of course, these scores are impressive enough.

PODERKAGG: Rod Walker, 4719 Felton, San Diego, Calif. 92116. If anyone deserves the title "Mr. Diplomacy," it has to be Rod. The work he does for the postal hobby boggles the mind. In addition to his fine gazette Erehwon and the invaluable statistical data he puts out in his gazette Numenor, he puts out a host of other zines, any one of which would occupy the average publisher. He is well known as a player, too, as his 6th place position in the ODD Rating System or 4th place in both the APP and BPP will testify. (By the way, for those of you who can't find Poderkagg on your maps, a VERY close look along the northern border of Albania might be in order!)

SPRING 1901 ORDERS are due on Saturday, 26 August 1972. (Players have already been informed of their country assignment so negotiation could begin.)

INTO THE ARCHIVES NO. 42

This time we have a hometown treat from the infamous editor of Naorg-Olpid, the zine that so unjustly wishes ill to our beloved hobby. What have we done to deserve such a curse? (A list of things you haven't done--like empty the trash or pay attention to your wife--might be more in order! CA---) Anyway, I hope you enjoy our account of the DIPCON. By the way, I soon would like to publish a list of all the postal players that attended the DIPCON. Through personal recollection I have a list of 42 players from 18 states, D.C., and Canada, but undoubtedly there are more. Maybe some of you out there can help me out? Someday I would like to publish a history of the DIPCONS starting with that first small gathering of 9 players back in 1966.

QUEEN SUZANNE IN DIPPYLAND
by Carol Ann Buchanan

It was a hot, muggy night as we hitched up the team (Dobbin and Dippy) to make the long journey from Cow Pastures to the world-famous Weir Cook Airport in Indianapolis to pick up Rod Walker who was arriving from San Diego (via Chicago) on Thursday in order to view the world-famous Archives before the long-awaited DIPCON V. We arrived at the airport on schedule but the one-engine Heesleria Airlines Special from Chicago had been delayed several times. The first time was in Chicago when the passengers and their luggage were put through an extensive search due to a tip-off from an unknown "friend" (rumored to be one of Queen Suzanne's aides) who said that someone aboard the plane was carrying international secrets and was plotting to "overthrow the Archives." Rod was suspected, but managed to talk his way out of being

locked. Pope Jean was held for further questioning because she kept raving something about knowing "the Secret of Suzanne."

Finally, an hour after it was scheduled, we were thrilled to watch the Hoosier Air-lines Special glide into Weir Cook Airport (its engine had finally refused to run any longer), but we didn't catch sight of Rod for another hour. Passengers trickled in from the runway. Ah, there's Red, puffing and panting! When Walter asked him about the delay, he said he would have been in a lot sooner but he had trouble finding his way through the herd of cows (he hadn't stayed in line behind the guide) and then some bull spotted his red shirt and started chasing him around the landing field. Rod muttered something about it "being dark out there" and "not being able to see where he was going," but he finally spotted the light in the terminal and was able to wend his way into the room. "Thank goodness, that bull didn't get my portable typewriter!" Rod exclaimed. "The world is going to hear about this outrage!"

We finally calmed Rod down enough to get him out to the wagon and slowly drove home. Red walked in the door and inquired, "Where's the kitchen? What've you got to eat? I'm starved!" I raced out to the kitchen to prepare a feast for this strange man who had just eaten a fine repast on the Hoosier Special from Chicago. We sacrificed one of the famous Cow Pastures calves for the occasion. I had spent the entire day searching the nearby forests for mushrooms with which to smother the steaks (heh, heh---funny how mushrooms and toadstools look an awful lot alike....). After the 3-course meal (the conversation at dinner was uninteresting---strictly about Important Matters---Diplomacy), Rod burped loudly and declared, "That was a good appetizer. Now when do we eat?" I replied that he hadn't yet finished---his mushrooms were still on his plate. Red squirmed and stammered that "er...I..uh...don't like, er...an allergic to mushrooms. Doctor's orders, you know."

Walter and Rod then vanished into The Archives while I was stuck with the dishes. I kept hearing loud voices exclaim, "No, that's mine," "I'll trade you an entire set of mint condition (unread) Wasins for that Graustark #1," "I'll trade you the first copy of the new Japanese Dippy zine for Ruritania #1," "I've never heard of a Japanese Dippy zine," "I've got it locked in my fireproof lock box with the other rare and valuable Dippy zine---I have the only copies." And so it continued until I finished the dishes at 1:30 A.M.

I wandered into the Archives and said loudly, "Oh, I'm tired. I think it's time to retire." No response. Walter and Rod continued to dicker over Dippy zines. I wandered around for about a half-hour in the Archives (taking a zine out of this file cabinet drawer and putting it randomly in another drawer, putting Stan Wrobel's address label stickers under "P" for Polish, glueing the unused stamps from the box on the desk in an interesting pattern on the wall---it turned out to spell "I hate Diplomacy"---and doing other such things for the Archives as I could). Finally, I exclaimed, "It's 2:00 A.M. and I'm going to bed. You Diplomats can sit up all night for all I care." The spider in the corner replied, "You're lucky. You can leave the room. These guys are keeping me awake with their nonsense." I left in a huff.

The next morning I dragged myself out of bed, stomped loudly into the kitchen, banged the teapot on the stove to make myself a cup of instant coffee, but the two guys were dead to the world. I then emptied a tray of ice cubes and dumped half on each of them, but there was still no response. I left for school (my last day of student teaching). On my return home from a group of sane, normal people (15 post-2nd grade and 16 post-3rd grade students), I stopped off at the local candy factory, better known as Callans's Candy Shoppe to purchase a 10-lb. box of white turtles so that Red could stave off hunger on our trip to Chicago. Rod and Walter had finally managed to drag themselves out of bed (it was after noon by now) and Rod was growling, "I'm hungry; when's breakfast; when's lunch? What kind of service do you have around this place, anyway?" I hastened off to fix lunch, topping Rod's hamburger with the "mushrooms" he had left on his plate the night before.

The guys buried themselves in the Archives all afternoon while I scurried around getting suitcases packed, hauling out boxes of Dippy junk to the wagon, feeding the team and preparing a picnic lunch to take with us to Chicago. About 5:00 P.M. I had finally completed the preparations and announced to the Archives Room and anyone who was listening that we were ready to go. Walter was carrying the precious, priceless (who'd want it?) copy of Derek Nelson's Graustark #1 to be exhibited at the DIPCON. Red was carrying the candy, plus half a baked chicken he had found in the refrigerator when I wasn't looking.

Walter started out driving, but after about 10 minutes he addressed me for the first time all day, saying, "Wouldn't you like to drive so Rod and I can more easily discuss Impor-

tant Things--we have to plot how to get Dan Alderson's rare and priceless Dippy treasures away from him without him knowing about it." So we made one of our famous 65 mph driver changes (normally we make 70 mph driver changes, but the extra weight of our "guest" caused us to lose speed) and I drove to Chicago. Once in Chicago the team didn't like all the wild traffic that was constantly whizzing by us. We're not used to such traffic in Back Forty.

When we arrived at the Sherman House, I thought maybe we weren't at the right place since all the signs said "Welcome to DIPCO-CON VI" and everybody we met said, "We're glad you made it to the DIPCON." I think something was funny, though, because every time anyone said the word DIPCON, Len Lakofka would pop out of the woodwork or out from behind a pillar and yell, "DIPLO-CON!"

After getting settled in our 3' x 5' room (fortunately our airconditioning worked--some people weren't so lucky), we wandered in the direction of Suite 16 where we encountered the infamous Larry Peery and his friend from D.C., Jamie Young. A few minutes later I wandered someone who came up and said, "I'm Eric Blake and this is my friend, Carol Tremblay." I discovered later that one of them was really Edi Birman and the other was Carol Tremblay. I wonder why Edi's good friend Mary Ann Key didn't come?

After an IDA Council meeting in Larry Peery's Suite 16, we wandered down to the area where the Trade Show booths were being set up. There I met Larry Blandin, who looked very tired from all the work he had done on the convention, and Len Lakofka, who kept popping out from under booths and from behind war games yelling "DIPLO-CON!" John Smythe came in, introducing himself as John Koring and John Koring was introducing himself as John Smythe. I wasn't fooled since I had seen them on the trip to Youngstown last Thanksgiving. While Walter tried to convince John Koring that he should resume publication of sTab, Larry Blandin told me that even though the sign on the Men's restroom on the convention floor didn't say so, it was really a "People's Restroom" (I had protested before the DIPCON because the map they had sent out only listed the men's room and not the ladies, too). He assured me that even though the Sherman House was old-fashioned and wouldn't change the sign, the planners of the convention felt that the Men's room could be used as a People's room. I quietly slipped away--he had been working too hard.

All at once, someone whispered excitedly, "There's John Beshara!" I looked but I didn't see anyone.

Even though we hadn't gotten to bed until 2:00 A.M. Saturday morning (or was it 3?), Walter was up bright and early at 6:00 A.M., eager to play DIPLOMACY! Doug Beyerlein called at 7:00 A.M. wanting to know if Walter and I wanted to do something so mundane as eat breakfast. "NO, no, we're here to play DIPLOMACY," Walter told Doug. We quickly left for the Crystal Room where all the action was taking place.

Walter found the people he was to play against, and I watched the game closest to the door (in case I wanted to make a hasty exit) where Fred Winter was explaining the rules of Diplomacy to the other players in his game (Edi Birman, Doug Beyerlein, Stan Wrobel, Elliot Lipson, Eric Verheiden, and Mark Weidmark). During the long explanation Stan spotted me and came over. "Wouldn't you like to move to Youngstown so you could have the privilege of typing up Jastrab?" he asked. Before I could answer (NO!), a loud voice yelled out, "If you want to hear how we're going to play, you'd better get over here, Stan," and Stan slunk back.

Walter was playing Russia in his game with Bob Lamb as Turkey and John Beyer as Austria. He made an alliance with John against Bob while he made a non-aggression pact with Germany and England. In Fall 1901 Germany and England stabbed Walter as he and John were attacking Bob. Walter decided he wanted to talk to people rather than play Diplomacy so he bribed Bob Van Andel into taking over his position ("It's really a great position, Bob, and I'll give Saeta a big plug in the next HAI).

While Walter was discussing current games he's playing in with his allies and trying to talk people out of any Dippy zines they had, I went around recruiting members for the Diplomacy Widows Association (DWA). In addition to Carol Tremblay and Jamie Young, I talked with Betty Christian, Nancy Roll, Connie Barents, Jean Keller, Lis Laballe, Mrs. Mehran Thomson, MS. Neiseyer, and Debbie Schleicher. When told that the only requirement for membership in the DWA was a "hatred for Diplomacy," there was an overwhelming response of clamorings to join. Today the DIPCON, tomorrow the world!

That afternoon the First Annual Johnny Awards were presented. Like Walt Disney and his Oscars, Rod and Walter almost needed a truck to carry away their Awards. Then there were those of us plebians who had to settle for one award--I got one for the DWA. I couldn't be-

lieve that Diplomacy players would actually be so dumb as to give an award to the one who seeks to stab them at every turn....my suspicions of the IQ of Dippy players is confirmed!

After more running around all afternoon like the chicken who had lost its head, Walter and I went to a nearby restaurant with Larry Blandin and John Moot (President of GRI). There we (read "they") had an interesting discussion of Important Matters (Diplomacy again). I don't think John Moot, a very charming and seemingly gentle man, realizes the evils he is perpetrating upon the world through the sale of Diplomacy. I wonder if his wife would like to join the Diplomacy Widows Assedation?

After missing John, cops, MR. John Beshara's cocktail party to which we were uninvited (Queen Suzanne was really miffed about that snub), I did catch a glimpse of this renowned personage as he flitted down the hall. We were on our way to the IDA meeting which took place in the same room that the cocktail party had just vacated. At the IDA meeting the members discussed more Important Matters (can you guess?)--Diplomacy and Things Good for The Kobly.

Sunday dawned too early. While I was propping my eyelids open in the room to maintain a semblance of being awake, Walter dashed off to discuss Important Matters. He toured the booths in the Trade Show (they weren't all set up on Friday when we were down there) and then came back after me to drag me off to the 157th IDA Council meeting of the DIPCON where again everyone sat around discussing Important Matters. Thank goodness that was the last of the Council meetings. While Peery was in Chicago, they called it the Hurricane City.

Lunch time was late that day. We started walking to a nearby Japanese restaurant with Larry Peery, Jamie Young and Steve Bell, but discovered it was closed. We walked back to the hotel to find out where the best Japanese restaurant in Chicago was located (Walter had been talking to the guard at the museum display about it), and hitched up the team to drive up there. Lo and behold, we discovered that it, too, was closed! Queen Suzanne was really upset to discover that the best Japanese restaurant in the second largest city in the USA was closed on Sunday. She had been counting on feasting on Japanese food. We finally ended up at an ice cream parlour which turned out to have more than just ice cream. Ah, the luncheon special was lox and bagel with cream cheese! Queen Suzanne was delighted! What, the luncheon special is only good until 3:00 P.M.? It was now 3:15 P.M. Well, at least they weren't out of the coffee ice cream that Queen Suzanne ordered for desert.

The food at the banquet that evening was good. I noticed that Rod kept getting up and moving from table to table during the meal. I later found out that he was sitting down at empty places at each table and getting an additional meal at each one, telling the waiters that he had arrived late. Rumors are that he consumed 6 meals during the course of the evening. After the meal, Len Lakofka and Larry Peery announced Important Announcements. Allan Calhamer was the featured speaker and all stood to pay homage to The Inventor of DIPLOMACY.

Things broke up quickly after the banquet with everyone going their separate ways home. Rod Walker and Jeff Key wanted a ride out to the airport (Rod didn't want another trip on Hoosierix Airlines). While Walter went to the stable to fetch the team and wagon, Rod and Jeff brought down all the luggage. Needless to say, the trip to the airport was extremely slow due to the excess weight of Rod (with his 6 meals added to his girth) and Jeff (who actually traveled light with only one suitcase). There was a lot of dickering about the Diplomacy set that Jeff had to start with--it had a sacred 1959 copyright. I'm not sure who ended up with it as it changed hands several times during the drive. All three guys wanted it.

After disposing of the excess baggage at the airport, the team fairly flew home. We arrived home just before midnight (Queen Suzanne's coach didn't turn into a pumpkin before we made it home) and about 10 minutes later Scott Huddleston and Peter Anseff drove up in their VW to spend the night on the couch in the lobby of the Cow Pastures Inn before continuing on to Tennessee. After Pete and Scott had a quick tour through the Archives (the 1 hour special), everyone retired. Walter collapsed in bed but all night he kept saying things like "I know I had that 1959 Diplomacy set when we left the airport!" and "I wonder if I can talk Derek Nelson into letting me have this Graustark #1--then I'll have a better collection than Rod," and "How can I stab (mumble, mumble) in that game we're in together?" The next morning after I had cooked the guys breakfast and gotten rid of everyone, I went back to bed and collapsed! DIPCON V had ended!!

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