

NORTHERN FLAME

February 28, 1988.

Welcome to issue #3 of West Toronto's favourite zine, Northern Flame, a magazine dedicated to the play of postal Diplomacy, a game invented by Allan B Calhmer and currently owned by Avalon Hill. Your humble reporter is Cal White, at the moment out on good behaviour and residing at 63 Oakwood Avenue, Toronto, Ontario M6H 2V7. Publisher, treasurer and columnist is Frank Easton, 73 Keele St., Toronto, Ontario M6P 2J8.

Subscriptions to Northern Flame are 3/\$2 (US \$\$ at par). Gamefees are \$5 for RegDip. Winter '00 Dip is now free to all comers. See later this ish. All monies, donations and outright bribes go to Frank. If you send them to me, I might buy beer with them. Caveat emptor.

Game Openings: RegDip (GM Cal)- The Hank Williams Jr game: Bob Acheson, Bob Hartwig & Fred Wiedemeyer.

Winter '00(GM Frank)- Nobody: See later this ish. -P.18

Round Robin Gunboat has filled and the players will be notified this issue.

There has been a problem with the Jerry Jeff Walker game.

Seems that several people raised doubts about a game being GMed by a person with a pseudonym, namely (pardon the pun..) Larivée Fretless. Randolph Smyth (in a personal letter) and Mark Berch (on Page 1 of Dip Digest, no less) came out against the idea. I didn't expect that there would be any problem, but, hey, I'm easy to get along with. And more to the point, so is Larivée. We talked it over on the phone and he agreed to restrict his activities to column writing. This does, however, leave me short a game opening. Therefore, the Jerry Jeff Walker game is now re-open for players with myself (Cal) as GM. There is one stipulation, tho. JJW is now a NOVICE game, open only to people who have never played postal Diplomacy before. I have written to Bruce Linsey and he has agreed to give me a plug in the next issue of Supernova, the novice packet zine. If other pubbers would do the same I'd be grateful. (For the record, the last novice game I opened (1977AF?) had such players as Claude Gautron, Francois Cuerrier and Peter Keltch in it.)

By the way, Mark Berch pointed out that a Canadian zine used to use an anonymous GM, but he got the names wrong. The zine was Poictesme (we used to call it Ptooeey!) and the pubber was Bruce Schlickbernd and the pseudonym was Ozymandias. All this was ca. 1975.

ON WITH THE ZINE!!!

No: 3

Bass Notes

1- With the start of 1988B and the second game reasonably well on it's way to filling, I find myself in need of standbys. Now, Frank and I haven't figured out any system of remuneration for standbys and we never did that back in '75, but it seems a reasonable proposition. How about a \$6 (9 issue) credit for any position you finish? As well as my undying gratitude! Seriously, though, anybody interested in standing by, please contact me ASAP.

2- The Northern Flame Houserules are now ready! They will be enclosed with this issue to all players as well as the BNC. If anybody else wants a copy, let me know and I'll send you one. Anybody starting any future games will be sent one when their game starts.

The two main points I want to bring to general attention are thus: Rule 8b: In 1901, if somebody misses a move, I will use neutral orders, ie. I will phone somebody uninvolved with the game, and preferably unfamiliar with the players (you won't know who) and ask for orders for the offending country. I will overrule anything dumb or radical, but usually whatever orders they give will be used. Also, Rule 2b(iii): If orders are missing for any country ANY turn, I will attempt to telephone the offending party. However, I will do this only if I have received written permission in advance. Local players will be assessed a charge to avoid unfairly penalizing out-of-towners.

Comments on the Houserules are also welcome.

3- I have been toying with the idea of shortening the time between issues from six weeks to five, but I need some feedback. Six weeks seems like an awfully long time between issues and I find the material not only piling up but getting a bit stale. For instance, Rod Walkers letter and news about the USOS came in shortly after mailing out #2. While the material is still important, it's also a bit dated.

The final say in this matter will rest with the players. I'll be asking everybody in 88B for their vote. If anybody else cares to comment, I'll be happy to take anything said into consideration.

4- While I have gotten quite a nice reaction to the Scruples questions of last issue, virtually nobody has replied to either "Notes From The Bunker" or "The Twelfth Fret"! I suspect that this is because people are unsure of where to send responses. Let's take care of that right now: Notes From the Bunker is written by Mike Agnew c/o The Bunker, 702 Ossington Avenue, Toronto, Ontario M6G 3T7. The Twelfth Fret is written by Larivée Fretless (not his real name) c/o Cal White 63 Oakwood Avenue, Toronto, Ontario M6H 2V7. Larivée writes, "...please don't be put off by the pseudonym. Any comments will be appreciated and will be replied to in the zine..."

5- Have you made your plans to attend CanCon yet? Frank Easton, Ran Ben-Israel and Doug Acheson (or Curly, Larry & Moe, if you prefer...) are putting on a Diplomacy Convention at Glendon College in Toronto on August 12, 13 & 14 this year. There will be four rounds of Diplomacy with prizes to be determined. Costs are \$15 for the tournament IN ADVANCE or \$6 a round at the door. Accomodations are available for \$25 single or \$18.50 double (each) per night. For some more up to date info, as well as relevant addresses, see Doug Acheson's letter later this issue.

6- I recently received a copy of GEHENNA, described by Rod Walker as "an occasional publication of the U.S. Orphan Service..." In it, Rod (who is still living at 1273 Crest Dr, Encinitas, CA 92024 after all these years) asks any publishers to remind their readership that the USOS stands ready to re-house any games orphaned by their GMs. If you are involved in any such game, from either the playing or GMing end of things, drop Rod a line. Rod's assistant is Pete Gaughan 3121 E. Park Row Dr., #165, Arlington, TX 76010. I assume that we Canadians have our own Orphan Service, but I have little or no information on it. Does Ron Brown still do this?

7- From the latest issue of Bushwacker comes news about a whole buncha Awards, namely t'whit: The Don Miller Hobby Service Award, The Rod Walker Literary Excellence Award and the John Koning Best Player Award. It seems to me that the Calhamer Awards are now long defunct and these have taken their place.

Anyway, the Miller Award goes to the person deemed by the general hobby to have performed the most valuable service to the postal Diplomacy Hobby in the last year. Former winners include Rod Walker, Lee Kendter Sr, Bill Quinn and Bruce Linsey. The last two are not eligible this year because of a rules stipulation that precludes repeat winners for the two years following. Nominations for this Award and the Koning Award go to Larry Peery PO Box 8416, San Diego, CA 92102

The Walker Award goes to the person who has written the most outstanding piece of literature in the last year. I don't know if we're talking fiction or non-fiction. I suspect either qualifies. You must enclose the nominated piece of work, or, if it's too long, just enough to identify it. Nominations go to either Larry Peery or Alan Stewart 702-25 St Mary St, Toronto, Ontario M4Y 1R2. Alan will get them eventually anyway.

The Koning Award goes to the Best Player in the hobby as perceived by his various victims. Past winners were Dan Stafford and Randolph Smyth (Somehow that doesn't surprise me...). Nominations go to Larry Peery, address above.

Ballots for the various Awards will be printed in various zines thruout the hobby (NF included, if I'm sent a copy) sometime next April or May. Send in your nominations now for inclusion.

8- Diplomacy Digest was started by Mark Berch back in 76/77 on the premise that he would never run any games but would, instead, be a readers zine. Mark has a huge collection of material dating from way back to the present from which he culls the best articles on any given topic for his "theme" issues. The most recent issue, a double one (#'s 110 & 111) was dedicated to the play of Italy. Strategy and tactics articles, actual end game statements, possible openings and alliances and some letters of comment are included. If you want to get a real readers zine then I strongly recommend Diplomacy Digest. Write to Mark for a sample or just send him a lousy \$5 US for 10 great issues to 11713 Stonington Pl., Silver Spring, MD 20902.

9- A zine which is quite new to me is Excelsior by Bruce McIntyre. Apparently XL is just returning from an absence of about 6 months while Bruce was out of work. He gives a full apology and explanation which to my ear, at least, sounds rather palatable (so I'm mixing metaphors, sue me...). XL looks to be an excellent zine. It's professionally printed (although I found the print to be rather small and a touch hard to read) and has excellent graphics (computer generated, I assume). Games are accompanied by maps and even after six months, Bruce has an interesting letters column. XL strikes me as a "personality" zine,

which is the kind I like. It almost reads like a letter from a friend (although he did make the Achesonian error of calling this zine Northern LIGHTS). I don't see any listing for how much a sub is, but sending Bruce a few bucks wouldn't hurt. I'm definitely looking forward to trading with him. You can reach him at 6191 Winch St., Burnaby, BC V5B 2L4

10- Does anybody know what the hell Hagalil Hamaarvi means? Or even how to pronounce it? I hereby propose that the rest of the Canadian hobby hold a plebescite to re-name this zine. As the proposer, I humbly submit the name, Hashish Hanover. This merges the Middle East content quite well with the horsey theme of Doug Acheson's subzine, Backstretch (or BS as it is more accurately nicknamed). An alternate suggestion is Hashish Hangover (despite the memories that it dredges up).

Seriously folks, although we might tease Randy and Doug for the name of the zine, the fact remains that HH is a very good piece of work. The front half is Randy's and contains "articles with a Judaic theme". Now, I'm the first to admit that religion is not my bag and of all the religions that I'm ignorant of, Judaism is right up there with the ones I know the least about. But, despite this, I find the material interesting. All the names you hear on the evening news, like Gaza Strip, Shiites and whatever else are pretty much out of my sphere of experience. HH does give me a bit of useful info on the situation.

The second, more irreverent, half of the zine is Doug's "Backstretch". Humour, various meanderings and lots of raving jealousy over the quality of Northern Flame are featured, although Doug does seem to be getting a bit short of material. I mean, Frank and I had to write most of his last issue for him! But anyway, on the whole, Hashish Hanover is definitely worth the sub fees of \$7 for 10 issues. Write to Randy Grigsby/Ran Ben-Israel at RR#2, 571 Sunnidale Rd., Barrie, Ontario L4M 4S4.

11- The Zine Register is out! This is my first time seeing this catalogue which is put out very capably by Ken Peel 8708 First Ave., #T-2, Silver Spring, MD 20910. The ZR contains a listing of virtually every zine in the hobby. I'm not just talking North America, but Belgium, Australia, UK, and anywhere else Dippy pubbers hide. For \$3.00 US Ken will send you a years worth of TZR (4 issues). Highly recommended for an overview of the hobby. I'm using it to send out a handful of trade offers based on the description of each zine and I intend to have NF listed next time.

Along with TZR, Ken puts out Pontevredria, which is a current listing of every game opening (Dippy and others) offered by the zines listed in TZR.

12- I don't know if this is a scoop or common knowledge, but Mike Dominskyj's zine Shrodinger's Cat has folded. Mike has apparently gone back into the bush, far away from the constrictions of society. I find this a pity because I wanted to trade. Mike and I joined the hobby at virtually the same time through a novice game (75AE) in John Leeder's Runestone. He introduced me to another madman when we all met at a party, er, FTF game at John Gross' place, by the name of Bob Acheson. (By the way, the next time anybody sees Bob, ask him about that old Spittfire and driving down Yonge Street waving \$100 bills at all the women...)

13- The only comment I will ever make in this zine about that group in Chicago is this: Being on Welfare, living on the street, and playing music in country bars before losers too fried on smack to load the syringes cleanly taught me nothing if not tolerance. You guys should have the same experience. It'd kill you or cure you. Probably the former.

14- Sorry about the acidity level of that last item...

BIRTHDAY NEWS (groan...)

As any of you who received issues 1 or 2 are aware, through much of the moaning and groaning contained therein, I have just now (three days ago at this writing) hit the magic number for living on this planet of (gasp!) THIRTY years.

I can't imagine a more actually traumatic age to turn. Of course I couldn't imagine a more traumatic age when I turned 7, 10, 13, 16, 18, 21 or 25 either, but none of them seem terribly important right now. I like to think that I've gained enough perspective to be able think ahead and try and guess how I'll feel at 40, 50 and 65, and with the possible exception of 65 I'd have to say that 30 is the biggest turning point in a person's life. A re-examination of values, goals and certainly one's present lifestyle is on order. Not that I intend to do that in print (at least not to the extent that I did in my head last Tuesday), mind you, but I would like to share a bit of the experience. Hopefully, you old fogies will be able to laugh a little bit, and if I can strike a bit of fear into the hearts of you youngsters, so much the better.

I think most of the trauma about hitting thirty is media generated. Even in my mid-twenties, I started noticing that the commercials on TV were aimed at people a little bit younger than myself. I'm not talking about Transformers or Cricket here, but it became very apparent that many of the people drinking Coke and wearing Levi's were definitely younger than me. Now, after 30, I feel like the Pepsi Generation has put me in for retirement. Even the beer commercials show people whom you just know, are only twenty-eight and holding (by the way, I've decided that if there is actually reincarnation, then I want to come back as an ad for Molson's Export...).

If you have any doubt about the media influence on our behaviour, just open your paper and look at all the ads for weight-loss clinics. If you are overweight, then you are life's loser. You should not show your face in public and God forbid you should try and inflict yourself on anybody else by getting laid! A hard body is a beautiful body! This is all bullshit, but I have never met the person who didn't believe this with (at least) all their subconscious heart.

I don't mean to get started on wholesale media bashing (I mean technically, I'm part of the media, I suppose...), but if you want any more, go and read anything by Marshall McLuhan.

The day of my actual birthday started the night before. I'd been dwelling on it all day Monday and that night I had to open up at the Simcoe Hotel in Barrie, about sixty miles north of Toronto (that's where most of this issue is being done). Problems with the P.A. system and the usual troubles of a throw together band overshadowed things for a while and I never really had a chance to get depressed (Getting depressed every so often is healthy. It gives you a chance to get your head together while wallowing in self pity. As long as you keep a firm rein on it, depression can be a very cleansing experience). Fortunately, I was working with two of the nicest guys I know, Peter McDonald on lead guitar and Vic Quesnelle on drums. Peter's camaraderie and Vic's good natured bantering allowed me to forget my eve of impending doom until the gig was over. It was quarter after one before it (the Dagnet theme, that is- Dum da dum, dum...) hit me. I spent about an hour brooding before I finally fell asleep. †

The next day dawned and I got up early to be back in Toronto for work. Arriving at eleven o'clock, my sister (the boss's secretary) greeted me with a big hug and a present. Four black nylon bass guitar strings which I have been trying to get for my Fretless ever since I bought it. With a super dark navy blue body and a black fretboard on my guitar, the new strings are virtually invisible and look very sharp.

After working part of the day, I gathered up the girlfriend and Mike Agnew and headed back up to Barrie. Mike and the guys I play D&D with had a very nice surprise for me. They had enrolled me in a PRM role playing game with a company called Adventures by Mail. I am now a gang boss in New York City sometime in the not too distant future. I will be reviewing this game once I've played a few turns. It's called "It's a Crime!". The guys also gave me a book on the history of the medieval age ie. knights, castles, etc complete with a jousting tourney game at the back of the book.

Needless to say, the night turned into a bit of a party. The guys played "Happy Birthday" and bought me beer and Jack Daniels straight up. The whole thing threatened to get somewhat maudlin, but I was too drunk to care. Having good friends around on special days is nothing anyone should ever knock. I know I appreciated it.

The Diplomacy community was even represented by Randy Grigsby of Hagalil Hamaarvi fame. I don't know if poor Randy knew what to make of all the carousing that went on and I know I didn't get a chance to talk to him as much as I wanted to, but it was a good evening just the same.

Total for the night: 15 bottles of Molson's Export and 5 shots of Jack Daniels, straight up. (estimated...)

I woke up the next morning (hangover free, thank you!) and drove Mike back to Toronto. Dropped in at the house and caught up on my mail and gathered up the stuff I need to produce the zine and returned to Barrie.

That night was a very pleasant evening. The hotel staff, who I have become fast friends with (STAFF- Stand Tall And Fuck Fast), were caught by surprise by my birthday, but made up for it. George, the singing waiter, who had been up with us each night, and his girlfriend, Linda, brought me in a cake (the first thing I noticed was the fact that it only had five candles. Now you know you're old when they can't put the proper amount of candles on your cake, for fear they re-ice it with wax. However, the biggest surprise was when Peter asked me to go out to his car. He then presented me with a TRS-80 colour computer! Now, I thought he might have had a bottle of JD or some other equally liquid asset. I know that this computer had been lying around his basement for some time and we had discussed my buying it previously, but I never figured it would be a present!

You know, after reading the last paragraph, it sounds a bit like Yuppiesque bragging. I got THIS, I got THAT...but it isn't meant to be. It's just that this evening was totally unlike any other birthday before. I was used to just token observance and perfunctory "Happy Birthday's". I think I needed something like this to get over the 30 blahs. I am very grateful to the people involved.

I was told by various people that after thirty I would feel absolutely no different. Well, taint so! Oh, sure, I feel no different physically and VIRTUALLY no different psychologically, but when I think about it there is definitely a feeling of having left behind absolute youth. Not so much the youth of my twenties: there isn't THAT much difference between 30 and say, 25, but the youth of my teen-age years which I have treasured. I can feel a very definite barrier between now and then. I mean, there IS a whole decade in there, right? I suppose that's good because I'm a completely different person now than I was then. I wonder what the next ten years will bring (Don't we all?).

End of birthday article. I promise, no more until I hit forty, assuming I DO, and assuming I care about it then.

30sucks

THE MAILMAN COMETH (or at least he's breathing hard...)

From FRED DAVIS: "...I can still remember waking up on the morning of my 30th birthday, and thinking, "My God! I'm 30 now!" I had no such reaction at 40, and only a mild reaction when I turned 50. I guess the phony advertising we see in print and on TV has brainwashed into thinking that all the fun is over at 30. Well, I can tell you, "Tain't so!"

That reminds me. Once in a stationary store, I saw a book titled, "What To Do About Sex After 40." When I opened it up, it turned out to be a blank book! Well, whoever wrote that was dead wrong. But, one does start to slow down after 30. I had an Italian uncle who was still able to take care of his younger wife in his 70's, but he once told my Dad, in confidence, "I used to do it all night, and now it takes me all night to do it!"

I came to Baltimore at the age of 31, and still considered myself a young guy at the time. I mark my personal turning point as November 2, 1963, the day Kennedy was killed. Somehow, I never felt young again after that. I was 33 at the time. Of course, the feeling would have come eventually anyway, but most people seem to tie this feeling in with a particular somber event, such as a war or a death in the family. I was also realizing at that point that I was trapped into a dull job in SSA in Baltimore that I would never get out of. That was a fact. It was another 22 years before I could get out. But, Kennedy's death was my personal line of demarcation.

I think the next shocker will come at age 60. Then, I start qualifying for Senior Citizen discounts on certain things, motel room, transit fares, etc. At least, I'll be still young enough (in spirit) to enjoy this. I think the Diplomacy hobby has helped me to feel younger. Some people my own age have descended into listless couch potatoes, while I am busy nearly every hour of every day."

((That, I think, is the secret of long life. If you occupy yourself, then you can't get too old. I'd sooner live a short busy life, then live to be 115 with 100 straight years in a television daze. When my Dad retired and moved up north, my mother wanted him to slow down, but I told her, "No, if he wants to go back in the bush with his chain saw, let him. He'll die there one day, but it'll happen a lot sooner if he has to sit in that damned rocking chair all day." Don't ever change, Fred!))

From ROD WALKER:

I figure, for old times sake, I ought to sub. We ex-BNCs should stick together. I naturally expect to be outrageously entertained. Do not expect much in the way of contributions, however. I have my hands full. My note in GEHENNA about the novel understates what seems to be going on. I have an important agency interested in this thing, sight unseen at this point, and they want to have the whole ms. without getting the usual outline and sample chapters. And a "pro" friend who's done about 300 novels of his own has read over half the draft ms. and has used three magic words in a letter - "mass market potential". I'm probably unduly optimistic at this point.

I do wish to call your attention to an obvious error in the crossword puzzle in NF#1. It occurs in "19 Down" ((___ Zeppelin)). There are only three spaces, but "Graf" has four letters. This needs looking into.

So here's my check and here's your opportunity to make amends for past sins by taking an orphan. I don't have any such hanging around at the moment, but I expect to have some before the winter melts. (Of course, I mean up North, not here in sunny California, where it rarely even gets close to freezing. I think we've had our hard freeze for the year; two days before Xmas I had ice on my windshield. A little.

By the way, regarding the mysterious "Larivée Fretless". This must be a mysterious person indeed, since you refer to "him" as "he", although "Larivée" is clearly a feminine name. Is "he" perhaps "Larivé"??? Is "he" aware that "he" has been given a typescript sex-change without (may I presume) prior permission? Or do we have here that unthinkable Canuck who has not even a rudimentary knowledge of French? I don't touch the stuff myself, but even I can tell the difference. Hélas, hélas.

((Larivée is either very definitely male or has the deepest voice for awoman that I have ever heard. I have never actually met the man, but was approached by him when he heard I was started a zine. We agreed that he could write a column for the zine under a pseudonym. I suggested the name Larivée Fretless because of the musical theme of the zine. I play a fretless bass made by a gentleman named Larivée (his last name). I know little about him (the real Larivée) other than the fact that he made his name making classical acoustic guitars. As far as my French goes, I averaged 98% all throughout high school. That doesn't mean I speak it, just that I got good marks.

I have already notified you about my willingness to take on a couple orphan games. I acknowledge my debt in this regard and I'd appreciate it if you'd give me and NF preference as to the first few games that come up.

As far as ice on your windshield is concerned (@#%\$##) I have made the proper arrangements and California will fall into the Pacific later this summer. You have been warned...

Best of luck on the novel. Given the nature of the hobby, I suspect that we are all either potential, current or simply frustrated writers. It's great that one of our most beloved and respected members can make good. Congrats (I'm starting to sound like Conrad, eh?)

A QUESTION OF SCRUPLES!?!

Here are the results from the scruples questions from Issue #2. Twelve people responded including a couple of solicited phone calls. The only people to include comments were Randolph Smyth (RS) and Doug Acheson (DA). My comments are under "CW". Without further doo-doo here are the results:

#1- Despite your words of caution, your unmarried, 17 year old daughter is pregnant. Do you encourage her to have an abortion?

This question, not surprisingly, given the recent Supreme Court rulings, caused the most controversy, at least if the closeness of the vote can be taken into account. Seven people would encourage the girl to have an abortion and five would not: RS- "Encourage is too strong a word, but I'd set it out as an option. Hard to say how hard I'd push it- it would depend on what other options are available." DA- "No. Let her go through with it. She was curious enough about the pleasure, let her be understanding with the costs of carrying to term." CW- I'd encourage her to have one. I've never yet met a seventeen year old girl who was ready for child-rearing as a single parent. Ruining her life seems to be a rather stiff price to pay to teach her a lesson.

#2- Your teen-agers ask you if you have ever smoked marijuana. You did. Do you lie to prevent them from picking up the habit?

Many of you are not being honest with your children. Four out of twelve would lie. RS- "No. I don't believe a truthful answer will cause them to "pick up the habit". DA- "No. I may not be "stand-on-a-pedestal" proud about everything I've done in the past, but I'm not afraid of talking about it." CW- I feel that kids have a right to be dealt with honestly and openly. In this case you have a better chance to dissuade them if you speak with candor and if they feel you at least know what you are talking about.

#3- You are a high school principal. Will you hire a gay teacher?

Eight people find no problem with hiring a gay teacher. Three would not and one abstention. RS- "Yes...(but) my answer might change if I was an elected official dependant on public opinion for my own job." DA- "(abstention) The question that arises out of this is, did the gay teacher offer that information or was it discovered?" CW- I don't see how a person's sexual preference makes a difference in his/her ability to teach unless it interferes with the job, ie. if a gay teacher was caught "messin' with the kiddies, then he should be discharged (pardon the pun...), but this is exactly what should happen to a heterosexual teacher.

#4- I blew this question. I left out one very important word. Here's the revised question with the missing word capitalized:

During lunch, a valued client makes some offensive RACIST remarks. Do you make an issue of it?

Without the word racist, the question loses much of its potency and perhaps explains the two Yes and ten No votes.

#5- A friend asks you to join a demonstration for world-wide nuclear disarmament. You are busy. Do you go?

This question generated the widest margin of any. Eleven people would stay home and let the peaceniks rant and rave. RS' "I wouldn't go even if I wasn't busy." DA- "If I can find a low-key way of doing anything (except in dip), then that's the route I'll take. Demonstrations are out. Did I address the heart of the question ((No.)). I side stepped that one." CW- I really think that the disarmament people are living in their own world. The world is not yet

mature enough to be able to trust "the other side". Maybe in a few hundred years, but not now. For now, there's safety in strength. (Sound like an Amerk, eh?)

#6- You are smoking at a meeting. Someone is coughing and showing discomfort. Do you finish your cigarette?

I think several people misread the last part of the question. It says do you FINISH your cigarette? I suspect people thought it said, do you EXTINGUISH your cigarette? For example, DA voted Yes, as in, he WOULD finish his cigarette, but his explanation reads, " That's an easy one. To take the initiative here might influence a decision by that person on an issue discussed, in my favour." Anyway, four people voted Yes and eight No.

#7- You discover an excellent wine from South Africa. You know it was produced by workers who are likely exploited and discriminated against . Do you buy the wine?

Eight people would buy the wine and four wouldn't. RS- "No, but I don't buy wine anyhow. Is this avoiding the question? ((Yes)) How do I know what the production methods are? Probably my answer is Yes if you change the facts a bit." CW- I'm against racism in any form, but from what I've seen and read, instant abolition of apartheid, loathsome as it may be, would probably ruin South Africa. Although I the human suffering going on, and it grates on my social-conscious nerves, but letting the White government do things it's own, slow way is probably best and any kind of boycott can do no good.

#8- A grisly murder in your area causes an outcry and a referendum on capital punishment. Do you vote to restore the death penalty?

I expected a somewhat closer vote, but out of twelve people, NINE would bring back the hangman (Canada's method of execution). RS- "No. The grisly murder wouldn't affect my opinion either way, so it's irrelevant to the answer- but maybe if it was MY daughter that was killed, I'd vote with my gut. Who knows?" DA- "Yes. I am already in favour of the death penalty for first degree convictions." CW- I believe it's possible to rehabilitate criminals, but there's a limit. If you hang someone who has killed a little girl, you MAY be killing someone who can be helped or you MAY not. The one thing you will definitely accomplish is to make sure that THAT jerk will never kill again. I say, hang 'em.

#9- California grape pickers are on strike and organizing a boycott. The store only has California grapes and you want some. Do you buy them?

Ten people would buy the grapes and ignore the boycott call. RS- "You bet! The answer to this and #7 should be same, I guess." DA- "Yes. If I want them grapes, then I'll buy them. There is more to unions than meets the eye, and I don't like what I know of the inner workings." CW- I echo DA's opinions to a "T". Unions outlived their usefulness with the outbreak of WWII.

#10- The taxi driver you get at 2:AM is drunk and driving recklessly. After he lets you off safely at home, do you report him?

Ten people would phone in and report the guy. RS- "Again, the premise is off base- I'd get out and go home in another taxi. But yes, I'd report him- why put the next fare through the same grief?" DA- "Yes, I'd report the guy. I've picked up too many bodies of innocent people." (Doug works as an ambulance attendant). CW- I've seen people who can be drunk and drive quite well and some who can't walk after one drink. The point is the way the vehicle is operated. If the guy can't even keep the cab in one lane, then he is too unco-ordinated to drive. Report him.

See page 19 for a detailed summary of how people voted.

"...and you hate them and you're only doing it everyday for the money..."

John Giorno

by Mike
Agnew

Notes From The Bunker

Let me start by saying that I feel that I owe you, gentle readers, a sort of apology. After re-reading my last column recently, I noticed a cranky undertone in it that that really should have had no place there. Don't get me wrong; I firmly believe all the complaints that I have regarding current pop culture, but the bitter attitude that permeated the article reduced it to more of a Yuppie bashing diatribe than the thoughtful criticism I intended it to be.

My next thought was, of course, WHY the crankiness? I have given the matter a lot of consideration and have come to the conclusion that talking about Yuppies (and money) touches a nerve for me because I seem to be going through a career crisis. Namely, as previously noted, I'm almost 30 and don't have one. Now, I have no intention of playing "Troubled in Toronto" to my "Dear Bunker", but this has led me to ponder the whole career choosing process in our society.

The way it's supposed to work is that sometime in high school, we choose the type of occupation we are to spend the rest of our lives (or at least to 65) doing. The appropriate courses are taken; the appropriate colleges or universities applied to...smooth sailing, happy ever after and all that, right? Yet, talking to friends and acquaintances, I hear the general complaint, "God, I hate my job, etc..." more often than not. When asked why they hate it, the usual response is "It's so boring, it's not something I'm really interested in." Well, what would you really like to do, I inquire, "Oh, I don't know _____ might be fun, or maybe _____." Either their interests have changed/evolved in the time since school, or they don't have a much better idea of a chosen career now than they did back in high school.

I think my case falls somewhere in the middle. When I was a child, my career ambitions fluctuated between astronaut, skin diver and professional athlete (ironically enough, my present job as a bicycle courier is as close as I'll ever get to professional athlete, cause if you ride a bicycle all day and you ain't in shape, boy, you gonna DIE. Also, my bicycle accident last September was as close as I'll ever get to astronaut). In high school, I decided to go into teaching. All was smooth sailing until second year University when I came to the disturbing conclusion that I'm not really all that fond of children (not 6 hours a day, 30 in a room fond, anyway). Dropping out, I fell into a succession of office drone jobs that were neither interesting nor challenging. My present job is the most fun one I've had yet. However, it is definitely not a career, and I don't believe that my case is all that uncommon. Forcing young people to narrow their options down when their ideas, opinions and tastes aren't fully formed or matured is not the path to a creative, happy work force.

So now, entering my fourth decade, I think I've found something that I could be happy doing for the next 35 years. Over the past few years, a passion for cooking and food has developed in me which was completely unknown 10 years ago. (Back then, Shake n Bake was gourmet fixin's). I hope to go to culinary school sometime within the next year or two- unless I see an old re-run of Sea Hunt in the meantime; skin diving, now THAT would be fun...

((The views expressed from the bunker are not necessarily those of the management and staff of Northern Flame, although I do make a mean lasagna (and ask me about shortbread cookies...)). Coments on material contained within may be addressed to Mike Agnew 702 Ossington Ave, Toronto, Ontario M6G 3T7))

The 12th Fret

by Larivée
Fretless

I have always been a Futurian at heart. Now I don't mean I was a close friend of John W. Campbell in the thirties nor am I a member of any secret society or anything like that. What I mean is that I have a definite interest in the future. I would like to know (or at least have a good working outline) of what to expect in the years to come for myself, my family, and (on a larger scale) for my country and my planet.

Probably the greatest military historian of all time was Sir B.H. Liddell Hart. His classic text "Strategy" is a must for any militarily inclined mind. In it Sir Hart maintains that to know the future, one must study and know the past. If, for any given scenario, one can find a similar situation in history, one need only study the results and implications of the past (along with any possible variations and alternatives) to get a good idea of what the immediate future may bring. Now although Sir Hart was referring to military activities, it seems reasonable to conclude that this rationale could be applied to almost anything.

On the national political scene, Canada recently signed an economic reciprocity agreement with the United States of America. Without going into details as regards the various items in the pact, suffice it to say that the basic idea is to stimulate trade between the two nations by easing/lifting tariffs, levies and other similar taxes. The top politicians have dubbed the agreement, "The Free Trade Deal".

Now, any accord of this nature is bound to have its detractors as well as its proponents, but the two sides in this reciprocity war of words sound remarkably contradictory even for the political forum. Side "A" says Free Trade will cost thousands of private sector jobs in Canada. Side "B" (read Simon Reissmann, aka the "man who wouldn't shut up...") says that Free Trade will CREATE thousands of private sector jobs. Side "A" counters that Free Trade will inundate Canadian culture with American products. Side "B" says there is NO threat to our culture. Side "A" says that our very sovereignty may be threatened. Side "B" says not to worry about our sovereignty because the Americans are our friends. Haven't they just agreed to this "great" Free Trade deal?

What it all boils down to is that nobody knows what Free Trade will really mean. It's a somewhat similar situation to the repatriation of the Canadian Constitution from Britain. After we brought it back, the ramifications were so wide-ranging as to be beyond belief. At this moment there are many of the resultant cases before the Courts. Anyone from the simple parking violator to the hardened sex offender defending him/herself by claiming that their (new) Constitutional "rights" are being threatened. Nobody that I had heard or read predicted the extent of this mockery. Is it any more likely that the so-called "experts" (who are experts mostly in contradiction, it seems) will be able to fathom all the ramifications of "Free Trade"?

If we were to take a look at the circumstances as Sir Hart surely would have, then we must find a similar situation in the past. The closest parallel I know of involves a Pacific island that signed a Free Trade deal with the United States (they still called it "reciprocity" back then), around the time of the Second World War.

This sugar-producing nation was ruled by a King who wished to develop his struggling land into a major trading partner of the U.S. His "Free Trade" deal allowed the American corporations access to the sugar producing industries. In return, the King expected larger profits, more jobs, and a ready-made market for his exports (sound familiar?). In the begining, everything worked well. Exports rose ten-fold from 25 million tons per year to 250 million tons per year. The land prospered for a while but then, suddenly, the King died and this left his sister on the throne.

Now, as Queen, Sis was much more of a monarchist in her thinking than her brother and quickly made plans to nationalize the sugar industry believing, as she did, that a larger share of the profits would accrue to the island. Now this naturally alarmed the big corporations. They set up a hue and cry to the American Government for annexation of the islands. They also started an underground political movement which itself then asked the U.S. Gvernment to move in. Prompted by this movement and under pressure at home from the big corporations, the Government ordered the Marines in. Since the U.S. had already had a naval base on the island dating from the time of the Spanish-American war when it had been deemed militarily expedient, the annexation was easily accomplished.

After the Queen was toppled, the island became an American protectorate and the sugar profits went directly to American interests. The island degenerated into a tourist attraction and their native culture, once proud and beautiful, became strictly "roadside stand" variety.

Now, I'm not saying that Free Trade is the vanguard of a Marine assault on Canada, but I suspect that the lessons of our island comrades may serve as fair warning for what MAY one day come.

What? Oh. The name of the island? Why, I'm sure you've heard of it. It joined the Union in 1959 as the fiftieth state. It's called Hawaii.

((The views expressed in this column are beyond the editorial control of the staff of Northern Flame and therefore do not necessarily reflect their opinions. All comments to be directed to Cal White, who will pass them on unread.))

\$

SPORTS QUIPS

Greater love hath no man for the game of handball than Wayne Stweart hath. Stewart, nationally ranked at various times, was playing a Sunday pickup game when, suddenly, to his shock and dismay, realized he'd lost to a mere club player. He demanded a rematch, and the first mutually agreeable time was 2 P.M. the following Saturday. But then, emerging from the shower, Stewart said, "Wait a minute. I just remembered that at two o'clock next Saturday my daughter's getting married." "Well, does that mean you can't make it?" asked the other guy. Stewart agonized for several long moments and then, "Boy, I don't know," he said, "my wife'd be madder than hell."

((From "It's Unlucky To Be Behind At The End Of The Game." by Dick Crouser))

Hats off to procrastination !

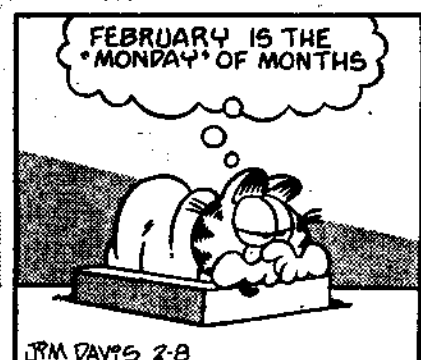
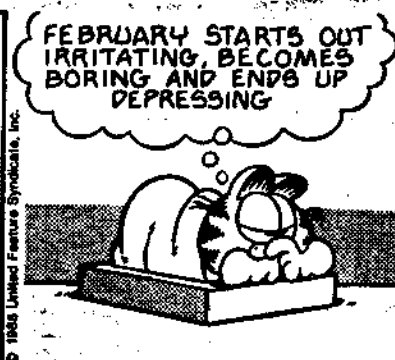
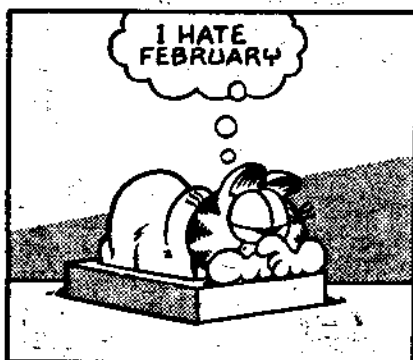
Without that wonderful device that I seem to have developed to an fine art form, I wouldn't be able to tell you about the very latest update **from** Can-Con that Doug has so adequately outlined for you on the next page. (You see **Doug**, I am still alive !)

Check in time is after 1600, August 12, check out at 1200 August 14 at the Conference desk in the lobby of Hilliard Residence. Room prices are approximately \$1 less than quoted by Doug, but I'm sure you'd all be here even if they were \$1 more ! Meals are available from Friday dinner to Sunday lunch at \$4.40 (breakfast), \$5.65 (lunch) and \$7.75 (dinner). Daily bedmaking with soap and towel service is provided. As with everywhere else, a no smoking policy is in effect, but the playing area is directly adjacent to the great outdoors. Despite what you might have heard or believe, long Johns are usually not necessary at this time of year and downhill skiing is definitely out of the question (although some cross-country ski trails might be open). But seriously folks ...

Chris Greaves has confirmed that after an absence of close to a year, Saturday morning Diplomacy is returning to the scene, just in time for Can-Con ! Every second Saturday for the next five months (March 12, April 9, May 14, June 11 and July 9), Chris will be hosting these cut-throat encounters at 33 Poplar Ave. (a five minute walk north-east of the Kipling subway) from 0945 to approximately 1800 (don't be late or you'll get stuck with Italy !). Numbers will have to be limited to seven, so if interested, please contact either myself at 769-7346 or Alan Stewart, h. 961-8095, w. 965-8683. If you're visiting from out-of-town, we'd be particularly interested in having you there (fresh blood !), so drop us a line or give us a call. The perfect opportunity to hone your skills for Can-Con !

That's it for now, until the next time ...

GARFIELD



can*con
DIPLOMACY

NORTHERN FLAME #3
FEBRUARY 28, 1988
PAGE FIFTEEN

Toronto

UPDATE: February

I'm trying to get a feel for the number of people who might be interested in coming to CAN-CON '88. Drop me a line.

Right now the list for info is growing, which is exciting, and as the mailing list grows, so do our hopes of seeing you here at CAN-CON '88.

After a great outburst of creativity by Frank Easton, he has disappeared into the netherworld of teaching and has tossed the quill to Randy Grigsby and myself, to push out this flyer # 3.

Let's touch on the hard cash aspects of this here tete-a-tete that's planned for Glendon College, August 12th-14th.

- **Preregistration (tournament fee only) is set at \$15 for the weekend.
- **Four sessions at \$6/session (at the door) make up the weekend.
- **Accommodation costs are \$25 single, \$18.50 double occupancy/night.

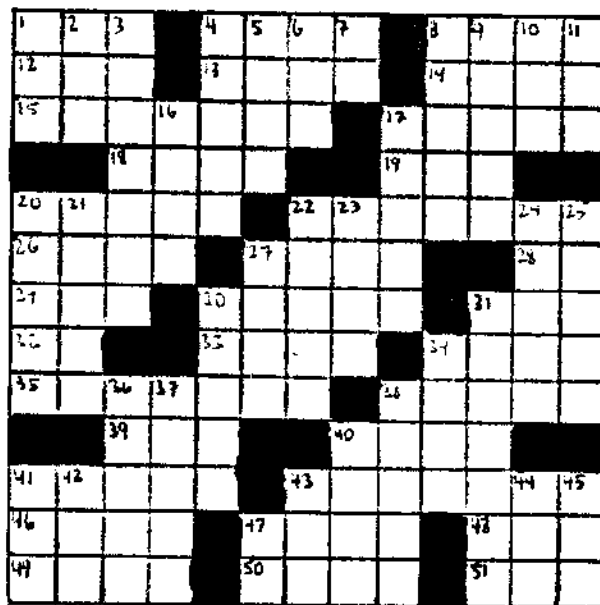
The deadline for preregistration will be July 1st, CANADA DAY (it sounded appropriate for CAN-CON). Send all monies to Doug Acheson, address at the bottom of page. Send all questions to Doug Acheson, like: Does Alan Stewart have a free bar at his place? Does Alan Stewart really know all the hot spots in town? Does Francois Cuerrier really know the price of a warm body and where to find one? Does the city of Toronto, population 2 million, really have only 7 diplomacy players? Where can my wife buy a REAL Canadian beaver coat at low, low prices?. Fire off any and all questions this way and I'll attempt to have them answered as quickly as possible, so that you can further consider this CON as the vacation of the year (gee, I should be working for the tourist board!).

*Yours
Doug Acheson*

95 DUNDONALD ST. BARRIE, ONT. L4M 3T4

ACROSS

- 1- Height, prefix
- 4- Destiny
- 8- On the briny
- 12- Envision
- 13- Protected
- 14- Lean to
- 15- Serving
- 17- Stock
- 18- Rave
- 19- Understand
- 20- Adjust
- 22- Rodin sculpture
(with "the")
- 26- Auto test
- 27- Walk on
- 28- Prosecutor (abbr)
- 29- Native, suffix
- 30- Type of cheese
- 31- Religious gaff?
- 32- Compass dir.
- 33- Paper flyer
- 34- Allot
- 35- Instruct
- 38- Stow



- 39- ___ King Cole
- 40- Thaw
- 41- Not deserved
- 43- Blind fairness
- 46- Litigates
- 47- Greek letter
- 48- Mine output
- 49- To be, Fr.
- 50- Suffix with "old"
- 51- Not, prefix

DOWN

- 1- Reptile
- 2- Constellation
- 3- Steppe
- 4- Pass out
- 5- Thanks __ __! 2 wds
- 6- Decad
- 7- __ cummings
- 8- Pale
- 9- Hit with the heel
- 10- Poetic eternity
- 11- Fruit drink
- 16- Record
- 17- Brakes hard
- 20- Come up
- 21- Did a carbon test
- 22- Hackneyed
- 23- Firefighting tool
- 24- Archie's Dingbat
- 25- Indian queen
- 27- Fool
- 30- Perform on ice
- 31- Stadium division
- 34- Beer ingredient
- 36- Below
- 37- Bring about
- 38- Geronimo of note
- 40- Tone down
- 41- Function
- 42- Cashew, eg
- 43- Note
- 44- ___-Magnon
- 45- Poetic dusk
- 47- Exists

FOLLOW THE LEADER (Find ten 6-letter words by following the instructions on the right. First find the starting letter and then move Up, Down, Left or Right. You will need ALL the letters)

T	I	E	T	I	S	T	R	R	C
O	I	P	O	K	T	L	B	O	H
S	R	O	R	W	R	E	E	H	O
E	M	T	L	I	D	S	E	W	O
N	C	A	R	I	T	O	N	O	G
D	M	U	R	N	T	K	I	O	G

- 1: ?? 4L 4D 6R 1U 2R
- 2: ?? 2D 4L 1D 8R 2U
- 3: ?? 7L 1U 3R 3D 4R
- 4: ?? 4L 3U 5R 2D 2R
- 5: ?? 7R 3U 4L 2D 4L
- 6: ?? 3U 3L 3D 7R 4U
- 7: ?? 4D 3L 3U 4R 1D
- 8: ?? 8R 2U 4L 5D 2R
- 9: ?? 4R 3U 3L 4D 3L
- 10: ?? 3U 2D 2R 1U 4D

WAYLON JENNINGS GAME (1988B) SPRING 1901

A couple of things have come to my attention, and both have necessitated a delay in Spring 1901. First, it was pointed out that most GMs allow TWO issues of negotiating for the first moves. Now back when I used to publish every three weeks, I did this, but now, pubbing every six weeks, I thot that would be enough. NOT SO, cry the assembled multitudes! Hokay, fine. Second, and of much more importance, Claude Gautron notifies me that he never received NF #2 with the game start and, in fact, only found out about the game when contacted by another player. Being such a good-natured cuss (aw, shucks) I am hereby granting a deadline extension. The new deadline is Friday, April 8, 1988. Orders are on file for all players except, obviously, Russia.

All players should find enclosed a copy of the NF houserules. Please see notes on Page two and don't forget to send me your phone numbers, along with permission (if you wish) to call collect for missing orders.

TALKABOUTASLOWYEARFORTHEBOARDMANNUMBERSIPLACEDMYORDERNEARTHEENDOFGANANDGOT1988B!

LAST MONTHS QUIZ ANSWERS!!!

Last month I asked if anybody knew the word with the most definitions and I offered 10 free issues plus a gamefee. Well, I didn't get too many answers but I did get a couple of correct ones. Both on the same day, no less. Ran Ben-Israel and Bruce McIntyre both knew that the word was "RUN". The Gage Canadian Dictionary list "run" with 40 definitions as a verb; 19 definitions as a noun; and a further 15 definitions in phrases such as "a run for one's money, run across, run over, etc..." for a total of 74 separate meanings!

Since both submissions came in the same mail, I will award duplicate prizes. Both get one (1) free gamefee, usable in either the Hank Williams Jr game or the first one after that (probably called "Ray Wiley Hubbard") and Randy also gets ten (10) free issues (Bruce currently trades with me).

FIGGERITS

- 1- WALLPAPER 2- WIDOWER 3-SATURATES 4- MOTHERLY
 - 5- RETHINK 6- HONESTY 7-SHOOD
- "SOME PEOPLE USE WORDS TO HIDE WHAT THEY REALLY THINK."

LAST MONTH'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

S E T S * M A R S * * N O G S
 A L A R * A B O Y * J O I N T
 L O C A L N E W S * E N S U E
 A R I * O A T S * S T R E S S
 D A T I N G * E R O S E * * *
 * * * T E E M * E L E G A N T
 R O G E R R A M J E T * G A R
 E L E M * * M A O * * T A P E
 A D E * C O M E I N F I R S T
 M E S S I N A * N A R E * * *
 * * * E N O L A * T O R P I D
 S P E N D S * S T U N * A D A
 E R A S E * S T A R T O V E R
 R I S E R * L I M A * B E A K
 A G E D * * O R E L * I L L S

GAMESTART: ROUND ROBIN GUNBOAT HAS BEGUN GM: FRANK EASTON
SIGNED UP: SEVEN (FILLED)

In trying to come up with names for the individual games, I was having a tough time thinking of groups of seven (the dwarfs names were already used by Melinda Holley), when it finally occurred to me- THE GROUP OF SEVEN! Canada's most famous artists. Although not a lover of art myself, I have certainly enjoyed their works and am using small prints of their works at the "cottage".

The name "Group of Seven" is a bit of a misnomer- although originally consisting of seven members, one resigned shortly thereafter and three more were invited to join subsequently.

So, in deciding which names to use, I settled on six of the original charter members, plus Tom Thomson. Although not a member of the original group because of a pre-mature death, he was certainly an "honourary" member. More on this later.

- Game 1: Tom Thomson-----1988Krb
- Game 2: J.E.H. MacDonald-----1988Lrb
- Game 3: Lauren Harris-----1988Mrb
- Game 4: A.Y. Jackson-----1988Nrb
- Game 5: Arthur Lismer-----1988Orb
- Game 6: F.H. Varley-----1988Prb
- Game 7: Franklin Carmichael----1988Qrb

Players please note: Orders may be submitted only ONCE per season (although players are encouraged to mail a duplicate set of orders as a follow up) and all seven sets of orders must be submitted at the same time. The six week deadline of NF will apply, but results will be adjudicated as soon as all seven sets of orders are submitted. Orders must be MAILED in- the phone may only be used to confirm that your orders have been received.

GAMESTART: Winter 1900 Dip (R 535) affectionately known around here as "Double Nought Dip".
SIGNED UP: ZERO GAME FEE: ZERO (NEW!)

Seems there weren't many takers for this game start when it was offered last issue, so I'll try and induce you again.

Played like the traditional game, this variant allows you to build whatever units you like in your home centres in W'00, offering a whole new realm of negotiations before the game even starts. In effect, a single season is the only addition to the regular game. Fred Hyatt, the MNC, was able to give me a designation (R 535), but pointed out that there has never been a game start in this particular variant. What more could you ask for? Your chance to get your name engraved forever in the annals of Dipdom history! I'll even make a contribution to this historic event by waiving game fees! That's right, just maintain a sub to NF and the game is free. Sign up now!

Standby's: I haven't talked this over with Cal yet, but I'm sure we'll be able to work out some sort of compensation package for thos of you called to fill this vital function. Please be sure to designate which game you're willing to fill in for. That's it for now. Bye! (FE)

((CW here. For more notes on standing by, see P2.))

SCRUPLES continued from page 10...

This is a chart of how our respondents voted: (Part of me says this should be confidential, but more of me thinks that my readers will stand by their opinions in public, so here goes...)

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Randolph Smyth	Y	N	Y	N	N	N	Y	N	Y	Y
Jacques Belanger	Y	Y	N	N	N	N	N	Y	Y	Y
Fred C. Davis Jr.	Y	N	Y	N	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y
Marie Bradbury	Y	N	Y	Y	N	N	Y	Y	Y	Y
Mike Agnew	Y	N	Y	N	N	N	N	N	N	Y
Frank Cauz	N	N	Y	Y	N	Y	Y	Y	Y	N
Mario Cauz	N	N	Y	N	N	Y	Y	N	Y	N
Dave Anderson	Y	Y	Y	N	N	N	N	Y	N	Y
Claude Gautron	N	N	N	N	N	N	Y	Y	Y	Y
Bruce Linsey	Y	Y	Y	N	N	N	Y	Y	Y	Y
Doug Acheson	N	N	A	N	N	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y
Rob Lowes	N	Y	N	N	N	N	N	Y	Y	Y
Cal White	Y	N	Y	N	N	N	Y	Y	Y	Y

AQUESTIONOFSCRUPLESASCRUPLEOFQUESTIONSACRUPLEOFSCRESTIONSQAQUESTIONOFSCREPLESHUH?

From Claude Gautron:

Re: The election of CDO officers

According to the Constitution of the Canadian Diplomacy Organization (CDO), the Co-ordinator and two committee members should be elected every two years. Since no action concerning this matter has been taken by the incumbent co-ordinator, and in view of the fact that an election is long overdue, I am hereby issuing a call for nominations for the post of Co-ordinator (currently held by Steve Hutton) and for ONE of the positions as member of the Executive Committee (currently held by Bruce McIntyre). The election will be held in late Spring 1988.

Sections 2 and 3 of the constitution state: "To be a candidate for an elective office, a person must be a CDO member and a Canadian resident, must agree to run, and must be nominated by one other CDO member." Nominations should be sent to me before FRIDAY 15 APRIL 1988. I will be appointing a returning officer who will conduct the actual election (and who will announce the deadline for casting votes).

The responsibilities of the Co-ordinator are as follows: He can appoint non-elective officers to perform specific functions on behalf of CDO. Three important positions which currently exist are Orphaned Games Officer, Ombudsman and Novice Director. The Co-ordinator may appoint and replace non-elective offices, create new non-elective offices and change the powers of existing non-elective offices. He may overrule any decision made by a non-elective. The main function of the Executive Committee is to act as a check on the Co-ordinator, overruling any bad decisions and, if necessary, replacing him.

Canadian publishers are urged to publicise this CDO election in their zines.

((My comments next page...))

((Seems like a waste of time to me. But then again, I learned about hobby politics and political organizations from the IDA & IDA(NA). I suppose if CDO is serving a useful function like making sure the above-listed offices are filled, then I will support it. However, as Randolph Smyth pointed out in Fol Si Fie, I wonder about the power of the Executive and/or the Co-ordinator to overrule the Ombudsman. Sounds like dangerous undermining to me.

Before anybody gets any bright ideas, I'm issuing a blanket refusal to anybody who thinks I'm foolish enough to run for anything in CDO. However, Claude, I will volunteer to count the votes. Since I couldn't care less who gets to crow about the co-ordinatorship, I'm probably about as uncorruptable as you'll get.))

CDOC

CALL TO ARMS!!!

Bob Hartwig is one of the nicest guys you'd ever want to meet. He and I shared a room at the Playboy Club in Lake Geneva, Wisconsin back in 1979 while attending DipCon. He got his first airplane ride when we rented a small Cessna for a sightseeing tour and he fell so much in love with it that he now has several licenses for various small aircraft. Bob was the last person (I think) to hold the presidency of the IDA(NA). Unfortunately, this so embittered him that he folded his zine, The Podunk News, and left the hobby. Fortunately for the rest of us, he has now decided to return and has even signed up for a game in Northern Flame. I recently got a letter from Bob in which he states that "This (letter) is being issued in the hope that someone out there was crazy enough to save issues 53, 54, & 55 of THE PODUNK NEWS, which went into hibernation in 1979."

If anybody out there can help Bob (so far, none of the various hobby archivists have been able to) please send him the missing issues (he's offering to pay for them) to Bob Hartwig 6612 West 113th Avenue, Westminster, Colorado 80020. Bob would like to have these issues for posterity and he would also like to know if anybody can supply him with the current addresses of any of his old subscribers. He's looking for information on: Ron Kelly, Dou Carman, Konrad Baummeister, Jim McManus, Donald Blasland, Vincent Lieu, Peter G. Pariseau, William C. Wilson (doesn't he play for the Royals?) Tom Sherwood, Dean Washburn, Jim Wilson, Dennis Agosta and Ron (I assume California) Brown. I know Bob would appreciate any help anybody out there can give him.

I'M JUST WAITING FOR BOB TO GET THE PUBBING BUG LIKE I DID I WANT HIM TO CALL HIS ZINE SON OF PODUNK!

Northern Flame #4 will be out the weekend of April 8, 88. NEW DEADLINE FOR SPRING 1901 IN 1988 IS APRIL 6, 88.

SINCE THIS ISSUE IS SO DAMNED BIG IT'LL REMAILED OUT IN ENVELOPES SO I HAVE TO FILL IN THE BOTTOM OF THIS PAGE SO WHAT BETTER IDEA THAN TO PRINT MY BANDSCHEDULE! AT LEAST I KNOW RANDY READS IT!!

- March 3-5 O'Reilly's, Major Mackenzie & Yonge St, Richmond Hill
 - March 18-20 J.J'S Lakeshore & 3rd St, New Toronto
 - March 25-26 J.J'S " " " " " "
 - April 6-8 P.J'S Somewhere in Orillia, Ontario
 - April 28-May 1st Bradford Exchange, Bradford, Ontario
 - May 2-8 Edgewater Hotel, Queen & Roncesvalles, Toronto, Ontario.
- Drop in for a free beer on me! (I offered, Randy...)

Cal White 63 Oakwood Avenue, Toronto, Ontario M6H 2V7