

ORPHAN SON

Pacy

of
The Podunk News

Issue #17

September 19, 1992

Circulation - 32

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Contributing Editors: Andy York (subzine) and Dan Hanson (features)

Orphan Son of the Podunk News is a feud free zine which runs orphaned Diplomacy and Gunboat games. Other games run based on player interest. Diplomacy is a trademark of the Avalon Hill Game Co., Baltimore, MD. Subs: 50 cents per issue (60 cents to Canada, \$1.00 overseas air). No game fees. Payment in US funds please. Articles receive \$2.00 sub credit. Deadlines posted by GM.

Openings: If anyone would like to guest GM a new or orphaned game (Diplomacy, Civilization, Machiavelli, etc), please let me know.

Standbys: Acheson, Garrett, Kent, Reynolds, Schultz, Senzig, York, 3 Gunboat. Standbys for Civilization: Klein, Schultz. Please pass the word and be one of those 1000 points of light.

Collect Calls: White, Lounsbury.

From the Editor 14

I am going to try to make this a "Dan Hanson" feature issue. As a result, you won't see much from me in the pages that follow. We had the opportunity to take four days early in August to visit SW Colorado, with high school friends Tom & Debbie Thompson and their two kids, Katie and Tommy (IV). Tom had a relatively good wheat harvest, and was able to take a few days off. For those back east, Tom farms a mere 64,000 acres (give or take a few) about 40 miles east of Denver. That equates to about 100 square miles, folks.

We enjoyed a 4 hour stop at the Great Sand Dunes, and a ride on the train to yesterday, the Durango and Silverton Narrow Gauge Rail Road. We got rained on at Mesa Verde (Indian cliff dwellings), but got to see a couple before we got too wet. We also got to tour the roundhouse and rail yard for the D&SNGRR (one of the most interesting tours I have ever had the good fortune to take).

Unfortunately, we got a steady rain going home, and were unable to visit the Black Canyon of the Gunnison. The rain was the remnants of a hurricane which hit Baja California. The next day, we got 2 inches of steady rain all day in Denver. This is a LOT of rain in a day in this part of the country.

Speaking of hurricanes, we have a few subscribers who were in the path of Andrew. I would appreciate comments regarding this monster from both Dave Palmer and Phil Reynolds. I suspect that Dave saw the worst of it, but the two perspectives would be interesting. How about it Dave and Phil?

Obviously, this issue is VERY late. I could make excuses, but what good would it do? However, I will say that I am very much enjoying a class I am taking called Applied International Marketing and Management. It is an 18 semester hour course which lasts 52 weeks (40 class sessions, 12 one on one sessions with the professor). More on that in the future.

Finally, I'm going back to the full size format. The digest is nice, but it's a real pain to put the pages together in the right order. This should save me some time each month. If I get a lot of complaints, I'll consider a return to digest.

Your subscription expires with Issue # *Archives*

This is your last issue _____

You are playing _____ in Gunboat game 1992 Rrb32

You are listed as a Gunboat standby _____

Please submit standby orders to _____ for _____ in _____

Dan Hanson's features appear on Pages 5, 8, 9, 10, and 12. The P.12 feature on baseball is in response to Lori Orne's question re: why the Japanese legal system would not work in the U.S.

1989 Erb (Gunboat) - "Sa'ar" (Hagalil Hamaarvi)
End Game

Zines: Hagalil Hamaarvi (Folded S05), Orphan Son

GM's: Randy Grigsby (Dropped S05), Bob Hartwig

Players:

Aus: Melinda Holley
 Eng: Dave Anderson (Dropped S05), Bill Houston (Standby Only F05), Mike Puffenberger
 Fra: Brian Wilson (Deceased S05), Tom Oborn (Standby Only F05), Cal White
 Ger: Vince Springer (Dropped S05), Tom Thompson (Standby Only F05-S06), Andy York
 Ity: Larry Stone (Dropped F11), Civil Disorder
 Rus: Unknown (Out F04)
 Tur: Dave Palmer (Wins F12)

Supply Centers:

	01	02	03	04	05	06	07	08	09	10	11	12
A:	5	6	5	4	4	5	5	6	6	6	4	3
E:	4	5	6	5	5	3	2	2	3	3	3	3
F:	4	5	6	6	6	6	5	5	4	4	4	5
G:	5	6	6	6	7	7	7*	7	8*	7*	7*	6
I:	4	3	4	4	4	4	4	3	2	2	2	1
R:	4	2	1	0	-							
T:	4	6	6	9	8	9	11	11	11	12	14	16 Win by Concession.
Neu:	4	1	0	-								

* - No available home center for a build, played next year one unit short.

End Game Statements:

GM to All: Thanks to the MANY people who gave me info on the MNC. This issue will be sent to Lee Kendter, Jr reporting this game finish.



To Ernie's horror, and the ultimate disaster of all, one more elephant tried to squeeze on.



Car key gnomes

1990 AB - "Relayer" (Moire)
Fall, 1907

ITALY OH, SO CLOSE

Aus: (Hunt) A Ber S GERMAN A Kie.
Fra: (York) A Bur-Mun (S A Ruh), A Gas-Mar, F Eng-Mid (S F Por), A Hol S A Ruh, F Nth-Den (S A Swe), F Den-Bal, F Bar-StP(NC).
Ger: (Garrett) A Kie S AUSTRIAN A Ber.
Ity: (Kinsel) A Tri-Tyl, A Tus-Pie, F Lyo S A Mar, F Spa(SC)-Mid (S F Naf), A Bul-Rum (S A Bud), A Mun-Bur (DIS R-OTB), A Mar S A Mun-Bur, A Gal-Ukr, A Rum-Sev (S F Bla, S F Arm), A Vie-Boh, F Eas-Ion.
Rus: (~~Holley~~/Acheson) A Gal R-War. A Mos S A Sev, A Ukr-Rum, A Sev S A Ukr-Rum (DIS R-OTB), A War-Gal, A Pru-Ber (S A Sil).

Supply Centers:

A: Ber ; 1 ; Even.
F: Par, Bre, >mar<, 3 England, >spa<, Por, Bel, MUN, Nwy, Hol, DEN, SWE, STP ; 13 ; +3 (Will Play 1 Unit Short).
G: Kie ; 1 ; Even.
I: Home, 3 Austria, Tun, 4 Balkans, 3 Turkey, >mun<, SEV, SPA, MAR ; 17 ; +3.
R: Mos, War, >sev<, >stp<, >swe<, >den< ; 2 ; -3.

Press:

GM to All: Vote on concession to Italy: 2 Yes/NMR/NVR, 3 No. The concession has been repropsoed. As before, NMR/NVR count as YES votes. Please note that Melinda Holley NMR'ed out as Russia. Bob Acheson has taken over as a standby. Thanks, Bob.

Winter, 1907/Spring, 1908 moves are due October 23, 1992.

Mail Call 16

Please note that we have a query from Phil Reynolds in The Furies. Please read the remarks and comment to me with your next sets of orders everyone. If you don't like the voting procedures for draws and concessions, this is your chance to change things.

David Orne: Congrats on being choo choo champ. I don't get to play nearly as much as I'd like, and that goes for just about any game nowadays.

Kerstin is now 7 weeks old and has the "c" word ((colic for you non parents out there!)). She goes through bouts of screaming of about 2 hours in length, usually starting at about 7 pm. Lori & I sometimes feel we can never go out in the evening again. They (the all knowing "they") tell me it will pass in another month or so. WE SURE HOPE SO! Now, if only we can make it 'til then.

I'm now working, albeit in a temporary position for about half of what I made before, but hey, at least it pays the bills (or at least some of them). It's a decent job, conveniently located and low stress, which is important. There's enough stress at home.

I don't want to paint a dark picture though. I'm very happy with Lori and Kerstin, and my career has never been all important to me. I suppose my priorities are different from many men, but it's more important to me to spend time with those I love than to spend money on them.

Lori & I hope Dan Hanson sends you something for next issue!

((Ouch, the "c" word! Hope it's gone by now. By the way, Glenda and I have a standing agreement. Whenever the kids are getting to one of us, the other takes care of them while the borderline insane person goes out. Anywhere, as long as it's out. Glenda does this most often, but she stays home with them full time, and as a result has many more opportunities to be driven over the edge than I do. This also works fairly well if you can't afford baby sitters. Although not in this boat at present, we have had times in the past when money was tight and it was the best we could do. You might be surprised how many men share your priorities, and how many feel that for whatever reason it is unattainable. You might also be alarmed to find a small group of women out there who would PREFER the money to the time. I've met a few in my day. Finally, hope the issue pleases you based on the "Hanson Factor".))

Dan Hanson: I would be interested to hear if any other zine editors would be open to having me contribute articles on various topics. I understand that some zines are more article oriented than others. Would any of them provide a free sub in return? Do they want game oriented articles or is it more "anything goes"? I have short stories, humorous pieces, puzzles and the like, but no game stuff.

Incidentally, I read the rules for Diplomacy and have a much better idea of how the game is played. The coding of the moves is still difficult for me, partly because I'm not familiar with all of the provinces. I would like to try following the progress of a game over time. I have several back issues of OS. Does each issue have enough information for me to recreate the entire board? If so, how could this be done?

Mail Call 16 (Continued):

((OK all of you zine publishers out there. What more could you ask than for a volunteer? Many of you have seen Dan's stuff, and if you would pass the word (particularly you folks with a lot of trades), I think we can all keep Dan busy. However, note that he is looking for a Comp subscription. As an editor here, he has one. Dan, many zines are anything goes, while others are Dip only. Andy, care to send Dan a copy of RW? Dan, I hope you realize what you may be letting yourself in for!

((I have since given Dan a conference map. Some people play all of their games using conference maps and different colored stick pins. Fred Davis is an expert on this subject as I recall. Yes, each issue lists the position of every piece on the board, the orders, whether they failed, retreats, builds, removals, etc. If you understand the abbreviations, it is very easy to follow every game from beginning to end. I'll show you a more during your upcoming visit. Who knows, maybe you'll end up playing in a game or two!))

1990 HW - "Hari Seldon" (When the Lights Went Out...)
Fall, 1905

AUSTRIA, ITALY CONTINUE IN OPPOSITE DIRECTIONS

Aus: (White) F Aeg-Con, A Gal-Rum (S A Bud), A Rum-Bul (S A Gre, S A Ser).
Eng: (Schultz) F Lon-Nth, A Edi//H, F Swe-Bot, A StP//H (unordered), A Nwy-Swe.
Fra: (Shreve) F Spa(SC) R-Por. A Par-Bur (S A Gas), A Pic S A Par-Bur (DIS R-Par/Bre/OTB), F Por-Spa(SC) (S F Mid).
Ger: (Acheson) A Bur-Pic (S A Bel), F Nth-Den, A Ruh-Kie, F Kie-Ber.
Ity: (Reynolds) F Tyn-Tun, F Spa(SC) S A Mar, F Wes S F Spa(SC), A Mar S F Spa(SC), A Pie S A Mar.
Rus: (Garrett) A Sev-Rum, A War-Lvn (S A Mos), F Bal-Bot.
Tur: (Hunt) A Smy//H, A Bul S RUSSIAN A Sev-Rum (DIS R-OTB), A Con S A Bul, F Bla S A Bul.

Supply Centers:

A: Home, Ser, Gre, Rum, BUL ; 7 ; +1.
E: Home, Nwy, Swe, STP ; 6 ; +1.
F: Bre, Par, >spa<, Por, >bel< ; 3 ; -2.
G: Home, Den, Hol, BEL ; 6 ; +1.
I: Home, Tun, Mar, SPA ; 6 ; +1.
R: Mos, War, Sev, >stp< ; 3 ; -1.
T: Home, >bul< ; 3 ; Even.

Press:

Eng-Ity: Well, maybe not.

Eng-Tur: Save yourself! Russia is a lost cause.

Ity-Fra: OK, so you never lied to me. So what? So you're still gonna get your butt kicked, that's what!

Ity-Eng: I'll believe it when I see Brest fall, not before.

Ity-Ger: Let me know when you're ready.

Ity-Aus: Once was cute. A second time won't be so funny. Don't let it happen again.

Ity-Rus: Tough break, Jack.

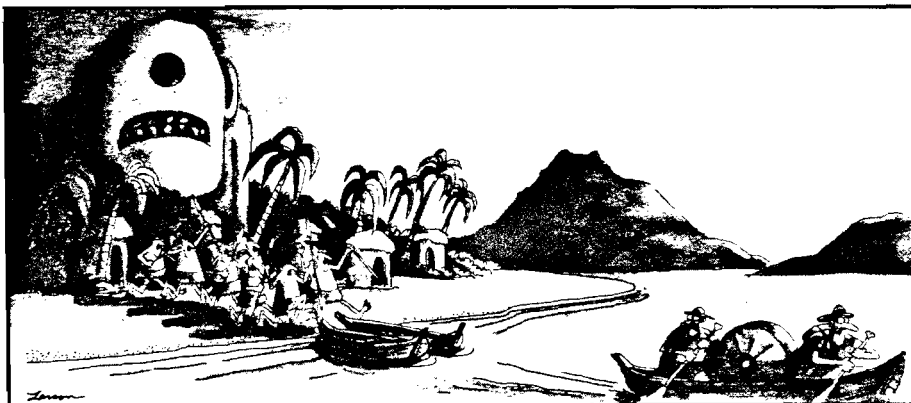
Ger-Eng: You're destroying my reputation for non writing.

Ger-Fra: I hate to see him do it, too, but better you than me.

Ger-Ity: Write again. Better not be any plans v my English ally, cause we're buds!

Fra-Eng: Que de novo? Acho que nada; exeto que eu veu. Boa sorte!

Winter, 1905/Spring, 1906 moves are due October 23, 1992.



In the quiet of the early dawn, before the village had awakened, Frank and Vern removed the fire god's emerald eye and fled the island—not calculating how soon the inhabitants would notice their defiled temple.

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Fall, 1907

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Civilization

From Bob Hartwig: As you can all see, this game is ready to begin. In the end, we have two "extra" players, Charles Klein and John Schultz. Sorry Charles and John. You are number one and two on the Civilization standby list respectively. The rest of the information is from Mike Puffenberger. Have a good game everyone!
Deadline for the next move is: October 16, 1992.

Now that I have received a preference list from all but one player, who has assured me twice he will take a random assignment, this game can get underway. Almost unbelievably everyone had a different first choice so noone should be dissappointed. The country assignments are:

Africa - John Chapman
Asia - Mike Scott
Babylon - Bob Theriault
Egypt - David Senzig
Illyria - Andy York
Thrace - Douglas Kent

Players need to submit initial token placement, 1st turn expansion and movement, 2nd turn expansion and movement by the next deadline. Turn 2 movement conditional orders maybe given to avoid conflict. The order deadline is 7 days before the publishers' deadline for his games.

There seems to be some concern about how to handle trades after the first trade of a turn, how do you order a trade when you don't know what cards you will have? The easiest way is probably to ask trading partners to tell you all 3 cards they intend to trade you. Assuming your trading partners do as they say you should know completely what you are receiving in each trade. With no tradable calamity cards there really isn't any reason to avoid telling trading partners all the cards you will be giving them. In the "House Rules" I stated that I will allow trades to be stated very liberally. As an example, "Give Africa Cloth plus the two lowest value non-matching cards held" is a legitimate trade order provided Afric states he expects to receive "Cloth, minimum 7 points". Variations of this trade order are acceptable, in fact any trade order is acceptable, provided both partners of a trade receive the commodity and at least the minimum point value they state on their turn sheet that they expect from the trade.

Mailing List

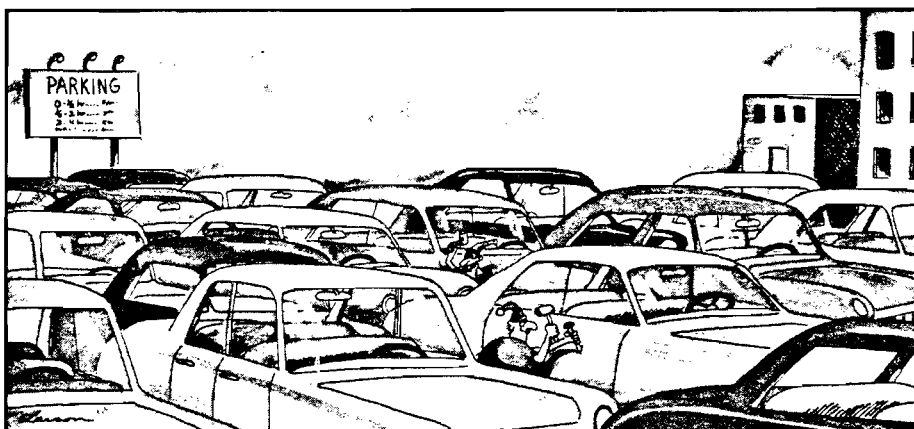
1. Bob Acheson - #1510 - 10883 Saskatchewan Dr, Edmonton, Alberta T6E 4S6 CANADA
2. Lance Anderson - 696 Fox Ave #100, Lewisville, TX 75067
3. Mike Agnuson - P O Box 88, Glen Haven, CO 80532
4. John Chapman - P O Box 4050, Joplin, Missouri 64803
5. Fred Davis - 3210 K Wheaton Way, Ellicott City, Maryland 21043
6. Dave Elliott - 51 Findlay Blvd, Downsview, Ontario M3H 3L8 CANADA
7. Jack Garrett - 481 W Lincoln Dr, Greenville, Ohio 45331
8. Andreas Gomolka - Vordere Bleiweisstrasse 22, W-8500 Nürnberg 40, GERMANY
9. Dan Hanson - 10540 Juan Calle, Clive, Iowa 50325
10. Mike Hunt - % Mental Health Clinic, 350 Cheadle St West, Provincial Bldg, Swift Current, Saskatchewan S9H 4G3 CANADA
11. Lee Kendter Jr - 376A Willowbrook Dr, Jeffersonville, PA 19403
12. Douglas Kent - 54 W Cherry St #211, Rahway, NJ 07065
13. Kevin Kinsel - 21561 Oakbrook, Mission Viejo, California 92691
14. Charles J Klein - 3540 Wilson Blvd, Arlington, VA 22201
15. Carla Lounsbury - 438 Downen Pl, Hayward, California 94544
16. Vince Lutterbie - 1021 Stonehaven, Marshall, Missouri 65340-2837
17. Ronald Newmaster - 37 George Cir, Mechanicsburgh, Pennsylvania 17055
18. Tom Obenchain - 8367 W 71st Pl, Arvada, CO 80004
19. David Orne - 27 W 11th St, 2nd Floor, Newport, KY 41071
20. Dave Palmer - 112 Cane Dr, Lafayette, Louisiana 70508
21. Larry Peery - Diplomacy Archives, P O Box 620399, San Diego, California 92162
22. Mike Puffenberger - P O Box 22, Fostoria, Ohio 44830-0022
23. Phil Reynolds - USF #4286, 4202 Fowler Ave, Tampa, FL 33620
24. John Schultz - P O Box 41-19390, ICH 308, Michigan City, Indiana 46360
25. Mike Scott - 857 N Greenpark Ave, Covina, CA 91724
26. David Senzig - 7046 Christmas Ln, Grand Rapids, Michigan 49548
27. Dwayne Shreve - 739 Union Church Rd, Elkton, Maryland 21921
28. Larry Stone - 137 E 17th St #302, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55403
29. Bob Theriault - 156 Lyman St Ext, Westbrook, Maine 04092
30. Earl Whiskeyman - 27 Mark St, Milford, Connecticut 06460
31. Cal White - 1 Turnberry Ave, Toronto, Ontario M6N 1P6 CANADA
32. Andy York - P O Box 2307, Universal City, Texas 78148-1307

Wiretap 61

Although restrictions have been eased somewhat, John Schulz continues to be in a lockdown environment. Fortunately, he has a mysterious benefactor, alias The Keymaster, who is mailing out Well Martha... for him. In the meantime, his ability to write has been somewhat curtailed (54 letters per month maximum), and he is completely unable to make telephone calls.

Fred Davis reports he was the lucky recipient of back surgery to treat a ruptured disc on August 12th. Fred's had his share of rough luck lately, yet still manages to publish Diplomag.

The Denver area has its 3rd annual WSA Fraternal Life Strategy Boardgame Tournament coming up on October 9th & 10th. They'll be running Advanced Squad Leader, Diplomacy, 1830, 1835, Speed Circuit, Advanced Civilization, Axis & Allies, Shogi, and open gaming. If interested, contact Tom Obenchain (address list). Although this is the 3rd year, it's the first time I've heard of this. Unfortunately, I'm out of town that weekend, but I'm hoping to attend future WSA events. Thanks for the flyer, Tom.



Door ding gnomes at work

1989 IC - "The Furies" (Moire)
 Winter, 1908/Spring, 1909

AUSTRIA & TURKEY: SUCCESSFUL FORMULA
 SO FAR....

Aus: (Orne) B A Vie. A Vie-Tyl, A Rum//H, A Ser//H, A Ven-Rom (S A Tus), A Tyl-Ven (S A Tri).
 Fra: (Lounsbury) B F Bre. F Bre-Eng, A Mar-Bur, F NAT-Cly, A Yor//H, A Ruh-Mun, A Hol-Kie, F Mid//H, F Den//H (S F Hel), F Nrg-Nth, F Lyo//H.
 Ger: (Hunt) A Den R-Swe. A Sil-Mun, A Ber S F Kie, A Mun-Bur, A Swe-Den (S F Kie), F Nwy-Ska, A Fin-Nwy (S A StP).
 Ity: (Garrett) A Ven R-Apu. Rem F Adr. A Apu-Nap, A Rom S A Apu-Nap (DIS R-Apu/OTB).
 Tur: (Reynolds) B F Smy. F Smy-Aeg, F Aeg-Ion, F Tun-Tyn, A Con-Bul, F Ion-Adr, A Bul-Gre.

Press:

Aus-German Commander in Sil: Be sure to turn yourself around. That's what it's all about, you know.
 Aus-Fra: I don't understand your southern moves, but I'll defend to your death your right to make them.
 Aus-Ity: So much for relying on the Foreign Legion, huh?
 Aus-Tur: I'm not embarrassed. Are you?

Tur-All: I think I was the one who voted "no" to the French concession (I hope I was!). You guys are lucky, this game could have ended due to negligence. Or have you given up? I can hardly believe that! What's going on?

Tur-GM: Bob, I'm curious, why the NVR=YES, NMR=NO? Most GM's have it the other way around. What's your reasoning? (I personally prefer the other way.)

GM-All: Actually, I thought it made sense. Remember, I have only been back in the GM business for a little while, and do not sub to a lot of zines. So I don't know what "most" GM's do. To me, someone who doesn't vote doesn't care much what happens in the game, and should be counted as a YES vote. NMR's happen for many reasons, and the person who might assume the standby position might not want the game to end. However, in the instance that a proposal is made twice in a row, I take away the ability to continue the game from someone who NMR's. I am certainly NOT married to this approach. If we get 3 players (from all games put together) to vote with you, I will change to whatever policy you find acceptable. However, if I get three who do not want to change things, they will stay the same, or be put to a more "official" vote of all subscribers. If anyone has a specific approach that they favor, please let me know.

Note to Aus: Your press to the German Commander gave me a real chuckle. Excellent!

Fall, 1909 moves are due October 23, 1992.

*In Search Of...
 Crossword Answers.*

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



"Zorak, you idiot! You've mixed incompatible species in the earth terrarium!"

Orphan Son Of A

up by his own bootstraps, who made a name for himself, and now he's going to prison! I understand (not from personal experience, mind you) that prison is a pretty nasty place and that it is really run by the prisoners, not by the warden or the guards. Tyson is going to really have to watch himself or they might beat him up. Is this any way for a civilized society to treat a self-made man?

((Yes. Look, I don't know what planet you've been living on (I was living on Mars for a while, myself), but I have a hunch that Mike Tyson doesn't have to worry about prison bullies.))

Barry Manilow: How come I haven't had a hit record in the last ten years? I mean, I'm a great composer, a super piano player, and I sing on key nearly all of the time. What's more, my songs had meaning. I don't understand why groups like "Guns 'N' Roses" or "Pus Bucket" are so popular. All they sing about is using drugs, beating up women, and engaging in animalistic sex. My songs were about romance, and sunsets, and candlelit dinners, and puppy dogs, and the true heart-to-heart communication that occurs in an honest-to-goodness loving relationship.

((We sympathize, Barry. But I think I speak for the planet when I say that if we hear "I Write the Songs" one more time, we'll all puke.))

Angrei Sonavavich Pistov: Now that the Soviet Union has dissolved, the United States will have to find a new country against which to direct its capitalist propoganda. People in the United States know nothing of hard work; they wish only to live the easy life. They do not understand the value of money, as evidenced by their never-ending mindless pursuit of more of it. They are self-indulgent and totally without honor, and would sell their own parents into slavery if they thought they could make a short-term profit by doing so.

((Eat my shorts. That would probably be the first decent meal you've had in two weeks.))

Marge Simpson: My son Bart and his younger sister Lisa are always fighting. Bart is a bit on the ornery side and he seems to be taunting Lisa at every turn. Lisa usually stands her ground, though, or else she comes running to mom. Don't you think this tension is due to a lack of good influence, instruction and discipline on the part of their father?

((All right, Glenda, I know it was you who wrote this.))

Norman Schwarzkopf, General, United States Army (Ret.): It may be difficult to believe, but a game called "Savoir-Faire," which is very similar to "Diplomacy," served as the basis for my battle plan in the Middle East. The game involves shuttling troops, artillery, and naval and air support around a desert which is remarkably similar in configuration to Saudi Arabia, Iraq, Jordan, Israel, and Kuwait. In the "Game-Playing Tips" section of the instruction book, there are three helpful hints: One, achieve air superiority; Two, bomb the living excrement out of the ground troops to destroy their supply lines and their willingness to fight; Three, engage in deceptive troop maneuvers on a grand scale and launch a massive invasion at a point not expected. I just wanted to set the record straight, in case any of you thought that the strategy used against Iraq was my idea.

((Thanks, General. Let me offer another tip for future reference. Four, use lots of General Dynamics' Tomahawk II cruise missile with trinitrotoluene warheads and plenty of Monroe Corporation's deep-burrowing bombs with concrete-piercing hardened steel casings and see if you could maybe blow up an overweight, smelly guy with a moustache whose initials are S.H.))

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Orphan Son Of A is an intellect-free zine which runs orphaned games and other games based upon player interest. Diplomacy is a trademark of Avalon Hill Game Co. Subscriptions: 2 cents/p + postage. No game fees. Payment in solid gold decorative inlaid ingots from the Manchu Dynasty or US funds, please. Attention Postmaster: How come the mail doesn't get to my house until after 3:30?

Openings: Pistols at twenty paces, 6 signed, 2 needed for three-round playoff with no byes.

People who owe me money: Brown.

From the Editor

First, a bit of family news. Glenda and I just got back from Mars this week. It was very exciting to visit another planet, but for those of you plan to make the trip, be warned: the flight is long and the spacecraft is a bit cramped. Also, the in-flight food is pretty bad. Most important of all: don't take the kids.

David (age 6) did not handle the flight very well. When we boarded, he and Amanda (age 3) immediately began to debate who should get the window seat. I tried to explain that our side of the spacecraft would be exposed to the sun for most of the flight, and therefore the window shade would automatically be shut during most of the flight to prevent the annoying solar glare. This explanation was deemed by the children as irrelevant to their debate, so I resolved the problem by taking the window seat myself.

We all strapped in nice and tight. Just as the final liftoff sequence began, David announced that he had to go to the bathroom. Naturally, I admonished him that he should have gone before the gantry was removed. The flight attendants were very understanding, though, and they helped him get unstrapped and to the lavatory, even though it meant we almost lost our launch window.

When we finally got off the ground, the flight was very bumpy, at least until we got into the upper levels of the atmosphere. David turned a little pale, and announced that he was "going to hurl chunks." I don't know where he got this phrase. Glenda tried to calm him down. As soon as Amanda saw how much attention David was getting, she promptly (and loudly) reported: "I'm going to hurl chunks, too." The people sitting in front of us were not amused.

Once we got into orbit over earth, David began to fidget. He discovered that if you spit just right in zero gravity, a tumbling blob of saliva can float just in front of you. Glenda captured the first globule in a Kleenex and told David to stop doing that, but you can probably guess what happened. Amanda decided to try it too, and Glenda wasn't quite able to catch the foamy liquid mess before it floated down the aisle and into the food preparation area, where we lost sight of it. Dad eventually put a stop to this activity by saying "Quit it!" in his best "I really mean it" voice.

After we broke orbit and began acceleration to Mars, both of the kids asked with

some frequency, "Are we there yet?" and "How much longer 'til we get there?" I explained (with considerable patience, I thought) that we still hadn't passed the orbit of the moon, and it would be a while before our trajectory would take us the fifty million miles to the orbit of Mars. This explanation seemed to satisfy the children for a grand total of ten minutes.

After some time, the flight attendants glided down the aisle with some food. All of the food is in little plastic pouches, and you're supposed to sip it through a special straw. Most of the choices were various kinds of soups, although things like mashed potatoes, apple sauce and creamed corn were also available. It all tasted pretty much like baby food, except the tapioca pudding wasn't too bad. The kids were disappointed by the selections on the menu. They wanted Happy Meals. The flight attendant had obviously encountered this problem before, and she kindly promised that the pilot would pull into the fly-through lane of the next Golden Arches that he saw. She then gave the kids some kind of semi-frozen chocolate milkshake to tide them over, and that quieted them down (I think it had some tranquilizer in it). She also attached a little safety cord between their milkshakes and their wrists, so that if they accidentally let go of their milkshakes, they wouldn't float up to the ceiling. This was a smart move.

Fortunately, the kids slept most of the rest of the way, with half-drunk bags of milkshake bobbing at the end of their wrists. Glenda and I were just a little too cramped to sleep very much. When I finally did get some shuteye, the flight attendant woke me because my snoring sounded like a malfunctioning starboard yaw thruster.

The landing was relatively uneventful. The kids woke up when they felt the sudden deceleration. They didn't even have to ask "Are we there yet?" We were there, all right.

After checking into our pressure-domed hotel, Glenda decided to do some shopping. It may be hard to believe, but there are a lot of tourist traps on Mars. There are, for example, lots of photo booths where you can have your picture taken with a smiling little green-skinned rubber Martian. There are dozens of shops where you can buy things like: postcards showing various sights (all of which look basically the same); globes of Mars; little Martian dolls; fake Martian poop; "Battlestar Gallactica" memorabilia; or T-shirts that say things like "Take Me To Your Leader" or "I saw Olympus Mons." David wanted to us to buy him the T-shirt that had a cartoon featuring two naked Martians bending over. The caption was: "Two moons are better than one."

There are some legitimate stores, too, but there's nothing for sale on Mars that you can't buy on Earth for half the price. Except for iron ore and a few other minerals, Mars isn't known for its booming manufacturing industry.

I was interested in looking at the scenery. Mars is a really a beautiful place, with reddish-orange soil and a whole lot of rocks. It was like Garden of the Gods, except that there were no trees or air. People cannot breathe the Martian atmosphere, so they cannot go outside (unless they wear a spacesuit). That's why there are no beer cans and cigarette butts on the Martian landscape.

We took a tour to see the various mountains and rock formations. Most of the really big mountains had names, but I concluded that once you had seen one Martian mountain, you had pretty much seen them all. Many of the rock formations also had names, like: "Balancing Rock" and "Chimney Rock" and "Camel's Hump Rock" and "Two Basset Hounds Sniffing Each Other Rock."

After four days of rest and relaxation, we had to get back to Earth. We took the kids to the bathrooms and forced them to stay there until they had "done

their business." Then we boarded the spacecraft. We strapped in and ordered some milkshakes for the kids. When we reached escape velocity and headed toward Earth, Glenda and I ordered a couple of milkshakes. We slept all the way home.

We all slept through the re-entry phase, but woke up in time to watch the landing. We landed on a long airstrip, just like a plane. After we disembarked, we learned that our luggage had been accidentally sent to Venus.

1990 PU (Gunboat) - "Mystery" (What WAS that I stepped in?)
Summer - Fall 1991

THE MARX BROTHERS DEMONSTRATED
MORE MILITARY SAVVY

Aus: F Edi Nth, A Tri-Ven (S F Apu), A Rom-Tus, Nikel
Eng: F U Cn Rd Ths, U Cd B A Sthnd Expt.
Fra: B Loo-Dy, E Ngl-Ish, W Ant-To, R U N (the), W Ho-le, D Ann-Ned,
C Om-Mon, M Ark-Et.
Ger: Annex (Aus), Bomb (Eng), Subjugate (Fra), Conquer (Ity), Invade (Tur).
Ity: Retreat, retreat, retreat, surrender, retreat, retreat.
Tur: B-12, N-44, O-75, B-2, G-57, I-19, Bingo!
Rus: NMR.

Press:

Fra-Eng: You're welcome. I hope this proves my good faith.

Fra-Tur: Make way!! Comin' through!!

Tur-World: You know, this planet would be a lot nicer if you people would stop trying to get my last remaining two dots.

Tur-Fra: Our alliances, like your manners, seem to be nonexistent.

Ger-World: Chust for your invormation, ve are developing a super bomb.

Ity-Ger: Sorry about that. Would you take Denmark as a peace offering?

Ity-Fra: I propose that we ally ourselves against the English threat from the north. I know that I'll get more out of the alliance than you will, but I think that England really isn't of a mindset to attack anyway.

Eng-Ity: Prepare to die.

Eng-Aus: You call that support? I'd get better support from a twelve-year old frayed jockstrap!

Eng-Fra: Thanks for the offer of help, but no thanks. Your conduct has shown that you are nothing but a lying, backstabbing, incompetent, incontinent, vengeful dolt with a total lack of honor. No offense.

GM to All: I am having trouble reading some of your entries. Please use a sharper crayon.

Mail Call

Upton O'Goode: It seems to me that a lot of people are really up tight about the Mike Tyson trial. I mean, here was a kid with nothing, who pulled himself

WAY Out of It!
(Subzine of Orphan Son)

SubIssue #14

I've decided to delay the game for one month. On the due date, only five orders had been received resulting in two more NMRs. Also, one of the standby players called failed to send in their orders. I've run out of folks to call for neutral orders, thus the delay.

In consideration of the multiple NMRs, I'm thinking of moving the game to a flyer. This could speed up the game and hopefully reduce the difficulties of playing. However, I'd like to know how the players feel about this. Please let me know by the next deadline and I'll let you know the results shortly after that (and either the original player or standby for Turkey, please send your build orders as well).

DEADLINE =

I'm going to turn my column this month over to the review of a very addictive computer game -- an addiction spread through the Dip hobby by one Bob Hartwig who took this game to DipCon and commenced to infect many of the participants.

This game by Microprose is called CIVILIZATION. You are placed in charge of a budding tribe which is ready to settle down and found their first city in 4000AD. From there, you oversee the course of their development into a space faring nation -- well, that is if you survive into the 21st century (the game ends during that century).

I've only played at the first two levels of difficulty for any length of time. The one time I tried the hardest level, my tribe was wiped out before I could accomplish much beyond finding a good city site. I've only once actually built and sent a colony ship to Alpha Centauri - the ultimate goal.

The game is very detailed with decisions having to be made on a regular basis -- which multiply as you expand and found (or conquer) more cities. You have to decide whether to build city infrastructure (cathedrals, aqueducts, banks, granaries), start a major construction project to create a Wonder of the World (the Great Pyramids, Hoover Dam, Isaac Newton's College), or raise military units (Phalanx, Battleships, Nuclear Missiles, Cannon, Knights).

You also have to determine what your scientific community will research. For instance, before you can raise Musketeers, you have to have Gunpowder. However, to be able to research Gunpowder, you already have to have researched Invention and Iron Working -- which have their own preexisting technologies.

There can be up to seven other civilizations that will be competing with you in the game. They run the gamut from the Aztecs (led by Montezuma) to the Germans (Frederick the Great). Each leader (and the civilization) have their own characteristics, for instance the Russians (Stalin) and Zulus (Shaka) are militaristic and aggressive.

Run, don't walk, and pick up this most excellent game!!

Baseball (which the Japanese call *yakyū*, which means "field ball," or *bēsubōru*) is the national sport of Japan. *Bēsubōru* resembles American baseball in that the game is played on a diamond, with a pitcher, catcher, fielders and a batter who tries to hit the ball and circle the bases. The rules of play are essentially the same in both countries, but the strategies used in *bēsubōru* are repugnant to the strategies used in the United States.

Although there is fierce competition between teams in *bēsubōru*, the most desirable outcome is a tie. If after playing twelve innings the score is even, then there are no losers and both teams have saved face. If the game is a close one, teams will aim for a stalemate rather than a win.

Individual effort is recognized to some extent in Japan, but social forces prevent any player from becoming too self-important. Individualism is despised in Japan. The team is more important than the individual, and Japanese players must display *wa*, a sense of team harmony.

There are few Japanese players who will fight over how much money they ought to earn. In most cases, the club pays a fair amount, and the player accepts it.

These facets of Japanese baseball can be seen in Japan as a whole, where uniformity is preferred to diversity, social harmony takes precedence over individual desires, and conciliation is favored over confrontation. The Japanese legal system, like Japanese *bēsubōru*, employs principles of uniformity, harmony, and conciliation.

In the U.S.A., we do not admire these values, as evidenced by the way we play our national pastime. In American baseball, there is no such thing as a "win-win" scenario. Somebody has to lose, and no regard is given to maintaining the loser's honor. Winning is the most important thing, and the idea of having a winner without a loser is foreign to us.

We prize individual effort and indulge our players' eccentricities. Our very best players attempt to negotiate the largest salaries that they can, and will refuse to play if they don't get as much as they want. In the U.S.A., the club offers a low amount, and the player counteroffers with an exorbitant demand. Thus, we follow the opposite of the Japanese procedure: we strive to create confrontation in this country, while the Japanese strive to avoid it.

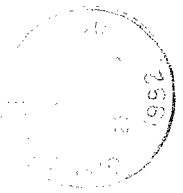
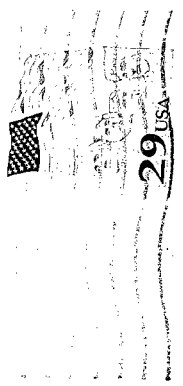
As *bēsubōru* is reflective of Japanese culture, our style of baseball is reflective of our culture. We encourage individuality, and try to set ourselves apart from the rest of the country along lines of appearance, culture, and economic status.

We value the individual over the group. We revere those who can get as much for themselves as we can. Personal ambition is popular; loyalty is hard to come by.

Perhaps of most significance is that we thrive on confrontation and make confrontation an aspect of our daily lives. We love to fight among ourselves.

The Japanese attitudes toward resolution of domestic disputes radically differ from our prevalent attitudes. The Japanese system of conflict resolution is geared toward playing for ties, for maintaining honor, and for reaching peaceful compromise. In the U.S.A., we believe that the best way to resolve disputes is to be disagreeable. Our adversarial legal system is built around playing to win, and to win as big as possible so as to humiliate the opponent.

The Japanese legal system would not work in the United States for the same reasons Japanese-style baseball would not be welcomed in this country.



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