

The Pocket ARMENIAN

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FLIPPANCY AS A PSYCHOLOGICAL DEVICE IN WARGAMES by Greg Costikyan

I have found that one of the best psychological devices in a war-game is flippancy. A flippant attitude towards the game will tend to put your opponent off his guard, as well as increase your enjoyment of the game no end. Good flippancy, of course, requires a good imagination, and you will have to invent flippant devices of your own. However, if I may, I have a number of devices that may aid you.

Air-Droppable Forest Hex Rule: This rule was actually playtested at SPI, once, more by accident than by design, in THE EAST IS RED. According to this rule, the Chinese receive one air-droppable forest hex which they may place anywhere on the board at any time during the game. You have no idea how infuriated my esteemed co-editor, Scott Rosenberg, became upon seeing a familiar green-colored counter placed for the umpteenth time upon THE EAST IS RED's board.

This forest-hex counter supersedes all terrain in the hex, with the exception that, if placed on any railroad hex in Mongolia or Russia it does not cut the railroad. This rule can be adopted, of course, for use in nearly any other wargame. ((No doubt SOLOMONS CAMPAIGN, FOXBAT & PHANTOM, and FALL OF ROME make excellent choices.))

The Hole Puncher: The hole-puncher is an invaluable device for creating a sense of flippancy in any game. Nothing is so flippant as sitting there, punching holes in unit counters, and then pushing the little round things made by the puncher into the holes left by them in different counters. You may encounter some problems if the person whose counters you're doing this to does not take kindly to half-and-half counters.

(continued on page three)

THE POCKET ARMENIAN
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THE POCKET ARMENIAN is a magazine of Postal Diplomacy & related & unrelated matters. Subs are 8/\$2. Game fee is \$6.50. No openings right now. TPA is published every third Sunday, each issue running from twelve to eighteen pages. We welcome contributions, paying four free issues to contributions that run a page, two for less. We give blanket permission to anyone to reprint anything as long as credit is given and a copy sent to us. Back issues (#s 1,2,3,5,6,7,8,9,10) are available at 30¢ each. Diplomacy was invented by Allan Calhamer and is copyright by Games Research Inc., 500 Harrison, Boston, MA 02118

INTERNATIONAL DIPLOMACY ASSOCIATION PULLS THROUGH

The results of the IDA election are now out. Birsan won re-election; Neiger overwhelmingly defeated Anderson for Editor; Kelly & Brooks won for At-Large (I didn't, but as long as Key didn't, I'm satisfied); Boymel for Membership; Boyer for Atlantic Region.

I think we can look to this council for some sort of objectivity; and I think it should be evident now to Rod Walker and all the other criers of "conspiracy!" that there was none. Period.

***** WINTERCON III AND OTHER ABSURDITIES

Two weeks ago we all attended Wintercon III up in MIT. There was a Diplomacy tournament there, of course. Matt Diller did very well, but he claims Robert Sacks stole a tournament point from him... Drew McGee won the tournament; yes, the same one as is playing in our Youngstown game.

We also played, or began to play, a game of DOWNFALL OF THE LORD OF THE RINGS etc., but it became boring. From what we could see, there was too little chance for the Neutral players (dwarves and Haradrim) to win; let's see, Matt was the Dwarves and I was the Haradrim.

We met a whole horde of people; Paul Bean, Peter Berggren, Jim Massar, Burt Labelle, Bob Sacks, Glenn Reed.

In the first round of the tournament, an interesting quarrel erupted. Peter Berggren, it seems, had been down to one unit: A Rum. Howard Mahler dislodged the unit in Spring, but then vacated Rumania in fall, thus leaving it Berggren's (the A Rum had been annihilated). When the players wanted to give Peter his survival points for the center, Sacks said that it wasn't allowed, since he had no way of regaining anything. This conflict was finally resolved, but I'm not sure just how. This may seem unimportant, but actually it meant the difference between Peter's being tied for sixth in the tournament, or coming in seventh.

At this point, we are considering publishing an Anniversary issue sometime in June, probably #17. The problem, basically, is money. We have enough money to publish a really beautiful 75-page colossus, but that would leave us with no money to print the issues of TPA after that. We will probably compromise and publish a 40 to 50-page thing. If you'd like to submit an article for it, and we're really going to need a lot, you could start writing now. We'd really appreciate it!

The Thumb-Tac: This is exactly what it sounds like: a hand-thrown tactical nuclear weapon. It is, in Kampfpanzer and similar games, the only rule that makes infantry worth having.

At the beginning of the game, each side may designate one infantry unit as having a thumb-tac. During any turn, in addition to performing some other mission, that unit may take out a section of the board ten hexes in diameter. In other words, all units within five hexes of that unit, as well as the unit itself, are destroyed. Any terrain in those hexes becomes clear terrain, and no wreck markers are placed. Any unit in the contaminated area has its panic level increased by one.

To be really flippant, you have to be creative. When you see an opportunity, seize it, and always keep your ears and eyes open for flippant possibilities. And remember, when all else fails, cheat.

* * *

Scott Rosenberg here. I have a few more suggestions. Firstly, if you're ever playing an SPI game and your opponent pulls the rule, that after you've touched and moved a piece, you can't re-move it, on you, bombard him with as many flippancies as you can. Don't let him live.

Phantom Army: This rule is perhaps the most infuriating of all. All you do is take a number of blank counters, write "O-X" on them where X is any reasonable movement factor, and then take them as reinforcements. They give an appearance of overwhelming strength to your army. Placing them at the bottom of a stack makes them even harder to detect.

The Counter Fight: This device is more useful for disrupting the game of some other people across the room who are being too serious than for annoying your own opponent. It involves the two players finishing their game quickly and then using their counters as projectiles -- preferably over the serious people's table. This game was extensively playtested at SPI's New York offices, during the always-boring STARFORC sessions. We would give up the game after a while, and have immense barrages of unit-counters, going by the handful, since they were extremely plentiful around the playtest rooms, and no one missed them.

The Battle of the Dead: This is a tactic many players have resorted to when their opponents take inordinately long amounts of time for their moves. It is, essentially, a battle between all units eliminated from the game. Units retain their allegiance even after death. This game is invariably played solitaire by the losing player on a sparsely-settled and unused portion of the mapboard. This tends to be especially frustrating to a successful player, since the loser will have the preponderance of units in the other world!

The Floating Half-Track Fleet: This innovation, which was invented by Matt Diller while I was attempting to teach him the USN rules, involves the use of several PANZERARMEE AFRIKA half-track counters. As the US player carefully sets up his positions at the opening of the USN Campaign game III, the Japanese player floats a number of Afrika korps half-tracks on from the Indian Ocean edge, announcing that Rommel has won a swift victory and captured Suez. These half-tracks proceed to swarm over Australia, Southeast Asia, and anywhere else the IJN forces may be in need of reinforcement.

If any of you have any additions to this compendium, or would like to relate some personal experiences with flippancy, I'd be more than glad to print them.

A number of months ago, when the latest version of the "New York Conspiracy" rumor began circulating, Adam Kasanof asked me just how the calumniators thought someone (in this case, New York) would go about "taking over the hobby." How could any one person or group of persons set about to accomplish this? I couldn't give him an answer, no matter how hard I thought. I promised him that whenever I figured it out, I'd print something on the subject.

Well, I've got an answer. One person or group of persons can't take over the hobby. It's as simple as that. Let me examine the possibilities.

The IDA comes to mind, since it's the largest organized protruberance of the hobby. But I don't think anyone could take IDA over. First, its membership is too large to be flooded with flunkies of one sort or another. Second, assuming some malevolent group did obtain complete and total control of IDA, the moment it began doing something evil to the hobby, people would protest, and, that failing, quit. Thus anyone attempting to bend the IDA to evil purposes may succeed, but will destroy the IDA and thus his power base simultaneously.

The Boardman numbers? Well, if we got some particularly nasty Custodian who didn't assign numbers to people he didn't like, those people might be out of numbers. So? Numbers are extremely useful but not essential. And if this custodian refused too many people Numbers, then he'd destroy his power base, again, as above, since people would ignore his numbers and set up their own. The same holds true for the Miller Numbers.

The Orphan Games Project? The Variant Bank? The Census? TDA? None of these are significant or important enough, alone, to make any difference.

What, however, if one group takes control of ALL of the above? Well, aside from the fact that that is one of the most improbable of the existing possibilities, my main point is that postal Diplomacy as a hobby is fractious, not monolithic. Because the basic unit of the hobby is the individual gamezine, there is no way one person could control it all. He might be able to control the peripherals, such as IDA and the Boardman #s, but these are not essential. If someone wants to start a 'zine, no one can stop him.

Of course, assuming someone did take control of everything, as above, he might be able to limit access to players. But then, why would players listen to or follow the lead of such a person or group? It's more likely that the latter would be deserted. The hobby would move away and leave them behind. As a matter of fact, such a person or group that tried to ostracize or "blacklist" someone unfairly would probably find itself ostracized.

So, the next time you hear about someone's attempts to take over the hobby, shake your head knowingly and say, "poor bastard!"

THE IDA 1974-5 HANDBOOK is now available (and has been for a good while, I just have not remembered to plug it.). It is eighty pages long, full of myriad and diverse articles on everything imaginable. \$2 to IDA members, \$3 otherwise. Make Checks payable to International Diplomacy Association. Write John Boyer, 117 Garland Dr., Carlisle, PA

Last issue's feature on the TPA Houserules inspired a good deal of comment. Before I plunge into it, I have one more addition to our HRs. Rod Walker was kind enough to send me a copy of his house rules, from which the following is substantially taken.

Rule 22. (Addition): A player has three ways of protecting himself against missing a deadline. These are voluntary but strongly recommended. I) General Orders: A player may submit GOs for his game at any time. A set of GOs must be on a separate sheet of paper, indicate country and game number, and be signed. Each set must, as a minimum, specify allies, enemies, and policy objectives. Any set not meeting these specifications will be returned.

In the event a player's regular orders fail to arrive, the GM will have a local player, not in the game, prepare a set of orders for that season, using the GOs as guidance. GOs thus used expire and are destroyed; they must be replaced if a player wishes to keep a set on file. GOs may be changed and replaced at any time; players should remember to keep them up-to-date, else, if he misses, he may find out that his orders are not what he expected.

II) Multiple Orders: A player may send two or more copies of his moves, separately, at different times (or the same time).

III) Postcard Notification: A player may enclose with his orders a stamped, self-addressed postcard, with the game number and season written on it (the GM will not do it for you). The GM will initial and remail the card within 24 hours; it is then a receipt for the orders indicated. If the player does not receive his card back within a reasonable time, he should send a new set of orders. Note that this system is only useful if you send your moves in a decent amount of time in advance.

Rule 19. Some additional Notation:

/h/= hold, unordered	CD= Civil Disorder
R = retreat	/cd/= convoy disrupted
B build	/nso/=no such order
D disband (remove)	/nsu/= no such unit
/otm/=ordered to move	/imp/=impossible (illegal)

A letter from Rod Walker: "...And Ernie Melchior is right about standard terminology. That is one of the problems we Ratingsmasters are going to have to deal with, and I know that Len Bakofka and Jeff Power on the PDRC ((Postal Diplomacy Ratings Commission, I believe)) have already done some work in this area. Once the GMs know how the Ratingsmasters view this question, I believe it will be easier for them to categorize their game results..."

Well, my personal feelings on all ratings systems is that they deserve to rot in Hell. However, I recognize that some of my players may not share this opinion, and therefore will do my best to comply with whatever the PDRC spews out (within reason, of course). I do like things such as the Beyerlein Player Poll (or the Calhamer Awards, for that matter). But ratings are so full of knots and inconsistencies (for instance, John Boardman's NYC phone games, which are run more strictly than most postal games, are almost always not rated because they are 'local games.' The way I see it, they are phone games. I am in one now, and I haven't met most of the players in person. The same holds true for any other phone games in any other areas, of course.) that none of them are worth the trouble. And they can hurt, too. Walt Buchanan has won something like six out eight games; he's going to hesitate now before ever joining another game, fearing to ruin a record!

I WARNED YOU ALL THAT IF I DIDN'T START TO RECEIVE MATERIAL, ALL MANNER OF CURSE WOULD FALL UPON YOU! BUT YOU DID NOT LISTEN! AND SO, YOU WILL TASTE DOOM! YOU WILL FEEL DESPAIR! WORSE, YOU WILL READ THE REVIVED

DAS RHYMEKRIEG!

A DEEP SONNYT (I BE YE SONNYT OF YE POETS OLDE)

By Evan Jones

I be ye sonnyt of ye poets olde
And I be packyd wyth implications deep.
I come from manuscripts all gray wyth moulede,
Myne purpose, to induce thee all to sleep.
A masterpiece, I be for thee in store,
Inflyctyd on thee when ye tyme be rype,
Though common rabbyl with thys sonnyt bore
And chancys are that thou be of that type!
I be a tryfle out of metyr, sometymes,
And introvyrtyd predycates have I,
And oftyn I be known to have false rhymes;
Myne plot, it hath discontinuity.
But reade me well, though I know thou hast all wished
Requyremynts in Englysh be abolyshed!

((Evan, in line 13, you should note that "thou" is only singular))

EVAN, EVAN, DRINKING BEER

by Adan Kasanof

Evan, Evan, drinking beer,
At the rate of six a year
What immoral hand or eye
Would frame thy beerful symmetry?
What the Hammer? What the Mace
That pounded up ythy ugly face?
In what manner was it rent
As though by auto accident?

When Evan Jones gulps down his beers
And wrytes about Ye So-Call'd Queeres
We all do retch his work to see
His Mydle Ynglish Poetrie.

Evan Evan, drinking beer
At the rate of six a year
What ale-sodden hand or eye
Dare frame thy wretched poetry?

* * *

At Tulane U. did Evan Jones
A stately Bacchanal decree
Hoping that the beer and booze
Would then revive his sleep-prone Muse
And help his poetry.

Eight dozen cans were guzzled down...

POEM ENDS HERE OWING TO THE INTERRUPTION OF THE AUTHOR FROM HIS
TRANCE - LIKE STATE BY A FORTY-POUND WAD OF PLASTER FROM THE CEILING
FALLING ON HIS HEAD. ((Not my fault...))

I am now a member of the Science Fiction Book Club, which is showing me monthly with more books to read. Where will I find the time?

Dungeons & Dragons is the latest craze around here. Last week we played a dungeon expedition over at Adam Kasanof's house, which I GMed. It went fairly well, although there were some rules problems. Although they are written in three books and cost \$10, they are still far from complete.

One monster inhabiting the second level of my dungeon was the shy and retiring Pocket Armenian. Matt Diller, a magic user, upon finding it, immediately Charmed it. The party used it as their vanguard. It immediately walked into a chamber where lay a Spectre. Which, of course, destroyed it without a second thought. Also roaming around, but never encountered, were a number of Saber-Toothed Neigers, and even a few Rayrillas!

The tank fired its main gun just as Paulson and Gladstein hit the dirt. They heard a whizzing sound as hundreds of steel ball-bearings sliced through the space where they had just been standing, and blasted a small tree nearby into sawdust. There was a long silence and Paulson cautiously raised his head somewhat. The tank was still there, and its gun was still pointing at where he and Gladstein were. The tank fired once more, but this time the shell gave off a dense green smoke as it flew through the air above Paulson's head and landed in the bushes some yards behind him. Paulson became unconscious.

CHAPTER V

Paulson and Gladstein awoke to find themselves chained to the wall of a dreary gray cell about the size of a walk-in closet. The cell had a massive steel plate door and was illuminated solely by a one-hundred watt bulb hanging from the vomit-stained ceiling. "How do you suppose someone managed to vomit on the ceiling, Jeremy?" mused Gladstein. "He probably stood on his head," replied Paulson. Paulson's discussion with Gladstein was cut short by the abrupt swing open of the steel door, which slammed back against the wall with a deafening clang to reveal a man dressed in green fatigues and wearing a paper bag with eyeholes over his head. The man clutched the key to the cell door in one gloved hand, and in the other he held a machine gun which he proceeded to point at Gladstein and Paulson.

"Okay!" said the man. "Get up! Move!" "We can't, you moron," replied Paulson, with his typical charm. "We're chained to the god-damn wall." "Shut up!" said the man, and he proceeded to toss a key at Paulson. He caught it and unlocked the leg irons which held him to the cell's wall, and passed the key to Gladstein, who also unshackled himself. "Drop the key!" ordered the man with the paper bag over his head, and Gladstein immediately complied. "All right, move!" shouted the man, and Gladstein and Paulson walked towards the door of the cell.

After a long, twisting walk through a maze of silver corridors, Paulson and Gladstein were ushered into a large room with plain stone walls, well lit, and empty except for a steel table on locking wheels, with a sewing machine on it, a brown leather swivel chair on which a shortish man, also in green fatigues, but wearing a black beret and mirrored sunglasses, as well as a fake beard and moustache, sat, and two other men with bags over their heads and machine guns, dressed also in green fatigues. The man who had escorted Paulson and Gladstein slammed the heavy steel door to the room shut, and nudged them forward with the barrel of his machine gun.

"Ah, our visitors!" said the man in the swivel chair, whom Paulson assumed to be the leader of the other men. "Sorry I can't offer you a seat, but, as you can see, there are no chairs except mine, I'm afraid," continued the leader. "Now, if you tell us what you were doing sneaking around by the fence without identification, and without our permission to be on the island, things will be much simpler for all of us. Tell us who sent you and why and we'll let you go." I'm sure, thought Paulson. "Well," began Paulson, "we were out in our boat when we ran into motor trouble and decided to stop at the nearest island to try to fix our engine. We landed here, but we couldn't get the motor to work at all anymore, so we started looking for someone on the island who could help us."

(continued next page)

"And somehow you ended up near the fence?" inquired the leader pleasantly. Gladstein and Paulson nodded assent. "Well, in that case, I think you should be given an opportunity to tell us the truth," the leader continued. "Bring over the machine!" commanded the leader to the men with machine guns who stood directly behind him. One of the two men went over to the steel table with the sewing machine and began to wheel it toward Paulson and Gladstein, while the other man kept Paulson and Gladstein covered with his machine gun. When the man with the sewing machine was directly in front of Paulson and Gladstein and about eight feet away from them, he halted the steel table and locked its wheels with a foot pedal. The man took his machine gun, which he had slung over his shoulder to facilitate moving the table, and pointed it at Paulson and Gladstein, while the man who still stood behind them slung his gun over his shoulder and produced two pairs of handcuffs from his pants pocket. The man fastened each one's hands behind his back. The man then grabbed Paulson by the arm, as the other two covered Gladstein, and dragged Paulson to the end of the table where stood the sewing machine. The man pushed Paulson down onto his knees near the edge of the table, and fastened his head in an odd-looking clamp so that Paulson was staring at the front of the sewing machine. The man then stuck a gloved hand in Paulson's mouth and pulled his tongue forward, fastening it in a metal clip attached to the table. The man went to where the sewing machine stood and turned it on.

"Mr., Ah, well..." said the leader. "Paulson." supplied Gladstein. "Ahem, Mr. Paulson, the sewing machine you are now too close to for comfort is a Yakagukii 9900K, one of the most powerful and fastest sewing machines made in Japan. Give Mr. Paulson a demonstration."

The man at the sewing machine reached into a depression in the steel table and removed a wicked-looking needle about two inches long, which he proceeded to insert in the sewing machine. The man then removed a piece of thick black leather from his pocket and held it near the edge of the table. "What my friend has in his hand, Mr. Paulson, is a piece of the toughest saddle leather," began the leader. The man by Paulson tapped it against the table's edge and it produced a loud whacking sound. "Continue with the demonstration." The man stuck the piece of leather into a metal holder under the needle and pushed a button on the sewing machine's side. The needle flashed through the leather and pulled back out in a fraction of a second. The man pulled the leather out and raised it, turning it as he did so, to enable Paulson to see the neat hole that had been made in it.

"It would indeed be unfortunate for us if we had to put your tongue in that machine, Mr. Paulson," said the leader. With that the man near Paulson pulled the sewing machine so that its needle was directly above Paulson's tongue. "EAAHUUHUUHUU!" said Paulson, staring at the needle. "We don't want to be undanitary, of course," said the leader. "So we'll make sure the needle is sterile." The man, by the sewing machine pulled a small torch from his pocket and lit it with a match. The man then proceeded to direct the flame at the needle of the sewing machine until it glowed red hot, and held the flame there.

"Now, Mr." said the leader, looking at Gladstein. "Gladstein," said he. "Ah, Mr. Gladstein. At any rate, I offer you this choice: you can either tell me who sent you, and why, or I will see to it that Mr. Paulson and you are provided with aerated tongues. Which will it be?"

(continued on next page)

"Well," said Gladstein, "we were sent by the Manishevitz corporation to destroy your vineyards, and thus prevent your entry into the kosher wine market."

"Ah ha!" said the leader, "just as I thought. Release Mr. Paulson. The man at the sewing machine unfastened Paulson's head and yanked him to his feet. "I'll be content to let you expire now, as I doubt you can provide me with any information I can use at this point," said the leader.

Paulson and Gladstein stared at each other uneasily. "Don't worry, gentlemen, it won't be anything nearly as bad as the sewing machine! In fact, I daresay it will be quite painless, or, at least, quick. Unlock them."

The men proceeded to free Paulson and Gladstein from their handcuffs, and pushed them against the wall opposite the room's door, so that they faced the open doorway. The men then moved away from them, covering them with their machine guns, and backed to the door. One of them opened it and went out, while the other two stood on either side of it, still covering Paulson and Gladstein. After about three minutes the man returned, and was followed by an oriental-looking figure wearing a karate outfit with a black belt.

"This is one of my employees, Gentleman," stated the leader. "As you may have guessed, his specialty is the martial arts, specifically, but not limited to, karate. My men and I will leave you to 'talk' to him. Goodbye."

With that two of the men moved to where the leader sat and pushed his swivel chair to the door, covering Paulson and Gladstein all the while. When they reached the door the leader motioned for them to stop, and he rose from the chair. "Farewell, gentlemen!" he said cheerfully, and then sat down. The men rolled his chair out the door, and the remaining man who stood near the Karate expert, moved over to the door and edged out through it, covering the prisoners till he was outside, where he shut and, from the sound of it, bolted the door.

Paulson and Gladstein focused their attention fully on the karate expert for the first time. He stood about 6'3" and was barefoot, and assumed a karate stance as they looked at him.

"Well, Jeremy, what do you think?" "I think unless we get out of here we're going to be pounded into matzohs," Paulson whispered back. He shot a quick look around the spacious room; no windows, no other doors. "Prepare to die!" said the karate expert. Paulson bent over and began to take off his shoe. "You don't mind if I put up an argument, do you?" inquired Paulson, looking up from his shoe to the karate master. "Not at all. I would not expect you to die without a fight. It would be cowardly for you not to resist." "Good," said Paulson, who had now removed his right shoe and was in the process of working off the heel from the sole.

"If you have some hidden weapon in your shoe, you may feel free to use it; you will find it of no avail to you."

"What are you doing, Jeremy?" whispered Gladstein.

"Getting out my secret weapon, as this man has astutely perceived."

"What is it? A gun? a knife? A sneeze-gas pen?" asked Gladstein.

"No," replied Paulson, who succeeded in removing the heel of the shoe and pulled something out of a depression in it, letting both the shoe and the heel fall to the floor. Paulson then held up the thing he removed in his clenched right fist.

YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT UNTIL NEXT TIME TO FIND OUT WHAT PAULSON'S
SECRET WEAPON IS...

ROD WALKER ...Somebody else from your area is talking about "de-
 ***** politicizing" the IDA...Gil? Whoever. Anyway, that is a
 nice slogan, but it is a pipe-dream. We have to face the reality that
 the IDA is already the spokesman for the hobby, and this position will
 become increasingly entrenched as time goes on. It also has a large
 membership and a large budget, which will get larger in time, and an
 increasing number of functionaries and projects. People with ambitions
 to be big frogs in small ponds are going to try empire-building, and
 the IDA is a good place to do it. And creating a rival organization
 will just mean two empires instead of one.

Believe me, there are very ambitious people in this hobby. In
 their day, Charles Reinsel and Buddy Tretick were exptremely ambitious
 ,, but they felt that they could get what they wanted by themselves.
 The most ambitious man in the hobby today is John Beshara, who has been
 busily creating a power-base since 1971. He is followed -- in strength
 of ambition, that is -- by the two current candidates for IDA President,
 Edi Birsan and Leh Lakofka, and by Gordy Anderson. The problem is, it
 is sometimes difficult to tell ambitious people from those who are sim-
 ply dedicated to improving the hobby. The means each would have to
 employ are roughly similar, and they both amount to "politics." I've
 had enough training in social science, and enough life-experience, that
 I can usually distinguish one from the other. But not always... I
 can't make out Bob Lipton, for instance.

Speaking of plots, I have a letter from a non-New Yorker who says
 John Beshara attempted to recruit him for a take-over of the IDA in
 this election. Unfortunately, he is long on telling me about it and
 short on evidence, and I am not sure what to make of it. John's capable
 of doing it, but I'm leery of being put on. I'm not about to swallow
every story I hear. I'm asking for solid proof.

Anyway, what I'm hoping for is that we can all put aside last
 year's problems and do more coöperatively. I get echoes from you, Gil,
 and Nicky that the big fear last summer was that Bob Lipton would be
 kicked out of the hobby, or some such, for holding unpopular opinions.
 That just doesn't happen. I'm prepared to jam Bob's teeth down his
 throat, but I totally defend his right to make me mad enough to do it.
 In fact, the only attempt to run anyone out of the hobby was TDA's pub-
 lic suggestion, in WAZIR 3, that its members drive the publishers op-
 posing TDA out of business; references to "stepping on the night
 beetles" and like that. But the rest of the hobby does not operate in
 this manner.

(As far as Beshara trying to recruit people to "take over" IDA
 in the election, I can't possibly conceive of anyone being able to do
 so. Just how could you possibly go about doing it?

((My point about IDA politics was that we should not consciously
 give IDA more power; that will mean that, if/when some ambitious person
does take it over, we will be that much worse off.

((I won't comment about any of your slurs (or 'comments', if you
 will) on John Beshara, except to say that I don't know of any of them
 that are true (except possibly the one about his power-base..))

Received a letter from Father Dan Gorham today. THE FIGHTER'S
 HOME is not dead! It will start up again soon, with anybody who wants
 to continue there. Gorham apparently has been in the hospital, so I
 think we can all forgive him. On the other hand, Gordon Anderson says
 that EL CONquistador (I prefer the 'EL CON' wording) will return, but
 no word of it yet...

Greg is having numerous problems with the programs, including the fact that a lot of our space on the computer we're using has been taken away. Therefore, the deadline for moves for turn 2 has been extended at least for another three weeks. Sorry for the delay... As for a second game, we'd better hold off until the first ceases its derailment. As far as press, please send it to me, and not Greg. Once again, let me reiterate, SEND MOVES TO GREG COSTILYAN, 310 E 50, NY, NY 10022.

PEKING: The PRC is proud to announce that it is among the first signatories of the Manila Pact. The Manila Pact calls for a total ban on chemical and biological warfare, and all parties to the treaty agree to destroy any nation known to have built any biological weapons. ((With biological weapons?))

PA3 (1974GU) PRESS

PARIS: The government of the French Republic is most happy to announce that it has reached an accord with the governments of Germany and England which results in a three-way alliance involving our three countries versus the rest of the world. The People of France are most grateful for the kind and generous offers of the German and English Governments and we pledge publicly to do our best to carry out our part of the bargain. We must do our best to civilize the savages to the east! ((If I remember correctly, the civilization of France developed from Italy twice: from Rome, and during the Renaissance. Some savages!))

((There was some press from England, but I'm not sure whether it is still up-to-date with developments in the game, and I'd rather not print it at all than print it and damage something or other.))

PA5 (1973FC) PRESS

PARIS: France is in a state of shock at the cutting of diplomatic ties initiated by England with regard to France. A state of war now undeniably exists, yet the justification is noticeably lacking. Exactly why a stupid war such as this should occur is unknown to the French. However, France is not prepared to go down easily, if at all -- we will fight till the end, and continue even after that!

PARIS: Having not heard from you in some time, Mr. Kelly, I am forced to make orders which are definitely anti-English in nature. I'm afraid that, at whatever cost, I must commit myself to an aggressive campaign against you. Good luck in the coming conflict.

PA4 (1974ID) PRESS

OTTOMAN EMPIRE: Allah be Allah! The Wazir has announced that a limited number of select homesites on the beautiful Sea of Galilee will be offered to the discriminating buyer. It is well known that oil has been found to underlay much of the Sultan's domain. Allah be praised! These select sites in the peaceful Jerusalem area may contain oil! Only 10 £ down on these valuable sites will secure for believer and infidel alike a choice retirement property and a piece of our great religious heritage. Fishing, Boating, Water-Walking, Pearl-Casting, Write today! Allah be Merciful! Painless circumcision included with each site. -- Wazir Bai d'hour

"And over the gates of Paradise, I shall place nineteen angels as guards. And this number is chosen to confound the infidel."
Then how is it, oh Fakir Ifn Nasti, that for Diplomacy, eighteen are sufficient?

BERLIN: After a review of his Army here today, the Kaiser announced that a treaty of peace had been concluded with the French Government. The Kaiser also hinted at a resolution to the Belgian question, but stated: "...and to guarantee the neutrality of Norway, German arms will always be ready -- Gott mit uns!"

PETROGRAD-WINTERHOFF: A highly-placed minister denied rumors that an army has been ordered to Galicia. He is quoted as saying that Russia should be far more wary of the Turk, since she has not been able to establish communication with Istanbul. The minister went on to say that while no definitive statement could be made as yet regarding recent negotiations with the Italian Ambassador, yet was the Czar hopeful since he feels a great commonality of interest and emotion exists between their two peoples.

PA3 (1974GN) PRESS

THE SHERLOCK HOLMES STORY (What else should I call it?): Early that morning (too early for me) we breakfasted and were off. Holmes stopped at a telegraph office and sent half-a-dozen messages; our cab then took us to the docks. For some reason unfathomable to me, instead of taking the train to Dover and then crossing the Channel, Sherlock insisted on a sea voyage to Calais.

While I am not usually troubled by mal de mer, the aftereffects of my drug experience included a rather unsettled stomach. Accordingly, for most of the trip I passed the time contemplating the water, as I was draped over the starboard rail. Only that evening, rolling south aboard the French National Railway train to Paris, did I begin to discuss the case with my companion.

"Watson," he said, "how does one go about duplicating a man?"

"Well, some biological theories hold that most cells contain a blueprint for the whole body's structure," I replied. "Perhaps you could take a cutting, as in gardening, and induce it to grow into the whole man."

"Good idea -- but it cannot solve our present case, Watson, unless an improbably rapid method is discovered to bring the child to maturity and educate him with all the knowledge that his predecessor has acquired in a lifetime."

I had to agree he was correct. "So, that seems to leave us with a physical or chemical duplication process, one far beyond the present state of technology," I said. "Don't you think you are taking that girl's story a bit too seriously, Holmes?"

"If 'that girl's' speech or mannerisms caused you to underestimate her intelligence, Watson, I must reproach you. The Tsarina hides it well, but she is undoubtedly one of the sharpest and most dangerous women in Europe today. Even so, I might share your disbelief, were it not for all the other incredible events that have come to my attention in the past year." Holmes pulled a bulky file out of his suitcase and handed it to me. "Read these, if you've been skipping the front page of the papers lately."

At that moment, a heavy THUMP...THUMP from our compartment door interrupted us. I opened the door and found the conductor with a fist raised; he moved it forward stiffly, as if knocking once again, and then stopped with a wooden look on his face. Then he began to shuffle forward, and I gave way before him.

"Mister Sherlock Holmes," he said in a monotone, with no trace of a French accent. His eyes stared vacantly at me.

(continued next page)

"No, I'm..." I began to reply, when a hiss from Holmes stopped me. My companion produced a blackjack from somewhere on his person, and stepped behind the conductor, who continued walking forward until I stopped, my back to the window. Holmes, to my horror, brought the bludgeon down on the back of the man's head! But there was only a dull, metallic clang -- impossibly, the conductor showed no signs of collapsing.

Suddenly, the rhythm of the train's wheels on the tracks changed-- we were crossing a bridge over a small river, enclosed by the metal cantilever structure.

"Quick, Watson, the window," Holmes shouted. "Open it! Now, help me get this thing out of here, before it's too late!"

I did not understand what was going on, but I helped Holmes push the body out the window, and by the light from the cars behind us saw it ricochet off the bridge's latticework and bounce again off the train before falling out into the darkness. It vanished from sight for a second, and then a brilliant flash and the CRUMP of an explosion split the night. The train shook, and several windows behind us shattered. After pulling off the bridge, the engineer stopped us, but a few minutes' inspection showed the damage to be minor. So, somewhat puzzled, the crew started the train going again and we continued our journey to Paris. In our compartment, my puzzlement was greater.

"Holmes, I want an explanation!"

The detective smiled, and spent a few moments lighting his pipe.

"Watson, would you close that window, please?"

He proceeded, with a few puffs, to thoroughly becloud the chamber, and then continued, "I believe earlier you used the phrase 'far beyond the present state of technology.' I think our encounter with that 'conductor' should convince you that someone has made some recent advances in that department. If that bridge had not interrupted his controller's hold on him -- shielded us from low-frequency Hertzian waves, I expect -- well, even a small explosion in this compartment would not have left much of us to clean up."

I must have continued to stare at him goggle-eyed, for he went on, impatiently, "We're in the twentieth century, John, or at least the world is -- if you aren't yet, then you have some catching up to do! That was a mechanical man, a 'robot', if you will... crude, but it had a simple mission, and almost accomplished it. Now, who do you think sent it?"

I recovered my speech enough to reply, "Why, this 'Artimory' fellow that the Tsarina mentioned, obviously... but that's another thing that's incomprehensible to me. That name is such an obvious anagram for 'Moriarty' -- and isn't the Castle of Youth at Meiringen, Switz.?"

Holmes smiled. "I'm surprised you haven't brought that up earlier. You are correct... the castle is within walking distance of Reichenbach Falls, where Moriarty fell to his death on May 4, 1891."

"So," I responded heatedly, "what kind of foolishness is going on with these word games? Is Moriarty, or a duplicate of him, alive? Or is this just so much more bait, to lure you into a trap?"

"The latter, I'm sure," Sherlock answered. "There are good reasons for the inventor of this 'duplicator' to avoid making copies of himself -- as an exercise, I'll let you deduce them. In any case, the device is hardly over a decade old. No, Moriarty is out of the picture; I am certain of that."

(continued next page)

SEA OF MARMARA LITTERED WITH CORPSES

- AUSTRIA (Darden): A Boh-Mun, A Bud-Gal, A Ser-Gre, A Ven-Tyo,
A Tri S A Ven-Tyo, F Bul(sc)-Con
- ENGLAND (Kellogg): NMR. F Lvp, A Cly /h/, F Lon/H/ (-Wal, Yor, OTB)
- FRANCE (Gruen): A Pie S ITALIAN A Tus-Ven, A Mar S A Pie, F Eng-Lon,
A Bel H, A Pic S A Bel, F Iri S ENGLISH F Lvp
- GERMANY (Barlow): A Mun-Sil, F Bal-Swe, A Nwy-StP, A kie-Ber,
F Nth S French F Eng-Lon, A Edi S ENGLISH F Cly
- ITALY (Bean): A Ven R to Tus; A Tus-Ven, A Rom S A Tus-Ven, F Ion-EMed,
F Tyn-Glyo
- RUSSIA (Gildroy): A War-Sil, F Bot-StP(sc), A Pru-Ivn, A Rum-Sev,
F Ank S AUSTRIAN F Bul-Con
- TURKEY (Moore): F Arm-Sev, A Con-Bul, F Aeg S A Con-Bul

SUPPLY CENTER OWNERSHIP:

- (6) AUSTRIA: Bud, Vie, Tri, Gre, Ser, Bul. EVEN
- (1) ENGLAND: lvp, ~~WY~~, ~~ZPA~~. REMOVE TWO
- (7) FRANCE: Mar, Par, Bre, Spa, Por, Bel, Lon. BUILD ONE
- (8) GERMANY: Ber, Mun, kie, Hol, Den, Swe, Edi, Nwy. BUILD TWO; room
for one.
- (4) ITALY: Ven, Rom, Nap, Tun. EVEN
- (6) RUSSIA: Stp, Mos, War, Sev, Rum, Ank. BUILD ONE
- (2) TURKEY: Con, Smy, ~~AYK~~. REMOVE ONE

Last season's Italian order should have been F TYN C A Tun-Rom, NOT F Apu. My fault. DEADLINE IS NOON 2/22/75 for WINTER 1903.

PA1 (1974FM) PRESS

CONSTANTINOPLE: Yea, even the arm of the Great One shall be a burden in Moscow and Budapest for the proud shall be smitten. Verily, Verily even the peoples who follow the evil one shall know distress.

The time comes and is upon us now that all wickedness shall be rewarded by the sword and the fire. The cry of the turtle dove shall not be heard and the winter shall not pass until these things are fulfilled.

PA2 PRESS, continued (THE SHERLOCK HOLMES STORY)

"Too bad your brother Mycroft isn't around," I said. "One of the finest minds in the world... until his suicide last year. This case would have appealed to him."

Holmes' eyes took on an introspective look. "That it would," he said. His pipe had gone out; he busied himself cleaning it. "Well," he continued, "we had best get some rest now -- I don't think there will be any more attempts on our lives for a while. Tomorrow morning, after we pass through Paris, we're getting off at Choisy-le-Roi; we have an appointment with Monsieur Jean-Paul 'Coq' AuVin, leader of the opposition Party in the French Government. He's an old friend of mine -- perhaps he can throw some light on this case. For now, good night!"

SPECULUM is a fine 'zine published and edited by Dave Hadlecek, 1447 Sierra Creek Way, San Jose, CA 95132. Subs 10/\$2. Openings in Regular Diplomacy (\$1.50 fee, \$1 returnable deposit + sub), Youngstown Variant (\$2 fee, \$1 deposit + sub), and anything else that enough people want to play. SPECULUM reviews hordes of 'zines, and has an interesting letter column. Also, publishes excellent variants occasionally.

1974GH (PA2)

Winter 1902/Spring 1903

FRANCE, GERMANY AND ITALY DUD OUT

AUSTRIA (Gilinsky): Builds A Vie, A Bud. A Ven S A Tyo, F Ion-Tun, See COA with Youngstown game! A Tyo S A Vie-Boh, A Vie-Boh, A Gal S A Vie-Boh, A Bud S A Gal, A Ser-Rum

ENGLAND (McMullin): F Nth-Mid, F Iri S F Nth-Mid, F Eng-Bre, A Pic S GERMAN A Bur-Par /NSO/

FRANCE (Adams): A Par-Pic, A Bre S A Par-Pic, F Mid-Eng, A Mar-Bur, A Spa-Mar

GERMANY (Gillespie): A Bur-Gas, A Bel-Bur, F Hol-Bel, A Mun-Boh, A Ruh-Mun, A Sil S RUSSIAN A War-Gal

ITALY (Kelly): F GLyo-Spa(sc), A Pie-Mar

RUSSIA (Zimmermann): A War-Gal, A Ukr S A War-Gal, A Mos S A Ukr, F 'in H

TURKEY (Penn): A Nap-Rom, F Bla S AUSTRIAN A Ser-Rum, A Sev S AUSTRIAN A Ser-Rum, A Arm S A Sev, F Aeg-Ion, F Smy-Aeg

Last issue Austria's F Ion C A Con-Nap. My error. FALL 1903 MOVES DUE NOON 1/22/75.

There has been a motion to allow code-words in this game. Please vote with your next moves. Majority will be sufficient.

1974GU (PA3)

Spring 1902

FRANCE STABS ITALY...(yawn) AS USUAL

AUSTRIA (Bennett): F Gre-Ion, A Vie-Tri, A Bud S TURKISH A Bul-Rum, A Ser S TURKISH A Bul-Rum

ENGLAND (Rusty Prince Russell): F Edi-Nth, F Nrg S F Edi-Nth, A Nwy-Swe F Ska S A Nwy-Swe

FRANCE (Malmquist): F Spa(sc)-WMed, F Bre-Mid, A Bur H, A Por-Spa, A Mar-Pie

GERMANY (LaWhon): NMR. A Hol, F Den, F Ber, A Mun, A Ruh all /h/

ITALY (Weswig): A Tri-Ser, A Ven-Tri, A Apu-Tun, F Ion C A Apu-Tun

RUSSIA (Nekorчук): F Bot-Bal, A Mos-StP, F Sev-Rum, A Ukr-Gal, A Rum-Bud (-Ukr, OTB)

TURLEY (Rosenzweig): F Con S F Ank-Bla, F Ank-Bla, A Bul-Rum, A Arm-Ser

Will Matt Diller, 8507 Avon St., Jamaica, NY 11432 standby for Germany? FALL 1902 MOVES DUE NOON 1/22/75.

PA3 (1974GU) PRESS

ST. PETERSBURG: Russia acknowledges the hopelessness of the situation and invites the Turkish government to propose terms.

THE TIMES (Nick Ulanov, 334 Foulke Hall, Princeton University, Princeton, NJ 08540) is a fine literary magazine. No openings, no games -- just many, many good articles, and press. Offset-printed covers too. The latest issue features an article by Lipton on naming 'zines, as well as some more press, and, I think, some more Jones stories. Well worth the 6/\$2.00 price tag. You're depriving yourself if you don't subscribe!

WAIT TILL NEXT TIME FOR A BETTER HEADLINE

- AUSTRIA (Honig): A Vie-Gal, A Bud-Ser, F Tri-Alb
- ENGLAND (Denhart): F Edi-Nth, A Ivp-Yor, F Lon-Eng
- FRANCE (Brennick): A Mar-Pie, A Par-Bur, F Bre-Mid
- GERMANY (Griffith): F Kie-Hol, A Ber-Kie, A Mun-Ruh
- ITALY (keeping): A Ven-Pie, A Rom-Apu, F Nap-Ion
- RUSSIA (Malmquist): F Sev-Rum, F StP-Bot, A War-Gal, A Mos-Ukr
- TURKEY (McCullam): A Con-Bul, A Smy-Con, F Ank-Bla

Please note Curt Denhart's new address: SU Box 164 Williamstown, PA 01267 (that's the zip he sent us; greg says that all PA zips start in 'one'.) Also: MCCULLAM'S ZIP IS 44065, NOT 44605!!!!

Fall 1901 moves due NOON 2/22/75.

RUSSIA REGAIN ST. PETE; ENGLAND MOVES IN ON
 RUSSIA; FRANCE MOVES IN ON ENGLAND; AUSTRIA
 DOESN'T MOVE AT ALL!

- AUSTRIA (~~Y/Y/Y~~): NMR. Standby Gillespie also NMR.
 A Vie, A Bud, F Alb /h/. A Ser /h/ (-Tri, OTB)
- ENGLAND (Kell): A StP H.(-Fin, OTB), F Swe-Bot, F Bar S A StP,
 F Ska-Swe, F Nth-Nwy, F Lon-Nth
- FRANCE (Cusack): A Bur-Ruh, A Mun S A Bur-Ruh, A Hol S A Bur-Ruh,
 A Par-Pic, F Bre-Eng, F Glyo-Spa(sc), A Naf S F Tun,
 F Mar S F Glyo-Spa(sc), F Tun S ITALIAN F WMed-Tyn
- GERMANY (Morgan): A Ruh S A Kie (-OTB), A Kie S F Den, F Den H
- ITALY (Nekorchuk): F WMed-Tyn, A Pie-Ven, A Rom-Nap
- RUSSIA (Leeder): F Bot-StP(sc), A Lvn & A Mos S F StP(sc), F Rum wishes
 it could support the Turks into Serbia as requested,
 but regrets that its sailors haven't found their land-
 legs yet /h/
- TURLEY (Swies): F Ion-Adr, F Aeg C A Con-Gre, A Bul S A Gre-Ser,
 A Gre-Ser, A Con-Gre

Will Warren Wyman, 450 Hill Trail, Ballwin MO 63011 take over for AUSTRIA? Once again, let me request that those of you who have not paid for a sub, or who don't get TPA for any other reason, please sub.

DEADLINE FOR FALL 1904 MOVES IS NOON 2/22/75.

NOTES ON PA6: This games Boardman Number has been assigned; it is 1975B. The Second Game of 1975!!!!

Recently, many of us have been writing programs for computer games. One idea I had was some sort of postal exchange of game programs. Is there any interest out there for such an exchange? At present I have two finished game programs (one on a hypothetical World War 1 situation, the other a mathematical siege game based on CONFLICT magazine's ALAMO game) and am working on a third, an all-production game of WAR IN THE EAST. Gil Neiger and Matthew Diller developed an ancient Babylon game; Greg, of course, wrote his RUBLBOUNCE insanity.

BATTLE OF TSUSHIMA PRECOCIOUSLY

AUSTRIA ("Grosso" Grossman): A Clu-Rum, A Bud-Ser, F Tri-Adr, A Vna H
 CHINA (Darden): A Pek-Man, A Han-Pek, F Can-Echi
 ENGLAND (Barlow): F Ivp-Nat, F Edi-Nrg, F Lon-Nth, F Joh-Thai(ec)
 FRANCE ("Gallo" Gilinsky): A Par-Gas, F Bre-Mid, F Sai-Cam, A Mar-Spa
 GERMANY (Proujansky): A Mun-Ruh, F kie-Den, A Ber-kie,
 INDIA (Prosnitz): F Mad-EIn, A Cal-Bma, A Del-Afg
 ITALY (Honig): F Nap-Ion, A Ven-Pie, A Rom-Ven, F Mog-Ade
 JAPAN (Weswig): F Tok-NPa, F Kyo-SJa, F Osa-SPA
 RUSSIA (Eisen): A Mos-Ukr, A War-Gal, F StP(sc)-Bot, F Sev-Rum,
 A Oms-Sib, F Vla-SJa
 TURKEY (McGee): A Con-Bul, A Smy-Syr, A Bag-Jor, F Ank-Con

COA: Adam Gilinsky, 240 Cannon, House Office Building, WASH. DC 20515. PA2 people please note also.

If you want to buy a better map, I think Weswig sells them for 50¢ each. You should all have his address (I hope!).

Fall 1901 moves due NOON 2/22/75.

 LETTERS

BRUCE SCHLICKBERND ..One rule that I was thinking of adding to my
 ***** own HRs is when a country in Civil Disorder has
 one of its units dislodged, if possible, the unit will retreat to any
 home supply center that is open and that is currently holds. It seems
 to me utterly asinine to have a unit retreat OTB leaving its centers
 wide open and giving its neighbors an enormous advantage. In case of
 option of retreats, the final determination would be made by some
 random method.

...On those chess variants, an interesting one is a four-player
 game popular at Long Beach State U. Two boards are set side by side,
 one team takes black, the other white (though on one board black moves
 first to preserve balance). Use of time clocks is necessary and a
 limited time is allowed similar in respect to Blitz chess where each
 player has a total of five minutes (longer if you prefer) and if his
 time runs out, he loses. Oop, goofed up there. Each team takes one
 player as black, and the other is white on the second board. When a
 teammate captures an opponent's piece, he gives it to his teammate
 (if he were black, he would capture an opponent's white piece and
 give it to his teammate who should be white). The teammate may then
 place the piece on his own board in lieu of a move, or retain it for
 future use. I forget whether one can place an opponent in check by
 such a move -- have to check on that ((sssss...)). Check does not
 have to be announced and the king may be taken without warning. The
 game is won by a successful checkmate, capture of an opposing king, or
 your opponent's time running out. This is enormous fun and produces
 all sorts of wild games and strategies to protect the King. Oh yes,
 a pawn may not be placed on the eighth rank and converted to queens
 immediately. It can be placed up to the seventh rank, though. The
 unfortunate thing is that two time clocks are needed.

Address label codes:

- a number is the issue that your sub runs out with.
- a game number means your sub runs out when you're out of that game
- "+" a number means that you get that many issues after the game
- T means we trade.
- C means complimentary

Many people's subs end with this issue. I'd like to take this space to beg you to resubscribe; we could use the money, and you could use the issues (I'm sure...). But if you don't, at least write and tell us that we can improve. If you don't, we won't.

 putting in my two bits(Matthew Diller) -- #@

For that comic interlude, I'm sure you need something to you up with. I think I'm going to set myself up as a "press" thing, like Heuer or Walker. It will be called C.H.O.A.M. Publications. Next issue I will print a list of all of our publications and their numbers. I'm going to reprint our House Rules as soon as this rash of revision is over. I'm also working on a new variant; this one on the Pacific Ocean. It includes a provision for the first player to move into a sea province naming that province. Could be very interesting.

I've received a number of compliments about the new masthead. Well, I don't deserve them, my brother draws it. It will be around for at least another two issues, since I have them on stencil already.

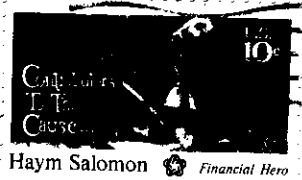
Until next issue, then, I remain yours truly

(no, I'm not going to sign it like dud Iipton
 Scott Rosenberg.



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