

11/7/79

				N	N	AAA	R			
		III	G	NN	N	A	RRR	DD	4	4
P	00	I	G	NN	N	AAAA	RRR	DD	4	4
	00	III	G	N	NN	A	R	DD	4	4
			GG	N	N	A	R			
				N	N	A	R			
							R			

POIGNARD #4 is brought to you by David M. Loewenstern, Haverford College, Haverford, PA 19041. Phone 215-896-6606. Phone hours: 1:00-11:00PM.

1979CX Spring 1902

LIMEYS AND INFIDELS LOSE COLONIES! GERMANY BEGINS U-BOAT WAR. ITALY TWIDDLES UNITS AGAIN!! AUSTRALIA BULLISH ON BUL(L)GARIA! QUESTIONS OF THE MONTH: WHO IS ENGLAND ALLIED WITH? WHO DIDN'T THINK HE WAS ALLIED WITH GERMANY?

- A. (Jim Cassity): FgreS Aser-bul, Atri-alb, Abud-ser, Avie-bud.
- E. (Scott Copeland): Fnwys/odr(nwg,otb) G.Fden-swe*, FengS Flon-nth, Ayor-h.
- F. (Jerry White): ApicS/o Apar-bur, Apar-bre, Aspa-gas, Fpor-mat, Fmar-spas.
- G. (Paul Sallabedra): Fden-ska, Fkie-den, Fber-kie, AruhS Ahol-bel.
- I. (Clark Reynolds): Aven-h, Apie-tus, Ftun-h, Fnap-ion.
- R. (Gary Howe): FrumS A.Aser-bul, Fsev-bla/b, AmosS Aukr-sev/f, Fswes Fstpn-nwy.
- T. (Bernie Oaklyn): FconS Fank-bla, Aarm-sev/b, Abul-rum/bda.

*that is, Fnwys support fails (NSO), and must retreat to nwg or off the board. (ADDENDUM: Fnwys may also retreat to bar!) a=annihilated, b=bounce, d=dislodged, f=attempt on friendly unit, o=NSO, r=retreats, +++PRESS+++

RUSSIA-TURKEY: Your offer is rejected. You must be punished for your aggressions.

((ENGLISH PRESS)) The Tragedy of Jack and the Beanstalk

Background: In the year of our lord eighteen-hundred and eighty-six, there was born of simple Saxon parents, the Onions of County Worcestershire, a boy to be named Jack. As Jack grew older he became more and more naive, until one day after high school...

ACT I

Jack: Hey, who are you Mister?

Paul: Why, I'm Paul, a sneaky, shiftless drifter. How's it going, Jack?

Jack: Headmaster Loewenstern failed me in geography.

Paul: You seem to be very naive and vulnerable.

Jack: Thank you, I guess...

Paul: How'd you like to buy some magic beans? If you plant them, you'll grow an army for each one!

Narrator: Jack bought the beans and planted them as directed, but the only result was a huge white beanstalk. Jack decided to climb it, for some, as yet unknown reason...

ACT II

When he reached the top, he found himself on a huge, cloud- (continued overleaf)

((play, continued))

covered plain. With a white castle just 100 ft. away from him.
((Headmaster Loewenstern should fail Jack in grammar, too, with a dangling dependant clause like that!))

Jack: (walking up to castle) I wonder who lives here. (he knocks on door, receives no answer and enters.)

Wow! a sleeping giant!

(Giant wakened by Jack's yelling...)

Giant: Fe, Fi, Fo, Fum I smell the blood of a Limey Scum.

Jack: Wow! Who are you?

Giant: I'm Gzryvichski the Giant, and I'm going to kick your lousy fleet out of Norway, you slimey Lime.

Jack: That's Limey slime. ((No, that's limey scum!))

Giant: Thank you (as he steps on poof Jack and crushed him like an ant.)

ENGLAND-RUSSIA: Hoch-Ptoee!((I thought it was spelled hoch-ptui))
TAKEN FROM THE LONDON GUARDIAN((GERMAN PRESS)):Over the past Winter the call of the working classes has become increasingly more strident for the return and disbanding of the British war machine. Pacifist influences have become more popular by reason of the recent military reverses suffered by our forces and the impending greater catastrophes. The future people see is unrelievedly black ((as in black German fleets)) and they have no hopes.

We call upon this misguided Tory government to sue for peace, under any terms, before the present situation leads to the extinction of our lives and all that we hold dear.

NOTE FROM THE GERMAN FOREIGN OFFICE: Superior English Spirit?

Well in that case, make mine a Gilby's and Schweppes please. And while you're at it, make mine a case too.

~~EDINBURGH~~EDINBURGH(GM PRESS): Actually, the spirits are mcuh better in Scotland!

ANKARA: Nimbly, my fingers grasped at that diminutive, aurum, truncated cone, convex on its summit and semiperforated with symmetrical indentations and a hollow interior.

"Sir!" replied Sir, "but that description is that of a thimble. What in heaven's blazes are you doing with such an object?"

"Well, Sir!" torted Sir ((This is going to get confusing)), still talking to himself ((which one?)), "those Russians will need something th 'eww' their countrty back together. After all, they are coming apart at the 'bottom' seam, you know!"

"But Sir! We should be nice to destitute persons in impovershed countries!" ((and you thought Diplomacy wasn't morally uplifting!))

"What should I do, Sir, give them a 'Diplomatic' present?"

"Certainly, Sir! May I suggest an elongated, solid interior, with a somewhat flattened hurricane-type center, with a sort of sharpended end, near its tip, that is?" ((an elongated interior?? An interior with a hurricane-type center??))

"Why Sir! I believe you are being naughty! What would they do with a marlin spike, anyway?"

"I am sure they can figure that one out all by themselves, Sir!"

"Now come on! They can't possibly guess it is for Sir Lowenbrau, you know, the constipated mathematician who worked it out with a pencil!" ((How original, Bernie))

"It doesn't really matter, Sir. But, how can I deliver my thimble if I don't finish counting the specks of angel dust that lay within the indentations of ~~a~~ my thimble? Please, leave me alone, Sir!"

"Now, let's see. That's one..."

F. & I. press will be typed next issue. ■ Su'02 and F'02 due 12/7/79 at 12 noon. YOU SURE YOU DON'T WANT THIS PRESS GAME, FANGS????????