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Volume VI Number 2 Issue 113 Providence RI June 4th 1978

1976BR "Fall 1908"

Germany (Trevor Baillie): A Gas*-Mar, A Bur* S A Gas-Mar, A Bre*-Gas, F Bel*-Eng, F Nth*-Lon, A Tyo-Tri*, A Vie* S A Tyo-Tri, A Boh* S A Tyo, F Eng-Wal*. Owns: Ber, Kie, Mun, Bel, Bre, Den, Hol, Par, Tri, Vie. (10) BUILD ONE

Italy (Fred Winter, COA): A Bud-Rum*, A Bul*, F Bla* & A Ser* S A Bud-Rum, A Tri-Bud(-Alb or elim)*, F Gre-Ion*, F Wal-Lon*, A Yor* S F Wal-Lon, A Pie*-Mar, A Spa* S A Pie-Mar, F Mid*-Eng, F Nrg*-Nwy. Owns: Nap, Rom, Bud, Bul, Gre, Lvp, Lon, Mar, Por, Rum, Ser, Spa, Tun. (13) BUILD ONE or TWO

Russia (W. Robert Johnson): F Bar*-Nwy, A Syr*-Smy, A Gal*-Bud, A Rum S A Gal-Bud(elim), A Ukr* S A Rum, A Mos-Sev*, F Edi*-Nrg, A Ven* holds. Owns: Mos, StP, Sev, War, Edi, Nwy, Swe, Ven. (8) BUILD ONE

Turkey (David Wan): NMR; A Smy* & A Ank* hold. Owns: Ank, Con, Smy. (3) BUILD ONE

As Tad Lawrence is going away for the summer (to Panama!), Gil Neiger will be taking over as the gamesmaster of this game temporarily. My address for the summer will be the same as always, Box 4293, Brown University, Providence, R.I. 02912. The next deadline for this game is 28 JUNE 1978 at 5PM EDT. Will Doug Hollingsworth (37 Sanford St., Bangor, ME 04401) please standby for Turkey? Addresses of the other players will be enclosed, Doug. Please send in retreats, builds and Spring 1909 moves for next time. For Fred Winter 's changes of address, see page two.

*

I don't have much room here, do I?

1977KG "Spring 1902"

Austria-Hungary (Michael Lariton): A Gal*-Rum, A Bud* & A Ser* S A Gal-Rum, A Vie*-Gal, F Gre*-Aeg.

England (Doug Hollingsworth): F Edi-Nrg*, F Nth* S F Nwy, F Nwy* & A Yor* hold.

France (Fred Winter, COA): A Par-Bur*, A Mar* S A Par-Bur, F Mid* holds.

Germany (David Wan): NMR; F Kie*, A Mun*, A Ber*, A Den*, A Bel* & F Hol* hold.

Italy (Ben Schilling, COA): A Tun-NAf*, F Tyn-Lyo*, F Nap-Ion*, A Apu* holds.

Russia (Tad Lawrence): F StP(nc)*-Nwy, F Swe* S F StP(nc)-Nwy, A Mos-War*, A Ukr* S F Rum, F Rum* S TURKISH A Bul.

Turkey (Ronald M. Kelly): F Smy*-Aeg, A Ank*-Smy, A Bul* S RUSSIAN F Rum, F Con* S A Bul.

The next deadline for this game is 28 JUNE 1978 at 5PM EDT. Will Raymond E. Heuer, 162-10 87th Rd., Jamaica, NY 11432, please standby for Germany? Fred Winter's and Ben Schilling's changes of address are on page two. Tad Lawrence will be away in Panama this summer, so I am asking Dan Miller, 494[redacted] Quinobequin Rd., Waban, Mass. ~~02167?~~ to take over for Tad in the interim. 02167

*

I'd like to note here, just in case I don't get a chance to elsewhere in this issue, that this is the fiftieth issue of The POUCH that I, Gil Neiger, am editing.

The POUCH
c/o Gil Neiger
Box 4293
Brown University
Providence, R.I. 02912

send letters, comments and press releases to the above address.

guest articles are welcome. we pay three free issues for each.

Editor:

Gil Neiger

Contributor:

Cary Honig

Cheap Medical Advice:

Richard Brown

- -

As you can probably see, this is an experiment. Greg Costikyan will be away this summer, thus preventing me from using my usual printing method, i.e., his mimeo machine. While it is true that before Greg came to Brown I produced The POUCH at the Brown copy center from a typewritten copy, I have decided to try out getting it first typed by computer, and then copying it at Brown. The advantage of this is that I can make editing changes much more easily, and now that I've finally learned how to handle the damn thing I can get it to format my copy for me.

Before I forget let me get Fred Winter's changes of address in here; they are:

After June 13th: General Delivery, West Glacier, MT 59936
After June 28th: General Delivery, Lake Nabagamon, WI 54849
After July 15th: 2625 ElRancho Drive, Brookfield, WI 53005
Permanent address (do not use unless you want to be sure something reaches Fred eventually): 400 West Madison Street, No. 2400; Chicago, IL 60606

Also, let me note a change of address for Ben Schilling: P.O. Box 548, Minocqua, WI 54548.

For those of you who didn't know, I am staying up in Providence this summer. I will be working in the acquisitions department of the John D. Rockefeller II Library (the main Brown library). I had originally planned to work in either the psychology or linguistics departments, but that didn't work out. I may be able to do some research this summer, but I won't be paid for it. Anyway, I will be living at 66 Charlesfield St. (although my mailing address is still as printed above), and my phone number will be (401) 831-4942. Dumo himself might answer.

Tripping merrily along, some of you may be interested in what our staff members (other than myself, of course) are doing this summer. Well, Tad Lawrence, as announced on page one, will be in Panama. He will be working for the Smithsonian, and will be tagging bats or something like that on an island that they own in the middle of the canal. Dan Miller will be at his home in Waban, Mass., but I'm not sure what he'll be doing. I'm sure he'll be in touch, though. Cary Honig will be in New York again, running an elevator, as usual. This time, however, he won't be in the garment district in Manhattan, and he actually looks forward to it.

For those few of you who may be interested, I will not be at DipCon this year, although I will probably go next year if I'm at all into Diplomacy then, as I assume it will be on the west coast. By that time I will be a college graduate, a fearsome thought. I spent most of this morning viewing Brown's 210th commencement, and somehow it's not that comforting to realize that my 35th Reunion will coincide with the university's 250th annniversary. When I started in this hobby I was a sophomore in high school. Now I see some who joined the hobby a few years later referred to as "Old-Timers." What does that make me?

File Nailed?

So it would seem. Regardless of the manner in which the final episode works itself out, it would seem that the Rosenberg File has been closed with Scott's Vile end[1]. But there is more than one Rosenberg at Harvard; so weep no more, woeful preppies, weep no more, for Rosenberg (the name) is not dead, though sunk it be within the cavernous Vile, so sank Du's unit in Ms. Vile's bed, and yet anon, repaired himself anew, and tricked his beams, and, well, anyway, be advised that as of next September, Robert (Y'all) Rosenberg[2] will be 1L[3] in Cambridge. Just a caveat for Professor Kingsfield, Lindsay Wagner, and those of you who think you're hearing the last of me.

With that he rose and twitched his mantle blue
Tomorrow to fresh fields and

Chapter 12 of
<u>The Rosenberg File</u>
(Fully Annotated)
(with apologies to John Milton)
by Cary Honig

The wimpy-little-gamesmaster smiled a smugly satisfied smile. He knew that they had all laughed at him behind (and above) his back many times. And rightfully so. Well, they would never laugh at him again. Now he was their master. Now he was their judge and jury. Now he was their god, holding their life and death in his horny little hands. Now he grinned happily and pulled himself up to his full five foot height. Now he was truly happy. Now he was.....crushed.

From the moment the stunted stormtrooper had appeared, Rick Hirsh had felt a smouldering feeling in his chest. After removing the lighted cigarette from his shirt pocket he didn't feel too much relief. There, before him, was the cause of his soon to be consummated defeat in 1974FK. While Rick generally needed time and the right atmosphere to come up with a truly smashing set of moves, the wimpy-little-gamesmaster maliciously insisted on monthly deadlines, and his constant nagging was driving poor Rick to the brink. Rick's whole being cried out for one thing, and he spelled it (as foreshadowed in the last episode) R-O-L-A-I-D-S.

When the petit putz ordered Rick to call Harvard, Rick's brain snapped into action. Thus for several vital minutes he appeared to be staring blankly about. Suddenly, he saw his chance. The miniscule Machiavellian was lost in a happy revery, and never saw Rick's hand move to the tilt lever of the forklift. The wimpy-little-gamesmaster never knew that it was the oblong box marked "Ship to Woodmere, Long Island; 4th Class" which compacted him still further. As the box flattened the little fellow to the ground beneath its apparently tremendous weight, one corner cracked open and a pipe stem, of all things, came tumbling out. As Gil respectfully tossed it back in, wanting Super-Oblong-Box to rest in peace, Rick Hirsh began a frankly silly dance and sang "Ding, dong, the wimp is dead, the wimpy-wimp, the wimpy-wimp, ding, dong, the wimpy-wimp is dead!" and happily skipped off toward Fenway Park to buy season's tickets to see the 1978 World Champions play, popping Rolaids as he went. Chuck, thinking this an admirable idea, disentangled himself from Wacko and went along.

---

(1) SCOTT'S VILE END - see episode 10

(2) Robert (Y'all) Rosenberg - a southern enigma with droopy pants

(3) 1L - first year student at Harvard Law School

(continued on page four)

"My," said Dee, obviously impressed, "Rick certainly saved the day."

"Well, he could have been quicker about it," said King.

"We can't all be as fast as you, King," pointed out Gil, "But he did a nice job of it."

"Big deal," ejaculated His Speediness, "You can train someone up from birth to be a murderer; anyone could do it with the proper training. Only the divinely inspired, however, can be doctors(4)"

"Right, King," snided Jose.

"There are no rights in Pittsburgh!" shouted King angrily, "or at least there wouldn't be if I were King, uh, mayor."

"But King," interrupted Gil, "You could train someone up from birth to be a mayor."

"Exactly why I wouldn't be one," retorted King, "It takes divine inspiration to be a King."

"Hey, uh, your highness, aren't you, um, a little late for, um, shower night?" queried Jose.

"I'm never late," replied King, "I'm fast." And off he sped, undressing as he went.

This whole scene passed unnoticed by Dee and Attilio, however, as they currently only had eyes for each other.

"I've got to go now, Dee, I've got to play in that game tomorrow. But after the game, well, uh---"

"Whoooooooa!" ejaculated Jose, with an appropriately obscene gesture.

"Pooooowwwwwww!" went Attilio's fist, with an appropriate swing in Jose's direction, saving Knapp the trouble of taking a cab back to Brown.

"You stay here with these, uh, well, Dumos, Dee. In case Harvard has any more foul plans for me, you'll be safer here with them. After all, in their own way, they did sort of help save the day." Dee tried to pull her lineman closer, but he held her at arms length, and looking deep into her eyes, said softly:

"Until tomorrow, te amo(5) Jugs."

"Both legs," cooed Dee.

Attilio released his grip on Dee's arm, turned and walked toward the airport taxi stand, fading into the fog for effect as he went. Dee suddenly started to go after him, when Gil caught her arm and spun her around. Gazing into her eyes which shone from beneath the wide brim of the hat she wore, Gil said assuredly:

"Pasternak, fill out a marriage license. And the names are Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Neiger."

"But why me, Gil," inquired Dee hurriedly.

"Because you're not getting in that cab with Attilio. Deep down inside of us we both know you're a part of my work, the thing that keeps me going; why, if that cab leaves the airport and you're in it, you'll regret it. Oh, maybe not today, and definitely not tomorrow night, but soon, and for the rest of your life. Look, I'm no good at being noble, and it's easy to see that the problems of three little people don't amount to a hill of beans in this crazy world. Hills, damn it, I want to go for the mountains. I've got moves to make now too, and where I'm going, you've got to follow; what I'm doing, you've got to be part of.

"But what about me and Attilio?"

"You'll always have hickeys. You'd lost them, but you got them back

---

(4) "You can train...doctors" - paraphrased from the Gospel according to Kalla

(5) TE AMO - a favorite Attilio expression, Te Amo is the name of a chain of candy-cigar stores in Manhattan

(continued on page six)

1976IC "Fall 1907"

Austria-Hungary (David Wan): NMR; F Tyn elim; A War*, A Gal*, A Ukr*, A Sev*, A Ruh*, A Mun*, A Tyo*, A Boh* & F Bul(ec)* hold. Owns: Bud, Tri, Vie, Bul, Gre, Mun, Rum, Ser, Sev, War. (10) BUILD ONE

England (David Kalla): NMR; F Mid elim; A Lon*, F Eng*, F Pic*, A Mos*, A StP*, A Lvn*, F Hol* & F Bel* hold; A Den holds(-Swe or elim)*. Owns: Edi, Lvp, Lon, Bel, Hol, Mos, Nwy, StP, Swe. (9) EVEN or BUILD ONE

France (civil disorder): A Bre holds(elim). Owns: nothing. (0) OUT

Germany (Doug Hollingsworth): A Kie-Den*, F Hel* S A Kie-Den. Owns: Ber, Kie, Den. (3) BUILD ONE

Italy (Mike Hudec): F Tyn-Wes*, F Nap-Tyn*, A Mar-Bur*, A Pie-Mar*, F Gas-Bre*, A Par* S F Gas-Bre, F Mid-NAt*, F Por* S F Spa(sc)-Mid, F Spa(sc)-Mid*, A Con* holds. Owns: Nap, Rom, Ven, Ank, Bre, Con, Mar, Par, Por, Smy, Spa, Tun. (12) BUILD TWO

The next deadline for this game is 28 JUNE 1978 at 5PM EDT to Gil Neiger, address on page two (there is no change of address). Will Ben Schilling (address on page two) and Dan Miller (address on page one) please stand by for Austria-Hungary and England, respectively? Thank you very much.

*

1974FK "Spring 1911"

France (Doug Hollingsworth): A Mar-Pie*, A Bur-Ruh*, A Bel* S A Bur-Ruh, A Par-Bur*, F Hel*-Kie, A Hol* S F Hel-Kie, F Nth-Ska*, F Edi-Nth*, A Lon-Bre*, F Eng* C A Lon-Bre, F Wal-Lon*.

Russia (Michael Lariton): A Mun-Ber*, A Ruh-Mun*, A Tyo* S A Ruh-Mun, A Vie* S A Tyo, A Bud* S A Vie, A War-Sil*, F Sev-Rum*, A Mos-Ukr*, F Bar* S A Nwy, A Den* S A Kie, A Swe* S A Den, A Nwy* & A Kie* hold.

Turkey (Ron Kelly): F Nrg*-Nwy, F NAt-Mid*, A Ven* & F Adr* S A Tri, A Alb-Ser*, A Tri* S A Alb-Ser, F Bul(ec)-Bla*, F Gre-Bul(ec)*, A Con-Ank*, F Aeg-Con*.

Please note the following changes from what was printed in the notice sent out to the players: Russia had an A Mun, which moved to Ber, and his A Ruh-Mun also succeeded. Also, it was France's fleet in North Sea which moved to Skaggerak (obviously), and his F Edi moved to Nth, not Nwy.

Because everyone's going away for the summer, I, Gil Neiger, will be taking over as gamesmaster of this game. My address will be, as always, Box 4293, Brown University, Providence, R.I. 02912. The next deadline is 5PM EDT on 28 JUNE 1978. A three-way draw has been proposed. Vote on in with your Fall 1911 moves.

PRESS RELEASES

"The Spendthrift" - Russia is about to learn that Hell hath no fury like Ron Kelly scorned!

tonight, on the runway."

"And I said I'd never leave Attilio. Why, Gil, you'd have me in spite of the fact that Attilio will rip you limb from limb."

Dee hugged Gil warmly as the assurance disappeared from the amorous editor's face. Just as Dee consummated the embrace with a long kiss, Attilio stepped back out of the fog. Gil quickly untangled himself from Dee and hid behind the form-filling-out Pasternak. Dee looked confused. Attilio looked back and forth in amazement.

"I, uh, came back for you, uh, cause, uh, I thought we should, uh, be together," stammered the befuddled blitzer. Gil had now crawled beneath the snoring Sedano. A tense silence grasped the fog-bound former friends. Finally, wanting to end this thing once and for all, your author stepped forward until he was face to face with Attilio. He adjusted the collar on his white trench coat, and pulled the brim of his hat a little lower.

"Just a minute, Attilio," said the serialist.

"I demand explanations." returned A.C.

"Just the same, I'll tell you anyway. It may make a difference to you later on. You never said you knew there was something between Gil and Dee. What you didn't know was that she called him last night when you weren't there. She knew you were in danger, and, well, she would have done anything to save you. She even pretended she was still in love with Gil, and, well, he let her pretend."

"Dumo," said Attilio, understandingly.

"Anyway, that was over long ago."

At this point the impatient cabbie revved his engine.

"You'd better get going," said your lusty librettist, "or you'll miss your cab."

Attilio stuck out his hand and wrung your writer's wrist warmly. "Welcome back to the fight," gushed the jubilant jock. "This time I know our side will win."

"God bless you, you shit(6)," said the still-shaking Dee softly. The libidinous lovers stared at your capricious chronicler for a moment, then at each other (each movement eliciting a sad strain of a Max Steiner arrangement of "As Time Goes By") and finally turned and walked off into the fog toward the taxi.

"Well, Cary, it's just as I suspected all along; you're a rank sentimentalist."

"That may be, Gil, but I sure saved your ass, and you still owe me 10,000 francs."

"What?"

"Well, maybe I'm getting a little carried away. Make it five thousand."

"That's better," said Gil with relief, "Let's have a drink." Gil picked up the bottle of Vichy Water(7), and was about to pour a glass when he saw Sedano's mouth open in mid-snore and couldn't resist the temptation to toss in there, kicking Rich in the side for good measure.

Rich just groaned and moaned, "Not now, Gil."

Gilbert and your author now strolled off into the fog (for effect, of course) and Gil had just opened his mouth and said, "Cary, this could---" when he stopped short in order not to crash into Dumo himself. At Dumo's side was an attractive young lady.

"Uhhhhhhhh, Gil, Cary, this is uh - what is your real name?"

"Steve here calls me Slim, but my name is Naomi. Glad to meet you boys."

---

(6) YOU SHIT - a favorite Dee term of endearment

(7) VICHY WATER - see episode 10

(continued on page seven)

"Was you ever bit by a dead bee?" inquired your author.

"No, was you?" shot back Naomi.

"Hey, Steve," Cary cackled, "She's alright!" Gil showed agreement by way of an obscene gesture.

"Well, boys, we've got to go," said Naomi, "I'm gonna show Steve here how to whistle." And off they went into the fog.

"Cary, that could be the beginning of a beautiful friendship."

"Or a pleasant one-night buf at the least."

And so our heroes marched off into the fog with "La Marseilles"* ringing in their ears.

*

Back by the runway, Pasternak was attempting to put Sedano in his pocket, when Wacko, who had been gazing through they fog turned to him and asked, microphone pointed, "You guys, what was that all about?"

"That," said Pasternak, with a glint in his eye, "was the stuff movies are made of."

DEBBIE HILBERT(a)

The POUCH
c/o Gil Weiger
Box 4293
Brown University
Providence, R.I. 02912

address correction requested

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* I don't know how to spell this, but neither does Cary.

(a) Debbie Hilbert - the end