

# The Prince

Sept. 20, 1984

Game Openings: Yes

Number 27

I consider that it is better to be adventurous than cautious, because Fortune is a woman, and if you wish to keep her under it is necessary to beat and ill use her; and it is seen that she allows herself to be mastered by the adventurous rather than by those who go to work more coldly. She is, therefore, always, woman-like, a lover of young men, because they are less cautious, more violent, and with more audacity command her.

This is The Prince, a postal diplomacy zine published by Jim Meinel, P.O. Box 832 Anchorage, Alaska 99510. Telephone is (907) 274-8775. Next deadline for my games will be Oct 18, 1984.

The more observant of you have noticed I am back on the typewriter. The Lisa computer was sold while I was in Hawaii. Because of it's high initial cost, my boss has not been too thrilled with the Lisa, and has been trying to sell it for the last three months. Being the junior accountant, my opinions would not have carried much weight even if they had asked, which they didn't. So I'm back to a regular full size, non-squint zine. This should make most of you happy.

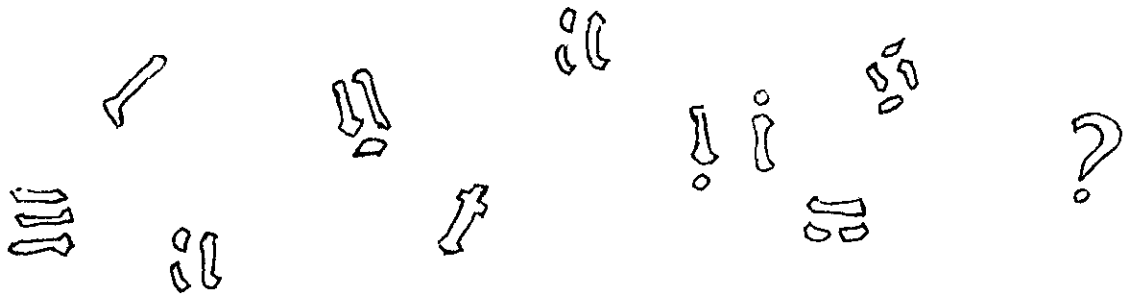
I've changed my mind about reducing my subber list (Hawaiian vacations are a great cure for Dip burn-out), so this issue is going out to all the people I mercilessly cut off with the last issue. Please accept my invitation to resub to The Prince. Trades will be handled on a one to one basis.

This new format, actually it is the original format, with all it's pages, subzines, and games will bring with it a fee increase to .50 an issue. This increase will be only for re-subs and will not affect current subbers until their present sub expires. Those of you who I purged and am now inviting back at a higher rate may feel like you're getting the shaft, but life can be like that sometimes. If I have offended you, tough.

Since some games are ending while others have not yet begun, and since a couple of the subzines are smaller than usual, this is a thinner than normal issue. Future issues will be around 12 pages and carry a 37 cent stamp which is the main reason for the fee increase.

An explanation for that twig in your envelope can be found in Humboldt, where else?

Support West Coast Zines



Here it is, the only subzine to be rated PG-13 by the state board of dipdomites. That means no child can read this unless they're in their closet with a flashlight and a jar of vasoline.

From the People's Book of Stupid Lists we find five famous people who eat dogmeat. They are. . .

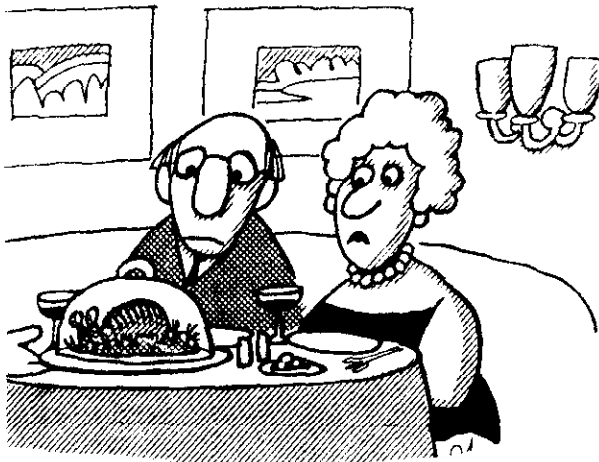
George Bush

Sammy Davis Jr.

Lance Alworth

Mary Lou Retton

Truman Capote



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Next time I'll run a tasty article about "Dogfishing" that new sporting craze around our campuses. First, I have some more research to do. Let's see... a 50lb test line, a strong pole, a few dead alley cats... yep, I'm all set to go trolling from the back of my pickup.

Let you know how it goes.

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Sept 12, 1984

Game OPENings: Gunboat Stand-bys

Num. 10

And people say I don't have a sense of humor, Hah! TLD is published by Steven Wilcox, 5300 W. Gulf Bank #103, Houston TX 77088. Phone is (713)820-6038. This is a subzine dedicated to what the readers want to see. I've been getting quite a bit of requests lately. Seems the readers want more humor, fewer polls, and absolutely no word search games. NOR does anyone care to see how the Gunboat game is progressing. So be it. But what DO you really want to see, obscene pictures? stupid parodies of writers? regular Dip games? Yuck!

### SENTENCE ME TO DEATH

Thinking back, it all started with the game. I remember (oh, how I wish I could forget!) the look on Kevin Tighe's face as he pitched violently forward and sprawled onto the map, scattering the blocks like broken teeth. Towering over his prostrate form stood an enraged Arnawoodian, holding a dented can of peas and screaming, "You can't say those things about Harriet Hamster and get away with it!" As blood oozed from an ugly gash in the back of Kevin's head, Julie took off her fleet in Brest and said, "Would you two calm down? If we don't stop Russia/ Turkey soon, it's all over." A dazed Kevin sat up and began muttering, "Humboldt sucks, Humboldt sucks." Kathy Byrne reached across the board and began slapping his face till Brux held her hand back. "Calm yourself, Kathy." he said, "We've almost won the game. He'll be alright." Kathy sat down saying, "Last time I play with a Californian. You know what I really want to do Bruce, is . . ."

Received three entries this time. Thanks to Terry Tallman for this one. He gets a free issue of The Prince. If any of you Gunboat haters out there want to win a free issue, just send in the next 5 to 50 words of this story and end it in an incomplete sentence. The entry I like the best will be added on in the next. . .

### GM'S, WHAT DO YOU THINK? #3

Do GM's affect the play of the game by attaching season headlines to their adjudications?

Lots of answers to this one. Thanks to everyone who gave this question their time and serious thought.

Larry Peery: Sure.

Atreides 1982 IV

FIRT Gets Passed  
clears room!

Endgame chart and endgame statements will appear in next issue.

Maximilian 1983 AN

EGIT Finds Favor

Endgame statements and endgame chart will appear in next issue.

NOWISTHETIMEFORALLGOODPEOPLETOVOTEFORDRWSANDNMRFORTHEIRCOUNTRYTHISMUSTBEAGAG

Machiavelli 1983 AM

Winter 1907

France builds F Brest, A Paris; Austria NBR;  
Italy NRR, GM removes F Ank; Russia NRR GM ret AMos OTB

Spring 1905

EVERYONE PLAYS DEAD

AUSTRIA(R.Winslow) NMR! A MOS, AUKR, A RUM, A GAL, A BUL, A TYO, F ION HOLD.  
France(E. Givan) F TUN S F Lyo-TYN, F NAF S F Mid-WES, F Por-MID, F nrg-NWY,  
A MAR H, A GAS H, ASPA H, A RUH S A MUN H, F Bal-BOT,  
A PRU S A Sil-WAR, A Par-BUR, F Bre-CHN.  
Italy(M. Frueh) NMR! A VEN, A PIE, F TUS, F CON HOLD, F Tyn(dis, ret Nap, Rom,  
OTB), F Wes(ann).  
Russia(R. Delzer) NMR! A LVN, A SEV, F BLA HOLD.

Deadline will be October 18, 1984  
I am not calling any standbies. I mean, what's the point?  
There was no press submitted.  
I suggest a Hawaiian vacation for Winslow, Frueh, and Delzet.

WHATAMIGOINGTODONOWTHATTIGHEISNOLONGERINALASKAIGUESSNOWICANJUSTENJOYLIFEYEAAAAA

Bismark 1983 W

HUH?

Everyone has voted for a concesstion to England though such a concesstion was never proposed. It seems a bit sloppy to me, but I'll accept the player's wishes.

Endgame chart and endgame statements will appear in the next issue.

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Two gamestarts went out on flyer and will begin with the next issue. Still have three opeinings in one game. Gamefee is \$12 (snicker) and will include 10 issues of The Prince. Send money, preference list and address ASAP. Standbies are desperately needed. Standbies get free issues for the life of their games.

Running out of room so I'll print Charles's results next issue.

\*\*\*\*\* DEADLINE OCTOBER 18, 1984 \*\*\*\*\*

Still sleeping on a couch.  
This ain't no fun.

# PER'S

# rev # 91

FRANK BURNS - SPRING 1902

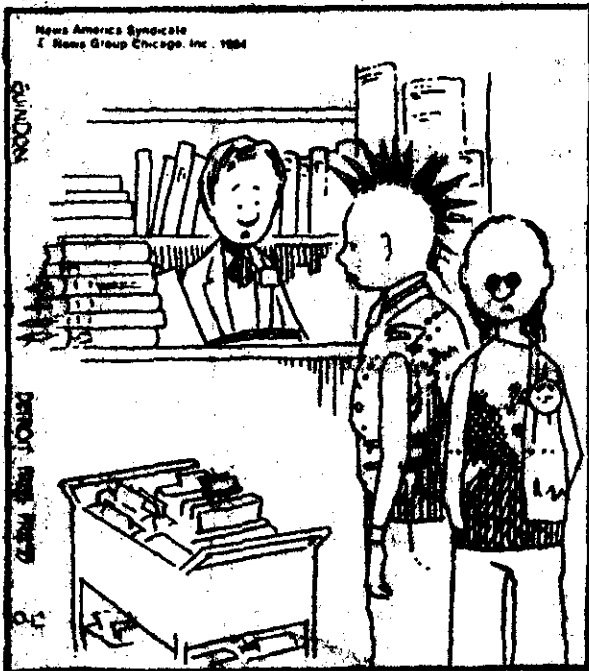
no respect

Aus/Givans: NMR A VIE, A BUD, A SER, F TRI, F GRE  
 ENG/Heintzman: NMR F NRG, F NWY, F EDI, A LON  
 GER/Winslow: NMR A HOL, F KIE, F DEN, A BER, A SIL  
 FRA/conlon: NMR F NTH, F BRE, A POR, A BEL  
 ITA/Wall: NMR F TUN, F NAP, A VEN, A APU  
 RUS/Lincoln: NMR A STP, A UKR, A SEV, F BOT  
 TUR/Fleming: NMR A RUM, A BUL, A ANK, F CON, F BLA  
 Fall '02 orders due noon (pdt) Oct 10.

Obviously, this is a practical joke pulled at Frank's expense. Ha, ha, guys; real funny. Anymore jokes like this and I'll go over Meinel's head and talk directly to Berch, Brux, or Byrne. Then we'll really see some sparks fly from this chicken outfit. As Frank would so cleverly say, "Why don't you go soak yourselves."

Since you guys don't feel like playing, I don't feel like writing.

## GUNDON



It's a 14-day book. Are you ready to make that kind of commitment?

## THE FAR SIDE



Relax, Worthington . . . As the warm, moist air from the jungle enters the cave, the cool, denser air inside forces it to rise — resulting in turbulence that sounds not unlike heavy breathing

# HO HUM



Kevin Tighe here, and you are there. My address is P O Box 1251, Eureka California, 95501. This month we'll learn about the letters "e, h, and u" and how to spell the words "dishwasher," and "Beautiful". Oh yes, the translation of that Chinese joke is "Say, how'd you like a fortune, cookie?" It loses something in translation.

Enclosed within this issue (I hope), you will find a piece of a Redwood tree. I feel that everyone should experience the Redwoods before they die (who, the redwoods, or the people? Hard to say.). And remember, when everyone else sends you their favorite plant you saw it start here.

Humboldt Update: Alaska has nothing named after Alexander von Humboldt, Neither does British Columbia, or the Yukon territories. Washington shows nothing, as well as Oregon, Arizona, and all of the Eastern seaboard. In fact, very few places are named after old Al. Don't know why I ever bothered doing this thing in the first place.

Are you ready for a brilliant parody? Well, this will have to do.

As Kermit Samsa awoke one morning from uneasy dreams he found himself transformed in his bed into a small green amphibian. He was lying on his bumpy, as it were warty, back and when he lifted his head a little he could see his light green belly. His two long back legs moved helplessly before his eyes.

He looked at the alarm clockticking on the chest. Gee, he thought, I'm late for the Dip game. I haven't missed a DipCon in five years. Maybe I can call in sick; no they'll never believe that.

"Oh Kermie," said a voice - it was his mother's - "it's almost ten. Hadn't you a Dip game to play." He said nothing. "Oh Kermit," said the voice becoming deeper and sounding not as charming as it had before, "open this door or I'll knock it down and you with it."

"Um, gee mother, can't I just lie here in bed and eat flies?"

"That does it! Hiiii-yahhhh!" The door flew to the floor in a dusty heap. Heavy breathing echoed into the room. A large pig with blonde curls entered the room. "Oh Kermie, are you alright? Did I hurt you?"

*entered* Kermit's sister behind the pig-like mother,. She looked like a fuzzy and a bit dusty, bear. "Hey, hey, hey, that's knocking his doors off mom! Get it? Doors - drawer s. Whacka, whacka."

Kermit lay helplessly in bed as the pig and bear approached his side. He screamed, "Help me Mr. Wizard, I want to be a tadpole again! I don't want to be a Diplomacy player, help!"

Hi there, this is your friend Grover. And I want to say that that was a great story, oh yes it was. Lots of symbolism and character devopment and other long words I don't understand. Say, let's go to the zoo and see the animals, shall we? Ok. Here I go. You meet me there. Grover says bye.

And so do I,