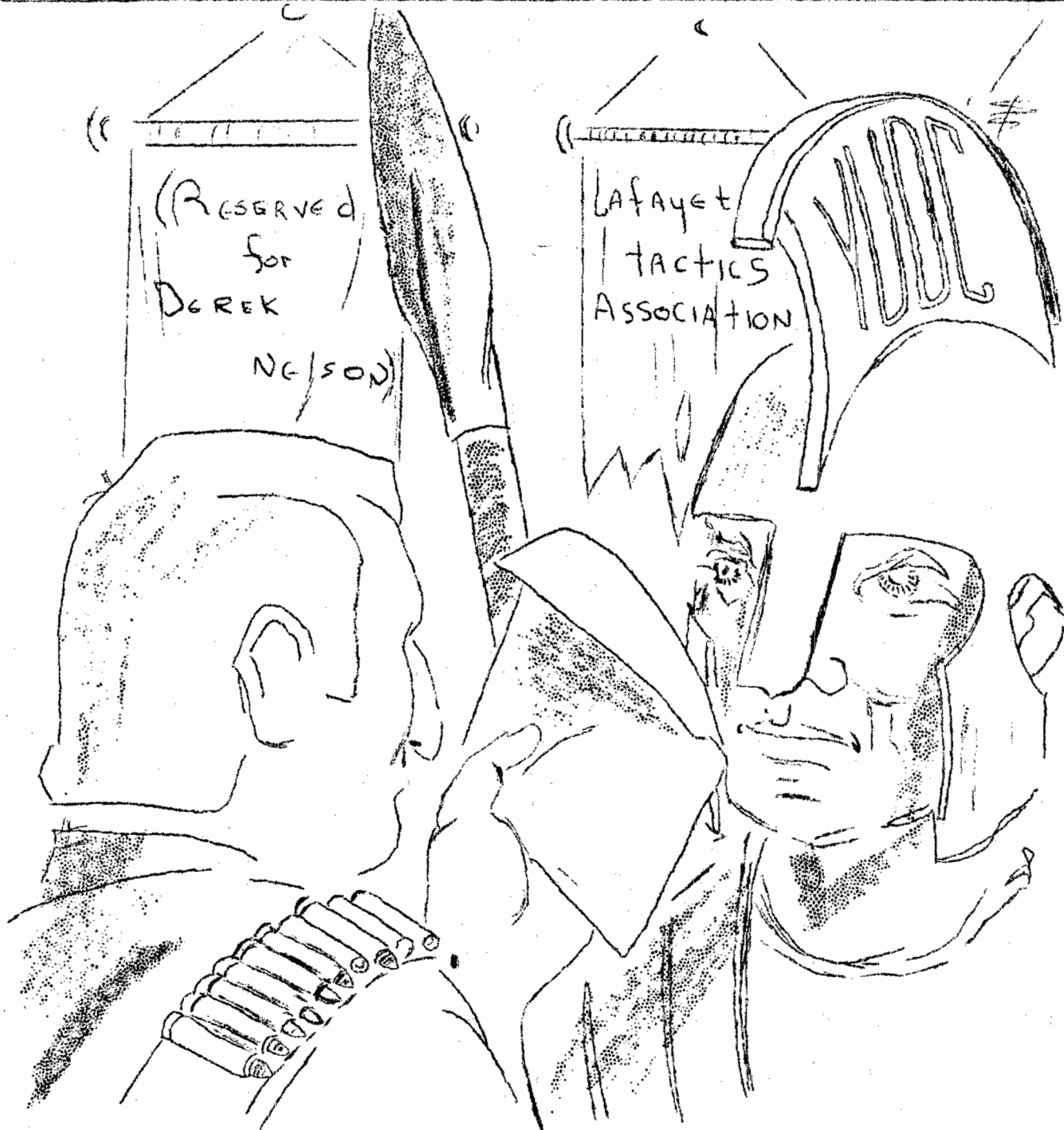


S I A B # 2



"This one's from some guy in San Diego who says sTab spelled backwards is 'Bats'!"

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sTab is a bi-weekly mail Diplomacy journal, currently chronicling Games 1964D (Trantor I -- Spring 1909), 1965E (Massif -- Fall 1904), and 1965R (S?) (Trantor II -- Winter 1900). Subscriptions to sTab are the usual 10/\$1 from John Koning. Cover this issue is by John Smythe, YUDC's official public relations man.

Deadline summary:

Trantor I -- Fall 1909, due Saturday, 6 November 1965

Massif -- Winter 1904 builds, due Saturday, 6 November 1965

Trantor II -- Spring 1901 moves, due Saturday, 20 November 1965

○ MASSIF^{no} 12 ○

Game 1965E

"Fall 1904"

23 October 1965

RUSSIA CRUMBLES UNDER 3-POWER ATTACK

LETTE, Westphalia (AP) Approximately fifty-five years ago the distinguished armaments and steel dynasty of Krupp financed the construction of a railroad from Dortmund in the Ruhr to the minor Lignite field at Coesfeld, to the northwest of Dortmund. And so, forty miles of track were laid across the flat featureless marshes and linden forests and pasturage of northwestern Westphalia. Eventually Coesfeld was crossed again by a more ambitious tract from Duisburg to Emden, Bremen and Hamburg.

But sleepy Lette remained forgotten, a minor market town, well noted for the fine celeries and asparagus it supplied to the markets of the neighbouring Ruhr. Most trains did not even stop there.

Today the fall fogs lie heavy on a scene from a Wagnerian opera. For ten days the sun has not penetrated the everlasting rains and fogs of this corner of Europe, and the armies of Europe have groped about in the thick soup seeking to mortally wound each other.

With little natural features except the ever-present marshes, the war has become an unreal shifting of mass of manoeuvre, hard-fought points becoming abandoned by both sides as strong-points

(continued on page 3)

ENGLAND: A StP (S) GER A Ukr-Mos; A Lon-Nor; F N.S. (C) A Lon-Nor; F Bar (S) A Lon-Nor; F Fin-Swe; F Bal-Swe

FRANCE: A Bur (S) GER A Ber-Mun; F Tyr-Rom; F Tus (S) F Tyr-Rom; F Tun-holds; F Mid-WMed; A Mar-Pied

GERMANY: A Liv (S) A Ukr-Mos; A Ukr-Mos; A Ber-Mun; F Kiel-hold

ITALY: no moves received

AUSTRIA: A Tyr-Mun; A Ruhr (S) A Tyr-Mun; A Vie-Boh; A Gal-Sil; F Adr (S) A Ven; A Ven-holds

RUSSIA: no moves received

TURKEY: A Rum-Sev; A Con-Bul; F Ion-holds; F Aeg (S) F Ion; F Gre (S) F Ion

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Following the "Spring 1904" moves, neither the Russian player nor the Italian player sent in retreats or moves, so the Russian Fleet routed from the Baltic and the Italian Fleet routed from the Ionian were removed by the Gamesmaster, under the provisions for collapse of civil government.

In these "Fall 1904" moves, the Russian Armies in Norway and Moscow, and the Italian Army in Rome are routed and, the respective governments of those Powers having collapsed at least temporarily, removed by the Gamesmaster.

 DEADLINE FOR "WINTER 1904" MOVES IS SATURDAY, 6 NOVEMBER 1965

BUILDS: (underlined centers are newly acquired
 crossed out are newly lost)

| | | | |
|----------|---|-------|--------------|
| ENGLAND: | Lon, Liv, Edi, Den, Swe, Nor, <u>StP</u> | ((7)) | (Build one) |
| FRANCE: | Mar, Par, Bre, Spa, Por, Tun, <u>Rom</u> | ((7)) | (Build one) |
| GERMANY: | Kiel, Ber, Hol, Bel, <u>Mos</u> | ((5)) | (No change*) |
| ITALY: | Nap; Rom | ((1)) | (Build one) |
| AUSTRIA: | Tri, Vie, Bud, Ser, Ven, Mun | ((6)) | (No change) |
| RUSSIA: | StP , Mos , War, Sev , Rum | ((2)) | (No change*) |
| TURKEY: | Ank, Smy, Con, Bul, Gre, <u>Sev</u> | ((6)) | (Build one) |

*Although Germany and Russia have each one more supply center than pieces, they cannot build because all their remaining home supply centers are occupied.

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(continued from page 2)

change or routes of supply alter.

But for ten days they have fought for Lette. For Lette lies in a freak of nature.

To the west lies the Dutch border, only 18 miles distant at this point. Along this border lie the marshes of the Berkel, the indulated line of the Rhede, the bogs across the literally ancient Borkot-Coesfeld High Road, the multitude of irrigation canals, abandoned commerce canals, decayed ponds, partially filled-in strip lignite pits and even the foundations of an ancient Roman garrison

dating from the reign of Trajan.

To the east of Lette lies the north-western curve of the Haltern, the Ruhr-Munster (Ems) Canal, the river Ems itself and the soggy lowlands in which this slow stream wends.

Having crossed the Wesel/Rhine to Dortmund canal at great cost, the Austro-Hungarian forces foresaw an easy access to the Rhine. Instead yet another fortress has held out, supplied from across the Rhine. Instead yet another water barrier prevents them from going into Holland. Their drive towards Holland has allowed von Moltke to form a line roughly along Erfurt-Eisennach-the Werra River-the Weser river-Padenborn-Munster. Now Moltke lies along the flank of this great Austrian expeditionary force while the way forward is blocked.

But only partially blocked. Here at Lette lies a dry neck of land, leading north and around the Dutch border defenses, by which a drive might yet take the Austrians into Zwolle and unhinge Germany from France.

So today the sounds are muffled here in the mud. Shells bursting in the moist land lack the sharpness of the Eastern Front or the shattering screaming of ricochets of rock from a Norwegian boulder.

The great Austrian shellings have defeated their own purpose and made the entire land a plain of craters filled with water and mud. Austrian motorized equipment (what there is of it) has all but disappeared into some of the mudholes. Horses go belly deep in it, a deep clinging not quite really wet doughy black glue. They scream and break their legs and have to be shot. Then they have to call forth the men.

Man is the only beast of burden that can move across this never-never land in any numbers and he is called forth to do everything. Move cannons, transport ammunition and dry rations up front, carry dead and dying back, all the time crying as they watch the mud and filth smear and cover the wounds no matter how hard the crpsmen work to keep them. Man moves everything in this land that laid down in the shivering cold much and willed themselves to die. Man moves because his officers tell him to, man moves reluctantly, man moves not only himself but his weapons, his supplies, his food, his wounded, his aids and the pounds of mud, mud, mud that clings to every surface, inside and out.

It clings worse than glue, it clings and buries itself under your armpits and your belt and in your hair and between your toes and it becomes no use to wipe it out of your eyes because your hands and arms are as dirty as the mud you're trying to wipe away.

Cannons burst when mud gets in the barrel, or will not fire when the firing charge is corroded (but who can tell when the shell is covered with mud?). First Aid men become just another muddy figure in the sights of a sniper's rifle, and even a priest loses all identity five feet away. The men cannot even get a clean drink of water, the mud is everywhere, stirred into the air by the constant barrage and counter-barrage.

Mines sink down past the point of usefulness and firing pins are clogged. Sounding-boards for telegraph sets rot away and it becomes impossible to trace wire for breaks. Machine guns cannot keep from periodically jamming as the mud cannot be cleaned off the belts anymore. The trench mortar will rock and settle, the shells

wobble in flight. Even the rifle will jam and jam again, forcing the weering soldiers to put on their bayonets and repel another Austrian assault with bare steel and hand-grenades.

They weep here. The sound of weeping fills the air at quiet intervals, and it tears the soul. Before The Ant Hill the men of Roussillion screamed as the barrages pinned them down and ate them together in barbaric blood brother rituals and vowed to die rather than surrender. The doomed Saxons of Radom sang.

But here they weep. Unconsciously, continually, even in their sleep.

They lie in mud, they fight in mud, they eat and drink mud, the sound of air-bursts shriek and rend the air, they die in mud and are buried in mud without even their comrades knowing half the time. And they weep.

The fog is a sickly yellow-green, the shell-bursts turning the sky red or yellow at intervals, most of the explosions being represented only by the muffled high-note whumpf of the distance. Many of the men refuse to sleep in their holes or the trenches anymore, they all being filled with water and mud.

Their eyes are cavernous, sunken yellowed pits in a complexion of brown. Their hands shake, their teeth chatter with all the appearance of men with malaria. They are indeed desperate men.

Prince Bernst of Hannover is sure the Lette line will hold. But the Prince is back in Osnabruck, not lying in a mudhole wondering if the Austrians were sending over another Recce patrol today and if the fog would lift enough for them to be seen in time. The Prince is not here, wondering if a rifle will fire, or if the next shell will fall short.

A lieutenant of indiscriminate age showed me to a few prisoners an hour ago. A patrol had wandered onto a German ambush position and been practically wiped out. The Austrians in this case were not Austrians at all but southern Slavs, catholic Croatians from Bosnia it turned out.

Most everyone in the immediate area was, one prisoner said. He said that they (Russia-Austria-Bavaria) were going to win the war, his Lieutenant, an Austrian, had said so. They were dirty, thin-looking, and obviously suffering.

Yet the Austrians have thrown in thousands of human pack-animals for this their most northerly perimeter. Slow uncomprehending Slavs by the regiment spend their days walking in unbroken lines from depot centers back by Lembeck or Haltern.

The Croatian proudly announced, according to an interpreter, that he could read and write, and was the corporal of his squad, the sergeant being as usual a regular Austro-Hungarian Army veteran. In his home village of Blora-zinc'Glmoesz, he was an authority on what was happening outside their rugged mountain locale.

When the war came, The Man, the Bluecoat, the Austrian Reserve officer came to his mountain and said that the village must let many of its able men go. They went and Nedlic Vley went with them, to fight for the father-Emperor who lived in the great palace in faraway Vienna.

Now Nedlic Vley knew how to fire a rifle and march and understand some of the simpler orders in Austrian German when his own Lieutenant was not near at hand to tell him what the strange words meant. He worried not about his flanks or supply or line of with-

drawal or field of fire. It was enough that the blue coats told him, where to go and who to shoot.

And he says that the Father-Emperor in Vienna, the aged man of much wisdom and respect, will win. For his Lieutenant has told him so. The newspapers have told him so. And there are many many many of his bretheren behind him.

Nedlic is probably back to a ship and a journey to England or Scotland, now. He is not afraid and is sure that his scuttle-helmeted bretheren will win. Here the Hannoverians of Prince Bernst weep.

The ageless Lieutenant escorted me back to an observation post afterwards and let me have a puff from one of his few cigarettes. They taste rotten in the damp and mud but their fire and acrid taste go through you, letting you know that at least you're alive.

Lieutenant Staw said to me that you can usually tell when a man is dead, here, you know. He stops crying then.

TRANTOR

#25/SVG #25

"Spring 1909, Game I"

23 October 1965

G A M E S M A S T E R G O O F S

Geneva: The gamesmaster begs for forgiveness. It seems that the the earstwhile gentleman, Mr. Smythe, permitted a very valuable communique from the Italian Foreign Ministry to be misplaced. As a result the new units for the Imperial Italian Fleet were not reported in the last issue of Trantor. In an attempt to rectify his error and since the new units will have no effect on the Spring campaigns of the Great Powers, the Gamesmaster is permitting the Italian Fleet ordered built at Naples to be placed on the board and to be used in the Spring of 1909. Therefore, Italy's Winter 1908 builds should be changed to read: Builds Fleet Naples. (PUBLISHER'S ADDENDUM: France's Winter 1908 order should read: "no moves received; Gamesmaster removes Fleet North Atlantic.")

SPRING MOVES FOR 1909 ARE AS FOLLOWS:

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY: F Bul (S) ITA F Aeg-Con; A Sev-Mos; A Rum-Ukr; F Tri-Adr; A Sil-Pru; A Bud-Gal; A Vie-Tyr; A Gal-Sil

ENGLAND: A Wal-Pic; A Bel (S) A Wal-Pic; A Ruhr-Bur; A Edi-holds; A StP-Mos; A Kiel (S) ITA A Mun; F Eng (C) A Wal-Pic; F Bre (S) A Wal-Pic; F Bal (S) A Kiel; F Nor-Swe; F Spa-Mid; F Port (S) F Spa-Mid; F Lon-NorthS.

FRANCE: A Pic-holds; A Bur-holds; F WMed-holds

ITALY: A Mun-Kiel; F Nap-Tyr; F Aeg-Con; F EMed-Smy

TURKEY: A Boh-Sil; A Ber (S) A Boh-Sil; A Mos-StP; A Liv (S) A Mos-StP; A Con (S) Smy; A Smy (S) A Con

Underlined moves do not succeed. The French Army in Picardy is overcome, and forced to retreat to Paris. The Turkish army Constantinople is routed, and retreats to Ankara. The English Army in St. Petersburg is routed, and may retreat either to Finland or to Norway. Phil Castora should inform the Gamesmaster of his retreat immediately, but concerned players are encouraged to send in moves based on either possibility. ¶-Interesting to note, Smythe, that you are now playing by the "Koning rule," since by your former interpretation the English attack on Moscow, even though unsuccessful, would have stood off the Austrian "A Sev-Mos." Oh well, harmony.jgk-1

(AP) An irate Italian admiral in command of the II Infantry Division on the road to Munich was today heard to snarl, "We're tired of fighting for Italy. We want peace and a quiet occupation as mercenaries for one of the great powers. And if none of the buggers will hire us, we'll kill everyone in Europe, if we have to, to get a little peace from fighting!"

Squadron Leader Benzi, in command of the II Fleet of Corfu today died of a heart attack upon hearing the certainty of Italy taking Munich and building a new fleet. His last words were, "God, we're got two now we cannot give away..." He was replaced in command by Major Turelli of the Household Cavalry.

An imminent assault on Constantinople is expected. "Do you realize just how far it is to the nearest brothel...!"

"Winter 1900, Game II"

E U R O P E A R M S

EUROPE'S CHANCELLERIES EXCHANGING THREATS

GENEVA: Since the war in Time Line #N-5 is nearing completion, the editors of Trantor commenced a search for an alternate time line where war appeared imminent. Thanks to humanity's "civilized" habits we did not have to search long. An excellent situation where war should break out any moment has been found. Starting with this issue of Trantor every ghastly detail of the action will be reported as soon as it occurs (if not before).

A few of the major personalities in this time line are:

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY: Derek Nelson, 409 Timothy Street, Newmarket, Ontario, Canada.

ENGLAND: John McCallum, "A" Quarters, S.E.S., Ralston, Alberta, Canada

FRANCE: Charles Reinsel, 120 8th Ave., Clarion, Pennsylvania

GERMANY: Phil Castora, 3177 W. 5th St., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005

ITALY: Jock Root, 206 E. 25th Street, New York, N.Y. 10010

RUSSIA: John Beardman, 592 16th Street, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11218

TURKEY: John Koning, 318 So. Belle Vista, Youngstown, Ohio 44509

DEADLINE FOR "SPRING 1901" MOVES IS SATURDAY, 20 NOVEMBER 1965

As is customary for a new game of postal Diplomacy, on the first move the players are being given additional time to arrange their affairs. Henceforth the moves will be due every other week.

The deadlines will always fall on a Saturday. And any moves

received by mail or by phone on a day following a specified Saturday deadline will be considered invalid.

Any player who wishes me to telephone them long distance for their moves must give me permission to call them "collect." I will not take deposits from players to pay my expenses for calling them, for any call I make will be a collect call at a time that is convenient for me.

RULES: I intend to follow the standard rules that have been hammered out in the many games played or being played in Graustark. The only exception will be with regard to players missing moves. Any player who misses two consecutive moves will be immediately replaced by the alternate player by the Gamesmaster.

For Trantor, Game II, the alternate player is:

Charles Wells, 3678 Lindholm Road, Cleveland, Ohio

(Massif, continued)

HANNOVER (AP) The Crown Prince of Mecklenburg-Sterlitz, Rudolph von Waren, today declared that Waldersloh had been regained by units of the Ost Friesen Lander Division Division, or 70th Division.

Casualties had been heavy on both sides, as both wished to control this crossroads town.

Approximately 1500 had been lost on both sides during the day, making it one of the heavier battles of the week. Only a light barrage had preceded the attack, Rudolph stated. Few stores had been captured and less ammunition, as the Austrians had been having trouble supplying their formations across the Lippe river.

The troops here were Hungarians, principally from Tokay, and members of the Egermark Gravbsar, a regular line division. They are considered high quality troops.

One Argentine reporter asked the Prince what the OberKreig-Reichswehr intends to do to beef up its divisions, what with so much of Germany being in Austrian hands. The Prince said that that was a military secret and broke off the press interview and releases. An O.K.R. spokesman said later that they considered the foreign press detachment here in Hannover to be excessive and was cutting it down by some four press representatives. The Argentine was amongst the four names submitted to the press club.

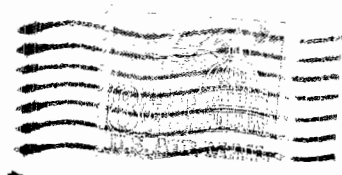
M I S S I F

JOHN A. McCALLUM: Your rating scheme is by far the best that has appeared so far. The only superior form would be none at all. I think all these rating schemes are a mistake, as they make it more difficult to get games organized and continued.

JAMES MacKENZIE: As concerns your satire on a Dip. rating system for us slackers: "I had rather have my wounds to heal again than hear so how I got them." -- Coriolanus, Act II, ScII
 (Satire? Satire? Who said anything about a satire on a rating system, sir???)

FROM:

John Koning
318 So. Belle Vista
Youngstown, Ohio
44509
U.S.A.



Derek Polson
400 Dixie St.
Newmarket, Ontario
Canada

VIA AIR MAIL