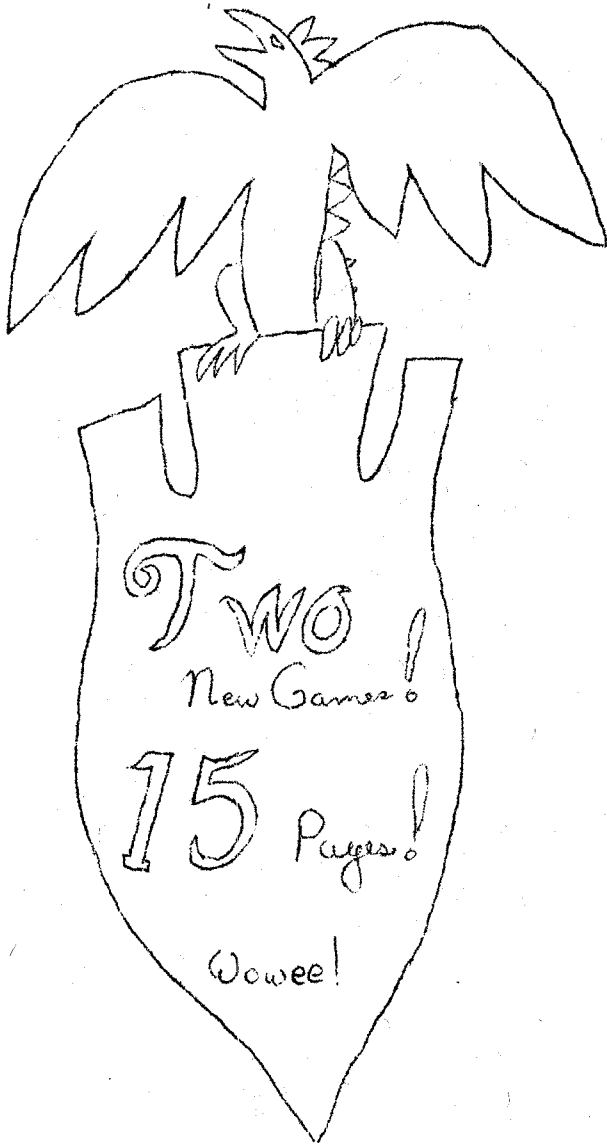


S I A B

30





STABBINGS:

GAMESMASTER

IN THIS ISSUE

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NEXT ISSUE DEADLINE: 13 May 1967

Trantor II (1965U) -- Spring '10
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sTab #II (1966Aft) -- Winter '05
Trantor III (1967A) -- Fall 1902
Massif III (1967E) -- Fall and
Winter '01
sTab #III (1967?t) -- Winter '00
sTab #IV (1967?t) -- Winter '00

sTab, the Diplomacy magazine for the young of heart, appears every three weeks from the mammoth presses of John Koning's DWE Press. sTab chronicles the seven games listed above, with sTab's III and IV beginning this issue. No new games of the regular variety will begin until one of the four currently in progress is completed. Subscriptions are the usual 10 issues for \$1, and trades are requested with all other Diplomacy magazines.

sTab #II

"Winter 1905"

22 April 1967

EARL THOMPSON

ENGLAND: Builds Fleet Liverpool

JOHN SMYTHE

GERMANY: Removes Army Ruhr

DEREK NELSON

AUSTRIA: Removes Fleet Albania

RUSSIA: Builds Army Moscow

DEADLINE FOR "SPRING 1906" ORDERS IS SATURDAY, 13 MAY 1967

LONDON You French will soon be forced out of the Channel. We will bury you!

PARIS We French plan to be forced out of the Channel into London. Try burying us there!

"Winter 1900, Game III"

FRANCE

Dick Schultz

Phone: 313 891-3378

GERMANY

19159 Helen

evenings preferred

AUSTRIA

Detroit, Michigan
48234

ENGLAND

Jock Root

Phone: 212 679-0423

ITALY

206 E. 25th St.

9 am - midnight

TURKEY

New York, N.Y. 10010

evenings preferred

RUSSIA

Lawrence Peery

NO INFORMATION YET

5834 Estelle St., San Diego, Calif. 92115

DEADLINE FOR "SPRING 1901" ORDERS IS SATURDAY, 13 MAY 1967

"WINTER 1900, Game IV"

ENGLAND	John A. McCallum	Phone: 201 Local 279
ITALY	"A Qtrs," S.E.S.	(office hrs)
TURKEY	Ralston, Alberta	201 Local 240
	Canada	(other)
FRANCE	Derek Nelson	Phone: 416 261-0574
GERMANY	18 Granard Blvd.	evenings
AUSTRIA	Scarborough, Ontario	
	Canada	
RUSSIA	John Smythe	Phone: 216 545-3058
	621 E. Prospect	6-9 pm, Mon thru Fri
	Girard, Ohio 44420	

 DEADLINE FOR "SPRING 1901" ORDERS IS SATURDAY, 13 MAY 1967

TRANTOR

#55/SVG #55

"Spring 1910, Game II"

22 April 1967

TURK S L A N D I N P I E D M O N T

FRENCH REPLACE ENGLISH IN MID

ENGLAND: F Bal-Den; F Den-Nth; F Mid-Nat; A Kie (S) FRENCH A Mun;
 (McCallum) A Ber (S) A Sil; A Pru (S) A Sil; A Sil-hold; A Liv-
 hold; A StP (S) A Liv

FRANCE: A Mun (S) ENGLISH A Sil; A Bur (S) F Mar; A Gas (S) FSpa;
 (Reinsel) A Bre-Pic; F Iri (S) F Eng-Mid; F Eng-Mid; F Spa (SC) (S)
 F Eng-Mid; F Mar (S) F Spa

ITALY: A Pied-Tus; F Tus-Rom; F WMed-Mid; F Naf (S) F WMed-Mid
 (Wells)

TURKEY: A Con-Pied; F Aeg; F Ion; F Tyrr & F Lyon (C) A Con-Pied;
 (Smythe) A Tyr (S) A Con-Pied; A Tri-Ven; A Boh (S) A Tyr;
 A Gal (S) A War; A War (S) A Mos; A Mos (S) A War;
 A Ukr (S) A War; A Sev (S) A Mos

Underlined moves do not succeed.

 DEADLINE FOR "FALL 1910" ORDERS IS SATURDAY, 13 MAY 1967

GENEVA (DWE) Rumors have reached this office of the appearance in Northern Italy of the legendary General Falderal, last seen fighting for the English, the Russians, and anyone else silly enough to give him a command in time line 1965E. At present it is unknown just who Falderal represents in the current war, but calculated guesses would have him working for the Germans, the Russians, or the Austrians, since everyone else has managed to survive. We'll keep you posted.

 "Fall 1902, Game III"

FRANCE SURROUNDED
 AUSTRIAN GROWTH CONTINUES

NOTE: Following the "Spring 1902" moves, the French Army Munich retreated to Bohemia. Players were informed.

ENGLAND: F Iri-Mid; F Eng (S) F Iri-Mid; F Nth-Hol; F Nwy (S)
 (Pournelle) GERMAN F Swe; A Bel-Pic

FRANCE: A Boh-Tyr; A Pic-Bur; A Mar-Bur; F Spa (SC)-hold;
 (Reinsel) F Bre-Eng

GERMANY: A Mun-hold; A Ber-hold; A Kie-Den; F Swe-Den
 (Latimer)

ITALY: A Pied-Mar; A Tus-Pied; F Tyrr-Lyon; F WMed (S) F Tyr-Lyo
 (Clark)

AUSTRIA: A Gal-Rum; A Rum-Bul; A Ser (S) A Rum-Bul; F Gre (S)
 (Smythe) A Rum-Bul; A Tyr-Vie

RUSSIA: A StP-Nwy; F Bal-Kie; A Mos (S) F Sev; F Sev (S) A-H
 (Nelson) A Rum

TURKEY: A Arm-Sev; F Bla (S) A Arm-Sev; A Bul-Gre; F Aeg-Ion
 (Tzudiker)

Underlined moves do not succeed. The Turkish Army Bulgaria is retreated by the Gamesmaster to Constantinople, the only open province. The Turkish Player has until the "Winter 1902" moves to exercise his option to remove rather than retreat, but since this would be identical to removing Army Constantinople for a Winter move, no delay is necessary.

 DEADLINE FOR "WINTER 1902" ORDERS IS SATURDAY, 13 MAY 1967

BUILDS:

ENGLAND: Lon, Liv, Edi, Nor, Bel, Hol ((6)) Build ONE
 FRANCE: Par, Mar, Bre, ~~Man~~, Por, Spa ((5)) No change
 GERMANY: Ber, Kie, Den, ~~Wol~~, Swe, Mun ((5)) No place to build
 ITALY: Rom, Nap, Ven, Tun ((4)) No change
 AUSTRIA: Vic, Tri, Bud, Ser, Gre, Rum, Bul ((7)) Build TWO
 RUSSIA: War, Mos, StP, Sev ((4)) No change
 TURKEY: Ank, Smy, Con, ~~Blz~~ ((3)) Remove ONE

LONDON (September 1902) The Admiralty announced today that the Third and Fourth Fleets have been ordered to contest control of the Atlantic with the French Home and Mediterranean Fleets. It is not known whether the French will resist. French occupation of Spain is said to endanger the Gibraltar garrison, although so far no actual hostilities are reported. The movement of the Fleets is a direct result of the threat to his Britannic

Majesty's interests in Iberia.

Meanwhile, the Home Fleet, by arrangement with His Imperial Majesty of Germany and the Queen of the Netherlands, has taken station in the Zuyder Zee to protect the subjects of the Queen from any encroachments on their property. This is understood to be a temporary measure.

On the Northern Front, it is understood that His Majesty of Germany is attempting to negotiate peace with Russia. Russian withdrawal from Sweden has prevented any actual out-break of hostilities between units of His Britannic Majesty's First Fleet on station in Narvik and the Russian Northern Fleet, and the Foreign Office is hopeful that there will be no war with Russia.

Thus, the British Empire is not at war with any Power, as French expulsion from Munich has removed the threat to Britain's Ally. However, the Third and Fourth Fleets may encounter resistance in their Atlantic maneuvers, and it is entirely possible that before the end of the year, there will be war with France.

FROM the daily forMAT (via Frank Clark) "The worm not only turns; he often does it without giving the proper signal."

ROME (19 September 1902) The King of Italy wishes to alert the crowned heads of Turkey, France, and Austria to the subtle diplomatic maneuverings recently engaged in by the blasphemous British, who have somehow exerted enough pressure to coerce the Germans and Russians to do some very peculiar and suspicious withdrawing from Western frontiers. The King suspects that the game's afoot.

GENEVA Ah! Austria, you do a dastardly thing.

CONSTANTINOPLE (18 October 1902) Sarah F. Allen of the Laughing Eyes, spoke to Her nation -- "I say with honor that we have never been aggressors. Yet I must leave my native land and speak to the leader of the Austrian nation so that we may have peace. I trust that He will give us insight and lead us of the path of His Law. I may be called an Appeaser, it may be said I went begging, and some will say it is not honorable to do what I must. Yet I reply, if success is granted to my quest I will find honor in His eyes and in the eyes of Man. If not, He will have seen my effort and know that no mortal could have done more.

○ MASSIF ° 4 0 ○

Game 1966I

"Winter 1906"

22 April 1967

FRANCE: Build Fleet Marseilles
(Tzudiker)

ITALY: Removes Army Venice
(Wells)

TURKEY: Builds Army Constantinople, Army Smyrna
(MaCallum)

DEADLINE FOR "SPRING '07"
ORDERS IS SATURDAY,
13 MAY 1967

----- "Fall 1901, Game III" -----

R U S S I A N S, G E R M A N S C L A S H I N S W E D E N
BALKAN BATTLE SHAPING UP

ENGLAND: F Nwg-Nwy; F Nth (C) A Yor-Bel; A Yor-Bel
(Zelazny)

FRANCE: A Bur-Mar; A Spa-Mar; F Mid-Por
(Turner)

GERMANY: A Kie-Hol; F Den-Swe; A Mun-Sil
(Schultz)

ITALY: A Pied-Tyr; A Nap-Tun; F Ion (C) A Nap-Tun
(MacKenzie)

AUSTRIA: A Tri-Alb; A Ser (S) F Alb-Gre; F Alb-Gre
(Francis)

RUSSIA: F Fin-Swe; A Rum-hold; A Liv-hold; A Ukr-hold
(Castora)

TURKEY: F Con-Aeg; A Bul (S) ITALIAN A Ven-Gre; A Ank-Con
(Shagrin)

Underlined moves do not succeed. The above moves were sent to all players on 8 April 1967, and a deadline of 22 April set for "Winter 1901". These moves appear following the "Fall" press releases, printed below the supply center count.

BUILDS:

ENGLAND:	Lon; Edi; Liv; <u>Nwy</u> ; <u>Bel</u>	((5))	Build TWO
FRANCE:	Par; Bre; Mar; <u>Spa</u> ; <u>Por</u>	((5))	Build TWO
GERMANY:	Kie; Ber; Mun; <u>Den</u> ; <u>Hol</u>	((5))	Build TWO
ITALY:	Nap; Rom; Ven; <u>Tun</u>	((4))	Build ONE
AUSTRIA:	Vie; Bud; Tri; <u>Ser</u> ; <u>Gre</u>	((5))	Build TWO
RUSSIA:	Mos; War; StP; <u>Sev</u> ; <u>Rum</u>	((5))	Build ONE
TURKEY:	Ank; Smy; Con; <u>Bul</u>	((4))	Build ONE

PARIS King Louis Robert died here today, after having been hounded by autograph hunters unleashed upon him by parties yet unidentified. Medical authorities originally thought his collapse to have been caused by a stroke, but an autopsy revealed the cause of death to have been mere "exhaustion." The King is succeeded by his son, Louis Robert Henri-Philippe Charles Milan Jean François Léopold Albert Rupert Joseph Paul-Hubert Felix Adolphe André Pierre Jean-Jacques Michel Napoleon Bonaparte-Rothschild-Savoy-Bourbon-Hanover-Medici-Romanov-Luxemburg-Hohenstaufen-Hohenzollern-Hapsburg-Bordscha. He has assumed the throne as King Louis Robert II. As indicated by his last name, he is illegitimate. No, you idiot, the other kind of illegitimacy!

GENEVA (DWE) It has been reported here that a number of former au-

tograph hunters have been executed in the capital of a nearby Power, for refusing to return on another mission to the French court. It is likewise rumored that they chose death in preference to this re-assignment because the new French King has issued a Proclamation that all seeking audience with him must address him by his full name.

This move apparently assures the French of their safety from attack, for who would declare war when the address on the declaration takes such effort to write.

VIENNA Turkey: You had best give me Bulgaria; your front is none too safe if you disregard this simple request.

MOSCOW Turner: Sorry, I can't, I think, assist you. Will reconsider later if we're both still in the game. (Note to England and Germany: he was only asking for confidential information which I only give out concerning enemies or double-crossers.)

CONSTANTINOPLE The Department of Offense's Coster Mong(er)ol hordes have captured Bulgaria! Our general Emmanuel the Kahn-man is plotting further Kahnquests. Sultan I. Kahn II stated tbdy that King Kong does not like New York. "Those *!?!&+ little bi-planes," the leader of the Mong-Cong is quoted as saying.

FRANKFURT (AP) 11 May 1901 Emperor Frederick Wilhelm von Nellenburg today delivered notice to the Reichsrat that by Imperial Decree he was invoking the Fourth Clause of the Unification Treaty of 1851. Under the Self-Defense terms of that clause, he had that morning directed the General Staff to move units into the Danish provinces composed of German units and base at least portions of the High Seas Fleet in the Danish straits and Kobenhaven.

The Representative from Aarhus asked what would be the British reaction to this violation of the Open Straits treaty of 1889, to which point Premier Wrede stated that we shall soon know.

The Emperor's note declared that the move of amalgamation of the hither-to independent armed forces of the Danish provinces into the Reichswehr was purely a defensive move and not aimed at suppressing the Danish minority.

"The unique position which our Danish brothers have held in the Empire has made them unique in the history of Europe. I trust that this movement northwards of main-battle units will not be considered as an occupational force, but merely a strengthening of the nation's edges against any foreign power."

COPENHAGEN (AP) 1 June 1901 Minister Bagmeunster of Sjaelland (Copenhagen) this morning revealed that the explosion aboard the cruiser Bülow May 30th was the work of three Prussian agent saboteurs, hoping to foment trouble in the city and naval garrison. They had already confessed that they were trained in sabotage work in a camp in Spain, and were supposed to spread distrust and murder through the city, in hope of turning Dane against German.

Minister Bagmeunster personally accused the Spanish government

of working with the exiled Hohenzollern's and their Junker Prussians to engage the German government in disastrous wars, and to split the country within itself, Dane against German, Saxon against Silesian, Prussian against Swabian.

FRANKFURT (AP) 6 June 1901 The Imperial Government remained silent today to charges that four of its agents had attempted to assassinate Wilhelm II Hohenzollern, self-appointed King of Prussia and claimant to the old Prussian-Brandenburger state. The attempt occurred outside the Ukhil Palace. Wilhelm Hohenzollern had been closeted for four days with Prime Minister Gorenykin, Finance Minister Kokoutsev, and Khrustavlenien Kutler, Economics Minister of the Russian Government.

The Russian Government has reportedly sent a threatening note to the German Ambassador in St. Petersburg.

ST. PETERSBURG (AP) 7 June 1901 Francois Deuther, a known member of the W.S.D. or Menshevik Socialist Radical Party was brought forth today as one of the two surviving members of Tuesday's Assassination Attempt.

Francois had already informed the Plekha that the plot was one that the Action Wing of the Menshevik's had had in its files for some time. It had come alive when an unknown Baltic German known only to Francois as Dieter supplied the Renick Square group with explosives, weapons, papers to take them out of the country, and money for the party itself.

This Dieter had suggested that the assassination of the known reactionary exile, Wilhelm Hohenzollern, would enhance the party's reputation and aid the fight against the monarchists and warmongers littering the White Court in St. Petersburg. Dieter had declared himself to be a member of the German Bolshevik, or Anarchistic Wing of the W.S.D.

Dieter also stated that three others were to have taken the life of Admiral Rozhdestvensky and Admiral Alexeiev in their quarters near Pushkin Street, but did not know what had happened to the attempt or where the plotters were.

"We all had papers of high quality so I suppose everyone simply left or went underground when our own plot failed. It seems probable. I do not know if the Plekha have apprehended any more of my circle or Herr Dieter." Francois stated. He affirmed that he had cooperated with the authorities after his capture, as his situation was by then hopeless at any rate.

Commissioner Doryeymain opinioned that history would soon indict the German government as dastardly plotters against a guest of the Imperial Russian Government and against the officials of that same Government.

FLUSHING, HOLLAND (AP) 2 July 1901 No one today knows what to make of the six-foot political problem that strolled into the British lines at Bergen-op-Zoom yesterday.

Leutenant Hanz Krautisch remains adamant that he merely wishes to live out his life far away from the "upstart" Swabian government.

Generalmajor Karl Gunther Ulmann vom Obernburg remains adamant that the man is a deserter and must be returned to the German au-

thorities for proper treatment.

In the meantime a flame of reaction has swept England and some papers (the Manchester Guardian amongst them) have already called for the government to guarantee Leutenant Krautisch political asylum here. They point out that His Majesty's Government allows noble exiles like the Duke of Nassau and the Prince of Hesse-Darmstadt the freedom of the Empire. Why not a simple Pomeranian soldier like Hanz Krautisch?

As His Majesty's government is reportedly closely closeted over the problems of the German Occupation of Holland and requests from Frankfurt to strongly reinforce the garrisons in Iceland, any move at present is liable to upset the most delicate of diplomatic maneuvers. Yet to hold off would be tantamount to declaring that individuals could safely seek political asylum by merely crossing the Limes at Bergen-op-Zoon.

Krautisch himself states that he had just received word via post that his father had been arrested in the family estates near Stargard (outside of Stettin). His father, as well as himself, were members of one of the many Octoberist organizations active within the old borders of the defunct Kingdom of Prussia. He therefore feared for his immediate arrest at the hands of the Einsatz-GehimePolozci and left his unit at once.

Hanz identified his group as the Sons of the Iron Guard, that group identifying itself with the fanatical never-say-die's that helped the Swabians raze Berlin in the Twenty-Day's Siege of 1851.

The Swabian commandant of the Dutch Occupation Forces, Major General vom Obernburg simply states that Hanz is an avowed anarchist, terrorist, deserter and traitor, and should be returned to a Military Court on those charges. Presumably by the murder charge, General vom Obernburg refers to the June 20th assassination of Generals von Schliffen and von Hindenburg. Both men had been considered "turncoats" by the radicals, as they had pledged their support to the von Nellenburg's instead of just to the German Government as have most High Officers from the old Prussian lands.

In the meantime, the uncomfortable position of England occupying the Schledt and approaches to Antwerpt and the Germans the rest of Holland is not eased any by that young man sitting in the Bastion at Flushing on the island of Walchern. For Hanz Krautisch is a loaded gun aimed at any peaceful settlement between German and English interests in the close seas.

ORTELSBURH, EAST PRUSSIA (AP) 13 August 1901 There has been no further reports since last night on the reported exchanges at Chorzele. The military adjutant will not allow the press, foreign or domestic, any nearer that border town than this sleepy county level center.

Early reports indicated machine-gun fire on both sides but no artillery. Casualties were not mentioned at all. Number of men has not been mentioned. Units involved have not been identified.

But outside this telegraph window I am watching a slow train southwards. In it are easily a full regiment of troops, regular infantrymen by their tabs. In the train were ten boxcars of field pieces.

There have been no further reports from the border area.

FRANKFURT (AP) 24 August 1901 Approximately one and a half million reservists are being called up, according to the initial report from the Ministry of Defense. Excepted in this call-up are a number of classes of skilled and technical personnel needed for maintenance of the nation at home, those with very large families, and the youngest and oldest classes.

There was reportedly large-scale rioting in Danzig, Magdeburg, and Berlin last night over the call-up.

COPENHAGEN (AP) 27 August 1901 The general cargo vessel Dorya Patrika (Riga Registry) was seized today as it attempted to steam out of Copenhagen harbour into the Koge Bucht. The 4300 ton vessel had been restricted to port ever since the August 20th action near Kalisch, in Poland. Five other Russian vessels were impounded at port at that time, and the Danish straits closed to Russian shipping.

The Dorya Patrika is the first of the impounded fleet to attempt to make a run for it, probably hoping to reach Swedish waters and freedom before it could be recaptured. There was no official report as to how the ship was recaptured or whether there were casualties in the action.

GRUDENZ, Province of Pomorze (AP) 5 September 1901 From the top levels of the gun-ports on the Bastion's roof, you may look over a peaceful Polish countryside. The largely German town below looks like an engraving from a fairy-story book. The Vistula flows serenely to the west, dotted with colorful barges and puffy little tugs. All is peace.

Yet smoke dots the railroad tracks, and immense lines of cars flow continuously through the town, the great chain bridge misty in the morning light. The yards are dotted with gray, the gray of German uniforms and the gray paint of field howitzers and ammunition carts and field kitchens and the green cloth of tents.

You may also look down and see the white-washed walls of the three-story hospital complex within the fortress walls. Down there somewhere is GeneralColonel Markham Paul von Prittitz, Commander in Chief of the Army of the Vistula. Last night he was wounded.

Not by any stray shell at Friedrichshof or sniper's bullet at Witzjanis or booby-trap in evacuated Schirwindt. But by an unknown suicider with two bombs in the pockets of his great-coat.

The unknown assailant ran up towards the General's party last night, as it emerged from the KrebberHausHotel, one-time host of Napoleon himself. The assassin was shot by two of the General's aides, when he would not stop. The wounded man fell to the cobbles near to the general and stuck his hands into his pockets. It was then that the bombs exploded, ripping the assassin's body to unidentifiable shreds, killing three of the General's party including his personal batman. Also casualties were four of the General's aides (with the naval kommandant of the Danzig station being one of them), all seriously. Amongst the bodies lying on the street was GeneralColonel Prittitz, three slivers of steel in his right chest, another in his abdomen, and one deep in his left eye.

The general is still alive, and officially the prognosis is

good for his eventual recovery. But the hospital authorities emphasize that the recovery will be a long one. That the left eye is permanently gone, and the face will be scarred. And that not all the steel in his chest has yet been removed, due to his delicate condition.

The Emperor has promoted Manfred Gunther Augustus von Gallwitz to the rank of Lieutenant General and given him the command of the Army of the Vistula, for the present. The exact numbers present in East Prussia right now are a state secret, but it is known that at least the Eighth Army is present, the Seventh moving in, and the First Reserve Army is forming in the region. Which means that the young General von Gallwitz is commander of at least a quarter of a million men at present, possibly twice that.

Police authorities state they have a number of possibilities to check out, but add that they at present have no idea of the identity of the disintegrated assassin. He is presumed to be a fanatic of some kind, as chances of success were obviously slim in the first place, and chances of escape afterwards impossible. So terrorist organizations are receiving top priority in the investigation.

HANMONT-des-MULSZ (AP) 9 September 1901 This morning I was bundled into a lorry and driven up into the high Vosges from Schelestat in the Alsatian Rhine valley. Now I have a perfect picture of the Mulz valley and am shaken by what I see.

Below me lies the stoney valley floor, with the red-topped houses of Le Barque and Schirmeck gleaming after the morning's light rain.

The valley floor is now covered with a sea of locusts, all in blue with flashes of red as their legs piston in their movement. The harvest would be thick, I thought. The grain was richly packed in the fields and the heads bent under their own weight, surely.

Puffs, small powder-puffs of smoke rose from the mountains to the northwest and then arose in a small crescendo upon the slopes on which I stood. The noises were sharp and apologetic even so, and a buzzing and a sighing filled the air. Not loud, not actually loud, but my host had difficulty communicating with me. He explained that the buzzing and sighing were stone splinters from the artillery blasts filling the air with slate death. Down in the valley the ground was softer, but up here every shell created a shower of sharp splinters of stone.

Then, with four red-tabbed officers looking down into the valley below, I was guided to a telescope and looked out upon something not really believable. When the figures were mere toys, ants, upon the valley it was one thing. Not even the blasts and the whizzing of the splinters up here made me really aware of the carnage occurring. But now I saw it, as if close up, through the powerful telescope.

Off towards the village, suddenly a column of turbaned Moroccans (or Zhouaves? I did not know) started dancing about. The air misted with smoke and the men lay down in the field not moving. More turbaned men came on the scene and busied themselves with a few rocks on the ground, turning them over and firing into the spider holes revealed therein. A hay-stack misted again, and more red-

legs lay in the fields, the flocks of light revealing yet another Maxim-nest in what had seemed to be an outdoors privy. The flecks poured forth non-stop, dust rising all about the rye field, grenade smoke floating away harmlessly by the nests. A sniper was shot out of an apple tree, his harness and camouflaged suit turning red in the harsh sunlight, his helmet and body festooned with branches and green leaves.

More red-legged Frenchmen skirted the pill-boxes down a drainage ditch by its side. Then the lead men danced once more upon the shimmering air and at once gray uniforms popped from a hidden trench and dashed into the ditch, another flickering point of light appearing through the smoking brush of the weed-covered ditch. In seconds the gray figures were scrambling back into their trenches, some being dragged back, whether dead or wounded I did not know.

Then, in the swale behind, it looked for a second as if campfires had begun, but it was more flickering points of light, a forest of them. Facing east, more hidden positions had appeared and opened fire on the hapless Frenchmen seeking cover from the fire in front.

My guide stated then that one could probably go all the way to Bouillon through the German lines without once raising one's head above ground level. "After all, we've occupied Alsace since the Congress of Vienna. We've had some time to develop our defenses in the past eighty-five years."

The German artillery started then, soon enveloping the valley with the smoke and chaos and mists which hid much of it from my view. Yet still I was able to see a company advancing on a broken stone wall near my side of the valley. The front ranks fell and they all turned and ran again for cover on the other side of the rye field. They ran, they ran as fast as they could go. First there were a hundred running, then eighty, then seventy, then sixty, then fifty, then forty, then thirty, only twenty and ten individuals fleeing across what must have seemed the longest run in the world. Nine men, their dark blue and red flashing faster and faster, then another fell, and another and then... There were no more running figures, merely red and blue in the green rye. Then the smoke covered all.

- - - - - "Winter 1901, Game III" - - - - -

L A N D B A T T L E S I M M I N E N T

P O W E R S C O N C E N T R A T E O N L A N D F O R C E S

ENGLAND: Builds Fleet Edinburgh, Fleet Liverpool
(Zelazny)

FRANCE: Builds Army Paris; declines other build
(Turner)

GERMANY: Builds Army Munich, Army Berlin
(Schultz)

ITALY: Builds Fleet Naples
(MacKenzie)

((continued on page 13))

AUSTRIA: Builds Army Vienna, Army Budapest
(Francis)

RUSSIA: Builds Army Warsaw
(Castera)

TURKEY: Builds Fleet Smyrna
(Shagrin)

DEADLINE FOR "SPRING 1902" ORDERS IS SATURDAY, 13 MAY 1967

BERLIN The German High Command today released a report originating from Russia. It was printed in Glurk, a right wing Russian paper. Premier Alexif Castera today ordered 1000 cases of Geritel from the U.S.A. This order was marked "URGENT, RUSH, HURRY." We cannot help but speculate that this was perhaps needed to help "steel" the Russian commanders for the coming decision. Or perhaps it was to help "iron out" her differences with Germany.

MESSAGE FROM RASPUTIN TO THE GERMAN KAISER: Listen, wiseguy --- one more trick like that Sweden deal and Germany is going to be partitioned a whole lot suddener than poland every was.

MESSAGE FROM RASPUTIN TO THE TWOHEADED DUE MONARCH OF AUSTRIA:

Okay, bright-eyes, I didn't help you against Turkey -- whaddya genna do about it?

ANKARA Hey, Italy, wop happen? Whatsa matter you? Abolish an Austrian for Allah! Well, convey Tunis to Albania, and then support Bulgaria to Greece. Or do it in reverse order. We have to keep Austria guessing.

LONGLIER, Province of Luxembourg (AP) 29 September 1901 The valley of Brees is burning in the night, the forests in flames where not hidden in a deep abiding choking smoke. I can still hear the air-bursts and Maxim fire even here, in this bunker.

Less than twelve hours ago this bunker was some command post in the French lines, the severed telephone wires led to unknowable bastions and lookouts and bunkers and batteries in the rear; maybe one even led to Bar-le-Duc and Marshall Fouche.

There were papers here, dossiers and records, ration strengths and notes to other commanders, requests for .317 rifle ammunition and newspapers, authorizations summonses, queries, depositions, maps, notes and all the errata of a busy command post for Unknown Battalion.

Now there is a broken stove, the sides burst with a hand grenade, courtesy of a disgruntled lance-corporal perhaps, unwilling to give any comfort to the enemy.

The floor is partially burnt where stacks of the papers lay in flames, petrol poured upon them. Another evidence of a hasty withdrawal. Over by the doorway five French bayonets are stuck, point

first, into the log walls, and I am at a loss to understand what trick of fate left them there for me to observe and wonder about.

There are about two hundred French rifles stacked outside, I can just see them through the blasted doorway, a few rags of blanket still tacked to the top sill. They are collecting French goods out there, by the light of kerosene lanterns, torches and the fitful dirty gleam from the forests around us.

While a Lieutenant carefully catalogs the helmets and canteens, the blankets and left foot boots and grenades, thin screeching can still be heard in the distance. Wounded men are out there in the burning forests. Many of them cannot move away from the advancing flames, they are overcome by smoke, or lost in the dense grey fumes. Gut-shot, leg-shot, lung-shot, blood foaming at their lips or ears or running out of their tear ducts, they cannot escape. Entire reserve companies have been put to searching the forests, walking wounded are searching for survivors, blind men are carrying men with shattered knees or ankles or feet. There are even squads of French poilus out there, wearing white arm-bands. They have been given parole by the Germans to search and hunt and find and save, and eventually to return, mayhaps, to the barbed-wire stockades of their prison camps.

There are men out there dying who are dying simply because they cannot crawl away from flames or smoke or even reach first-aid. It is all the result of what General von Blakowitz calls a "marvelous victory." In the distance you can hear that victory pounding away, the mill of war grinding exceedingly finely upon the bodies of men.

I cannot see it but I can smell the fields of corpses carefully laid out on the slopes behind me. The fields, the clearings, the shattered brush is carpeted with orderly rows of dead. And this is but the beginning.

They are lying out there with their hands shot off, their legs shot off, their sides or middles missing, their arms carefully tied to their torsos so that they should not inadvertantly become separated.

Their heads are gone, their hair is gone, their eyes are gone, their jaws are gone and they look like frightened fish gasping for breath. There are others who are red, purple, black, depending on how badly they were roasted. Others have dried trails of blood coming out of their mouth and eyes and ears and even their navels, all dead of concussion, looking puffy and surprised.

In some blankets they are neatly tossing legs, two, arms, two, head, one, left lung, one, right lung, one or nearly so, and so on, trying to make the parts and bits and pieces come out of body, one, so that somebody back home might have a nearly complete collection to put beneath the family stone.

But the really astounding thing is the number of them.

Each of them, oddly shrunken in their pearl-gray or red-panted blue uniforms, weighs at least one-hundred and forty to eight-five pounds. Each takes up a cubic volume of space on the order of five-feet five to five-feet eleven, to one-and-a-half feet to one-and-a-quarter. Packed as closely as possible, still forty men take up a line eighty-five feet wide, six-feet long, and one-and-a-quarter feet high. Four hundred men, in fews one above the other with a foot-and-a-half walking space between the rows take up eighty-five feet by seventy-feet long. Ten thousand dead take up a

area only fifteen-thousand feet wide by twelve-thousand feet long by (again) one-and-a-quarter feet high, the only constant in this arithmetic of war. Fifteen thousand feet is the distance of five hundred football fields, twelve thousand feet is the distance between the sides of New York's Central Park.

But this is only ten thousand dead. It fills this valley, the sound and smell and presence of ten thousand dead fills this valley to overflowing with its pain. Have you any conception of what ten thousand dead men look like? Do you realize that you cannot perceive individuals lying there on the other side? They just blend into red and gray and a few lyric touches of blue amongst the gold and brown and green of the earth between them.

Ten thousand men lying in a valley covers it. The mind cannot really conceive of ten thousand men dead in one spot, it slips into itself, a fuzzy bright glow comes over their eyes and the mouth cannot breathe. It is too soon for them to decompose but the odor of so much drying blood perfumes the air beyond breathing it. It turns it into the foulest of charnal odors, mixed with the smoke of the burning forests, into a vision of what the foulest pits of Hades must indeed smell like.

The air overwhelms you, the graves detail men are overwhelmed, they are overcome, they faint, they cannot keep up with the pace, they are lying thither and you as dead men themselves, only their twitching betraying the stubborn spark of life.

But ten thousand dead men are not enough. Beyond this valley there are others, bleeding burning valleys full of fire and men and bursting shells. There are other carpets of gray and red and blue, there are other graves details working themselves beyond human endurance, becoming automatons in a vain futile effort to meet the ever-mounting influx of new corpses.

Ten times ten thousand and your mind crawls and cracks and cannot logically conceive of such a sight, yet in two days the Autumn Offensive has spent this a four times more in wounded. Between Bouillon and the Swiss Border three men are wounded or killed every second. In a minute there are three-hundred and fifty dead men, another 1450 wounded.

In the time it has taken me to write this article so far, eleven thousand men have died. More than covers this hideous valley that I wish not to see but cannot escape smelling.

There is still cannon fire in the night. Men are starving in Bouillon and Longwy. Houses are burning in Arlon and Sarrebourg. Women and children are dying in this war, too. At least four hundred of the above-mentioned eleven thousand are civilians who could not or would not move out of the combat zones. But the combat zones are thirty miles wide now, artillery searching the enemy's camp and turning night to day with phosphorous, air burst, high-explosives, delayed-explosion, immense 180-mm shells from the permanent batteries in Metz and Mulhouse and Luneville going through the fifteen-foot thick roofs of hardened bunkers as if they were paper.

Belfort and Longwy and Bouillon still hold out against the French. The French still lie between the Autumn Offensive and the cut-off German fortresses. Belgium remains neutral with British troops in Ostend and Antwerp and Mons. The Hamburg paper tells of the glorious battle being waged in the Ardennes and Vosges.

All I can smell is ten thousand dead men and a burning forest.