



"Well, Smythe, where's  
the second in your  
'Significant Moments in  
the History of Diplomacy'  
series?"

"I'm waiting for  
another one to happen."

## STABBINGS

GAMESMASTER

IN THIS ISSUE

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sTab, struggling under the editorship of John Koning (who struggles under the editorship of sTab, more often), is assembled almost every three weeks in Youngstown, diplomacy capital of Northeastern Ohio. It chronicles the seven games listed above, bringing to you nearly alive all the thrills and chills of front line warfare. Subscriptions are the conventional ten issues for a dollar, and trades with other journals chronicling man's inhumanity to man are sought.

This issue's cover is (I hope) by John Smythe, our heroic art editor. Names have not been changed to protect the artist. This particular issue may also arrive a little late, since on this unfortunate weekend fell not only the sTab deadline, but the publishing date for my TAPSzine, and commencement exercises (and attendant frivolities) at the high school where I teach. Oh joy...

I will be away from home from June 14th to the 19th or so, so please do not try to phone me unless you are prepared to leave a message with my parents.

-----  
sTab #II

"Fall 1906"

3 June 1967  
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EARL THOMPSON

ENGLAND: F Nwy-Swe; F Den-Swe; F Lon-Nth; A Yor-Lon; F Wal-Eng;  
F Iri (S) F Wal-Eng; F Bar-Nwg

JOHN SMYTHE

FRANCE: A Pied-Ven; A Bur (S) GERMAN A Ruhr-Mun; A Bel-Hcl;  
F Tyrr (S) ITALIAN F Tun-Ion; F Eng-Mid

GERMANY: A Ruhr-MunITALY: A Rom-Apu; A Nap-Apu; F Tun-Ion

DEREK NELSON

AUSTRIA: A Tri-Ven; A Tyr (S) A Voh-Pied; A Ven-PiedRUSSIA: A StP-Fin; A Ber (S) A Kie; A Boh (S) A Mun; A Kie (S)ENGLISH F Nth-Hol; A Liv (S) TURKISH A Mos-StP; F Gre-IonF Both (S) A StP-FinTURKEY: F Ion-Nap; A Apu (S) F Ion-Nap; F Adr (S) A Apu;F EMed (S) RUSSIAN F Gre-Ion; A Mos-StP

Underlined moves (on previous page) do not succeed. The French Army Piedmont is routed and retreats, as ordered, to Tuscany.

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 DEADLINE FOR "WINTER 1906" ORDERS IS SATURDAY, 24 JUNE 1967  
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BUILDS:

ENGLAND: Edi, Liv, Lon, Nor, Swe, Den; ~~StP~~ ((6)) Remove ONE  
 FRANCE: Bre, Par, Mar, Spa, Por, Bel, Hol ((7)) Build TWO  
 GERMANY: ~~Nth~~ ((OUT)) Remove Army Ruhr  
 ITALY: Nap, Rom, Tun ((3)) No change  
 AUSTRIA: Vie, Bud, Tri, Ven ((4)) Build ONE  
 RUSSIA: Mos, War, Sev, Rum, Mun, Ber, Kie, Gre ((8)) No change  
 TURKEY: Ank, Con, Smy, Bul, Ser, ~~Vdn~~, StP ((6)) No change

LONDON Rumors are that the English Government may topple. France may yet climb out of her grave.

WALES Smythe, I'd smash you -- if I only knew what I was doing.

LONDON How can a customer of the undertaker complain and comment on who will bury him? If need be, we will dig you up just to bury you again.

PARIS, RUHR, ROME to LONDON "Sigh!"

-----  
"Spring 1901, Game III"  
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ROLAND TZUDIKER (who will play this side instead of Jock Root)

ENGLAND: F Lon-Eng; F Edi-Nth; A Liv-Yor  
 ITALY: F Nap-Ion; A Rom-Tus; A Ven-Tyr  
 TURKEY: F Ank-Bla; A Con-Bul; A Smy-Con

DICK SCHULTZ

FRANCE: F Bre-Eng; A Par-Gas; A Mar-Pied  
 GERMANY: F Kie-Den; A Ber-Kie; A Mun-Ruhr  
 AUSTRIA: A Vic-Tyr; A Bud-Ser; F Tri-Ven

LAWRENCE PEERY

RUSSIA: F StP-Both; A Mos-Ukr; A War (S) A Mos-Ukr; F Sev-Bla

Underlined moves do not succeed.

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 DEADLINE FOR "FALL 1901" ORDERS IS SATURDAY, 24 JUNE 1967  
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MOSCOW Czar Michael Boatashore II proclaimed a strict policy of neutrality for all of Russia during the present crisis. Michael's whereabouts were uncertain at press time. Some sources suggested he was in England for talks with rulers there, others that he was in Germany for consultations with that Government. Actually, Michael is in Ulan Bator for consultations with Mao in Asia. Some minor dispute over narcotic rights in Outer Mongolia we believe.

ST. PEERIGRAD (March 28, 1901) His Imperial Majesty, Czar Justinus II, who succeeded Michael Boatashore II after that ruler's tragic accident in Asia, today ordered the mobilization of all Russian forces as a result of the Chinese invasion of Outer Mesopotamia. Three divisions of the Czar's Own Housguard Regiment under the command of Duke Michael P. Roaminawfulot were reportedly departing Moscow for the southern front to face the hordes of barbarian Chinese. Justinus had consultations in the Kremlin yesterday with various ambassadors from major European states and then announced in a press conference today that Russia had joined the "Inner Six" alliance composed of Lichtenstein, Monaco, San Marino, Vatican City, Andorra, and Luxembourg to make up the seven powers needed to dominate the European diplomatic set. Justinus was reported to be very pleased with the results of the first round of talks with the new alliance concerning the immigration quotas between the member states.

NOTE TO FRANCE, GERMANY, AND AUSTRIA: "We are marching to Pretoria, Pretoria; Today!! (ha!)"

NOTE TO ENGLAND, ITALY, AND TURKEY: "You stay the hell away from me, you hear?"

----- "Fall 1901, Game IV" -----

JOHN McCALLUM

ENGLAND: A Yor-Nwy; F Nth (C) A York-Nwy; F Lon-Wal  
 ITALY: A Ven-hold; A Tus (S) A Ven; F Ion-Tun  
 TURKEY: A Bul-Ser; F Bla-Con; A Ank-hold

DEREK NELSON

FRANCE: F Bre-Eng; A Pic-Bel; A Pied-Ven  
 GERMANY: F Hol (S) FRENCH A Pic-Bel; A Kie-Den; A Tyr (S) FRENCH  
 A Pied-Ven  
 AUSTRIA: A Vic-Tri; F Alb-Gre; A Ser (S) F Alb-Gre

JOHN SMYTHE

RUSSIA: F Both (C) A Liv-Swe; A Liv-Swe; A Ukr (S) F Sev-Rum;  
 F Sev-Rum

Underlined moves do not succeed

--- DEADLINE FOR "WINTER 1901" ORDERS IS SATURDAY, 24 JUNE 1967 ---

BUILDS:

ENGLAND:	Lon;	Liv;	Edi;	Nwy	((4))	Build ONE	
ITALY:	Ven;	Rom;	Nap;	Tun	((4))	Build ONE	total 12
TURKEY:	Ank;	Smy;	Con;	Bul	((4))	Build ONE	
FRANCE:	Par;	Mar;	Bro;	Bel	((4))	Build ONE	
GERMANY:	Kie;	Mun;	Ber;	Hol, Den	((5))	Build TWO	total 14
AUSTRIA:	Vic;	Bud;	Tri;	Ser, Gre	((5))	Build TWO	
RUSSIA:	Mos;	War;	StP;	Sev, Swe, Rum	((6))	Build TWO	

## TRANTOR

#57/SVG #57

"Winter 1910, Game II"

3 June 1967

ACTIVITY IN WAR AT LAST  
FRANCE-TURKEY CLASH IN MARSEILLESITALY: Remove Fleet Rome  
TURKEY: Build Fleet Smyrna"Spring 1911, Game II"ENGLAND: F Eng (S) F at-Mid; F Nat-Mid; A Kie (S) FRENCH A Mun;  
(McCallum) A Ber (S) A Sil; A Pru (S) A Sil; A Sil (S) FRENCH A Mun;  
A Liv-hold; A StP (S) A Liv; F Nth-holdFRANCE: A Bel-Ruhr; A Mun (S) ENGLISH A Sil; A Gas-Mar; A Bur (S)  
(Reinsel) A Gas-Mar; F Mar-Lyon; F Spa (SC) (S) F Mar-Lyon;  
F Por (S) F Spa; F Iri (S) ENGLISH F Nat-MidITALY: F Naf-Mid; F WMed (S) F Naf-Mid; A Tus-hold  
(Wells)TURKEY: A Ven (S) A Tyr; F Lyon (S) A Pied-Mar; A Pied-Mar;  
(Smythe) F Tyrr (S) F Lyon; F Ion-Tun; F Aeg-Ion; F Smy-Neg;  
A Boh (S) A Tyr; A Tyr (S) A Boh; A Gal (S) A War;  
A Ukr (S) A War; A Mos (S) A War; A War (S) A Mos;  
A Sev (S) A MosUnderlined moves do not succeed.-----  
DEADLINE FOR "FALL 1911" ORDERS IS SATURDAY, 24 JUNE 1967  
-----PARIS to ANKARA: This is the beginning of the end for one of us!"Spring 1903, Game III"  
-----FRANCE DEFEATS BRITONS IN ATLANTIC  
ALL QUIET IN RUSSIAENGLAND: A Lon-Por; F Eng (C) A Lon-Por; F Mid (C) A Lon-Por  
(Pournelle) A Bel (S) GERMAN A Mun-Bur; F Nwy-StP; F Hol-NthFRANCE: A Tyr-Boh; A Mar-Bur; A Pic (S) A Mar-Bur; F Spa (SC)-  
(Reinsel) Mid; F Brc (S) F Spa-MidGERMANY: A Mun-Bur; A Ber-Mun; A Kie-Mun; F Swe-Den  
(Latimer)ITALY: A Tus-Ven; F Lyon-Spa (SC); F WMed (S) F Lyon-Spa  
(Clark) A Pied-Mar

((continued on page 6))

AUSTRIA: F Gre-Aeg; A Ser-Gre; A Bul (S) A Rum; A Rum (S) A Bul;  
 (Smytho) F Tri-Adr; A Bud-Vic; A Vic-Tyr

RUSSIA: F Sev-hold; F Bal-Both; A StP-Liv; A Mos-War  
 (Nelson)

TURKEY: F Bla (SC A Con-Bul; A Con-Bul; F Ion-Nap  
 (Tzudiker)

Underlined moves do not succeed. The English Fleet Mid-Atlantic may retreat to Portugal, the Irish Sea, or the North Atlantic. This retreat must be in the hands of the Gamesmaster by SATURDAY, 17 JUNE 1967. Ghd Bzmdxmzxdf sill pzxx ig zlong to the French player, and to the Italian player. Others wishing to know the direction of this retreat before making their moves should so inform me. Any player may, of course, send in moves conditional upon the direction of this retreat, or ignore the retreat entirely in making his moves.

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 DEADLINE FOR ENGLISH RETREAT IS SATURDAY, 17 JUNE 1967  
 DEADLINE FOR "FALL 1903" ORDERS IS SATURDAY, 24 JUNE 1967  
 -----

PARIS Napoleon III has taken over the government of France. He has declared war on everybody! France will go down fighting and do as much damage to her neighbors as possible as we fight to the last man, woman, and child! "War is Wonderful," said Napoleon III; "What a nice way to go," revealed the Emperor!

ROME "The newly-contrived Russian-Turkish alliance against the western powers will be of no avail," the Prime Minister of Italy observed today. "Even should the buccannering Turkish sea forces be initially successful in raiding Italian possessions, their absence from the defense of the Turkish homeland will soon pull that nation to the same oblivion which now faces France. Thus always to territory-grabbers!" concluded the stodgy, but vindictive statesman.

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS: James W. Latimer III  
 4011 Silver Hill Rd.  
 Suitland, Maryland 20023

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○ MASSIF<sup>no</sup> 43 ○

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Game 1966I "Fall 1907, Game II" 3 June 1967

T H I R D G R E A T P O W E R F A L L S  
 ITALY WIPED OUT

ENGLAND: A Wal-hold; A Lon-hold; F Iri-Eng; F Nth-Den; A Swe (S)  
 (Cartier) F Nth-Den; F Nwy (S) A Swe

FRANCE: A Hol-hold; F Bel-Eng; F Mid-Nat; F Lyon (S) A Mar-Pied;  
 (Tzudiker) F MMed-Tun; A Ruhr-Bel; A Mar-Pied  
 ((continued on page 7))

GERMANY: A Mun-Boh; A Sil-Gal; A Tyr-held; A Kie-Den; A Den-Swe  
(Naus) F Helg (S) A Kie-Den; F Both (S) A Den-Swe

ITALY: F Tyrr-Ion; F Nap-Ion; A Rom-Tus  
(Wells)

TURKEY: A Bul-Ser; A Con-Bul; A Tri-Ven; A Ven-Rom; A Tus (S)  
(Davidson) A Ven-Rom; F Ion-Nap; A Apu (S) F Ion-Nap; F Tun (S)  
F Adr-Ion; F Adr-Ion; F Aeg-held ((unordered))

Underlined moves do not succeed. The Italian Army Rome and Fleet Naples are destroyed.

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DEADLINE FOR "WINTER 1907" ORDERS IS SATURDAY, 24 JUNE 1967  
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BUILDS:

ENGLAND: Lon, Liv, Edi, Nor, Swe, ~~Den~~ ((5)) Remove ONE  
FRANCE: Par, Bre, Mar, Spa, Por, Bel, Hol ((7)) No change  
GERMANY: Ber, Mun, Kie, War, Sev, Mos, Vie, StP, Den ((9)) Build TWO  
ITALY: ~~Nap~~, ~~Tun~~, ~~Tyr~~ ((OUT)) Remove Fleet Tyrrhenian  
TURKEY: Smy, Ank, Con, Rum, Bul, Gre, Bud, Ser, Tri, Ven, Rom,  
Nap, Tun ((13)) Build THREE

BERLIN to LONDON: An Alliance must be based on trust. Germany can no longer trust England to get her moves in!

PARIS Her Royal Majesty, Sarah F Allen, stated with her characteristic honesty that a peaceful frontier with Germany has been established. The Army in the Ruhr will be evacuated and peace restored. To celebrate, she invites the German foreign minister to ski at Mt. Blanc with her and play at tennis. She's adept at both sports.

----- "Fall 1902, Game III" -----

ENGLAND, FRANCE HIT GERMANY

TABLES TURN IN WESTERN EUROPE

ENGLAND: F Iri-Mid; F StP (NC)-hold; F Nwy (S) F StP; F Noh-Den;  
(Zelazny) A Bel-Hol

FRANCE: F Mid-Spa (SC); A Pic-Bel; A Gas-Par; A Mar-Bur  
(Turner)

GERMANY: A Bur-held; A Ruhr (S) A Bur; F Den (S) ENGLISH F Nwy-Swe  
(Schultz) A Pru-War; A Wil (S) A Pru-War

ITALY: F Ion (C) A Tun-Nap; F Apu (S) F Ion; A Tun-Nap; A Boh-  
(MacKenzie) \*Sil

AUSTRIA: A Gal (S) A Bud-Rum; A Bud-Rum; A Ser (S) F Gre-Bul;  
(Francis) F Gre-Bul; A Alb-Gre

((continued on page 8))

RUSSIA: No moves received. Fleets Rum, Fin; Armies Liv, War.  
(Castora) Ukr-hold

TURKEY: A Con (S) A Bul. A Bul (S) ITALIAN A Tun-Gre; F Aeg (S)  
(Shagrin) ITALIAN A Tun-Gre; F EMed (S) F Aeg

Underlined moves do not succeed. After the "Spring 1902" moves, the French Army Burgundy retreat to Marseilles. Concerned players were notified. The Russian Fleet Rumania routed on this turn is destroyed under the provisions for temporary collapse of civil government.

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DEADLINE FOR "WINTER 1902" ORDERS IS SATURDAY, 24 JUNE 1967  
-----

BUILDS:

ENGLAND: Lon, Edi, Liv, Nwy, ~~Boyl~~, StP, Hol ((6)) Build ONE  
FRANCE: Par, Bre, Mar, Spa, Por, ~~Bel~~ ((6)) Build TWO  
GERMANY: Kie, Ber, Mun, Den, ~~Boyl~~ ((4)) Remove ONE  
ITALY: Nap, Rom, Ven, Tun ((4)) No change  
AUSTRIA: Vie, Bud, Tri, Ser, Gre, Rum ((6)) Build ONE  
RUSSIA: Mos, War, ~~Boyl~~, Sev, ~~Rum~~ ((3)) Remove ONE  
TURKEY: Ank, Smy, Con, Bul ((4)) No change

=====

CHANGES OF ADDRESS: Richard Shagrin Charles Turner  
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=====

CONSTANTINOPLE Why don't you go fight somebody your own size, you big bullies. Preferably each other. Kick sand in my face, will you? Just wait 'til I learn judo.

LANEUVILLE, Department of Mourthe, France (AP) 1 May 1902 Yesterday evening  
I was given a preceis of the operation and the history of The Rose Garden.

Imagine if you will three short months ago. The fields of war are covered with snow, the trenches are quiet after the bloody blood-letting of the Fall before. Exhausted and drained, the armies settled back, the lines but hardly changed, a stranger might say, upon looking on a small map of Europe. But the French had been thrown completely out of Alsace-Lorraine, the German fortresses relieved and in the last week of the campaign a running sore called the Dombasle Salient came into being. The Bavarian II Army held a thumb-shaped appurtance between Luneville and Nancy, forever threatening both Fortresses and being threatened in its turn.

The nail scraped the Madon River by Tatonville, the callused edges of the thumb lay heavy to the fortified towns, great underground forts lay within that callused edge, providing the shell through which the French had been unable to penetrate, to allay the threat to their Lorraine front.

In December the Germans withdrew from the Madon across the Moselle but would not go further, their Landsmen staring across the frozen Moselle at the Provincials on the other side.



Then, in the midst of February, all unawares, nearly a thousand guns roared as one. For an hour they pounded the front trenches before Nancy and then lifted to the second trenches and to the rear. Three divisions of specially prepared assault troops drove across the blackened snow drifts and stormed into the French 322nd division. They drove on to the Nancy-Chaligny road where they were thrown back by Army Reserves. Unable to force Nancy's great bastions in one fell swoop, Von Heimburger dug in on the slopes above Nancy, Fort Praxe in his hands.

The next step has been taking place ever since.

There is little of Fort Praxe left these days. In the daylight, the great cement walls are blocks of masonry and shapeless rubble. You can barely see the original outlines of the walls, or the angular outline of a gun casement. Some of the lower-levels are barely discernable, the roofs long since reduced to powder and then blown disintegrated into smaller bits.

But still the French pound at Praxe, trying to silence the pain and misery that yet flows to them from these slopes.

For though this is Spring, yet there are no flowers here beyond a lonely thistle unawares of the season of the year, or bluebell. Bare brown earth with straggly growths of weeds and saw grass is the tone here. For in the valley below life is even worse. Nancy lies before us, and her lifeline through Chaligny and west to Toul. The hills towards Toul are blue this Spring, rather than greenish. That is because of the constant smoke of burning shells amongst them.

There is no longer any movement about Nancy during the day. Only at night, fearful that flare shells will reveal them, does life exist down there.

And a life as unreal and horrifying as existence on Dante's Fourth Level of Hell. For though the French guns pound and claw and bite at the slopes of the Sweet Ridge of Roses, still in every crevice of ground there peeps the twin orbs of artillery spotting binoculars. For every shell that disturbs the dust of The Rose Garden, as they call the Ridge of Roses, two lands in Nancy and three lands in the grinning skulls of hills to the west. Nothing moves down there, mind you. Nothing. Absolutely nothing at all.

The merest flicker of a blue kepi or dirty helmet brings forth a Wagnerian concert composed of the multitudinous instruments at the disposal of II Army. The sharp staccato bark of the 21mm, the little shell speeding downwards from its sand-bagged gun-pit upon the unreal landscape below. The laughing crack of the bronze-nosed 34mm and its chuckling brother the 63mm. They gloat and cry and are barely heard except to the lucky ones who flinch while knowing that this time it is not marked for them. The Krupp 7-pounder also adds its burp and obscene belch to the din of the small fairy bass upon the bridge itself. Behind it lie the stacked ordnance of the nation which once boasted that it had five artillery pieces for every one the French had.

The fluttery howitzers, the giant ponderous weak-sounding Skoda howitzers, the 7-inch and 5-inch and 4-inch and huge railway car 11- and 14-inch artillery pieces, capable of hurling a shell fourteen miles and then going straight through fifteen inches of reinforced concrete before exploding within. They come in solo songs of choruses or quartets or entire choirs of immense shells,

twenty or thirty massive monsters of high explosive carrumping onto the protesting earth in a single salvo, always punctuated by the high pitched chorus of the smaller pieces and the more bass howitzers. The howitzers are worst, for you can hear them coming, and there is no escaping. You know it is coming for you, and you withdraw inside your innermost soul and scream until you realize that this time you shall live a little longer. The naval rifles are not so terrifying, for you rarely hear them, they are traveling ahead of their own sound. The impact is rarely heard, just felt as a convulsive whirling of earth into fluid, air into solid, fluid into gas, flesh into mud and you may live in a crumpled bunker, whilst twenty yards away a man is dead, blood in his eyes and nose, from the freakish concussion which passed over twenty other men and crushed the skull of this man into a pulpy mess which slowly flattens out like a pancake. The bones are all kneaded into powder, the brain stirred into a pudding, the death instantaneous you hope and know.

At nights they sweat and die down there. Every communications trench is pinpointed, every crossroads memorized in the mind of every spotter upon the Rose Garden. At night the flares come out. They come out like red suns, life green eyes of the Devil, they come out singly, in groups, in choruses, in christmas trees of phosphorescent and nitrated luminescence. They capriciously turn this creek bed into a scene of frozen men loaded like pack animals, that bunker complex into an ant's nest of desperate poilu's busily repairing their wounded holes in the ground.

Sometimes there are no flares for as long as fifteen minutes, then a chorus of minutes later the soft moan of the railway guns coming to your ears while their shells are softly tumbling in the upper atmosphere where man cannot breathe. Then they come to earth, meaning, fluttering, gasping, wheezing like old men negotiating a steep staircase. They land in a pattern, once I saw a floating flare disintegrated in a wild burst when a shell struck it on its way to earth.

They land.

The light and flash and thunder comes later, first all you see is the earth vomit itself. It falls upward! Another squad or platoon of maybe even company has been then fed into the insatiable maw of the German War Machine.

Nothing can fulfill it. Nothing at all. It is a hungry machine, every day swallowing more and more men, more and more shells, more and more materials. Barbed wire by the train-load, land mines by the boat-full, machine-gun bullets and rifle bullets and howitzer shells and telegraph and feeble radio-telephone wire and coffins and sandbags and underwear and loaves of bread and iodine and bandages and legs and concrete and even beer and pretzels. But most completely, most importantly of all, it consumes men. Men, and more men. More men it cries louder each day. More men it cries and trumpets and pleads and demands in an ever-increasingly strident voice. It must have more men and more men again, and again, and again. It must have engineers and pioneers and telegraphers and ordnance personnel and artillerists and cooks and mathematicians and topologists and cartographers and coal-miners and sappers... But especially it must have riflemen and machine-gunners and artillery spotters and just plain cannon fodder.

It must have more and more and more. And as its appetite increases, so does its cries and so does the cries of the French machine on the other side. For its appetite is similar, and it is fed with all the loving attention and care which most men reserve for their young wives.

Its tricks and devices are many. Below me are great tunnels, carved through the Rose Garden, able to accommodate lorries and companies of men, six abreast. In a few short months the pioneers have turned the Rose Garden into a maze of connecting tunnels through the mount. There are firing bunkers and observation points out on the surface which have no entrance but the one into the heart of the sandstone mountain. There are artillery pieces belching their messages of woe which have never been transported over the mount but only through it, never vulnerable to anything but the chance direct hit of a French naval rifle. Since the first days on the mount, bunkers have been expanded and widened and dug deeper from their starting point on the surface until regimental and divisional command headquarters are six stories deep into the ground, the bottom-most levels never disturbed by the faint patter of artillery fire on the surface. In three months sappers and coal-miners have labored to construct a warren of tunnels, braced and concealed and full of air shafts to the rear and front. Many of the front tunnels are multi-leveled, the floors and side walls of the second level consisting of multi-connecting firing pits, ready to sweep the tunnels of French should a party penetrate so far. The connecting branches are controlled by traffic officers who direct party safely to their proper branching point, never erring in their precise knowledge of the ever-increasing labyrinth within the mountain.

Within the walls, below the floors, above them hidden in the beams, lie thousands of miles of communication wire, both telephone and telegraph, their copper pulses beating out the lifeline of this fortress mount. Within the surface of this minotaur's den are nodal points of communications junctions, each able to handle the business of war by itself, each able to cut out a wounded "brain." Firing slits cover the surface tunnel areas. To reach one, you might have to run down a mile of tunnel, twisting and turning, or just turn right and pull a particular log in the walls. Behind the sand-bagged slits are Maxim guns... or riflomen... or nothing at all, boy! the ever-present supply of flares to be thrown into the tunnel in emergency.

On the surface armoured cupolas are mounted on concrete bases, reached only from the inside tunnels, and always manned. The front trenches are constantly alive with movement, shoring up collapsing walls, digging the trenches ever deeper and roofing parts over with four alternating layers of beams and sandbags. Camouflaged snipers observe the landscape with intense eyes at the very front, most often using artillery scopes until some promising movement is sighted. At night they crawl out, they and their compatriot ambush patrols and prisoner patrols, and turn no-man's land into a schizophrenic unsure world of pitch and fear. Always fear, for you never know what is out there. Some mine hidden by a French sapper, a three or four man patrol, each man carrying a grenade already with the pin pulled, merely waiting to throw it at some movement. And there are the French snipers, also crawling and sliding through the wire and rock, freezing in the flares, and locking with one eye closed

for German movement.

A Maxim sputters, stutters, coughs, cackles and sometimes artillery fires down its throat, soaking the fooling man at the sights.

In the morning it is not changed, except that there are a few more corpses in no-man's land and being methodically carted back to a woman in black to grieve over. Every once in a while the front trenches are quiet and these horribly methodical men come out, from each side, and gather in the dead. Sometimes they miss a man and weeks later a decomposing skeletal mess is uncovered by a vagrant shell and the skeleton is given a name and sent back for someone to bury as their own loved one.

Underneath this battlefield other tunnels are being carved... Underneath the trenches. Down there men listen carefully for enemy sappers about to break through to their tunnels and desperate men sometimes fight for their lives with shovel and pick-axe and bare hands in the darkness and dank fetid air. And then often times die together, locked in death's impartial embrace when the tunnel node collapses or is dynamited to close it to the enemy.

Sometimes desperate fights rage for hours down in the dark blackness, friend knowing foe only by carefully feeling out their chest and fingering the identification tags of the other. Round or square? German or French? Their either the grunt of recognition of the desperate thrust with shovel or bayonet or bare fingernails, searching for the throat or groin or eyes. No words, no shouts, no curses, no brave challenges, merely a grunting and panting and choking and death and a note to the soldier's home saying how he gave his life down there in the dark claustrophobic dankness for glory of or for Fatherland or for Republic or for merely being unlucky enough to have lost his bayonet when the light went out.

Men go stark raving mad down there, becoming animals that must be shot by their comrades, suffocating in full view of their comrades unable to release his head from the cave-in, of a beam smashing his spine into gravel. They say there are not very many volunteers for mining duty, even though they receive quadruple pay, frequent liberties, use of the Officers' brothels inside the Mount itself, and other privileges. Who cannot shudder to think of digging at a tunnel head, in the fetid air and not feel the walls closing in about him, even though he be in the open air at the time? Who can picture absolute dark and the walls on all sides and not shiver a little?

Which of us could dig for hours at end and then go back up to a clean bath and clean sheets and Wiesbaden champagne and a pleasing woman deep within the womb of the mountain and then go back?

I see the bluebells are beautiful this year. Von Chakken says the Germans will break the French lines asunder this summer.

The rains have been constant this spring, with much sun between.

A peasant, a corporal in Pioneers, just turned to me and said that the harvest this year will be awesome indeed.

There are all the signs of their being indeed an awesome harvest this year. --Arthur Suffreit, for the Assec. Press

INSTERBURG, East Prussia, 23 May 1902 (AP) The Summer Offensive of Prince Mikhail has evidently begun. Without stating the number and unit groupings of

the German units involved, I Reserve Army HQ has revealed that the initial gains of the I Turkestan and XXXII Siberian Armies have been steady but slow. In a line running from the Nemunas River by Ragnitz to the Massaurian lakes, the first and second lines of defense have been overrun and some major gains scored.

Deepest penetration is reported north of Gumbinnen, where cavalry and infantry units to the strength of at least four divisions have reached the Breitenstein-Gumbinnen road. Goldap has possibly been evacuated, but HQ here refuses to confirm or deny.

The HQ here did mention that there is a strong possibility that X Army is once more active after last fall's losses in the Ostroloka-Lomzitch bridgehead battles, and might be preparing to launch attacks through the Razyki Forest towards Treuburg and Grajlewitch.

KONIGSBERG, East Prussia, 2 June 1902 (AP) Von Kapp is now commander of XXXIII Army Group, comprising I Reserve and VIII Army. On his first day in command he announced the fall of Treuburg, due to the pressure on it by the X, and XI Armies. XII Siberian and III Kazakh Corps have been reported present in the Insterburg Gap area, and Ragnitz is reportedly being evacuated by the 111th Division (Reserve).

Prisoners from the 34th and 35th Divisions (Moscow Guards and Tver Guards) have been taken about the Goldap River between Goldap and Angersburg, both units new to the Eastern front.

Immense losses to the LIX Corps have been reported in Sawadden area, due to the inability of the Russians to penetrate through the sodden swampy forests south of Treuburg in force sufficient to overwhelm the islands of German positions there. The attack is continuing and alternate defenses are reported ready straddling the rail-line south of Lyck.

THORN, Province of Pomerze, 5 June 1902 (AP) Von Gallwitz confirmed today that heavy attacks started last night against the Lomza-Ostroleka bridgehead across the Narew. No immediate penetrations by units larger than a company have been reported.

THORN, Province of Pomerze, 12 June 1902 (AP) Penetrations by regimental size formations of up to fifteen kilometres were reported here today in the region of Levitch-Lesvyitch, north of Ledz.

In the third day of the attack here south of the Vistula, XXII Siberian Corps and the 341st Division have penetrated due west along the Kutno-Levitch rail-line. Heavy losses in all Russian formations are reportedly breaking up the attacking formations, but Reserve forces in the III White Russian Army is reportedly in the Skiernevitch-Zyrardovitch basis west of Warsaw.

Von Gallwitz denied rumours that telegrams requesting Corps size formations be sent East from the Western Front by his HQ.

Von Gallwitz' office listed Battle Order for the Eastern Front for the Russians and positively identified as present in the area, running from north to south the following: I Baltic Army, I Army, XXXII Siberian Army, II Turkestan Army, II Baltic Army, X and XI Armies, II and IX Armies, II Polish Army, III Polish Army, VIII Siberian Army, IV Army, III White Russian Army, I Polish Army, I and II

White Russian Armies, XXX Siberian, XXIX and V Armies, comprising some 115 divisions. Though most are undermanned and underarmed, their very presence and quantity comprises a major threat to Germany.

Von Gallwitz declined to comment on one report that stated that there are only 40 German divisions, including Front Reserves, east of Berlin.

ARCHANGEL, 29 June 1902 (AP) General White today admitted that his expeditionary force in northern Russia is in trouble.

He immediately peeh-peehed the idea that the destruction of the Kharevsk bridgehead across the Kubeneyeshyve River spelled the end of the Anglo-German drive on Vologda and points south. But the fact remains that after being stalled for some weeks, the withdrawal across the river near Vologda can hardly be termed a victory of stunning proportions.

Involved in the withdrawal were a mixed brigade of Welsh and Irish, badly mauled by incessant Russian attacks on this most southerly penetration of the Archangel Attack Force.

Oddly enough, no one would have given them as much of a chance as they now have two months ago. But now the Russian tenure in Finland is contested by the Finns and Lapps themselves, the Karolians and western Samoyeds and other obscure tribal groupings of the frozen swampland of the north having "gone over" to the British side. Even the cold Swedes are reportedly negotiating with the British to prevent a German occupation of their country.

With the Baltic very bottled up now that Helsingberg has fallen to the Siege guns of the XIV Army, the Russian position is becoming desperate. The Eastern Front has failed to do more than bend a little under the massive blows of the Russian Army, and the lack of supplies is seriously crippling the Czar's war effort.

The Austrians have relieved Vizakna-Hermannstadt in Transylvania by capturing Sibiburbio Debberno, and elsewhere they are unable even to press the Austrians back.

If White and Burleigh at Podperodzkynsky are able to hold out the summer, there is a very good chance that the Czar will make terms with the Anglo-German coalition.

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