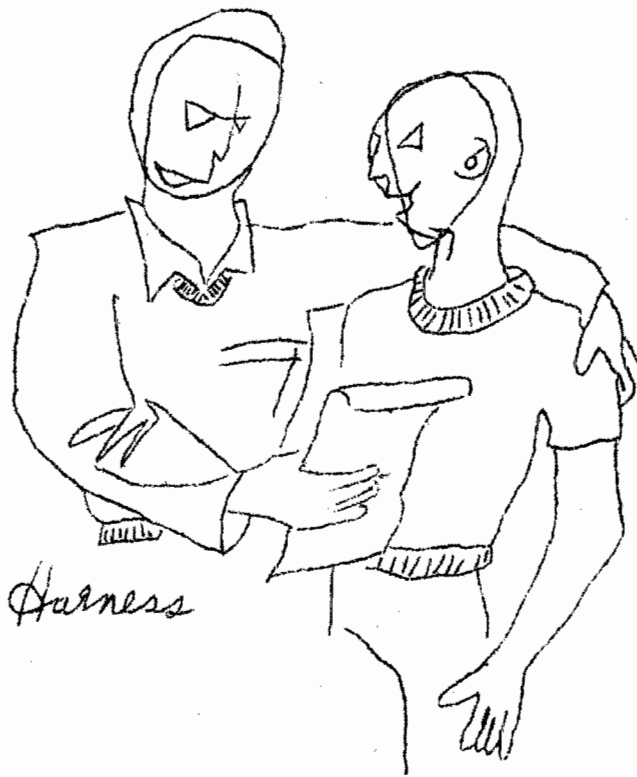


S J A B 4

DIVIDED WE STAND TOGETHER!



"It's some kind of treaty from Koning. He says that if Scarboro will return John Smythe, attack von Metzke in 1965KJ and KX, burn the photos from their trip here, and renounce all SoCred affiliations (including Bill Christian, then the YUDC will re open the Queenston Bridge (releasing the guards), ship my Dacati back, stop sticking us in Austria-Hungary in all their games, and apologize to the Queen. Effective until 1968..."

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sTab is an approximately bi-weekly mail Diplomacy journal, currently chronicling Games 1965D (Trantor I -- Winter 1909), 1965E (Massif -- Spring 1905) and 1965U /ahh, at last/ (Trantor II -- Spring 1901). Subscriptions to sTab are the usual 10/\$1 from John Koning. Cover this issue by the covers. No relationship or correspondence between characters in sTab cartoons/covers and real people, living or dead, is intended to be provable in court.

This issue has been delayed one week by personal problems and the Thanksgiving holidays. All deadlines are therefore postponed one week. Sorry... we'll try to keep it from happening again.



MASSIF^{no} 14



Game 1965E

"Spring 1905"

27 November 1965

ATATURKS TAKE MOSCOW STANDOFF IN NAPLES

MOLBIS, in Saxony, south of Leipzig (AP) The 37th Division is composed mostly of Saxons, they say. Rather it is composed mostly of ghosts and shadows.

These men have fought for four years now, a few of them being veterans of the desperate early days when Amanvillers withstood the French assaults on Metz's outworks. Others fondly remember Otwock, east of the Vistula near Warsaw when they overran a huge vodka and slivovitz distillery and were then happily posted to the town to rest and refit.

Most of them remember Muhlau, though. A magic name to some now, the name of the town where the Chemnitz garrison met up with their relief column, and made it to the comparative safety of the main German lines. These men, however, remember not the glorious praises but the Austrian assault waves, the men burning in the autumn heat as the forests caught fire and turned the drive into an individual struggle to stay alive. They remember the Serbian machine gun nests where the expertly camouflaged gunners would disregard the initial German formations to open up suddenly and unexpectedly on rear-guard and back-up formations, tight-packed and vulnerable. They remember the snipers tied to their posts and knowing every rank in the German army by heart. They remember the blue-coated Serbians

ENGLAND: A StP-Livo; A Nor-StP; A Lon-Bel; F Fin-Swe; F Bal (C)
GER A Livo-Liel; F Bar-Norwe; F N.S. (C) A Lon-Bel

FRANCE: F Rom-Nap; F Tus-Tyr; F Tun (S) F Tus-Tyr; F WMed-Gulf;
A Pied-Tus; A Mar-Pied; A Bur (S) ENG A Lon-Bel

GERMANY: F Kiel-Helg; A Livo-Kiel; A Bor (S) A Livo-Kiel; A Mos-Ukraine

ITALY: No moves possible

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

RUSSIA: No moves received; A War stands

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

Underlined moves do not succeed. Italy cannot move because although she still possesses Naples the Italian player did not build last Winter, and thus Italy has no pieces on the board. The Turkish attack on the Ionian, though supported, does not succeed due to the ruling that a nation cannot rout or destroy its own forces.

DEADLINE FOR "FALL 1905" MOVES IS SATURDAY, 11 DECEMBER 1965

(continued from page two)

swarming along the Walken burg road where they were down to eight rounds apiece, so repelled the counter-attack with cold Solingen steel.

Now they sit and wait to shoot more Serbians.

All through the winter months, the Serbians have pressed slowly towards Leipzig. But it has cost them dearly.

I drove down the Reichsstrassen 95, the old main highway between Leipzig and Chemnitz until a helpful AbwehrAmtPolozci directed me onto a graded road leading from the somewhat battered Espenhain town square. An occasional shell from the long-range Skodas at Geithain twenty kilometers away came in at random onto the town. Just to unnerve the populace and soldiery. My horses skittered nervously over the sounds, but soon learned to ignore them to a great degree.

A kilometer and a half off the main road I came upon a line of two and three story houses straight out of a picture book. My guide, a native of Gera, was returning from convalescence and informed me that this line of houses on both sides of the graveled road was Molbis.

It seemed unharmed until I noticed the unearthly quiet of the town. Not a light shone, not a creature stirred.

Then a soft voice called and my guide answered, at which point a pair of tough-looking Saxons came out of a nearby doorway. They led me to one large house which proved to have been renovated into a battalion stable, the doors being removed and parts of the wall. From the front or rear it looked untouched, but the sides were made

into entrance and exit ports.

My guides now explained that no lights were shown as the Austrian ballooners tended to go up at night any more and fire on any movement they could see.

And especially on any light.

That was my introduction to the men who have become masters of furtiveness. Outnumbered and harassed by artillery fire constantly, they have become past-masters of the art of camouflage and of the ambush.

The next morning a lance-corporal from Meissen told me he was my guide and had been given a tick in his ear about protecting the neutral newspaperman. He asked me very kindly not to get myself shot by some damn Serbian sniper as the Sergeant-Major had promised him fifteen days on the corpse-wagon if I did manage to depart this world.

I promised to do what I could.

As we were going up to the actual front lines, the corporal fixed me up with a spotted and dirtied coat that hung loosely over my civilian clothes and gave me a shapeless fatigue cap decorated with a few dead branches and some splotches of brown and green paint.

He decorated my cheeks and chin with cork blacking and taped my identification bracelet into a black bracelet, to stop the noise, he said. He corked my shoes and tied them to my ankles with an elastic band. Then he corked the back of my hands with a squarish patch and dirtied my coat sleeve buttons as well.

He then pronounced me ready to go. He put on his own netting decorated helmet and a green-brown-yellow vest coat. Over all this he hung his accountements, canteen, ammunition pouches, first aid pack, field pack, all of it splotched and dirtied with paint and soil.

I asked him about the black infantry shoulder tabs and light pink neck patches, but he said it actually helped him blend in, the odd bit of color becoming part of the background and lending it credence, as a uniform camouflage colour would not.

Stock and butt hung with two rags of brownish green, he picked up his mauser and motioned for me to follow him out of the stable towards the south. Other men came and went, some in grey, some in yellowish-brown, most outfitted as my guide, Corporal Akenmeier, was.

We left the alley between the houses and went under trees and followed this route behind the houses until we came to a bridge over a small stinking stream. We waded under this bridge, and followed a well-defined path through the bullrushes and head-high weeds until we came to a dense thicket which became a small pine forest.

Overhead more shells from the giant Geithain batteries and answering fire from the naval 14-inchers at Leipzig rumbled slowly through the skies. None of it ever seemed to land within kilometers of the front. Then closer at hand shells started to strike at Molbis, the putt-putt-putt shriek of the Austrian howitzers and heavy mortars seeming to be more distant than they were.

Through the woods passed camouflaged groups of men, grenade carriers, ammunition carriers, signal men and pioneers, a machine-gun platoon crossing our path, and the stretcher bearers and FeldSantitater or first aid men. The stretcher bearers and FeldSantitater were the only ones I saw in simple pearl-grey uniforms, red cross circles on four sides of their helmets, the FeldSantitater carrying satchels prominently displaying the red cross on every surface.

Corporal Akermeier explained that so far the Serbians had pretty much respected the red cross men, though a few snipers always popped up. But at least they didn't all raise a fusillade as soon as they saw that pretty red cross like the Poles or Russians did.

Over against the Russians a FeldStantitater just makes a pretty target with those shiny red crosses on him. It's pretty much of an individual thing, though, as to whether or not to display the red cross prominently. One division of Slovaks, say, will shoot at them. Right next to them a German stretcher bearer will be directed to German wounded by German-speaking Slovaks or Austrian officers. It's pretty much of individual thing, against the Austrians, he said. Those Habsies vary a lot, too.

Soon, with the sun high overhead, heavy firing came to our ears and he crept along behind a number of ammunition carriers through a dry slash in a hillside and through a natural arch of bushes.

And I was in the Saxon trench system!

The "natural arch" of bushes had been cunningly tied into that shape and the trenches ran through bushes, field grass, woods and fields. Missing was the bare life-less carnal houses of Metz or Grodno. Here the Austrian croters seemingly laid in a peaceful : 10
fillys.

Rifle pits were pointed out to me by my guide, but only with the use of my binoculars were the actual pits and the artfully camouflaged soldiers visible to me.

A gnarled Saxon oak lifted its roots and under the arch of one an artillery spotter plied his trade. An Austrian shell had seemingly knocked down a tree and it had become a bunker, the sod being replaced on top of the underground fortress.

But the artillery spotter was busy this morning. The Serbians (members of the Homolsjke Plaka division, one of the Serbian territorial divisions incorporated into the Habsburg armies after the Triple Crowns edict) had over-run part of the line to the south.

Off to the south hovered a pair of the glittering Austrian balloons, air bursts seeking their tender hide. A hundred or more shells in quick succession came down upon a ridge to the left, shredding the pines and meadows there. The Skoda Express continued its slow measured aerial dance overhead, the keener whiskey hiccup of the German Naval Guns passing them slowly.

I saw an occasional movement to the left and right, and a double company of men filed through broken bush towards our trenches in the front. They skipped from bush to bush, crawling in columns across the open spaces, their snake dance of stealth practiced even when they were sure the Austrian balloons were watching elsewhere.

A dozen shells pierced the slope's quiet and pock-marked the ground in front of the column. But no one panicked, for the shells were search-and-see fire, blind firing into what was thought to be probable German positions.

Then quiet descended, broken only by rifle fire and the chau-chau-chau of the Austrian and German Maxims to our front. Akermeier sat back and ate some of his iron rations, appreciatively sipping some of the cognac in my canteen. He identified the German and Austrian guns for me, his keen ear picking out each individual one.

"After a few weeks out here listening to them go by overhead, you get to where you can tell which is which, wet weather or dry."

"Raymonde, ah, there she is, the high-pitched one with the wig-

gle. That's Ulrike, gruff and big-breasted and straightforward like one of Wagner's bosomy heroines. That in-drawn breasted one, that's Holla, she's a giant bitch of a mortar the Habsies have in the Geithain railyards. She's always popping up in unexpected places, just like a nagging wife. Last week they spotted a bunker over by Haininchen and used her to pound it into a pulp.

"Tereska and Carolin are sisters, whores out of the same mould in some Bohemian factory. The Habsies team them up with Gertha and Favola and really work some suspected area over, map square by map square. Most of the time they're just wasting shells but sometimes they can really ravish an outfit. Simply by doing it straight by the book."

Soon the Corporal directed me to the patch of pines to the right front. There blue-coated figures cautiously moved through the trees. The sudden continuous shee-shee-shee-shee-shee-shee of a Maxim nest came to us and once I saw a clump of blue-coated figures slump to the ground and smoke spiral out of a grassy rise in the ground. The top of the rise erupted and five or six nearly-invisible men jumped out and made for our direction. Running blue-coats made for them but almost immediately vanished in a pall of smoke.

The rumble of the salvo came almost to me. The corporal pointed out that the position had previously been pinpointed by mortar and artillery fire. After the ambush, the Maxim squad lit out of there, and covering fire was automatically laid in front of the Habsie line.

A flare shot into the sunlight at one point to the left and the entire area was quickly blanketed with mortar fire and air-bursts. The artillery observer said that a trip-flare had been laid in a likely spot for an Austrian advance, and someone had tripped it. Which naturally called for some artillery fire.

Another flare shot up our front. The quick German artillery and mortar fire quickly chunked in on the location, more and more shells falling even as the smoke settled from the first salvos. The artillery observer then said that a surprise should be forthcoming...

Concentrated Maxim fire burst from the right of the heavily shelled area to our front. It reached a climax, with the pops of grenades and rifle fire reaching us easily.

It tapered off and the artillery observer pointed down to a ditch in a wheat field where a column of heavily laden Germans appeared. They moved quickly towards us and the firing behind them finally seemed to end excepting some odd sniper fire. Corporal Ankermeier said they'd used the same trick against the Czechs at Reichsbach. They set up the flare trip in some gully or creek bed. The artillery fire comes down at the far end where the flare trip is and the Habsies rush up the other end of the gully to escape the artillery fire. If about four or five interlocking Maxim nests are set up to cover the gully, just about every fleeing Habsie can be made to "buy a wagon ride" on the corpse wagon. Mines on the sides of course.

More flares went up here and there on the field, but they died down by early afternoon. The sound of firing died off and quiet... broken only by the whup-whup-whup-whup-whup of the overhead chorus... descended on the field.

This odd quiet remained. The corporal opinioned that the Habsies had suffered enough already. Lately they had tended to creep forward in little spurts and reconnoiter the ground ahead before making another creep.

Thinking of the ambushes and snipers and trip-flares and mines studding the peaceful uninhabited landscape before me I could hardly blame them.

That is the way the battle went. Invisible, sounds in the distance, a few figures rushing for cover, a sniper-shot Austrian dragged back into the woods by his comrades. The methodical crump-crump-crump of blind artillery firing on the slopes about me, searching for the elusive German lines.

This is the secret of the German defenses in Saxony thus far. The Habsie swarms could crush them if they could grasp them. But they retreat a little, a little more, and exact a fearful toll in the process.

Conrad in Vienna points to the towns and provinces taken in the past six months, but the great victories bought at no cost are over. Windrows of dead in Saxon and Hannoverian forests have brought the meatgrinder home to the House of Habsburg and the price is sticking in the Austrian craw. Voices clamour for a crushing of the crippled Reichswöhr but the cost would be dear.

Hopeful voices in Berlin now say maybe it is more dear than even the ruthless warlords of the Hofburg Palace are willing to pay. No longer do Austrian divisions race over undefended Kreis and towns and roads. No longer are they in rebellious southern Germany. Here every hand is turned against them and each crossroads is paid for with a small mound or a big one of blue-coated dead.

Every patch of woods has its sniper or its Maxim nest and here they do not surrender in swarms as with the Italians.

Here in Saxony, the bleeding German Empire has brought meatgrinder warfare to the multi-racial armies of Austria.

TRANTOR²⁷

#27/SVG #27

"Winter 1909, Game I"

27 November 1965

CENTRAL POWERS EXPAND

HARD WINTER FOR PERIPHERY FORCES

AUSTRIA: Builds Fleet Trieste

ENGLAND: Removes Fleet North Sea

FRANCE: Removes Army formerly in Burgundy

ITALY: Builds Army Venice, Fleet Naples

TURKEY: Removes Army Silesia

Since France submitted no moves, and no retreat order for the Army Burgundy routed by the English in "Fall 1909", that army is removed by the Gamesmaster.

DEADLINE FOR "SPRING 1910" MOVES IS SATURDAY, 11 DECEMBER 1965!

G R E A T P O W E R S O N R A M P A G E

NEUTRALS ALARMED

ENGLAND: A Liv-Edi; F Edi-Norwe Sea; F Lon-N.Sea

FRANCE: A Par-Bur; A Mar (S) A Par-Bur; F Bre-Mid

GERMANY: F Kiel-Hol; A Ber-Kiel; A Mun-Bur

ITALY: A Ven-Pied; A Rom-Ven; F Nap-Tyr

AUSTRIA: A Vie-Bud; A Bud-Ser; F Tri-Alb

RUSSIA: A War-Ukr; A Mos-Sev; F StP-Both; F Sev-Rum

TURKEY: A Con-Bul; A Smy-Con; F Ank-Bla

 DEADLINE FOR "FALL 1901" MOVES IS SATURDAY, 11 DECEMBER 1965

ST. IVANSBURG (1 January 1901) After a monumental New Year's Eve debauch, the family and court of Tsar Nikolai II awoke to find themselves prisoners. Cossack and Siberian troops under the command of Corporal Ivan Ivanovich Pugachev had secretly marched on St. Petersburg and seized the Winter Palace. No member of the former imperial family was harmed save for the Tsarina. She and a disreputable monk named Rasputin were skewered with a single thrust of a Cossack sabre and thrown into the Neva.

At dawn, the leader of the revolt was proclaimed as Tsar Ivan VII. He ordered the following proclamations to be made to the peoples of all the Russias:

I. Ever since 1763, the imperial family has been pretenders, being descended not from the Romanovs but from a lover of Catherine II named Sergei Saltykov.

II. Tsar Peter III, husband of Catherine II, had not been murdered by his wife's lovers in 1763, but had hidden out in Siberia under the alias "Pugachev."

III. Tsar Ivan VII is the lineal descendant of this Pugachev, and rightful Tsar of All the Russias.

IV. St. Petersburg is to be renamed "St. Ivansburg."

V. The former pretender Nikolai II will be retired to a monastery in the Siberian province of Magadan, together with any other members of the former imperial family or court who show a disposition to question the "re-establishment of the House of Romanov-Pugachev upon the Russian throne."

VI. Russia shall abandon its policy of hostility towards Japan, which could lead only to a futile and pointless war. Instead, Russia's chief concern in foreign policy will be the protection of the kindred peoples of Scandinavia and the Balkans against "bondage to certain ambitious powers which shall be nameless for the time

being." Russia absolutely guarantees the neutrality of Sweden and Rumania, and will commit troops if necessary in support of this guarantee.

VII. Social unrest in Russia shall immediately receive the concern of the Tsar. "Unlike the usurping Saltykov dynasty, we shall not undertake foreign wars or the risk of wars with a divided country at our backs," Ivan VII remarked. He scheduled meetings with Gerogi Chkheidze, Menachem Ussishkin, and Prince Kropotkin.

VIII. Ivan VIII will be crowned in the Kremlin in Moscow on St. Alexander Nevsky's day by the new Patriarch, an obscure priest named Gapon whom Ivan appointed to the patriarchate.

ANKARA (DWE) Turkish warships of the famous Wooden Fleet Squadron were dispatched recently to investigate reports of civil unrest in the Crimea. Word was received today that such reports were obviously spurious, and the fleet will doubtlessly withdraw at its convenience.

CONSTANTINOPLE (DWE) Sultan John Lewis announced through his mouth-piece, Gunther Schuller, that he had recognized the new Tsar of the Russias. "He looks very familiar," Lewis is known to have said, "but I don't know where we've met. Perhaps at Newport...." Turkey has pledged aid and support to the newest Russian government, as long as it lasts.

HOLLYWOOD (DWE) Cecile B. DeMille has filed suit against one "Ivan Ivanovich Pugachev," a citizen of Russia. DeMille alleges that Pugachev, a former writer in his script department, has had published in Russia the outline of the producer's new scenario. Collection difficulties are expected.

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