

DIPLOMAT

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The Diplomat
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May 5, 1984

The Diplomat is the home of 83E(game summary), 83U, 83AK, 83AL, 83CS, 83CZ, 83HY, 82HL, 83IF, 84AP, 84AQ.

Deadline for all games in this issue is 10:00 pm EST on May 25, 1984.

1. First, please note that The Diplomat has increased from \$.50 to \$.60. All current subscriptions will be honored. I know I did this last issue, but a probable change in employment will no longer allow me access to free copying, and average prices for printing are \$.10 per double-sided sheet. A 20 page issue thus costs \$1.00 to copy and \$.37 to mail. I hope I can find a better price somewhere...
2. WWIIb variant is open for sign up and will be the normal \$5.00 for game fee. This is a 15 player variant based on the whole world. You can count on a guest GM, as I intend to play. So far, I've got 9 players: Kleiman, Schunk, Young, D. Baker, J.R. Baker, Sweeney, Pavey, Crosby, Pakel.
3. The copy quality of last issue was pretty poor. We had a problem with the copier that should be resolved now.
4. DIPCON '84 is being held with Origins '84 in Dallas, TX. June 21-24 are the dates for Origins. This year's committee members are Al Pearson, Pat Conlon and Ed Wrobel. Al is the chairman and his address is: Box 898, Charles Town, WV, 25414. Other than that, I've heard nothing about the convention. Oh, I think Delta is giving 30% discount if you say ORIGINS when you make your reservation. I'll try to get more on this. I am going and I am hoping to meet a lot of you.
5. The Talleyrand (83CZ) has been delayed. All players should note that Italian F AEG has valid retreats of Greece and the East Med. If a player notes a mistake in any game, he should let me know right away so that we might avoid these delays. My apologies to all the players for the mistake.
6. Please note Change of Addresses for the following players:
 - Charles Lobbell (effective immediately)
 - Rich Reilly (effective 5/284)
 - Mark Schwendiman (effective immediately)
 - Brad Pavey (effective 5/884)
7. I believe that my phone number list for NMR insurance is not accurate. To avoid this problem, any player who wishes NMR insurance (i.e. I will call you collect if I receive no orders for you) should resubmit his phone number. The phone number will be added to the player's list in each 'zine.

STANDBY LIST: Steve Cartier, John Crosby, David Baker, Pat Pakel, Jeff Hines, Matt Fleming, Bob Sweeney, Ken Hager, Mary Simmons, Scott Mercer, Brad Pavey, Steven Piper.

1983U - The Machiavelli, FOB
Russian Fleet destroyed...

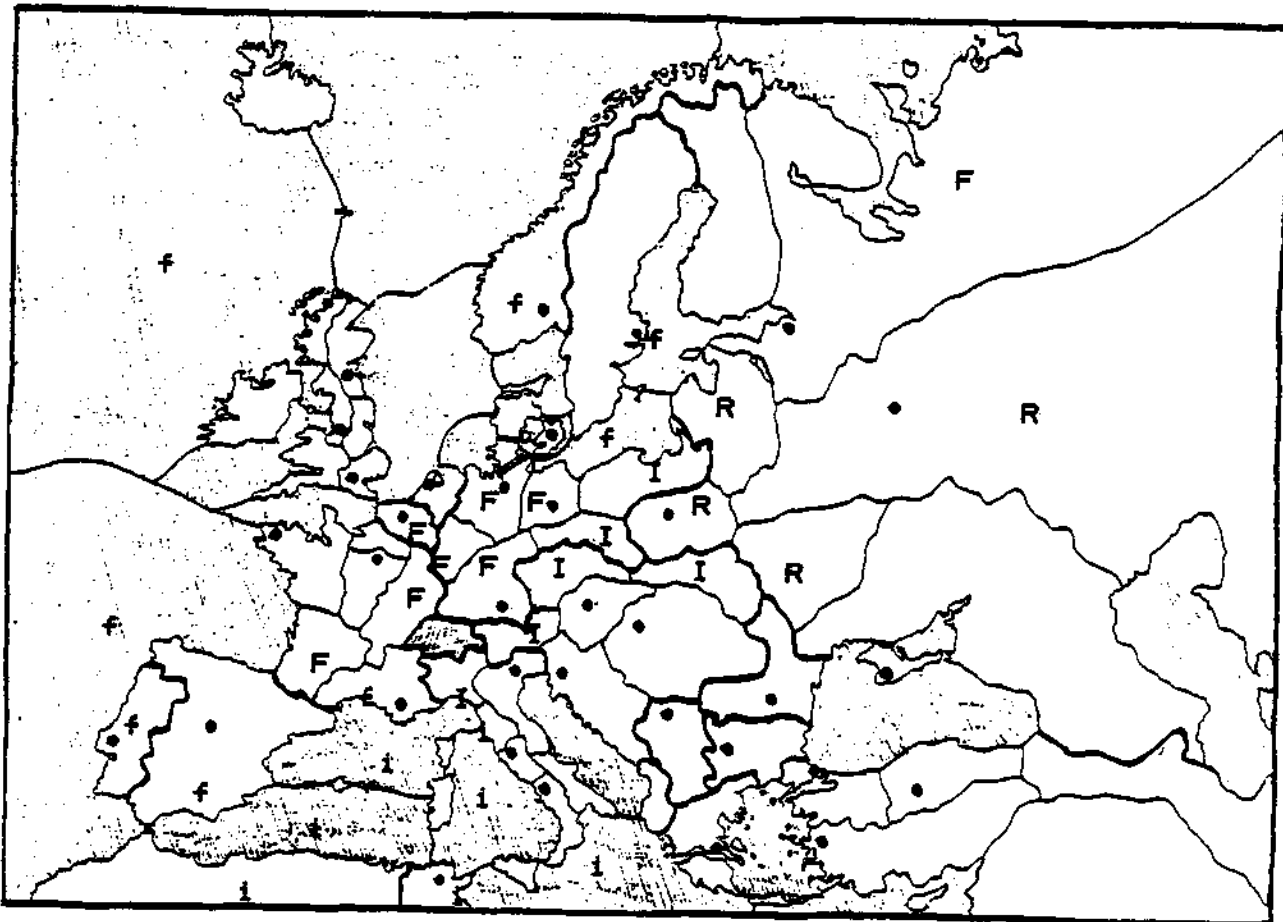
- FRANCE: (#02, Randy Karolinski) F MID S F spa(sc), F POR S F spa(sc), F MAR S F spa(sc), F SPA(sc) S F war,
A GAS S F war, A pic-BEL, F NAT S F mid, A BUR S A mun, A MUN S A ber, A RUH S A mun,
A KIE S A ber, A BER S A mun, F BAL-lvn, F BOT S A fin-stp, A fin-STP,
F NMY S A fin-stp.
- ITALY: (#13, John Crosby) F NAF-mid, F MES S F naf-mid, F TUN S F wes, A PIE-war, F LYO S A pie-war,
F TUS S F lvo, F TYN S F lvo, F ION S F tun, A TYL S A boh-mun, A BOH-mun,
A SIL S A pru-ber, A PRU-ber, A GAL S A sil.
RUSSIA: (#04, Pat Pakel) A LVN S F stp(sc), A MOS S F stp(sc), A UKR S A war, A MAR S A lvn,
F stp(sc) S A lvn(d,a).

GAME NOTES: Winter 1909 and Spring 1910 orders are due.

PROPOSALS: F-I-R draw fails (2 for, 1 against). F-I-R is proposed again. Concession to France is proposed. It is proposed that Gascony become a supply center.

SUPPLY CENTER CHART:

- AUSTRIA: 0- out.
- ENGLAND: 0- out.
- FRANCE: 17- BEL, BER, BRE, DEN, EDI, HOL, KIE, LON, LPL, MAR, MUN, NMY, PAR, POR, SPA, STP, SWE. Build 1 unit.
- GERMANY: 0- out.
- ITALY: 13- BUD, BUL, CON, GRE, NAP, ROM, RUN, SER, SNY, TRI, TUN, VEN, VIE. Even.
- RUSSIA: 4- ANK, MOS, SEV, WAR. Remove 1 unit.
- TURKEY: 0- out.



1983AK - The Bismarck, F07

Can they form a stalemate line? Will Turkey win?

ENGLAND: (#06, Matt Fleming) A STP S russian A lvn-aos, A nwy-SWE, F bel-NTH, F nth-NWY, F lpl-NAT, F lon-ENG, F MAL S F lon-eng.

FRANCE: (#21, Rob Schamuk) F eng-MID, F IRI S F eng-mid, F POR S F eng-mid, A BUR S german A ruh-mun, A MAR S F spa(sc), F SPA(sc) S A war.

GERMANY: (#42, Ken Hager) A tyi R OTB, A RUH-mun, F bal-PRU, A MUN-sil.

ITALY: (#35, Phil Redmond) A VEN-roe.

RUSSIA: (#05, David Baker) A mos R LVM, A LVM-aos.

TURKEY: (#13, John Crosby) F aeg-ION, F BLA H, F TUS-roe, F LYO-spa(sc), F MES S F naf-mid, F NAF-mid, A tyi-BOH, A tri-VIE, A ser-TRI, A BUL-ser, A rum-BUD, A MAR S A mos, A MOS S A war, A UKR-gal, A GAL-sil.

GAME NOTES: Winter 1907 and Spring 1908 orders are due.

PROPOSALS: E-F-B fails (2 for, 4 against). E-F-B-I-R draw fails (4 for, 2 against). John Crosby is awarded the Order of the Scumbunny, First Class, with Oak Leaf Clusters, for duplicitous diplomatic dealings, unabashed backstabbing, and general devotion to the cause of deceit (6 for, 0 against).

SUPPLY CENTER CHART:

AUSTRIA: 0- out.

ENGLAND: 7- EDI, HCL, LON, LPL, NWY, STP, SWE. Even.

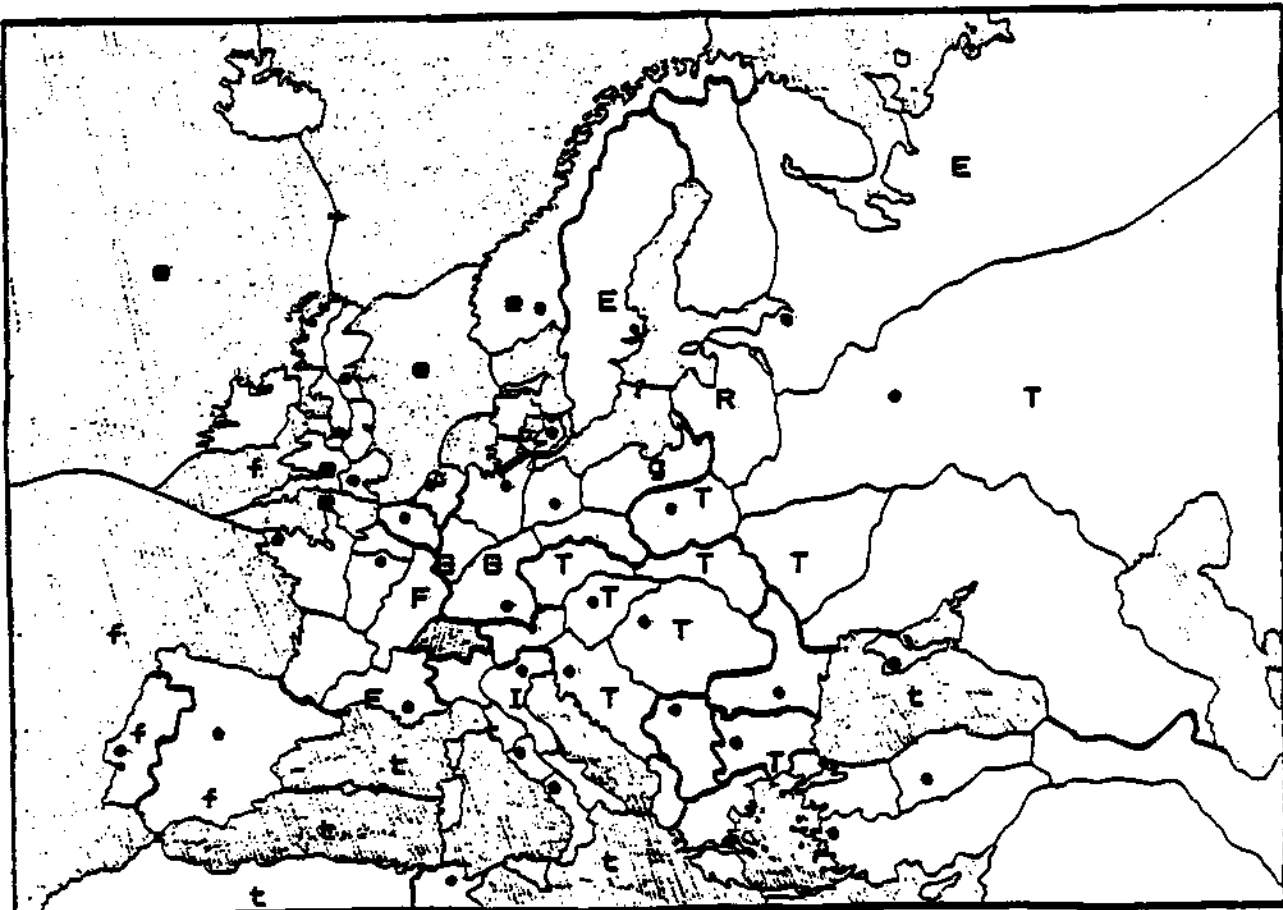
FRANCE: 6- BEL, BRE, MAR, PAR, POR, SPA. Even.

GERMANY: 4- BER, DEN, KIE, MUN. Even.

ITALY: 1- VEN. Even.

RUSSIA: 0- out.

TURKEY: 16- ANK, BUD, BUL, CON, BRE, MOS, NAP, ROM, RUM, SER, SEV, SHY, TRI, TUN, VIE, WAR. Build 1 unit.



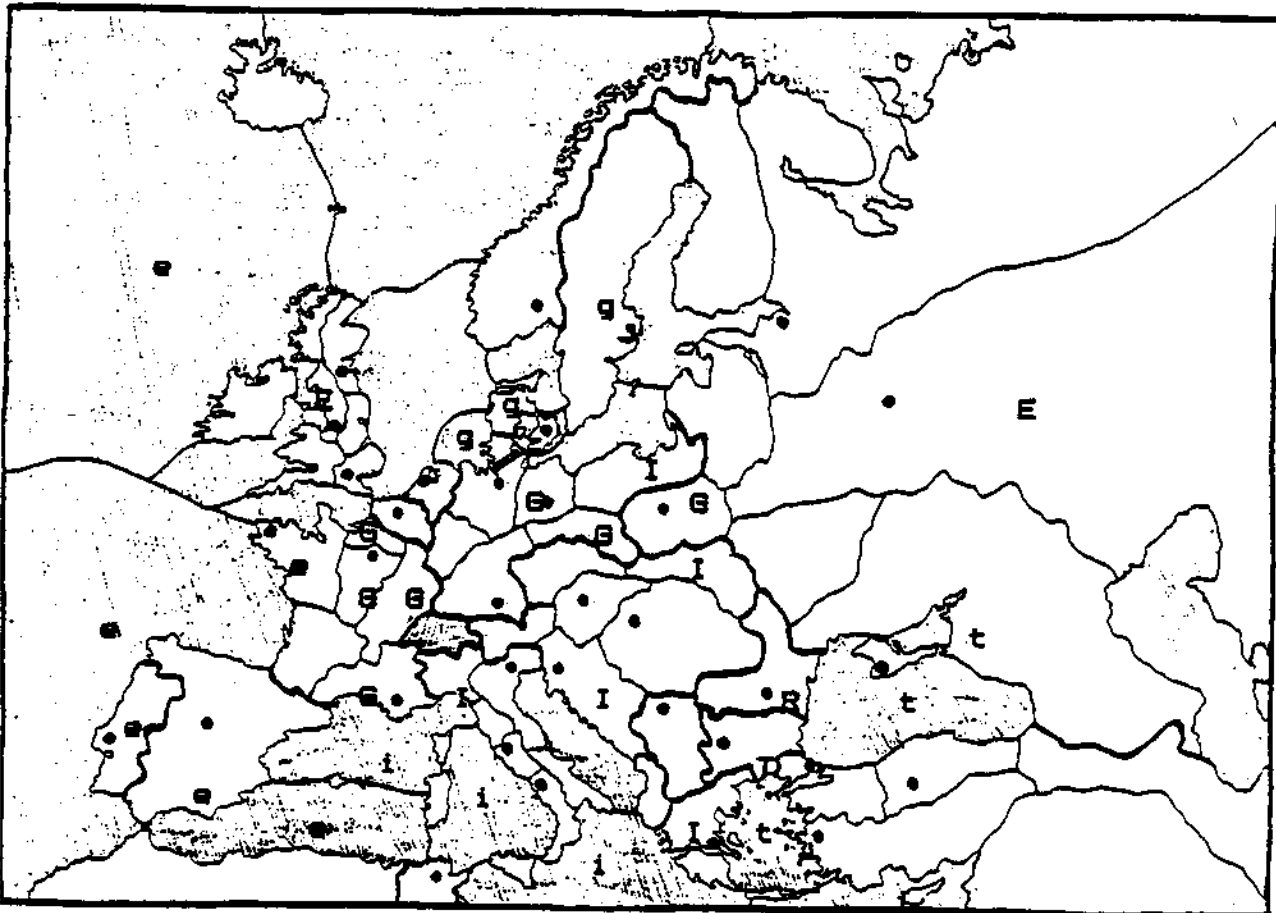
1983AL - John Paul Jones, WO6 & S07
Germany & England at war!

ENGLAND: (#26, Rich Reilly) A MOS H, F SPA(sc) S F wes, F POR S F spa(sc), A LPL-gas, F NAT C A lpl-gas,
F MID C A lpl-gas, F BRE S A lpl-gas, F WES S F spa(sc).
GERMANY: (#13, John Crosby) B F KIE, A WAR-nos, A boh-SIL, A sun-BER, A MAR-gas, A PAR S A ear-gas, A bur-PIC,
A ruh-BUR, F bal-DEN, F bot-SWE, F kie-HEL.
ITALY: (#27, David Frick) B F NAP, A ber-PRU, A vie-SAL, A TRI H, A bul H(d, ser), A GRE S A bul, F ion-EAS,
F nap-ION, F LYQ S german A ear-spa(nso), A PIE-mar, F TYN-wes,
F TUN S F tyn-wes.
RUSSIA: (#30, Tony Barbieri) R A UKR, A RUM S italian A bul.
TURKEY: (#22, Jeff Hines) F SEV-run, F BLA S A con-bul, F AEG S A con-bul, A con-BUL.

GAME NOTES: Fall 1907 orders are due. Please note Italian A sun-BER succeeds and thus Germany and Italy were +1.
Also, Germany A sil-BON succeeds. All players were notified. Russia's orders were 2 days late last time - the
good old post awful strikes again!

SUPPLY CENTER CHART:

AUSTRIA: 0- out.
ENGLAND: 8- BRE, EDI, LOM, LPL, MOS, NMY, POR, SPA
FRANCE: 0- out.
GERMANY: 10- BEL, DEN, HOL, KIE, MAR, MUN, PAR, STP, SWE, WAR
ITALY: 11- BER, BUD, BUL, GRE, NAP, ROM, SER, TRI, TUN, VEN, VIE
RUSSIA: 1- RUM
TURKEY: 4- ANK, CON, SEV, SHY



1983CG - James T. Kirk, F06

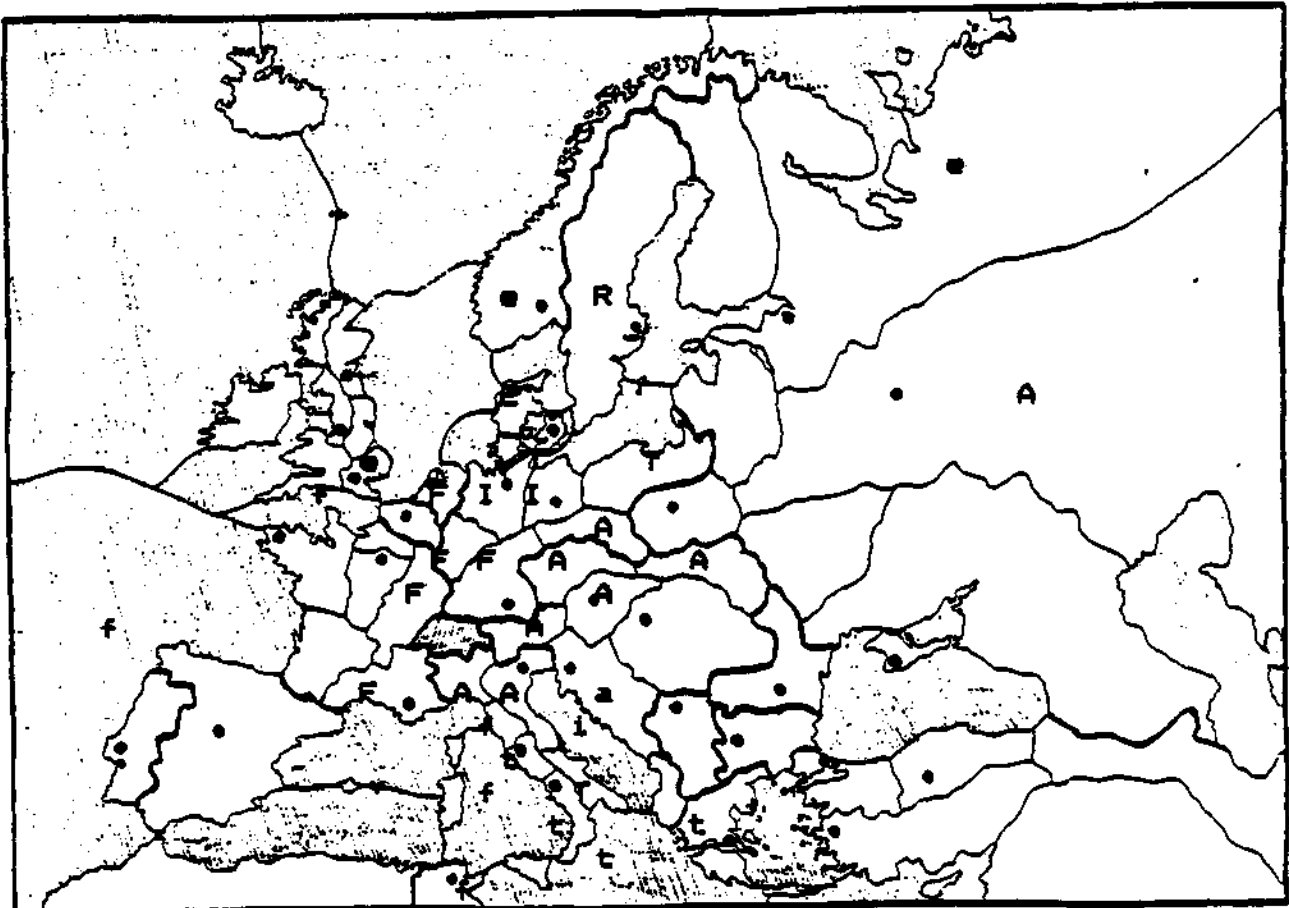
Italy takes a beating; GR finally gets the year right

- AUSTRIA: (#30, Charles Lobdell) A SIL-bar, A GAL-sil, A ROM-mun, A TYL S A boh-mun, A VIE-boh, A rom-VEN, F TRI S A rom-ven, A PIE-ear, A NOS H.
- ENGLAND: (#27, David Frick) A swe R DEN, F STP(inc) S F ska-nwy, F nth-LON, A DEN-swe, F ska-NWY.
- FRANCE: (#16, Nelson Heintzman) F eng-NID, F wal-ENG, A HOL H, A RUM S A mun, A BUR S A mun, A MUN S italian A ber, F Iyo-TUS, F TYN S F Iyo-tus, F TUN S F tyn, A MAR-pie.
- ITALY: (#09, Steve Cartier) A KIE S A ber, A BER S french A mun, F ADR-ven.
- RUSSIA: (#13, John Crosby) A nwy-sta(d, fin), A SWE-den.
- TURKEY: (#04, Pat Pakel) A PRU S austrian A sil-bar, F nap-ROM, F ion-NAP, A APU S F ion-nap, F eas-ION, F GRE S F eas-ion.

GAME NOTES: Winter 1906 and Spring 1907 orders are due. These are the correct dates.
 PROPOSALS: A-I-F draw is proposed.

SUPPLY CENTER CHART:

- AUSTRIA: 9- BUD, NOS, ROM, RUM, SER, TRI, VEN, VIE, WAR. Even.
- ENGLAND: 6- DEN, EDI, LON, LPL, NWY, STP. Build 1 unit.
- FRANCE: 9- BEL, BRE, HOL, MAR, MUN, PAR, POR, SPA, TUN. Remove 1 unit.
- GERMANY: 0- out.
- ITALY: 2- BER, KIE. Remove 1 unit.
- RUSSIA: 1- SWE. Remove 1 unit.
- TURKEY: 7- ANK, BUL, CON, GRE, NAP, SEV, SBY. Build 1 unit.





1982HL - The Metternich, W05&S06

England/Russia continue war; France/Turkey hit Italy

ENGLAND: (#10, Alvin Kusumoto) A kie-LVN, A MAL-ION, A stp S A kie-lvn(d, fin, nwy), F SME-bot,
F BAL C A kie-lvn, F nwy-NMG, F NTH-eng, F hol-kie(d, hel).

FRANCE: (#03, J.R. Baker) B F BRE, B A MAR, F LON-nth, F BRE-eng, A ruh-HOL, A BEL S A ruh-hoi, A mar-BUR,
A tus-ROM, F TYN S A tus-rom, F NAP S A tus-rom, F TUN-ion.

GERMANY: (#25, Brian DeLaurentis) A BER-kie.

ITALY: (#36, Mike Sanchez) R A ROM, F APU-adr.

RUSSIA: (#01, Phil Senn) A stp R LVN, F bal R BOT, R F SEV, F BOT S A lvn-stp, A MOS S A lvn-stp, A lvn-STP,
A MUN S german A ber(ota), A BOH S A mun, A VIE S turkish A tri-tyl, A RUM H.

TURKEY: (#39, Mark Schwendiaan) B F SHY, F say-EAS, F con-AEG, F GRE S F ion, F ION S F adr-apu, F ADR-apu, A BUL H,
A tri-TYL, A VEN S A tri-tyl.

GAME NOTES: Fall 1906 orders are due.

PROPOSALS: The proposal that Munich be declared impassable fails (0 for, 1 against).

SUPPLY CENTER CHART:

AUSTRIA: 0- out.

ENGLAND: 8- DEN, EDI, HOL, KIE, LPL, MNY, STP, SME

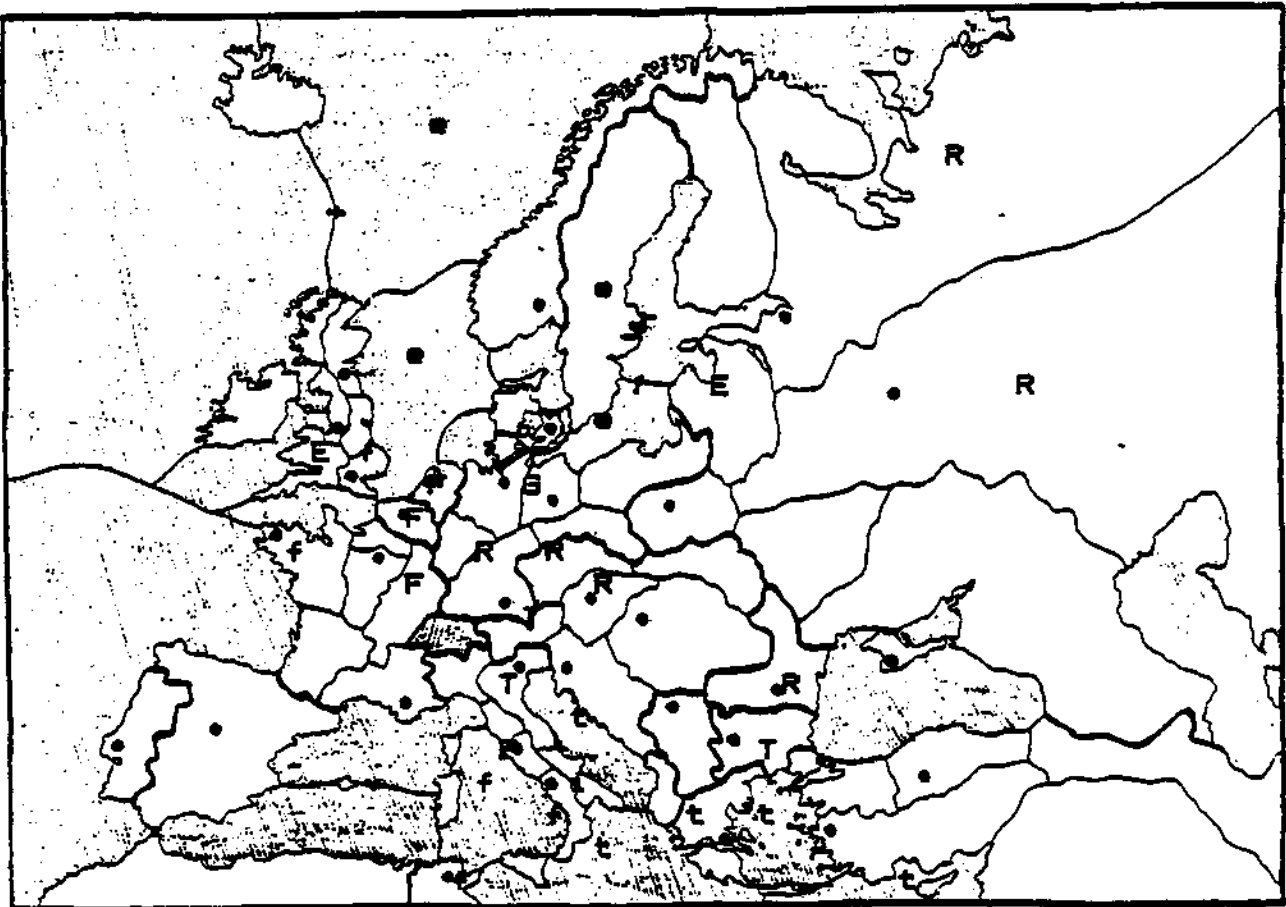
FRANCE: 9- BEL, BRE, LON, MAR, NAP, PAR, POR, SPA, TUN

GERMANY: 1- BER

ITALY: 1- ROM

RUSSIA: 7- BUD, MOS, MUN, RUM, SEV, VIE, WAR

TURKEY: 8- ANK, BUL, COM, GRE, SER, SHY, TRI, VEN



1983IF - The Covenant, W02&S03

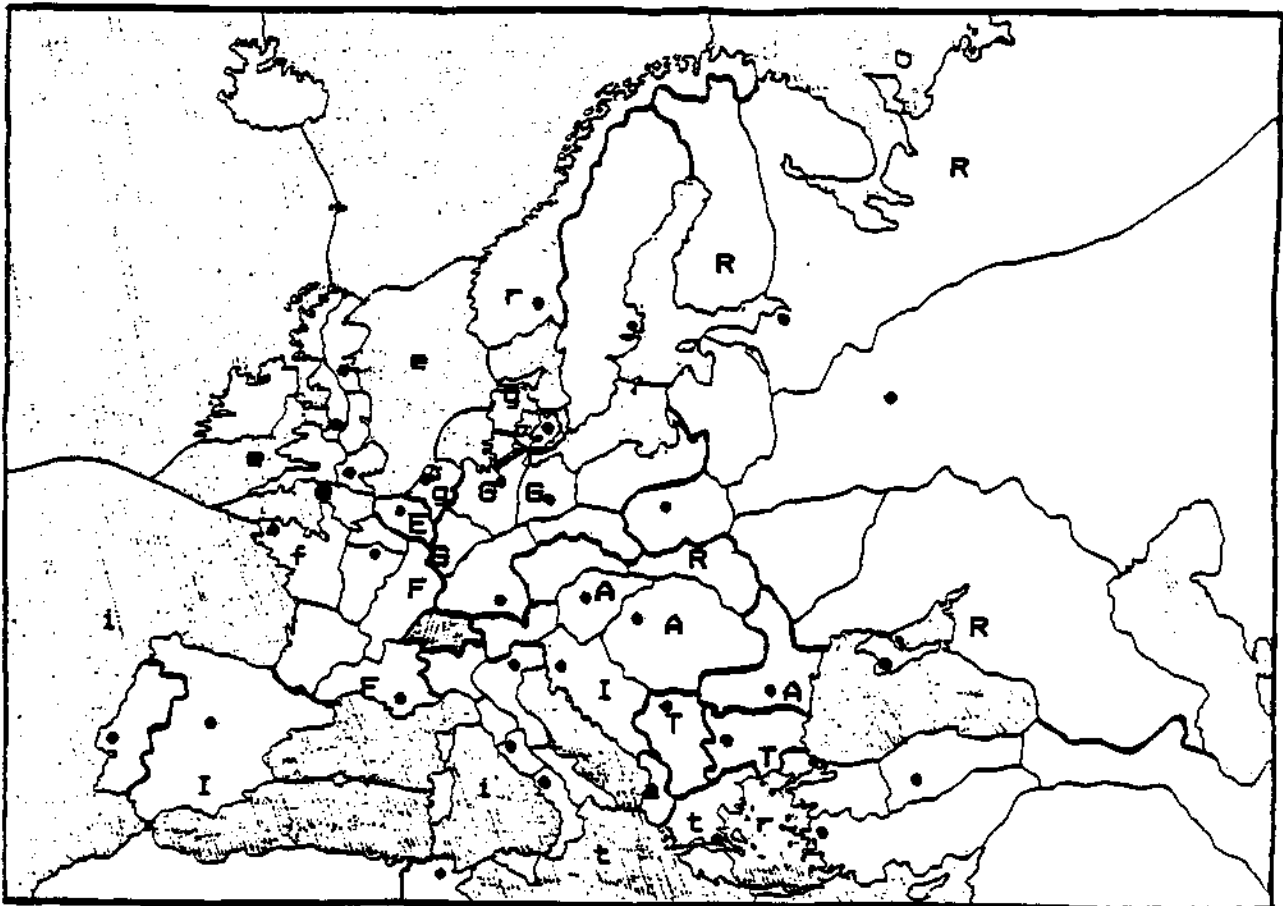
Italy enters the Atlantic and Austria; Turkey/Austria/Russia tangle

AUSTRIA: (#05, David Baker) A tri-VIE, F ALB-gra, A BUD S A ser-rum, A ser-RUN.
 ENGLAND: (#30, Charles Lobdell) F den H(d, bal, hel, skal), A BEL S german A mun-bur, F NTH S A bel,
 F IRI S italian F wes-mid, F ENG S italian F wes-mid.
 FRANCE: (#22, Jeff Hines) R A PIC, F mid S A nar-spa(d, nat, por, nat), F BRE-gas, A BUR-mun,
 A MAR-spa.
 GERMANY: (#09, Steve Cartier) B A BER, F swe-DEN, A KIE S F swe-den, F HOL-nth, A mun-RUH, A BER-mun.
 ITALY: (#32, Bob Sweeney) B F NAP, F nap-ION, F TYN S F nap-ion, A SPA-gas, F wes-MID, A ven-TRI.
 RUSSIA: (#35, Phil Redmond) B A STP, F NMY H, A STP S F nwy, A FIN S F nwy, A war-GAL, A rup-bud(d, ukr),
 A SEV-rum, F con-AEG.
 TURKEY: (#06, Matt Fleming) A gre-SER, A BUL S A gre-ser, F aeg-GRE, F eas-ION.

GAME NOTES: Fall 1903 orders are due.

SUPPLY CENTER CHART:

AUSTRIA: 4- BUD, SER, TRI, VIE
 ENGLAND: 5- BEL, DEN, EDI, LON, LPL
 FRANCE: 4- BRE, MAR, PAR, POR
 GERMANY: 5- BER, HOL, KIE, MUN, SWE
 ITALY: 5- NAP, ROM, SPA, TUN, VEN
 RUSSIA: 7- CON, NOS, NMY, RUM, SEV, STP, WAR
 TURKEY: 4- ANK, BUL, GRE, SNY



1983HY - Poor Richard, F03

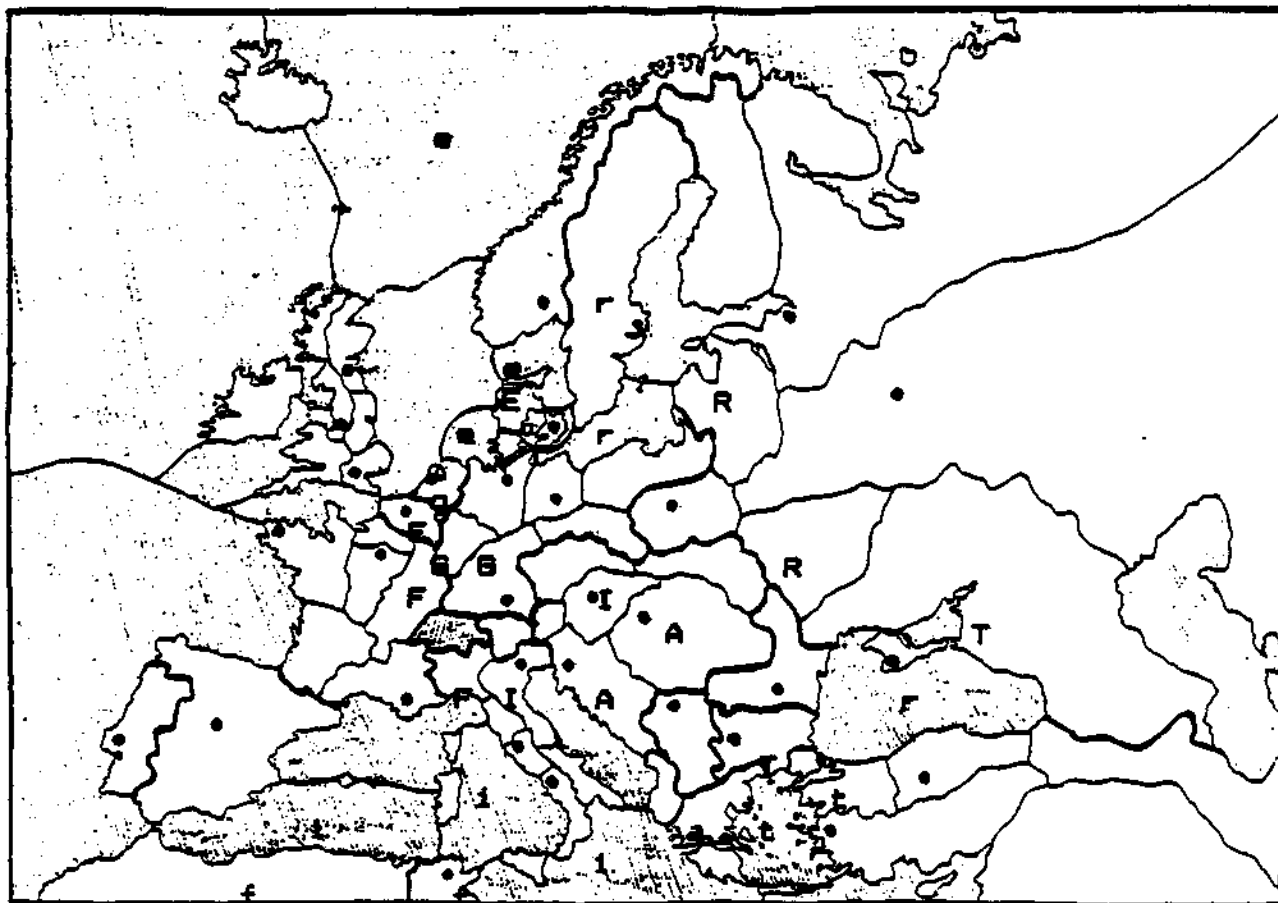
Russia/England ally against Germany; Austria sides with Turkey/France

AUSTRIA: (#15, Kathy Byrne) A BUD-vg, A TRI S french A gie-ven, F GRE S turkish A ser-bul.
 ENGLAND: (#49, Craig Mills) F nth-HEL, F NMG-nth, A nwy-DEN, F SKA C A nwy-den.
 FRANCE: (#13, John Crosby) F NAF S F wes-tun, F wes-TUN, F lyo-TYN, A PIE-ven, A BUR-mun,
 A BEL S A nwy-hoi(nso).
 GERMANY: (#09, Steve Cartier) F den-nth(d,kie), F HOL-nth, A kie-RUH, A MUM S A kie-ruh.
 ITALY: (#33, Phil Redmond) A tri R TYL, A TYL-tri, A VEN S A tyi-tri, A VIE S A tyi-tri, F tun-TYN,
 F tyn-WES, F ION S turkish F agg-gre(nso).
 RUSSIA: (#03, J.R. Baker) F SME S english A nwy-den, F bot-BAL, A LVN-mos, A bui-ank(d,rua),
 F BLA C A bul-ank, A mos-UKR.
 TURKEY: (#32, Bob Sweeney) A bui R SER, A ser-BUL, F AEG S A ser-bul, F COM-ank, A SEV H.

GAME NOTES: Winter 1903 and Spring 1904 orders are due.

SUPPLY CENTER CHART:

AUSTRIA: 4- BUD, GRE, SER, TRI. Build 1 unit.
 ENGLAND: 5- DEN, EDI, LON, LPL, NWY. Build 1 unit.
 FRANCE: 7- BEL, BRE, NAR, PAR, POR, SPA, TUN. Build 1 unit.
 GERMANY: 4- BER, HOL, KIE, MUM. Even.
 ITALY: 4- NAP, ROM, VEN, VIE. Remove 3 units.
 RUSSIA: 5- MOS, RUH, STP, SME, NAR. Remove 1 unit.
 TURKEY: 5- ANK, BUL, COM, SEV, SMY. Even.



Bourse for 1983HY

PLAYER & COMPANY	US\$	A	E	F	G	I	R	T
(#13) CRIME (Crosby's Investment & Mercantile Exchange)	2370	0	3500	3000	1000	2000	1000	3300
(#28) Tinseltown Cannonball Investments	0	9527	2773	3004	1794	2013	3204	2982
(#01) Sensational Investments Munisatic Company	0	7001	1537	7440	2500	500	2500	4900
(#44) Madam X	0	1000	2185	8033	2001	1000	4654	3000
(#41) Red Stripe	1	0	2405	4246	1536	700	0	5816
(#21) Roxxon	6	0	2710	1757	0	1240	500	2666
(#05) Baker's Empire Investment Co., Inc.	0	0	2125	4500	4000	1000	1000	5500
(#12) Melting Pelican	16	0	6101	1000	1700	565	500	2100
(#32) Rancid Wretched	0	0	1285	2000	2821	2144	3300	2400
(#03) IRA (International Russian Account)	0	0	4076	3944	2840	0	3000	2166
(#22) Minesight Investments	0	9529	4500	1973	5478	1911	2227	3000
(#51) ANTS (The Austrian National Trading Service)	49	1500	1200	4000	3542	1500	5975	4800
(#25) Zinderneuf International	161	0	1693	252	9500	854	1000	3624
(#36) Mercutio's Mercantile	1163	0	5000	4000	2000	500	3000	3000
Old Value	1.00	2.81	1.00	5.40	4.42	1.83	1.08	0.89
Change		-0.30	2.74	-0.65	-0.65	-0.35	1.67	3.73
Game Effect		0.03	0.00	0.03	0.00	-0.08	-0.03	0.03
New Value	1.00	2.54	3.74	4.78	3.77	1.40	2.72	4.65

GAME NOTES:

Bond, James Bond

England (#09, Steve Cartier)
 France (#05, David Baker) NMR.
 Germany (#32, Bob Sweeney)
 Italy (#03, J.R. Baker)
 Russia (#26, Rich Reilly)
 Turkey (#21, Rob Schunk)

GAME NOTES: Winter 1907/Spring 1908 orders are due. No standby will be called for France at this time.
 STANDBYS: Pat Pakel.

84AP - George C. Marshall - Winter 1900

- Austria (#48, Brad Pavey)
- England (#04, Pat Pakel)
- France (#17, Dan Young)
- Germany (#50, Tony Barbieri)
- Italy (#36, Mike Sanches)
- Russia (#21, Rob Schmeut)
- Turkey (#06, Matt Fleming)

GAME NOTES: I have orders on file for everyone. Spring 1901 orders are due.

84AQ - Douglas MacArthur - Winter 1900

- Austria (#41, Rod Gilbert)
- England (#25, Brian DeLaurentis)
- France (#07, Mary Simons)
- Germany (#37, Brian Cukurs)
- Italy (#42, Ken Hager)
- Russia (#19, Jeff Shorer)
- Turkey (#13, John Crosby)

GAME NOTES: I have orders on file for everyone. Spring 1901 orders are due.

The Press Column

The Kissinger - 1983E - Game summary

Game-end Chart:

	1901	02	03	04	05	06	07	08	09	
Austria	4	4	4	2	2	2	2	1	0	Game: 1983E
England	4	4	6	5	5	6	6	8	8	Time: The Diplomat
France	4	5	6	7*	7	6	6	4	0	GM: Dave Kleisan
Germany	6	6	4	4	4	4	4	3	3	
Italy	4	5	6	7	7	6	5	4	5	
Russia	6	4	3*	2	2	1	1	1	0	
Turkey	4	6	5	7	7	9	10	13	18	wins!

* Played 1 short.

Cast of Players:

- Austria: Greg McPhale (res S02), John Kaufeld (drop F04), David Blaylock (res F08), CD.
- England: Phil Senn (sur 09).
- France: Byron Vorensky (drop W01), Bob Helmig (drop S05), Steve Cartier (out 09).
- Germany: David Baker (sur 09).
- Italy: Randy Karmolinski (sur 09).
- Russia: Allen Jackson (drop S08), CD.
- Turkey: J.R. Baker (WIN 1909).

End-Game Statements:

ENGLAND - PHIL SENN

I remember that November day when David Kleisan and I were going to Hardee's for lunch. He was excited with finally being able to begin a game in his first publication. As per Bob Sergeant's warning many years ago—I cautioned Dave that he should

think 27 times before taking on the responsibility and long-term commitment it would take to maintain a 'zine. But starts were in his eyes, and I knew that anything done by him would have his mark of integrity and quality. In the car, he asked for my opinion, and had a strange request. Five people in Texas wanted to be in a postal game together. He wanted to know if I would join such a game, knowing that these people in Texas were all friends or relatives. This idea wasn't strange to me, since I have long wanted to have a postal game among people I knew. I said I would join the game on the condition that my roommate—Randy Karsolinski—would be in it also. Thus rounding out the seventh player, and hopefully giving me a fighting chance of 5 against 2 rather than 6 against 1. As it turned out, the game was rather 7 against 7. Never before had I seen such complete anarchy. Although Dave and I talked about the Kissinger all the time, he never let me be privy to any inside information that helped in deciding my orders.

Spring 1901: England pulls it's standard english opening and waits for correspondence. Although I didn't receive a letter from France, I thought it best to give him a second chance. After all, he did open F Brw-Mid.

Fall 1901: Still no letter from France. In the Fall he NRRed. Turkey and Russia were insulting each other verbally, but weren't fooling anyone. Germany took Belgium, Holland and Denmark. I could only mean at least one more German fleet.

Winter 1901: It was as I feared. Germany built F Kiel. Russia built F St.Pete (nc). And yet—a thread of hope—France built A Paris. Austria resigned at this point also. Now, instead of 5 against 2, the game had the possibility of 4 against 3, with the 4 being on my side. Master Senn made a very eloquent speech to his countrymen and other European leaders. It was then that a spark was kindled. I could model this great man after a real historic, great man. But rather I should hold him from two men—Churchill and Roosevelt. Thus, Master Senn was immediately struck with polio and was given to making statements that were quotable.

Spring 1902: In March, I quit my job as a programmer and went to California for two weeks looking for another programming job. As I got off the plane in San Francisco, I met my awaiting party. "Master Senn!" greeted Helwig. Yes, Helwig and I had once been roommates in college, and I knew that he could be counted on to do my bidding. At least for a few seasons. After a while, he would tire of such duties, and would simply quit. But for the time being—I could count on him to attack Germany. Russia had F St. Pete(nc), A Finland and F Sweden. It was obvious that Norway was his. He wrote me a very short letter saying that I could not afford war with his country and that we should sign an agreement. I played along, telling him that if he would take Norway with the army—we could remain at peace. In actuality, I was hoping that he would think Norway was his and not attack it with all 3 units. The plan worked perfectly, and I bounced him in Skagerak and Norway both. If he and Germany had ever worked in unison, they could have systematically annihilated my country. Now I could delay my death one more year. But wait! Could it be? Turkey actually stabbed his loyal Russian ally! I would no longer have to worry about the north because the wicked witch of the south had done her devilish spell. I owe my survival to Turkey. More than once it was he more than anyone else that helped me.

Fall 1902: The Diplomat goes to 132 columns. John Kaufeld, a friend from college, was making definite advances into Turkey. Randy (Italy) was making definite advances into Austria. Germany invades France, but France retreats into the Ruhr. In the meantime, I'm holding my own against Russia waiting for Germany to cut my support and thus giving his ally Norway. It never came.

Winter 1902: Proposal to add NAT as a supply center fails 0 for, 7 against. Turkey retreats to Moscow, France retreats to Ruhr, what a screwy game! Russian removes his northern offensive. The boil has been lanced. During this time, Germany cordially writes me asking for my alliance against France. We worked up some convoluted idea of having a German army in Norway while I convoy to Belgium and on and on. The whole time I was staring at the Russian F St. Pete(nc) and saying "sure, sure." Russia still hungered for my precious supply center.

Spring 1903: Clyde is introduced. Well, I was wrong. F St. Pete(nc) held. Oh well, France took Holland and Belgium, I took Denmark and got into position for an attack on St. Pete. A glorious season. I made an enemy for the rest of the game. Perhaps a mistake, but I couldn't attack Helwig and trust two roommates in Texas, now could I?

Fall 1903: I took St. Pete because Turkey cut Moscow's support to protect himself. In one year I annihilated two enemy fleets, thus insuring that I would be around for a long time to come. Thanks, J.R.

Winter 1903: The press war rages. Germany quotes, "He who fights and runs away, lives to fight another day."

Spring 1904: I lost St. Pete! Of all the low down, dirty rotten things for a Turkey to do. Help his enemy into a supply center. It just don't make no sense at all. No, sir. None. Helwig and I are prepared to sweep across Europe.

Fall 1904: Kaufeld falls out of the game and Helwig NRRs. A disastrous year. Germany kicked me out of Denmark into Sweden and was now chasing me out of Sweden!

Spring 1905: For the first time in his life, Master Senn was speechless. Keep in mind that by this time, Germany should have been reduced to A Berlin cowering in the corner pleading for it's life. And what does the new French leader do? Retreats to Gascony, retreats to Picardy, invades Piedmont, and generally screws everything up! As much as Kaufeld was wrath at Karsolinski, I was at Cartier. Where did I go wrong? Who knows? Perhaps we'll find out in this issue of the Diplomat. The rest of the game can be summed up like this: Let's see how fast Turkey can win if he has no enemies. Randy could do nothing but take France out and I was almost helpless in trying to help him do it. I partially blame myself for not applying any pressure from the north. But I always had my hands tied with Germany and France.

TURKEY -- J.R. BAKER

(N Sultán to Big Brother) Dave, sixteen months with only one 3 day delay (due to illness) and no errors. That's quite a record! A simple THANKS just doesn't seem enough when I think of all the time, effort and inconvenience you must have gone through to keep such a regular schedule. Also, a special thanks to all your clerical help (we all know you couldn't possibly do such a great job all by yourself Dave) ((there's only one of us! Madame)) Keep it up.

(Turkey to Austria/Hungary) Greg, quit a game just because of a little verbal abuse? Maaaaaaah. (I was only funning) John, quit a game just because your buddy Randy jumped your bones? Maaaaaaah. (A Ball State Buddy #44Z) David, you can never win if when you change sides, you change from the winner's to the losers' side. With enemies like you, who needs allies???

(Seyrna to London) Phil, I've heard of dirty laundry in the mail, but you're the first person who's ever sent me dirty toilet paper, needless to say, I didn't keep it for a souvenir. Hardly a day goes by that I don't think of you and LAUGH--HEE HEE HEE HEE HEE HEE HEE HEE

(Ali Babi Bakr to France) Byron, we missed you--so did the post office! Bob, you never wrote, and I never missed you..... Steve, I never really understood why you stopped at Germany's door and turned on Italy...But I thank you!

(Leader of the TURKS to the Chancellor of Germany) David, going through my files, I count a total of 3 letters from you--not bad for a year and a half! So what if I lie, cheat and steal--I still like to hear from you!

(N Sultán to Kardinal K) I hope the Easter Bunny brought you lotsa yellow jellybeans. It's been a pleasure to make your acquaintance. There are so few that have that special balance of art, reason and fiction.

(Turkey to Russia) Allen, never trust ANYONE who's going to give you something for nothing. Or is that SOMEONE and anything?

(Absolute Despot to World) If you think you are beaten, you are;
If you think you dare not, you don't;
If you would like to win and don't think you can;
It's almost a cinch you won't.

I decree unto you all peace and prosperity.

RANDY KARMOLINSKI - ITALY

I would like to congratulate J.R. on his fine game in the Kissinger, so I will. Congratulations. This was the first postal game I've ever played, bringing my record to 0 wins and 1 loss. I must admit that as a hobby, it is enjoyable. At least postal is better than face to face. It has saved the lives of at least two people that I can think of. However, it is too easy for people to drop out of a game as evidenced by the 11 players that graced the Kissinger at one time or another. It may be interesting to others to know what I thought as the game progressed. If not, then quit reading.

Beginning: In the beginning, there was Italy. But the peace-loving Italians were surrounded by enemies, so they prepared for war. Initial moves were on the line; I didn't know who to attack. Austria solved my problem by keeping a fleet in the Adriatic or Trieste instead of moving it to Albania. I didn't trust him. He did some bouncing and Turkey nibbled on him from the back (sorry, J.R.). Meanwhile, France and I were quickly neutral. Germany didn't like my position in Tyrolia (lack of trust) but we never came to blows.

Middle: Enter a new French player and a new Austrian player. Short on players, the GM added a Californian that graduated from Ball State and a current Ball State Cardinal. I knew I could trust Helwig as France. Phil as England would convince Bob to help him against Germany with typical Senn logic. I know Bob pretty well, so I knew he would be a Sennsable player. John Kaufeld as Austria was interesting. I know John pretty well too. I was sure he would trust me and go after Turkey, and then I could hit Germany. However, I doubted French support into Munich would happen (it was promised, but Bob forgot), and the target rings on John's back...I pushed on towards Turkey through Austria. J.R. and I were making promises, but it seems that everytime we tried to make good on one, the other would do something just a bit wrong. I began to seriously doubt J.R.'s intentions and I know he lost faith in me after several outright violations of trust. Meanwhile, Russia dwindled between Turkey and England, and Germany had its problems with France and England.

End: Enter a new France (Steve Cartier) and a new Austria (David Blaylock). At this point, Austria, Germany and Russia were all in a serious condition. France had the best position, with England and Italy doing well. In my opinion, I was beginning to push Turkey back, but I had an army destroyed on the front (my fault) putting that area into a tricky balance. Under new management, France decided to roll south "just for fun". The game had a new face now. England faced a Germany who wasn't besieged by France anymore, and a possibly hostile France. I had to pull units back to the west upsetting my balance and with new found fleet authority, Turkey prepared to start eating supply centers such as Greece. It was ground I didn't think I could ever regain. Austria and Russia were crippled, so I was Turkey's nearest problem. Meanwhile, France had some grand design that required his army Piedmont in Tyrolia with German support. I had 4 countries attacking me, so I decided to help Phil against France in the west. I couldn't defend Italy against the four, so I move Italy to France. Meanwhile, Turkey ate Austria, Italy and finally finished in Germany. I don't think anyone really attacked him in the end. I know I didn't.

GM - DAVE KLEIMAN

The first game and it's over. J.R. deserved a win, and he got it. Phil told most of the story (never short on words) from this side. I do believe that the relationships between the players could have had a much greater effect on the game, and it was certainly disappointing to have so many different French and Austrian players. Steve is to be congratulated for finishing for France, and David, Phil, Randy and J.R. should be commended for playing the whole game. The press was a lot of fun and I am glad to see that the players remembered it was all for fun. Not really much more to add - I do agree with J.R. The main reason for his victory were the lack of coordination of his opponents, but I think everyone had a great time. I certainly did.

The Machiavelli

(Italy-France) It's been fun - let's do it again sometime...

(Italy-Russia) Thanks for your help and assistance. Too bad all we could do is hold France and not crush him. Maybe next time.

Bismarck

(Lord Lycanthropy-Monsieur A Little Too Late) ((via England)) Never in the history of civilized man have so many Frenchmen owed so much to an understanding Anglieterra. We shall fight them in the Mid-Atlantic, and we shall write them on the beaches, as we have so often before, we shall never surrender to the Scumbunny or Scumbunnies, and most of all we wish we had another army or two in central Europe. Is it time for Marlborough to march to Blenheim?? Is this sentence long-enough??

(Turkey-Russia) Turkeys love bear seat! Hate to see you go - it's been so much fun.

(Turkey-England) Good try, but it will be too little too late.

(Turkey-France) You may outnumber but too bad that collectively you are not better.

(Turkey-Germany&France) Are you sure you don't want to be second? First come, first helped...

John Paul Jones

(Berlin) How did I get here? Toto and I were walking down the dusty road, and this big storm came, and... Oh, the wicked witch of the North just moved his fleet to NAT - wonder where he is going?

(Indy-Italy) Congrats, Alderman.

(Reilly-West-siders) Superiority in numbers doesn't mean much where you-know-who is concerned. He IS all-powerful, you know...

(Reilly-Kleiman) I'll tell you how he got the name shortly, unless he pays up. Wait and see...

(Indy-Reilly) I know. It's my poor readers I'm concerned about...

(Reilly-Kleiman) Why don't you allow Black Press on April Fools, or the first issue thereafter, like other publishers do?

(Indy-Reilly) I assumed that someone like you always wanted credit for his press...

(Reilly-Schaunk) Excellent press! I'll never dare challenge you to a press war.

(Indy-Schaunk) Of course he wouldn't - he can't even challenge me...

(Reilly-West-siders) Shall we start sending Far Horizons messages through the press in The Diplomat? How about this juicy tidbit: the Zir have a total production above 3,000. They were telling us they could build 490,000 ton ships next turn.

(Reilly-Indy) Wouldn't you like to know what I'm talking about?

(Indy-Reilly) I already know.

James Kirk

(Denmark-London) GO HOME!

(England-Rome) Tell the pope to hurry up.

(Paris-GM) A Little Story:

Late into the evening sat Indy, Master Controller, working diligently with his computer. Feverishly his fingers flew and his mind flitted as he punched and touched the keyboard in order to have his 'zine out on time. Dially, he heard the approach of the distant storm, but, absorbed as he was, he paid scant attention. Suddenly, a burst of lightning and thunder shook his hut. Startled, he raised his glazed eyes to stare out into the blackening gloom. At that precise moment, a soft yet commanding knocking began upon his front door. For a slight moment, Indy's slight brain slightly cleared; thinking very fast and very, very furiously, he wondered who could be at the door. Another crack of lightning flashed, and a chill, brisk wind began to pound at his hovel; then he thought he knew.

"Drat," he muttered, "it's that damned midget pizza man."

He rushed to the door and flung it open ready to hurl curses suitable for epithetic epitaphs. To his astonishment, however, no pizza man stood there. Instead, a smiling Veronica Hazel slithered into his abode.

"What, no pizza?" he stupidly asked.

Veronica looked at him. "No pizza, honey, but plenty of pizzazz."

"Hey," he started to say, "I'm a man..."

She gently nudged him. "Let me show you the ropes."

Indy shied away and raised his voice. "Lori, Lori, where are you? Help!" He glanced at Veronica Hazel. "I'm a married man. I know the ropes."

She gazed at him imperturbably out of scolding eyes. "I can show you how to get the kinks out."

Ropes? Kinks? He peered closely at her to see if this wasn't Sweeney or Reilly in disguise.

"Not those kinds of ropes and kinks," she explained. "I'm here to interface with your computer"

"In your face," Indy snarled. "Nobody but nobody touches MY BABY!!"

"Listen, birdbrain," Veronica countered. "I'm here to help work out the bugs in your computer."

"There's nothing wrong with it," Indy growled.

Veronica demurely demurred. "It just so happens that your computer is in dire jeopardy. Quick, what season and year is it in 1983CS James T. Kirk?"

"Er, ah," he stammered and turned to punch and touch some buttons.

"Leave it alone," she snapped. "It's been wrong since Issue #21."

Horrified, he fell back a pace. "Never," he whispered.

"Well, check it out, Indy," she remarked as she made her slinky way to the door. "It is now Fall 1906 in that game and your little 'precious' has been off the beam for the last 4 issues."

And with that Veronica Hazel stepped out into the night.

Indy slowly turned to his metal and plastic companion. "Can this truly be so?" he remorsefully whispered. "Hast thou truly betrayed me?"

Somewhere in the dim recesses of his mind - in an alternative universe perhaps - he heard a harsh cackle of a dwarf wizard.

"Well, don't cry about it," it rasped, "just fix the accursed thing!"

The Metternich

(Moscow) "Trudf phezgig oschaosh goran? Phil, do you hear me?" Tsar Senn vaguely recognized a figure standing over him. His view went dim again. "Ochh bitten nach quasal." Garbled words. He refocused his eyes to find out it was Dr. Doteskivonositch. "I think he's coming out of it now," said the doctor.

"Oh, honey!" exclaimed his wife. "You're all right."

"Where am I?" was all Senn could ask, and for the time being, all he wanted to know.

"You had a violent reaction to the French brandy you were drinking, dear. The doctor has given you some sedication for your back pains. The radio is full of reports of the same thing happening to the first Admiral of England and the Italian leader."

Senn lay collecting his thoughts. At last he put his hand over his eyes and mumbled, "Last night at twelve I felt insane, but now I feel like thirty cents." He fell into a deep sleep.

(London) Members of parliament today called for a vote of confidence after Lord Alvin's disgrace this past fall. It was resolved that Lord Alvin and his cabinet be stoned and that all loyal British ladies greet the French sailors with open arms and a smile. Further, it was decreed that a 13-story monument be erected to honor the Fantastic French Freedom Fighters (FFFF) and their gallant leader (La Creme Poof).

(Brest) The sailors here are in utter turmoil as speculation about their ultimate destination runs rampant among the jovial celibates. When asked what the government was proposing to do about the Pro-German radical group that had seized the Parliament, the crowd responded:

LONDON BRIDGE IS FALLING DOWN, FALLING DOWN, FALLING DOWN

LONDON BRIDGE IS FALLING DOWN, FALLING DOWN, FALLING DOWN

GOOD BYE ALVIN

(Tyrrhenian Sea) As the Admiral gave the order for the invasion of Rome, the troops cheered "Ashes to Ashes, Rome to Ruins."

(Belgium) The battle to rid the continent of the blue bellied sap suckers continues as the exterminators continue to spray mustard on the HMS ELBA JARHEADS in an attempt to fill the cavity between their ears.

(Paris-Wales) Never trade jabs with a southpaw, I'll hand you your head everytime!!!

(Tuscany) Wanted! Sunny villa in Rome, no sour grapes, please.

(France-Russia) Well, if you don't write...try ESP, close your eyes and concentrate....try to think about TRUTH, HONOR, DUTY...Here I am.

(La Creme Poof-Lord Alvin) Sometimes a stab is slow, and sometimes a stab is fast, but when you try to stab me, it better not be half-fast. I wouldn't stab for one cent, I wouldn't stab for two, but it'll be a very slow day before I'm stabbed by you.

The Covenant

(Indy) Somebody woke this game up!

(Italy-Russia) Now let me see - do you still have SWE?

(Italy-Turkey) Only if you keep trying for the Ionica...

(Con-Europe) Is this the sole remaining haven of boring press in The Diplomat? Does Art Fleasing's nephew, Lord Lycanthropy, have to liven up the press? I was waiting for you but...

Naxos: Lord Lycanthropy was enjoying his vacation on this beautiful Aegean Island, this haven of culture and serenity, this Other Eden. If the thundering of the Ottoman Empire, he passing wake lapping the shores of Naxos, could not disturb the Lord's complacency, then what could?

The answer was in His Lordship's past. As former Prime Minister, as a Peer of the realm, as a member of one of the oldest houses in England, he could not resist the call to active duty. So when Sultan Dvanni ali Shreveport moved to Delaware, there could be little choice for his sole surviving relative, Lord Lycanthropy. Despite his affinity with wolves, despite his seventy years, despite his retired, but restless bones, Lord Lleywin Lycanthropy became Sultan.

He boarded the Russian battleship SURAROV, and sailed for Constantinople. On the way he seemed in good spirits, possibly gin, and planned for the expansion of the Empire. What lugubrious decisions to make! The darcimonorous number of choices! Will the dottard ever learn? Will Tsar Philip Nicholas XIII mind His Lordship's advice? Tune in next month, when we hear Lord Lycanthropy say, "Zzzzzzzzz."

(Italy-France) I have difficulty writing someone whom I have at temp. disadvantage. I would be proud to receive a letter discussing terms from you.

(Italy-Austria) I sit there and you attack!?!? What faith! (Is paranoia a family trait?)

(Turkey) Lord Lycanthropy has written a poem:

Sub, sub, sub!

Three turds in a tub

And who do you think they be?

A Sweeney, a Baker, The Diplomat's Maker

Throw them out, knaves all three.

(Indy) I hope the enclosed letter bomb only blew your "poetic" arm off.

(Lord Lycanthropy-Tsar Philip Nicholas XIII) So Pat Pakel's two toad fathers finally meet! I wonder if Dave K. thinks this is a distinction.

(Indy-Turkey) You deserve each other.

(Constantinople) A month later, Lord Lycanthropy gives his coronation speech:

"Not long ago, you had chaos, now you have me. The dimly lit past has vague images of defeat. The eyes of the future behold the walls of Vienna. Give up your defeatism, follow me! Surrender your distractions and concentrate on Allah's Divine Will. I offer you the chance to serve...LET US MARCH!!"

And so the Grand Vizier finished his speech and the throng sarched off behind Janissaries. Then it was Lord Lycanthropy's turn to speak:

"Zzzzzzzzzzz..." Well, maybe we will wake him up in time for issue #23.

(Turkey-GM) Cupcake Clockwinder, ChewEllis, Darth Linsey, and Monsieur A Little Too Late have nothing compared to Lord Lycanthropy. Next issue His Lordship intends to visit the front lines. I bet you can't wait.

(Indy-Turkey) How much you wanna bet?

The Poor Richard

(France-Italy) It was too late to turn around.

(France-Germany) I thought little of Austria's press about your brain surgery - that is until I received your letter.

(Lancelot-Parsifal) Hope you now know I have no designs on your Queen. My designs are on the Munich Beer Gardens and Italian pasta factories.

(Curly-Austria) Huh? # of us attacking you? I must reread the last few issues...

(Curly-Austria) Or even PACIFIST.

(Con-Rome) Sorry my friend, couldn't bring myself to do it.

(Con-Vie) At least you believed me.

(Con-Indy) And you are supposed to be disinterested!?!?! How much I had to pay my wife and mirror...

(Turkey-Austria) You mean Germany is that smart (i.e. antelope)?

(Turkey-Indy) Ha! Phil Senn writes me more than anyone else has. Are you sure he isn't Italy under an alias?

(Turkey-Austria) Ahea, the page count for Rigel was 30+ pages - we'd have to at least equal that.

(Turkey-Indy) Yeah, you're right, Brux doesn't like one liners.

(Turkey-Indy) No fair! You already raised your rates!

(Norwegian Refugee Camps-Berlin) I suppose you call that a love pat. A nice way to win friends and all that, but I'm not impressed.

(London- Ex-prime Minister) Well, I never did quite approve of your build of an army instead of a fleet anyway.

(Ex-Denmark - Present-Denmark) Hey, France is the other way! West, you know, toward the sunset, over the Rhine, like... (glub, glub)

(Parsifal-#03) Saladin's at your back, and Bors' at mine. We can't fight a challenge this way! What you say we call this off for a while and do some clean up before we settle our score?

(Arthur-Archduchess) Revenge is one thing but suicide's another. Push him too far and you'll be in that wheelchair yourself.

(BNC-GH) Pink inserts are not junk - they are your game numbers.

(Austria-Italy) Now don't you feel small! After all your bragging and gloating of how your buddies were going to attack France for you - sees you used the same diplomacy style on them as you did me! Now is that pitiful!

(Austria-London) Better to be grey than bald!

(Austria-Turkey) Of course, I believed you- how else could I have managed to lose Serbia!

(Austria-London) The Turks shall inherit Austria.

(Austria-Turkey) Mirror, Mirror on the wall,

Who is the cutest of them all?

"Turkey, of course, he threatened to take a sledge

hammer to me if I didn't say that!"

(Austria-Turkey) Have you no shame - picking on a poor defenseless mirror.

(Austria-Italy) I say only be a woman (in the words of Turkey), but I guarantee this is one woman you'll never forget! BOMBS AWAY, BOZO!

(Austria-France) Now aren't you glad you refrained from telling me what a jerk and laughing stock, I was!

(Honey-JR) Sure, I'll cooperate - your place or mine?

(Austria-Flea bitten pasta face) Why is it that everyone who is coming to help you is going in the wrong direction? Are they all as stupid as you say, or are you living on Fantasy Island?

(Austria-Germany) You'd make a great woman! Mysterious, secretive and no one knows what you are doing! Want to join the superior race?

(Austria-Turkey) You really like skating on thin ice - don't you? "Only a girl", huh - remember the old saying, "Don't judge a book by its cover or Italy by his obnoxiousness!"

(Austria-GH) No wonder women don't play here, I'm reporting you to the ERA! And with Italy reporting you to the ASPCA we should soon see equal treatment around here!

(Indy-Austria) I didn't know Italy cared about the way I treat you...

(Austria-Sean) "How do I love thee? Let me count the ways..." What kind of game are you playing? PERVERT!

(Russia-Germany) Forgive me if I seem a little confused...Are we at war with England or France? If England, why did you urge me to make peace? If France, why are you attacking Denmark? Somehow, you have caused me to be totally out of sync. with these last moves! If we are at peace with England and at war with France (our last official position) then I must act as THE ENFORCER for our tri-lateral agreement and assist in the return of Denmark to England. If you are at war with England and not France, then sir, you have abused me, my trust and my honor. That, sir, demands that I fight on the side of right and justice - therefore, I join England in an attempt to undo your wrong. If you have no honor, then you have nothing.

(Moscow) #9 scurried into the room with a box just received from the postal orifice. "Look #3," he said, "It's the speech synthesizer that I sent all the box tops in for! Now our data bank can talk!"

"Well, don't just stand there wimp." said #3. "Plug it in and let's try it....Graphics display panel on the wall, who's the most dangerous of them all?"

And the data bank answered, "Hard to believe, but I know it's true, there are some more dangerous than you. In this game, I know of two. One is insane and the other is new."

(Russia-The Turkey's Wife) I don't know but I've been told, you're very good looking and not very old. So why do you put up with the #@%*?

(Old Goat-Honey) I'm sorry, so sorry...

(Black-Can) You insane man. YOU INSANE MAN!

(Russia-Austria) Hang in there, or is it hang it in there?

(Bob Baker-World) As long as you're accepting affidavids...My wife, Jeanne, is much better looking than Sultan Swiney (and he caamel he rides at home).

(Horny Old Goat) Please, Kathy, let's kiss and make up. I'd even let you have one of Turkey's centers (Serbia).

(England) The fire had little effect upon the chill in the cave where Parsifal took refuge from the snowstorm. Like a fog on Scottish moor the snow looked, so thick did it come down yet so softly, so silently. Parsifal kept a steady watch near the entrance as far into the storm as he could, his furs completely concealing the chain tunic he wore and only allowing the barest hint of his great sword to be revealed. The smoke from the fire crept out of the cave and mingled with the white snow much as his

thoughts mingled in a confused dance of hope and mistrust.

"I wonder what #3 thought of my little token of esteem?" he thought to himself. He was picturing the Damascus steel knife he had sent to his Russian counterpart as a symbol of the respect he had for the operative. Though the challenge had not yet been called off, he had hopes that the knife would not be used immediately against him. Still, he was ready. He sailed over with 13th Yorkshire Yeomanry for the very purpose of fighting this agent personally. One way or the other the shadow boxing was about to end. But recent communique had implied that the confrontation he had prepared for could yet be avoided.

So Parsifal watched, wondering if #3 would show up. At last a dark outline could be seen through the curtain of the snow and Parsifal silently withdrew his sword from its sheath. But he quickly realized the outline was too stock for the wily Russian, and as the figure revealed clearly out of the cloud of white, he saluted and resheathed his sword.

"Ah, Bors! Well met, my friend. Have you finally changed your mind about this event?"

"Greetings, Parsifal. Perhaps. But let me get in out of the cold wind's embrace, and we will talk more of it."

"You are welcome to my cozy little keep here, if you can stand the smoke any more than the snow." Parsifal replied.

Bors slipped into the cave gratefully, but Parsifal stayed by the cave door, now watching both Bors and the outside world.

After warming his hands over the little fire, Bors turned to Parsifal again with a serious look on his face. "Do you still mean to go along with this challenge?" he asked.

"You know that I am bound by my honor to do so, Bors...Unless, somehow, an agreement can be made between us that will allow us to both honor our vows to our sovereigns. Your truce plan seems like it just might do the trick."

"Yes, but you two are touchy to the point of ridiculousness. I need you to help me fight the Norman. I can't wait for you two to bantle the fine points of language and guarantees, while he steals the queen away from under our very noses."

Parsifal's attention was drawn away from the snow by Bors' demonstration. They were back to the old argument again, which did not make Parsifal feel secure in the present situation. What was Bors leading up to? Surely he didn't battle the storm just to go over his lecture again. Parsifal laughed in reply, but his hand now rested lightly, seemingly carelessly, on the sword hilt.

"Bors, you never had the patience for conversation, did you? I can't make one enemy just so I can expose my back to another. I am responsible for the King's Decease, I cannot take this thing lightly. But relax my friend! This takes but a little of my efforts, and it will soon be done, no doubt long before your supposed plot by Lancelot can come to fruit. He is involved with the Pope over the investiture problem and will have his hands full. Patience, and all will be well."

"I do not share your optimism..." Bors said in a hard tone.

"I know." Parsifal thought, muscles tensing, sensing the omen.

"And I intend to make you yield to wisdom!" Bors screamed suddenly, swinging up his axe and charging. But Parsifal saw the omen before the words were off his lips, and his sword came singing out of its sheath even as Bors' scowl came to his face. He spun out of the descending path of the iron ball and faced Bors across the width of the cave with the fire now between them. Suddenly, as they were ready to settle down serious business, a shadow darkened the south of the cave. Both knights for a moment looked in surprise at the opening, and saw the Russian standing there, as at the ready. Parsifal, for a brief moment, was anxious, uncertain, as he watched the smile on Bors' face broaden. But he too had reason to hope in #3's appearance, and wondered which side he would enter on.

(Norway-World) And, of course, to the answer to that question you should be able to now see...

(London-Berlin) I told you that he would show his true colors the moment he got his chance. You have given him that chance I think.

The George Marshall

(Lord Lycanthropy-Europe) ((Turkey)) Hello! Friendly enough?

(Brest-Indy) What a cheap trick - enrolling me in a Sunboat Diplomacy game without telling me! (Hint to all players).

(Paris-World) Contrary to popular opinion, King (President is un noble) Dan Young I doesn't have herpes, Aids, leprosy, or the bubonic plague. He is under no quarantine. It is PERFECTLY SAFE to communicate with him.

(Paris-World) French King, Dan Young I, is reported to be under heavy sedation. It seems this morning, our glorious King awoke screaming. He demanded to know where his sail was. Upon learning that there was none, he ordered his regiment in Marseille to enter the Piedmont. Then he ordered the royal fleet to sail for Dover, and he ordered his Parisian army to recapture Alsace-Lorraine. He then threw himself on the royal carpet and began gnawing furiously at it. Cooler heads prevailed and the royal ministers have rescinded the military orders, instead declaring war on Belgium and ordering the French forces to proceed there with all available speed.

(Austria) April 1901: Spring had come to Vienna. The winter winds that blew through the city were replaced by sounds of people drifting here and there, blissfully going about their business. The city vibrated with new life, just as the outlying countryside teemed with new life. It was a good time for life.

Or death.

Ernst Koller glanced out the second floor window of his print shop and shook his head slowly. It was easy to forget, he thought, how close they all were to the edge, Europe was ready for war. All it would take was the first shove. Austria-Hungary stood in the middle.

Franz Joseph had been on the throne for ages, and Kholler wondered if the old man, in his dotage, could make the decisions necessary for the country to survive. He knew, too, that if the Emperor died, the Archduke wasn't a prize, either. (Although he'd heard Sophie wasn't bad.)

Austria would need allies to survive, that much was clear. The problem was where to find them...where?

Suddenly, Karl, his apprentice, broke upon his thoughts by announcing: "It's begun, sir."

Slowly, almost reluctantly, Kholler backed away from the window and followed the boy down the narrow staircase to the main pressroom below. The presses creaked to life as the latest issue of Kholler's newspaper went to press. TO BE CONTINUED.

Douglas MacArthur

(Bohemia) What has happened here, spys everywhere? The Russian is from Vienna and the man running the German Republic is sailing from Moscow! Cardiff-by-the-Sea is on the southwest coast of bloody England...and Maple Shades sounds like a Mafia hang out in New Jersey; a guy named DeLaurentis has been named commander of the British forces!

Innocent and decidedly all-American Mary Simmons from Chicago (Avenue M, of course) will be MacArthur's frog princess? Another American in Paris? And Mr. Hager (northern Europe, right...) will be controlling Italy from the land of Disney.

Kleiman, what have you done?

James Bond

(Rome) As the boat was leaving the pier, John-Bob looked back at 005 sitting on the dock of the bay and muffled another horse laugh. One ass to another, 005, he thought to himself, what a pair we make (your face and I). A beast of burden is born with a strong back and a weak mind, but what is your excuse?

The Bourse

(IRA-BEICI) That's easy to say on the way up, but what will you do on the way down?

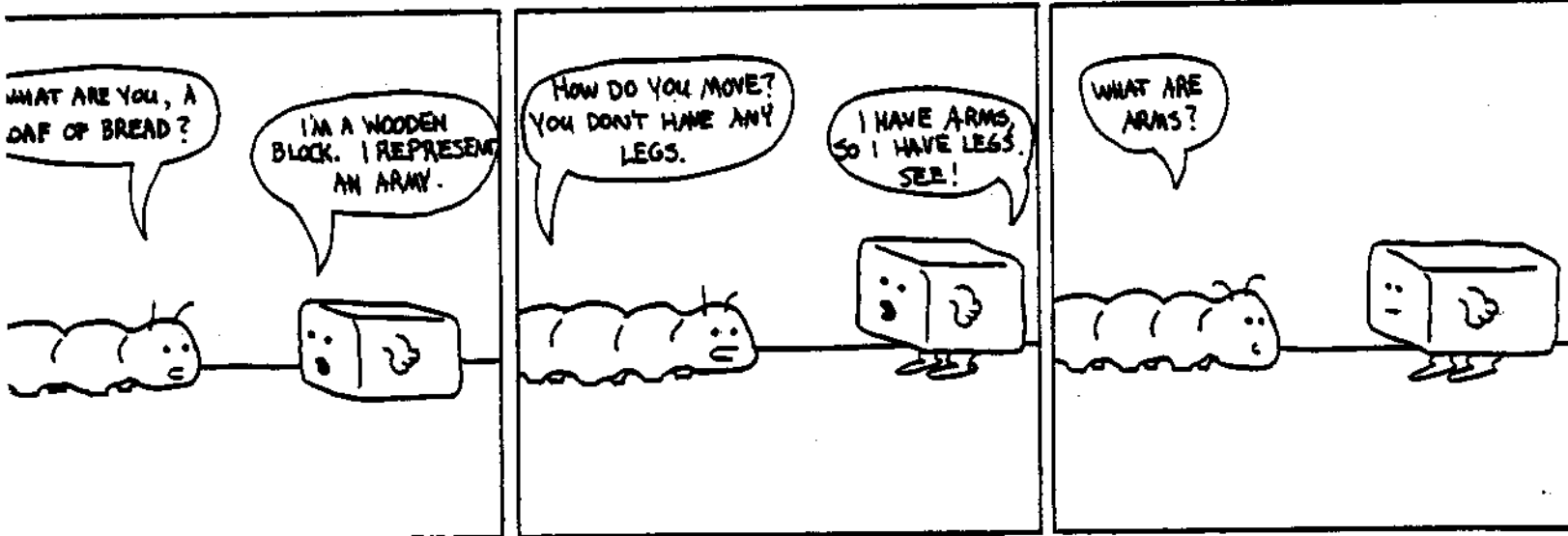
(IRA-RM) Butter or guns? That's always been the textbook challenge.

(IRA-INDY) You really ought to let us sell short, that would bust a balloon or two!!! Or better still, charge a 10% commission for the brokerage!

(Indy-IRA) I do - it's called rounding down...

CLYDE

RK



The Players

- | | | | |
|---|---|---|--|
| 1 Phil Senn
6115D Robin Run

Indianapolis IN 46254 | 2 Randy Karcolinski
6115D Robin Run

Indianapolis IN 46254 | 3 J.R. Baker
3100 Meadow Lane N

Dickenson TX 77539 | 4 Pat Pakel
633 Paden Street

Endicott NY 13760 |
| 5 David Baker
3902 Avenue P

Galveston TX 77550 | 6 Matt Fleming
4290 Chateau de
Ville #C
St. Louis MO 63129 | 7 Mary Simons
13143 Ave M

Chicago IL 60633 | 9 Steve Cartier
Box 1653

Riverside CA 92502 |
| 10 Lt. Alvin Kusumoto
C Co. TBS, MCDEC

Quantico VA 22134 | 12 Ty Hare
425 Van Buren Street

Monterey CA 93940 | 13 John Crosby
830 Hunterhill

Roswell GA 30075 | 15 Kathy Byrne
160-02 43rd Ave

Flushing NY 11358 |
| 16 Nelson Heintzman
2255 Delaware Ave
#C-4
Buffalo NY 14216 | 17 Dan Young
5225 Dawes Avenue

Culver City CA 90230 | 19 Jeff Sherer
2409 Ridge Road NE

Vienna OH 44473 | 21 Robert Schmund
405 N Hedges

Boseman MT 59715 |
| 22 Jeff Hines
9850 Whitehurst Dr.
Apt. 2059
Dallas TX 75243 | 25 Brian DeLaurentis
114 S. Holly Ave.

Maple Shade NJ 08052 | 26 Richard Reilly
3067 Gustafson
Circle
Idaho Falls ID 83402 | 27 David Frick
11523 Scottsdale Dr

Stafford TX 77477 |
| 28 Mark A. Luedi
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Bloomington IN 47402 | 30 Charles Lobbell III
40 Griffin Road

Deerfield NH 03037 | 32 Bob Sweeney
3404 Pinoak
Apt. E
Leavenworth KA 66048 | 33 Steve Knight
11905 Winterthur Ln
Apt 103
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| 35 Phil Redmond
421 W Milrose
#2B
Chicago IL 60657 | 36 Mike Sanchez
2110 Peach Tree Ln

South Bend IN 46617 | 37 Brian Cukurs
Whitman Hall #615

Moscow ID 83843 | 39 Mark Schwendiman
272 NE Conifer

Corrallis OR 97330 |
| 41 Rod Gilbert
1224 Summit
Cardiff by the Sea
CA 92007 | 42 Ken Hager
412 Alderdale Circle

Anaheim CA 92807 | 44 Lori Kleisan
3530 Hyannis Port

Indianapolis IN 46224 | 48 Brad Pavey
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Carol Stream IL 60188 | 50 Tony Bariery
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