

SEPTEMBER 12,  
1983

ISSUE # 15



# I WANT YOU

## THE MODERN PATRIOT

William S. Highfield, 2012 Ridge Road East, Rochester, New York 14622 USA

AMERICA AND HER ALLIES - UNITED IN FREEDOM!  
PEACE THROUGH AN OVERWHELMING SUPERIORITY IN FIREPOWER!  
KILL 'EM ALL and LET GOD SORT 'EM OUT!  
ALL EXTREMISTS SHOULD BE KILLED! (this is meant as humor)

Historic  
Quotes:



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STANDBY LIST: Johnsen, Gorham, McCloud, Carter, Conlon, Givan, Bumpas, Chisholm, McMains, McCresh, Wilcon.

NEED MORE STANDBYS: If you finish a position after you take it over, you get three free issues!

## QUOTES

"When duty call to risks unknown;  
Where help must come from thee alone;  
Protect her from the hidden rock;  
From war's dread engines' fatal shock."  
from the NAVAL PRAYER BOOK

"Yuch! Real men don't eat quiche!"  
Bill Highfield (5 September)

"That's OK, Bill, you're not a real man anyway."  
Alexandra Lord (5 September)

"Hey, Bill, wanna screw?"  
Alexandra Lord (5 September)

((Read "I Must Have Been in Heaven . . ." for more information!))

LATE ISSUE DUE TO HOLIDAYS  
ALL TMP GAMES WILL RUN ON SEPARATE FLYER  
(DIPPY DADDY GAMES ARE IN THIS ISSUE)

There is still room in DIPPY  
DADDY's new game (see pg. 25)

# THE MODERN PATRIOT

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TELEPHONE NUMBERS: (716) 266-7200 -- WORK; call between 1700 and 2300 hours (5pm to 11pm)

(716) 266-5859 -- HOME; call only if there is no answer from WORK phone or if you are instructed to call. NEVER call after 9pm OR my father will kill you!

ISSUE #15  
September 1983

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THE MODERN PATRIOT is published every month by MIDSHIPMAN 3rd class William S. Highfield, USNR. This is an amateur publication dedicated to the postal play of DIPLOMACY, a game created by Allan Calhamer and copyrighted by the Avalon Hill Game Company.

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**DISCLAIMER:**

THE MODERN PATRIOT and Mr. Highfield take NO responsibility for any comments made within this magazine by anyone other than Mr. Highfield. The policies and opinions presented within THE MODERN PATRIOT do not necessarily represent those of The United States of America, the United States Navy, or the subscribers. The comments represent the opinions of the party(s) that wrote them. Thank You.

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THE MODERN PATRIOT is dedicated this month to Alex. Actually, it's dedicated to TWO Alex's. The first, is Alex Lord, for already stated reasons. The second Alex, however, is more important. He is Sgt Alexander Ortega Jr, USMC. Sgt Ortega was a Rochester native who was Killed in Action on 29 August in Beirut, Lebanon as part of the multi-national peacekeeping force. He did his best for his country. He showed the highest form of patriotism - he gave his life protecting the security and interests of the United States. It's sad that he died, especially when it was someone that was close, and I hope that his family can take a little satisfaction that he died for his country. The country thanks the Ortega family for its great sacrifice. Sgt Ortega is survived by his father, mother, sister, brother, wife, 1 1/2 year old daughter, and a baby that is four months away from birth. Sgt Ortega is a fine example of an American. His letters to home showed his concern for the people of Lebanon. Thank you, Sgt. ⚔



Alexander Ortega Jr.  
Carried gifts for Beirut children

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SUBSCRIPTION FEES: \$6 for 10 issues; will trade zines, also.  
GAME FEES: \$4 for MACHIAVELLI; FREE for "THE BROTHERHOOD" (by GDW)  
FREE ISSUES: ONE free issue for foreign military service and articles;  
TWO free issues for prior military service; THREE issues for current military service in the United States. NON-communist countries only! No communist servicemen will be accepted. Sure, I'm biased.

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Rambles...

Hello, readers! I have a lot of great things for you this ish, so let's get started. Most of you know that last issue, Linda began a LETTERS TO MOM column, which helped prompt me to do something I've been putting off for a long time - I've started a letter column. Hey, I expect some letters. As you will see farther on, I will print letters if I have space, even if they are critical! (example: James Finley's letter, Carl Russell's, etc). NOTE: Letters MAY be edited! I can't let this letter column get out of hand, ya know?

As previously stated last issue, the politics is being phased out. Of course, many come up with this brilliant idea after I publish it first. We both know that I had it in print first, I'm not going to promise no politics, because if my temper goes, I can't hold back. For instance, those goddamn bastard Russian communist assholes shot down an INNOCENT (I know, it's a misspelling) an INNOCENT civilian Korean Airlines flight over Russian airspace. After we use it to wipe out liberal "Ivory towers" politically, we should shoot down the next Russian BOMBER that "accidentally" flies into American airspace! We MUST show them that we will NOT take this bullshit!

That's it on politics (I could mention the so-called peace rally in Washington, but we all know what a farce that was!). I don't want to get started.

Our brand new Nissan pick-up truck broke down the other day with less than 1000 miles on it. I told my father to buy American but do you think he'd listen? NO! He buys the "Japs revenge for Nagasaki and Hiroshima"! Maybe he'll learn that American cars/trucks are just as good (or should I say - just as bad?) as Japanese ones.

School started on 29 August. I'm taking 2 history courses (THE FAR EAST since 1800 and LOUIS XIV), Calculus II (YUCH!), PORTRAN FOR HUMANS (Computer Science), and Mass Communication. I figured that maybe I could learn more about the media. Hopefully, it will mean an improvement in this zine. At any rate, my teacher will be seeing this (I hope she has a strong stomach!) so, let's be nice, okay?

My FAVORITE teacher is Mrs Harvey. She teaches both of my history courses. She has attracted a cult following. When I walked into LOUIS XIV, I saw the same 6 other students who had been in her classes the past two semesters. The "MAGNIFICENT 7" LOVE Mrs Harvey! She is an EXCELLENT teacher! We know what she wants, how she wants it, and when she wants it. She also does something I've rarely seen done - she uses the students in class. She calls on each individual's specialty. For instance, when she needs a clarification on military history - she asks me. She asks others for other topics. She's great.

All of my class officers were changed this year. The rotation meant that Lt. Hartman and Lt. Wolfe had to go, and now I have Lt Shinego. He's a pretty nice guy (I just met him, how can I really judge him?). I'm sure that the US Navy NROTC will be great this year!

One parting comment. I've been watching CBS' special report on Flt 007. Seeing the pain and hurt caused by the Soviet pigs brought tears to my eyes. On the preceding page, you see a dedication to a dead Sgt. Well, now the "Rochester family" has been struck AGAIN. The Grenfells were killed aboard that flight. The husband, a KODAK executive. The wife and two children, Rochester natives and residents. Our city has been heavily hit this week with tragic deaths, and I am bitter. This issue is an issue of mourning for all of the deaths, but especially for Sgt Ortega and the Grenfell family. Nothing could repay the loss of these fine Americans. NOTHING!

William Highfield

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I must have been in HEAVEN, 'CUZ I saw the Lord!

BY MIDN Wm Highfield, USNR

Most of you already know who I'm talking about by now. I'm talking about the wonderful Miss Alexandra Ann Lord. I managed to get to see her over Labor Day Weekend. Perhaps I should start at the very beginning. Stay tuned, you're going to love this article!

On the first day, God created ... ooops, not THAT beginning! I originally went up to Albany on very short notice. A few friends from school wanted to have a little get-together at my friend's apartment in Albany. It was the most central location and the most readily available so I agreed. It's just too bad that I can't remember what we did! We walked to some bar, had a few drinks, got a couple of cases and the next thing I knew it was morning and, BOY, did my head hurt! My friend had to leave Saturday night (the bum!) so there I was, stranded for the night. I had been planning to see Alex on Sunday and then head for home. I called up and instead, I was invited to stay overnight. I showed up in the new Nissan King Cab pick-up and was greeted by Howie (Alex's brother) and the radiant Alex. I met a few neighbors who were there and we had a sort of pizza party. The bunch of us downed 6 large pizzas. The beer also went pretty quick although I refrained from alcohol because my head was killing me.

After that nothing much happened. We'd played a little frisbee and my height and legs helped me catch anything that flew in the vicinity of me (assuming it was a decent throw). Shorty Alex had a small problem with reaching a few shots that I would have had to bend over to catch, but other than that she did pretty well. Howie was worrying more about his beer so he missed a few. This other guy (Tommy?) was dropping almost every one but I think he was the one who was inhaling the beer.

After that, I can't exactly remember what we did. I do remember sleeping great though on that night!

Sunday, we sat around, listened to tapes, Howie and Mr Lord mowed the lawn around the pool and I helped a little with moving pool furniture. Alex and Allyson disappeared for a few hours when they went to get a newspaper. That night, we had some of my infamous RIDGECREST STEAKS! They were easily the best I'd ever had - and I'm spoiled rotten when it comes to meat! I wasn't too hungry (more bad news hit me from the homefront) but ate anyway. Afterwards, Howie, Allyson, Alex and I went to the drive-in to see EASY MONEY and BREATHLESS. We jumped into the new truck and Howie's friend John showed up. We threw him into the back with Howie and I got to sit in the front (to drive) with two GORGEOUS girls. Of course, they start laughing because Howie and John wanted to sneak in by hiding underneath the sleeping bags and blankets. Both of the beauties were thinking about how the attendant was going to think I was lucky because I had not one, but TWO girls going to the drive-in with me! I had to admit, it was funny!

EASY MONEY was moderately funny but I wasn't too impressed by BREATHLESS. Alex and Allyson drooled over Jesse (Richard Geer of "An Officer and a Gentleman") while Howie, John, and I drooled over Monica (I don't know who she was). I immediately hated Geer because he killed a cop to evade arrest after he stole a car. My cousin is

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a police officer and his leg almost had to be amputated because some punk shot him. The punk got away. I ended up wishing that Geer would get caught. The movie stirred up some memories which I didn't want to think about and that helped me dislike the movie, too. I ended up getting a little depressed and a little frustrated. I realized that it showed when Alex said on the way back "STOP SIGHING!" She helped me get what was bothering me off of my chest and it made me feel better. No, you're not going to hear it. I still didn't sleep too well, despite Alex's and Allyson's help. Alex and her father "twisted my arm" to get me to stay overnight because it was late. I didn't put up a fight.

Monday, I prepared to leave and Alex's mother asked if I wanted to visit her father's house. He's a Brigadier General (retired) in the US Marine Corps! I just COULDN'T pass up that! Howie, Alex and I left early and Allyson went home (she had to get ready for school on Wed. or something). We had a very good time. I actually sat down with Alex and had her explain to me what was happening in some Soap Opera. After a few minutes, it became difficult to tear my eyes away from the screen. I was curious as to what tragedy was going to happen next. After that nonsense, I finally decided to have ONE beer. I never drink and drive and since it was going to be about three hours until I was going to drive, I knew any slight effects would wear off.

Alex had a few brews and I began to get SERIOUSLY abused!  
For example:

(Alex and Rox discussing Quiche)

ME: Yuch! REAL men don't eat quiche!

ALEX: That's okay, Bill, you're not a real man anyway!

That was REALLY below the belt! I'll get even, Alex! She thought that it was a riot. I didn't find too much fun in getting abused but I knew I'd get revenge and so did she. We talked politics a little while, and I stayed very moderate (since I'm a loner in Democrat country). The only other apparent Republican-like thinkers I could see were Howie and Allyson. (She definitely isn't a "dumb blonde"! We also had the opportunity to fire "Ham's" guns. (Ham is short for Hamilton South). I couldn't hit the broad side of a barn with the .22 or the Army issue .45 (man, that bucks!) but I did hit the target with his .38. It nearly ripped my arm off, but I hit the target. Now, if I had a good reason to hit the target (like if it was a picture of the Ayatollah Khomeini) I wouldn't have missed. It's difficult to hit anything with an unfamiliar gun, too, and I'd only fired a .22 automatic before. I also hadn't fired a gun in over a year. Oh well, enough excuses.

We had a delicious dinner and then relaxed on the back porch. Al went into giggling fits for some unknown reason. Then she found this bolt on the ground. I was relaxing with my eyes closed and she says:

ALEX: "Hey, Bill, wanna screw?!"

I almost DIED! I was sitting up in a flash and was greeted with her holding the goddamned bolt at me. Boy, was I embarrassed! She was, of course, cracking up. I just quietly shrank back to my horizontal position on the lounge. She did the same on her lounge and she kept giggling. Traffic was going to be terrible on the way back and I was invited to spend one last night in paradise. We went back home to Al's house around 7:30 and arrived just in time to see our President lash out at the Soviets. Howie began packing for college the next day (Tues.) and Mrs Lord helped. Alex and I went into the kitchen and listened to tapes for a few hours. She has the same fault that I do and that is that she mis-words her sentences. At one point, she walked up to me



## HEAVEN continued...

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and quietly said: "Let's go to bed." I am sure that it was purely accidental but my perverted attitude at the time forced me to smile. I was rewarded with a punch and a "that's not what I meant!" I think this is a classic case for Freud. Maybe her sub-conscious is telling her one thing and she's saying the other. (TOUCHE, Alex! I told you I'd get even!) She said a few other comments which are even worse because they were deliberate but she made me promise not to repeat them under penalty of death. They weren't that bad but they would really embarrass her. Heh heh heh. I'll save them as insurance against the next time she wants to embarrass me! Finally, we did go to bed (though in different rooms) and I slept okay.

Tuesday, I packed - again - and Howie loaded his father's truck to leave for Sienna college. I'd already went back to school on 29 August so I was all set. Anyway, Alex and Allyson wanted to go shopping and asked if I wanted to tag along. I said yes because I thought it might prove interesting. It was.

They got shoes, notebooks, socks, and Alex got her hair cut in Greenville. They decided to hit some mall in Colony(Albany). That proved very interesting. They were walking along drooling over every tight pair of pants they saw. I'm sure glad us guys don't do that to girls! Okay, okay, so we do. But we're allowed too!

They went into this one store to get some things. I looked at a few shirts and they got into the check-out line. When I approached, Alex embarrassed me - AGAIN - by flashing these hot pink panties in my face and asking me what I thought about them. I countered with "I don't know. Try them on and I'll give you my opinion!" Hey, if she can embarrass me, then I can try to embarrass her. She really isn't that naughty of a girl. I think she was just nervous about starting school again.

I took the two lovelies out to lunch (as if they needed help getting there. ALL girls are out to lunch at times). We went to the Vineyard and all of us had the Salad bar, Alex gorging herself in the process. I wasn't too hungry so I didn't eat that much. I spent most of the time watching Alex eat. She was the best looking dish in the restaurant!

We went back to Al's house and watched General Hospital. It was not that bad. They had three commie Soviet agents trying to bury a mole or something and the writers are definately anti-Soviet. They portrayed the agents as cold, ruthless, murderous, disgusting, and cruel - right on target. Allyson said goodbye and left and finally, reluctantly, I said goodbye to Alex. I didn't want to go, but I had to leave Heaven and get back to the real world.

Saturday afternoon I was thinking that the weekend was going to be a flop, but Alex and her family made it a huge success and for sure, the BEST weekend of my life! Thank you very much Mr and Mrs Lord, Howie, Allyson, and thanks Alex. I brought 6 steaks and a case of Coca-Cola and I left feeling I owed you a lot more than that. Well, I'll get a chance to repay you, I'm sure of it. Howie and Alex just HAVE to come up to my house so that I can attempt to repay you with as wonderful a time as I had. Adios, muchachos! ↓

JOKE: A beggar with no legs propelled his trolley by holding onto the tail of his dog. He was going down Main Street one day when an angry woman approached and said, "I am a representative of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, can't you find a better way to get around than holding the tail of that poor dog?"  
"Yeah," said the beggar, "I can grab his balls and go into high gear!"

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America, The Beautiful!

LATE ADDITION (2 <sup>Sgt</sup> ~~Days~~)

In remembrance of  
Sgt Ortega and Korean  
Airlines Flight 007.  
America - FOREVER FREE!

O beautiful for spacious skies,  
For amber waves of grain,  
For purple mountain majesties  
Above the fruited plain.  
America! America! God shed his grace on thee  
And crown thy good with brotherhood  
From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for pilgrim feet,  
Whose stern, impassioned stress  
A thoroughfare of freedom beat  
Across the wilderness!  
America! America! God mend thine every flaw,  
Confirm thy soul in self control,  
Thy liberty is law!

O beautiful for heroes proved  
In liberating strife,  
Who more than self their country loved,  
And mercy more than life!  
America! America! May God thy gold refine,  
Till all success be nobleness,  
And every gain divine!

O beautiful for PATRIOT dream  
That sees beyond the years  
Thine alabaster cities gleam  
Undimmed by human tears!  
America! America! God shed His grace on thee,  
And crown thy good with brotherhood  
From sea to shining sea!

Katherine Lee Bates

((Makes you want to see a parade, doesn't it? Patriotic songs have a tendency to bring a tear to the eye in me. I get this heady surge out of the National Anthem at Rochester AMERICAN hockey games. You feel like you can take on the world and win easily. Being military helps you to accept that you will die eventually. Whether it be in a car accident or fighting Russians, you're going to die. I don't look forward to death (who does?) but I realize that the military is a risky career and if I have to give my life for this country, I will. Let's just hope it doesn't come down to that. I like to think that I'd be worth more to this country alive than dead. I guess it's the same with everyone. Sometimes, though, you have to forfeit the lives of the few, to save the whole. Lecture over. God Bless America and her allies in Freedom!)) ((originally typed 27 August))

QUOTE: "We confide in our strength without boasting it; we respect that of others without fearing it."  
Thomas Jefferson (letter to William Carmichael and William Short, 1793)

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LETTERS TO 'THE MODERN PATRIOT'

(Sgt Finley, California)

((exerpts))

On the positive side, I can see that you put a lot of effort into putting it out, despite a busy schedule, and technically you do a fairly good job. TMP is one of the best-looking zines around. ((only FAIRLY good job?!?!))

What I don't like is, to put it simply, about nine tenths of the content. The games don't really concern me, since I'm not in any of them; and the rest of the zine is mainly devoted to your personal life, politics and views of the world. Nothing personal, but it ain't worth the money.

Your politics and attitudes in particular bother me. I don't like bigotry - "Nics, spics," derogatory remarks about various ethnic groups (Italians come to mind), and so on. Your incredible tactless and narrow comments to and about other nationalities are the worst example of the "ugly" American syndrome I've ever seen ((true.)) and I just hope the people from other countries don't take you for a typical American ((I am)), because you aren't.

Noone can accuse me of being unpatriotic ((who did?)). I've been in the Marine Corps for over a fourth of my life, ready to defend our Constitution and our people's freedom. I love America.

Your attitude strikes me as not so much loving America as hating everyone else... I consider you un-American in the worst way...

((Thanks for the constructive criticism, Jim. Firstly, nine tenths of the zine isn't about MY life. You'll remember that I usually have a few subzines that eat up the room. Secondly, I am not a bigot. I have nothing against other nationalities unless they are enemies of the United States. I DO have a bad temper, and often times I put my foot in my mouth before thinking. I will say that the U.S. is #1, and anyone who isn't American already has one strike against him. They aren't out, though, on one strike. It takes three. I MAY joke about other nationalities (LIKE ITALIANS) but I have NOTHING against them! I am living proof that this country IS a melting pot with almost every European nationality in my roots. I even have a little Indian and Canadian. Although predominantly English, I am a mongrel descendant! I've been trying to scale back on the political garbage. Readers will see little from now on and then it will be more sedated. I can't speak for other contributors though. I do take offense by the unAmerican remark, but on the whole your criticism is typical of some that I've been getting. I agree. I should shut my mouth to some extent and stop offending everybody I talk too. Oh, I still believe that most liberals have the wrong idea about which method will make America better, but after all, we're after the same goal, and there's no reason why we can't be civil about it. Correct? When I do learn to restrain my easily set-off temper and moderate this zine, I'll send you another sample, okay? Thank you again.))

(Ivo Bouwman, The Netherlands!)

Thank you very much for your nice letter as well as the latest issue of your "THE MODERN PATRIOT". Since I just came home from a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 10

LETTERS continued...

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(Ivo Bouwman, continued...)

short vacation in Denmark. I haven't really had the time yet to read it, but from what I did read so far I liked it! That is also the reason for writing already, since I would like to keep getting TMP.

I was honoured ((slight misspelling, understandable. Ivo has EXCELLENT English for a non-English speaking European. I mean, it isn't his first language)) honoured by your offer of trading TMP for "Je Maintiendrai". However, and I am glad you said so yourself, since JM is not in English or French (it's in Dutch, the language we happen to speak out here...), I would not suggest you to trade, since it wouldn't mean anything at all to you. ((Correct!)) For that reason, I included \$10 - so I can sub to TMP for a while. ((That's good for 10 issues - airmail)) By the way, JM is indeed a french title. It is the motto in our national weapon. But that's about the only french I speak... Oh, before I forget: You were right, I am male... (Hope you're not too disappointed...)

There's a lot I'd like to tell you, especially about politics, but as I said before, I just came back from vacation so I couldn't do so as I would like. I'll write you again soon (promise!)

As Always,  
Ivo

((Thanks, buddy! Ivo has EXCELLENT English, doesn't he? I'm impressed! I know Ivo's been in the U.S. three times. His writing is also very neat. Ivo knows how to please Americans - he sent me \$10 AMERICAN, CASH! A little risky, but I didn't have to wait forever and a day to clear it through the bank. What's Denmark like anyway? For that matter, what is The Netherlands like? I hear it's a beautiful country! Glad to have you in THE MODERN PATRIOT. Feel free to write an article for us! Write soon!))

(Alex Lord, New York)

I'm an excellent shot myself with a gun. My father and relatives had me shooting ever since I was young. I'm also going to take a self-defense course because kicking someone in the groin doesn't always work. ((It'd work on me!)) I want a pistol, too. I love guns. Not to sound like a sicko or something. It's just that I do, for security. Well, bye!

Love, Alex.

((I don't know about other males, but a kick in the nuts wouldn't do much for my sex life, my complexion, or my physical well-being! As for guns, I like them too. Hearing you say that caught me off-guard, mainly because you're anti-hunting, but I agree that guns are necessary for security. Especially when you're an attractive young lady. Yes, reader's, I'm a brown-nose. As for self-defense courses, it's another good idea. You never know when you could use it. I'm sure your grandfather could show you a few moves. (Her grandfather is a retired Brigadier General in the U.S. Marine Corps.) I'm sure your brother could show you some things, too. I hear he's constantly showing girls all of his moves. HaHaHa!)) ((almost forgot, does anyone have any good recipes for desserts? If so, I want to here from you! I am a genuine junk food junkie. Right now, I'm munching on a Hershey bar! It's an occupational hazard when you work in a grocery store!))

**WARNING! THE FOLLOWING IS RATED 'PG'!**

JOKE TIME: Why can't you circumcize Iranians? Because there's no end to those dicks! ((remember, I didn't say it was clean!))

LETTERS continued...

(Terry Tallman, Washington)

Got the monthly Modern Pudwacker ((abusive, ain't he?)) the other day and read with interest about your "cruise".

Assuming that the Atlantic Fleet is under the same economic constraints as the Pacific Fleet it's not too surprising your boat ((it's a SHIP!)) was broken. The priority right now appears to be to keep the first line ships ((that's better)) and aircraft combat ready and let the reserve units and training units slide.

How's that for Navy talk?

As you can see by the attached card ((what card?!)) I'm semi-officially a Navy flunky too. Beats the shit out of unemployment.

I inspect all new construction at the Naval Station Seattle; Fort Lawton (Navy Housing), Paine field and assorted reserve centers and remote sites throughout Washington, Idaho, Oregon, and Montana ((???))

You can tell you're back in the military when you go to the head ((military jargon for a bathroom)) and there's a well-stocked magazine rack in each stall. ((funny, we didn't have any...))

The Navy is a lot different than the Air Force ((NO! Really?)). Many Air Force units work similarly to private firms. You work for 8 hours and go home. No muss, no fuss. I went 3 years one time and never wore a dress uniform, even to travel. I wore fatigues of civilian dress.

The Navy, however, is like playing Dungeons and Dragons. Everyone has imaginary powers and unless you know the right spells you're in deep shit.

My best spell is "Cloak of Civil Service Employee" As a civilian, a lot of the bullshit doesn't effect me. Also the fact that our main office is off-base helps. We're in business park about 5 miles from Sub Base Bangor (Trident replenishment base). Out of 52 people in our office, only six are military, the rest are civilians.

We have a Captain. As far as I can tell, his job is to drink coffee and talk to people. When there's a problem your best bet is to find a GS-12. They handle all of the hard problems. They give them to us - the GS-9's.

Terry

((Your assessment of the Navy's fiscal policy is correct, although Reagan's defense budget has helped us restock a lot of spare parts and ammo that we've been short of. Ships are being fixed now at a faster rate.

Glad to hear that the Navy finally hired someone who was mentally handicapped - YOU! (HaHa!) Thanks for the letter. Officers are there to supervise and administrate. Only in combat do they have an excuse to put off paperwork. Yes, we ~~are~~ are leaders who push papers and coordinate activities.

By the way, how's your sine NO SEX WITHOUT GERITOL doing? (Hey, if he can mock TMP then...) What's the matter, you old fart, arthritis bothering you again? Hehehe. If you can't stand the heat, then... oh, forget it. You'll probably just forget the insults anyway. See, readers, what happens when senility sets in? Hell, this guy is about 35 years old. Shit, he's an old man already! Right? Hehhehheh.))

QUOTES: "We shall pay any price, bear any burden, meet any hardship, support any friend, oppose any foe..."

President John F. Kennedy, 20 Jan., 1961

LETTERS continued

(Carl Russell, New York)

I wrote to Rod Walker, about his comments/review about TMP. Enclosed is a xerox of his letter.

If you want to make TMP a better zine, I think you should eliminate POLITICAL POOP completely and keep politics out of Ramblings. ((this letter has been edited to save space)) Or, you could ignore RW and do what you want too - Freedom of the press, right?

I don't plan on writing for TMP ever again. Under any subzine name. ((really? I'm sure I'll lose a lot of subbers!))

You should have written to me or called before issue #14 came out but you didn't do either. Can you understand how I feel?

Quote from Rod Walker:

"Now, if I were to be completely truthful about TMP, what about the fact that it is unashamedly racist?((LIE!)) (In a recent issue, Bill calls Nicaraguans "spics" and refers to the people living in Harlem as "scum". I ought, in a review, state that KKK members will love the zine but I won't) However, It's comments like those which reveal just exactly what sort of conservative Bill really is."

He doesn't mention RYN being racist ((it WAS)), does he? I am not to blame for Rod Walker's review of TMP and I refuse to be the scape-goat! Put the blame where it belongs, Mr. W.S. Highfield!

((I have a few comments.

1) I don't care if you never write again for TMP  
2) You always say, "Call me and we'll talk about it." Do I look rich to you? Why didn't YOU call if you felt you had to talk! I warned you TWICE about RYN. You chose to ignore my warnings so you didn't deserve notification. Period!

3) If a Spanish/Mexican descendant is a hard-working person, he's a Latin-American. If he is a communist terrorist, he's a spic. If a person is hard-working, law-abiding American, he's a good American. If he's a law-breaking creep, he's a scum - no matter WHERE he lives (Harlem or otherwise). If that's racism, then Rod is stupid. When I use a derogatory remark (ethnic wise) I'm either talking about those who fit the picture or I'm joking. You can take it any way you want! If you're a hard-working, law-abiding American, no matter what ethnic background or group, the derogatory comment doesn't apply to you.

4) As for the KKK, I HATE IT! Your comments in the super-ish, Carl, condemning anti-Klan protesters as "UN American" were the most racist things I've ever seen! That alone, would be enough to kick your ass out of this zine! I'm sure that many of my readers did NOT enjoy reading that. It is obvious to me that Rod does not read TMP! If he did, he would have seen that. If he did, he would not have said that TMP did not have a letter column. He said that on 27 AUGUST. In issue 14, Linda Wightman debated LETTERS TO MOM. That was on 1 AUGUST! There are letters in there which are critical of TMP. I decided then to start my own - long before Rod ever criticised me about not having one. Rod doesn't know what a conservative is. To him, a conservative is anyone to the right of Stalin!

5) In conclusion, I will say that to me, ANYONE who doesn't do his absolute BEST for this country is open to any sort of derogatory comment I can think of at that time. I reserve the right to judge anyone I want. Everyone has that right. However, I believe that we don't have the right to shove it down peoples throats and make them agree. I've had it with both you and Rod! Go piss up a rope!))

PS. I think I put the blame EXACTLY where it belongs!



LETTERS continued...

(Eric Ozog, Illinois)

Dear Bill,

Thanks for the sample of THE MODERN PATRIOT - the zine looks good but unfortunately you've caught me at a bad time, I'm burned out postally and can't handle any more dip-zines.

Your article on the happenings at Lake George is very good. I like the part about the Canuck getting nailed by the cops, and the one about you bashing your head on the brass bedpost. Tell me, did it do you any good? ((HaHa. Actually, no.))

Hey Highball ((boy, do I get abused!)), when are you going to get off of that drydocked-tugboat-garbage scow and go cruising on an aircraft carrier? Is the Persian Gulf ready for you? ((you tell me! Hah hah heh.))

"Highfield!"

"Yes, Sir?"

"Blow up that oil well with a Tomahawk!"

"Sir, there's no Indians aboard this vessel!"

Hooray for the U.S.A., etc.

Eric

PS I assure you, elves are not communists!

(( I thought that the parts about Alex were the best part about Lake George. This semester I'm taking FORTRAN in computer science. We had to pick a 6 letter word or less for a password. I had to pick one that I'd remember but one which my friends at school couldn't easily guess. NROTC and USNAVY were out so I finally decided to have my password be ALEX since they don't know her and I'd NEVER forget her!

Anyway, thanks for the letter. I would never protest an attack on Iranians so I'd never ask questions about weapons. Hell, if my CO wanted me to use a butter knife to fight Iranians, I'd do it! I assume that's who you're talking about attacking, right?

I, too, enjoyed seeing the lawless, barbarian Canadian get burned by an American cop. It made my day. (I have nothing against law-abiding Canucks) Bashing my head against the bedpost was funny, and I did do it, though accidentally. Another funny part was when I locked the door before going to sleep at Alex's. No, I didn't fear seduction (although her father's gun was a brilliant deterrent) but I don't sleep in pajamas and don't exactly have fun being exposed in briefs. (I roll over a lot and get twisted like a piece of salt-water taffy if I sleep in pajamas) Everybody was slightly tipsy from the night before and didn't want someone stumbling in (especially females). I kept having visions of a gun being shoved right up my ... well, you know. Not only that, but a locked door would stall me long enough to realise I was only in briefs before I streaked down the hallway in the middle of the night! Oh well, enough of that nonsense. That settles it, next time, I bring pajamas (if there is one).

I'm glad to hear that elves aren't communists. Are they liberal? I hope they're conservatives. Then at least I could tolerate them.))

QUOTE: "Chastity is the most unnatural of the sexual perversions."

- Remy de Gourmont

"These are the three virtues - duty, loyalty, and patriotism!"

- Gordon Liddy

"Appeasers believe that if you keep on throwing steaks to a tiger, the tiger will become a vegetarian."

- Heywood Brown

(Kathy Byrne, New York)

...and now (to discuss) your letter. I'm sorry to hear that you've had personal problems. Yes, I can understand how that is. I've definately had my share this year! So why don't we just forget the past, and start over. Okay?! ((Okay.)) I can be very nice when I want to and I really don't think you're all that bad. (I hope that doesn't sound wrong - what I mean is that you're okay in my book) ((Thank You. I admit I was wrong about you! You ARE nice!)) We just got off on the wrong foot, and I knew Bruce had a lot to do with it! Bruce definately has a problem, and I think you finally realised that! I feel sorry for Alex as I don't think she'll be able to get rid of him as easy as she thinks. ((don't forget, both Al's father and brother are gun enthusiasts. Both belong to the NRA. I think it'd be easier. ~~Some gun enthusiasts~~)) The man is a total neurotic and to say he has a crush on Alex is an understatement! ((Hey, don't call Bruce a neurotic, I'm one. That's what N.R.O.T.C Midshipmen call ourselves up here, NeuROTICs)) He is making a fool of himself and everyone in the hobby is talking about it. However, to hear him tell it Alex is crazy about him. ((WHAT? That's ridiculous! She's crazy about ME! ... just joking, really!..)) ... I just wish he'd leave Alex alone ((me too), but I really don't think that he will. The best thing she ever did was stop writing for him. However, I have written her and encouraged her to write for others, maybe you can get her to write something for you. ((I'm trying!))

I'm glad that we finally got all of this straightened out! So let's be friends and try to ignore Bruce, I'm really not as bad as he says.

Take care,  
Kathy

((Thanks for your help with 1979KR, Kathy, it is appreciated. I have had a few real big personal problems since Oct/Nov '82 and it has been pretty rough. I keep taking out my anger and frustration on others and I shouldn't. I admit that I was far too harsh on you and at the same time, defensive. I really thought you had sent a letter to Alex and everyone else in the hobby. I'm glad you and Alex have straightened everything out and I'm glad we're friends again.

As for Bruce, I think that this whole feud is stupid. I realise that both of you are trying to defend yourselves, but my concern is only for Alex. She is the one getting caught in the middle. I can understand how you feel Kathy, and I'd like nothing better than to clear this mess up. I admit that I think Bruce went too far. He's pulled a lot of shit both with the hobby and versus Alex and I. At this time, I'm a little angry, but I think he's just very confused. I think that I am the reason for this whole mess. I became the wild card in Bruce's relationship with Alex. He didn't know how I would influence Alex and he didn't know my intentions. He overreacted and after that, every thing he said made it worse. He also buried himself with his constant suggestive phrases and pictures, then denials about having an "affair" with Alex. Hell, I knew that it was impossible to be true right after I met Alex. Bruce failed to realise that if given the opportunity, enemies would declare that he was having a romance with a 16 year old girl. In fact, he went out of his way to present that appearance. I hope he finally realises that he's too old for her - far too old. Now, I'm only 3 years older...

I want Alex to continue writing, too. Anywhere! (I prefer TMP as the zine it appears in but I'll read it wherever it is!!!)

(Derek Caws, Great Britain)

Thanks for the copy of THE MODERN PATRIOT 14. You should have received a couple of issues of WAR AND PEACE by now; if not, they should arrive shortly. I'm writing seperately because, due to the absurdities of the British Post office's charges, it's cheaper to send a letter and a magazine seperately instead of putting them together in the same envelope! I've sent you two issues - #10, the current issue (released 2 Sept) and #8, a politics only special I put out a month or so ago, which I thought you might be interested in. I'd like to take you up on your trade offer.

I enjoyed TMP14. I didn't go a lot on your "Highfield puts 'Hoof in Mouth'" bit, though. Why do you Americans take everything so seriously? W+P has attracted more than its fair share of jokes/criticism about its politics, but I just treat it as part of the fun of the Hobby. Rod Walker's comment of "only those right of Mussolini could enjoy it" appears to be a fairly amusing description of TMP, which was obviously meant as a joke. ((wrong!)) I'm sure even Hobby novices would realise that! ((wrong! Not from a supposedly objective sine!))

Anyway, let's talk politics. ((Notice, readers, that I didn't bring it up!)) From what I've heard about you and TMP, we would seem to be similar politically, except that you're nationalistic towards the United States, whilst I'm nationalistic towards Britain ((so you have one fault, don't let it bother you! -just kidding!)) Hence I am opposed to the installation of Cruise missiles in Europe, whereas I suspect you are in favor ((darn tootin' I am!)) What are your views on NATO, by the way? I'm in favor of it to a certain extent, although I don't think it should overrule a country's own interests when shaping its defense policy. Hence my argument with Cruise.

Anyway, I look forward to the next TMP,

Cheers,  
Derek.

((I'm in favor of any weapon that kills Soviet communist pigs, be it nuclear missiles or steak knives! NATO is #1, and should stay that way. England and France had better learn quick that VSTOL carriers stink and that they should have Super-carriers like us. You guys got VERY lucky with Argentina. Those Harriers sucked! The range is terrible and the only thing it has going for it is maneuvrability. It is definately not intended to be a fleet-defense aircraft. However, it is a good ground support aircraft, like our Marines are using it. The only countries in Europe who are holding their own weight are West Germany and Spain. France is being run by a dipshit, but at least he's being pressured into keeping his military commitments. When you had the Falkland's War, England stripped NATO commitments and took off! If you don't have enough strength to keep both your commitments to your colonies and commitments to NATO, then sell your colonies! Don't expect NATO (and the U.S.) to take up your slack the next time Argentina attacks (and there will be a next time). In fact, I believe that Argentina will attack again within a year after they build up their military. Also, they'll have better timing and better ammunition! Last year, their bombs weren't exploding! I suggest that you get a good aircraft carrier with good planes. If the U.S. had to fight the Falklands War, we would not have had as many losses because our E-2 AWACS would be over the islands. We'd know the second any Argentine planes took off! You didn't know until they

LETTERS CONTINUED...

My comments to Derek Caws, continued...

were right on top of you! (i.e. The HMS Sheffield)

Oh well, enough tactics, huh? I know we're politically alike. I saw the review for War and Peace in the 1983 Zine Register where Roy Hendricks calls you the British Bill Highfield. That's why you got a copy of TWP! Anyway, keep the faith. By the way, do British readily admit that we are more powerful, or do they fool themselves (like the French). Since I'm an American, I find it hard to understand what it feels like to be a citizen of a militarily inferior nation. No offense intended!

Do you think the British peacekeeping force in Beirut will fight alongside of us when we turn our Marines loose on those bastard Druze moslems who fail to fear the United States Marine Corps! They MUST be suicidal! I say that we tell the Lebanese Army to step aside and turn loose the toughest, meanest fighters in the world. Only the British Churkas come close and even they are a distant second! Of course, I may be partially biased... See ya later Derek! Say hi to the Iron Lady! I can't wait to see the next copy of WAR AND PEACE. For those interested in seeing this great zine, send a buck to:

Derek Caws  
94 Mill Hill Road  
Cowes, Isle of Wight  
PO31 7EQ, ENGLAND ))

(James Woodson, Ensign, USN, Pensacola, Florida)

Jim Briggs says that you want to know "what the HELL is En Garde!" Well, I'm going to tell you and ask you to play in his game. I'm going to play.

EN GARDE is a role-playing game set in the 18th century France. Players vie to increase their social standing. Status can be gained by dueling (for the correct reasons), being seen socially with social higher-ups (called toadying), seducing mistresses ((YEAH!)) and other things ((Hey, hey, that's enough!))

I suggest you buy the game. The booklet needed costs only \$5 I think it would be fun, although I've never played. It's very popular postally in England.

I thought you'd enjoy the toadying aspect. I voted for you in the Toady Poll. Good luck!

Best,  
James

((Toadying? Good! Is one of the characters named Alexandra? That'd be cute, wouldn't it! Thanks for the vote. Did you vote for Alex, too? What's the status with your flight training, any news? When will you start? Any interesting scuttlebutt about CNET, NROTC, or the USS SARATOGA (CV-60; an aircraft carrier)? Keep me informed! ))

(Joan Extrom, Philomath, Oregon)

((from a card she sent...)) "Let's not fight... Let's give peas a chance!" ((There are two pods of peas on the cover))

Somehow, this seemed appropriate!

Yours in friendship,  
Joan Extrom  
(+ Samantha - we sort of work  
closely together)

((Wait 'till she sees the card I sent back! Who the hell is Samantha? Okay, we're friends! Adios!))

↓



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BOOK REVIEW: "ABLE TEAM" by Dick Stivers copyright 1983

ISSUE #8 - Army of Devils

((NOTE: No permission is needed to reproduce sections of this book if it is for a review. This is stated within the book.))

One of the most successful action series in the history of the United States is THE EXECUTIONER. Mack Bolan - THE EXECUTIONER - was a penetration expert in Vietnam who goes AWOL back home to fight what he termed as a greater menace - the Mafia. His parents and sister were the victims of the mob and he sought not vengeance, but justice for these murderers who were "above" the law. After many battles, his friend in the Justice department informs him that since his war is nearly over, the Government is willing to drop all of the charges against him (including thousands of counts of 1st degree murder) if he'll work for them to fight terrorism. He agrees.

He can't do it alone, though, so he gets two teams to help him. One is the Able Team. Consisting of "Pol" Blancales, "Gadgets" Schwarz, and Carl Lyons. Pol and Gadgets fought alongside Mack both in Vietnam and in L.A. with Mack's Death Squad (EXECUTIONER #2). They are the only survivors of his ten man team after the huge battle he had with the L.A. mafia. Carl Lyons is one of the many cops who Mack saved and who supported Mack. One reason why Mack had so many supporters was because 1) he never shot at a good cop (rotten ones were not spared) and 2) he never hurt a civilian during his war.

We pick up the action with Able Team back in L.A. hunting down the controllers/importers of a deadly new drug 100 times more addicting than PCP. It turns man into a raging animal who kills whatever is nearby without emotion (except the rage). At the moment, they have just been discovered by sentries at a key distribution center...

Gadgets ran up behind them. "Ironman ((Carl's nickname)), you gone crazy? I got two mags for my Beretta, and we're going into a firefight?"

"If they've got this many sentries -", Lyons passed the Uzi to Gadgets as the punks returned autofire "- they've got something important down below."

"Like an army." Blancales answered.

"Something as important as us living through this?" Gadgets asked.

Flipping over a dead punk, Lyons found a web belt hung with AK mag pouches. "Two magazines, plus whatever's in the rifles. And this-" He held up one of the two grenades he found in a pouch.

Blancales searched other corpses and came across a belt pouch with two Uzi mags. He passed the pouch to Gadgets. A burst of AK fire roared past him and feet hammered on the stairs.

A wide-eyed screaming punk sprinted up the stairs, his Kalashnikov flashing. Lyons stepped back, waited an instant, then fired two rounds from his own Kalashnikov point-blank into the screaming punk's chest.

Flesh and fragments of bone exploded from his back as the punk slammed sideways into the stucco of the stairwell housing. He did not fall.

Staring around him, the punk saw Lyons and Blancales. Screaming as he staggered forward, his face twisted with hatred, blood spraying from the two lung wounds, he swung his AK towards Blancales.

Lyons put the muzzle of his captured Kalashnikov under the chin of the punk and fired. Impact lifted the bleeding, mortally wounded teenager off his feet, the blast tearing away the side of his head. But still he did not fall.

Screaming, his shattered jaw yawning, blood frothing from his mangled throat, the punk lurched forward again. Lyons grabbed the barrel of the punk's AK and jerked him off balance.

The punk staggered from the stairwell. Gadgets stepped up behind the punk and put his captured Uzi at the base of the punk's skull. A burst severed the brain from the spinal cord.

"Take his weapon," Lyons told Gadgets.

"This is insane! I'm not going down there! There could be a hundred of them!"

Lyons jerked the cotter pin from a grenade. A storm of autofire came up from below, then more feet hammered on the stairs. Berserk punks screamed with chemical rage. Lyons let the safety level flip away, counted to four, then gave the grenade an underhand toss.

Standing to the side of the roof door, he raised his AK. The first punk out the door took a through-and-through head wound from a ComBloc slug. Still screaming, he fell and kicked as his life spurted from his shattered skull.

A second punk ran from the stairwell as the grenade exploded below. Though the stairs and landing shielded the punk's body, steel fragments punched through the back of his head.

As if he did not feel the wounds, the punk continued advancing streams of blood fountaining from his skull. Blanacales aimed at the punk's back and put a careful burst through the wounded punk's heart. Still screaming, with a vast wound where his heart had been, the punk continued on to the end of the roof. He hurtled into space.

From the stairwell they heard a bestial, inhuman sound. A sound like a dog's growl, but broken with gasps and choking. They saw a hand clutching a Kalashnikov, then a third punk crawled from the stairwell.

A hundred grenade fragments had shattered and ripped both legs. Dangling by only ligaments and a few strands of flesh, the legs flopped and twisted behind the punk. But obviously he did not feel the horrible wounds.

Clawing at the asphalt of the roof, he looked around for the attackers. Blanacales dispatched him to darkness with a burst to the back of the head.

The autofire from below slacked off. Absolutely astounded by what he had seen, Gadgets stared down at the finally dead teenager. Then the ex-Green Beret turned to Lyons.

"I'm not going down there. I don't care what the fuck you say, Lyons. Call down an airstrike, call for tanks, call for the Marines, but I'm not going down there!"

Mean while, as Pol, Carl, and Gadgets shoot it out inside (they finally went in), their friend with the LAPD calls in riot police with shotguns to contain the drug-crazed punks. We re-enter the story as Detective Bill Towers deploys his men...

As Towers sent a two-man unit to the side street with an order to seal off the side exits and the alley, the officer behind the steering wheel called out, "Behind you!"

Turning, Towers saw a teenager in jeans, sneakers and a gang

Book Review continued...

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jacket run from the front door of the ground floor IAYAC offices. ((Los Angeles Youth Action Committee - communist-backed organization sponsoring the import of the drugs and weapons)) The teenager held a machete high as he sprinted for Towers, screaming hate jargon, "Die, you white genocidal Nazi running dog!"

"Halt or I'll fire!" Towers shouted out as he pulled his .38 pistol loaded with department-approved solid-point ammunition. "Halt!"

The command did not stop the punk. Towers sighted over the four inch barrel of his Smith & Wesson and double-actioned six slugs into the punk's chest.

The slugs did not stop the youth. Blood spurting from his chest, he crossed the sidewalk and street in a few steps. He swung the machete at Towers. Towers sidestepped.

As the machete skipped off the sheet metal of the black-and-white, the officer in the driver's seat fired his service revolver point-blank into the gut of the punk. Slugs exited the punk's back and broke the plate-glass windows of the IAYAC offices.

But the punk did not fall. Retreating from the bloody, teenage psychopath, Towers pulled the back-up pistol he carried - in violation of department regulations - in a holster at the small of his back: a Colt Commander. Loaded with hollow-points - again in violation of department policy - the large-caliber autopistol went on line with the punk's chest as he rushed to kill Towers.

Towers snapped two shots. The first hollow-point slammed the punk back, exploding through his chest to destroy his heart and the knot of arteries behind the lungs. The second slug went high and struck the dying punk in the nose. His head exploded with the shock-force of the impact.

Towers stared down at the thrashing corpse, astounded. Officers from other cars ran to the corpse. The driver of the squad car announced in a shaky voice, "Holy shit! You saw it. Towers put six through the chest. I put another four through its gut. And it still took two forty-fives to put it down!"

"Everyone with a shotgun, over here!" Towers yelled, assembling officers.

As they gathered, Towers continued directing black-and-white units to surround the apartments. Inside the battle continued. Directing his men, Towers heard the hammering of autofire, the booming of shotguns inside the buildings. He addressed the officers around him. "There's three men fighting in there. The crazies captured an officer and those three men went in to save the officer. We're going in to help. Everyone got their pockets full of ammo?"

"We shoot to kill?" an officer called out. "Do we try to arrest them?"

"This is war!" Towers shouted back. "Look at that one in the street and tell me if you're going to read them their rights!"

The group rushed into battle...

I'm not going to tell you how it ends, you can buy the book. These are officers who have been forced to fight back against whoever threatens society, be it gangs, terrorists or organized crime. They handle the urban crime front for Mack Bolan, alias Colonel John Phoenix. The other team, the Phoenix force consists of five men from different backgrounds and nationalities united in one goal - to protect freedom from terrorists. I strongly urge you to read a book from these series. It is more than just fighting. It shows, too, the compassion and feelings behind the men... ↓

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An eye for an eye...

by Bill Highfield

"I have the object in sight, sir."  
"Very well. Close in on the target. Identify it."  
"Roger, tower. I have the airliner in sight. It is a commercial aircraft. Almost identical to our 747. They probably stole the designer's notes for it."  
"What nationality is it, over."  
"Tower, it appears to be a Soviet plane. Markings indicate that it is with Aeroflot."  
"Arm air-to-air missiles. Over."  
"Roger, tower. May I repeat, it is a commercial flight."  
"You have your orders, now carry them out or risk court martial!"  
"Affirmative, tower. Missiles are armed."  
"Fire."  
"Sir, there are innocent civilians on board! We shouldn't copy their murderous act!"  
"Damn it, pilot, there are no civilians anymore! Now do your duty and fire!"  
"Affirmative. Missiles are launched. Target destroyed."  
"Affirmative, pilot, return to base."  
"Sir?"  
"Yes, pilot."  
"Why did we do that?"  
"Pilot, ours is not to wonder why. Ours is but to do - or die. We don't make these decisions, the politicians do. The Soviets downed one of ours, so we did the same back. Neither military is at fault. We don't make policy, we follow policy!"  
"I understand sir. I'm sorry I was hesitant."  
"Hesitation has no room up in the air, pilot. It's either shoot or be shot at. Don't think about the results of your actions, just do them. Who knows, maybe the big shots in Washington think there was spy equipment aboard that flight? We don't know."  
"Yes sir."

((What I'm trying to show is that the downing of Korean Flight 007 was not the Soviet military's fault, nor the pilot who shot it down. They just follow orders from the politicians and government. If Reagan came out tomorrow and ordered our military to shoot one of their planes down, we'd do it. Why? Because we are ordered to. In a combat situation, soldiers/pilots/sailors just cannot think about the politics or right/wrong of a situation. They just carry out their orders. The skit above may not be accurate, but if I was the pilot, I would shoot down a commercial, civilian airliner if ordered too. I'm sure any other member of the Armed Forces would do the same thing. What do you say, Ensign Woodson? Sgt Finley? John Kelley? I think you would all agree with me. Don't blame the Soviet military for the downing, blame those who ordered it - Yuri Andropov and his cronies! -Bill))  
↓

QUOTE : "If anyone attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot!" -John A. Dix

"We flattened cities in Germany and Japan in WWII. I don't know what's so sacred about Hanoi... let world opinion fly a kite"  
- MENDEL RIVERS



## LETTERS TO MOM

Wow! I wanted controversy, so I guess I asked for it. Here is Mom's Secret Recipe for Exciting Mail: add one pinch of comment on abortion and STAND BACK!

From Rod Walker:  
(Oh, boy! A letter for me from Mr. Walker himself!)

Dear Linda:

I have always felt that Dipzines were places for Diplomacy and perhaps some related outside interests, along with other materials in keeping with the fact that these are fanzines. I have never felt that politics and such-like serious stuff was really what we ought to see in Dipzines. I have published little of this, if any, myself. But if an editor chooses to do his/her thing with politics or whatever, she/he can often expect me to greet the event with open mouth. To wit:

Abortion is a touchy issue. However, I do not see that it is insoluble. We must start with the realization that there are some pregnancies which must be terminated. Some pregnancies even terminate themselves. However, for those which must be terminated, someone has to make the decision as to whether it will be done. The two sides on this issue argue, respectively, that the decision-maker should be the mother (with the advice and counsel of a doctor) or the state (following the lead of the Church). Of these two, I regard the former as infinitely more competent to make that decision. I have no objection to legal requirements that she be deeply exposed to pro and con arguments, but the notion that her decision can be overridden by some governmental or theological agency is repugnant.

Nor is the question really "preventing" abortion at all. Making abortion more or less illegal does not stop abortion, but merely changes the circumstances under which they will be performed. It will become a question of contacts & money, just as it was before the Supreme Court decided abortion was OK. So the choice is really between abortion under controlled conditions and abortion under uncontrolled conditions.

Furthermore, making abortion illegal will simply convert it into a class privilege. All those middle-aged married women you spoke of will go right on having all the abortions they want; they always did. The poor, however.... The anti-abortion movement is not "pro-life"; it is the modern equivalent of "let 'em eat cake."

And you can bank on this: if abortion reverts to its former status in this country (mostly illegal), there is one organization which is well set up to bankroll, staff, and maintain all of the inevitable "secret" abortion clinics. Our old friends of the Mafia, of course. Well, where did you think the "pro-life" people got all their money? If you want to know where any movement gets its bankroll, just ask yourself "Cui bono?" Well, obviously the answer here is that the people who will benefit most from the success of the anti-abortion movement will be those who will profit from the inevitable underground clinics. Every time I see some uniformed minister talking about "right to life," I think to myself that he looks so appropriate in a black shirt.

I'd be careful about that little bit in Genesis, if I were you. First of all, your fundamentalist Christians will argue...quite rightly... that the earth is quite obviously not filled. Hey, you can still lie down somewhere, can't you? Secondly, these people believe that the current state of the world is going to end soon, anyway, so why worry about future generations? They still take seriously the "Behold, I come quickly" business, despite the fact that when it was written (c. 94/95 AD), it had already worn a little thin.

Besides, these people know that sex is one of the few diversions the poor have (Guinevere asked it long ago, in Camelot: "What do the simple folk do?", but Arthur didn't get the point). So, by God, they're going to suffer for it. Make 'em have those babies; we'll show 'em they can't fornicate and all that wicked stuff and get away with it.

I am sure that among the anti-abortion forces there are people who sincerely believe their position on the moral issue being posed. However, the fact is that beneath their platform are the massive twin pillars of avarice and bigotry.

I agree entirely with your comments on adoption. However, I would like to point out that not all the couples that would like to adopt consist of both genders. Adoption agencies generally consider unigender couples to be ipso facto unsuitable adoptive parents. While I would agree that extra care should be taken in evaluation, the bigoted attitude which prevents qualified gay couples from adopting children is ridiculous (doubly so for lesbian couples).

Of course the bigotry cuts both ways. I doubt there is really any shortage of adoptable children at all. However, the vast majority of couples wanting to adopt are Caucasian and you know what they want...a white, blond(e), blue-eyed baby, rather than, say, a black 5-year-old. Bigotry with respect to race and age in the adoption racket is rampant; and if it were not, every couple which wanted to adopt would probably have at least 2. You make a good point for couples being desperate for children; but here we have a proven demonstration of the fact that beggars can be choosers. I have no sympathy for these people. If they really want to adopt children, if they really want to provide a home & family for a little human being that needs them, then let them go to the children who are begging for parents and not getting them. Only when the nation's orphanages are totally emptied will I have any shred of sympathy for the hypocritical couple that alleges they want to adopt children but can't find any.

((I certainly have no right to say what should or should not be in a Dip 'zine, since I don't even play the game. But, having observed the hobby for a while, I know what I like, and that's the discussions that I've seen in the letter columns of 'zines like Europa Express and Voice of Dope. Since Bill is gracious enough to give me complete freedom in his 'zine, I humbly hope to stimulate similar discussions here.))

(("There are some pregnancies which must be terminated"?? It is true that some pregnancies result in spontaneous abortion. It is also true that some people die at age 31, but I don't think that's a good reason for gunning down any 31-year-old you care to. (Being 31 myself, you see.))

((I sympathize with your attitude toward governmental regulation. There are a lot of governments in this world that have made illegal many things I consider very important. Even in this country I like to see as much individual freedom as possible. But somehow, something must be done to keep individual A from infringing too much on the freedom of individual B.))

((Unfortunately, you may be more right than wrong when you say that making abortions illegal won't prevent them. One of the tragic consequences of making abortions legal was that they have become acceptable. Surely making abortions illegal again would reduce the number of "convenience abortions," but reducing the rate to a pre-Roe vs. Wade figure may be just a dream. The damage to public opinion has already been done. I guess that if I had my way I would make abortions legal but in most cases unacceptable, so that they could be done legally, but not casually.))

((The really sad thing about the delayed return of Christ is that no matter how long the delay, it will still be too soon for a lot of people.))

((I certainly don't want to knock sex, but there are a lot of other affordable diversions, too. Besides, at least in this country, birth control can be so cheap that I fail entirely to see any excuse for considering children to be a "punishment" given to the poor for "having fun."))

((True, gay couples face a lot of bigotry if they want to adopt. I wouldn't call all the opposition bigotry, although I won't go into that now. But I really believe that the biggest obstacle to gay adoptions is the old familiar law of supply and demand. If there were an overwhelming abundance of available children you can be sure that a lot of people would start saying that a warm, loving, secure, gay home is better than no home at all.))

((One of the things I like about this letter column is the opportunity to interact with people from other places, with other experiences. I, for example, have next to no knowledge about how things are in California. I am indeed surprised at your description of the adoption situation. Around here, a black 5-year-old would be snapped up in a second. The only thing that would prevent it is the bigotry on the part of the social workers here who often will keep a black (or mixed black/white) child waiting rather than place him with white parents. The adopted children I'm familiar with around here include Brazilians, Colombians, Asian Indians, a black American-Vietnamese, a black American-Korean, a Laotian, a half black/half white American, countless Koreans, and two white Americans -- one 11-year old and one newborn. All these children were placed with white or Korean-American parents, and most came from overseas. As for our nation's orphanages, I can't say, but I don't believe there is any such thing around here. We have children's homes, and foster homes, and they are sorely needed, but very, very few of those children ever become available for adoption. Around here, the adoptable children who wait for parents are those with multiple handicaps. Perhaps the parents who wait for children should be willing to take on such a challenge, but I don't think that those who aren't deserve to be called hypocritical.))

((Whew! If you people don't stop writing such good letters, I won't ever have room for any new articles. Many thanks, Rod, for such a stimulating letter.))

From Bill Highfield:

((It's nice to get a letter from my own editor.))

Dear Dippy Moway,

I'd like to say that I love your letter column. Keep it up.

Anyway, I think you forgot to emphasize that fact that abortions occur because it is socially unacceptable for young people to have children or for unwed people to have children. Indeed, even some married couples have abortions because it would "hasper their social life" or their jobs would be at stake.

I'm not saying that I'm against abortion -- I'm not. What I am against is unnecessary abortion (convenience abortions). I know that if I helped some girl get pregnant (heaven forbid!), then I would support the child or marry her (if I loved her) rather than have her get an abortion. Adoption would be better, but not for my child! If I help father a child how can I have it murdered or given away? It'd be like killing a part of myself.

What other parents do is their business, though. If they want to kill their kid, fine. I do think, though, that the first step is to make pregnancy "socially acceptable" and not a forbidden act. Pregnancy is a natural act. Then, abortion rates will go down.

((Thanks for the encouraging words, Bill.))

((I also deplore the anti-child attitude I see in society today. It is in part perhaps a reaction to the "something's wrong with you if you don't have children" attitude. And I can think of many charitable reasons why an individual, or a couple, might decide not to have children. But I suspect that what is too often behind a desire not to have children

is a basic selfishness that can do society, and the person himself (or herself) no good. One married man I know stated that there is at least one person in the world more important to him than himself, and that when their expected child is born there will be another. The loss of this attitude is beginning to cripple our society.))

((But this is all theory. I don't claim to be unselfish just because I have children. Indeed, I struggle daily. And I have no desire to encourage people to have unwanted children. I just expect them to prevent conception -- it certainly is easy enough to do these days.))

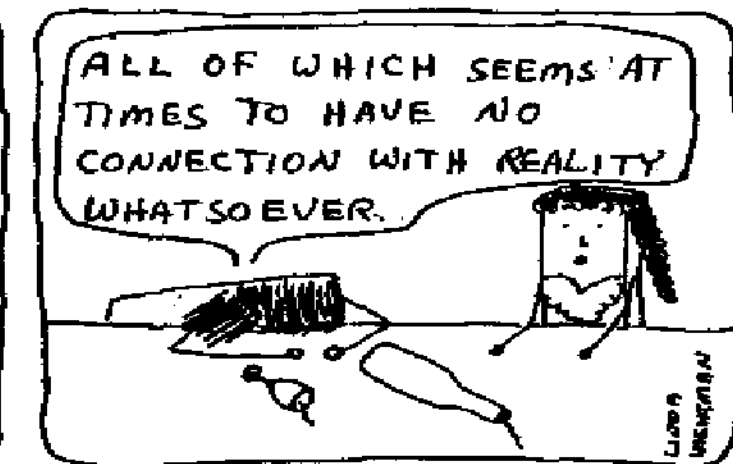
((I don't understand what you say about adoption. You say that if you father a child you would not like it to be given up for adoption, but would support it or marry the mother, if you loved her. What if you didn't love her, and she didn't want to raise the child alone? Would you raise it yourself? If you wouldn't, would you not consider that the child might best be served by finding a suitable adoptive family?))

Thanks to you both for keeping me busy and thinking. I'll be glad to keep the abortion discussion going if you want, but I'd also be happy with another subject if anyone wants to try some new ideas.

Goodbye until next month. Till then, God bless you all.

Mon. 3

## DIP CITY



## Dippy Daddy #10

Here it is. Dippy Daddy, the most obscure subzine in Dipdos. I'm so obscure I can't fill my game. To all those who've signed up - please have patience. To all those who haven't signed up yet, the game fee is \$3 and the NMR deposit is \$2. The game will be computer adjudicated using the HRs as published in TMP's super issue. PLEASE SIGN UP.

DIPPY DADDY DIPLOMACY ISSUE 10 -- GAME 1981CS -- SUMMER, 1907  
 By Porter Mightman 57 Rossiter Rd., Rochester, NY 14620

FRANCE Mark Johnson PSC#4 Box 16848; KAFB, MS, 39534  
 A [PAR] F [LYO] F [BRE] R A BUR-[RUH] F [WES]

DIPPY DADDY DIPLOMACY ISSUE 10 -- GAME 1981CS -- FALL, 1907  
 By Porter Mightman 57 Rossiter Rd., Rochester, NY 14620

AUSTRIA Dan Gorham 1365 Edgecliff #3, Los Angeles, CA 90026  
 A GRE-[BUL] F [ION] S F NAP-TYS  
 \*\*A [SEV] S A GAL-UKR\*\*/DIS/(R:ARM OR DISBAND) A [RUM] S A GAL-UKR  
 A [BOH] S A BUD-GAL F NAP-[TYS] A [TYD] S A VEN-PIE  
 \*\*A [ROM]-VEN\*\* \*\*A [VEN]-PIE\*\* A [VIE] S A BOH H A GAL-[UKR]  
 F ADR-[APU] A BUD-[GAL]

ENGLAND John Chisholm 119 Bay State Rd., Boston, MA 02215  
 F MID-[POR] F ENG-[MID] F WAL-[LPL]

FRANCE Mark Johnson PSC#4 Box 16848; KAFB, MS, 39534  
 A [PAR] S F BRE H F [LYO] S A MAR-PIE F [BRE] H A RUH-[HOL]  
 F WES-[SPA/S]

GERMANY Don Sigwalt 125 Hebard St., Rochester, NY 14605  
 \*\*A [HAR]-PIE\*\* A PRU-[WAR] F NMY-[INTH] A [MOS] S A UKR-SEV  
 F DEN-[KIE] A [BEL] S A RUH-HOL A [MUN] S A SIL H A UKR-[SEV]  
 A [SIL] S A PRU-WAR A [BER] S A SIL H A [BUR] S A MUN H

ITALY Jim Buspas NMR!! 4405 Dillard Rd., Eugene, OR 97405  
 F [TUN] H

### SUPPLY CENTERS:

AUSTRIA	13 CENTERS														
ANK	BUD	BUL	CON	GRE	NAP	ROM	RUM	GER	-SEV	SMY	TRI	VEN	VIE		
ENGLAND	4 CENTERS			ADJUSTMENT = 1											
EDI	-HOL	LON	+LPL	+POR											
FRANCE	4 CENTERS			ADJUSTMENT = -1											
BRE	+HOL	-LPL	PAR	-POR	SPA										
GERMANY	12 CENTERS			ADJUSTMENT = 1											
BEL	BER	DEN	KIE	HAR	MOS	MUN	NMY	+SEV	STP	SWE	WAR				
ITALY	1 CENTER														
TUN															
RUSSIA	0 CENTERS														
TURKEY	0 CENTERS														

### Press, votes and GM announcements:

Press:England-Germany:Do we have an alliance?

GM-England: Haaa, I don't think so.

England-Italy:Let's hear it for the little guys.

Votes: None

GM announcements: Even though Jim NMRed Italy is so close to death it doesn't matter. No standby will be called. DEADLINE.... 10/8/83. Good luck!!

↓

## The Buck Stop

O.K. folks, we're back. That is, should be back as long as Porter can decipher this example of the fine art of mediocre typing. First of all, I would like to thank all the people who responded to my column in the monster issue of TMP, especially James Woodson and Mark Berch. Any of you who didn't see my sub-zine and are wondering who in Hades is this guy and what is he talking about, I forgive you. After all, two pages are not readily found when buried in the midst of 120+ other pages of subzines, games, political poop, and other assorted features.

Next item, RADPO game #9 is moving along at a nice clip. Porter once again saved Gagan's butt in Russia (much to my chagrin, being the one who was making the intervention necessary along with TUR). Gagan is now preparing for a massive assault on Porter's semi-ravaged Germany. The crushing blow was the FO6 build of F St. P(oc) while Porter disbanded F Nwy, A Boh. Although the deadline is Friday, Porter didn't receive the Russian build until Sunday night when he, Bill Fowlkes, Derek Kerber (our GM) and myself were preparing to enjoy a particularly bloody game of Circus Maximus. We managed to restrain Porter to prevent him from throwing himself off Bill's balcony to the parking lot three floors below. Elsewhere in #9, the Frogs, under their new commander Mark Whittenberg, are the largest force on the board, at 8, with Ggan close behind at 7. The French forces are smashing through the washed-up Nightman war effort. Unfortunately, the firm AUS/TUR alliance of myself and Matt Moore has only 8 units total, while the RUS/ITA alliance has 12. We don't look long for this world. Finally, Gary Krakower is performing admirably in his role as a one fleet French toad (he's England).

Thanks to James Woodson who relayed the set-up for the World's Greatest Diplomacy Game via Metternich. Apparently my psychic telephone number was unlisted, it didn't appear in the Greater Hades Psychic Directory. However, I was later contacted by Metternich, who told me they had gotten it without much injury to the management of the directory. The set up is AUS(Nixon), ENG(Bismark), FRA(Louis XI), GER(Hitler), ITA(Napoleon), RUS(Lenin), TUR(Castro). Apparently, the two living players have such good connections to the residence of the other players, that no difficulty was encountered in negotiating.

I received the SOI orders around three weeks after my contact with Metternich. Nixon's and Castro's by mail, the rest came via Metternich that night in a dream. During the last weeks I had been catching drifts of the negotiations, and Metternich had heard almost everything I hadn't, so he supplied those to me. So, here it is.

### The World's Greatest Dip Game

#### SOI negotiations:

- AUS: Nixon seemed to be worried over the fact that he was bordered by the two people with the most in common (RUS/TUR). He made alliances with each of them, and didn't seem to favor either. He also made a neutrality treaty with Italy. Naturally, all of this was preserved on TDK-90 cassettes for future use and reference.
- ENG: Bismark attempted to form a treaty with Hitler, figuring they had enough in common to work together well. However, any chance to ally was quickly ended when Louis XI, who had been eavesdropping, approached Bismark and asked if he might have the honor of speaking to the greatest military mind to tread upon the soils of Germany. This resulted in a rapidly escalating war of insults, and then a particularly violent wrestling match between the Fuhrer and the Chancellor. They were soon separated, but Louis XI had succeeded in breaking up the alliance. In the end, Bismark allied with Louis against the insolent German.
- FRA: Much of Louis' time was spent causing the afore-mentioned disruption, then snickering quietly on the side as the two nearly re-killed each other. He also reached an agreement of neutrality with Italy.
- ITA: Immediately after agreeing to neutrality with Louis XI, Napoleon spoke to Hitler, although very carefully, about how difficult it was to overcome the French once they got moving. Pointing out that they had come closest to attaining complete domination of Europe (to which he added "in the 19th century", as Hitler showed signs of erupting again). A

## THE BUCK STOP ... continued ...

firm alliance against ENG/FRA was soon formed.

GER: In between wreaking havoc upon Bismark, and plotting with Napoleon, Hitler found time to make an agreement of neutrality with Lenin, and to be assured by the GM that the FRE and ENG couldn't call in American forces if they began to lose.

RUS: Lenin did make a treaty with Hitler, although with many unvoiced doubts due to Adolf's treaty with the land of Bolsheviks in WWII. He also made neutrality with AUS, TUR, and ENG. Either he is growing pacifistic or, more likely, wishes to keep from favoring anyone over his potential victim.

TUR: Castro quickly made an alliance with Lenin, and neutrality with Nixon. In spite of the fact he trusted Nixon little (I heard muttered words concerning another U.S. president and certain Russian missiles and anatomical impossibilities concerning the two) I believe he trusted Lenin, his fellow commie, even less. He also seemed very distraught (from what I could see from behind billowing clouds of cheap Cuban cigar smoke) that he couldn't receive units merely by requesting them from his Russian fairy Godfather, much as he does in modern day Cuba.

he Moves: AUS: A Vie-BUD, A Bud-RUM, F Tri-ALB

ENG: F Lon-NTH, A Lpl-YOR, F Edi-NRG

FRA: A Par-BUR, A MAR s A Par-BUR, F Bre-MID

GER: A Ber-KIE, A MUN-Bur, F Kie-HOL

ITA: A Rom-NAP, A Ven-PIE, F Nap-ION

RUS: F StP(sc)-BOT, F SEV-Bla, A Mos-UKR, A War-SIL

TUR: A Con-BUL, A Sey-CON, F ANK-Bla

That's all for now,

John Buck

↓

## STUPID JOKES ...

what's this?



ANSWER: TWO MEN WALKING AHEAD. (HaHa)

Did you hear about Reagan's hearing aid? He didn't!

Reporter discovered Reagan's hearing problem when asked Ron  
Do you think you'll be running for election again, Mr President?"  
President Reagan responded, "Gee, I don't know, I haven't had one since  
1980, have I Nangy!"

well, see ya later!

Bill  
*Bill*



WASHINGTON William Highfield USNR  
2012 East Ridge Road  
Rochester, New York 14622  
United States of America



This sub has EXPIRED  
Steve Knight 3113 Yukon Ave. N.  
~~St Olaf College~~ Crystal, Minn.  
~~Northfield~~ 55427  
MIN  
55057

Write either Linda or me a letter. Please sub.  
nice variety of stamps, huh?! Please contribute your  
opinions to my letter column...

Support our U.S. Marines in Beirut!

Bill

