ARSENIC – '98A Winter 1906

Autumn retreat: German f den-hel.

England builds a edi & f lon. Germany disbands f hel, a fin. Italy builds f nap, a rom. Russia builds a mos.

EGIRT draw: Germany and Russia yes, others nvr.

Spring 1907

England (Mark Fassio): a edi-den (f nts c, a kie s), f lon-eng, f por-spa/sc (f mid s), a par-bur, f bal-bot, a sil-pru, a ruh-mun, f den-bal, f nwy h (f bar s).

Germany (Steve Emmert): <u>a swe-nwy</u>.

Italy (Don Williams): f nap-tyn, a rom-ven, <u>a tri-ser</u>, <u>a ser-bul</u> /dislodged/ (f aeg s), a vie-bud, a ven-alb (f adr c), <u>f wes-spa/sc</u>, <u>f eas-smy</u>.

Russia (Bob Slossar): a mos-stp, a stp-fin, a pru-lvn, a rum s turkish a bud-ser, a ukr-war.

Turkey (Jim O'Kelley): a bud-ser, f bul/ec s russian a rum, f con s f bul, a smy s f con, a syr s a smy.

Addresses

Mark Fassio, 9829 Love Road, Fort Meade MD 20755-6000 <fazfam@juno.com>

Steve Emmert, 1752 Grey Friars Ch., Virginia Beach VA 23456-5436 <Lse@SykesCarnes.com>

Don Williams, 27505 Artine Dr., Saugus CA 91350-2193 <wllmsfmly@earthlink.net>

Bob Slossar, 14 Buck Hill Rd., Huntington CT 06484 <bobsloss@snet.net>

Jim O'Kelley, 664 W. Irving Park Rd. #I-6, Chicago IL 60613 <jimok3@concentric.net>

Fall 1907 Deadline: 31 January 2000

Dead Poets Society

Number 12

Pete Gaughan

1522 Rishell Road #1, Concord CA 94521-2041 (925) 687-7987 gaughan@ix.netcom.com

Press

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London: Sheesh! This must be "Germany's Revenge," making me write conditionals for the millionand-one options I can face. But hey, that mint juelp sure did make the typing easier, Steve; thanks for the thought!

England to Turkey: I hear the Roman Senate is uttering cries of "O'Kellius Delenda Est..." What does that mean, anyway??

A Christmas Tale, By Markkolo Machiavelli:

'Twas the night before Christmas And all across the board All the players were scrambling Their centers for to hoard

I had just settled down For the fight in the North When a cold flash of light From my brain did shine forth

Like a stick of a blade Or the tang of a julep The words they gushed forth From my froth-covered two lips

Now Frenchie, Now Archduke! To the grave go ye first Now Hun and Now Mameluke! Williams wants you the worst!

He seeks the Turk's bones With all of his might To hear Smyrna's moans Will make his delight

Berlin has been razed And Rebs put to flight Italy wants you dazed And out of the fight

And so Don with his green force And I with my blue Mounted Death's Pale Horse To come visit you

But then, with a tear In my beady four eyes I sailed to Spain for the year Just to yell out "Surprise!"

And so, screeched the Rat As he sailed to the East "Turkey tastes good, and borscht makes you fat But this holiday, on pasta I'll feast!" Overheard in the bank: "Hi, I'm Don Williams, and I'd like to make a deposit into my checking account." (Tinkle, tinkle!) "Yes, all of them. I think you'll find that there are thirty of them. Yes, I'll wait for the deposit slip."

Edi: We're sailing! Don't know where we're going yet, given the options, but we're going there, by God.

Steve to Don: I understand why you insist on eradicating O'Kelley. You have told each of us, at great length and on many occasions, about what a rat he's been to you. And besides, he's better looking than the rest of us, so we should eliminate him to avoid any unfavorable comparisons. But why do you insist on wiping me off the board? (So says the Car Salesman, and we know he tells the truth and nothing but the truth in these matters.) Something vexes thee about my play? Could it be all the times that I stabbed you? No, I guess not; I never attacked you all game long. My frequent lies to you? Nah. Never prevaricated even once to you. Still mad 'cause I wouldn't allow the Doge to winter in Bavaria 'way back in '01? Hmmm, maybe we're on to something. Maybe it's just that you find my style of play so uninteresting, with all the predictable moves. Am I warm yet?



Por: I have no confusion over options; I need a coastal tour of my neighbor. Fear not, I'm only in transit through—as in, "Sic transit gloria."

Exiled German to Erstwhile
Frenchie: I'm very sorry to see you
go, Jim-Bob, especially considering
that your difficulties began in '01
with A Mun-Bur-Par. (I'll have to
remember that one. "The Emmert
Opening." Destined to go down in
Dip annals as one of the great
tactical successes/strategic failures
in game history.) I say you insist

that Pete allow you to build two Undead units in Brest and Marseilles, or you boot his little subzine right out of TAP. That'll get to him for sure.

Flash to All: A better bunch of gamers and friends cannot be found. The very best to you all in 2000 and beyond, mes amis.

GM to All: As the boy said, Gawd bless us, ev'ry one.

		Supply Centers Held as of Winter 1906																
	<u>01</u>	<u>02</u>	<u>03</u>	<u>04</u>	<u>05</u>	<u>06</u>												
Austria	4	3	0															
England	5	6	8	9	11	13	lon	lvp	edi	nwy	bel	bre	hol	kie	por	ber	mun den	par
France	3	4	5	4	1	0												
Germany	6	7	5	4	3	1	swe											
Italy	5	4	7	9	9	10	rom	ven	nap	tun	spa	mar	vie	gre	tri	ser		
Russia	6	6	4	3	4	5	war	rum	mos	sev	stp							
Turkey	5	4	5	5	6	5	con	bul	ank	smy	bud							