

DAANZ RAG

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Welcome

Welcome to August 2002 edition of the DAANZ RAG. After I sent out the previous edition of the rag I realised that I failed to identify both myself and provide an email address. If you'd like to email me with articles or letters email me at kenspr@freemail.com.au. Photo's can be sent to kenspr@webaxs.net but email me at the freemail account to let me know that pictures are coming. The reason I'm using the freemail account is that I get 15 spam emails these days to every legitimate one. I may miss you email as I did with an article from Shane Cubis. I can also be contacted mail at 630 Horseshoe bend Rd Mt Duneed 3216. Don't hesitate to send me photo's I love photo's.

I must say that Larry's Article got a few people talking, not all people agreed but it was mostly verbal. If you don't agree with something that's in the rag email me the editor. Just don't get personal. The Bismark Cup results do not include the Auckland champs and the Masterpoints have not been updated for a while so there was no point including them.

WDC 2002: KINGMAKER - The Shane Cubis Story.

I owed Rob a favour. After all he has done for me, lifting me up when the world has tried to push me down.... and he put in so much work for the event. That cute little moustache of his was the icing on the cake.

Initially, my plan was to come in the top third. I reasoned that this would be a bit of a challenge, but a realistic one for someone who hasn't played for as long as some of the esteemed guests we expected. A top third result would make it all worthwhile.

After a couple of rounds, with two decent results, I saw my stated goal in easy reach. It was time for a new target. If I couldn't win the tournament, I may as well decide who would. The added thrill of choosing the winner as someone who would have gotten an equal result to me if they got 17 instead of 18 drew me in.

Rob drew Turkey, I drew Austria. Perfect.

All I had to do was launch myself into Germany with gleeful abandon, leaving my centres wide open to a man who could not resist them. It was a delightful cat and mouse game, one where the mouse put his head into the trap and got someone else to take the cheese.

BAM! He stabbed me, and I was loving life. I made a pretence at stopping the solo, but David Norman would have none of it.

I think the person most upset was Rohan Keane, who allegedly had been promised 16 centres if Rob soloed. He railed against me all weekend, growing more irate at my smug smile.

Plus, I really wanted that red fish that looks like Yann Clouet.

There you have it. Not only did I personally coronate the current World Champion, I also sent an Australian to the top of the world rankings. Feel free to bow and scrape before the power behind the throne.

2002 NSW Diplomacy Championship.

Leery Peery

After organising my first interspace flight, I decided that the best way to finish it off would be to visit down under for another hit at Diplomacy Oz style. So after forking out a further \$ 1.2 M to re-arrange my splashdown point off the North coast of NSW and finalising a few transfer details with the Royal Australian Navy and the Rydges Hotel I was ready to blast off.

(That was on top of the US\$15M to secure the trip -and you thought the QE II was expensive).

After a fantastic interspace journey, you can imagine my surprise, when I find out that instead of splashing down off the North coast of NSW, I find myself on the border of the North & Norwegian Seas, off the coast of Norway. After raising my concerns with those in charge, I was advised that my instructions were extremely ambiguous. In other words they didn't really know where I wanted to go.

It didn't take me too long to organise a new plan being the experienced world traveller that I am. I contacted my old mate Hugh Heffner and organised a Larry Lear jet to get me to Sydney ASAP.

Hugh being the great mate that he is, and knowing my penchant for Diplomacy brought along 5 bikini-clad blondes for company. After some stiff negotiations, it wasn't long before we were hard at it, playing Diplomacy at its best. There certainly were a few bunnies on the board, but the Mile High Diplomacy club had been formed. We sure could have used the Woolongong Rooster on board for a bit of advise on some of the finer negotiating techniques. Exhausted, I arrived at Sydney Airport anticipating a good nights sleep and an improved Australian Diplomacy scene after the well received comments I had made about WDC 2002.

Boy was I in for a shock. I must say at this point that this is only my experience. I am sure others who attended this event will have quite a different experience to my own. I do not make any apologies for the views that I am about to share. Locked out of the venue for approximately 2 hours we were finally let in to what I can only describe as a dank room. The lighting was poor and the stench of stale beer and cigarettes was obnoxious. The locals considered the venue to be extremely comfortable and the room was considered to have a uniquely Australian character. I will never understand those Ozzies.

I must say that those organising this event continually demonstrated an extreme lack of judgement throughout the entire weekend. This will become evident to all as my story unfolds. While I am a stern believer in freedom of speech, their first offence, in my humble opinion was to allow extreme Muslim Fundamentalists to play in the tournament. As you can well understand, I was having trouble adapting to my environment and the events of the previous couple of days. As a result my Day 1 performance was less than scintillating.

Refreshed and ready for action, Sunday was similarly disappointing. My first shock, and the Tournament Organiser's second offence, was to ban Greg Evans (The Woolongong Rooster) from play because he was not wearing shoes. The decision appeared incredibly harsh, however, Greg later advised that he could not attend on that day due to his strict religious beliefs. Once events got underway, I settled down and delivered a strong performance. I was on 9 centres by lunchtime and was certain of victory. I returned from lunch pumped and ready for action, only to discover, to my horror that the Organisers were to hold the AGM in the middle of our game. This was yet another example of the DAANZ Presidents' lack of judgement. The guy is a complete Dunkski. Needless to say the AGM broke my rhythm and concentration, thereby reversing my fate. Soon after, I was eliminated. The only bright light in an otherwise disappointing day occurred in the late afternoon when I accepted Podgey's offer to hang out at his place.

Words cannot describe the events that unfolded at Podgey's joint. I arrive to see Podgey's terminally ill Grandfather lying on his favourite couch under a blanket. I am not sure if any one else noticed this but Podgey's grandfather looked remarkably like the current World Champion. The so called evenings entertainment consisted of the Tournament Director, again exhibiting lack of judgment, stripping and whipping all those insight. A more debauched site I have never seen. The musical tastes of all concerned, particularly the Australian Diplomacy President, exhibited an extreme lack of judgement. Despite our host's warm welcome, Craig Sedgwick walked around as if he owned the place. This it seems is quite out of character for a guy who in almost all cases is at his most polite. It is amazing what a little alcohol can do. The place seemed like Sodom***..and Gomorrah. At one stage that Muslim fellow

was observed sitting in the corner espousing the view that alcohol is not required to have a good time. Unfortunately he had little impact on those determined to obliterate their senses.

The only reason I stayed was due to the fact that Podgey the host was so courteous and as he pointed out there was a bouncer present in case any trouble occurred. That is another curious thing about Australia. The bouncers look like a mobile mini Las Vegas with their gaudy flashing phones complete with matching tie. The place started to get a little crowded, every-one (except me), appeared to be having a good time. Sean Colman appeared to be in many conversations, dominating every one of them. The guy is a machine. A few people swear that they saw David Norman there but I am yet to confirm this. If he was he certainly did not appear during the tournament.

By this stage I was starting to have a good time and I thought what the hell, there has got to be a couple of nugs left in this party. I am rather glad that I stayed, as I was lucky to witness an austere event. Not many people know this but my good friend Tristan whom I became well acquainted with at World Dip Con is a Zoroastrian. To watch him, for what seemed like hours worship and coerce the flame, the giver of all life, in his totally trance like state, was a truly moving experience. All who observed it were in total awe. Great confusion was caused shortly afterwards when many of the guests were under the mistaken impression that the police had arrived. Which frankly would not have surprised me in the least. In the end, it turned out to be nothing more than Tristan doing a long and drawn out impersonation of the 'Bad Lieutenant'.

Day three was uneventful, except to say that during the awards ceremony (and subsequent publication of results) my name had been omitted. This is something I hope to rectify soon. Needless to say, that serious changes would have to be made before this beloved writer attends another Diplomacy tournament down under.

Craig Sedgwick

Hi All,

These are the financials for the NSW Champs 2002....

Incomings - \$321 (13 fulltime players and one player for Sunday round)

Outgoings - \$486.90 (\$330 room hire and \$156.90 trophies)

Loss of \$165.90 (before DAANZ affiliation fee's of \$40)

So, what can I say about this tournament. Each year we have a lot of fun - the feedback I get is that everyone enjoys themselves. That is my goal and so you would have to say the tournament was a success, again!!!!

When I plan this tournament I base my finances on getting 21 players as a minimum. That has been an overestimation for the last couple of years, at least. So next year I will be hoping for at least 21 players, but the amount spent on trophies will be considerably less. For any new directors of tournaments, let me warn you that in my experience it is easy to spend a bunch of money on trophies!

Also, I plan to ask the executive to affiliate this tournament without it paying any affiliation fee's to the DAANZ. I will not participate in any discussion amongst the executive, and will abide by whatever they decide. My reason for doing this is that I think I acted (reasonably) responsibly fiscally. I am taking on the loss already, and feel that it is time to set a precedent as to how this type of situation is handled. It looks like we may well see a few more two-board tournaments and those organisers might need some assistance too. It may be a whole other step for DAANZ to actually re-imburse an organiser who loses money (and I'm not asking for that), but perhaps just not taking money from an event that has already suffered a loss it fair enough? I would be happy to here people's feedback on this....

So, where to from here? I have a lot of fun at the Sydney tournament, and although it is very disheartening when you think you have done some good promotion and seen so few people play as a result, I want to continue running the tournament. At one stage Tristan (who drank too much, smoked too much, spoke loudly too often and was basically the lout of the NSW Champs) said that despite the numbers he was having a great time. He came for the social side and it didn't really matter how many boards were there, as long as he got to be around friends (and Rob).....(Rob - he didn't say that last bit, but I thought I sensed it as some stage!!!!!!).....

Brett Chatterton has offered to do some hobby promotion. At this stage I am not exactly sure whether he volunteered to do this hobby wide, or just in his 'region'. Whatever the offer, I will certainly be getting his assistance next year to make some calls and get some new blood (and old blood) into the NSW hobby. Thanks in advance Brett.....

Thanks to everyone that attended - hope you tell a friend what a great time you had and get them here next year!!!!!!

Craig.

2002 Auckland Championships - Will Black

Thanks to all who could make the AKDC 2002 champs, it was a great success. Grant Torrie wins his second championship and his second in a row. Two starts, two wins - he has to be happy with that.

The tournament started with an impressive 15 as England by Brandon Clarke, even after his York-Edi opening for A Lvp. Elsewhere we had a three way 12-11-11 and it looked as if BC had a giant lead.

The second round saw me in the mix, and I was very happy with the result. I started with Italy allied to France and to some extent Russia.

"Box Turkey" was the plan - "France you go monster England". Austria offered Key Lepanto, **great**. Off I go, into Ser and Tun in 01. Now for the nasty stuff - gained Vie, Bud and Gre in 02 building two armies and a fleet. Then Rum, and Ser, two more and up to 10 after 03.

Nasty Italy!!

Pushed Bud and Bul but lost Rum. A Ven made 11 after 04 but then I began to slip a bit due to a costly a misorder.

France still hadn't killed England and Germany was I lurking. He was getting nervous, about my possible solo, counting my dots two/three times on the board right in front of me. I kept on stressing to him that 17 is all I wanted. He was not convinced.

'05 and I took Smy but lost Rum and Bul, that is not what I needed. But I continued, noticing France was turning on me I back tracked. Took Rum, Bul and Mun (to go to 13) - three builds, two fleets and an army. But I was going to lose Tun. I had turned back to France too late. Couldn't hold Mun, but managed to have an agreement with Turkey that left him on 3 and me on 11.

With Germany finally dead in 08 or 09, England and France agreed to 11-10-10-3 draw. An interesting game in which it was fast forward Italy, but I was not good enough to finish the job. On the other board BC rumbled on to a 14 as Russia, and of note the only survival for Russia.

Round 3 and Brandon was 48 points ahead, James Millington second, and Grant Steel (him again) third. John Luckstedt was lurking in 5th place. But where is NZ champ Torrie? Sunday Bastille Day should have really been dubbed Grant's day. The man of Steel and the Evil Torrie had a blinder. drawing Turkey and smashing his way out of the corner for a 17 just pipping BC. Where as "The Evil One" drew Austria and scored a solo win with Tri, Vie, Bud, Ser, Gre, Bul, Rum, Ank, Sev, Mos, War, Stp, Swe, Den, Mun, Ber, Kie, Hol. Peter Taylor was his Italian ally finishing on 11 breaking the board half.

In my I was the poor soul who drew Germany, BC was France and, Q Ball England. Turkey had Craig Purcell, and John Lucksteadt drew Russia. As a result of John and Craig infighting Austria and Italy were into Turkey very quickly. By 03 Turkey was all gone and had moved into Russia who was mostly gone. EFG couldn't get any path and the infighting resulted in BC working with Italy. Q Ball was working with Austria but he went too far. On the other hand Peter didn't cover. I was just a pawn, of this game.

Well Done to Grant Torrie, Current New Zealand and Auckland Champion.

How to Draw the Power You Want – David Norman

(Who can lose equally well with any power).

It's the final round of WorldDipCon. Your last chance for a big score. But like most people, you have some powers that you tend to do better with than others. How do you maximise your chances to get that top-notch country ?

For the last round of WorldDipCon, having let others run the draw for powers on my previous three rounds, I decided it was my turn to have a go. After all, it is not something I get that much of a chance to do, since in Europe we always have the TD draw the powers at the same time as drawing the boards. Everybody else at the table could probably have a go at pretty much any tournament they attend. So, not having much experience at doing a draw like this manually, and with so many combinations of powers not available due to people's previous games, I set my problem solving mind to work, and set about how to do the draw in the fairest way I could come up with.

Unfortunately, the way I came up with was different to what is usually done. And Diplomacy players being what they are, and not seeing done what is normally done, the question was quietly asked afterwards as to whether the draw I had done was actually fair, or whether I was working it to get the power allocations I wanted. I wasn't, but having talked about it, I realised how easily it could be done. So if you ever want to - or more importantly, if you ever want to make sure somebody else isn't, here is how to bias the draw for powers in your favour.

Before I go any further, let me explain how I did the draw for my game in the last round of WorldDipCon. As with all the games, it started with a piece of paper from Kenny that looked like this:

Name	Countries already played		
William Black	France	Italy	Russia
Shane Cubis	Austria	England	Turkey
Michael Dowling	Austria	France	Italy
Stephen Muzzatti	England	France	Germany
David Norman	Germany	Russia	Turkey
Craig Sedgwick	Austria	France	Germany
Grant Steel	France	Italy	Turkey

So, the first thing I did, was count up how many players could still play each country:

France	2
Austria	4
Germany	4
Italy	4

Turkey	4
England	5
Russia	5

So clearly the first thing to do is decide who plays France. So I took the French unit and one other. Put them in my hand, and offered them to Shane. Shane picked the other one, so I was left with France.

So with my choices taken out, the table looks like this:

Austria	3
Italy	3
England	4
Germany	4
Turkey	4
Russia	5

So next was a tie for Italy and Austria. I randomly chose Italy to do next. One Italian unit in my hand, and two others. Offered them round to Shane, Stephen and Craig, and Craig managed to pick the Italian one. Two powers gone, and we now have :

Austria	3
England	3
Turkey	3
Germany	4
Russia	4

Once again, multiple choices for what to pick next. I randomly pick England. Three units in the hand, and the English one is pulled out by Grant.

Austria	2
Turkey	3
Germany	3
Russia	3

Austria is clearly the next one to do. Only Stephen and Will can have it, and Stephen manages to find it. Down to the last three.

Russia	2
Turkey	2
Germany	3

At this point, with three players and three powers left, there are actually only three possible combinations :

Russia: Michael	Turkey: Will	Germany: Shane
Russia: Shane	Turkey: Michael	Germany: Will
Russia: Shane	Turkey: Will	Germany: Michael

So at this point I put the three remaining powers in my hand, and offer them to Michael. No matter which he had picked, it forced the other two without a further draw, therefore meaning that each of the three possible combinations has an equal chance of being selected. He picks Russia, which means Will is Turkey and Shane is Germany. Draw complete.

So what were the problems? Well mainly there were two. Firstly, I was told afterwards, it is normal to select a player and let them draw a power from those available to them, rather than what I had done - select a power and let the players draw lots for that power. Secondly, when you are letting one player draw for his power, as I did at the end, it is normal to let the players with the least choices draw first, not, as I did, the player with the most choices. In general, there was a feeling that I could fix the draw by my decisions as to the order the powers were picked in.

So, how can you make sure you get the power you want ? Well you can't. But you can significantly increase your chances of getting it. And the first thing you have to do to achieve this is obvious. You have to be the person selecting which order the players draw in.

So, you've managed to be the person who gets the piece of paper off Kenny. Step one completed. So now what? Well lets look at the above draw again. As I said before, only two players could play France - Shane and myself. Now France is usually thought of as a good country to have, so being a polite kind of person, I'll let Shane draw first. 4 armies go into the hat - France, Germany, Italy and Russia (the four that Shane hasn't played). 25% of the time, he will pick out France. That's unfortunate. The other 75% of the time, he won't. And if he doesn't, then there is only one person left who can play it. Me. I get France 75% of the time.

On the other hand, lets say that I really don't like France. A different tactic is required. Since I'm doing the draw, it'd be useful to get my country out of the way first. I throw Austria, England, France and Italy into the hat, and draw one out myself. 25% of the time, I pick France. That's unfortunate. The other 75% of the time I don't. Result. And of course, that 75% of the time, Shane is now stuck with it as the only player who can take it.

By choosing whether Shane or myself picks our power first, I can give myself a 25% chance of getting France, or a 75% chance of getting France. If only I could have that much affect on the draw for the lottery :-).

In general, if you want a power, let everybody else who can have it, draw first, and then take it as the only player left who can. It won't work every time, but it will work a lot better than trying to find it in the hat. And conversely, if you don't want a power, draw early. Or try and set it up so that you are the only player who can take one of the other powers, and save yourself the risk of having to draw at all.

Note for comparison, in the method I used, there was a 50/50 chance of me or Shane getting France - regardless of which of us picked from the two units in my hand. As I said, my aim was to make the draw as fair as possible.

Lets look at another case. The final three powers from the draw above. Remember, the options were :

Russia:Michael	Turkey:	Will	Germany:Shane
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Russia:Shane Turkey: Michael Germany:Will
Russia:Shane Turkey: Will Germany:Michael

Now let's say Will is doing the draw. He only has a choice of two powers (Turkey or Germany), and he wants Germany. What does he do ? Simple. Pick first. Two powers to pick from, so he has a 50/50 chance of getting it. Not brilliant odds, but they are the best he can get.

On the other hand, lets say he wants Turkey. Now what ? Well the traditional thing is to let the person with the least choices choose first. From the above, we can see that he shouldn't pick himself. So let Shane pick. Shane has a 50/50 of picking Russia or Germany. If he gets Germany, Will is guaranteed Turkey. If not, he then has a 50/50 with Michael over Germany and Turkey. So overall he will get Turkey 75% of the time.

And as for Michael, he can bias his choice towards any of the three powers. If he wants the power that anybody can have (in this case, Germany), he should pick first, to give himself a 33% chance of getting it. If not, whichever one he wants, he should let the person who could also take that country pick first, giving him a 50% chance of getting it.

To summarise, here are the chances of each player getting each power, given who picks first:

Michael picks first:

Michael:	Germany: 33%	Russia 33%	Turkey 33%
Shane:	Germany: 33%	Russia 67%	
Will:	Germany: 33%	Turkey 67%	

Shane picks first:

Michael:	Germany 25%	Russia 50%	Turkey 25%
Shane :	Germany 50%	Russia 50%	
Will :	Germany 25%	Turkey 75%	

Will picks first:

Michael	Germany 25%	Russia 25%	Turkey 50%
Shane	Germany 25%	Russia 75%	
Will	Germany 50%	Turkey 50%	

So, given all these ways to bend the draw in favour of one person or another, how can we avoid all the arguments about who should draw when. Well there are two ways I can suggest.

(1) There are only 5040 ways that seven powers can be allocated to seven players. Write them all out. Then cross out all the combinations that involve someone playing a power they've played before. And then pick one of the remaining lines randomly. It is perfectly fair, there is no sense of order in which powers are picked, and so can not be biased by the person doing the draw. But it might take a little while!

In fact the same result can be achieved by letting everybody pick randomly from the hat. If anybody picks a power they've had before, everybody throws their pick back and the draw starts again. Note that if it gets to the stage where only one player can have a power, do not let them just take it. They have to pick from the hat. If they don't pick it, everybody throws their pick back, and the draw starts again.

(2) Let the TD do the draw. He has plenty of time to do it, has no interest in the result of the game to give himself a good result in the tournament, and from my experience, when two players who just can't work together get drawn next to each other on a board, you get far more of a reaction hearing their names read out as adjacent powers to the whole Tournament than you do drawing the powers on the table. You may not like some of the things the TD tries to do (such as trying to give everybody an equal share of inner and outer powers, etc), but you should at least be able to trust him to do a fair draw. And if he can't be trusted to be fair, then why is he allowed to be TD?

I tried using method 1 for the draw used in this document (with the help of an Excel spreadsheet). It turns out that of the 5040 possible combinations, only 114 can be used - the other 4926 would all be crossed out. Which means that if you tried to do it by picking from a hat, and restarting if anybody got a power they had already played, it would take an average of 44 attempts to get an acceptable draw!

Finally, I hope it is clear anyway, but the use of the names of real players in this article, along with the use of the game I drew in the final round of WDC, is purely for ease of having a good example to use, and is not in any way an implication that any of the players mentioned would consider using the methods described in this article.

ME

I had a lot of questions about "The Great Fire of Mt Duneed". I thought I'd told everybody but I obviously haven't.

As many of you know Kathy and I moved to a 3.5 acre property at Mt Duneed (halfway between Geelong and Torquay). While Mt Duneed is a small hill the part where I live is very flat. Anyway in late December we purchased a ride-on mower – A Big Red Cox.

Come late Feb and I'm a bit of a pro – I know how to handle the Cox. While cutting the grass one Saturday afternoon I wired myself for sound "... Pretty Fly for a white ..." then I'd wiggle the wheel left then right. I noticed that if my Red friend travelled in an anti-clockwise direction the grass was pushed to the outside of the large cutting circle. A man gets a lot of time to think when driving around in circles on his cox. It occurred to me that If I travelled in a clockwise direction the grass would be pushed to the inside and as I drove over the previously cut grass it would be automatically mulched.

One lap, Two laps, 3 laps I think I might patent this. On the fourth lap the grass started to bunch up at the front of my rouge buddy. (Somebody had probably won a design award for placing the mowers exhaust at the front.) I looked down and noticed there was smoke coming from the grass. As everybody knows: smoke is only a rumour of fire so I kept driving. Another 5 metres and the smoke intensified. I thought I'd better investigate so I backed up a little and casually perused the smoking grass. Just a spot fire, which my foot quickly put it out. Rob Stephenson gets paid a wage to do that sort of thing.

I turned around to notice that there was a significant amount of dry grass sitting on the guard of the mower, which had caught alight so quickly I brushed it off. Realising that there is a significant amount of inflammable liquid in the tank of the mower and my, yet to be perfected, fuel pouring techniques had turned the new love of my I live into potential bomb, I pushed it away, a long way away. I returned to the fire and recommenced my fire-stomping techniques. My feet were obviously not big enough.

As you must be beginning to realise – panic was starting to set in. I ran to the shed about 50 metres away and grabbed some towels. I'd seen this done with bags on 'The Sullivans' during a major bush fire in the late '30's. The dogs followed me out. The combination of fire and a panic-stricken Kenneth got the dogs very excited. Sweet Kathryn, who was down the end of the adjoining paddock watering trees, looked up to see her canine kids in a state of hysteria. She obviously needed to save them (not me) and arrived with a bucket of water within seconds. Three minutes earlier a bucket of water would have been worth a million dollars. However the fire was now expanding on all fronts and had a diameter of 10 metres.

I happened to mention that a hose would be a better option.

"Don't you F#!en tell me what to do, I F#!en told you"

While she did have a point (I had previously laughed off the need to carry water "Don't worry I know what I'm doing") now was not the time to discuss these matters. It had dawned on the dogs that there was going to be a death in our family and they disappeared quickly.

By the time the hose arrived, the fire had a diameter of 20 metres. While the hose was having some affect on the fires northern front the southern front was approaching a wire fence. Beyond the wire fence was a 4m wide network of 1.5m high grass separating 15 or so properties. A further suggestion was made that we should concentrate on the area near the fence. "Don't you F#!en tell me what to do, I F#!en told you" While I knew my life was over I didn't want to be known as the man who destroyed Mt Duneed. Some people get sexual pleasure from lighting fires but I was feeling anything but frisky.

My advice was headed and the fire stopped 1.5 metres from the fence. The fire had stretched to a diameter of 30m but it was finally out. My radio had survived but my earphones and straw hat did not. Fortunately the Red Cox was still functional. Sweet Kathryn stayed at the scene with the hose to keep watch and suggested that I go inside and hide.

It was a close call especially when you realise that we'd only bought 120 metres worth of hoses, to water the trees we'd planted, 7 days earlier.

YOU

Last issue I forgot to tell you that our president Shane Cubis was also engaged.

Sean Colman abused me over my statements and threatened to write something nasty but "The Illiterate Pig" has been silent.

Kit Burke

Hi Ken, wow! 4 mentions in the 'zine. I really liked the whole thing. Andrea enjoyed reading it also. Specifically though, your editorial and other inserts were good. Larry and Grant were interesting takes on WDC. It was an enjoyable read and increased my interest in Australian Dip. On to me, hey Dip players are supposed to have an ego. :) Why Kit? Well when I was a kid, arcade games only allowed 3 letters on their high score lists. KIT is a lot cooler than CSB. Also Kit is an actual shortening of Christopher, ever hear of Colonel Kit Carson? Andrea started calling me "her Kit" even before she knew I used it I think. So it is firmly entrenched in my life now. Also there are a LOT of Chrises playing EDip and I wanted to be recognisable. Especially on CAT23. Cream is one of the main reasons I am 90 kilos and not 80. I am a dairy pig. Sara Lee Strawberries and cream Icecream is a particular weakness. Anyway I hope that answers those things that were nagging at you. Hope your better half likes you without the beard.

Kit AKA Chris Burke

Cult of the Eagle – Brandon Clarke



Rob Stephenson, Ken Sproat, Brandon Clarke and Will Black - doing "The Eagle"

We're baaaacccccckkkk!!!!

JUST!

What a H U G E weekend.

Started for Will on Wednesday night out late dancing. Rumour has it he was chasing Mystery Girl, but that's just pure speculation. Then Thursday night it was Viki's mother's last night in NZ and me and Will's last night before the BWO in Melbourne. So we went to the clubhouse. Will showed up late as he was packing. I showed up early. Good John joined in and it was all on for young and old when Viki and her clan arrived. Several hours of hard out drinking at the bar set the scene before we moved down to the back table (extension in use).

Good John spied a bearded troll and sidled off to the front (bum) end of the table and started sleazing away... 'parently he was playing the tried and tested "I'm gay" approach. Didn't work though because he lost out to a genuinely gay/bi guy later who was there as a work mate of (my)Ben's - he actually got several boundaries with Dee (Viki's friend who G.J. had been sleazing) and there were pants undone and everything! I left early to pack after 5 hours of hard out clubhouses carousing...

Got home and was packing when I thought "hmmmm... tickets?". So I rung Will and asked "Did I give you a ticket?"

"No. We've got E-tickets... surely... haven't we?"

"Hope so." I said, and went to bed having told Will to be at my house by 4am.

Woke up at 3.50am feeling average. Got dressed and waited, and waited, ... and waited for Will. And had a 5 minute spew on the grass verge between 4.05am and 4.10am. With that out of the way, at 4.10am I texted him saying "U up?". No reply... uh -oh. 4.15am I rung him... sleepy voice says "Yeah yeah... I'm coming..." He shows up at 4.20am, pours himself out of his car and says "Shoouuu betthher drife. I only gost home an howwer hago."

So I drove.

Get to the airport, and Will's looking pretty ordinary.

Ready, but ordinary.

I'm feeling much better after my 5 minute spew... until we get to the chicken counter. We hand our passports over and the guy looks at his screen and looks at us, and says "Got your tickets?"

"ummm, no, we haven't. Aren't they E-tickets?"

He looks at his screen... "Nope. [helpful blank look]"

"So what do we do?" Will asks.

"You could ring your travel agent..."

[Note: It's 5.00am]

"I don't think they're going to be at work yet mate." Says me helpfully. "You can see we've booked and paid right?"

"Yep. [helpful blank look]"

"okay, so can you reissue the tickets?" Will asks.

"No, ticketing has to do that..."

There's 18 or so people lined up behind us... and the chicken vendor says "You wait here... I'll just walk over to the ticketing counter and find out for you..." So he wanders over to the ticketing counter...

AND STANDS IN THE QUEUE!!! ...

FOR TEN MINUTES!!!!!!

Change that to 18 or so ANGRY people lined up behind us, and us two rather bemused as to why he didn't get US to go and stand in the queue, and why (assuming he didn't want us to go and stand in the queue) he is standing in the queue instead of going behind the desk as an employee...

Anyway, he gets served, has a brief chat to the lady at the ticketing counter and comes back to us and asks:

"Have you got any documentation?"

"Yep [hands him our booking confirmation sheet with reference number]."

And he walks back over to the ticketing counter and STANDS IN THE QUEUE ... AGAIN!!!! for another 10 minutes... has another brief chat to the lady at the ticketing counter and comes back to where we and 14 very very angry people are standing... (the others have managed to find another counter that's open) "sorry guys, there's nothing I can do for you. Without a ticket you won't be flying this morning, and the ticketing counter says there's not enough information in the booking to reissue you a ticket."

Paraphrasing: "You're fucked."

So Will and I walk over to the ticketing counter, and stand in the queue, luckily only for about 2 minutes. Quiet reserved Will puts on his ugly head and steps up to the counter.

"I don't understand this!" He says. "We've booked and we've paid. The system says we've booked and we've paid. You can see we've booked and paid. Why can't you reissue us with tickets?"

"There's not enough information in the booking I'm sorry sir. The travel agent has not included the information we need to reissue a ticket so you'll have to contact your travel agent sir."

"We can't. It's 5.25am. They won't be there. Don't you have an emergency number for the flight centre we can call."

"No."

"So what do we do?" Asks Will.

"You could buy another ticket."

"That's not going to happen. You are going to reissue our tickets."

"I can't reissue your tickets sir... there isn't..."

"Which airline do you work for?"

"QANTAS"

"Which airline have we booked and paid to fly with?"

"QANTAS"

"Right, that's what I thought..." says Will. "So you just need to reissue us with new tickets. How much is that going to cost?"

At this stage I've discovered I've lost my phone so I take Will's car keys and go back out to the car to look for it. When I get back the woman behind the counter is walking funny and we've got new tickets and \$100 less in Will's wallet. I don't have a phone, but we're flying after all.

So we go upstairs, and go to pay our departure tax. Will's got his settled quiet normal Will head back on now, and is looking a bit ordinary again, but less ordinary than before... more colour in his cheeks. Not as much colour in his cheeks as the American guy at the currency exchange/departure tax counter who's going completely ballistic about having to pay a departure tax.

"WHY HAS NO ONE TOLD ME ABOUT HAVING TO PAY THIS!!!???"

"[calm dead pan look from lady behind the counter.] I'm telling you about it now sir."

"WHY CAN'T I JUST GET ON THE FREAKING PLANE!!!???"

"[calm dead pan look from lady behind counter] There's only a couple of places in the world where you have to pay departure tax sir, and this is your lucky day... this is one of them."

So we get on the plane... Guess what's for breakfast?

Baked Beans!!!! ARRRRGGGGHHHHH. And we're on the only flight in the world where the aircrew ignore the call light... I'm trying not to have a 5 minute spew in the aisle and I'm covering the vileness with napkins so I can't see them. Will seems to be enjoying exposing his lot to my view, so I look the other way... only to see the lady across the aisle eagerly shoving the bloody things in her mouth....

We land in Melbourne a little bit later, where Kenny No Beard picks us up. We drive to Rob's house, wake him up (eventually) even though Teddy was doing his best to help us... Rob emerges to let us in and crawls into the shower. We settle in and as Rob walks through the kitchen he grabs 4 VB's for breakfast, hands one to Will, Kenny and I and puts Modern Art on the table.

Kenny comments that it might be a little early to start drinking, and I suggest that before we start gaming and drinking we should go shopping for supplies for the weekend.

"We'll just have one game of Modern Art, and we'll just have one beer, and then we'll go shopping" says Rob wisely.

2 hours later, and 4 beers later, not only had we finished a game of Modern Art, but Kenny had founded the second cult of his lifetime. For those of you who don't know, Kenny and Anthony Swinerton founded the cult/religion of Donism, which you can read all about at <http://devel.diplom.org/Zine/W1997A/Clarke/Don.html> - it's well worth a read, even if I do say so myself...

During one of the auctions, bidding was enthusiastic. Some might say a little too enthusiastic. Suddenly, with bids coming in from all sides Ken spread his arms dramatically and said "I'm out." It was the Sign Of The Eagle. It has become the universally accepted sign for bowing out/I've had enough/not for me.

Rob won the first game of Modern Art, but in tried and true 'give nothing away to the bastards because you'll be playing them again soon' World Diplomacy Champion style he claimed he had no idea how he won. I was second and Kenny was third with Will DFL. Neither Kenny or I thought Rob was in the running and were quite surprised. I just thought he'd stabbed a little too early in the weekend myself.

So we go shopping. The Donvale shopping centre has a Coles supermarket which Rob was pretty keen to go to. It also has a butcher, a baker and a candlestick maker... so we went to the butcher. 12 large lamb chops and 18 Italian sausages for AU\$28.00 was a good deal... better than we would have got at Coles I dare say... so then we went to the fruit shop - "shitloads" was the official unit of measure for how much we got at the fruit and vege shop... then we went to the bakery and got four very good pies, a loaf of bread some croissants and some apple rolls. Will and I thought shopping was over at that stage but Kenny and Rob were dead keen to go to Coles, so we left them to it and sat down in the sun to enjoy the ass of the century bending over to get something out of her hand bag not 4 feet in front of us. Will nearly got in a brawl because he insisted on pushing his feet out in front of people to try and trip them up. After we finished our pies there was no sign of the gruesome twosome so Will went back to the bakery and got another two pies for the waiters. After we finished them, 15 minutes passed and we got sick of waiting so Will went in to find them... apparently it was Ken's fault. He wanted ALL of the Doritos that the supermarket had and Rob had to be the voice of reason and limit him to three packets.

They eventually emerged with more beer, milk, orange juice, chips, dips, salsa, etc. and we headed back to the Rob's place fully provisioned. It was by then just after mid day and the footy started at 7.30pm at The G. We were meeting the other Willy B at the ground. I was looking forward to seeing Bill as I hadn't seen him for a few years since his retirement from the Diplomacy Hobby, and he's always been one of my favourite people to joke around with. Rob rung Bill and arranged to meet at the wrong light tower at 7pm, and then we had Just One Beer and played Taj Mahal (Rob and Kenny's first experience at the Mogul Man game) and another game of Modern Art before calling a cab to take us to Blackburn Station. I won the first Mogul Man game and Rob finished DFL in the second Modern Art game.

The other details are a little blurry, but there were a number of Sign of the Eagles. Quite a number. In fact it got to the point where if someone withdrew, they were not allowed to pick their cards up until they'd made The Sign. Ugly Rohan made a surprise appearance with is mate Peachy and promised to be back in time for the train to the footy. Uh-huh, sure Rohan. After we rung the cab we had Just One Beer. The cab was taking a long long time, despite the fact that the person on the phone had replied to Rob's enquiry about how long it would be with "Don't take your hat off". We were beginning to worry we wouldn't make the train in time, which would mean we'd miss Bill at the wrong light tower...

Eventually Ismail Zaheer the mad Pakistani taxi driver showed up. I didn't realise when we got in that the taxi ride from Rob's to Blackburn station was actually a leg of the World Rally Driver's Championship, but Ismail was obviously aware of this. This was fortunate, because it meant we pulled up as the train was getting in... Great I think, we're going to make it... Shaken, and ever so slightly stirred we got out at Blackburn Station. Ismail couldn't change a \$20, so there was much fishing around for change as the clock went tick tock tick tock and the train got closer and closer to leaving... then it began leaving!!! Turns out that train was going the way and our train was still 2 minutes away... we dashed with decorum through the underpass and bought the tickets and got on to the platform just as our express train was pulling in... Yep, express train stopping only at Box Hill and Camberwell on the way to Richmond... excellent.

We get off at Richmond, and Kenny gets accosted by a stripper. He's terrible like that. Then we meet up with Bill at the wrong light tower, drink Rob's bills that he bought along to pay, and then walk halfway round The G, buy 5 piss weak medium strength beers for \$20 so that we can have Just One Beer while we're at the footy and get seats in the upper deck of the Great Southern Stand. Ken spills his beer all over Will, which began something of a trend for the weekend, and before the hooter Bill made the startling announcement that he thought Richmond (his team) would lose by 10 goals (60 points) to Essendon (my team). I couldn't believe my ears, and neither could Rob and we both took the bet for \$10.00 each. Will, who was to make a habit of making crap football bets this weekend missed out. Rob also bet Bill \$10 that Essendon would score more goals at our end of the ground (The Punt Road end -which maintained was the traditional goal scoring end of the G) than at the other end.

So the game starts, and Kenny and Rob head off to refill our Just One Beers and due to the bet, every time my team scores Bill cheers and I groan, and every time his team scores I cheer and he mutters... there's two Americans sitting behind us who have never been to a Rules game before who are at a disadvantage because the Australian who's with them (the older American's son in law) must be the only person in Victoria who knows fvck all about footy. In the end Rob and I take pity on them and explain a few things to them, but I'm not sure they ever worked out why I was wearing red and black and cheering for the team in black and yellow and why Bill was wearing black and Yellow and cheering for the team in red and black...

Will made the startling admission that NZ sees a draw against Australia in the cricket as a win, which made me choke on my Just One Beer. Mind you Rob never stopped whinging about the Aussie weather either, and was in complete denial about the second ball at the Gabba, and Robo at the W.A.C.A..

In the end Richmond fell just one point short, Essendon winning 54 - 53 so Bill was out of pocket 30 dollars, plus Just One Beer expenses, Will had wet feet and a good time was had by all. Ken's brother and his two young sons turned up dressed in Essendon jerseys... good to see someone in the family has got taste... We stayed to watch Knight do a lap of the G to a standing ovation. It was the former Tigers captain's last game and the Richmond fans really gave him a stirring send off. Great stuff... brings a tear to your eye moments like that in sport... We all made The Sign Of The Eagle and left The G.

Bill had his work ute which couldn't hold all of us, so he drove him and Rob to Rob's house in it and picked up Rob's station wagon while Will and I got Ken on the train where he could sleep. We only had to wait 5 minutes at Blackburn before Bill Schumacher came screaming round the corner. We got in and another leg of the WRC began with bill getting the back tyres bouncing over traffic islands and seeing what happened when he removed the mat from under the accelerator pedal until Rob growled at him and told him to SLOW DOWN!!! Which kinda worked... Turned out all you had to do to get him to slow down was fart.

We got back to Rob's house, Ugly Rohan and Peachy showed up and games were played. By this time it was very blurry. I believe it was Battle Cry, the battle of the first Bull run, with General Will Black took charge of the Confederates with Ugly Rohan and Peachy commanding (sic.) his right and left flanks respectively, while General Will Brown took control of the Yankee army with Rob on his left flank and me on his right flank. We had Just One Beer and I was forced to make The Sign Of The Eagle ... I feel asleep under a tree.

Apparently though my confidence was well placed because the Yankees wiped the battle field clean... Will might have spilt his beer. I'm not sure, I was asleep. So that was the first day. Quite a marathon really. Getting up at 4am NZ time (2am Australian time) and not finishing up until at least 24 hours later...

Up the next morning and Kenny and I had a look at his EA FA Premiership Manager team on Rob's computer in the shadow of the World Diplomacy Championship trophy. Eventually Rob and Will emerged from their rooms and we were off again. Moguls everywhere and little bit of Royal Turf too... (I think). At some stage on Saturday we left Rob's and went to the Mitcham Hotel to watch the footy. I travelled with Bill in his boy racer mobile with Yellow and Black everything. He actually drove quite sedately as it turned out. We got there just as the Eagles (this might have been a sign) kicked a great goal against Rob's Collingwood Magpies. Will celebrated by picking his first Just One Beer up and spilling it all over the table before he'd even taken a sip. He went and bet shitloads of money on the Magpies despite the fact that they were playing (The Sign Of) The Eagles and as the game wore on everything got a little blurry. At the end of the game we all made the Sign Of The Eagle and headed off.

A cab ride home preceded Just One Beer, more Signs Of The Eagle as Carlton went belly up (again!) against the Swans in Sydney on TV as we played a game of something - I forget what. Australia were winning a gold medal about every 45 seconds though, which is not surprising since the only events on at the Commonwealth Games were ones with Australians in them... or it seemed that way watching Australian TV. Sometime in the wee small hours everyone made The Sign Of The Eagle and day 2 had drawn to a close.

Day 3 saw Will go soft on us. We got up at 11.30am, and left the house. It's a short walk to Rob's cricket club. No really. It IS! So we got there. Using the new path. Rob had bought tickets to a fund raising raffle and bbq - Beef and Pork and Lamb on the spit, salads for Africa and bread rolls and cracking.

AND...

Free Just One Beer for THREE HOURS! Lordy, Lordy!!! Midday - 3pm, free beer, as much as you can drink... with a roast meal, and bread rolls to soak up the gravy. Fantastic time... They had a raffle with 500 \$25 tickets in a barrel (we had one each) and they drew a ticket out one after the other and crossed them off a board with all the numbers on it... last ticket out of the barrel wins \$1500. Second to last ticket wins 10 slabs (see the Donism article above for a definition of a slab if you don't know) third to last ticket wins \$100, and 4th to last ticket wins a dinner for two with two bottles of vino. My ticket made it into the last 40 odd, and the others were out before that... quite exciting really, especially when you're three sheets to the wind. The free bar period ran out with an hour of ticket drawing to go... but then some bloke who wasn't there won the main prize. They rung him up and he was so pleased he slapped \$200 on the bar! MORE FREE BEER!. About this time Will lost all contact with reality, made the Sign Of The Eagle and fell asleep in his chair at the table! I thought it was Ken snoring for a while but it wasn't! It was Will.

Eventually 6pm rolled around and we all made T.S.O.T.E and went back to Rob's. I passed out and Will had a can of drink with indentations on the bottom and got his second wind. I slept for a couple of hours... and then it was games and Doritos and salsa and Just One Beer through to about 4am. I thought an all night was on the cards and Rob thought we'd watch the sunrise playing Shark... hmmm shark, my memory seems to recall all sorts of bold claims at the beginning of shark and then Rob shitting all over Ken from a great height, but it was all to no avail as I won in the end! We like shark! :o) But alas, we all went soft for some inexplicable reason and went to bed for about 5 hours before getting up and introducing Rob and Kenny to Knizia's Samurai (another win for me) but not before a final game of Mogul Men, more S.O.T.E.'s and Will and I rejoicing in our shared victory.

Before long it was time to head off to the airport, so we all made the Sign Of The Eagle one last time... ...there are photos of this event that will be appearing on "The Cult Of The Eagle - foundation member" t shirts in the not too distant future... and Kenny drove Will and I off to the airport... Rob rings just before we get on the freeway and tells us that Kenny has left his jacket behind so Ken pulls a crazy Ivan manoeuvre and we go back, get the jacket, make The Sign Of The Eagle one LAST time and head off to the airport... One final S.O.T.E. to Ken and Will and check in, with tickets this time... considerably less drama that way... and fly home.

I get stopped at customs because apparently German Boardgames show up on the x ray machine looking just like fruit and vegetables. I had my crib board with me (wooden) so I'd declared that (by ticking the "Have you got any animal or plant material" question.

Xray girl says to me "Why fruit and vegetables have you got in your suitcase?"

"None" I say.

"But you ticked 'animal or plant matter to declare'?"

"Yes," I said "because I've got this... [holds up his crib board]" She ignores the crib board sensing glory and says:

"But what fruit and vegetables do you want to declare in your suitcase sir?"

"None I said, there's none in there."

"Are you sure you don't want to declare the fruit and vegetables in your suitcase sir?"

"Yes, I am, there's none in there..."

So she gets me to put my suitcase up on the table and calls a team mate over to inspect it...

"Been away on holiday sir?"

"Yep"

"What did you do in Australia?"

"Went to a friends house, drunk Just One Beer and played boardgames."

"Boardgames? All weekend?"

"Pretty much... went to a footy game one night, but the rest of the time we played boardgames."

[opening the suitcase]

"What kind of boardgames?"

"That kind - [points to the game in his hands]"

Quite an amusing scene... he eventually decided that the pieces in the game showed up like the pips in fruit or something... and then we headed home.

A great weekend.



The Eagle From the rear

Tournament Results

New South Wales Diplomacy Championships

Rank	Player	State	Rd1	Rd2	Rd3	Tot
1	Carlo Bellinato	NSW	9	12	11	32
2	Brett Chatterton	NSW	13	12	6	31
3	Shane Cubis	NSW	13	5	7	25
4	Andrew Goff	ACT	1	3	18	22
5	Christian Gemballa Moura	VIC	16	1	4	21
6	Dugal Ure	VIC	10	3	7	20
7	Geoff Kerr	NSW	*	18	1	19
8	Tony Collins	QLD	14	3	1	18
9	Craig Sedgwick	NSW	1	12	4	17
10=	Greg Evans	NSW	1	*	14	15
10=	Sean Colman	VIC	6	0	9	15
12	Laim Tjia	NSW	*	12	*	12
13	Adam Testa	NSW	1	1	8	10
14	Tristan Lee	VIC	1	8	0	9
15	Brian Lam	NSW	3	0	0	3
16	Rob Stephenson	VIC	0	*	*	0

Key

ACT	Australian Capital Territory
NSW	New South Wales
VIC	Victoria

* Did not play round

Trophies

Trophies	Player	SC
New South Wales Cup	Carlo Bellinato	
Best Austria	Dugal Ure	8
Best England	Andrew Goff	16
Best France	Tony Collins	12
Best Germany	Brett Chatterton	11
Best Italy	Shane Cubis	5
Best Russia	Shane Cubis	3
Best Turkey	Geoff Kerr	16

Auckland Diplomacy Championships

1.	Grant Torrie	140
2.	Grant Steel	90
3.	Brandon Clarke	89
4.	James Millington	59
5.	John Lucksteadt	41
6.	Peter Taylor	40
7.	Will Black	33
8.	Rob Schone	32
9.	Josh Guilbert	29
10.	Ben Guilbert	21
11.	Gareth Cass	20
12.	Craig Purcell	9
13=	Patrick Shirley	2
13=	Yvonne Walus	2
15=	Ken Stratton	0
15=	Quentin Ball	0

Best Countries

Austria	Grant Torrie	18/110
England	Brandon Clarke	15/48
France	James Millington	12/37
Germany	Rob Schone	12/29
Italy	Will Black	11/33
Russia	Brandon Clarke	14/42
Turkey	Grant Steel	17/48

Averages

Austria	4/21
England	9/23
France	4/12
Germany	5/12
Italy	4/8
Russia	2/7
Turkey	6/17

Only 2 Italys finished one on 11 and the other 1
Only 1 Russia finished on 14

But we may need to change Diplomacy in NZ to Grantmacy.
Will B

Bismark Cup

Pos	Name	Of ...	Raw	From	Score	VIC	WAI	AUS	NSW	AKL	NZ	GON
1	Andrew Goff	ACT	156.8	3	22.40	57		49	51			
2	Christian Gemballa Moura	VIC	133.5	3	19.07	50		35	48			
3	Dominick Stephens	WEL	127.3	2	18.19		47	80				
4	Rob Schone	WEL	123.0	2	17.57		63	60				
5	Brett Chatterton	NSW	114.6	3	16.37	35		22	58			
6	Craig Sedgwick	NSW	110.2	2	15.74			75	35			
7	Sean Colman	NSW	109.9	4	15.70	32	35	12	32			
8	Dugal Ure	VIC	107.8	2	15.40	63			45			
9	Rob Stephenson	VIC	100.6	2	14.37			100	1			
10	Shane Cubis	NSW	100.1	2	14.30			46	54			
11	Grant Steel	AKL	90.0	1	12.86			90				
12	Tristan Lee	VIC	89.09	3	12.73	54		24	11			
13	Yann Clouet	FRA	85.0	1	12.14			85				
14	Brian Sheldon	USA	82.5	2	11.79	38		45				
15	Peter Taylor	AKL	81.2	2	11.60		54	28				
16	Tony Collins	QLD	80.9	2	11.56			43	38			
17	Frank Meerbach	VIC	79.2	2	11.31	44		35				
18	Greg Evans	NSW	78.8	2	11.26			47	32			
19	Jason Whitby	VIC	74.2	2	10.60	25		49				
20=	Guillaume Vuillin	FRA	70.0	1	10.00			70				
20=	Manus Hand	USA	70.0	1	10.00			70				

22	Geoff Kerr	NSW	69.2	2	9.89			28	42
23	Rohan Keane	VIC	68.5	1	9.79	47		21	
24	Will Black	AKL	65.4	2	9.34		38	28	
25	Carlo Bellinato	NSW	64.0	1	9.14				64
26	Rohan Flavelle	VIC	60.0	1	8.57			60	
27	Craig Purcell	WAI	56.7	1	8.10		57		
28	James Millington	WEL	50.4	1	7.20		50		
29	Steve Gould	VIC	50.0	1	7.14			50	
30	Yvonne Walus	AKL	44.1	1	6.30		44		
31	Andrew Cheevers	VIC	43.6	1	6.23			44	
32	Edi Birsan	USA	41.5	1	5.93			42	
33	Graham Allen	VIC	41.0	1	5.86	41			
34	Josh Guilbert	AKL	41.0	1	5.86		41		
35	William Attia	FRA	40.4	1	5.77			40	
36=	Chad Nimmagadda	NSW	39.3	1	5.62			39	
36=	Daniel Mathias	NSW	39.3	1	5.62			39	
38=	Mark Withnell	ACT	37.2	1	5.32			37	
38=	Cyrille Sevin	FRA	37.2	1	5.32			37	
40	Adam Purcell	WAI	34.7	1	4.95		35		
41=	Ian Moes	ACT	33.0	1	4.71			33	
41=	Philippe Clavaud	FRA	33.0	1	4.71			33	
43	Chris Burke	VIC	30.8	1	4.40			31	
44=	Vincent Carry	FRA	29.8	1	4.25			30	
44=	Chetan Radia	UK	29.8	1	4.25			30	
46	Don Del Grande	USA	24.4	1	3.49			24	
47	Laim Tjia	NSW	21.6	1	3.09				22
48	Rob Hadley	VIC	21.6	2	3.08	7		15	
49	John Luckstedt	AKL	21.2	1	3.03		21		
50=	Larry Perry	USA	20.2	1	2.89			20	
50=	Stephen Muzzatti	NSW	20.2	1	2.89			20	
52	Melissa Nicholson	AKL	19.2	1	2.74	19			
53	David Astley	QLD	18.0	1	2.57			18	
54	Craig Brown	NSW	17.0	1	2.43			17	
55	Michael Dowling	ACT	15.9	1	2.27			16	
56=	Griff Young	QLD	14.8	1	2.11			15	
56=	James Bounsell	VIC	14.8	1	2.11			15	
58	Ken Sproat	VIC	13.0	1	1.85	13			
59	Sean Phelan	NSW	11.7	1	1.67			12	
60	Patrick Shirley	AKL	10.9	1	1.56		11		
61	Geoff Baker	ACT	9.5	1	1.36			10	
62=	Doug Stewart	ACT	8.5	1	1.21			9	
62=	Bill Brown	VIC	8.5	1	1.21			9	
64	David Norman	UK	6.3	1	0.90			6	
65	Brian Lam	NSW	5.9	1	0.84				6
66=	Andrew Geraghty	ACT	4.2	1	0.60			4	
66=	Neil Ashworth	VIC	4.2	1	0.60			4	
66=	Shane Huntley	ACT	4.2	1	0.60			4	
69	Red McClintock	ACT	1.0	1	0.14			1	
70=	George Smirnow	VIC	0.6	1	0.09	1			
70=	Scott Tasker	WAI	0.6	1	0.09		1		

Province/State Key:

ACT	Australian Capital Territory
AKL	Auckland
FRA	France
NSW	New South Wales
VIC	Victoria
WAI	Waikato
WEL	Wellington
QLD	Queensland
UK	United Kingdom
USA	United States Of America

After 4 D.A.A.N.Z. affiliated tournaments in 2002.

71 different people have played in at least 1 tournament.

51 people have played in 1 tournament.

15 people have played in 2 tournaments.

4 people have played in 3 tournaments.

1 person has played in 4 tournaments.

Clubs and Contacts

Victorian Diplomacy Club (Aus)

VENUE: Second Floor, Union House
(next to George Paton Gallery)
Melbourne University
Melway reference: Map 2B D6 and Map 75A)
TIME: From 12 noon onwards
DATES: The third Saturday of each month, these being:
September 21, October 19, November 16
CONTACTS: David Currell: d.currell@ugrad.unimelb.edu.au

Tristan Lee: verybig@bigpond.com

0412 425185

Diplomacy Club Of Canberra (Aus)

DCOC meets at the Slovenian-Australian Association in Irving Street, Phillip at 7 PM, on the first Friday each month.
Our website is <http://www.angelfire.com/games3/DCOC/>
Contact - [Andrew Geraghty](mailto:Andrew.Geraghty@bigpond.com) at creativewords@bigpond.com or Phone - (61-2) 6231 2686
OR - [Doug Stewart](mailto:doug_r_stewart@hotmail.com) at doug_r_stewart@hotmail.com or Phone - (61-2) 6282 1634

Wollongong (Aus)

STAB meets weekly in Wollongong, presently on Monday nights, but this is subject to change.
If you're interested in playing Diplomacy in Wollongong, which has a certain ambience that any other city in the globe lacks, contact Shane Cubis at rubikcubis@bigpond.com or on 0416240803.

Sydney Board Games Club (Aus)

Meets: Each Saturday 1pm until 10:30pm in conjunction with the Burwood Board Games Club, with a game of Diplomacy hoping to be played on the second Saturday of every month.
Location: The Woodstock Community Centre, Fitzroy Street Burwood (off Shaftesbury Avenue, which is off Parramatta Road, which has the Burwood Bus Depot on the corner).
Cost: \$4 for unemployed/students, \$7 for employed people for the day.
Plays: Chess, Diplomacy, Settlers of Catan, Ra, Axis & Allies, Advanced Civilization, Britannia, 18xx railway games, Junta, Blood Bowl, and any other games you'd like to bring along.
Contacts:
Sean Colman, phone 0414-632-335, email: boardgames@optushome.com.au or see the [Sydney Board Games Club home page](#)

Queensland University Games Society (Aus)

Meets: First Saturday of every month.
Location: Tivey Room, Student Union Complex, University of Queensland (Saint Lucia).
For more information contact:
Gary Johnson, (07) 3392 1760, email: garyjohnson@uq.net.au or see the [QUGS Web page](#).

Adelaide (Aus)

Dashiel Lawrence
0421 255 313
klm5061@hotmail.com

Auckland (NZ)

Will Black willb@esp.co.nz
+64 21 607 153
16 First Ave, Kingsland
Auckland, New Zealand

Wellington (NZ)

Rob Schone
robs@paradise.net.nz
+64 21 343-109

Hamilton Diplomacy Club (NZ)

Meets: The club meets informally (3rd Friday of the month) in the homes of members.
Plays: Diplomacy with rules that help new players.
For more information contact:
Craig Purcell, phone: (07) 853 6374; email: cpurcell@lic.co.nz

Tournaments

5-7 October 2002: ACT Diplomacy Championships

PLEASE NOTE: results from this tournament do not count for the [Bismark Cup](#), but do count for [Masterpoints](#).

Format: Continuous Tournament

Scoring System: Modified Cricket

Location: RSL Club, Canberra City

Cost: \$10 for non-DAANZ members, free for DAANZ members.

For more information contact:

Andrew Goff andrewgoff@bigpond.com

26-28 October 2002: New Zealand Diplomacy Championships

Location: Newmarket Returned Services Club, 3 Melrose Street, Newmarket, Auckland. Bar facilities in the gaming room, and a Bistro restaurant open.

Format: Three rounds over three days. One round for team competition (Triple Star Plate).

Scoring System: TBA.

Cost: TBA.

For more information contact:

Grant Torrie, grant_torrie@wilsonandhorton.co.nz or

Quentin Ball, sandq@xtra.co.nz

30 November - 1 December 2002: "Gong Con"

Format: Three games over two days - two games on Saturday, one on Sunday.

Scoring System: Cricket.

Location: North Wollongong PCYC

Cost: TBA.

For more information contact:

Sean Colman 0414-632-335, scolman@optushome.com.au

Shane Cubis 0416-240-803, rubikcubis@bigpond.com

25 - 27 January 2003: The Australian Diplomacy Championships

Location: RSL Club, Canberra

GM: Andrew Goff

Cost: TBA.

18-20 April 2003 (Easter): The Victorian Diplomacy Championships

Location: TBA, run as part of the Conquest Games Convention.

Format: TBA, play will commence promptly at 9:00am each morning.

GM: Frank Meerbach.

Scoring System: CRICKET.

Cost: TBA.

For more information contact:

David Currell, phone 9857 9440, d.currell@ugrad.unimelb.edu.au

Email Lists

OZDIP-L

OZDIP-L@thingy.apana.org.au is the email list for discussion of the game of Diplomacy in Australia and New Zealand. A message sent to OZDIP-L is automatically emailed to all list members. OZDIP-L provides a forum where people who are interested in Diplomacy can discuss a very wide range of issues related to both the game and their other common interests (such as sport).

How do I join OZDIP-L?

To subscribe to the OZDIP-L list, visit

<http://thingy.apana.org.au/cgi-bin/mailman/listinfo/ozdip-l>

DAANZ-announce

DAANZ-announce@yahoogroups.com is an *announcements only* email list for the promotion of Diplomacy tournaments, the announcement of club games of Diplomacy, the publication of information from the DAANZ Executive, and the posting of results of tournaments, club games, Masterpoints and the Bismark Cup. DAANZ-announce is designed to compliment OZDIP-L, providing access to basic information about the Diplomacy hobby in Australia and New Zealand without the discussion and chatter that OZDIP-L often features.

DAANZ Homepage

<http://daanz.org.au/>

Next issue: Deadline: 31 October 2002

In your mailbox: November 2002 (Promise)