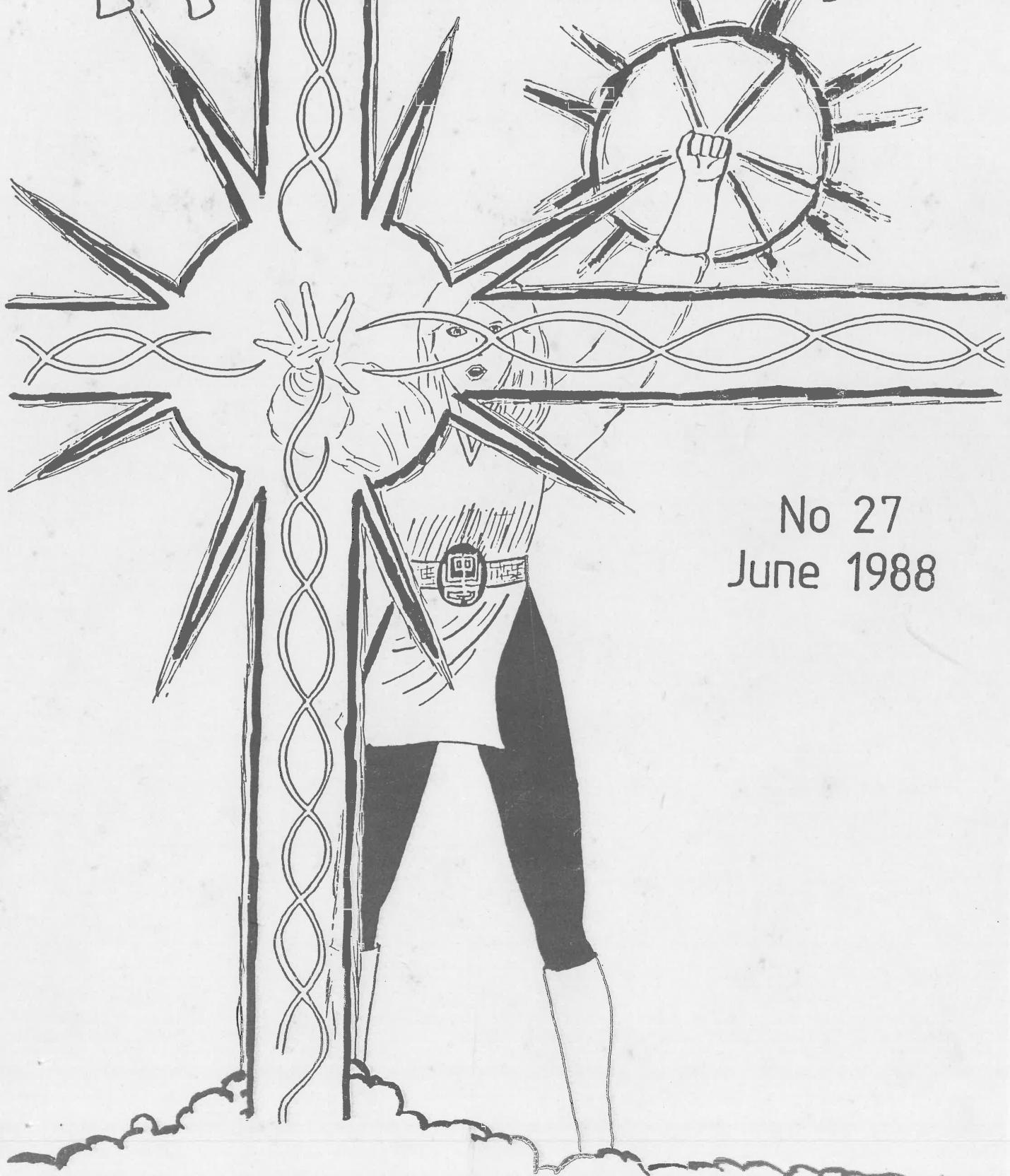


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QUEENSLAND WAR GAMER



No 27
June 1988

Queensland Wargamer

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The Queensland Wargamer is the journal
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EDITORIAL

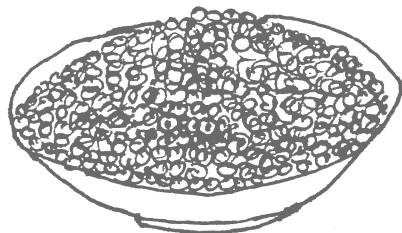
Well, the first issue of the Wargamer for this year finally emerges. This is also the first issue under my editorship. This issue is perhaps thinner than it should have been, due to the very large numbers of unwritten articles out there. Write them! Give them to me and you too can see your name in print.

In this issue, we have articles on Gunslinger and Civilization, a report on CanCon '88, along with other materials. Next issue should prove to have a wider range of games represented.

My thanks to everybody who contributed to this issue and helped to put this issue together.

Read and enjoy!

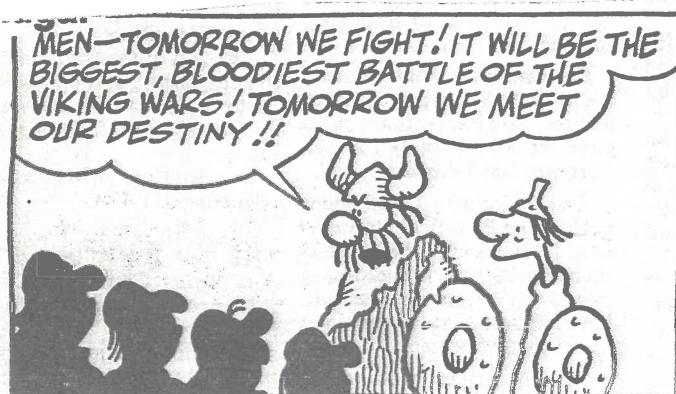
Timo Nieminen,
Editor.



It came from outer space, and
none knew where it would
strike next, for it hid in
bowls of Rice Bubbles!

Second semester meetings for 1988

2nd July
6th August
3rd September
1st October
5th November
3rd December



HAVE DICE, WILL TRAVEL TOO

OR

APOCALYPSE HOW?

St. Lucia is like Saigon.

That is, if you bulldozed the town houses and built bamboo huts, planted rice paddys in the University Lake and chased the yuppies out with boat people. But apart from that, it's a lot like Saigon.

I closed the slate of the window and turned to face the E.G. Whitlam Covert Operations room. The editor was drumming his fingers and had a thoughtful expression on his face. Obviously, he had a mission for me. Alternatively, he might be thinking up scenarios for his "Champions" campaign.

"I have a mission for you" he said, reaffirming the daycare centre's assessment of my potential. "It comes straight from the President".

"You mean..."

"Yes, Richard Shepard".

I wished grievous bodily damage upon that particular curly-haired medico moppet as the QRP's hack beside the editor handed me a photo. "Recognize him?"

I cursed the free availability of alcohol on campus until I realised I was looking at the wrong side.

"He's Eric Topp," the QRP's hack hissed. "Big wheel in Canberra Wargaming Society. Very much the heat. Gamer extraordinaire."

"He used to be one of ours", the editor explained. "We sent him down the coast, undercover, to infiltrate the scene. Lost contact about a year ago. Now we find he's gone renegade. Building his own private army. Amassing a huge following of psychotics, criminals, boardgamers. Making his own empire". "Running games of 'Hunter Planet'" interrupted the QRP's hack.

"Is he good?", I asked.

"The best", the editor replied. "He used to be legendary for keeping up with rule revisions to 'Starfleet Battles'".

I gave a low whistle. This guy was one sharp hombre.

"We want you to go south, find Topp, and terminate him", said the Editor.

"With extreme prejudice", said the hack.

"This means very messily", explained the editor".

"He can't be expected to run amok", continued the hack. "Find him, kill him. Crush his organisation. Pick up the latest Traveller supplements too."

"And make it more successful than you last mission", rapped the editor.

I smiled sweetly and shrugged. The previous year I had been inserted into Adelaide to try and infiltrate the gaming scene there; a scheme that had flopped when it was discovered there wasn't one. Then upon trying to re-enter Queensland disguised as a condom vending machine, I had been viciously set upon by several policemen, bashed, and hung on the wall of Oxley police station for three months.

The editor had produced a Phillips School Atlas 1:10 Million map of Australia and a pair of dividers. "You'll proceed from here immediately and acquire your escort at Toowong base camp. Proceed across the New England DMZ to the Canberra Landing Zone and Topps HQ." He marked off the corresponding millimeter on the map with the dividers and drew it with a thick red crayon. "Sanction him and return by whatever means possible." For back-up fire power, no not the game, we'll be sending one of our own men."

"Special forces?"

"Special School actually. But he's played 'Paranoia'"

I gasped. This mission was top priority. Then the assassin appeared. 7 feet of rosy-red cheeks and Jag.

"Couldn't somebody else go?" I pleaded.

-0-

The tropical sun beat down mercilessly on the Toowong jungle, the air full of the cries and calls of exotic house cats and budgerigars. I was dressed in a set of standard night-gaming fatigues, including a set of 'Tom Cruise' sunglasses so I could pretend not to have seen a particular rule or rule sub-clause.

The calvalry colonel examined my operation orders and shook his head. "This looks fine, but I don't know nothing 'bout no escort, boy." He wore a set of mirrored sunglasses, cowboy hat decorated with the Confederate flag and 'pink postgrad' T-shirt. Either someone had run Araldite through his beard or he had a very excited cat wrapped around his chin.

Sighing, I repeated myself. "Look, the orders come straight from headquarters. High up. DIA, G2, BC101..."

"I dunno", the colonel shook his head and looked to his adjutant. "What's down Canberra way, son?"

The cat theory won out as the adjutant had a piece of its tail stuck under his nose. He put away a comic book and sifted through a set of road maps. "Uh, good roads, sir. Games convention plotting Battletech, AD & D, Europa..."

"Europa?" the colonel's eyebrows shot up, hit the rim of his hat, reverberated and settled uneasily back into position. "Fire in the East? Narvik?" Well, why didn't you say so boy? Okay men, let's have ass!" this crowd of gaming grunts scrambled towards their vehicles, lugging assault rifles, grenade launchers and dice bags.

We'll come in fast and low", he said, "and five miles out from the border, turn the music on." He grinned as he walked over the XE Combat Assault Ford Fairlane and switched on the STereo. "Scares the shit out of the New South Welshmen."

I nodded. If a family sedan doing 130 kph and playing "Krenmen of the Star Corps" came beating down on me, I'd be scared too.

The journey settled into a mindless tedium. I was crowded into the back of one of the vehicles with a group of noisy, sweaty gaming grunts. The assassins conversation was limited to "What is your security clearance, citizen?", and "Keep your laser handy.", so I settled down to sleep to the sound of soldiers swapping tales. Battles they'd been in, men they'd fought under, men they'd fought over, small furry creatures they'd run over, etc.

There was a jolt and I woke to see a sign flash by.

TENTERFIELD

"Keep your head down, snapped the colonel. "It's dangerous out there. I considered the passing eucal plants and road directions. In the distance, a sheep squealed as it was molested by a lonely farmer. "Looks pretty quiet to me."

"Don't you believe it boy", he roared, "I lost a good pair of shoes here last year.", "Here, he continued, "Make yourself useful. Read this. Pop out the counters.", he shoved something at me. 'This' was a copy of the latest Europa game. 2000 counters, 8 maps, 45 pages of close type rules.

With a sigh, I opened the rule book and started to read about Zone of Contrel effects on enemy supply.

-0-

A jolt disturbed me, spreading most of a panzer army across the back seat. The colonel and his men were firing out the windows, blazing away with no obvious target.

"What's up man?", I said.

"The shoes, man, the shoes", shouted the colonel over the sounds of the rolling dice. "We've seen them and are going on a search and destroy." The car jolted again. "Well, what d'ya think boy?"

"Uh, think? Of the battle, sir?"

"No, the game, man, the game! What d'ya think?" I eyed the myriad supply counters and reinforcements. "Uh, it seems very complete sir.."

"Well, set it up boy, we'll play a game."

"What? Here? In the back seat? Don't you think it's a little crowded?"

"Look boy, d'ya want to fight or d'ya want a game?"

I avoided looking at the horde of crazed grunts.

"I'll game thanks, sir."

-0-

Several hours later...

I was half way through setting up the first pile of counters in the first hex on the map when it happened. The motor died as the battlewagons speed dropped sharply. I leaned into the front seat. The colonel and his men all had a bewildered look on their faces.

The ananin was busy thinking up ways to kill us all and still file an acceptable report back at HQ.

The fuel gauge was reading empty.

"It's a trap," screamed the colonel.

"Dirty commie pinko CWS members have sabotaged our car! Move out!"

I was pushed out of the car in a wave of crazed grunts, who fired at every moving and most non-moving targets" (including each other). Hiding under the box lid from the Europa supplement, I scuttled to the road side and read a sign.

CANBERRA 20 km
PENALTY FOR VANDALISING
THIS SIGN \$100.00

It was time to ditch my escort and move to the target zone.

-0-

After an abortive attempt to build a hang glider out of the Europa rules (ran out of staples) or a kayak from the mapboards (they were paper maps, not hard mounted, dammit) I rehid my wet, broken body under the box lid proceeded into Canberra disguised as a homing terrapin.

I staked out Topp's last known location. He was holed up in a disused C.A.E. (Many would argue that, nowadays, any educational institute is disused. I am more pragmatic). All sorts of weirdos were floating in and out of there, as I sat and watched through my binoculars. Some were as audacious as to actually carry games out in the open, and others I noticed were in a distinct type of uniform.

"These people", I thought, "get their rocks off by dressing up as fairies and elves."

I sank in deep contemplation, grabbed a branch, pulled my self out and sat on a firmer piece of ground. They were dressing up as characters from thier games, fighters, magic users etc. If someone was too...

Finding a costume hire shop in Canberra wasn't easy but I did it, I got drenched and approached my target. Unfortunately, the only game I had on hand to complete my disguise was 'Ant Army' but it would have to do. Twitching a mandible or two and shrugging my chitin into place I entered the CAE.

-0-

It was chaotic inside. Games of all colours, creeds and armour clans were everywhere. Unfortunately, I was the only 7-foot tall ant in the convention area, which ruined my inconspicuous disguise.

"Excuse me." A woman confronted me, she was wearing a organisers badge. "Are you entered into any competitions?" I froze. My cover was blown. Quickly, I beat her senseless in a flurry of mandibles. She managed to kick me in the shins, all six of them, but I got away. Some brawny miniature gamees moved up to restrain me, so, leaping up on the Jedko salestable, I screamed "Half price for the next ten minutes!" and made off in the ensuing chaos.

-o-

Limping along a corridor, regretting the fact that ants have 2 joints in each limb while humans have only 1, I spotted a computer gamer I knew and called out. He stopped and regarded me unsteadily. "Hey man, how ya going? It's me, the man from QUGS!" Deciding I was worth considering despite the fact that I wasn't luminous VDU green, his eyes unglazed. "Oh, hi! What brings you here, man? I didn't know..." "He's here." said the hacker in a shaken voice. "Who? Anyway what..." I froze up as I saw the Battletech supplements crouched under his arm. "You, you haven't become a... boardgamer, have you?" The hacker hung his head in shame. "Oh man, don't you know boardgames fuck you up! Haven't you seen the ads on TV or on the back of 'Dragon'?"

He blushed. "I couldn't help it man. Once you buy one, you have to buy the supplements and add-ons and gamettes..." His voice trailed off. "Anyway" he added. "Topp told me to."

My target was here.

-o-

Topp's lair was carefully guarded by severaly ceiling fans. I was nearly killed as my antenna was caught in one, pulling me up to a Chainsaw Massacre type death. Cutting myself free, I entered his lair.

He knew I was coming. I entered the shadowed room, openly the door with one mandible, shielding myself with two others, holding games in another two and making interesting rap dance motions with the other. This left me with none to walk on and so I fell over at his feet.

"You've come to kill me, haven't you?" he said. I nodded. "You're a renegade, Topp. QUGS doesn't like that."

He accepted it and a calm settled upon him. "You could let me go. No one would ever know." I shook my head, nearly whiplashing myself with an antennae. "I've read your file, Topp. You're too dangerous. Writing encouraging letters to Chaos to produce Runequest IV, pleading with Costiyikan to design a sequel to "Bug Eyed Monsters from Outer Space", buying the last available copy of 'Alaric the Goth', playing Advanced Squad Leader..."

"No, I can't let you go."

While I had been speaking, my mandibles had secured a boxed edition

"Call of Cthulhu" and I brought it down on his head. Savagely I beat him until he lay in a pool of counters and errata sheets. His eyes flickered open and he whispered "Oh the horror, the horror." Then all was quiet.

I stood in the rubble, clicked my joints and thought briefly before clearing my throat. "Excuse me, but your first name was Eric, wasn't it?"

THE END

Stay tuned for "The Return of the Man from QUGS"

THE CAST

Eric Topp	as	Himself
Timo	as	The Editor
Keith Fainges	as	The QRP's hack
Myself	as	The hero (of course)
Jack Ford	as	The Cavalry Colonel
Mark Marychurch	as	The Adjutant
Matt Deshon	as	The Assassin
Ross Nelson	as	The Hacker



T. 4-10-86.

THE MAKING OF "HAVE DICE, WILL TRAVEL TOO"

by Paul-Michael Agapow

Come January and once again your intrepid crew of QUGS members and friends went streaming down the roads of Australia to attend CanCon'88. This year's turned out to be even more bizarre than usual, owing partly to that it was a 4 day con this time and we had to juggle 8 people, 2 cars and 2 sets of accomodation.

After initial dramas sorting out who was doing what (note: the problems in coordinating several people increase exponentially with their number) and where we were going to stay (accomodation gets REAL scarce by December, so get it sorted out early), one fine frosty Thursday afternoon we set off. This year we tested the Newell Highway's abilities to withstand the poor driving skills of several gamers. The sparcity of traffic helped (despite a f---ing huge storm outside Goondiwindi). The barren scenery however caused strange attempts to amuse ourselves, including one particularly bizarre game of "20 Questions" held over the CB radio (see later). However we eventually arrived.

CWS got their act slightly together this year, although there were still the problems experienced with sorting out competitions. (Just ask Matt Deshon. We stress again: if you go, show up the night before to sort out problems.) The roleplaying competitions all staged their briefings at the same time (real smart guys) but turned out better competitions than even before. In particular, the Traveller freeform/scenario B was excellent and much improved on the protracted yawns executed by Garth Nix and other organisers in previous years. (The fact that we also won the Traveller B doesn't come into it.)

Tony White proved himself to be the nice guy of gaming again by being instrumental in the staging of a multiplayer boardgames comp., which was VERY generous with freebies. Most of the trade tables had excessively priced goods on them (with vast discrepancies between neighbouring tables sometimes). Still, bargains could be found if you were willing to search (as I was). Much the same applied to the second hand table but not the Jedko auction.

Those entered in 3 roleplayiny sessions a day (from 9am to 8pm!!) missed out but others enjoyed the full movie schedule (including "Aliens" which provoked a very high degree of audience participation!). So hint: only enter in 2 RPG competitions per day and use the remainder of the time to chase up other events.

PBM companies seemed to be less in evidence this year, although this may reflect a tapering off in the field. The awards ceremony was, as usual, overly protracted and contained the horror/shock value of the con when neither Harry Rawlins nor Avi Solomon won the Boardgames competition (Gasp!). Harry however won the Australian trophy based on an aggregate from the 3 major southern cons (gee - life's tuff).

All in all, a successful con (which could be taken many ways I admit). Let's wind up with these snippets of THAT particular week.

* Dave Armstrong (after being asked how his playing of "Kings and Things" was going) - "I'm still losing, but I'm learning to lose more effectively."

* A game of "20 Questions" held over the CB, somewhere on the Newell Highway at an ungodly hour.

"Is the answer, Hannibal?"

"Yes, he's pretty horrible. That's was your 20th question."

"No, Hannibal....."

"No, he wasn't a cannibal."

"Hannibal!"
"No, he wasn't from Hanover."
"Hannibal!! H - A - N . . ."
"Yes, we're having a ball..."

* Mark Marychurch's Kate Bush imitation (and other "incidents" we did get on film.)

* Jack "Your Nasalness" Ford's nocturnal audial output (and the rest of you!!)

* Matt Deshon playing an ad&D wizard, searching for his familiar, breaking into a zoo, examining all the animals and then saying to the referee, "Do I see anything familiar?"

* Jack's constant "What to see in Narabri" readings.

* The legendary Laundromat party held at a Queanbeyan Caravan Park, where passing inhabitants dropping into wash their socks were welcomed with open arms by a horde of drunken gamers.

* Yours Truly entering a roadside diner in Goondiwindi, wearing a Pink Postgrad T-shirt, "Hi, we're from the University of Wooloomooloo!.."

* YT again in Runequest III, talking to a pair of shamans whose village and friends have been destroyed and desecrated by broo, "But, broo just want to be loved like everyone else!"

* Me again in ad&D, playing a pirate looking for a crew for his ship after saving a member of a skeleton race. "You could join me and become my skeleton crew." Then inquiring as to its ability to fit in with my objective of an all-female, beautiful crew. "Does she have a charisma of 15 or better?" - Referee: "Only to another skeleton."

* The various strange things that got mixed with THAT bottle of Scotch.

* A pothole in Narabri, that would have done French nuclear testing in the Pacific proud.

* John Topping in Traveller, "Have you seen any zoo animals?" (Get him to explain)

* Bruce "I'm a nice guy really" Stehbens, "I didn't want to be a bastard, but someone had to."

* Organisers of the RQ III comp., "Well, 10 teams managed to save the baby and rescue civilisation as we know it, 4 of you died trying, and one of you sold out, took the kid and ran!" (Cheers from a certain sector of the audience.)

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Wanted to buy: Cry Havoc, Siege, Outremer, and possibly any related games.
Talisman expansion sets.
The "Lost Worlds" combat books.

If you have any of these and are willing to part with them, contact:

Robin Hayes
750 Southpine Rd
Everton Park 4053
Phone: 354 3729

Remember: The Queensland Wargamer will run ads for members free of charge.

The willing casualties of table-top wars ⇒

RAMBO would feel quite comfortable at lunchtime in many an Australian secondary school.

With Napoleon, Caesar and other heroes, like Bjorn of House Steiner, he could invade, conquer, kill and reign with impunity.

The blood is no more real than the celluloid of violent videos, but the games that allow all this to happen are raising hackles in Melbourne, a city still smarting from the Clifton Hill and Queen St massacres.

Wargaming and roleplaying are new crazes and use painted model soldiers and medieval monsters to relive the campaigns of history or invent space battles.

In a role play, players invent characters whose predetermined strength, wisdom, dexterity and so on are used to respond to situations given by the game master - capturing a castle, killing a monster or taking over the entire earth.

The strategic skills are as complex

as chess, and in historical games detail is faithful right down to the time it takes to load a shotgun.

Enthusiast Mr David Bruggeman invents games and holds conferences to publicise them.

"Certainly the aims sound war-mongering, you can't deny that. But the players are interested in the strategy. They are usually the kind of kids who spend lunchtimes reading history or science fiction."

In the US role-play games such as Dungeons and Dragons have come under attack from Christian groups, which claim the sometimes triumphant demons are Satan's work.

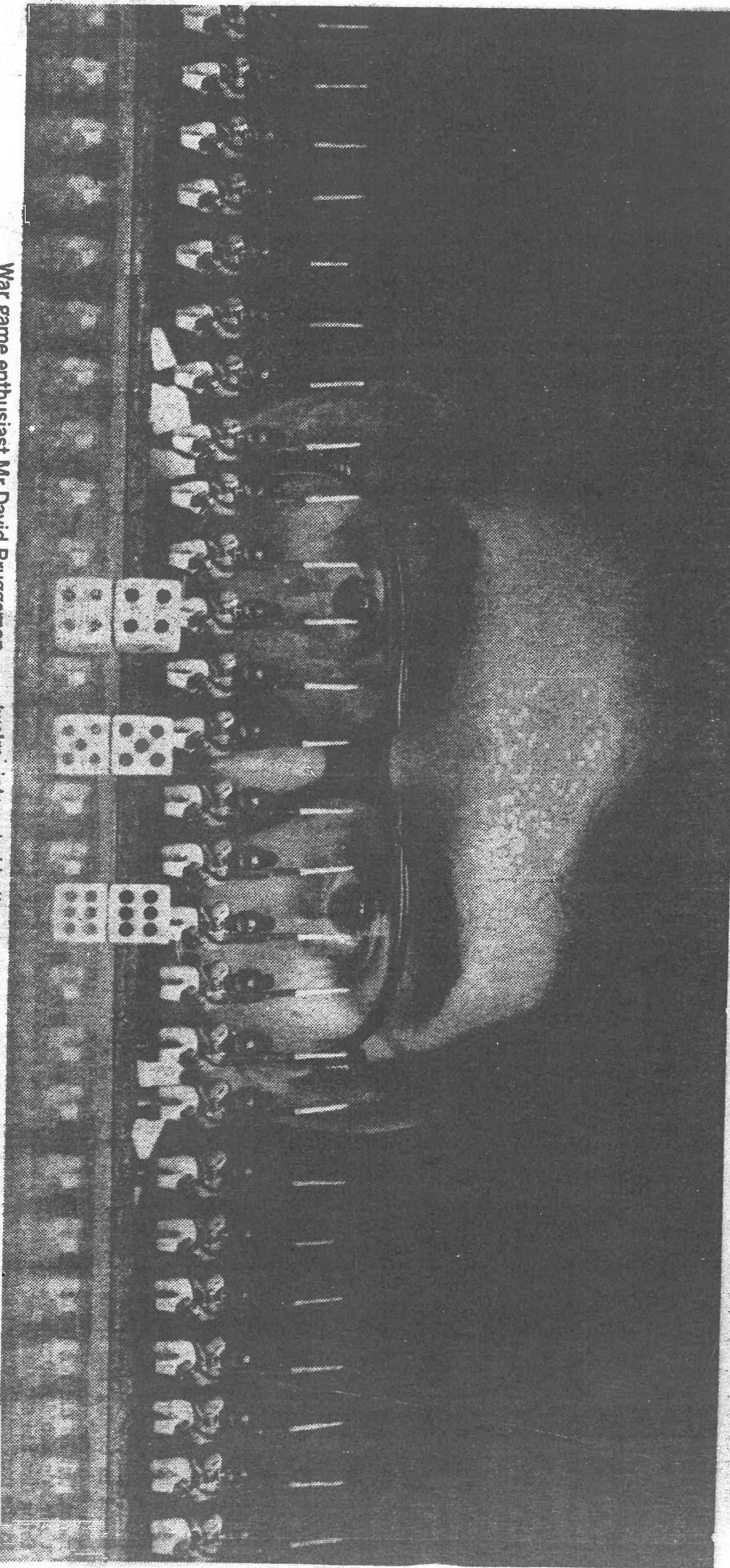
Others critics say the games may encourage a fighting psychology. Wargamers talk weapons and death and spend weekends playing them.

But Mr Bruggeman said: "I reckon the world would be much better if all the real generals fought it out with model soldiers."

- DEBORAH STONE

The willing casualties of table-top wars

War game enthusiast Mr David Bruggeman . . . 'we're interested in the strategy' — Picture: DAVID JOHNS



ANOTHER DAY IN TOMBSTONE

A LOOK AT SHOWDOWN 26 OF GUNSLINGER

by Eric Topp

Gunslinger is, in my opinion, one of the best multiplayer games ever made. It captures the glamour and excitement of the Old West in an authentic yet playable format.

Most of the basics of the game system can be taught to a newcomer in a matter of minutes. However novices can become confused and frustrated when their planned actions for a turn are hampered or aborted by misplayed cards. For those persons without access to a copy of the rules I highly recommend they read the Gunslinger analysis and series replay articles in the General VOL I NO 3 as this should clear up a lot of misunderstanding.

The purpose of this article is to show how to maximise your chances of winning Gunslinger and, in particular, Showdown 26 "Wide Open Town". This scenario is a favourite with most players as it is one of the few multisided battles which also covers a lot of ground (all eight mapboards are used).

To begin with, I shall look at the set-up. The order in which this is done is an indication of the importance of the characters. In this case, a newcomer (Dude) has called out a challenge to one of the local desperadoes (Innocernt perhaps) alerting the rest of the town's gunfighters (Ike, Fast Draw, et al) that a showdown is imminent.

The objective of Dude, when setting up should be to stay close to the action while making sure he avoids a shot in the back on the first turn. Note that Dude has a sawn-off shotgun and a fancy new double-action revolver (no need to cock but -1 to aim time) but no rifle. He has very good ability with both one-handed and two-handed guns (+2 in each case) and is fast on the draw. I think he should set up near one of his enemies but not actually in one of the rooms they start in. Some suggestions are DDC19* facing DDC19, EE08 facing EEN8, HHE17 facing HHE18, GGM21 facing GGN21, and GG015 facing GGP15.

The remaining characters should always set up either directly behind Dude, out of range of his shotgun, or in his hex (in that order) if he should start in the same room. If the third option is taken then Innocente, Mountain Man and John Henry should rely on their brawling skill and bonus cards to pummel Dude into a stupor while Fast Draw, Ike and Quiet Man should use their six-shooters to get him first. For the remaining setups I will assume that Dude is nowhere near the character concerned.

Innocente also lacks a rifle so he should set up near a doorway (DDF18 or DDG15) to move out of the Saloon towards the Shanty, Old House or Store. Ike should start in HHI21 facing HHI22 in order to cover both doorways. If Ike does not have hex HHH22 covered, Fast Draw should be in HHG23 facing HHH22 otherwise he should be at the other door. If Innocente is at the swinging doors of the Saloon, Mountain Man should set up in GGP21 facing GGP22 otherwise he should set up in GQG21 facing GGR20. Finally, John Henry and Quiet Man should start in EEO9* and GGS15 respectively.

The game will probably develop into two separate gunfights on each side of the main street. Ike and Mountain Man should be looking for a secure spot to set back and plug away with their rifles while the short and medium range specialists maneuver to get the first shot in.

I believe every character in this showdown has an equal chance of winning. Risks must certainly be taken but when facing concerted attack by two or more enemies, retreat and hope that any temporary truce will quickly fall apart. Characters can run away along the east and west sides of the town and can surrender at the start of any turn. This gives the player -2 victory points but surely that is better than -8 for dying? Also a surrender is treated as a knock-out rather than a kill for the enemy (+1 victory points instead of +2). In conclusion, plan carefully but when all else fails, beg for mercy.

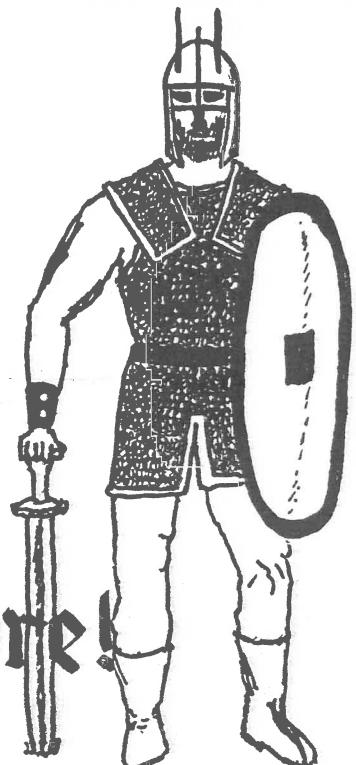
Sometimes in a game of Gunslinger between cautious players, "Mexican Standoff" situation occurs where two characters sit on either side of a doorway, piling up aim points and neither willing to go through the door and be blown away. To solve this problem, the game's designers have developed a method of plotted activities called the hunting system. This takes over from normal actions when a character cannot see an enemy at the start of a turn and was not seen by an enemy in the previous turn and continues until the "hunting" character sees and/or is attacked by the enemy. The use of the hunting system increases the excitement level of the game considerably.

As a postscript to this article, I would like to suggest a system for replacing characters who exit the game (by dying, running away, etc) for players who want to continue the game. It works in the following manner:

The turn after the character is removed, their twin brother (or sister) arrives. This character has exactly the same skills, attributes and weapons as the starting character but enters on any allowable edge of the map as defined by the scenario special rules. The new character is alerted. Furthermore, all enemies still in play receive +1 victory points while any characters on the same side as the replaced character receive -1 victory points.

join the society
for creative
anachronism.
be medieval.
fight, feast, much more

-see last page-



Treasurer's Report

Pay your money, you bastards!

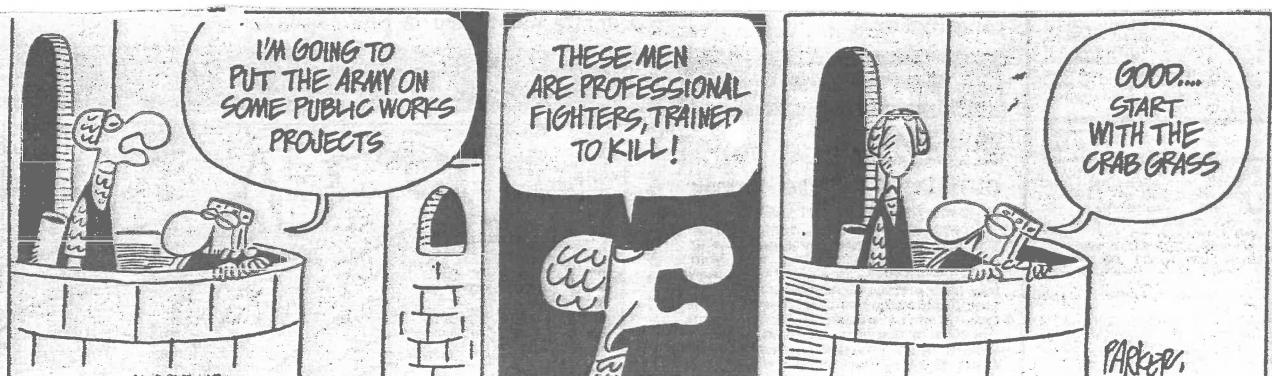
The above is a message to all of the QUGS "members" out there who have not yet paid their membership fee. Those who have should have received their membership card with this issue. (Sorry about the delay.) With this card, you can obtain a 5% discount on purchases from "The Last Grenadier", gain free entry into all Brisbane Games Club meetings.

This is what the new card looks like:



Give us your money and you can own one
just like it (but a bit smaller.)

Note: A games convention, Arcanacon VI is being held in Melbourne from July 7th to 10th. If you wish to attend see the editor for an entry form.



NO, NOT ANOTHER CIVILIZATION VARIANT!

by: Mark Marychurch

Well, this is another Civ. variant. One borne out of several 8 player games, played with variant trade cards.

Now the usual 8 player game has a problem, even if 8 players isn't an official variant, too many disasters if variant trade cards aren't used but too few if they are! So, a possible solution which seems to work is...more disaster cards!

Considering that blank trade cards are brown backed, the standard red disasters probably shouldn't be copied as they won't be like the present red - dreaded but expected - and the first run through the pack could result in the disasters being "stuck" together for most of the game. Given this, my variant idea is to use the blank brown trade and make new passable disasters! These disasters will be with the red decks, ie. 2,3,4 & 5 value trade decks and are generally watered down versions of the red deck disasters. This would result in more disasters occurring but not generally much more traumatic as those presently used.

Disasters:

2. "Earth Tremor/Landslide" - City on volcanic site is reduced else population reduced by half round up (at least 1 remains).
3. "Poor Harvest/Drought" - 5 units removed; can call up to 10 from other players (no more than 5 per player). Grain/pottery rules apply.
4. "Dissidents" - as per Civil War - 1st Faction 25 unit points, 2nd - 35 (No effect if less than 60). Remainder to person with most stock. No effect if Law held
5. "Heavy Rain" - 5 unit points on flood plain lost. Can instruct up to 5 points from players also present - Engineering allows disaster to be ignored.

As you can see, the sisasters are extremely mild, but give one advantage - the two disaster limit holds - therefore, if you've got civil war and say were passed civil disorder, you'd normally give up and go home, but! if you could arrange to be passed say Tremor/Landslide, the Civil Disorder would not affect and you're saved! When being resolved, the AST order would be followed, ie. if Africa had "Tremor/Landslide" and Egypt had "Volcano/Earthquake" - Africa's would be resolved first. Also, if a person has both of a level, say "famine" and "poor harvest" - the red back would be played last. When returning the deck, put Brown into middle of stack to prevent debation! (This possibly could be done for the normal passable as well to increase mystery).

THE RETURN OF LETHGAR THE RANGER

by: Mark Marychurch

Pale grey eyes scanned the forest undergrowth as a man sat on a log of a fallen tree awaiting someone's arrival.

"Come out you rascal. We can't stay forever.", he slowly said as he continued looking for movement. A horse stood tethered nearly laden with provisions and some weaponry while the man was dressed obviously just only for travel. Although he wore a chainmail shirt over a soft leather jerkin and pants, it seemed to be made of a strange metas which gave it virtually no weight. A heavy travel cloak draped over his frame with a hood which shaded much of his face. A small dagger was the only weapon he carried while a sword and bow were slung on the horse.

"I'm going now whether you're here or not", as he turned to the horse. A small movement of a bush heralded the arrival of the man's companion, a small black cat. "You took your time, didn't you?", he stated as he bent to pick up the cat which he deposited under his hood where it nestled on his shoulder.

Starting off, the man lead the horse along a well over-grown path which he seemed to know well but which prevented mounted travel. Soon the trail opened as the forest thinned and the man mounted to a mutual protest from his companion. Within several house the trail intersected a road upon which they now traveled westward towards civilization.

With nightfall but an hour or two away, they arrived at a small village situated by a small stream with the forest a short distance to the north. The cat by this stage had wearied of this precarious perch and had moved onto the front of the saddle cradled against the man's lap. The man slowly dismounted at the edge of the village. Throwing back the hood, he revealed the weather worn face of a man in his fifties. Grey eyes shone out from a tanned face with its skin resembling hardened leather. Shoulder length hair, once black, now mostly grey hung limply round his head framing his face as he looked increasingly worried at the quiteness of the village.

It was not deserted as the doors and windows were shut and the houses were in good repair with small piles of wood next to the doors for use in fires. But there were no people visible, no children scurrying about, no chickens or other livestock anywhere to be seen. He grew more worried as he bade his horse to a nearby house which had small wisps of smoke climbing from the chimney.

"Hello, anyone there?" he inquired as he lightly tapped on the door. "Go away, leave us alone" he heard faintly.

"Do not be afraid. I'm a friend weary from travel wanting some lodging."

"You cannot stay. Go. Go while you still can."

"But it will be dark soon and travel will be difficult. Please open the door."

A moment passed but the door then slowly opened revealing the eye of a young man.

"Go, please go. You are in terrible danger. The evil one will get you if you stay.", the young man pleaded.

"Evil one? If you tell me about the evil one, I may be able to help, but I cannot out here so please open the door and let me in."

"Alright, but you cannot leave your horse out there. Quickly, follow me", the young man stated as he rushed past him. The door closed after him so the man realised the young fellow was not alone inside. They hurried around the house coming to a barn which stood next to fields which once were sown but were not barren. The young man unlocked the padlock on the heavy barn door with a key which hung around the young man's neck. The young man was dressed in heavy leather clothes and carried a pitchfork which seemed to give the young man some security but little protection.

"Quick, in here!" he motioned the man. Taking his sword, the cat and a satchel of provisions off the horse once he had it inside the barn, the man watched as the young man quickly relocked the padlock and hurried back to the house.

"Who are you?", the man asked.

"Not yet, inside." was the reply.

A hurried knock and whisper opened the door to the house and they disappeared inside. There the man surveyed the small dwelling of what was now quite obviously that of a poor farmer. With windows shuttered, the only light came from a small fire in a chimney set in one wall where a meal was being prepared. The rest of the dwelling was sparsely furnished with a rough wood table and several chairs next to the chimney and bed rolls laid out on the hard earthen floor at the other end opposite the chimney.

The young man moved to be beside a woman of about the same age as he, who stood behind the table. Apart from the man, they were the only people in the house.

"I am Tiroc and this is my wife Lerra", the young man stated. "You are?"

"My name is Lethgar", the man said as he removed his cloak after placing the cat on the floor and his sword and provisions on the table. "My companion's name is Shadow. I am a traveller. Some call me a ranger, but they exaggerate. May I sit?"

"Please", Tiroc said. "Join us, Lethgar, we were about to eat. We don't have much but we will share."

"Your generosity does you honor. Accept the provisions as payment for letting me in. I know what it is like to be a farmer with a great deal. So accept this and we'll feast."

"Thank you. Our meals have been meagre indeed."

A short while after they began to eat, Lethgar decided it was time to learn something about this place. "Who is the evil one?", asked Lethgar. The momentary silence said tonnes.

Tiroc weakly said, "A beast, an animal....a...monster which kills just for pleasure. No man is safe. Several villages have been slain with their throats bitten and torn but little blood. Like a wolf that thirsts for blood." Fear loomed large in Tiroc's face as he described a month of terror with deaths and disappearances virtually nightly. Lethgar listened closely, not interrupting, awaiting Tiroc finishing.

"I've heard of a creature like this," Lethgar finally said. "It's known as a vampire. It is a dead man who still walks, killing and staining blood to sustain itself in its unnatural existence. Good steel" - patting his sword - "is usually useless unless it has been enchanted in some way. As it is a dead thing, it cannot stand the sun, the source of life. And sturdy wood will kill it if it pierces its inhuman heart."

Tiroc thought for a moment then spoke. "Will you help us kill this thing?"

Lethgar smiled, "How should we begin?"

-0-0-0-

Later, after Tiroc explained more of the month of terror and fear which gripped his village, Lethgar decided on a plan to trap and slay the creature he called a vampire. But he couldn't do it alone.

"Tiroc, I have a plan to kill the Evil one as you call it..."

A look of joy passed across Tiroc and Lerra's faces briefly until Lethgar added, "...but I'll need both of you to help."

Lerra angrily snapped, "No! We can't! We...We... We'll be killed."

"I know If I attempted it alone, I'd surely die for these beasts have much strength. But together we could do it." Lethgar stated.

"I must tell the . He could help.", Lerra nodded rapidly at Tiroc's statement.

"I do not think that would be wise. We don't know who the beast is. I only trust us. If you were the beast, you never would have opened that door." The young couple were stunned by this but quickly realised his reason.

"Did you not say he has only just arrived back from a journey? For all we know, it could be him!" Lethgar added. Tiroc's mouth opened to protest at this notion, but shut it when he realised Lethgar again was right.

Dusk was long past when the door to the house opened and Lethgar, Tiroc, and Lerra slipped out. Pausing only to retrieve his bow from the stable, Lethgar followed his companions towards the centre of the village. Passing several houses, Lethgar noticed how barricaded they appeared. A point he had not noticed earlier but realised the people here would naturally do.

Looking at his companions, he was impressed by their bravery and faith in his plan. Let's hope it works, he thought. He realised the plan was a little foolhardy. Not being a very good strategist, he decided the best way to do this was for he and Tiroc to hide with stakes made from firewood and his bow while Lerra and Shadow

sat in the open of the village. From there, they would lure the beast. Then Tiroc, while with a lantern would move in and hopefully slay it. Shadow could hold off most people but to ensure Lerra's safety until they arrived, Lethgar gave her his sword. It wouldn't hurt the creature, but it would delay it, he assured her.

Hours past and Lethgar began to worry. We were too obvious. Should we have tried something else? Indecision started to annoy him. A little while earlier, Tiroc moved away slightly to find a better spot to hide so Lethgar crouched alone with cramps starting to appear in both legs. "I'm too old for this life. But what else could I do?" This thought amused him, for he knew he had to roam. "It will be dawn soon. The beast must not be out this night."

Suddenly a noise broke the silence. First, a sudden cry, then a noise of a fight came from the other side of the square. This indeed surprised Lethgar as well as Lerra and she sat still safely in the centre of the square. "The beast is attacking Timor!" Lethgar cried to Lerra as he sprinted towards the noise. Lerra handed Lethgar his sword when he approached, pausing only to give her some stakes and the bow, he then ran to the noise now quite loud, following Shadow who had bounded in front of him.

He nearly reached the other side of the square when the noise suddenly stopped. "Damn!", he screamed to himself as Lethgar readied his sword. "It was a dumb plan!"

Lethgar halted briefly when he saw two humanoid shapes, one sprawled on the ground, the other bunched over it. "Back Hellspaven!" he shouted as he lunged at the hunched figures' head. The blow served its purpose as the figure now turned towards him and rose, hissing. Lerra now appeared with the lantern, illuminating the area. The light which greeted them shocked both Lethgar and Lerra who uttered a muted cry. Tiroc lay sprawled upon the ground, next to his broken pitchfork. His dead eyes pleading skywards as a small trickle of blood oozed out of the vein which was his throat. His slayer, a woman, stood over the body. Blood shone in the lantern light from around the vampire's mouth which bore large fangs that gleamed a sickly yellow.

With a snarl, the vampire lept at Lethgar who dodged, bring his sword again onto the beasts' head. This blow stunned in slightly but did no apparent damage as Lethgar's mind raced trying to decide now how to kill this thing which faced him. This time, from a half crouch, the vampire lept again, and again Lethgar dodged, missing with his swinging broadsword.

The vampire, now realising Lethgar could do no damage, lunged at Lerra who had been slowly moving towards the still form of their husband. Tears running down her face as she quietly sobbed. But before the vampire could reach Lerra, Shadow lept onto the creatures shoulder, raking its face with claws. The vampire easily shrugged off the cat but this allowed Lethgar time to cover the gap between them, leaping at the vampire to knock it away from Lerra.

This body blow spun the vampire sideways and away from Lerra but it managed to grab Lethgar's chain shirt dragging him ontop if it. With a left roll, flipped Lethgar over and bore down into him, its jaws wide, straining for his throat. Lethgar had a hand on the beasts neck and this was the only thing that saved him from sharing Timoc's fate, but he was rapidly tiring as the vampire strove for its goal.

"Lerra, please help me! Do something!", Lethgar screamed as the vampire inched closer, its wide eyes filling Lethgar with the thought of his fate. His sword arm was held by the beast as he tried to find a way to stop the vampire. Suddenly he realised.

"Lerra, quick! Use a stake! Stab the vampire in the heart! Hurry, in God's name!", he cried. The noise of the fighting had roused the village but he knew help would come late if Lerra did not act.

Closer the vampire came then, and with a scream it arched back, its arms scrambling to reach the protruding stake. The vampire, though in pain, was still alive as Lethgar realised Lerra had missed its foul heart with the stake. He seized the only thing woddent to hand, the broken handle of the pitchfork which lay nearby, and plunged it deep in the creature's chest. With an earsplitting shriek, it toppled over and lay still. Dark ichor seeped out of the twin tounds to its torso.

Lethgar slowly moved over to Lerra how now draped herself over her husbands' body, her body wracked with sobs. His hand reached to touch her shoulder but stopped. He could do nothing for her now. Only the rest of the village could, as they started to gather round the scene of the battle. Dawn slowly broke as he gathered his scattered weapons.

Later that day, as he stood at the edge of the village with his horse laden with fresh provisions while most of the village stood nearby.

"Will you not stay?", the village headman asked, knowing the answer as he said it.

"No, I must be off. But tell me, who was the vampire?"

"A hag who once lived a little to the north. Her husband died years ago. She kept to herself. How she became as she was, I know not. But at least it is over."

"It may be over, but the pain continues. Promise me that Leraa does not become like the vampire. Alone and forgotten."

"We are in your debt. We cannot do any less than what you ask.", the headman replied as Lethgar mounted his horse. With a brief nod and a slight wave, he started down the road. He thought "I wonder when something interesting will happen?" He was still laughing when he disappeared out of sight of the villagers who slowly started to return their village back to life.

THE END

Diplomacy

Diplomacy makes its return to QUGS meetings. France and Italy win the Great War. Russian empire collapses after making enemies of all its friends without making friends of its enemies. Britain a French province. Italy restores old Roman empire in the Balkans.

Elric- Battle at the End of Time

A game played frequently last year at QUGS. Truly chaotic attempts at World Conquest resulted, with time (i.e. the meeting) ending before the wars.

The War at Sea

Quick, simple, once this was played at almost every meeting.

Ace of Aces

Visual WW 1 dogfighting. We really should see this at meetings more often.

Nuclear War

Kill even more people than in Elric. Megadeaths! A fun game in which many players experience the frustrations of having warheads or missiles, but never both at the same time.

Grass

A card game wherein "dealer" takes on a new meaning.

Role-playing

A great variety of RPG's turn up at QUGS meetings: Twilight 2000, Champions, Paranoia. Even games with no rule systems at all.

Junta

Take over the country! Pays well, but low job security.

No retirement plan, so prepare for the future.

These are eight good reasons to attend QUGS meetings, which are held on the first Saturday of every month in the Clubs and Societies room in the Student Union building at the University of Queensland. These games have all made appearances at our meetings. If you have a game you want to play that is quick and easy to learn, bring it!

Timo Nieminen

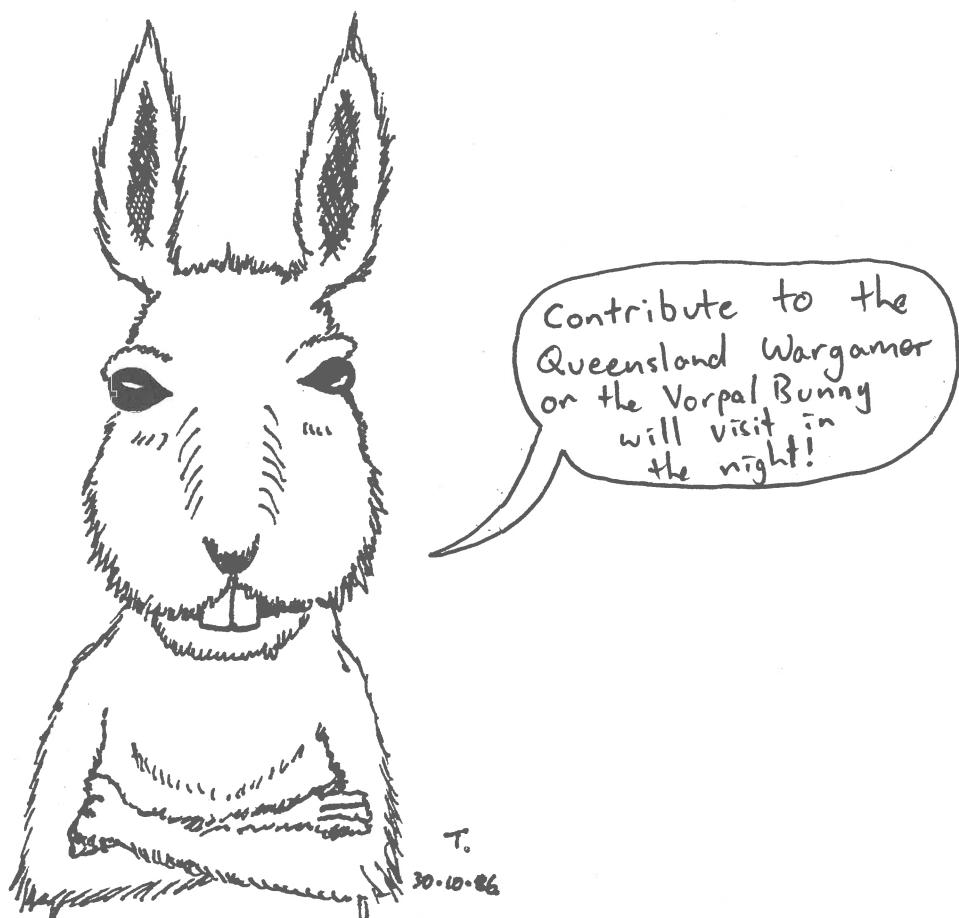
JAPANESE NAVAL LOSSES IN N.E.I. CAMPAIGN 12th December 1941 to the

1st March 1942

by JONATHON FORD

- TOSAN MARU (8666 tons) sunk and SAKINA MARU (7170 tons), AYATO MARU (9788 tons) ASOSAN MARU (8812 tons) severley damaged by Dutch submarine O-16 on 12th December 1941 during the invasion of Malaya.
- TAISAN MARU (3525 tons) naval tanker sunk by Dutch submarine K-12 on 13th December 1941 during invasion of Malya.
- SHINONOME (1700 tons) destroyer sunk by Dutch Dornier X-23 on 19th December 1941 during invasion of North Borneo.
- HEI MARU (4943 tons), KATORI MARU (9849 tons) SUNK and HOKKAI MARU (8416 tons), TONAN MARU 2 (19262 tons) naval tanker. Severely damaged by Dutch submarine K-14 on 23rd December 1941 during invasion of North Borneo.
- SAGIRI (1700 tons) destroyer sunk by Dutch submarine K-16 on 24th December 1941 during invasion of North Borneo.
- MYKOKO (12,374 tons) heavy cruiser, NACHI (10,000 tons) heavy cruiser and CHITOSE (12,550 tons) seaplane carrier - damaged by US Liberator bombers on 4th January 1942 during invasion of Tarakan.
- W-13 (560 tons) minesweeper and W-14 (560 tons) minesweeper sunk by KNIL. Coastal Battery on 12th January 1942, during invasion of Tarakan.
- I-124 (1163 tons) submarine sunk by R.A.N. corvettes KATOONBA and DELORAIN on 21st January 1942 in Arafura Sea.
- NANA MARU (6764 tons) sunk by Dutch Glen Martin bombers on 23rd January 1942 during invasion of Balikpapan
- TSURUGA MARU (6988 tons) sunk by Dutch submarine K-18 on 23rd January 1942 during invasion of Balikpapan.
- SUMANOURA MARU (3519 tons), TATSUKAMI MARU (7064 tons) KURETAKE MARU (4550 tons), Patrol Boat No 37 (750 tons) sunk, and ASAHSAN MARU (4550 tons), KAMOGAWA MARU (6440 tons) damaged by allied surface fleet on 24th January 1942 during Battle of Balikpapan.
- HATSUHARU (1802 tons) destroyer damaged by USAAF bombers on 24th January 1942 during invasion of Kendari.
- MINESWEEPER NUMBER 9 (630 tons) sunk and MINESWEEPER NUMBER 11, MINESWEEPER NUMBER 12 damaged by Dutch mines on 2nd February 1942, during the invasion of Amboin.
- NATSUSHIO (1900 tons) destroyer sunk by US submarine S-37 on 8th February 1942 during the invasion of Makassar.
- Unidentified MARU (? tons) sunk by allied air attack on 14th February 1942 during the invasion of Southern Sumatra.
- MICHISHIO (1500 tons) destroyer severely damaged, and OSHIO (1500 tons) destroyer, SAGAMI MARU (7189 tons), SASAGO MARU (8260 tons) damaged by combined allied air, submarine and surface fleet attacks on 20th February 1942 during Battle of Lombok Strait on.

- TOKITSUKAZE (2490 tons) destroyer, JINTSU (5195 tons) light cruiser damaged by ABDA Combined Striking Force on 28th February 1942 during the Battle of Java Sea.
- SAKURA MARU (7170 tons), HORAI MARU (9129 tons) RYUJO MARU (2764 tons) Unidentified. MARU (? tons) MINESWEEPER NUMBER 2 (600 tons) sunk and HARUKAZE (1720 tons) destroyer and MIKUMA (8500 tons) heavy cruiser damaged by US cruiser HOUSTON and RAN cruiser PERTH and Japanese gunfire on 1st March 1942 during the Battle of Sunda Strait.



Although the Naval side of the Pacific War is generally viewed as being a mainly US affair, there were contributions made by warships of the Australian, British, Dutch, Free French, New Zealand, Canadian, Indian and the Italian Co-belligerent navies. Reproduced below is a list of the Imperial Japanese Navy's warships that can be attributed to Non-US forces (including aircraft).

Source: "Warships of the Imperial Japanese Navy"

JAPANESE NAVAL LOSSES ATTRIBUTED TO NON-US FORCES

Kaiyo

escort carrier 24 aircraft - 13600 tons - sunk by aircraft from HMS Formidable, Indefatigable, Victorious at Beppu Bay on 24/7/45 and broken up

Myoko

heavy cruiser - 12374 tons - captured at Singapore by Royal Navy and scuttled 8/7/46

Haguro

heavy cruiser, - 10,000 tons - sunk by HMS Saumarez, Venus, Verulam, Vigilant and Virago (all destroyers) off Penang on 16/5/45

Ashigara

heavy cruiser - 10,000 tons - sunk by HMS Trenchant (submarine) off Muntok Banka Straights on 8/6/45

Takao

heavy cruiser - 15781 tons - severaly damaged while under repair at Singapore by HMS XE-3 (midget sub) on 31/7/45, captured by Royal Navy and scuttled 27/10/46

Kuma

light cruiser - 5832 tons - sunk by HMS Tally Ho (sub) off Penang on 11/1/44

Ataka

gunboat - 880 tons - captured at Singapore in August 1945

Nanshin

gunboat - 2400 tons - captured at singapore in August 1945

Seta

gunboat - 340 tons - damaged by Chinese aircraft on Yangtze on 6/6/43

Hira

gunboat - 340 tons - sunk by Chinese aircraft near Anking on 26/11/44

Hozu

as Hira

Kotaka

gunboat - 62.7 tons - sunk by Chinese aircraft on Yangtze on 31/5/44

Hatsukari

torpedo boat - 737 tons - captured by Royal Navy at Hong Kong on August 1945

Kiji

torpedo boat - 1040 tons - captured by R.N. at Soerabaya on
August 1945

Fuji

destroyer/patrol boat no.36 - 1020 tons - damaged at Soerabaya
by aircraft from HMS Illustrious on 17/3/45, surrendered there and
ceded to Dutch

Patrol Boat no. 2

old destroyer - 1650 tons - sunk by HMS submarine off Soerabaya
on 25/7/45

Kamikaze

destroyer - 1720 tons - captured at Singapore in August 1945

Shinonome

destroyer - 2090 tons - sunk by Dutch mine near Miri Borneo on
18/12/41

Sagiri

destroyer - 2090 tons - sunk by Dutch submarine K-16 off Kuching
on 24/12/41

Amagiri

destroyer

Gyoraitaei no. 402

m.t.b. - 254 tons - sunk by R.A.F. off Boronga, Burma on 18/3/44

Gyoraitaei no. 45

as above

RO-110

submarine - 601 tons - sunk by HMIS Jumma, HMAS Ipswich and
Launceston off Burma on 11/2/44

I-59

submarine - 1800 tons - sunk by destroyer Jupiter off Krakatoa on
17/1/42

I-66

submarine - 1705 tons, sunk by sub. Telemachus off Singapore on
17/7/44

I-17

submarine - 2598 tons - sunk by HMNZS Corvette Tui off Nouema on
19/8/43

I-1

submarine - 2135 tons - sunk by HMNZS sloops Kiwi, Moa in Solomons
on 29/1/43

I-27

submarine - 2598 tons - sunk by destroyers Paladin, Petard on
12/2/44

I-34

submarine - 2598 tons - sunk by sub Taurus off Penang on 13/11/43

I-124

submarine - 1383 tons - sunk by minesweeper HMAS Deloraine off Darwin on 20/1/42

I-501

submarine - 1616 tons - captured by Royal Navy at Singapore in August 1945

I-302

submarine - 1616 tons - as above

I-306

submarine - 1610 tons - captured by Royal Navy at Sorabaya in August 1945

I-303

submarine - 1736 tons - captured by Royal Navy at Djakarta on August 1945

Type A Midget submarine

46 tons - lost in raid on Sydney Harbour on 31/5/42

P no. 106 (ex Banckert)

1316 tons - captured at Soerabaya in August 1945, returned to Dutch

P no. 109 (ex Fazent)

623 tons - captured at Batavia in August 1945, returned to Dutch

Itsukushima

minelayer - 2408 tons - sunk by Dutch sub. Zwaardvisch in Java Sea on 7/10/44

Wakatake

minelayer - 1890 tons - captured at Singapore in August 1945

MA I

minelayer - 288 tons - sunk by mine from submarine Porpoise off Sumatra on 27/3/45

MA 4

minelayer - 288 tons - sunk by submarine Tally-Ho off Great Nicobar Island on 20/11/44

Agata Maru

netlayer - 302 tons - sunk by British aircraft off Nicobar Islands on 11/4/45

Kumano Maru

netlayer - 872 tons - sunk by British submarine in Malacca Straights on 30/11/45

W-2

minesweeper - 702 tons - sunk by Dutch mine in Bantam Bay Java on 1/3/42

W-4

minesweeper - 702 tons - captured by Royal Navy at Singapore
August 1845

W-5

minesweeper - 717 tons - sunk by HMS minesweeper Terrapin off
Sumatra on 4/11/44

W-6

minesweeper - 717 tons - sunk by Dutch aircraft off Sarawak on
26/12/41

W-13

minesweeper - 560 tons - sunk by Dutch coastal batteries off
Tarakan on 12/1/42

W-14

as above

W-7

minesweeper - 750 tons - sunk by sub. Storm off Andaman Islands
on 15/4/44

W-8

minesweeper - 750 tons - captured by Royal Navy at Soerabaya in
August 1945

W-9

minesweeper - 750 tons - sunk in Dutch mine off Ambon on 2/2/42

W-33

minesweeper - 755 tons - sunk by British aircraft at Onagawa Bay
9/8/45

Wa-4

minesweeper - 222 tons - sunk by Dutch aircraft at Dilli Tumor on
19/4/44

Wa-7

minesweeper - 222 tons - captured by British at Singapore on
August 1945

Wa-104 (ex Djember)

minesweeper - 175 tons - sunk by submarine Stygian off Bali on
12/4/45

Wa 105 (ex Grisse)

minesweeper - 175 tons - sunk by submarine Trenchant off Java on
25/5/45

Wa 101 (ex Flores), Wa-102 (ex Fak Fak), Wa-103 (ex Garoet), Wa-106
(ex Djombang), Wa-107 (ex Enggeno)

all captured by British Navy at the end of the war and returned
to the Dutch navy

Kyo Maru no.3

341 tons - minesweeper - sunk by British mine off Rangoon on
26/2/43

Kyo Maru no.1

340 tons - minesweeper - sunk by British mine off Penang on
15/1/43

Reioui Maru

219 tons - minesweeper - sunk by submarine off Labaun on 25/12/44

Ch 3

submarine chaser - 285 tons - captured by royal Navy at Singapore
in August 1945

Ch 4

submarine chaser - 309 tons - captured by RN at Banderman in
August 1945

Ch 5

submarine chaser (309 tons) - captured by Royal Navy at Djakarta in
August 1945

Ch 7

submarine chaser - 309 tons - sunk by RAF off Cape Nicobar on
11/4/45

Ch 8

submarine chaser - 309 tons - sunk by submarines Trenchant and
Terrapin off Penang on 4/3/45

Ch 9

submarine chaser - 309 tons - captured at Penang by RN on
August 1945

Ch 34

submarine chaser - 442 tons - sunk by destroyers Saumarez,
Valage, Vigilang and Virago
on 26/3/45

Ch 41

submarine chaser - 442 tons - captured by R.N. at Singapore in
August 1945

Ch 56

submarine chaser - 442 tons - captured by R.N. at Soerabaya in
August 1945

Ch 57

submarine chaser - 442 tons - sunk by destroyers Tartar, Eskimo,
Nubin off Sabang on 12/6/45

Ch 63

submarine chaser - 442 tons - sunk with Ch 34 on 26/3/45

Ch 2

submarine chaser - 135 tons - sunk by sub. Tally-Ho off Penang on
6/10/44

Cha 8

submarine chaser - 135 tons - sunk by British mine off Sumatra
on 9/9/44

Cha 9

as Cha 8

Cha 23

submarine chaser - 135 tons - sunk by RNZAF at Rabaul on 9/7/44

Cha 24

submarine chaser - 135 tons - captured by RN at Hong Kong in
August 1945

Cha 36

submarine chaser - 135 tons - captured at Soerabaya in August 1945

Cha 41

submarine chaser - 135 tons - captured at Soerabaya in August 1945

Cha 55

submarine chaser - 135 tons - as Cha 45

Cha 61

as Cha 45

Cha 70

submarine chaser - 135 tons - captured by RN at Penang in Aug. 1945

Cha 191

as Cha 24

Cha 235

as Cha 24

Cha 102(ex Argioenno)

submarine chaser - 75 tons - captured by RN at Soerabaya in
August 1945

Cha 104 (ex Gedah)

submarine chaser - 75 tons - captured by RN at Djakarta in
August 1945

Cha 110 (ex Lawoe)

submarine chaser - 75 tons - captured by RN at Soerabaya in
August 1945

Cha 118 (ex Salak)

submarine chaser - 75 tons - captured by RN off Soerabaya in
August 1945

Cha 103 (ex B-1)

submarine chaser - 130 tons - captured by RAN at Amboin in
August 1945

- Cha 106 (ex B-3)
submarine chaser - 130 tons - captured by RN at Djakarta in August 1943
- Cha 107 (ex B-4)
as Cha 106
- Cha 108 (ex B-5)
sunk by aircraft from Illustrious at Soerabaya on August 1945
- Cha 114 (ex B-6)
submarine chaser - 130 tons - captured by RN at Soerabaya in August 1945
- Cha 115 (ex B-7)
as Cha 114
- Hakusan Maru No.2
submarine chaser - 43 tons - sunk by RAF at Sakishima on 18/4/45
- Kikumaru
submarine chaser - 233 tons - sunk by HMS Selene off Sumatra on 4/3/45
- Shonan Maru no. 12
submarine chaser - 35 tons - sunk by RAF at Rangoon on 30/4/43
- Hokoku Maru
armed merchant cruiser - 10438 tons - sunk by minesweeper RIN Bengal and Dutch tanker Ondina on Indian Oceaan on 11/11/42
- Hitonose
repair ship - 600 tons - sunk in Shik harbour by Chinese aircraft on 12/12/44
- Hayase
repair ship - 800 tons - sunk on Yangtse by Chinese aircraft on 20/9/43
- Unyo Maru no.2
supply ship - 2827 tons - sunk by Dutch aircraft on Kuching on 26/12/41
- Yubari Maru no. 2
supply ship - 4109 tons - sunk by Dutch aircraft off Koepang Timor on 27/3/42
- Erimo
oiler - 15450 tons - sunk by Dutch sub. 0.15 off Bali on 4/3/42
- Choyo (ex Tydeman)
survey vessel - 1320 tons - captured by RN at Tandajong Priok in August 1945 and returned to the Dutch
- Hoyo (ex Pollux)
survey vessel - 1012 tons - captured by RN at Soerbaya and returned to the Dutch

Tenkai no. 3

research vessel - 400 tons - captured at Singapore by RN in
August 1945

Ohama

target vessel - 3070 tons - sunk by RN carrier aircraft at
Onagawa on 10/8/45

Hokuan (ex Rokan)

coaster - 558 tons - sunk off Tebibong Malacca by sub. Taurus on
22/4/44

Kasuga Maru no. 2

transport - 3767 tons - sunk by RNN sub 0.21 off Andamar Islands
on 13/3/43

Sakura Maru

transport - 7170 tons - sunk by Dutch shore batteries in Bantam
Bay on 3/3/42

Shinko Maru no. 2

gunboat - 935 tons - sunk in Banda Sea by Dutch aircraft on 20/12/44

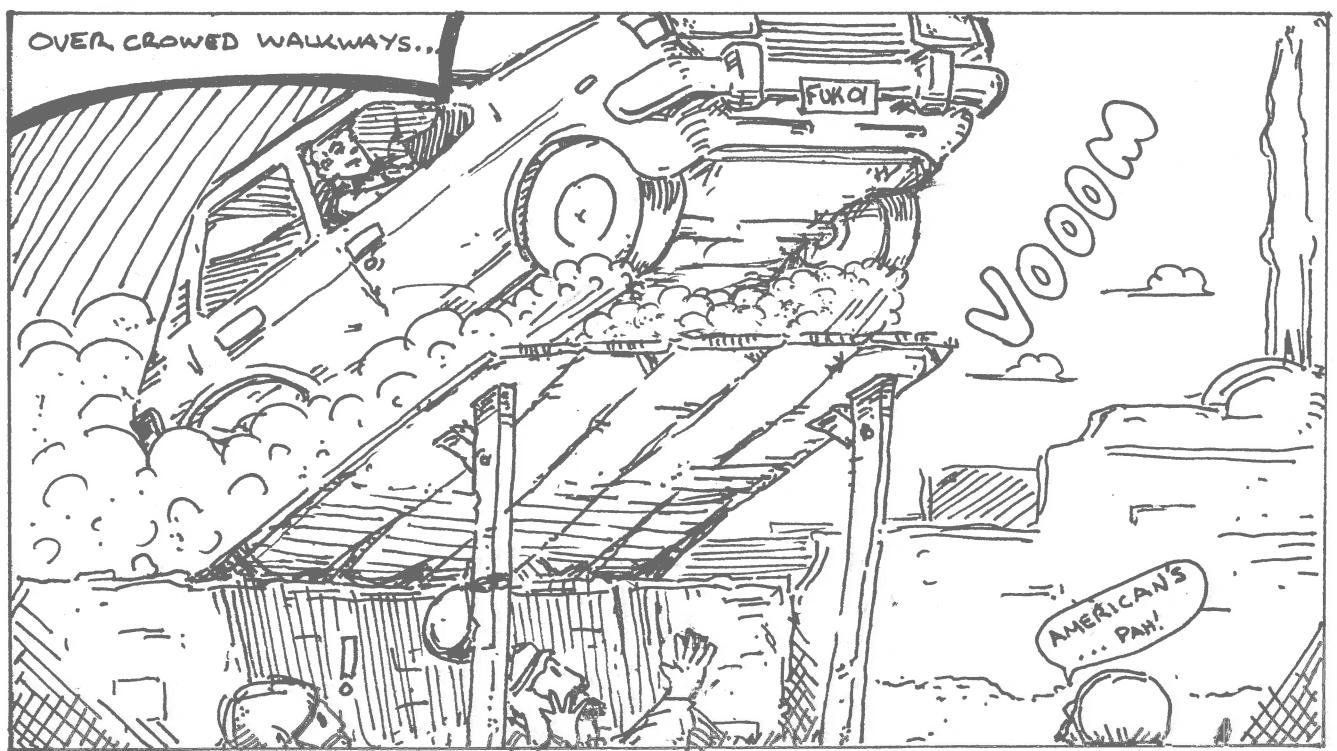
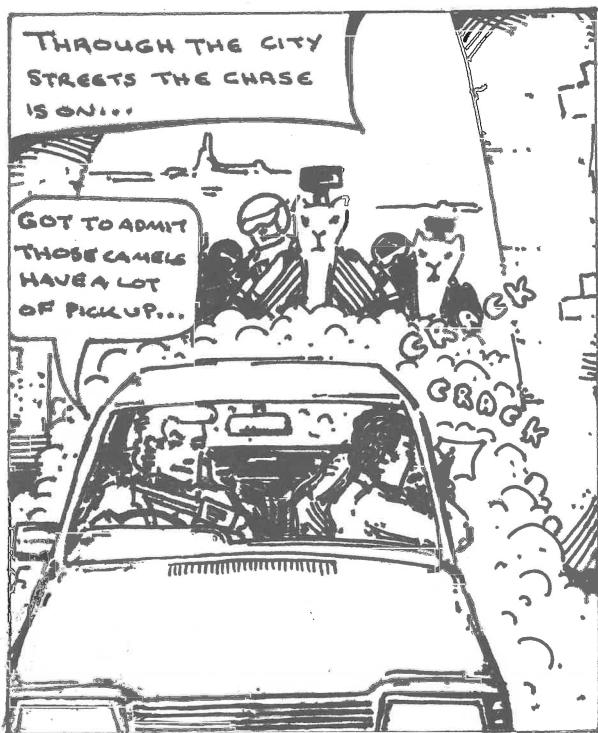
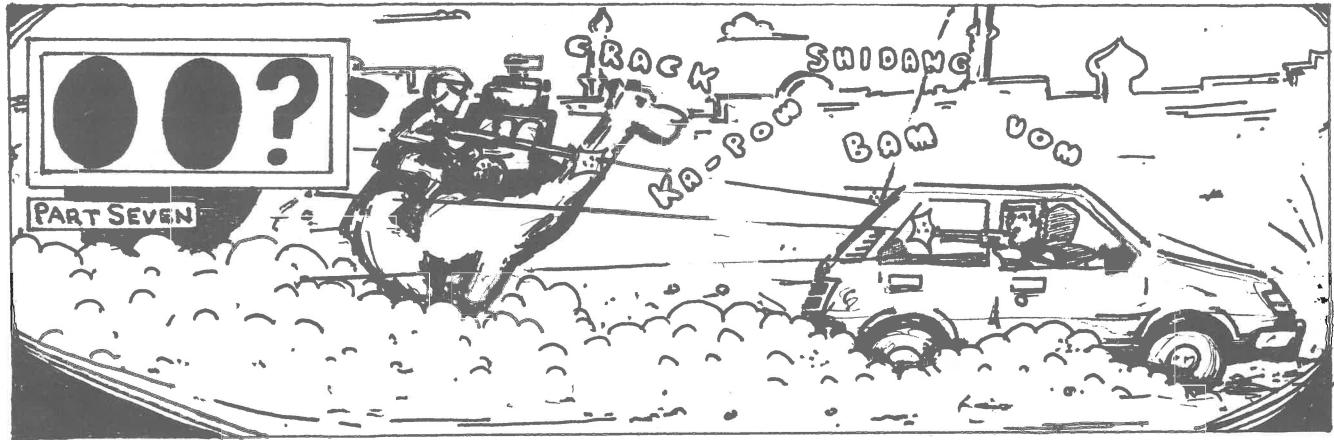
Shoeki Maru

netlayer - 897 tons - sunk in Banda Sea by Dutch aircraft on 20/12/44

Sumatra Maru (ex Tomori)

transport - 984 tons - sunk by sub Trenchant at Phuket Thailand on
28/10/44





LIKE-LIQUID-INTO-THIS-
CHALK-SHUT-UP-BRAT-
DO-YOU-BRUSH-YOUR-
TOUGH-TEETH-WITH-
COLGATE...

MRS MARSH!!!

TUG!
TUG!
TUG!

THROUGH NARROW
ALLEYWAYS...

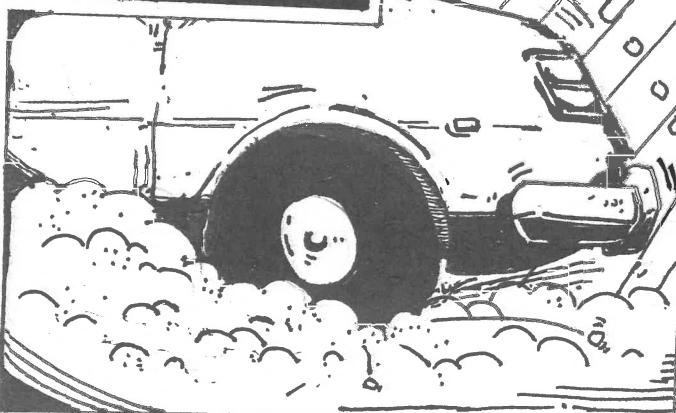
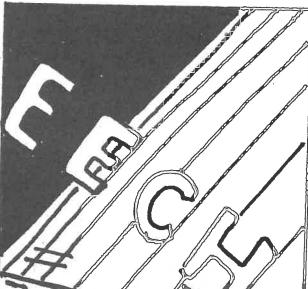
MRS MARSH...

FUK



ERK!

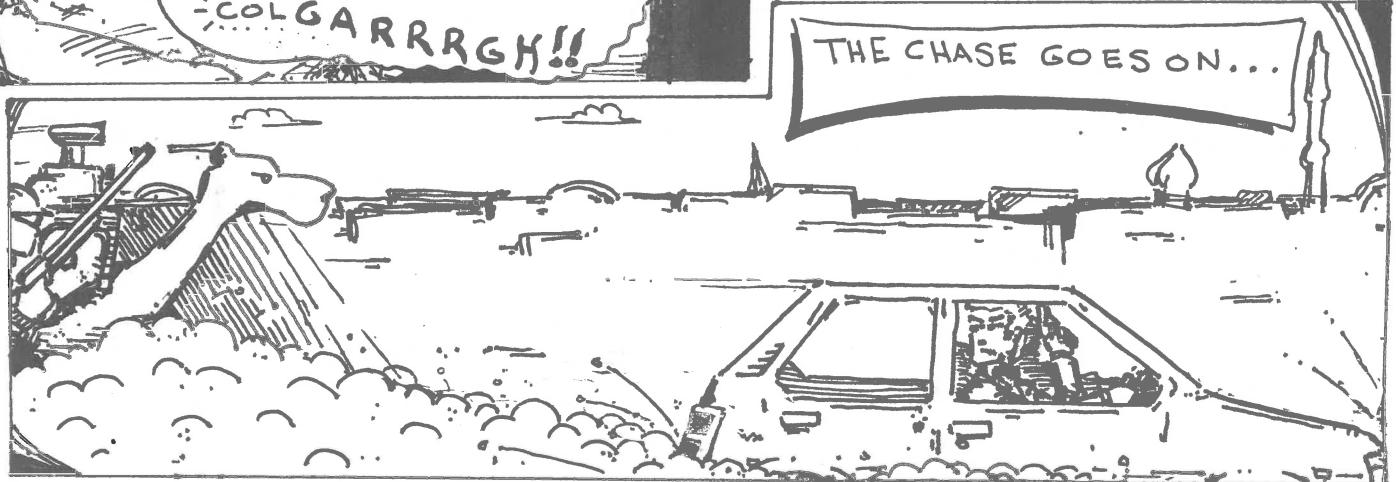
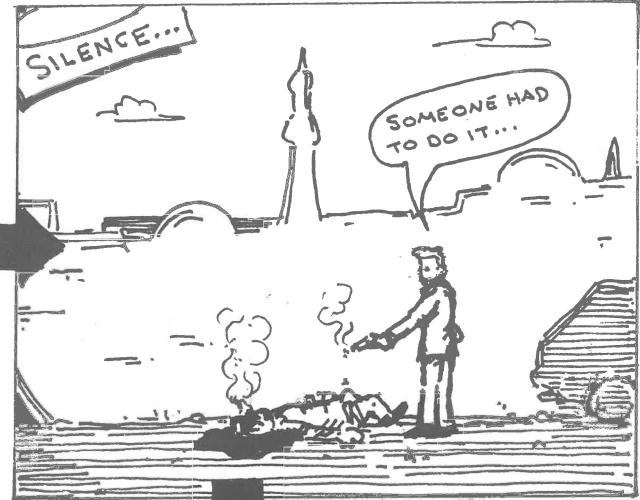
AH SHIT!



YOU'RE NOT GOING
TO HELP THEM?

NOT
EXACTLY...





To Be Continued,

LIKE THE BUDGET DEFICITS...
RATE INCREASES...
RUSS HINZE'S REAR...
KYLIE MIN-UGH RECORDS...
DWARF TOSING...
LITTLE PINK MEN IN PURPLE BOWLER HATS...?
WHAT TYPE OF TOBACCO HAVE I BEEN SMOKING??...
"KEEP THE PEACE"
"STAY STRAIGHT"

AARON

Why is this man Smiling?



because he is a member of the society for creative anachronism, and studies medieval life, pageantry, history, costumes, heraldry, music, dance, armour, calligraphy, feasting and chivalric combat sound like fun? it is!

And a group now exists at the University of Queensland. For more information, contact:

Sandra Drosdeck
3/21 Indooroopilly Rd.

Taringa, 4068

-or-

contact the Editor

