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— Publication No. QBH 3141

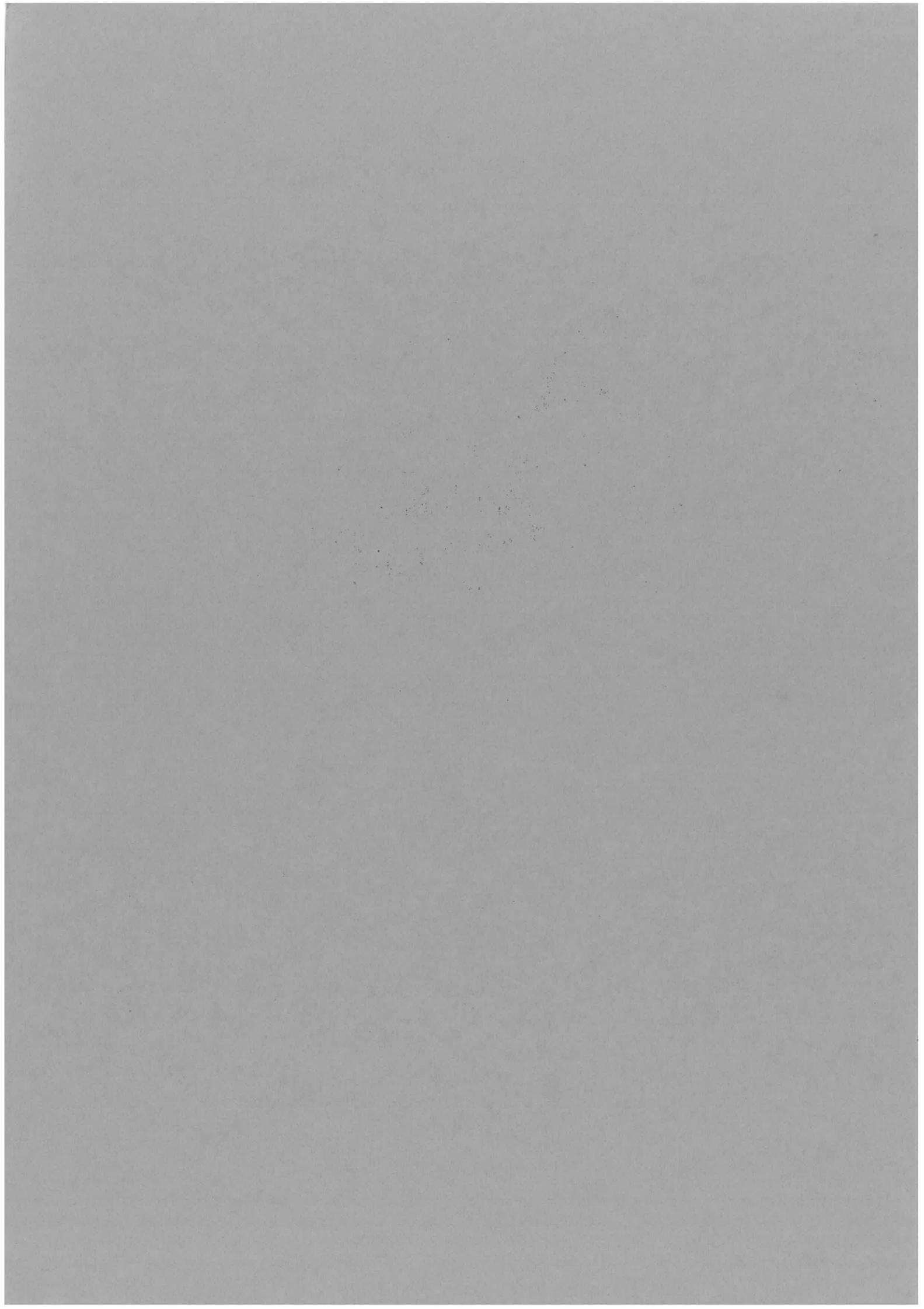
ISSN 0159-0383



FREE WEST PAPUA (O.P.M.) REBELS AT
VANIMO IN PAPUA NEW GUINEA AFTER
FLEEING FROM INDONESIAN TROOPS IN EARLY 1984

Queensland Margamer

MAY 1985

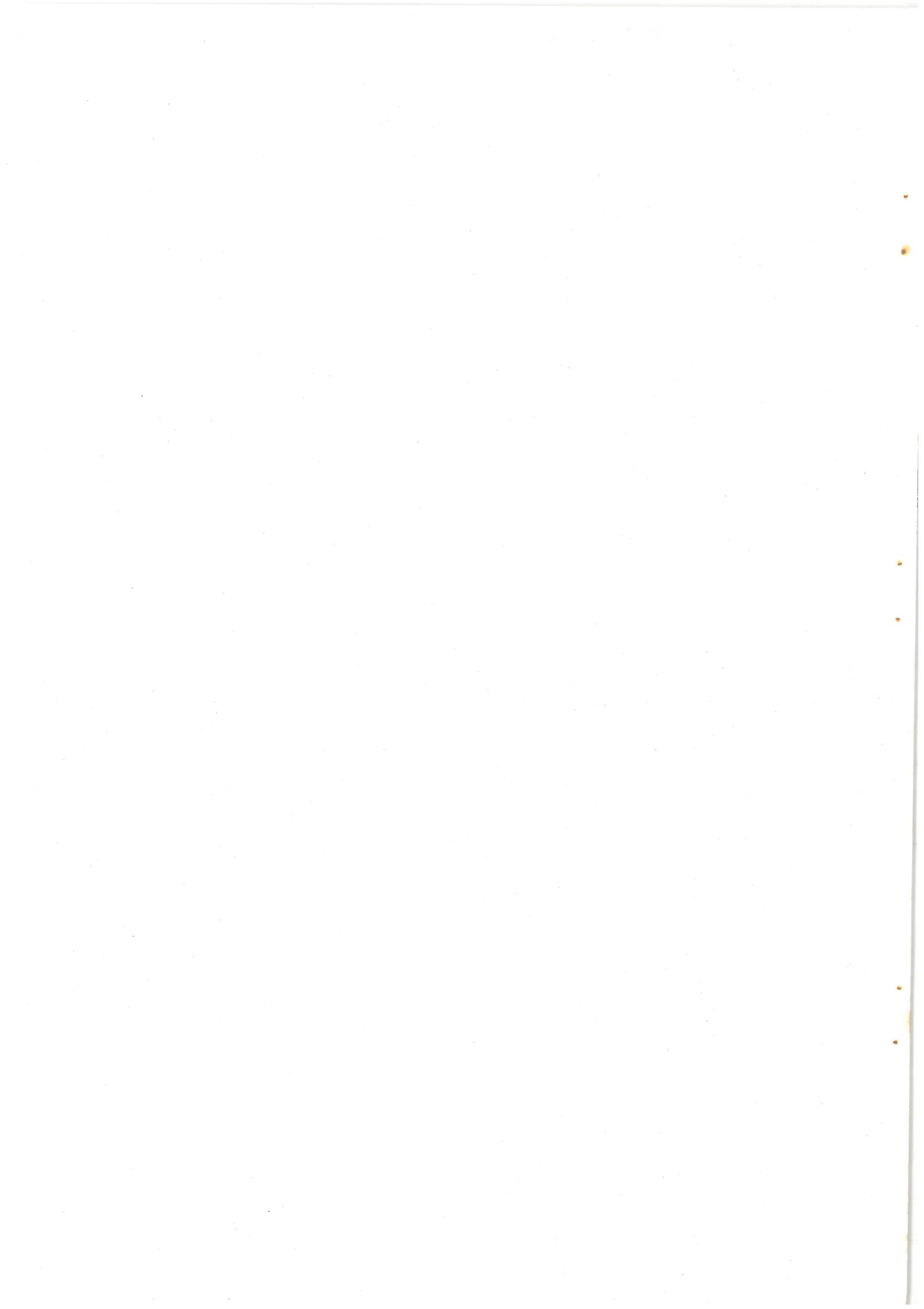


QUEENSLAND WARGAMER No 20 MAY, 1985.

The Q.W. is the Journal of the University
of Queensland Games Society and the
Brisbane Wargames Society.

Published irregularly during the year.

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St. Lucia 4067.



EDITORIAL

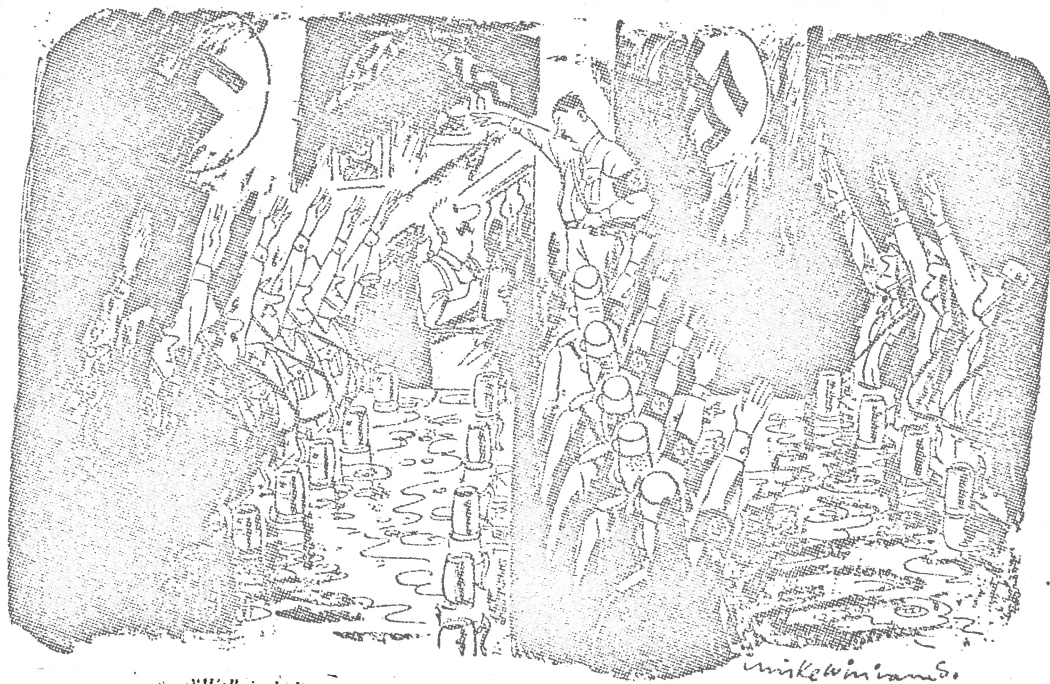
Success at last! Q.U.G.S. has managed to produce a magazine during First Semester so that we can actually use up our administration grant for the purpose for which it was obtained. The Games Society has managed to survive another year as the compulsory 30 student members were gained during Queensland University's Orientation Week. Since its foundation in 1979, Q.U.G.S. has struggled to maintain its membership and then survive financially through the resultant Students Union funding.

This issue contains a variety of articles for wargamers. There is an item on Nobles character generation, and a discussion of the Imperial Justice system in "Traveller". Also for Fantasy/Role Players, there is a fantasy story entitled "The Tales of Lethgar the Ranger". History buffs maybe interested in the article on the guerrilla warfare currently being fought in Irian Jaya. Unfortunately none of our computer gamers or miniature players were able to front-up with an article for this issue.

The Brisbane Games Convention was held over the Labour Day Weekend at the Queensland Institute of Technology. It was an important event because it showed that this hobby is coming of age in Queensland. Your attendance and participation was needed to ensure its success, so I hope that you didn't stay hidden in your games closet but came out and showed Brisbane that you are a gamer. This Convention was a joint effort by the various Brisbane clubs, but a special congratulations should go to Tony White who continued to pursue the issue when others may have left it in the 'too hard' basket.

The last Q.U.G.S. meeting was a great success, especially for Cameron Thomas and David Woo who made quite a profit from the Sale Day. Cameron's donation of 'the Pizza Hut Game' to the Games Cupboard was just one example of his Arthur Daley (T.V.'s Minder) behaviour during the day. Remember that the next Q.U.G.S. meeting will be held in the Whitlam Room at the University of Queensland Union on Saturday 1st June. Doors now open at 9.00 a.m. and close at approximately 6.00 p.m.

* * * * *



"Well, including me that's sixty-two beers and a packet of bacon crisps"

THE NOBLES: AN EXPANDED SERVICE FOR CHARACTER GENERATION

IN TRAVELLER

BY ERIC TOPP

Enlistment

Any character whose SOC is A+ may enlist in the Imperial bureaucracy i.e. the nobles. In fact, any character whose SOC is B must enlist or else they forfeit their title and have their SOC reduced to A.

A character may, at age 18, attend college and medical school prior to joining the service. College is similar to that outlined in High Guard except that NOTC may not be taken.

Acquiring skills and expertise

Each term is divided into 4 one-year assignments. Individuals determine their assignments and resolve all actions pertaining to them. Upon the conclusion of 4 assignments, the character has completed one term and may attempt to re-enlist.

Each assignment is handled separately. There is a 2 step procedure: the specific assignment is selected and that assignment is resolved in terms of survival, promotion and skills.

(1) Specific Assignment: The character consults the specific assignment table to determine the type of duty to be performed during the year.

SPECIFIC ASSIGNMENT TABLE

<u>Dice Roll</u>	<u>Assignment Type</u>
2	Public Relations
3	Public Relations
4	Justice
5	Justice
6	Defense
7	Defense
8	Trade
9	Trade
10	Diplomacy
11	Diplomacy
12	Special Duty

SPECIAL DUTY TABLE

<u>Dice Roll</u>	<u>Duty Type</u>
1	Longevity. Training School
2	Seneschal
3	Seneschal
4	Seneschal
5	Espionage
6	Cryptography School

Mustering Out

The number of mustering out benefits is calculated as normally using the following table of ranks.

<u>Rank</u>	<u>SOC</u>	<u>Title</u>
1	B(1)	Knight
2	B(2)	Baronet
3	C	Baron
4	D	Marquis
5	E	Count
6	F	Duke

Skills

Most of the skills available using this system can be found in Books 1,4,5 and 6. However some are new and are explained below.

Cryptography: Familiarity with the use, development and breaking of complex code and cipher systems.

Legal: The ability to read and write contracts and agreements, represent an individual or consortium in court, file suits, obtain licences etc. It is strictly limited to interstellar (i.e. Imperial) law.

Linguistics: Expertise in translating alien language and numerical systems.

Poisons: The ability to manufacture, use and detect poisons and their antidotes.

Security: The ability to build or break various locks and to prepare or neutralize burglar alarms.

Unarmed Combat: Expertise in the use of parts of the body as offensive weapons in melee.

Feifs

When a noble character musters out they are given a small feif if they are a member of the peerage i.e. their SOC is C+. Barons and marquis roll on table I while counts and dukes roll on table II.

TABLE I

<u>Roll</u>	<u>Area</u>	<u>Locality</u>	<u>Type</u>
2	1Dx10kHa	Rural	Undeveloped
3-4	2DkHa	Rural	Partially developed
5-6	1DkHa	Rural	Developed
7	1DHa	Urban	Developed
8-9	2Dx10Ha	Suburban	Developed
10-11	1Dx100Ha	Suburban	Partially developed
12	2Dx100Ha	Suburban	Undeveloped

TABLE II

<u>Roll</u>	<u>Area</u>	<u>Locality</u>	<u>Type</u>
2	2Dx10kHa	Rural	Undeveloped
3-4	1Dx10kHa	Rural	Partially developed
5-6	2Dx10Ha	Urban	Partially developed
7	1Dx10Ha	Urban	Partially developed
8-9	1Dx100Ha	Suburban	Developed
10-11	2Dx100Ha	Suburban	Partially developed
12	1DkHa	Suburban	Undeveloped

Undeveloped land has no amenities and no tenants. Partially developed land has amenities but no tenants and is suitable for private residences. Developed land has amenities and tenants.

Rural undeveloped land can be upgraded to partially developed land at a cost of 100Cr/Ha. Partially developed land must be maintained at a cost of 5Cr/Ha/year; it will attract tenants on a roll of 9+ per block of land offered (minimum area of 1kHa per block). Tenants pay 3Dx10 Cr/Ha/year rent.

Suburban undeveloped land can be upgraded to partially developed land at a cost of 1 kCr/Ha. Partially developed land must be maintained at a cost of 50 Cr/Ha/year; it will attract tenants on a roll of 8+ per block of land offered (minimum area of 4Ha per block). Tenants pay 3Dx100 Cr/Ha/year rent.

Urban undeveloped land can be upgraded to partially developed land at a cost of 5kCr/Ha. Partially developed land must be maintained at a cost of 250Cr/Ha/year; it will attract tenants on a roll of 7+ per block of land offered (minimum area of 1 Ha per block). Tenants pay 3DkCr/Ha/year rent.

Upgrading undeveloped land takes one year and must be paid for in advance. Maintenance payments must be made in the first week of the year; if this is not done then any tenants present will leave immediately and the land reverts to undeveloped status.

Rolls for tenants should be made once at the beginning of the year. Rents are paid in the last week of the year.

Feifs are Imperial property and may not be sold or transferred in any way. Tenants may not be arbitrarily evicted.

THE TALES OF LETHGAR THE RANGER

He peered over the small rockslide which had provided cover. So far, the goblins were no-where to be seen. Lethgar breathed easier and, keeping a wary eye out for movement, allowed himself a brief rest after his passage down the hill.

"Alvarn, you bloody fool. If you were still alive, I'd skin you alive for your stupidity." Lethgar mused, recalling the former leader of this expedition, last seen with an arrow in his back.

To Lethgar, the expedition started out so simple that every occurrence he can still recall.

"But the treasure is there, I tell you!", boomed the giant swordsman from Queltoc. His broad form towered over the table where his companions now resided.

"I know, we know, you've told us enough times Alvarn, but still I tell you, we've retired", spoke Thresh, a sage in manners arcane. Dressed in a simple robe covered in mystic symbols, his aged grey eyes surveyed the chain-mail form before him. "I have no wish to venture into the Badlands with you again. Didn't the last journey to Slaughter Rock tell you anything?"

"It told me to avenge my sister." A fire seemed to burn in his eyes at the mention of such a long ago incident.

"Thea wouldn't have died if we never went", a small voice from behind a tankard drawled.

"And me, my right eye", a dark faced priest spoke with a patch of leather over said feature, testimony to his words.

By now the tavern was mostly empty leaving Alvarn the swordsman and the rest of our band nearly alone. Only the Barkeep and four or five others were still moving or drinking. But a similar number were quietly sleeping for the most part in various dark corners of the torch-lit tavern with an occasional belch or snore to signify that they're still living.

The dark tavern had little in the way of illumination apart from the torches burning from mounts on the ceiling. The only other being an open hearth where now only glowing embers remained of the substantial fire there earlier. A fire started when this argument began with Alvarn's arrival and proposal for an adventure, several hours ago.

Throughout this, I had sat quietly. I too was on that expedition which cost Alvarn's sister's life and the ebony draped priest, Xorth, his eye torn out by fierce goblin warriors. But my life on the farm was dull. And so when Alvarn returned after so many years gone, desiring another expedition, that long forgotten rush I had gotten from exploring parts unknown returned as strong as ever and I for one would go.

"Halflings should keep their mouths shut. So do it, short one!", again bellowed Alvarn, now standing over the short demihuman.

I knew what was going to happen. I was expecting this all evening. The broad form of the swordsman grabbed the small halfling behind the neck. Holding him up at arms length, proceeded to enjoy the squirming and threats from Demihuman.

"Put me down, you great lummoX"

"Well, the flea is annoyed! But a flea should not argue with betters."

Steel flashed. A blade appeared in Pelligon's hand and travelled to just below Alvarn's chin.

"Put me down or you go down for good." A threat to be wary of, as Pelligon's speed was definitely still formidable for his advanced years.

It needed intervention and I therefore obliged. "Now is this the way for companions and old friends to speak and act?"

"Aye, but thou wouldst agree both needed a chance to release some steam", Xorth replied, "Drinks, barkeep. Our friends are buying", pointing to both Alvarn and Pelligon, now standing on the ground, staring fixedly at cleric.

He ducked. Damn another patrol. They don't quit, do they? But why are they continuing? Their ambush was perfect, well prepared for our arrival here. How did they know we or anyone were coming to this foul land shunned by all? Alvarn must have shot his mouth off again in the wrong places. But no braggard is going to be the cause of Lethgar's death now, he swore.

And so it was settled. Although the differences remained, all wished for a change as life has been too dull lately but the suddenness of Alvarn's return prevented earlier agreement as suspicions had to be removed.

Thus I found myself again in my trusty chain-mail with my old friends, backed by a longbow and the Silver Broadsword; taken from the Death Wizard in the marsh those many years earlier and a good shield on my back.

Around me, my companions.

Alvarn; also in the chainmail, we had gotten after our first drunken meeting, my jaw still hurts occasionally. With his mastery of a length of steel, Alvarn always carried a longsword, one now forged from bright steel, and to my surprise, a throwing spear in place of a more familiar two handed blade.

But still no shield, incorrigible fool to lose such protection. The big man was again arguing with the halfling as always but I knew they weren't serious, most of the time.

Pelligon; his short form draped in leather, he looked every inch like the sneaky thief he was. Shortsword and four knives, to throw or use by hand, he never changes. The flecks of pale in his dark hair had to be false as I knew this halfling was so stubborn that age wouldn't change him or his appearance at all.

Xorth; swathed in the dark travelling cloak he always wore, I never found out whether he was armoured or not, but he didn't care. A holy man can do what he liked, I had no trust in gods but I did have, in the mystic skills of one such as he, or martial skills, as the heavy steel mace usually in his right hand had claimed not a few victims.

Finally Thresh; that magician was always so comical. From his gaudy pointy hat that perched on his head to the scrawny black cat, "Shadow", which sat on his shoulder, he never looked like he was ever on the same world. His mind had to of gone, for him to dress as he did. But he was a friend and would remain so.

Thus this small band, accompanied by a mule carrying some provisions, and several small children annoying our preparation, now gathered outside the tavern where we met to form together as a band. Alvarn, finished with Pelligon for the moment, briefly consulted a darkly tanned, tattered piece of parchment and turned to the rest of us. Bading us to make haste, for the time had come for us to leave, he turned and started slowly southward down the dusty road from town.

Due to the relative safety of the town, we were casual in attitude but quickly experience took command and formed an effective order as we passed the scattered houses and farms on the town's outskirts and plunged into the lightly wooded surrounding territory.

Alert, but relaxed, the group formed up with Alvarn and myself at point, checking for animal tracks and alike. Next came Thresh with the mule behind him lead by Pelligon. Last came Xorth in his usual position as rear guard, with mystic help to aid him in that job, I believed.

And so this hardy band was again on the road, on the road to Slaughter's Rock.

"I don't really believe it," thought Lethgar. "They're all gone, but for what? An all too brief chance at some real excitement again. I must get out of here. But first, these goblins are gonna pay."

After a day or two, the band acted like this was a familiar trek. And it was, but for being ten cycles since the last adventure, it was surprising how quickly the old skills long disused returned.

I wondered: "the wilds, ahh how I missed them. With game so plentiful, why did I take up farming. What a waste of time! This is the life."

We gathered around the small fire that was built to repel or discourage small predators. Over the flames, the small game which would be our dinner was cooking. I was pleased. My skills at tracking and trapping had not faded completely with time as I thought they might.

Apart from wilderness creatures, there was no sound in the camp except for a breeze through the trees and the fire. Xorth was already asleep, passing dinner due to some stupid religious edict of fasting on a Holy day, or something.

Movement caught my eye. I glanced at Alvarn but he had already seen it. It was passing through the trees towards us. We slowly reached for our blades, as a figure separated from the shadows.

"Leave behind me, ye would. No way. Cortu follow. Cortu want fun too", the elf spoke in broken common.

Thus the band was now complete. The now youngest looking of the band had arrived. Cortu, the wood elf, would complete the list of skills needed to pass through the woods safely. The rest of the night passed quickly after greetings and yarns were swapped, even Xorth woke to see our old friend. And in the morning, the party returned to the trail, only a week to go, until we would reach Slaughter Rock and Alvarn's treasure.

The low hills in which Slaughter Rock resided was entered only two days later. From the return of Cortu, the band had Cortu and I in front with Thresh next. Alvarn and Pelligon with the mule went before Xorth, the rear-guard.

The goblin fell silently to the ground, blood pouring from the slash in his back. Good, the leap from the rocks surprised them, thought Lethgar. If I can dispatch the other two quickly, they may not alter their friends.

The silver blade swung and bit deep into goblin flesh. With a gory spray, the second too collapsed, the head hitting the ground soon after. But the surprise was lost. The third was now ready and Lethgar had a fight on his hands.

The scimitar whistled through the air but was stopped by a rising silver blade. Parry, Thrust, Swing. Lethgar was winning but time was running out the noise of battle would soon bring more foes.

The sword hit the goblin shield as the scimitar came down.

Damn, he's got me.

Up through a steep defile with wide, high sides, we passed. I didn't like it. It was much too quiet.

Turning, "Alvarn, this is not good."

But he couldn't answer, an arrow saw to that. His eyes glazed as he pitched forward from the black fletched shaft now visible between his shoulder-blades. We were in trouble.

Rocks began tumbling down the sides of the now obvious trap we had entered. Pelligon quickly recovered from the shock of the leader's death, and dodged around several boulders attempting to crush him. But the mule was not so lucky and with a bellow was crushed under the rocks which Pelligon avoided. Thresh, minus hat and familiar, was preparing a spell as he too died, from several arrows as they now rained down as the rock slide had finished.

"NO", a voice cried, as the goblin dropped his blade and fell to earth from a dagger now protruding from his chest.

"You are mine to slay", as Lethgar swivelled to see who had saved him.

"YOU", he cried as surprise gripped Lethgar.

Of those remaining, Cortu and I sprang into action to avenge our friends. Due to their defences, bows were useless and were discarded as we bounded up the ravine sides. A frontal assault should confuse them enough for us to reach them.

In a cloud of dust and rock, Xorth disappeared. Damn, now we were only three and our path out was gone.

As Cortu and I went up the slope Pelligon, prevented from following us up our side due to the mule's corpse, charged up the other side.

The barrage of missiles stopped as we all rushed up the ravine sides, and now appearing in front were goblin warriors. Cortu, with a berserker fury beyond description, plunged into his natural enemies midst. Pelligon was lost to my eyes as I too met our foes head on, but he had claimed one with a cast dagger as it appeared in front of him. A large form loomed in front of me but a shield poised high and a sweeping cast of my broadsword, dropped my higher positioned opponent with a leg severed at the knee.

Not wishing to be caught in the trap again, I bounded further up the hill. If they want me, they better come up and get me, I decided. My decision proved correct as Cortu now surrounded by goblins fell beneath their blades. His body cut by innumeral wounds lay on the rocky slope as the goblins now came up after me, but due to Cortu's skill they had left five companions behind.

Doing as was done to me, I cast several boulders down on my passage up the hill but this act caused me to abandon my shield. Not knowing what befell Pelligon, I reached the top of the ravine and now passed into a second, attempting to find a place to hide as the goblins could follow indefinitely if they wanted to. Finding a rock hollow masked by a larger boulder from above, I chose to wait until night before searching for Pelligon.

Goblins bounded down the slope but to my fortune missed the cave entrance. I decided to move as it would not be long before they would find it. Passing as quietly as possible, I again reached the summit and went back down the slope to hide among the displaced rocks from my slides. Here I learnt of Pelligon's fate, how he died, I know not, but died he did. For, on a spear, his head now resided, eyes staring blankly outward.

Finding a good sheltered position in the rocks, I waited.

Standing now in front of him, dressed in jet black was the form of Xorth. A dagger matching that in the goblin resided in his hand.

"You were crushed", a confused Lethgar spoke.

"Fool, why should I die in my own ambush."

"Your ambush? Then the goblins work for you."

"Of course, but my wishes must come first, so sacrifices must be made", pointing to my would-be slayer.

"Xorth, you were one of us. Why?"

"Xorth died, two years ago. But my need for revenge against those who trespassed my home lived on, so I became Xorth."

His features changed, his hair paled and receded, his hands withered, he began to stoop. His body changed to another familiar form. Xorth no longer stood before him, but the Marsh Death Wizard now did.

Gripped by an invisible hand, Lethgar stood paralysed.

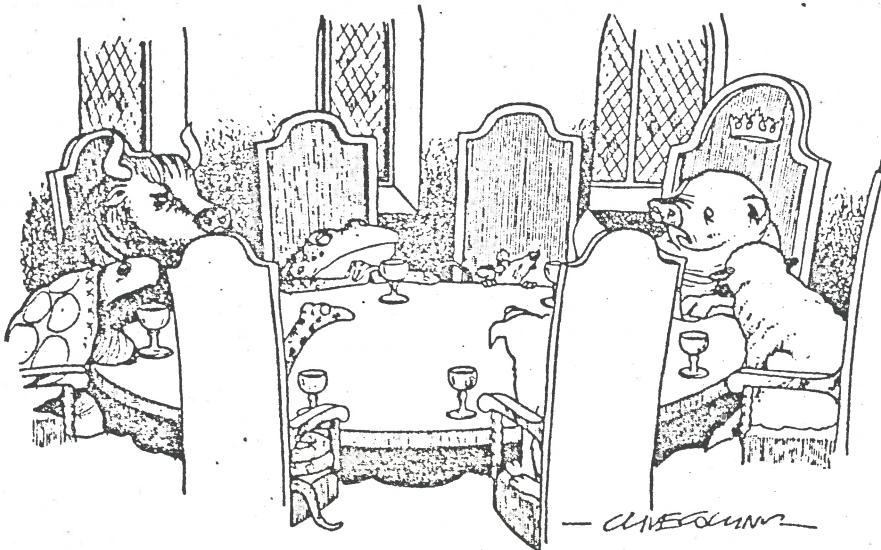
"My sword I want back and now I shall have it. But first you shall suffer for my effort."

Pressure increased, and the veins bulged as his heart raced. His breath was forced out of his lungs as his ribs poised to shatter. No wizard will kill Lethgar, he thought, but this pledge seemed hollow.

A small dark form appeared above the wizard. Waiting briefly, it sprang onto his shoulder, teeth and claws digging into flesh. Spell broken, Lethgar fell to earth, lungs screaming for air. Shadow, Thresh's familiar, was cast off by the screaming wizard while blood flowed down his arm. Gasping for air, Lethgar sprang at his distracted opponent. His desire for his sword was sated but not the way he desired, as it plunged into his chest and clove his heart in twain.

The corpse lay briefly, but rapidly began to decay as years of foul experiments and daemonic spells took their price, leaving only a dust which was soon blown away by the wind. Now having gotten the air his body required, Lethgar slowly raised himself and started down the slope. Stopping only to retrieve Shadow, Lethgar soon passed out of the hills on his way home. All thought of Slaughter Rock was gone, but this didn't matter.

I wonder who would want an old ranger in their party? as he thought about his next adventure.



"Item six on the agenda: an opportunity to re-consider the vote taken at the last meeting opposing Merlin's demand for a salary increase..."

STAR LAWS

THE HIGH JUSTICE OF THE TRAVELLER IMPERIUM

BY ERIC TOPP

The prosecutors of the high courts of the Imperium deal with anti-social activities which disturb the realm as a whole. There are 5 categories of crimes subject to Imperial justice.

Type I crimes disrupt commerce between the worlds e.g. piracy, failure to fulfil conditions of passage, violation of starport regulations and landing procedures, etc.

Type II crimes abridge the rights of sentient beings e.g. the capture, transportation, and possession of slaves.

Type III crimes involve revolt against Imperial authority e.g. murder of Imperial nobles, theft of Imperial property, treason, etc.

Type IV crimes involve excessive damage by military actions e.g. the possession and/or use of nuclear weapons, the slaughter of civilians etc.

Type V crimes involve interstellar profiteering at the ruinous expense of relatively helpless societies e.g. the unlawful introduction of high technology to low tech worlds, the violation of certain planetary interdictions etc.

Characters with legal skill will know of the technicalities of most Imperial criminal law. A brief resume of current statutes may be found on Library Data programs and the TAS provides its members with a legal information and assistance service.

Imperial justice is enforced by the Imperial Navy, the Imperial Marines, the CSB (Covert Survey Branch of the IISS), and the JSB (Ministry of Justice Special Branch). After a crime is committed by a player character investigators will collect ID pieces of evidence per month (DMs of -1 if character has INT of 9+ and attempts cover up, +1 if INT of 7-, -2 if INT of B+). Roll ID every month extra evidence is collected; if the roll is less than or equal to the total amount of evidence then the adventurer becomes the prime suspect (if a witness has not already come forward). After 2 months and every month after roll 2D with a DM of + total evidence; on 2-3 the investigation is abandoned, on 4-10 the investigation continues, and on 11-12 the investigation is terminated with an arrest. If the character tries to leave the Imperium and they are the prime suspect, roll 2D with a DM of +1 if a type I or III crime was committed; on 2-3 the investigation is suspended and on 4+ the investigation is terminated with the arrest of the character.

An interrogation follows all arrests and yields ID-1 pieces of evidence (DMs of -1 per level of character's END over B or INT over A).

Cases are tried by tribunals at the nearest sub-sector capital to the scene of the crime. Roll ID; prosecuting and defence attorneys have a legal skill of 2 on 1-3, 3 on 4-5, and 4 on 6 for type I and IV crimes and a legal skill of 3 on 1-3, 4 on 4-5 and 5 on 6 for type II, III, and V crimes.

Roll 4+ for a defence attorney to be provided otherwise a lawyer can be hired (fees charged are 1500Cr per hour X lawyer's legal skill). Trials last 2 hours for type I, III and IV crimes and 4 hours for type II and V crimes if the character pleads guilty. Trials last 4D hours for type I, III and IV crimes and 2Dx6 hours for type II and V crimes if the adventurer pleads not guilty. It should be noted here that as with planetary justice (covered in "Crime and Punishment", an article in Queensland Wargamer # 19) interruptions and adjournments to a trial are common such that only 1D+2 hours of a trial take place per day.

The character is acquitted on 7+ with DMs of difference in legal skill of defence attorney (or lawyer) and prosecuting attorney, - total evidence (+3 if none), -2 if witnesses testify. The character is automatically convicted if surviving CSB or JSB witnesses testify.

Witnesses may be bribed as normally but there is an additional DM of -4 to bribe prosecuting attorneys and tribunes. Bribing a majority of tribunes will not mean an acquittal if the evidence is too great; a successful bribe provides a DM of +2 on the acquittal roll.

If the character is convicted then roll 2D on the appropriate table below. There is a DM of -2 if the sentencing tribune was bribed. If the sentencing tribune was not bribed and the adventurer pleaded guilty then there is a DM of -1 if the defence attorney or lawyer's legal skill is 4 and -2 if the defence attorney or lawyer's legal skill is 5.

TYPE I CRIME

<u>Dice Roll</u>	<u>Sentence</u>
2-3	fine (2DkCr)
4-5	fine (2Dx10Mcr)+jail(2Dx10weeks)
6-8	jail (2D years) + exile
9-10	jail (4D years)
11-12	execution

TYPE II CRIME

<u>Dice Roll</u>	<u>Sentence</u>
2-3	fine (1DMCr)
4-5	fine (3Dx10MCr)+jail (1Dx10weeks)
6-8	jail (1D years)
9-10	jail (3D years)
11-12	execution

TYPE III CRIME

<u>Dice Roll</u>	<u>Sentence</u>
2-3	fine (2DMCr) + exile
4-5	jail (2D years) + exile
6-8	jail (4D years) + exile
9-10	jail (1Dx10 years)
11-12	execution

TYPE IV CRIME

<u>Dice Roll</u>	<u>Sentence</u>
2-3	fine (2Dx10MCr)
4-5	jail (4Dx10 weeks)
6-8	jail (2D years)
9-10	jail (4D years)
11-12	execution

TYPE V CRIME

<u>Dice Roll</u>	<u>Sentence</u>
2-3	fine (1Dx10KCr)
4-5	fine (2DMCr)
6-8	fine (1Dx10MCr)+jail(1Dx10weeks)
9-10	fine (1Dx1000MCr)+jail(1Dyears)
11-12	jail (1Dx10 years)

Jail sentences are served on Imperial prison planets. These are invariably interdicted worlds with no organised government and a very low tech level. It is rumoured that a small percentage of convicts are selected for the testing of new drugs and weapons and are forced into signing the necessary Informed Consent forms in return for a reduction of their sentence.

A Stoneage Style of Guerilla Warfare - the War in Irian Jaya

Irian Jaya is the province of Indonesia which shares a border with Papua New Guinea. It is also the closest Indonesian territory to Australia. Formerly Dutch New Guinea, the territory was not ceded by the Dutch to Indonesia when that country gained its independence in 1949. In fact the Dutch retained control of their portion of New Guinea and refused to give in to Indonesian demands that Dutch New Guinea should be part of Indonesia. Instead the Dutch poured in money into what had been before World War II, their most undeveloped and forbidding territory. By the time that United States pressure through the United Nations, was able to force the Dutch to relinquish control, a fledgling self-government movement had been established through the educated New Guinean elite. That was in 1963, and the U.N. gave the New Guineans the chance to vote for their futures. Although in 1969 this referendum was taken, it was administered by the Indonesians, and it was probable that the vote was invalid because the voting was restricted to the towns which had been occupied and populated by the Indonesians.

Thus from 1963 onwards there has operated a guerilla movement dedicated to an independent West New Guinea as was promised to the people by the Dutch. The Indonesian reaction has been to imprison many of the Dutch educated natives, and to populate the territory with Javanese farmers through its Transmigration Programme. It is this last policy to which the guerillas most object, as they see their tribal lands handed over to the Javanese, and their traditional way of life destroyed by the notoriously corrupt Indonesian beauracracy. The natives fear that with the arrival of more and more Indonesians, that they will become a minority in their own land.

Although Indonesian independence grew out of the defeat of the Dutch by the Japanese during World War II, and the subsequent winning of that independence during the Dutch Police Actions after 1945; the situation in Western New Guinea is totally different. The Japanese did not oust the Dutch from New Guinea, and therefore did not humble the white men in the people's eyes. In fact Merauke on the southern coast of Western New Guinea was the only town in the Netherlands East Indies to remain in Dutch control throughout the entire war. The interior of Dutch control remained under Dutch control through the efforts of its District officers and an amazing guerilla force which had escaped from the Japanese at Manokwari. In 1944, American forces recaptured areas such as Hollandia, Sansapor, Biak and which had only so recently been occupied by the Japanese. All of these factors lead the New Guinean natives to keep their faith in the Dutch Colonial authorities, and therefore having little support for the Indonesian natinalists. This attitude was highlighted in the Dutch/Indonesian confrontation over New Guinea during the early 1960's. Indonesian President Sukarno, using similar tactics to those employed in Borneo, sent infiltrators by boat and parachute into the territory in an effort to disrupt the Dutch administration. The natives showed their support for the Dutch by killing or capturing some 75% of these infiltrators.

The Dutch raised a New Guinean native battallion during the War, so as to offset their troop shortage. This force together with the native police, were to form the neucleus of the guerilla force which

now operates in Irian Jaya. The Indonesians have replaced the Dutch native battalion with a locally recruited Militia, whose stream of deserters provide further recruits for the guerilla forces.

The political wing of the guerilla force is the OPM (Free West Papua Movement). It is dedicated to the freeing of West Papua from Indonesian domination. The number of O.P.M. guerillas varies depending on who you believe, but it is reliably reported that there is a hard core of 1,000 soldiers. Most of these are poorly armed in comparison with their Indonesian adversaries. The guerillas carry a variety of weapons including Australian 303 rifles, Dutch weapons dating back to 1963, captured Indonesian weapons, and most commonly knives, bows and arrows and spears. It is a guerilla war being fought in the Stone Age Land and often using Stone-Age methods. In comparison the Indonesians have at least three battalions of regular troops, and a crack commando company in Irian Jaya. These troops have air-lift capability and are provided with adequate air support and heavy weapons including artillery.

The guerillas main tactic has been to launch small raids inside Irian Jaya and then escape across the border to Papua New Guinea. Because this border is largely unmarked and unguarded, the guerillas (many of whom are related to tribesmen on the Papuan side) can come and go as they please. In recent years, the guerillas have used these raids to gain media attention and public sympathy in Australia. As well as holding prisoners for ransom so as to gain money with which to purchase arms. Some of the more recently reported attacks have included: In August, 1982 O.P.M. attacked a sawmill near the Papuan border. A number of Indonesian officials were killed and some 30 hostages were taken, including a Malaysian official. In early 1983, half a dozen Indonesian soldiers crossed 5 kms over the border into Papua New Guinea, and raided an O.P.M. encampment at the village of Wynda. The Malaysian official was released, and one Indonesian soldier was wounded by an arrow. Papua New Guinea launched a diplomatic protest over this incident.

On 15th February, 1984, an attempted uprising by native militia sympathetic to O.P.M. was put down in the Irian Jaya capital of Jayapura. The signal for the uprising was the raising of two O.P.M. flags in the centre of Jayapura. The two militiamen were shot by Indonesian police, and two others were arrested. With the insurrection discovered, some 30 militiamen fled from Jayapura pursued by Indonesian troops. The fighting that followed spread as other O.P.M. guerillas joined in and a general retreat was made across the Papuan New Guinean border. The fighting led to the death of 10 Indonesian officials, and the kidnapping of two others. About 1,000 native civilians fled across the border because of the Indonesian attacks, and they were accorded in a refugee camp at the Papua New Guinean border town of Vanimo. Red Cross, and the Australian government visited the refugee camp where the food and housing shortage was acute. Soon after the failed uprising, two Indonesian Air Force jets bombed O.P.M. positions near the border and 'buzzed' Vanimo.

In April, 1984, O.P.M. guerillas attacked an airstrip near the border. One civilian plane was captured, and the Indonesian officer on board was taken away and executed with spears. The Swiss missionary pilot was kidnapped and held for ransom. The pilot was later released unharmed.

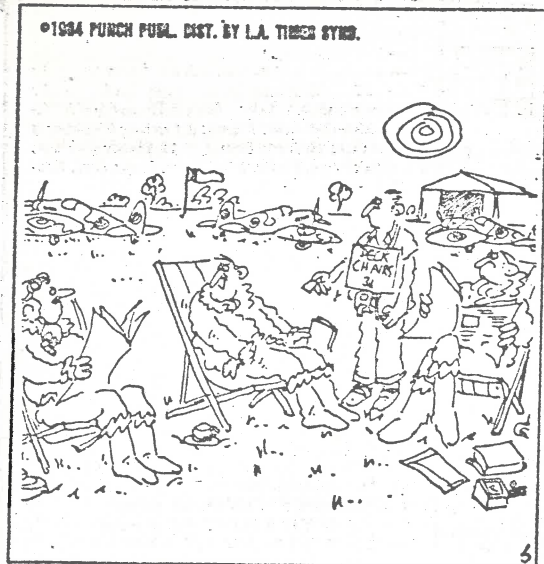
It would appear that from the above examples, that the war in Irian Jaya is on a very small scale. But it is a guerilla war and therefore necessarily of the hit and run nature. The O.P.M. is limited by the inadequacy of its arms as it has no outside suppliers, and therefore is dependent upon captured weaponry. But should the O.P.M. gain an outside supply of arms, then its raids will be fare more damaging. Irian Jaya is perfect guerilla country and if a Dutch force could evade the Japanese there for two years; how more effective will be a native guerilla force?

* * * * *

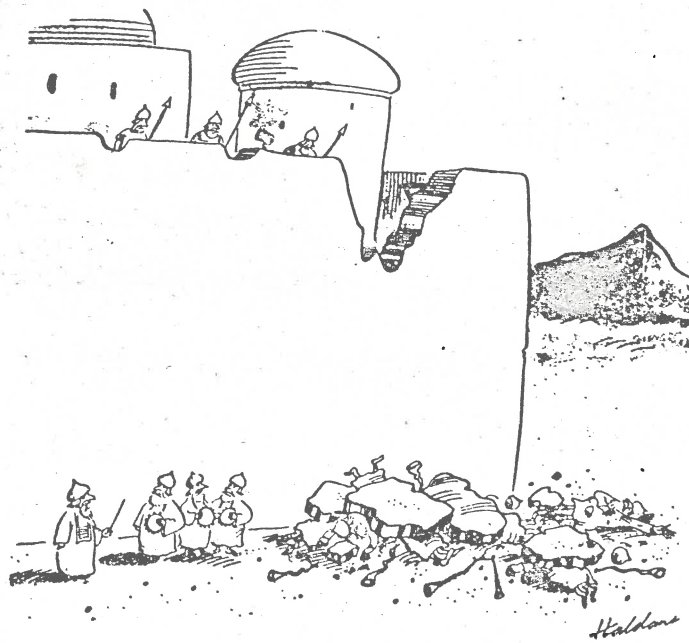
COMPUTER GAMERS REQUIRED

Recently a member of the Computer Club contacted the Editor over the possibility of Q.U.G.S. members assisting the University in trying out its new I.B.M. computer. Details are still sketchy at the moment, but it would that the I.B.M. would be running a UNIQ programme, and some 64 volunteers are needed for playing computer games on the I.B.M.'s terminals. There will be a wide variety of games to choose from including the ever popular "Rogue" and "Adventure". Most of the computer games will be of the Fantasy/Role Playing mode. The play-testing is scheduled for September or October, and more details will appear in the next issue. Pardon my ignorance, but I always thought that I.B.M. stood for Intercontinental Balistic Missile.

* * * * *

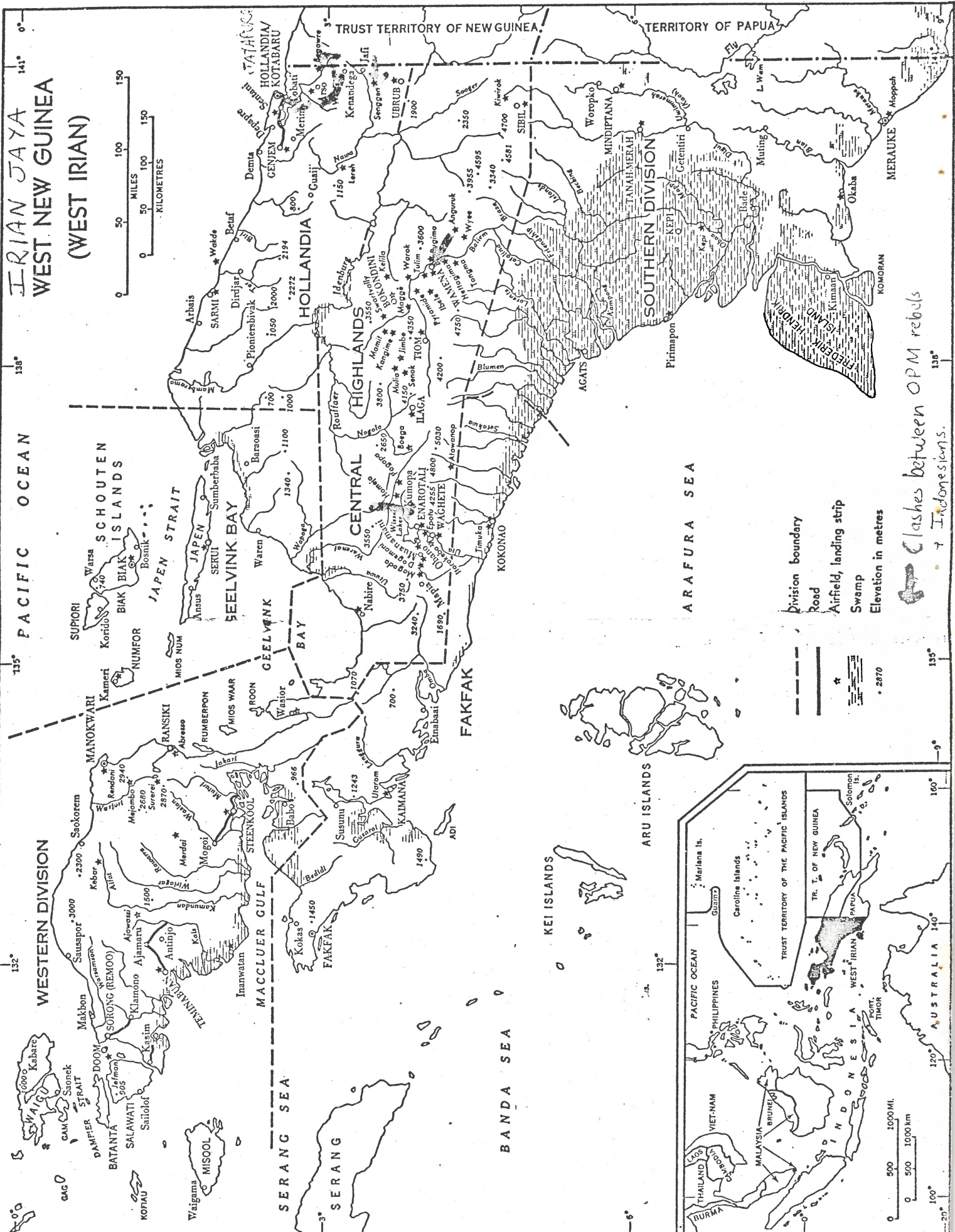
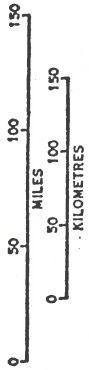


"There's always someone ready to profit out of war!"

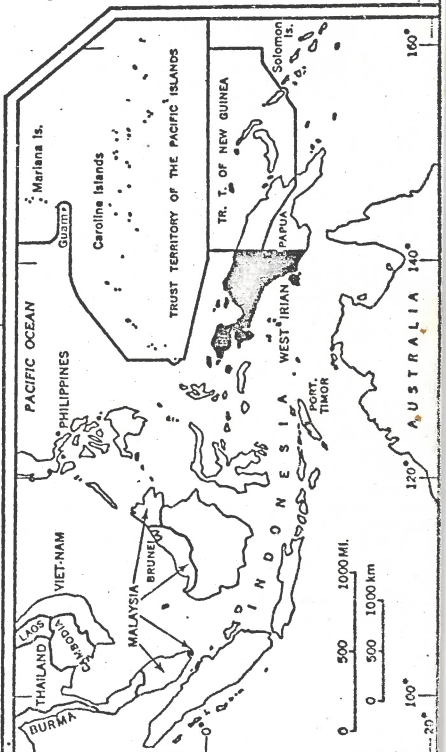


OK, tambourines, we'll carry on without the horn section.

IRIAN JAYA WEST NEW GUINEA (WEST IRIAN)



Clashes between OPM rebels
& Indonesians.



PART.3:

OO?

Later in the Hotel bar...



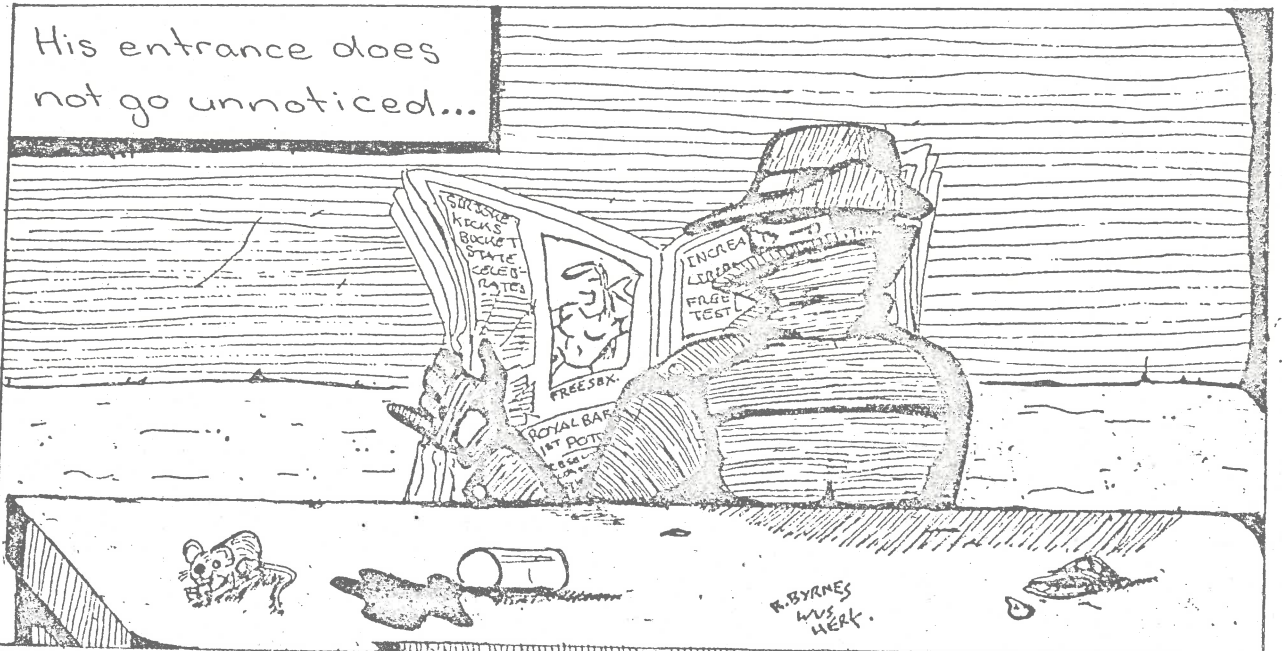
A figure pauses in the doorway

No Spitting on Waiters.

I thought this was supposed to be a five star establishment...



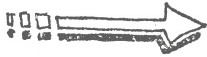
His entrance does not go unnoticed...





* who said I'm not patriotic (The Artist)

Now it's time for this issues


 ☆ Mystery Guest ☆ ...

This issues "mystery guest" is: The Artist (emphasis on the 'The')

— "Pretty terrific sort of Guy." (quote from an un-

Real Name: For me to know and you to agonize over.

Sex: ♂ (male) - single (take note "people")

Age: 5 (oh dear my pen slipped - old enough!)

Appearance: "better looking than anyone you know" (being a modest, and basically honest person).

Ego: "pretty big" (I'll allow an exaggeration or two).

Course: Nursing (Q.I.T.) - any jerk who thinks male nurses are gay think about this - the males are outnumbered 5:1; whose stupid then, Huh!.

Favourite past time: Skipping lectures, lusting after fellow (female) students, gaming (what else - goes with skipping lectures), getting stoned (not with rocks), conducting surveys into effects of alcohol (hard)

Locals frequented: Campus club bar (paid my membership to that before anything else). Outside 'G' block during lectures.

Mental stability: not very, why else would I draw this this trash => Don't Panic.

SHIT!! I've run out of room, and there's some... I'll

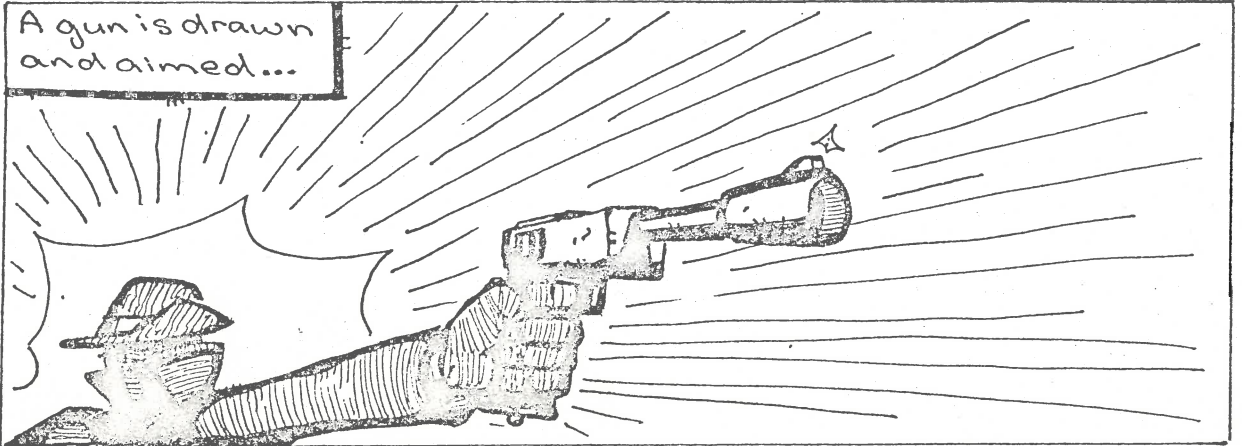
Next Week: The Editor. (be good to me Jack and I'll be good to you - \$20 should do).

Gout. Warning:
Reading this comic strip can severely damage your mental Health*

Now we can return to the next exciting frame (wow!).

*So can the Government.

A gun is drawn and aimed...



TO BE CONTINUED:

Well in the true tradition of 'Sons+Daughters' I'll leave it at this cliff-hanger. Don't worry after this meaningless interlude in the plot the normal excitement of a "real life spy-thriller" will return, so will our hero (it's just that I had this deadline to make and no story drawn up...).

AJY '85

P.S: the 'mystery guest' segment was added as a way to fill up the page so I could meet that deadline, plus I'd run out ideas - being "out to it" doesn't help.

(The candle flickers and it is now 11.54 pm.)
Good night!!

REMEMBER!

NEXT Q.U.G.S.

MEETING

Saturday 3rd

August

1.00 A.M.

E.G. Whitlam Room

University of Q.L.D.
UNION

