

Rank and File

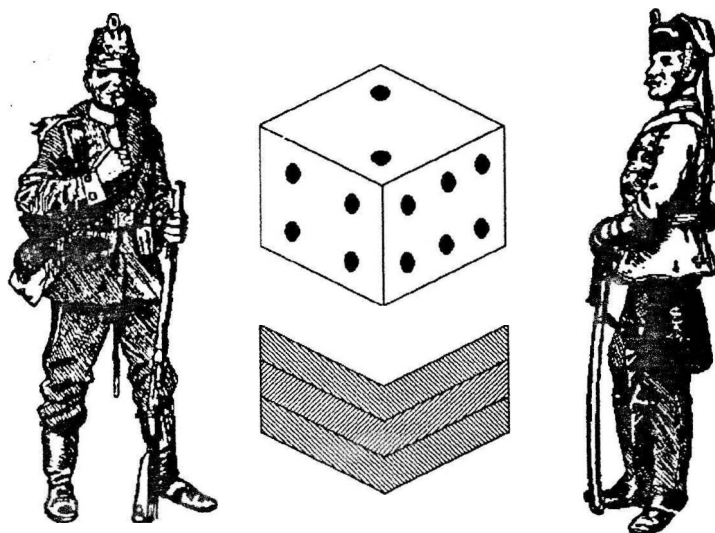
Journal

of the

Tunbridge Wells

Wargames Society

Issue 4/92 June 1992



Editorial

Greetings, dear readers.

This issue I have a couple of remarks for you, which need the input from all the members of TWWS.

Firstly, I have obtained from various sources some ideas for club badges etc. There are various options open to us. The first is a button badge, which would probably feature a similar emblem to that on the cover of this esteemed organ. The order for these items would be a minimum of 1000 items, however the costs for the club would be very reasonable, and the medium is probably the best for our purposes. This would provide a stock which would last for the indefinite future. Costs to members could be nominally £1.00 as a one-time donation towards the cost of production.

The next option is to obtain exhibition type badges, which would bear the name Tunbridge Wells Wargames Society, in one or two colours. These could have names of individuals inserted, or left with just the club name. These are more expensive, but are of a better quality. Costs would be in the region of £5.00 per badge, which would be supported by the club. I suggest that the cost to a member should be around £2.50, with the club paying the rest.

The third option is to obtain enamelled badges, which can be produced in a mix of brooch pins, stick pins, clutch clips, with options for tie clips, earrings (!), cufflinks etc. These again are more expensive, and would again be available for sale to members and supported by the club.

All these items are available against minimum order quantities, which would give the club a supply which will last for a long time.

The back page of the magazine provides a questionnaire on this subject. Please fill this in and return it to the Editor at the address shown in the magazine as soon as possible. It is in the interest of the club that you send this back.

The next item which I want to raise is the supply of the magazine itself. As Editor, I want to make sure that **EVERYONE** gets a copy of this magazine, after all you have paid for membership and are entitled to it. It is easy enough to get a copy to everyone who happens to attend the Sunday meetings, and George supplies Tuesday members as long as supplies last. I would like to suggest the following solution to ensure that everyone gets their magazine.

In future, the magazine is given to all the Sunday attendees by yours truly, and then posted to all the rest of the club membership who were not at the meeting. This service would be provided **AT NO EXTRA COST** to members for the rest of this year. It might be necessary to consider a modest subscription charge for the magazine at some time in the future (No more than £1.00 extra per head as a donation towards postage). Please put your views on the questionnaire on the back page.

Finally, there is the question of the club list of members, with addresses, phone numbers, details of periods, etc. I have a rough list which is quite old, and needs updating because it is far from complete. To help towards this, please fill in the last item in the questionnaire. The list will then be produced and circulated to **MEMBERS ONLY** so we know how to contact each other. The addresses will not be supplied to outside interests.

"Late Results"

The following late results from our open day should be recorded for posterity:

Class 1: Wargames Unit or Equipment Group 1/300th or 6mm scale

1st Chris Thompson, Reigate
2nd Stefan Tanfield, Loughton
3rd Chris Thompson

Class 2: Wargames Unit or Equipment Group 1/200th or 15mm scale

1st S. Walther
2nd Stefan Tanfield, Loughton
3rd S. Walther

Class 3: Wargames Unit over 15mm scale, pre 1700 AD

1st D. Crane, Old Guard
2nd Simon Chick
3rd Rupert Worrall Crawley

Class 4: Wargames Unit over 15mm scale, 1700 AD or later

1st Stefan Tanfield, Loughton
2nd D. Crane, Old Guard
3rd Robert Jopling,
N. Surrey Military Modelling Club

Class 5: Equipment Group over 15mm scale, any period

1st Tim Vaughan, Shoeburyness
2nd George Gush, TWWS
3rd R. Rearman

Class 6: Single Military Figure up to 54mm scale

1st Simon Chick
2nd John Lane
3rd Wayne Booker, Hove

Class 7: Single Military Figure over 54mm scale

1st Wayne Booker, Hove
2nd Hugh Taylor, TWWS

Class 8: Single Military Vehicle, any scale

1st Tim Vaughan, Shoeburyness
2nd Robert Jopling,
N. Surrey Military Modelling Club
3rd Dennis Love, TWWS

Class 9: Fantasy or Science Fiction entries

1st Tim Vaughan, Shoeburyness
2nd Tim Vaughan, Shoeburyness
3rd D. Fuller

Class 10: Under-16 entries

1st Simon Hedley
2nd David Bussey
3rd Simon Hedley

Class 11: Miscellaneous Military Entries, including Dioramas

1st Robert Jopling,
N. Surrey Military Modelling Club
2nd George Gush, TWWS
3rd Kevin Brazier, Loughton

Best Participation Game

S.E.L.W.G.: Convoy Action

Best Display

North London Wargames Group:
Battle of Brandywine

TWWS Sunday Meetings for your 1992 diary

June 7th (Painting Competition)
July 5th
August 2nd
September 6th

October 4th (Bring & Buy)
November 1st
December 6th
(A.G.M. & Painting Competition)

A HISTORY OF THE GREAT REBELLION 1861-2

PART III

By A Patriot

Having in Part II dealt with the great crisis of our Civil War, it shall be the writer's happy task in this third and concluding part, to recount the steps by which our President, Honest Ivor Metcalf, and his brilliant military commanders, finally brought low the hopes of the cowardly and incompetent Secessionists and restored, through glorious victories, the fair United States which the dastardly Rebels had planned to destroy for ever.

FORT DONELSON (July 1862)

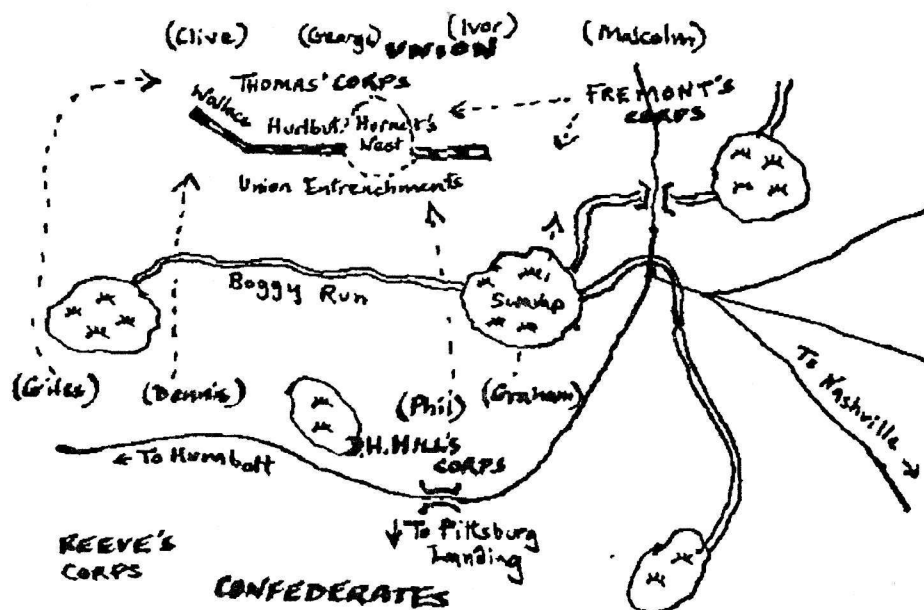
The Rebels had still the chance of a victory, if not the decisive victory that had earlier seemed on the cards. They had massed 18 brigades against the Union's 13, and hoped to win through sheer numbers, but in the event the odds were evened up, at least partly, by the swampy terrain, the Union entrenchments, and the Northern artillery superiority (four batteries to the Confederate two).

The Rebel attack was chiefly against the entrenched Right of the Union line, where Giles' division outflanked the entrenchments and attempted to roll up the Union flank, Dennis' men struck the right of the entrenchments head-on, making repeated attacks, while Phil hit the left of the entrenched line. Graham, supporting Phil, spent most of the day organising his division into what he said was the proper order for attacking, leaving little pressure,

fortunately, on the more exposed Union left, and thus allowing Malcolm, on this flank, to send not only troops under Ivor to hold the left of the entrenchments, but also to rush Crittenden's Division across behind the entrenchments to the Union right, to assist Thomas (Clive). When taunts from his fellow-Rebs finally stung Graham into action, he plunged his men into the central swamp, consequently making slow progress!

Frontal attacks on the entrenchments were repeatedly beaten off, even in the rocky Hornet's Nest, which was unfortified and thus more vulnerable to attack. Here Phil launched charge after charge against Wilson's Brigade, whose heroic defence became a legend of the war; again and again they defeated attacks that should on all odds have scattered them, usually after a "Desperate Struggle" (*one of the charms of the "Fire and Fury" Rules is the way that all results, in morale, shooting or hand-to-hand fights, are defined in period language like this*). When finally reduced to a miserable two stands, they gave way, Ivor had a reserve brigade (which everyone had criticised him for not committing earlier), placed precisely where it was needed to restore the situation.

Nonetheless, it was a close run thing; although an unexpected charge from Clive hurled back the flanking Confederates for a turn or two, and Crittend-



Map 1: The Battle of Fort Donelson July 1862

ens's Division arrived in time to put up a stout defence on this flank, the Southerners gradually gained the upper hand over the Union right. They failed only to break the Yankees through very unlucky dice throws, which gave more push-backs where "Sweeping the Enemy from the Field" was far the more likely result. Thus, when time was up, the Yankees were still clinging to most of their fortifications, and the heavy losses taken by the Rebs attacking breastworks frontally gave the North the victory on losses (*we decided battles that way unless there had been a tactical victory — as would have been the case here had the North been driven from their entrenchments*).

SHILOH (August 1862) — THE TRIUMPH OF THE UNION

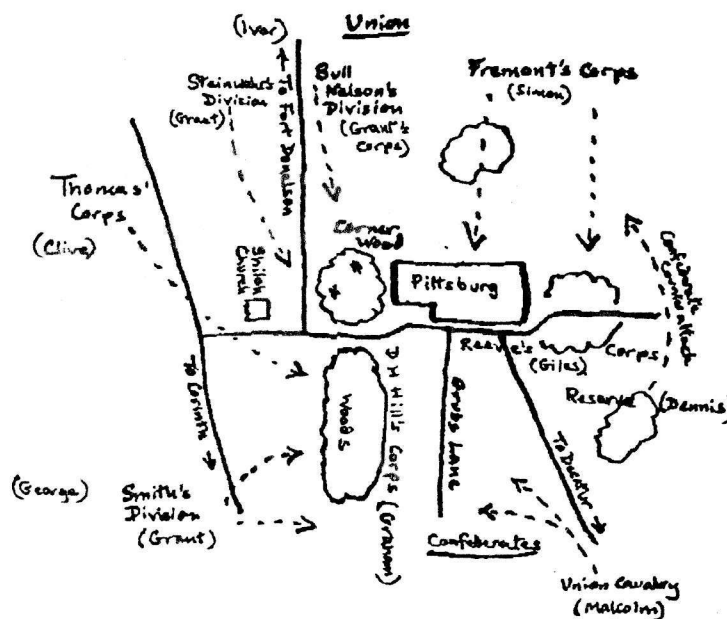
The Confederates had thrust their heads into a noose at Fort Donelson; if they had lost, they would have to retreat, to Pittsburg Landing, and, once there, could be surrounded and attacked with no hope of retreat, if the Western armies of the Union got enough marches! They had lost, and the Union commanders did get the necessary marches. The stage was set for the battle of Shiloh (in reality close to Pittsburg Landing) with six divisions attacking the battered Confederate five, and Northern cavalry due to appear in their rear. If they lost, the survivors, unable to retreat, would be forced to surrender, leaving the Confederates with no forces at all in the West, and in a hopeless strategic situation.

The Confederates had cunningly chosen a position of great defensive strength (see Map 2). *In the campaign, sides could choose a number of terrain*

pieces, their options limited by the type of terrain marked in the map-box concerned (this was "wooded", needless to say); then it was laid out alternately by the two sides. The defenders chose which way the battle would be fought, and then any features needed to conform with the map (roads, rivers etc.) were placed. Actual rivers were only represented on-table if the attackers were fighting to cross them on the map.

The battle opened with a cannonade, silencing part of the Confederate artillery, as the Union Corps controlled by Ivor advanced and assaulted the weak point of the Confederate position, the exposed salient of Corner Wood. "Bull Nelson's charge", though at equal odds, swept the defending brigade (of D.H.Hill's Corps, controlled by Graham) from the wood. Dennis (who had counselled leaving the front of the wood unoccupied) muttered "I told you to get out of that wood and you are out of that wood", and moved his reserves to support, not Graham, but the Confederate right, against which Simon, with Fremont's Corps, was making a vigorous demonstration.

The battle developed as a successful Union assault on the Confederate left, which drove D.H.Hill's men from the woods back towards Grub's Lane (Graham "Where are the reserves?"; Dennis — pointing at a mass of greycoats near the lane — "You've got reserves"; Graham "Those are fugitives!"). In the centre, Union attacks on Pittsburg itself were generally held, while for a time the extreme Union left appeared to be in serious trouble with a Confederate attack, into which Dennis hurled their reserves. By Turn 4, however Simon had restored the position



Map2: The Battle of Shiloh August 1862

there, though with heavy losses, and the Union cavalry, controlled by Malcolm, had appeared at last in the Confederate rear (*they had a poor dice throw, delaying them 1 move*). D.H.Hill's men, under attack from front and rear, were in a hopeless position; the Confederate counter-attack on their right had petered out, and when Hill's men south of the woods were charged in front and rear, with the loss of a brigade and a battery, President Louch, who was on the field having arrived for talks with Braxton Bragg) announced the surrender of the Confederacy ! With no forces left in the West, their defeat could only be a matter of time, especially since the Union would begin to receive recruits at a higher rate from 1863 onwards.

The Rebellion was over ! The Union restored !

"The Union forever, hurrah, boys, hurrah!
Down with the traitor, up with the star;
While we rally round the flag, boys, rally once again,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom."

(Here "A Patriot" ends his account. The participants enjoyed the campaign enough to decide on a rematch, using the same rules, in which the players will swap sides, and the victorious Union will see what they can achieve as Confederates.)

Letters to the Editor

From Mr. Ken Bulmer, 7th April 1992

Dear Andrew

Your Editorship of Rank & File is a resounding success and I congratulate you on your high standard — I've not, therefore, had to exchange my pebble glasses for an electron microscope.

For the perfectionists amongst us I would like to point out that in George's review of games played at meetings, the report for February 1992 contained the statement that one regiment of my gallant lads was entitled "Naples City Guard".

This splendid body of men hails from Northern Italy and not the African south and their true name is "The Milan City Guard". I may add that this was their very first outing in which they did extraordinarily well, first halting, then discomfiting and finally routing an entire division of British redcoats. At least, that is the story they carried back bearing with them their 12.5% casualties to the proud city of their raising — Milan.

Again congrats on rank and File

All best wishes

Ken Bulmer

Tunbridge Wells



Advertisement Feature

For further details of Warrior Figures, and to obtain their latest catalogue, contact them at:

Warrior Miniatures, 14 Tiverton Avenue, Glasgow, G32 9NX, Scotland.

Their telephone number is 041 778 3426.

WORLD GAME '91
introducing
"The Mother of All Masterplans".

Dennis Redhead

"Beware" had quoth Jeremy "of opponents who sidle up to you in bars, and confess they have made no plans."

The Master Players had felt for several weeks, from a word here, a hint there, that deep in the dank dark recesses where lower grade players scheme their schemes, something nasty was germinating.

Confirmation of these suspicions arrived on The Day. General Gush had collected Corporal Charles and both had arrived early (!) wheeling in row upon row of filing cabinets, trunks full of documents, and vast sheaves of papers. Steadily they worked on its assembly, until it reached the proportions of a fair sized provincial library — a new Frankenstein had been born. Its name — "The Mother of All Masterplans".

It was said to be a masterpiece in advanced military thought and in micro-logistical analysis. It calculated every conceivable permutation available to the Master Players from Move 1 (timed for 11.03 hours) up to and including Move 37. It analyzed not only the Master Players' battle options (which it considered limited mainly to how long they could struggle for survival) but also their personal abilities (which it dismissed sniffily and with some brevity). On reading this "M.o.A. Masterplans", a copy of which was captured by Colonial paratroopers on Rogido Island late in the day, you might well have thought that the Master Players had been jolly lucky to have won every one of the preceding wars...

The "M.o.A. Masterplans" had in it a further concession to the Master Players, in order to remove even a fig leaf for them to cloak their impending defeat. It proposed the use of a STANDARDISED SET OF RULES!

This evolution was not regarded as particularly advanced by the Master Players, but had been fought tigerishly by their reactionary opponents, who had sought to cling to a system tried last in 1990. Under this system, each player is issued with a set of rules which differs in subtle but decisive ways from those of both his ally and his opponents ! Whilst intriguing, the Master Players have never felt the case for this curious old tradition was proven, and over the year, were able to prevail upon the reactionaries to concede the point — albeit grudgingly.

As the plan unfolded, both Jeremy and I realized (with that instinct that top strategists develop) that the 1991 plan that these impudent rascals were assembling would be based upon a famous old Mas-

ter Player strategem (the "Jeremy Colonial Opening Gambit") — pulverizing Colonia by sea and air, overrunning at least some of its cities whilst eliminating an oil supply route to mighty Aurora.

It's a reasonable plan, against low grade opposition (as we had proved) but it has to be used cautiously. It lacks flexibility, relying on surprise as its main factor, and if anticipated correctly by Master Players, can prove terribly vulnerable to counter-attack.

Finally, they were ready. A steely glint in Corporal Charles' eye, he lit two cigarettes and sipped a glass of water (water!).

And with that, they attacked.

The sky above Aurora filled with paratroops, and wave after wave of bombers struck in and around the capital, Doblin. The essential weakness of the Slobovian plan — the assumption that the Master Players would — somehow — not appreciate that a series of airfields stacked to the brim with aircraft within 16 squares of their capitals represented a threat to those capitals, and thus their oil reserves, nearly squeaked through. Master Player Jeremy exhibiting one of those flashes of illogical thinking which have made his name a byword in Mensa runners-up contests, had stripped his defences to the bone round Doblin, to beef up his frontier, countering an invisible threat from a non-existent army.

This attack was predicted, predictable, but nonetheless heavy. Fierce flak (or as Aurorans now say, "Triple A") brought down several of General Gush's carrier-borne aircraft, but many more broke through, raining bombs down on the bustling city, on its precariously thin line of defenders, and on the airbases surrounding it.

Jeremy's defences buckled in the heat of the assault, and as the city blazed, paratroopers descended like great clouds of snow, blanketing districts to north and east of downtown Doblin.

In Southalia, more prudent Master Player generalship had created tough defences around Bonzer. Corporal Charles dithered, trembling on the brink of eternity — his bombers and paratroops already aloft. Could he attack such defences? Dare he gamble everything on one opening throw?

"Go ahead Solicitor, make my day."

His nerve cracked. It could not be done — the flak and the dug-in defenders were too strong. Dennis was too shrewd. The excuses for an indignant General Gush ("I attacked, why didn't you?") were prepared, and the search for an easier target began.

It ended at Blaster, a quiet coastal resort on the Blue Sea. Not the scene of air assault in earlier wars, its staid residents were quite unprepared for what befell them when a dozen carrier-borne bombers shattered the city in surprise raid, followed by a wave of paratroopers, who quickly wrested the city from its dazed Home Guard defenders. A crushing, but ultimately meaningless blow.

Blaster fell, and Jeremy was lucky. Slobovian paratroopers fought their way into the city — the coup looked close to success. But luck too was needed, and that failed for Slobovia. The key throw needed 1 or 2 — the world held its breath. 4. The paras were pushed back. Doblin was saved.

Elsewhere, further elements of the Mother of all Gambles unfolded. Strong fleets of Slobovian vessels entered Skanian and Colonial waters wreaking havoc on peace-loving oil terminals and innocent naval dockyards. A mighty Hara Kiri fleet surged against the Colonial Oil Islands, pounding them with shells the size of a Reliant Robin, from Graham's fabled battleship "Divine Cigarette".

Astonishing strength in the air; countless paratroopers; innumerable carriers; devastating sea power. The Master Players, reeling under the assault, fled to their computer analysts. Where had they gone wrong? How could this be happening to them? Who had helped General Gush and Corporal Charles to plan this? Could the Master Players not win? (The 'L' word is of course unthinkable for a true Master Player.)

The analysts' reply came back, firm and reassuring. You are o.k. It looks bad but it's only temporary — the Mother of all Gambles has a structural defect.

They had forgotten to provide themselves with any ground forces!

Relieved, the Master Players checked the analysts' reports — and they were true. On Aurora's front, Slobovia had no more than a dozen Militia. Against Skandia, half that many. In Nurdistan, no more than a dozen Militia at the frontier, to hold off all Southalia's and Colonia's armies...

The Master Players resolved first to use their own carrier-borne aircraft to knock out some enemy vessels around the hard-pressed Oil Islands, in the Central Sea. Over two dozen tactical bombers swarmed down upon the Slobovian and Hara Kiri vessels there.

The fighting was bitter. The reactionaries' vessels were protected by two carriers, and the fighter defences brought down a dozen Master Player aircraft — an unsustainable rate of attrition. They had had successes. "Divine Cigarette" was soon at the bottom of the sea, together with most of its destroyer escorts; and most of General Gush's cruisers had been damaged. Land based artillery had inflicted hits too, sinking a Slobovian cruiser. But the loss of aircraft was too great, and the balance at sea moved decisively against the Master Players after that epic battle; with no capital ships to match the reactionaries' vast navies, the central sea was lost to the Master Players...

But not the land.

Colonian and Southalian forces launched overwhelming offensives against Nurdistan, battering open an oil route out of Colonia by land. Normally a near-impossibility, the allied commanders seized the opportunity presented by so puny a Nurdistan land force, and by heroic assaults captured the key railway town of Molt on the first move!

Blow by blow, the reactionaries under their fanatic commanders and their Mother of all Gambles banner fought for the Master Players' crown — their best demonstration ever of daring, stealth and sheer power play. Very good — but not good enough.

As the afternoon lengthened into evening, the limitations of an entirely naval strategy became evident. Nurdistan's own oil routes were bombed repeatedly by Southalian strategic bombers. With only a tiny and intermittent production capacity, crippled by the loss of Gushi (a vital industrial city) to rampaging Colonial invaders, Nurdistan was unable to make good its battle losses, let alone create an effective army.

Slobovia, too, was reeling under a series of human wave assaults out of Aurora and Southalia, although at sea it still won victories, sinking Jeremy's much loved battleship — and later, its replacement, in the seas off Vinland. Auroran forces, side by side with Skandian, beat the Slobovians relentlessly back, until the allies were in sight of the spires of Pavisk — "The Pearl of Lake Lagoda".

They were losing — but through the early evening the reactionaries fought on bitterly. Fierce attacks by Slobovian naval units and marines overran Colonia's city of Ngombo, in the heavily damaged Oil Islands, (although its sister port of Queenstown held out stubbornly, its hero defenders sinking two more Slobovian cruisers during the evening). In north west Aurora, Slobovian marines made a surprise raid on Gronstadt, inadequately garrisoned by Militia reservists. Although the occupation was of brief

duration, it required a major Auroran effort to dislodge them.

But for the reactionaries, these were the last glimmerings of light in descending darkness. Colonial troops had swept across all of central Nurdistan, taking many key cities. Then had even, with Southalian artillery, established a bridgehead across the Ali Valley and captured Amboul. Hara Kiri and hard-pressed Slobovia hurried what troops they could to shore up their dying ally, and in the furthest tip of Nurdistan, his back to the sea, that noblest of all creatures — the Solicitor at Bay — made his last stand, forming a line around his final positions and his capital Al-Tabac.

Oil poured out of Colonia by rail, hurtling through Southalia and on into Aurora. The fabled overland route. Slobovia and Hara Kiri cruisers combined to bombard the railway where it ran for miles along the coastal plains around Stanley, but to no avail. What didn't proceed by rail was unloaded and borne onwards in convoys of trucks, an irresistible tide surging towards the terminals in the Auroran border town of Missen.

A desperate landing by Elimi commandos intercepted one convoy, but outraged Aurorans poured from Missen, and massacred the invaders.

The struggle grew increasingly one-sided. A ferocious last ditch Slobovian assault swept their troops into Aurora's Blaustadt, but an equally ferocious Auroran counter-attack swept them out again. Auroran and Skandian commandos finally raised their flags above the citadel in Pavisk, deep in central Slobovia. In Hara Kiri's far off Rogido Island Colonial paratroopers, supported by over a dozen allied bombers, pounded and captured Ban-zai.

The end was in sight. As usual, it was heralded by a shocked admission from the reactionaries, around midnight, along the lines of "Oh well, yes; we thought that tactic might beat our plan — but mind you, it's the only one that would have. Any other tactic and we'd have slaughtered you..."

(Then normally follows a brief but enthusiastic wallow, in exactly how gruesome our defeat would have been, had good fortune on every occasion not enabled us to luckily stumble upon the exact formula for averting it.) Corporal Charles in particular, in the absence of real victories, has developed this analysis of "what might have been" victories into a considerable art form, and given time and a stiff G & T can persuade himself that such victories are only a little less rewarding than the real thing.

General Gush is different, tending to accept the inevitable with a grim melancholy, interspersed with bouts of despair at the cruel Gods who visit this fate upon him every Christmas. He, whose game it is; who created and conceived it, designed it, who cut out the wretched counters that annually fail him. He who lovingly selected and purchased and trained the miserable dice that now betray him.

Jeremy likened them once to two grizzled old Sioux chieftains, defeated and watching uncomprehending, as they cling to memories of when they too were mighty warriors, and all that they saw then was theirs. But broken now, and bowing to the unstoppable advances of a militarily superior culture.

Personally, I feel that's a little Quixotic. I prefer the Aboriginies as a comparison: a pitiful, abject people, devoid of any identifiable martial skills, and now tragically broken by alcohol abuse...

The midnight hour struck: and as is our custom, Jeremy accepted the reactionaries' surrender with a sporting, manly handshake. George fled soon after, hurrying to his car amidst a whirlwind of little shreds of paper which we later discovered to be chewed fragments of his Masterplan.

Graham was not so lucky. Enticed with a vast G & T, he was easily trapped in the dining room. Jeremy pulled a chair closer, and began...

"Now let's take it from the beginning Graham, step by step, and we'll show you exactly where you went wrong..."

For Sale 1:285 Scale AFVs etc.

I have for sale a selection of 1:285th / 1:300th Modern Soviet and US armoured vehicles and support vehicles, of types used by the protagonists during the Kuwait "Incident". There are also a number of aircraft and helicopters of both sides.

These models are all painted to a high standard, and I am open to offers for them. In total there are about 100 vehicles for each side of various types. These would make a good choice for anyone starting up in this period and scale.

If interested please contact Andrew Finch

Product Reviews

Silent Death Iron Crown Enterprises

This is a game of Science Fiction Space Dogfights, set in an imaginary universe, with its own built in history, for those who like that sort of thing. The rules are very basic to start with, and get gradually more complicated as you add on the optional rules. There are also two supplements to cover a campaign, which is equipped also with star system data to give a background to the strategies.

The rules allow for all your favourite Sci Fi weapon types of all descriptions at the higher level, with special types of torpedo and missile to confound your enemy.

Pilots and Gunners have the ability to develop their skills as they win battles and get promotion, so the survivors from today's game are better the next time they are used, though losses are made up from raw recruits, who must learn to survive.¹

The game comes with a geomorphic set of star maps (basically just a table covering like a cloth, but in this case printed on glossy paper) which gives a useful "background" to the fight.

The rules allow for an ever increasing number of different types of craft, and also let you design your own, if you do not want to select from the existing choice of over two dozen craft of all types. It must be remembered that these rules are for dogfights, so the largest vessel is an escort type (and the model of this is underscale unfortunately).

There is a good range of fighter models, in lead casting, with excellent modelling and these look really good. They have the added advantage that some could also be used for ground support craft for 1:300th Sci Fi battles if desired.

I bought the rules and models at Virgin Games Centre in Oxford Street, but I spotted the models at least in Ballards in Tunbridge wells as well. The rules come in leaded and unleaded versions. See if you can work out what that means (unleaded are cheaper, but that is not the solution to the puzzle).

For Sale

Campaign World

You may have heard of Columbia Games Fantasy / Medieval world of Harn. I have for sale the complete series to date including all the data for the actual planet itself (Kethira), maps of the main towns and cities of the country of Harn, and maps of the adjacent territories. This would be a useful aid to someone running a campaign.

I am open to offers

A D & D Rule books and Scenarios/Modules

Hardback volumes of all the DM guides etc are available. I will sell the complete set or separately. Offers to me.

For further details, contact

Andrew Finch

T 01424 851111

¹ (This is a system which for some reason is not adopted in wargames rules nearly enough. Units we are playing with should be allowed to develop their own battle records and honours, so that they get to elite status in the end, or are disbanded as cowardly cretins. The first time you fight with the army, it of course should be paid for appropriately, but after this, the cost is already known, and should be used for the next lot of battles.)