



Dispatches

M a r c h
2 0 1 7
Issue No. 92

So March 2017:

- Gearing up to Salute?
- Getting ready for Spring?
- 37 new armies to paint and try out next week

...in your dreams.

Latest Dispatches

Some good stuff this month again. Keep it coming chaps.

If you haven't put something into Dispatches before, don't hesitate. It is great fun to see your article in print....changed to reflect well on the editor if though necessary of course.

The March Sunday Meeting

March ends with Easter and so the Sunday meeting was held last Sunday.

Lance held the Blucher day. No doubt you will be hearing some words from Lance on that in the April Edition.

In addition, there was a large ancients game (notice I do not say an Ancients' game. An important apostrophe .

So, again, a very successful Sunday. There was room for another table or two of modest size so if you do find Sundays a far easier day to have a game than Friday night, do try it. The Hall is often able to provide space in Room 1 if we need to expand into that.

Fantasy Players—yes, we know who you are!

It turns out that there are quite a number of FWS members who have anything from extremely large and beautifully painted Fantasy collections all the way down to folks who have one or two items or units.

All share the same trait that these gorgeous collections NEVER see the light of day. So much so that there is scuttle-but of selling them. I understand that when efforts are made to sell these armies, it is discovered that the resale val-

ue is currently so low as to be under-water.

I conclude from that that the symptom isn't restricted to our club members but may be something of a national scourge.

WHAT A TRAGIC WASTE!

Upon discussions, it all arises through a general dissatisfaction with Warhammer Rules.

I am a notorious non-Warhammer player as everyone knows. So, I am the last person who should be writing about this, but in view of the seriousness of the appalling situation, I felt I have to take up the pen (I am thinking of doing conversions on most of my soldier collections to re-arm them with pens as I usually find they are useless with the sword).

Others are similarly looking at solutions. There are several members in middle stages of preparing their fantasy army but have stopped for fear of doing a lot of work only to have no games as the Warhammer rules don't 'cut it' anymore.

There is at least one adaptation of ancient rules into a set suitable for fantasy. There have been a couple of trials which appear to be fast approaching a stage where success can be declared. Proof of this is that painting has recommenced for the players involved.

Hurrah! More on this as it arrives.

Valhalla Status—Ivan & Tim

Basically, the Trade is going as well as expected. Table space getting full

Demo/Participation Games: We have been made aware of games being offered by:

- Staines Club (not sure what)
- Steve and Andy (Space game)
- Mark (no idea but it will be a spectacle as always)
- Marc—WoW Dog Fights (ever-popular it is too!)

Need more!!

Adverts are placed to appear in May

Marengo Newspapers

It is a little-known fact that the Towns around Marengo were early crucibles of news media. There were two popular news papers that reported the battle. One for intellectuals, the other for...

Sunday Meetings Dates

2017

Done	30 Jul
Done	20 Aug
Done	24 Sep
23 Apr	29 Oct
21 May	26 Nov
18 Jun	17 Dec

Website address: www.fwgs.org.uk



The Marengo Bugle

15th June 1800

Editorial by Francois Toli, Intelligence Officer

"Battle of Marengo - part one! A glorious victory for, well, mmm, let's say, errr, heroism, yes, that's it, a victory for heroism! With some exceptions ..."

Having tricked the upstart and his French army into facing off with my paymaster von Melas between Alessandria and Marengo, the morning of yesterday saw the two hosts in these dispositions. As you can see that silly French sausage fell for it hook line and sinker, mwah ha-ha! (I assume that's supposed to be an evil laugh? ...Ed).



The young prodigy, Horace Vernet, only 11 years old, was light enough to sneak into our top-secret observation balloon and knock out a quick artists impression of the state of play as at 10am (how'd ya get him - he works for the French? ... Ed).

Seen from the bottom left corner of the map: French to the right of the stream. Notice the French to the right of the stream are reacting to my deception now uncovered - and running like the wind to re-join their comrades way off to the right of the map.

To spare his honour, the commander (Tom "Fox and Lion"

Savill) left three battalions of heroes to the left side (our side) of the stream in front of Marengo as a break water to our glorious forces.

Notice the aggressive forward advance of our imperial forces (Ian "The Rammer" Savill) across the stream to the top of the picture, threatening encirclement of the beleaguered French.

Now this next one the lad Vernet got from the middle-bottom looking up and to the left on the map. You see Ian "The Rammer" Savill's white-clad heroes gallantly surging over the stream.



But lo and behold, 7 btn's of Sans Culottes (Joe "Revolutionary Fervour" Farrugia) are waiting with a certain "Come and have a go if you think you're hard enough" look about them (Don't know the French for that - perhaps there isn't any? - cut it from the French edition ... Ed). One instinctively feels that what is about to happen next "Is going to hurt in the morning" ...



messenger from the heavens artistically added pointing the way (Cut that pointy finger - far to arty-farty for the readership ... Ed) - while his "heroes of Marengo" bravely face off in front of Marengo (top left).

Still no sign of the main Austrian column and French reserves - we are reliably informed that this is "de rigueur" for the commanders concerned - but the first of the two battles of Marengo was set to kick off.

Next up, Horace "the weasel with the easel" Vernet managed another from the same position. The "ouch" moment as "Rammer" Savill and "Revolutionary Fervour" Farrugia are set to collide in the top right. And "Wiley Fox Savill is slipping his erstwhile runners around the stream in support (middle and bottom) - an angelic



And see left - the aftermath of the morning battle of Marengo. Yes, those are pools of blood in the top right (Great stuff! Let's zoom in on that in the final cut ... Ed), it did indeed "hurt in the morning".

Some time for snapshots of the action. Left - the heroes of



Marengo, surrounded but holding out, as hordes of Austrians prepare to assault and flow around their position under the stewardship of Allan and Tim (my boss - military

intelligence officer for the Austro-Hungarian empire, on his debut with the teeth arms!)

Right - "The Rammer" Savill and "Revolutionary Fervour" Farrugia fight



with such conviction their entire corps are destroyed. But still the white horde finds more on table to pour through the gap now yawning on the French right. "Fox and Lion" Savill let's Kellerman do what Kellerman did, and fights himself to extinction while taking our numerous Austrian units, and buys the French a little more time.

Below - enough time for the intact mass of "Fox and Lion" Savill's infantry to form up ready for the afternoon session on the low hills in front of San Juliano - the objective the French must not lose or they lose the battle (Brill - but cut the pointy finger again, the hoi-polo really don't get it ... Ed).



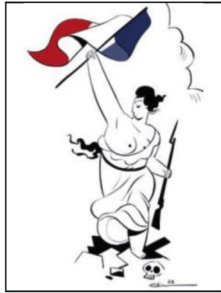
And what's this?! The thwack of braces being pulled up! The zip of, err, zippers being pulled up!



The upstart corporal (Tim "Lothario" Cull) and his side-kick Berthier finally depart the San Juliano Inn of Ill Repute to the sound of the guns. Berthier was heard to mutter "When I said last night 'didn't he think it was time we got mounted up', I think he might have got the wrong end of the stick". (Bleedin' marvellous - a bit of sex and scandal, the readership are gonna love this! ... Ed).

In tomorrow's edition of the Marengo Bugle - the afternoon battle. (Yes, that's it, keep them in suspense and we'll sell out tomorrow too! ... Ed).

- Francois Toli, intelligence officer and agent of the Austro-Hungarian empire.



The Och Aah Daily Marengo Star

16th June 1800

Editorial by Francis Toli, Intelligence Officer

"Battle of Marengo - part two! A gl'orious victory for, well, nmm, let's say, errr, heroism, yes, that's it, a victory for heroism! With some exceptions..."

(We got the scoop on the afternoon battle! That prize scumbag Toli dumped the empire and with it the Marengo Bugle, and came over to the upstart corporal and the Star! He claims Horace Vernet, the artist prodigy, persuaded him of the benefits of Liberty, Egalite, and Fraternity. More likely Melas wasn't paying him enough ... Ed).

Well, Horace and I left the San Juliano Inn of Ill Repute, forgiven by Boney (Tim "The Lothario" Cull) and Bethier for my trickery on account of having picked up the tab for their night of indulgences – them being a little short on cash, exigencies of war, and all that. So we wandered up the San Juliano Marengo highway to see how our new patrons were faring. Not too well, by the look of it! ...



Top of picture, half left, Marengo had fallen to the empire, albeit "Fox and Lion" Savill's heroes fought to the last man. Top right, hill on the right, out gallant corporal ("Lothario" Cull) and Berthier scramble to the summit with the Consular guard infantry and cavalry. Strung out in a thin line from right to left, across the

front hill, and including two building on the left, the remnants of "Fox and Lion" Savill's corps. San Juliano off the picture bottom right.

And looming ominously, the seemingly indestructible, zombie-like waves of Austrian white coats closing to the Frenchies line.

But what are those white coated Austrian cavalry doing on the centre hill, you ask?! Well, Ian "the Rammer" Savill gained his known name at this point. Maddened by the sights and sounds of war, and the lingering hallucinatory effects of the double strength brandy and stew of Italian hillside magic mushrooms I bribed his chef in Alessandria to stuff him with last night, he came racing up to the French line, raised his sword, and shrieked at the top of voice "Increase to ramming speed!". Nobody had a clue what he was talking about, apart from a young ADC who knew his recent combat experience well. "No Sire", he urged respectfully, "That's the staff and colours of the 27th Grenzers, not the mast and main sail of the SS Great Vienna." "Oh yes, of course, I knew that, I knew that!" he exclaimed indignantly, and then, "Charge!!!" Henceforth he became known as "The Rammer" Savill by the rank and file.

A gap having appeared in the thin blue line, his cavalry regiment burst through and was well on the way to victory by seizing San Juliano to the French rear – only yours truly and the lad Vernet stood between "The Rammer" and French defeat. This needed some quick thinking. "The Inn of Ill Repute at San Juliano has a two-for-one offer on today", piped up the lad, "The direct route is blocked by a division of Frenchies, but there's a track that leads off south and round the back into SJ". By George and all the Saints, the lad's learning fast. So, before you could say "French knickers" (Like it, like it, there's no snowflakey calls to HR in this rag, that's for sure! ... Ed) "The Rammer's" cavalry regiment disappeared (left of above picture) in the twinkling of 400 lusty eyes.



They weren't fooled for long, mind, and returned soon enough, but by this time a regiment of French cavalry had been hastily recalled from the line to arrest any progress the roving Austrian cavalry might make towards San Juliano. Austrian cavalry on the bottom right, French cavalry on the road to SJ, right above centre, in this picture to the left.



And now for the Grande Finale. The lines smash into each other. On the French left, “Fox and Lion” Savill’s men in the buildings hold out and cause severe damage to the Austrian onslaught. In the centre left the Austrians get a bloody nose, and the French even come off the hill to break the wavering Austrian lines. In the centre right, the French cavalry, depleted by the regiment rushed to protect SJ from the Austrian cavalry marauders, are withering, being overwhelmed, and collapsing.

On the hill on the extreme right top of the above picture, and viewed from the top in the picture to the right, our upstart corporal Tim “The Lothario” Cull, fervently regretting he’d not stayed in bed snuggled up to Maria and Tessa and taken advantage of the two-for-one offer he’d just heard about, defends the rear slope with the Consular Guard cavalry against two-to-one odds (Boom, boom, eh, the readers like a joke! ... Ed) and a flanking manoeuvre from Joe “Fervent Revolutionary” Farrugia, now re-incarnated as an Austrian, and showing no signs of any reduced élan for the transformation.

Now do we see the cunning of Melas (Allan “Leave it to the others and step in at the end and take all the glory” Brown)? Knowing that there were likely to be two battles to fight, and that “The Rammer” had been on the double strength brandy and Italian hillside magic mushroom stew and would therefore provide all the vim and vigour needed for the first battle, he kept his powder dry and his reserve troops intact for the second battle. And that paid off.

The French fought like lions, and ducked and dived like foxes to chance only good opportunistic attacks in order to keep the army below as many formation rout levels as was humanly possible. The ledger of death (see below) at this point shows that a third battle would have been an extreme gamble for either side to contemplate, both surfing very close to the formation rout levels of their remaining armies.



French	Austrian
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> [1] C-in-C: Bonaparte (7 – turn 9) [2] Consular Guard: Berthier (7 – turn 9) <ul style="list-style-type: none"> 1x Guard Foot gun 1x Line 1x Guard Hvy Cav [3] Corp: Victor (2) <ul style="list-style-type: none"> 1x Foot gun [4] Div: Desaix (1) <ul style="list-style-type: none"> 1x Line [5] Div: Chabot de Laubespion (2) <ul style="list-style-type: none"> 1x Light 1x Line [6] Corp: Lannes (5) <ul style="list-style-type: none"> 1x Foot gun [7] Div: Marmont (5) <ul style="list-style-type: none"> 1x Light 1x Line [8] Corp: Desaix (8 – turn 17) <ul style="list-style-type: none"> 1x Foot gun [9] Div: Marmont (6) <ul style="list-style-type: none"> 1x Light 1x Line [10] Div: Boudet (8 – turn 17) <ul style="list-style-type: none"> 1x Light 1x Line [11] Cavalry Reserve: Murat (4) <ul style="list-style-type: none"> 1x Cavalry [12] Bde: Chabot (3) <ul style="list-style-type: none"> 1x Dragoon 1x Cavalry [13] Bde: Chabot (3) <ul style="list-style-type: none"> 1x Cavalry [14] Bde: Chabot (4) <ul style="list-style-type: none"> 1x Dragoon 1x Cavalry [15] Bde: Rivaud (10 – turn 17) <ul style="list-style-type: none"> 1x Hussar 1x Cavalry 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> [1] C-in-C: Melas (2, 3, 4, 5, or 6) [2] Right Wing: O'R von Ballinlough (1) <ul style="list-style-type: none"> 1x Horse gun 1x Grenadier 1x Cavalry [3] Centre Column: Zach (2, 3, 4, 5, or 6) <ul style="list-style-type: none"> 1x Foot gun [4] Centre Adv Gd: Friedl (2) <ul style="list-style-type: none"> 1x Light 1x Dragoon 1x Horse gun [5] Div: Morav (3) <ul style="list-style-type: none"> 1x Grenadier [6] Div: Elzitz (3) <ul style="list-style-type: none"> 1x Cavalry [7] Div: Hadik von Futak (4) <ul style="list-style-type: none"> 1x Cavalry 1x Line [8] Div: Kaim (5) <ul style="list-style-type: none"> 1x Line [9] Left Wing: O'R von Ballinlough (1) <ul style="list-style-type: none"> 1x Light 1x Dragoon 1x Cavalry [10] Left Adv Gd: O'R von Goltz (7) <ul style="list-style-type: none"> 1x Light 1x Dragoon 1x Cavalry [11] Div: Vogenberg (7) <ul style="list-style-type: none"> 1x Cavalry [12] Div: Schallenberg (1) <ul style="list-style-type: none"> 1x Cavalry
Victory Conditions French must break Austrian army morale.	Victory Conditions Austrians must either: Break French army morale, or, take both Marings and Jan columns at the end of any turn.

With the final tranche of French reinforcements on the table, the armies stood at: -

French: 10x infantry, 3x cavalry, 3x foot guns

Austrian: 8x infantry, 6x cavalry, 13x foot and 1x horse guns

Both sides withdrew in the night.

- Francois Toli, Intelligence Officer and agent of the revolution



nisms. This is a very fast-play set, made a lot faster as we all know the rules well enough to spot Allan cheating quite easily.

Everyone supplied an army of around 1500 points giving forces in the low hundreds of figures each. 'Cept Allan, who fielded two, 2000-point armies.

Now, at first sight this gives Allan something of an advantage. But, as we were fighting sides (i.e. three armies on each side) it was decided that there should be one of Allan's armies on each side, that would mean the points per

side were balanced.

On the day we found we were one player down and another player had a crisis in progress at work that meant that he would be late. No matter, Allan is an expert so he could take his armies on both sides at the opposite corners of the table and so could I. Thus, for a while we would have 6 armies driven by 4 players. Easy.

Many of you will have immediately realised that arrangement meant that Allan was playing me in two places with a 1000-point advantage (in total). Typical! I was just grateful it was only 1000 points.

The Sunday Ancients Game—TC

So what actually happened in the March Sunday Ancients Game. I know you are dying to find out.

... Say yes! ... Thank you.

It is a great strength of our club that we put a lot of effort into ensuring people get the most out of the hobby that we can possibly arrange (policy doesn't apply to Allan, obviously).

This Sunday was a classic example. We put on a game which was not seeking to represent an historical event but was designed as an opportunity for people to bring their own armies and play a large game with them.

So, on Sunday there were many hundreds of figures on the table. For practical reasons at that size of game we chose to use Allan's rules that have been developed from the Neil Thomas game mecha-



**Why not send it your own pieces about the games you found interesting.
Liven it up with digital pictures! Other articles also welcome.**

Comments on and contributions to Dispatches to me on the night or, even better, by email to cull1tc@aol.com.

The Club meets in Elles Hall, Farnborough every Friday night. Hostilities commence 19:00, doors open before to allow set-up



The outcome was never in doubt, although I did gain a lot of satisfaction in making it difficult for him. In the centre the guys had a very even fight that went on at great intensity all day. When Ian did manage to get to the club, he took over one of Allan's armies and beat my Greeks (comprehensively).

A great day's play. I really enjoyed it.

The pictures in order (from the previous page) are:

1. Allan's beautiful Aztecs swarming down onto my outnumbered and out-matched Early Carthaginians. The Aztecs took rather longer to paint than the Aztec Empire lasts I believe.
2. Allan's incredibly powerful Pontics descending on my outnumbered and out-matched Classical Greeks (who did well for most of the day, only collapsing at the very end).
3. (This page) The conflict in the centre—Chinese against a Spanish Tribal army. Close fought but the Chinese had the edge at the end I think.

And Finally...

Next Month I will celebrate 50 years of wargaming.

Who knows, I might even win a game soon.



Farnborough Wargames Society presents:

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