
AERODROME 100

The Newsletter of the FIGHT IN THE SKIES Society

Fall 1991

ARTILLERY SPOTTING IN DAWN PATROL® GAMES



The "Big Ack": The Armstrong-Whitworth F.K. 8

- **GEN CON® Convention Game Reports**
 - Reminiscences with Mike Carr
 - Untangling Tailing Chains
 - Showdown at the Bristol Airfield

TABLE OF CONTENTS

FEATURES:

WW I AIR ACTION IN COMICS Marty Stever	6
FITS SOCIETY OPEN TOURNAMENT REPORT Al Christensen and Joel Youngs	8
GEN CON® CONVENTION GAME REPORTS Jim Barber and Al Christensen	10
DESIGN FORUM: ARTILLERY SPOTTING Graham Cox	13
RELOADING LEWIS GUNS Al Christensen	14
REMINISCENCES: MIKE CARR	15
COUNTER CREATION FOR DAWN PATROL® GAMES Graham Cox	21
TAILING CHAINS & HOW TO HANDLE THEM Al Christensen	22
TACTICAL TIPS – PART 3 Jim Barber	23
SHOWDOWN AT THE BRISTOL AIRFIELD Rob Cook	24
ADVENTURE! AND GLORY?: CHAPTER THE EIGHTH Eric Weiss	27
ROSTER OF ACE & EXPERIENCED PILOTS Mike Carr	30
FACE TO FACE BATTLE REPORT: LATEAU WOOD Graham Cox	31

DEPARTMENTS:

POT SHOTS Mike Carr	3
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR	4
SQUADRON NEWS	4
PBM GAME REPORTS Bob Stiegel and Graham Cox	28

The FITS HQ Staff

AIR CHIEF MARSHALL

Mike Carr

TEAM TOURNAMENT DIRECTOR

Marty Stever

GEN CON® LIAISON

Jim McIntyre

TREASURER

Randy Gaulke

AERODROME STAFF

EDITORS

Mike Carr

Dave Conant

WAR CORRESPONDENTS

Al Christensen	Rob Cook
Marty Stever	Jim Barber
Graham Cox	Bob Stiegel
Mark Hudgens	Joel Youngs
Dennis Elliott	Mike Vice
Stephen Skinner	

Subscriptions: AERODROME is a quarterly newsletter published once every three months during the year. A subscription to AERODROME and membership in the FIGHT IN THE SKIES Society is available for \$10 a calendar year. Send a \$10 check or money order to the Society's Treasurer:

Randy Gaulke
121 Northfield Road
Millington, NJ 07946

Submissions: Material is solicited from the readership. The DAWN PATROL® game is the primary game of interest. It is preferred that articles be submitted on a Macintosh disk, but hard copy (typewritten) will be accepted. Photos, drawings, cartoons, and graphics are all needed. No payments. Send all correspondence for the issue to Randy Gaulke.

Advertisements: Postings for subscribers are run free.

Copyright: The entire contents of this newsletter are copyright 1991 by the FIGHT IN THE SKIES Society. Authors retain all rights. DAWN PATROL and GEN CON are registered trademarks of TSR, Inc.

Photo Credits:

Imperial War Museum (cover & page 13)
Gene Hayes (page 8)
Bill Tricomi (page 15)
Mike Carr (page 17 & 19)



POT SHOTS

By Society Head, Mike Carr

This issue is a landmark for all of us: the 100th issue of AERODROME. It's something we can all take pride in. After all, how many wargaming magazines or newsletters—either professional or non-professional—have published 100 issues? Not very many! This issue is a testimony to the viability of the FIGHT IN THE SKIES Society and the love of the game exemplified in its membership.

On the occasion of our 100th issue, I want to again salute the two people without whom there probably would never have been a 100th issue: Steve Knoop and Randy Gaulke. After AERODROME ceased publication for several years, it was these two gentlemen who had the dream and the desire to revive it once again. I told them I was willing to help them do it, and with a lot of hard work (much of it by Steve at the keyboard of his Macintosh computer), AERODROME resumed publication in its new and much-improved format. It's no exaggeration to say that it wouldn't have happened without Steve and Randy. We all owe them our thanks and appreciation.

The 1991 GEN CON® game fair was a big success, and again this year we had a full slate of events, with FITS games running in every time slot all four days. Thanks to Jim McIntyre and his crew of event judges for putting on an assortment of interesting and challenging games! Reports of

the action are in this issue.

Congratulations to Marty Stever for earning top honors in this year's FITS Society Open Tournament. Marty edged out John Danovich. Poor John had to leave the game temporarily to collect his money from the GEN CON convention auction, so he gave me his plane to fly for several turns. I had one good shot, and if I had rolled a few pips better than a "2" for number of hits scored, John would have been the champion instead of Marty. That's how close the scoring was!

Next year's GEN CON game fair will be August 20-23, 1992. Mark your calendars and don't miss it—it'll be the 25th GEN CON convention, and will be combined with the ORIGINS convention once again. Plans are already in the works for a full slate of FITS events per usual. Plus the 1992 Masters Game, of course.

With this issue you'll find a blue roster sheet—it's time to immortalize your current active aces and experienced pilots by reporting their records for our annual compilation in the next issue. Send your list to Walt Carr, and don't delay. Last year we had a good response—let's get even more players participating this time! Walt will be accepting sheets until just before the next issue goes to press, so be sure to send your sheet as soon as you can.

The next issue of AERODROME (#101) will be edited by Randy Gaulke. You can send him material at 121 Northfield Road, Millington, NJ 07946.

AERODROME needs editors for

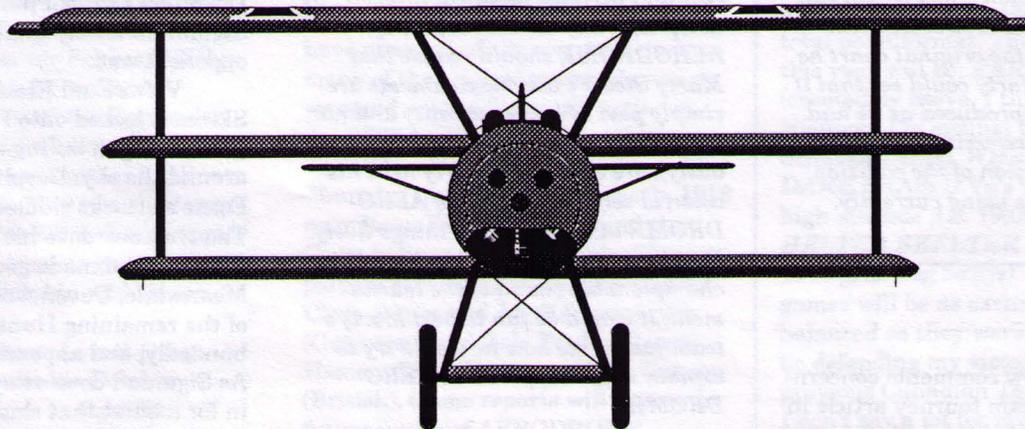
next year! Graham Cox and his group in Winnipeg will be doing the Fall issue (#104), but that still leaves three issues yet to be spoken for. If you are interested in editing an issue, contact me or Randy Gaulke and let us know of your interest.

We also need more writers for the ADVENTURE & GLORY serial. This is something almost anyone with a little writing talent can help us out with! Here's your chance to put your own stamp on the exciting adventures of Reggie Smythe. If you're interested in writing a chapter in the series, contact Chris Janiec, 1851 N. Scott St., #657, Arlington, VA 22209 or call him at (703) 243-9512.

FITS by fax is gathering steam. Do you have access to a fax machine and the urge to be a FITS fax pioneer? If so, contact Steve Knoop, who is going to put together the world's first FITS game over the fax lines. You can write Steve at Box 1312, Glendive, MT 59330 or fax him direct at (406) 365-4992 Monday through Friday, 9 a.m. to 8 p.m.. I've got a fax now, too and my number is (414) 646-4883—but call first to 646-4881 because it's not hooked up all the time yet.

If you're looking for a copy of the DAWN PATROL® game, Jim Barber still has a few for sale. Contact him at 513 Waller Way, Norristown, PA 19403 or call (215) 539-9560.

Lastly, I want to thank my co-editor, Dave Conant, for his invaluable assistance in the preparation and publication of this issue. Dave's experience in desktop publishing was put to good use, as the look of this issue will show you. Thanks, Dave!



The Remarkable Dreidekker: A Head-On View of the Fokker Dr.I



Dear Mike & Dave,

Thanks for editing this issue of AERODROME and hats off to Steve Knoop for doing an excellent job on issue #99, despite my blowing his deadline. Thanks also to Jim (Big Mac Attack) McIntyre for making the arrangements for the GEN CON® Convention. What a crowd! Every mission was near capacity. Most of the FITS action paused for the running of "Eight Hours of LeMans," which was also well run and exciting. FITS can be frustrating, but it's no match for moderate body damage knocking Pete Shackelford and me out of the race in the 7th hour.

Following up on last issue's letter to the editor, the collision chart published a couple of issues ago is slightly more deadly than the old chart using cards. Mike Carr sent an early version of the chart to Al Hammack for inclusion in the issue. I refined that version a bit after doing a little math in an attempt to make the charts equally deadly (arbitrarily deciding half of all head-ons with a collision chance would be at 100' or less, and that half of all partial collisions would be deadly). This refined chart eliminates four collisions (2-1, 1-2, 5-4, 4-5). I guess this correction will have to "officially" wait until the next edition of the game is released. Any official word on that new edition yet, Mike?

Keep 'em flyin'

Marty Stever

Editorial Note: At first, Marty disavowed the collision chart which ran in AERODROME. However, when shown a copy of the original chart he had given me, Marty could see that it was faithfully reproduced as he had written it. He is referring above to a more refined version of the collision chart which he is using currently.

To the Editors:

I have a few comments concerning the recent team tourney article in AERODROME 99. I think the scenario

and point system is just right. I particularly liked flying the advantage/disadvantage missions. Also, I like the new "cup" rule and agree whole-heartedly with Marty's comments.

However, reading his comments about 4 or 5 players, one gets the impression that Team Danoski simply got up in the middle of the game and took a hike to McDonalds. The truth is Dave Conant (who was out of the game) kindly offered to make the trip to Mickey D's, not only for Team Williams but for Team Danoski as well.

Also, Mr. Stever doesn't know me well enough to make comments about my belly, nor does he have room to talk as is evidenced by the photo on page 19 of AERODROME 99. If he was trying to be amusing, I was not amused.

I suggest that the next time Mr. Stever finishes 2nd in a team tourney that he allow someone other than himself to write the play by play of the final round, as his version of this year's tourney smacks of sour grapes.

I give Team Taylor all the credit in the world for hanging tough after losing a wingman on the first turn, but to state that Team Taylor was "hopelessly out-diced," suggesting that the *only* reason Team Danoski won the game was by *luck* alone and not their ability to *play* the game borders on insulting.

Sincerely,

Dan Danoski, Captain

Editorial Note: Dan's indignation is real and perhaps justified; however, by now, hopefully all the readers of AERODROME should realize that Marty Stever's acerbic comments are simply part of his personality and not to be taken personally (or too seriously). We encourage Marty to be his colorful self in the pages of AERODROME in order to keep things lively. Besides, as I told Dan prior to the championship round of the tournament, it would be fun to beat Marty's team just to see how he would try to explain what happened in AERODROME!

By Eric Weiss

SQUADRON NEWS is a regular column in AERODROME and is a forum which spotlights active FIGHT IN THE SKIES groups around the continent. Correspondence for the column is solicited from these groups and is edited by Eric Weiss. [Eric's comments appear in brackets.] Please send your correspondence to Eric's new post at:

1215 Eagle Lane. #9
Renton, WA 98055

The Indy Squadron

Excerpts from "The Indy Squadron Dispatch"

By Stephen Skinner

FOXXE RETURNS FOR 19th KILL

Legendary Fokker D.VII pilot Vzfw. Udo Sigmund 16/3 (Clark Sigmund) has pulled off another of his now famous miracle escapes! Leading a trio of Huns, Sigmund heard machine gun fire from the rear and turned around to see a pair of Sopwith Snipes dropping out of the sun on his formation. Ltn. Aron Felix 5/3 (Chad Meador) was at the tail of the "V" formation and bore the brunt of the attack. Fl. Cmdr. Christopher Foxxe DSO DSC, 28/19 (Stephen Skinner) pressed the triggers and sent 9 slugs into the D.VII. Felix, of course—being the fellow who offered Foxxe's former wingman, Edward Stove (Dory Skinner)—saw the urgency of his situation and took evasive action. The other Snipe jockey, Capt. Mathew Devon 3/1 (Terry Phillips), fired on Sigmund...totally unaware of who his opponent was.

Vzfw. Emil Klaus 2/2 (Alice Skinner) locked onto Foxxe's tail, and the trio began tailing each other around the sky. Despite a gun jam, Foxxe's attacks riddled Felix's D.VII. The Hun overdove his crippled fighter to safety and made good his escape. Meanwhile, Devon was handling both of the remaining Huns single-handedly, and appearing to enjoy it. As Sigmund dove away, Devon crept in for a burst that slammed into the



wings and cockpit. Sigmund took a light wound in his chest and heavy critical damage to his D.VII. Diving hard, he found an empty field in the rear of the German trenches. Sigmund set his aircraft down, blew a tire, and crashed a wingtip into the dirt. He crawled out of the stricken plane and staggered to a dressing station, where he was successfully treated for his wounds. This latest of miracles uses up at least 4 of his 9 lives! It also puts a fine "feather in the cap" of Capt. Mathew Devon.

Vzfw. Klaus, whose Pfalz D.XII was still relatively undamaged, managed to get on Foxxe's tail for a moment. Another burst weakened the British ace's wings... Foxxe threw the nimble Snipe into a rotary right turn and was soon on Klaus' tail! He only got off a pair of quick bursts before Klaus' maneuvering shook him. The Englishman broke away, then latched onto the Pfalz' tail once again. His next burst struck the ailerons, eliminating any fancy maneuvers for the Pfalz. Klaus' only option was to dive for home, which he did with all due haste. With Foxxe in hot pursuit, Klaus cut his engine and glided down to a small road just inside German lines. The ensuing crash demolished the Pfalz completely, but Klaus was able to survive.

With this latest success, Flt. Cmdr. Foxxe continues to add to his score as Indianapolis' most illustrious pilot.

The Kankakee Squadron

A KANKAKEE MINI-CONVENTION

By Mark Hudgens

It seems to me that, if you think about it, the weekend after the GEN CON® game convention is a very poor time to have a FITS "fly-in." But that's exactly what happened after this year's con. The Kankakee group and Dennis Elliott and company (good friends of ours) decided to get together the week after the GEN CON gathering because most of our two groups were unable to make it to Milwaukee. So, it was planned that they would come down to Kankakee starting early on Friday afternoon (August 16th), stay for a full weekend of FITS, and then pack up late on Sunday afternoon. Little was I to know that what I thought would be a small handful of

flying brothers, three or four in number, would turn out to be almost a FITS mini-convention!

It all started when Dennis and I began to invite a few of the close people around the area. But word spread fast through the FITS grapevine. To my surprise, when I got to the GEN CON convention, people were asking me how to get to Kankakee and my house, and wondering what time we would be starting on Friday! One thing led to another, and before the weekend was done I had eight people sleeping at my house and a total of eighteen people attending in all.

The honor for the farthest person to come has to go to Chris Weiser from California, who flew into the Greater Kankakee Airport (yes, his arms were tired!). Chris, who had attended the GEN CON game fair, was on a flying tour of the Midwest in a home-built aircraft he had constructed himself.

Players started arriving around 3:30 p.m. on Friday afternoon. Two boards were used throughout the weekend, with up to eight people at each board most of the time. On Friday night the games went on until the wee hours of the morning, and the hardest core of diehards didn't quit until 4 a.m.!

Saturday morning started off with a full breakfast at the Blues Cafe, a small country restaurant that serves the best biscuits and gravy you ever ate. Then it was into a full day of gaming. That night a break in the flying was held, and glasses were passed out for a champagne toast to Frank Ferrero and his renowned German ace, Hauptmann Heinrich von Beinmeir, who was retiring after an illustrious career of 105 combat missions and 81 victories. A hearty toast was given using several bottles (thanks to Dennis Elliott, who procured the bubbly). There were plenty of slaps on the back and many congratulations were heard as we celebrated this FITS milestone.

Sunday morning began with breakfast at the River Oaks, a local Greek establishment (the Blues Cafe is closed on Sunday). It's a place where if you order one egg you get two, and if you order two you get four. Needless to say, no one was flying on an empty stomach—in fact, everyone was quite full. The weekend finished around 5 p.m. on Sunday afternoon, with everyone having a good time.

There were a number of noteworthy missions. Marty Stever managed to lose quite a few good pilots over the weekend (sorry, Marty!) and I also lost an ace (Oberleutnant Rudolf Gernothart, 11/7 in a Fokker D.VII) to the blaze of guns and a light wound that saw him pass out and shred his wings in an overdrive. Oh, I almost forgot—he woke up and jumped out, but to his misfortune his parachute didn't open.

Thanks are due to all those who were able to take time out to come down and make the weekend a good one. Each player was given a special painted counter as a souvenir, and now I would like everyone who received one to write me and tell me the identity of the pilot assigned to that particular airplane. Over time, we will follow the fortunes of each of those pilots and see who survives the longest and who builds the best record of the group. Players with counters can contact me at: 558 E. Station, Kankakee, IL 60901.

The Tucson Squadron

By Eric Weiss

Even before I left its sunny skies, the future of the Tucson Squadron was clouded with its imminent dissolution. It was a gathering place for WW I aviation enthusiasts and wargamers alike. But most importantly it was a place where friends could relax and forget about work, school and the obstacles of life. The group has met since 1975 and has had many members who have come and gone, but one member has been there since the beginning, Ray Pajkos. If there is anyone left in Tucson who could bring the squadron back together, Ray is that man. I wish him luck, and hope the Skies of Tucson will once again be filled with the sound of Spandaus and the sight of roundels of the Tri-Color.

My new home is in the Great Northwest amongst the earliest foundations of American aviation. I now work for the Boeing Commercial Airplane Group in Seattle and my new job consists of Human Factors analysis, design and research on the flightdecks (cockpits) of future.

Squadron News

Continued on page 29



World War I Air Action in Comics

By Marty Stever

(Editor's note: Two FITS Society members, Marty Stever and John Danovich, work for a comics distributing company in Madison, Wisconsin — Capital City Distribution Co. Both are long-time comics fans and knowledgeable sources of comics information. Here Marty gives a review of what can currently be found in this genre related to WW I aviation. If you like lots of action and can suspend disbelief in favor of being entertained, you'll enjoy checking them out.)

Many FITS Society members are familiar with Rittmeister Hans Von Hammer, also known as "Enemy Ace," created by writer/editor Robert Kanhiger and artist Joe Kubert. A popular character in the 1960s DC Comics' line-up, the background for Enemy Ace was drawn primarily from the real life of Von Richthofen. DC's ace of aces, however, had many adventures bordering on the fantastic. Flying against a variety of Allied aces, often in wildly-painted planes or with unique gimmicks (costumes, special guns, "unbeatable" flying maneuvers, etc.), Enemy Ace has won a legion of fans. The great artwork by Joe Kubert didn't hurt fan appreciation either. "The Hammer from Hell" has made several appearances recently that Society members may wish to search out in their local comics shop.

Swamp Thing #83

One of the best Enemy Ace stories ever. The Swamp Thing is unglued in time and ends up at the Ace's jagdstaffel near the end of the war. A young Dr. Arcane, the Swamp Thing's most hated and feared enemy,

has been performing horrific experiments using hundreds of corpses and wounded men, brought back from the front for hospital treatment, in the basement of the country estate where Hammer is based. Enemy Ace enters the Twilight Zone before this one is through. Includes cameo appearances of many of the Ace's most notable Allied enemies (as they are sent spiraling towards the ground). This issue also features a terrific cover showing Enemy Ace's red Fokker Triplane flying through a forbidding cloud formation.

Sgt. Rock #14 current run

This title is currently reprinting the best DC war stories. Every issue features Enemy Ace in the back-up story; however, the back-up story is actually getting more pages than the lead story. These are classic tales with art by Kubert. Because these are all reprints, these issues can usually be bought at cover price, even if they are now in the back issue bins of your local comic shop.

Enemy Ace: War Idyll

This graphic novel was released in hardcover two years ago and is now available in comic shops everywhere in a trade paperback edition. The last Enemy Ace story finds Von Hammer in a home for old soldiers. He is visited by an American journalist who wishes to write an article for a magazine. It turns out the American fought in Vietnam as a tunnel rat. The two men talk about living with the memory of their war-time experiences, courage, and forgiveness.

The creator of *War Idyll* is

George Pratt, a successful New York gallery artist who wrote and painted the story. Each page is, in fact, one or more fully realized oil paintings. The planes were modeled on those in the Rhinebeck Aerodrome. The story is excellent and the art brilliant. I highly recommend this book to all Society members, whether they are particularly excited about comics or not.

A George Pratt sketchbook of WW I inspired art, in comic book format, is coming out from Tundra Press later this year. The title is *War in the Trenches*.

Aces High

In 1955 there was a comics implosion. A special investigation by Congress revealed that comic books were corrupting America's youth. Comic sales plummeted and EC comics, run by Bill Gaines of *Mad* magazine fame, began a "New Direction" line of comics that were much safer than the EC line of horror, crime, and adventure comics that had come out before Congress' investigation. One of these New Direction titles was *Aces High*.

Although *Aces High* only lasted six issues, it is still considered one of the most brilliant comics series of all time, featuring nearly every big name comics talent of the mid-50s. Both fictional and biographical stories were included, as well as one or two text pages each issue dealing with WW I aerial combat. All six issues were released a few years ago in an oversized, hardcover, B&W format (covers in color) by Russ Cochran. The book retails for \$25 and can still be found in many comics shops.



Marty Stever Wins Society Open Championship

By Joel Youngs & Al Christensen

The 1991 FIGHT IN THE SKIES Society Open Tournament at the GEN CON® game convention was a two-table event. The October 24, 1918 mission had twenty-five members (13 at one board and 12 at the other) competing for the coveted silver mug. With seasoned players at both tables mixing it up with comparative rookies, the action was fast and furious, with lots of hot shooting and shaken tails. When it was all over, the winner was a happy Marty Stever, with John Danovich a close second.

The first table began with three Dolphins (Vickers only) and three S.E. 5a's on the Allied side versus a Fokker Dr. I, a Fokker D.VIII, a Roland D.VIb, and three Fokker D.VIIs (two of them 185s) for the German side. Lead was flying from turn one. Jim McIntyre and Bruce Rabe targeted on Bruce Yoder (who moved first), while Joel Youngs — trying to protect his wingmate — took a 100' top attack on Rabe's S.E. 5a, who naturally obliged by retargeting for the 100' head-on with his Lewis gun (which missed). George Henion and Graham Cox targeted on Youngs, Bob Cook targeted on Rabe, John Danovich and Chris Weiser targeted on Cox, Aaron Gokey and Stephen Eide targeted Cook, and Gale Taylor took a shot at McIntyre. When the smoke cleared from turn one, no one was down. Henion and Cox did, however, announce their attempt to tail Youngs, as well as Danovich on Cox.

Youngs went first on turn two. With a wingover left he managed to shake Henion and Cox. On the other hand, Danovich, with a staggered Immelmann, successfully tailed Cox and maxxed out on damage. Chris Weiser, smelling blood, came in second on Cox while Bruce Yoder, slightly dazed from going first on turn one, also targeted on Cox — being the third man in, his shot was adjudicated an automatic miss. Henion changed targets to Danovich for a head-on and Eide joined in, too, though little came of it. Rabe, after missing the head-on

in turn one, came in for a 50' bottom shot on Youngs, got a pilot hit in, and watched as Youngs' pilot slumped dead at the stick. Taylor targeted on Henion, Cook targeted on Rabe, McIntyre on Youngs, and Gokey on Taylor.

Turn three saw a FITS lapse by Cox (who couldn't turn left and tried a barrel roll left to shake Danovich and Henion) which resulted in an out-of-control spin. Danovich, trying for the kill, flew down to cover him.

On turn four, Weiser—going first—was targeted by Rabe who, in turn, was targeted by Yoder. Down below, Danovich was still trying to target on a spinning Cox. McIntyre took a 200' tail attack on Cook and Henion a 200' bottom on Taylor.

Turn five saw the first interaction between the two tables. Taylor, moving first, went to the other board at 9,600'. McIntyre moved second and was targeted by Weiser. Mac's wingmates Henion and Rabe tried to blow Weiser off of him. Yoder was still on Rabe. Danovich, with a twitching

trigger finger, got off a burst on Cox and put 2 in the engine and 2 in the center wing, as well as hits in the left wing and tail. Cook, who was tailed by Eide, tried an Immelmann (which was covered) and they too left the board.

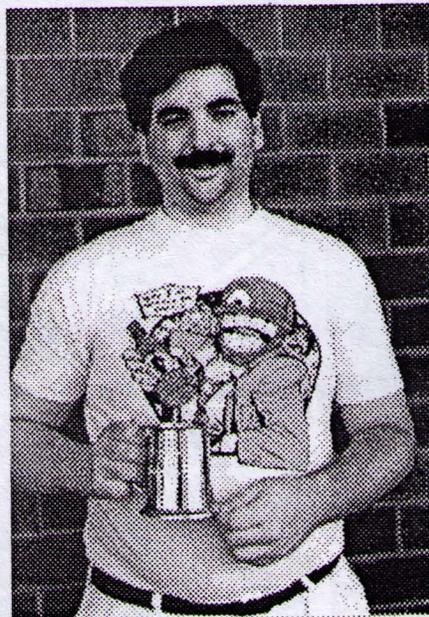
Turns six and seven saw the table thin out quite a bit. Rabe's prop stopped turning. Both McIntyre and Cox announced their intention to escape. However, with visions of that silver cup in his eyes Weiser, with a 100' side shot, turned McIntyre into a fireball, and Danovich (with blood in his eyes) put 8 more hit factors into the wings of Cox to shoot him down.

Before the convention hall closed, Weiser downed Eide for a second kill and turned his pilot into an ace for a third place overall finish.

The second table began with a Pfalz D.VIII, four Pfalz D.XIIs, and two Fokker D.VIIs (185) versus six Camels. The three with British roundels were 150s, the other three were American 130s. Throughout the entire event no German pilot thought to ask what nationality any of the Camels were! On an appeal from the American pilots they weren't allowed to reveal their nationality unless a German asked, and thus got no opportunity to say, "Don't pick on us, we're only the little guys!"

The Germans took it on the chin from the first move. On the first turn Mark Hudgens in a Pfalz D.XII received 7 hits in his left wing and then rolled a strut hit. He switched off his engine and was allowed to glide to his own lines. Credit was split between Marty Stever and Joe Kapustanczek (both in 150s) Glen Nowell received a pilot hit from Ken Mrozak, but it was revealed later to be a no effect wound.

On turn two Mike Carr moved first. He dove to allow his wingmen to cover him better and to pull any Germans who went after him to a lower altitude, which he thought would help his team. Three British/American pilots were able to target on



1991 Open Champion Marty Stever



Mike, but four of his German wingmen were able to attack those three Allies. As Mike said, "I was on the ropes, and they came to help me for a change!" Despite the help, Mike's engine was hit and in a moment it stopped running, with Mrozak and Kapustanczek splitting the credit. Both Carr and Hudgens were able to land safely behind German lines. Later, Carr analyzed his play by saying, "I was not a factor."

On turn four, Mrozak's engine was shot out and exploded, with credit going to Jim Barber. Taking that as a

lesson, Eric Weiss, on turn six, was able to shoot out Glen Nowell's engine, causing it to burn — and two turns later it exploded. His pilot survived the fall to earth, but will be unable to fly due to his crippling injuries. After this point, most of the action switched to board one.

The most notable event on board two after this point was on turn nine. Gene Hayes was jammed in a circle, but fortunately for him, both Allies on the board moved before him and dove. Chris Weiser dove down 5,000 feet to attack him, but was only able to get in

one shot before being shaken from the Pfalz's tail when Gene finally was able to clear his controls.

When the game ended, the high score from table two was Marty Stever, who scored 33 hits and got credit for 1 1/2 kills (Beeecraft and half of Hudgens). Shooting honors went to Jim Pearce, who scored many hits and managed a final score of +89 without a kill!

The point scores for players beginning the game on tables one and two were:

1991 FIGHT IN THE SKIES Society Open Scoring

Player	Aircraft	Pilot	Record	Points
Table 1				
John Danovich	Fokker D.VII 185	Bolko Wilhelm	3/0	+109
Chris Weiser	Fokker D.VII 185	Otto Schotten	5/3	+104
Bruce Yoder	Fokker D.VII 160	Unknown	3/1	+83
Rob Cook	Roland D.VI b	Unteroffizier Klaus Barby	4/1	+31
Gale Taylor	Fokker Dr.I	Leutnant Farg Autvositor	11/1	+30
Joel Youngs	Fokker D.VIII	Rookie	0/0	-36
Aaron Gokey	S.E. 5a	Unknown	9/7	+38
George Henion	Dolphin (Deck only)	FSL Duncanary	13/2	+23
Bruce Rabe	S.E. 5a	Rookie	0/0	-10
Stephen Eide	S.E. 5a	Lyle Knoffler	0/0	-12
Jim McIntyre	Dolphin (Deck only)	Rookie	2/0	-38
Graham Cox	Dolphin (Deck only)	Aaron Jones	4/1	-41

Table 2				
Jim Barber	Pfalz D.XII	Victor Wahlstedt	8/3	+93
Gene Hayes	Pfalz D.VIII	Albert Shouka	1/0	+41
Pete Shackelford	Fokker D.VII 185	Han Guilt	8/0	+24
Shane Beeecraft	Fokker D.VII 185	Dieter Halbrechten	5/3	+12
Mark Hudgens	Pfalz D.XII	Vzf Otto Von Wolfram	5/3	-17
Mike Carr	Pfalz D.XII	Kurt Zwadzich	1/2	-32
Glen Nowell	Pfalz D.XII	Dietrich Mann	1/0	-34
Martin Stever	Camel 150	Lt. John Wayne	9/1	+114
Jim Pearce	Camel 150	Howie Howards	8/3	+89
Eric Weiss	Camel 130	Lt. Jack Daniels	2/0	+67
Alan Christiansen	Camel 130	2 Lt. Richard Johnson	10/2	+17
Ken Mrozak	Camel 130	2 Lt. William Johnson	3/0	-07
Joe Kapustanczek	Camel 150	Unknown	?	-09

Top 5 Players

Martin Stever	Camel 150	Lt. John Wayne	9/1	+114
John Danovich	Fokker D.VII 185	Bolko Wilhelm	3/0	+109
Chris Weiser	Fokker D.VII 185	Otto Schotten	5/3	+104
Jim Barber	Pfalz D.XII	Victor Wahlstedt	8/3	+93
Jim Pearce	Camel 150	Howie Howards	8/3	+89



Scenario Reports: 1991 GEN CON® Games

By Al Christensen

Into the Cauldron (October 1918) - Slot 2, Thursday, 1200 Hrs.

German Briefing

Your flight is equipped with Pfalz D.XII. You don't have parachutes, but you do have full ammunition. Your starting altitude will be 7,500 ft.

American Briefing

Your flight is equipped with SPAD XIII. Your starting altitude will be 7,500 ft.

Scenario Scores

Player	Aircraft	HF	Kills	Surv.	HF	Down	Wing	Total
Ray Grunziger	SPAD	+24	+36	+15	-5	0	-6	+64
Jim Barber	SPAD	+62	0	+15	-22	0	-2	+55
Aaron Gokey	SPAD	+32	0	+15	-14	0	-6	+27
Gordon Negaard	SPAD	+6	0	+15	-15	-8	-6	-8
Eric Weiss	SPAD	+24	0	0	-22	-35	0	-33
Gary Negaard	SPAD	+14	0	0	-26	-35	-4	-51
Jason Wittman	SPAD	0	0	0	-45	-35	-2	-82
Joel Youngs	PFALZ	+72	+36	+15	-4	0	-2	+117
Jim Pearce	PFALZ	+68	+36	+15	-5	0	-2	+112
Jim McIntyre	PFALZ	+54	0	+15	0	0	-2	+67
Graham Cox	PFALZ	+38	+36	+15	-24	0	-2	+63
Jason Kraft	PFALZ	+36	0	+15	0	0	-2	+49
Gale Taylor	PFALZ	+28	0	+10	-9	-35	0	-6
Fritz Neufeld	PFALZ	0	0	0	-43	-8	-2	-53

Ray Grunziger shot down Gale Taylor
Graham Cox shot down Eric Weiss

Joel Youngs shot down Jason Wittmann
Jim Pearce shot down Gary Negaard

The Great Adventure (August 1916) - Slot 5, Friday, 0800 Hrs.

German Briefing

The British have launched a series of bombing raids on German cities. Although this time they got past you on the way to their target, the more you shoot down now, the fewer there will be in the next raid.

Your starting altitude will be 3,100 ft. Your flight is equipped with Fokker D.IIs. The plane's statistics are:

Fokker D.II

100 HP Oberursel Aug 1916 - Sep 1917

Altitude (ft.)	Top	Turn	Climb	E	FF	RF	T	LW	CW	RW
0-4,950	90	70	250							
5,000-9950	80	70	200	6	10	14	9	10	10	10
10,000-14,950	80	60	100							
15,000 and up	—	—	—							

Maximum Dive: 1,300 ft.

Ceiling: 13,100 ft.

1 FF Spandau

Single Seat Fighter

German



British Briefing

You are returning from a successful bombing mission over German territory. Your fighter escorts didn't meet you at the rendezvous, so you'll have to fight any German attackers on your own.

Your flight is equipped with single seat Sopwith 1 1/2 Strutters. Your starting altitude will be 3,200 ft.

Scenario Scores

Player	Aircraft	HF	Kills	Surv.	HF	Down	Wing	Total
Steve Eide	SOP	+32	+36	+15	-9	0	-4	+70
Graham Cox	SOP	+16	0	+15	-15	0	-2	+14
Glen Nowell	SOP	+6	0	+15	-13	0	-2	+6
George Henion	SOP	+44	0	0	-17	-25	-4	-2
Jim Pearce	SOP	+46	0	+10	-26	-35	-2	-7
Jason Wittmann	SOP	0	0	0	-26	-35	0	-61
Eric Weiss	FOK	+30	+72	+15	-13	0	-2	+102
Joel Youngs	FOK	+52	+36	+15	-11	0	-2	+90
Mark Hudgens	FOK	+48	0	+15	-3	0	-2	+58
Jim McIntyre	FOK	+38	0	+15	-4	0	-2	+47
Charles Wendt	FOK	+10	0	+15	-12	-8	0	+5
Jim Barber	FOK	+42	0	0	-32	-35	0	-25

Steve Eide shot down Jim Barber

Eric Weiss shot down Jim Pearce and Jason Wittmann

Joel Youngs shot down George Henion

Sideshow (March 1918) – Slot 12, Saturday, 2000 Hrs.

Austro-Hungarian Briefing

The Great Caporetto offensive of last November pushed the front to the Piave River, deep in Italian ground. While the foot-sloggers recover from the harsh winter and prepare for the final offensive, it is the job of your squadron, Flik 42J, to achieve dominance over the enemy air forces so that reconnaissance planes can proceed unimpeded in their missions.

Flik 42J is equipped with O. Aviatik (Berg) D.Is. Fortunately all the Flik's aircraft are equipped with the new gun mounts so that you can unjam your guns. Your starting altitude will be 8,500 ft.

Italian Briefing

Since the Austrian Caporetto offensive was halted last December, they have engaged in a series of terror raids on Italian cities. Your job is to intercept and put an end to the raiders. Your starting altitude will be 8,500 ft.

Squadriglia 77a has been equipped on a trial basis with Ansaldo A1 Balilla fighters. The plane's statistics are:

Ansaldo A1 Balilla

220 HP SPA

Mar 1918-end

Altitude (ft)	Top	Turn	Climb	E	FF	RF	T	LW	CW	RW
0-4,950	140	80	400							
5,000-9,950	130	80	300							
10,000-14,950	120	70	250							
15,000 & up	110	60	150	6	12	16	12	12	12	12

Maximum Dive: 1,500 ft.

Ceiling: 16,400 ft.

2 FF Vickers

Single Seat Fighter

Italian



Scenario Scores

Player	Aircraft	HF	Kills	Surv.	HF	Down	Wing	Total
Jeff Weiss	ANSALDO	+44	+72	+15	0	0	-2	+131
Rich Circo	ANSALDO	+54	+72	+15	-11	0	-2	+128
Joel Youngs	ANSALDO	+28	+18	+15	-3	0	-2	+56
Jerome Sinkovec	ANSALDO	+28	0	+15	-6	0	-2	+35
Steve Eide	ANSALDO	+8	+18	+15	-25	-8	-2	+11
Dan Izzo	ANSALDO	0	0	0	-7	-35	0	-42
Rob Baranowski	BERG	+38	0	+15	-2	-8	-10	+33
Matt Weiss	BERG	+20	+36	0	-32	-35	-6	-17
Aaron Gokey	BERG	+34	0	0	-20	-35	-8	-29
Scott Louis	BERG	+14	0	0	-10	-35	-4	-35
Graham Cox	BERG	0	0	0	-7	-35	0	-42
Chris Weiser	BERG	0	0	0	-10	-35	0	-45

Steve Eide and Joel Youngs split credit for Graham Cox

Matt Weiss shot down Dan Izzo

Rich Circo shot down Chris Weiser and Matt Weiss

Jeff Weiss shot down Scott Louis and Aaron Gokey

GEN CON® '91 Battle Reports

By Jim Barber

What follows are the notes (?) I took during the three games I ran at the GEN CON Game Fair. I hope to run three events at next year's convention when it pairs up with the ORIGINS show. See you there.

The first game was "**BALLOON BUSTING.**" The Germans (flying Alb. D.III's) - Graham Cox (+47), Gordon Negaard (+35), Jim Pearce (+13), Stephen Eide (-10), Glen Nowell (-27), Aaron Gokey (-58), and Jeff Grossman (-72) - had to attack **two** balloons and defend against a larger Allied group. They had their hands full. The Allies (flying Nieuport 17s - deck gun only) - Jim McIntyre (+114), Joel Youngs (+103), Eric Weiss (+99), George Henion (+41), Bruce Rabe (+35), Al Christensen (+29), John Danovich (+25), Gary Negaard (+11), and Gale Taylor (+8) - with the help of flak and a numerical advantage (9 to 7), did a little too well in this scenario. Expect some changes in next year's game. Eide was shot down by flak...Gokey missed a balloon twice and went down from a double tail by Youngs & Weiss...Pearce got wracked by AA fire, but was shot down by Youngs. Cox was one of the few Germans to get out alive!

The next game I ran was "**FAST**

PLANES IV." (As a side note, two years ago I only had four players for this event. Also, next year this game will be listed as a *Novice event* since I feel it is important to get new blood on the planes, ah...I mean in the game.) The Germans flew a mixed bag of fine aircraft piloted by Matt Weiss (+67), Graham Cox (+62), Fritz Neufeld (+31), Gary Negaard (+20), Jeff Weiss (-33), and Eric Weiss (-40). The Allies were slightly outnumbered (6 to 5), but on the first turn scored pilot hits on Eric Weiss (light wound) and Jeff Weiss (no effect) - lucky for the Germans neither was shot down early. The Allies' scores were Gordon Negaard (+85), Chris Weiser (+53), Dolf Small (+10), Stephen Eide (-21), and Aaron Gokey (-27). The event went for ten turns in part because I used a random movement system that did not use dice; also, a player could not move first or second two turns in a row. Sounds nice, but Eide went second on turn one, first on turn three, second on turn five, and because you want to go early if being tailed went second on turn six. Fortunately he escaped on turn nine. On turn four the judge moved the box (gasp!) so as to better contain the battle. Turn five saw our "lucky" Eide take on Neufeld with a head-on, but little damage was

done and there was no collision based on cards. Gokey was shot down from the tail by Cox on turn seven and on turn nine Gary Negaard flew out of combat in a bank left.

The last game was "**A WHAT AIRPLANE?**" with twelve players and even sides. The Germans were Gordon Negaard (+77), Al Christensen (+73), Aaron Gokey (+17), Jerome Sinkovec (+15), Gary Negaard (+14), and Jim Pearce (-25). The Allies were Joel Youngs (+86), Chris Weiser (+57), Fritz Neufeld (-6), Eric Weiss (-6), George Henion (-12), and Scott Louis (-48). I used the same movement system as before, but on and after turn eight (because of fewer planes in the game) we diced off. On turn four Youngs scored a fatal pilot hit on Pearce. Turn six saw a dramatic 300 foot overdrive by Louis, but his airplane was not up to the task and the trailing Christensen got a kill. Gordon Negaard, on the last turn of the game, took out Neufeld from the tail.

I am working on a new diceless movement system (which may be used next year), a better and more thorough note taking method (the players will be helping with this), and a more professional look to my games for the 25th GEN CON Game Fair, August 20-23, 1992 ... See you then!



Rules for Artillery Spotting

By Graham Cox



The "Big Ack": The Armstrong-Whitworth F.K. 8

(Editor's/Designer's Note: One of the areas where the game can easily be expanded is through a greater variety of two-seater missions, and this is something that will be addressed in the next edition. Here is one way of handling artillery spotting, suggested as an optional rule by Graham Cox. He and I would welcome your comments. His address is: 70 Southpark Dr., #109, Winnipeg, Manitoba R3T 2M1, Canada.)

Although quite dangerous, artillery spotting was both common and necessary in World War I. Both the Allies and the Germans used two-seat reconnaissance planes, which were equipped with a one-way wireless transmitter to direct long-range artillery fire. This consisted of the two-seater flying above or behind the enemy lines, transmitting the location of targets to artillery batteries behind friendly lines. The batteries would then fire a "spotting round", which the two-seater's observer would watch land. Any necessary aim corrections would then be transmitted, and more spotting rounds fired until a spotting round hit the target. When

the batteries achieved a hit, the spotters would relay the success, and the artillery would open fire with all its guns in a barrage of fire until the target was destroyed. It was not necessary for the aircraft to remain over the target until the target was completely destroyed, as the artillery gunners could stop firing when they felt that sufficient numbers of rounds had been fired to destroy the target. However, it was always helpful for the two-seater to stay for additional confirmation of the effectiveness of the barrage.

All of this sounds like quite a simple procedure. But it could be time-consuming, and very dangerous. Spotters generally flew alone (although in most DAWN PATROL® games they will have an escort), and they were very attractive targets for enemy scouts. Therefore, they often did not have time to complete their missions. Weather and poor visibility were also an additional hindrance at times.

Artillery spotting is quite easy to translate into game turns. In order to do so, consider any four consecutive game turns: a, b, c and d. If an

observer calls for a spotting round during turn a, then the battery will receive the message, aim and fire at the end of turn b. The spotting round will land in the vicinity of the target at the end of turn c. Then the observer may transmit any necessary aim corrections on turn d. If corrections are needed, the entire process is continued until a hit is achieved. Once a hit is achieved and the observer notifies the battery, the battery will fire at will in full. For example, if the spotting round that lands on turn c is a hit, the observer should transmit "hit" on turn d, and then the battery will open fire with all its guns. If the success is not (or can not be) signalled, the artillery will not open fire!

Thus there are essentially three types of turns involved: transmitting turns (such as a and d above), waiting turns (b) and observation turns (c). During transmitting turns the observer may not perform any other actions, and the pilot of the transmitting plane may perform no fancy or reversal maneuvers. On an observation turn, the observer may perform no other actions, but the aircraft's movement is not restricted. Both pilot



and observer may act normally without restriction on waiting turns. Note also that artillery observation can not be done from above or in clouds, and that critically wounded observers may not transmit or watch for spotting rounds. Also, the pilot can not control the wireless in any way!

The next step, then, must be to determine where the artillery hits. To do so, consult the following table and roll one die. The die roll may be kept secret, but whether or not the target was hit must be announced. Also, the observer need never announce that he is transmitting or spotting, but he must decide to do so (and forego manning his gun) immediately after his plane has moved and before any other planes have moved.

Shot Fired Roll Needed To Hit (d6)

- First spotting round:
1
- Second spotting round:
1, 2
- Third spotting round:
1, 2, 3, 4
- Fourth and higher spotting round:
1, 2, 3, 4, 5

Once the target is hit and success is transmitted, no further rolling is needed and the mission has been successfully completed.

Modifiers To The Die Roll

- Very small target (single building, bridge, single square, etc.)
+1 penalty to die roll
- Very large target (village, hilltop, etc.)
-1 bonus to die roll
- Average size target (gun battery, rail station, troop body, etc.)
no modifier

Note that the size of the target should be explicitly stated in the scenario. Note also that it would be theoretically impossible to hit a very small target on the first spotting round. If such a no-hit situation arises, the artillery is still allowed a 5% chance to hit. Likewise, if the roll is modified to the extent that any outcome will hit, the chance of success is reduced to 95%. No shots are impossible, and there are no sure things.

Assume visibility to be adequate in most cases, though special scenarios

may include a reduced chance to find and/or see the target due to fog, mist, haze, etc.

Any two-seater aircraft that is used for observation (listed as "obs" on the aircraft data sheets) may carry a wireless for artillery spotting. This does not affect the craft's flight performance, but it does mean that the wireless is susceptible to critical hits. If a critical hit is rolled for the rear fuselage, another roll should be made, with an 8, 9 or 10 on the second roll indicating that the wireless is destroyed. This is in addition to the roll taken to see if an observer's gun is hit (yes, one burst could theoretically render both the flexible gun and the wireless useless if you're unlucky enough!).

Remember, the more you use these rules, the more your comrades on the ground will love you!

Credits: Artillery spotting information is from Winged Warfare by Major William A. Bishop, V.C., D.S.O., M.C. Playtesting has been done by the First Canadian DAWN PATROL Squadron (Winnipeg).

Reloading Lewis Guns

By Al Christensen

In his wrap-up of PBM 65 (printed in issue 99) Bob Stiegel included a table for reloading Lewis guns that I had sent him. I would like to re-run the table to clarify a couple of points and to add an improvement suggested by Chris Weiser. This table was developed by Mike Carr and myself during an idle moment at the 1987 GEN CON Convention. (OK, you're right, we'd both been shot down while flying SE 5's.) The purpose of the table was to resolve two questions that had come up during the event – "If I fail to reload can I still fire the one point of ammunition left in the old drum on a subsequent turn?" and "I succeeded in reloading; if I run out of full spare drums can I reuse the partial drum of three points that I just took off the gun?"

Roll to Reload (as in rules)	Roll for Cause of Failure	Roll for Disposition of Old Drum*
SUCCESS	N/A	1-3: Thrown Away 4-6: Saved
FAILURE	1-3: Could not remove old drum **	N/A
	4-6: Could not get new drum on ***	1-3: Thrown Away 4-6: Saved

- * -1 on roll if attacked
- ** May continue to shoot if old drum still has ammo points
- *** -1 on all future rolls to reload



Reminiscences: MIKE CARR

Editor's Note: With this being the 100th issue of AERODROME, who better to interview than the designer of the game and the founder of the FITS Society?

What is your background? Where are you from?

I grew up in Saint Paul, Minnesota and that's where FIGHT IN THE SKIES started, back when I was still in high school. I later went on to earn a degree in history from Macalester College in Saint Paul, with plans to teach secondary level social studies. However, there were no teaching jobs to be found in that field at that time (1974), so I embarked on other endeavors. The first was a stint in restaurant management for the Ground Round restaurant chain, then a job for 7+ years at TSR until 1983, after which I went into my third line of work, commodities trading. At Macalester they always said a good liberal arts education could prepare you for any number of vocations, and I guess I'm living proof of that!

Where do you live today? What do you do for a living? How old are you?

I live at Waterville Lake, a small lake outside of Oconomowoc, Wisconsin—about 30 miles west of Milwaukee. I'm self-employed as a money manager trading commodity futures for a number of clients, primarily commodity funds. I just celebrated my 40th birthday around Labor Day. I've been married for just over 5 years to my wife, Pat.

What are your interests besides FIGHT IN THE SKIES?

I'm interested in simulation and military history games in general, with a specific interest in the Battle of the Bulge, which I think is one of the most interesting battles of the Second World War (the Battle of Leyte Gulf being another). I also have a great interest in World War I aviation, and over the years have built up a book collection on that topic. Outside of gaming, some of my recreational interests are baseball, college football (following the Gophers of the University of Minnesota) and snowmobiling. Harry Hohman of the FITS Society attends many of the football games with me, and Dave Conant enjoys being my "wingman" when we have the opportunity for snowmobiling. I've also had fun taking a few other FITS players out for snowmobiling, where we could experience the full "open cockpit" effect!

When and how did the game begin? Who were the first people to play it?

When I was 16 years old (1967), I saw a story in the newspaper describing the making of a new movie in Ireland about World War I air combat. It was called THE BLUE MAX. I was interested in what

I read and made a point to see the movie as soon as it came out. I was not disappointed! In fact, that movie made a big impression on me and I still consider it one of my favorites. Anyway, that started me thinking about how fun it might be to have a game to play where each player could fly one of the World War I planes in a dogfight. At that time there were several types of planes available as 1/72 scale plastic models, so with a few of those I started to make up some rules and we began playing on the tile floor in the basement of my parent's home. The first people to play were my gaming friends from the neighborhood: Charlie Faught, Bill Heaton, Steve Daubenspeck, Kurt Krey and Rick "Mell" Johnson. We had a lot of fun and right from the start we kept track of our pilots and their successes. We played a lot that first summer, occasionally during the school year, and again the following summer. Those were some great times.

What was the game like in the early stages?

Well, we started out with just the aircraft we could find models for, and that's a somewhat limited list: SE 5a, SPAD XIII, Nieuport 17, Fokker Dr.I, Fokker D.VII, and the Albatros D.III. Those were all produced by Revell and they were the most common models. A few other companies also produced 1/72 scale kits at that time, but they were much more rare in our area and we had just a few of those types: the Pfalz D.IIIa by Renwal, and the Sopwith Camel, Bristol, Albatros D.Va and RE 8 by Airfix.

At the beginning, everyone flew whatever they wanted after rolling for sides. Of course, that meant a lot of SPAD XIII's, SE 5a's and Camels against Fokker Dr.I's and Fokker D.VII's. There wasn't much impetus to fly the lesser types, so it was obvious that a random aircraft chart was needed.

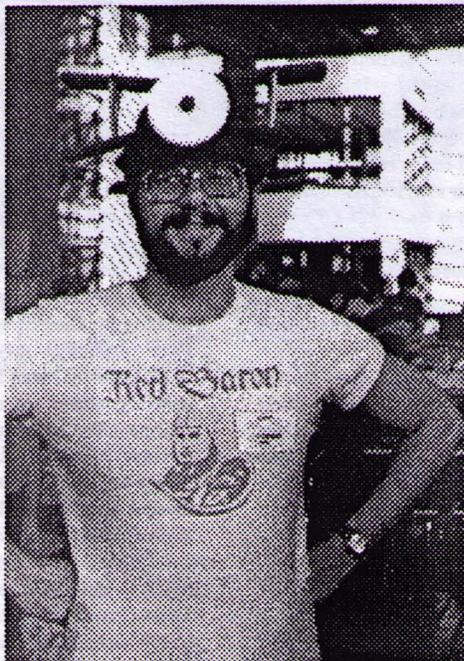
The whole idea behind the game was to keep the mechanics fairly simple and playable, with the emphasis on the action being fun. That's still the case. But we had

to experiment with a number of things and try them out to see what worked and what didn't, and then make adjustments.

Such as?

Well, establishing the full list of maneuvers is an example. There are a couple of maneuvers that were in the tailing deck for awhile that you don't see nowadays: the chandelle (a climbing turn) and the tail slide. The chandelle we really didn't need (though I suppose you could also say that for the straight maneuver, which we still have), and the tail slide was something more common to aerobatics after, rather than during, World War I.

Another example was shooting and the number of hits needed to destroy an area of a plane. Currently, you see wing areas taking 10 to 13 hits, but for awhile we tried it with twice that many. Of course, we also allowed concentrated bursts, where your full burst (1 to 6 hits, depending upon what you rolled on the die) could go into one area of



Mike in his biplane hat at the GEN CON XVI Game Fair (1983).



the target plane. In those days, when you were hitting an enemy plane you could elect to either concentrate or spread the burst. A common method was to pepper a plane with a few good concentrated bursts, then if you thought it was in danger of going down, spread your last few bursts to get the last few hits you might need to take out an area that was very close to zero.

Tell us about some of your first games. What do you remember about them?

I remember we played a lot and we had a lot of fun. I think I flew a Nieuport 17 in the first-ever FITS game. I only wish I had kept better records. I have a pile of stuff from the early days but it's real fragmentary, a few hit sheets here and there, some early charts, a few pilot records, and so on. My great regret is that I never kept a record of every game I played or every pilot I started. But of course, I had no idea that I'd want something like that years later!

Once we started playing a lot, it didn't take too long to build up a few noteworthy pilots in our group. Bill Heaton had a German pilot (Wilhelm von Heaton) who flew a bright yellow Fokker D.VII and who became the top pilot in our group. Steve Daubenspeck's big ace, Lothar von Daubenspeck, flew a pink Fokker Dr.I called "The Pink Lady", and he was famous for his patented maneuver to avoid being tailed, where he would take a full move straight ahead, then make two rotary right turns at the end of his move to turn the triplane back toward you. This became known as "the Daubenspeck". Charlie Faught's best pilot was Hans Schleisenhauser, in a Fokker triplane. Rick Johnson also had a Dr.I ace whose name I don't recall, but I do remember he was a Turk flying in the German air service. Kurt Krey's outstanding pilot was Otto von Hessmeyer in a dark blue Fokker D.VII. You'll notice that those are all German aces; we had some Allied aces but never as many, and they never seemed to run up their records as high as the Germans.

Something I did when we were most actively playing was to start a FITS newsletter, which I called OVER THE FRONT. This was a chronicle of some of our most noteworthy games and most heroic pilots. I wrote each issue by hand on notebook paper (often in study hall) and the single copy was then passed around to all the players for reading. I probably did ten or more issues, but now they're gone forever—I think my mom tossed them out when they were moving out of that old house. Boy, what I'd give to have them now—they would have lots of sentimental value.

Who were your first really successful pilots? What kinds of planes did they fly? What kind of records did they end up with?

Well, my early records are pretty sketchy, unfortunately. I know you never forget your first ace, though, and for me that was Jacques Belmont, who scored five kills in a SPAD XIII. He didn't get much beyond that, unfortunately. One of my early German aces was Hans Loch, who flew a Pfalz D.IIIa and later a red and white Fokker D.VII. Hans ended up with just over 25 missions, I remember.

Currently, who are your best pilots on each side and what types of planes do they fly?

Right now, my best Allied pilots are Lieutenant W.C. Halsey-Taylor (heir to the drinking fountain and urinal fortune) who has a score of 17/13 in Sopwith Dolphins, and Captain Douglas Boone, an American who flies Nieuport 28s and SPAD XIII's and who has a record of 19/8. Boone is a great grandson of Daniel Boone, and he flies with a coonskin cap as his signature, the tail flapping in the breeze. One thing is noteworthy about Halsey-Taylor—his ratio of kills to missions is amazing, for me. I've never had a pilot do so well in all the years of playing. I also have a Camel pilot, 2nd Lieutenant Sam Barron (an American in the RAF), who has 16 missions and 4 victories. That's it on the Allied side.

My best German pilots are two that don't fly too often anymore, Leutnant Fritz Ziegler (49/18) in the Pfalz D.III/IIIa and Oberleutnant Wilhelm Zhendsig (45/17) in the Albatros D.III. I've had both of them a long time and nowadays I only fly them on rare occasions, usually in the company of other German aces flown by wingmen I know I can really count on. I guess you could almost say they're semi-retired, but it's just that I don't want to lose them.

Among my best German pilots who fly regularly is Leutnant Emil Hahnebeck (32/4), who is known as "die Spinne" (the spider) because of his personal insignia—the outline of a spider which adorns the fuselage of his Fokker Dr.I. Emil, like many of my successful German pilots, began his career in an Albatros D.III, then moved up to the D.V and now is in the triplane. Eventually he may be in the Fokker D.VII. My other current German aces are Vizefeldwebel Gottfried Zilisch (17/4) and Leutnant Kurt Zwadzich (4/5) in the D.VII, Leutnant Werner Steinhauer (23/4) in the Pfalz D.XII and Roland D.VIb, and Leutnant Hugo Fritsch (12/2) in the Albatros D.III. I also have a German two-seater pilot, Leutnant Paul Weninger, who has 13 missions in DFW's, LVG's and the like. Despite having played the game for over 20 years, none of my pilots has ever gotten more than 18 victories. No super aces!

Do you have a favorite pilot from each side that you remember most fondly? What makes them special in your memory?

I have lots of favorites, really. On the German side, both Ziegler and Zhendsig are almost traditions, they've been on the roster so long. On his very first mission, Zhendsig was forced down on a road. His opponent, a British triplane pilot named Henry Petrie (flown by Phil Grant), came down and strafed the Albatros on the road, hitting the German rookie in the arm with a .303 slug. Wilhelm raised his fist and swore revenge, glowering menacingly at Petrie as the Britisher roared overhead. For a long time he searched the sky on every mission looking for the Sopwith Triplane he could never forget, hoping to find Petrie and pay him back for his atrocity. Meanwhile, Petrie (according to Phil Grant) was hounded by nightmares where he would see the strafing scene repeated over and over again, with the unknown German shaking his fist and glaring at him in hate as he flew by the downed Albatros. He knew the German would someday find him. It never happened, unfortunately—Petrie had a successful career before he was eventually lost, but the two of them never came up against each other again. But it's part of the Zhendsig story.

Ziegler goes back to the early days, the only pilot still on my roster who does. Imagine almost fifty missions in a Pfalz and you can appreciate that Fritz has been in some real tight situations!

On the Allied side, one of my favorites was a Sopwith Camel pilot, Lieutenant Sheldon Fairchild, DFC, who ended his career at 14/4. His 4th mission (May 17th, 1918) was the most noteworthy—it was a game played at the TSR Winter Fantasy mini-convention on January 9th, 1982, where Jim Quinn was the gamemaster. A German light cruiser had run aground off the Channel coast, and because the British heavy bomber squadrons were away on other missions, the call went out to Fairchild's Camel squadron, who loaded up with Cooper bombs and took off to attack the stranded vessel. Of course, there were German fighters over the ship, and a vicious dogfight ensued. Fairchild was flying with his bombs when he engaged the Germans, while his wingmen made their attacks on the cruiser. His Camel was rather severely damaged in the air fighting, but when the battle was breaking up and he had a chance to escape, he turned back to deliver his bombs on the cruiser. His citation reads: "Awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross for conspicuous bravery on May 17th, 1918. Lieutenant Fairchild led a successful bombing attack against a grounded German cruiser on the Channel coast. Disregarding his own safety, he pressed home his attacks in the face of severe enemy gunfire until forced down and captured. Fairchild later escaped and returned to his squadron...."

I've had a few other colorful pilots. One was a grizzled, tough Englishman named Joe Blough, who flew SE 5a's. Joe had a habit of flying with the stub of a cigar in his mouth, chewing it earnestly in the



midst of every encounter with the Germans. Once, when Joe was in a real tight spot (with two Germans coming at him head-on, I think), I announced, "If I roll a 1 Joe swallows his cigar", and everyone had a good laugh when I did (and he did).

How often do you play currently? When you do, who do you play with?

Geographically, I'm in a good location. I've got a number of groups I'm in touch with, and I get to play with the players in Milwaukee, Madison, Lake Geneva and northern Illinois. I'd say I play maybe once a month on average, for several games in a sitting.

How many games have you played over the years? Is the game still challenging and fun for you after so long?

I wish I had kept complete records so I knew the actual number of games I've played since the start. I'd guess it's been over 3000 games in all.

I still really enjoy playing, and I also get a kick out of how much other players enjoy the game. And yes, it's still challenging. Every game—indeed, every turn of every game—is a unique situation with some sort of problem to be solved. I never get tired of that.

What do you like most about the game? What is it about the game that accounts for your long-standing interest?

Well, there are several elements that make the game enjoyable for me. First, it's that every game is different. There's an infinite number of situations possible with all the different variables you consider every time you set up a game. Second, you can play with any number from four on up, and it's a team situation—not just you against the enemy, but you and your wingmen. Your team can win even if you yourself aren't having such a hot day; in the same vein, your team might not be doing too well but if you are playing well and get a few breaks, you can single-handedly turn the tide in their favor. That's an appealing mix, I think. Lastly and probably most importantly to me, the camaraderie of the players in this game is what really makes it special. There are so many quality people playing; it's a joy to play with and against them. I've had some great times playing FITS, and that's largely due to the people I've played with. They're the ones who've made it really a lot of fun over the years. I've met so many great people through this game, that it's really enriched my life. That sounds overly sentimental, maybe, but it's really true.

How would you say the game is different nowadays from when you first played?

Well, the game has improved because of the better historical information we've gotten over the last 20 years. When I started work on it, there weren't the sources of information commonly available that exist now. The body of historical work in this field has been slowly expanding, and that means we can make things more accurate. The random aircraft charts are the prime example—the early ones were nothing more than guesstimates, but now a lot more complete information has come to light which allows us to re-create them with much

better accuracy. There still are gaps, but the amount of guesstimating needed is greatly reduced. Mike Vice has done a lot of work in this area, and we're using some of it already.

I also think the game is better nowadays because of many of the refinements and additions made over the years. A lot of the current aspects of the game have come about because of suggestions by the players. They're still making suggestions and I'm still considering them and using some of them. I hope that will continue. I don't agree with every suggestion people make, but some I think are excellent and I hope they continue sharing them with me.

Is there any part of the game you would change if you could? If so, why? What would you do differently?

My main regret, I suppose, is that the movement rules don't cause you to lose speed when you're climbing. The movement rules are simplistic, and the current way of doing things is part of that. But some sort of speed loss for climbing would be more realistic, if it didn't mess up the basic ease of the movement system as it currently exists. That's something I'll look at for the next edition. I'd want to incorporate it without causing the game to bog down.

Expanding the game to include additional aircraft types is also something I'd like to do. Mike Vice has made some suggestions in this area and has offered a bunch of data, so that'll make things easier. The only problem related to this is a limitation by

the publisher on how many counters can be printed, etc.

Speaking of publishers, what's the future of the game?

Well, right now I'm negotiating with TSR to re-acquire the rights to the game, since their stock of DAWN PATROL® games is running out. I think we're going to do a deal before the end of the year. Then it becomes a matter of finding a new publisher. I've already had an unofficial offer to publish from one company, and I expect to discuss it with them more seriously next month. Things should finally start happening in the next few months, and then work can begin in earnest next year. That's all tentative, but that's how it looks right now. Their initial proposal was to do a more deluxe version of the game in a limited run. The price tag would be higher but it would allow for more counters, more charts and a generally expanded game. They realize that it'll never be a big seller, so the idea is to do a solid product that the real enthusiasts will be happy with and with all the features that they would be willing to pay for. That means more aircraft and so on.

Will the next edition of the game be called FIGHT IN THE SKIES or will it retain the DAWN PATROL name?

Well, the diehard players—the purists—prefer FIGHT IN THE SKIES as a title. The advantage of DAWN PATROL as the name of the game always has been its name recognition and better marketability. It's just a much more "saleable" name. I think the diehards have to recognize that. Would the name change back to FITS? I'm not the only one to say—the publisher usually has the last word. I like both titles. And it'll always be "FITS" to the old-timers, regardless!



A much younger Mike explains 4th edition rules to Dave Arneson (left), John Snider (standing), and Greg Svenson in a 1973 game in Saint Paul, Minnesota.



What changes do you envision in a new edition? What about all the Mike Vice charts and stuff?

First of all, I think everyone wants to see more aircraft types and expanded random charts that will call for them. Most all of the major types are now in the game, but players are always intrigued by the rarer types and want to see them included so they can try them out once in awhile. In the past, that simply wasn't feasible due to the limitations imposed by TSR because of the maximum number of counters allowed on two sheets.

Mike Vice has generated a lot of material and some of it will probably find its way into a new edition. His random aircraft charts incorporate information that just wasn't available the last time around—the German aircraft numbers, for instance, were brought to light in the last few years through the research of Peter Grosz in Germany. Mike has also made a lot of other suggestions, and some of them are being evaluated by players right now. I think we'll also see some of those ideas in AERODROME. Depending upon your point of view, they vary in terms of playability, so that's something that will be crucial. I have my own opinions on them (some I like, some I don't care for), but I want to hear what the players think.

In the new edition the rules would be improved to incorporate clarifications, some refinements and expansions, and so on. I don't envision a lot of new rules, but there might be a few. The Medals and Commendations charts will be expanded—we now have an excellent source of material on German awards written by Neal O'Connor that was not available in the past. I think we will also have more information on other types of missions besides just fighter versus fighter battles. Those types of games have always been possible, but if there is more information on how to set them up and run them they might become a little more common.

If we start to move toward a new edition, I think you'll see a period of time where a number of innovative ideas appear in AERODROME for evaluation by the players. FITS has evolved over the years and it includes a lot of input from its players. I want that to continue and I want players to give me their opinions and suggestions, as they always have done. The main thrust will be to improve the game without drastic changes, and to keep it playable and enjoyable.

What's the status of the other FITS projects?

Well, there are three things on the back burner besides a new edition: the 1916 variant, new PBM rules (a rewrite, actually), and a set of campaign rules (which already exist in a rough draft). I haven't gotten onto these projects as much as I would have liked. Now that I've finally moved, I'm hoping to devote more attention to all of them in the future. We actually convened a working group for the 1916 variant consisting of about a dozen people who were interested in it, and we exchanged some ideas. But it's been in limbo for awhile when I got swamped with other things. I apologize for that. I think we can pick up where we left off, though, when I get back to it.

Who are your favorite people to play with, and why? If we could bring any 5 to 7 players into the room for a game right now, who would you pick in terms of just having a good time?

If you wanted to have the most entertaining group of players to have the most fun with, I think you couldn't miss with this group: Marty Stever, John Danovich, Skip Williams, Jim Quinn, Dennis Elliott, Al Christensen and Jim Barber. The antics and verbal hijinks of those guys add a whole additional dimension to the "normal" FITS game. They're the ones whose barbs and retorts have cracked me up so many times. When the zingers are flying, you couldn't ask for a more entertaining mix of guys.

If you were putting a team together and wanted the people you consider the best players to be your wingmen, who would you consider? Why?

Well, let me say this: I think that I could pick any 3 or 4 of the Masters players and we could have a fighting chance to win the team tournament. They're all that good, in my opinion. In fact, there are more excellent FITS players now than there ever have been, I think. One thing I want to do in future years is team up with as many different players as I can in future team tournaments—that is, if they'll have me!

Having said that, though, I have to note that the three gentlemen I had the pleasure to team with this year—Dan Danoski, Dennis Elliott and Scott Belfry—are the ones who actually did win the team tournament. That speaks for itself. Regardless of who looks good on paper, actually taking home the honors counts double.

But I guess the question is: who do I consider the best players in the FITS world? Well, there's a handful of players who are a notch up on most everybody else, which puts them at the top of the list. In my opinion, nobody plays consistently better than Mike Huggins, Harry Hohman and Will Niebling. What makes them so good is that they always have an excellent grasp of the tactical and strategic situation, rarely make mistakes, and usually know what the best moves are to help their team. Of course, the "hot dice" that we've sometimes seen Huggins and Niebling throw only makes them that much more effective.

What makes a good player in FIGHT IN THE SKIES? How can good players become great players?

First of all, good players should know the game. That comes from knowing the rules and through experience. However, I'll admit that even I have to look things up occasionally myself, so there's no shame in that. Besides, there's a lot of rules in that book and I don't think we can expect everyone to know them all by heart. But a general working knowledge is important, and that comes from playing a lot. Second, I think a good player is one who is always thinking of his wingmen and how he can help them. He can help them in two ways—by assisting in the destruction of enemy planes, as well as by doing whatever he can to help his wingmen survive. That often boils down to helping his wingmen get away by playing effectively when the chips are down and they need to escape.

The great players are the great team players, the ones you won't let you down when you're in a tight situation. But here's what really makes a great player, in my opinion: the ability to "see" the total game situation, size it up and analyze it, weigh the options, and then make an effective move that will most help his team. The really outstanding players can assess the three-dimensional situation, see their options, and respond. I repeated myself there for a reason—this is the one way the many good players can become truly great players, and if they read these comments over a couple of times and start thinking about it, they'll be taking the first step toward greatness.

Here's a nitty-gritty situation for you. You're in the middle of a tight game, already somewhat shot up, and one of your wingmen just went down, leaving you with a 2 vs 3 situation against slightly superior planes. Who is the one person you'd most want as your wingman in that situation? Why?

I'd want Harry Hohman. Harry and I have been in that situation a few times. The key thing is this: he thinks like I do a lot of the time, and that's what you need in a really tough endgame situation where you're at a disadvantage. Harry often seems to know what I'm thinking, what I might be considering doing, what the smartest thing to do might be, and so we can really play as one mind. And if you have two players thinking like that, you really can outplay three players who aren't working on the same wavelength, as is often the case.



Everybody's had a few "barnburner" missions that stand out in their memory. Tell us about a couple of your toughest, most memorable missions—where they were played and when (if you recall), who else was playing, which pilot you were flying and the type of plane, and what happened.

The final team tournament championship game in 1988 (see AERODROME #90) is of course one of the all-time classic games, but I came out on the short end of that one despite my bravado on the last turn of the game. With a crowd of people watching, I overdove to get what I thought was a desperation shot head-on at Harry Hohman to try to turn the tide in favor of our team. Actually, unbeknownst to me and everyone else, Harry was already a kill due to a leaking fuel tank. I thought it was our only chance to win, and the onlookers were amazed at the audacity of it, especially since I already had hits in the engine. Imagine how Harry felt—he knew he was down and that his team had already lost, then I came flying in to give him a head-on, and suddenly he's got a chance to bag me and maybe win the game! But when we exchanged fire, he rolled the dice and his fuel tank exploded, and the spectators (as well as my teammates and I) went wild. But now my plane was exposed to a 500 feet head-on from Harry's teammate Mike Huggins, who needed to roll a 1 to hit me. True to form, he rolled the 1 he needed, then scored maximum damage to boot! Everyone went crazy—it's the most remarkable final turn of FITS we've ever seen, and Huggins pulled it out with the ultimate clutch roll to get me.

Another game that will always stick in my mind happened in 1976, not long after I had moved to Lake Geneva. Harry Hohman was visiting and we played a six-player game at the Dungeon Hobby Shop, which was in an old house at that time. Ernie Gygax, Harry and I drew Albatros D.III's in the summer of 1917 and Harry and I decided to fly our two Albatros aces—his Rudi Rudel and my Wilhelm Zhendsig. They had flown together a number of times on what we had come to refer to as "Rudi and Zhendsig" missions. We thought at first that we might have Pups or similar fare to beat up on, but when the aircraft were rolled up we found ourselves facing Sopwith Camels. Since we were flying our best pilots, we looked at each other with a mutual expression of great dismay when we found out what we were up against, and we immediately started checking cloud altitudes so we could make a hasty escape if necessary. We had a real fight on our hands, but that night we were on top of our game, and instead of running for our lives, we ended up pummeling the superior Camels and forcing them to flee instead of us. I think Ernie, though, is the one who shot one down! But I'll always remember how we thought we were going to have to run and then ended up unexpectedly dominating the game instead.

One of my most memorable games was winning the 1978 Masters Game, not because I had the highest score of the 14 players participating, but because it came after seven straight months of totally terrible FITS for me. I had been losing pilots right and left with nothing to show for it for month after month beforehand, and it was probably the longest cold streak I've ever had (and ever hope to have!). Well, it all turned around at precisely the right moment for me—when I sat down for the Masters Game. I flew a Nieuport 28 and got off to a great start: my first five turns of initiative numbers were dice rolls of 7-5, 3, 2, 4 and 3-2! I scored a pilot hit on Phil Grant on the second turn and down he went, and I got a second kill in mid-game. I was in the thick of the action the entire game—out of 19 game turns, I took 15 shots and scored 40 hit factors—yet my plane never took a single bit of damage! I jammed twice, but cleared both jams on the first try.

And when the game ended, one gun was empty and the other had 13 1/2 points left in it. It felt great to win but anyone who has suffered through a really extended bad period knows how it feels when you finally get hot and come out of it. And I sure did, that day!

Another memorable game was this year's final championship game in the Madison team tournament. My teammates, Dan Danoski, Dennis Elliott and Scott Belfry had pretty much been "carrying" me for three games and I hadn't done much damage to our opponents in getting to the final round. But I had a good day in the final round and scored a double kill to clinch it for us.

Marty Stever and I had a really memorable game this year after the GEN CON convention, when we were playing a 5-player balloon mission at my house. He and I were French SPAD pilots protecting a balloon, and there were three German players intent on destroying it. I was flying Lieutenant Louis Archambeau on his 2nd or 3rd mission and Marty was flying his Chinese ace Wah Long Wee, who had at least 20 kills. A good dogfight ensued, but when the three Germans came at the balloon one attacked from the side and two from a safe distance directly above. My pilot, Archambeau, intent on saving the balloon,

flew under one of the nose-down pilots to block his shot and took a head-on against his wingman coming at the side of the balloon! This unorthodox strategy worked, for both Archambeau and the balloon survived the first pass. The next turn, with the balloon lower and in even closer proximity to the ground guns, two of the Germans tried the same tactic again, with two nose down attacks from 300 feet above the balloon. Marty agonized over his move for a long time, not wanting to risk his ace pilot (and who could blame him?). But he sensed there was something heroic going on here, so he went in and

blocked one of the shots at an altitude that was in the danger zone if the balloon exploded, aiming his shot at the other German in the adjacent square. Then he looked at me with trepidation, because if I didn't do the same in the other open square, his most beloved French ace might easily become the world's toastiest French fry. Fortunately, Louis Archambeau still had the same idea, because he did the same thing as the brave Chinaman and came in to block the other shot while firing at the German who was nose down on his wingman. Marty breathed about the biggest sigh of relief I've seen in a long time, and both our pilots survived the enemy attacks. Not only that, but we saved the balloon! Marty and I were slapping high fives while the three Germans were wondering how two aggressive Frenchmen had robbed them of a sure kill. Our heroics in full view of the ground crew also earned us a couple of medals—in Archambeau's case, it was the Medaille Militaire.



Mike and his wingman, Dave Jedlicka, prepare for a winter patrol in their "open cockpit" machines.

What are some of the humorous things you've seen happen during a game? Tell us a couple of the funniest incidents you can recall and who was involved.

I'll never forget a funny incident involving Harry Hohman; he was flying a French SPAD pilot of some accomplishment, Rene Duvalarre. Rene took a pilot hit—a light wound—at somewhere around 15,000 feet. Soon after that he went unconscious and started to fall out of control. Knowing it was a merely a light wound and he was at such a high altitude, Harry was completely unconcerned. Well, turn after turn the unconscious Rene kept falling, and despite all odds (30% each turn!) he wouldn't wake up. When Rene went below 10,000 feet Harry started to be a little concerned, but everyone knew there was still no problem, other than a slight chance of the plane breaking up in an overdrive. When Rene fell below 6,000 feet, Harry was starting



to get agitated at his ill fortune—he just couldn't roll 30%! When Rene fell below 4,000 it was hard to tell whether Harry was more upset or exasperated. But try as he might, he still couldn't roll for Rene to recover consciousness. When Rene finally hit the ground without once waking up, Harry was just plain pissed off. We all felt for him, but watching the transformation from unconcern to total frustration was pretty funny.

Back in the early days of the game, a number of us from the Twin Cities went to Sheldon, Iowa to visit the group of players there and spend a few days playing FITS, naval miniatures, and other games. Our host was Siegfried Nelson, who was (and is) a great guy, but quite outspoken. And that weekend he was touting his German ace, Enrich Foschlieg, telling everyone how great he was. Well, the Sheldon guys were tired of hearing it and it didn't take long before the rest of us were weary of hearing about him. It all came to a head in our last game of the weekend, with about ten of us in a big game, and me flying a Pfalz D XII as one of Foschlieg's wingmen. Well, the opposing players were really psyched—they wanted to put an end to Siegfried's bragging by shooting down his ace, and several times at key moments in the game they chanted in unison, "Get Foschlieg! Get Foschlieg! Get Foschlieg!". It was a battle royal and we were fighting for our lives, and before too long the other team had the upper hand and several of our wingmen were down, leaving just me and Siegfried against four or five frenzied Allied players, still chanting "Get Foschlieg!". Siegfried tried to play it cool, but we both knew we were in deep trouble, because we were outnumbered and were both getting hammered pretty good. It was just a matter of time, and finally they scored the telling blow, blasting Foschlieg's plane out of the sky. When that happened, the Allied players started cheering wildly. Siegfried was somewhat chastened, but smugly informed them that Foschlieg had a parachute and that he was using it. They stopped cheering for a second and waited for him to roll the dice. But Siegfried's luck had run out, because the parachute didn't work. When they saw the dice come to rest and realized that the jump had failed, the Allied players went nuts, jumping up and down, cheering like crazy and slapping each other on the back. That left me, all alone and badly shot up, against four of the Allies. I was cold meat for sure. But to my surprise the opposing players decided to just fly away and celebrate their triumph, leaving my battered Pfalz alone! They were so excited about killing Foschlieg that they just didn't care about finishing me off. It was really something!

What advice would you have for somebody who was just learning the game and intended to become a serious player?

The first goals of any new player should be to learn the game (and the game rules) and simply gain some playing experience. I tell new players that it takes half a dozen games before you really get a feel for what's going on, and that they shouldn't expect to master it right away. In fact, they should expect to take some lumps in the early going—after all, they're just learning the ropes and have to start with rookie pilots while their opponents have already probably mastered the game and have a stable of somewhat experienced pilots, which gives them a double edge over the newcomer. That's normal, and it's certainly no disgrace to be shot down a few times as a result of that.

I would also tell anyone who wants to become a serious player to play a lot, because there is no substitute for game experience. If you have a reasonable aptitude, you'll become a better player by playing a lot of games and experiencing a lot of different situations. Heck, just learning one thing—when it's prudent to stay or wiser to escape—is something that might take dozens of games to learn. The other way I think new players can learn a lot is to observe the experienced players and learn from them. While doing that, they should concentrate on developing an awareness for good team play—something that's very important, and probably the most important aspect in earning the respect of their fellow players.

My other bit of advice would be to tell them to relax and enjoy the game. In my opinion, it's not always necessary to make the very best move—the most important thing is to bring your guns to bear as often and as effectively as you can. Once you gain experience, you'll

instinctively start making better moves and eventually you'll routinely make the "best" moves most of the time.

I think sometimes players get too caught up in trying to make the perfect move every time. In three dimensions, with so many alternatives, that's difficult. I just like to fly and fight most of the time—to close in, get an enemy plane in my sights and shoot away. That kind of action is what I enjoy, not meticulously figuring out every conceivable option—that would take some of the fun out of it!

Having said that, though, I will add this: if you're going to be an expert player, you absolutely have to be able to "shift gears" out of that run and gun approach at the appropriate time. First off, you have to recognize those few critical junctures in any game where your own move and the effectiveness of what you do could tip the game in your team's favor. And at those times, you *do* have to be able to make the best possible move. The great players can do that—they can banter and shoot the bull all night long, drink soda and eat pretzels without watching things too closely, and play almost effortlessly. But then, in the midst of all their nonchalance, they have the ability to recognize the key moments of the air battle and suddenly focus all their energies into making the kind of innovative and great moves that can tip things in favor of their team. The ability to see, analyze and act effectively at those key turning points is what makes a truly great player. It's almost like a sixth sense, and I hate to say this, but a lot of guys play the game fairly well without ever reaching that level. I'll tell you one thing—it doesn't matter how long you've played the game or how many aces you have, it's what you can do when the chips are down that really counts. If you can make moves that are going to save the day for your team, or if you can save a wingman in a tight spot by outplaying your opponents, that's what will mark you as a great player.

Will you be doing any seminars for players so they can learn more of that?

Well, I did a seminar at the GEN CON Convention many years ago and a few people told me it was worthwhile. If people think it's a good idea, they should let me know and maybe I'll consider it again. I'm not the only one who could do it, I suppose.

I will say this: anyone who wants their own private seminar need only ask. I enjoy hashing out ideas and analyzing game situations anytime. If there are other players there, I know they'll throw in their two cents' worth, too. We can all learn from those kinds of situations.

As you look back on twenty years of FIGHT IN THE SKIES and one hundred issues of AERODROME, what are your thoughts? Did you ever think it would go on this long?

It does somewhat amaze me that the game has retained its small but devoted following over so many years, and that's very gratifying to me personally. The game has never been a big seller, but the cadre of people who play it seem to really like it and that's encouraging. There's a lot of interest by the regular players in the next edition of the game, so I think the future bodes well. And thanks to Jim McIntyre and his corps of gamemasters, participation at the GEN CON game convention is as high as it's ever been.

The fact that AERODROME has published one hundred issues is something I think we can all take pride in—it's a real accomplishment. I did a lot of the early issues and it got to be a burden after a while, but quite a number of people came forward to be guest editors and helped alleviate that problem. If you look at the list of editors over those 100 issues, you'll see that a lot of different people kept AERODROME going. We certainly couldn't have done it without them. I hope each and every one of them takes pride in the fact that we have reached #100.

The best part of all of this is the number of great people I've gotten to know through FIGHT IN THE SKIES and through the FITS Society. I've made a great many friends and I've had a lot of fabulous times playing FITS and other games with them. It's the greatest wealth a man can have and it's something I'm thankful for every day.



Counter Creation for DAWN PATROL Games

By Graham Cox

All DAWN PATROL players are certainly not created equal, but personal taste separates one player from another as much as skill level does. I have discovered many differences among players, and one striking similarity: most players like to have personalized airplane counters. And with good reason—the monochrome FITS counters are extremely tedious, and the wonderfully colorful DAWN PATROL counters fare little better when exposed to the test of time (besides, it has been my experience that eventually everyone fights over the bright blue Fokker!).

So with a desire for originality, little more than a smidgen of artistic ability, and the advice of many other players, I set out to create my own counters.

Some of the most beautiful counters I have seen are hand painted, done with obvious patience and care by players such as Al Christensen and Rob Cook. Unfortunately, I (and I'd hazard a guess many other players) can not match their artistic ability. The technique of chopping up "Blue Max" counters that was passed on to me by Frank Ferrero and Walt Carr leads to wonderful results as well, but it eventually leads to the same problems as the DAWN PATROL counters. Besides, it doesn't allow one to truly personalize a playing piece.

The best bit of help I received came by way of Eric Weiss at the 1990 convention. Eric gave me a few photocopied sheets that contained outlines of all the different aircraft types. That was all I needed to get me started. My first complaint with the sheets was with the outlines themselves. Besides being too close together, many aircraft outlines had been distorted by photocopying. Also, every Allied roundel had infuriating black circles within it! So, armed with flat white model paint and a very thin brush I set about to correct these problems. With the paint I cleared out the interiors of the roundels, and thinned the lines of one outline of each aircraft type. I also whited-out all of the black photocopy dots, and any other distortions. I then cut out and assembled the corrected outlines onto one sheet. When you do this, make sure that the outlines are generously spaced, because it will save wasted outlines. I would also suggest keeping a thin black pen handy to touch up any ham-fisted thinning blunders, and to touch up any light areas caused by photocopying. When I had a suitable master sheet assembled, I simply photocopied scores of it!

Coloring in the outlines was the next obstacle. Paint was far too clumsy for someone with as little dexterity as I have, and I quickly learned that most markers bled into the cheap photocopy paper I was using. This meant no markers for me, because a primary goal was to keep costs down. Thus pencil crayons became my choice for coloring. The colors are sharp and varied, and the pencils themselves are not costly. It is necessary to keep a razor blade or sharp knife around in order to keep the pencil points precise. Actually coloring the counters is simple. Take your time, and don't worry about making mistakes. If you screw up

you have probably wasted all of three cents' worth of supplies and about five minutes of your precious time. No big deal. When it comes to choosing color schemes you can rely on either your imagination or research. A mix of the two is always nice. Anyone that is really interested in authenticity should check out Jon Guttman's "Plumage" column in *Over the Front*. It is easy to convert his pleasant diagrams into nice FITS counters.

When actually coloring, I'd suggest starting with the roundels on all of the Allied planes. I find them the most difficult to get right, and it is very annoying to finish an otherwise good counter, and then screw up the roundels at the end. Besides, the supplies are so cheap that if you mess up a roundel you can forget about that entire aircraft outline and start again. Errors are practically costless. And by the way, all of the coloring gets much easier with a little practice.

The next step is mounting your colored aircraft. I use thin white cardboard, or extremely heavy white paper. Make sure the backing is white on at least the top side, though, or the color may show through the paper the aircraft outline is on. Cut the cardboard into one inch squares, and then cut out the aircraft outlines (the ones you spent hours coloring!) into about two inch squares. Glue the outline onto the backing, being very careful to center it properly, then trim the excess paper away from the counter. I use a glue stick to paste the paper down, because it does not dry right away, which makes centering easier, and it does not bubble under the paper.

Finally, preserve your work of art by covering both sides of the counter with clear laminating sheets. Buy the big sheets and cut them down to size—it is usually cheaper. Heavy laminating paper will improve your counter, too, because it adds thickness, weight and extra protection to the playing piece. One warning: do not try to wrap the plastic around the counter. Laminate each side individually or you could well have problems with the plastic bubbling.

One final note. When I am making counters, I have recently taken to coloring two copies of each plane I make, making the copies as close to identical as possible. Then I color smoke onto one copy and make the counter two-sided! It is a nifty effect, and it saves messing around with cotton.

The most important thing about this method is the ease with which you can jump right in and give it a try. Photocopy some counter blanks (far be it from me to suggest that you actually pirate the outlines of FITS counters—that would probably be illegal), steal some pencil crayons, and give it a try. It is fast, simple and cheap. I've made about a hundred counters in the last year, and it takes me only minutes a counter because of the practice I've had. It doesn't take long to get fast. Remember: nothing ventured, nothing gained (that was the token cliché for this article). Have fun!



Tailing Chains (and How to Handle Them)

By Al Christensen

(Editor's note: The confusion over multiple tailing chains and who moves in what order is an occasional problem in large games of FIGHT IN THE SKIES. Al Christensen, a veteran judge and long-time player of the game, offered to do a much-needed article on the subject, and here it is. This is one article you shouldn't go through too quickly – take your time reading it and follow along with the example until you have a firm grasp of the procedure and the logic behind it.)

Tailing is a vital part of a game of FIGHT IN THE SKIES. It is especially important in large games, where an error can draw even more opponents. Most of us don't often have the opportunity to play in large games and I'm sure that this is the cause of so many players being uncertain, in the tournaments I've run at the GEN CON® Convention, how to determine the movement order in a large tailing chain.

At this year's GEN CON Convention we had a prime example of this in an event run by Jim Barber. It was a 17-player game where on turn two only 1 player rolled a number – all seventeen of us were in one tailing chain. (As a matter of historical interest, the leading player was George Henion of Madison, and our number was 4.) George moved first, and the last player in on him moved second, but after that many of the players were confused about who moved next.

The rules affecting this are fairly simple. They are on page 11 of the DAWN PATROL rules. The first is the last sentence under the sub-heading **Tailing**: "A tailing plane always moves immediately after the plane it is tailing, so tailing planes never roll dice to find their position in the movement order." The second rule is under the heading **Maneuver Cards**, paragraph i): "When two planes are tailing the same target the tailing plane that moved last on the previous turn moves first after the target plane." The third rule affecting movement sequence is under the heading **Reversals**, paragraph C): "If the attacker cannot (or chooses not to) match the target's maneuver with one of his or her own, then the attacker is reversed. The attacker must then choose another maneuver from his or her hand, perform that maneuver and then finish his or her move before the target plane finishes its move... The target plane must finish its move after the reversed attacker has moved."

To see how these rules are applied to a large tailing chain, we will use the diagram. The aircraft are assigned identifying letters, and they moved in alphabetical order last turn. An asterisk (*) next to the letter in the text identifies German aircraft. To illustrate the rules we will calculate the sequence in which they will perform their maneuvers for the next turn. A is first, followed by D* and

C*. The first questionable area is who is next, E or B*. E should be immediately after C*, and B* should be immediately after A. The interpretation traditionally used is that the rule under **Maneuver Cards** i) applies to subsequent planes in a chain as well as to planes tailing the same plane. Therefore the planes in our diagram will perform their maneuvers in the order A, D*, C*, E, B*, F, H*, K, J, G*, I, L*. If there are no reversals they will then go back to the beginning of the sequence and finish their moves in the same order that they performed their maneuvers.

Note that no one finishes their move until after everyone has done their maneuver. The wording of **Reversals** c) might lead you to believe that if "I" reversed L*, L* would have to select another maneuver and then finish his or her move which would lead to L* being forced to finish moving before A. The correct interpretation of this rule is that L* must finish moving before "I." The only change in the order determined in the previous paragraph would be that the end would be G*, L*, I rather than G*, I, L*.

If there is a reversal near the beginning of the chain resolving the sequence is more complex, but by applying the principle that the reversed pilot finishes before the former target, and as few other changes as possible are made, you can arrive at the correct order. For example, if A reverses B*, but not C* and D*, the maneuver order will remain the same. When L* has finished his or her maneuver all planes will begin the remainder of their movement. B* will have to move first, since he or she now has to move before A. A moves second followed by D*, C*, and E, who were all tailing him. Then F, who was tailing B*, and everyone who was tailing F finishes out. The movement order would be B*, A, D*, C*, E, F, H*, K, J, G*, I, L*. If A reversed both B* and C* but not D* the movement order would be C*, B*, A, D*, E, F, etc. If A reversed B* but not C* or D*, and B* reversed F, and F reversed G* but not H*, the movement sequence would be G*, F, B*, A, D*, C*, E, H*, K, J, I, L*. Remember that in all these cases the order in which maneuvers are performed is unchanged. Only the order in which movement is completed is affected by reversals.

If you remember these guidelines, you should be able to resolve any situation that comes up:

- 1) When more than one plane tails the same plane, "first in, last out."
- 2) Complete the maneuvers for one leg of a chain before starting the next leg. The same applies to movement.
- 3) The maneuvers will always be completed in the calculated order, despite any reversals that may occur.
- 4) When a reversal occurs, the reversed plane must finish movement before his or her erstwhile target, but there should be as little change as possible in the relative positions in the movement order for all other planes.



Tactical Tips — Part 3: The Essence of Moving

By Jim Barber

I thought this article would be more revealing than it has turned out. There are no big surprises in moving your airplane on the board, only common sense. (So why can't I move quicker?).

The best advice for effectively moving is to stay aware of the tactical situation and think ahead. Keep your head in the game and know where your wingmen are and where the enemy planes are. If you think ahead, you will have a good idea of which ones you can reach (or have a chance to reach) when it becomes your turn to move.

One problem that often comes up in a game is getting to an enemy plane that may be near or just beyond your maximum movement. Be sure to not only count out how many squares away it is if you move using normal turning

movement, but also using a bank (sometimes moving on the diagonal can give you an extra square). If the enemy plane you're after is behind you, try starting off with an Immelmann.

Counting on the diagonal (i.e., like a bank) will also show you the farthest row of squares you can get to for that movement turn. This process should help you determine which enemy aircraft are within your area of movement. Don't forget that you may be able to use your dive bonus to get a closer shot at the enemy. Also remember that sometimes an extra bit of dive may also help you get into the opponent's square if you can't reach it otherwise, and allow you to drop into position for a bottom shot—especially important if he is fleeing with an engine that is vulnerable to one or two more hits.

The flip side of this story is that you often want to stay away from enemy aircraft, but still attack them. So how do you play this game of cat and mouse (hit and run)?

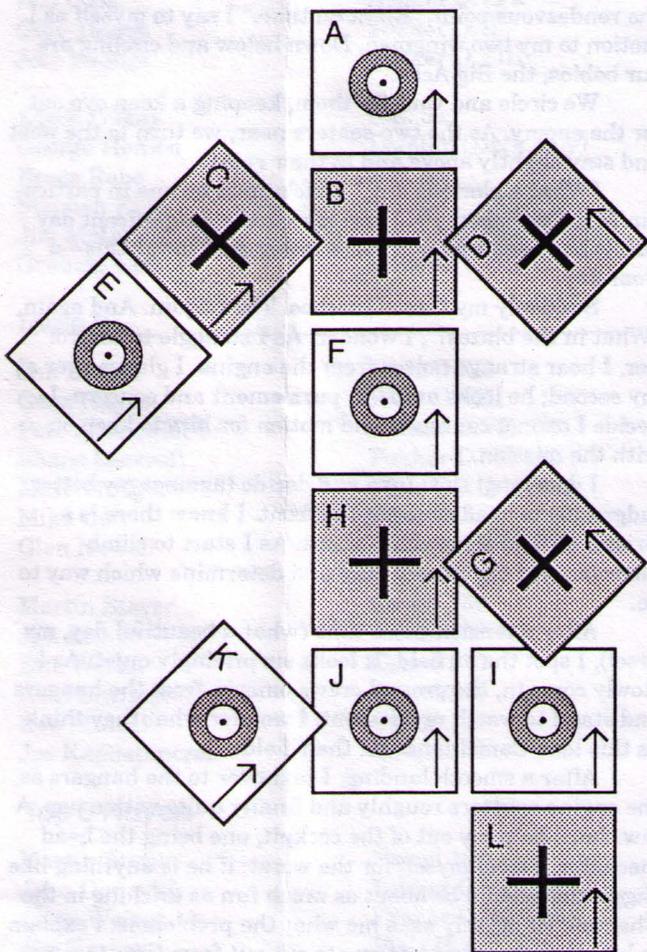
If you are concerned about escaping, attack the enemy from a higher altitude and choose the proper facing to make it difficult for the enemy to pursue you after your attack. If your climb rates are similar or yours is superior, the enemy should not get a better shot than you gave. Paul Coté wrote an extensive article about this in *AERODROME* #37 (June '73) entitled "Everyone Must Get High." If the enemy plane is facing along the diagonal, then a 90 degree facing difference will help you keep your distance if you are doing a top or bottom attack. Note, though, that this is a two-edged sword, because though the enemy will not have a good shot at you next turn, you may have some trouble getting a good shot in return if you get the upper hand in the initiative for the next game turn.

If the enemy plane is facing the flat side of the square, then a 135 degree or larger facing difference should keep you out of harm's way. Be sure to notice if your opponent can do rotary right turns, since that will necessitate a change in your tactics—you will want to face to the left of those enemy planes to keep them away from you next turn. In my studies, I did notice that facing the diagonal seems to give you a stronger move away from the enemy if both planes are in the same square and facing 90 degrees difference when compared to a similar situation facing the flat sides of a square. I used graph paper for my work; try it out before your next game and see what happens.

One of the best ways to keep the enemy from attacking you is to tail. Tailing makes it next to impossible for the enemy plane to return fire on you, assuming you anticipate reversal maneuvers.

Next issue I'll give you my thoughts on tailing in Part 4 of Tactical Tips. If you have any questions or comments please feel free to contact me at: 513 Waller Way, Norristown, PA 19403, or phone (215) 539-9560.

TAILING CHAIN EXAMPLE



Showdown at the Bristol Airfield

By Captain Geoffry Churchill (Bob Cook)

Editor's/Judge's Notes (by Mike Carr): Every year after the Team Tournament in Madison, we stage the famous "ground attack game", a low-level air battle on a grand scale. This year we had 25 players for this action-packed event (see the listing at the end of this article which shows the players and planes that took part).

Since this is a judged game, all sorts of unusual events are possible, and part of the fun is to keep everyone guessing as to what is and/or might be happening. Throughout the game the judge makes numerous rolls for all kinds of things to see if they might happen, an example being ground gunners firing their machine guns even though they risk hitting friendly planes as well as the enemy ones they are aiming at. That's something that wouldn't occur in a normal game, but in a judged game we can roll a die to see if they try to take the shot. Throughout the game we are rolling for everything possible that the judge can think of, and it makes for a lot of uncertainty, quite a few surprises, and a lot of fun.

The classic ground attack scenario usually features an aerodrome under attack just as the absent squadron returns from their mission. Often one or more pilots are on the ground with their planes when the action begins and they have to try to get airborne in the midst of the battle.

This year, Bob Cook asked if he could be one of the players on the ground—an unusual request, because it is one of the most dangerous roles in the game. Bob must like a challenge, however—especially when he chose to play as one of his ace pilots, Captain Geoffry Churchill!

With Bob's Camel on the ground, I told him his pilot had stopped at this Bristol airfield because of motor trouble and that they were busy tuning his engine when the game started. Neither Bob nor I knew if his motor was fixed—he had to roll a die for that, too. It turned out not to be, and he had to roll each turn he was in flight to see if his performance was affected.

There were six hangars on the airfield, and Bob rolled a die to see which one he was in (only he and I knew). When the German Hannovers came in to drop their bombs, guess which hangar they chose to hit first?

Let's listen in as Bob's pilot tells the story of this action-packed mission from his perspective....

Our orders came in last night. I am to lead a group of three of our Camels to go pick up a group of old "Big Acks" halfway between our field and the front lines and escort them to a rear airfield. I hear they are slowly being phased out, in favor of Bristol and DeHavilland two-seaters. That decision is really a favorite among the two-seater crews.

After a night of light partying, the day dawns clear and calm. As I climb into the cockpit, I think to myself what a beautiful day it is. I am really glad to be flying a relatively safe mission. For once I should be able to relax and enjoy the sky.

I remember it clearly, as if I were there right now. As we're taxiing and starting to gently lift off the ground, we take a pass along the airfield. I see the chief mechanic stare sullenly at me as we dip our wings in farewell. Biggs is his name. Such a stiff gent. And mad at me lately, as my plane keeps coming back shot up and full of holes. Not my fault, I try to explain to him.... I can only go where the C.O. sends me. If Jerry wants a fight, I'll not be one to turn and run like the Frenchies....

Even though I am the third-ranking pilot here, Biggs has been treating me worse and worse. This is what happened to Graham, our fifth best pilot. Just made ace with a double kill one day. When we landed he and Biggs had words.... The next time Graham went up he had engine problems. He never came home. I have come to see my meetings with Biggs as I look forward to hearing the sound of fingernails raked down a chalkboard. I have even come to suspect that.... no, never mind. I couldn't conceive that a chap would go that far.

We quickly climb to about 5,000 feet and head toward the rendezvous point. "Right on time," I say to myself as I motion to my two wingmen. Down below and circling are our babies, the Big Acks.

We circle and wait for them, keeping a keen eye out for the enemy. As the two-seaters near, we turn to the west and stay slightly above and to their right.

"What a glorious day," I exclaim to no one in particular. Mid-December, 1917 and it's a truly magnificent day out. It has been cold and rainy lately, and today this—a clear day.

Suddenly my Camel lurches. Then again. And again. "What in the blazes?," I wonder. As I struggle to control her, I hear strange noises from the engine. I glance over at my second; he looks at me in puzzlement and concern. I decide I cannot continue, and motion for him to keep on with the mission.

I do a long, slow turn and decide (against my better judgment) to head closer to the front. I know there is a Bristol airfield somewhere about. As I start to climb laboriously, I dig out my map and determine which way to go.

After a tension-filled time (what a beautiful day, my arse!), I spot the airfield. It looks surprisingly quiet. As I slowly come in, the ground crews emerge from the hangars and stand to watch my descent. I wonder what they think as this lone Camel lands on their field.

After a smooth landing, I taxi over to the hangars as the engine sputters roughly and finally quits with a pop. A few chaps help my out of the cockpit, one being the head mechanic. I steel myself for the worst; if he is anything like Biggs, this should be about as much fun as ditching in the Channel. He tersely asks me what the problem is. I explain to him that the engine seems to cut out from time to time. He nods his head, gives me a wink and a smile, and says he'll look right after it. He seems excited to work on the



Clerget engine as he and several other mechanics wheel the plane toward the nearest hangar.

I notice a young lieutenant standing nearby, shifting his weight nervously from foot to foot. "Sir," he says as he salutes crisply, "the commander will see you now." He starts to walk away and glances over his shoulder to make sure that I am following. But I haven't moved; I'm looking after my Camel. The head mechanic sees me, and comes out to reassure me. "Don't you worry, sir," he says, "we'll take good care of your little lady." Feeling much better, I start to follow the young lieutenant.

After chatting with the squadron commander a few minutes, there is a knock on the door. "Come in," says Major Hawkins. In bursts the grizzled head mechanic. "Sorry to disturb you, sir," he says as he salutes. Hawkins waves his salute off, and motions for him to sit. "Well, Tom, what's wrong with our visiting dromedary?" Tom laughs at the overused joke, and looking at me smiles and says, "Sir, I think you just have a little fuel feed problem. You see, the spring in the linkage is attached to the fuel choke, and regulates the..."

"Tom!" , interrupts Major Hawkins, "I'm sure that Captain Churchill is not interested in all the technical jargon. He probably just wants to know if you can fix it." A smile breaks across Tom's weather-beaten face. "Fix it? Aye, we'll have that young lady running like a choirgirl in Picadilly Circus!" We all laugh heartily and he departs, saying it shouldn't take long.

Major Hawkins asks me if I'm hungry, and says that a late breakfast or early lunch could be drummed up. "Certainly," I say. He tells the freckle-faced, red-haired young lieutenant to take me to the mess to get a bite to eat.

After eating, I stroll back to the maintenance hangar. I hear the sound of my little lady, sputtering, then purring like a kitten. I see Tom bent over the cockpit, and I hear the sound of the engine change. Tom yells out to one of the other mechanics, and he climbs down. "That should just about do it," he says, as the Clerget ticks away nicely, "though we'll want to test it a little more at full rev."

Suddenly we hear the klaxons going off. "Oh, hell!", Tom yells out. Suddenly there is utter chaos, with people running this way and that. "Hold that plane!", Tom roars out to the two men steadying the Camel by its wings.

We hear the whump of light AA guns, then the steady chatter of machine guns. Mixed in is the sound of aircraft approaching. Suddenly in a lull we hear the sounds of bombs dropping. I don't know whether I should get in my plane or hide under it! We all wince and crouch down as the sounds draw closer and closer.

In a flash there are two explosions nearby, then the world goes red and black and white. WHOOMP! A hit on our hangar! I am thrown to the ground, as are the others. Flames sprout from all around and start to lick up the walls. Everything goes quiet for a moment, then building in a wave-like crescendo, the noise gets louder and louder, then slams me like a sledgehammer.

I am laying on the ground, in a daze. I feel something wet running down my neck. I see people running around. Some are fighting the fire that is starting to grow. I struggle to my feet. I remember thinking that I need to start helping them, but I'm disoriented. I hear screams, and more explosions, and the chatter of machine guns. Close. Real close!

I feel the back and side of my head and neck, and pull my hand away to look at it. I see that the wetness is blood. My blood. I look around. Somehow the two blokes are still holding onto the wings of my plane. I see the prop is still turning. Then I regain my senses. I've got to get my lady out of there!

I stumble towards the cockpit. As I put my foot up to hoist myself up, I can hear more bombs falling. Then WHOOMP! WHOOMP! WHAM! There are more explosions inside of the hangar and then the ground comes rushing up to meet my face again. The world is spinning and I'm down again!

I finally climb back to my feet and still those chaps are holding onto the wings, trying to push the Camel toward the open door of the hangar. Amazing! I remember thinking that if I survive I'll put those blokes in for a medal. The hangar is burning and they're still doing all they can to save my plane!

My spirit renewed, I clamber over to the Camel, finally climb up, and drop myself into the pilot's seat. I do a quick check of the instruments, just a fast cursory glance. Things are burning all around me and I just want to get out. I take a deep breath and start to throttle up. The engine sounds smooth. I motion to the two young men to let go, and I quickly buckle my belt. One of them is frantically waving at my left wing. I look up and see some burning rags on top of the wing. I shrug him off and scream "Let go now!" I cannot wait. If my baby stays inside of the hangar, she's a goner.

As I come out of the hangar, it's pandemonium. Planes are everywhere—mostly Huns! I hope I can just get her off the ground!

It's an incredible sight. A mass of planes, at least a dozen of them, friend and foe alike, twisting and turning. And in the midst of their battle, from out of a burning hangar, zooms a Camel with her wing on fire!

With Germans everywhere, I'm damned sure lunch is served—and guess who's the main course?! Oh, but my baby is beautiful! I quickly have her up to full throttle, and she responds with zest. I lift her off the ground and I can't believe my eyes. No German has come after me! Yes!

I see S.E.s and Bristols, mixing it up with Hannovers and Pfalzes. Damn! Two-seaters! Easy prey if you catch them alone, but in numbers they're tough buggers. As I take off I see a German two-seater coming down fast. It hits the ground and slams into a Bristol that is parked off to my right. Ouch! What a terrible sight. There's no way anyone could survive that crash. Poor bastards.

I take off along a row of trees on my left. That might help me go unnoticed. My left wing is still on fire, so I turn right and do a few barrel rolls to shake the smoldering debris off of my upper wing.

There, right in front of me, is a Pfalz. Me and my little lady are right on that Hun's tail. I lay an interrupted burst right up his rear. But at the same time, the engine sputters and almost stalls. Damn! Missed him, just because of the engine! I guess Tom didn't fix it after all, or all those explosions shook something loose.

Suddenly I hear and see bullets spitting past me. A good amount go into the Pfalz in front of me, and a few into my tail! A glance over my shoulder reveals overzealous machine gun crews popping away from the ground. Damn! Just what I need—to be shot down by friendlies!



I glance over at my left wing, and heave a sigh of relief. The rags are off, and the wing is only charred, not burning. A look over at the hangar and I see it is not having such good fortune!

I am intent on following this Pfalz. Still, I am amazed at all these planes. These Germans are sure gutsy today. But they came at a pretty good time. Luckily for us, the Bristols were returning to their field and there was a flight of S.E.s somewhere nearby. Especially lucky for me!

The Pfalz sees me on his tail and cranks it up. I start to go right with it, but the engine is almost stalling again. Damn! I am going to be left with no shot and all those other Huns shooting at me. I whip into a quick Immelmann and go 300 more feet, then let the rotary engine take over and crank her back around. Lovely lady o' mine! Now I am near some of the machine gun crews that opened up on us. They sheepishly crouch down and avoid my eyes as I fly by them. They know they screwed up when they hit my Camel along with the Pfalz they were shooting at.

Just as I snap the Camel around, here comes this S.E. being tailed by a German. He flies right into my field of fire, but doesn't cover me or give me a shot at the Hun. I curse at the pilot. If I get shot down and survive and that chap survives, he'll get a piece of my mind and a report to his C.O.! Must be a rookie pilot....

Suddenly, his Hun leaves him alone for better game. In fact, the battle seems to be heading away from us.

With hope I head back into the fray. But my little lass is still almost stalling, and I have to nurse her along. If I get a German on my tail, I could be in real trouble!

That same stupid S.E. pilot comes flying by me again, off to my right, going nowhere in particular. Too bad he didn't fly in front of me again. Maybe I would have tested my Vickers on him!

Off to my left I see a Bristol explode as it fires its guns on an opponent. Poor buggers must have had a fuel leak. Their plane becomes a fireball bound for the earth.

The Germans seem to be fleeing. Maybe they think I have a Bentley Camel, I muse to myself. All the Germans are moving away at top speed. I know I'm fairly good, but not that fearsome! I chance a look up over my shoulder and see up around 2,000 feet a flight of six fighters with swept-back wings. DeHavillands! No wonder the Huns are running—from the feared D.H. 5s! It turns out that they merely fly over, but it's enough to scare away the remaining Huns.

I feel the engine change a little. I crank her up a little faster. I also start to climb some more, to get some altitude on these E.A.

The higher I get, the better the engine responds. Hmmm. That seems strange. I look down at the hangar, and the fire seems to be under control. A look back at the fight and the enemy is fleeing away. I finally maneuver in for one last shot. It's a long one, and I miss. It's more a moral victory than anything else. All the Germans are gone, and the Allies can return to base.

Back to reality now. A few of us stayed up awhile, to make sure that the Germans were really gone. They were. They ran away with their tails between their legs, like the dogs they are.

I eventually landed. I found out that poor old Tom got strafed, and died drowning in his own blood (why couldn't it have been Biggs?). One of the chaps holding my wings also met his end when there was one more explosion inside of the hangar after I got out. Poor bloke!

The rest is pretty much history. I stayed on a few weeks, for various reasons. I pitched in some. A few planes were bombed, along with the hangar. One or two gun emplacements needed some work, too.

I asked Colonel Hawkins (he got a promotion) if he would phone my commander so he wouldn't be worried, and to see if I could take a few weeks' leave that I was due. My C.O. agreed.

The new head mechanic eventually got to my plane. They found that someone had tampered with the engine, and Hawkins made a call to the military police and to my commander. Biggs was placed under arrest for attempted murder, and they are contemplating charges against him for Graham's death.

I was put in for a medal, for outstanding bravery. The board was wavering, I heard, and I personally think that they would have voted no. But Colonel Hawkins put in a special appeal for me, and I received the Military Cross. I am quite proud of it. I also asked for medals for the two men holding my wings, but unfortunately nothing came of it.

Which reminds me.... the one chap who was holding my wing and survived, his name is Ben. Lieutenant Ben Crenshaw. We took a liking to one another, and now him and my sister have got eyes for one another. I showed him her picture and right away he wanted to write her a letter! I'm glad. Benny's a good guy, and if they ever get together, he'll treat her right. When he gets some leave he is going to fly to Scotland and see the lass.

I'm not totally out in the cold either. I had a mild concussion and a bit of shrapnel in me. While I was laid up the first week, this Bonnie lass (my nurse) and I started seeing eye to eye, if you understand. I am sure that I will be seeing more of Sarah again. What a beautiful woman, inside and out. She really has a heart of gold. What beautiful children we will have.

Oh yes, one more thing. A German two-seater crashed, and the pilot was an ace, it seems. Well, this daring young German rookie landed nearby to pick up the crew of the two-seater, but crashed on the takeoff attempt. All three of the Germans were captured. Before they were taken away to prison camp, we had the delightful pleasure to meet them face to face; Hawkins got hold of them somehow and we spent an evening of partying with them. One of them (the ace) spoke fairly good English. So we had an illuminating evening.

And me? Well, I'm about set to go back to base, and the trial of Biggs. I look forward to meetin' the killer face-to-face, to see what his eyes tell me. Colonel Hawkins is leaving, to go back to a post in Blighty. Before leaving, he sent a certain rookie S.E. pilot back to flight school to learn the ins and outs of covering his wingmen. He also was nice enough to offer 3 Bristols as an escort on my way back. I even got to fly one of those Bristols while I was with Hawkins' squadron. I'll still keep my beloved lady, however. Just give me and my lass the wide open blue, and the...FIGHT IN THE SKIES!



THE SHOWDOWN AT THE BRISTOL AIRFIELD

25 Players
Madison, Wisconsin
5/19/91

BRITISH

Bristol F.2b Scott Kinsley (pilot), John Carr (obs.)
Bristol F.2b George Henion (pilot), Dan Danoski (obs.)
Bristol F.2b Doug Bowers (pilot), Jeff Harms (obs.)
Bristol F.2b Walt Carr (pilot), Jim McIntyre (obs.)

S.E. 5 Brad Wood
S.E. 5 Jon Ciero
S.E. 5 Jim Sievers
S.E. 5 Jim Barber

Camel (130) Bob Cook

GERMAN

Hannover CL Ken Mrozak (pilot), Gale Taylor (obs.)
Hannover CL Al Christensen (pilot), Eric Guertin (obs.)
Hannover CL Pete Shackelford (pilot), Carl Fritz (obs.)

Halberstadt CL Jim Selzer (pilot), Dennis Elliott (obs.)

Pfalz D.III Tracy Ramsey
Pfalz D.III Dave Jedlicka
Pfalz D.III Mark Hudgens
Pfalz D.III Mike Carr

THE SERIAL

Adventure! and Glory? Chapter the Eighth: Friend or Foe?

By Eric Weiss

Serial Edited by Chris Janiec

Even as the hapless Smythe wondered how he could get his squadron mates to recognize him, the flight of Albs overtook him in their haste to attack the approaching Allied formation. As the opposing forces intermingled, Reggie looked down in hopes of seeing his friend Uteley recover from his earthward plunge, but the Pup continued to hurtle out of the sky and soon passed the spinning black Albatros. Instead, shock and disbelief overwhelmed Reggie as the black plane regained control, still trailing a yellow plume of vapor from the underside of its fuselage. The Enemy continued his dive, but at a steady and controlled rate; the Allied trenches were only moments away.

Suddenly, the CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! of machine gun fire rattled in his ears from above, and Reggie snapped his head up: the remaining Pups were engaging the flight of Albatros in another head-to-head duel a scant 500 feet higher. But in a flash of insight, the young Briton knew he had to stop the black menace before it reached the lines and the beleaguered troops beyond, so he could not take the time to try and help his mates. Instead, he instinctively rolled his

wings past the vertical, kicked his right rudder pedal, and snapped over into a tight split-s. He gritted his teeth as he was pulled back into his seat, while the earth filled his entire field of view and rushed towards him at a heart-stopping rate. All the while, Reggie kept the sable plane in sight with unblinking concentration as it leveled off at 400 feet. Reggie leveled his Albatros as well, but there were still hundreds of feet left between them.

Down below, a mass of bright grey uniforms huddled together behind the front lines. These were fresh reserves, not the battle-weary and mud-soaked defenders who longed for a dry bed and warm meal. They were poised and waiting for the order which would launch them into battle.

Without warning, a flash of light blinded Smythe momentarily, and a split second later the concussion from the nearby AA burst squeezed the bones in his chest. All around him, the sky erupted with white tufts of smoke from the Allied AA fire directed at him and the black plane in front, and his Albatros was tossed about as the pressure waves pushed him about. Ahead, the black plane started to

weave in order to evade the deadly fire from below. This would give the pursuing Englishman the chance he needed to close the remaining distance between them, but he knew he would have to fly straight through the gauntlet before him to do it.

Steadily, Reggie gained on the Enemy; just another few seconds would be all he needed. At 300 feet he held his fire, waiting until the black plane filled his gun sight. But his foe dove again, parallel to the trench filled with Canadian Regulars. By now, though, the faint stream of gas trailing from the Alb had disappeared. Was that sinister laughter Reggie thought he could hear coming from the black-clad pilot now only a hundred feet ahead?

At fifty feet, Smythe opened fire. The twin guns chattered in a beautiful rhythm, and blazing trails of yellow fire blasted forth in a way Reggie never knew was possible. The burst immediately scored hits on the rudder and elevator; wooden stringers splintered and the black-painted fabric tore loose from the elevator near the root.

Startled, the Enemy turned in his seat to search for the source of this



new peril. As the first rounds whistled past and then began to whittle holes in his tail section, the incredulous German focused on this new pursuer and thought, "How could this be?!" Another Albatros was the source of the hailstorm of lead! Rage overtook him, and he viciously pulled the black plane into a vertical climb and rolled halfway over to finish the Immelmann turn. Immediately, he pulled harder on the stick, tightening the turn to the east. The g-force pulled him hard against the seat, crushing the flask of brandy in his pocket. The force also caused the torn fabric on the elevator to rip even further, leaving the black streamer of canvas whipping wildly in the wind before it wrapped itself loosely around the elevator control cable.

Meanwhile, Reggie followed his opponent's maneuver with precision, all the while keeping the wildly

twisting plane in his sights. He loosed another long burst which stitched the fabric of the black Alb's upper wing.

Once again, the Enemy pulled back on the stick, but just as the black Albatros was climbing nearly vertically, the knotted swath of torn fabric wedged firmly around the cable, jamming the elevator solidly! The desperate German tried to roll out, but the stick would not budge. With its airspeed dwindling rapidly, the battered flying machine seemed to lose all its will to respond.

Smythe immediately realized his enemy was in trouble and matched the black Albatros's climb attitude, hoping he would get another shot in. One last burst would be all he needed...Finally, inevitably, the crippled biplane's wings shook momentarily and then stalled. Reggie fired again as the enemy plane slid backwards on its tail, and watched with satisfaction as

his bullets laced the mid-fuselage and cockpit.

Falling helplessly, the Enemy looked backwards to see another salvo of flaming streaks erupt from his pursuer's guns. His head was jolted sideways and pain ripped through his jaw as a chunk of lead tore through his cheek, pulverizing teeth and bone before erupting forth in a bloody spray. Once again, the black clad pilot fell unconscious toward the ground...

Reggie wiped the sweat from his eyes and sighed with relief, thinking his troubles were over. But in that split second he dropped his concentration, and the unfamiliar Albatros beneath him stalled. Habit prevailed, as without thought he applied hard left rudder to counteract the torque of the rotary engine of a Pup. But he wasn't in a Pup! Instantly the Albatros wrapped into a tight spin, and earth and sky whirled past him...

PBM REPORTS

TAILING CHAIN OVER LEALVILLERS

PBM#76
Turn 0:40

By Bob Stiegel

Leutnant Johann Schwarz (Charlie Faught) pulls his Halberstadt CL.II up from bombing an S.E. 5a, and climbs away to the east of Lealvillers aerodrome. He wonders why everyone else is going the other way. Unteroffizier Robert Zehnder is still gloating over the direct hit on the parked aircraft, and wishes for more bombs as he swings his Parabellum around, looking for targets. Lt. James Frazer Pinnington (Dennis Elliott) curses Schwarz for bombing one of the "good" planes, and swings his S.E. 5a in pursuit. Pinnington lines up a 50' bottom attack on the Halberstadt, scoring 4 HF and narrowly missing both crewmembers. UnterOffizier Claus Borman (Scott Belfry) Immelmans his Halberstadt CL.II to follow his erstwhile attacker. He pulls in for a 100' Top attack on the S.E., shudders as he notices the wing-mounted Lewis gun, but sighs in relief as Pinnington decides to concentrate on his intended attack. Borman's

momentary fear throws off his aim, as only 1 HF hits the S.E. 5a. VizeFeldWebel Egon Friedersdorf (the observer) complains that Claus first almost throws him out of the aircraft with the Immelmann, then doesn't leave him a shot! "Youth today!" he mutters.

Lt. John Bradley Shepherd (Ollie Cahoon) swings his D.H. 5 out to the west end of the aerodrome, wondering why he has to lead the "train" of aircraft. VizeFeldWebel Matteo Theising (Jim Barber) follows along and lines up a 50' Bottom attack on the D.H., scoring 6 HF. Lt. George Williams Murliss-Greene (Mark Eggert) follows Shepherd and lines up a 100' Bottom attack on Theising's Albatros, scoring 5 HF. Murliss-Greene enjoys playing with the old Albatros, it appears.

Speaking of a train, Lt. Geoffrey John Hyde (Joe Gurman) sweats as his S.E. 5a struggles into the air, only to be tailed by Leutnant Gregor Ockermann's Albatros D.V. Hyde guns the recently-rebuilt engine and hauls the S.E. through an Immelmann. Ockermann hesitates, then follows through the Immelmann. 2nd Lt. Bruce Edwards Smythies (Skip Williams) trails along behind Ockermann in his D.H. 5, immediately

performing a sluggish Immelmann as the Cooper bombs dangle beneath, or above, his wings. Leutnant Anton Kleinstiver (Lynn Held) hesitates, and pulls his Albatros D.Va through an Immelmann. Hyde watches the train behind, and then swings his S.E. 5a back towards Theising's Albatros. He manages a 350' Side shot, but still connects for 2 HF. Ockermann hangs on for a 100' tail (side) attack, scoring 5 HF and missing the pilot once as he muses about putting the partridge on the table. Smythies manages to follow along for a 200' tail (side) shot on Ockermann, scoring 4 HF and also missing the pilot once. Kleinstiver follows along for a 100' tail, scoring 6 HF, including the obligatory one miss at the pilot. Looks like this train will continue again.

The machine gun defenses of the aerodrome are still trying to play their role in the battle. One manages a head-on attack on Theising's Albatros while he is lining up his attack on Shepherd, scoring 2 HF and smoking the engine! One MG misses a long shot at Ockermann. Four others fire at Kleinstiver as he trails along behind the train. Two of them combine to score 5 HF and the antiaircraft guns stand by for any Germans to climb away...



BRIDGE BUSTING WITH NO. 87 SQUADRON

PBM #77
Turn 0:40

By Bob Stiegel

VizeFeldWebel Detlef Mueller (Randy Gaulke) climbs away from his daring, but ineffective, head-on attack on 2nd Lt. Philip Llewelyn's (Jim Quinn) Sopwith Dolphin, muttering that it is too dangerous for his old Fokker D.VI down near the ground. Mueller circles away to the east of the river for a fine view of the dogfight. Llewelyn's Dolphin is smoking from the effects of an anti-aircraft machine gun, and the Welshman decides to strafe troops on the southern bridge instead of taking on another MG. Llewelyn remarks that the smoke smells better than the diesel fumes on his fishing boat, and scatters 9 HF on troops on the bridge. One MG fires in vain at Llewelyn, while his previous tormentor is silent. Leutnant Horst Pfeiffer (Alan Christensen) dives his Fokker D.VII below and then pulls up for a daring Bottom attack on Llewelyn's Dolphin. Pfeiffer notes that a good shot here could tilt the odds in the Germans' favor, and provide a fireworks display for the poor footsloggers. 5 HF crash into the smoking Dolphin, including venting the floorboards. Pfeiffer notes flashes under the Dolphin's wings, and wonders what they mean.

Capt. William Coope (Dave Danner) loops his Dolphin, and heads toward the southern bridge. Two MGs concentrate on the lumbering Dolphin, including one from head-on, scoring 5 HF. Smoke bursts from the Dolphin as Coope drops his last two bombs on the southern bridge. Both bombs hit, dropping one span! Unteroffizier Rolf Feldbauer (Stephen Eide) curses Coope as he dives his Fokker D.VII in for a 100' Tail attack on Coope. Questioning whether the Englander can fly without a tail, Rohrback (Joe Obsmacher) pumps another 6 HF into the Dolphin, including two right next to Coope's shoulder! Rohrback notes a "thump" behind him, as ground troops fail to lead the Dolphin and hit his Fokker instead.

2nd Lt. Arthur Lovatt-Greg (Graham Cox) pulls his Dolphin through a wingover to clear the explosion of his bomb on the northern

bridge. He lines up to drop another bomb on the southern bridge, as one MG bravely tries to defend the bridge. Perhaps overconfidence from the last bomb run, or the sight of two smoking Dolphins, upsets Lovatt-Greg's aim as his bomb splashes into the muddy river. Lt. Allen Harold Thom (Chris Bock) Immelmans his Dolphin and cruises back to again strafe troops on the approach road to the bridges. One MG misses the speeding Dolphin, but the troops manage to hit once. Thom pumps 12 HF into the packed troops. Thom remarks that it is quite a fight over the river, and hopes that his mates will save one of those "fat, sausage-chewing kraut-finks" for him!

Lt. Alexander W.G. LeHardy (Mike Carr) looks for Rohrback, and dives for a 50' Top attack. LeHardy scores 4 HF, but is startled as an MG pumps 2 HF into his Dolphin. Hauptmann Leopold Goedel (Bill Hoyer) Immelmans his Fokker D.VII and lines up a 100' Side attack on LeHardy's diving Dolphin. Goedel curses the apparent clever gun mountings on these Dolphins, and manages to scatter 7 HF through LeHardy's Dolphin.

Game #50a: A PBM Revival

By Graham Cox

The Society's newest PBM game is using a past scenario devised by Chris Janiec. In its original incarnation it was game #50 and unfortunately it never went to full fruition. However, when I was inquiring about running a seven or eight player game without having to do too much preparation writing, Mike Carr suggested the scenario of game #50. Chris Janiec gave his blessing, and even consented to play in this new version of "his" game. Likewise, we have gone out of our way to include as many of the original roster players as we could among those still active in the FITS Society.

The air battle is occurring Thursday morning, October 24th, 1918 near Roncelles, France, behind the German lines at low altitude. The players are: Kerry Nash, Mike Carr, Chris Janiec and Joe Kapustanczek (Germans), and Gale Taylor, George Henion, Steve Knoop and Tim Cahoon (British). Game reports will appear in future issues of AERODROME.

Squadron News

Continued from page 5

commercial aircraft. For me, leaving the squadron was a hard thing to do. I've spent, on average, one night a week for the last 8 years sitting across a table of cardboard flying machines with some of my closest friends.

The Canadian Squadron

By Graham Cox

Since September is almost upon us [hmmm...] our group will be settling down once more into regular play. The disruption caused by summer is past, and we will start playing once a week again at the University. This past summer was more active than usual, however, with numerous gaming sessions in both Winnipeg and Neepawa, as well as the August trek to Milwaukee. This summer also saw the recruitment of four new players, two each in Neepawa and Winnipeg. Our group in Winnipeg for the school year will likely consist of about 12 regular members, plus some players who play only occasionally. Steve Eide deserves a lot of credit for recruiting new players, and introducing numerous people to the game. Our die-hard members are: Graham Cox, Steven Eide, Ken Sawchuk, Doug Barker, Kelly Sumner, Mike Barker, Glen Nowell, Matt Lazowski, Chris O'Halloran, Gene Hayes and Kurt Sawchuk. We are working over Scott Hutchinson to become a regular...the thumb screws could come off any day now [watch out for his trigger finger].

Our annual tournament is upon us once again, as well. This year will be our third annual contest, and we are keeping the familiar three game, total point format. The three scenarios this year will be: **EARLY BIRDS** (created by Steve, I think it will pit Nieuport 17s against Siemens-Schuckert D.Is), **WHERE EAGLES DARE II** (Alb D.Va's vs SE 5a's at high altitude, i.e. 19,000+ feet), and **HELTER SKELTER II** (a November 1918 grab bag battle). Hopefully the games will be as exciting and as balanced as they were last year. I will be defending my victories in both previous Canadian Tournaments, but I don't say a lot for my chances, as it seems I will be a marked man [The



Magnet]. I'll probably need some loaded initiative dice to pull it off again this year [it worked before!].

Our group will suffer somewhat this year from the loss of two regular players. Both Scott MacCulloch and Mark McCullins have been rudely taken from us by the Canadian Armed Forces. They were the only two actual pilots in our group, and will be missed, but I wish them both the best in their future military careers.

As you may know, Steve and I will be editing *Aerodrome* #104 next year, and in hopes of gathering a little practice, we will be putting together the first Canadian Squadron Newsletter in early September. I'll be sure to send a copy to *Squadron News* when it is completed.

Well, that about sums things up for now. Hopefully our third season will be as successful as the last two. This September should see me go over the 400 mission mark (a paltry sum by some standards, but a massive quantity for us) and it should see the Squadron's ace roster blossom greatly, as a large number of pilots are extremely close.

The Kalamazoo Freikorps

By Dan Danoski

In February '91, I traveled to Morris, Illinois to play FITS with the Morris Squadron [the battle of the Titans]. The skies of Kazoo had been quiet for so long, I was afraid I'd forgotten how to play! The hospitality was great and the FITS action was fast and furious.

A bit of FITS history was made when my Hauptmann August Ritter von Kissinger (94/84) flew with Hauptmann Heinrich Ritter von Beinmeir (96/76). Von Kissinger scored his final kill in the skies over Morris as von Beinmeir skillfully covered his tail and scored his 76th.

Anyone in need of a FITS fix should play in Morris, 'cause those guys love to play!

On April 13, I retired Haupt von

Kissinger just before we started our 10th Freikorps Champions Tourney. We drank a toast to his 15 years on my roster and then started the tourney with a slightly modified (mainly for scoring purposes) version of Marty Stever's balloon bust mission from *AERODROME* #91. What a scenario! By the time it ended all three balloons were destroyed as well as a SPAD XIII, a Bristol and a Fokker D.VII (which hit a tree). Although sixteen bombs were dropped at 50'/100', only nine hit their targets.

Dale Wood, flying a Fokker D.VII (185), played an outstanding game, shooting down the SPAD and finishing with a score of +110. Dave Johnson (Dolphin) was a close second with +104. His pilot won all the card cuts for a triple balloon kill and was awarded the DFC.

The next game had 5 Clerget Camels vs. a Fokker Dr.I, a Pfalz Dr.I, an SSW D.III and an SSW D.IV. The German's luck turned dreadfully bad and the game was over by the 10th turn. Only the SSW D.IV escaped combat as the rest went down after multiple attacks. I scored one kill outright and won the card cuts for the other two [two triple kills in one day!]. My pilot was also awarded the DFC. When the two game scores were added up, my +237 was good enough to take the tourney. The Asti-Spumanti tasted especially good this time as it was the first ever back-to-back win by anyone in the Freikorps. [Congratulations Dan, but I think you should give someone else a chance ...in say, '95!?!]

And, on the Friday before the Team Tourney in May, about ten of us gathered at Mike Carr's house to officially christen his new game room. It was great!

Finally, a new experience for me. As Gale Taylor drove the van down I-94 to Wisconsin, Dennis Elliott, John Carr, Jeff Harms and myself balanced a FITS board across the tops of the back of the seats and played a game on the highway! True Fanatics.....

The Annual Roster of Ace & Experienced Pilots

By Mike Carr

Last year was the first time we compiled a listing of ace and experienced pilots in *AERODROME*, and it was a big success. We had many FITS Society members submitting information on their most noteworthy pilots, and the compilation was published in *AERODROME* #97. It's something we plan to do annually in the last issue of the year.

This year we are hoping for an even larger response. The more players who respond, the better and more comprehensive the listing will be. This is your chance to tell the FITS world who your best active pilots are (current pilots only, please—those who are alive and still flying). So find the blue roster sheet which accompanies this issue, fill in the names and records of your pilots who qualify, and send them in as soon as possible to: Walt Carr, 314 Alicia, Morris, IL 60450. Then look for your pilots on the honor roll which will appear in issue #101!

All pilots and observers who have qualified in either the ace (5+ kills) or experienced (12+ missions) category should be listed. Give the airman's rank along with his first and last name, and show his current primary aircraft type. List missions and then confirmed kills for each flyer with a slash separating them, like this: 18/4.

Once again, the success of this project will depend upon the number of players who participate. So be sure to do your part and tell us about your pilots!

Remember also that *AERODROME* welcomes well-written stories about FITS pilots and their exploits. If you have an article about the career of one of your pilot personalities and some interesting stories about his game experiences, send it to me and perhaps you'll see it in a future issue of 'DROME.

Keep 'em flying!



Combat Report: Lateau Wood

20 November 1917

As Flown By The First Canadian DAWN PATROL Squadron

By Graham Cox

Editor's Note: Stephen Skinner's Lateau Wood scenario is based on Arthur Gould Lee's account of No. 46 Squadron's role in the Battle of Cambrai and appeared as a game outline in AERODROME #98 (page 22). Here is Graham Cox's report of his group in Winnipeg's replay of this challenging and unusual scenario. If your group plays the Lateau Wood scenario, be sure to report the results to AERODROME, too!

Summary

On the first turn of the game the flight of three Camels swept over the field guns, dropping all twelve of their bombs and destroying four squares of artillery pieces, with no misses. All four Albs jumped them, but only two managed to hit, and they scored very little damage.

The battle continued, with the Camels mostly ignoring the Albatri as they went about strafing the Cambrai-Arras road as ordered. All three Camel

pilots managed to complete their strafing requirements; only Mike Barker broke away from strafing early (though he would complete it later) to attack the enemy aircraft. He attacked Ken Sawchuk and thumped three hit factors into his plane from the top, and all three came up engine hits! Sawchuk's propeller was shot off, and he glided in to a landing on the road. He failed to land successfully, and his gallant pilot Bruno Stachel was killed in the resulting crash.

Shortly after, a 100 foot bottom attack resulted in a critical pilot hit, scored by Graham Cox on Kevan Sumner. Sumner successfully landed on the road, but was quickly dispatched by the infantry he had just strafed! His Camel had been shot up all game long, particularly by Cox and Kelly Sumner.

After Kevan Sumner went down, the battle quickly broke up. Both Barker and Pollock escaped, but not before Barker took critical damage in

the engine from ground fire. Both made it safely back to their home field. Kelly Sumner, Graham Cox and Kurtis Sawchuk formed up and continued to patrol the area while weather permitted. Shortly before the game ended, a jubilant Kurtis announced that he had finally unjammed the gun that had started the game jammed (from an engagement immediately prior to the Lateau Wood scenario). Kurtis was also the only flier to start the game with damage from a previous air battle under the setup rules for the scenario.

Although it was costly, the Allied mission was a success. The field guns were hit and the road was heavily strafed. The British lost one plane and one pilot, and the other two were shot up quite badly. The Germans, however, lost one aircraft, while the others were only lightly damaged, but their losses among the ground forces were significant. Term it a marginal Allied victory.

RFC 46 SQUADRON

Player	Pilot (Record)	Score
Mike Barker	R. "Hojo" Williams (0/0)	+44
Steven Pollock	A. Davidson (0/0)	+21
Kevan Sumner	D. Summoner (1/0)	-18

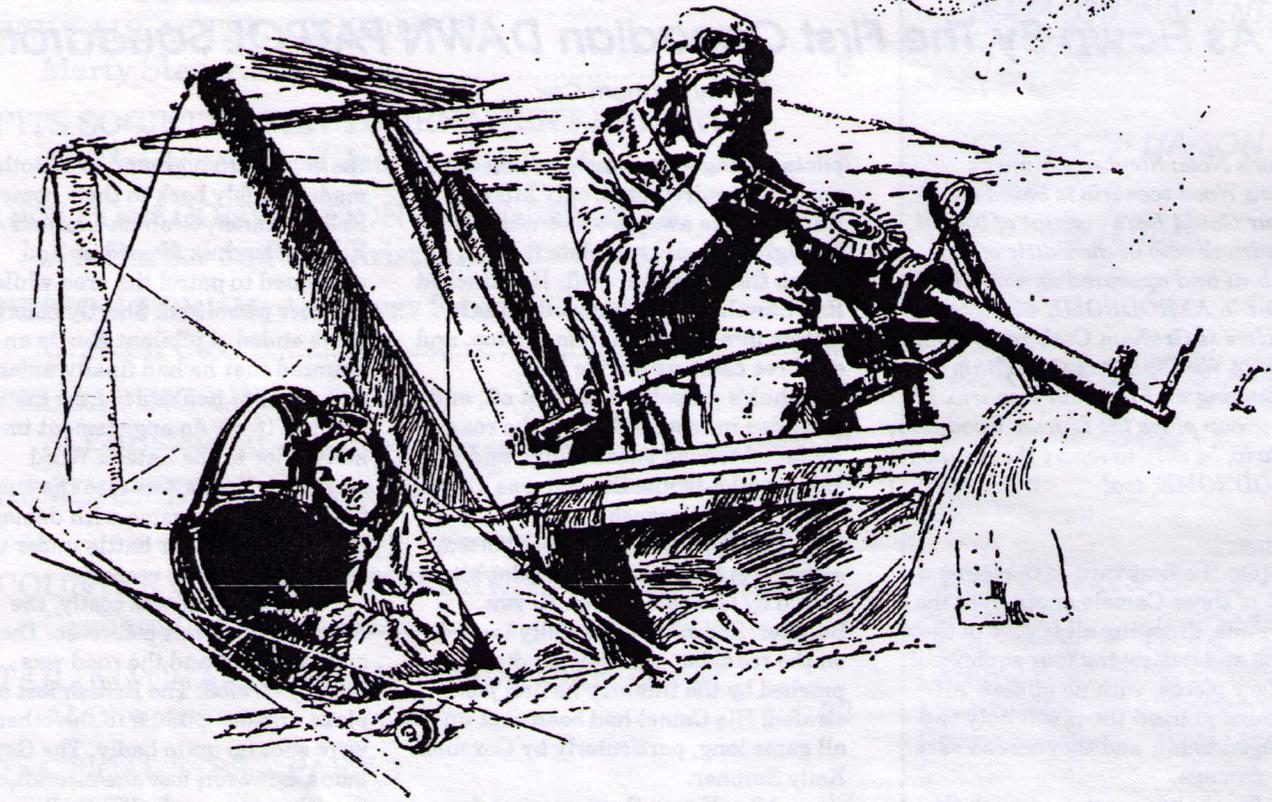
JAGDSTAFFEL 5

Player	Pilot (Record)	Score
Graham Cox	K. Schaeffer (5/1)	+73
Kelly Sumner	K. Sunterhaas (3/2)	+35
Kurtis Sawchuk	H. Snitzle (2/0)	+8
Ken Sawchuk	B. Stachel (10/2)	-21

Mike Barker scored a kill on Ken Sawchuk by inflicting engine critical #11.
Graham Cox scored a kill on Kevan Sumner by critically wounding his pilot.



The Young Man's Element —the Air



THE keen eye, the cool clear brain, the courage of youth, have won for the Allies supremacy of the Air. The world-famous aviators are young men.

In the profession of Military Aeronautics the rewards are all for the keen young man. No calling offers greater scope for individual accomplishment and bravery.

The Imperial Royal Flying Corps conducts in Canada its most efficient and most completely equipped training school. Young men of fair education, alert men 18 to 30 years old, are instructed in the highly specialized work of aerial observation and warfare. While training for their commissions, cadets receive \$1.10 per day. Class 1 men under the M.S. Act are eligible.

An interesting Booklet "Air Heroes in the Making," describes fully, the R.F.C. course of training. A copy will be sent post-paid to anyone who contemplates entering military life. Write to one of the following addresses.

Imperial Royal Flying Corps

AERODROME'S 100 ISSUES—A SUMMARY

#	Date	Pages	Cover (A=Art/P=Photo)	Editor
1	Jun 69	3	Copy	M. Carr
2	Jul 69	5	Copy	M. Carr
3	Aug 69	5	Copy	M. Carr
4	Sep 69	3	Copy	M. Carr
5	Oct 69	3	Copy	P. Cote
6	Nov 69	2	Copy	P. Cote
7	Dec 69	4	Copy	M. Carr
8	Jan 70	8	Copy +Fokker Dr.I (A)	P. Cote
9	Feb 70	4	Copy	M. Carr
10	Mar 70	6	Copy +Pour le Merite (A)	M. Carr
11	Apr 70	5	Copy	M. Carr
12	May 70	4	Copy	M. Carr
13	Jun 70	6	Copy	M. Carr
14	Jul 70	4	Copy	M. Carr
15	Aug 70	6	Sopwith Triplane (A)	M. Carr
16	Oct 70	8	Copy	M. Carr
17	Nov 70	4	Copy	P. Cote
18	Jan 71	5	Copy	M. Carr
19	Mar 71	3	Copy	M. Carr
20	Apr 71	4	Copy	M. Carr
21	May 71	5	Copy	P. Grant
22	Jun 71	7	Copy	C. Janiec
23	Jul 71	3	Copy	M. Carr
24	Sep 71	4	Copy +SPAD XIII (A)	J. Kronenberg
25	Oct 71	3	Copy	M. Carr
26	Dec 71	3	Copy	M. Carr
27	Jan 72	3	Copy	M. Carr
28	Feb 72	6	Copy	M. Carr
29	Apr 72	4	Copy	M. Carr
30	May 72	4	Copy	C. Janiec
31	Jun 72	5	Copy	M. Carr
32	Sep 72	6	Copy	R. Pritchard
33	Nov 72	3	Copy	M. Carr
34	Jan 73	7	Copy	M. Carr
35	Mar 73	7	Copy	M. Carr
36	May 73	6	Copy +Albatros W.4 (A)	M. Carr
37	Jun 73	20+15	Copy	P. Cote
38	Sep 73	19	SE 5 (A)	P. Cote
39	Nov 73	6	Copy	M. Carr
40	Jan 74	10+2	Copy	M. Carr
41	Mar 74	7	Copy	M. Carr
42	May 74	11	Copy	R. Pritchard
43	Jul 74	8	Copy	M. Carr
44	Sep 74	12	Camel & Fokker Dr.I (A)	P. Cote
45	Nov 74	7	Copy	R. Pritchard
46	Jan 75	5	Copy	M. Carr
47	Mar 75	7	Copy	M. Carr
48	May 75	6	Copy	M. Carr
49	Jul 75	4+4	Copy	P. Grant
50	Sep 75	5	Copy	M. Carr

#	Date	Pages	Cover (A=Art/P=Photo)	Editor
51	Nov 75	5	Copy	M. Carr
52	Jan 76	5	Copy	M. Carr
53	Mar 76	5	Copy	M. Carr
54	May 76	6	Copy	M. Carr
55	Jul 76	7	Copy	P. Grant
56	Sep 76	13	Nieuport 17 (A)	M. Carr
57	Nov 76	8	Rumpler C.V (A)	M. Carr
58	Jan 77	9	Fokker D.VIII (A)	M. Carr
59	Mar 77	16	Albatros D.Va (A)	M. Carr
60	May 77	14	Camel & Zeppelin (A)	M. Carr
61	Jul 77	6	Cover sheet	J. Kronenberg
62	Sep 77	11+1	Copy	P. Cote
63	Nov 77	9	Pfalz D.IIIa & SPAD (A)	M. Carr
64	Jan 78	9	Roland D.II (A)	M. Carr
65	Mar 78	13	Rhinebeck Dolphin (P)	M. Carr
66	May 78	9	Camel (A)	M. Carr
67	Jul 78	11	Player Champions (P)	P. Grant
68	Sep 78	13	SPAD & Fokker D.VII (A)	M. Carr
69	Nov 78	12	5th Edition Box Cover (A)	M. Carr
70	Jan 79	12	Crashed German Plane (A)	D. Rapp
71	Mar 79	20	Fokker Dr.I & Camels (A)	P. Grant
72	May 79	13	AERODROME #1 Cover	J. Thomas
73	Jul 79	11	Cover sheet	M. Huggins
74	Sep 79	9	Camel & Albatros (A)	M. Carr
75	Nov 79	15	Fokker Dr.I & SE 5a (A)	D. Danner
76	Mar 80	15+2	Pfalz Ground Attack (A)	D. Rapp
77	May 80	9	Lt. Gardet/SPA 48 (P)	M. Carr
78	Jul 80	6	Capt. Sabatier/SPA 48 (P)	S. Knoop
79	Sep 80	14	Nieuport 28/94th Aero (P)	J. Ward
80	Jan 81	8	Lt. Bajac/SPA 48 (P)	M. Carr
81	Mar 81	7	Color Comic: Enemy Ace	A. Christensen
82	May 81	17	Von Richthofen (A)	Ward/Barber
83	Jul 81	9	Adj. Lucas/SPA 97 (P)	S. Bergeron
84	Sep 81	12	Lt. D'Humieres/SPA 124 (P)	S. Knoop
85	Nov 81	8	German ace Karl Bolle (P)	M. Carr
86	Jan 82	9	Lt. Bongartz (P)	M. Carr
87	Aug 82	6	DAWN PATROL* box cover (P)	P. Hoyer
88	Jan 88	20	Copy	S. Knoop
89	Apr 88	40+8	Copy	S. Knoop
90	Jul 88	24	Camel & Albatros (A)	S. Knoop
91	Oct 88	28	Alb C & Nieuport 28 (A)	S. Knoop
92	Jan 89	24	Von Richthofen & Dr.I (A)	S. Knoop
93	Apr 89	28+2	Rhinebeck Albatros (P)	S. Knoop
94	Jan 90	32	Salmson (P)	Knoop/McIntyre
95	Apr 90	32	Caproni (P)	McIntyre/Guertin
96	Jul 90	28	SE 5a (P)	E. Weiss
97	Oct 90	28+4	Lt. Col. Bishop (P)	S. Knoop
98	Apr 91	28+1	Dietz Print: SE 5a (A)	A. Hammack
99	May 91	28	Rhinebeck Albatros (P)	S. Knoop
100	Fall 91	32+2	Armstrong-Whitworth F.K. 8 (P)	Carr/Conant