

Night Fighting



Fighting at night is a confusing and problematic affair. It is hard to see anything, and rocks and trees look like tanks, and tanks like houses.

MOVEMENT AT NIGHT

Moving at night without lights is slow.

Teams may not move further than 8"/20cm or move At the Double at night. Additionally vehicles must reroll successful bogging rolls when moving through Rough Terrain.

SHOOTING AT NIGHT

At night enemy troops and vehicles loom out of the darkness, only to vanish as quickly when the moon disappears behind a cloud.

Each time you select a platoon to shoot with, roll a die and consult the Night Visibility table. The result is the maximum distance that the platoon's teams can see at that moment. The platoon can only shoot at or range in on teams

Night Visibility

1	4"/10cm
2	8"/20cm
3	12"/30cm
4	16"/40cm
5	20"/50cm
6	24"/60cm

within that distance. Anything further away is invisible in the darkness. Roll to determine the visibility distance before you select your target.

Out Of Sight

No matter how hard you look, you aren't going to see anything beyond a certain distance at night.

Line of sight always ends at 24"/60cm at night. Anything beyond this distance is out of sight.

Concealment

Even on a clear night it is tricky to accurately pinpoint enemy positions unless they reveal themselves by shooting.

All teams count as Concealed at night unless they fired in their previous Shooting step.

Night is not concealing terrain, so ambushing troops must still deploy at least 16"/40cm from the enemy when in the open.

The concealment of night does not allow reconnaissance troops to use Cautious Movement (see page 20 of *Old Ironsides*). They must be concealed by terrain.

NO AIR SUPPORT

Air support is only available during daylight, and cannot attack in darkness.

... Fondouk Pass, 1943...

'Gentlemen. We must force the pass. The infantry haven't been able to take the hills, so it up to us. The 17th/21st Lancers will go down the valley and force a gap. The 16th/5th and the Rifle Brigade will be in support. Any questions?'

It hadn't sounded good when Brigadier Roberts said it this morning. It sounded worse now waiting to advance. Brown, bare hills flank the valley, leading to a narrow pass, a cleft in the hills ahead. All a long way away and well defended.

'17th/21st Lancers advance.' The Colonel's firm voice crackles through Lieutenant James Sanders' headphones. A pause, then the Major adds 'Goodbye, gentlemen. We shall all be killed.'

'Driver, advance,' Sanders orders over the intercom. The Sherman quickly gathers speed, stirring up the dust. Plumes of dust mark the rest of the regiment as the tanks surge up the barren valley.

Suddenly, a flash of flame erupts under the lead tank. The wounded Sherman lurches to the left, then stalls. 'Mines! Mines!' the crew shout to the following tanks as they bail out.

The hills ahead belch fire as the German guns open up. 'Driver, increase speed,' Sanders orders through gritted teeth. It's better to run the mines than to crawl in the guns' sights. Towers of dust plume skywards, clouding the valley and hiding the racing tanks.

The wireless is clogged with cries of 'We're hit! Bailing out!' Blazing wrecks lie strewn across the valley.

'Open fire!' Sanders shouts in frustration, his Sherman lurching over the rocky ground. The 75mm barks, the gunner firing blind through the dust and smoke.

'On! On!' Sanders yells, slapping his turret, eyes wide and staring, 'On! On! The 17th!' As if urging on a horse. 'On the Lancers!' As German guns rain shot and shell down into the valley.

Storm'd at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred.

— Alfred Tennyson, *The Charge of the Light Brigade*, 1870

