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## The *Song of Roland* is an epic retelling of a supposed encounter between the Franks and the Muslim occupiers of Christian Spain.

**R**ONCESVALLES PASS, THE BORDER CROSSING THROUGH which Muslim invaders penetrated the Pyrenees from Spain into France in AD 732, was the scene of an even more famous encounter two generations later, an encounter that occasioned the first epic poem of the Middle Ages. That the poem was almost entirely false is beside the question.

*La Chanson de Roland* (*The Song of Roland*) was written by an anonymous French poet in the late 11th or early 12th century. Its 4,001 lines recount the tragic fate of Roland, a Frankish nobleman and nephew to Holy Roman Emperor Charlemagne, who dies heroically commanding the emperor's rear guard at Roncesvalles. In the poem, Roland and his men are overwhelmed and slaughtered to the last man by a horde of 400,000 Saracens (the French word for Muslims). Repeatedly urged by his followers to blow his elephant-tusk horn and summon Charlemagne to their rescue, Roland refuses, stalwartly claiming that they can defeat the Saracens on their own. Only at the last moment does he blow the horn, to signal his noble kinsman to return and avenge them. Then he ascends to heaven as a Christian martyr.

Enormously popular at the time (Norman soldiers were said to have recited an early version of the poem while heading to England under William the Conqueror in 1066), *The Song of Roland* appealed to both French nationalists and their fellow European Christians, who could hiss the evil Muslims and exalt the superior virtues of their own religion. Along with various other factual errors, there was one glaring mistake in the poem: Roland and his men were killed, not by Muslims, but by other Christians.

In real life, Roland was not Charlemagne's nephew, but a minor nobleman in charge of his baggage. (Nor, for that matter, was Charlemagne 200 years old, as the poem ridiculously claims, but a strong and vital 36.) The Frankish monarch had been induced to invade al-Andalus, the Muslim-controlled part of the Iberian Peninsula, by the prospect of a quick victory over the politically divided Muslims. Such a vic-

tory was not forthcoming, and Charlemagne withdrew to his own kingdom after a fruitless month-long siege of Zaragoza. Along the way, he sacked and burned the Basque city of Pamplona. The Basques, who had taken no part in the fighting between the Franks and the Muslims, were understandably outraged.

On the afternoon of August 15, 778, a relatively small force of Basque guerrillas waylaid Roland, who was bringing the emperor's plunder-laden baggage train back to France. Raining down huge boulders onto the retreating Franks, the Basques finished them off with a well-placed rain of arrows. Roland and his entire force of 20,000 men, including 12 peers of the realm, were killed in the ambush.

When the anonymous author of *The Song of Roland* came to chronicle the battle 400 years later, he smoothly sought to lessen the embarrassing defeat by attributing it to overwhelming numbers of Muslims, not a comparative handful of lightly armed Basques. Nor did he place any blame on the unwary Roland himself. In the poem, Roland is betrayed by his duplicitous stepfather. And unlike history, in the poem a righteously angry Charlemagne immediately returns to Spain and drives the Saracens into the Ebro River. Then the angel Gabriel appears to the emperor in a dream, summoning him to prepare for yet another holy war against the infidels.

The timing of the poem has led historians to infer that it was written as a piece of propaganda to stir up popular support for the First Crusade. If so, it was neither the first nor the last piece of questionable intelligence used to justify an invasion of the Middle East—even if it was the most lyrical. “Weapons of mass destruction” doesn't have quite the same ring.

*Roy Morris Jr.*

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By Richard A. Gabriel

## The Israelite army that invaded Canaan under Joshua was a veteran body of soldiers led by a wily and experienced commander.

**C**ONTRARY TO POPULAR BELIEF, THE ISRAELITE ARMY THAT ASSEMBLED in Jordan in 1400 BC under Joshua's command for the invasion of Canaan was not a rag-tag rabble of poorly armed fugitive ex-slaves without military experience. Rather, it was a large force led by experienced commanders and

equipped with the same weapons found in Egyptian and Canaanite armies of the day. It was

highly trained and capable of executing a broad array of tactical maneuvers, including special operations and the ability to take fortified cities by storm. Its commander was a charismatic general, a veteran of many battles who had been a soldier all his life. As he assembled his army at Shittim, Joshua prepared for war

with the single-minded determination of a man who felt that he was doing God's will.

Under the militia system established by Moses, all Israelite males over age 20 were conscripted for military service. As described in the Biblical text, Joshua's army was armed with sickle-swords, long and short

spears, simple bows, slings, and shields, the same infantry weapons used by the Egyptian and Canaanite armies. The Israelite column as it departed Sinai was divided into four sections, each subdivided into three sections—the same general organization as an Egyptian army. The column included reconnaissance units, heavy spear infantry, light infantry, archers, and slingers.

Joshua's army was composed of *melumedei milchamah*, or veteran soldiers. The army's range of tactical maneuvers and operational capabilities was impressive; it included tactical reconnaissance, forced night marches over rugged terrain, ambush, tactical surprise, concentration of forces, enticement, decoys, deception, coordination of divided forces, tactical communication, indirect approaches, feints, diversionary movements, lethal pursuit, and storming fortified cities.

Having been ordered to begin the invasion of Canaan, Joshua sent two spies to conduct a reconnaissance of the objective before committing the army to cross the Jordan River. Once inside Jericho, the scouts rested at the house of a prostitute named Rahab. The choice of locations was sound spy craft. Not only were such places ready sources of loose talk, but they were one of the few locations inside a small city where strangers could appear without raising questions. Nevertheless, the king of Jericho's

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A mounted Joshua, drawing his sword, leads the Israelite forces besieging Jericho in this 19th-century engraving.



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Joshua's trumpeters surround an improbably European-looking city of Jericho in this 15th-century painting. The Ark of the Covenant is directly behind them.

counterintelligence agents detected the spies' presence the night they arrived, and the king demanded that Rahab turn over the spies. Rahab lied to the king's agents, telling them that the Israelites had left the city around dusk when, in fact, she had hidden them on her roof. In return for her cooperation, the Israelites agreed to spare Rahab and her family when Jericho was attacked.

Jericho's inner and outer walls were made of casement and divided by cross chambers that could be filled with rubble for strength or left unfilled and used for apartments, storage rooms and stables. Rahab's house was located in the outer wall. Before escaping, the Israelite spies instructed Rahab to tie a crimson cord to her window so that the Israelites attacking the town would know that Rahab's house and its occupants were to be spared the slaughter. The scouts returned to Shittim and informed Joshua of the low state of morale in Jericho. Convinced that he held the psychological advantage, Joshua ordered the army to prepare to cross the Jordan.

Three days later, Joshua gave the order to attempt the crossing. He ordered his priests to take up the Ark of the Covenant and lead the people to the river bank. Even at full flood, the river is little more than a wide stream, never more than 90 to 100 feet across, its channel usually no more than 10 feet wide, meandering from bank to bank. Placing a line of large stones upstream, the Israelites constructed a platform of rocks along the river's bottom by piling one stone atop another until the bridge was wide and long enough to cross the ford.

Joshua was concerned about the stones left behind in the river. After the crossing, he instructed one man from each of the 12 tribes to go to where the priests stood on dry land in the middle of the Jordan and carry the stones to Gilgal, the next place of encampment, where he placed them in a sacred circle. Other men were sent back to the river to gather more stones for a platform within the circle upon which the Ark of the Covenant was placed. Joshua's order to remove the stones seems to have been intended

to destroy the crossing point into Canaan and to convey the message to his own forces that there was no turning back.

On the eve of the attack on Jericho, Joshua made his own reconnaissance before the battle. Then he had the army form a column with an armed guard before and behind the priests carrying the Ark of the Covenant and march once around the city in complete silence. The silent march was repeated for six consecutive days. At daybreak on the seventh day, the column assembled again and began its now familiar march. This time, however, it marched around the city seven times. On the seventh circuit, according to the Biblical account: "The priests blew the trumpets. When the people heard the sound of the trumpets, the people gave a tremendous shout. The wall collapsed on the spot. The people went up into the city, every man straight ahead, and took the city."

The Biblical story of the fall of Jericho, when analyzed from a military perspective, reveals Joshua's brilliant tactical mind. The text uses the Hebrew term *sabbotem* to describe the movement of the column at Jericho. Taken in context, the term does not mean "to march around," but more precisely "to encircle." It is unclear if the column marched around the city or if the city was simply encircled by the Israelite army. Jericho was fortified by about 900 feet of perimeter wall. If the Israelite army of 8,000 men encircled Jericho, it did so in a formation where each man occupied two feet of ground in a phalanx six men deep.

But why did Joshua order the army to appear each day and encircle the city, presumably standing silently in place for hours only to withdraw to its camp each night without attacking? The answer may be that Joshua was attempting to weaken the will of the enemy by playing upon the fear and uncertainty that the Israelite scouts had reported earlier. Jericho's defenders had refused to engage him at the Jordan, when they would have had the tactical advantage. Nor did they attack when he was camped at Gilgal. When Joshua moved into position to attack the city, he found it shut up tight. The enemy commander had shown himself to be timid and nonaggressive. Joshua's repeated encirclement at Jericho was designed to increase the enemy commander's uncertainty and to heighten fears within the garrison.

In the end, of course, the city still had to be taken by force. If we do not take the text literally that "the walls collapsed on the spot," and understand it to mean merely that resistance suddenly collapsed, then what did Joshua do to make the resistance collapse so suddenly? The large Israelite army assaulting a small city



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Jewish priests attached to Joshua's army reverently bear the sacred Ark of the Covenant across the Jordan River.

of only 500 defenders could easily have overcome the walls with scaling ladders at any time during the six days. Why, then, did Joshua wait until the seventh day?

Part of the answer was to weaken the resolve of the defenders. But another reason had to do with Rahab the prostitute. When the Israelite scouts left Rahab, they had instructed her to “tie this length of crimson cord to the window through which you let us down.” Tied to the window, the crimson cord would only be visi-

ble from outside the city wall, making it useless as an indicator of the location to Israelite soldiers ravaging the city from inside the walls. The crimson cord marked the window through which elite Israelite troops could enter the city undetected. The dust and confusion caused by the Israelite army as it marched around the city was a distraction to permit small numbers of Israelite special-operations troops to enter the city through Rahab’s window. A few men at a time could have climbed up into Rahab’s house

using the army’s demonstration outside the wall as a distraction. Once inside the house, the men waited for the signal to strike.

When the great roar from the army accompanied by the blast of the trumpets signaled the start of the Israelite attack, the special forces went into action. When the infiltrators emerged from their hiding place, they attacked the main gate from the inside, overpowered the guard, and threw it open to the sudden rush of the attacking Israelite army. They then cleared a

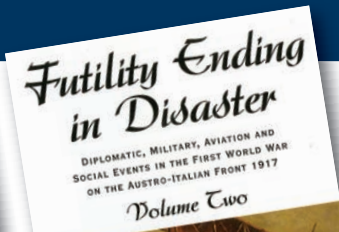
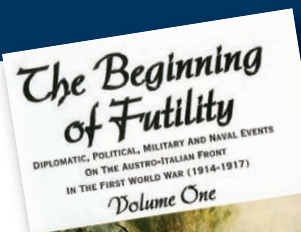
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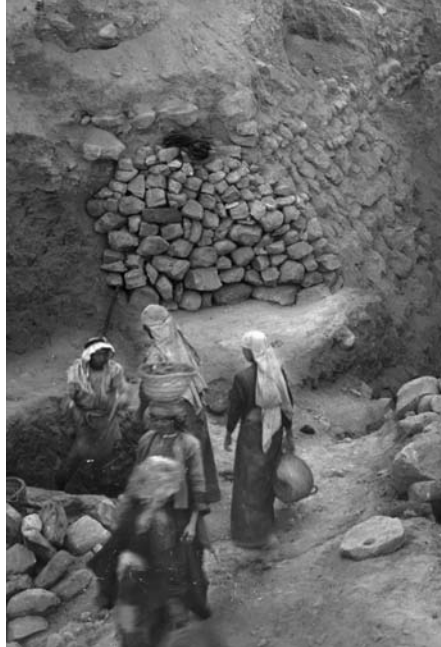
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section of the wall in short order, making it easy for the troops below to scale it with their ladders. With similar attacks occurring all along the perimeter wall, a considerable number of troops could have successfully scaled the cleared wall in a matter of minutes. The defense collapsed quickly, perhaps tempting the Biblical author to employ the metaphor that “the walls collapsed on the spot.”

Jericho was the first Israelite objective in Canaan, and Joshua put the city to the sword, commanding his troops to slay “everything that breathed.” Men, women, children, and animals were killed on the spot and the city was burned to the ground. But was there a valid military reason to destroy Jericho? The answer is concealed in the more fundamental question: Why attack Jericho at all? Perhaps it was because Jericho commanded the approaches to the central Judean highlands that were Joshua’s ultimate objective. But it is inaccurate to say that Jericho commanded the approaches to the central Judean ridge. There were several approaches north and south of the city that Joshua could have used. With its modest size and small garrison, Jericho would have presented no significant threat to the Israelite rear, even if it had been bypassed. Why go through the trouble of attacking a city that was not

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Arab workers uncover the city wall of the ancient Jericho during an archaeological expedition in the 1930s.

going to be used for Israelite resettlement?

Part of the reason was hygienic. In ancient times Jericho already had a reputation for being an unhealthy place. Its water supply depended on a single well, Elisha’s Well, located below

the city. Archaeological investigations have uncovered evidence of *bulinus truncatus* in its water, the tiny snail that carries the parasite for schistosomiasis, or “snail fever,” which is still endemic to Egypt and Iraq. This prompted Joshua to place a curse on the city and anyone who attempted to rebuild it.

But if Joshua knew that Jericho was a pest-hole and did not intend to settle Israelites there, why attack it at all? The reason was psychological. Joshua’s was a war of extermination, and Jericho was destroyed with utter ruthlessness to strike fear in the minds of the rulers and inhabitants of other cities that Joshua planned to attack. By any military calculation, Jericho was a “soft” target. It was attacked and destroyed as part of Joshua’s campaign of psychological warfare to terrify his enemies. Jericho was the first battle fought on Canaan’s soil, and Joshua wanted to make certain that the first combat in the Promised Land was a success. Nothing so excites an army as a successful bloodletting, and nothing rattles the nerve of one’s enemies like a bloody example of the gruesome fate that awaits them as well. In these respects, Joshua demonstrated his intuitive understanding of the psychology of war and provided a textbook example of how to use special forces successfully. □

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By Steve Lilley

## The hard-pressed U.S. Army converted the British Pattern 14 Rifle into a new battle weapon, the U.S. Rifle Model 1917, in World War I.

**I**N DIRECTOR HOWARD HAWKS'S 1941 FILM CLASSIC, *SERGEANT YORK*, then-Corporal Alvin York, portrayed by Gary Cooper, single-handedly knocks out more than 30 German machine-gun nests and, with little assistance, captures 132 enemy soldiers. In the process, the former conscientious objector from Tennessee drops 25 Germans with 25 shots, many fired from his trusty 1903 U.S. Springfield rifle. The movie's

climactic scene helped cement the Springfield's mystique with generations of military firearms collectors, history buffs, and re-enactors. Sleek and accurate, the Springfield seemed the perfect weapon for an iconic American hero.

Inspiring as the film was, York probably did not use a Springfield rifle on that October day in 1918 during the Meuse-Argonne offensive. It seems more likely that York achieved his stunning feat of arms

carrying the less-well-known but more widely issued U.S. Rifle Model 1917. Although some confusion persists about which rifle York carried during the battle, in his diary he wrote: "We got to France at Le Havre. There we turned in our guns and got British guns. I had taken a liking to my gun by this time. I had taken it apart and cleaned it enough to learn every piece and I could almost put it back together with my eyes shut. I didn't like the British

guns so well. I don't think they were as accurate as our American rifles."

How did York wind up with a British gun? The explanation involves American ingenuity, productive capacity, and lack of preparedness for entry into the Great War. Having concluded that the Krag-Jorgensen rifles used by U.S. Army troops in the Spanish-American War were inferior to the 1893 Mauser rifles that the Spanish troops carried, the Army adopted the U.S. Magazine Rifle of 1903, commonly called the Springfield because it was manufactured at the U.S. armory in Springfield, Massachusetts. Based on Peter Paul Mauser's bolt-action rifle design, the Springfield proved short enough for cavalry use and long enough for infantry use, and fired the new 30.06 service cartridge that matched or surpassed the performance of any standard military cartridge in the world. American troops instantly loved the rifle for its butter-smooth action and tack-driving accuracy.

Even so, the Springfield suffered from one serious weakness: limited production. Before the United States entered World War I, this mattered little. In 1917, the U.S. Army mustered roughly 127,500 officers and men, fewer men than Portugal's army. When Congress declared war on the Central Powers on April 6 and later implemented military conscription, the U.S. Army embarked

American soldiers, armed with Model 1917 Enfield rifles, attack during the Second Battle of the Marne, in July 1918.



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World War I-era arms, left to right, include the 12-gauge shotgun with bayonet attached, American Enfield, and Springfield rifles.

on a 30-fold expansion, growing to roughly four million soldiers in just over a year.

Training and equipping so large a force quickly enough to enter the war before Germany overran the French and the British appeared insurmountable even for the United States. Lack of sufficient quantities of war materiel in general and infantry weapons in particular hampered preparations. The U.S. Army had 600,000 of its superb Springfield rifles in 1917. Another 160,000 of the old Krag's in .30-caliber also remained available. For training purposes, the Army purchased 1891 Russian Mosin-Nagant rifles in 7.62 X 54 mm and roughly 20,000 .303-caliber Canadian Ross rifles that, if improperly assembled, occasionally launched their bolts into the shooter's face. Even if these weapons were suitable for combat, their incompatible parts and calibers created a logistical nightmare.

The Army clearly preferred the 1903 Spring-

fields, but only two factories had ever produced the rifle. The Springfield Armory, the larger of the two facilities, quickly maximized its production. The other facility, the Rock Island Arsenal in Illinois, also possessed the machinery necessary to produce Springfields, but the War Department had closed the plant in February 1914. As tensions mounted between the United States and Germany, the Rock Island Arsenal reopened two months prior to the American declaration of war. Unfortunately, much of the arsenal's skilled work force had found employment elsewhere, delaying the plant's return to full production capacity. The United States was fast creating an army without rifles.

The War Department considered issuing contracts to commercial firearms companies to produce the Springfields, but quickly rejected the idea. It would require far too much time to re-equip and retool plants and train the work force necessary to produce the rifles. A better option

appeared when fully equipped factories with trained workers became available at exactly the right moment, though not for producing Springfields. In 1913, Great Britain had begun experimenting with a weapon to replace the Short Magazine Lee Enfield (SMLE) rifles issued to their army. Affectionately nicknamed “smellies” by British troops, the Mark III Lee Enfields, first issued in 1907, were chambered for the .303-caliber, rimmed, smokeless cartridge that had served the Royal Army as standard issue since the 1880s. Germany had long used the rimless 7.92mm in its service rifles, and the American adoption of its rimless 30.06 inspired Great Britain to consider replacing the SMLE with a stronger bolt-action rifle chambered for a more modern, more powerful cartridge. The British based their experimental rifle on the Mauser action, just as the Americans had, and developed a high-velocity, high-pressure .276-caliber rimless cartridge for the weapon.

The Royal Small Arms Factory at Enfield Lock produced 1,000 of the new rifles for tests, but abandoned the project when Britain entered the Great War. Britain faced the same problem the United States would confront three years later, expanding its small peacetime army, equipping it, and deploying it on the battlefield in time to defeat Germany. Adopting a new infantry rifle and cartridge seemed an impractical use of Great Britain’s limited resources. Worse yet, the new .276-caliber cartridge posed problems of rapid barrel erosion, exceptionally loud report, and bright muzzle flash. For the time being, the old “smellies” would have to do, but the British government doubted its ability to produce these in sufficient numbers. The solution was a compromise that permitted continued development of the new rifle, but in the old .303-caliber. To this end, Great Britain turned to the United States’ surplus manufacturing capacity.

The British government issued contracts for the production of the new rifle, designated the Pattern 1914, at three American plants: Winchester Repeating Arms of New Haven, Connecticut; Remington Arms Company at Ilion, New York; and Remington’s plant at Eddystone, Pennsylvania. The Pattern 14s differed little from their experimental predecessors aside from their .303 chambering. Despite rising production costs and delays occasioned by on-site British quality inspectors, the U.S. plants produced nearly 1,900,000 Pattern 14s, with Eddystone producing the greatest number and Winchester the least.

Just when Great Britain seemed poised to replace the SMLE rifle with the Pattern 14, the smellies, despite their supposed obsolescence,

performed admirably in the trenches. The .303 cartridge proved perfectly adequate for modern warfare, and the standard Mark III Enfield not only functioned reliably but also held twice as many rounds in its detachable box magazine as Germany’s 1898 Mauser. More importantly, Britain’s accelerated SMLE production satisfied the Royal Army’s needs. American production of the Pattern 14 became unnecessary, and the British government canceled the American contracts. Production ended in July 1917, just as the United States mobilized for its own entry into the war.

The cancellation could not have come at a better time for the United States. The Ordnance Department had already considered adopting the Pattern 14 as an alternate infantry rifle to supplement the Springfield, but did not want a rifle in the .303-caliber British model. Now the United States found itself with three fully operational factories capable of producing a modern infantry rifle and seeking a buyer for their goods. War mobilization forced a quick decision. Rather than retool commercial firms and train a workforce to manufacture Springfields, a lengthy task at best, the Ordnance Department decided to purchase American-made Pattern 14s with one key modification. The otherwise identical rifles would be chambered for the 30.06 cartridge and the new rifle adopted as the U.S. Rifle Model 1917. With one brilliant administrative decision, the Ordnance Department solved the Army’s rifle shortage—or so it seemed.

Modifying the Pattern 14 to fire the 30.06 cartridge proved simple enough. Built with the potent .276 cartridge in mind, the Pattern 14 boasted an exceptionally strong action perfectly capable of accommodating the high-pressure American cartridge. The only real difficulty involved parts interchangeability. Tests revealed that Pattern 14 parts were built to comparatively loose tolerances and often required time-consuming hand fitting. This threatened delivery schedules and complicated repair, but desperate for weapons, the War Department issued contracts for the new rifle’s production. Although the initial runs of 1917 rifles from Winchester suffered from this problem, the rifles eventually enjoyed 95 percent interchangeability, a satisfactory rate during wartime.

By February 1918, the three plants combined produced over 7,000 of the 1917 rifles daily for the princely sum of \$26 per copy, half of what the P-14s had cost to produce. By war’s end, 75 percent of the doughboys carried the “U.S. Enfield,” as it was often called. The Marine Corps received 61,000 and the Navy received 604 1917s.

Although the 1917 rifle solved the War

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American troops armed with the new Enfields practice bayonet tactics in France under the eyes of stern-faced instructor.

Department's rifle supply problems, many American soldiers shared Alvin York's preference for the Springfield. They complained about the new rifle's weight, nearly a pound heavier than the Springfield, and its length, two inches longer. Some also disliked the fact that the 1917's bolt cocked on closing, whereas the Springfield cocked on opening. Soldiers objected to the American Enfield's lack of magazine cutoff.

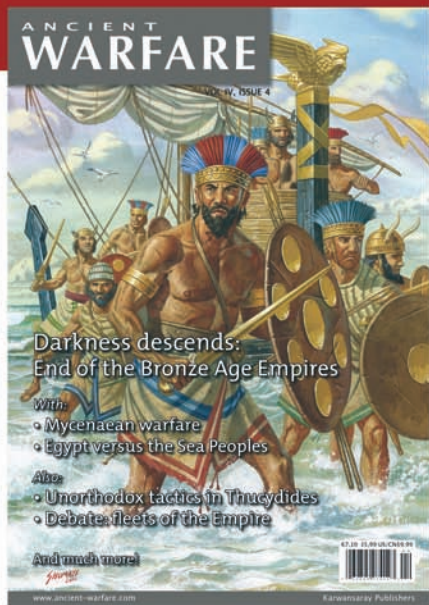
Because of this, the bolt could not be closed on an empty magazine unless the soldier depressed the magazine follower with his thumb or inserted a coin on top of it. Many also shared York's opinion that the Springfield performed more accurately than the 1917. The 1917's sights lacked any device for windage adjustment, an omission that riled competitive shooters. A few soldiers even objected that the rifle's sight pro-

tectors would distract the shooter from acquiring an adequate sight picture.

Despite the doughboys' objections, the Enfield had definite advantages over the Springfield. Although the Enfield sights lacked windage adjustment, the Enfield's aperture rear sight lay closer to the shooter's eye and could be much more easily acquired in combat conditions. The 1917's sights rested safely between protective "ears" that shielded them from abuse. Accuracy proved better than the rifle's critics expected. In 1918, Marine Corporal F.L. Branson, using a 1917 rifle, won the 1,000-yard competition at the national matches at Camp Perry, Ohio.

The Enfield's box magazine originally accommodated five .303 cartridges, but the 30.06 cartridge's smaller-diameter rimless head occupied less space, giving the 1917 a six-round capacity compared to the Springfield's five. Unfortunately, the Army still issued only five-round stripper clips, which undermined the advantage. Finally, the Enfield adapted readily to the French Viven-Bessiere grenade launcher. Equipped with such accessories as a 22-inch bayonet designed for the P-14, the 1917 proved itself equal or superior to any infantry rifle issued in the Great War.

By the time of the Armistice in November



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Armed with Enfields, American doughboys man an abandoned German position in the Meuse Valley north of Verdun.

1918, the Remington, Winchester, and Eddystone plants had produced 2,193,429 1917 rifles, so many that the War Department considered adopting them to replace the Springfields. In the end, the Springfield won the battle, partly because match shooters preferred its sights for competitive shooting. During the postwar years, the Army refurbished its inventory of 1917 rifles. Some were sold to the Philippines, and a few found their way home to ROTC units for drill purposes. Most simply languished in storage.

World War II changed all that. After the British Expeditionary Force abandoned its weapons on the beaches at Dunkirk, the Royal Army faced a German cross-Channel invasion lacking equipment of every kind, especially infantry rifles. The British government appealed to civilians to volunteer their firearms for home defense use, but post-World War I legal restrictions on firearms ownership and the manufacture of automatic weapons made suitable firearms scarce in the British Isles. Although many British civilians turned in the few weapons they had, their contributions did little to alleviate the shortage. The British government bought advertising space in U.S. publications asking Americans to "Send a Gun to Defend a British Home." American citizens shipped a vast assortment of personal firearms to the beleaguered nation to fill the gap.

Despite American generosity, Great Britain's army desperately needed uniform modern battle rifles. Once again, the 1917 rifle came to the rescue. Roughly one million of the Americanized Enfields reached Britain through the Lend-Lease program. To avoid confusion with the .303 Pattern 14 rifles still in Royal Army inventories, the British marked the 30.06 1917 butt

stocks with red paint. Nationalist China also received shipments of the rifles.

When the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor thrust the United States into World War II in December 1941, the U.S. Army, while better prepared for war than it had been in 1917, once again suffered equipment shortages. Over 200,000 1917s were issued for training purposes within the United States. A few also turned up in the hands of artillery and mortar crews during the North African campaign in 1942.

By 1943, the Army's infantry rifle shortages abated. Supplies of the U.S. Rifle Model 1903-A3, a Springfield modified for rapid manufacture, appeared in growing numbers, and the magnificent U.S. Rifle Caliber .30 M-1, called the Garand in honor of its designer, became available by the millions. By October 1945, the 1917 rifle had been declared obsolete. The military life of the American Enfield had passed.

The American Enfield lives on in civilian hands. After World War I, many returning doughboys' wartime weapons experience whetted their appetite for bolt-action sporting rifles. Remington possessed large stocks of 1917 rifle parts, and from 1926 to 1940 the company produced a sporting version of the American Enfield designated the Model 30. Many surplus 1917s were sold to civilians after World War II. Their stout nickel-steel actions made them suitable for conversion to powerful sporting cartridges, and many were converted into sport rifles. Today, unaltered 1917s have become increasingly scarce and collectible.

While it never developed the mystique associated with the Springfield rifle, it was the American Enfield that Alvin York and most of his brothers in arms carried to victory in World War I. □

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By Blaine Taylor

## The 1934 assassination of Yugoslavian king Alexander I on the streets of Marseilles sparked fears of another Sarajevo.

**D**REAMS OF “YUGO SLAVIA” OR SOUTH SLAVIA, BEGAN IN THE 1860s, and by World War I intellectuals in the region pined away for a Greater Serbia that would stretch east from the Black Sea to the Aegean, uniting all Serbs. It was a dream marked by frequent shedding of blood—sometimes noble blood. In 1900, the king of Serbia, Alexander I Obrenovic, married his mistress, Draga

Masin, angering his army general staff and the Radical Party. In 1903, rebels from the Belgrade garrison broke into the royal palace and shot down the king and queen, throwing their naked bodies into the garden.

For the slain monarch’s successor, the Serbs convinced 70-year-old Peter Karadordevic, descended from the 18th century’s notorious “Black

Peter,” to accept the bloodied crown. He ruled as Peter I until 1914, when he stepped aside due to ill health. His eldest son George had been passed over as successor in 1909 after fatally kicking a servant in a temper tantrum, and the younger son, Alexander, had become crown prince, succeeding his father as regent five years later.

Born on December 16, 1888, in

Montenegro, Alexander was educated at Geneva and in the Corps of Imperial Pages at St. Petersburg. In 1910, he nearly died of typhus, which left him with stomach problems for the remainder of his life. As Crown Prince Alexander, he commanded the 1st Army in the First Balkan War of 1912, helping to win battles at Kumanovo and Bitola, and also led troops in the Second Balkan War of 1913. On June 24, 1914, Alexander was formally named Regent of Serbia.

With the outbreak of World War I, Alexander became nominal commander-in-chief of the Royal Serbian Army, although actual command was exercised by his chiefs of staff. The Serbs won victories against the Imperial Austro-Hungarian Army in the Battles of Cer and Kolubar (the Drina) in 1914, but suffered setbacks the next year, withdrawing to the Greek island of Corfu to reorganize. They won another victory at Kajmakalan on the Macedonian front and were a major part of the final Allied breakthrough in October 1918 that witnessed the ultimate collapse of the Hapsburg Empire.

The overall form for a new Slav state had been decided on Corfu by both Serb and Croat politicians the previous July, and independence from Austria was declared on October 29, 1918. Although the Serbs made up less than half of its new population, they effectively ran the

Having fatally shot King

Alexander I of Yugoslavia,

assassin Vlado Chernozem-

ski is struck by a saber-

wielding mounted policeman

as he clings to the running

board of the king’s car.



Author's Collection

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country. On December 1, Alexander proclaimed the new Kingdom of Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes, and "gallant little Serbia" of World War I fame came to dominate the future Yugoslavia. As such, the new nation was welcomed by Greece, feared by Italy, and glumly tolerated by the other Balkan states. Since it had been formulated before the Allied Paris Peace Conference of 1919, the victors recognized the kingdom's self-proclaimed frontiers and padded out its borders with even more land. The result was a state three times bigger than the old Serbia, with even more foes.

In 1921, the Crown Regent became King Alexander I. That June 28, on the anniversary of the famous Battle of Kosovo, Alexander took an oath to uphold the new constitution of what now became known as Yugoslavia. It comprised Serbia, Montenegro, Croatia, Slovenia, Dalmatia, Bosnia, Herzegovina, and parts of Macedonia. The new, centralized state, ruled with an iron hand from Belgrade, was formalized under the 1921 Vidovadan Constitution. The new monarch married Princess Maria of Romania on June 8, 1922. They had three sons: Crown Prince Peter, and Princes Tomislav and Andrej.

Assassination and political unrest followed in the wake of Serb domination of the central



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Alexander I of Yugoslavia.

government and rumblings of Croat separatism. There were serious riots in 1928 after elected Croat deputies withdrew from the national parliament. A shooting on the floor of the house the next year caused the king to suspend the 1921 constitution and establish a military dictatorship, later referred to as the

"Regime of the 6th of January" by its foes. "The machine no longer works," Alexander declared.

The king easily routed the Yugoslavian Communist Party, but his palace coup also led to the formation of the Croatian Ustasha, or Rebel Party, led by Zagreb lawyer Dr. Ante Pavelic. Outlawed by the king, Ustasha leaders fled to fascist Italy, where the party operated under the secret protection of Prime Minister Benito Mussolini.

On October 3, 1929, Alexander renamed the state the Kingdom of Yugoslavia, and on September 3, 1931, he assumed unlimited executive powers under yet another constitution. Elections were to be by universal male suffrage only, the secret ballot was abolished, and all public employees had to vote for his party. The king also appointed the members of Parliament's upper house, effectively controlling all legislation.

Meanwhile, Yugoslavia joined two French-inspired diplomatic and military alliances that were designed to keep down defeated Germany: the Little Entente and the Balkan Pact. This brought Alexander into contact with French Foreign Minister Louis Barthou, 72, who wanted to craft a new alliance among these states and Soviet Russia to deter increas-

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In this still frame taken from a newsreel of the shocking event, the assassin leans into the vehicle, firing the fatal rounds into the monarch.

ingly aggressive Nazi Germany from going to war. Adolf Hitler understandably wanted to prevent such an alliance.

Alexander and Barthou decided to meet at the port of Marseilles on October 9, 1934, a Tuesday, despite the fact that the superstitious monarch had previously refused to take part in any public functions on that day due to the deaths of a trio family members on a Tuesday. It was to prove a well-justified portent of doom.

Upon receiving the news of Alexander's planned visit to France, Count Galeazzo Ciano summoned Ante Pavelic to Rome. There, they allegedly discussed ways and means of killing the king. Once these plans had been agreed, Mussolini met the plotters in his Villa Torlonia, outside of Rome. Chief among them was Vlado Chernozemski, a Bulgarian national and crack pistol shot who had already killed two members of the Bulgarian Parliament in Sofia. Chernozemski was a member of the Ustasha Croatian Revolutionary Organization, which cooperated with the anti-Serbian Internal Macedonian Revolutionary Organization, or IMRO. The German SS was also aware of the plot, but not actively involved in it.

Just before 4 PM on October 9, the Royal Yugoslavian Navy destroyer *Dubrovnik* sailed under Marseilles' Old Port Bridge as artillery roared a salute and French aircraft flew overhead. A band played the two national anthems as Alexander stepped ashore from the ship's launch, resplendent in an admiral's uniform with gold shoulder boards and a quaint bicorne hat.

The assembled crowd gave a rousing welcome, an honor guard presented arms, and a little girl gave King Alexander a bouquet of flowers, after which the mayor escorted his royal guest and his country's foreign minister to their official coach for the day, a black Delage convertible, driven by chauffeur-policeman Paul Foissac. The monarch and the diplomat seated themselves in the back. Facing them on the jump seat was French Army Chief of Staff General Alphonse Georges. The vehicle started up the cobble-stoned streets following the traditional 18-rider cavalry guard, with a pair of mounted officers also posted on each side of the vehicle. Despite having survived at least six known previous attempts on his life, Alexander contemptuously refused an aide's suggestion that he wear a bulletproof vest, which might have saved his life.

A few blocks from the waterfront landing, the assassin waited amid the cheering crowd. Within minutes after the procession had begun, Chernozemski approached the royal coach, brushed past the horse of Lt. Col. Jules Piollet, who mistook him for a photographer, jumped onto the running board and cried, "Long live the king!" He held onto the car's rear door with one hand while he brandished his 9mm Mauser machine pistol with the other, firing nine shots and hitting the king with two rounds. Alexander slumped backward, blood flowing from his mouth. Trying to disarm the assassin, General Georges was hit four times himself, in the chest, both arms, and stomach. Surviving the fusillade, he was never the same again.

Chernozemski was instantly struck down by

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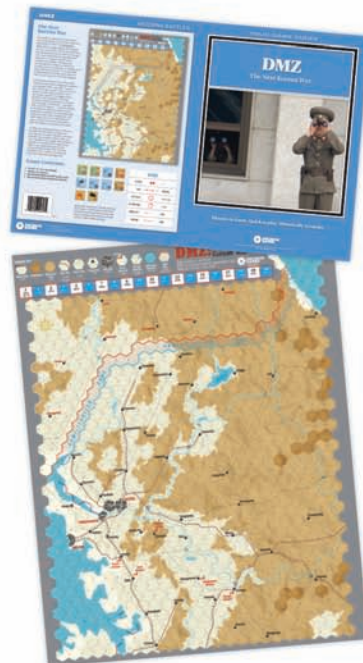
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a mounted policeman's sword, and the enraged crowd stomped and beat him in a frenzy of revenge. The king lay back on the seat, eyes open. The chauffeur was also mortally wounded, his foot jammed against the accelerator. Barthou was accidentally shot in the arm by a French policeman, severing an artery above his right elbow. Three women and a boy in the stricken crowd were also fatally wounded by stray police bullets.

Barthou stumbled from the vehicle, bleeding badly, while the king lay dying in the back seat of the car. His foreign minister, Bagoljab Yevtic, opened the monarch's stiff shirt collar with a penknife. The king was mortally wounded just below the heart. Rushed to a nearby clinic, he died at 4:30 PM, 15 minutes after having been shot. Arriving by cab at another hospital with a clumsily applied tourniquet, Barthou died from blood loss during a transfusion at 5:40 PM. Laid out at the police station, the mortally wounded assassin Vlado received no medical aid, although he lived until 8 PM.

Remarkably, the shooting was captured on film by a newsreel cameraman standing a few feet away. It was one of the first assassinations preserved on film. The cameraman captured not merely the assassination, but the immediate aftermath, continuing to film within inches of the dying king. The footage can still be viewed online, a grim presage of President John F. Kennedy's assassination in Dallas on November 22, 1963. As with the later event, policemen were everywhere that day except around the vehicle itself. Standing at curbside, they had their backs to the crowd—again, just like in Dallas.

The assassin, 36, was a professional hit man who claimed to have killed 30 people. He had so many aliases that only his nickname remains undisputed—Vlado the Chauffeur. His ID card bore the name Petrus Kalemén. It was not until an alert newsman noticed a characteristic skull and crossbones tattoo on the assassin's forearm that he was officially identified and linked to the Ustasha and the IMRO. An accomplice, Milo Kralj, had been standing on a street corner a block away. Their plan was for Vlado to shoot the king and then escape into the crowd if he could. If he failed, Kralj would hurl grenades at the vehicle as a backup—the same method used successfully in 1942 by a pair of British-trained Czech paratroopers to assassinate SS General Reinhard Heydrich.

The assassins were supervised by spymaster Eugen Kvaternik, who also had a second team—Zvonimir Pospisil and Milan Rajic—in Paris in case the first team failed altogether. Kvaternik reported directly to Ustasha leader



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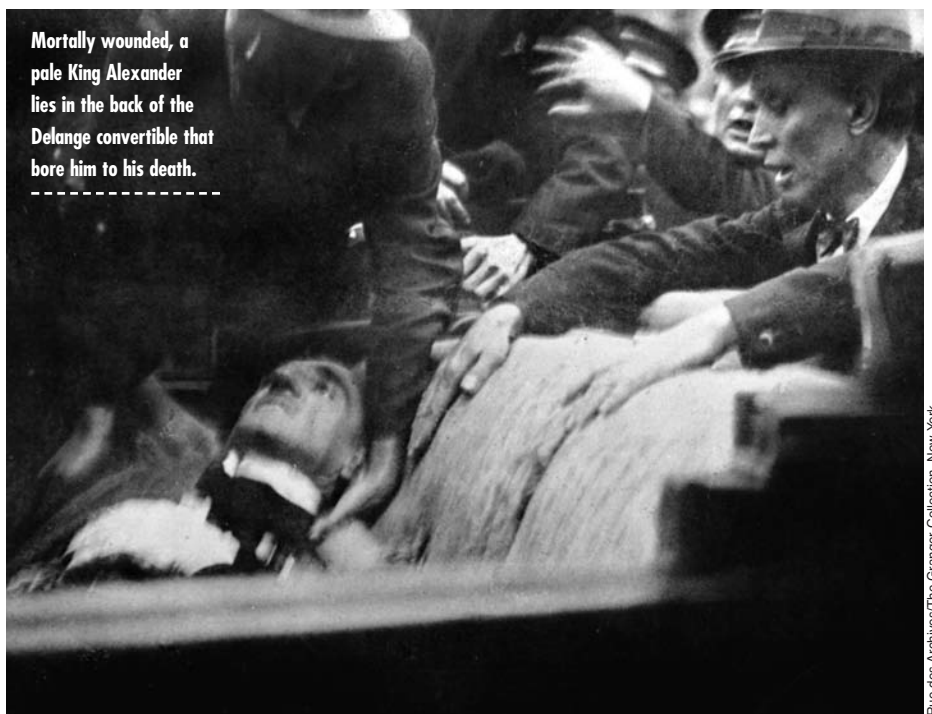
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Ante Pavelic, who was reportedly seen in France on September 26, traveling with a 24-year-old blonde woman, Maria Vondrasek, who later took a train from Turin, Italy, to Paris, bringing in her luggage the grenades, Mauser, and Walther pistols that were to be used by both teams of assassins.

Pospisil and Rajic were captured at Thonon, and Kralj was taken into custody at Fontainebleau Forest after a series of near escapes. Both Pavelic and Kvaternik later escaped from France, as did the famous "mystery blonde." A French extradition request for Pavelic and Kvaternik was rudely rebuffed by an angry Mussolini, who threatened war with Yugoslavia if the case was pressed. In France, the trio of would-be assassins was sentenced to life imprisonment. Kralj and Pospisil died in prison; Rajic was freed in 1942 and returned to Croatia, where he died mysteriously.

Alexander's body was returned home aboard the destroyer *Dubrovnik*. He lay in state at Belgrade and then was taken by cortege for burial at St. George's Church in Oplenac. Among the luminaries following his coffin were Marshal Philippe Petain, representing France, and Luftwaffe General Hermann Goring, representing the Third Reich. Hitler sent a huge wreath.

The slain monarch's first cousin and best



Mortally wounded, a pale King Alexander lies in the back of the Delange convertible that bore him to his death.

Rue des Archives/The Granger Collection, New York

friend, Prince Paul, became Regent for Crown Prince Peter, 11, until he was overthrown by the army in 1941, when the new king took the throne as Peter II, fleeing the German invasion a mere 11 days later. Ultimately, the Karadorde-

vic dynasty was overthrown by Communist Marshal Josip Broz Tito, a Croat, in 1946. After Tito died in 1980, the country of Yugoslavia disintegrated into civil war in 1991, disappearing altogether in 2002. □

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## Elaborate face masks and death's head helmets presented some fearsome and defiant images to unnerve the enemy on the battlefield.

BELOW: Titian's 16th-century portrait of heavily armored Holy Roman Emperor Charles V.

RIGHT: Reproduction of an Anglo-Saxon spangenhelm, circa AD 625.

**B**ATTLE HELMETS SHAPED TO PARTIALLY COVER THE FACE AND adorned with various facial features are of ancient origin. From Egypt to Mexico, masks and helmets were used as funerary adornments to honor the dead and deter would-be grave robbers with their fearsome appearance. The progression of metal helmets reflected these features, with Greek and Roman styles passed on to western nations.

The Greeks, famous for their theater masks, developed several bronze helmet styles extending in the back to protect the neck. The Hoplite and Corinthian helmets were basically open-faced, with a narrow vertical

and eye-shaped opening. The design feature of eye holes rather than a simple opening provided an additional intimidating feature, lending a ghostly element to their appearance. The Romans, also noted mask



makers, were more practical, keeping their combat helmets open-faced. The Roman open-face helmet added cheek pieces rather than the extra weight of a one-helmet design. The basic Roman helmet prevalent in the 4th through 5th centuries was handed down to the barbarian peoples as a short conical skull with cheek pieces, sometimes with an extended neck guard and nasal piece. This became the spangenhelm that by the 7th century had mask-like additions used as funerary accoutrements, a fine example being the Anglo-Saxon burial helmet for Raelwald, king of East Anglia.

The additions reflected practical use. One feature was the eyeglass look known throughout northern Europe. This was the simple addition of a reinforced brow or eye-protecting goggles to the spangenhelm, pro-

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tecting the upper face but also rendering an intimidating look best seen in the Viking goggle helmet (c. AD 900). Thereafter, the conical helmet became more elongated, with a pronounced nasal guard and often a neck guard that was typical in Norman helmets. A full helmet evolved that integrated a complete face-guard plate and became known as the medieval “helm” of the 12th century. These helmets ran the gamut from the woefully inefficient flat-top, barrel helm associated with the Crusades, with cross-shaped eye and mouth openings, to the more practical and closer fitting conical “sugarloaf” helmet.

Full helmets lightened up even more with the evolution of a visor to provide more air and less heat. The open-faced, ridged bascinet provided the foundation of such designs starting in the 14th century. A sliding plate visor for vision and air was used on some helmets. The typical visor was conical-shaped to accommodate the face and provide a glancing surface for a sword strike and pivoted on each side to move up and down. The visored bascinet helmet evolved by the mid-14th century into the hundsgugel, or dog’s head, helmet. Best known was the pig snout bascinet of 1370, whose visor pivoted above the brow and included pronounced eye, nose, and mouth openings that gave it an intimidating, grinning facial appearance popular into the early 15th century.

Continued development in open-helmet design led to the 15th-century barbute with a narrow Y- or T-shaped facial opening much like Greek helmets, with a widely flaring sallet pot helmet. From the barbute and the sallet evolved a particularly important new helmet, the burgonet, also called the burgundian headpiece or burgundian sallet. The burgonet harkened back to Roman legionary helmets with cheek pieces and a central ridge or crest (later burgonets had a progressively higher comb), but also included a horizontal visor. The burgonet sloped back to provide a neck guard.

Such advances would play a part in full helmet design in the 16th century. First and foremost, design had to mesh with the best means of keeping the full helmet styles attached to a soldier’s head, since one well-placed blow could bring up the visor, exposing the wearer’s face if not knocking the helmet off completely. Separate hinged jaw pieces were added at either side of the open bascinet and latched together at the chin, bringing the visor down over the wearer.

The “armet” style of full helmet appeared around the second half of the 15th century and continued in use along with the “close helmet” to the end of the century. The close helmet opened from front to back, pivoting the visor



**ABOVE:** Flat-top barrel helm. **BELOW:** Parade Armor in contemporary clothing style with grotesque Close helmet (1525, German)



and the lower cheek and chin piece, or ventail, and the optional neck-protecting buffe or bevor visor from a single pin on either side of the skull. The two parts of the helmet were secured with single latches low on each side. The separate gorget collar was often attached as part of the front and back of the close helmet, later becoming a characteristic of other full helmets as jaw pieces.

In the meantime, the visor had gone beyond the pig snout as the armet progressed and lighter helmets for foot tournaments evolved. The general result was the familiar “shovel bucket” or “coal scuttle” visor. By the beginning of the 16th century, the visor covered the full face with horizontal grooves or pleats



**ABOVE:** Pig-snout hundsgugel, ad 1400. **BELOW:** Death Head Siege Burgonet Armet (c. late 16th-mid 17th century, German, collection of Harold Peterson)



like a bellows, affording more cuts for ventilation slits. The bellows visor was adaptable to all the helmets then in vogue.

The late 15th-century armorer’s art with its imitation of contemporary clothes reached inspired sophistication by the early 16th century. The most popular were the Maximilian or fluted armors, named for Emperor Maximilian I, under whose reign and patronage they first appeared about 1510. These designs showed the armorer’s fine craftsmanship in imitating the pleating of contemporary costumes—thus the name fluted. The bellows visor dovetailed nicely with the fluted armor styles.

German and Austrian patrons were particularly fond of fluted armor and the helmets that



Early Burgonet (15th century, Italian)

were worn with them, including barbutes, sallets, armets, and close helmets, all given the fluted treatment and usually worn with a bellows visor. Various “becked,” or pointed, visors were modified to have the general or actual appearance of animals—birds, dogs, monkeys, and humans. Eventually, fluted styling was overtaken by other fashion changes—cutting, slashing, and puffing—that armorers amazingly imitated in polished steel. In a time of great artistic display, such armor had the desired function of turning heads and became known as parade armor. Usually worn for special ceremonies, some parade armor was actually adapted for the field and for tournaments. Standout armorers of the time included Wilhelm von Worms, Conrad Seusenhofer, and Koloman Helmschmied.

The burgonet became the do-all helmet for the 16th century, both styled as an open-face helmet and as a full helmet. Depending on the style, open-face varieties might have added cheek pieces or hinged cheek pieces that could be drawn together with attached buckles to cover the face. By mid-century, a full helmet look was achieved by strapping on the lower visor, or buffe, leaving a slight slit between the upper visor and the buffe. Various full burgonets came in combinations with the armet and close helmet.

The armet burgonet brought hinged cheek pieces together and latched them over the chin with the visor brought down. The close burgonet featured an optional movable fall visor and buffe with a single pin on either side of the skull. About the same time, the buffe also became a plate visor attached on either side of

*Continued on page 73*

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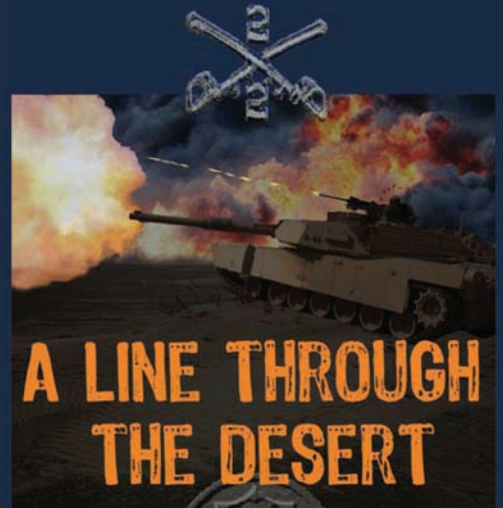
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# CHARLES *the*

IN THE LATE SPRING OF AD 732, an 80,000-man-strong Muslim army spilled northward through gaps in the western Pyrenees onto the verdant, gently rolling landscape of Gascony. The invaders crossed the 3,800-foot Roncevalles Pass, shedding extra layers of clothing they had worn as they passed through the snow-covered mountains. As they descended, the air became pleasantly warm in the Duchy of Aquitaine and they were greeted by heavy rains in sharp contrast to the desert air with which they were more familiar.

The supremely confident warriors were looking to slake their thirst for riches by looting the Christian abbeys, churches, and towns in the area. Although by rights one-fifth of the spoils belonged to the Umayyad caliph in Damascus, each man in the ranks was also assured some portion of the plunder. The invading army, led by Abd er-Rahman, governor of al-Andalus, the Muslim-controlled territory on the Iberian Peninsula, reflected the sheer breadth of appeal of the Prophet Muhammad and his teachings. Within its ranks were Arab professional soldiers, Persian warriors, Turkish adventurers, and Berber tribesman. The mounted invaders, armed with lances and shields, wore chain mail beneath loose-fitting, brightly colored robes. They protected their heads with egg-shaped helmets, while the poorer Berbers, toting spears and swords but lacking armor, wore turbans and drab robes.

Abd er-Rahman and his army intended to subjugate and punish Aquitaine's ruler, Prince Eudes, who had resisted the steady encroachments into Aquitaine by the governor and his Muslim minions for the past several years. The vacuum left by the dissolution of the Western Roman Empire had set the stage for the dramatic spread of Islam by armed conquest across the shores of North Africa in the 7th century. Muslim warriors of the Umayyad caliphate of Damascus, the second of four Islamic caliphates established after Muhammad's death, reached the shores of the Atlantic in AD 710. Seeking more plunder for the caliph (and for themselves), the invaders cast their eyes on the Iberian Peninsula to the north.

At the time, the Visigoths controlled the Iberian Peninsula, having settled there in the 5th Century. They were ruled by King Roderic, whose sovereignty was disputed by rival factions in Septimania, a former province of Rome just northeast of the Pyrenees. Taking advantage of the discord, the Umayyad governor of North Africa, Musa ibn Nusair, assembled an invasion army bound for Iberia. Lacking their own

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An army of fast-moving Muslim raiders collided with a phalanx of Frankish heavy infantry under Charles "the Hammer" Martel at Tours in AD 732. It would be the highwater mark of the Islamic tide in Europe. **BY WILLIAM E. WELSH**

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transport, the Muslims found a willing Byzantine official who bore a grudge against Roderic. Because of the lack of transport and the attendant difficulties of supporting an amphibious invasion, Damascus granted permission for only a small expedition consisting of 400 men. The subsequent success of the expedition, including the sack of Algeiras, and the knowledge that Roderic was tied down in a protracted conflict with Basque tribesmen in northern Iberia, fed the Muslim thirst for even larger riches.

The following year Musa entrusted a second invasion, this time comprising 7,000 Berbers and Arabs, whom the Europeans called Saracens, to Berber leader Tarik ibn Ziyad. Roderic perished fighting the Muslim invaders, and Musa crossed to Iberia to administer the conquered areas. By 712, the Muslims had subjugated most of the population of Iberia, with the exception of the Asturias and the Basques. Driven by their unquenchable thirst for plunder, the Umayyads began raiding north of the Pyrenees into the sprawling Duchy of Aquitaine. To the northeast lay Septimania, the last bastion of the Visigoths. At the time, Aquitaine was nominally ruled by the Merovingian Franks.

Duke Eudes, the ruler of Aquitaine, had taken advantage of civil strife in the Frankish kingdom following the death of the Frankish leader, Pepin of Herstal, to expand his control of the borders of Aquitaine and bestow upon himself the title of prince, a self-anointing act that did not sit well with the Franks. Pepin had ruled the Frankish kingdom from 679 until his death in 714. Before dying, Pepin had designated his young grandson, Theobald, as his heir. Fearing that Pepin's illegitimate son, Charles, would seize power, Pepin's wife had Charles imprisoned. He escaped and fought a series of battles over



With a Christian cross prominently displayed at left, Charles Martel's Frankish forces beat back Muslim invaders at Tours in Charles Steuben's 19th-century painting.

# HAMMER *at* TOURS





Casa Masimo, Rome, Italy/The Bridgeman Art Library International

**Muslim (also called Saracen) forces gather outside Paris prior to the Battle of Tours in this 19th-century painting. Years of successful raiding had made the Muslims feel invincible.**

the next several years, during which time he consolidated his power and crushed his opponents in the tripartite Frankish kingdom of Austrasia, Neustrasia, and Burgundy, while also reasserting his control over key dependencies such as Aquitaine. By 723, Charles was firmly in control of the Frankish kingdom and serving as mayor of the palace, as his father had done before him. He spent the next year fighting the Saxons and Bavarians on Austrasia's eastern flank.

The Umayyads began launching large-scale raids north of the Pyrenees in 717, and two years later they captured the port of Narbonne in Septimania, transforming it into an Islamic city. The successful capture of Narbonne led to even greater schemes of conquest. In 721, the al-Andalus governor at the time, al-Samh ibn Malik al-Khawlani, led a large force bent on conquering all or part of Aquitaine by marching on the key city of Toulouse. The confident Muslims brought with them a long train of siege weapons and a large number of camp followers. After crossing the eastern Pyrenees in the springtime, the invaders laid siege to Toulouse. Meanwhile, Eudes set about gathering a relief force composed of Gascons, Basques, and Visigoths.

Eudes attacked the Muslim forces around Toulouse on June 9, scattering and overrunning them as they sought to withdraw. It was a decisive victory, one that greatly enhanced his prestige. The Muslims, however, were by no means through with their military efforts in the region. Four years later they closed their grip on Septimania by capturing the fortresses of Carcassonne and Nimes and driving the Visigoths from their last holdings. These would serve as bases for far-ranging Muslim raids into Burgundy.

Eudes, who found himself in the unenviable position of being sandwiched between the Muslims in al-Andalus and the resurgent Frankish kingdom under Charles, entered into an alliance in 729

with Munusa, the rebel governor of Cerdagne, a district in the eastern Pyrenees, to augment his army in future conflicts. To parry the growing strength of the Franks, Eudes also began meddling in Frankish political affairs.

As part of an ongoing attempt to subjugate the lands bordering the Pyrenees, Abd er-Rahman invaded Cerdagne and forcibly removed Munusa as a threat. Believing it was imperative to punish Eudes for daring to resist Muslim encroachments, er-Rahman began assembling an army in the western Pyrenees at Pamplona to remove Eudes as a threat once and for all. Professional soldiers flooded into the encampment from throughout al-Andalus and from North Africa, giving er-Rahman a sizable army. At the same time, Charles shifted his attention from the Frankish kingdom's eastern frontier to its western one, launching two punitive raids in 731 on northern Aquitaine and ultimately sacking Bourges.

Keenly aware of the fate that had befallen al-Samh before the gates of Toulouse, er-Rahman purposely chose not to follow the same invasion path through the eastern Pyrenees. Instead, the high Roncevalles Pass offered the Muslims a more direct route to Bordeaux, which Eudes was bound to defend. When they reached level ground, the Muslims divided into two columns. The main column, led by er-Rahman, took an inland route, stopping north of Aire to burn the abbey of Saint-Sever-de-Rustan. Meanwhile, a smaller column took a coastal route of march, stopping to pillage Bayonne and Dax before resuming its march toward Bordeaux. As the two columns advanced, they met no resistance. Vastly outnumbered, the small garrisons in Gascony had fled north to the Garonne River, where they planned to join Eudes's main army to defend Bordeaux.

Eudes was presented with two choices for doing battle with the Muslims, both of which favored the invaders. If he fell back on Bordeaux, he risked being trapped on the Medoc peninsula and defeated outside the city walls. Yet if he gave battle in the open countryside in the Garonne valley, his army was likely to be overwhelmed by er-Rahman's much larger force. Eudes opted for the latter choice, and in early June he suffered a decisive defeat along the banks of the Garonne. The remnants of his army retreated northward to the Dordogne River, a tributary of the Garonne, leaving Bordeaux uncovered. The Muslims immediately plundered Bordeaux, extracting from the city a large treasure of booty that included countless gold objects richly decorated with gems and pearls. They left the town in smoldering ruins

when they departed in late June.

While Eudes raised new forces from northern Aquitaine for another clash with the Muslims, er-Rahman rode east along the southern bank of the Garonne until he reached the town of Agen, midway between Bordeaux and Toulouse. There, he crossed the wide river, defeated the town's small garrison, and added still more plunder to his growing baggage train. Meanwhile, smaller raiding parties gathered additional booty from nearby towns and churches.

The Muslim leader turned his army back west to do battle once again with Eudes. His scouts found Eudes's army in a defensive position on the north side of the Dordogne, defending a bridge on the Roman road to Saintes. After receiving this information, er-Rahman sent one wing of his army on a wide flanking march upstream of the Franks, which brought his horsemen in on their flank. A major battle occurred at the junction of the Garonne and Dordogne Rivers, and Eudes once again was soundly defeated. No longer able to offer substantial resistance to the advancing Muslims, Eudes rode north with his retainers into the heart of the Frankish kingdom to petition Charles for aid in defending Aquitaine.

News of the Muslim victories in Aquitaine reached Charles while he was in the midst of a campaign against the Bavarians along the Danube River. With Muslim forces operating deep in Aquitaine and Burgundy, Charles rode first to Reims and then on to Paris. In a no doubt uncomfortable meeting with Eudes, he agreed to help—provided that Eudes pledge his allegiance to Charles and agree to maintain Aquitaine as a Frankish dependence rather than an independent principality. After the meeting, Charles issued a summons calling upon all able-bodied men throughout the kingdom to defend the realm. The army assembled at Paris and marched to Orleans and Tours to protect wealthy church properties that were likely targets of marauding Muslims. Charles dispatched advance forces to guard the Basilica of St. Martin, which lay outside the city's protective walls.

Tours itself was in no immediate danger. The Muslims spent the next three months encamped in central Aquitaine. During that time, they plundered the surrounding cities of Saintes, Perigueux, and Angouleme. In a systematic manner, er-Rahman's troops stole treasure and artifacts from church properties and dismantled and burned fortifications to remove any local resistance to their authority. Once they had secured all the treasure they believed was to be had in central Aquitaine, the invaders broke camp at Saintes and marched northward

via the Roman road toward Poitiers.

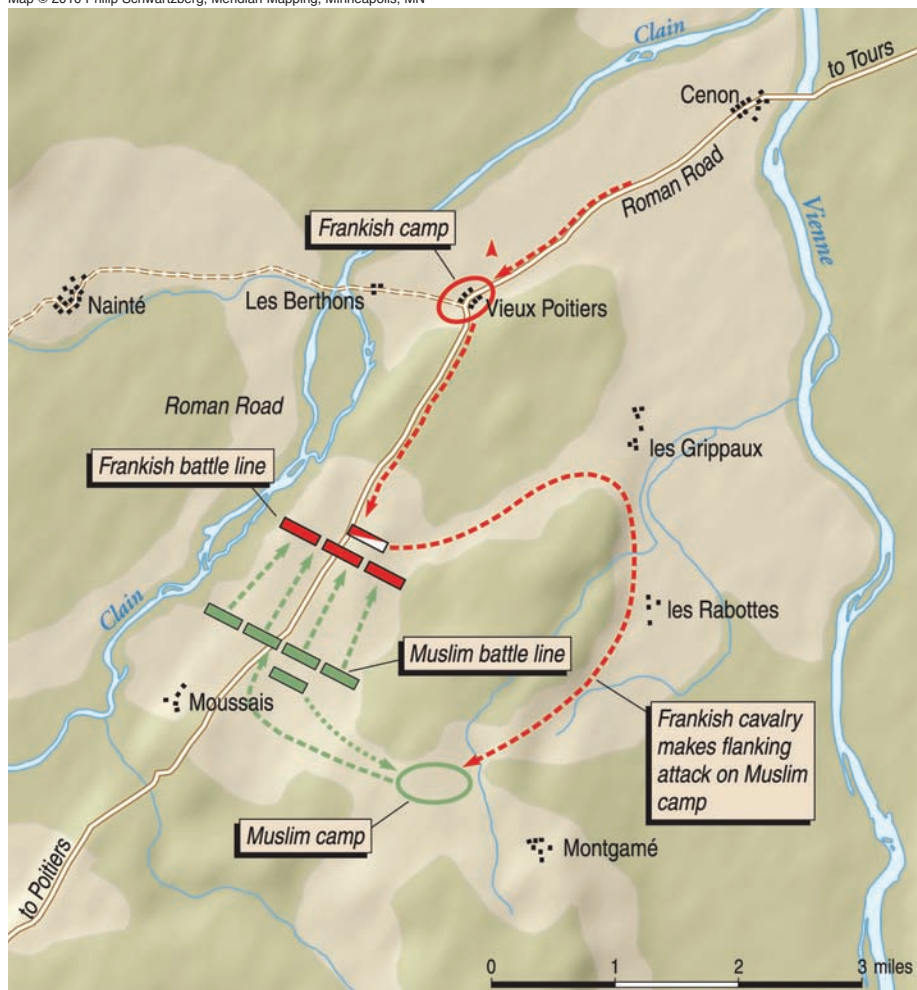
Poitiers, a key crossroads in northern Aquitaine on the Clain River, was situated about 60 miles south of the Neustrian border. The second largest town in Aquitaine after Toulouse, Poitiers was surrounded by an inner wall built during Roman times and an outer wall constructed by the Visigoths. Scattered around the city and its outskirts were a number of important religious structures, including the abbey and church of Saint Hilaire and the funerary basilica of Saint-Radegonde. Saint Hilaire, which lay beyond the protection of the outer wall south of the city, was adorned with gold mosaic and undoubtedly would be a prime target for the treasure-seeking Muslim raiders.

A network of tributaries of the Loire River was located east of Poitiers. Among these tributaries, which had their headwaters on the northwestern slope of the Massif Central, were the Vienne, Cher, and Indre Rivers. On their way to join the Loire, the tributaries flowed through a landscape that consisted primarily of upland pastures and valleys and ridges blanketed by thick forests.

As expected, the Muslims attacked the lightly defended Saint Hilaire in mid-September and carried off its religious treasures. At that point, er-Rahman decided to forego a siege of the walled city in favor of sacking Saint-Martin, outside Tours. The Muslims had learned from locals that Saint-Martin contained even greater wealth, and despite the risk inherent in invading another dominion of the Frankish kingdom, they continued north in late September marching past the fortifications of Poitiers. While the largest column led by er-Rahman marched along the Roman

Islamic forces, in red, advance northward into France in AD 732, while Duke Eudes (blue) and Charles Martel (purple) move south to meet the looming threat.





**ABOVE:** Frankish forces under Charles Martel took up a defensive line astride the old Roman road south of Poitiers, allowing Martel to anchor his flanks in heavy woods. Duke Eudes outflanked the Muslims and fell on their unguarded camp. **OPPOSITE:** Mounted Christians and Muslims collide in combat during the climax of the Battle of Tours in this 15th-century manuscript illumination.

road, smaller columns advanced toward the Loire River on less direct routes to the left and right of the main column.

As they marched north along the Roman Road with the Clain River, a tributary of the Vienne, to their left, the Muslims passed by the ruins of a Roman settlement at Vieux-Poitiers that included an amphitheater with a tower that afforded a bird's-eye view of the surrounding farmland. When er-Rahman reached the village of Cenon on the Vienne River, he paused for a time before crossing. Scouts were sent up and down the river and across to the north bank to make sure Frankish forces were not in the vicinity. After it was determined that a safe passage could be made, the main body of the Muslim army crossed to the north bank.

From Cenon, er-Rahman marched north to the village of Port-de-Piles, where he halted his forces on the south bank of the Creuse River, another tributary of the Vienne. In an effort to reconnoiter the road ahead, er-Rahman sent his vanguard across the Creuse. Meanwhile, the Muslim column operating east of the main body ran headlong into a group of Christian pilgrims bound for Rome. They promptly attacked and robbed the pilgrims, leaving a number of the unlucky travelers dead by the roadside.

Advancing cautiously northward in early October, the lead elements of the main Muslim body ran into Frankish positions guarding Tours. Bloody skirmishes foreshadowed a larger battle to come. In a clash with the Franks north of the Creuse River, the Muslim vanguard suffered a serious reverse and was forced to fall back. In another clash farther west, the Franks overran a Muslim encampment near the village of Loudun, forcing the invaders to fall back to a safer position.

In response to these setbacks, er-Rahman ordered his vanguard to fall back behind the Creuse.

Still feeling exposed, he withdrew the main body of the Muslim army across the Vienne. In mid-October, the Muslims began constructing a fortified camp on high ground between the Vienne and Clain Rivers just north of marshland along a stream that emptied into the Clain. The military encampment, known as a *khandaq*, was protected on all sides by ditches and guarded around the clock. Just beyond the ditches were thick woods. A gap in the woods to the west led toward the Roman road, while a gap to the northeast led to two small villages in the Vienne River valley. As the Muslims fell back, Charles ordered his army to advance to the Vienne and halt opposite Cenon.

While the Muslims built their *khandaq*, the Franks crossed the Vienne and began a cautious advance southward along the Roman road. The Franks made camp at the Roman ruins located on the western side of the old road. They used the tower that was part of the Roman amphitheater as an observation post. For the better part of a week, the two armies warily observed each other, neither willing to launch an attack.

On Saturday, October 25, Charles ordered his troops to form a defensive line astride the Roman road just south of the ruins at Vieux-Poitiers on a narrow tract of cleared land. The position allowed Charles to anchor both flanks in dense woods. By securing his flanks, the Frankish commander ensured that the Muslim cavalry would not be able to ride around his army and fall on his main line from the rear.

The Frankish army, numbering about 30,000 men, was divided into four divisions. It consisted of Frankish infantry, both mounted and on foot, and a body of irregular cavalry composed of mounted bands of Bretons, Basques, and Gascons that was commanded by Eudes. Rather than pit his less-agile cavalry against the well-trained Muslim horsemen, Charles ordered the mounted infantry to dismount and take their place in one of three divisions that would form a formidable phalanx to await the Muslim attack. The soldiers in the main line of battle stood shoulder to shoulder in order to leave no gap through which their line might be breached. The fourth division, under Eudes, formed a rear guard that was stationed behind the main line and had orders to respond to any Muslim cavalry that might be clever enough to find a way around or through the front line.

Just after sunrise, the Muslim army marched west until it reached the Roman road. It then formed for battle just beyond the village of Moussais-le-Bataille. In keeping with Muslim tradition, the army was organized into five divisions consisting of a center, two wings, a vanguard, and rear guard. The rear guard did not

march into battle, but stayed behind to protect the *khandaq*. Muslim tactics were to overwhelm their adversaries by moving swiftly across open ground, outflanking the enemy's position, and disrupting the opposing forces so that the enemy could be ridden down and slaughtered in small groups.

The Franks fighting under Charles would use tactics that completely negated the Muslim advantage in numbers and speed. The Frankish tactics closely resembled those of the Romans. The Franks used heavy spears and short swords as their main weapons. On the whole, these weapons were heavier than those used by the mounted Muslim forces. The Franks were clad in chain-mail shirts or leather jerkins reinforced with metal scales. Their primary protection in battle was an impressive round, wooden shield covered in leather that was three feet in diameter. The concave shield, with an iron boss in the center, protected the soldiers from their necks to their thighs. It was used not only for protection against incoming projectiles or slashing swords, but also as an offensive weapon to drive back and batter the enemy in close-quarters combat. To protect their heads, the Frankish infantry wore conical hats angled to deflect blows to the head, whether delivered from an enemy on foot or on horseback.

The *élan* that the Frankish heavy infantry exhibited in battle was derived from the fact that they were free men serving to protect their homeland against marauding invaders. In preparation for the Muslim attack, the Franks presented an unbroken wall of shields. They rested their spears on the ground to impale any Muslim horsemen who might be foolish enough to charge them directly.

The battle began when the Muslims rode at the Franks and began hurling javelins or firing arrows into their ranks at close range. Some brave men rode close enough to slash at the Franks with their swords, a dangerous proposition considering that the Franks was armed with multiple weapons and well protected by their armor, shields, and helmets. The Muslims tried to inflict sufficient casualties to open a gap in the enemy line or, failing that, to entice the Franks to advance to the attack and then work their way inside their lines. At no time did the Muslims try to break the enemy phalanx. It was simply impossible for light cavalry to overrun a strong line of heavy infantry. "The Muslim horsemen dashed fierce and frequent forward against the battalions of the Franks, who resisted manfully, and many fell dead on either side," wrote an anonymous Muslim chronicler.

The Franks exhibited discipline and control while under attack by a numerically superior foe.

"The men of the north stood motionless as a wall," wrote al-Andalusian chronicler Isidorus Pacensis. "They were like a belt of ice frozen together, and not to be dissolved, as they slew the Arab with sword. The Austrasians, vast of limb, and iron of hand, hewed bravely in the thick of the fight." When the Muslims came close to their line, the Franks did their best to thrust their spears into the enemy horses and stab and slash at the riders with their swords. They also employed their shields to tear or puncture the enemy mounts. Large numbers of Muslim cavalry were unhorsed near the Frankish line and then either dispatched with swords or trampled as the Franks advanced a short distance to drive back the enemy. Incensed by the constant Muslim looting of their homeland, particularly their churches, the Franks did not take any prisoners.

For most of the day, the fight was an even one, but as the battle wore on into the afternoon the Muslims had yet to punch through the solid Frankish phalanx. As a result of hard fighting, Muslim casualties were particularly heavy. Nevertheless, Charles was concerned about the strength of his line in the agonizing hours that the sun arced slowly across the sky. Late in the day he made a bold decision to switch to the offensive. Taking advantage of the Aquitainians' superior local knowledge of geography, he ordered Eudes to take his mounted division on a wide flanking march and fall on the enemy's fortified camp.



Having completed their flank march, Eudes's men advanced on the Muslim camp from the northeast just before sunset through a passage in the forested country east of the Vienne. The Muslim rear guard detected the enemy on its flank and fell back to protect the *khandaq*, the riders dismounting and filing into the surrounding ditches. Armed with spears and swords, the defenders were backed by archers with simple bows who fired on the Franks as they advanced.

Eudes's attack on the Muslim *khandaq* essentially spelled the end of the main battle. When Muslim front-line forces learned that their camp was under full-scale attack, one squadron of cavalry after another peeled off and rode back toward the encampment. The Muslims were determined to protect the hard-fought treasures amassed during their raids on Aquitaine.

Some of Eudes's men attacked the *khandaq* on foot, while others remained mounted in order to hurl their spears and javelins over the defensive barriers. In hand-to-hand combat in the ditches

*Continued on page 74*

In two world wars, British and American chaplains risked their lives to bring a fleeting sense of peace and glory to soldiers on the battlefield. Many of the chaplains were awarded their nations' highest military commendations.

BY ROBERT BARR SMITH

THEY CARRIED NO WEAPONS, only holy books and rudimentary vestments, a crucifix or a Star of David and sometimes a little Communion kit. But they were towering figures on the battlefield, symbols of something eternally good in a pitiless world of cruelty, horror, and death. In two cataclysmic world wars, American and British military chaplains served everywhere the armies and navies went, bringing peace where there was no peace and security where there was no security.

When World War I ended in 1918, a total of 2,363 chaplains had seen yeoman's service with the United States Army. Father Francis Duffy, senior chaplain to the 42nd Division, drew crowds of soldiers who were waiting for him to hear confessions aboard a transport bound for France. In action, Duffy was always near the heaviest fighting, often going to the forward dressing station of one of the division's units. He ended the war with both the Distinguished Cross and the Distinguished Service Medal.

The British chaplaincy had been established by royal warrant in 1796. During World War I, some 172 British chaplains were casualties. Thousands of British soldiers remembered Chaplain Studdert Kennedy, a tiny Irishman whom the soldiers called Woodbine Willie for his habit of passing out Woodbine cigarettes in the trenches. Kennedy's personal philosophy spoke for all the chaplains of that war: "Live with the men, go everywhere they go. Make up your mind you will share all their risks, and more, if you can do any good. The line is the key to the whole business. Work in the very front and they will listen to you. Take a box of fags in your haversack, and a great deal of love in your heart and go up to them; laugh with them, joke with them. You can pray with them sometimes, but pray for them always!"

During the war, three British chaplains received the Victoria Cross and dozens more were awarded other decorations. Courage seemed to run in their bloodlines. Throughout the bitter fighting in France in April 1918, British chaplain Theodore Bayley Hardy repeatedly went out under heavy fire to pull wounded men to safety, "absolutely regardless," as the official description put it, "of his personal safety." Rescuing wounded soldiers as far as 400 yards in front of British positions, and as close as 10 yards to a German pillbox, Hardy personally received the Victoria Cross from King George V, who appointed Hardy his own royal minister in the hope of keeping the chaplain off the battlefield. That proved impossible. Hardy had already received the Distinguished Service Order and the Military Cross, making him the most decorated noncombatant in the war. By mid-October, he was back with his beloved soldiers, and he was fatally wounded by German machine-gun fire at Rouen.

In March 1916, Chaplain Edward Mellish prowled the shell-swept ground between captured German trenches. On the first day he brought in 12 badly wounded men under fire so heavy that three of the wounded were killed before he could get them to safety. On the second day, Mellish got 12 more, and on the third night he took a party of volunteers out to recover anyone who remained. A British officer wrote later that Mellish "walked out into



MEANS *of* GRACE,

Bearing canteens and a Bible, a Marine chaplain visits a grievously wounded leatherneck on Peleliu, in this painting by Tom Lea, who landed on the island with the American forces.



# HOPE *of* GLORY

a tempest of fire with a prayer book under his arm as though he was going to a church parade in peacetime.” That same year, in Mesopotamia, Reverend W.R.F. Addison received the Victoria Cross for similarly rescuing wounded men under heavy fire, carrying one man to safety on his back.

The British padres responded to fire with extraordinary heroism. The peacetime establishment of 169 service chaplains grew in number to 3,700 before the war ended. After France fell to the onrushing Nazis in 1940, some 50 British chaplains passed into German captivity, where they carried on their ministries. Many prisoners were helped by the optimistic faith of the imprisoned chaplains. Years after the war, one chaplain was stopped on the street in Edinburgh, Scotland, by a man who had been a fellow POW. He had never forgotten, said the man, that in the depths of his own depression, the chaplain had called to him, “Cheer up, boy, God will do his stuff yet.”

Senior commanders knew well the powerful force of the spiritual. British Field Marshal Bernard Montgomery once observed that “battles are won primarily in the hearts of men. The most important people in the Army are the nursing sisters and the padres—the sisters because they tell the men they matter to us, and the padres because they tell the men they matter to God. And it is the men who matter.”

**During the assault crossing of the Rapido River in Italy in 1943, Reverend Ronald Edwards drove his jeep down to the river with machine-gun bullets spattering all around him. Edwards stopped, got out, and waved a Red Cross flag, which did nothing to deter the German fire. Undaunted, Edwards loaded wounded men into his jeep and drove them to safety. Returning to the river bank, he stripped off his vestments and swam across the river to minister to wounded men on the far bank. He managed to bring back some of the hurt men, along the way helping to clear assault boats that were obstructing movement across the river.**

During that same Italian campaign, Chaplain Paul Wansey drove his jeep casually into the open to rescue four badly wounded men. Even though stretcher-bearers had been unable to reach the men, Wansey managed to do so, receiving the Military Cross for his service. Then there was Reverend John R. Brookes, somewhat irreverently known as “Dolly.” An infantry platoon leader in World War I, Brookes was now a priest with the Irish Guards. He was “very much the old-style officer of the brigade,” noted one veteran, “tall, slim and immensely elegant.” He was also, said the man, “very jolly and an excellent companion.”

Brookes, who was awarded a Military Cross during the fighting in Italy, knew the hearts of his military parishioners. “A priest,” he said, “must show himself to the troops to be not only their chaplain but their friend. The closer men get to the battlefield the more they desire the help and consolation of their religion, not out of fear or cowardice, but because they have come in contact with reality and what they need is a clear conscience and peace of mind.”

After the epic fight of the British Airborne at Arnhem—the controversial “bridge too far” in World War II history—those troopers who could do so escaped by night across the Rhine. Some were wounded so badly that they could not move. Reverend R. Talbot Watkins, chaplain to the Airborne, helped 50 badly hurt soldiers to an assault boat, then returned to the east bank to look for more. He found none, but remained in hiding on the German bank throughout the next day, swimming back to safety the following night.

Other chaplains also brought survivors back across the Rhine. Three were captured, two with wounds, the third with a jump injury. Seven others, physically able to escape, volunteered to remain behind with the wounded who could not be moved. Reverend Selwyn Thorne, chaplain to an Airborne light artillery regiment, spent all of his time during the fighting at the gunners’ aid station, where nobody could move inside the house except by walking on stretcher handles laid above the wounded. He fed and comforted the injured, buried the dead, and prayed with the living. In the end, Thorne passed into captivity with the survivors.

National Archives



Reverend Father Daniel McGowan engaged in a most unchaplain-like plan to aid the Dutch Resistance, which had helped the paratroopers at Arnhem in every way they could. McGowan solemnly left St. Elizabeth’s hospital in Arnhem following two shrouded stretchers, reverently reading from his missal. The two blanket-covered “corpses” were in fact a machine gun, three Bren guns, grenades, and a load of ammunition.

Another chaplain, Reverend J.F. McLuskey, a Military Cross recipient, dropped far behind German lines with his SAS parish to work with the French Resistance. He jumped unarmed, as all chaplains did, but carried a substantial load in addition to his rations and other equipment. In his pack were prayer books, hymnals, New Testaments, an oak cross, Communion vessels, and a silk altar cloth dyed Airborne maroon. McLuskey held regular services, although the volume of the men’s hymn-singing sometimes had to be muffled to avoid attracting the interest of a nearby enemy. Other chaplains jumped on D-Day. In a single British airborne brigade, two chaplains were killed and a third captured.

American chaplains played an equally large role in World War II. Some 9,000 chaplains served with the U.S. Army and still more with the Navy; many of them died helping others. Some 478 American chaplains became casualties—either dead, wounded, missing, or taken prisoner. As a percentage of the number of chaplains on active duty, the number killed in action was exceeded only by the dead of the infantry and air force.

**LEFT: Chaplain Francis P. Duffy of the famed 42nd Division in WWI. BELOW: A British Army chaplain comforts a wounded soldier during the Battle of the Somme, 1916.**



Imperial War Museum



Mary Evans Picture Library

**A British chaplain conducts an impromptu church service on the Western Front in 1916, while artillery in the background continues to fire on the Germans.**

American chaplains' heroism began at Pearl Harbor. The men aboard the stricken USS *Oklahoma* would long remember young chaplain Aloysius Schmitt. As water poured into a compartment, Schmitt boosted man after man through a porthole, the only exit from the deathtrap in which they found themselves. When all were clear, Schmitt tried to squeeze through the porthole, but could not, even with sailors pulling from the outside.

"Save yourselves," said the chaplain; "you are endangering your lives." "Chaplain," said one sailor, "if you go back in there, you'll never come out." "Please let go of me," said Schmitt, "and may God bless you all." Sliding back into the compartment, he went on boosting sailors through the porthole as more desperate men crowded into the flooding compartment. At last, there were no more men to help—only water and darkness in the compartment. The chaplain was gone. Several months later, in a distinctly ecumenical tribute, a survivor of the *Oklahoma*, a Jewish sailor, spoke warmly of the heroic Catholic to a Protestant congregation. The Navy remembered, too: USS *Schmitt*, a destroyer, would keep the chaplain's name alive.

On Bataan, as American forces fell back toward the south and inevitable surrender, chaplains ministered to both civilians and soldiers in spite of heavy fire and starvation rations. As Japanese bombs crashed into a military hospital, Reverend William Cummings stood calmly among the terrified patients. "All

right, boys, everything's all right," he said. "Just stay quietly in bed or on the floor." He invited the patients to pray with him.

Calm descended on the ward as the men joined Cummings in prayer. At last, his elbow and arm broken by a bomb, Cummings turned to another chaplain. "All right, partner, take over," he said. "I'm wounded." Cummings would continue his ministry throughout the long captivity, giving to others until he went down with a torpedoed Japanese prison ship. Chaplain Joe LaFleur, on another Japanese Hell Ship, also died helping other prisoners out of the holds of the torpedoed vessel while sadistic guards sprayed the helpless prisoners with gunfire.

Of the 33 chaplains confined at various times in the notorious Cabanatuan Camp No. 1 in the Philippines, only 15 survived the war. Some, like LaFleur, died in sinking prison ships—unmarked, in violation of the Geneva Conventions; others died of malnutrition, disease, and endemic Japanese brutality. Still more were permanently injured, like Chaplain Alfred Oliver, who had his neck broken by a rifle butt when he would not give information to a brutal guard.

**Captured British chaplains carried on as well. Australian Chaplain Harry Thorpe spent two and a half years on the notorious "Death Railway" across Siam. Happy Harry, as the prisoners called the ever-optimistic Thorpe, ministered to British, Australian Dutch and American prisoners alike. Sometimes, the suspicious Japanese would permit services; often they would not. At such times, Thorpe and his fellow chaplains held services in the dark, in silence, holding Communion using pomelo grapefruit juice instead of wine and rice bread in place of wafers.**

Sometimes the chaplains' efforts came to bitter ends. In the autumn of 1942, Chaplain Lewis Bryan was forced to watch the execution of four young soldiers who had tried to escape. Bryan shook hands with each of the men and gave them absolution. One of the doomed men told him, "I have my New Testament here, sir, and I am going to read it while they shoot me." All four soldiers refused blindfolds and died looking the Japanese in the eye.

Always ready to pray with any fighting man, the chaplains' religious denominations, so important in civilian life, ceased to matter. Correspondent Robert Sherrod wrote about Frank Kelly, a Catholic, and Malcomb MacQueen, a Baptist. Kelly was as popular with the Protestants as MacQueen was with Catholics, Sherrod wrote. "Denominational distinctions did not mean much to men about to offer up their lives" on bloody Tarawa.



**Army Chaplain Francis L. Sampson gives absolution to American paratroopers killed in action near Carentan, France, on June 17, 1944. Sampson was awarded a Distinguished Service Cross for his actions on D-Day. TOP LEFT: Chaplain Eugene L. Daniel. TOP RIGHT: Chaplain Albert J. Hoffman. RIGHT: Chaplain Orville Lorenz.**



The popularity of Kelly and MacQueen reflected a growing ecumenical spirit, for most chaplains considered anybody in uniform a member of their parish. Catholic chaplains led Protestant services and presided over Seder services for Jewish soldiers. Jews and Protestants were taught to lead the rosary for Catholic soldiers and often administered last rites. A Protestant chaplain aboard a transport bound for England held 15 Catholic services and three Jewish services. On another transport, short the requisite number of Jewish soldiers required for services, Catholic soldiers volunteered to make up the number. In return, the Jewish men appeared at the rosary benediction.

Father John V. Loughlin, chaplain to the Marines on Tarawa, was sought out by Colonel David Shoup, later commandant of the Marine Corps, a Protestant who had been the architect of the landing. "Padre," said Shoup, "I want you to pray for me." "What sort of prayer, Colonel?" asked Kelly. Shoup spoke for every officer who has ever led men into combat. "I want you to pray that I don't make any mistakes out on that beach," he said. "No wrong decisions that will cost any of those boys an arm or a leg or a hand, much less a life. I want you to pray for that, Padre."

Loughlin did as he was asked, then spent the first day of the bloody Tarawa assault in a landing craft loaded with medical personnel and critical medical supplies. When the boat stranded on a reef and was hammered by enemy fire, Loughlin hauled wounded Marines out of the water, comforting and praying for them. Later, he slogged through the water under heavy fire to carry medical supplies to the beach, where he remained, ministering to the wounded, giving last rites and collecting the dead.

**Protestant chaplain Orville Lorenz won a Silver Star during the Kasserine Pass debacle in North Africa, running through German artillery fire to reach a wounded man far ahead of American lines. Knocked down twice by near-misses, Lorenz reached the man, only to find that the soldier was too badly hurt to move. Undeterred, Lorenz ran back through the same heavy fire, found medical personnel, and led them through the German barrage back to the hurt soldier, then back again through the artillery to the aid station.**

During the Tunisian fighting, Chaplain Eugene Daniel stayed behind retreating American forces to minister to both American and German wounded. His courage earned him the Distinguished Service Cross to add to his Silver Star, as well as a letter of praise from the German commander who presided over his imprisonment. Lorenz would spend the next 26 months as a POW.

The pain and fear of war had some lighter moments. Chaplain L. Berkeley Kines survived a sniper's bullet in the rump during the Kasserine fighting. He would never hear the end of it, as

a fellow chaplain commemorated the event in verse: "Poor Berk fell hard and wounded, alas, / For he got shot in Kasserine Pass." Even Kines could see the humor, and responded with his own memorable couplet: "I got shot in the ass / In Kasserine Pass."

Sometimes heroism under fire took simple forms. Navy Chaplain Francis J. Keenan, coming ashore during the Sicily invasion, was burying a soldier killed on the beach when German aircraft attacked. His arms and legs torn by fragments, Keenan went on methodically digging, while soldiers yelled to him to take cover. Keenan worked until he was satisfied with the grave, then read the burial service over the soldier's remains. Only then did he seek medical aid for himself.

No one in the United States Navy will ever forget the chaplains of the troopship *Dorchester*, torpedoed in early 1943 in the Atlantic between Labrador and Greenland. The German submarine *U-223* put a torpedo into *Dorchester* early on the morning of February 3, and she sank rapidly by the bow. As the ship went down, the 900-odd soldiers on board were led and comforted by four chaplains: two protestant ministers, a rabbi and a Catholic priest. They were Reverend George L. Fox of Vermont, Reverend Clark V. Poling of Ohio, Rabbi Alexander Goode of Indiana, and Father John P. Washington of New Jersey.

The four ministers, all first lieutenants who had met at chaplain's school at Harvard Uni-

versity, went from man to man, quelling the paralyzing fright that increased as the freezing water rose rapidly. “The sound of men in panic,” wrote one survivor, “is worse than any woman’s screams, hearing some calling for their mothers. It was awful.” The chaplains passed out lifejackets and guided men from below toward the open air and some hope of survival. All four gave their lifejackets to soldiers who had none. Rabbi Goode even gave away his gloves to a soldier who ultimately survived the bitter night and freezing water. “Without the chaplain’s gloves,” he said, “I would never have made it.” Of the 904 men who went into the frigid 34-degree water that night, only 229 survived.

As *Dorchester* slid bow first beneath the Atlantic, survivors saw something none of them would ever forget. The chaplains, who had done so much for so many, stood hand in hand—Catholic, Dutch Reformed, Jewish, and Methodist. As one survivor told the tale, the chaplains prayed for the safety of the men who were leaving the stricken ship on all sides of them. “It was the finest thing,” said another, “I have ever seen this side of heaven.” The four chaplains were awarded the Distinguished Service Cross, and Congress, in an act never repeated, created for the four the Medal for Heroism, the equivalent of the Medal of Honor.

The bitter Italian campaign, fought during the worst winter in memory, also took a terrible toll of chaplains. At least one, exhausted, simply died of a heart attack. The chaplains shared whatever miseries the troops endured. As one wrote: “Our clothes never dried, our shoes were soggy, our beds were laid in the mud for we had no cots, the food was miserable. We had lived on C-ration hash ever since we had come to Italy, and now it became C-ration hash soup.”

They buried young soldiers by the hundreds, collecting body parts and fingerprinting remains too badly damaged to be identified. Often the chaplains had to soak frozen dead fingers in hot water to obtain a usable print. It was a task to test the faith of any man.

In Italy, Chaplain Albert Hoffman was famous for retrieving wounded men from both sides stranded between the lines. In November 1943, he went alone into a minefield to help a wounded German, slogging through the muddy ground until a mine knocked him down. Uninjured except for a gash on his eyebrow, Hoffman got up and went deeper into the minefield. The next mine blew up directly beneath him, tearing off his leg. Medical personnel shouted that they were coming to get him. “I’m all right,” yelled Hoffman, “watch out for yourselves. There must be mines all around us.”



**ABOVE:** Standing beside a road in Normandy, a British Army chaplain presides over the burial of a fallen soldier as tanks from the 8th Hussars continue to advance. **BELOW:** Using a Jeep as an altar, a U.S. Army chaplain offers Communion at a memorial service for men killed in France on D-Day.



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A third mine killed one doctor and wounded another. When more medics tried to reach Hoffman, he waved them away: “Stay back! You want to be killed? Get the mine sweepers in here!” Hoffman lay in the muck of the minefield for four hours before help reached him. Hoffman, who called himself an “infantryman’s chaplain,” became the most decorated chaplain of the war, receiving the DSC, the Silver Star, the Bronze Star, and the Italian Medal of Valor. His lost leg did nothing to diminish his passion for helping soldiers. Once he recovered, Hoffman spent all his time in military hospitals working with amputees, showing them that the loss of a limb was not the end of their lives.

The Normandy invasion had its own set of heroes. On Omaha Beach, Chaplain Joe Lacy walked through a rain of German fire to administer last rites and help the injured in any way he could. Short and rotund, Lacy’s calm and quiet courage inspired respect, particularly when he stood

upright in the midst of the German fire, ordering stretcher parties through the fire to pick up badly hurt men. Lacy miraculously finished the day unhurt. He would receive the Distinguished Service Cross for his courageous day's work.

The airborne chaplains in both armies were a breed apart, as were the paratroopers to whom they ministered. Captain Raymond Hall, an Episcopal priest, knew the bond that goes with a paratrooper's little silver wings: "The men can talk to me now," he said. One chaplain parachuted into a Fort Benning drop zone under a "streamer," a chute that cleared the pack tray but did not fully open. "Who else," wrote a soldier, "but a chaplain could fall a thousand feet with an unopened chute and live?"

**Another D-Day DSC went to Chaplain Francis Sampson.** As the fighting swayed back and forth behind the landing beaches and his unit fell back, Sampson volunteered to stay behind in a farmhouse with men too badly hurt to be moved. All through one night and the following day, he divided his time between caring for the wounded men and running outside to wave a white flag at advancing German troops. At one point, Sampson was seized by two German soldiers, who prepared to shoot him. Praying hard, the chaplain heard a shot, but it was not directed at him. It came from the pistol of a German officer who fired into the air and personally took charge of Sampson, showing the chaplain the Catholic medal he carried inside his uniform and photos of his baby.

If kindly angels watched over Sampson, other men were grateful for the protection of the Bible itself. One officer wrote home: "As I reached for my carbine, a shot struck me in the breast and

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blasted me down. Thinking I was dead, my pal was amazed when I rolled over and tried to get up. I pulled that little Bible out of my pocket and looked at the ugly hole in its cover." The bullet had, he wrote, penetrated all the way from Genesis to the 91st Psalm, which reads in part, "A thousand shall fall beside thee, and ten thousand at thy right hand, but it shall not come nigh thee."

Chaplain John Maloney, untutored in medicine, nevertheless managed to get plasma into a dying officer's arm to save the youngster's life. Maloney, like other airborne padres, jumped only with the tools of his trade: his Mass kit, containing the elements of Communion. The soldiers called it the "bread from Heaven."

Wherever the fighting units were, chaplains went also. Mormon chaplain Eugene Campbell, searching for his unit, drove toward Fulda, in central Germany, passing through villages showing white flags. Later, when he explained where he had been, an officer told him, "Congratulations, chap-

lain, you just conquered two towns."

On the other side of the world, 58 chaplains went in with the Marine divisions invading Iwo Jima, or worked offshore with the invasion fleet. The troops faced the bloodiest battle of the Pacific War, and there was, as one chaplain put it, "a grand rush to the Sacraments" before the assault waves went in. One young officer promised to hoist an American flag on the peak of Mount Suribachi. Chaplain Charles Suver answered, "You get it up there and I'll say Mass under it." Suver's days on the beach were, in his words, "a jumble of misery and torture and suffering." He did not exaggerate. On Iwo Jima, the attacking Marines suffered nearly 30 percent casualties. Suver spent three days in a makeshift dressing station, comforting the wounded and the dying.

Although Suver slept the sleep of sheer exhaustion on his first night ashore, Chaplain James Deasy did not. He spent most of the night crawling through Japanese shell fire from foxhole to foxhole, encouraging the men, praying over the hurt, the dying, and the dead. For five nights, Deasy kept on with almost no sleep. On the third night, he was totally buried by a Japanese shell. When Marines came to his aid, his muffled shouts ordered them to stay under cover until the Japanese shelling stopped. Only then was the chaplain pulled from his grave, shaken but still alive.

Suver made good on his promise. On the fifth day of the fighting, as the national colors broke out on Suribachi and the Marines cheered, Suver and his assistant reached the top and promptly celebrated Mass while other Marines were still clearing nearby caves of diehard defenders. A board propped across two empty fuel drums was Suver's altar, and his vestments were khaki. Not long afterward, Presbyterian chaplain Alvo Martin magically produced a little "field organ" and managed an Easter service, complete with a volunteer choir.

The fall of Iwo Jima marked the beginning of the end of the war, but the long road to victory still led through Okinawa and some 100,000 bitter-end defenders. At sea off Iwo Jima, kamikaze pilots hurled their aircraft in suicide dives at American ships, and one of their targets was carrier USS *Franklin*. On *Franklin* was Father Joseph Timothy O'Callahan. "He only believes in two things," said one man. "He believes in God and the enlisted man."

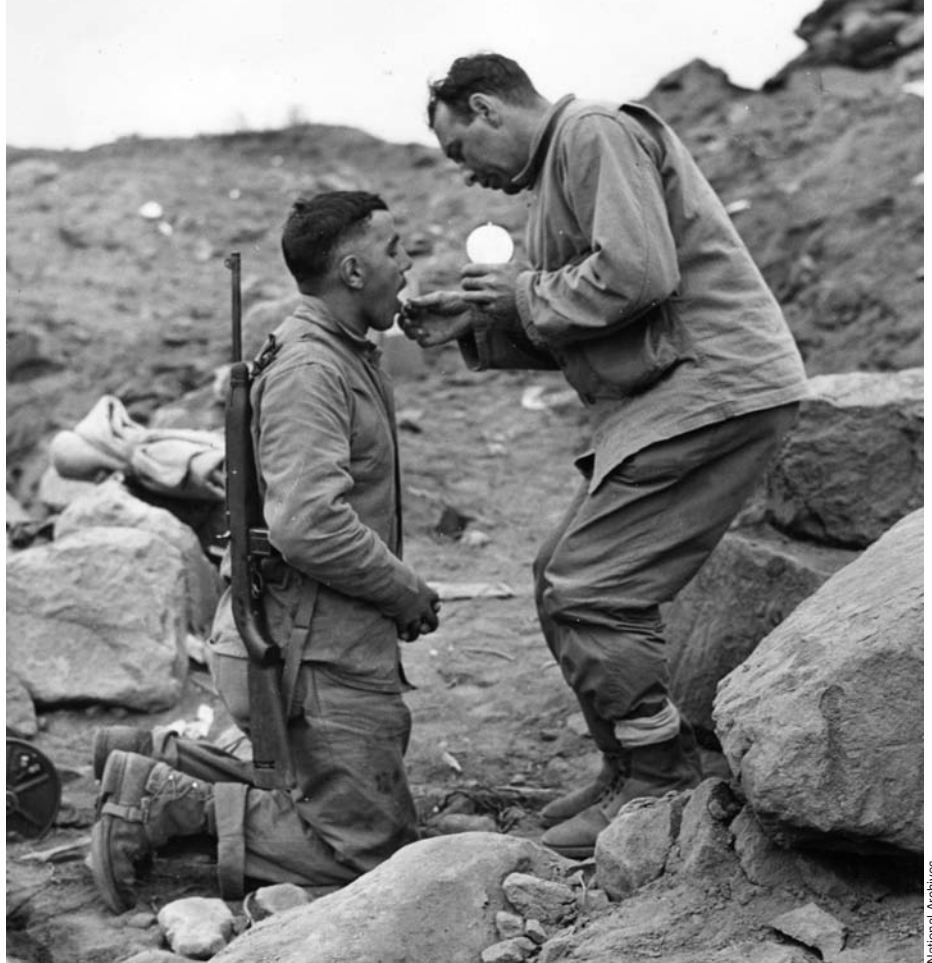
On Sunday, March 19, 1945, a Japanese plane slammed into *Franklin*. Raging fires following a massive explosion would kill almost 1,000 of the carrier's crew. Father O'Callahan, pronounced a general absolution for the ship's crew—his second of the day—and raced to

help. With Methodist chaplain Grimes Gatlin, he went first to the airmen's quarters, comforting, helping, and praying with the dying men. After Franklin took a second hit, O'Callahan ran to a congested ladder jammed with men frantically trying to climb out of the fiery hell down below. "Here, boys," called the priest, "single file." The sound of his voice restored order, and everyone in that part of the ship managed to climb to safety.

Above deck, O'Callahan faced a maelstrom of flame and explosion. Burned and mangled bodies were everywhere. O'Callahan took charge, organizing work parties to cool down or dump overboard munitions heated by the fires. Damage control parties pushed deeper into the ship, fighting the flames that raged through her, and the chaplain was with them.

Their heroics saved the carrier, and nobody

U.S. Navy



National Archives

**ABOVE:** Father Joseph Hammond gives Holy Communion to a Marine at Iwo Jima, a mere 100 hundred yards from the fighting. **LEFT:** Catholic chaplain Joseph O'Callahan comforts an injured sailor aboard the carrier *Franklin* in 1945. Father O'Callahan received a Medal of Honor for his heroism. **OPPOSITE:** Marines attend an Easter service on Mount Suribachi at Iwo Jima in 1945. A portable organ provides musical accompaniment.

contributed more than O'Callahan. Only later would the full extent of his courage be revealed: he was badly claustrophobic. Even so, he pushed into a dark gun turret to help jettison live rounds: "I did not so much mind the thought of being blown up," he wrote later, "but did very much mind being hemmed in." O'Callahan shunned publicity, modestly brushing off praise. "Any priest in like circumstances should do and would do what I did," he said afterward, but *Franklin's* captain knew better. On the captain's recommendation, O'Callahan was awarded the Medal of Honor for his astonishing heroics aboard *Franklin*.

By the time Okinawa was secure, more than 9,000 sailors were casualties, about a third of them dead. Many of the wounds, especially the burns, were hideous, and broken-hearted chaplains did all they could to help maimed and mangled men in terrible pain. Chaplain Fidelis Wieland died on board the hospital ship *Comfort* when she was deliberately bombed by the Japanese. He was one of three chaplains killed during the Okinawa campaign.

During the agony and heroism of the American island-hopping campaign across the

Pacific, British and Indian troops were fighting a land war against the Japanese along the eastern borders of India and deep into Burma. In some of the worst terrain in the world, riddled with disease, crawling with mosquitoes, leeches, and an assortment of other voracious insect life, chaplains lived and suffered with the men. One such chaplain, Reverend N.S. Metcalfe, wrote of a terrible night march and a halt at aptly named Malarial Hill near Imphal. "Although I had started the foot trek with my field Communion set and 100 army prayer books," wrote Metcalfe, "the set was lost in the blackness of the night, when I stumbled and dropped it over a cliff. However, with an orange box as an altar, army biscuits were used as wafers and some local whisky from the Naga headhunters used in lieu of wine. Despite the fact that it was watered down, it took the silver lining off a silver sports cup which had been pressed into service as a chalice." It was all in a day's work for Metcalfe.

**One story speaks for all the chaplains who suffered for their flocks during the long years of World War II.** Leonard Wilson was Bishop of Singapore when the Japanese invaded Malaya. Appointed a chaplain in the last days of the fighting, he was interned for 15 months in prison camps. Tortured by his captors, who wanted a confession of "anti-Japanese activities," Wilson went on ministering. Prisoners could hear his voice as he gave Communion to a woman prisoner through the bars of his cell: "One, two, three, four, lift up your hearts!" When the torturers taunted him, asking him why God did not save him, Wilson replied: "God does save me. He does not save me by freeing me from pain and punishment, but he saves me by giving me the spirit to bear it." And bear it Wilson did, even baptizing a Chinese fellow prisoner with the only available water from a lavatory basin.

The courage and compassion that British and American chaplains demonstrated throughout the war left their mark in the hearts and minds of the men they ministered to—and even upon some of the enemy. When Bishop Wilson returned to Singapore after the war, he held Mass and baptized and confirmed a number of people. Among them was one of the men who had tortured him. □

Determined to deal British forces a heavy blow, General Nathanael Greene's Continental Army moved boldly to the attack at Eutaw Springs on the banks of the Santee River in South Carolina.

# SLUGFEST *at* EUTAW SPRINGS

BY JOHN PEZZOLA

IN THE EARLY MORNING HOURS OF SEPTEMBER 8, 1781, DRUMS ROLLED AND fifes played in Maj. Gen. Nathanael Greene's camp in the High Hills of southeastern South Carolina. Sleepy soldiers dragged themselves from their tents to prepare for the day ahead. It was only 4 AM, and already Greene's forces were preparing to have breakfast and then move out to engage enemy forces under British Lt. Col. Alexander Stewart a few miles away alongside the Santee River at Eutaw Springs. The morning was clear and sunny and showed signs of a hot and humid day to come.

Greene's move was the next jump on a grand chessboard of strategy that had changed greatly in the four years following the British defeat at Saratoga, New York, in October 1777. There Crown forces failed to isolate New England from the rest of the American colonies and destroy the rebellion one piece at a time. With the commencement of France's involvement in the war, Great Britain would need to pull her regular forces from the North American mainland in order to secure her lucrative colonies in the West Indies. Given this precarious state of affairs, the British government revised its strategy. By November 1778, the focus shifted to the southern theater of the war, where the British hoped to gain Loyalist support to supplement their troops. By placing a large land force in the South, the British wanted to divide American attention and stretch the rebels' supply and troop lines to the breaking point.

A similar strategy had been attempted in 1775 and 1776, but had met with failure because of an overreliance on locally raised Tory forces without the backing of British troops. Subsequent defeats at Great Bridge, Virginia, and Moore's Creek Bridge, North Carolina, had discouraged Loyalist activity in the South. By mid-1778, however, retaking the southern colonies again became a military and political priority for the British. The capture of Savannah, Georgia, in 1778, and Charleston, South Carolina, in 1780, along with the destruction of Maj. Gen. Horatio Gates's Continental army at Camden, South Carolina, in August 1780, had created a serious threat for the Americans. To further complicate the situation for the British, outrage over the massacre of Virginia forces at the Waxhaws by Lt. Col. Banastre Tarleton's notorious British Legion further heightened patriot passions.





Sword-wielding Lt. Col. William Washington, leading the 3rd Continental Dragoons, is surrounded and captured by British redcoats at the Battle of Eutaw Springs. Painting by Don Troiani.

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Ultimately, the British would have to rely on small strike forces to curb colonial opposition and establish interior outposts to maintain lines of communication. Following the disastrous blow to American forces at Camden, General George Washington had dispatched Greene to take command in the South. Greene faced a momentous task in stopping the British juggernaut. With recent successes and growing confidence, the British army launched a new campaign into North Carolina. Lord Charles Cornwallis dispatched Major Patrick Ferguson, his recently appointed inspector of militia, to cover the British left flank with a large Tory contingent. The overconfident Ferguson marched into the back country of North Carolina where American frontiersmen responded to the threat by completely annihilating Ferguson's command at the Battle of King's Mountain in October 1780.

**Following his defeat at Camden, Gates had begun to rebuild the army. Once Greene entered the theater, he continued the effort, carefully reshaping the remains of the shattered army into a cohesive new fighting force. While reconstructing his forces, Greene made use of partisan units that had been operating in the theater since the summer of 1780, an unorthodox strategy that violated the principle of concentration so dear to the thinking of George Washington. Greene divided the army into two parts, one commanded by Brig. Gen. Daniel Morgan and the other by Greene himself. His reason for dividing his forces was twofold: he hoped that each smaller corps would be able to procure supplies more easily, and he wanted to force Cornwallis to divide his own forces to deal with two antagonists at once.**

In January 1781, a British force detached from Cornwallis's main army under the command of the infamous Tarleton suffered a crushing defeat at the Battle of Cowpens, in the piedmont region of South Carolina. Continental troops led by Morgan killed 100 English soldiers, wounded another 229, and captured more than 600. American losses were a mere 12 killed and 60 wounded. Greene followed Morgan's victory with a strategic victory of his own at Guilford Courthouse, North Carolina, on March 15. Cornwallis was now in a precarious situation and had no choice but to move to the coastal town of Wilmington to be resupplied.

Greene's insurgent strategy became one of depriving the British of supplies, draining manpower, and cutting communications—a method that did not depend on tactical victories. Following the Guilford Courthouse campaign, Greene focused on taking back territory controlled by the Crown so that at the conclusion of the war, the British could not claim it in a settlement. On April 2,

Greene relayed his plans for the upcoming campaign to American General Baron Von Steuben while camped at Ramsay's Mill, North Carolina. "I think it will be our true plan of policy to move into South Carolina, notwithstanding the risks and difficulty attending the maneuver," wrote Greene. "This will oblige the enemy to follow us or give up their posts there. If they follow us, it will relieve this state."

While Greene made a push back into South Carolina, Cornwallis decided to move northward into Virginia and disrupt Greene's supplies. Cornwallis left Lt. Col. Francis Lord Rawdon behind at Camden. Following the American siege of Fort Motte and the capitulation of Fort Watson, which resulted in the severing of the line of communications between Charleston and Camden, Greene and Rawdon met at Hobkirk's Hill on April 25. British forces took possession of the field, but at a heavy price.

Despite another tactical British victory, Rawdon began to withdraw, moving out of Camden and establishing a base camp in the High Hills of Santee along the way to Charleston. Greene immediately dispatched his partisan corps to harass British supply lines and capture critical communication outposts. With the constant marauding of partisan bands, augmented by Continental infantry and artillery, British outposts in the interior were forced to evacuate. Rawdon sent dispatches indicating the dire situation, but British strongholds at Fort Ninety-

## FIGHTING FORCES AT EUTAW SPRINGS

DURING THE BATTLE OF EUTAW SPRINGS, how the various combat arms were employed had to do with both the technological aspects of weaponry and the terrain upon which the armies fought.

The common foot soldiers in the American or British armies were equipped with a muzzle-loading smoothbore musket. Infantrymen were trained to load and fire their weapons in shoulder-to-shoulder formations, two or three ranks deep. The smoothbore musket had an effective range of up to 100 yards, and military theorists believed that by firing in volleys, infantrymen would send a deadly hail of lead toward their opponent. It was also believed that allowing soldiers to operate independently would impede a field commander's control them, leading to confusion on the battlefield. Therefore, it became standard practice to keep soldiers in rigid linear formations to maximize their firepower and maintain control of their actions.

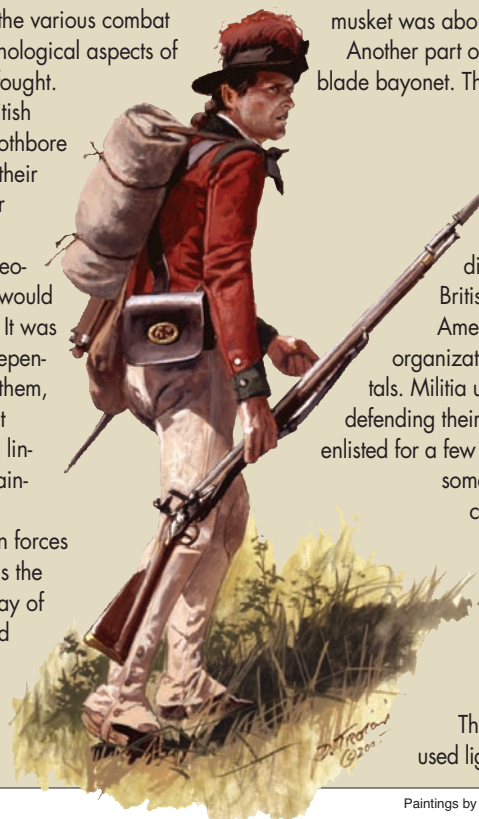
The primary infantry weapon used by the Crown forces was the Short Land Pattern musket, known today as the "Brown Bess." Americans were armed with an array of muzzle-loading weapons, including many imported from France. Both the French and British muskets were black-powder weapons that created a thick grayish cloud of smoke on the battlefield. The maximum rate of fire from the smoothbore

musket was about three to four rounds per minute.

Another part of the infantry weapon system was a triangular blade bayonet. The bayonet had a psychological effect on the battlefield, and could, in many cases, be the deciding factor in a battle. At Eutaw Springs, not all combatants were armed with bayonets. This was especially common among American militia, who were at a decided disadvantage in close-in fighting with experienced British troops.

American forces consisted of several different military organizations including militia, state troops, and Continentals. Militia units were made up of civilians charged with defending their communities; they were locally raised and enlisted for a few months at a time. State troops, with enlistments somewhat longer than militia, were under the direct control of the state governments, and not part of the Continental Army. Since 1775, the Continental Army had been under the direct control of the Continental Congress, with soldiers' enlistments lasting three years or more. By 1778 the Continental soldier was considered by many to be the equal of the British "regular."

The infantry component of the Continental Army also used light troops and riflemen. Light troops were chosen





Library of Congress

six and Fort Granby never received Rawdon's orders to fall back to Charleston. Following Brig. Gen. Thomas Sumter's capture of Orangeburg, partisan Colonel Francis Marion moved his force to capture Georgetown, while Andrew Pickens and Henry Lee moved toward Augusta, Georgia.

By May 22, Greene was laying siege to Fort Ninety-six, commanded by Loyalist Lt. Col. John Harris Cruger. Rawdon used fresh troops just arrived from Ireland to bolster his forces and relieve the siege. Rawdon was unaware of Corn-

**Irregular cavalry in Francis Marion's corps set up camp in a South Carolina swamp. They were virtually invulnerable to surprise by the British.**

wallis's advance toward Virginia, and once Cornwallis entered North Carolina, there was no open line of communication with South Carolina. To make matters worse for Rawdon, he was ill throughout the campaign and had no choice but to relinquish his command to Lt. Col. Alexander Stewart.

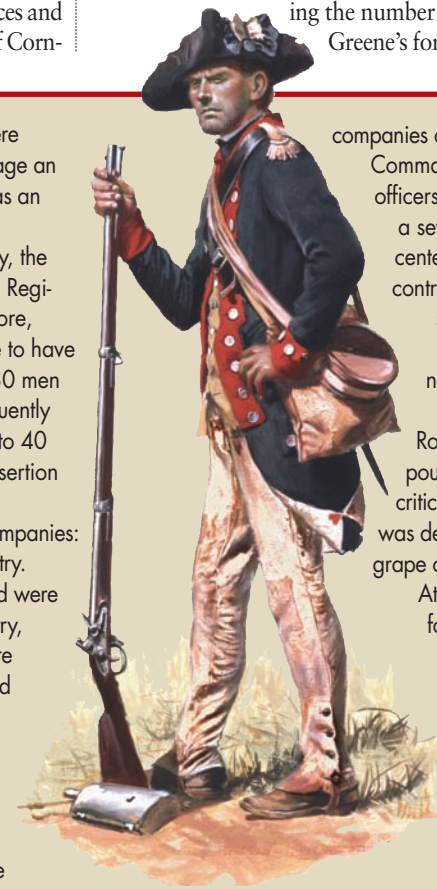
Greene integrated Marion's and Pickens's partisans with regulars such as Lee's Legion and Lt. Col. William Washington's 3rd Continental Light Dragoons. Greene was able to keep communications open and ensure the flow of supplies to his army, while the British had no alternative but to use soldiers to provide constant security for their own communications and supply lines, reducing the number of men available for combat operations.

Greene's forces, although successful, were suffering from the effects of the

for their youth, agility, and stamina and were deployed as scouts and skirmishers to engage an opponent's light infantry or to act at times as an independent corps.

In both the American and British infantry, the battalion was the basic tactical formation. Regiments consisted of one, and sometimes more, battalions. At full strength, battalions were to have nine or 10 companies, averaging 60 to 80 men each. During a campaign, battalions frequently had fewer companies, and as few as 30 to 40 men in each, due to illness, casualties, desertion and expiration of enlistments.

British regiments included two "flank" companies: one of grenadiers and the other, light infantry. Grenadiers were usually the tallest men and were the regiment's shock troops. The light infantry, as in American regiments, consisted of more agile individuals and those who exhibited marksmanship skills. For battle, it was common to pull the grenadier and light companies from their regiments and amalgamate them into grenadier and light battalions. At the Battle of Eutaw Springs, Major John Majoribanks commanded three



companies of light infantry that were formed into a composite battalion. Command and control of 18th-century infantry was predicated on the officers and musicians. In battle, officers usually carried a sword and a seven-foot pike called a spontoon. They were deployed in the center, on the flanks, and in the rear of the battalion to facilitate control. Drums and fifes were commonly used to relay orders, and soldiers fought under regimental colors, not a national flag.

Artillery was frequently deployed in battle as an antipersonnel weapon although there were occasions when cannon were used for siege work or for breaching strongholds such as the Roche House at Eutaw Springs. Smaller three-pound and six-pound cannon were usually deployed with the infantry and were critical in disorganizing an adversary's ranks. The size of these guns was designated by the weight of the ball they fired, but they also fired grape or canister rounds consisting of many small lead, or iron, balls.

At the Battle of Eutaw Springs, American artillery consisted of four pieces, including two three-pounders and two six-pounders.

During the battle American Lieutenant William Gaines moved his artillery to support a North Carolina regiment and blasted the British line with canister. The British possessed three six-pounders and one four-pounder. □

**LEFT: A veteran sergeant in the Continental Army. Painting by Don Troiani. OPPOSITE: British light infantryman from the 63rd Regiment. His standard uniform and hat have been trimmed back for field service. Painting by Don Troiani.**

intense summer heat and humidity. Before Greene could consider taking on Stewart, he wanted to reinforce his army and allow them time to recover from the extensive marching. Greene marched his army to the High Hills of the Santee, where he encamped and planned his next move.

While Greene's army recuperated, Lee's Legion was sent to forage and Marion's men continued cutting enemy communications. Hoping to bolster the number of troops at his disposal, Greene looked to the "Over Mountain Men" who had defeated Ferguson at King's Mountain, but renewed hostilities with pro-British Cherokees prevented them from supporting Greene. Virginia promised to send Greene 2,000 militiamen, but because of the new British threat in the state, those troops were never sent.

Greene felt it was imperative to use the available time to organize and retrain his army. On Tuesday, August 21, he ordered his troops to drill by brigades, with one round of blank cartridges fired by platoon from right to left. There was constant pressure on the Continental troops to utilize traditional European linear tactics in the face of the enemy. Meanwhile, Stewart was forced to move his British army into the hills between the Wateree and Congaree Rivers to resupply without risking an engagement.

By August 27, Greene received intelligence that Stewart was camped along the Santee at Eutaw Springs. Finally reinforced, Greene marched to Friday's Ferry and crossed the Congaree at Howell's Ferry where Pickens's militia and Lt. Col. William Henderson's South Carolina state troops joined him. Including reinforcements from North Carolina, Greene's entire force amounted to 2,300 men.

On the night of September 6-7, Marion met Greene's command at Laurens's Plantation, about seven miles from Eutaw Springs. Greene now was ready to move on Stewart and surprise him before Stewart could establish a permanent camp. Stewart's pickets had not noticed any unusual rebel activity and Stewart himself confessed that he was utterly unaware of the rebels' nearness, despite every exertion to gain knowledge of the patriots' location.

At 10 AM on September 7, Greene issued his men a gill of rum to lift their spirits and had them draw one day's rations prior to advancing on Stewart. The order of battle was revised to include Marion's brigade in the front line, with other militia units to follow. Lieutenant William Gaines, who commanded two three-pounder field pieces, followed Marion, who was supported in turn by North Carolina militia under the command of Colonel Francis Malmedy.

Stewart's camp at the springs was near a two-story brick mansion owned by Patrick Roche, with a large palisaded garden on its right facing Eutaw Creek. The mansion sat on the north side of the river road. Stewart's forces were encamped on both sides of the road in an open field. The road leading to Charleston branched off behind the British encampment. Between the two roads there was a large ravine. To the front of Stewart's position, there were about 10 acres of cleared land, and beyond that a forest of oak and cypress trees sat on either side of the road.

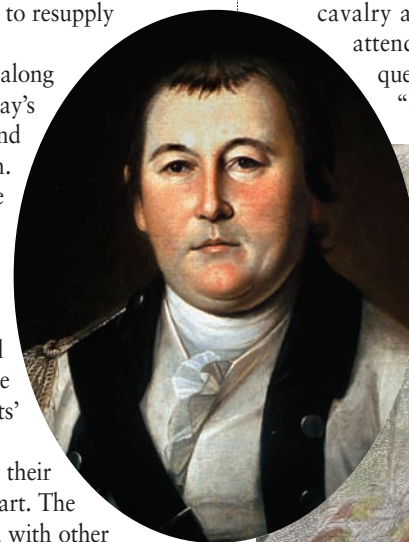
**Early the next morning, Greene marched his forces in two columns with artillery at the head of each.** Lee's Legion made up the vanguard, with a contingent of South Carolina state troops followed by a second column consisting of North and South Carolina militia under Pickens, Malmedy, and Marion. Next came three brigades of Continentals from Virginia, Maryland, and North Carolina, supported by two six-pounders. A reserve force composed of Washington's dragoons and a Delaware company of Continentals under Captain Robert Kirkwood made up the rear guard.

At 6 AM, Lee ran into a foraging party of both mounted and dismounted men from Stewart's force. He immediately deployed his Legion infantry across the road and the South Carolina state troops under Henderson moved into place north of the road. Following the first shots from Lee's force, Stewart's foraging party withdrew, losing over 400 men captured by the rebels.

Around the same time, Stewart detached Major John Coffin, who commanded about 140 infantry and 50 mounted troops, to gather intelligence regarding the enemy's whereabouts. Coffin mistook Lee's force for a group of militia and began to skirmish with the South Carolina troops. Coffin sent word to Stewart that the enemy was about four miles away from Stewart's camp at Eutaw Springs. Coffin's cavalry pressed the enemy who discharged a volley,

knocking down some of Coffin's troopers. Coffin turned and headed back toward the camp. Captain Robert Kirkwood and the Delaware Continentals advanced until they were within one mile of Stewart's camp.

With Coffin driven off and returning to camp, the engagement alarmed Stewart, who deployed his forces into line in the wooded area in front of the camp. "Finding the enemy in force so near me, I determined to fight them as from their numerous cavalry a retreat seemed to me to be attended with dangerous consequences," Stewart reported later. "I immediately formed the line



Anne S.K. Brown Military Collection

Both: National Park Service

of battle with the right of the army to the Eutaw branch and its left crossing the road leading to Roche's Plantation, leaving a corps on a commanding situation to cover the Charleston road and to act occasionally as a reserve."

Stewart placed the 3rd Regiment of Foot (The Buffs) near the creek. To the north of their position, a 300-man contingent of light infantry and grenadiers under the command of Major John Majoribanks was deployed to protect the right flank in a patch of tangled woods on the bank of the creek. The center of the line was composed of Loyalist units from New Jersey and New York extending across the River Road, with the 63rd and 64th Foot on the far left.

Although Stewart's right was secure, his left wing on the south was exposed. He sent Coffin's cavalry to cover that flank. Stewart realized that his mounted forces were inferior to Greene's and attempted to compensate for this

handicap by designating a predetermined strongpoint. At the first sign of misfortune, Loyalist Major Henry F. Sheridan was to throw his New York troops into the Roche House and cover the army from the upper windows.

Stewart commenced the action by deploying skirmishers and a field piece about a mile in front of his main line. It was about nine o'clock when British forces arrived in Greene's front and Marion's men promptly began to drive them back. Lieutenant Gaines's artillery was quickly brought forward and fired into Stewart's forces. At this point, Greene's first line consisted of Marion's militia and Lee's troops on the right, Malmedy's North Carolina militia in the center, and Pickens's militia and Henderson's South Carolina state troops on the left.

Lee made an attempt to move around Stewart's left flank but was repulsed by the 63rd Regiment and a field piece. Gaines then moved his artillery forward to support Lee. When Gaines blasted the British line with canister they became disorganized and began to panic. Gaines continued firing until the trunion straps on the cannon broke and disabled the gun.

While militia under Marion and Pickens were helping to hold the flanks of the first line, Malmedy's North Carolina militia in the center started to falter. As a result of the intense fighting, men

With Maj. Gen. Nathanael Greene urging them on, American forces push back British and Loyalist troops at Eutaw Springs while Lieutenant William Gaines's artillery blasts away. OPPOSITE TOP: Lt. Col. "Light Horse Harry" Lee. OPPOSITE BOTTOM: Lt. Col. William Washington.



in the front line were beginning to run low on ammunition, and it was only a matter of time before the line would collapse. Seeing the militia in the center struggling, Greene ordered General Jethro Sumner's brigade of North Carolina Continentals forward from his second line to replace Malmedy's North Carolina militia. Lee provided a description of the precarious state of the first line prior to Sumner's arrival: "The sixty-third and the Legion infantry were warmly engaged," he wrote, "when the sixty-fourth, with a part of the center, advanced upon Colonel Malmedy, who soon yielding, the success was pushed by the enemy's left, and the militia, after a fierce contest, gave way, leaving the corps of Henderson and the Legion infantry engaged, sullenly falling back."

**Sumner's brigade, consisting of three battalions, kept up a vigorous fire against the 63rd and 64th Regiments.** The North Carolinians were able to push back Stewart's command and hold the southern flank with Lee's Legion. Stewart stopped Sumner's advance by bringing into line the corps of infantry posted in the rear of his left wing, accompanied by Coffin's cavalry. The bayonet-wielding 63rd and 64th Regiments began to push forward into Sumner's men, many of whom were without bayonets themselves and had no choice but to withdraw, creating a gap in the American line.

Henderson's South Carolina state infantry, on Green's left flank, was taking tremendous fire from the Buffs, whose line extended beyond Henderson's left flank. When Henderson was wounded and taken off the field, his men began to panic. Colonel Wade Hampton, commanding a contingent of mounted South Carolina state troops, took command and restored order.

Greene now moved forward Colonel Otho Williams's Maryland Brigade of two battalions under Lt. Col. John Eager Howard and Major Henry Hardman. "Let Williams advance and sweep the field with his bayonets," Greene commanded. Moving with the Marylanders was a battalion of Continental troops from Virginia. At this point, the American main line consisted mainly of Lee's Legion infantry, Maryland and Virginia Continentals, and the remnants of Henderson's South Carolinians under Hampton.

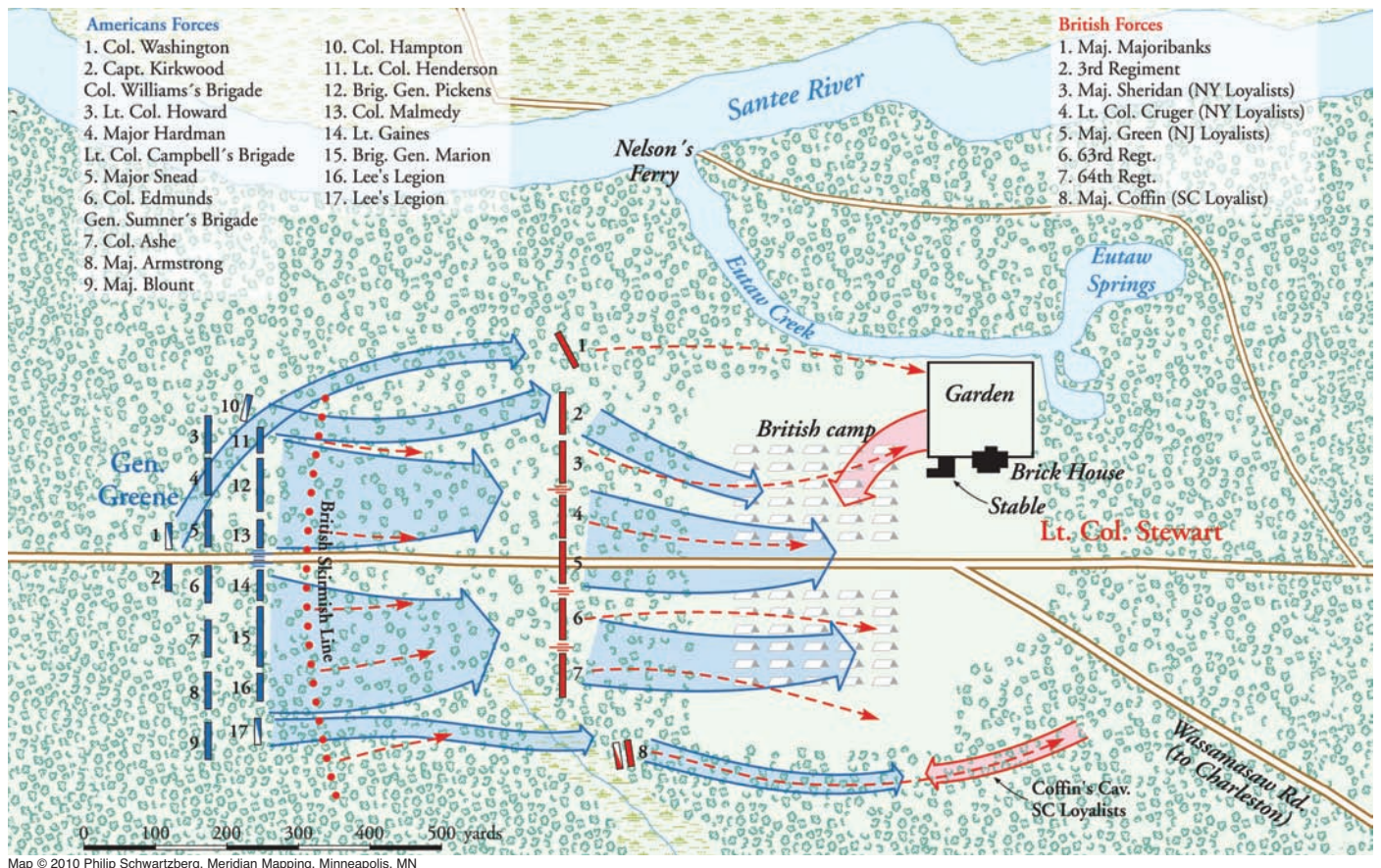
Williams's Marylanders delivered a heavy volley into the British, who were falling back. The Maryland troops kept advancing even while sustaining heavy casualties among the officers. One by one the redcoat regiments gave way and fled through their camp to the cover of the brick house. A crushing American victory seemed imminent. But as the Patriot forces pushed through, some of the militia and Continentals stopped to plunder the British camp, while others were held

up by Sheridan's command stationed in the brick house. The momentary check allowed Stewart time to rally his forces.

Greene, for his part, was unaware of the developing situation in the British camp and Coffin's mounted force was still holding its ground on the British left flank. Lee believed that success hinged on removing Coffin so he sent for Major Joseph Eggleston to lead the Legion cavalry against Coffin's mounted troopers. Eggleston had already been deployed, but according to Lee, he was held back from attacking by orders "officially communicated to that officer as from the general, when in truth he never issued such orders." Otherwise, said Lee, he would have been ready to inflict a death blow on the enemy.

On the far left of the American line, William Washington's 3rd Continental Dragoons charged Majoribanks's light infantry and grenadiers, who were destroying Henderson's battalion from the cover of a blackjack thicket. Washington's horsemen could not penetrate the heavy underbrush and were repulsed. Washington's horse was killed and, unable to free himself, Washington received a bayonet wound and was captured.

Following the repulse of Washington, Majoribanks fell back to the protection of the brick mansion. On the British left, Coffin





placed himself in a field on the south of the Charleston road. "In our pursuit we took three hundred prisoners and two field pieces of artillery," he reported. As Lee's forces cleared the camp, they entered an open field and the British immediately opened fire from the mansion. Some of the Legion infantry continued to press forward and attempted to enter the house before the door could be barricaded.

Before the American troops could force their way in, the door was shut. The Maryland battalion began to push through the field heading toward the ravine, along with Kirkwood's Delaware troops taking position on the right of the house. Majoribanks to the north and Coffin's forces to the south continued to pour gunfire into the American ranks. While Stewart organized a last-ditch defense, he sent his wounded down the road toward Charleston. Greene ordered his artillery, which now included two captured British six-pounders, to breach the mansion but Loyalists in the house decimated the gunners.

When Greene finally realized that the majority of his forces were caught up in pillaging Stewart's camp, it was obvious that the American advance was checked. As Stewart continued to rally his men, Greene sent the Legion cavalry to the right to attack, only to be checked by Coffin. Stewart and Majoribanks then counterattacked, pushing Greene's army back, with Majoribanks wounded in the

**ABOVE:** American artillery continues to fire on the Patrick Roche mansion, while implausibly well-aligned troops march by on the left. In fact, many Continental troops broke away to pillage the British camp. **OPPOSITE:** Greene arranged his forces in two lines, with North and South Carolina militia in front, supported by Continental Army regulars. The Americans at Eutaw Springs numbered about 2,300 in all.

process. Greene quickly positioned Hampton's mounted force to cover his retreat.

By the end both sides were battered. It could be said that Greene lost the engagement tactically because he withdrew from the field. While the exact numbers are not clear, Greene probably left behind 119 dead, 382 wounded, and 78 missing. Greene, who was concerned about the prospect of Stewart reorganizing and counterattacking, dispatched Marion and Lee to keep a close watch on Stewart and to attack if the opportunity presented itself. Somewhat chagrined, Lee and Marion observed the British destroying thousands of muskets and pouring good British rum into the inky waters of the creek.

Stewart's casualties are estimated to have been 85 killed, 297 wounded, and 500 captured, a staggering 42 percent. He was in a precarious situation and needed to withdraw quickly. In the course of doing so, the wounded Majoribanks died during the retreat to Charleston. The last major British army operating in the field had been badly mauled, and for this point alone Greene's campaign could be considered a strategic victory.

The engagement at Eutaw Springs, the last land battle in the Carolinas, mirrored many other engagements in the southern theater, with the Americans again suffering a tactical defeat, but the British withdrawing. After all their hard campaigning and tactical victories, the British were left holding only the cities of Charleston and Savannah. The British continued their retreat toward Charleston, while Greene dispatched Sumter and Hampton to round up remaining Tory forces and prevent their aiding the British forces moving toward Charleston.

On the same day that the Battle of Eutaw Springs took place, George Washington moved his forces out of Williamsburg and began advancing toward Yorktown. Eutaw Springs showed the world that Great Britain no longer held the interior of South Carolina and Georgia and was incapable of conducting operations to retake it. In fact, British strongholds in the South now consisted merely of coastal positions. Greene not only forced Cornwallis out of North Carolina; he had also recaptured both the South Carolina and Georgia interior. Despite not winning a battle tactically, he was able to drive British field forces into the coastal city of Charleston and secure the two vital states of Georgia and South Carolina for the patriot cause. □



# INTO THE DRAGON'S

THROUGHOUT THE HISTORY of warfare, there have been targets that have been notably reluctant to fall. One such highly resistant target was the Thanh Hoa Railroad and Highway Bridge spanning the Song Ma River three miles northeast of Thanh Hoa, the capital of Annam Province in North Vietnam. The Vietnamese gave it the nickname Ham Rong, or “Dragon’s Jaw,” since the terrain in the immediate area is flat with the exception of a jagged ridge to the west known as Rong Mountain and a small hill to the east known as Ngoc (Jade) Hill. Together, the two promontories figuratively form the jawbones of a dragon’s mouth on either side of the river.

Between 1965 and 1972, during the Vietnam War, the bridge was the objective of many unsuccessful attacks by United States Air Force and Navy aircraft. Designed by Nguyen Dinh Doan and originally built by the French during the colonial era in Vietnam, the Thanh Hoa Bridge was destroyed in 1945 by Viet Minh guerrillas when they ran two TNT-laden locomotives together at the midpoint of the bridge. The North Vietnamese began to rebuild the bridge in 1957. It was completed in 1964 with a span of 540 feet, a width of 56 feet, and a height of 50 feet. Ho Chi Minh himself attended the dedication.

The rebuilt bridge had two steel truss spans that rested in the center on a gigantic reinforced con-

crete pier 16 feet in diameter, with concrete abutments at each end. Hills on both sides of the river provided solid bracing for the structure. Between 1965 and 1972, eight concrete piers were added near each end to give the bridge additional resistance to bomb damage. A one-meter-gage railway track ran down the 12-foot-wide center of the bridge, which had 22-foot-wide concrete highways on either side. The structure would prove to be one of the most challenging targets for American airpower during the war.

With the beginning of Operation Rolling Thunder, the American bombing campaign against strategic targets in North Vietnam, the Thanh Hoa Bridge became a primary target for



# JAW

The American Air Force and Navy expended countless bombs, planes, and pilots in a frustrating effort to destroy the strategically vital Thanh Hoa Bridge spanning the Song Ma River in North Vietnam.

BY JOSEPH FRANTISKA JR.

U.S. forces. Realizing the importance of the bridge, the Vietnamese had set up a brutal network of five air defense regiments in the area. They typically used SA-2 surface-to-air missiles (SAMs). Because of their large 35-foot size, the missiles were referred to as “flying telephone poles.”

The first and largest strike against the bridge was led on April 3, 1965, by Lt. Col. James Robinson “Robbie” Risner. It comprised 79 aircraft, including 46 F-105 Thunderchiefs armed with AGM-12 Bullpup air-to-ground missiles as the main strike force, 21 F-100 Super Sabres serving as fighter escorts, two RF-101 Voodoos for reconnaissance, and 10 KC-130 tanker air-

craft. The Bullpup was roll-stabilized and visually guided by the pilot or weapons operator using a tracer flare on the rear of the missile to track the weapon in flight while using a control joystick to steer it toward the target using radio signals. It was initially powered by a solid-fuel rocket motor and carried a 250-pound warhead.

Shortly after noon on the day of the strike, aircraft of Rolling Thunder Mission 9-Alpha climbed into the Southeast Asia skies on their approach to the Thanh Hoa Bridge. The sun glinting through the haze made the target difficult to acquire, but Risner led the way “down the chute,” and soon missiles began exploding on the target. Since only one Bullpup could be fired at a time, each pilot had to make two firing passes. On Risner’s second pass, his aircraft was hit just as his Bullpup struck the bridge. With blinding smoke in his cockpit and his aircraft leaking fuel like a sieve, Risner somehow coaxed his damaged aircraft back to Da Nang.

Captain Bill Meyerholt was in the third flight. As he pushed his Thunderchief into a dive and fired

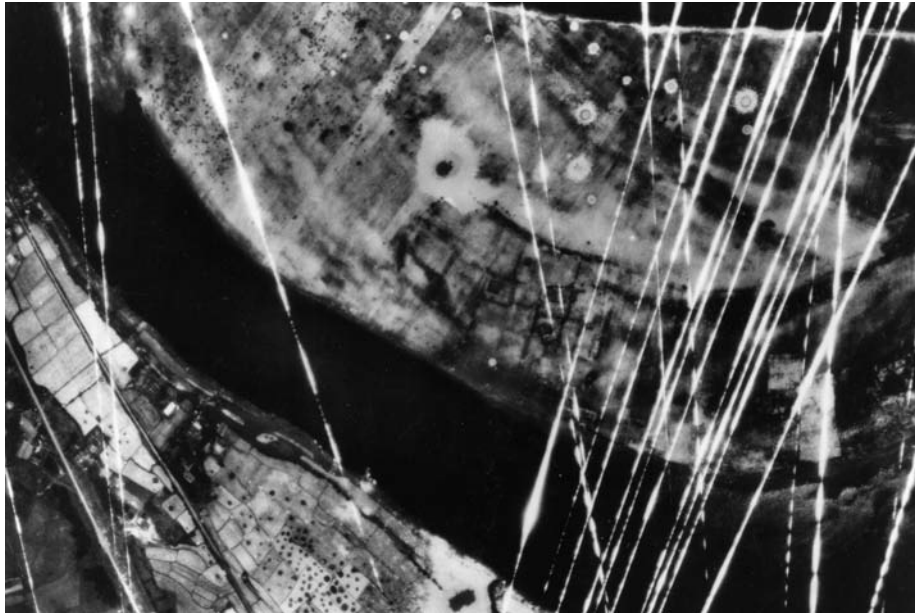
**A streaking United States Air Force F-100 Supersabre releases two 750-pound bombs over South Vietnam in May 1967. Massive American firepower could not turn the tide of war.**

a Bullpup, the missile streaked toward the bridge. When the smoke cleared, Meyerholt was shocked to see no visible damage to the bridge. The Bullpups had merely charred the heavy steel-and-concrete structure. The remaining missile attacks confirmed that firing Bullpups at the Dragon was about as effective as shooting BBs at a battleship.

The bombers came in for their attack, only to see their payloads drift to the far bank because of a strong crosswind. Major George C. Smith's F-100D was shot down near the target point as he performed his flak-suppression mission. Antiaircraft resistance was much stronger than anticipated. No radio contact could be made with Smith, and he was officially listed as missing in action (MIA). No further word was ever heard of him.

Pilots in the last flight of the day, led by Captain Carlyle S. "Smitty" Harris, adjusted their aim points to allow for the crosswind and scored several hits on the roadway and superstructure. Harris tried to assess bomb damage but could not do so because of smoke obscuring the target. The smoke would be an ominous warning of things to come.

One pilot destined to become a prisoner of the North Vietnamese was Lt. Cmdr. Raymond A. Vohden, who was passing just north of the bridge when his Douglas A-4C Skyhawk was shot down. Vohden was captured and held in various POW camps in and near Hanoi until his



**ABOVE:** Reconnaissance photo taken from an F-4 Phantom shows the kind of intense anti-aircraft ground fire faced by American pilots over North Vietnam during the war. **TOP:** Naval Commander James Stockdale, right, receives the Distinguished Flying Cross from Captain Bartholomew Connolly in 1965. Stockdale was a vice-presidential candidate in 1992.

release in February 1973. An RF-101C piloted by Captain Herschel S. Morgan was hit and went down some 75 miles southwest of the target area, seriously injuring Morgan, who was also captured and held around Hanoi until his release the same month as Vohden.

When the smoke finally cleared, observer aircraft found the bridge still standing. Thirty-two Bullpups and 120 750-pound bombs had been aimed at the bridge. Numerous hits had charred every part of the structure, yet it showed no sign of going down. Another strike was ordered for the next day.

On the second day of bombing, Harris was flying under call sign "Steel 3." He took the lead and oriented himself for his run on a 300-degree heading. He reported that his bombs had hit the target on the eastern end of the bridge. Steel 3 caught fire as soon as he left the target. Radio contact was garbled, and other members of the flight watched helplessly as Harris's aircraft, emitting a 20-foot-long trail of flame, headed due west of the target. Flight members had him in sight until

the fire died out, but no one observed a parachute or saw the aircraft impact the ground. Harris's aircraft had been hit by a MiG whose pilot later recounted the incident in the *Vietnam Courier* on April 15, 1965. It was not until much later that the Air Force would learn that Harris had been captured and held prisoner for eight years before being released in 1973. Fellow POWs credited Harris with introducing the "tap code" that enabled them to communicate with each other inside their prison cells.

MiGs had been seen on previous missions, but this was the first time in the war that the Russian-made planes had attacked American aircraft. "Zinc 2," a Republic F-105D flown by Captain James A. Magnusson, had its flight bounced by MiG 17s. As Magnusson was breaking to shake a MiG on his tail, Zinc 2 was hit and he radioed that he was heading for the Gulf of Tonkin if he could maintain control of his aircraft. Magnusson's aircraft finally ditched over the gulf near the island of Hon Me, and he was not seen or heard from again. He too was listed MIA.

One of the pilots' guardian angels was Captain Walter F. Draeger, whose Douglas A-1H Skyraider was also shot down over the Gulf of Tonkin just northeast of the Dragon that day. Draeger was providing air cover for downed American pilots and rescue helicopters when he was struck by enemy ground fire. His aircraft was seen to crash in flames, but no parachute was observed. Draeger was listed as MIA. For his actions that day, Draeger earned the Air Force Cross. The remaining aircraft returned to their bases, discouraged. Although over 300 bombs had scored hits on the second strike, the bridge still stood.

From April to September 1965, 19 more American pilots were shot down in the general vicinity of the Dragon's Jaw, including many who were captured and later released: Howie Rutledge, Gerald Coffee, Paul Galanti, Jeremiah Denton, Bill Tschudy, and James Stockdale. On September 16, 1965, Risner's F-105D was shot down a few miles north of the bridge. As he landed, Risner injured his knee, which contributed to his ultimate capture. Risner was held in Hanoi until his release in 1973, spending 4½ years in solitary confinement.

The Bullpup missile had too small a warhead to inflict any damage on the bridge. In addition to the lack of punch, the Bullpup also exposed the pilot to extreme danger as this was not a "fire and forget" weapon. The Bullpup was roll-stabilized and visually guided by the pilot or weapons operator using a flare on the back of the missile to track the weapon in flight while

using a control joystick to steer it toward the target using radio signals. Therefore, the pilot had to stay on course as the Bullpup was steered to its target, exposing him to enemy fire. Some F-105s carried 750-pound bombs, but these were less precise, and when they did hit the bridge, they caused only minor damage. Some bombs fell on nearby roads, causing traffic to be stopped for a few hours. This was the only material result of the raid, at the cost of one F-100 and one RF-101 being shot down.

A new attack was scheduled for the next day. This time 80 planes were engaged, including 48 F-105s, carrying only 750-pound bombs in the wake of the Bullpups' inadequacy. The raid was again an exercise in great precision, but despite receiving more than 300 hits, the bridge refused to fall. Minor damage caused traffic to be interrupted for a few days. This action cost the U.S. Air Force three F-105s. One was lost to ground fire, but the two shot down by supposedly obsolete Mig-17s would lead to a significant reexamination of fighters suited to dogfighting.

To limit airspace conflicts between Air Force and Naval strike forces, North Vietnam was divided into six target regions called "route packages," each of which was assigned separately to either the Air Force or Navy—the other service was forbidden to intrude. Each controlled its own sectors of airspace in North Vietnam and Laos. The Military Assistance Command-Vietnam, MACV, controlled the air war in Route Pack 1. The Navy controlled the air war in Route Packs 2, 3, 4, and 6B. Pacific Air Forces controlled air activities in Route Packs 5 and 6A. The widespread use of long-range bomber forces was controlled by the Strategic Air Command. The Thanh Hoa area was allocated to the Navy. Between 1965 and 1968, when President Lyndon B. Johnson temporarily called off air raids against North Vietnam, the bridge was a regular objective for Navy strikes. Different types of aircraft were engaged in these strikes, including A-3 Skywarriors, A-4 Skyhawks, A-6 Intruders, F-4 Phantoms, and F-8 Crusaders.

Several types of weapons were launched at the bridge, including television-guided AGM-62 Walleye glide bombs that, unlike the Bullpup, allowed the pilot to veer off the missile's track to avoid enemy fire but still guide the missile. Unfortunately, none of the early Walleyes had the precision and power to destroy the bridge permanently. Several times, traffic over the bridge was interrupted, but each time the resourceful North Vietnamese quickly repaired the damage.

Early use of the Walleye did have some notable successes, such as the March 11, 1967,

strike against the Sam Son barracks by a U.S. Navy A-4C in which a bomb entered through a window and blew apart the building. The very next day, three A-4s attacked the Dragon's Jaw with direct hits, but the bridge stood relatively unscathed. Some 825 pounds of high explosives still lacked the punch to knock out concrete and steel bridge supports. The Walleye was a temperamental weapon, effective where there was good visual contrast but less reliable if the weather was overcast or if dust from previous explosions obscured the target.

In 1972 the larger Walleye II, nicknamed Fat Albert, entered service. Its 1,900-pound high-explosive warhead was hefty enough to take down the Dragon's Jaw bridge. Walleye II offered the Navy and Air Force another new capability—the ability to stand off from the target. Walleye I had a range of 16 miles, while Walleye II had a range of 35 miles, enabling jets to launch them from outside the lethal envelope of flak.

Commander James Stockdale's Air Group 16 took up an unrelenting challenge to bomb and destroy enemy military and industrial assets. In his book, *In Love and War*, Stockdale remembers: "A week later we made a series of daily strikes against the bridge. This was a big, tough old rail highway span that crossed the wide Song Ma River just northwest of the coastal town of Thanh



**ABOVE:** U.S. Air Force F-105 Thunderchiefs refuel over South Vietnam, April 1968. Thunderchiefs had led the first attack against Thanh Hoa Bridge three years earlier. **LEFT:** An AGM-12C Bullpup air-to-ground missile mounted beneath an Air Force F-4 in Vietnam. The missile was largely ineffective against "the Dragon's Jaw."

Hoa. We had bombed this old structure before and it seemed to be our nemesis. We hit both the bridge decks and superstructure with Bullpup guided bombs, 500-pound bombs, and even a few 1,000-pound bombs, but to no permanent avail. From the air, one could look down and see its structural members broken and bent, but the bridge continued to stand there week after week, deck planking replaced during the nights and truckloads of imported munitions from the seaport of Haiphong streaming across it heading west and south for delivery to the Viet Cong. Next time I would instruct the Marine Crusaders to carry our new 2,000-pound bomb load."

Stockdale echoed the sorrow of seeing fellow pilots go down as a result of the intense ground fire: "On Monday, August 23, four more of our Skyhawks were badly hit but luckily made it back aboard. Then things started turning worse. On August 26 we lost young Ed Davis, just three years out of Annapolis; Ed had been married only a few weeks before we left San Diego. He was on a near-vertical bombing run on a dark night in a Spad, was hit by flak as he passed through two thousand feet, and was last heard from as he passed a thousand feet calling 'Mayday,' struggling to get out of his burning airplane. Ed's flight leader saw the fireball when his plane hit the



**ABOVE: An American C-130 Hercules aircraft over Cam Ranh Bay Air Base in December 1966. The hulking aircraft dropped magnetic mines into the Song Ma River. RIGHT: A North Vietnamese MiG-17 in action. One such MiG shot down Captain James A. Magnusson in 1965.**

ground; we sent search planes back to the scene at first light the next morning and all that could be seen was a scorched place on the earth where the plane was consumed by fire. I sent the first KIA message of this time period, and Ed's wife became a legal widow."

By September 9, 1965, Stockdale had already flown 201 missions in a variety of aircraft. This translated into a combat mission every two days. On this day, he was slated to fly a strike on the Dragon in an A-4 Skyhawk. His group was aboard the USS *Oriskany*, which was operating off the North Vietnamese coast on Yankee Station, from which position carriers launched aircraft for inland strikes. The strike was to employ 37 aircraft. The order came to "Man your planes," and the aircraft were readied. Included were electronic-warfare countermeasure aircraft and tankers allowing the thirsty aircraft to make it back to the carriers.

On the subsequent attack, Stockdale went in fast and low at 400 knots and under 2,000 feet. He was a few miles inland over the coastline railroad when he released his bombs and began a gentle ascent. He began taking fire from an enemy 57mm anti-aircraft gun. The coast was only three miles away, but the aircraft was too badly damaged to make it over the water. As his stricken aircraft became uncontrollable, Stockdale ejected and quickly found himself in a town where angry locals beat and shot him. His leg was shattered from his ejection and parachute landing.

Stockdale and a growing number of Air Force, Navy, and Marine Corps pilots became prisoners of war and were relocated to Hoa Lo Prison in Hanoi, which they famously dubbed the Hanoi Hilton. Their stay as "guests" was just beginning. This was the last time that Stockdale would see the outside world without a blindfold for several years. (In 1992, he would become independent presidential candidate Ross Perot's running mate.)

Even when the fighter-bombers were able to score a direct hit on the bridge, a 750-pound bomb was simply not powerful enough to drop the span. In May 1966, an innovative attack dubbed Operation Carolina Moon was planned by the Air Force. A new weapon was to be used: a magnetic mine that implemented a new energy-mass-focusing concept. The plan was to float the mines down the Song Ma River until they reached the bridge, where, it was hoped, magnetic sensors would set off the charges and wreck it permanently. The only aircraft with a large enough hold to carry these weapons was the lumbering C-130 Hercules transport, so the operation was planned to take place at night to reduce its vulnerability.

The plan necessitated two C-130 aircraft dropping the weapon, a large pancake-shaped device



eight feet in diameter, 2½ feet thick, and weighing 5,000 pounds. The C-130s would fly below 500 feet to evade radar along a 43-mile route, making the C-130 vulnerable to enemy attack for about 17 minutes before dropping the bombs.

Because the slow-moving C-130s would need protection, F-4 Phantoms would fly diversionary attacks to the south, using flares and bombs on the highway immediately before the C-130 was to drop its ordnance. The F-4s were to enter their target area at 300 feet, attack at 50 feet, and pull off the target back to 300 feet for subsequent attacks. Additionally, an EB-66 was tasked to jam the radar in the area during the attack period. Since Risner had been shot down in September, 15 more pilots had been downed in the bridge region. Everyone knew it was hot.

The first C-130 was to be flown by Major Richard T. Remers and the second by Major Thomas F. Case, both of whom had been through extensive training for this mission at Eglin Air Force Base, Florida, and had been deployed to Vietnam only two weeks before.

Ten mass-focus weapons were provided, allowing for a second mission should the first fail to accomplish the desired results. Last-minute changes to coincide with up-to-date intelligence included one that would be very significant: Remers felt that the aircraft was tough enough to survive moderate anti-aircraft artillery hits and gain enough altitude to bail out if necessary. Case agreed that the aircraft could take the hits, but he felt the low-level flight would preclude a controlled bailout. Remers decided that his crew would wear parachutes and stack their flak vests on the floor of the aircraft. Case decided that his crew would wear flak vests and store their parachutes.

On the night of May 30, Remers and his crew, including navigators Captain Norman G. Clanton and 1st Lieutenant William "Rocky" Edmondson, departed Da Nang at 12:25 AM and headed north under radio silence. Although the "Herky-bird" encountered no resistance at the beginning of its approach, heavy but inaccurate ground fire was encountered after it was too late to turn back. The five weapons were dropped successfully in the river, and Remers made for the safety of the Gulf of Tonkin. The operation had gone flawlessly, and the C-130 was safe. Although the diversionary attack had drawn fire, both F-4s returned to Thailand unscathed.

The crew's excitement was short-lived because recon photos taken at dawn showed that there was no noticeable damage to the bridge; nor was any trace of the bombs found. A second mission was planned for the night of May 31. The plan for Case's crew was basically the same with the exception of a minor time change and slight modification to the flight route. A crew change was made when Case asked Edmondson, the navigator from the previous night's mission, to go along. Case's crew departed Da Nang at 1:10 AM.

The crew aboard one of the F-4s to fly diversionary included Colonel Dayton Ragland. Ragland was no stranger to conflict when he went to Vietnam. He had been shot down over Korea in November 1951 and had served two years as a prisoner of war. Having flown 97 combat missions on his tour in Vietnam, Ragland was packed and ready to go home. He would fly as "backseater" to 1st Lieutenant Ned R. Herrold on the mission to give the younger man more combat flight time while he operated the sophisticated technical navigational and bombing equipment. The F-4s left Thailand and headed for the area south of the Dragon's Jaw.

About two minutes prior to the scheduled C-130 drop time, the F-4s were making their diversionary attack when crew members saw anti-air-

craft fire and a large ground flash in the bridge vicinity. Case and his crew were never seen or heard from again. In addition to Case, those lost included 1st Lieutenant Harold J. Zook, co-pilot; 1st Lieutenant William Edmondson, navigator; Captain Emmett R. McDonald, navigator; 1st Lieutenant Armon D. Shingledecker, navigator; Staff Sergeant Bobby J. Alberton, flight engineer; Airman First Class Elroy E. Harworth, loadmaster; and Airman First Class Philip J. Stickney, loadmaster. During the F-4 attack, Herrold and Ragland's aircraft was also hit. On its final pass, the aircraft did not pull up but went into the sea in a ball of fire.

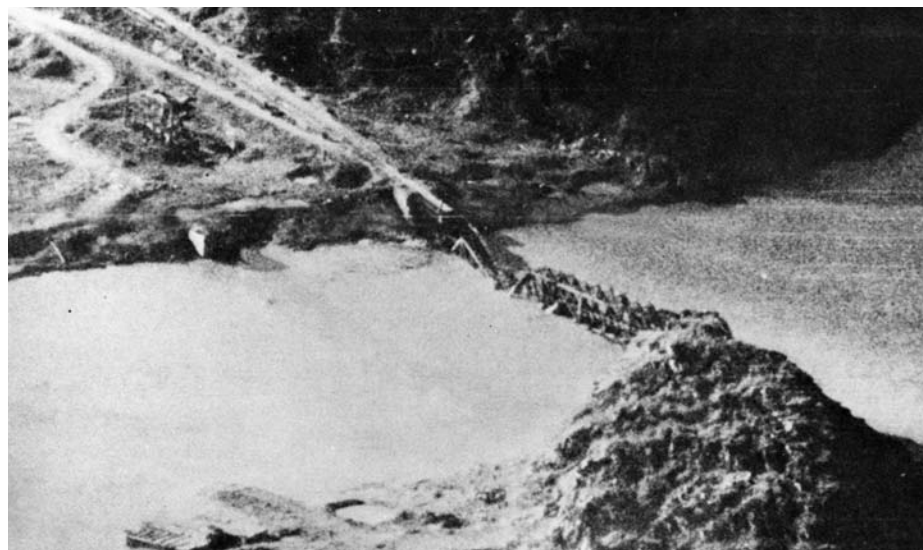
Reconnaissance crews and search and rescue scoured the target area and the Gulf of Tonkin the next morning but found no sign at all of the C-130 or its crew. Rescue planes spotted a dinghy in the area where the aircraft had gone down, but no signs of life. Even worse, the bridge still stood. No more C-130s were employed.



**ABOVE: Commander Leighton W. "Snuffy" Smith, Jr. BELOW: Thanh Hoa Bridge after its destruction by U.S. pilots off USS America, October 6, 1972. The ship and her flight crew won a Meritorious Unit Commendation for their roles.**

Between 1968 and 1972, bombing of North Vietnam was discontinued, enabling the North Vietnamese to repair their infrastructure, including the Thanh Hoa Bridge. With the communist invasion of South Vietnam in 1972, a new bombing campaign was instituted: Operation Linebacker. On April 27, 1972, 12 Phantoms of the 8th Tactical Fighter Wing, based at Ubon, Thailand, attacked the Thanh Hoa Bridge, with eight of them carrying Paveway laser-guided bombs (LGBs). The raid was carried out without a hitch, and when the dust of the explosions had cleared, it became apparent that the bridge had been dislodged from its western abutment, dropping halfway into the river.

To complete its destruction, a second attack was scheduled for May 13, 1972. On the appointed day, 14 Air Force F-4 Phantoms headed for the Dragon's Jaw. They were carrying nine 3,000-pound LGBs, 15 2,000-pound LGBs, and 48 conventional 500-pound bombs. After the ordnance had been dropped, the bridge's western span had been knocked completely off its 40-foot concrete abutment. The superstructure was heavily damaged, as were



the bridge approaches. The bridge would be out of action for some time.

Air Force Colonel Dick Horne led one last raid on October 6, 1972. This time, Navy A-4s successfully delivered six 2,000-pound LGBs onto the target. After this, the Thanh Hoa Bridge was considered permanently destroyed and removed from the target list. The North Vietnamese made various fanciful claims about how many planes they shot down, but the U.S. military recognizes the loss of only 11 aircraft during attacks against the bridge. However, the concentration of air defense assets also took its toll on passing aircraft, and an estimated 104 American pilots were shot down over a 75-square-mile area around the bridge during the war.

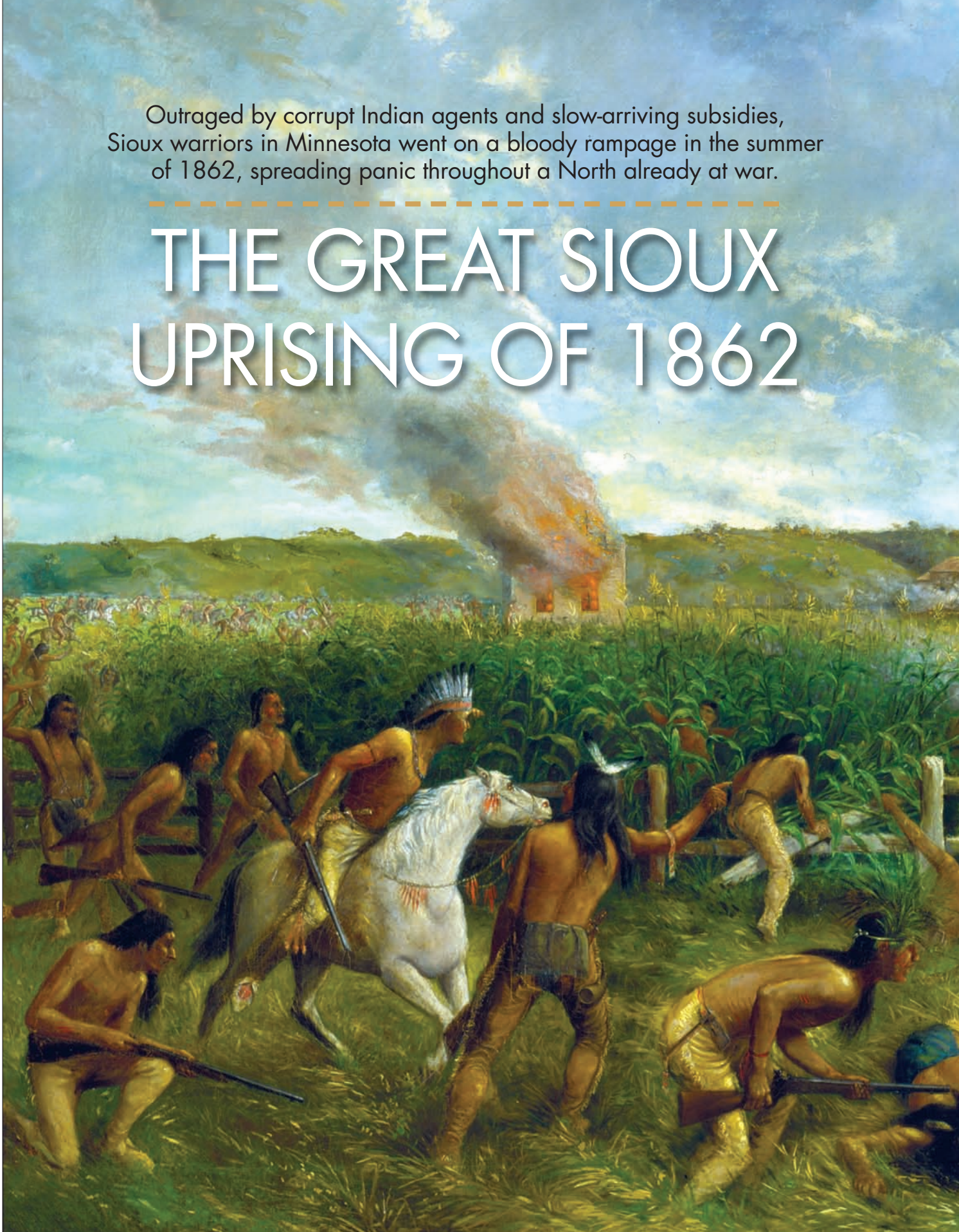
In all, some 873 air sorties were flown against the bridge, and it was hit by hundreds of bombs

*Continued on page 74*

Outraged by corrupt Indian agents and slow-arriving subsidies, Sioux warriors in Minnesota went on a bloody rampage in the summer of 1862, spreading panic throughout a North already at war.

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# THE GREAT SIOUX UPRISING OF 1862



SHORTLY AFTER MIDNIGHT on the morning of Monday, August 18, 1862, an uneasy group of Santee Sioux warriors arrived at the simple frame home of Taoyateduta, known to the whites as Little Crow. The day before, four Santee warriors had killed five white people, including two women, while hunting near Acton, Minnesota, 40 miles north of the Lower Sioux Agency on the Minnesota River. Recognizing the gravity of the situation, a council of elders decided to seek the chief's advice. Little Crow was asleep on the ground floor of his house when they arrived, but he quickly rose and came outside to confront the assembled crowd of 100 chiefs and warriors.

For years, Little Crow had been the principal spokesman and negotiator for his people, but recently he had been accused of becoming a pliant tool of the whites, counseling peace and acquiescence to the ceaseless demands for more Indian land. As tensions mounted, the Mdewakanton—his branch of the Santee Sioux—showed their anger by removing Little Crow from his speakership. This was a serious blow to his honor and prestige, and Little Crow took the demotion bitterly. Now it seemed as though he was needed again. His prestige, however tarnished, would be an asset in an all-out war with the whites, which many now feared was coming soon.

#### BY ERIC NIDEROST

The Sioux knew that there were few white soldiers left in Minnesota, most regulars having been withdrawn to fight the Confederates in the Civil War. One strong push, some said, and the whites would be expelled from the Minnesota Valley forever. Little Crow knew better. He had traveled east to Washington D.C., a few years earlier and had seen with his own eyes how numerous white people were. Indian grievances, however just, would not be remedied by war, and might well lead to his people's extinction. "The white men are like locusts when they fly so thick that the whole sky is a



While a building burns in the background, Sioux attackers press through a cornfield to menace white settlers at New Ulm, Minnesota, in this painting by Anton Gag.

snowstorm,” he warned his visitors. “You may kill one, two ten, yes, as many as the leaves in the forest yonder, and their brothers will not miss them. Kill one, two ten, and ten times ten will come to kill you. Count your fingers all day long and white men with guns in their hands will come faster than you can count.”

One or two of his listeners whispered the fatal phrase: “Taoyateduta is a coward.” No Indian could stand being called a coward, and Little Crow saw that this was his last chance to reclaim his honor and prestige. If he refused to go to war, his reputation would sink even lower. Against his better judgment, the chief decided to fight. “You will die like rabbits when the hungry wolves hunt them in the Hard Moon,” he warned, but added: “Taoyateduta is not a coward. He will die with you.” With that simple statement, the Great Sioux Uprising of 1862 began.

The origins of the uprising could be traced to a series of ill-advised treaties the Indians had signed in the 1850s. The first pacts were signed at Traverse des Sioux and Mendota in 1851. Collectively, the Sioux ceded almost 24 million acres of prime agricultural land, which was legally opened to white settlers three years later. The tribe agreed to part with the priceless territory in exchange for comparatively insubstantial amounts of cash and annuities. The treaties left the Sioux—some 7,000 strong—on two reservations, each 20 miles wide and 70 miles long, hugging the Minnesota River. As was customary, the federal government established administrative agencies on each reservation. The Upper Sioux Reservation was served by the Yellow Medicine Agency, while the Lower Sioux Reservation had the Redwood Agency. White merchants established stores at both agencies where the Sioux could spend their annuity money or trade furs for food and other goods.

By 1857, white settlers, rapacious as ever for new land, started to pressure the government to open the Dakota Territory for settlement. In the spring of 1858, a Sioux delegation led by Little Crow and Indian agent Joseph R. Brown traveled to Washington to negotiate a new series of treaties. The treaties of 1858 further reduced the Santee reservations, ceding the strip that was north of the Minnesota River for an amount to be determined by the U.S. Senate. It would take



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two more years for the senators to decide on payment, a laughable 30 cents per acre—well below the going rate for prime real estate. Meanwhile, almost a million additional acres of Sioux homeland were lost at the stroke of a pen. Returning home, Little Crow was hard put to cast the treaty in a favorable light.

White traders were the greatest source of conflict and controversy in the years leading up to the 1862 uprising. As early as 1851, traders had laid claim to a substantial portion of the Indian annuities. For the 1851 pact, the figure was approximately \$400,000. Traders also insisted that they be given the annuity money directly. In theory, they would then subtract what the Indians owed them and distribute what was left. In practice, many unscrupulous traders presented fraudulent claims that left little, if any, cash for the Sioux. Intratribal friction rose between those who sought to take on white ways, called “cut hairs,” and those who clung to traditional tribal beliefs, called “blanket Indians.”

The novel specter of financial debt haunted the free-living Sioux, many of whom found themselves owing huge sums of money for blankets and food. It was a vicious cycle, especially when wild game became scarce. The Santees in the north became increasingly dependent on white men for food and other goods. The traders’ greed was doubly resented, since virtually all of them had married Indian women. Social relationships and kinship were the cornerstones of Indian society. In the Santees’ eyes, the traders should have had the decency to simply wait patiently until their cus-

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tomers, who were often their relatives, were able to pay their bills.

A delay in annuity payments caused by the worsening war between the Union and the Confederacy sparked the great Sioux uprising of 1862. Hungry tribesmen, desperate for food, broke into a government agency storehouse at Upper Agency to take flour and other items. Indian agent Thomas Galbraith was reluctant to depart from the norm—distributing food only after the annuity money arrived—and the white traders adamantly refused to extend credit. Army Lieutenant Timothy J. Sheehan, commanding the 5th Minnesota Regiment, had his men train a loaded howitzer on the angry crowd.

Little Crow and other Indian leaders at the Lower Agency convened a council to discuss the crisis. Among those present were Little Crow, Galbraith, and several white traders. John P. Williamson, a missionary, handled the translating chores. Little Crow asked that the Indians be given the food that was rightfully theirs. They were starving, he warned, adding, “When men are hungry, they help themselves.” Andrew J. Myrick, one of the leading traders, discounted the warning. “So far as I am concerned,” he said, “if they are hungry they can eat grass.” After Williamson translated Myrick’s words into Dakota Sioux, the assembled Indians reacted with angry war whoops and threatening gestures. Myrick’s stubborn insensitivity was glossed over when Sheehan convinced Galbraith to distribute some pork and flour to the starving Indians.

That same day, four young Santees were passing the Robinson Jones homestead in Acton, three miles southwest of Grove City. They knew Jones, who ran a combination post office, inn, and store. The Indians went up to the house and demanded whiskey, becoming angry when Jones refused. One thing led to another, and the Indians killed Jones, his wife, and neighbors Viranus Webster and Howard Baker. Fifteen-year-old Clara Wilson, whom Jones had adopted, was also shot and killed. Once their fury had abated, the four warriors realized that they were in serious trouble. They returned to their village, explaining what had happened and urging an all-out war to drive the whites from the Minnesota River Valley. The late-night meeting with Little Crow followed.

Once he had decided on war, Little Crow directed that the Lower Sioux Agency’s Redwood post be attacked at dawn. The agency post was a small cluster of log cabins, frame houses, and brick buildings perched atop a bluff. Some 60 white men and women lived there, including cooks, clerks, teachers, missionaries, and government laborers who tilled

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**ABOVE:** Sioux warriors attempt to burn out defenders at New Ulm. The siege lasted for two days before the settlers withdrew to nearby Mankato by wagon. **OPPOSITE TOP:** Chief Little Crow (Taoyateduta) in an 1862 photograph. **OPPOSITE BOTTOM:** This contemporary drawing by Dan Nelson shows Santee Sioux tribesmen killing five white settlers, including two women, at the Robinson Jones homestead in Acton.

the fields. The traders’ stores were located a quarter of a mile from the government buildings.

The merchants, clerks, and others had just sat down for breakfast when a large party of Indians arrived, ominously painted for battle. Before the whites could react, or even fully comprehend, the meaning of the war paint, the Indians began killing them. Dakota warriors broke into small groups, shooting down all they encountered. Taken by surprise, the victims were probably unaware of why they were being murdered. Myrick’s store was a special target. One warrior was heard to mutter, “Now I will kill the dog who wouldn’t give me credit.”

Myrick’s clerk and cook were shot down, but at first the merchant himself could not be found. He was discovered trying to flee from a second-story window in his store and shot down without mercy. It was said Myrick had fathered three children by a Sioux woman, then abandoned her for a younger woman. The jilted woman’s brother was the first to pump a bullet into the businessman’s body. As was customary in Sioux culture, Myrick’s body suffered post-mortem indignities. Arrows were shot in his corpse and an old scythe driven through his rib cage. Remembering his insulting words, warriors stuffed Myrick’s mouth with grass. “Now Myrick eats grass himself,” one warrior exalted.

The general massacre slowed when the Indians began to loot the buildings, then put them to the torch. The distraction allowed many settlers time to escape. Not all the Indians joined in the general bloodlust. Several slipped away and warned white friends and relatives, giving them enough time to escape. The fugitives made their way to the Redwood Ferry in an attempt to cross the Minnesota River and comparative safety. Ferryman Humbert Miller heroically stayed at his post, shuttling dozens of people over to the far bank before the Sioux finally killed him.

Warriors fanned out, spreading terror and death through the surrounding countryside. From August 18 to August 21, many white homesteads were wiped out. The Beaver Creek settlement, just across the Minnesota River from Redwood and Milford Township, was particularly hated, since the Sioux felt that the whites living there were squatting on stolen Indian land. In Milford alone, 50 or so whites, mostly unarmed German immigrants, were felled by bullets or chopped down by hatchets.

Most of the civilian refugees made for Fort Ridgely, situated on a spur of high prairie ground 150 feet above the Minnesota Valley floor. The site was commanding but flawed. Deep ravines to the east, north, and southwest provided ample cover for potential attackers. The post itself was unfortified, merely a hodgepodge of barracks, stables, commissary, and other military buildings. Like many forts of the period, Fort Ridgely did not have a stockade wall like the ones often depicted in Westerns.



Both: Library of Congress



**ABOVE: This sturdy stone commissary building at Fort Ridgely withstood two days of furious assaults by Sioux attackers. TOP: Shocked survivors of the Sioux uprising reflect in their faces a lingering dread as they take a quick dinner on the open prairie. Many knew the Indians as friends.**

The main buildings were a two-story stone barracks, a one-story commissary, officer's quarters, and a combination headquarters and surgeon's facility, all grouped around a parade ground 90 yards wide. Behind the barracks were some log houses and the post hospital. To the south was a large stable just across the road from New Ulm. The ammunition magazines were exposed, lying some 200 yards northwest of the fort.

Refugees began streaming into Fort Ridgely not long after the first attacks on the Lower Agency. Post commander Captain John S. Marsh was incredulous at first, scarcely believing that such a major uprising could be taking place under his very nose. But when the reports became too numerous to ignore, Marsh took action. Drummer boy Charles Culver beat a steady tattoo, and 76 soldiers fell into line. Lieutenant Sheehan had left for Fort Ripley, located on the Mississippi River, the day before. A messenger was quickly dispatched urging Sheehan to return immediately. "The Indians are raising hell in the Lower Agency," Marsh's missive explained.

Marsh took 46 soldiers and headed for the scene of the fighting at the Lower Agency. Nineteen-year-old Lieutenant Thomas B. Gere was left in command of the post. Gere, a "shavetail," or greenhorn, had only been in the Army for eight months. To make matters worse, he was also ill, having contracted mumps a short time earlier. There were 29 men left to defend the post. In the meantime, Marsh continued on toward Lower Agency. Marsh and interpreter Peter Quinn rode mules, while

the soldiers were riding in wagons. They began to encounter refugees going in the opposite direction, all with the same tale of surprise, mayhem, and abject terror.

At Redwood Ferry, Marsh and his men were ambushed by Chief White Dog, a sub-chief who was normally known to be friendly to whites. Attacked on three sides, the soldiers made their way through thick vegetation along the river bank. Marsh, attempting to swim across the river, was seized by a cramp and drowned. The surviving soldiers—half the original force—extricated themselves with difficulty and returned to Fort Ridgely. The ambush was the Indians' first major victory, and their elation knew no bounds. One warrior boasted, "The white men can be killed like sheep!" Little Crow, who knew what they were up against, cautioned against overconfidence, but he was overruled by young hotheads who were openly contemptuous of the whites' fighting abilities.

Little Crow wanted to attack Fort Ridgely the next morning, but several days passed before he could muster enough warriors to mount a credible assault. By then, Fort Ridgely's most vulnerable time had passed, although the Indians did not yet know it. Sheehan had arrived at the fort after a grueling all-night march of 40 miles. He took over command from Gere and continued to prepare for the defense. Indian agent Galbraith, who had been at St. Peter, arrived at the fort with 50 members of the Renville Rangers, a mixed-blood militia unit originally recruited to fight Confederates. Including 20 or so male refugees, Sheehan now had around 180 effectives inside the fort. He sent urgent word to Minnesota governor Alexander Ramsey for more reinforcements, and Ramsey commissioned former governor Henry Hastings Sibley to lead relief troops from Fort Snelling to Fort Ridgely.

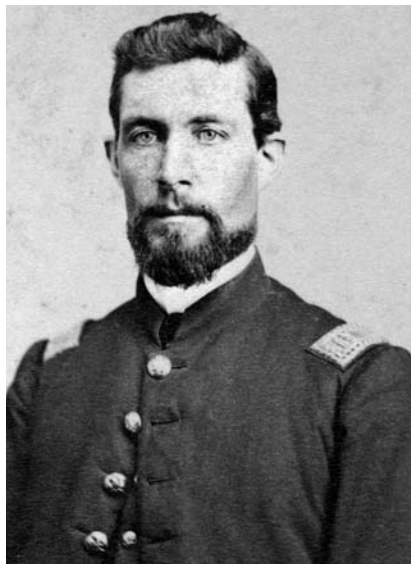
It would take time for Sibley to arrive. In the meantime, the defenders would have to fend for themselves. Breastworks were thrown together to connect the innermost buildings. Barrels of flour, salt pork and beef went into the barricades, the gaps filled in by odd pieces of cordwood. The post had four artillery pieces that had been left behind when the Regular Army troops had been withdrawn for Civil War service. In a stroke of luck, Sergeants James G. McGrew and John Jones, both skilled artillerymen, had remained behind. Hastily, they trained infantry soldiers and civilians to work as effective gun crews. One 12-pounder mountain howitzer was placed in the gap between the two-story barracks and the bake house. Another howitzer was wheeled out to the northwest corner.



The Indians finally attacked on the morning of August 20. Little Crow led a diversionary attack on the west side of the post. While the defenders' attention was fixed on Little Crow, Chiefs Mankato, Gray Bird, Shakopee, and others led an assault on the northern perimeter. They managed to seize several outbuildings, and for a time it looked as if the Sioux might win. The fighting grew heavier, with the defenders' Springfield rifle-muskets unleashing sheets of smoke and flame with each volley. Then the artillery opened up, iron monsters the natives had never seen before—at least not in action.

The warriors were particularly upset by the howitzer shells, which they called "rotten balls." When they exploded, they sent up a lethal spray of hot metal in every direction, killing and maiming with horrifying ease. The Indians rushed the western corner of the fort, but were stopped cold when Jones and his 6-pounder crew shot their gun off at point-blank range. It was too much for flesh and blood to stand. The warriors withdrew, carrying off their dead and wounded. A thunderstorm moved in that night, soaking the ground and washing away the stains of carnage.

On August 22 the Sioux massed for a final, all-out assault on the beleaguered post. Little Crow, who had been slightly grazed by a cannonball the day before, rode to battle in style, seated in a handsome horse-drawn buggy driven by a mixed-blood named David. Some 800 Indi-



**ABOVE:** Mounted Sioux warriors, one flourishing a tomahawk, stream past an oddly waving settler at the beginning of the 1862 uprising. **LEFT:** Newly promoted Captain Timothy J. Sheehan in 1865. Then Lieutenant Sheehan commanded the 5th Minnesota Regiment during the war with the Sioux.

ans gathered for the effort, including many warriors who had newly joined the uprising. The Sioux sneaked close to the fort, using the tall grass for cover and camouflaging themselves with prairie grass and flowers in their headbands. They rushed several buildings, gaining a foothold in the stables and the sutler's house. Well aimed artillery shells soon set the stables alight, the flames and smoke forcing the Indians to abandon their newly won prize. The sutler's house was soon engulfed in flames as well.

The Indians literally tried to fight fire with fire by launching a hail of flaming arrows on building roofs, but the shingles were still damp from the previous night's rains and failed to ignite. One or two roofs did finally catch fire, but were quickly extinguished with buckets of water. Frustrated, the Sioux launched another all-out attack on the southwest corner. It was the same story—case shot and shells broke up the attempt, leaving the natives little to show for their courage.

The Sioux withdrew, this time for good. Chief Big Eagle said later: "We thought the fort was the door to the valley as far as St. Paul, and if we got through nothing could stop us. But the defenders of the fort were very brave, and kept the door shut." Sibley's relief force of some 1,400 men arrived at Fort Ridgely a few days later. Now the Indians' wrath fell upon New Ulm, a community of some 900 souls and the largest white settlement near the Sioux reservation. Many of New Ulm's men were gone, having joined the Union Army to fight the South. The town's vulnerability made it a tempting target, full of goods—and pretty young women—that could be carried off as booty. New Ulm was built on two

natural terraces of land like two giant steps that rose up from the Minnesota River Valley to the height of about 200 feet and ended in a high bluff in back of the town. The community, which was founded by Germans, boasted a fine hotel called the Dacotah House.

On August 18, a recruiting party of New Ulm men had left town to gather volunteers for the Union Army from the scattered farm homesteads in the area. Sioux warriors ambushed them at Milford Township, killing 11 and causing the survivors to fall back to New Ulm. The citizens were thrown into a near-panic by the evil tidings. There were few able-bodied men in town, perhaps 40 individuals, and even fewer arms and ammunition. Some defenders were forced to arm themselves with pitchforks and other farm implements—little use against an enemy armed with up-to-date rifles. Brown County Sheriff Charles Roos and local citizen Jacob Nix organized the defense.

**Minnesota Street, the town's principal thoroughfare, was barricaded for three blocks from Center to Third North.** New Ulm's brick buildings made good defensive positions because of their relative resistance to fire. Couriers were dispatched to neighboring towns asking for immediate help. The citizens of St. Peter, Le Sueur, and other settlements responded with alacrity, but it would be some time before reinforcements arrived. In the meantime, New Ulm had to weather its first Indian assault alone. About 3 PM on Tuesday, August 19, a force of 100 warriors dismounted and began firing into the town. Six townsfolk were killed, including a 13-year-old girl named Emilie Pauli, and five others were wounded.

The sky turned overcast, signaling the beginning of a large thunderstorm. Jagged streaks of lightning sliced through the sky, accompanied by torrential downpours of rain. The rainstorm seemed to dampen the Indians' ardor. The citizens welcomed the reprieve, but the danger was not over. Beginning about 9 PM, much-needed reinforcements rode into town. Judge Charles E. Flandrau headed some 125 armed militiamen, a welcome addition to the defense. Other militia units also came in, many of them sporting bellicose names like the Le Sueur Tigers and the Winnebago Guards. Flandrau took overall command of the town's 300 able-bodied defenders. After this, it was simply a matter of watching and waiting. More refugees had come to New Ulm, swelling the town's numbers to perhaps 1,500 people.

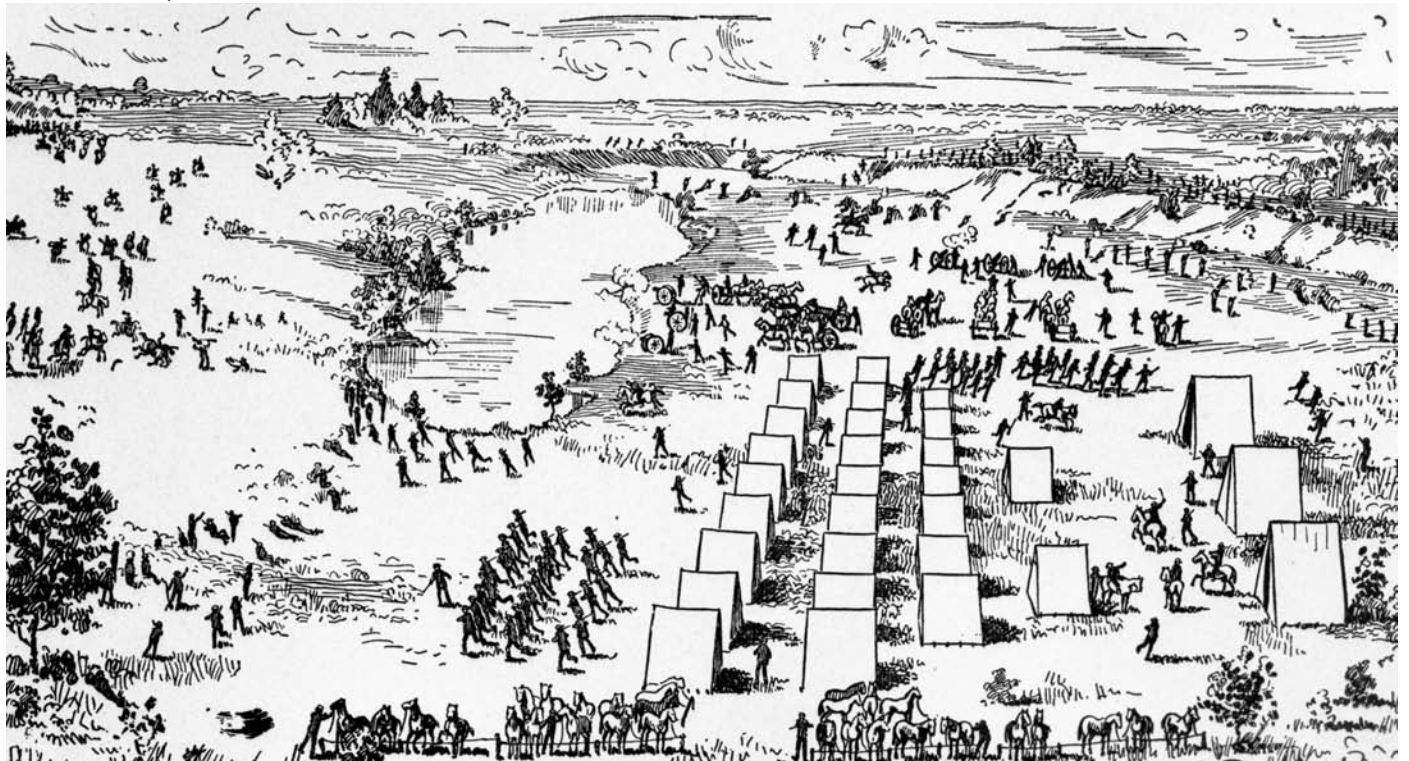
On Saturday morning, August 23, New Ulm scouts spotted pillars of smoke rising into the sky in the direction of Fort Ridgely. If the fort had fallen, the Sioux might attack New Ulm from the north side of the Minnesota River. To guard against this possibility, Flandrau sent William Harvey and 75 men to investigate. It was a ruse, and Flandrau had risen to the bait. Harvey and his men were soon

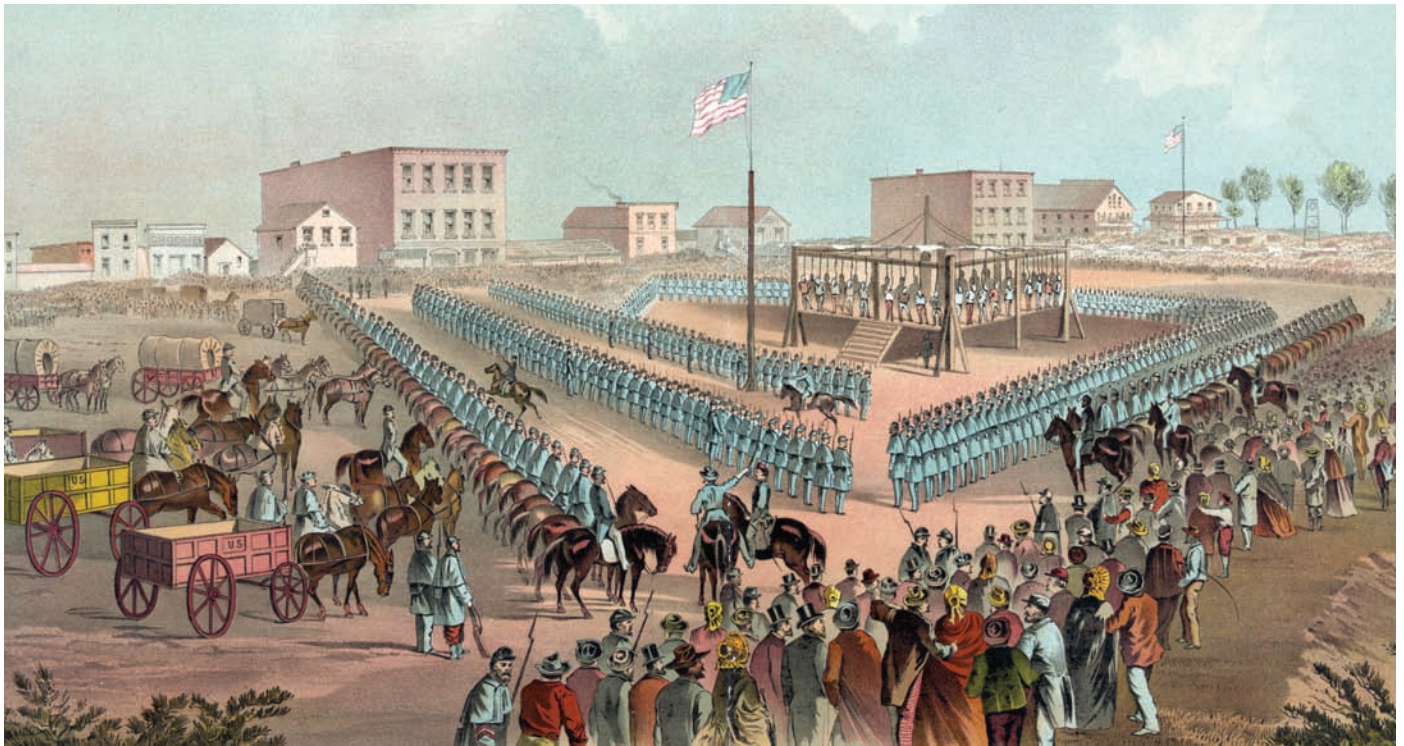
cut off and forced to retreat to St. Peter. Harvey's departure left New Ulm with around 200 defenders, not all of them well-armed.

At about 9:30 AM, the Indians finally showed themselves, coming out of the woods to assemble on the prairie just west of New Ulm. The 600 to 800 warriors were led by Mankato, Wabasha, and Big Eagle, chiefs of considerable experience and skill. Flandrau ordered his second in command, militia captain William B. Dodd, to take his men and meet the Indians beyond the barricades. It was a near-fatal error. The Sioux began fanning out until they covered the defenders' entire front. The Indians, wearing breechcloths, arm bands, and feathered headdresses, picked up the pace. The advance culminated with the Indians sweeping down on the defenders with a cry so bloodcurdling that it unnerved the defenders, who broke and ran for the safety of the barricades and nearby houses. The Indians pressed forward and managed to occupy several dwellings before the townsfolk rallied and stopped the attack.

Flandrau later recalled that "the firing from both sides became general, sharp, and rapid. It got to be a regular Indian skirmish, in which every man did his own work after his own fashion." About 20 men from the Le Sueur Tigers took shelter in a local windmill three blocks from the business district and made it a major stronghold. The Frederick Forester Building, a combination pottery works, post office, and private home, located outside the barricaded

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perimeter, was another major stronghold.

The town's lower terrace, near the river, was buffeted by high winds, which the Indians tried to use in their favor. They put many buildings to the torch, the thick black coils joining together to form a perfect cover for their advance. Sixty warriors, some on horse, others on foot, made their way through the acrid stench of burning wood. The fighting reached a climax around the blacksmith shop of August Kiesling, which the Indians had occupied early in the attack. When Flandrau realized the Sioux were advancing behind the smokescreen, he gathered some men to leave the relative safety of the barricades and meet the enemy head on. This time the tables were turned, and the whites' fierce battle cry unnerved the Indians. Getting a taste of their own medicine, the Sioux warriors halted, wavered, then withdrew. The Indians also evacuated the blacksmith shop, a major thorn in the defenders' side.

Before withdrawing into the barricades, Flandrau torched the remaining buildings in the lower parts of town. Soon, crackling flames devoured the houses and belongings of German settlers who had come to America with such hope. Once the houses and other buildings were consumed, the Indians could find little cover in the blackened ruins. There was little left of New Ulm; around 190 buildings were destroyed.

The Sioux finally broke off the attack, leaving the exhausted defenders with their lives, but little else. On Monday, August 25, it was decided to evacuate what remained of New Ulm. There

**ABOVE: Soldiers and civilians gather at Mankato on December 16, 1862, to witness the mass hanging of 38 Sioux prisoners following the massacres. It was the largest mass execution in American history. OPPOSITE: Sioux forces tried to surprise Brig. Gen. Henry Sibley's relief column, but were decisively defeated at the Battle of Wood Lake on September 23, 1862.**

was little food, and ammunitions stocks were perilously low. The smell of burnt wood hovered over the town like the remains of a funeral pyre, to which was added the sickening stench of unburied corpses decaying in the summer heat. Fear of pestilence decided the issue, and a melancholy caravan of 153 wagons, packed with women, children, and wounded men, painfully made its way to Mankato, 34 miles distant.

Although there was more fighting in the weeks to come, the clashes at Fort Ridgely and New Ulm ultimately decided the Great Sioux Uprising of 1862. Increasingly divided and poorly led, the Sioux were planning a last large attack on Sibley's relief force, camped near Wood Lake, on September 23. Discovered by chance when soldiers of the 3rd Minnesota Regiment, newly paroled from Civil War battlefields, left camp without orders to pick potatoes in nearby fields, the Indians attacked in piecemeal fashion, only to be driven back into a ravine. Cannon fire swept the hollow, killing Chief Mankato and breaking the back of the Sioux resistance. Most surrendered, at the same time releasing 267 prisoners, including 162 mixed bloods and 107 whites, almost all of them women and children. In all, more than 800 white settlers had died in the uprising.

Little Crow fled to Canada, and 303 Sioux warriors were tried and sentenced to death for war crimes and atrocities. The trials were a travesty of justice, given the cultural differences, the defendants' lack of understanding, and the whites' thirst for revenge. Some trials lasted only five minutes. President Abraham Lincoln, a lawyer himself, intervened, reviewing each case personally. After careful deliberation, only those who had raped or murdered were condemned to death. Lincoln commuted the death sentences of 264 defendants, allowing the execution of 39 prisoners. Last-minute evidence gave a reprieve to one of the condemned; the rest were hanged on December 26, 1862. It was the largest mass execution in American history.

Little Crow drifted back to the United States and was killed a few months later while picking berries in a farmer's field. The settler, a man named Nathan Lamson, didn't even know at first that he had killed the infamous Little Crow. When the chief's body was taken into town, it was recognized, and the chief's remains were dragged through the street and thrown ingloriously onto a garbage heap. More than a century later, in 1971, in a gesture of reconciliation, the Minnesota Historical Society released Little Crow's bones to his descendants. He was buried with honor in a small ceremony attended only by family members. □

By Joseph Luster

## Heavy Fire: Special Operations

Murky, uninspired shootouts

Developer Teyon's downloadable *Heavy Fire: Special Operations* offers a potentially promising mixture of elements that have fused together seamlessly in the past. On one hand, hey, it's a light-gun game on Wii. While the on-rails zappin' genre might seem a little out-dated to some, it's found a special home on Nintendo's console thanks to its unique control setup. In the past, playing an accurate light-gun game on a home system meant getting some kind of clunky peripheral, but so long as the illusion-shattering act of killing via remote control doesn't bother you, there's no need here. (To be fair, though, I used the Nyko "Perfect Shot," a Glock-like casing for the remote. What can I say? I'm a sucker for playing pretend.)

Unfortunately, the promise of cheap thrills is about as far as *Heavy Fire* gets. Consider this a warning.

The premise of a light-gun game is pretty simple, so to make anything successful from the genre you have to really dress up the basics. That's what the best of the best do, from arcade classics like *Time Crisis* to more story-driven efforts like Capcom's *Resident Evil* shooters, *The Umbrella Chronicles*, and *The Darkside Chronicles*. Hell, Sega's exclusive to Wii House of the Dead game, *Overkill*, is some of the most fun one can have aiming at the screen and squeezing an imaginary trigger.

Forget those games, though, because what we have here comes from a much more archaic school of design. It's not even fair to compare it to something like 1992's *Lethal Enforcers*, because the digitized doers-of-bad there had some semblance of personality. In fact, after hours serving in the fictional Somali conflict of *Heavy Fire*, I think I'd be better off booting up my NES and playing hero on *Hogan's Alley*'s scummy sidewalks. I'm not saying I need maniacal henchman doing the kind of overacting that gives games a leg-up on Nicolas Cage's career, but in 2010 the audience deserves more than a desert sand-blasted

shooting gallery.

Making matters worse is the poor weapon selection. Things start out hot on a transport-mounted turret, but fizzle quickly when it's just you, a tinny little handgun, and a seemingly endless barrage of stop-and-stare baddies. That peashooter feeling doesn't really go away either, even as each successive



level finds you outfitted with more powerful automatic weapons. They still might as well be firing BBs, just as the targets should be comically spinning around like spring-rigged wooden planks. It actually took me almost the entire campaign to prove my enemies could fire back. Despite the exclamation point warning signs of aggression, they sure took their sweet time landing a shot on me.

Environments are similarly drab, and virtually nothing occurs to zap the player out of

## UPCOMING BATTLES

### APACHE: AIR ASSAULT

PUBLISHER  
Activision

SYSTEM  
Xbox 360,  
Playstation 3

AVAILABLE  
November

From Gaijin Entertainment, the Russian developer that brought us the more than capable *IL-2 Sturmovik: Birds of Prey*, comes *Apache: Air Assault*. This time the planes are a distant memory, making way for helicopter action loaded with all the military weaponry one could want. Though it seems on the outside like something that would be



relegated to PC, *Air Assault* is headed to both Xbox 360 and Playstation 3 in November.

There's a little bit of something for everyone in the options, including the choice between Arcade and Realistic modes for the campaign. *IL-2* had something along those lines, and it usually spelled the difference between fun and frustration for this inexperienced pilot. As for multiplayer, you'll be able to compete in fierce online battles, and also kick back with a friend courtesy of local co-op that puts two buds in one bird. Gaijin established a nice rep of console competency with *IL-2*, so let's hope their foray into chopper territory yields similar results.

the strange physical malaise that sets in after a couple levels. Game designers, take note. This is a textbook example of how to not deliver any sense of suspense or satisfaction. There's more weight behind shots fired in something like *Galaga* than in countless rounds of ammo here. Even the requisite flammable barrels, to which enemies understandably flock, offer no momentary reprieve. It all reeks of a rushed product with no desire or drive behind it.

If *Heavy Fire* has anything positive going for it, it's that they at least got the controls down for the most part. Even the tiniest bit of stuttering in the remote aiming would have made an already egregious game nigh unplayable, but the crosshairs react smoothly to motions and can painlessly pinpoint even the most distant of dummies. The slight awkwardness of reloading—for a good chunk of the game you'll need to shake the remote to do so—isn't unprece-



ented, so it's forgivable. Regardless, it's not a great sign when the best thing you can say about a game is that it works on a fundamental level.

One could easily wave away *Heavy Fire*'s inadequacies by citing the fact that it's a downloadable WiiWare title, and a relatively cheap one at that. Far be it from me to bring price into the discussion too often, but the game still falls short regardless. Time and money spent at a matinee movie showing would yield far more entertainment than this, and even a bad theater experience won't stay behind as a ghost, haunting your Wii dashboard until its inevitable deletion.

For once, let's not think about gameplay value in terms of dollars; let's focus solely on time. My time is valuable, and so is yours. With that in mind the choice is clear: *Heavy Fire* isn't worth the time it takes to boot it up and trudge through its murky, uninspired series of shoot-outs. □

## CALL OF DUTY: BLACK OPS

PUBLISHER  
Activision

SYSTEM  
Xbox 360,  
Playstation 3

AVAILABLE  
November

With pre-orders on the next *Call of Duty* having surpassed even the chart-chomping monster known as *Modern Warfare 2*, Microsoft is looking to make a killing on their recently raised Xbox Live

subscription price. That may not be a surefire sign that *Black Ops* is destined to surpass the 16-million-plus units sold by its predecessor last holiday season, but as far as first-person military games go, it's already on the path to blockbuster status. The scripted formula may be well-worn, but it's difficult to be cynical about the series once guns start blazing and shells start steaming against the frigid arctic snow.

Treyarch, who trades off development duties of every other *Call of Duty* installment with Infinity Ward, is taking their first dip into the modern era here. Their last title was 2008's *World at War*, and it looks like they took all the right tips from *Modern Warfare 2* for this latest outing. It's kind of mind-blowing that this is the seventh proper



entry in the long-running series. If experience has taught us anything, multiplayer will give this one legs as long, or longer, as those that came before it. Just be sure to get in on the ground floor before some ne'er-dowells break the game and put it in the no-fun zone.

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By Al Hemingway

## Old acquaintances Abraham Lincoln and George B. McClellan would have a rocky relationship during the Civil War, with Lincoln firing McClellan twice.

**N**O TWO MEN WERE MORE DIFFERENT THAN ABRAHAM LINCOLN, 16th president of the United States, who came from a hardscrabble frontier background, and Maj. Gen. George B. McClellan, raised by well-to-do, influential parents in Philadelphia. The pair, despite their diverse backgrounds, would be thrust together by fate in a civil war that would change the nation forever.

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 President Abraham Lincoln  
 and Maj. Gen. George B.  
 McClellan meet in the latter's  
 headquarters tent after the  
 Battle of Antietam in Septem-  
 ber 1862.

In his new book, *Lincoln and McClellan: The Troubled Partnership Between a President and His General* (Palgrave MacMillan, New York, 2010, 252 pp., notes, index, photos, \$27.00, hardcover), historian John C. Waugh examines this often shaky alliance and how it shaped the outcome of the war. Lincoln's upbringing is well known to most Americans. Born in a log cabin in Kentucky, Lincoln's mother died

when he was young, and the family finally settled in Illinois, a frontier state at that time. A failure in business, Lincoln was a self-taught lawyer who, for the most part, learned his trade by riding the legal circuit, where he honed his courtroom skills. He won one term as a congressman, but his principled opposition to the

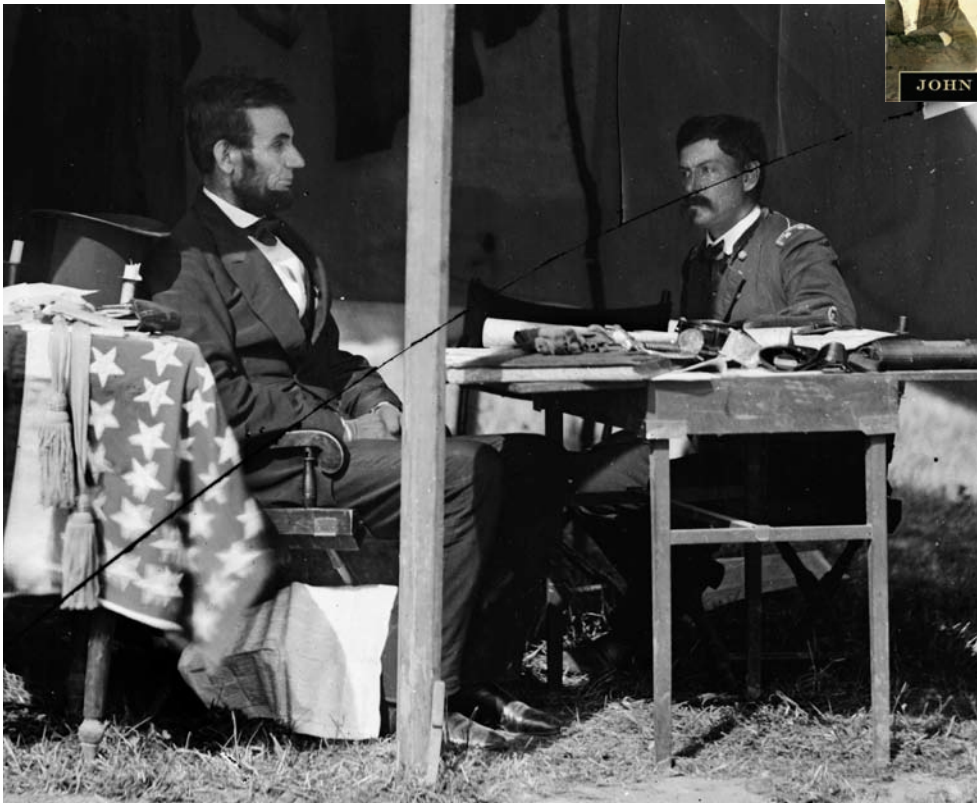
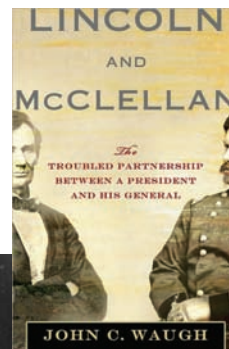
Mexican War led directly to his defeat in the following election.

Lincoln's seemingly meteoric (but actually long-fought) rise began when he debated incumbent Democratic senator Stephen Douglas for the Illinois senatorial seat in 1858. Although he lost the election, Lincoln's able performance in the debates propelled him onto the national political scene. With the help of a crafty behind-the-scenes convention team,

Lincoln won the Republican nomination for president and was elected in 1860, setting the stage for the inevitable conflict with the furious South.

McClellan, on the other hand, had received the best education money could buy. Born into the upper crust of the city of Brotherly Love, he attended private schools. He later was accepted to the United States Military Academy at West Point, where he excelled, finishing second in his class. He proved himself on the battlefield during the Mexican War and was sent to the Crimea in the mid-1850s to study European combat tactics. His report on the subject was received with much praise. It seemed the young officer was on a bright career path in the military.

To everyone's surprise, McClellan resigned from the Army to take the



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## **The Unrelenting and Virulent Hatred of the Arabs**

### **Will peace ever be possible under those conditions?**

After more than sixty years of statehood, Israel is a lone outpost of Western civilization and its values. It is the staunchest ally of the United States in that part of the world – a bulwark of democracy. The Arab nations surrounding it are a swamp of terrorism, corruption, dictatorship, and human enslavement. But the hatred of the Arabs against Israel and against all Jews is so abiding and so virulent that peace, at least for the foreseeable future, seems unattainable and most unlikely.

#### **What are the facts?**

No “sacrifice” will overcome the hatred. There are those who still believe that the never-ending conflict between the Arabs and the Jews could be settled if the Israelis were willing to bring greater “sacrifices for peace.” Such “sacrifices” would include relinquishing ever-larger portions of their tiny country (less than half the size of San Bernardino County in California) to the Palestinians, dismantling the “settlements” in Judea/Samaria (the “West Bank”), handing the Golan Heights to Syria, and allowing the “return of the refugees,” a group that has grown miraculously from about 500,000 to somewhere around 5 million. The absorption of even a substantial fraction of them would signify the demographic end of the Jewish states.

Israel, ill-advisedly, vacated Gaza. It was rewarded with daily barrages of Qassam rockets. In the north, after Israel had abandoned its southern Lebanon buffer zone, Hizbollah (the “Army of God”) launched the second “Lebanon War.” It must now be clear to even the most confirmed “doves” that nothing that Israel could do, any further “sacrifice” that Israel would be prepared to bring, would satisfy the Arabs. The sad but irrefutable conclusion is that only the complete disappearance of Israel, the excision of this “cancer” could satisfy the Arabs and most of the Muslim world.

**Mortal hatred and the “Big Lie.”** The “Big Lie,” invented by the notorious Joseph Goebbels of Nazi infamy, is a mainstay of Arab hatred and propaganda. In Egypt and Jordan (the two Arab countries technically at peace with Israel), government-controlled news sources published that Israel had distributed drug-laced chewing gum and candy to

This bottomless hatred, a hatred that pervades the Arab world in all strata of society and is incessantly fomented by Arab governments, including those supposed to be “at peace” with Israel, cannot be assuaged by negotiation or by making any further “sacrifices for peace.” Nothing will suffice, except the destruction of Israel. The Arab states, having been unable in over sixty years and in many wars to defeat and exterminate the Jews, are now feverishly arming themselves with “conventional weapons” (easily purchased from the West, including, sad to say, from the United States), and are ardently pursuing the development of weapons of mass annihilation. Just as the suicide bombers do not vacillate to sacrifice themselves, one can safely expect that, once in possession of such weapons, the Arabs will not hesitate to sacrifice millions of their own people in order to destroy Israel. Israel’s only course in the face of this almost certain prospect is to assume its previous stance of unflinching deterrence and, as it once did in the destruction of the Iraqi atomic reactor at Osirak in 1981, not to be inhibited by “international opinion” to preempt resolutely if it appears necessary to assure survival of the country.

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# **FLAME**

*Facts and Logic About the Middle East*  
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Gerardo Joffe, President

kill children and to make women sexually corrupt. The Jews (Israelis) are being accused of having introduced foot-and-mouth disease in the Middle East. The age-old calumny of Jews using the blood of Christian and Muslim children in order to bake their Passover matzos is alive and well in Arab publications. Translations of Adolf Hitler’s “Mein Kampf” and the “Protocols of the Elders of Zion” are steady best-sellers in all Arab countries. Among other malevolent fabrications, it accuses “international Jewry” of “limitless ambition, inexhaustible greed, and hatred beyond imagination.” Schools, streets and plazas are named after notorious murderers of Jews.

In the controlled Arab press, Holocaust denial and accusation of the Zionists having been in cahoots with the German Nazis are regular features. Egypt’s government-sponsored *Al Akhbar* newspaper has expressed fervent thanks to Adolf Hitler for having taken advance revenge on the “vilest criminals on the face of the earth.” Still, it berated him for not having been thorough enough in his task of extermination. The Arabs do not consider Israel a normal country, but a creation of the devil, an excrescence, a malignant force of aggressors, murderers, infidels and barbarians. It should be destroyed, for the glory of God, no matter what sacrifices that might entail.

Mortal hatred against Israel and against the Jews is taught to Arab children from the very first grade. Children are encouraged to sacrifice themselves as martyrs and to become suicide bombers and human missiles, with promises that Paradise with unimaginable pleasures awaits those who sacrifice themselves in the holy cause of killing Jews.

FLAME is a tax-exempt, non-profit educational 501 (c)(3) organization. Its purpose is the research and publication of the facts regarding developments in the Middle East and exposing false propaganda that might harm the interests of the United States and its allies in that area of the world. Your tax-deductible contributions are welcome. They enable us to pursue these goals and to publish these messages in national newspapers and magazines. We have virtually no overhead. Almost all of our revenue pays for our educational work, for these clarifying messages, and for related direct mail.

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position of chief engineer for the Illinois Central railroad. His salary tripled that of an Army captain. Soon, McClellan was promoted to vice-president of the new line, with an impressive annual income. It was during these years when Lincoln and McClellan first met. Lincoln was an attorney for the railroad and the two spent time together between cases. McClellan would listen to Lincoln's "rough-hewn" anecdotes, most of which he did not like. He immediately saw the "rail splitter" as socially inferior to himself, morally and intellectually—a value judgment that would come back to haunt McClellan.

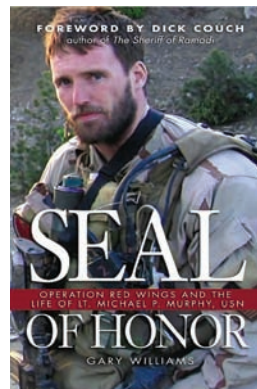
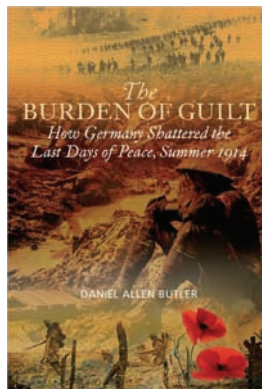
When the war came, the Union was embarrassed by the Confederacy at the First Battle of Bull Run. McClellan, meanwhile, was winning victories in western Virginia and being hailed as the "Napoleon of the Present War" in the press. Lincoln summoned the general to Washington and presented him the command of the Army of the Potomac.

McClellan immediately set about rebuilding and reorganizing his troops, a task that he performed brilliantly. Morale within the ranks skyrocketed and the men were eager to fight—all except McClellan himself. He constantly argued for more reinforcements and additional artillery, becoming increasingly insubordinate to Lincoln, even keeping the president waiting while he was upstairs in his bed in Washington. Lincoln tolerated McClellan's disobedient actions, believing that he would smash the Rebels and capture Richmond, ending the war.

Instead, McClellan was sacked after the ill-conceived Peninsula Campaign of 1862 and was replaced by Maj. Gen. John Pope, who was promptly thrashed at the Second Battle of Bull Run in the spring of 1862. With no one else to choose from, Lincoln reluctantly reinstated McClellan and, in September 1862, the two sides clashed at the bloody Battle of Antietam. When McClellan failed to aggressively chase General Robert E. Lee and badly weakened his army, Lincoln once again fired McClellan.

Throughout the war, McClellan remained an outspoken critic of Lincoln and his managing of the war. He ran against him for president on the Democratic ticket in the 1864 election. Although the popular vote was close, Lincoln handily defeated McClellan in the Electoral College by a vote of 212-21. That loss proved too much for the vain McClellan, who promptly left the country and did not return for three years.

Although a brilliant engineer and tactician, McClellan clearly was not a battlefield commander. Ironically, Napoleon, whom he admired, was exactly the opposite. The "Little



Corporal" would seize opportunities and turn them into victories. McClellan, despite being called the "Little Napoleon," could not. His rigid mind-set prevented him from doing so, and he gained a decidedly un-Napoleonic reputation for not fighting.

As the author states, McClellan's elitist upbringing clouded his judgment. He staunchly believed that people such as Lincoln who did not hail from his type of background were inferior to him. It was a fatal flaw in his character, one that would ultimately prove to be his downfall.

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*The Burden of Guilt: How Germany Shattered the Last Days of Peace, Summer 1914* by Daniel Allen Butler, Casemate Publishers, Havertown, PA, 2010, 336 pp., notes, index, illustrations, \$32.95, hardcover.

Author Daniel Allen Butler has taken the long-accepted premise that World War I was the combined fault of all the European world powers at the time and argues that it was Germany alone that was responsible for beginning and prolonging the bloody conflict. He firmly believes that the fighting could have been stopped in 1914, had the German monarchy not chosen instead to pursue total victory in the war. Butler makes the added point that the modern world is a direct result of Germany's choices in 1914.

There is no doubt that by mid-1914 the German Army was ready to go to war. A decade earlier Field Marshal Alfred Graf von Schlieffen, chief of the German general staff, had devised a plan that would seize France and Russia. "Each automatically followed the other in a rapid succession," Butler writes, "with no allowance for changes in circumstances which might make such attacks unnecessary or even counterproductive—which was precisely what happened."

Even after Archduke Franz Ferdinand of Austria-Hungary was assassinated in Sarajevo, war could still have been averted. Kaiser Wilhelm II had suggested that the trouble in the

Balkans was a Serbian and Austro-Hungarian issue and that his country would not make a commitment to become involved. A short time later, he reversed his decision and stated that Germany would support Austria-Hungary and crush those who had murdered Ferdinand. This proclamation gave the German Army a blank check, so to speak, and mobilization by all the European powers soon began.

What followed was incomprehensible to the world. Slaughter on a scale never before realized soon erupted throughout Europe.

For the next four years, the best of European manhood was wiped away. On the first day of the Battle of the Somme in 1916, for instance, Great Britain alone lost 50,000 men.

When the "war to end all wars" finally concluded on November 11, 1918, the Allies drew up the Treaty of Versailles. The pact humiliated the German people by slicing up their territory, eliminating their navy, and transforming their army into nothing more than a glorified police force. This embarrassment on the world stage infuriated the German people, including one little-known paper hanger in Berlin named Adolf Hitler, who would rise up and lead his nation once again down the same terrible path that his predecessors had followed 25 years earlier.

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*Seal of Honor: Operation Red Wings and the Life of Lt. Michael P. Murphy, USN* by Gary Williams, Naval Institute Press, Annapolis, MD, 2010, 256 pp., appendix, illustrations, \$29.95, hardcover.

On June 28, 2005, a SEAL team led by Lieutenant Michael "Murph" Murphy was compromised in Kunar Province, Afghanistan. The New York native and his four-man team had been assigned to kill or capture Ahmad Shah, a Taliban commander who led a group of insurgents called the "Mountain Tigers." After their insertion, Murphy's men were accidentally seen by a group of goat herders. After some discussion, the locals were released, which turned out to be a fatal error on the Americans' part.

After the farmers informed Shah of the SEALs' whereabouts, a large number of enemy forces converged on their hiding place. A two-hour firefight ensued and the men held off their attackers as best they could. Murphy radioed for help and a MH-47 Chinook helicopter, sent to assist the beleaguered team, was quickly dispatched. Sadly, it was gunned down by a rocket-propelled grenade launcher, killing all 16 passengers. Murphy was killed when he left the sanctuary of the team's lair to gain a better signal in which to radio for assistance. The lone survivor, Hospital Corpsman 1st Class Marcus

Luttrell, made good his escape and was eventually rescued.

Murphy was posthumously awarded the Medal of Honor, and each member of his team was given the Navy Cross, making them the most decorated SEAL team in history. The author has written an outstanding tribute not only to Murphy and his men, but to all those who participated in the subsequent operation that finally eliminated Shah and his guerrillas.

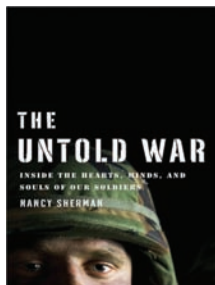
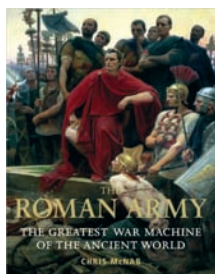
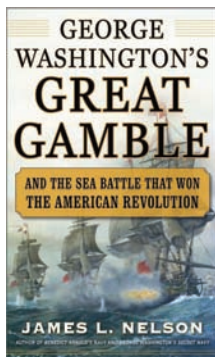
*George Washington's Great Gamble and the Sea Battle That Won the American Revolution* by James L. Nelson, McGraw Hill, New York, 2010, 376 pp., notes, index, photographs, \$26.95, hardcover.

The year 1781 was a bleak one for General George Washington's Continental Army. The British still held New York and had seized Charleston, South Carolina. Supplies were not forthcoming; many soldiers were barefoot and hungry. Recruitment had sunk to an all-time low since the army's inception six years earlier. Morale had hit rock bottom and some of the regiments became rebellious when their demands were not met.

However, Washington met with French general Jean-Baptiste Donatien de Vimeur, Comte de Rochambeau, and decided on a bold move. Together with the French fleet, led by Rear Admiral Francois Joseph Paul, the Comte de Grasse, American and French troops would make their way to Virginia to bottle up General Sir Charles Cornwallis and his men at Yorktown.

It was a race against time. De Grasse had to stop the British fleet from arriving at Yorktown with supplies and reinforcements for Cornwallis's command. On September 5, British Rear Admiral Sir Thomas Graves and 19 ships of the line met De Grasse's fleet of 24 vessels in the Chesapeake Bay. HMS *Intrepid* let loose a salvo to signal the start of the engagement. By nightfall, when the firing finally ceased, the British had been stopped. Although not a resounding French victory, the outcome was what Washington had hoped. Cornwallis's men were still hemmed in at Yorktown, with no chance of being resupplied. Cornwallis surrendered his command on October 19, 1781, effectively ending the Revolutionary War.

Nelson gives a vivid account of the events leading up to the sea battle, later called the Bat-



tle of the Capes, which helped turn certain defeat into victory for the American forces. By prohibiting the Royal Navy from assisting the beleaguered British troops at Yorktown, the Americans, with the notable help of their French allies, gave birth to a new nation.

*The Roman Army: The Greatest War Machine of the Ancient World* edited by Chris McNab, Osprey Publishing, Long Island City, NY, 2010, 288 pp., illustrations, maps, \$25.95, softcover.

From its beginning in 753 BC until its fall in AD 527, the mighty Roman Army was feared not only across Europe, but in Africa, the British Isles, and Asia. In his new book, writer Chris McNab has penned a splendid history of the Roman Army, delving into great detail on the uniforms, weapons, and tactics employed by the Romans to maintain their hold on their vast empire.

The author chronologically follows the formation of the legendary force and how it evolved into the superior army that soon enveloped the known world. As with all of Osprey's books, this one is full of detailed drawing and maps to enable the reader to easily follow the army's progress from its humble birth to its transformation into the stuff of legend.

"Not only are the campaigns and battles of Rome still studied in depth at universities and military colleges around the world," writes McNab, "but the power of the Roman military machine makes it a perennial subject for Hollywood movies as well as publishers. The history of the Roman Army, after more than a millennium of study, shows no sign of losing its power."

*The Untold War: Inside the Hearts, Minds, and Souls of Our Soldiers* by Nancy Sherman, W.W. Norton & Co., New York, 2010, 352 pp., notes, index, \$27.95, hardcover.

What sparks the imagination of a young person to enlist in the military? Is it merely the romanticized view we sometimes have of war, as displayed by Henry Fleming in Stephen Crane's American classic, *The Red Badge of Courage*? Whatever the reason, many of our nation's men and women who are coming home from the battlefields of Iraq and Afghanistan are also faced with an inner war, a conflict that is sometimes harder to win than

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overcoming the fear of actual combat itself.

Sherman, who is both a philosopher and a psychoanalyst, does not attempt to answer the question of who is for or against any particular war. Rather, she examines what war does to soldiers, and how they cope with their inner feelings on a day-to-day basis. She interviewed and reinterviewed more than 40 veterans, and their accounts provide a riveting portrait of the moral torment that fighting men and women often keep bottled inside.

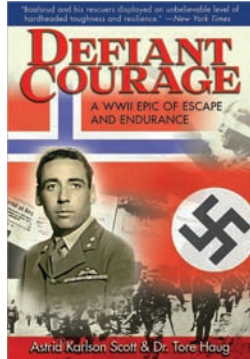
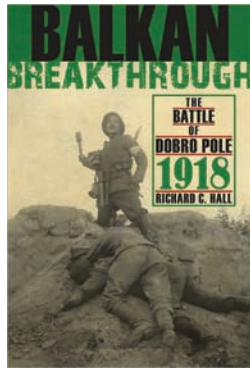
The author urges soldiers not to keep their memories locked within themselves, but rather to share them with their family and loved ones so that their transition from war to peacetime can be an easier journey. "It is about the fight to live up to the uniform, and the difficulty of living on after it has been shed," Sherman writes. "This is what weighs on the psyche of a soldier; these are the frontlines of his personal battles."

***Balkan Breakthrough: The Battle of Dobro Pole, 1918*** by Richard C. Hall, Indiana University Press, Indianapolis, 2010, 220 pp., notes, index, photos, \$27.95, hardcover.

In September 1918, the Battle of Dobro Pole, fought in present-day Macedonia, was a huge loss for Bulgaria. The defeat essentially eliminated the country from the hostilities. Plagued by a severe food shortage and a population severely divided over the conflict, Bulgaria was in dire straits in 1918.

Although the Bulgarians had soundly defeated the British and Greeks, a numerically larger French-Serbian force pushed deeper into Bulgarian territory until finally both sides clashed at Dobro Pole. The Bulgarian Army fought bravely but could not halt the Allied juggernaut. At war's end, Bulgaria suffered further humiliation by granting numerous concessions in the Treaty of Neuilly-sur-Seine, losing much of its territory and paying huge war reparations to the Allies. Bulgaria also sustained horrendous losses during the war—101,224 killed and another 155,026 wounded—for such a small nation.

Historian Richard C. Hall has done a marvelous job of telling the story of a lesser-known World War I battle. He masterfully weaves the intriguing world of politics and the military conduct of the war itself to write a compelling



account of a part of the conflict that has been largely overlooked.

***Defiant Courage: A WWII Epic of Escape and Endurance*** by Astrid Karlson Scott and Dr. Tore Haug, Skyhorse Publishing, New York, 2010, 368 pp., photos, \$16.95, hardcover.

Here is a remarkable book about the courage and survival of a Norwegian patriot in World War II. When the Nazis invaded Norway in 1940, Jan Baalsrud fought the invaders but was forced to flee to Sweden. He eventually made his way to Great Britain and was trained as a commando.

In 1943, Baalsrud and eight other operatives returned to Norway on a top-secret mission to destroy an air control tower. When their clandestine operation was compromised, they scuttled their fishing boat, which contained eight tons of explosives, and climbed aboard a smaller vessel to escape. The Germans quickly sank the boat; Baalsrud was the only survivor. He swam the frigid waters and eventually reached land.

For the following two months, he evaded capture, but at a high cost. His health deteriorated rapidly as he was forced to fend for himself in the harsh winter climate. At one point, he amputated nine of his own toes to stop the spread of gangrene. Sick and barely alive, Baalsrud was finally transported to neutral Sweden on a sled pulled by reindeer. He was flown back to England to train Norwegian agents going back to Norway on other covert assignments, but his frail condition prevented him from taking part himself. Baalsrud died in 1987 after a bout with cancer. His ashes were spread among his friends in his native country.

***Grunts: Inside the American Infantry Combat Experience, World War II to Iraq*** by John C. McManus, New American Library, New York, 2010, 516 pp., notes, index, \$25.95, hardcover.

"I am convinced that the infantry is the group in the army which gives more and gets less than anybody else," said noted World War II cartoonist Bill Mauldin.

No truer words were ever spo-

ken. Even today, with the high-tech equipment used in combat, it is still the humble foot soldier who has to endure the horrors of frontline combat. Historian John McManus examines certain battles and military strategy from World War II to the present to give the reader a ring-side seat to the experiences of these foot soldiers, be they soldier or Marine.

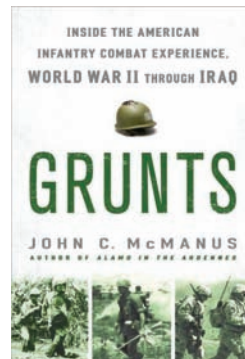
Of particular interest is the chapter dealing with the Marine Combined Action Program in Vietnam. Although General William Westmoreland touted his now infamous search-and-destroy policy, the Marine leadership was pushing a strategy of winning hearts and minds. Marine platoons were placed in villages to teach the South Vietnamese about weapons, patrolling, and other military fine points that would help them defend their villages from the communists. Although the program had its drawbacks, McManus feels that the "CAPs were the least glamorous but probably the most effective aspect of an ill-fated American war effort in Vietnam."

This is a superb account of the daily struggles encountered by the most underrated group in the U.S. military—the infantry. Planes, ships, and artillery are essential to any military campaign, but it is still the grunt, with the bayonet affixed to his rifle, who has the dirty job of closing with the enemy to achieve victory.

***Search and Destroy: The Story of an Armored Cavalry Squadron in Vietnam*** by Keith W. Nolan, Zenith Press, 2010, 440 pp., bibliography, index, photos, \$30.00, hardcover.

There is no doubt that the late Keith W. Nolan was the foremost historian on ground action in the Vietnam War. From his first book about the Marines in Hue City, written when he was just 19 years of age, Nolan has chronicled the "ground pounders" war in Southeast Asia with accuracy and truth. Not only does he rely on the official documents, after-action reports and duty rosters, but his meticulous research has led him to conduct numerous interviews with the veterans who served in the many campaigns.

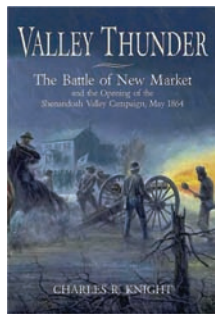
His last offering is no exception. It tells the story of the 1st Squadron, 1st Cavalry Regiment, 1st Armored Division during the 1967-1968 period. The unit participated in some of the bloodiest encounters of the con-



flict such as the Que Son Valley, Hill 34, the Pineapple Forest, and Cigar Island. Although the squadron performed magnificently, Nolan pulls no punches by relating the uneasy relationship the soldiers had with the villages they operated near, which were under the control of the communists.

Nolan lost his own war to cancer on February 19, 2009. He left behind a dozen books on the conflict, always with the infantryman as the prime focus. He told their story well. Nolan will be truly missed. He was without doubt one of the foremost historians of the war in Southeast Asia.

***Valley Thunder: The Battle of New Market and the Opening of the Shenandoah Valley Campaign, 1864*** by Charles R. Knight, Savas



Beatie, LLC, New York, 2010, 314 pp., bibliography, index, maps, photos, \$29.95, hardcover.

Anyone who knows about the Battle of New Market in 1864 surely has heard of the heroics of the 257 cadets of the Virginia

Military Institute who participated in the fighting. When a huge gap developed in the Confederate line, Maj. Gen. John C. Breckinridge reluctantly ordered the VMI students into the melee. The rest, as they say, is history.

However, historian Charles Knight, although praising the bravery and courage of the cadets in his new book, also sets to rest many of the misconceptions about the battle that have surfaced over the years. For example, the VMI cadets captured a single gun, not a battery, in the battle, and they did not seize any battle flags. More importantly, the author gives long overdue credit to the regular Confederate Army units who fought that day as well.

Although the Union forces were embarrassed and soundly defeated at New Market, Lt. Gen. Ulysses S. Grant's strategy of denying the Rebels use of their interior lines and ravaging the agriculturally rich Shenandoah Valley, dubbed the "breadbasket of the Confederacy," would ultimately prove successful. When the inept Maj. Gen. Franz Sigel was replaced by Maj. Gen. David Hunter, and Maj. Gen. Phil Sheridan took command of the Federal cavalry in the valley, another nail was driven into the Southern coffin. In less than a year, the Army of Northern Virginia would cease to exist, and the guns would go silent in Virginia. The legend, not always accurate, lives on. □

the helmet's lower opening. The plate was pierced in a number of ways for sight and ventilation. The cheek pieces and buffe were combined as a visor, pivoted on either side. This arrangement was sometimes left open, with vertical or angled slits as part of the upper fall and brought down over the open frame of the visor to allow maximum sight and ventilation. This became known as the barred-visor burgonet. Another barred visor design simply inserted and riveted various faceplates, particularly a grill-like style, onto the buff visor frame—the typical heavy cavalry look.

The grill-barred burgonet (whether with armet or close openings) became a standard with heavy cavalry. Well into the 17th century, it was popular in the Netherlands, where it was called a Savoyard burgonet from the style originating in that principality. The heavier helmets used proportionately heavier, articulated three-quarter armor for shot resistance when the cavalry rode against armor-piercing infantry muskets. To offset thick frontal armor, seat and below-the-knee armor were discarded to equalize the armor's overall weight. Heavy cavalry in Germany, the Netherlands, and Italy competed with infantry by adopting the wheel lock pistol and carbine to become pistoleers and carbineers, respectively, by the late 16th century. The lance was still used by some heavy cavalry units—particularly the French—but even these combatants also carried a pistol or two.

To protect against the withering volley fire of the matchlock musket, the buffe helmet evolved into a full-face heavy plate riveted to the open frame, with a minimum of sight and ventilation. Basic human facial features were achieved by beating out and chiseling geometric shapes of eyes, noses, and mouths. This harkened back to the earlier face helmets, and the intimidating effect prompted further experiments. By accenting the eyesight slit with arched openings and large, bug-eye circular holes, the look was disturbingly skull-like—consciously meant to frighten opponents.

By the late 16th century, expertly wrought burgonet face plates were quite detailed—with eyebrows, realistic noses with nostrils, grinning lips, and bared teeth in beaten relief to cover the cavalryman's face. Whether to serve as camouflage in the dark, as a deterrent to rusting or to reduce costs in larger units with finished armor, the burgonet and three-quarter armor were often left in black and unpolished. In the long history of helmet-making, the burgonet achieved by far its most effective and sinister

design with the todenkopf, or death's head, helmet. The sheer psychological effect of a galloping, tight block of black-armored horsemen was intimidating to say the least.

Aside from the fury of a pitched battle with gunpowder-propelled lead flying everywhere, another combat scenario required heavy armor—siege work. One of the most popular targets for gunfire during a siege was the military engineer who oversaw sapping and mining. Sapping (digging a trench to advance closer toward the enemy's lines or fortifications) and mining (digging a tunnel with the purpose of undermining or breaching an enemy's fortifications) went back to ancient times. The man in charge of breaching the enemy's defenses was vulnerable since he was constantly moving around in the line of fire directing operations. Because of that he had to wear thick armor, including a helmet.

Early engineer's helmets might be of various styles providing a good head cover. Sallets and other pot helmets were popular through the latter part of the 16th century, when the full burgonet became a particularly popular style for engineers. Full burgonets were layered with extra protection such as a barred visor with a heavy plate buff in the front. The engineer's field helmet was a massive half-inch-thick piece of steel—20 pounds or more per helmet. The todenkopf style was especially useful, allowing the engineer to emerge from the shadowy trenches in moonlight or torchlight to frighten the very souls of enemy miners.

The helmet as protection is still in use, but it has become more utilitarian in modern times. Nevertheless, magnificent pieces of helmet art with designs from the best armorers and decorative artists survive today in such great museums as the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, the Tower of London Armory, the Musée de l'Armée in Paris, and by far the largest, the Landeszeughaus in Graz, Austria, which retains its functional look as an arsenal and armory. The Landeszeughaus has hundreds of helmets, including the largest collection of death's head helmets anywhere, as well as many suits of various armors and thousands of arms—32,000 items in all.

The helmet remains the most easily recognizable piece of armor. At different times it has served not only a defensive deterrent but also an offensive one, a psychological weapon to frighten and unnerve opponents. In the late 16th and early 17th centuries, many soldiers thought the Devil and his minions stalked the battlefield as steel-shod demons, ready to carry them off to perdition at a moment's notice. That was the intention. □

## charles the hammer

*Continued from page 35*

surrounding the encampment, the Franks gained the upper hand in a matter of minutes. As the resistance in front of him crumbled on his front, Charles brushed aside the remaining Muslims and marched his men in good order toward the enemy camp as darkness began to swallow up the last light of day on the bloody hilltop.

“Charles boldly drew up his battle line against them and the warriors rushed in against them,” wrote an observer, the Continuator of Fredegar. “With Christ’s help, he overturned their tents, and hastened to battle to grind them small in slaughter.” While directing the defense of the Muslim camp, er-Rahman was killed by a javelin thrown with expert marksmanship by one of the mounted Gascons or Bretons riding with Eudes.

Although Charles’s well-disciplined army killed large numbers of the Muslims, they failed to capture the fortified camp by nightfall. Satisfied with the day’s achievements, Charles ordered his men to quit the field and await the morning’s developments. Meanwhile, learning that er-Rahman had fallen, the Muslims prepared to withdraw southward under the cover of darkness. To hasten their escape, the Muslim survivors made the heartbreaking decision to abandon the baggage train containing their spoils of war. In a skilled move that reflected their military professionalism, the Muslims purposely left their tents standing to deceive the Franks.

On Sunday, the Franks formed up with the intent of resuming the battle. After sending forward several small groups to probe the Muslim defenses, Charles learned that the bulk of the Muslim army had fled during the night, leaving behind their prisoners and plunder so that neither would impede their flight. The rank and file of the Frankish army were spellbound by the treasure they found in the abandoned *khandaq*. They were anxious to divide the spoils and return to their homes and families with a portion of the recovered loot.

Charles, who was acutely in tune with the mood of his troops, was reluctant to order a pursuit of the Muslims with an unwilling body of men. Furthermore, he feared that the Franks might become strung out during the pursuit, allowing the Muslims to turn on their pursuers and maul them severely. Last but not least, Charles wanted the Muslims to remain a serious threat to the security of Aquitaine, forcing Eudes to focus his political and military efforts against the Muslims rather than the Franks.

Casualties for the battle are difficult to gauge. Muslim accounts state that the Franks lost 1,500 men, but those numbers seem light given that the

battle lasted most of the day. In all probability, the Franks lost several thousand men. Muslim casualties were significantly greater than those of the Franks, with the Muslims losing an estimated 10,000 men in the day-long battle.

Charles made a wise decision not to follow the retreating Muslims. The Muslim retreat was by no means the rout of a panicked army. Because of its professional nature, the army’s withdrawal was conducted in a cohesive fashion, with some elements retreating through Aquitaine and others through Burgundy to the safety of al-Andalus and Septimania. The main army turned west toward Burgundy, where it was assisted in its withdrawal by Muslim raiding parties operating deep in the Rhone Valley. Those elements operating west of the Muslim main army slipped across the Dordogne and Garonne Rivers to Gascony and then on to al-Andalus.

After the battle, Charles withdrew through Neustria with his army, but not before replacing the bishops of Tours and Poitiers, both of whom had shown questionable allegiance to him. Eudes, who still had a sizable command despite many months of hard campaigning, marched south, battling the Muslim raiders remaining in Aquitaine as he went.

The battle marked the highwater mark of the Islamic tide that had swept into Western Europe during the Middle Ages. By turning back the Muslims at Tours, the Franks broke the string of Muslim conquests that had spread like a terrible storm through the Iberian Peninsula and beyond. Charles was given the sobriquet Martel (the Hammer) by contemporary chroniclers for the way he had battered his enemies in battle. As the centuries passed, the saga of his defeat of the Muslims at Tours grew in importance until he was credited with nothing less than saving Western Christianity from Islamic subjugation. While there is some truth to the idea, the Muslim raids into Aquitaine and Burgundy were more of a nuisance than a true threat to Western Europe. Charles, for his part, considered rival nobles and hostile clergy in the Frankish dependencies far more of a threat to his rule than the Muslims.

Nevertheless, Charles’s victory at Tours had unanticipated benefits beyond stopping the Muslim advance at the Loire. The Franks enjoyed a significant boost in prestige throughout Europe, particularly in the eyes of the papacy, for having defeated the fearsome Muslims in a set-piece battle. That victory, in turn, laid the foundation for the establishment of the Holy Roman Empire two generations later by Charles’s grandson, Charlemagne. Either way, the Muslims’ halcyon days of raiding Western Europe at will were over. □

## dragon’s jaw

*Continued from page 57*

and missiles before being finally destroyed. It became a symbol of resistance for the North Vietnamese, and various legends of invincibility were attached to it. For American planners, it became an obsession, despite the missions’ unpopularity among pilots.

One of the participants in the 1972 strikes was Lt. Cmdr. (later Admiral) Leighton W. “Snuffy” Smith, Jr. In John Darrell Sherwood’s book, *Afterburner*, Smith recalled his participation in the intense September 10 strike, during which he had to make a tough decision. He and another pilot were acting as rescue combat air patrol and were sent in to locate a downed pilot, Lieutenant (jg) Steve Musselman. “We got up and made one pass through the area, and we saw the wrecked aircraft,” Smith said. “There was absolutely no way anybody was going to be able to get in there and get Musselman, because he was right down in the middle of a flat area—very close to the city as far as we could determine. There was a hell of a lot of ground fire. There were a lot of SAMs. There were MiGs in the air, but we didn’t see any. So I had to make the decision that it would not be prudent to go in and try to pick up Musselman. As it turned out, he never came back out. The supposition is that he was shot while descending in his parachute.”

Smith further recalled his role in the October 6 strike, which proved to be the Dragon Jaw’s demise. He and his wingman, Marv Baldwin, carried two 2,000-pound Walleyes, while the two other pilots, Don Sumner and Jim Brewster, carried standard 2,000-pound bombs. “We rolled in simultaneously,” Smith recalled. “Pulled the power back, popped the speed brakes, and we got our scopes locked-on to the bridge and I said, ‘Lock-on.’ Once everyone confirmed that they had locked-on, I counted ‘Three, two, one, launch,’ and Marv and I both pickled them at the same time. Then Don and Jim popped up and they began their roll-in. They hit the bridge on the west side of the center piling and that’s where it broke in half. In fact there was so much smoke and crap around there, we didn’t know whether we’d hit it and done any damage or not. Later that afternoon, an RA-5 Vigilante came through and took a picture, and when we looked at them, we finally knew that the bridge was down for good.”

For his efforts, Smith was awarded his second Distinguished Flying Cross. The USS *America* and its Air Wing 9 were awarded the Meritorious Unit Commendation upon their return. □



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