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Photo: Rue des Archives / The Granger Collection, New York

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Most soldiers on either side in the Civil War were under the age of 23. Some were as young as 10, and only one-fourth were over 30.

"ALL WARS ARE BOYISH, AND ARE FOUGHT BY BOYS," author Herman Melville wrote. That was certainly true of the American Civil War, when some 70 percent of the troops on either side were 23 or younger, and the median age for a soldier was 18. The very nicknames of the generic combatants reflected their youthfulness: Billy Yank and Johnny Reb. Many were not even shaving yet.

As with most wars, the young Civil War soldiers enlisted for a variety of reasons: patriotism, peer pressure, adolescent idealism. Most were motivated, at least at the beginning of the war, by a vague desire to "see the elephant," as the popular catchphrase then had it. The "Boys of '61" believed that the war would be great fun. Thoughts of death were the farthest things from their minds. Smart new uniforms, crackling flags, and swooning ladies were the grist for adventure. The true political underpinnings of the war were understood dimly, if at all.

Private Ralph Smith of the 2nd Texas Infantry caught the glowing spirit of the times. "I wish I were able to describe the glorious anticipation of the first few days of our military lives," he wrote, "when we each felt individually able to charge and annihilate a whole company of bluecoats. What brilliant speeches we made, and the dinners the good people spread for us, and oh, the bewitching female eyes that pierced the breasts of our gray uniform, stopping temporarily the heartbeats of many a fellow."

The gaiety usually did not survive the first battle—nor, for that matter, did all the soldiers. Corporal Selden Day of the 7th Ohio Infantry remembered exchanging shots with Confederate troops at the Battle of Kernstown in 1862. As his unit stood in an open field blazing away at the enemy crouched behind a stone wall, Day found himself alongside an unnamed comrade. "He was firing away as fast as he could," said Day. "I looked at him as he was loading his gun and preparing for another shot, when he said to me, 'Isn't it fun!' I did not reply, and when I looked at him next he was dead."

The Virg inia Military Academy cadets who helped turn the tide at the Battle of New Market in 1864 were the most famous of the boy soldiers, but they were hardly the only Southern schoolboys to fight together as a unit. The Richmond Howitzers fought in the first battle of the war at Big Bethel, Virginia, in June 1861, while cadets from the Citadel in Charleston, South Carolina, and West Florida Seminary in Tallahassee, also saw service during the war.

Most young soldiers enlisted individually, often as drummer boys, buglers, couriers, and surgeon's aides. The most famous of all drummer boys—indeed, the most famous boy soldier of the war—was Ohio-born Johnny Clem, who went off to war in 1862 at the age of 10. At Chickamauga, one year later, Clem swapped his drum for a sawed-off musket and rode into battle atop an artillery caisson. At the last-ditch stand on Snodgrass Hill, Clem supposedly shot down a Confederate colonel who had called on the "little fellow" to surrender. He was promoted to sergeant on the spot. Clem parlayed his newfound fame as "the Drummer Boy of Chickamauga" into a 50-year career in the United States Army, retiring as a major general in 1915—the last actively serving veteran of the Civil War.

Most of the boys, long since grown into men, returned from the war with considerably less fanfare than Johnny Clem. Almost all were proud of their military service; in the words of the Supreme Court Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., himself a veteran, they had been "touched by fire." By then, too, most had long since gotten over their initial burst of youthful enthusiasm. As Herman Melville also wrote, "What like a bullet can undeceive!"

Roy Morris Jr.

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How to Outsmart a Millionaire

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By Don Hollway

Albrecht von Wallenstein went from soldier of fortune to generalissimo to hunted fugitive in no time.

AFTER SEPTEMBER 17, 1631, HALF OF GERMANY FEARED THAT GOD was a Protestant. The other half was sure of it. That day, at the pivotal Battle of Breitenfeld, the revolutionary musketeer brigades and antipersonnel cannons of the "Lion of the North," Swedish King Gustavus Adolphus II, demolished the outdated pike squares of the Holy Roman Empire. With no army and no commander, Emperor Ferdinand II had nothing left to stop Gustavus and his Protestant allies from marching on Vienna and winning the war.

Secure in his Bohemian estates, midway between battlefield and capital, Duke Albrecht von Wallenstein could be forgiven for saying, "I told you so." As imperial generalissimo—commander of mercenaries—he had helped raise Ferdinand to supremacy only to be summarily sacked for his efforts and banished from court. Now, thanks to the king of Sweden, he was about to become the most powerful man in the Holy Roman Empire—again.

A Protestant turned Catholic who had fought Muslim Turks in Hungary, Wallenstein cared little for religious quarrels among imperial rulers. "Germany ought to be governed like France and Spain, by a single and absolute monarch," he believed. In spiritual matters he preferred astrology. (His personal horoscope, cast by no less than Johannes Kepler, proved surprisingly accurate.) His primary belief was in himself. Even as a young son of Czech gentry, Wallenstein had declared, "If I am not yet a prince, I may yet live to become one." By 1618, he was a rich widower who was serving as military governor of Moravia when Protestant Bohemia rebelled. After Moravia joined the uprising, Wallenstein absconded to Vienna with its entire national treasure, forfeiting his estates to the rebels but gaining imperial favor.

Wallenstein raised a new regiment of cuirassiers, less for glory than for gain. In that brutal age, freebooting soldiers could make their officers

Swedish King Gustavus Adolphus II, the "Lion of the North," swoons in his saddle after being fatally struck by four bullets at the climax of the Battle of Lützen, November 16, 1832.

All: Library of Congress

The Iron Brigade, 24th Michigan

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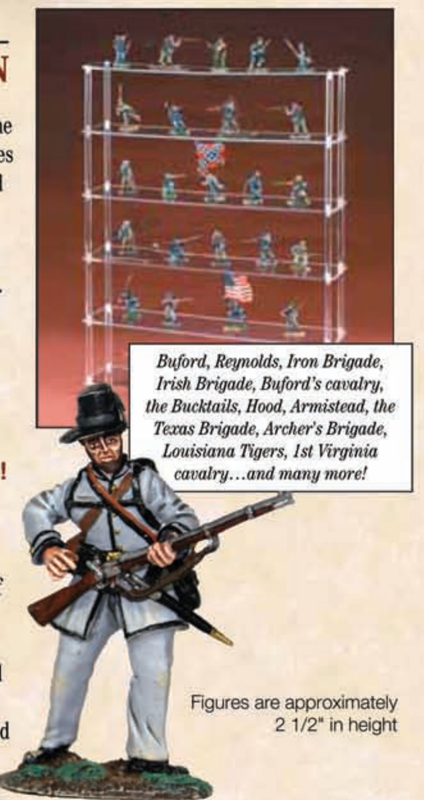

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rich without ever fighting, let alone winning, a battle. In June 1620, Wallenstein led his mercenaries against Count Ernst von Mansfeld, a Catholic serving the Protestant cause. Barricaded inside their own wagon train, the count and his men might have negotiated surrender had not Wallenstein personally led a breakthrough. Mansfeld escaped, but that November the rebels were defeated at White Mountain, outside Prague.

Wallenstein not only regained his family properties, he bought up 60 confiscated estates at steep discounts, and through a second fortuitous marriage acquired even more, enough for his own little fiefdom. Now with something to lose and not in the best of health—he was plagued all his life by gout—he advised Ferdinand, "With the advantage and the renown, you now have the best opportunity to negotiate a peace."

Ferdinand's peacemaking failed, largely because more profits could still be made at war. In 1625, France hired 20,000 mercenaries to join Denmark's 15,000-man peasant army, and England paid Mansfeld to lead 15,000 more. Planning to crush the Catholic forces between them, they instead ran into Wallenstein with an army the size of both of theirs combined—an army he had raised at his own expense.

Mansfeld advanced to cross the Elbe at Dessau. Wallenstein held the bridge. His problem was getting his vast forces across it into action and, if the fighting went badly, back across again. On April 25, 1626, screened by a cross-river artillery barrage, Wallenstein sneaked a cavalry unit into an unguarded wood and launched a surprise flanking attack. Believing themselves surrounded, Mansfeld's mercenaries chose to run and fight another day (many of them for Wallenstein). The general reported to Ferdinand, "God has today given me the good fortune to smite Mansfeld upon the head." The count fled toward Hungary. Within a year he fell ill and died.

With another victory gilding his recruitment pitch, Wallenstein built up his army to 100,000 men—Europe's largest—yet his men were still mercenaries, loyal only to their paymaster, threatening friend and foe alike. "I have had to make enemies of all the electors and princes, indeed everyone, on the emperor's account," the duke admitted. "That I am hated in the Empire has happened simply because I have served the emperor too well."

By the end of 1628, Wallenstein had driven the Danes out of Germany and back into Norway. "Whatever is now done must be done by sea," he advised Ferdinand. The emperor accordingly titled him Admiral of the Oceanic and Baltic Seas and directed him to start building a fleet. Gustavus, desiring the Baltic for a Swedish lake and already dabbling at conquest in Poland, took a dim view of such aspirations. "We shall certainly have the Swedes landing on the coast of Pomerania or Mecklenburg," Wallenstein warned. "Gustavus Adolphus is a dangerous guest, who cannot be too closely watched."

Bohemia-born Duke Albrecht von Wallenstein at the height of his power.

Ferdinand paid off his warlord with Mecklenburg itself: the fourth largest dukedom in the empire, not coincidentally lying in Sweden's path to Germany. Furthermore, he promoted Wallenstein to the unprecedented rank of generalissimo, empowered "to ordain and command, orally and in writing, ordinarily and extraordinarily, even as if We in Our Own Person did ordain and command such."

Emperor in all but title, Wallenstein proved an adept ruler. Spoils and tribute from across the empire flowed through his hands. In turn, he built his dukedoms into military depots, supplying the army with everything from powder and ball to clothing, bread, and beer. He also funded roads and schools, hospitals and almshouses—even an observatory for his favorite astrologer. In the midst of one of history's most savage wars, Wallenstein forged his own thriving, peaceful little fiefdom.

Yet there could be no real peace within the empire. In 1629, Vienna's Jesuit mission demanded an Edict of Restitution, essentially turning back the religious clock to pre-Reformation days. Wallenstein, who permitted Franciscans, Lutherans, Calvinists, and even Jews to worship freely, refused to enforce the edict. Against the imperious duke, priests and nobles found common cause: an imperial army might be a wartime necessity, but it was a peacetime expense, too powerful and dangerous for its commander to go unchecked. Ferdinand gave in. Wallenstein was informed that his services would no longer be required. Those hoping the duke would refuse to step down, or even rebel, were disappointed. "Gladder tidings could not have been brought me," he wrote. "I thank God that I am out of the meshes."

Much of his army was immediately disbanded; the rest promptly deserted. With the market awash in unemployed soldiers, Gustavus landed promptly on the German coast, calling on the citizens of Mecklenburg to "arrest or slay all the agents of Wallenstein, as robbers, and enemies to God and the country." At Breitenfeld, Gustavus decisively bested the Imperial army, minus Wallenstein. By the summer of 1632, Sweden was poised to take Vienna and end the war.

Ferdinand sent increasingly frantic letters to Wallenstein begging him to resume command, but the duke was not inclined to comply. His gout had advanced into his hands; he could barely wield a sword, let alone the reins of empire. He agreed only to raise another army. Some 300 officers answered the call, each bringing with him his own company or regiment, 40,000 men in all. When Ferdinand's son, the king of Hungary, was nominated to lead them, Wallenstein bridled. "Never would I accept a divided command, were God Himself to be my coadjutant," he said, insisting on terms that precluded another dismissal. It would effectively make him the empire's first military dictator—at least, after he dealt with the king of Sweden.

Gustavus had amassed perhaps 140,000 men of his own but scattered them to hold conquered territory. With less than 20,000 available for battle, he holed up in Nuremburg and dared the Imperials to come after him. But Wallenstein also preferred to fight from behind defenses. Near a ruined hilltop castle west of town, he built a base four miles square, from which his cavalry tightened a noose around the city. That summer, almost 30,000 Nuremburgers starved. At the end of August, Wallenstein allowed enemy reinforcements and their camp followers to pass within the city walls uncontested, cannily giving Gustavus twice the men but three times the mouths to feed. Sure enough, only a few days later, the Protestants were forced out—all 45,000 of them, the largest army Gustavus ever fielded. For days they prowled around the imperial

Court astrologer Seni stands watch over the body of Wallenstein, murdered at Eger in February 1634 on orders of Holy Roman Emperor Ferdinand II. Painting by Karl Theodor von Piloty.

camp and pounded it with cannons, but Wallenstein held his ground, defying the king to storm the heights.

Unable to use their brigades' maneuverability or haul their guns up the steep wooded slopes, for 12 hours the Protestant forces fought a literally uphill battle while the imperial forces poured fire down into them. "There was such shooting, thunder and clamor as though all the world were about to fall in," one observer reported. "The noise of salvoes was unceasing." Wallenstein led the defense personally, riding back and forth along the ramparts in a breastplate and scarlet cape, tossing handfuls of gold coins to bolster his troops' resolve. At the rainy end of the day, the Protestants had nothing to show for their efforts but 1,000 dead and twice as many wounded—three times the number of imperial losses.

Gustavus held on for two weeks, but his starving, plague-ridden mercenaries sought easier employment. One entire cavalry company, 80 strong, killed their captain and rode into the imperial camp. The Swedes lost another third of their army before finally slipping away in the night. Wallenstein boasted to Ferdinand that Gustavus had been "repulsed and that the title 'invincible' appertains not to him, but to Your Majesty."

Wallenstein turned north into Saxony for the winter, dispersing his army around Leipzig to cut off the Swedes from their home. That November, with his gout flaring, the generalissimo paused to rest in the little village of Lützen, only to learn that Gustavus had gathered reinforcements and was advancing to attack before the imperials could regroup.

The Leipzig road ran between the armies. Outnumbered, Wallenstein's men spent the night of November 15-16 digging roadside ditches into trenches and molding the dirt into parapets. By dawn, the Swedes faced a line of earthworks 1½ miles across. Behind it, Wallenstein's forces arrayed in musketeer brigades heavier than their own.

Thick morning mist delayed the start of battle. To prevent Lützen's capture, Wallenstein had it burned. Acrid smog blanketed the field, and the two armies pummeled each other blindly all day long, at one point volley-firing muskets at five paces. The Swedes poured into the roadside trenches and almost turned both imperial flanks, but were thrown back again. Gustavus was slain on the field, struck in the head, side, arm, and back by bullets. Wallenstein, so pained by gout that he could no longer ride a horse, led from the comfort of a sedan chair. At one point, a Hessian cavalier missed him with a pistol shot from four paces, and he was hit in the thigh by a spent musket ball. Darkness brought an end to the fighting, leaving both sides on much the same ground they had occupied that morning, now strewn with the dead.

That night Wallenstein pulled back, abandoning the field. Lützen was technically a Protestant victory, but a pyrrhic one. Their advance on Leipzig had been blocked; they had lost more men, more battle flags, and their king. ("It is well for him and me that he is gone," remarked Wallenstein on hearing the news of Gustavus's death. "There was no room in Germany for both our heads.") That night, the Swedes were contemplating their own withdrawal when they learned that the imperials already had left. Lützen wasn't a matter of who won, but of who retreated last.

At the age of 49, Wallenstein had already led a longer life than most men of the age. Often bedridden, he longed for peace, understanding belatedly that serving the empire and serving the emperor were not the same thing. He rebuffed a Swedish offer to betray Ferdinand, but in May 1633 he proposed to their Saxon allies that "hostilities between the two armies be suspended, and that the forces should be used in combined strength against anyone who should attempt further to disturb the state of the Empire and to impede freedom of religion."

By 1634, Ferdinand still needed an army, but not a generalissimo. Wallenstein was declared a traitor, his estates forfeit. Lamenting that "I had peace in my hand; now I have no further say in the matter," Wallenstein surrendered his command. Escorted by a regiment of dragoons under Irish colonel Walter Butler, Wallenstein and a few loyal officers fled to Eger on the border with Saxony, held by Scots-Irish troops with nothing binding them to Vienna but their mercenary oaths. Uncertain who to obey, garrison commander Lt. Col. John Gordon made the ex-duke welcome. It would be a brief respite.

On the night of February 25, Gordon invited his guests to dinner in the town castle. Wallenstein was too ill to attend, but his officers were wined and dined to the point of drunkenness, at which time Gordon's men burst in and cut them down. Meanwhile, Butler and a handful of dragoons broke into Wallenstein's quarters. Captain Walter Devereux raced up the stairs and kicked open the bedroom door. Wallenstein shouted for mercy, but Devereux stabbed him to death with a polearm.

The assassins profited well by their treachery, although most soon died by war or plague. Ferdinand was forced to abandon the Edict of Restitution and sue for peace with Saxony—just as Wallenstein had advised. "When the different countries are laid in ashes, we shall be forced to make peace," Wallenstein had foreseen. No one knew the price of peace better than the old mercenary. He just didn't live to see it. □

By Peter Kross

The CIA mounted an ambitious tunnel-digging operation in 1954 to tap into Russian communications lines beneath Berlin.

NO SOONER HAD THE LAST SHOT OF WORLD WAR II BEEN FIRED than a new, different kind of conflict began. With the defeat of Nazi Germany, old alliances were laid to rest and new ones emerged. In the early 1950s, the Soviet Union developed the atomic bomb (with access to stolen American documents), and the United States, North Korea, and China squared off in a bloody stalemate on the Korean Peninsula.

The focus of East-West espionage centered on Berlin, the prize objective of the Allied armies in the closing days of World War II. In the now divided city, both sides tried to gain the upper hand. In 1954, the Central Intelligence Agency began a high-risk operation called Operation Gold, a daring plan to tap communication lines running from western France deep into the heart of the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe. Thus began one of the most audacious espionage operations of the early Cold War period—the celebrated Berlin Tunnel episode.

The genesis of Operation Gold occurred in 1948, in Vienna, Austria. Like Berlin, Vienna was a hotbed of espionage in the years immediately after the war. Also like Berlin, Vienna was divided into four military zones operated by Great Britain, the United States, France, and the Soviet Union. The British had an avid interest in learning as much about Soviet communications in Vienna as possible and sent one of their top agents, Peter Lunn, to investigate. Lunn found out that the Soviets were using Austrian telephone lines to link Soviet military headquarters in Vienna to Moscow. He also discovered that all communications from Moscow to its military nerve center in Austria came through the Imperial Hotel, using trunk lines in the suburb of Schwechat. The British secret service wing, MI6, bought a building near the site, paved it with reinforced concrete, and dug a 70-foot tunnel from the building's basement to the cables. The scheme was codenamed Operation Silver.

In order not to attract unwanted Soviet attention, MI6 opened a cover business, a Harris Tweed import company, to conceal its real purpose underground. Much to MI6's delight, the business thrived, thus allowing the spies to do their covert work undetected. In time, the British shared their findings with the CIA, and the two sides worked in tandem in sharing the intelligence bonanza that poured forth from their mutual undertaking. From the phone taps, MI6 was able to learn the Soviet Union's order-of-battle strategy and to keep up to date on high-level mil-

Young East German police sit inside the CIA-built spy tunnel below Berlin after it was "accidentally" discovered by Soviet authorities in April 1956.

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itary plans emanating from Moscow. The success of Operation Silver, which ran from 1948 to 1952, was the model used a few years later by the CIA in its audacious Berlin tunnel undertaking.

With the partition of Berlin after World War II, the United States moved its military headquarters into the bombed-out city in July 1945. The American section was adjacent to the British zone of control in the area of Berlin known as Zehlendorf. From a sprawling residence there, the CIA, using the cover name BOB (Berlin Operating Base), began operations.

Berlin was also the main target of Soviet intelligence operations. The Russians reigned with an iron fist in their zone of influence, targeting the United States in particular and mounting a large-scale intelligence-gathering operation that included informers, double agents, and other people of interest in the city. The CIA ran two of its most important divisions at BOB—the secret intelligence branch and X-2 counterintelligence. If anyone was going to beat the Soviets at their own game in Berlin, it would be these two units.

As the BOB operations took root, they expanded into fields other than the usual acquiring of military intelligence. BOB agents concentrated for some time on the economic goings-on in the vast Soviet-controlled sectors of the city. Through the use of informers and other secret assets, BOB was able to penetrate the headquarters of Soviet intelligence in Berlin, which was located at Karlshorst. One of BOB's most important successes was tracking the development of the Russian atomic bomb in the late 1940s. It reported to Washington that the Soviets were in the process of mining uranium ore, a vital component in the construction of a bomb.

The U.S. Army also played a large part of the BOB operations, providing logistical and transportation facilities in Berlin. BOB worked directly under the Theater G-2 (Intelligence) group under the command of General Edwin Sibert. In time, BOB was to become the largest intelligence collection agency in Europe and was instrumental in keeping Washington abreast of the situation during the Berlin blockade in 1948. BOB was in a unique position to lend its critical expertise when the plans for Operation Gold began.

Drawing on the success of the Vienna operation, the top echelons of the CIA began a detailed study on how to duplicate the British feat, this time right under the noses of the Russians and their East German allies in Berlin. After an exhaustive study by the best scientific minds in the CIA, it was decided that the most obvious way to attack the problem was to concentrate efforts on the underground cables buried beneath the city. CIA scientists had come to realize that the cables could not be monitored by listening posts above ground. But if taps were placed below ground, chances of them being detected were slim. To test this theory, a CIA double agent in 1953 placed a tap on the East Berlin telephone exchange, patching into local phone lines to West Berlin when no one was looking. The tap proved so successful (it was never discovered) that the CIA decided to proceed with Operation Gold.

Bundesarchiv Bild 183-37695-0003, Photo: Heinz Junge

A Soviet officer shows reporters CIA electronic monitoring equipment during a press conference revealing the existence of the tunnel.

Throughout 1953, a full scientific effort went into all aspects of the plan, with every possible scenario being played out. When research was complete, the final plan was sent to the desk of CIA Director Allan Dulles for final approval. Dulles, an old OSS spymaster during World War II, knew a good thing when he saw one and decided that the plan was worth pursuing. He gave it the go-ahead, and the largest CIA covert operation of the Cold War got under way.

After careful study by BOB agents, it was decided that the best place to begin the digging was in the Altglienicke district of Berlin. Work began in February 1954, with the CIA using as its cover the construction of an Air Force radar site and warehouse. The Soviets were always monitoring the CIA's activities in Berlin, but they took no particular notice when the Americans began constructing the building; the Soviets thought it was just another military installation.

The CIA decided to brief the British on Operation Gold. In retrospect, it was a terrible idea. One of the British intelligence officers who took part in the briefing, George Blake, was a Soviet mole. Blake took extensive notes, and immediately after the meeting he reported what he had learned to his case officer, Sergei Kondrashev. The Soviets had a choice to make.

The man the CIA selected to run Operation Gold was a James Bond-like officer named William King Harvey, a swashbuckling agent who carried a gun with him at all times. Harvey originally had worked for the FBI, but after an altercation with Director J. Edgar Hoover he left the Bureau for the CIA. Harvey was legendary for the amount of liquor he absorbed before lunch and was wary of anyone who did not follow his hard lifestyle. He found the newly created CIA more to his liking and wound up in Staff C, the agency's counterintelligence wing. One of his early duties was to unmask the top Soviet mole, Kim Philby, who worked for the British Intelligence Service in Washington, D.C. In 1952, Harvey was given the sensitive post of CIA station chief in Berlin.

Since it was virtually impossible for any BOB agents to penetrate into East Germany, Harvey secretly recruited a number of double agents who worked for the East Germans, especially those in the communications areas. Whenever these spies ventured westward, they carried with them vital information on the communications setup of the East German government. One of Operation Gold's most important double agents was an unnamed source called "Sniper," who relayed information to BOB regarding Soviet penetration of Western interests in Berlin.

Harvey divulged the particulars of Operation Gold to only a handful of men at the BOB, an information control system known in spy terms as compartmented information. He even kept the secret of the tunnel from Robert Murphy, who became BOB's second in command in 1954. Harvey briefed Dulles about the progress of the tunnel operation, and Dulles gave the go-ahead. After secret meetings with British intelligence in London, work began on the tunnel a year later.

The U.S. Army Corps of Engineers began the job of digging into the ground in the eastern sector of Berlin occupied by the Russians. The British were responsible for building a vertical shaft that connected to Soviet telephone cables. Before the tunnel was actually built, the Corps of Engineers made a duplicate tunnel in the New Mexico desert, using the same dimensions as the one proposed in Berlin. Harvey even fooled the mayor of West Berlin, telling him that the engineers were merely doing some geo-

© Hulton-Deutsch Collection/Corbis

Soviet mole George Blake was imprisoned in England for espionage but escaped and made it to Moscow, where he received a hero's welcome.

logical work beneath the city because the Allies feared the Russians might try to destroy the Berlin sewer system.

Construction of the tunnel was a mammoth undertaking. The tunnel extended 1,476 feet beneath sandy soil and reached a cable approximately 27 inches beneath the ground near the end of a busy highway that was used by East German and Russian forces. The American workers responsible for digging the tunnel arrived on August 28, 1954, but the next month they hit a snag when diggers struck water. High-powered pumps had to be brought in to clear the mess.

The tunnel digging ended on February 28, 1955, and it took construction workers another month to finish the job. When it was finished, the tunnel went 500 yards underground, right to the Soviet border, and another 500 yards to the area containing the main Soviet switching cable facility. The tunnel was made up of interconnected sections. Three prefabricated rooms were built to house the men monitoring the underground post, and air conditioning systems were installed to provide them with minimum creature comforts. Each chamber had a metal door that sealed it off from the rest of the tunnel. The first taps were installed in May 1955. Tapping into the Soviet lines was a complex undertaking that lasted into August. Then the underground agents went to work.

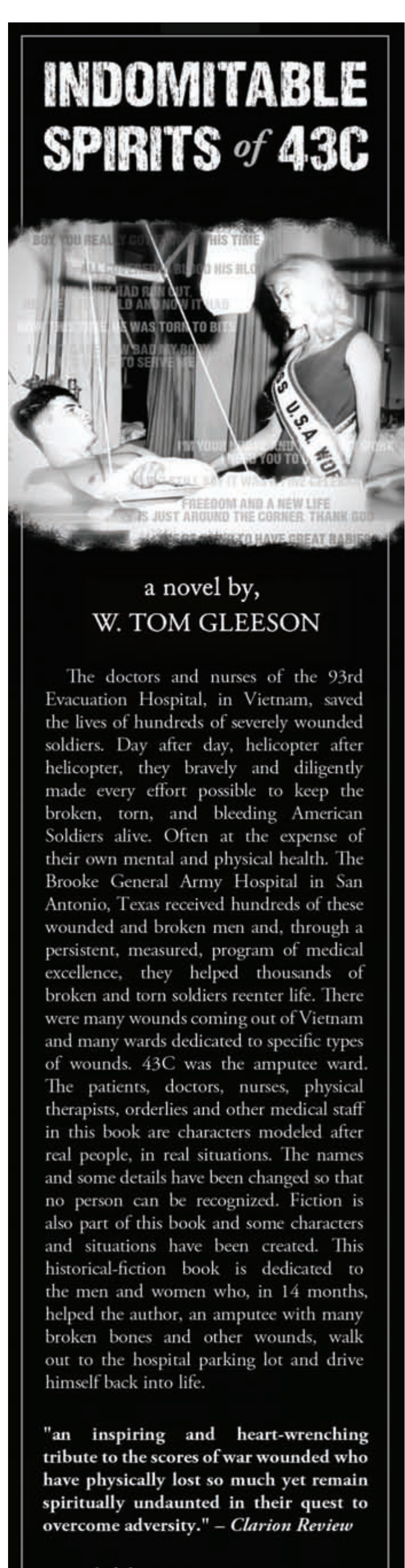
At the height of the tunnel operation, American listeners were able to monitor over 500 connections at the same time, over 121 voice circuits, including over 4,000 feet of teletype. By the time Operation Gold ended, the CIA had eavesdropped on some 50,000 reels of tape, monitored 443,000 fully transcribed conversations between the Soviets and East Germans, accumulated 40,000 hours of telephone conversations, and gathered 1,750 intelligence reports. "Harvey's Hole," as the tunnel process was dubbed, was an intelligence bonanza for the West. The CIA recorded every important political and military conversation emanating from East Germany to all Soviet outposts across Europe.

Despite all the sophisticated technological gadgetry involved in the tunnel operation, unexpected weather conditions almost caused its downfall. Huge amounts of rainfall hit Berlin in April 1956, flooding the tunnel and exposing the wires. On April 21, the tunnel was discovered by a Soviet maintenance crew, which uncovered one of the chambers. The CIA officers working underground made a hasty retreat. Harvey reportedly left behind a mocking note for the Russians: "You are now entering the American sector."

According to the CIA's later investigation of the tunnel affair, British double agent George Blake had alerted the Soviets of Allied plans for the tunnel prior to his departure from Berlin in early 1955. The Soviets were faced with either stopping a potentially harmful operation or losing a valuable penetration agent. They chose to protect their source and allowed the tunnel to operate unimpeded from May 1955 to April 1956, when the Soviet maintenance crew "accidentally" found the tunnel. Blake was later arrested and sentenced to a 42-year prison term but made a daring escape from the heavily fortified Wormwood Scrubs prison in England in 1966 and found his way to Moscow, where he was treated as a hero.

When word of the Berlin tunnel operation was finally revealed, reaction in the United States was gleeful. The press had a field day with the news and gave it banner headlines across the nation, the *New York Times* calling the operation "a venture of extraordinary audacity—the stuff of which thriller films are made." The *New York Herald Tribune* termed it "a striking example of [the CIA's] capacity for daring undertakings. Seldom has an intelligence organization executed a more skillful and difficult operation than that accomplished by the tunnel's diggers."

The Berlin tunnel operation was the first major Cold War covert action project the CIA would mount; it would not be the last. For his part in the operation, William Harvey was presented with the Distinguished Intelligence Medal in a secret ceremony officiated by CIA Director Allan Dulles. Some things are best kept hidden—even well-deserved awards. □



By Christopher Miskimon

American infantrymen carried the Model 1903 Springfield rifle into battle with them for the first seven decades of the 20th century.

Major Smedley Butler, center, is supported by two Marines armed with Model 1903 Springfield rifles during the capture of Fort Riviere from Haitian rebels in 1915. Painting by Col. Donna J. Neary, USMCR.

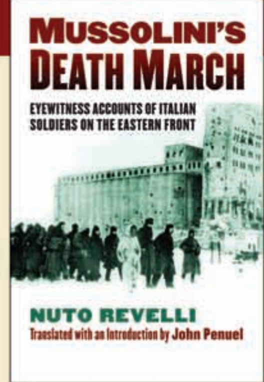
ON NOVEMBER 17, 1915, MAJOR SMEDLEY BUTLER AND A SMALL force of U.S. Marines approached the old French bastion of Fort Riviere in Haiti. A group of rebels known as Cacos had taken refuge there, and Butler was sent to weed them out. Part of the 100-man Marine contingent crept close to the rundown fort and surrounded it to prevent the enemy's escape, while another group made ready to attack the fort itself. After the Americans had moved into place, Butler blew a whistle to begin the attack.

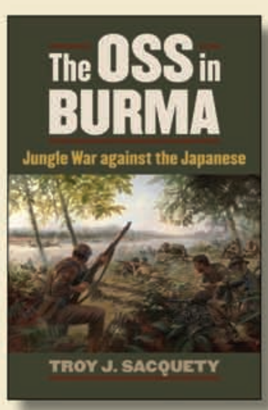
The Cacos were taken by surprise. Butler and a small force rushed the fort's wall and found a small tunnel that led inside. Two Marines, Sergeant Ross Iams and Private Sam Gross, bayonets affixed to their Model 1903 Springfield rifles, joined Butler in leading the way into Fort Riviere. Once inside the fort's crumbling walls, they quickly found themselves under desperate attack by the Cacos, who were armed with machetes and clubs. Iams and Gross fought off the Cacos with their Springfields and continued to use their rifles to good effect even after the fighting evolved into a wild melee of hand-to-hand combat. Together, the three Marines opened the way for the capture of the fort and the destruction of the Caco force. For their bravery, the three would be awarded the Medal of Honor. For Butler, it would be his second Medal of Honor.

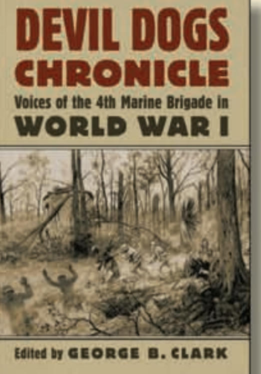
The Model 1903 Springfield rifle the Marines carried that day began its life as the United States took its first steps onto the world stage at the beginning of the 20th century. The United States had just completed a war with Spain, a victory that handed

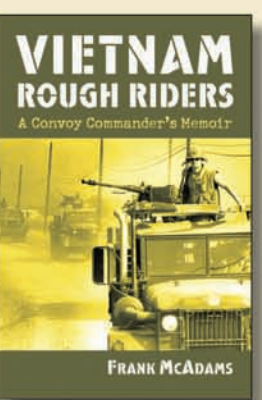
"Capture of Ft. Riviere, Haiti, 1915" Art Collection of the National Museum of the Marine Corps.

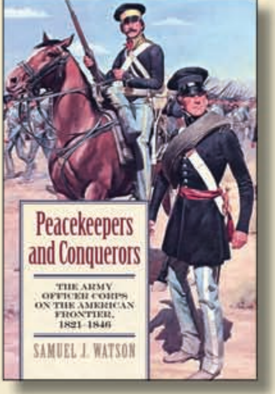
MODERN WAR STUDIES











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the Americans a set of overseas possessions including Cuba, Puerto Rico, and the Philippines. The rifle American soldiers carried in that conflict was the Krag-Jorgenson, the first bolt-action repeating rifle to become general issue to the Army. The Krag had done its job, but it also

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ABOVE: A U.S. soldier poses proudly with his new Springfield in this early, undated photo. BELOW: WW II-era M1903A3 Springfields were used while M1 Garands were in short supply.

Doughboys in the 28th Infantry Regiment, 1st Division, carry M1903 Springfields near Soissons, France, in 1918.

had shortcomings. Its cartridge, the .30-40, lacked power and range compared to that of the German-designed Mauser rifles used by the Spanish. Krags also had to be loaded one cartridge at a time, while Mausers could be quickly loaded with five rounds connected by a stripper clip, giving Mauser shooters a higher overall rate of fire. The German rifle was fast becoming the world standard; in the event of another war, the United States could easily find its soldiers outgunned.

Research began quickly, and by 1900 the first prototype for the Krag's replacement was being tested at the Springfield Armory in Massachusetts, then the country's primary facility for the research and production of small arms. Several revisions ensued as part of the testing process, but by 1902 examples were being field-tested at Forts Riley and Leavenworth, Kansas. Reviews were overwhelmingly favorable, and on June 19, 1903, the weapon was officially adopted as "United States Magazine Rifle, Model of 1903, Caliber .30." Whatever the formal nomenclature, it would forever be known as the 03 Springfield. The Armory ceased production of the Krag and began cranking out the new rifle at the initial rate of 225 per day, with more than 30,000 produced the first year alone.

Over the next few years, numerous alterations were made to the basic rifle, but they were essentially refinements to the weapon's already solid design. One of the more significant changes involved its bayonet. The first models had what was called a rod bayonet, a thin pointed rod with no blade that fit into a slot under the barrel. It gained an enemy in President Theodore Roosevelt, an enthusiastic firearms hobbyist. One day, while meeting with a British general named Frazier in the White House, the subject of the new rifle and its bayonet came up. Roosevelt sent for the U.S. Army's chief of ordnance, General William Crozier, instructing him to bring both a 1903 Springfield with a rod bayonet and a Krag with its more conventional blade bayonet.

Once in the Oval Office, Roosevelt asked Crozier if the rod bayonet was as strong as the blade type. When Crozier replied that it was, he was told to take the Springfield while the president picked up the Krag. With bayonets attached, Crozier took up a guard position while Roosevelt practiced a few moves with his Krag. Suddenly he spun and with a single blow broke the Springfield's rod bayonet in two. General Frazier was impressed. Roosevelt wrote a letter expressing his disapproval of the bayonet, which resulted in the stoppage of production while the Springfield was modified to accept a blade bayonet. Most of the weapons equipped with rod bayonets were also converted, making unaltered Springfields a highly prized collector's item today.

The other major change was in the weapon's cartridge. The initial ammunition used in the Springfield was known as the ".30-03," launching a round-nosed bullet. An improved cartridge was introduced in 1906 with a pointed "spitzer" bullet that was faster and lighter. This was the now famous ".30-06" still in use today. The improved cartridge made the 03 Springfield a world class rifle, the equal of any weapon then in service.

Unfortunately, it was a little too equal to its contemporary, the German Mauser, even with the .30-03 cartridge. By mid-1904, comparisons were being made between the two rifles that pointed to patent infringements made by the United States. The American government made the first gesture with a letter to Mauser asking for a meeting to discuss any infringements concerning the Springfield's stripper clip, the five-round device used to reload the rifle from the top. An agreement was made for Mauser to examine the Springfield and its clip to determine if there were indeed violations of the patents. A month later, the German representative reported that there were two violations involving the clip and five concerning the rifle itself.

After months of haggling, the cost to the American government was fixed at 75 cents per

rifle, along with another 50 cents for each 1,000 clips produced. Payments would cease at $200,000. Another patent infringement case was brought in 1907 by the German ammunition maker who developed the spitzer bullet. This time, the U.S. government denied any violations. The German company brought suit just days before the beginning of World War I in 1914. When the United States entered the war in 1917, the case was thrown out and the existing patent seized. After the war, in 1920, the Germans renewed their case. An American court found that the seizure of the German patent violated an existing treaty, costing the American government another $412,000. American soldiers had an excellent rifle, but it had cost their government an extra $612,000 to provide it.

While the suits went on for decades, the Springfield's introduction to combat was nearly immediate. During the Philippines Insurrection, the new rifle replaced both the Krag and the few older single-shot "trapdoor" Springfields still in use. The Moro warriors American troops were fighting had a reputation for being tough fighters who could absorb numerous bullets before dying. The new Springfield quickly became popular with troops for its stopping power and ability to be loaded via clip. Springfields also saw use in the American landings at Vera Cruz in 1914 and the punitive expedition against Mexican bandit Pancho Villa in 1916.

World War I was the next major conflict for the Springfield. Production was expanded to meet the massive number of new troops being called into service, but still fell far short of need. As a stopgap measure, an Americanized version of the British Model 1914 rifle was adopted as the Model 1917, popularly called the Enfield. The Enfields, although classified as a "substitute standard," were manufactured in far greater numbers than the Springfields. By war's end, three Doughboys were carrying Enfields for every one with a Springfield. This included Sergeant Alvin York, who carried an Enfield during his famous action in the Meuse-Argonne offensive that earned him the Medal of Honor. Still, the 1903 Springfield remained the standard rifle for the U.S. Army, both during and after the war.

Despite its relatively lesser use compared to the Enfield, the Springfield received a number of technical innovations during World War I. One was the addition of optical sights, or scopes. The most unusual adaptation was the Pederson Device, a mechanism that replaced the bolt on the 03 rifle, converting it into a semiautomatic weapon firing a lower powered cartridge from a detachable 40-round magazine. In theory it would dramatically increase the soldier's short-range firepower for trench fighting and assaults. Doughboys could use their weapon normally until close combat loomed, then with a simple switch of the bolt, they had an automatic rifle that fired as fast as they could squeeze the trigger. This was one of a number of ideas to break the deadlock of the trenches. Had the war continued they would have been used in the spring 1919 offensive, but luckily the war ended before such a massive and costly undertaking proved necessary.

In the end, only about 65,000 of the devices were built and wound up being stored in depots until 1931, when the government ordered them destroyed to keep them from falling into the hands of criminals. Most of them were burned, although the devices stored at San Antonio, Texas, reportedly were broken up and scattered in freshly poured sidewalks to reinforce the concrete. A few survive in private collections and museums, some of them still bearing scorch marks.

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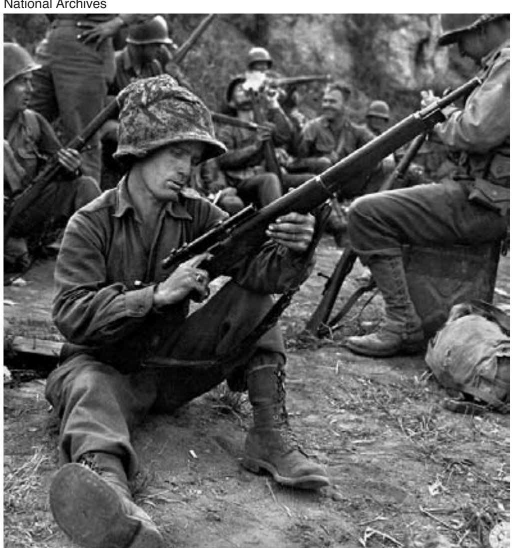


ABOVE: A GI with the 36th Infantry Division cleans his M1903 Springfield, equipped with sniper scope, during the Italian campaign of 1943. BELOW: Soldiers in the crack U.S. Army Drill Team, 3rd Infantry Regiment, use M1903 Springfields for reviews and competitions.

U.S. Army

Between the world wars, the Springfield remained in low-level production along with spare parts to keep the existing rifles operable. American soldiers and Marines carried them in the various small conflicts the United States became involved in during the 1920s and 1930s, such as the interventions in Haiti and the Dominican Republic. By the mid-1930s, however, the Army was looking toward the future. John Garand, an employee of the Springfield Armory, had developed a new semiautomatic rifle, the M1, that could fire eight rounds as fast as one could squeeze the trigger, providing a substantial increase in firepower. With the United States still in the throes of the Great Depression, there was little money for large-scale production of the M1, so the 03 Springfield soldiered on as the country's primary service arm.

World War II changed all that. Once the United States entered the war in December 1941, the Garand began large-scale production at a number of different companies and quickly established its stellar reputation among GIs. Although it would seem the 03 Springfield's days were over, the venerable rifle still had service to give. Garand rifles were in short supply for the first months of the war. The Marines who fought at Wake Island and Guadalcanal and the soldiers who struggled in the Philippines carried Springfields, although a few M1s apparently made it to Guadalcanal. When GIs went ashore in North Africa in November 1942, many still had 03s slung over their shoulders. Initially, the M1 did not have the capability to fire rifle grenades, and one soldier in an infantry squad often carried a Springfield with the necessary accessories.

The Springfield was kept in large-scale production, with some modifications to simplify manufacturing. This was the M1903A3 Springfield, commonly known today as the "03A3" to collectors and historians. The rifles were made by the Remington Arms company and the Smith Corona Typewriter company, freeing other facilities to produce the M1 and other more modern designs. Together, the two firms made over 1.3 million 03s before production halted.

Springfield rifles were also distributed liberally to Allied troops. After Operation Torch in

Continued on page 69

By Al Hemingway

The National Museum of the Marine Corps attracts half a million visitors per year to view the Corps' proud 238-year history.

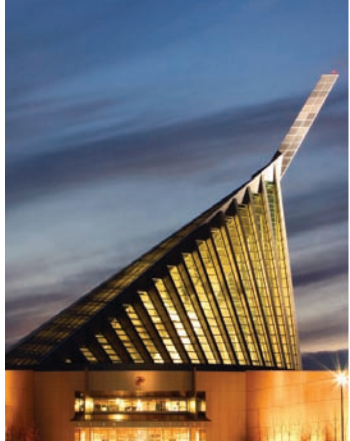
TWENTY MILES OUTSIDE WASHINGTON, D.C., AT QUANTICO, VIRGINIA, motorists traveling on Interstate 95 will come upon an unusual building that is clearly visible, day or night. The 210-foot-high structure is the home of the National Museum of the Marine Corps and Heritage Center. The museum opened its doors on November 10, 2006, to coincide with the 231st birthday of the Marine Corps. The 120,000-square-foot building sits on 135 acres and was designed to resemble the awe-inspiring image of the second flag raising atop Mount Suribachi on February 23, 1945, during the Battle of Iwo Jima.

A public-private partnership was formed between the Marine Corps and the Marine Corps Heritage Foundation. The Foundation raised $60 million to construct the building, and the Marine Corps donated another $30 million for its design, displays, and supervision of the museum's day-to-day operations. "We attract more than 500,000 visitors a year," Museum Director Lee Enzell said recently. "It has exceeded our expectations."

It's no wonder. With more than 1,000 artifacts currently on display and another 1,800 photographs, letters, and documents all telling the story of the Marine Corps' celebrated history, the museum is a treasure chest for history lovers. The realistic exhibits, many of which feature life-size figures cast from human models, fascinate visitors. Upon entering the front door, visitors first encounter the Leatherneck Gallery, where exhibits such as the Marine landing on Tarawa, a helicopter used during the Korean War, and an aircraft suspended overhead showcase the Marines' longstanding mission to fight on land, sea, and air.

From there, it's on to the "Making Marines" section, where people can experience vicariously what recruits face when first arriving at basic training or boot camp to begin their arduous journey to becoming Marines. At each of the Corps' training centers—Parris Island, South Carolina, and San Diego, California (officer candidates undergo training at Quantico, Virginia)—

BELOW: Marine gunners go into action in this diorama depicting the early history of the Corps. RIGHT: The soaring 210-foot spire at the Marine Corps Museum symbolizes the flag-raising at Iwo Jima in World War II.



All: Marine Corps Museum

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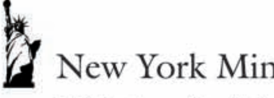

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enlisted recruits step off a bus onto a set of yellow footprints, painted on the ground at a 45-degree angle so that they can immediately learn the proper way to stand at attention. The persuasive voices of their drill instructors, or DIs, will become quite familiar to each individual for the next 12 weeks until graduation day. It is only then that they can proudly wear the eagle, globe, and anchor for the first time. "We have no idea where the yellow footprints started," says Major Wally Jabs, USMC (Ret.), a docent at the museum. "The best guess is sometime during the mid-1950s."

After following a young man's (or woman's) transition from civilian to Marine, visitors can also trace Marine Corps history chronologically. It all began on November 10, 1775, when the first recruitment drive was conducted at Tun Tavern in Philadelphia to create two battalions of Continental Marines under the leadership of Lt. Col. Samuel Nicholas, the first Marine commandant. In March 1776, Nicholas led a group of 250 sailors and Marines ashore at Nassau in the Bahamas and successfully captured a British supply depot on the island. It was the first amphibious assault by Marines, something that would become their trademark over the years.

In the period between the Revolutionary War and the Civil War, Marines served aboard ships and took part in amphibious landings around the world. One particularly memorable landing took place at Tripoli, Libya, in 1805, when Lieutenant Presley O'Bannon led a small detachment of Marines and sailors against the Barbary Pirates. He was later presented a sword by Prince Hamet for his heroism at the Battle of Derne. That saber, currently on display at the museum, later became the model for the Mameluke sword that Marine officers wear to this day.

Colonel Archibald Henderson was the longest serving Marine commandant, a position he held for 38 years. A hard-charging and charismatic individual, Henderson led the Marines to Florida to participate in the punitive expedition against the Seminoles in 1836. Upon leaving home, he pinned a note to his door that read: "Gone to fight the Indians. Will be back when the war is over."

The leathernecks gained more fame during the Mexican War. At the Battle of Chapultepec in 1847, most of the Marine officers and non-commissioned officers were killed or wounded trying to seize the castle. From this incident and the Tripoli action come the opening lyrics to the *Marine Hymn*: "From the Halls of Montezuma to the shores of Tripoli." To remember those who fell during the fighting, Marine NCOs and officers wear a red stripe, called a "blood stripe," along the trousers of their dress blues.

The Leatherneck Gallery features an AV-8B Harrier "jump jet" and a Sikorsky HRS-2 helicopter unloading a machine-gun crew during the Korean War.

When the United States plunged into the Civil War, many Marine officers, like their Army counterparts, resigned their commissions to enter the Confederate Marine Corps. Headed by Colonel-Commandant Lloyd J. Beall, the CMC was closely modeled after the USMC. Numbers varied from 600 to 1,200 officers and enlisted men. It was also during the Civil War that the Marine Corps acquired its first Medal of Honor recipient. While serving aboard the ironclad steamer USS *Galena* during the fight for Fort Darling atop Drewry's Bluff on the James River in 1862, Corporal John F. Mackie kept a constant fire directed at the rifle pits along the shore. When many of the naval gunners were killed and wounded by the Confederate shore batteries, the New York native manned one of the cannons and continued to fire at the fort's defenses.

As visitors continue their tour, they will learn of the Marine Corps' specialized role as part of the nation's global expeditionary force. Leathernecks have traveled the world to protect American interests. They have served in Japan, Korea, the Spanish-American War, the Boxer Rebellion, the Philippine Insurrection (the museum has an amazing depiction of life in camp), Haiti, Santo Domingo, and Nicaragua, where the concept of close-air support was first introduced in the 1920s.

In this area an extraordinary statute of Private Dan Daly holds position against the Chinese Boxers at the U.S. Legation in Peking in 1900 during the famous 55-day siege. It was there that Daly received his first Medal of Honor. His second was earned in Haiti in 1915 fighting against Cacos, or Haitian insurgents.

When 1st Lt. Alfred Cunningham reported for flight school on May 22, 1912, at Annapolis, Maryland, it marked the birthday of Marine Corps aviation. To commemorate the 100th birthday of that event, the museum showcases some of the individuals and aircraft that have played a prominent role in its development. Most of the early flights were performed in Curtiss airplanes at 60 miles per hour and at an altitude of 500 to 1,000 feet.

The second Marine aviator was 1st Lt. Bernard Smith, whose early contributions to furthering Marine aviation came when he flew numerous scouting and reconnaissance missions during a combined landing force/fleet exercise in January and February 1914 in Puerto Rico. Smith and his fellow pilots flew high-level brigade officers all over the island to show the ease and speed of aerial reconnaissance and range of vision open to the aerial scout. "Smith did more for Marine aviation than anyone gives him credit for," notes retired Marine Major Jack Elliott, another guide at the museum.

Upon entering the World War I area, visitors can watch a short documentary depicting the Marine charge across an exposed area at Belleau Wood to capture a German machine-gun nest. The movie is so realistic that people can smell the cordite and hear the rounds whizzing through the leaves hanging overhead. Another exhibit shows intrepid *Chicago Tribune* correspondent Floyd Gibbons typing his reports from the front.

The Marine Corps came into its own at the end of World War I primarily because of Gibbons' stories, much to the ire of Amerocan Expeditionary Force (AEF) commander General John "Black Jack" Pershing and the U.S. Army. Americans became enthralled with the "soldiers of the sea," and the Marines' mystique grew. It could not have come at a more

Wary Marines in a jeep watch the air war erupt above them in another diorama in the World War II Gallery.

opportune time. In addition to fighting America's enemies abroad, the Marines had also been battling at home. Many within the Army had wanted to see the Marine Corps abolished and its members absorbed into the other branches of the service. However, with the advent of World War II, that idea was put on the back burner, and once again the Marines proved their importance to the defense of the nation.

World War II saw the Marine Corps grow from 66,000 in November 1941 to almost 500,000 by war's end in 1945. From Pearl Harbor until the end of hostilities in August 1945, the leathernecks fought in the Pacific in some of the bloodiest battles of the war—Wake Island, Guadalcanal, Tarawa, the Marshall Islands, Peleliu, Iwo Jima, and Okinawa, to name a few.

Upon entering a small theater at the museum, visitors can listen to a recorded briefing by a platoon commander prior to the landing on Iwo Jima on February 19, 1945. Upon its completion, they can board part of an actual landing craft and walk onto the "beach" just as the 4th and 5th Marine Divisions did nearly seven decades ago. Strolling through the Iwo Jima display, individuals can examine artifacts used during the battle, including the second flag raised on Mount Suribachi. When the battle was over 36 days later, 6,821 Marines had given their lives to seize the island so that Army Air Corps B-29 bombers had a safe haven to land after bombing Japan.

In the museum's Korean War display, guests go into a room where a wall of ice, constructed

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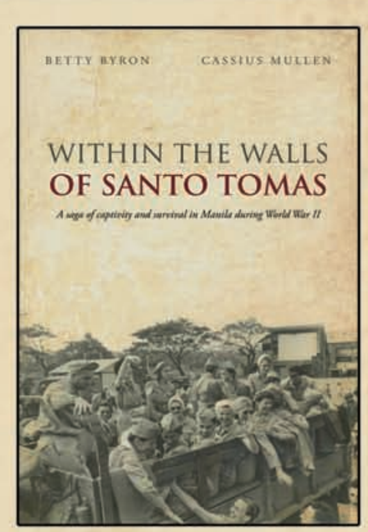

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A Marine amphibious tractor scales a coconut tree wall during the vicious island fighting at Tarawa in the South Pacific.

from poured resin, enables them to more fully understand the plight of the Marines at the "Frozen Chosin" Reservoir in 1950. Highlighted in the display is the heroic stand of Fox Company, 2nd Battalion, 7th Marines, led by Captain William E. Barber, which, although surrounded by thousands of Chinese troops, tenaciously held its position at the TokTong Pass to protect vital supply lines. Inside the display, visitors feel the cold temperatures as infantrymen manning their positions wait for an impending night attack. Prerecorded voices and illuminating effects give an almost visceral feeling of realism to the exhibit.

Another museum exhibit illustrates the pain and suffering that American prisoners of war had to endure while in captivity. A 2-by-3-by-4-foot "containment box," constructed based on the memories of a former Korean War POW, reveals how inhumanely the prisoners were treated by their North Korean captors. Once inside the small confinement area, a prisoner could not stand, sit, or move. It was war on the smallest, most personal scale.

From the Korean War era, visitors enter the Vietnam War display area. Objects from the fighting in the Southern and Northern I Corps regions of South Vietnam are shown, including a Viet Cong pungi stake pit, a Marine peering into a spider hole in a Vietnamese village, and other items captured during combat operations in Quang Nam Province. The 30-day struggle to liberate Hue City is showcased as well, along with a fascinating model of the airstrip at Chu Lai that was constructed in less than 30 days to enable American aircraft to supply valuable support to the muddy Marines in the field.

Perhaps the most amazing exhibit in the Vietnam War section is the authentic recreation of the defense of Hill 881 South during the siege of Khe Sanh in 1968. Complete with the ever-present red clay indigenous to that part of the country, visitors enter the exhibit from the back of a CH-46 Sea Knight helicopter, just as Marines did during the war. Many will also notice the warmer and more humid air, recreating the tropical conditions that American troops had to endure at that time. Complete with sandbags, sounds of incoming mortars, and the other audio-visual effects, a visitor can feel what it was like to have been atop the hill during the battle.

Beginning in mid-2015, the museum will proceed with another massive undertaking, adding 87,000 square feet that will include a giant theater, new mechanical room, classrooms, education art gallery, and exhibits that honor those

Marines who served from the Cold War to Beirut to the present-day wars in Iraq and Afghanistan. The project will be done in phases and is scheduled to be completed by 2019.

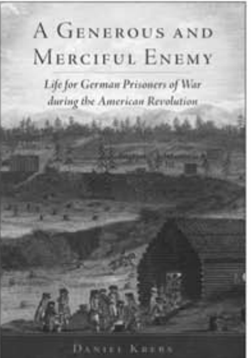
For visitors, especially Marine veterans who want an area to sit and reflect on their own time in the service, meticulously manicured Semper Fidelis Memorial Park, adjacent to the museum, is just the place. Situated on 22 acres, the park has wooded pathways that intersect and link at significant rally points. There, visitors can relax and view the plaques and monuments dedicated to various groups and memorable periods of Marine Corps history.

Also located on park grounds is the Semper Fidelis Memorial Chapel, called the "transparent chapel in the woods" because of its glass walls. The structure has a pointed slate roof that symbolizes hope and strength. Inside, situated behind the altar, is a glass plate depicting a Marine kneeling and praying. Beneath him is a verse from the hymn *Eternal Father, Strong to Save*. At the rear of the altar is a cascading waterfall that flows into a reflecting pool, signifying the Marine Corps' naval role. Dedicated in 2009 at a cost of $5 million, the chapel seats 140 and is open from 9 AM to 5 PM daily. It is available for weddings, funerals, and other military ceremonies.

Since it opened its doors, the museum has been honored by numerous organizations for its distinctive style, lighting, and architectural design, including the 2009 Award of Merit for Group Achievement presented by the Secretary of the Navy. Christopher Chadbourne & Associates was responsible for the museum's story-based experiential exhibits. Media designers Batwin & Robin Productions worked alongside the museum staff to recreate the point of view of the individual Marine. The themed environments were created by Themeworks, Inc., which manufactured the scenery, props, interactive exhibits, and sculptures throughout the building. Virginia-based Explus, Inc., was the general contractor for the project, and Taylor Studios, Inc., assisted with display designs and fabrication.

"We try to make a visit here as realistic as possible," says museum director Enzell. "Each Marine has had different experiences. We want people to walk in the boot prints of these Marines and learn about their history and that of the Marine Corps. It is the most important thing we can do."

The museum is open daily from 9 AM to 5 PM, except Christmas Day. For more information call (877) 653-1775 or visit www.usmc-museum.org. To learn more about fundraising efforts, go to www.marineheritage.org. □



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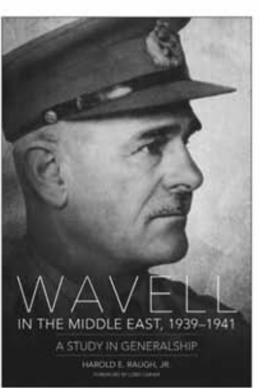

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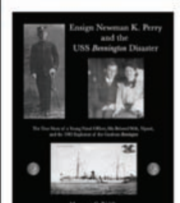

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Japanese infantry storm one of the many Russian defensive works high above Port Arthur as the town smolders in the distance. The stubborn head-on attacks were incredibly costly.

Baiting the RUSSIAN BEAR

ON THE CHILLY NIGHT OF FEBRUARY 8, 1904, the Imperial Russian Navy's Pacific Squadron lay peacefully at anchor just outside Port Arthur's main harbor. Part fortress, part naval base, Port Arthur was located at the tip of the Liaodong Peninsula in southern China. With the Yellow Sea to the east and the Bohai Sea to the west, it commanded the approaches to Peking (Beijing), China's ancient capital. Port Arthur also protected Russian interests in the region, particularly its claim to mineral-rich Manchuria.

Japan also coveted Manchuria, just as it had designs on neighboring Korea. The two rival empires were on a collision course, and half-heated attempts to resolve their differences only seemed to accelerate the headlong rush to war. In early 1904, Port Arthur received word that Japan had broken off diplomatic relations, but the news scarcely lifted an eyebrow. Who would dare to attack the great fortress, a bastion of Holy Mother Russia?

Seven Russian battleships were riding at anchor, including the flagship *Petropavlovsk,* a 12,000-ton vessel that mounted four 12-inch and 12 6-inch guns. No less than six cruisers also were on hand, along with the transport ship *Angara.* The cruisers *Pallada* and *Askold* probed the ocean darkness with their searchlights, a precaution against surprise attack. Vice Admiral Oskar Victorovitch Stark, the fleet commander, had ordered the searchlights utilized to guard the approaches to the Russian ships. He also commanded that each vessel's torpedo nets be raised, but some of the ships ignored the order. Most of the crews were ill-trained, and many of the officers were arrogant aristocrats more interested in shore leave than the overall welfare of their men.

At 11:50 PM, 10 Japanese ships from the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Destroyer Flotillas suddenly appeared out of the blackness and launched a series of torpedoes at the Russian ships. Ironically, the Russian searchlights had found the Japanese ships moments before the attack began. The Japanese held their breath as long fingers of light illuminated their destroyers for a few seconds before moving on. No alarm was raised, so a relieved Captain Asai Shojiro ordered his destroyers to launch their torpedoes at once. The Russian sailors on searchlight duty apparently had mistaken the Japanese ships for returning Russian patrol vessels. There had been no formal declaration of war between the two countries, and surprise was complete.

Japanese naval forces opened the Russo-Japanese War with a sneak attack on Russian ships at Port Arthur in February 1904. A brutal five-month-long siege followed, with both sides suffering greatly in the terrible conditions.

BY ERIC NIDEROST

Anne S.K. Brown Military Collection

Anne S.K. Brown Military Collection

The Japanese Navy commenced the Russo-Japanese War with a surprise attack on the Russian fleet at Port Arthur on February 8, 1904. The attack, like Pearl Harbor, preceded any formal declaration of war by Japan.

When the night attack was over, three of Russia's proudest ships were damaged. *Pallada, Retvizan,* and *Tsarevitch* were crippled; the latter's bulkhead was shattered and her forward compartment flooded. Ironically, only three of the 16 Japanese torpedoes fired that night found their mark; the rest either missed or malfunctioned. It didn't matter. Japan had struck first, a psychological blow that put the Russians badly off-kilter in the opening months of the conflict.

There were sound strategic reasons why the Japanese wanted Port Arthur. First and foremost, they hoped to wipe out what they considered a national dishonor. In 1894-1895, a newly modernized Japan had fought a war against the decaying Chinese empire. It was an easy victory, and the triumphant Japanese forced the Chinese to sign the Treaty of Shimonoseki. The pact gave Japan the Liaodong Peninsula and allowed it to occupy Korea, at the time still a Chinese vassal state. One of the victors' first acts was to land at Port Arthur, and as soon as Japanese troops were ashore they massacred the Chinese garrison. As many as 2,000 Chinese were put to the sword, a figure that included women and children.

Russia viewed the events with a mixture of jealousy and alarm. Czar Nicholas II and his ministers felt that China's decline offered new opportunities for Russian expansion in the Far East. In the wake of the Boxer Rebellion, the various European powers were scrambling to grab choice bits of the Chinese mainland, and it was natural for Russia to stake its own claim. Manchuria was a bleak land of frigid wastes and barren hills, but underneath the windswept surface lay enormous deposits of coal, iron, and copper.

For the Russians, the real prize was Port Arthur and the Liaodong Peninsula. The hills surrounding Port Arthur shielded its harbor from the worst effects of the freezing blasts of winter wind that barreled in from the Arctic, keeping its port facilities ice free all year round. Vladivostok, the terminus of the Trans-Siberian Railway, was some 1,220 miles to the north, and its harbor was frozen solid for at least three months of the year. Accordingly, Russia joined with Germany and France to force Japan to relinquish control of the Liaodong Peninsula and return it to China. Japan yielded grudgingly to the so-called Tripartite Intervention, but the subsequent loss of face was hard to bear. Tokyo would bide its time, gather strength, and win back what had been "stolen" from Japan.

Once Japan was ejected from the region, Russia lost no time in strong-arming the Chinese into a new series of concessions. Peking agreed to a 25-year lease of Port Arthur and a rail line through Manchuria. A rail spur was also constructed that linked Port Arthur to the Trans-Siberian railhead at Harbin. Russian engineers worked hard to strengthen Port Arthur's defenses. The goal was to make the town the Gibraltar of the East. Russia's desire to have a warm water port, a dream that dated back as far as Peter the Great, seemed at last fulfilled.

By 1904, Port Arthur was one of the most heavily fortified places on earth, a position that most observers thought was impregnable. It was named after Lieutenant William C. Arthur of the British Royal Navy, who sheltered there in 1860 during a raging typhoon. He described the harbor in great detail, and before long people started calling the place Port Arthur in honor of the intrepid Englishman. Port Arthur in some respects was not one city but two: an Old Town and an embryonic New Town. Old Town's narrow, unpaved streets were lined with dilapidated warehouses, shabby hotels, and poorly built administrative and residential buildings. By contrast, New Town boasted broad tree-lined avenues and modern buildings—a visual declaration that Russia was there to stay.

When all was said and done, Port Arthur was both a fortress and a naval base. In the East Basin of the harbor were docks, machine shops, fuel depots, and ammunition stockpiles. The Japanese would find Port Arthur a tough nut to crack. The first line of defense was a series of

fortified hills that rose like a giant's backbone against the slate gray skies. They ran in a great semicircle some 20 miles through the brownish-gray landscape, bristling with 6-inch guns and Maxim machine guns. Gaps between the forts were filled with connecting trenches and covered ways, and good roads assured an easy passage for men, guns, ammunition, and supplies.

Among the more prominent forts were Little Orphan Hill and Big Orphan Hill to the east and 203 Meter Hill, 174 Meter Hill, and False Hill to the west. Thick tangles of barbed wire were strung on the precipitous slopes, and wherever possible natural features were incorporated into the design. Big Orphan and Little Orphan Hills were steep, and the Russians had purposely dammed the Tai River to provide a natural moat at their bases. The Russians also made good use of old Chinese fortifications that once had sheltered and protected Old Town. Most prominent was the Chinese Wall, a 10-foot-high mud and brick structure that snaked its way through the western outskirts of Port Arthur. It was protected from artillery fire and featured a covered way that could be used for both shelter and communication purposes.

In the weeks before the siege, Maj. Gen. Roman Kondratenko and his 8th Siberian Rifles were assigned the task of strengthening the port's defenses. Hundreds of Chinese supplemented the work force, digging into the hard earth and carting away basketfuls of soil. There was a shortage of concrete and barbed wire, so the Russians improvised with telegraph line. Kondratenko's men also planted land mines and laid new telephone lines for better communications and fire control. Approaches to the fortifications were sown with fiendishly ingenious booby traps such as nail boards, wooden planks that bristled with a carpet of 5-inch nails, points facing outward. Since Japanese troops often wore straw sandals, the nail boards would prove particularly effective. The Russians also built trenches in the sides of steep hills and roofed them with timber supports. Once covered with earth and boulders, they seemed part of the hill's natural slope. Loopholes and vision slits allowed defenders in the trenches to fire down upon advancing attackers and roll down hand grenades.

Lieutenant General Baron Anatole Stoessel was Port Arthur's commander. He was a brave but incompetent officer who attempted to gloss over his flaws by issuing communiqués filled with bluster and bravado. "Farewell forever" ran one missive to a friend outside the town. "Port Arthur will be my tomb!" Stoessel enforced Draconian rules of discipline, and soldiers were flogged for drunkenness—a frequent

THE JAPANESE ARMY IN 1904

The Japanese victory at Port Arthur was all the more remarkable considering that Japan had still been a feudal nation only 50 years before. The Japanese had essentially expelled all foreigners in the early 17th century, allowing only a thin trickle of heavily restricted trade to come in at Nagasaki. This all changed in the mid-1850s when American warships under the command of Commodore Matthew Perry forced the hermit nation to open its doors to outside influence and trade.

The Japanese quickly grasped that modernization was the key to continuing independence in an age of aggressive European imperialism. By the 1870s, a modern army was created along European lines. Modern guns, uniforms, and tactics were quickly adopted. At first, the Imperial Japanese Army used French advisers, but after the Franco-Prussian War of 1870-1871, the Japanese hitched their wagon to Germany's rising star. The general staff was patterned after Germany's own celebrated staff system. Taking another page from the German instruction book, the Japanese Army was reformed in 1883. Now there were six national divisions and an elite Guards unit, the latter acting as a bodyguard for the emperor as well as a field force when needed.

Japanese arms, training, and equipment were good, but the infantry was the backbone of the Imperial Army. In 1900, good cavalry was still considered a key ingredient of victory, but Japanese horsemanship left much to be desired. British writer Rudyard Kipling once observed that the Japanese "knew nothing about riding." French observers were equally unimpressed, if more charitable. They felt that Japan's mountainous terrain and rice paddy-dotted landscape were impediments to developing a good cavalry arm. Most agreed that Japanese cavalry mounts were dirty, exhausted, and ill trained.

Japanese artillery was good, but before 1904 the gunners had no experience in major siege warfare. Port Arthur would provide sharp and painful lessons. On the plus side, Japan was self-sufficient in arms production. And if a shortfall did develop, deficiencies were easily made up with imports from their ally Great Britain.

In spite of their modern uniforms, guns, and equipment, a huge cultural chasm still separated the Japanese military from its European and American counterparts. The stern warrior code of the samurai dictated much of Japanese martial thinking. Many of the Japanese attitudes on the conduct of war would still be in practice in World War II. Japanese society was based on rigid conformity and unquestioning obedience to authority on every level, and this national trait was reflected in its conscript army. As an island nation set apart by nature, Japan thought itself superior to its crowded together Asian neighbors. Japanese atrocities in World War II had their counterpart in the Port Arthur Chinese massacre of 1895.

Above all, self-sacrifice was held up as a model of correct behavior. Self-sacrifice in battle, or *gyokusai*, was eagerly sought if the opportunity presented itself. That is one reason why

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Soldiers in the Japanese 9th Regiment assemble for an attack on Port Arthur.

General Nogi thought nothing of ordering suicidal human wave assaults against the hills at Port Arthur. Japanese soldiers were supposed to be happy, even eager, to embrace death for the emperor.

A Japanese soldier's life revolved around *Yamato damashii*, or "Japanese spirit." Failure to live up to that spirit brought disgrace and ultimately suicide. When he was a young man, Nogi had lost a flag in battle. The shame was so great that he contemplated suicide by *seppuku*, commonly called hari-kiri, a method of killing oneself by ritual disembowelment.

Nogi was prevented from taking his own life by the personal command of Emperor Meiji. Similarly, if Nogi had failed to take Port Arthur, the failure would have compelled him again to consider suicide. When Emperor Meiji died in 1912, Nogi felt that his longtime "stay of execution" had been lifted. Still embarrassed by the loss of the flag so long ago, Nogi, conqueror of Port Arthur, killed himself by hari-kiri. □

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Lt. Gen. Baron Anatole Stoessel, left, the Russian commander at Port Arthur; Japanese General Maresuke Nogi, right, commanded 90,000 crack troops. BELOW: Entrenched Russian infantry and artillery positions extended for 20 miles above the Old and New Towns at Port Arthur.

Map © 2013 Philip Schwartzberg, Meridian Mapping, Minneapolis, MN

Russian Army offense. The ill treatment of the troops caused the garrison's morale to plummet.

For all his bombast, Stoessel didn't really believe the Japanese were a threat. Instead, he allowed Port Arthur to function as a kind of supply depot for Russians in other parts of China, in the process diminishing precious stocks of food that his own men would need during a siege. Stoessel was supposed to hand over command to the well-respected Lt. Gen. Konstantin Smirnov while he took over the Third Siberian Corps, but Stoessel flatly refused to budge. Just before the Japanese Third Army arrived on the scene, Port Arthur had a garrison of almost 50,000 men and 500 guns. When noncombatants were added to the total, there were around 87,000 souls to feed. Food stocks seemed adequate at first, but prices on such basic necessities quickly rose.

Japanese war plans were simple and direct. Vice Admiral Heihachiro Togo was to cripple and neutralize the Russian fleet at Port Arthur and blockade the port. His surprise torpedo attack was the first phase of the Japanese plan. Attempts to blockade Port Arthur's harbor entrance with Japanese merchantmen met with less success. Togo remained a threatening presence off the coast. The Russians had some of the finest warships afloat, but poor training and morale neutralized their effectiveness. There was a glimmer of hope when Vice Admiral Stepan Makarov arrived at the scene in March. Gifted and charismatic, the fork-bearded Makarov instilled fighting spirit in his officers and men. On April 13, Makarov led his squadron out to seek a general engagement with the enemy. Unfortunately for the Russians, his flagship *Petropavlovsk* struck a mine and sank with all 600 hands on board. The loss of the admiral was a grievous blow to the Imperial Russian Navy.

A half-hearted naval breakout in August also ended in a fiasco. After a brief but bloody general engagement with Togo, the Russian ships were badly mauled. Some scattered in an attempt to escape the debacle, and one battered vessel got as far as Shanghai. Others managed to limp back to Port Arthur. The Pacific Squadron's guns aided the port's defense, but it was now marooned and finished as a naval force.

Meanwhile, General Takemoto Kuroki's First Army landed in northern Korea and engaged Russian forces soon after crossing the Yalu River into Manchuria. After he easily defeated the Russians, shock waves were felt throughout the world. The fighting had been relatively small scale, but for the first time in modern history a major European power had been bested by supposedly inferior Asians. Meanwhile, the Japanese Second Army under General Baron Yasukata Oku landed on the Liaodong Peninsula, imposing itself between Port Arthur and General Alexei Kuropatkin's Russian troops farther north. That meant, in effect, that the fortress city's communications link to Manchuria and Russia had been effectively severed. Oku decisively defeated a Russian relief force at Telissu on June 15. Port Arthur was on its own.

The task of actually capturing Port Arthur was assigned to General Maresuke Nogi's 90,000-man Third Army. Nogi landed about 27 miles north of the fortress and slowly made his way southward. Port Arthur was placed on full alert, and all forts, redoubts, and emplacements were manned. The remaining Pacific Squadron ships were manned by skeleton crews

after Russian blue jackets went ashore to help garrison the forts.

The formal siege opened on August 7 with a bombardment of Old Town. Inside the fortress, a church service was being held to petition divine intervention. The Orthodox priest's fervent prayers were punctuated by the muffled rumble of distant cannons and the nearer roar of exploding shells. It was the beginning of an ordeal that would last for the next five months.

Outside Port Arthur, Nogi decided that Big Orphan and Little Orphan Hills should be taken first. About four miles northeast of Port Arthur, these two hills would give the Japanese an excellent view of other more formidable redoubts closer to the port. The Japanese were utterly contemptuous of the Russians, so much so that they blinded themselves to the real difficulties that lay ahead. Japanese intelligence failed to get any real sense of Port Arthur's strength, and the one or two reports that did approach the truth were blithely ignored by the high command.

Nogi, a stern old warrior steeped in the samurai tradition, was convinced that go-ahead "banzai" spirit alone would win the day. He ordered the two hills taken by frontal assault on their northwestern and northeastern sides. In that way, the Russian ships in the harbor could not provide artillery support. Japanese infantry would have to wade the swollen Tai River then clamber up the steep slopes of the hills under heavy machine gun, rifle, and artillery fire. After a preliminary bombardment that lasted about 15 hours, the infantry was ordered forward.

At 7:30 on the evening of August 7, a drenching rain fell on the struggling Japanese infantrymen as they groped their way through the pitch-black darkness, their way lighted only by the blinding flashes of bursting artillery shells and the probing fingers of Russian searchlights. Japanese engineers managed to reach the Russian dam and punch a hole in it, releasing the Tai River's pent-up waters. Heavily laden Japanese infantry crossing the river found it tough going, and some drowned in the attempt. Most of the sodden Japanese soldiers managed to reach the base of the hills, but their ordeal was far from over. Seen from ground level, the 600-foot Big Orphan Hill looked particularly huge. Amid the carnage, one Japanese officer couldn't help waxing poetic. "Above us the steep mountain stood high, kissing the heavens," he wrote. "Even monkeys could hardly climb it."

The attack stalled, but the bloodied Japanese tried again to scale Big Orphan Hill the next day. The Russian defenders resisted stubbornly, throwing boulders down onto their climbing foes. The Japanese managed to reach the crest of Big Orphan Hill at 8 the next night. The Russians at the summit stood their ground, and the fighting was hand to hand, but in the end they were overwhelmed by superior Japanese numbers. The exhausted victors proudly raised the Rising Sun flag—only to find it a magnet for artillery fire from the other Russian forts.

Little Orphan Hill fell the next day. Taking the two hills had cost the Third Army more than 3,000 casualties. This was a sobering figure, because Big Orphan and Little Orphan's fortifications were light and their garrisons relatively small. Much more formidable works lay ahead. Undeterred, Nogi poured over his maps, scanned the horizon with his telescope, and stubbornly concluded that an infantry frontal assault would still work. On August 13, the Japanese launched a photo reconnaissance balloon that the Russians failed to shoot down. Incredibly, the aerial photos only reinforced Nogi's plans. "The condition of the fortress," Nogi declared, "and the troops guarding it, are, to our present knowledge, such that storming attacks need not be unsuccessful." It was a less than confident assessment.

The Japanese assault would attempt to seize Wantai Ravine, in the center of the northeastern semicircle of forts, then sweep on to capture Two Dragon and Pine Tree Hills. Once they were secure, the Japanese forces would drive on through the Chinese Wall and into Port Arthur itself. The scheme bordered on insanity. No heavily fortified position had ever been taken by masses of exposed infantry armed mainly with rifles. Nogi also ignored an important event that had occurred some weeks before. On June 15, the Russian cruiser *Gromobol* sank *Hitachi Maru,* a Japanese transport ship that had been carrying heavy German-made Krupp artillery to the Third Army. These guns had the potential of pulverizing Port Arthur's ring of concrete and steel, perhaps shortening the siege by weeks. Now they were at the bottom of the ocean.

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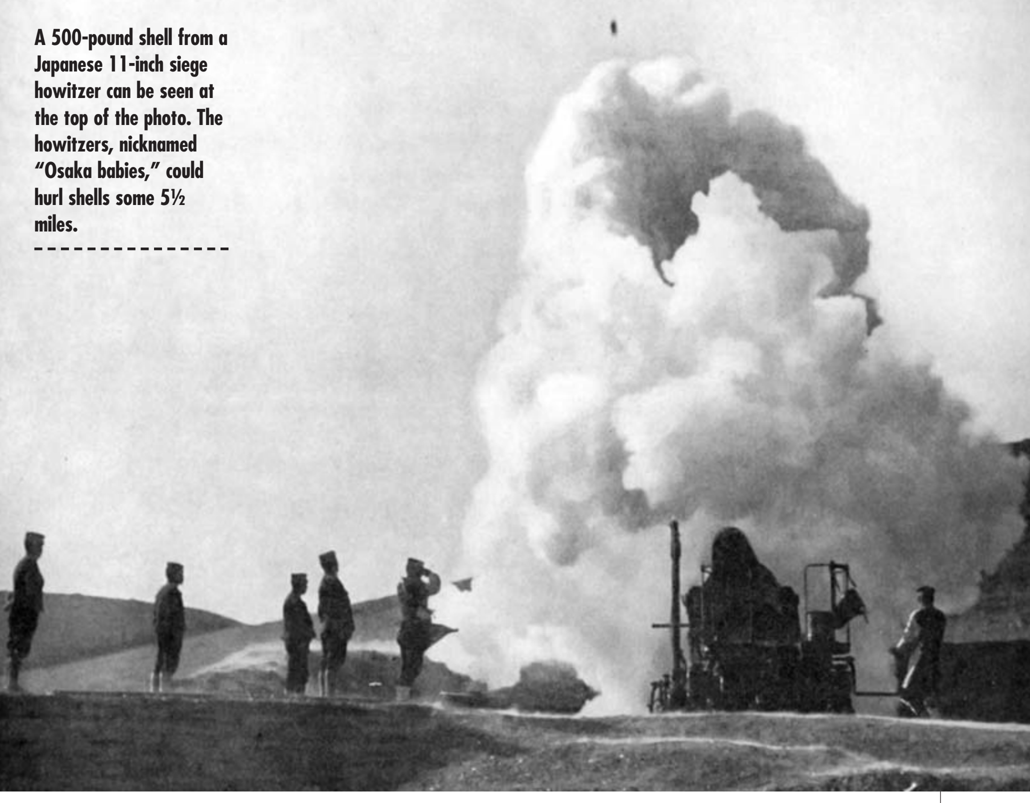

A 500-pound shell from a Japanese 11-inch siege howitzer can be seen at the top of the photo. The howitzers, nicknamed "Osaka babies," could hurl shells some 5½ miles.

The Japanese assault began on August 19. The Third Army's 1st Division attacked 174 Meter Hill, three miles north-northwest of Port Arthur, a site that commanded the approaches to 203 Meter Hill. The 174 Meter Hill defenders were led by Colonel Nikolai Tretyakov, under the overall command of Kondratenko. The two men stood out as competent, imaginative, and resourceful officers, and together they made a formidable team. To strengthen 174 Meter Hill's defenses, the promontory had been ringed by three lines of trenches. The hill was defended by the 5th and 13th East Siberian Rifle Regiments and two companies of sailors. The Japanese dream of easy victory was going to be quickly shattered.

The Japanese came forward in broad daylight, as if defying fate. They managed to cut through

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ABOVE: Russian defenders loom over a trench filled with dead Japanese soldiers. The "banzai spirit" cost the Japanese greatly. BELOW: Surprised Japanese and Russian sappers accidentally run into each other while tunneling beneath Port Arthur to set mines and counter-mines.

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the barbed wire at the base of 174 Meter Hill and gain a foothold on the northern slope. Again the Russians contested every inch of ground, but by midmorning the first trench had fallen to the Japanese. After two hours the second trench also fell, but the third trench and the crown of the hill still held firm.

Kondratenko sent in two more companies and ordered the soldiers to repair works that had partly caved in from Japanese artillery fire. More reinforcements were desperately needed, but just when the crisis was at its height Lt. Gen. Alexander Fok arrived at 174 Meter Hill. He was a headquarters general, another one of those officers who tended to make heroic pronouncements he could not back up. "Hill 174 must be held at all costs!" Fok declared, as if the hard-pressed officers didn't already realize the obvious. Paradoxically, Fok refused to endorse Kondratenko's request for more men. Without help, the Russian defenders began to lose hope. Men started to fall back without orders, although a hard core of stubborn veterans still held the summit. The trickle of retreating men became a flood, and despite his best efforts Tretyakov could not stop the flow.

At times only 50 yards separated the opposing forces. Bursting artillery shells eviscerated men and buried trenches with cascades of earth, rubble, and human flesh. When night fell, the battle for 174 Meter Hill took on a surreal quality. British war correspondent Frederick Villiers wrote with a painter's eye of the "warm incandescent glow of the star bombs, the reddish spurts of the cannon mouths, and the yellowish flash of an exploding shell."

The hill finally fell to the Japanese, but an even bloodier clash was occurring three miles away at the Waterworks Redoubt. The area was seamed with dried up watercourses and thick patches of millet that grew 15 feet high and provided additional ground cover. Unsurprisingly, the Japanese found Waterworks Redoubt tough going. The Russians had fiendishly electrified the wire entanglements, and many Japanese soldiers were shocked to death.

The attackers found ways of getting through the electrified wire. One method was to use special wire cutters whose handles were covered in bamboo. Once through the wire, the sweating Japanese infantry faced a firestorm of shot and shell. Chattering machine guns cut bloody swathes into the advancing soldiers, and bursting artillery shells took off heads and limbs with horrifying ease. Soon, most of the lower slopes were speckled with Japanese bodies. When Lieutenant Tadayoshi Sakurai recalled the attack later, he described it with a mixture of poetry and hard-headed reality. "We lived in the stink of rotting flesh and crumbling bones," he wrote, adding, "We still were offshoots of the genuine cherry trees of Yamato!"

At the nearby Pan Lung forts, the story was much the same. Ravines filled up with Japanese dead, so much so that advancing ranks coming behind them were forced to tread on the corpses of their fallen comrades. Finally the Japanese broke into East Pan Lung fort, where the fighting was hand to hand. The Russians had a motto: "*Pulia duraka no shtyk molodets*," meaning, "The bullet is an idiot, but the bayonet is a fine fellow." They excelled in this kind of brutal, close-in fighting.

West Pan Lung fell on August 22, and East Pan Lung soon after. The two small forts, along with 174 Meter Hill, had cost the Japanese

around 16,000 casualties. Even worse, the main Russian works were still as strong and defiant as ever. When he looked at the butcher's bill, Nogi was unmoved. The Japanese 7th Regiment had started the attack with 1,800 men; by the time East Pan Lung was taken, only 200 remained alive. Even Nogi had to admit that rifles and samurai spirit were not enough against concrete, steel, and machine guns.

Traditional siege operations began August 25. Japanese sappers dug siege trenches toward Russian forts, a technique that went back the 17th century, hoping that their comrades could burrow under Russian walls, secretly place subterranean charges beneath the works, and blow gaps in them before the Russians realized what was going on.

Prospects brightened for the Japanese as time went on. Reinforcements poured in from Japan, and another shipload of gigantic 11-inch siege howitzers arrived to replace the ones that previously had been lost. These howitzers, dubbed "Osaka babies," weighed 23 tons each and could hurl 500-pound shells some 5½ miles. In October, these behemoths started shelling Port Arthur and its surrounding forts.

Japanese progress was slow but steady. Waterworks Redoubt fell on September 16, and Temple Redoubt was in Japanese hands soon after. But Nogi's blind spot was 203 Meter Hill, which in many ways was the key to the whole Russian defense. If the Japanese could take the hill, they would have a splendid and unobstructed view of Port Arthur and its harbor. The remaining vessels of the Imperial Russian Pacific Fleet would be sitting ducks, unable to escape from the rain of shells launched from 203 Meter Hill.

By late November, Nogi was under increasing pressure to take Port Arthur. The Russian Baltic Fleet was on its way, making an epic 18,000-mile journey from Europe to take on the Japanese Navy. Port Arthur had to be taken before the Baltic Fleet could come to its aid. The Russians still had powerful field forces to the north, and the prolonged siege tied up Nogi's Third Army, troops that were badly needed elsewhere.

The battle for 203 Meter Hill was a titanic struggle that would last several days. Both sides knew that the hill was the key to Port Arthur. Actually, 203 was not one hill but two peaks, each having fortified citadels protected with heavy timbers and armor plate. Two lines of rifle trenches encircled the crest, and tangles of barbed wire blocked access to the top. The hill's garrison consisted of Russian soldiers and sailors under the command of the redoubtable and seemingly ubiquitous Tretyakov. Food stocks were low on the hill, and the men's main diet was horse or mule meat supplemented by an occasional fish taken from a nearby stream.

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Japanese sentries relieve their Russian counterparts following the formal Russian surrender of Port Arthur on January 1, 1905. The victors sustained at least 60,000 casualties during the brutal five-month siege.

Once again the Japanese came forward in human wave attacks, only to be met by heavy artillery and rifle and machine-gun fire. A Russian battery of four 6-inch guns worked with a will, perspiring gunners ramming fresh shells into the breeches with each recoil. The hills changed hands several times; both sides displayed incredible valor and devotion to duty. Eventually, some Russian soldiers began to crack under the strain. When the battle-grimed defenders began to falter, Tretyakov used every means possible to rally them; occasionally he had to use the flat of his sword if men hesitated to obey. At one point, the colonel pointed to a Japanese flag that had been planted on the crest of the hill. "Go and take it, my lads!" he shouted, and his men scrambled up the slope to obey.

After a seesaw battle, the Russians were still holding on to 203 Meter Hill's two peaks. The Japanese abandoned the costly human wave tactics and brought up 11-inch howitzers. More than 1,000 shells hit the hill in an almost continuous barrage that lasted throughout the day. Russian fortifications atop were pulverized into splinted wood and concrete rubble. A large cloud of dust covered the peak like a funeral shroud.

By this time, Russian soldiers and sailors were clinging to the shattered remains of their fortifications with a mixture of courage and grim fatalism. Most of their officers were dead, and Tretyakov was wounded. Finally, at 10:30 AM on December 5, the Japanese overran 203 Meter Hill. Only a handful of bloodied Russian survivors remained. The assault had cost the Japanese a staggering 14,000 casualties, while the Russians lost 6,000 men.

The Japanese wasted little time in manhandling their 11-inch howitzers up 203 Meter Hill. The view from the crest was perfect, and hitting the Russian ships below was like shooting fish in a barrel. Within a few days, virtually all remaining vessels were destroyed or badly damaged. Worse was to come. One by one, the remaining hills were captured. Fort Chikuan was blown sky high by an underground mine that the Japanese had placed there.

By mid-December, it was clear that Port Arthur could not hold out for much longer. Food was becoming scarce, and disease was starting to spread. Many in the garrison were ill with scurvy, while others battled dysentery. Most officers still refused to surrender, and there were heated arguments over which course of action to take. Smirnov pointed out that ammunition was low, with just enough to repel two major assaults. "When the big gun ammunition has run out," he warned, "we shall still have 10,000,000 rounds of small arms ammunition. After that, we shall have our

Continued on page 70

CRUSADER DISASTER AT NICOPOLIS

AFTER TURKISH SULTAN BAYEZID I OVERRAN BULGARIA IN 1396, POPE BONIFACE IX PROCLAIMED A HOLY CRUSADE AGAINST THE INFIDELS. EUROPEAN FORCES RALLIED UNDER KING SIGISMUND OF HUNGARY. THE STAGE WAS SET FOR A MAJOR BATTLE AT NICOPOLIS. **BY LOUIS CIOTOLA**

IN THE LATE 14TH CENTURY, a new and seemingly irresistible force was emerging in the East, the likes of which Europe had not seen for centuries. The Ottoman Empire fought wars for one purpose only—the constant expansion of the Turkish state. Western Europe, by contrast, could scarcely have been more different. Littered by a patchwork of feudal territories with only the slightest hint of royal influence, Western Europe was not only divided and in nearly constant conflict, but behind the times militarily. Its rulers and knights still saw war primarly as an exercise in personal glory rather than a national means to a greater end. The old crusading spirit was still alive and well in Europe in 1396.

The Turkish threat to Europe began at mid-century when Ottoman Sultan Murad I led his armies across the straits from Asia. His unremitting conquest of the Balkans ended abruptly in 1389 at the Battle of Kosovo, where he was killed following a great victory over the local Christian powers. Murad's son and successor, Bayezid I, called an urgent halt to the campaign. For the Ottomans, Europe was still a backwater, and after the death of his father the new sultan needed to consolidate his crown on the critical Asian front before considering a return to the West.

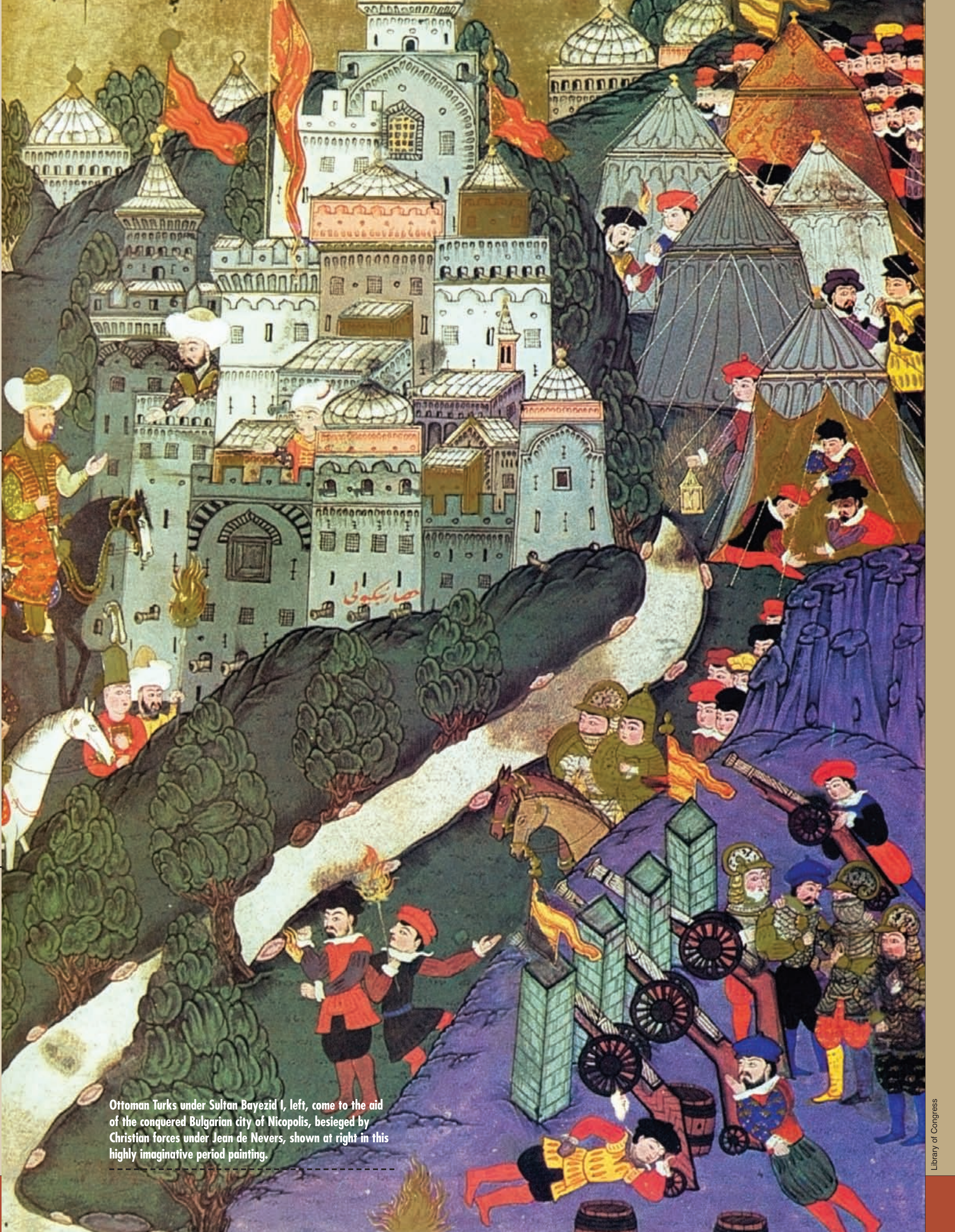
Bayezid's absence did not go unnoticed. Rival Hungary, alongside its fickle ally Wallachia, took advantage of the sultan's distraction to invade his vassal state, Bulgaria. For King Sigismund of Hungary, his success lasted only as long as his enemy was away. In 1392, Bayezid returned with a vengeance and quickly turned the tide back in Turkish favor. First, he resecured Serbia as his vassal, granting it a privileged position within his empire to assure its future loyalty. Then he swept back through Bulgaria, driving clear to Vidin on the Danube, near the Hungarian frontier. Sigismund began to feel notably uncomfortable with the Ottomans on his doorstep.

Bayezid, however, had no desire to cross the Danube. Instead, he used the mighty river as a barrier to protect his gains while he pursued his true ambition—the conquest of Constantinople. For centuries, the once powerful Byzantine Empire had been in decline. Bayezid was determined to put it out of its misery by taking the capital city. In May 1394, the Turks surrounded Constantinople and began a siege.

The siege went on for only a few months before Bayezid again was distracted, this time by the necessity of invading Wallachia. For the first time, things did not go entirely as he planned. Despite being outnumbered four to one, the ruler of Wallachia, Mircea cel Batrân the Elder, stood his ground and checked the Turkish advance. The subsequent Ottoman withdrawal left the river flowing with blood from a great army of corpses, according to one Bulgarian chronicler. The remarkable victory saved Wallachia not only as an independent state, but as a future ally for Hungary. Bayezid took out his frustrations by sacking the Bulgarian city of Nicopolis and beheading Ivan Shishman, the last ruler of a truly independent Bulgaria.

Upon Bayezid's return to Constantinople, the question was not if the city would fall, but when. The siege bedeviled embattled Byzantine Emperor Manuel II. Nearly as concerned was Venice, which feared the consequences of Ottoman expansion on its lucrative Mediterranean trade. As a result, the Venetians urged Manuel to seek Western assistance. Closer to home, King Sigismund, facing the Ottomans on the Danube as well as enduring domestic turmoil, was increasingly receptive to Manuel's pleas. He forged alliances with the Byzantine emperor and, in an effort to spark a new crusade, sent envoys to various parts of Europe, warning of the deadly Turkish threat to Christianity.

At the time, Western Europe was enjoying a brief period of peace due to a truce between France and England in the never-ending Hundred Years' War. Consequently, warlike knights needed a new outlet with which to display their martial talents. Europe had never quite gotten over the crusading spirit, even though five years earlier a coalition led by France and Genoa had failed disastrously against the Hafsid kingdom of Tunisia. These factors made a crusade against the Turks ever more attractive. Victory in the Balkans might propel the Christian army



Ottoman Turks under Sultan Bayezid I, left, come to the aid of the conquered Bulgarian city of Nicopolis, besieged by Christian forces under Jean de Nevers, shown at right in this highly imaginative period painting.

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all the way back to the Holy Land and everlasting glory.

A steady stream of outrageous rumors fueled hysteria and created fertile ground for Sigismund's pleas. Fears emerged that the Turks planned to invade Austria and, wilder still, France. France's mad king, Charles VI, paid especially close attention to the threat, while in a rare display of solidarity, both Pope Boniface IX in Rome and Pope Benedict XIII in Avignon issued crusading bulls complete with promises of absolution.

Far and away the most influential proponent of a new crusade was Duke Philip of Burgundy. An uncle of King Charles, "Philip the Bold" had dreamed of personally leading a crusade for most of his life. Although military glory was undoubtedly on his mind, Philip also believed that a triumph against the Turks would catapult his family into a position of increased royal favor. He had actively pushed Sigismund in the past to call on France to participate in a crusade. At long last, the Hungarian king gave him what he so desperately desired.

Before traveling to France, Sigismund's ambassadors stopped in Venice to secure the critical support of the dominant European maritime power. Already partial to the scheme, the Venetians offered to assist with a flotilla of galleys. At the same time, the Hospitaller Knights of Rhodes eagerly donated a fleet as well, desperate to relieve their own dire predicament with the Ottomans. Later that spring, Hungarian envoys arrived in Lyon for a much anticipated audience with Philip.

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Left to right: Jean de Nevers, also known as Jean the Fearless, in later life; Hungarian King Sigismund, who urged caution when attacking the Turks; Sultan Bayezid I, Turkish ruler since his father's death at the Battle of Kosovo in 1389.

The Hungarians could not have found a more enthusiastic supporter. Although now too old to campaign personally, Philip promised to fund the crusade and appointed his 24-year-old son, Jean de Nevers, as the Franco-Burgundian leader. Following a brief stop in Bordeaux, the envoys next traveled to Paris, where excitement was equally intense. Because the king was suffering from one of his frequent bouts of madness, his regents spoke on his behalf, affirming the monarch's approval of the endeavor. The knights and nobility of France supported the decision as well, and many stepped forward to claim their own spots in the high adventure that lay ahead.

Nevers's appointment was little more than a political gesture; his actual power was limited. At that point, the would-be leader of Christian Europe had never participated in a single battle. Small in stature and clumsy in appearance, the closest Nevers had come to combat was the occasional tournament. Philip kept his son on a short leash, never entrusting him with any significant responsibility. Nevertheless, all reservations took a back seat when the honor of Burgundy was at stake.

No one was more thrilled by his king's acquiescence in a crusade than the Constable of France, Philip of Artois, Count d'Eu. An ardent crusader, d'Eu had participated in the failed campaign in Tunisia in 1390. He had twice traveled to Hungary, first in 1388 during a pilgrimage to the Holy Land that ended with his imprisonment in Egypt, and then in 1393 to offer his services against the Turks to Sigismund. Much to the knight's dismay, Sigismund turned him down, instead requesting that d'Eu campaign against the troublesome Bohemian heretics. The cold welcome did not stop d'Eu from bringing home exuberant stories that whetted the martial appetites of his fellow knights and the king. A frequent presence at court, he was a man Charles believed he could trust.

Another influential French nobleman was Jean le Meingre. When he was only 16, Meingre was dubbed a knight on the field of Roosebeke in 1382. Nine years later the king promoted him to Marshal of France. The new Marshal Boucicaut's exceedingly rapid rise made him impatient and overly aggressive. He too was an experienced crusader, in Prussia and Spain, and he had traveled east in 1388 to pay d'Eu's ransom to the Sultan of Egypt.

Even more admired by French knights for his military and political wisdom was the aged Enguerrand VII, Lord of Coucy, whose career stretched back four decades to the peasant uprising of 1358. In his long career, Coucy had learned valuable lessons on ambush and raiding and had come to understand that simply charging forward in the traditional passionate frenzy was rarely the best maneuver. He sharpened his diplomatic skills when, as a brief hostage in England, he struck up an acquaintance with King Edward III. Later, he commanded a papal army in Italy and, like many of his contemporaries, served notably at Roosebeke and in Tunisia.

Jean de Vienne was another older knight who had earned his king's respect. As Admiral of France since 1373, Vienne had reorganized the French navy during the long war with England, becoming famous for conducting daring raids along the English coast. Like most of his contemporaries, he had distinguished himself against the Flemish at Roosebeke, but by far his most memorable feat was the Scottish expedition of 1384. After successfully transporting an army to Scotland, Vienne attempted a bold invasion of northern England, but after a few minor victories he was forced to withdraw. The new French king, Charles VI, was not a naval enthusiast, so Vienne transferred his energy to crusading in the Tunisian campaign. Although his naval background would hardly be useful in Eastern Europe, both Charles and Philip nevertheless expected Vienne to strengthen the upcoming campaign with his invaluable advice.

A knight known less for his military reputation than for his individual valor, Jean IV de Carrouges first commanded troops under Vienne against the English in Normandy in 1380. Four years later he again served Vienne as part of the ill-fated Scottish adventure, during which he obtained his knighthood. Carrouges was most famous for the duel he fought with a longtime rival, Jacques Le Gris. When his wife told him that Le Gris had raped her while he was away on campaign, Carrouges was given the opportunity to personally settle accounts with his enemy. The event, which took place in December 1386, became part of Parisian lore. After an unsuccessful mounted joust witnessed by the king and much of the nobility, Carrouges dispatched Le Gris on foot with his sword. As memorable as that noble display was, it was his prior experience with Vienne that earned Carrouges a welcome place

in the coming crusade.

Philip of Burgundy took it upon himself to contribute the funding for the Franco-Burgundian element of the crusade. At the same time, a number of German noblemen also raised troops, most notably Burgrave John III of Nuremburg and Count Palantine Ruprecht Pipan. The English too had been petitioned by the Hungarians but declined to participate in the upcoming campaign. The only English planning to participate were those already serving the Hospitallers on Rhodes.

The Duke of Burgundy had his work cut out for him. Even a man as wealthy as Philip found the cost of funding a crusade to be daunting. He dispatched Nevers to Flanders to gather the necessary revenue, but when that proved to be insufficient Philip was forced to initiate a second wave of taxation; over the course of the next year he raised some 700,000 gold francs. Philip felt no restraint on how he spent it. Practicality, as it turned out, was not a priority. Lavish tents and pavilions were constructed for the knights, along with banners and standards embroidered in ivory, silver, and gold. Nevers added to the pageantry with his own glittering contingent of 150 knights, while Boucicaut brought 70 more. In all, about 1,000 Franco-Burgundian knights joined the crusade. A few thousand more soldiers of all classes assembled for the adventure.

Philip was not so foolish as to believe that his son could actually direct the expedition. Fortunately, the knights accompanying the young man had plentiful experience, and from among them the duke selected a council of advisers, including Vienne, to guide Nevers and make the most important decisions. He also created a secondary council including Coucy, d'Eu, and Boucicaut. Philip would have liked Coucy to take a more prominent role, but the old knight demurred on the grounds that it would be an offense to the admiral, constable, and marshal, all of whom outranked him. Still, the duke urged his son to pay special heed to Coucy's wisdom.

As the army gathered in Dijon in the early spring of 1396, one last task remained. The lead knights, conscious of their chivalric duties, drew up a strict code of conduct for the crusade to maintain their piety and Christian virtue. The code included such punishments as decapitation for drawing a dagger and severing an ear for theft. But the code only applied within the actual crusading army itself. Should the knights wish to degenerate into barbarians when fighting the Turks, no one was prepared to object.

The Franco-Burgundian army, joined by a handful of Spaniards and Italians, departed Dijon in April 1396. Nevers met it at Montbéliard to take command. Meanwhile, Coucy led a smaller force by a different route through Lombardy, having been delegated by Charles to negotiate with Milan on an unrelated topic. Speculation existed later that Coucy had inadvertently alarmed the Sultan to the West's intentions. But the Venetian-Hospitaller fleet, commanded by Master Philibert de Naillac, made no attempt to blockade the Bosporus or Dardanelles, indicating that Bayezid and his army were already on the European side of the Danube. This was most likely attributable to the ongoing siege of Constantinople rather than advance knowledge of the crusade.

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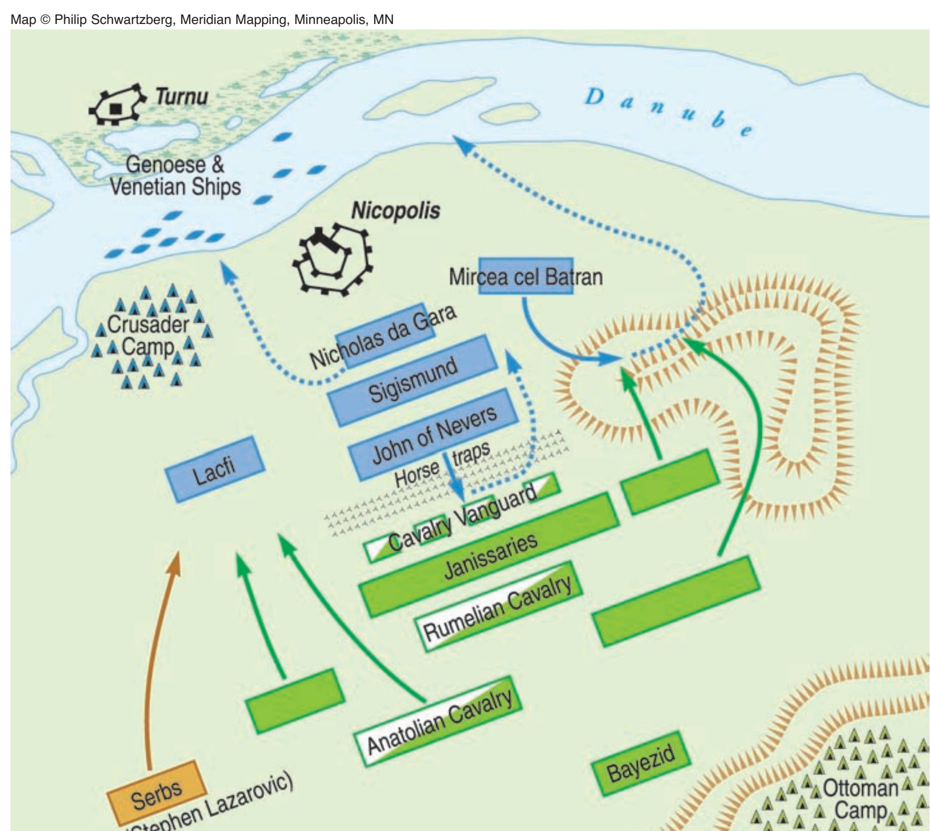
Bayezid I, sword in hand, was determined to capture the prize Western stronghold at Constantinople, but broke off the siege to relieve pressure on his earlier conquest at Nicopolis.

The main crusader army stopped at Regensburg to merge with the German contingent and feast with Albert of Bavaria, who insisted on holding a celebration in its honor. As the representative of his influential father, Nevers could hardly refuse the invitation, even though it delayed the campaign. D'Eu and Boucicaut continued with the vanguard to Vienna, where once again Nevers was toasted upon his arrival, this time by Duke Leopold IV of Austria. No one questioned the propriety of such diversions.

Upon their arrival in Buda, the crusaders were greeted by Sigismund, who supposedly promised them that together they would soon throw the Turks out of Europe. In truth, Sigismund was intel-

Map © Philip Schwartzberg, Meridian Mapping, Minneapolis, MN



The walled city of Nicopolis, on the Danube River, also had the advantage of being situated on a plateau. The crusaders were trapped between the city's defenders and Bayezid's swiftly approaching army to the south.

ligent enough to know that such a prospect was impracticable. He feared an Ottoman invasion and thought the best strategy would be one of cautious advance, if not defense. The crusaders did not share that sentiment. They considered Bayezid a coward who threatened to invade but was nowhere in sight. Reconnaissance soon verified that Sigismund's fears of an invasion were groundless—the Ottoman army was not in the area. As the most experienced diplomat among the Franco-Burgundians, Coucy was their designated spokesman. "Though the Sultan's boasts be lies," he told Sigismund, "that should not keep us from doing deeds of arms and pursuing our enemies, for that is the purpose for which we came."

The crusaders had far more ambitious plans than simply pursuing their enemies. Many entertained fantasies of marching all the way to the Holy Land. When Sigismund proposed a campaign through Transylvania and Wallachia to shore up his reluctant allies, the knights rejected it adamantly. Only a direct route, they said, would prove their courage and virtue. The army, which now included French, Burgundians, Hungarians, Germans, Spaniards, Italians, Poles, and Bohemians, would soon be joined by Transylvanians, Wallachians, and the Venetian-Hospitaller fleet.

The crusaders set out from Buda to face the Ottoman Turks with the Constable of Hungary, Nicholas de Gara, commanding the vanguard and Nevers accompanying Sigismund in the rear. The Christian army traveled east along the northern bank of the Danube until reaching the Derdap gorge near the town of Orsova. The gorge, nicknamed the Iron Gate due to the sudden narrowing of the river, took a full eight days to cross. Most of the ships, which carried the army's provisions, successfully navigated the gorge and continued downstream. Finding themselves among a largely Orthodox population, the crusaders' discipline began to markedly deteriorate, although their previous behavior in Catholic areas had hardly been exemplary.

The first town with a Turkish garrison in the path of the crusading army was Vidin. It took only the slightest show of force to prompt Bulgarian Prince Ivan Stratismir to open the city gates and capitulate, after which the crusaders proceeded to butcher the small number of Turks inside. Although less a real battle than a senseless massacre, the occasion was deemed heroic enough to allow for the official knighting of Nevers.

Thanks to the imprudence of the Christian army, the next town in its path understood that surrender was not an option. Behind two walls and a moat, Oryahovo and its determined Turkish defenders prepared to fight to the last man. The knights blindly trusted their own invincibility. Led by d'Eu and Boucicaut, they attempted to storm the town without even bothering to inform Nevers, much less Sigismund. After gaining the bridge over the moat at a cost of nearly 500 men, the crusaders' attack sputtered out at the base of the walls, at which point the Hungarian king had no choice but to come to their aid. With the mass of the Hungarians pressing forward, the garrison offered to surrender.

According to the terms, the defenders would only lay down their arms if the attackers promised to spare Oryahovo a general massacre. Sigismund quickly agreed to the conditions but was soon to see just how uncontrollable his allies could be. Claiming all provisions to be null and void because crusader blood had already been spilled in the capture of a minor portion of the ramparts, the crusaders went on to soil the king's name by violating the surrender terms and slaughtering the inhabitants. Apart from 1,000 nobles selected to be ransomed, no quarter was given. The campaign had barely begun, and an insulted Sigismund was already second guessing the wisdom of having beseeched the flower of European chivalry for help.

But with the towns along the march growing ever more formidable, it was no time to be squeamish. The next target was Nicopolis, key to the Danubian arteries flowing south into Bulgaria. Like Oryahovo, it too was double-walled, but there the similarities ended. Nicopolis had the added benefit of being built on a plateau and defended by a strong and well-equipped garrison commanded by Dogan Bey, one of the sultan's most loyal commanders.

For once, the crusaders abstained from an immediate assault and settled in for a siege. Equipped with illustrious banners rather than catapults or siege engines, success could not be expected in the near future. The army began constructing ladders, towers, and mines on the landward side of the town for an eventual attack, while the 44 galleys of the Venetian-Hospitaller fleet, which arrived via the Danube on September 10, blockaded the river side.

True to form, the crusaders entertained themselves throughout the brief siege with drunken festivities. In an almost unbelievable act of self-delusion, Boucicaut decreed that anyone who spread the rumor that the cowardly sultan would fight would have his ears cut off. Despite the order, Bayezid was indeed fast on his way to confront them.

The sultan had been informed days earlier of the crusaders' approach. Fortunately for him,

his army was already in Europe conducting the siege of Constantinople. Intercepting the Christians was merely a matter of packing up and heading north. As the Turks marched northward, their numbers grew, gaining contingents at Philippolis, followed by the army of their Serbian vassal, Stephen Lazarovic, at Tarnovo. It was there that a Hungarian reconnaissance party first detected the Turks' advance.

On September 24, the sultan arrived outside Nicopolis. According to the Ottoman chronicler Nesri, he stealthily approached the walls alone and spoke to Dogan Bey. "Hang on bravely," he said. "I will look after you. You shall see that I will be here like a flash of lightning!" It was a fitting legend to attribute to a man nicknamed the Thunderbolt.

Bayezid's arrival prompted at least one knight to hurriedly pull himself away from the revelries. Upon learning of an isolated Turkish detachment, Coucy assembled 1,000 horsemen and crossbowmen to wipe it out. The Turkish detachment, which was probably a reconnaissance force led by Everenos Bey, had positioned itself within a narrow defile. Utilizing tactics that were utterly alien to his fellow knights, Coucy teased the Turks with a body of 100 cavalry until they were tempted to emerge. Feigning retreat, the cavalry led the Turks forward into a trap. The victory was complete, but rather than earning the respect of his compatriots, Coucy was accused by d'Eu and others of robbing Nevers of his rightful glory. The episode proved an ill omen of future discord.

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ABOVE: Heavily armed crusader knights at Nicopolis ran into a second line of Turkish defenders protected by wooden stakes and expert archers. LEFT: Period drawing of a chain mail-wearing Turkish Sipahi, armed with a lance, sword, bow, and arrows.

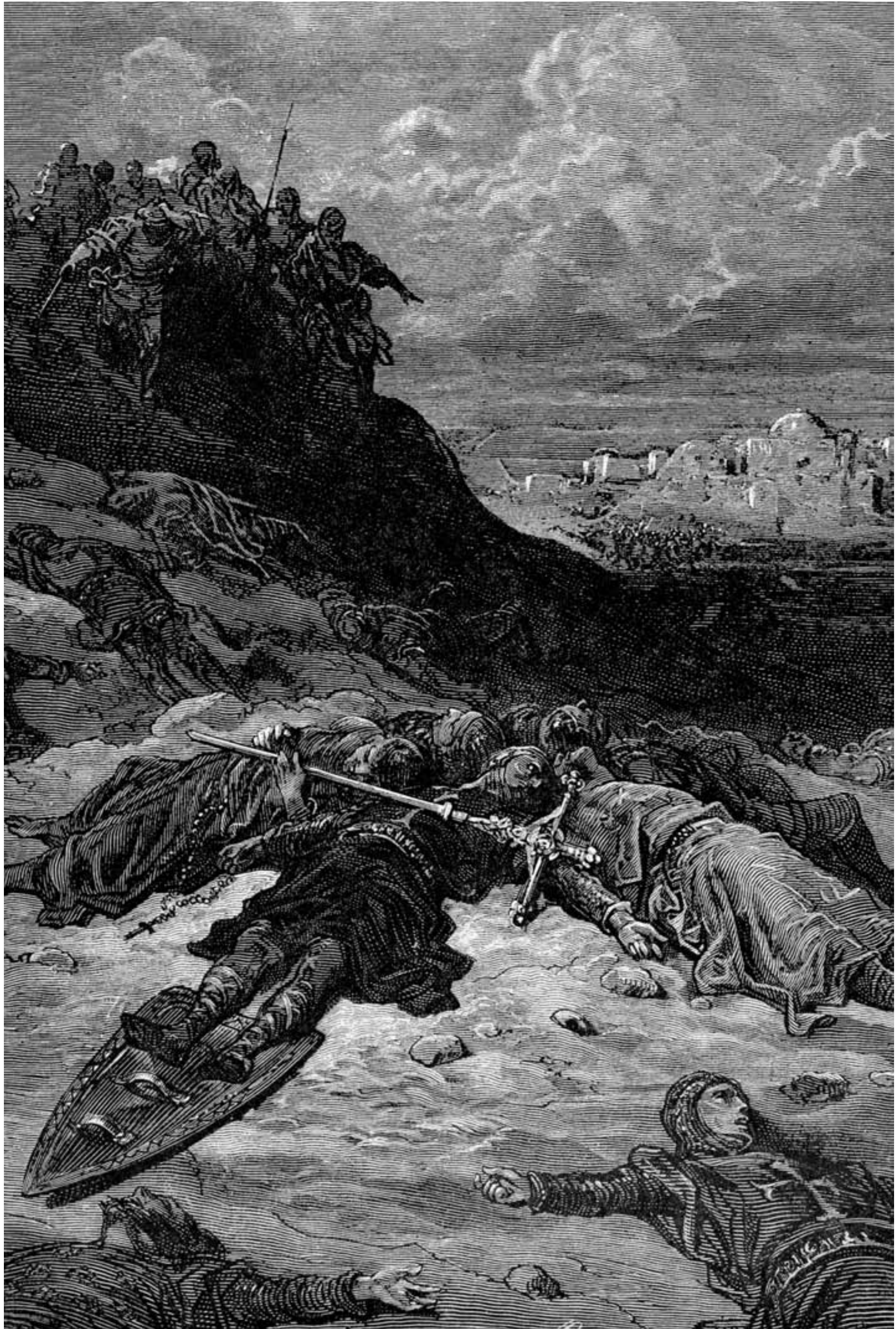
It became clear that a general battle would soon be fought against the main Turkish army. Sigismund wasted little time in suggesting how it should be conducted. The Hungarians and their eastern allies, having extensive experience fighting the Turks and understanding their tactics, recommended a defensive engagement, fearing the enemy would attempt a ruse to draw the overly aggressive knights into a trap. To avoid that, Sigismund reasoned, the heavily armored knights should be kept back until the last moment to deliver the coup de grace to an exhausted enemy. In the meantime, he would march the shaky Transylvanians and Wallachians forward to ensure that they remained loyal, while his Hungarians followed closely behind.

The king's argument was sound. The older knights supported the plan, especially Coucy, who was familiar with the Wallachians and their often treacherous ways. The Wallachian voivode Mircea had deep reservations about the battle, feeling that the knights made war as if it were a game. For him and his people, war was not a sport but an unfortunate necessity forced upon them to preserve their independence amid aggressive neighbors. As Sigismund suspected, Mircea also distrusted the Hungarians, whom he believed to be every bit as menacing to Wallachia as the Ottomans.

Unsurprisingly, Vienne's and Coucy's endorsements of Sigismund's tactics were met with scorn at a council of war with their fellow knights. "The King of Hungary," said d'Eu, "wishes to have the flower and honor of battle." In their eyes, Vienne and Coucy were nearly treasonous. The Franco-Burgundian knights, the younger men insisted, must take the lead in battle. Honor and privilege demanded it; anything less would be pure cowardice. Philip had hoped that his son would pay heed to the wisdom of the older warriors. Instead, when his intervention was most critical, Nevers concurred with the opinion of the headstrong majority.

Having rejected Sigismund's advice, the Franco-Burgundians, joined by a portion of the Germans, placed themselves in the vanguard of the Christian army. Some distance behind were the Hungarians and Hospitallers, commanded by Sigismund and Naillac, respectively. Mircea's Wal-

The Granger Collection, New York



Dead crusaders litter the field at Nicopolis after the Christian army fled. Both sides sustained heavy causalities with the Turks likely suffering more.

lachians assembled to the right of the Hungarians, while the Transylvanians, led by Stephen Laczkovic, formed on the left.

Unlike the Christians, there were no disputes within the Ottoman ranks. Bayezid was familiar with Nicopolis and knew the local terrain well—not that anyone would have dared to challenge his judgment anyway. As Sigismund correctly surmised, Bayezid hoped to bait the enemy forward before enveloping it with his wings and annihilating it. To achieve this goal, he occupied a slight hill to the south of the town. On the slope of the hill, fully visible to the Christians, he placed his irregular cavalry, or *akindji,* whose apparent weakness was meant to entice the crusaders forward. Behind the *akindji* were the irregular infantry, or *azabs,* and the Janissaries, a newly created entity. Additionally, the Turks erected a thick row of stakes in front of the infantry to thwart the anticipated cavalry charge.

If all went as planned, the killer blow would be delivered by Bayezid's favorite weapon, the mailed lancers, or Sipahis. He kept the Sipahis along with Lazarovic's Serbs concealed behind the hill and prepared to strike at the critical moment. The coming battle was shaping up to be a classic contest between strength and agility.

Before dawn on September 25, Sigismund made a last desperate attempt to avoid the calamity he foresaw all too clearly. Visiting the crusader camp, Sigismund pleaded that they observe due caution. As before, Vienne and Coucy concurred, but they were unable to sway Nevers, who reportedly begged the king to permit the knights to attack. Since the knights did not require Sigismund's permission, it was unlikely that Nevers felt the need to put on such a shameful display. Chronicler Jean Froissart provided a more likely account when he claimed that d'Eu, infuriated by Sigismund's attempt at persuasion, roared that anything short of an immediate charge would "expose us to the contempt of all!" At that point, Vienne was said to quip, "When truth and reason cannot be heard, then must arrogance rule." Nonetheless, as senior commander, the admiral agreed to lead the crusaders into battle.

Before the attack began, an episode transpired that was to have the most dreadful of consequences. Perhaps fearful of providing the garrison of Nicopolis with a reason to launch a sortie, or else simply immersed in a frenzy of prebattle blood lust, the knights massacred the remaining prisoners from Oryahovo and left the bodies for all to see. Then the crusaders mounted up for the attack. The Hungarians, possibly unaware that the battle was commencing, remained static in their original position as their allies began to trot forward. Building up steam, the knights plunged into a headlong charge with cries of "Vive Saint Denis!" and "Vive Saint Georges!" Seconds later they crashed into the Turkish irregular cavalry, violently punching a hole through it. The *akindji* had time to fire only a few volleys of arrows before they were divided, after which they regained composure and fell back around both flanks to reassemble behind the infantry as planned. Their losses were heavy, but as a body they remained intact.

Much to their surprise, the knights next encountered the line of stakes, which were sharpened and fixed to drive into the breast of any horse that might charge forward. But the horses were not suicidal and came to a screeching halt before the menacing spears. With the crusaders temporarily immobilized, Turkish infantry began pouring arrows into them, aiming primarily at the horses as the lightweight

projectiles were largely ineffective against thick armor. At that point, the knights had little choice but to dismount and continue on foot. Boucicaut declared a death from arrows to be cowardly and bravely led his men forward, uprooting the stakes as they went.

The result was a foregone conclusion. The Turkish foot was simply no match for the Westerners, whose steel armor stopped sabers and maces cold while their own heavy axes and swords hacked right through the lightly clad Ottomans. Within minutes, Turkish losses mounted at a feverish pace. Without hesitation, the knights charged through and scattered the reconstituted Turkish cavalry for a second time. Their momentum seemed unstoppable.

Even Bayezid was confused by what was transpiring. He had successfully baited the Christian army but did not anticipate that the enemy would simply slash through his front lines as though they were made of paper. It was then that the overwhelming success of the knights became their undoing. Rather than halt and consolidate the victory, d'Eu and Boucicaut pressed the charge in the mistaken belief that they had completely destroyed the Ottoman army. Up the hill the crusaders climbed until, reaching the summit, they were utterly exhausted. Only then did they glimpse the fresh Sipahis, ready to strike. The sultan's strategy had paid off.

Upon catching sight of the Sipahis, a monk of St. Denis recounted of the knights, "The lion in them turned into a timid hare." As the Sipahis furiously charged forward, many of the knights fled, cutting off the pointed ends of their shoes to facilitate their escape. Most, however, chose to meet death heroically, including Nevers, d'Eu, Boucicaut, Coucy, Vienne, and Carrouges. The combat was intense. Vienne, bearing the banner of Notre Dame, lost hold of his precious possession six times before it permanently fell to the ground beside his dead body. His longtime comrade Carrouges fell beside him, having fought a last, losing duel with an anonymous Turkish soldier amid the dust and confusion of battle.

Nevers nearly met the same fate but was saved at the last moment when his retinue surrounded him and agreed to put down their arms in return for his life. When the remaining knights saw that he had been captured, they immediately followed suit. Their last hope of avoiding captivity and dishonor lay with the Hungarian king, whom they had only so recently mocked and insulted.

A stampede of horses racing back to their lines without riders alerted Sigismund of the rout. Turning to Naillac, he said, "We lost the day by the pride and vanity of these French." Both Mircea and Lazarovic agreed. Feeling it foolish to squander their precious soldiers in a lost battle, they promptly exited the field to prepare for the inevitable Turkish invasion of their homelands.

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This period manuscript illustration shows Bayezid, left, watching naked Christian prisoners being executed in retaliation for an earlier massacre of Turkish prisoners at Oryahovo.

Sigismund, however, was not prepared to concede, believing that there was still time to rescue the crusaders and turn the tide. Leading the Hungarians forward, the king trampled over those Turks already broken by the crusader charge. Moments later, the Hungarians were among the Sipahis and managed to fight the elite cavalry to a standstill. Then Bayezid threw in his last reserves, sending Laczkovic and his mounted Serbs to tip the balance. The Hungarians battled tenaciously until their king's banner fell, at which point Naillac urged Sigismund to flee the field.

The Hungarian retreat quickly turned into a catastrophe. Panicked soldiers scattered in every direction. Those who were not cut down or captured headed toward the Danube and attempted to pack onto the waiting ships. Badly overcrowded, many of the boats capsized, sending their passengers to a watery grave. Others tried to swim the river only to be weighed down by their armor and drowned. Sigismund managed to board a vessel and set sail. Fearing a Wallachian ambush, he decided to head for the safety of Constantinople rather than attempt a return to Buda.

The number of dead littering the field of Nicopolis was tremendous. Thousands died on both sides, with the Turks getting the worst of it. The scene broke the sultan's heart. When he visited the site and saw his fallen soldiers, Bayezid vowed that he would not leave their blood unavenged. Grief turned to blind rage when the sultan discovered the bodies of the massacred Oryahovo prisoners. There would swiftly be retribution.

Early the next morning, Bayezid ordered the 3,000 captured Christians gathered together in small groups. Wishing to ransom the wealthiest knights, he enlisted Jacques de Helley, who had served in his father's eastern campaigns, to act as translator and identify the crusader nobility. In this way, Nevers, d'Eu, and Coucy were saved from the coming carnage but forced to stand beside the sultan and observe the gruesome proceedings. Bayezid then ordered the condemned prisoners stripped and executed.

All those above the age of 20 were decapitated; the rest became slaves. When it came time to behead Boucicaut, Nevers fell to his knees before the sultan and pleaded for the other man's life. Pressing his thumbs together to indicate that the two men were like brothers, he succeeded in convincing Bayezid that Boucicaut would earn a hefty ransom and thus saved him from death. It was an ironic episode for one who would go down in history as John the Fearless.

Another crusader who escaped execution because he was only 16 later said, "Blood was spilled from morning until vespers." By nightfall even Bayezid had seen enough and ordered the killing stopped. The remaining 300 prisoners were made slaves. Nevers, d'Eu, Boucicaut, and Coucy fared only marginally better than the average prisoners, being stripped of their clothing and force marched to Gallipoli. From there they were moved to Brusa, where Coucy,

Continued from page 69

AS THE CIVIL WAR CONTINUED IN THE SPRING OF 1864, a Shenandoah Valley resident lamented, "Our prospects look gloomy, very gloomy." Those prospects dimmed even further when the relentless new Union general in chief, Ulysses S. Grant, orchestrated a concerted scheme of simultaneous advances. "My primary mission," Grant declared, "is to bring pressure to bear on the Confederacy so no longer [can] it take advantage of interior lines." Grant focused on the key Southern cities of Atlanta and Richmond. While Maj. Gen. William T. Sherman drove into Georgia, Maj. Gen. Nathaniel Banks would advance into Louisiana and southern Arkansas. Meanwhile, Maj. Gen. George G. Meade would lead the Army of the Potomac against its old nemesis, Robert E. Lee, in Virginia.

In support of the drive on Richmond, Grant called for a move from western Virginia into the Shenandoah Valley to divert attention from Meade's effort, tying down much-needed Confederate troops. One of the richest and most productive regions in the South, the Shenandoah, called "the Breadbasket of the Confederacy," is cradled between the Allegheny and Blue Ridge Mountains. Approximately 125 miles long, the valley stretches from Martinsburg, West Virginia, to Staunton in southern Virginia. The headwaters of the Shenandoah River rise 10 miles below Staunton and flow northward to its confluence with the Potomac River at Harpers Ferry. The topography of the countryside gives rise to some odd local terminology. Because the river

"Put the Boys In"

BY PEDRO GARCIA

flowed from south to north, the northern end is referred to as the Lower Valley and the southern end as the Upper Valley. Hence, to travel north was considered going down the valley, and moving south was considered going up the valley.

Grant's plan called for a Union column under Brig. Gen. George Crook to attack the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad, one of Lee's vital lifelines, and seize the key transportation center at Staunton. A second column, 9,000 men strong, would tear up the rail line and descend on the major Confederate supply depot at Lynchburg. In command of the second column was Maj. Gen. Edward O.C. Ord, supported—somewhat reluctantly—by Maj. Gen. Franz Sigel.

With the 1864 presidential election looming, Abraham Lincoln had specifically asked the War Department to give Sigel an important and visible command. Sigel's influence with the burgeoning German community in St. Louis had been instrumental in electing Lincoln in 1860. The military commander's resume was mixed, at best, at this stage of the war. His military reputation was in almost inverse proportion to his political usefulness and ability to attract recruits. "I'm going to fight mit Sigel," German recruits would boast. When the war broke out, Sigel was commissioned a colonel in the 3rd Infantry Regiment in St. Louis. He got off to a bad start at the Battles of Carthage and Wilson's Creek, but despite his poor showings Sigel was promoted to brigadier general, further underscoring his prominence as a political general.

Siegel redeemed himself to a degree at the Battle of Pea Ridge, Arkansas, in March 1862, deftly handling Union artillery. He was given another star and transferred

© Keith Rocco

AFTER UNION GENERAL FRANZ SIGEL MOVED INTO THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY IN THE SPRING OF 1864, CONFEDERATE FORCES FELL BACK TO NEW MARKET. ON MAY 15, CONFEDERATE GENERAL JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE ORDERED AN ATTACK.

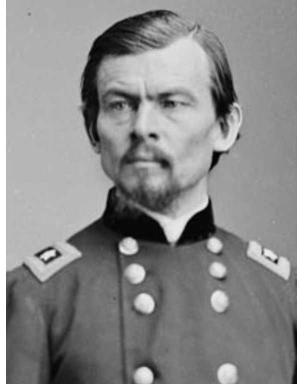
Cadets from Virginia Military Institute, led by 20-year-old Captain Benjamin A. Colonna, race past Bushong's Farm to fill a gap in the Confederate line at New Market. Painting by Keith Rocco.

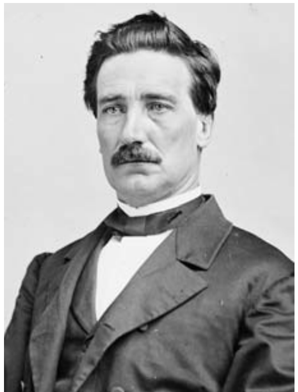
to the eastern theater of war. He led a division and then a corps in the Shenandoah Valley, where he was part of a collective thumping at the hands of Confederate Maj. Gen. Thomas "Stonewall" Jackson at the Battle of Second Manassas. He then took command of the largely German XI Corps of the Army of the Potomac but was abruptly relieved of command in February 1863. Since then, Sigel had been exiled to a minor post in Pennsylvania.

Sigel was more or less forced on Grant. Well aware of the German's deficiencies, Grant sought to limit his involvement without creating a political fuss. He ultimately decided to give Sigel an administrative and logistical support role, with troops in the field to be commanded by Ord. The attack on the railroad was given first priority, while Sigel's role was largely diversionary. Grant explained Sigel's part in the campaign to Sherman. "I don't expect much from Sigel's movement," wrote Grant to his confidant. "I don't calculate on very great results." Quoting Lincoln, Grant continued, "If Sigel can't skin himself, he can hold a leg while someone else does."

In stark contrast to Sigel's career, former U.S. Vice President John C. Breckinridge had performed admirably on the battlefield. The Kentucky native had seen his first major action at the Battle of Shiloh in April 1862, where he commanded a brigade of Kentucky troops, the soon to be famous "Orphan Brigade." His actions at Shiloh earned Breckinridge a promotion to major general and the respect of his men and fellow officers. As a hard and desperate fighter, he had few, if any, superiors in either army. In early March, he was given command of all Confederate forces in the Shenandoah Valley and asked to cover a vast geographical department that stretched from West Virginia to southwestern Virginia and parts of Tennessee and Kentucky. "I trust you will drive the enemy back," Lee wrote to Breckinridge. To do so, the former vice president had less than 5,000 troops at his disposal.

All: Library of Congress





Principal commanders at New Market included, left to right, Maj. Gen. John C. Breckinridge, Union Maj. Gen. Franz Sigel, and Maj. Gen. John D. Imboden, a native of nearby Staunton, Virginia.

Ord, by contrast, was to have more than 9,500 men in his command, including 8,000 infantry provided by Sigel. But Sigel bridled at his support role and in the end sent Ord only 6,500 men. When Ord asked him to bring up supplies, Sigel responded, in effect, "I don't think I shall do it." Ord soon tired of Sigel's foot dragging and resigned his command on April 17, which was probably what Sigel was angling for in the first place. The German happily took over the column, moving south from Martinsburg on April 29. His infantry, divided into two brigades, was led by Brig. Gen. Jeremiah Sullivan, while Sigel's chief of staff, Maj. Gen. Julius Stahel, had charge of the cavalry.

As word of Sigel's advance reached Richmond, Breckinridge took steps to checkmate the Union move into the valley. The man charged with the defense was Brig. Gen. John D. Imboden. A native of Staunton, Imboden had intimate knowledge of his domain. He had served as a captain of artillery under Stonewall Jackson in 1861 and later recruited and raised a cavalry battalion. His most notable achievement came at Gettysburg, where he successfully covered the Confederate retreat and secured, against daunting odds, the army's vital crossing point over a rain-swollen Potomac River at Williamsport. Shortly afterward, Imboden was named district commander in the valley, with 1,500 troopers under his control, including the 18th, 23rd, and 62nd Virginia Mounted Infantry, as well as a battery of artillery. They were tasked with observing, harassing, and slowing down Sigel's advance, buying time for Breckinridge to assemble his forces.

Imboden sent two companies of the 23rd Virginia Cavalry, under Major Fielding Calmese, to operate on the road between Romney and Winchester. Union scouts detected the activity, and portions of the 6th and 7th West Virginia Cavalry, as well as 14th Pennsylvania Cavalry, rode out in pursuit. The blue-clad horsemen tirelessly gave chase but failed to come to grips with the Confederates. No sooner had the Federals called off the pursuit than fresh Confederate cavalry appeared on the scene. "In a little while," wrote a resident of Winchester, "the Yankees came back and went down the Martinsburg road." In a few moments, they were followed by Calmese, leading his men triumphantly through the streets.

When the news of the running victory reached Breckinridge and Lee, it was viewed as a favorable portent of things to come. A soldier in the 51st Virginia wrote home, "My opinion is that right here in this country will be the next fighting in the spring." He was right. Before the month was out, Imboden was calling for local companies of reserves and militia to bolster his ranks. Rockingham and Augusta Counties, in the central part of the valley, contributed six companies of reservists made up of boys too young and men too old to join the army.

Imboden also reached out to Francis Smith, superintendent of the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington, raising the possibility that the youthful cadets might be pressed into service. When the war began, the cadets had gone to Richmond to act as drillmasters for the thousands of raw recruits joining the army. In May 1862, they had marched with Jackson to the Battle of McDowell but did not see action there. Now, two years later, they were itching to get into the fight. The feeling was best summed up by a 19-year-old cadet who wrote his mother: "I think you had just as well give your consent at once to my resigning and entering the Army. I want to have some of the glory of the year '64 attached to my name." Smith offered the cadets to Robert E. Lee, but Lee expressed the droll hope that the boys would remain in school, thus avoiding the necessity of what President Jefferson Davis had termed "grinding the seed corn of the nation."

Sigel, satisfied that he had completed his preliminary assignment, moved his headquarters from Cumberland to Martinsburg and made final preparations for the trip southward up the valley. Two days later, Sigel's force entered Winchester and immediately abandoned any further idea of advance. Despite continued evidence of the enemy's weakness, Sigel lost any sense of urgency, preferring to maintain a rigid routine of drill, inspection, and review—even staging mock battles to gauge how his troops would behave under fire. According to an officer in the 116th Ohio, such pointless posturing "bred in everyone the most supreme contempt for General Sigel. Not an officer or man retained a spark of respect for, or confidence in, him."

Sigel's sloth-like advance was exacerbated by

Wikipedia

The 34th Massachusetts Infantry, photographed in camp near Washington, D.C., found itself in the thick of the fighting at New Market before driving from the battlefield.

the need to detach large numbers of troops to deal with the threat posed by Confederate partisan raiders John Mosby and John "Hanse" McNeill, who were terrorizing Sigel's lines of supply and communication. Despite the incessant raiding and mounted clashes, Sigel's main body advanced to Woodstock on May 11. A sharp skirmish there drove the Confederate defenders from the town in such haste that they left behind several unsent telegrams written by Breckinridge and intended for Imboden. These communications revealed that several thousand Confederates were at that very moment coming to his assistance but that Breckinridge was still uncertain about Sigel's destination or purpose.

Having stumbled upon this invaluable intelligence, Sigel could not be spurred to action. Instead, he dispatched Colonel William Boyd and 300 troopers of the 1st New York Cavalry on a scouting mission to secure Sigel's left flank. Boyd soon ran into another Confederate trap at New Market Gap. The Southern troopers had inflicted two severe reverses on Federal forces in one week, and Sigel's cavalry would go into the coming battle seriously weakened.

Meanwhile, on the morning of May 13, some 40 miles away in Staunton, Breckinridge announced that he was "determined not to await Sigel's coming, but to march to meet him and give him battle wherever found." The Kentuckian had arrived in town eight days earlier, mustering all the militia in the area, and on May 10 he had summoned the 264-man Corps of Cadets from the Virginia Military Institute, fresh from raising a commemorative flag at the gravesite of Stonewall Jackson, who had died exactly one year earlier. Breckinridge asked the cadets to stand by to help repel the Union invasion. Meanwhile, he was joined by the veteran brigades of Brig. Gens. John Echols and Gabriel Wharton, totaling another 2,500 men. Including Imboden's men, Breckinridge now mustered 4,816 men at arms.

As the Confederate column snaked through Harrisonburg on May 14, the low rumble of artillery and distant gunfire announced the arrival of Sigel's advance guard at New Market. Colonel Augustus Moor, commander of the 1st Brigade, was ordered to conduct a reconnaissance in force to probe Imboden's position and seize the small crossroads village if possible. Moor did so, driving the thin gray line of defenders four miles southwest of town onto a commanding eminence called Shirley's Hill.

The day's running skirmish settled into a brief but furious artillery duel. Fitful fighting continued throughout the night. "It had been raining all day and continued all night, a cold rain that soaked us to the skin," remembered a soldier in the 123rd Ohio. "We remained in line all night, sleeping but little on the cold, muddy ground. It was one of the most uncomfortable nights I ever spent." As darkness fell, Moor's brigade of roughly 2,300 men, fully one-third of the army, dug in northwest of town on a slightly lower rise called Manor's Hill.

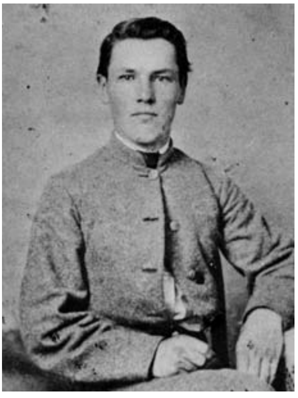
The battlefield at New Market was a box-like peninsula defined by Shirley's Hill on the south, Bushong's Hill on the north, the Shenandoah River on the west, and Smith's Creek to the east. The terrain would force the Federals to fight on a narrow front, and the rains flooded the local streams, rendering them impassable. It was on the far western point of the constricted land corridor at Bushong's Hill that Sigel's army would deploy for battle, but as Sunday, May 15, dawned, he was still 20 miles away at Woodstock.

Sunrise gave a clear view of the field, and Breckinridge studied it carefully with his binoculars. Satisfied that the enemy had no immediate offensive intentions, the Kentuckian declared: "We can attack and whip him here. I'll do it." Artillery began barking back and forth as Breckinridge made his final dispositions on the northern slope of Shirley's Hill, out of Federal view. It would be an assault in depth, with Wharton's brigade on the left, Echols's brigade on the right, and the 62nd Virginia Mounted Infantry holding the center. The VMI cadets, whose spruce uniforms had drawn catcalls of "Katydids!" and "Rock-a-bye Baby!" from the amused veterans, formed in reserve, constituting Breckinridge's last line.

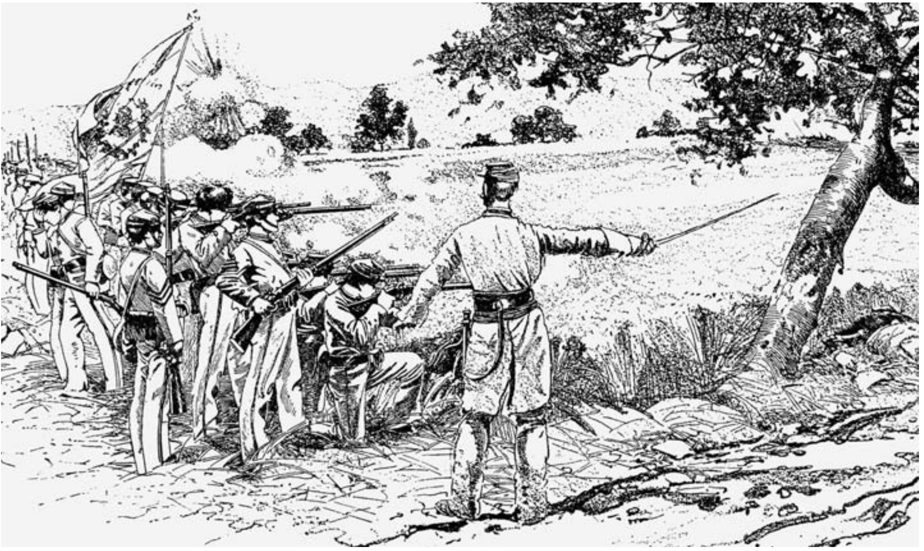
Just before the Confederate infantry stepped off, Breckinridge spurred his horse up to the young cadets. "Young gentlemen," he said, "I hope there will be no occasion to use you, but if there is, I trust you will do your duty." Commandant Lt. Col. Scott Shipp ordered the Corps' white battle flag unfurled while the band struck up a jaunty tune as the cadets moved into place down Shirley's Hill. Shipp, at 24, was scarcely older than the cadets he commanded, whose average age was 17. The cadets were armed with Austrian rifles and 40 rounds of ammunition in their cartridge boxes. Two 3-inch rifled cannons from the school's artillery section rattled along behind them.

Shipp had not been briefed by the veteran generals to rush his cadets down the hill, and they moved at a leisurely rate, as though they were still on the parade ground. Suddenly, a Federal shell exploded in the midst of Companies C and D. The war had suddenly become all too real. Captain Govan Hill, an adult tactical officer in Company C, dropped with a fractured skull. Private

All: Virginia Military Institute



Left to right, VMI Commandant Lt. Col. Scott Shipp, 17-year-old cadet Thomas G. Jefferson, and Cadet Jack Stanard. The two cadets were mortally wounded in the battle. BELOW: VMI cadets fire into the Union troops with parade-ground precision. A Federal officer conceded that the mostly teenaged cadets "fought like veterans."



The Granger Collection, New York

Charles E. Read was struck over the right eye by a shell fragment, and James L. Merritt was hit in the abdomen by a piece of shrapnel that knocked him down but did not penetrate the skin. Pierre Woodlief of Company B also fell. Beside them, 17-year-old cadet John S. Wise was also hit. He remembered the shell vividly: "It burst directly in my face: lightning leaped, fire flashed, the earth rocked, the sky whirled around and I feel upon my knees. Cadet Sergeant [William] Cabell looked at me pityingly and called out, 'Close up, men!' as he passed. I knew no more." Finally, the rest of the corps reached the safety of the valley below.

On a field lashed by heavy rains, a double line of skirmishers from the 30th Virginia Battalion surged forward at 11 AM. A Federal soldier conceded later that he and his comrades had been taken by surprise. "We were not looking for trouble," he said, being "in ignorance of the fact of the proximity of Breckinridge's forces." As it was, Imboden struck first, sending the 18th and 23rd Virginia charging through the woods on the right and flushing out the blue-clad pickets. The gray line moved resolutely over the crest, down Shirley's Hill and through town, cheered on by citizens. One resident remembered, "The little town, which a moment before had seemed to sleep so peacefully that Sabbath morn, was now wreathed in battle smoke and swarming with troops hurrying to their positions."

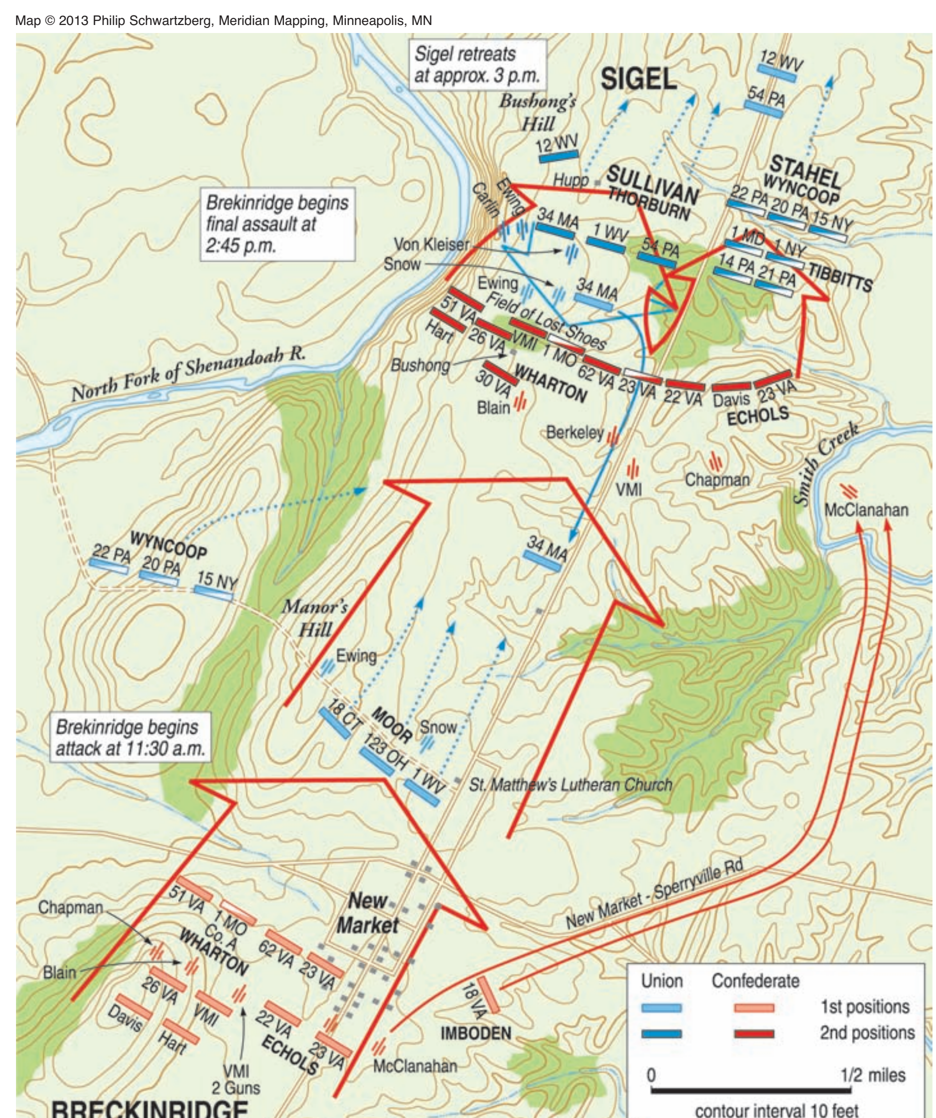
When fully fleshed out, Breckinridge's extended line of battle stretched well beyond the flanks of Moor's defensive position at Manor's Hill, making his line instantly untenable. A soldier in the 18th Connecticut wrote, "As soon as the Confederate support came in sight we were ordered to fall back." Another bluejacket from the 123rd Ohio recalled that the Confederates came "sweeping like an avalanche." From atop Manor's Hill, Major Theodore Lang fired off five messages to Sigel, urging him to come up quickly. Reinforcements dribbled in throughout the morning from the strung-out Federal column, and as they arrived they were met by wounded and stragglers moving in the opposite direction. "As we went up there was evidence of a heavy fight going on in front," grumbled one disgusted artilleryman. "The road was lined with stragglers who kept shouting to us to give it to them, and then getting to the rear as fast as they could."

Sigel arrived on the field about noon and almost immediately demonstrated his lack of appreciation for the true conditions at the front, rebuking Lang for being unnecessarily excited about the fate of the army. With the Confederate juggernaut in full view, driving everything before them, Lang asked Sigel about the whereabouts of the rest of the army. When Sigel nonchalantly replied that they were coming, Lang countered with a searing "Yes, General, but too late." Sigel ordered Moor to evacuate his position slowly and fall back to a new one. Moor disengaged skillfully and withdrew several hundred yards, reforming on a ridgeline known as Rice's Hill. In the process, he was compelled to give up the town of New Market.

At this point in the battle, Breckinridge stopped the advance, pausing to redress ranks, shift positions, and adapt his plans to the fluid circumstances. The halt consumed less than an hour, and the Confederates advanced again at 2 PM. Moor recalled that he was "hardly in line when the rebels heralded their advance by their peculiar yell." The onrushing Confederate wave swept forward with considerable momentum, and the second Federal position of the day dissolved into a chaotic withdrawal. However, Moor's short struggle had bought Sigel time to form a new line atop Bushong's Hill. It ran for nearly a mile and included the 54th Pennsylvania, 34th Massachusetts, and 1st and 12th West Virginia Regiments. As the Confederates approached Sigel's main line, one of Breckinridge's staff officers noted, "It was evident that the enemy had determined to make his final stand."

Supporting the new Union line were four batteries that began working with trip-hammer rapidity and fearful precision. The Confederates continued to advance swiftly and steadily in the face of galling fire. A Federal artillerist observed: "On they came without wavering, and closing up the gaps that four batteries were cutting through them, and yelling like demons. The order is passed for two-second fuses. The next moment there is a demand along the line for canister, the men work with a will, and we pour the canister among them and for about ten minutes we pour canister from twelve guns right into them." An officer in the 34th Massachusetts had a similar recollection: "We waited until they were close enough, and then rose up and gave it to them. They halted and kept up a hot fire. Three times their colors fell and were raised."

Map © 2013 Philip Schwartzberg, Meridian Mapping, Minneapolis, MN



The battlefield at New Market was a box-like peninsula defined by Shirley's Hill on the south, Bushong's Hill on the north, the Shenandoah River on the west, and Smith's Creeek on the east. Heavy rains had made the creeks impassable, further constricting movement.

The Confederate left-center faltered and collapsed. Within the space of a few minutes, the 62nd Virginia lost nearly half its strength, the right-half of the 51st Virginia was caved in, and the 1st Missouri and 30th Virginia were also badly broken up. The VMI cadets, following in reserve, again took casualties. Privates Henry Jones and Charles Crockett of Company D were killed instantly by an exploding shell.

With the Confederates reeling, there was an opportunity for a well-placed and well-led counterattack. "Just here a cavalry charge would have won the day for the Yankees," conceded a wounded officer of the 30th Virginia. However, rather than striking a blow where the enemy had just been driven back in confusion, Sigel launched his weakened cavalry against the enemy right, where Echols's brigade had yet to be engaged and where Breckinridge had placed 10 cannons and ordered the guns to be double-shotted with canister. An aide to the general reported, "It had scarcely been done before they were seen advancing in squadron front, when, coming in range, the artillery opened."

Among the massed artillery were two guns from VMI. "We got quickly into action with canister against cavalry charging down the road and adjacent fields. When the smoke cleared away the cavalry seemed to have been completely broken up," recalled Lieutenant Collier Minge. A Federal sergeant noted succinctly, "They mowed us down like grass." About this time, Sigel's infantry was preparing its own counterattack aimed at the weakened Confederate center. The result was a series of disjointed, badly coordinated lunges at the enemy. "We were receiving fire not only from our front, but from our left, and almost our rear. In fact, we were nearly surrounded," lamented an officer in the 34th Massachusetts.

To make matters worse, there was no cavalry support on the Union left, having been decimated in the earlier attempt to break the Confederate right. "The enemy pressed forward his right, which extended some distance beyond our left, and was rapidly flanking me in that direction," reported Colonel Jason Campbell of the 54th Pennsylvania. Anxiously watching the attack unfold, a Federal gunner observed, "Our infantry forms for the charge; they move forward, with the glorious old flag to the front. I felt that the day was ours, for their line was already giving ground. But alas, they do not go more than a hundred yards till they waver and fall back, and we now felt it would be a desperate struggle for the battery, for every man knew we were whipped."

An ugly gap opened in the Confederate center, directly in front of Breckinridge's only available reserves—the 26th Virginia Battalion and the VMI cadets. An aide, Major Charles Semple, suggested putting the cadets into line. Breckinridge resisted briefly, then conceded the inevitable. "Put the boys in," he said, "and may God forgive me for the order." The cadets swept forward with a wild yell, heading into the orchard below Bushong's Hill. "The fire was withering," recalled Commandant Shipp. "It seemed impossible than any living creature could escape." Private Beverly "Jack" Stanard fell mortally wounded with a shattered leg; his comrade, Private Thomas G. Jefferson, was fatally shot in the stomach. Shipp was struck in the left shoulder by a spent shell fragment and turned over command to senior tactical officer Henry A. Wise. One cadet remembered a regular officer's attempt to rally his shattered command: "I shall never forget his language—'Rally men and go to the front. Here you are running to the rear like a lot of frightened sheep. Look at those children going to the front. Rally and follow those children!'"

Union Major Lang conceded, "I never witnessed a more gallant advance and final charge than was given by those brave boys on that field. They fought like veterans, nor did the dropping of their comrades by the ruthless bullets deter them from their mission." Cadet Wise remembered the moment forever. "The order was given to the cadets to advance upon the enemy, and they moved promptly and most spiritedly," he said, "driving the enemy in their immediate front from the field, capturing guns and prisoners." With the initiative in their favor, Breckinridge's men swept forward again, driving the deflated Federals from the field in utter confusion. An officer in

Continued from page 69

ALVAN GILLEM AND THE DAWN OF THE NEW ARMY

The crew of an M3 tank pose showily for a publicity photo during training exercises in 1942. General Alvan C. Gillem was among the first officers to command an American armored division. INSET: General Alvan C. Gillem.

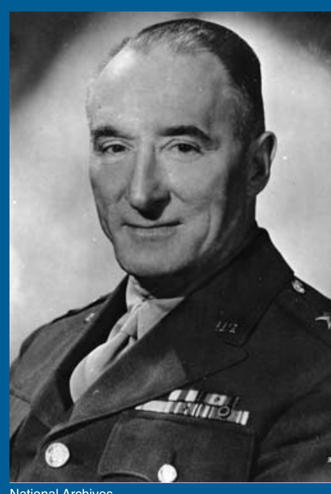
General Alvan C. Gillem, one of the U.S. Army's most important and innovative thinkers, led the hard-charging XIII Corps across the Rhine in 1945, spearheading the final Allied advance into the heart of Nazi Germany.

BY CHRIS J. HARTLEY

Library of Congress

THE UNITED STATES HAD NOT YET ENTERED World War II when *Time* magazine noted that the Army had created two new armored divisions. The commander of one of the divisions, said the magazine, was worthy of note. Selected to command the 3rd Armored Division "was an alert, progressive officer with an old Army name: Brigadier General Alvan Cullom Gillem, Jr." The magazine was right to notice. Gillem was destined to help change the U.S. Army forever.

Born in 1888, Gillem graduated from high school in Pacific Grove, California, where he was a track star. After attending the University of Arizona for a year, he transferred to the University of the South at Sewanee, Tennessee, where he became one of the school's best athletes, excelling at track, baseball, and football. Financial problems ended Gillem's time at Sewanee prematurely. His father, a cavalry colonel, could not afford to keep two sons in college on his Army salary, so Gillem left school voluntarily in 1910 to make way for his younger brother, an even better athlete. Gillem then tried to secure an appointment to the U.S. Military Academy at West Point. When that failed, he enlisted as a private in the 17th Infantry Regiment at Ft. McPherson, Georgia. A year later, Gillem was promoted second lieutenant.


National Archives

After an initial assignment at the Presidio in San Francisco, Gillem went to the Philippines in July 1911 with the 12th Infantry Regiment before joining Maj. Gen. John J. Pershing's punitive expedition to capture Mexican bandit Pancho Villa. While serving with Pershing, Gillem commanded a mounted infantry company and experienced combat for the first time. Promoted to captain in May 1917, Gillem organized the 23rd Machine Gun Battalion, part of the 8th Infantry Division. Although he and his unit did not arrive in Europe in time to serve in World War I, Gillem was promoted to major after the war.

Following World War I, Gillem became professor of military science and ROTC commander at the State University of Montana. School officials were disappointed when the Army gave Gillem a new assignment, commanding 1,200 replacement soldiers bound for Siberia, a land still in the throes of the Russian Civil War. Arriving in Vladivostok in August 1919, Gillem joined the American expeditionary force that had been sent to assist Czech soldiers patrolling the Trans-Siberian Railroad and to guard the supplies and railroad stock the United States had shipped to Russia during World War I.

Despite various problems with the Czechs and other Allied troops, Gillem's successful service in Siberia marked him as an officer to watch. His next assignments took him to the Philippines, Hawaii, and the Command and General Staff

School at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, where he graduated 57th in the 151-man class of 1923. Afterward, he was sent back to the Mexican border to take command of a battalion in the 25th Infantry, one of the Army's two all-black infantry regiments.

From there, Gillem went on to the Army War College. After graduating in 1926, he was assigned to General Douglas MacArthur's III Corps staff. Gillem fell under the MacArthur spell; he named his second son after the general. In 1930, Gillem became professor of military science at the University of Maryland. After five years in that role, Gillem was ordered to Fort Benning, Georgia, and promoted to lieutenant colonel. During a 4½-year tour at Benning's infantry school, he served as chief of the weapons and tactics sections.

Promoted to colonel in 1940, Gillem took command of the 66th Infantry Regiment (Light Tanks). The oldest tank unit in the Army, dating back to World War I, the 66th was among the Army's few pre-World War II tank units. It was still an experimental unit at the time, but the job put Gillem in the right place at the right time—significant change was coming soon. Despite the success of tanks on the battlefields of World War I, neither the Army's official doctrine nor its command structure had evolved to exploit the potential of armor. Then, in May 1940, two watershed events occurred. In Europe, German armored forces soundly defeated the French Army. That same month, a provisional American armored division trounced a cavalry division during large-scale maneuvers in Louisiana.

National Archives

A dashing Gillem riding in the turret of an M4 Sherman tank during desert training in 1942.

Gillem observed the armored victory firsthand. One hot afternoon, he sat down under a tree with Generals Frank Andrews of the War Department and Adna Chaffee, commander of another tank unit. Reflecting on what they had seen, the men broached the idea of a creating an all-armor force. On May 25, the last day of the Louisiana maneuvers, more officers, including Colonel George S. Patton, joined Gillem, Andrews, and Chaffee for a meeting in the basement of a high school in Alexandria. The soldiers emerged from the meeting convinced that the time had come for an independent armored force in the U.S. Army. Their recommendation reached Chief of Staff General George C. Marshall, who ordered the creation of the Army's first two armored divisions.

At first, Gillem was still not entirely taken with tanks. He thought them slow and cumbersome, but the more he saw of the tanks, the more his opinion changed. "Infantry was my first love and tanks, under the pinched policy that was followed some time back, were making no progress," he wrote. "However, conditions have changed and I was fortunate in being able to watch the development at close range and to get in on the ground floor. I am convinced that there is a place for both, and I know that a great many real authorities believe that the component of infantry around tanks should be increased."

Armor's ground floor was Gillem's destination. The creation of an independent armored force required new leaders. Marshall selected 10 colonels for promotion to general; Gillem was on the list. Marshall had Gillem in mind for a spot in a new armored division, but as it developed Gillem stayed in the 66th a while longer because Marshall wanted him to help organize the unit for war. It eventually became the 66th Armored Regiment and joined the 2nd Armored Division.

Gillem's promotion to brigadier general came through in early 1941. He took command of the 2nd Armored Brigade, 2nd Armored Division, and quickly impressed division commander George Patton. After observing a tricky exercise in bad weather, Patton wrote, "The results were, in my opinion, extremely satisfactory due to the good work of General Gillem and his staff." A few months later, Gillem found himself standing beside Patton on a Fort Benning road. The two men watched an armored convoy rumble past. "Well," Patton told Gillem, "I've just given you an armored division." The division was the new 3rd Armored, and the rank of major general came with the job. These were days of rapid advancement for Gillem. Marshall told him, "Your promotions are coming so fast I think I shall have to prepare a mimeographed form and just insert the rank or the number of stars." On January 17, 1942, Gillem was vaulted to the head of the new II Armored Corps.

Gillem arranged and directed the first ever desert maneuvers for an American armored and mechanized force. For six weeks, some 60,000 men wargamed across hundreds of miles of desert to prepare for the coming North African campaign. A *Time* magazine reporter watched as Gillem's steel army rolled past, "powder-white and terrible with lancelike antennae uplifted and colored guidons fluttering in the sun." Despite heat, dust, fumes, and smoke, trainees fought practice battle after battle under their commander's eye. The reporter asked Gillem about the art of desert warfare. "There isn't a tank man alive," Gillem added, "who could operate a tank by himself, and there isn't a tank crew that could keep a tank operating without the help of the last little man with the last little monkey wrench. They all know that."

In May 1943, Gillem was transferred to Fort Knox to lead the new United States Armored Force. "From my initial estimate of the situation," Gillem wrote, "I believe that emphasis should be placed on perfection of training. I am going to stress it in every way, shape, and form." He added, "I hope to drive home some training items which have been brought to my attention from time to time, and to make the men going overseas thoroughly competent for the jobs ahead of them."

Training was not the only task facing Gillem and his men. When American armor suffered some early defeats in North Africa, Gillem sprang to its defense. "Used in the proper combination, tanks are demoralizing and effective," he wrote. "And in an armored division, tanks are used in the proper combination. Fighting an enemy is like hunting birds. You've got to 'bird dog.' Flush out your enemy and then do your shooting. Many tools are available to the armored commander, and they will do their job provided they are properly used."

Gillem's nomadic journey from post to post finally ended in December 1943 when he was given the command he would keep for the duration of the war: XIII Corps. Europe was the corps' ultimate destination, thanks to Lt. Gen. William H. Simpson, commander of the Ninth Army. In May 1944, General Dwight D. Eisenhower, supreme commander of the Allied Expeditionary Force, asked Simpson to select his corps commanders from a list of 10 men. Gillem was Simpson's first choice.

Arriving in England, Gillem champed at the bit to get into action, but at first he was asked to play a logistics role. In August, XIII Corps was assigned to receive troops from the United

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Combat engineers of the 84th Division drag assault boats to the banks of the Roer River on February 23, 1945. The final Allied push into Germany had begun.

States and forward them to the Continent. As the Normandy invasion progressed, Gillem was responsible for the swift and uninterrupted movement to the mainland of Patton's troops. The following September, he led his headquarters to a staging area in Normandy. Neither troops nor supplies were available, but Gillem was ordered to advance to the front. When the Ninth Army was assigned a sector north of Aachen in November, Gillem moved his headquarters to Tongres, Belgium.

On November 8, 1944, Gillem's corps went into the lines near Geilenkirchen, Germany. Initially assigned the 113th Cavalry Group and 102nd and 84th Infantry Divisions, Gillem's job was to contain the enemy while the Allies prepared for their next offensive. First, however, the Allies had to deal with German-held Geilenkirchen, a salient that menaced the Ninth Army's left flank. Geilenkirchen sat on the boundary between Simpson's army and British forces to the north. Preferring a single commander for the reduction of the salient, Allied commanders put the British in charge. On November 12, the British XXX Corps replaced XIII Corps but temporarily kept Gillem's rookie 84th Division.

The attack on Geilenkirchen, codenamed Operation Clipper, began on November 18. Hoping to encircle their target, American troops aimed for the high ground east of town while British soldiers looped around town from the west and north. The attackers enjoyed early progress, but obstinate German defenders held fast. German resistance prevented a complete success, but the Allies reduced enough of the salient to minimize the enemy threat. Afterward, Gillem and XXX Corps commander Lt. Gen. Brian Horrocks traded unit patches. "[Your patch] will remind me of your excellent cooperation, and I shall keep it as one of my most prized souvenirs of the war," Horrocks told Gillem.

Thanks to the partial success of Clipper and the Ninth Army's offensive toward the Roer River, which was already under way, Simpson decided to insert Gillem's XIII Corps. On November 24, the 7th Armored Division joined the 102nd and 84th Divisions and the 113th Cavalry Group. Simpson hoped that Gillem could attack right away, but Gillem needed more time to marshal his new units and incorporate reinforcements. Simpson pushed the corps' attack date back to November 29.

Gillem's task was to drive northeast, capture Linnich, and cross the Roer River. He also had to eliminate what remained of the Geilenkirchen salient, starting with pillbox-studded Toad Hill and the surrounding villages. He assigned that job to the Railsplitters of the 84th Division. Rather than launch a frontal assault, division commander Brig. Gen. Alexander R. Bolling planned to capture Toad Hill and the closest village before hitting the remaining villages from the rear. Gillem assigned the 113th Cavalry to take over part of the 84th's front. The 102nd would advance on the 84th's right, protect Bolling's flank, and take Linnich. The 7th Armored Division remained in reserve.

On November 29, following several days of preparatory artillery and air strikes, XIII Corps attacked. The bombardment did little good; Gillem's men immediately ran into fierce German resistance. Gillem was not surprised. The day before, he had decided to alter his plan after intelligence detected strong German reinforcements moving into the area. Reacting with the maturity of a tested corps commander, he ordered the 102nd Division to assume the corps' main effort on the second day and push hard for the Roer.

The 102nd found the going easier on day two of the offensive, but it was still no cakewalk. German soldiers in front of General Frank Keating's division fought tooth and nail from concrete bunkers. German artillery hurled shells across the Roer River. "Never again was the Division to

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experience such severe artillery fire," a veteran later wrote. Rain, mud, and cold were the soldiers' constant companions. When two of the regiments ground to a halt, the 102nd reserve regiment, reinforced by a tank battalion and supported by dive bombers, slipped through and captured Linnich on December 1. Meanwhile, the 84th Division continued wading through stout German defenses. Blockhouses, dug-in Tiger tanks, and dozens of small-arms defense posts and antitank ditches faced the Americans. Finally, the defenders of Toad Hill and its neighboring villages succumbed. On December 4, XIII Corps reached the Roer River at a cost of about 3,000 casualties, including 318 killed. The Allies were still far from their ultimate objective, the Rhine.

A short pause followed to allow the Army to recuperate. For Gillem's corps, this meant pulling men back from the front to rest up for the next operation. It became a longer pause than expected when the Battle of the Bulge erupted. Simpson postponed all plans for advancing to the Rhine and instead did what he could to help erase the Bulge, sending several divisions to the Ardennes and extending his lines to allow neighboring armies to send troops. Gillem retained the 102nd and picked up the 29th Infantry Division, which worked hard to create an illusion of strength and deter a new German attack.

AS GILLEM PUSHED, HIS SOLDIERS FELL INTO A PATTERN. FIRST, THEY MADE A FAST MARCH TO THE OUTSKIRTS OF A TOWN. THEN THE TROOPS DEPLOYED AND LAUNCHED A COORDINATED ATTACK. FINALLY, THE SOLDIERS WOULD MOP UP, REORGANIZE, AND DASH TO THE NEXT TOWN.

Gillem's corps resumed the offensive in February 1945 with Operation Grenade, an assault designed to vault the Roer River and advance to the Rhine. It would be launched along with other Allied operations to the north and south. Gillem drew an important assignment in Grenade. After crossing the river, XIII Corps was to seize a small plateau between the Roer and Rhine. Once that target was in hand, Gillem was to wheel north and clear the banks of the Roer to enable XVI Corps to cross.

Gillem was directly responsible for laying and executing his corps' plans, but he did not do it alone. His philosophy was to involve his staff officers deeply in planning. "Most of his directives are general as to method, minutely specific as to objective," a subordinate recalled. Gillem would listen "carefully to advice and suggestions and seldom discard a staff officer's proposal without first indicating its weakness." In the end, Gillem and his staff resolved to attack with the 102nd Division on the right and the 84th on the left, while the 5th Armored waited 15 miles behind the lines. Reinforcements arrived, massive air support gathered, and enough artillery was assembled to fire two or more shells into every yard in front of Gillem's line. Soon all was ready, but the Germans had other ideas. They flooded the Roer

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ABOVE: A U.S. tank helps clear enemy troops from a German town. On April 4 the 5th Armored Division crossed the Weser River after waiting for XIII Corps infantry to catch up. LEFT: Covered by British tanks from the 6th Guards Armored Brigade, American troops in the 17th Airborne Division warily clear German snipers out of Munster, Germany, in April 1945.

by blowing the discharge valves on the dams, forcing a delay of nearly two weeks.

In the dark early morning hours of February 23, the thunder of more than 2,000 guns announced the start of Operation Grenade. The skies turned into a dome of yellow fire as the guns dotted the horizon and momentary patches of red erupted from the direct hits of shells. The infantry followed 45 minutes later. At 3:30 AM, thousands of soldiers piled into paddle-operated assault boats, ferries, and LVTs (Loading Vehicle, Tracked) and slid into the dark, cold Roer. Under a thick smokescreen, the first waves reached the far bank with little trouble, but then the going got rougher. After turning north to clear the east bank of the Roer, the 84th Division entered the key crossroads village of Baal. The Railsplitters had to fight off multiple German counterattacks, but one soldier hung an "annexed to Texas" sign in the village. The 84th's four-mile advance was the most spectacular of the day, according to the corps historian. Employing bazookas and artillery fire, sometimes on their own position, the Ozark Division narrowly held its gains.

For Gillem, the attack was both successful and problematic. His corps penetrated the important Linnich-Harff Plateau, yet its surge put it ahead of neighboring units. Gillem had a modest salient on his hands, with an exposed right flank. The Germans took full advantage of the opening and poured intense fire into the 102nd's right, knocking out 12 tanks. Fortunately, Gillem had anticipated the attack and thrust elements of the 5th Armored forward to brace his right.

Despite its success, XIII Corps was initially unable to clear the way for XVI Corps to cross. Gillem and Maj. Gen. John B. Anderson, commander of XVI Corps, suggested that his command cross on its own. Simpson agreed as he was "loath to slow down in any way the northward impetus" of Gillem's northeastward attack. He ordered the change on February 25. Absolved of attack responsibility, Gillem set about expanding his salient, which was six miles wide and 3½ miles deep. Supported by a combat command from the 5th Armored, the 102nd attacked the large crossroads town of Erkelenz head-on while the 84th flanked to the west. It was a complete success. Despite the arrival of enemy reinforcements, XIII Corps overwhelmed the Germans. Soldiers of the 84th stumbled onto a *gasthaus* with a working beer tap and celebrated.

American commanders sensed that the way to the Rhine was finally open. As February ended, some units leaped forward as many as 10 miles. As Gillem pushed, his soldiers fell into a pattern. First, they made a fast march to the outskirts of a town. Then the troops deployed and launched a coordinated attack. Finally, the soldiers would mop up, reorganize, and dash to the next town. Hundreds of prisoners fell into Gillem's hands, including a complete artillery battalion—guns, commander, and all. With speed the order of the day, Gillem passed the 5th Armored through the 102nd Division and ordered it to take the lead on February 28. Determined to keep pace, infantrymen from the 84th Division mounted tanks and vehicles. Further reinforced on March 1 by the 79th Infantry Division, Gillem ordered his men to carry the attack as far as it could go. The charge to the Rhine was on. The Associated Press credited the "small, hard-fisted" general—Gillem—with leading the breakout.

As Grenade broke open the front, commanders eyed any still-standing Rhine bridges, including the 1,640-foot Adolf Hitler Bridge at Krefeld-Uerdingen. Technically, the bridge sat within XIII Corps' zone, but it was also within easy reach of XIX Corps, which by now had advanced far enough to straighten out the salient. Simpson warned Gillem that he might have to shift the corps' boundary. At nightfall on March 1, part of the 2nd Armored Division of XIX Corps reached a point three miles from the bridge. Simpson was absent, so his G-3 ordered the boundary change. Gillem bristled. He argued that the terrain around Krefeld-Uerdingen was bad for tanks and that his own 84th and 102nd Divisions were just as close. Gillem lost the debate and probably enjoyed little satisfaction when XIX Corps' armor ran into the very problems he had predicted. Gillem hoped that his units could turn things around and reach the Rhine before XIX Corps troops claimed the new boundary, but his men got tangled up in Krefeld. The Germans ended the debate by dropping the Hitler Bridge into the Rhine. Operation Grenade had shot its bolt.

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ABOVE: Gillem, right, trades salutes with Russian officers from Marshal Konstantin Rokossovsky's Second Russian Army on the banks of the Elbe River on May 4, 1945. BELOW: German General Martin Unrein commanded Panzer Division von Clausewitz, a ragtag collection of disparate German units.

Bundesarchiv Bild 183-R63211, Photo: Neuberger

On March 23, the British 21st Army Group launched Operation Plunder, a massive assault crossing of the Rhine. Simultaneously, the Ninth Army began a companion operation called Flashpoint. Gillem's role was secondary. His artillery fired away to help the British crossing while XIII Corps merely demonstrated along its front. A week passed. The XIII Corps simply held its front while others crossed.

Yet Eisenhower had another job in mind for Gillem. As American forces finished reducing the Ruhr pocket, Eisenhower directed General Omar Bradley's 12th Army Group, including the Ninth Army, to drive across central Germany and link up with advancing Russian forces. Simpson gathered his corps commanders and announced a new assignment: the divisions were to march for the Elbe. Simpson did not have to add that the advance would bring the Ninth Army tantalizingly close to Berlin—closer than any other Allied force.

At 7 AM on March 31, Gillem's corps crossed the Rhine on a bridge in the British zone. The next morning, Easter Sunday, XIII Corps attacked toward the key German cities of Munster and Hanover. Gillem's command was a familiar one: the 84th and 102nd Infantry and 5th Armored Divisions again marched with Gillem. The recently attached 17th Airborne joined them. Gillem put his armor and motorized infantry units in front and ordered them to ride east as fast as they could. If the tankers ran into resistance, Gillem wanted them to go around and let follow-on infantry handle it. In Munster, the 17th Airborne had to stop to clear the bombed-out city block by block. Elsewhere, XIII Corps troops found that the heavy antiaircraft guns defending German cities and industrial sites were just as effective against ground forces. At Herford on April 2, the 5th Armored had to fight its way past several hundred German soldiers backed by 88mm self-propelled guns.

None of this stopped Gillem's advance. The XIII Corps seemed to gain momentum with each passing day. On April 4, the 5th Armored Division reached the Weser River crossing the next day after waiting to allow the infantry to catch up. Five days later, the 5th Armored reached the halfway point between the Rhine and Berlin. Occasional resistance continued to flare up, but speed and firepower told. On April 10, aided by a captured map of the city's defenses, corps elements captured Hanover in a single day.

With a final leap, advance units of XIII Corps reached the Elbe on April 12. Gillem's tankers hit the river at Tangermunde, just 53 miles from Berlin, after riding 120 miles in 120 hours. Showing remarkable speed, corps infantry units closed on the Elbe four days later. Gillem's units were now closer to Berlin than any other Americans, so it was disappointing when Eisenhower ordered Simpson to halt and leave Berlin to the Russians. "I really believe that the Ninth Army could have captured Berlin with little loss well before the Russians reached the city," Simpson later wrote. Instead, Gillem's men turned their attention to clearing bypassed pockets of resistance.

Eliminating the hangers-on wasn't simple. A large number of German soldiers were hiding in the forests west of Gillem's command post in Klotze. Even more serious was the presence of Panzer Division von Clausewitz, a unit of about 50 tanks and additional experimental and outdated armor manned by the staff and students of a panzer training school. Ordered to attack south into the Ninth Army left flank, the German forces severed Gillem's supply line and struck multiple rear locations. At one point, the enemy cut telephone cables to Gillem's headquarters, disrupting communications for two days.

Gillem's response was Operation Kaput, which at first utilized two infantry regiments, the 11th Cavalry Group, and a combat command of the 5th Armored. It eventually required all of his divisions, including the newly attached 29th. Spreading out, the columns reduced pocket after pocket until one last group of Germans was trapped in the Klotze Forest. A combined assault of artillery, armor, and infantry wiped out the resistance.

After Kaput, XIII Corps drew the honor of conducting the last Ninth Army offensive. On April 20, a new boundary was drawn between the Ninth Army and British forces to the north. Since Gillem's corps was on the Ninth Army's north flank, the general picked up an additional 30 miles of front along the Elbe. The area was still teeming with German forces, so Gillem sent the 5th Armored and the 29th and 84th Infantry Divisions, backed by some additional artillery, into the area on April 21. The Germans fought back with tanks, assault guns, mortars, and heavy minefields, and it took

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German soldiers, nurses, and civilians gather near the Elbe River after surrendering to the 84th Division on May 2, 1945. The Germans had been pushed into the 9th Army by the advancing Russians.

Gillem's troops three days to link with British forces and finish mopping up. Afterward the corps resumed its watch along a 300-mile stretch of the Elbe.

A chaotic situation existed along the river. Thousands of enemy soldiers, including the remnants of two German armies, came to the river to surrender. Similar numbers of displaced persons flocked westward. In all, some 80,000 prisoners ended up in XIII Corps pens. Gillem enclosed many of his prisoners on the grounds of a transmitter station, surrounded with tanks, and provided medical care before moving them to the rear. The arrival of the advancing Red Army was notable. As Gillem watched, the east bank soon looked like a "really beautiful Oriental rug roadway" as the Russians discarded loot from German homes. The XIII Corps' first contact with a Russian unit, which Gillem identified as the 3rd Russian Cossack Corps, proved a trifle dangerous. Gillem marveled at the various ethnicities represented in the Russian corps, as well as the careless way they brandished their Tommy guns.

The linkup with the Russians ended 180 days of combat in the European Theater for XIII Corps. It had been a solid performance. From November 1944 to May 1945, Gillem's corps had marched more than 300 miles from the Siegfried Line to the Elbe and captured more than 247,000 prisoners as well as several key German cities. "It has been a privilege for me to have been your commander these 180 days," Gillem told his corps. "I can tell you only, in all sincerity, that I have never served with finer soldiers."

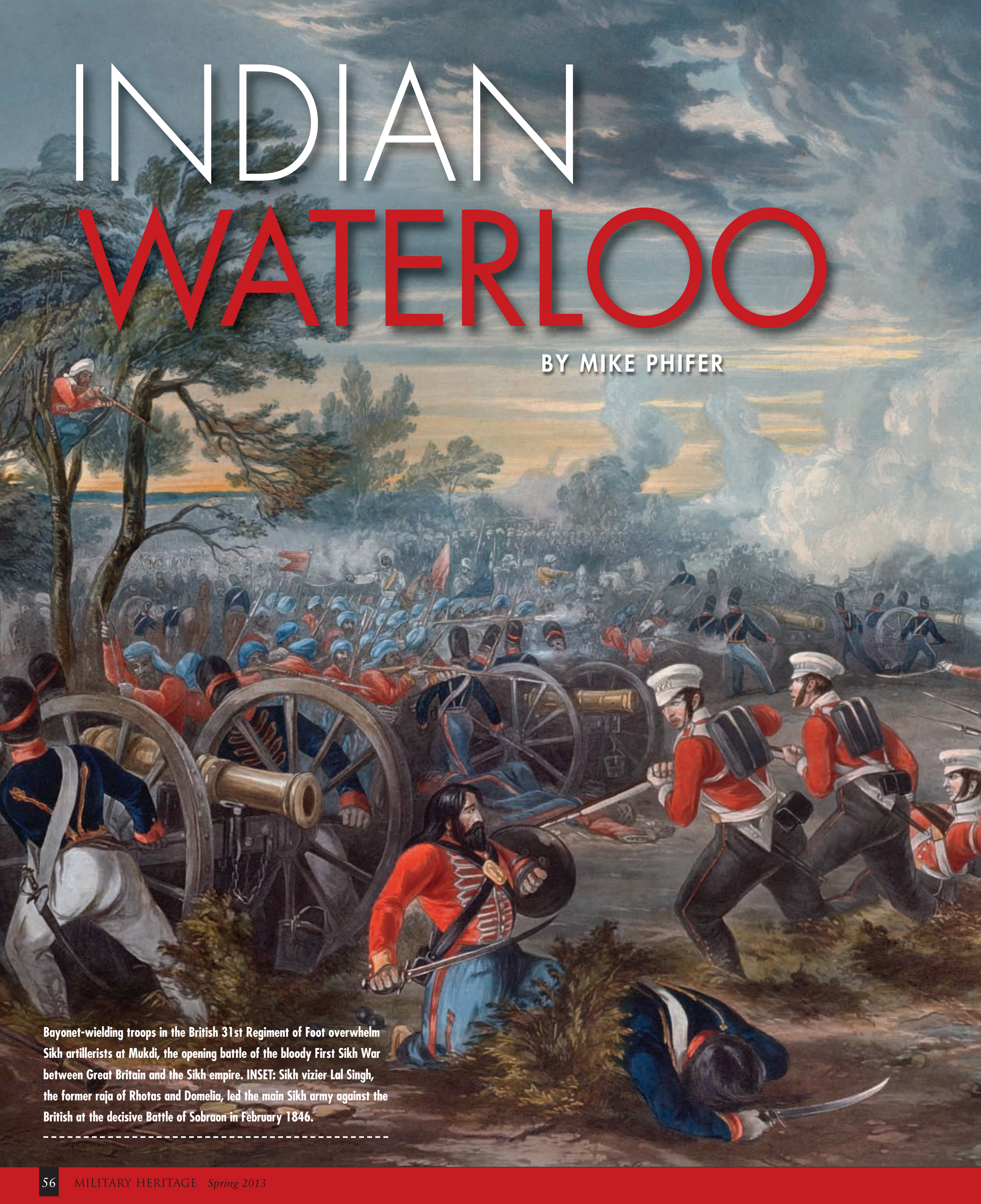
Few officers of his rank had contributed as much to Allied victory as Gillem. Although one of 34 Army officers to command a corps during World War II, Gillem was one of only four corps commanders who had not attended an advanced infantry or artillery course before the war. He was also the only man to lead three different corps. While the battlefield performance of his XIII Corps spoke for itself, his most significant contribution was with armor. As one of the first armored commanders in the U.S. Army, Gillem helped lay the groundwork for success in World War II. His pioneering training regimens affected every subsequent campaign where American tanks fought, from North Africa to Western Europe. Yet the unassuming general never received his full due, in part because he shied away from publicity. He was proud of the fact that he did not write a book about his battlefield experiences. "All I want to do is to carry on right through and clean up this job that's been given us," Gillem wrote.

Promoted to lieutenant general on June 3, 1945 (an overdue promotion in Simpson's opinion), Gillem was appointed to two Washington study boards. One was the Postwar Weapons & Equipment Board. The second, the Utilization of Negro Manpower Board, turned out to be perhaps as revolutionary to the Army as the advent of armor. Gillem was appointed chairman of the board, which convened on October 1 and began interviewing dozens of witnesses and reviewing a pile of documentation. The following January the board produced a final report stating that black Americans had a constitutional right to fight and that the Army was obligated to use them. While the board stopped short of proposing complete desegregation, its finding represented the Army's first step toward integration.

In 1947, Gillem returned to the States, where he assumed command of the Third Army. Ironically, his headquarters was at Fort McPherson, where he had served as a private in 1910 and had occasionally walked a guard post around his future quarters. Fort McPherson also turned out to be his final duty post; Gillem retired on August 31, 1950. He died on February 13, 1973, and was buried at Arlington National Cemetery. Fort Gillem in Forest Park, Georgia, was later named in his honor. Thanks in large part to Alvan C. Gillem, U.S. Army tanks now rule the battlefield, and soldiers of every skin color can fight for their country. It is a fitting monument to the man with the old Army name. □

INDIAN WATERLOO

BY MIKE PHIFER



Bayonet-wielding troops in the British 31st Regiment of Foot overwhelm Sikh artillerists at Mukdi, the opening battle of the bloody First Sikh War between Great Britain and the Sikh empire. INSET: Sikh vizier Lal Singh, the former raja of Rhotas and Domelia, led the main Sikh army against the British at the decisive Battle of Sobraon in February 1846.

OUTNUMBERED NEARLY 2-TO-1, BRITISH AND INDIAN TROOPS LED BY GENERAL SIR HUGH GOUGH ATTACKED THE REBELLIOUS SIKH ARMY ON THE SUTLEJ RIVER NEAR SOBRAON ON FEBRUARY 10, 1846. IT WAS THE FINAL BATTLE OF THE FIRST SIKH WAR.

MAHARAJA RANJIT SINGH, RULER OF THE SIKH EMPIRE in northern India, was dead. Under his intrepid leadership, starting in 1799, Afghan control over Punjab, or Five Rivers Land, was thrown off and the Sikh empire flourished over the next 40 years. Having seen the might of Great Britain and the British East India Company, Ranjit signed a nonaggression treaty with the British in 1809 establishing the River Sutlej as the southeastern border of Punjab. He then expanded Sikh territory through warfare and annexation. By 1839, his kingdom reached from Tibet to Sind and from the Himalayas to the Khyber Pass.

With Ranjit's death in 1839, leadership of the Sikh empire passed to Karak Singh, his oldest son. Karak did not remain in power long. Karak's son, Nau Nihal Singh, took over leadership briefly but died mysteriously on the very day his father was being cremated. Next came another of Ranjit's sons, Sher Singh, who managed to rule for two years before he too was killed. It was becoming clear that the real power lay with the Sikh army.

Under Ranjit's rule, the Sikh army, called the Khalsa (meaning "pure") had been modernized. Realizing that he needed a strong army to maintain his hold on the empire, Ranjit had dramatically overhauled his armed forces. No longer would cavalry be the core of the army. Instead, that role was taken over by the infantry, trained and drilled in European tactics. Napoleonic veterans and experienced officers from Europe and America were recruited to train the Sikhs. Artillery also played a big role in Ranjit's reorganization. The army's gunners were well trained and equipped with guns ranging from 3- to 48-pounders. The cavalry increasingly found itself in an auxiliary role. By 1845, six years after Ranjit's death, the Khalsa boasted almost 54,000 regular infantry, 6,235 regular cavalry, 16,000 irregular cavalry, and 10, 968 artillerymen. There were also thousands of irregular infantry and levies if needed.

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The soldiers of the Sikh army were republican in sentiment and elected military committees called Punchayats that allowed them to flex their power over Punjab's rulers, who tried to buy their support with healthy bribes. Not surprisingly, the rulers at Lahore feared the army. Vizier Jowahir Singh, brother to Queen Regent Maharani Jindan Kaur, was brutally murdered by army leaders while desperately trying to bribe them.

After the murder of her brother, Maharani Jindan managed to obtain the support of the military and acted as regent for the young and only surviving son of Ranjit Singh, Maharaja Dalip Singh. In November 1845, Jindan gave the position of vizier to Lal Singh, who among other things had been the raja of Rhotas and Domelia. Command of the Sikh army went to General Tej Singh. These two men, along with Jindan and Raja Gulab Singh, ruler of the annexed provinces of Jammu and Kashmir, would be leading figures in the coming war with the British.

Across the Sutlej, the British watched with concern the intrigue taking place at Lahore. The new governor-general of India, Sir

Anne S.K. Brown Military Collection

Henry Hardinge, consulted with his commander in chief, Sir Hugh Gough, in August 1844 on military preparations in the north. A year earlier, Gough had cautioned the former governor-general that 40,000 troops would be needed for offensive operations against the Sikhs. Now he suggested a much smaller force for defensive measures, telling Hardinge that he was "particularly anxious to avoid any military preparations that might excite remark." Hardinge reinforced the border garrisons with almost 23,000 more men. Despite the troop increase, Hardinge didn't think war was imminent. He was wrong.

Sikh soldiers were angry over the British increasing their troops along the border, believing, not without justification, that the British had their eyes on the Punjab. Major George Broadfoot, Hardinge's agent in Lahore, did not help the situation when he ordered a Sikh magistrate and his party fired upon for moving into the Sutlej region without his permission. The Sikh army wanted more than just to defend its empire, however. Its leaders believed the British were vulnerable after the Redcoats' Afghan disaster in 1842, which saw an entire army wiped out. Confident of their strength and fighting prowess, the Sikhs believed they could drive the British out of India as well.

The Sikh soldiers were not the only ones who wanted war. By late 1845, the treasury was running out of rupees to bribe the army. To end the power of the Khalsa and regain control, Maharani Jindan, Tej Singh, Lal Singh, and Gulab Singh hoped to see the British defeat the Sikh army. With the Khalsa out of the way, the leaders hoped they would receive recognition and assistance from the British.

On December 11, a Sikh army of roughly 40,000 men commanded by Lal Singh and Tej Singh crossed the Sutlej River in two different spots. Punjab was now at war with the British. The Sikh force under Tej Singh moved on Ferozepore, where a British garrison of roughly 7,000 men,

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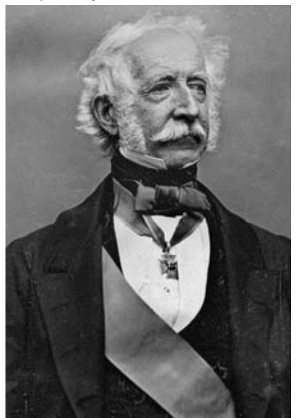

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Leading figures of the war, left to right: Sir Henry Hardinge, governor-general of India; Sir Hugh Gough, commander of British forces; and Gulab Singh, one of the prime supporters of a war with Great Britain.

mostly Sepoys, or native Indian troops, were stationed under the command of Maj. Gen. Sir John Littler. Meanwhile, the main Sikh force under Lal Singh marched toward Ferozeshah, east of Ferozepore, where they set up camp and awaited the main British force.

News of the Sikh army crossing the Sutlej reached the strong British garrison at Ambala on December 12. Gough wasted no time in marching his army of about 10,000 troops over the sandy roads north toward Ferozepore. After receiving word of Gough's advance on the evening of December 17, Lal Singh ordered a force of around 3,500 infantry, and possibly as many as 10,000 cavalry and 22 guns to march for Mudki the next day to face the British advance.

Gough's worn-out and dust-covered soldiers arrived at Mudki around 1 PM. The troops who marched out of Ambala with him had come a staggering 150 miles in six days. The British and Indian battalions advanced forward in echelon formation with the right wing leading the frontal assault. Sikh musket fire greeted the red-coated troops as they pushed forward into the jungle. The Sikh fire was deadly as their muskets flashed and crashed in the darkness. For six hours the battle raged with the Sikh infantry finally being driven back and forced to retreat. By midnight the battle was over and the British were in possession of the battlefield.

The British and Indian forces had suffered 215 killed including a number of senior officers. Among them was Maj. Gen. Sir John McCaskill, who commanded the 3rd Division. Gough's army also suffered 657 wounded in the engagement. Sikh's forces lost about 300 killed and a similar number of wounded to the British. Seventeen of their guns were captured.

For the next two days the British licked their wounds. Hardinge, who as governor-general was Gough's superior, offered to serve under the 66-year-old commander in chief. Both men were veteran officers, with Gough having joined the army in 1794 and fought the Crown's enemies in South Africa, the Caribbean, Spain, and Portugal and in the First Opium War and Gwalior Campaign. The 60-year-old Hardinge was no stranger to the smell of gunsmoke himself, having serving in Canada, Portugal, and Spain. At Ligny in 1815 he lost his left hand. Later, he entered politics and rose through the Wellington government to his current position.

Gough ordered his newly reinforced army to move out on December 21. Around the village of Ferozeshah, the Sikh army was entrenched in a quadrangular position that stretched for 1,800 yards in length and more than that length in breadth. After reconnoitering the Sikh entrenchment, Gough opted to attack from the south, even though the northern part of the camp had been left undefended by Lal Singh. The ensuing Battle of Ferozeshah was a bloody one, with the British and Indians suffering 694 men killed, of whom 54 were officers, including Brig. Gen. William Wallace and Major George Broadfoot. Gough's force also had 1,721 men wounded. The Sikhs suffered 2,000 to 3,000 causalities. After the battle, Gough had no intention of renewing the advance until his army had rested, received reinforcements, and been resupplied. The stench of the battlefield caused Gough to move his army seven miles west of Ferozeshah.

In London, the costly battle at Ferozeshah brought on torrents of criticism in Parliament. One member described it, all too accurately, as "a high cost for a victory that was not very far removed from failure." Hardinge himself shuddered, "Another such victory and we are lost." At the front, much needed help was already on the way. A large siege train with 4,000 wagons and carts full of supplies was coming from Delhi and expected to reach the army sometime in early February. On January 6, almost 10,000 troops under the command of Sir John Grey reinforced Gough.

The next day Gough moved his army north to Arufkee, with an advance guard being posted at Malowal. On the 12th, he set up headquarters at Bootewalla, only five miles from the Sikh army. Both sides were now in view of each other. The combined Sikh army camped near the Harik Ford on the north bank of Sutlej was also badly in need of supplies and reinforcements, neither of which were coming in any great numbers from Lahore. In an attempt to alleviate the supply problem, the Sikhs sent a

Anne S.K. Brown Military Collection

British cavalry routs the Sikh forces under Ranjur Singh at the Battle of Aliwal, January 28, 1846. The battle took place on the banks of the Sutlej River.

delegation of 500 men into the capital to ask for help. Maharani Jindan agreed to see them from behind a screen with the young Dalip present. The delegation told her of their desperate need for assistance. She told them that Gulab Singh had sent them vast supplies. "No he has not," they roared back, adding, "We know the old fox; he has not sent breakfast for a bird." They were right. Gulab Singh had provided very little to help, holding back much needed troops for his own use.

Tempers began to flare as the parley went on. Watching the meeting was American mercenary Alexander Gardner, who described what happened next: "I could detect that the Rani was shifting her petticoats; I could see that she stepped out of it; and then rolling it up rapidly in a ball, flung it over the screens at the heads of the angry envoys, crying out, 'Wear that, you cowards! I'll go in trousers and fight myself!' The effect was electric." The delegates were stunned by her actions. Then according to Gardner they shouted, "Dalip Singh Maharaja, we will go and die for his kingdom and the Khalsaji!" They returned to the army empty handed.

While the main Sikh army struggled to get supplies, another force consisting of 12,000 men under the command of Ranjur Singh crossed the Sutlej 44 miles to the east to threaten the small British garrison at Ludhiana. More than Ludhiana was at stake for the British. Ranjur Singh's army could also march on the key supply base at Bassian, which was vital to Gough's supply line from Delhi. This Sikh force could also pose a serious threat to the slow-moving siege train heading north to join Gough.

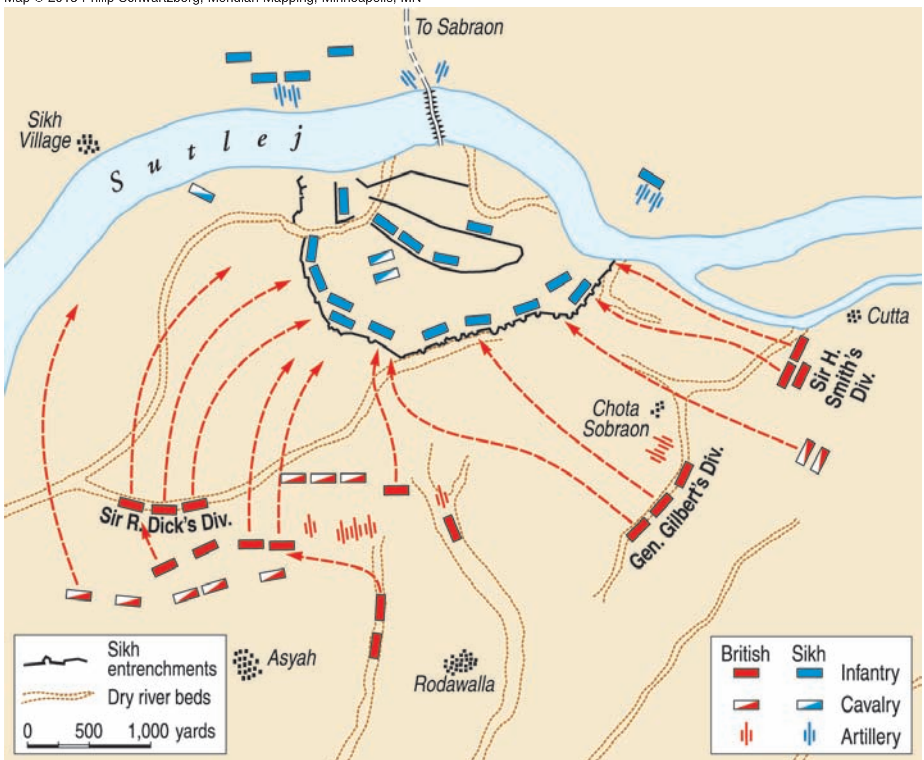
After capturing the town of Dharamkot on January 18, Maj. Gen. Sir Harry Smith received orders to deal with Ranjur Singh. Gaining reinforcements along the way, Smith attempted to skirt Ranjur Singh's force at Budowal. The two sides exchanged fire as Smith's force marched by the village, screened by his cavalry. Unfortunately for Smith, he lost much of his baggage train to Sikh cavalry. Smith's reduced force then made its way to Ludhiana.

Ranjur Singh moved his army near the village of Aliwal, where he entrenched himself along the Sutlej to cover the ford. After receiving more reinforcements, Smith, with a force of 10,000 troops, successfully attacked Ranjur Singh's 18,000-man army on January 28. The Sikhs suffered roughly 3,000 casualties in the battle, many while attempting to escape across the Sutlej. Smith suffered 598 casualties. The victory had important ramifications for the British. If things had gone badly, said Smith, especially after the blood lettings at Mudki and Ferozeshah, India "would have been one blaze of revolt."

Having lost 67 cannons, 40 swivel guns, and its baggage, Ranjur Singh's army retreated to Phillour, 12 miles east of Aliwal. Leaving a small force at Ludhiana to watch Ranjur Singh, Smith set out on February 3 to return to the main British force. The main Sikh army, meanwhile, had been busy. Once it had constructed a bridge built on boats across the Sutlej, it then built a strong entrenchment in the bend of the river on the south side. The entrenchment's southern side stretched for a mile and three quarters with a dry riverbed in front of it. The left or east side of the entrenchment, which also partly skirted a dry river bed, ran for about half a mile back to the river. On the right or west side, the entrenchment was weaker and did not reach back all the way to Sutlej. Inside the entrenchment were three more lines made up of mostly trenches and pits that faced south. The line closest to the river helped protect the bridgehead.

Smith's force marched into the British camp on February 8. That same day the rest of the long awaited siege train arrived. While this was going on, Hardinge and Gough were discussing their options for attacking the Sikhs. In the end Gough's plan won out. On the afternoon of February 9, Gough called a meeting with his division and brigade commanders to discuss his plan of attack. From intelligence reports, Gough knew that the Sikh right was vulnerable. This is where the main attack would be made, early the next morning. At 2 AM on February 10, Gough's British and Indian troops were quietly awakened, making sure no bugles were blown or drums beaten. The soldiers formed up and marched out in the darkness to take up positions for the coming climactic battle of the short, bloody war.

Map © 2013 Philip Schwartzberg, Meridian Mapping, Minneapolis, MN



Some 20,000 Sikhs lined the crescent-shaped defenses at Sobroan, but more than half the rest of the army was across the Sutlej River, out of easy support range.

Forming on the right of the British line was Smith's 1st Division, which consisted of the 1st and 2nd Infantry Brigades under the command of Brig. Gens. George Hicks and Nicholas Penny, respectively. They were supported by two troops of horse artillery and a cavalry brigade. Positioned in the center near the small village of Sobraon was Maj. Gen. Sir Walter Gilbert's 2nd Division made up of Brig. Gen. Charles Taylor's 3rd Brigade and Brig. Gen. James MacLaren's 4th Brigade. The 19th Field Battery was also with Gilbert. On Gilbert's right, between his division and Smith's division, was a battery of heavy guns. Another battery of heavy guns was on Gilbert's left. Maj. Gen. Sir Robert Dick, now in command of the 3rd Division, was placed on the British left flank. He had three brigades, with Brig. Gen. Lewis Stacey's 7th Brigade being in the first line. Some 200 yards behind him was Brig. Gen. Christopher Wilkinson's 6th Brigade in the second line, while Brig. Gen. Thomas Ashburnham's 5th Brigade was in reserve.

Behind the reserve was Brig. Gen. John Scott's cavalry brigade; three Sepoy infantry regiments were nearby. Meanwhile, Brig. Gen. Charles Cureton's cavalry brigade of Maj. Gen. Sir Joseph Thackwell's cavalry division was ordered to make a feint against a ford to the right in hopes of drawing off Sikh forces. Gough had positioned 19 of his 24 heavy artillery pieces facing the southwest angle of the Sikh entrenchment. This was the angle Dick's division was to attack head-on.

In all, Gough's army numbered around 20,000 men and 65 guns of various caliber. Shrouded behind the heavy fog that delayed Gough from attacking at daylight as planned were roughly 20,000 Sikh soldiers behind their entrenchment with their backs to the Sutlej. In all, the Sikh forces numbered 42, 626 men, but more than half of them were on the north side of the river with Lal Singh. Tej Singh commanded the troops on the south side of the river.

Commanding the left side of the entrenchment was the veteran general Sham Singh. He had served with Ranjit Singh in his campaigns against the Afghans and had come out of retirement to fight in the war, although he had counseled against a war with Britain. In command of the center of the entrenchment was Mehtab Singh, while the right was commanded by Attar Singh and French Colonel François Mouton. As this was the weaker side of the entrenchment, 200 camel-borne swivel-guns were placed there. To bolster their defenses, the Sikhs had positioned 67 guns throughout the entrenchment.

When the fog finally lifted, the British artillery opened up. The Sikh guns quickly responded, and for two hours both sides blasted away at each other with shot and shell. Despite the amount of lead being fired at them, little damage was done to the Sikh guns, although a few Sikh trenches and foxholes received direct hits. Overall casualties were not heavy. The Sikh gunners did little damage to the British guns, although they did manage to hit a cart carrying ammunition to a British mortar, which in turn caused the cattle pulling it to stampede.

By 9 AM, the British heavy guns were out of ammunition. An officer was quickly sent to Gough to inform him of the fact. "Thank God!" replied Gough, adding, "Then I'll be at them with the bayonet!" When Hardinge's aide-de-camp, Lt. Col. Richard Benson, delivered a message urging Gough to call off the attack, the old Irishman spluttered in fury: "What! Withdraw the troops after the action has commenced and when I feel confident of victory? Indeed I will not!" He ordered Dick's division forward at once.

British horse artillery galloped ahead to cover the advance of Stacey's brigade. The British and Indian troops steadily moved toward the Sikhs' right in perfect silence. The artillery supporting them pushed to within 300 yards of the enemy entrenchment and began hammering away at it. A small Sikh cavalry detachment rode out to

Anne S.K. Brown Military Collection

threaten the flank of the 53rd Regiment of Stacey's brigade. Steady musket fire from the regiment's flank company, along with artillery fire, quickly drove off the Sikh horsemen.

Onward Stacey's brigade went, with Wilkinson's brigade following close behind. The Sikh troops facing them fired into the advancing British and Indian troops. Gaps in the line appeared, but the troops kept coming. With a loud shout, the British and Indian troops charged the Sikhs and poured over the six-foot-high entrenchments. A Sikh gunner noted later: "When we attack, we begin firing our muskets and shouting our famous war-cry; but these men advanced in perfect silence. They appeared to me as demons, evil spirits, bent on our destruction. Who could withstand such fierce demons, with those awful bayonets, which they preferred to their guns?"

Sikh gunners to the right of Stacey's brigade fought back with enfilading fire. Wilkinson's brigade arrived just in time to help Stacey's men. The 10th Regiment from Stacey's brigade and the 80th Regiment from Wilkinson's brigade quickly captured and silenced the annoying enemy batteries, but not before Dick was killed by a grapeshot round to the stomach.

Alarmed at the British and Indian breach of their entrenchments, a large number of Sikh troops broke cover and counterattacked Stacey's and Wilkinson's men, pushing them back. Ashburnham's reserve brigade dashed into the fray. The Sikhs managed to drive the 3rd Division out of the entrenchment and recapture their guns, but in doing so they inadvertently had weakened the rest of the lines.

While the bloody Sikh counterattack was going on, Gough ordered Smith and Gilbert to make a diversion against the rest of the Sikh entrenchments. This had little effect. Reasoning that most of the Sikh troops were fighting the 3rd Division, Gough now ordered a general attack on the whole enemy position. Smith's prone troops were ordered to their feet and began to advance against the Sikh left. Penny's brigade led the way, covered by artillery fire and supported by Hicks's brigade.

The attacking troops had difficulty keeping their footing in the rough terrain. The Sikhs poured a withering fire into the British troops, causing them to fall back. Hicks's brigade opened its ranks to allow the retreating infantry to pass through, then reformed again and pressed forward. Hicks's British, Indian, and Gurkha regiments were also met with a hail of bullets. Penny's men rallied, and with the combined weight of the two brigades the British troops eventually took the entrenchment in front of them, climbing onto each others' shoulders to stab and slash at the Sikhs lining the walls above them.

Smith's division slowly pushed back the Sikh defenders, although enemy gunners somehow managed to swivel some of their guns behind Smith's troops and fire into them. The 50th Regiment of Hicks's brigade had to turn back around and recapture the guns, despite losing all of its officers above the rank of lieutenant in a matter of 10 minutes. The regiment's commander, Lt. Col. Thomas Ryan, was one of the casualties.

In its attack on the Sikh center, Gilbert's 2nd Division had a tough time of it. The troops had

Continued on page 70

The 31st and 50th Regiments of Sir Henry Smith's division overrun Sikh defenses at the Battle of Sobraon. A sergeant, center, raises his unit's colors on the enemy breastworks.

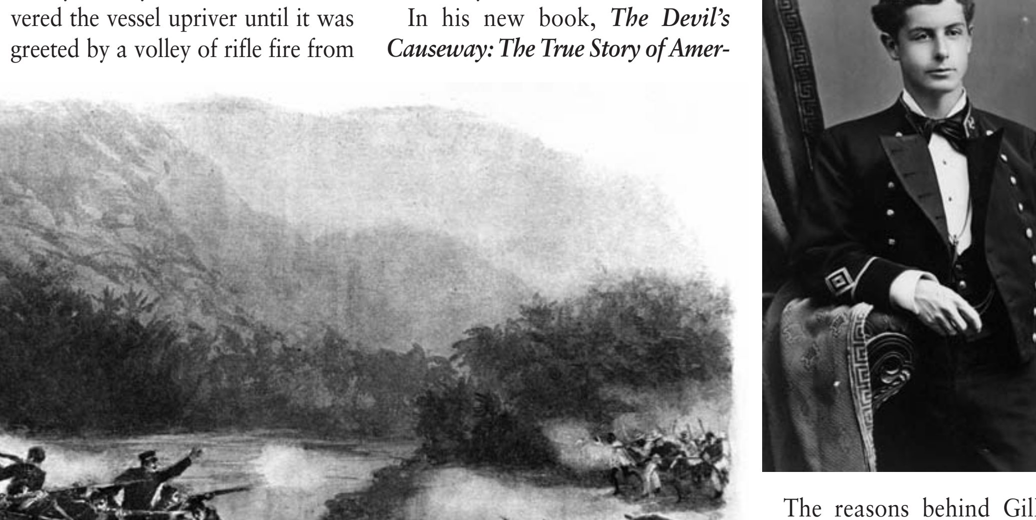
By Al Hemingway

The seizure of 15 American sailors during the Philippine insurrection sparked a manhunt that would impact the nation's empire-building in Asia.

ON THE MORNING OF APRIL 12, 1899, A U.S. NAVY CUTTER FROM the USS *Yorktown* with a crew of 14 sailors and one officer cautiously made its way up the Baler River in the province of Aurora in the northeastern section of Luzon Island in the Philippines. In command was the *Yorktown*'s navigator, Lieutenant James C. Gillmore, Jr., a 45-year-old naval officer who had volunteered for the dangerous assignment to bolster his lackluster career. Several hours earlier, Ensign William H. Stanley and Quartermaster 3rd Class John Lysaght, who had accompanied Gillmore to shore, were let off to reconnoiter the surroundings, especially the local church where a garrison of Spanish soldiers was holding off rebel forces led by Captain Teodorico Novicio.

What happened next is still shrouded in mystery. Gillmore deliberately disobeyed orders and maneuvered the vessel upriver until it was greeted by a volley of rifle fire from the thick underbrush along the bank of the waterway. Within minutes, the crew was in trouble. Two men were killed outright and five others wounded, two of them seriously. Insurgents seized the surviving Americans, who ultimately would have to endure a horrific eight-month-long journey that would take them hundreds of miles from civilization, in what Gillmore would later refer to as "the devil's causeway," before being rescued by two U.S. Army battalions.

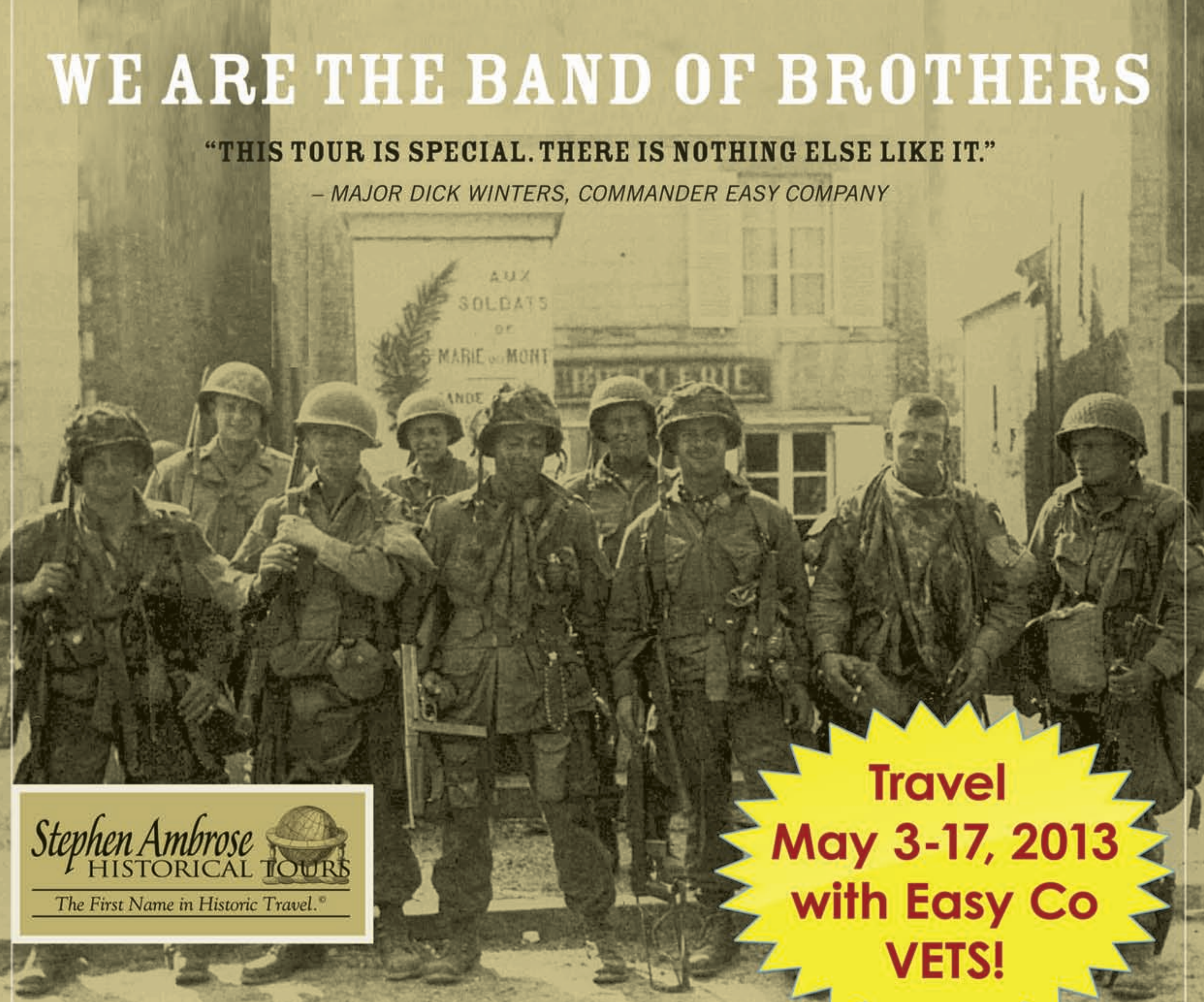
In his new book, ***The Devil's Causeway: The True Story of America's First Prisoners of War in the Philippines and the Heroic Expedition Sent to Their Rescue*** (Lyons Press, Guilford, CT, 2012, 432 pp., maps, photographs, notes, index, $26.95, hardcover), Matthew Westfall has written a marvelous account of the crew members of the ill-fated Gillmore party and the hardships their rescuers also had to suffer as they trekked deep into the jungles of Luzon to free them.



An artist's depiction of the attack on Gillmore's cutter. In fact, the sailors never returned fire.

RIGHT: Gillmore photographed as a Midshipman at the Naval Academy where he was disciplined for a number of infractions.

The reasons behind Gillmore's illogical strategy of navigating up the Baler River and putting himself and his crew in jeopardy remain unclear. As Westfall points out, Gillmore had been passed over for promotion because of his repeated bouts with alcoholism and conduct unbecoming an officer. He may have hoped that



BAND OF BROTHERS ★ CIVIL WAR ★ D-DAY TO THE RHINE ★ IWO JIMA: WAR IN THE PACIFIC ★ ITALIAN CAMPAIGN ★ PATTON ★ WWII IN POLAND AND GERMANY

The men of Easy Company, immortalized by the Stephen Ambrose best-seller, *Band of Brothers*, and brought to millions more in the epic Steven Spielberg/Tom Hanks HBO miniseries, proved to truly be a company of heroes. Based on the extensive research of Dr. Ambrose and the recollections of the paratroopers themselves, **Stephen Ambrose Historical Tours** has meticulously crafted the **ORIGINAL BAND OF BROTHERS TOUR**. Have an experience unparalleled in its accuracy and insight as you follow the path of Easy Company, standing in the very foxholes and precise locations where they fought in some of the most climactic battles of World War II.

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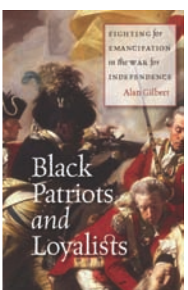

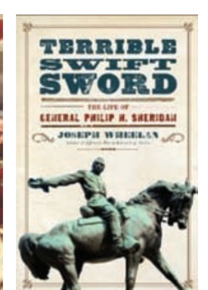

his assignment to the Philippines could transform his career. He was correct—but at the expense of his crew and others.

Westfall gives an excellent overview of the global picture at the time of the incident and why the United States was fighting in the Philippines in the first place. With the exception of 17-year-old Apprentice 2nd Class Denzell George Arthur Venville, who was left behind at Baler because his wounds would not heal, the remainder of the group was taken across miles of treacherous jungle as pawns to be used against American interests. Elements of the 33rd and 34th Regiments of the U.S. Volunteer Infantry gave chase to free their fellow comrades and snare the leader of the insurrection, General Emilio Aguinaldo, the "center of gravity" in the ongoing fight for Filipino independence from Spain and the United States.

In doing his research, Westfall uncovered numerous little-known facts surrounding the attack, the rescue of the *Yorktown*'s sailors, the hunt for Novicio, and perhaps saddest part of all, the whereabouts of youthful seaman Venville, who was murdered by natives. Venville's body was transported back to his hometown of Portland, Oregon, and buried with full military honors.

Ironically, Gillmore went on to have a successful career despite his inexcusable blunder that spring morning in Baler. No one dared criticize the man who was then being praised in the media for his heroism. He retired in 1911 with the rank of commodore. On June 13, 1927, Gillmore succumbed to the aftereffects of a massive stroke he had suffered three years earlier. Newspapers still praised his exploits in the Philippines and his gallantry during the Spanish-American War.

"The story of Gillmore is more than a tragic tale of one man," Westfall writes. "It is a study of impetuous decisions and misused privilege, of arrogant attitudes and failed leadership, all on a desperately human scale, and which came to embody one nation's anxious grasp at empire at the end of the nineteenth century. Through that lens, it was at the terminus of Baler, during Gillmore's failed rush up the river, where that grasp at expansion stuttered and then stalled."

Black Patriots and Loyalists: Fighting for Emancipation in the War for Independence by Alan Gilbert, The University of Chicago Press, Chicago, 2012, 369 pp., notes, index, $30.00, hardcover.

Many African Americans during the American Revolution were recruited and promised their freedom by British forces following the release of the Dunmore Proclamation in November 1775. That proclamation, by the Earl of Dunmore, the royal governor of Virginia at the time, stated that any slaves who left their masters and fought for the British would be granted their freedom. Slave owners throughout the South were incensed at the offer and feared a widespread slave revolt. But though an ambitious move, the proclamation ultimately failed and Dunmore (a slaveholder himself) fled Virginia the following year.

In the end, an estimated 20,000 African Americans fought on the British side during the Revolution. Following the surrender at Yorktown to General George Washington's Continental forces, many of the black soldiers made their way to Nova Scotia, Great Britain, Jamaica, Saint Lucia, and other Caribbean islands. The compilation of their names, called the Book of Negroes, contained more than 3,000 entries.

Author Alan Gilbert, a professor at the Josef Korbel School of International Studies at the University of Denver, gives readers a fascinating account of the trials and tribulations of African American slaves who embraced the British cause hoping that it would give them the victory they so desperately yearned for—freedom from bondage. It would take another army, this one American, to complete that task in the Civil War.

Terrible Swift Sword: The Life of General Philip H. Sheridan by Joseph Wheelan, Da Capo Press, Boston, MA, 2012, 387 pp., maps, photographs, notes, index, $26.00, hardcover.

There is little doubt, as author Joseph Wheelan makes clear, that Philip H. Sheridan was among the top three Union generals, Ulysses S. Grant and William T. Sherman being the other two. Together, the three contributed greatly to the Union victory in the Civil War. Their "total war" policy was eagerly embraced by President Abraham Lincoln, and Sheridan's troopers ruthlessly carried it out, in the biter Shenandoah Valley campaign of 1864-1865, burning crops and supplies and executing suspected Confederate guerrillas.

The diminutive Sheridan came from an obscure background. No one is exactly sure where he was actually born, perhaps at sea during his immigrant parents' journey from Ireland to America. Although graduating in the bottom third of his class at the U.S. Military Academy at West Point, Sheridan nevertheless rose through the ranks during the Civil War by "leading from the front." His audacity and leadership on the battlefield were demonstrated most clearly at the Battle of Cedar Creek in October 1864, when he turned his army's rout after a surprise Confederate attack into an overwhelming victory later that same day.

Sheridan went on to become General of the Army when Sherman retired and oversaw the ongoing campaigns against the Plains Indians and Apache warrior Geronimo. Surprisingly, Sheridan was also a staunch supporter of the national parks system and took a leading role in preserving such natural treasures as Yellowstone National Park.

Sheridan made enemies along the way, especially his old Civil War subordinate, General George Crook, whom Sheridan replaced with General Nelson Miles during the Army's lengthy efforts to capture Geronimo. After his death in 1887, Sheridan's mystique continued, and a statue was dedicated to him in Washington, D.C., in 1908. He is depicted, atop his favorite horse, Rienzi, leading his troops at Cedar Creek—his shining moment captured for all eternity in bronze in the nation's capital.

Gentlemen Bastards: On the Ground in Afghanistan with America's Elite Special Forces by Kevin Maurer, Berkley Caliber Books, New York, 2012, 243 pp., photographs, $26.95, hardcover.

Since their inception, the U.S. Army Special Forces, commonly referred to as Green Berets, have been in the middle of America's various wars, from Vietnam to Iraq to Afghanistan. Their behind-the-lines clandestine activities have produced valuable intelligence for conventional troops in the field. Award-winning journalist Kevin Maurer has written an intriguing book dealing with today's special forces and how they are coping with the insurgency conflict in Afghanistan, especially their experience with the Afghan National Civil Order Police, or ANCOP.

Maurer has done an exceptional job of writing about the day-to-day duties of the special forces soldiers. For 10 weeks he was imbedded with a team assigned to ANCOP. The author suggests that the special forces are "slowly losing [their] unconventional mindset" by not being in civilian clothes and interacting with the local populace to gain their trust, as they

You deserve a factual look at . . .

The Truth About the Muslim Brotherhood

Is it a moderate Egyptian party committed to democracy . . . or a jihadist group seeking to create an Islamist empire?

With the Muslim Brotherhood's Mohammed Morsi now president of Egypt, many wonder whether he will promote democracy and Middle East peace. But what do the Muslim Brotherhood's history and its leaders' pronouncements tell us? Is their goal to create a free democratic system . . . or hijack democracy in the service of an Islamist revolution?

What are the facts?

Founded in Egypt in 1928, the Muslim Brotherhood has been an immensely powerful force in Middle East politics, now boasting chapters in 80 countries. Its mission statement: "Allah is our objective; the Quran is our constitution, the Prophet is our leader; Jihad is our way; and death for the sake of Allah is the highest of our aspirations."

The Brotherhood's founder, Hassan al-Banna, stated that the group's goal was to create an empire governed by Islamic religious law and an autocratic caliphate. He claimed "It is in the nature of Islam to dominate, not to be dominated, to impose its law on all nations and to extend its power to the entire planet."

> "It is in the nature of Islam . . . to impose its law on all nations and to extend its power to the entire planet."

In 1948, a member of the Muslim Brotherhood assassinated the Egyptian Prime Minister, and the group was been banned in Egypt in 1954, after it attempted to assassinate Egyptian President Gamal Abdel Nasser. A Brotherhood splinter group assassinated President Anwar Sadat in 1981.

The Muslim Brotherhood's most influential leader was Sayyid Qutb, a racist, anti-Semite, misogynist and hater of the United States. His pro-Islamist and anti-Western hatred had enormous influence on Ayman Zawahiri, who went on to become a key mentor of Osama bin Laden and is today the number-two leader of al-Qaeda.

Despite its murderous history, the Muslim Brotherhood claims to have renounced violence—but it makes notable exceptions, including approval of terrorist acts by its Palestinian wing, Hamas, whose charter calls for the murder of Jews and the obliteration of Israel. What's more, former Muslim Brotherhood Supreme Commander Muhammed Madhi Akef declared he was "prepared to send 10,000 jihad fighters immediately to fight at the side of Hezbollah" during the Lebanese terrorist group's 2006 war against Israel.

Given its history of murder and warlike declarations, the Brotherhood's claim to non-violence rings false. Consider finally a September 2010 sermon by Muslim Supreme Guide Muhammed Badi, who explained the "change that the [Muslim] nation seeks can only be attained through jihad . . . by raising a jihadi generation that pursues death just as our enemies pursue life."

While many pundits have declared the Brotherhood a moderate group, it is working rapidly to seize absolute control of Egypt, starting with a new constitution that favors Islamists and gives president Morsi power to name the prime minister, Supreme Court judges and heads of all public institutions. Parliamentary elections, to have been held in February, are postponed indefinitely. There have been four times as many "insulting the president" lawsuits in Morsi's first days in office than in all 30 years of former president Hosni Mubarek's reign.

We know that the Bolsheviks in Russia, Nazis in Germany, Islamists in Iran, and Hamas in the disputed Palestinian territories all started out as minority parties whose rise to power during political upheaval began democratically and ended in dictatorship—following the insidious pattern of "one man, one vote, one time." Given the Muslim Brotherhood's Islamist philosophy, we can expect the same in Egypt.

What can we expect from the president Morsi's government? In 2006, the Muslim Brotherhood demanded that Egypt develop nuclear weapons. Recently a Brotherhood leader told interviewers that abolishing the Egyptian peace treaty with Israel would be one of the new government's first orders of business and that Egypt should prepare for war with Israel. In 2010 Morsi himself called on Egyptians to "nurse our children and grandchildren on hatred" of Jews and referred to Zionists as "descendants of apes and pigs."

For Christians, who make up 10 percent of the Egyptian population and continue to be victims of violent attacks, rule by the Brotherhood is a nightmare, curtailing their rights to worship publicly or hold high office. As for women, the Brotherhood insists that they be segregated, their bodies covered in public, and that girls undergo genital mutilation.

To assess the Muslim Brotherhood's commitment to democracy, we should heed the words of its Spiritual Leader Yusuf al-Qaradawi, who maintains that "The civilizational-jihadist process . . . is a kind of grand jihad in eliminating and destroying the Western civilization from within and 'sabotaging' its miserable house . . . so that it is eliminated and God's religion is made victorious over all other religions."

While some pundits minimize the Muslim Brotherhood's threat, there's no doubt that the group fanatically opposes the United States, Israel and Western values, or that it will use both democratic and violent means to defeat them. Nor should we doubt that the Brotherhood is a powerful, well-organized political force that, if given enough power, would use it to crush the democratic process and turn Egypt into an anti-Western, fundamentalist Islamic state. Can we afford this risk?

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WHAT IF GEORGE WASHINGTON HAD DECLARED HIMSELF KING OF AMERICA AND FURTHER OPPRESSED THE NATIVE POPULATION?

ASSASSIN'S CREED III: THE TYRANNY OF KING WASHINGTON

Ever since its inception, the *Assassin's Creed* franchise has enjoyed a tenuous grip on history. Lovingly rendered locales and a compelling narrative device are a couple of the chief reasons behind its lasting—and at this point steadily increasing—success, but until recently Ubisoft has only taken *Assassin's Creed*'s wild historical fiction so far. Enter *The Tyranny of King Washington*, a three-chapter downloadable saga that weaves a wicked "what if?" yarn that would have been right at home on the cover of an 80s Marvel comic. What if George Washington had been corrupted by the power of the Apple of Eden, declaring himself King of America and further oppressing the Native population? That's a bold thread that the first chapter, "The Infamy," aims to start unraveling, and it kind of makes me wish the rest of the series was less beholden to historical events.

Let's face it, the *Assassin's Creed* series is already plenty ridiculous, right? Not even getting into the increasingly convoluted current-day plight of protagonist Desmond Miles—descendant of many assassins, and a key weapon against the Templar—watching would-be silent killers who explicitly dress like assassins trying to be slick never ceases to amuse me. Perhaps that's why it's odd that *Assassin's Creed III* felt like the driest entry in the series to date. Its Revolutionary War setting is a novel one, but it results in doing away with those aforementioned locales; the wooded frontier surrounding areas like Boston and New York doesn't exactly make for the most exotic of environments. Maybe someone who didn't grow up around creeks and piney forests finds it all endlessly fascinating, but a good deal of my experience with *Assassin's Creed III* was an exercise in dull exploration.

Thankfully, *The Tyranny of King Washington* does away with a lot of the fluff in *ACIII* that didn't really interest me in the first place, and its story is, so far at least, much more immediate and action-oriented. It's up to our hero Connor to take down King Washington and free his people from his oppressive reign, but Washington's troops are out in full force, providing the opportunity for more physical showdowns and less clandestine meetings. The expansive map of *ACIII* has been narrowed down primarily to the snow-blanketed Frontier areas, and stuff like crafting and hunting have been greatly minimized. That's perfect, because the crafting aspect of *ACIII* was one of the most terribly implemented and presented features. The menu was an absolute nightmare, and it probably should have been left out of the original game entirely. The fact that I only took advantage of it during the tutorial speaks volumes of its value. Hunting is fine, but is also relatively useless in the grand scheme of things unless you want to really dive into the atmosphere and live Connor's life.

PUBLISHER
Ubisoft

DEVELOPER
Ubisoft Montreal

SYSTEM(S)
Xbox 360, PS3, PC, Wii U

AVAILABLE
Now

King Washington adds some cool, if not even remotely realistic, new mechanics and powers for Connor. After drinking a hallucinogenic tea, Connor goes on a spirit quest and meets his animal guardian, a wolf. In the most fantasy-esque addition to the series yet, Connor is granted wolf-like abilities such as Wolf Pack, which allows him to call wolf spirits to his side to take out nearby enemies. Connor can also now bust out the Wolf Cloak ability, which turns him invisible like Predator when donned. It sounds like a game-breaking stealth crutch, but it's limited enough to be useful without being terribly overpowered. Using the cloak gradually drains health, so you'll need to balance wearing it in the open and actually hiding without it to replenish energy and remain undetected. With the overall absurdity of the *King Washington* scenario in play, it's nice to see Ubisoft Montreal go for broke and have the gameplay follow suit. It would never fly in the series proper, but it sets a nice precedent for future story-based DLC.

Overall I'm enjoying *The Tyranny of King Washington* a bit more than the full game itself, even if it's far from perfect. *Assassin's Creed III* was one of the least engaging entries in an otherwise exciting series, but it still has some gas left in it. Of course, you'll only want to invest in this bonus story if you at least moderately enjoyed *III*, because it's not an insignificant purchase. The first chapter is far from standalone, and its cliffhanger ending completely depends on the assumption that you've prepurchased the full *King Washington package*, or plan on buying the two subsequent chapters independently. I've got some beef with the direction the business model for games is taking, but it's easier to encourage when it generates fresh content rather than a bunch of useless digital trinkets. The book isn't closed on this one yet, though, and it will all come down to how well the rest of this twisted history tale plays out.

MARCH OF THE EAGLES

Those interested in strategy gaming focused on the Napoleonic Wars now have another title that specifically focuses on the conflicts of Europe in the period between 1805 and 1820 with *March of the Eagles.* Many are probably familiar with the style of Paradox Development Studio (*Crusader Kings, Europa Universalis, Hearts of Iron*) by now, and *March of Eagles* looks to tread a similar path of grand strategy.

Players are tasked with leading and expanding their nation during this tumultuous period, and have a few ways to go about it. War and negotiation are two sides of the same coin here, and conflict plays out across a typically detailed 3D topographic map of Europe. In addition to the standard real-time strategy combat, you'll be able to form coalitions against major powers through diplomacy, and build up new tech, tactics, and methods of economic organization with the new "idea" system.

As is the case with other Paradox titles, *March of the Eagles* provides plenty of opportunity to take your strategies head to head against friends, or complete strangers, in multiplayer, which supports up to 32 players. Ultimately, it's a heavily customizable experience that can be catered to your liking, especially if you're into modding, so *March of the Eagles* becomes what you make of it, and should be worth at least sampling for those into this particular era of warfare. □

PUBLISHER
Paradox Interactive

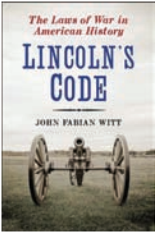
DEVELOPER
Paradox Development Studio

SYSTEM(S)
PC

AVAILABLE
Now

did in Vietnam. Nevertheless, he argues that the Afghans in ANCOP "will be better in the future" because of the presence of SF teams. He has succeeded in capturing the obstacles the soldiers face daily from an inaccessible Afghan culture and a bureaucratic system that "takes the fight out of units."

Lincoln's Code: The Laws of War in American History by John Fabian Witt, Free Press, New York, 2012, 512 pp., illustrations, notes, index, $32.00, hardcover.

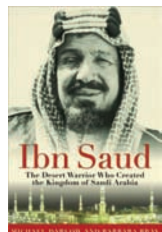


War, it is said, brings out the best and the worst in people. Armed conflict can transform ordinary individuals into cold and callous beings bent on killing the enemy or unarmed civilians with little or no remorse. But when has one gone too far? Indiscriminate killing of civilians, executing prisoners of war, torture, and inhumane treatment of prisoners would certainly seem to cross the line

Yale law professor John Fabian Witt has written a provocative book about that subject. Long before the My Lai massacre during the Vietnam War and the water- boarding of suspected terrorists after the September 11 attacks, the United States was struggling to come to grips with the question of appropriate conduct for soldiers in the field and the treatment of prisoners.

It was not until the Civil War that President Abraham Lincoln issued a set of 157 rules intended to guide Union soldiers in their behavior during wartime. In the end, Lincoln's comparatively enlightened laws of war were adopted by many nations, becoming a blueprint of international law that remains in operation today.

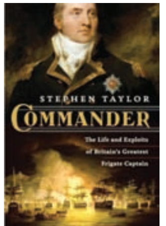
Ibn Saud: The Desert Warrior Who Created the Kingdom of Saudi Arabia by Michael Darlow and Barbara Bray, Skyhorse Publishing, New York, 2012, 598 pp., maps, photographs, bibliography, index, $29.95, hardcover.



This is an intriguing biography of the George Washington of Saudi Arabia, Ibn Saud, who rose to become the leader of the oil-rich country. From his humble beginnings as a nomad, Saud demonstrated a keen interest in the politics of his country. As a guerrilla fighter and tactician, he had few equals. Within a few years, his army had doubled the size of the country and had seized the holy city of Mecca. In the early 1930s, the charismatic desert warrior consolidated the territories and became king of Saudi Arabia. When oil was discovered in Saudi Arabia in 1938, Saud used his new-found wealth to convince nomadic tribes to abandon their raiding and wars against each other and unite. He would father more than 40 sons, the third of whom, Prince Faisal, would become king in 1964 and rule until 1975.

The authors have penned a timely book that is relevant today. As they point out, Saudi Arabia now controls one-fifth of the known oil reserves in the world. That gives the country an important position in global affairs. But, as the authors write, if that oil suddenly vanishes, will Saudi Arabia have diversified itself to maintain its influential standing on the world stage? If not, the Arab kingdom that Ibn Saud helped shape might well crumble under the pressure.

Commander: The Life and Exploits of Britain's Greatest Frigate Captain by Stephen Taylor, W.W. Norton & Co., New York, 2012, 320 pp., maps, illustrations, notes, index, $27.95, hardcover.



Edward Pellew, the first Viscount Exmouth, was arguably Great Britain's greatest admiral in the 18th and early 19th centuries. A peer of Horatio Nelson, the best known of England's naval heroes, Pellew had many friends and not a few enemies. Growing up in modest circumstances on the Cornish coast, Pellew rose through the ranks and was promoted to rear admiral in 1804. His defeat of the Barbary pirates in Algiers in 1816 with a combined English and Dutch fleet made him a national hero after that victory freed more than 1,000 Christian slaves.

Described by some as rude, boisterous, and impudent, Pellew nonetheless was generally considered to be the greatest sea officer of his time because of his leadership and ingenuity as a seaman. The author tackles the question of comparing Nelson and Pellew, describing it as interesting but misguided. "Whatever Nelson's genius as a commander, it was his death and the manner of it that made him a quasi-religious figure, beyond comparison or criticism," Taylor writes. Pellew didn't die in combat, but his gallantry on the high seas, especially in his defeat of the Barbary pirates at Algiers, was legendary in itself, making him, as Taylor says, one of Great Britain's ablest naval officers.

Service: A Navy SEAL at War by Marcus Luttrell with James D. Hornfischer, Little, Brown and Company, New York, 2012, 365 pp., photographs, $27.99, hardcover.

Former U.S. Navy SEAL Marcus Luttrell has

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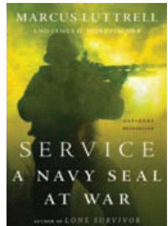
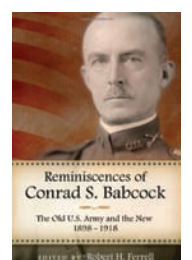


written a riveting account of his service in Iraq and Afghanistan, particularly during the disastrous Operation Redwing when his SEAL team was inserted near the Sawtalo Sar Mountains in June 2005 and ambushed by Taliban insurgents. Of the four-man group, only Luttrell survived. After recuperating from his wounds, Luttrell returned to combat duty and joined SEAL Team 5, where he spent six months in Ramadi during the intense house-to-house fighting there. He later received our nation's second highest award for valor, the Navy Cross.

After leaving the Navy, Luttrell pondered why such men volunteer for hazardous duty and offer their lives for their country. He showcases some of his comrades who exemplified this warrior tradition, including his twin brother, Morgan, who is also a SEAL. Luttrell has paid fitting tribute to today's fighting forces, men who risk their lives every day while serving in Afghanistan.

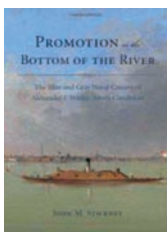
Reminiscences of Conrad S. Babcock: The Old U.S. Army and the New, 1898-1918 edited by Robert H. Ferrell, University of Missouri Press, Columbia, 2012, 152 pp., maps, index, $30.00, hardcover.



The diary of Brig. Gen. Conrad S. Babcock provides readers with a glimpse of the U.S. Army prior to its entry into World War I and how it was transformed from a comparatively small force to a modern army. Babcock graduated from West Point in 1898. With the defeat of the Spain in the short-lived Spanish-American War, the U.S. acquired Cuba, Guam, and the Philippines and was propelled onto the world stage. Babcock was assigned to the Philippines during the insurrection that pitted American troops against the Filipinos insurgents fighting for their independence. During World War I, he was a regimental commander of the 28th Infantry and fought at the first and second Battles of Soissons. He retired in 1937 and died in 1950.

Babcock's journal lay in obscurity at the Hoover Institution in Palo Alto, Calif., until it was discovered by Ferrell while he was writing about the Meuse-Argonne campaign. He has inserted notes at various points in Babcock's memoirs to aid the reader. A keen observer of military tactics, Babcock's manuscript is a valuable work in assessing how the U.S. Army moved from small-unit tactics to large-scale operations in "the war to end all wars."

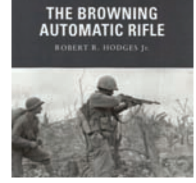
Promotion or the Bottom of the River: The Blue and Gray Naval Careers of Alexander F. Warley, South Carolinian by John M. Stickney, University of South Carolina Press, Columbia, 2012, 186 pp., maps, illustrations, notes, index, $29.95, hardcover.



Much has been written about the Southern-born officers in the Union Army resigning their commissions when the Civil War started in 1861. Little, however, has been said about those Southerners in the Union Navy who chose to give up their blue uniform for a gray one. One such individual was Alexander F. Warley, a fire-eater from South Carolina (he was court-martialed four times in the Union Navy) who went on to have an illustrious, albeit short-lived, career as a Confederate naval commander. He reached the pinnacle of his success when he was given command of CSS *Manassas,* the first ironclad to see combat, during the Battle of New Orleans in 1861. After the war, Warley and his family relocated to New Orleans, where he died in 1885 at the age of 72.

The author does a good job of tracing Warley's eventful life, gleaning information from ship's logs, journals, and other historical archives to give readers a lively, accurate account of a relatively unknown naval officer who fought gallantly for the Confederate cause.

The Browning Automatic Rifle by Robert R. Hodges, Jr., Osprey Publishing, Long Island City, NY, 2012, 80 pp., photographs, illustrations, index, bibliography, $17.95, softcover.



The Browning Automatic Rifle, simply known as the BAR, was one of the most innovative rifles to emerge in the waning days of World War I. It provided an infantry squad with the blistering automatic rifle fire of a machine gun with the accuracy and portability of an infantry rifle, by utilizing a 20-round or 40-round magazine. Between the world wars, U.S. Marines found the firepower of the BAR valuable when battling insurgents in Haiti, Nicaragua, the Dominican Republic, and China. World War II saw the BAR's popularity rise among Army and Marine units. In the mid-1950s, the BAR was retired by the military after nearly 40 years of faithful service. □

weapons

Continued from page 19

1942, Free French forces began to add their numbers to the Allied forces. It made logistical sense to give the French and colonial troops American weapons since their own equipment came from now occupied territory. The 03s were part of the aid package, and many can be seen in photographs being carried by North African colonial soldiers. Some New Zealand troops carried Springfields as well.

Another well-known World War II use for the aging 03 was as a sniper rifle. Snipers do not normally engage in rapid fire, so the bolt-action design was not a detriment to them, and both sniper and target versions of the rifle had existed since before World War I. New scopes were fitted to the weapon along with other minor changes to make it more serviceable in the sniping role. This version was designated the M1903A4 and is much sought after by collectors today.

After the war ended, the Springfield's days as a service rifle were over, though it did continue as a "Limited Standard" sniper's rifle alongside a sniper version of the M1. When the Korean War began in 1950, some of the rifles were hauled out of storage and issued to soldiers. Likewise, a handful went to Vietnam in the early 1960s. While service was limited, the technical manual for the M1903A4 was still being printed by the Army as late as 1970. Thus, the Model 1903 Springfield saw service in every conflict the United States was involved in during the first seven decades of the 20th century except the Boxer Rebellion of 1900.

With their official military use concluded except as a sniper rifle, Springfields were distributed overseas under various military assistance programs, while inside the United States they were declared surplus and thousands were sold under the auspices of the Director of Civilian Marksmanship (DCM), a government organization that sells obsolete military rifles to qualified target shooters. Many of the Springfields that were sent abroad eventually were re-imported for civilian sale. Although many were in poor condition, the 1998 movie *Saving Private Ryan* (in which a M1903A4 is used to great effect by an American sniper) sparked renewed interest in the Springfield.

The 03 Springfield remains one of the most famous rifles in American military history. Three generations of soldiers and Marines carried it from 1903 to the 1960s, longer than any other service rifle to date, earning the weapon a well-deserved place in the pantheon of great American military rifles. □

nicopolis

Continued from page 41

wounded and worn out from the brutal march, fell ill. In February 1397, the old knight succumbed. A short time later, d'Eu followed him to the grave.

The fate of those French who escaped death or capture at Nicopolis was scarcely better. The winter trek was a misery, and when they finally reached France their tribulations continued when King Charles ordered them imprisoned for spreading "rumors" of defeat. Only after Helley arrived in Paris on Christmas Eve, having been released by the sultan to act as a messenger, did Charles accept the terrible news and release the unfortunate captives.

Loaded down with gifts for the sultan, Helley led an effort to negotiate the remaining prisoners' ransom, which Philip of Burgundy had agreed to shoulder. The ransom came to over 200,000 gold florins, only a small portion of which could be paid at the time. Nevertheless, Bayezid, busy with the resumed siege of Constantinople, agreed to release Nevers, Boucicaut, and some of the others in June 1397, on the promise that they would travel no farther than Venice until the balance of the ransom was paid in full.

Nevers and Boucicaut fulfilled their oaths and did not return to France until February 1398, at which time they received a hero's welcome. There was no talk of revenge. Upon their release, Bayezid had pompously dared the knights to challenge him again, but only Boucicaut would ever return to the East. Instead, four years later the Central Asian warlord Tamerlane delivered Bayezid a lethal blow, inadvertently doing Western Europe a huge favor.

Boucicaut would again be taken prisoner after the French defeat at Agincourt in 1415. Six years later he died in England. Meanwhile, Nevers succeeded his father as Duke John of Burgundy in 1404. After a tumultuous 15-year rule full of plotting and murder, his crimes finally caught up to him in 1419. His death was largely unmourned.

Thomas, Duke of Gloucester, summed up the story of the crusaders' disaster at Nicopolis and the outdated spirit of chivalry that led to their demise. "Those frivolous French got themselves thoroughly smashed up in Hungary and Turkey," he said. "Foreign knights and squires who go out and fight for them don't know what they are doing, they couldn't be worse advised. They are so over-brimming with conceit that they never bring any of their enterprises to a successful conclusion." So it had been at Nicopolis. □

new market

Continued from page 47

the 12th West Virginia recalled, "It seemed the very gates of pandemonium had opened up."

Sigel mounted a belated counterattack, but the Confederates drove off Stahel's cavalry and smashed in a frontal assault by the 34th Massachusetts, 1st West Virginia, and 54th Pennsylvania. The Massachusetts troops suffered the most, losing half their number in a matter of moments; even their canine mascots were cut down in the charge. The VMI cadets swarmed over the 30th New York Artillery, driving it from the field and capturing a gun. Color bearer O.P. Evans straddled the cannon and exultantly waved the Corps' white battle flag.

The pursuit continued for several miles to the Shenandoah River, where Sigel's rear guard burned the bridge across the swollen stream at Mount Jackson. By the time the sound of gunfire died away at 7 PM, almost 1,400 men were casualties. Federal losses totaled 762; the Confederates lost about 600. The toll was especially large among the VMI cadets. Five were dead on the battlefield: William Cabell, Charles Crockett, Henry Jones, William McDowell, and Jack Stanard. Five others—Samuel Atwill, Luther Haynes, Thomas G. Jefferson, Joseph Wheelwright, and Alva Hartsfield—would die later of their wounds. Another 47 cadets were wounded—nearly one-fourth of the entire number who took part in the battle.

Ulysses S. Grant, stymied by his own troubles at Spotsylvania, bombarded General-in-Chief Henry Halleck in Washington. "Cannot General Sigel go up to Shenandoah Valley to Staunton?" he wired. Halleck immediately wired back that Sigel, far from advancing, was "already in full retreat. If you expect anything from him you will be mistaken. He will do nothing but run. He never did anything else." A furious Grant relieved the German of command on May 21.

The Battle of New Market saved the Shenandoah Valley for the Confederacy for the time being. More than that, it immediately entered into myth. The churned up wheat field across which the VMI cadets charged became immortalized as "the Field of Lost Shoes," since many of the boy-soldiers' shoes were sucked from their feet by the knee-deep mud. Each year on the anniversary of the battle, the entire Cadet Corps musters in while the names of the dead at New Market are read off in turn. As the names are called, a representative of their company steps forward and reports simply: "Dead on the field of honor, Sir." □

port arthur

Continued from page 33

bayonets." By late December, most of the major forts and redoubts were in Japanese hands. Port Arthur had become militarily untenable.

On January 1, 1905, Stoessel dispatched an officer to Nogi under a flag of truce, proposing to surrender Port Arthur. According to the terms of the capitulation, the surviving Russian soldiers would become prisoners of war, but their officers were given the option of going into captivity alongside their men or being released on parole. Few officers chose to become POWs.

For the Japanese, the cost of victory had been very high. The Third Army had sustained at least 60,000 dead and wounded, and probably many more. The Japanese also had their problems with sickness, inevitable during siege conditions. Thousands succumbed to beriberi triggered by malnutrition. The Russians had fought well under the circumstances. It was said that Russian troops in the Far East were mediocre at best, and fear of revolutionary uprisings had kept Guards regiments and other elite units at home. Yet the scorned Siberian regiments, aided by sailors, had performed prodigious acts of valor on a daily basis.

Port Arthur was a dress rehearsal for the catastrophic world war a decade later. The siege employed machines guns, bolt-action magazine rifles, rapid-firing howitzers, massive artillery, barbed wire, and trenches. Japanese artillery batteries were coordinated by a central fire-control command linked by field telephones. European military leaders ignored the lessons of the century's first major war at their own peril—and that of their foredoomed soldiers on the Western Front.

As feared, Russia's humiliation sparked an abortive revolution that foreshadowed the eventual fall of the czar in 1917. For Japan, the capture of Port Arthur marked the beginning of an aggressive nationalistic phase during which the island nation attempted to create its own empire on the Asian mainland. Korea was annexed in 1910, and by the 1930s Japan had conquered Manchuria and was pressing southward into the heart of China. These overt acts of aggression eventually set Japan on a collision course with the United States begun, like Port Arthur, with an underhanded sneak attack on Pearl Harbor in December 1941. What had begun victoriously at Port Arthur ended ignominiously with Japan's utter defeat in 1945. As the Bible says, "Pride goeth before destruction, and an haughty spirit before a fall." The Japanese military was nothing if not proud. □

indian waterloo

Continued from page 61

trouble crossing the dry river bed and then found the entrenchment's walls too high to climb without ladders. Three separate assaults were repulsed, and Gilbert and MacLaren fell wounded. To make things worse, Sikh cavalry galloped out and killed 29 of the retreating soldiers in full view of their comrades. The British troops finally captured the entrenchment a little to the east, where the walls were a little lower.

The troops of Dick's 3rd Division, meanwhile, rallied and recaptured their sector of the entrenchment. Enduring intense enemy fire, sappers blew gaps in the entrenchment, allowing British cavalry to pass through single file. Once inside the entrenchment, the cavalry reformed and charged the Sikh gunners, cutting them down. A squadron of Lt. Col. Michael White's 3rd Light Dragoons dashed through the breach, with the 8th and 9th Bengali Horse Artillery coming in on the Sikh right where the fortifications did not reach all the way to the river. Private John Pearman of the Light Dragoons matter of factly described the charge: "On we went by the dead and dying, and partly over the poor fellows, and up the parapet our horses scrambled. One of the Sikh artillery men struck at me with his sponge staff but missed me, hitting my horse on the hindquarters, which made the horse bend down. I cut a round at him and felt my sword strike him but could not say where, there was such a smoke on. I went with the rest through the camp at their battalions which we broke up."

With pressure coming at them from three sides, the stubborn Sikh infantrymen were slowly driven back. Tej Singh, by this time, had fled the battlefield with an escort of horsemen. He had spent the morning in a personal bomb shelter constructed for him in the rear by his engineers. He galloped partly across the bridge, then stopped and inexplicably had one of the pontoon boats sunk. The damaged bridge would make retreat difficult for his soldiers still fighting for survival on the south side of the river.

Gough's troops continued to push back the Sikhs, capturing their inner defensive lines and pouring volley after deadly volley into them as they fell back toward the Sutlej. As the Sikh troops crowded along the riverbank, British and Indian soldiers continued to hammer them with musket and artillery fire. In desperation, a few Sikhs attempted to charge, only to end up dead at the ends of bayonets. Sham Singh, more valorous than his counterpart Tej Singh, led another counterattack but fell mortally wounded by seven bullets.

Sikh soldiers desperately clambered across the damaged bridge, which collapsed under their weight. The Sutlej was alive with struggling men, camels, and horses. Other Sikh soldiers attempted to swim the rain-swollen river with little success. The British brought their guns down to the riverbank and poured shot and shell into the mass of Sikhs thrashing in the water. By 10:30 AM the slaughter was over.

It had been a catastrophic day for the shattered Sikh army. The Sikhs suffered about 10,000 killed or wounded. They also lost 67 guns and 19 of their standards. The Maharani and her henchmen had succeeded with their Machiavellian plan of using the British Army to destroy the power of the Khalsa for them. The British, by contrast, had suffered 2,283 casualties, including 320 killed—about one-seventh of the total forces engaged.

The war would soon be over. Gough crossed the Sutlej and marched toward Lahore. Although the Sikhs still had a sizable number of troops, the leaders denied them ammunition and supplies. With permission from Maharani Jindan, Gulab Singh met with the British at Kasure on February 16 and signed a truce agreeing to all the British demands. On March 9 the terms were formalized at Lahore, with the Sikhs handing over a large tract of land between the Sutlej and Beas Rivers. As part of the treaty, the Sikh army was reduced to 20,000 soldiers and 12,000 cavalry, while all the guns used against the British were turned over to them. A British garrison would occupy Lahore for a year. The Sikh government also agreed to pay the British the equivalent of £1.5 million When the Sikhs were unable to pay the war reparations, the British seized Kashmir Province and sold it back to Gulab Singh for the very reasonable price of £750,000. He now had his independence from Lahore, while the Sikhs were losing theirs.

Despite criticism from many of his military peers for his heavy-handed tactics and unnecessarily high losses, Gough returned in triumph to Britain, where he was made a baron, viscount, and eventually field marshal. Both houses of Parliament formally praised the old war horse for his victory at Sobraon, which he took to calling "the Indian Waterloo." His successor as commander in chief of the British Army in India, Sir Charles Napier, accurately read the Sikh mood after the war. The rank and file believed that their leaders had betrayed them, Napier said. He fully expected the fragmented Sikh army to unite again. Napier thought there would be another war with the Sikhs in year or two. As events would show, he was right. □

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