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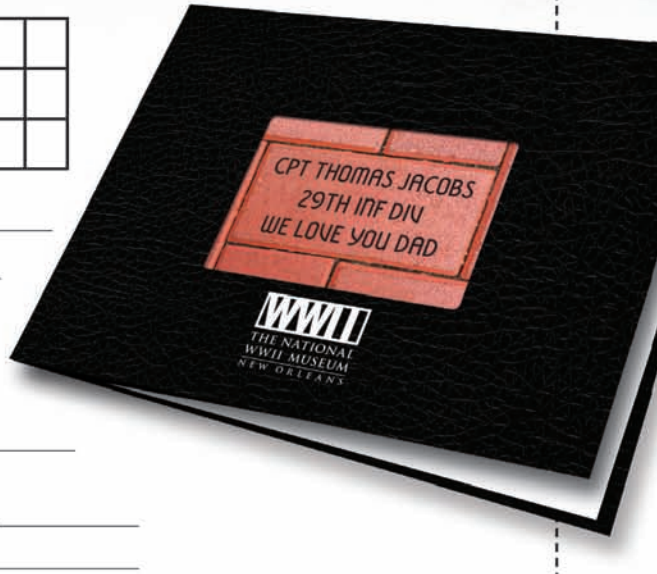

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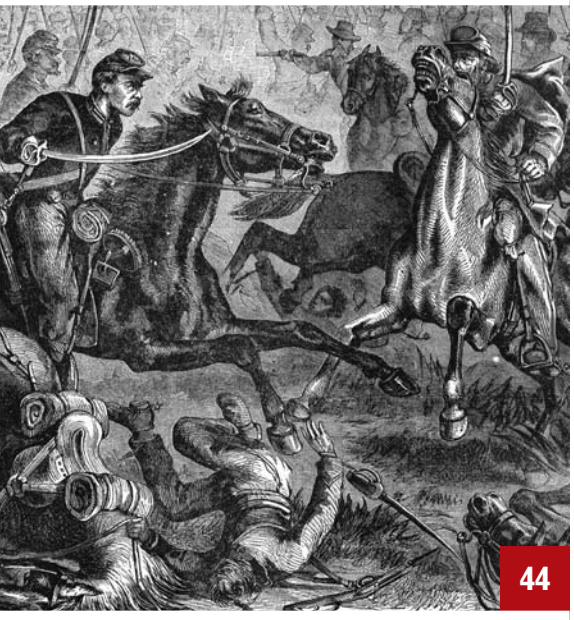


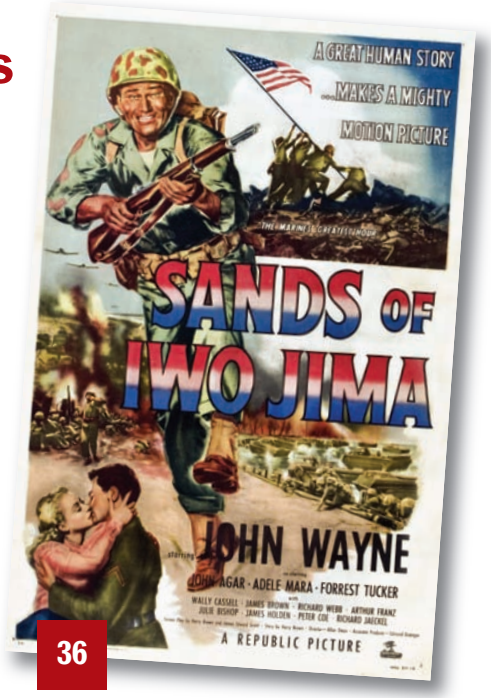
MILITARY HERITAGE

October 2012

features

columns

COVER: Portrait of Confederate cavalry commander J.E.B. Stuart, photographed about 1863. Stuart was 31 when he was killed at the Battle of Yellow Tavern, May 12, 1864. See story page 44. Photo: Library of Congress



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editorial

The Civil War has never been a particularly fruitful subject for American moviemakers. The real-life characters are too vivid to be reinvented.

WORLD WAR II, AMERICA'S LAST "GOOD WAR," HAS ALWAYS been a fruitful source for homegrown moviemakers. Beginning with the wartime movies that shamelessly if sincerely promoted American efforts to rally against the fascist evils of Germany, Italy, and Japan, the silver screen gave audiences stirring depictions of brave GIs risking and sacrificing their lives for the greater good. Even as filmmaking techniques have grown increasingly sophisticated in depicting the real horrors of war (see story, page 36), such films as Saving Private Ryan have still underscored the basic, old-fashioned decency of American soldiers in World War II.

Ironically, the war that truly shaped the modern-day United States has been comparatively underrepresented by American movies. Beginning with director D.W. Griffith's controversial *The Birth of a Nation* in 1915, Hollywood has shown a persistent but shallow interest in the Civil War. Griffith, the son of a Confederate veteran, cared little for the complex issues that led to the war and its aftermath. Instead, he set out to craft a partisan indictment of postwar Reconstruction. Virginia-born President Woodrow Wilson, seeing an advance screening of the film at the White House, memorably praised Griffith for "writing history with lightning," even if it was more lightning than history.

Most famously, the 1939 film *Gone With the Wind* etched an idealized, "moonlight-and-magnolias" portrait of an Old South that only existed in frothy romance novels and on movie screens. Still, with such larger-than-life stars as Clark Gable and Vivien Leigh and its vivid if now rather dated storyline of noble cavaliers, intrepid southern belles, and happy, loyal slaves, *GWTW* was a blockbuster success. It was the Civil War that people wanted to imagine—even, inexplicably, many northerners.

Perhaps the best Civil War ever made—faint praise though it may be—is writer-director John Huston's 1951 version of Stephen Crane's remarkable novel, *The Red Badge of Courage*. Starring real-life World War II hero Audie Murphy as the reluctant, ironic hero Henry Fleming, the movie succeeds in giving viewers a slight inkling of what the war was like on the level of the humble Union foot soldier. Despite its good intentions, however, Huston's movie still presents a fairly well-scrubbed version of the decidedly dirty Civil War—down to the immaculate blue uniforms worn by Murphy and his comrades.

Two 1960s movies with Civil War themes, *The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come* and *Shenandoah,* reveal the traditional Hollywood penchant for combining questionable history with cornball sentimentality, although at least the latter movie, with the great actor James Stewart as its star, manages on occasion to rise above its mawkishness. By contrast, *The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come,* starring folk singer (and nonactor) Jimmy Rodgers, gives viewers the hilarious sight of a supposed Civil War battle taking place amid California's characteristic tall pines and sequoia trees. Presumably, it was cheaper to film there than on location in the American South.

The well-received 1990 film *Glory,* dealing with the formation of the Union Army's first African American regiment, the 54th Massachusetts, was an honorable effort to dramatize an interesting if essentially secondary Civil War event. Critics at the time pointed out that *Glory* was less a true Civil War movie than an update of the old World War II-era formula movies in which a group of disparate personalities is welded into a cohesive and brotherly fighting unit. The movie also gives the false impression that only black troops fought at the climactic Battle of Fort Wagner, although white units such as the 7th New Hampshire also shared in the suffering and glory.

Perhaps the real problem with making a movie about the Civil War is that the truth itself was so remarkable. What high-paid screenwriter could create a fictional character to rival Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, or Abraham Lincoln? Or a situation more poignant than Pickett's Charge or Lee's surrender at Appomattox? Poet Walt Whitman, who saw much of the war's aftermath in the Army hospitals around Washington, D.C., famously lamented that "the real war will never get into the books." Nor, one might add, is it likely to get into the movies.

Roy Morris Jr.

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By John Protasio

From a leather-covered rowboat to a streamlined modern vessel with nuclear warheads, the submarine has made great strides since its conception.

THE CONCEPT OF A SHIP THAT COULD SUBMERGE BENEATH THE water and then resurface dates back as far as the late 1400s, when Italian Renaissance artist and inventor Leonardo da Vinci claimed to have found a method for a ship to remain submerged for a protracted period of time. However, da Vinci refused to reveal his discovery to the world because he feared "the evil nature of men who practice assassination at the bottom of the sea."

A Dutchman, Cornelis Drebbel, built the first known practical submersible in 1620, using blueprints developed nearly 50 years earlier by English amateur inventor William Bourne, whose plans never got beyond the drawing board. A leather-covered, 12-oar rowboat, Drebbel's craft was reinforced with iron against water pressure to a depth of 15 feet. He tested the submersible in the Thames while working under contract to the British court. King James I observed the tests, although it is probably apocryphal that the monarch ever made a test dive himself. Despite several successful tests between 1620 and 1624, the Royal Navy eventually lost interest in Drebbel's invention, and none was commissioned or built.

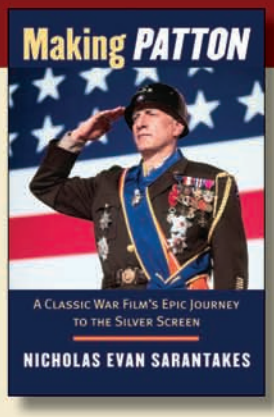
A German U-2 submarine torpedoes an Allied transport ship in the Atlantic Ocean during World War I.

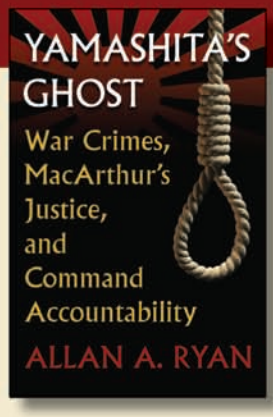
ullstein bild / The Granger Collection, New York

During the latter years of the 17th century, a number of other European inventors and scientists worked on submarine designs. In 1680, Italian inventor Giovanni Borelli sketched plans for a submarine that could be sunk or raised using goatskins in the hull that were alternately filled or emptied of water by twisting a rod. A few years later, French physicist Denis Papin designed and built two submarines consisting of a heavy metallic box and air pump. When enough air was pumped inside, the operator could open holes in the floor of the sub to let in enough water to float the box. Papin reportedly tested a second, oval-shaped vessel on the Lahn River in 1692. There were also reports of Ukrainian Cossacks employing a submersible boat, much like a modern diving bell, that they propelled by walking beneath it on the bottom of the river.

The first military submarine was *Turtle*, which made its debut during the American Revolution. Built in 1775 by Connecticut inventor David Bushnell, the walnut-shaped submersible measured 7 feet high and

MODERN WAR STUDIES





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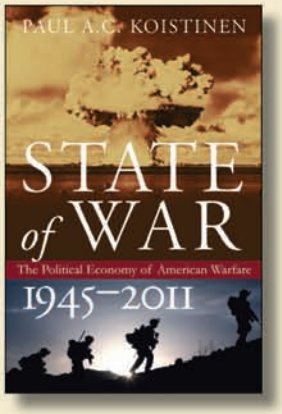

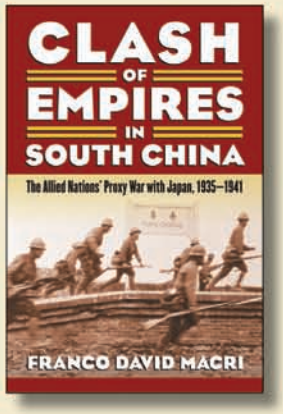

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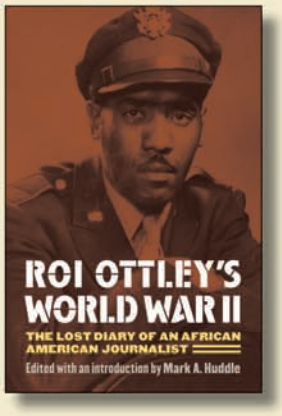

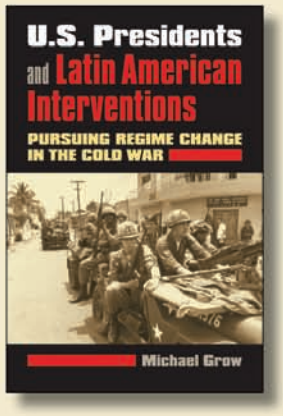

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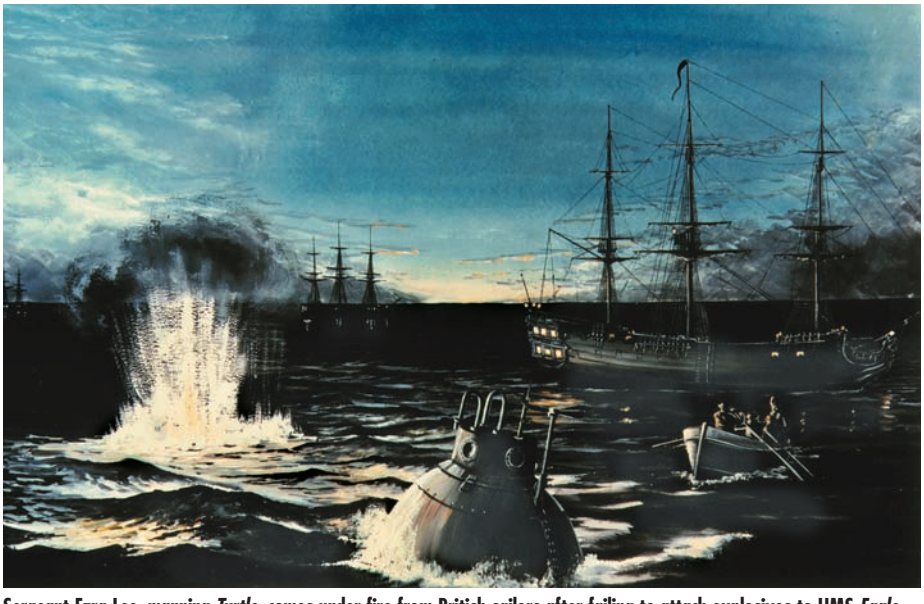
5½ feet wide. Bushnell designed it to be operated by one man and capable of submerging 20 feet deep for up to half an hour. Made of oak and covered with pine-tar pitch for waterproofing, *Turtle* looked more like a beer keg than a modern submarine. The ship dove and surfaced by means of brass pumps that took in or expelled seawater as ballast, while using 700 pounds of lead weights that could be played out in 50-foot increments on a line.

Following the outbreak of the American Revolution, patriots were desperate to strike a blow at British ships blockading New York harbor. Bushnell's *Turtle* was pressed into service. To sink the British ship *Eagle*, *Turtle* would need to come alongside and fasten a 150-pound bomb to *Eagle*'s keel with a screw. Bushnell initially gave the piloting job to his brother, Ezra, but Ezra's poor health led to the postponement of the plan. In the end a sergeant in the Continental Army, Ezra Lee, was chosen for the task. On September 6, 1776, Lee set out on the mission. Unfortunately for the Americans, he could not drill a hole into *Eagle*'s copper-reinforced bottom, and the attack failed.

The Art Archive



Sergeant Ezra Lee, manning *Turtle,* comes under fire from British sailors after failing to attach explosives to HMS *Eagle*.

In 1801, expatriate American designer Robert Fulton, then living in France, demonstrated the copper-hulled *Nautilus*, the first fish-shaped submersible, which employed a screw to push rather than pull the vessel. The vessel included sails for surface propulsion and enough compressed air to keep a four-man crew underwater for three hours. In spite of successful trials on the Seine River in Rouen and at Brest, the French Admiralty declined to invest in Fulton's new technology.

In the 1850s, the Danes were at war with the German states, and the Danish Navy blockaded German ports. A Bavarian artillery engineer, Wilhelm Bauer, devised a plan to utilize submarines to attack the Danish ships. With public support, he built *Brandtaucher* (Fire Diver). Disaster struck when the hull plates sprang a leak, and the ship sank to the bottom and became embedded in mud. Bauer persuaded his men to let the water flow in, equalizing the pressure inside and outside the submarine to enable the hatch to be opened. After six long hours underwater, the crew was able to flee its doomed vessel. Bauer did not give up. In 1856 he built *Seeteufel* (Sea Devil), a 52-foot submarine carefully equipped with a rescue device, for Russia during the Crimean War.

Confederates tried their hand at submarines during the Civil War. In 1861, New Orleans-based machinist James McClintock built *Pioneer,* a cigar-shaped vessel with conical ends, 30 feet long and four feet in diameter. *Pioneer* was built with countersunk rivets to join quarter-inch iron plate to its interior framework. This reduced friction while she moved underwater. During a subsequent test run, *Pioneer* successfully sank a schooner on Lake Pontchartrain.

Unfortunately for the Confederates, the Union Navy soon took New Orleans, and one of the financial backers of the submarine, Horace L. Hunley, ordered *Pioneer* scuttled to prevent it from falling into enemy hands. Hunley did not give up. He built another vessel, *Pioneer II,* or *American Diver.* He set out to sink a blockading Union ship, but a squall blew in from the sea. While being towed by a tug, the submarine sank after a big wave swept over its open hatch.

U.S. Navy

ABOVE: Cutaway of Revolutionary War-era *Turtle.* BELOW: *Hunley* was raised in 2000 and rests in a conservation tank at the Warren Lasch Conservation Center, Charleston, South Carolina.

Warren Lasch Conservation Center, Charleston, SC

The determined Hunley built a third submarine, named after himself. The *Horace L. Hunley* was more advanced than its predecessors. Built from a boiler, the vessel had diving plates on each side of the hull, manual pumps to increase or decrease water ballast, and a single screw and rudder. The submarine had a snorkel for air and was equipped with a 90-foot-long spar loaded with black powder. A crew of eight hand-cranked the propeller shaft. Three crews were lost while testing the vessel in Mobile, including Hunley himself.

The submarine was raised, re-outfitted, and transferred to Charleston, South Carolina. On the night of February 17, 1864, *Hunley* set out to sink the Union warship *Housatonic*, anchored 12 miles outside Charleston harbor. The sub came up to the enemy vessel to attach the charge. While attempting to back away, *Housatonic* inadvertently rammed *Hunley,* setting off the bomb. In a matter of minutes, *Housatonic* sank. Unfortunately for the crew

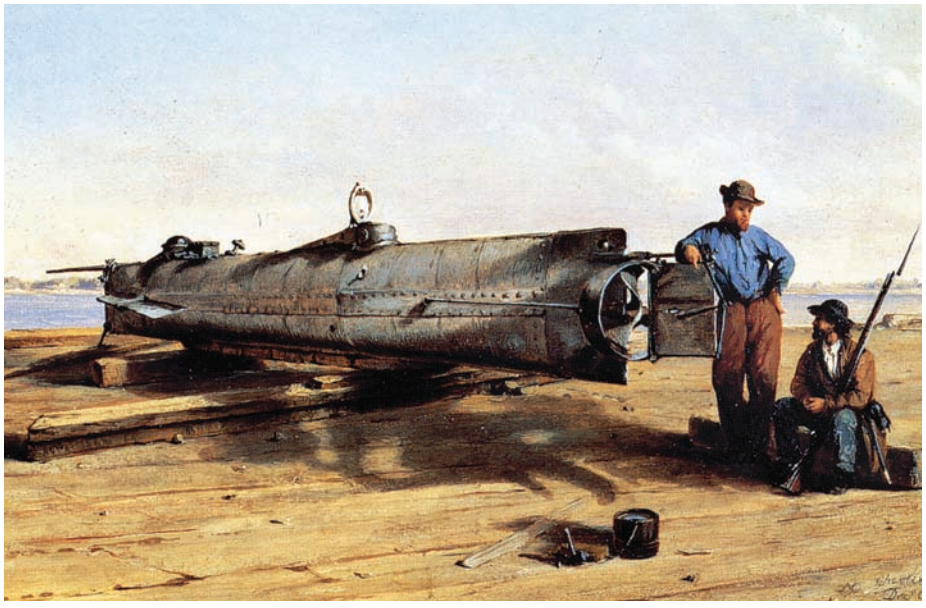
aboard *Hunley,* so did the sub.

Early in the 1880s, George Garrett, an English clergyman, and Thorsten Nordenfeldt, a Swedish inventor, teamed up to build the first steam-powered submarines. *Nordenfeldt III*, their best, could submerge to a depth of 50 feet for a range of 14 miles. A steam engine powered the submarine on the surface and was shut down to dive. *Nordenfeldt III* also had twin torpedo tubes. Sold to the Ottoman Navy, *Nordenfeldt III* later had the distinction of firing the first underwater torpedo.

In 1889, an officer in the Spanish Navy, Don Isaac Peral, designed a more advanced submarine. Named after himself, Peral's ship was entirely powered by electricity and made of steel. *Peral* was capable of 10 knots on the surface and eight knots submerged. In many respects, *Peral* resembled the submarines later developed during World War I. It had two torpedoes, fresh-air systems, and a fully reliable underwater navigation system. Despite two years of successful tests, the hidebound Spanish Navy terminated the project—a lucky break for the United States Navy, which would go to war with the Spanish nine years later.

Americans became involved in the development of the submarine during the last few years of the 19th century. Irish inventor John Philip Holland built America's best-known practical submarine, *Holland.* A gasoline engine powered the submarine on the surface, and a battery-driven motor did so when the vessel was submerged. *Holland* could fire 18-inch torpedoes from a single torpedo tube. Assistant Secretary of the Navy Theodore Roosevelt witnessed the sub's sea trials and recommended that the Navy buy *Holland,* but it was not until 1900 that it was formally commissioned. Six more submarines of the *Holland* type were ordered. Holland's company later filled orders by Great Britain, Russia, the Netherlands, and Japan. The Holland Torpedo Boat Company was the forerunner of General Dynamics, which continues to build sophisticated submarines today.

Another pioneer in the development of the submarine was Simon Lake. In 1894, Lake launched the first practical submarine in the rivers of New Jersey. The following year, the Lake Submarine Company began to build the first steel submarine, *Argonaut I*. Lake's submarines had the first bow and stern diving planes for depth control. In 1897, he patented the "even-keel" submarine. Lake developed the periscope and virtually eliminated the magnetic effect of metal surrounding the submarine's compass. In 1898, *Argonaut* completed a 1,000-mile cruise above and beneath the surface of the Atlantic Ocean.



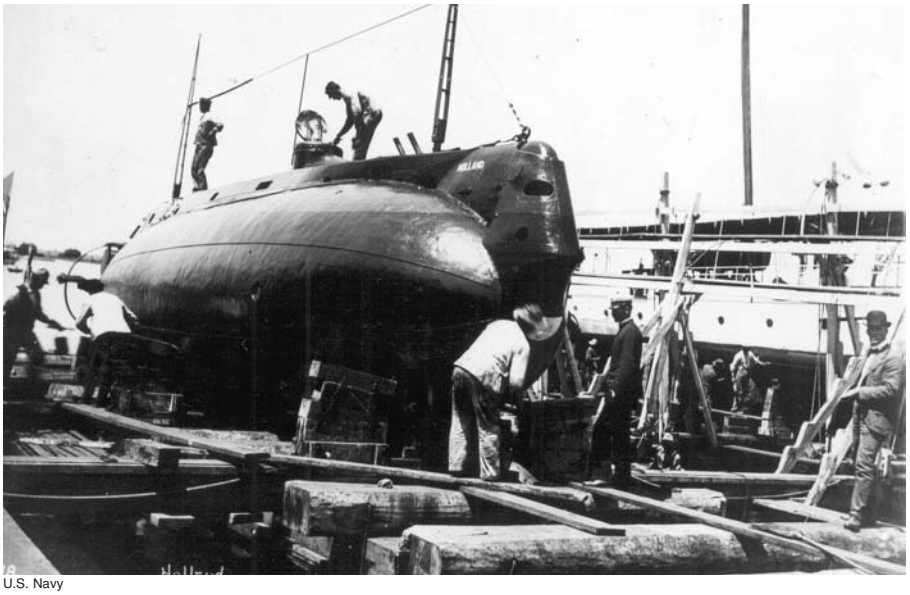
ABOVE: Three crews were lost during tests of the *Horace L. Hunley,* shown in a painting by Conrad Wise Chapman. BELOW: A colored engraving shows a cutaway view of Wilhelm Bauer's 1855 *Brandtaucher*.

akg images

During the early part of the 20th century, Great Britain and Germany were engaged in a naval arms race. Both sides placed emphasis on battleships and other surface ships. Nevertheless, the two countries also constructed submarines. Typical of these submarines was Germany's *U-20*, which would infamously sink the British liner *Lusitania*. *U-20* displaced 650 tons running on the surface and 837 tons submerged. Two eight-cylinder diesel engines capable of 15 knots powered it on the surface, and two electric motors provided up to nine knots when submerged. *U-20* carried an 88mm deck gun and seven torpedoes similar to the Whitehead torpedo developed by an English inventor of that name. The torpedoes were 12 to 16 feet long and weighed about a ton. Air driven, they could travel up to 40 knots for the first 1,000 yards with a warhead of 290 pounds of trotyl explosive.

The submarine proved its value early in World War I. On September 22, 1914, three obsolete British cruisers, *Aboukir, Hogue,* and *Cressy,* were sunk by a single German submarine, *U-9*. Of the nearly 2,300 men aboard the

ABOVE: N*ordenfeldt III* submarine, photographed in 1883 in the Ottoman Navy, fired the first underwater torpedo. BELOW: Launched in 1897 and commissioned in 1900, USS *Holland* was the U.S. Navy's first submarine. Theodore Roosevelt was an early admirer.



U.S. Navy

cruisers, more than 1,400 were lost. *U-9* sank the three cruisers with an expenditure of only six torpedoes.

The most notorious victim of a submarine during World War I was the Cunard Line's *Lusitania*. On May 7, 1915, she was off Old Head, near Kinsale, Ireland, when she encountered *U-20*. With a single torpedo the German submarine sank the liner with the loss of more than 100 American passengers. This was doubly shocking since up to that time it was believed that any ship traveling faster than 15 knots was immune from submarines. *Lusitania* was going 18 knots when she was torpedoed.

A few months later, *U-24* torpedoed and sank the passenger liner *Arabic* of the White Star Line. The Woodrow Wilson administration put pressure on Germany to refrain from sinking any more passenger liners. Germany agreed not to sink the liners unless they resisted—the so-called *Arabic* pledge. The following year, however, a German submarine torpedoed and damaged a ferry boat, *Sussex*. Germany restated her vow not to sink passenger liners.

German U-boats became larger and more powerful as the war progressed. One such example was *U-53*. This submarine was more than 200 feet long and carried two medium-caliber deck guns, with a range that was a great deal farther than its predecessors. On October 7, 1916, *U-53* surfaced on the East Coast of the United States. Eventually, *U-53* sank four ships off the American homeland. Since the sub was operating in international waters, the United States Navy could do nothing but protest ineffectually against the attacks.

A few months later, Germany announced that it would resume unrestricted submarine warfare. Any ship, including American vessels, would be sunk if they tried to go to or from Great Britain. This ill-conceived policy brought the United States into the war on the Allied side and fatally tilted the conflict away from Germany, whose submarine warfare proved decisive—for the wrong reasons.

During the interwar years, Japan developed a varied submarine fleet. Some carried aircraft, others cargo. Many were equipped with the most advanced torpedo of the war, the oxygen-propelled Type 95, nicknamed "Long Lance." The size of Japanese submarines varied. Some were midget submarines with one-man crews and an 80-mile range. Others were medium- or long-range subs with the fastest submerged speeds of the war. Because of the Imperial Navy's decision to attack enemy warships instead of merchant ships, Japanese submarines proved largely ineffective, sinking less than one-fourth as much merchant shipping as the submarines of the U.S. Navy. The lack of radar also hampered Japanese submarine warfare efforts.

When Adolf Hitler came to power in Germany in the 1930s, he rebuilt the German Navy and ordered the construction of new U-boats to replace the 360 subs sunk or surrendered during World War I. When World War II broke out, the German submarines adopted new tactics, traveling in "wolf packs" to attack Allied convoys. The British had reintroduced the convoy system, installing radar on their ships and using high-frequency direction finders to locate the signals of the enemy submarines. Unbeknownst to the Germans, the British broke their code, allowing the British to know when and where German submarines would strike.

German submarines became larger and faster. In 1940 the Nazis developed *U-300,* a streamlined 550-ton vessel capable of reaching 19 knots when submerged. In July1942, German engineers scrapped *U-300* and came up with *U-301*. In the end, only seven subs of this type were completed; an additional two were near completion before being damaged in an Allied air raid.

American submarine efforts were much more successful in World War II. A total of 314 subs served in the United States Navy. Fifty-two were lost during the war, with 41 of the losses directly attributable to enemy attacks. A total of 3,506 American submariners were killed in the war. In return, American subs devastated Japanese shipping, sinking more enemy supply ships than all other weapons combined, including aircraft.

After the war, the United States and the Soviet Union raced to build better submarines during the Cold War. Out of this came the nuclear-powered submarine, which could stay submerged longer and had a much longer

range than World War II-era subs. Both sides placed ballistic missiles aboard submarines. These vessels carried long-range missiles with nuclear warheads. In 1955, *Nautilus* became the first nuclear-powered submarine. Advances in technology, including equipment that could extract oxygen from sea water, allowed the subs to remain submerged for weeks or months at a time. Three years later, *Nautilus* completed the first voyage beneath the Arctic ice cap.

Two American nuclear submarines, *Thresher* and *Scorpion*, were lost to equipment failures during the Cold War, while the Soviet Union lost at least four subs, including *Komsomolets*, which held the depth record among military submarines of 3,000 feet. *Komsomolets* sank in April 1989 in the Barents Sea off Norway after a catastrophic fire aboard ship. A total of 42 Russians died in the frigid waters.

Most of the wars since World War II have been land wars, with submarines playing little part in them. However, in 1982 Argentina seized the Falkland Islands off the Argentine coast. Great Britain responded by dispatching elements of the Royal Navy to the South Atlantic, blockading the islands with submarines. During the war, the Argentine cruiser *General Belgrano* was torpedoed by the British submarine HMS *Conqueror*. The cruiser was sunk, and 368 men were lost. It was the largest loss of life during the entire war. *General Belgrano* had the unwanted distinction of being the first (and so far only) ship sunk by a nuclear-powered submarine.

The modern submarine is a deadly weapon. From a leather-covered, 12-oar rowboat to a vessel armed with nuclear warheads capable of wiping out entire civilizations, the submarine has made great strides militarily. Perhaps da Vinci was right to fear "the evil nature of men who practice assassination at the bottom of the sea." □

U.S. Navy

Soviet Victor II-class nuclear-powered submarine, photographed in 1994. During the Cold War, the United States and the Soviet Union engaged in a submarine-building arms race.

By William Stroock

Jugurtha, king of Numidia, was a bitter enemy of Rome, using swiftness and cunning to outwit various Roman consuls for more than a decade.

JUGURTHA, KING OF THE DESERT NATION OF NUMIDIA, WAS A LONG-time antagonist of Republican Rome. Over more than a decade of war, he was a bold and cunning battlefield commander who used swiftness and determination to make fools of Roman consuls, even as the Romans were systematically conquering his country. Jugurtha came to his role naturally. His father, King Micipsa, divided his kingdom (much of northern Algeria today) between his three sons, Jugurtha, Hiempsal, and Adherbal, none of whom was happy with the arrangement. The most able of the three half-brothers was Jugurtha, a good-looking, intelligent, active man who eschewed the trappings of luxury for a rugged lifestyle, making a name for himself as an athlete and big game hunter.

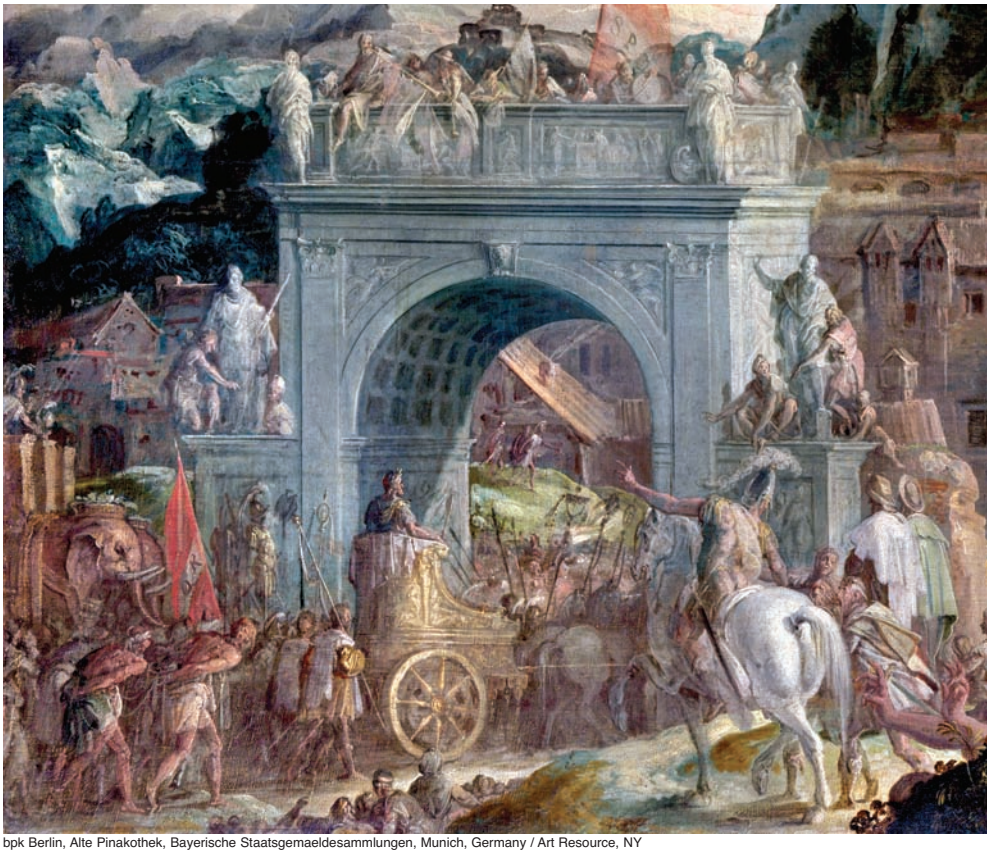
Fearing his son's fame, Micipsa gave Jugurtha command of the Numidian contingent sent to aid Rome in the siege of Spanish Numantia (134-133 BC), in the hopes that he would get killed. Instead, Jugurtha excelled at the art of war, leading his men ably in battle and becoming popular with the Roman troops. He greatly impressed the Roman commander, Scipio Aemilianus, who used him for difficult tasks and treated him as a friend.

At a meeting a few days after Micipsa's death in 118 BC, Jugurtha had Hiempsal assassinated and then systematically massacred Adherbal's allies in the various Numidian towns, throwing some of his victims to wolves and lions and crucifying others. Adherbal, described by Roman historian Sallust as quiet, peaceful, and meek, was no match for the ruthless Jugurtha, who quickly routed his surviving brother's army. Adherbal fled to Rome and begged the Senate for help.

Fearing Rome's reaction to his bloody coup, Jugurtha dispatched envoys of his own to argue his case and bribe the Senate. After furious debate, the Senate, encouraged by Jugurtha's bribes, established a 10-man commission to divide Numidia between the two rivals. Jugurtha promptly bribed the commissioners, who consequently awarded him the more fertile western part of the country, while Adherbal got the east and north.

Jugurtha accepted the decision and retired to his new kingdom, where he prepared for renewed war against his brother. In the spring of 112 BC, Jugurtha led a raiding party into Adherbal's kingdom. Once again Adherbal appealed to Rome for help. Sensing Adherbal's weakness, Jugurtha launched an all-out invasion. Adherbal raised an army and

Roman troops under new consul Marius defeat King Jugurtha's Numidian soldiers in 106 BC.



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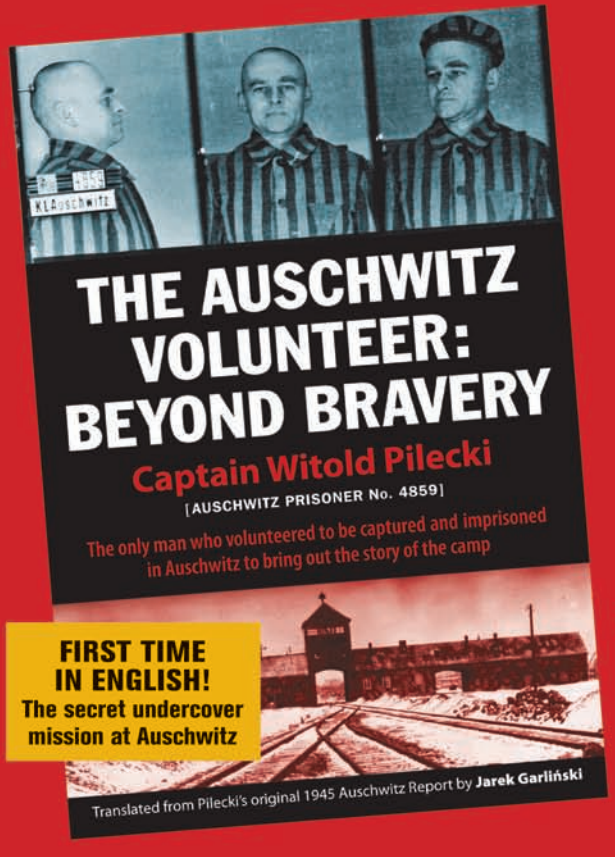

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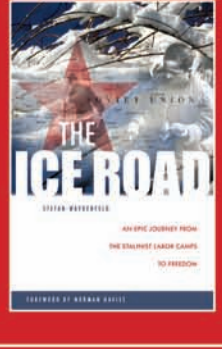

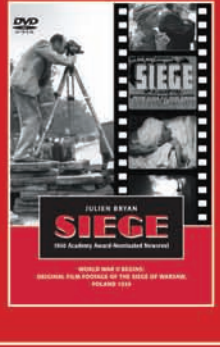

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Jugurtha leaves Rome after agreeing to keep the peace, a vow the crafty desert warrior will soon break. While in Rome, he also arranged to assassinate a rival to his throne.

met Jugurtha outside Cirta, the capital of Adherbal's kingdom. Jugurtha did not wait for formal battle. Instead, he simply stormed Adherbal's position, routing his brother's troops and moving to occupy Cirta. Only the swift intervention of Italian merchants, who slammed shut the gates and manned the battlements, kept the city out of his hands. Jugurtha promised clemency, then duplicitously massacred the Italians (and Adherbal) once they opened the gates. An outraged Roman Senate voted to go to war against the Numidian betrayer.

The consulship for Africa went to Lucius Calpurnicus Bestia, who raised an army of two Roman and two allied legions and surrounded himself with trusted political allies. While the Roman army was well organized and disciplined, it was ill suited to Jugurtha's way of war, which featured light cavalry and infantry striking quickly and avoiding pitched battle. Jugurtha had another advantage—he was fighting in friendly territory, with a helpful populace, over ground he knew like the back of his hand. Against repeated Roman forays, Jugurtha was able to fall back to mountain or desert fortresses virtually inaccessible to the large, lumbering Roman army.

As the Roman army advanced into Numidia, the wily Jugurtha retreated and sought other ways to defeat the Romans. Rather than fight, he negotiated peace in return for a quantity of silver, horses, cattle, and elephants. Bestia returned to Rome with the treaty, which proved to be controversial. Had Bestia been bribed? Jugurtha was called before the Senate to testify. During his time in Rome, Jugurtha ordered the assassination of Massiva, a rival to the throne who had been living in exile in the capital city. Infuriated, the Romans expelled Jugurtha and resumed the war.

In 110 BC, Postumius Spurius Albinus was elected consul and joined the Roman army in Africa, bringing with him money and supplies. The subsequent campaign proved to be frustrating. As the Romans advanced, Jugurtha retreated; when Albinus pulled back, Jugurtha attacked. To string along the Romans even further, Jugurtha negotiated in bad faith, striking deals with Albinus and then making additional demands and reneging on his agreements. At the end of the year, Albinus returned to Rome, leaving his brother Aulus in charge of the army.

Aulus, a "conceited ignoramus" in Sallust's words, decided to attempt a winter attack on Jugurtha's treasury at Suthul, a hilltop fortress surrounded by a swamp that winter rains had turned into a lake. Aulus marched his troops through the waterlogged territory and instituted a siege. Jugurtha, pretending to be weak and unwilling to attack, retreated into the countryside. Sensing victory, Aulus lifted the siege and pursued. While Aulus was blundering ahead, Jugurtha bribed several allied centurions to abandon their posts. Two cohorts of Lugurians and one squadron of Thracian cavalry deserted to his side. The chief centurion saw to it that his rampart was left undefended, and the Numidians were able to climb the walls and storm the Roman camp. The next day Jugurtha forced Aulus to surrender, with his

men enduring the additional humiliation of passing under a ceremonial yoke.

Outraged and humiliated, the Romans turned to Senator Quintus Caecilius Metellus, scion of an important patrician family. Metellus raised fresh levies of Roman troops and reinforcements from other parts of the Republic. His second in command was the popular Gaius Marius, a veteran of the siege of Numantia. When he deemed his army ready, Metellus invaded Numidia. Once more Jugurtha retreated. Metellus had learned Jugurtha's art of war and advanced cautiously, with light troops, archers, and slingers in the vanguard and cavalry and light troops on the flanks and rear. His first target was Vaga, just across the border. He quickly reached the town and took it without a fight. Metellus found a country seemingly at peace, with ripe fields and ample herds. Pliant Numidian officials greeted him at every town.

Metellus could not be distracted by peace overtures or corrupted by bribes, so Jugurtha gathered his army for battle. Meanwhile, Metellus marched southwest into the hills around Vaga and arrived before a desolate plain. The plain was bracketed by the hills in the east and the Muthul River in the west. On the north end of the plain lay a tree-studded, two-pronged spur. There Jugurtha deployed his troops, hoping to ambush the Romans. Jugurtha put his infantry and elephants under the command of a subordinate named Bamlicar and placed these troops on the right prong. On the left, Jugurtha arrayed his cavalry and elite infantry.

As Jugurtha had hoped, Metellus decided to establish a camp on the Muthul. But as the Romans advanced onto the plain, their scouts spotted the Numidians. Metellus halted the advance and reorganized for battle. He reinforced his right with three auxiliary cohorts, interspersed archers and slingers between his infantry cohorts, and deployed his cavalry on the wings. Thus reorganized, Metellus resumed the advance. After marching parallel to Jugurtha's left spur, Metellus faced north, offering battle, but Jugurtha did not dare attack. Wanting to secure a water supply, Metellus sent a flying column of cavalry and light infantry to the Muthul, where they arrived without resistance and built a camp. Then Metellus wheeled left and resumed his march across the plain.

The battle began, pitting Jugurtha's light infantry and cavalry against the heavy infantry of Rome. Jugurtha sent 2,000 light infantry into the hills, cutting off the Romans' route of retreat. Jugurtha's cavalry and light infantry rode down from the left prong and swarmed around Metellus's army, riding in close, unleashing volleys of javelins and other darts,

and then scattering before the Roman cavalry could counterattack. The rear of the Roman army was especially hard hit.

Despite the bold Numidian attack, the Roman army slowly made its way toward the Muthul and held off each of Jugurtha's forays As the battle dragged into the night, Jugurtha ordered his weary Numidians to retreat into the hills. Seeing this, Metellus reformed his ranks and sent four infantry cohorts against the enemy, pushing back the Numidians and repelling a final attack on the Roman camp. The Battle of the Muthul was a total defeat for Jugurtha, who fell back into the interior.

With Jugurtha out of the way, Metellus marched southwest along the river, taking several unfortified towns and living off the land. With his most valuable territory being ravaged by the Romans, Jugurtha led a group of picked cavalry onto the plain, where he followed the Roman army, attacking foragers and rolling up stragglers. The raids slowed Metellus's advance, as he was forced to send out whole cohorts to forage. Continuing south, Metellus split his army in two, placing one wing under the command of Marius. The two columns marched separately, but remained close enough to support one another should the need arise. Staying in the hills, Jugurtha paralleled the Roman line of march and harassed both commands, withdrawing before Roman infantry could be brought to bear against him.

Tiring of Jugurtha's harassing tactics, Metellus decided to attack Zama in the hopes that Jugurtha would feel compelled to fight a major battle defending it. Indeed, once he learned of Metellus's plans Jugurtha raced to Zama, reinforcing the garrison and exhorting the townspeople to defend their walls. Meanwhile, he took his small force of elite cavalry into the countryside with the intention of striking the Romans at an opportune time.

While he was making his way to Zama, Metellus sent Marius with a pair of cohorts on a foraging expedition to Sicca. Jugurtha learned of the movement and rushed there with about 1,000 cavalry. Arriving at Sicca just as Marius was leaving, Jugurtha formed his troops and urged the townspeople to help attack the Romans. Marius did not bother with the threat to his rear. Instead, he attacked Jugurtha's cavalry and cut his way out of the trap.

Once Marius rejoined the main army, Metellus attacked Zama. Under the cover of slingers and archers, Roman infantry ran ladders up to the walls and attempted to scale the battlements. Other teams tried to bore through or tunnel underneath the fortifications. As the assault progressed, Jugurtha attacked the Roman camp, which was lightly defended. Seeing the crisis, Metellus sent Marius to retake the camp. Marius quickly fought his way into camp, where he found the Numidian forces scattered and disorganized in the process of looting the Roman tents. Marius drove away the Numidians, inflicting heavy losses.

With Jugurtha still on the loose and night falling, Metellus halted his attack. When he renewed operations the next morning, Metellus sent out cavalry patrols to locate Jugurtha and keep him away from the army. Sensing that Zama was on the verge of collapse, Jugurtha eschewed his normal hit-and-run tactics and unleashed a full assault. The Numidians drove off Metellus's cavalry screen once again. With a new threat to his rear, Metellus lifted the siege. For the time being, at least, Jugurtha had saved his kingdom.

After the failed assault on Zama, Metellus garrisoned Roman-held towns in Numidia and went into winter quarters. The popular Marius undermined Metellus in the ranks and agitated for Rome to appoint him consul. Hoping to end the war before Marius was elected, Metellus opened negotiations with Jugurtha. In exchange for a large indemnity, Jugurtha agreed to surrender but backed out of the agreement at the last moment.

Instead of surrendering, Jugurtha raised a fresh army and engineered a revolt in Vaga, where the Roman cohort was celebrating a winter festival. Soldiers and officers were massacred as they ate and drank. When word reached him, an enraged Metellus gathered some Numidian cavalry that had come over to him and marched a legion to Vaga. As he approached the city, he placed the Numidians in the front ranks so that the town's inhabitants would assume he was Jugurtha. The ruse worked, and the Romans entered the city unmolested and put the populace to the sword.

In the wake of his victory at Vaga, Metellus was reelected consul. He sent Marius back to Rome and systematically pacified the countryside. Jugurtha, isolated and running out of men, retreated to the desert fortress of Thala in the southwest. Metellus followed, imitating the Numidian way of war. He stripped the pack animals and ordered his men to carry 10 days' rations and extra water skins. Scouts ranged ahead, gathering cattle and ordering friendly

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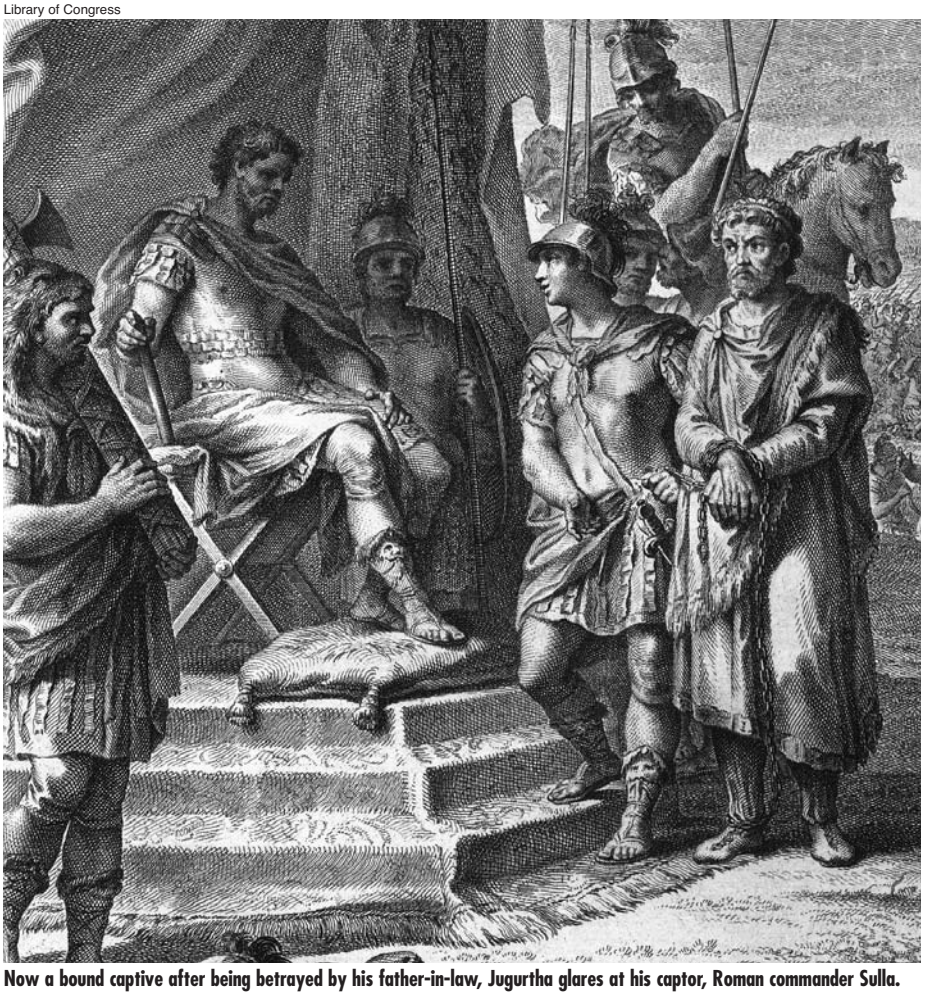

Now a bound captive after being betrayed by his father-in-law, Jugurtha glares at his captor, Roman commander Sulla.

Numidians to deliver water on the line of march. Arriving at Thala, Metellus lay siege to the town. Jugurtha fled, leaving Thala to its fate. Metellus took the town after a six-week siege.

After capturing Thala, Metellus took Cirta, breaking the back of Jugurtha's resistance. Determined to continue the fight and needing troops, Jugurtha made an alliance with King Bochus of Mauritania, his father-in-law, and recruited desert mercenaries. Jugurtha gathered the new army near Cirta. Before Metellus could attack, word arrived that he was being replaced by the newly elected Marius.

Jugurtha fell back to the isolated desert stronghold of Capsa. Marius, now the Roman commander, gathered the army at Sicca, where he stripped his troops of all but their weapons and water skins. After a lightning three-day march, the Romans took the town in a quick assault. The fall of Capsa demoralized Jugurtha's supporters. With the Numidians fleeing in terror of him, Marius was able to take several other towns.

Marius began the 106 BC campaign with another bold attack, this time against Jugurtha's treasury, which he took after a long siege. After consolidating his hold in the west, Marius marched for winter quarters in Cirta. The enemy was not idle. Jugurtha and Bochus reunited their armies in time for an attack on Marius. The assault began near sunset as the Romans were readying their encampment. From all directions, small groups of Moorish and Gaetulian cavalry swooped in on Marius's men. Marius gathered his scattered cavalry and led them to the relief of his camp.

Marius sent one of his aides, the equally ambitious Sulla, with some cavalry to secure a nearby hill. Then he fell back to a second hill behind the cover of Sulla's screening force and waited for first light. Believing that they had won the battle, Jugurtha and Bochus camped at the Roman position. When dawn broke, Marius formed his troops for attack and charged down the hill, taking Jugurtha and Bochus unaware. The sleeping enemy was routed, their camp overwhelmed, and more were killed than in any previous battle.

Undeterred, Jugurtha and Bochus followed the Romans and surrounded them just short of Cirta. The first strike was delivered by the Numidians against Sulla, whose cavalry absorbed the blow, reformed and counterattacked, driving them from the field. Next, Jugurtha led his cavalry against the Roman front, which held against several attacks. Then Bochus and his Moors hit the Roman rear, which also held. Unable to penetrate the Roman lines, Jugurtha resorted to spreading rumors that Marius had been killed. Sulla returned from the chase and hit Bochus's unprotected flank. After routing the Moors, Sulla turned his attention to Jugurtha, surrounding and destroying his cavalry.

Jugurtha had lost another battle, but he and Bochus again escaped. However, as Marius was preparing winter quarters Bochus sent word that he wanted peace. The consul dispatched Sulla to make the following demand: in exchange for Roman friendship, Bochus would have to deliver Jugurtha. Bochus agreed. He arranged for a meeting with his unsuspecting son-in-law, at which he slaughtered the king's entourage and turned him over to Sulla.

The desert warrior was brought in chains to Rome and thrown into the Tullianum, the city's infamous underground prison. There Jugurtha was set upon by other prisoners, who tore off his clothes and ripped off his earlobes to get at his gold earrings. Roman historian Plutarch recounted the sordid aftermath: "The wretch, after struggling with hunger for six days and up to the last moment clinging to the desire of life, paid the penalty which his crimes deserved." The king who had controlled an entire desert kingdom starved to death, alone and unmourned. Sic transit gloria, indeed. □

By Peter Kross

Fifty years ago, the world teetered on the edge of nuclear war while JFK scrambled to reach a face-saving compromise with the Soviet Union.

FOR 13 TENSION-FILLED DAYS IN OCTOBER 1962, THE WORLD CAME closer to nuclear war than it has ever come before or since. People hesitantly went about their daily lives, not knowing if they or their children would wake up the next morning. In Washington and Moscow, the key players in the unfolding drama, President John F. Kennedy and Soviet Premier Nikita Khrushchev, engaged in a dangerous game of cat and mouse, trying desperately to keep the genie of nuclear war in its bottle before it escaped in a fatal puff of smoke.

At the heart of the matter lay Cuba, the communist-controlled island 90 miles from the Florida shores. When Fidel Castro came to power in the 1959 revolt that ousted corrupt leader Fulgencio Batista, the Eisenhower administration decided that it was worth a try to cooperate with the bearded upstart. Soon, however, that policy was discarded after Castro deemed it more prudent to turn to the Soviet Union for military assistance. In March 1960, President Dwight D. Eisenhower tasked the CIA with planning an operation that included "a paramilitary force outside of Cuba for future guerrilla actions." That summer, the CIA constructed a secret training base in Guatemala for Cuban exiles. In other measures designed to destabilize Cuba, the United States introduced economic sanctions, slashing the amount of sugar imported from Cuba and cutting all diplomatic ties between the two countries.

Cuban-bound Russian R-14 missiles on parade in the Soviet Union. RIGHT: Fidel Castro and Nikita Khrushchev.

National Archives

Cuba became a hot topic in the 1960 presidential election between Vice President Richard Nixon and Massachusetts Senator John F. Kennedy. Nixon was the point man in the administration's secret efforts to oust Castro, and on the campaign trail Kennedy attacked both Nixon and Eisenhower for not doing enough to oust Castro. Nixon could not fight back, since he needed to protect the secret initiatives then going on behind the scenes to disrupt the Castro regime. When Kennedy won the election, the plan for the exile invasion of Cuba was well on its way to completion; the new president reluctantly agreed to proceed with the invasion. It turned out to be a military and political disaster for Kennedy. The exiles were soundly defeated by Castro's far superior military at the ill-starred Bay of Pigs invasion, and it took another year before all the surviving prisoners were finally released from Cuban jails.

The failure at the Bay of Pigs was a turning point in the Kennedy administration's attitude toward Cuba and the Castro regime. Cuba now became the president's number one international priority, and the defeat of the CIA-backed rebels only hardened policy makers in Washington as to what

The Perfect Wreck

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National Archives

U-2 spy photo on November 1, 1962, shows Russian ballistic missile sites at San Cristobal, Cuba.

future steps to take to rid the hemisphere of Castro. What followed was a secret war against Castro, designated Operation Mongoose, run entirely by the CIA—the largest covert war in the agency's history. The man in charge was the president's brother, Attorney General Robert Kennedy.

On August 23, 1962, senior presidential adviser McGeorge Bundy issued National Security Action Memorandum 181, ordered by JFK, to implement a covert operation and propaganda war to topple Castro. The CIA set up headquarters in Miami and dubbed the new operation JMWAVE. Working out of an abandoned site on the University of Miami campus, JMWAVE would become the most elaborate paramilitary operation since the creation of the CIA in 1947. Some 400 CIA agents, sub-agents, and assorted hangers-on began plotting the fall of Fidel Castro. On January 19, 1962, Robert Kennedy held a meeting of the top members of the Mongoose team to plot strategy, informing them that "a solution to the Cuban problem today carries the top priority in the United States government—all else is secondary—no time, money, effort, nor manpower is to be spared."

Meanwhile, in Moscow, Nikita Khrushchev watched with growing alarm the actions the United States was taking toward Cuba. Under his aegis, the Russians poured military and technical advisers into Cuba to prevent another U.S.-sponsored invasion of the island. In July 1962, a Cuban delegation headed by Raul Castro (Fidel's brother) arrived in Moscow for high-level talks about the shipment of military supplies to Cuba, including nuclear missiles. During the meetings, Raul Castro signed a draft treaty with the Soviets that led to the deployment of Russian military forces to Cuba.

The codename for the operation was Anadyr, named for the river that flowed into the Bering Sea. The Russian general staff wanted to fool Western intelligence into thinking that the operation was designed to take place in the far north of the USSR, and troops were given cold-weather clothing even though they were destined for warm, sunny Cuba. The initial group of Soviet military men arrived by air in Cuba on July 10 and were soon joined by 67 others, who were given cover identities as machine operators and irrigation and agricultural specialists.

Over the summer, the first Soviet ships departed from ports along the Black Sea. Nuclear missiles were stored in specially constructed packing crates, and the ships were equipped with metal shields that could protect them from aerial photography. The ships' captains were given sealed envelopes and were told to open them at a certain point in the Atlantic Ocean. When they reached that destination, a KGB officer on board each ship was on hand to determine the precise location. Soon, a total of 85 ships began the long voyage across the sea to Cuba, along with Soviet troops who would man the missile sites. The size of the ongoing convoys did not go unnoticed. American intelligence assets monitored the large fleet of merchant ships heading for Cuba. However, no one in the intelligence community knew what the convoys contained or their true purpose.

Operation Anadyr consisted of medium-range R-12 missiles (NATO designation SS-4) and long-range R-14 missiles (designated by NATO as SS-5) to be placed at various sites around Cuba. In total, 36 nuclear warheads were on site to be placed on top of the missiles as needed. These missiles could reach all of the United States with the exception of the Pacific Northwest. The missiles in Cuba were under the ultimate control of Khrushchev, but he gave General Issa Pilyev, permission to use the nine Luna missiles for the defense of Cuba if the United States invaded the island. The Soviets stationed 43,000 troops in Cuba under the strictest secrecy. The soldiers wore civilian clothes to blend into the local population

In July 1962, Phillippe de Vosjoli, the Washington station chief for the French intelligence service, arrived in Cuba. He would later write: "My reports started mentioning the arrival of Soviet ships in Havana and, strangely, in Mariel, a small harbor seldom appearing on the maps of Cuba. Other ships were landing people and cargos in harbors where the Soviet flag had, until now, been a rarity. Soldiers were reported guarding a cavern where work was being conducted secretly. Photographs taken by an agent showed that a large hole was drilled through the ceiling of the cavern to the pasture 50 feet above. This hole had the appearance of a large tube, big enough to hold a missile and oriented in the direction of the United States."

After leaving Cuba, de Vosjoli returned to Washington, where he met with CIA Director John McCone to brief him on his trip. McCone, a Republican, had replaced Allan Dulles, who was fired after the Bay of Pigs fiasco. McCone had no previous intelligence experience but ironically had served as chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission. Following his meeting with de Vosjoli, McCone took immediate steps to coordinate all available intelligence about the Russian ships en route to Cuba. After reading all the reports, he came to the conclusion that the Russians were shipping strategic nuclear missiles to Cuba and began alerting the other government departments about his hunch. A National Security Council meeting took place on August 22 in which the president was informed of McCone's thesis. The president did not believe that Khrushchev would be stupid enough to make such a risky move, but he ordered the Defense Department to draw up a contingency plan to deal with any placement of Russian nuclear missiles in Cuba.

McCone left Washington for his honeymoon that summer. His deputy, General Marshall Carter, served as McCone's stand-in. A U-2 surveillance mission on August 29 showed unmistakable evidence of surface-to-air (SAM) missile sites that were being built at a fever pitch. The U-2 also found evidence of a cruise missile site in eastern Cuba and missile patrol boats in

various Cuban ports.

On Sunday, October 14, a U-2 took pictures over the San Cristobal area, and the pictures were developed by the National Photo Interpretation Center the next day. What the analysts found was nothing short of sensational—equipment associated with Soviet Medium Range Ballistic Missiles (MRBM), military barracks, missile shelter tents, missile erectors, and missile launchers. A second site with the same configuration was located close by. The situation had changed dramatically. The Russians now had missiles that could strike the entire United States within minutes.

On October 16, Ray Cline of the CIA and Art Lundahl, one of the photo interpreters of the U-2 flight over Cuba, took the startling pictures to McGeorge Bundy and Robert Kennedy. They then met with President Kennedy and explained what the photos contained. The president picked a group of his most trusted advisers to meet and decide strategy. The secret team was dubbed EXCOMM, or the Executive Committee of the National Security Council. The members of EXCOMM were the president, Vice President Lyndon Johnson, Robert Kennedy, Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara, Secretary of State Dean Rusk, General Maxwell Taylor, UN Ambassador Adlai Stevenson, National Security Adviser McGeorge Bundy, Ambassador to Russia Llewellyn Thompson, presidential aide Ted Sorensen, and others. The EXCOMM members discussed all sorts of military and political options, including an immediate air strike on the missile bases, an invasion of Cuba, or taking the matter to the United Nations. Later, when the discussion turned to a possible air strike against Cuba, Robert Kennedy said, "I now know how Tojo felt when he was planning Pearl Harbor."

The U.S. Navy had already planned a large-scale military exercise that was scheduled to take place in the Caribbean near Cuba. An amphibious task force that included 40,000 Marines, plus the 5,000 more stationed at the U.S. base at Guantanamo Bay, as well as the Army's 82nd and 101st Airborne Divisions began to move into place. Soon, some 100,000 troops were waiting at bases in Florida for the signal to invade Cuba if necessary. In the days ahead, some 14,000 additional Air Force reservists were called up for emergency duty, a majority of whom would fly the transport planes if an airborne drop became necessary.

The Pentagon began an intensive review of how best to use its military resources if war was necessary. A surgical strike to take out the nuclear missile bases would not remove all the missiles and would still leave Russian bombers and torpedo boats untouched. Such a strike would kill hundreds of Soviet soldiers, thus risking nuclear retaliation by the Soviets.

JFK Presidential Library and Museum

EXCOMM meeting on October 29, 1962. Lyndon Johnson and Robert F. Kennedy are pictured at center right.

In the EXCOMM meetings, an alternative course of action was brought up—a naval blockade of Cuba. A blockade was technically an act of war, but it was the middle ground between doing nothing and an all-out war. The blockade, in itself, would not remove the missiles from Cuba, but it would give the United States more time to finalize plans. The blockade proposal was hotly debated for several days, and when a vote was taken 11 members favored the blockade (now called a quarantine), and six wanted an air strike. The Navy sent aircraft carriers and other line ships in an arc of 800 miles outside Cuba to enforce the quarantine. More U-2 photo reconnaissance flights roamed over Cuba and discovered that the development of the missile sites was almost completed, as well as the fitting out of the IL-28 Beagle light bombers that had been placed in Cuba.

As if tensions were not high enough, an incident almost led to all-out war. On October 27, Major Rudolf Anderson piloted a U-2 over Cuba on a reconnaissance run. While flying over the eastern tip of the island, his plane was hit by an SA-2 missile, and he was killed. In Washington, there were immediate calls for a retaliatory strike against the missile site responsible for the shoot-down. However, JFK, despite intense pressure from the joint chiefs, refused to attack the site, asking that cooler heads prevail, at least for the moment.

Two days before the incident, the Kennedy administration took its case against the Soviet Union to the General Assembly of the United Nations. Stevenson came armed with slides of the missile sites being constructed in Cuba. The presiding member of the General Assembly at that time was Russian Ambassador Valerian Zorin, who denied that any missiles were in Cuba. In a dramatic confrontation carried live on television, Stevenson asked Zorin if he could prove the missiles were not in Cuba. Zorin replied, "I am not in an American courtroom, sir, and I do not wish to answer a question put to me in the manner in which a prosecutor does." Stevenson shot back: "You are in the courtroom of world opinion right now, and you can answer yes or no. You have denied that they exist, and I want to know if I have understood you correctly." Zorin said, "You will receive your answer in due course." Stevenson replied, "I am prepared to wait until hell freezes over, if that is your decision."

Even after the quarantine on Cuba was established, the president wanted to defuse the situation, looking for a diplomatic end to the crisis. There was talk of swapping the obsolete Jupiter missiles the United States had placed in Turkey in 1958 for the removal of the Soviet missiles in Cuba. On October 27, Robert Kennedy met with Soviet Ambassador Antonin Dobrynin to discuss the crisis. RFK told Dobrynin that the president considered Khrushchev's proposal to remove the missiles from Cuba in return for an American pledge not to invade the island "as a suitable basis for regulating the entire Cuban affair." If the missiles were removed, the United States would end the quarantine against Cuba and remove its missiles from Turkey at an appropriate time in the future.

The president, in fact, had received two letters from Khrushchev (the first one being conciliatory, the second more belligerent in tone), stipulating that if the United States promised to withdraw its missiles from Turkey, the Soviet Union would remove its offensive missiles from Cuba. Ambassador Thompson, who knew Khrushchev well, advised the president to respond to the first message—the second was probably written under pressure from the Soviet military. JFK agreed, responding in similar conciliatory fashion. Dobrynin cabled Moscow with Kennedy's assurances on the Jupiter bases, and the Russian leader sent Kennedy a private message agreeing to Kennedy's proposals. Russian missiles would be crated and sent home accordingly. The American naval blockade ended officially at 6:45 PM on November 20, 1962. The crisis was over.

Historians still debate which side blinked first in the nuclear standoff, an academic exercise made possible by the peaceable settlement of the world's most dangerous international crisis. In their separate ways, both Kennedy and Khrushchev were heroes, although neither would have long to enjoy his achievements. Kennedy was assassinated in Dallas exactly one year and two days after the naval blockade ended, and Khrushchev was ousted in a bloodless political coup in 1964. □

By Peter Suciu

The National World War II Museum chronicles the story of the American GI through artifacts, personal tales, and cutting-edge technology.

OPENED ON JUNE 6, 2000, ON THE 56TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE D-Day landings, the National D-Day Museum, as it was then known, initially focused on the amphibious invasion of Normandy. The choice of New Orleans was an unusual one, since the city's other tourism sites and attractions are not usually associated with the 20th century or World War II. The Big Easy, known for its food, music, and nightlife, does have a connection to American military history, but most would probably think of it as the site of the Battle of New Orleans in 1814 and as the first major Union-occupied Southern city in the Civil War.

The National World War II Museum in New Orleans officially opened in 2000 as the National D-Day Museum.

In fact, there is a strong New Orleans link to World War II, and notably the Normandy invasion. The Higgins boat, which was vital to the D-Day operations, was designed, built, and tested in New Orleans by Higgins Industries—a crucial reason in determining a site for the National D-Day Museum. Moreover, New Orleans was the home of noted historian Stephen Ambrose, who had spearheaded efforts to see the museum built.

With such ties, and the fact that the United States had no official World War II Museum, New Orleans seemed an ideal spot. Located in the central business district, the now-renamed National World War II Museum focuses on the sacrifices and contributions made by the United States during the war. While the original emphasis was specifically on the D-Day landings and the Battle of Normandy, it was clear from the beginning that the museum would not be limited to just one event in the greater war. Instead, the museum's central focus was expanded to cover America's role in World War II, both at home and abroad.

In 2003, the museum was designated by Congress as "America's National World War II Museum," with a mission statement to address the entire American experience in World War II and a lasting affiliation with the Smithsonian Institution. But first the museum would have to overcome tragedy. As with much of New Orleans, the museum was affected by Hurricane Katrina, which ravaged the city in the fall of 2005. As a result, the museum was closed for more than two months, finally reopening on December 3. When the museum reopened, it proudly proclaimed, "We Have Returned," evoking General Douglas MacArthur's famous vow and eventual return to the Philippines.

Visitors entering the main atrium of the museum will immediately feel as if they have landed in another time. While museum planners opted not to utilize an existing older structure, as is common with many European military museums, the artifacts inside are akin to a time machine. Visitors are treated to the museum's current collection of World War II-era vehicles, including a U.S. Army

All photos: National World War II Museum

"LESSONS LEARNED ON THE BATTLEFIELDS of yesterday, can still be applied today."

John D. Hoptak | Faculty, School of Arts & Humanities

John D. Hoptak is an American and Civil War historian and educator. Author of *The Battle of South Mountain*, *Our Boys Did Nobly*, *First in Defense of the Union*, and *Antietam: September 17, 1862*, Hoptak brings to life the riveting conflicts that divided a nation. Hoptak's laboratory is the Antietam National Battlefield, where as a Park Ranger he shares his vast knowledge about the bloodiest day of battle in U.S. history.

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ABOVE: D-Days in the Pacific exhibits explore the landings at Iwo Jima, Guadalcanal, Tarawa, and other island-hopping battles in the Pacific Theater. BELOW: Normandy exhibits focus on both the logistics of the D-Day invasion and the personal stories of those who took part.

jeep and half-track. Hanging from the ceiling are several aircraft, including a Supermarine Spitfire, Messerschmitt Bf 109, and Douglas C-47 Skytrain, the latter being the main transport aircraft used to deliver American paratroopers to Normandy on D-Day.

The main attraction in the Louisiana Memorial Pavilion is the museum's reproduction of the LCVP (Landing Craft Vehicle Personnel), or Higgins boat. It was this boat, built in New Orleans, that carried thousands of Allied soldiers to the beaches of Normandy on June 6, 1944. The museum's full-scale replica was built using original World War II plans. More than 100 volunteers, including former employees of A.J. Higgins, Inc., the New Orleans shipbuilding company, helped recreate the craft. No less a personage than General Dwight D. Eisenhower, the supreme Allied commander, credited the Higgins boat with helping win the war for the Allies. Without the versatile and hardy boat, the landings at Normandy likely would not have been successful.

Within the museum are galleries devoted to various aspects of World War II. These include the major military campaigns as well as the American home front. Unlike many other military museums around the world, what makes the National World War II Museum collection really stand out is that many of the artifacts are tied to specific individuals, thus offering a very personal viewing experience.

As with many museums, only a fraction of the total collection and holdings are on display at any given time. They are rotated on a regular basis to ensure that repeat visitors will always find something different. "The museum is only able to permanently display a small percentage of its holdings," says Toni Kaiser, assistant director of collections and exhibits. "It is not uncommon for museums to have large amounts of artifacts and paper material in storage." Kaiser says that some artifacts were simply too fragile to be displayed or were better used for research purposes.

Rotation of items occurs on a regular basis. "We do rotate artifacts often," explains Kaiser. "Our permanent galleries on the home front, the landings at Normandy, and the Pacific Theater of Operations remain pretty constant. However, we have monthly special exhibits that feature a variety of artifacts, allowing us to feature some of our rarer items and those not on permanent display, such as wedding dresses made of parachute silk. We also have a special exhibits gallery that changes about every three months. Here we feature not only our own artifacts, but traveling exhibits as well."

The museum takes great pride in presenting items that have come directly from veterans of World War II, something unique for a museum of its size. The personal items offer a greater tie to the past for visitors. "I would estimate that 75 to 85 percent of our collection is linked to a specific veteran and his or her service," Kaiser adds. "We do collect type samples of artifacts in order to have complete sets of items, but part of our mission is to tell the personal stories of World War II, and having collections provenanced to a veteran is very important."

Another area where the museum is unique is the collection of items from all branches of the armed services, as well as from all ranks, thus making it truly the story of the American GI and his personal experience in World War II. Kaiser says this has been part of the museum's mission statement and goals since before it opened to the public. "We are not a museum with just the collections of generals and admirals, but more so a museum that tells the story of the average person who served in the military and on the home front," notes Kaiser.

Because there are so many displays tied to individual soldiers, it might be difficult for visitors to take in everything during a single visit. The museum staff recommends that visitors plan on setting aside at least two to three hours. With so much to see, a full day's initial visit and regular returns are advisable. From American

uniforms to German small arms and Japanese propaganda, the museum has much to offer. The displays allow for a close look at the personal artifacts, while ensuring that the items will be preserved so future generations will appreciate the sacrifices of the aptly named Greatest Generation. Likewise, the rotating exhibits show that while World War II ensured the nation's freedom, the fight must continue. A recent rotating exhibit focused on artifacts from New York City's Ground Zero and the site of the World Trade Center.

ABOVE: Recreated Higgins boat. RIGHT TOP: The Home Front exhibit includes a re-created basic training barracks. RIGHT: A wrecked glider in the fields of Normandy represents a dangerous and little-known aspect of the D-Day invasion.

The museum is charged not only with preserving the history of the GI but also looking at ways to enhance its presentation of the war. In addition to its artifacts, the museum makes efforts to connect visitors to the past in several ways. These include two restaurants, the upscale American Sector and the simple but quaint Soda Shop, the last blurring the line from the 1940s to the 1950s while still presenting a trip back in time. Noted New Orleans-based chef John Besh operates both restaurants and ensures that they have just enough authentic New Orleans flavor.

At the museum, modern technology is also used to bring the past to life, including multimedia displays, dozens of oral histories, and short films. And there is also the epic 4-D film *Beyond All Boundaries,* narrated by *Saving Private Ryan* star Tom Hanks. The film incorporates vintage black-and-white footage with full-scale props ranging from a 1940s-era radio to the nose section of a B-17 bomber to help transport visitors back in time. In addition to Hanks's moving narration, the exclusive production for the museum features numerous Hollywood stars, including those who played characters on the popular HBO World War II series *Band of Brothers* and *The Pacific*. The 4-D technique further engages the audience with life-size props, extensive animation, atmospherics, and even a tactile feedback system that allows the viewer to feel the rumbling of tanks while snow falls during sequences recreating the wintry Battle of the Bulge in December 1944.

The Victory Theater, which presents the film, is just one part of a $300 million expansion project that will continue through 2015. Future expansion plans include a gallery that focuses on the prelude to the war, an overview of the events that led up to World War II. The new U.S. Freedom Pavilion will include more vintage aircraft, tanks, personnel carriers, and other pieces of large equipment, while other galleries will tell the story of the road to Berlin and road to Tokyo, depicting pivotal sea and air battles, and a Guadalcanal gallery that will illustrate the Pacific island-hopping campaigns, along with galleries for the desert war and the campaign in Italy. The Liberation Pavilion will highlight the cost of the war with a closer look at the concentration camps. An Anne Frank exhibit is also planned.

For those interested in preserving history, the museum plans to allow visitors a closer view in the Restoration Pavilion, where the restoration and perseveration efforts can be seen firsthand. Already, the first item to call the space home is being restored: a Higgins Industries PT Boat that served in the Mediterranean during World War II.

"Our expansion will allow us to feature many of our larger artifacts such as airplanes," says Kaiser. "It will also give us space to cover many of the areas of battle that our space constraints don't currently allow for. For instance, we will have a broader treatment of the European Theater of Operations that will allow us to share more information about North Africa and Italy. We will also have space to display artifacts related to the China-Burma-India Theater, and to prisoners of war."

As with any museum, there is always a want list of specific items. "The National World War II Museum is growing," says Kaiser. "As part of our new ongoing capital expansion, we are looking for some specific items." Sought-after items include a Model 50 Reising machine gun, a Liberator pistol, and the dream item—an M8 armored car. Hard-to-find artifacts that make it into the National World War II Museum will surely receive a place of honor as the ever-growing center looks to honor all those who did their part in World War II.

Museum admission is $18 for adults, $14 for seniors between the ages of 65 and 80, and $9 for seniors 80 and up, students with ID, and military with ID. Museum members, military in uniform, World War II veterans, and children under five are admitted free. □

The ENGLISH TIDE Recedes

BY WILLIAM WELSH

NONE OF THOSE PRESENT at the war council held on July 18, 1429, at Beaugency in central France seemed to object to the peculiar sight of an armor-clad young woman advising some of the greatest military captains of the age on how to proceed with the campaign to crown the Dauphin Charles king of France. Prone to dithering, the French commanders owed much of their current success to the persistence and impatience of the Maid of Domremy, who considered it her mission to raise the siege of Orleans and clear English resistance from the Loire Valley, making possible the coronation of the Dauphin at Reims.

Joan of Arc had already proved that she could work miracles. With her guidance, the French had expelled their despised foes from Orleans on May 8, and in a whirlwind offensive lasting only a week they had driven the English from their last three garrisons on the upper Loire River. The English and their Burgundian allies still controlled all of the territories north of the Loire River, including the Ile de France on which Paris was situated and the wealthy territory of Aquitaine in southwestern France.

While the French captains pondered their next move, 51-year-old Sir John Fastolf led a downtrodden army of 5,000 English and Burgundian forces toward the safety of friendly territory in northern France. From Joan's standpoint, leaving such an army intact would delay or prevent the Dauphin's coronation that she saw as the culmination of her God-given quest. "In the name of God, let us go fight them!" she shouted at the council. "If they were hung up in clouds, we would get them, for God sent us that we should punish them!" Speed was of the essence; it was essential that the French overtake the enemy on their northward march. To drive the point home, Joan chose more secular words. "You have spurs," she exclaimed. "Use them."

After nearly a century of off-and-on strife between the kings of England and France, the French people had suffered so many disheartening defeats and so much strife that they welcomed a self-professed savior such as Joan—as long as she helped them achieve victories over the hated English. In a deeply religious period of Western civilization, it was easy for the French to believe that the maid was on a divine mission.

Joan was born on January, 6, 1412, in Domremy, a small village in the rolling countryside of Lorraine in northeastern France. At the time of her birth, France was embroiled in a civil war pitting the Duke of Orleans and his kinsmen against the Duke of Burgundy for control of the government in Paris. Both factions, the Armagnacs and the Burgundians, sought to make peace with the English to guarantee the supremacy of their faction in France. After an unsuccessful attempt to capture Paris the year before Joan was born, the Armagnacs retreated south of the Loire, a wide river that served as a natural barrier between northern and southern France.

In her battle armor, Joan of Arc leads a rapturous army of French followers who believe her to be divinely inspired.

AFTER LIFTING THE SIEGE OF ORLEANS IN 1429, JOAN OF ARC AND HER EXPERIENCED CAPTAINS MOVED TO MOP UP ENGLISH RESISTANCE IN THE LOIRE VALLEY. SIR JOHN FASTOLF AND HIS BURGUNDIAN ALLIES AT PATAY WERE THE MAIN TARGETS OF THEIR ADVANCE.

akg-imafes / De Agostini Pic. Lib.

Rue des Archives / The Granger Collection, New York

French troops relieve the 210-day-long siege of Orleans in 1429. Joan was wounded by an arrow while assaulting the Tourelles gate.

Beginning on her 13th birthday in 1425, Joan began to hear voices of various saints and angels instructing her to go immediately to the aid of the king of France. By that time, the crown of France was claimed by the infant Henry VI, king of England, and by the Dauphin Charles, fifth and youngest son of French King Charles VI. At the age of 17, Joan persuaded Robert de Baudricourt, a local Armagnac commander, to take her to see the Dauphin so that she might assist him in lifting the English siege of Orleans, which the heavenly voices had told her was the first step toward the Dauphin's coronation. On March 6, Joan was received at court at Chinon, where she was subjected to lengthy interviews and tests to determine whether she was worthy of serving in the Dauphin's army.

By mid-March, she was cleared to participate in the campaign. On March 22, she dictated her first written ultimatum to the English, demanding that they leave France or prepare for a new campaign against the French. When word of her strong language and courageous spirit spread throughout the Armagnac regions of France, hundreds of fresh recruits rushed to join the army and fight the English at Orleans.

Joan arrived at Orleans on April 29 with an escort of 200 hand-picked men-at-arms eager to begin the battle she believed would break the English siege. Close behind was the 4,000-man relief army commanded by 22-year-old John II, Duke of Alençon. Joan immediately demanded that the commander of the Orleans garrison, John, Count of Dunois and Longueville, also known as the Bastard of Orleans, switch over to the offensive against the English. Foreseeing that Joan and the Bastard were likely to clash because of their similarly assertive temperaments, the Dauphin gave Alençon overall command of the forces at Orleans so that he could mediate between the two hotheads. Alençon was perfectly positioned for the role; he was a close friend of Joan and a brother-in-law to the Bastard.

Together, the garrison and the relief army numbered 8,000 men, which was nearly double what the English had deployed in key locations outside the city. During a desperate fight to retake the Tourelles gate on the far end of the Loire bridge leading into Orleans, Joan was struck in the shoulder by an arrow. Miraculously, she survived the serious wound. On May 8, the English quit their siege, which had lasted 210 days.

Before departing Orleans, William de la Pole, Earl of Suffolk, commander of the English forces, deployed his men in battle formation outside the walls as a final challenge to the French. Although the French formed up opposite the English, they decided not to attack. Realizing that the French were willing to allow his army to withdraw intact, Suffolk unwisely divided his army into smaller units in an attempt to hold three remaining English strongholds—Jargeau, Meung, and Beaugency—and isolate the French in Orleans. Suffolk intended to wait for reinforcements from English-held territories in northern France. John, Duke of Bedford, Henry VI's regent in France, began casting about for reinforcements to assist Suffolk.

Suffolk marched east with 700 men to the town of Jargeau, which was situated about nine miles from Orleans on the south bank of the Loire. He ordered Sir John Talbot and Sir Thomas Scales to take an equal number of men and march west to the towns of Meung and Beaugency, respectively. The three cities were strategically important because each had a fortified bridge that spanned the Loire.

Because the English garrisons on the Loire were in excellent defensive positions in walled towns and castles, it was necessary to add new recruits to the French army. For this reason, Joan, Alençon, and the Bastard visited the

Dauphin at his new base at Tours to plead for reinforcements. The Dauphin responded favorably to Joan's request to call up additional forces to rid the Loire Valley of the English invaders. In a month's time, the French army at Orleans tripled in size to 6,000 troops.

On June 10, Alençon's army, which included Joan, marched east to Jargeau to reconnoiter the English position. The following day, the French captains held another war council. Of critical concern was the specter of an English relief army led by Fastolf hovering on the north bank. Fastoff, the French believed, had been sent to reinforce the beleaguered English garrisons on the Loire. Jargeau was well fortified to withstand an attack. The city was situated on the south bank with a wall and a ditch that enclosed most of its buildings and homes. The city had five towers, three fortified gates, and a fortified bridge leading to the north bank.

The French were still discussing how best to deploy their forces to capture Jargeau when the English troops inside the city took matters into their own hands. A portion of the garrison sallied forth in an effort to disrupt the French preparations. The French troops, caught by surprise, fell back before their captains rallied them. The fighting seesawed back and forth in the Jargeau suburbs. By the end of the day, the French had driven the English back inside the town and were in firm control of the surrounding countryside. Joan approached the walls that evening and yelled for the English to surrender or suffer the consequences. "Surrender this place to the King of Heaven, and to gentle King Charles, and you can go," she said. "Otherwise you will be massacred." She was answered with silence.

On June 12, the French hauled their siege guns into position and began to batter Jargeau's walls. One group of guns went into action in the suburbs, hammering the walls at close range, while a battery equipped with long-range guns known as bombards opened up from the opposite bank. The most formidable and effective of the siege weapons employed by the French was a large mortar that the gunners used to target the towers, one of which was toppled after three shots.

Suffolk quickly realized that the English could only hold out for a matter of hours against such weapons. He sent word to French captain Etienne de Vignolles, nicknamed La Hire (Anger), that he wished to negotiate terms of surrender. Suffolk's request was deemed a breach of protocol by the French since it was directed at one of the subordinate commanders and not at Alençon, the head of the army. Although Joan was willing to negotiate with the English, Alençon was infuriated by the English attempt to bypass his authority and flatly refused any discussion of surrender terms.

This left nothing to do but resume the attack. During another meeting of the French captains, Joan suggested an all-out attack. The majority agreed, and as she had done at Orleans, Joan put herself in danger's path by personally leading a column of attackers against the most formidable position. The men in Joan's column dodged arrows, missiles, and shells fired from the high walls and towers as they advanced with scaling ladders toward the ditch at the base of the wall.

One particularly ferocious English defender singlehandedly hurled large stones and cannon balls down on the attackers and kicked over ladders as French men-at-arms desperately sought to climb onto the parapets. To slay the determined adversary, the artillery commanders called on one of their master gunners, who killed him with a well-aimed shot from a hand culverin. Joan was scaling a ladder when she was struck on the helmet by a stone hurled by a defender on top of the wall. She was dazed but not seriously wounded and led another sortie against the walls once she had recovered.

After repeated attacks against the walls, the French fought their way onto the parapets and into the town. Because the English resisted, they were shown no quarter. All were slain except the few of high station who might be ransomed. Suffolk and his brother John were taken prisoner, but Suffolk's other brother, Andrew, was killed in the fighting. When Suffolk learned that he had been captured by a squire, he knighted the individual on the spot so that he could say he had surrendered to a knight.

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LEFT: The weak-willed Dauphin, later crowned Charles VII. RIGHT: A 15th-century portrait of Joan captures her fighting spirit. There were no portraits done of her from life.

While the French rested at Orleans after the capture of Jargeau, Fastolf arrived at Janville following a four-day march from Paris. The town, which was situated 12 miles north of Orleans, lay within a day's march of the two remaining English strongholds. Both Meung and Beaugency were situated on the north bank of the Loire and had fortified bridges leading across to the south. To further strengthen the bridge at Meung, the English had established a small, fortified bridgehead to resist the expected French attack.

With far less debate than had preceded the attack against Jargeau, French captains resolved to capture the Meung bridge and launch a major assault against the town. The latter would pose a formidable challenge because Talbot and Scales had deployed their main force in a strong position on the north bank at Meung within a large castle just outside the town walls. The French army vastly outnumbered the English garrison manning the bridgehead. In a quick fight on June 15, the French overran the position with negligible losses. Joan was wounded in the leg during

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In her accustomed place at the front, Joan leads French troops in an attack on the English-held fortress at Beaugency on June 16, 1429.

the fighting and lay in a ditch in front of the English barricades until French soldiers found her at nightfall and carried her safely away.

Rather than assault the Meung castle, which was unlikely to fall to an initial assault and would require a siege that might drag on for weeks, Alençon decided to leave a small portion of his army behind at the Meung bridge while the main body of troops bypassed the castle and marched to Beaugency. The French reasoned that this would give Talbot and Scales an opportunity to withdraw north to avoid being trapped. Instead, Talbot and Scales chose to remain in the castle.

While at Meung, Alençon's army had unexpectedly been reinforced by a smaller French army led by Constable of France Arthur de Richemont. Richemont was the third son of John IV, Duke of Brittany. The dukes of Brittany had strong familial ties to England, France, and Burgundy, and their loyalties were divided throughout the conflict. Richemont had supported the Anglo-Burgundian alliance as a young man, hoping to gain a position of distinction for his loyalty, but when Bedford refused him a command in 1424, he promptly switched sides. To reward him for abandoning the English, Charles made him a constable.

By the time the offensive got under way in the Loire Valley, Richemont had fallen out of favor with the Dauphin. The two argued heatedly over war strategy before Joan arrived on the scene. Richemont favored an aggressive campaign against the English, much like that which Joan was waging, while the Dauphin favored a defensive war. The dispute between the Dauphin and the constable continued to simmer, and Charles sent explicit instructions to Alençon not to join forces with the constable.

Richemont arrived with 1,200 men outside Meung on June 15 and asked Alençon to join forces for the attack on the remaining fortress at Beaugency. Although Alençon was adamant that Richemont not be allowed to join the campaign, Joan was willing to allow the constable to join the army on the grounds that his forces likely would be needed in future operations against the English. The other French captains concurred. To appease Alençon, Joan had Richemont guarantee in writing that he was loyal to the Dauphin.

On the same day that Richemont joined Alençon's army, Talbot rode north with an escort to Janville, where he met with Fastolf to discuss the English army's next move. Fastolf recommended that since the French had the upper hand it would be wise to withdraw the remaining garrisons at Meung and Beaugency and regroup farther north. Talbot, who had invested great effort in securing and retaining the garrisons, was unwilling to give them up without a fight. After a heated discussion, Fastolf agreed to advance to the Loire and assist the hard-pressed garrisons.

On June 16, the French launched an attack on the fortified bridge at Beaugency from the north bank. Beaugency was surrounded by a strong, five-story castle keep in which the majority of the English were quartered. The English garrison was commanded by the knights Richard Guestin and Matthew Gough, who deployed the main body of their force within the castle keep and dispatched a small contingent of men-at-arms and archers to guard the bridge. After a brief fight, French dismounted men-at-arms captured the bridge, and gunners begin shelling the town and castle with a battery of bombards positioned on the south bank. Realizing the strength of the castle keep, French commanders were reluctant to launch a direct assault on the position. They hoped that the heavy bombardment would compel the English to surrender.

When Fastolf arrived at Meung on June 17, he reconnoitered the French position at the bridge. It was apparent that the French were reinforcing the north end of the bridge in anticipation of an English attempt to retake it. Fastolf decided to lead his forces west along the north bank to Beaugency. Joined by Talbot and Scales, Fastolf continued toward Beaugency. Two miles outside of the town, the English found their way blocked by the French army drawn up in battle formation on a hill.

Leaving behind Richemont's infantry and the siege guns to keep the enemy garrison inside Beaugency from counterattacking, Alençon, Joan, and her captains selected the most advantageous terrain they could find to establish a strong defensive position to await an English attack. Realizing that they were outnumbered and in a poor tactical position to press an attack, Fastolf and the English commanders decided to countermarch to Meung, where they would consider their next move.

Fastolf's army camped at Meung the night of June 17. The following morning, the English formed for battle and made one more attempt to dislodge the French from the Meung bridge. After the English attack was repulsed, Talbot agreed to abandon Meung. About the same time, unknown to Fastolf and Talbot, the English commanders at Beaugency had signed a surrender agreement with Alençon that gave them generous terms for relinquishing the town. The Beaugency garrison was allowed to withdraw with its arms and baggage to Normandy, provided they agreed not to engage the French for 10 days. This would allow Alençon's army enough time to defeat Fastolf on its own.

By late morning on July 18, Fastolf's army began its long retreat northward to Paris. Although English morale was low as a result of the loss of Jargeau and the repulses at the Loire strongholds west of Orleans, they retreated across the fields in good order, with no evidence of haste or panic. Their first objective was to reach the relative safety of Janville. Slowly, the English made their retreat.

The slow pace was the result of Fastolf's effort to protect his baggage train and artillery by placing the slowest moving elements at the front of the column. Fastolf's vanguard comprised a small group of mounted men-at-arms trailed by baggage carts, limbered artillery, and camp followers. Behind the vanguard, Fastolf, Talbot, and Scales led a group of inexperienced French levies drawn from Normandy and Isle de France. The rearguard, however, contained highly disciplined English men-at-arms and wily, experienced archers.

The French military had suffered so many

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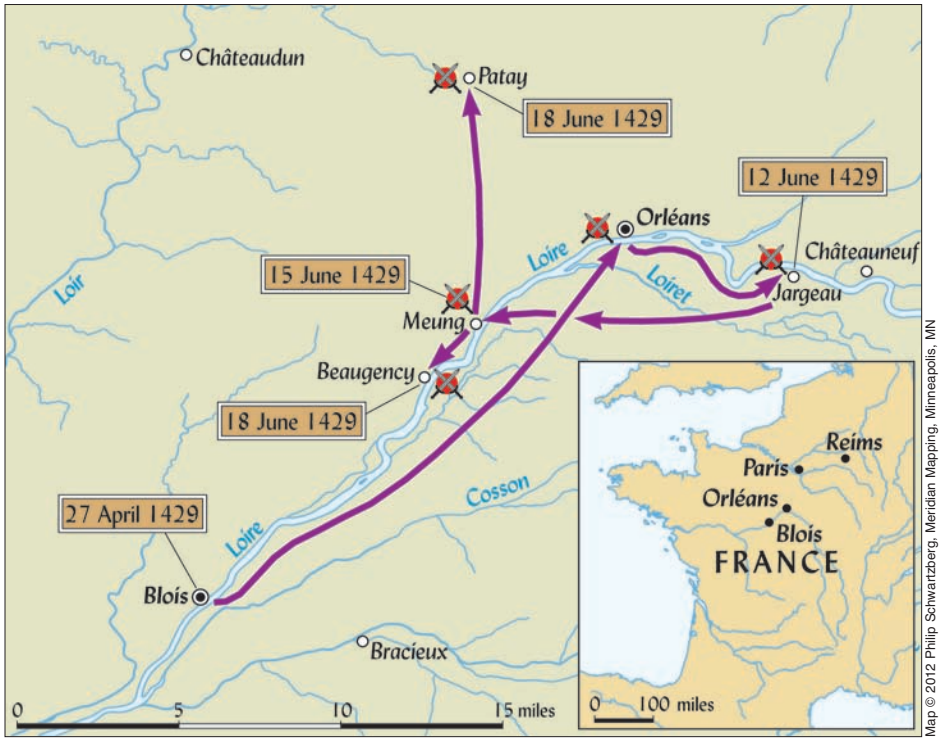
ABOVE: Etienne de Vignolles (La Hire), left, and Jean Poton de Xaintrailles served under Joan. BELOW: After raising the siege of Orleans, the French army followed the retreating English and Burgundians north to the village of Patay, where it delivered the coup de grace.



Map © 2012 Philip Schwartzberg, Meridian Mapping, Minneapolis, MN

defeats during the Hundred Years' War that aggressive offensive action was simply not in the blood of its leaders. Throughout the Loire campaign, Joan had prodded her commanders to take action whenever they dithered over their next step. Joan believed that if Fastolf's army was allowed to retreat intact it might block the eventual march of French forces to Reims for the Dauphin's coronation. Joan urged the final destruction of Fastolf's army.

As soon as it was apparent that Fastolf's army had abandoned Meung, a French vanguard composed of 1,500 mounted men-at-arms led by La Hire and other captains took up the pursuit. The main French body followed, led by Alençon and accompanied by Joan, Richemont and others, but was unable to keep pace with the hard-riding vanguard. La Hire was careful to keep his force together in case the English prepared an ambush. The main body of the French army reached the

village of St. Sigismond at noon, and Alençon issued orders for a brief rest to allow his troops to have a midday meal. In contrast, La Hire kept his mounted force in the saddle, which allowed him to close to within a couple miles of the English rear guard.

The blistering summer heat did nothing to improve the slow pace of the English army as it tramped north toward Janville. At the same time that the French reached St. Sigismond, the English arrived at the intersection of the Blois-Paris and Orleans-Chartres roads, located two miles southeast of the village of Patay. When he arrived at the intersection, Fastolf learned that a group of French heavy cavalry was within striking distance of the English rear. He held a quick council of war with Talbot and Scales to discuss their options. They determined that since they could not outrun the French they would deploy their forces and hope they could repulse Alençon's army.

JOAN ARRIVED ON THE BATTLEFIELD AFTER THE ENGLISH HAD BEEN VANQUISHED. SPOTTING AN ENGLISH FOOT SOLDIER WHO HAD BEEN FATALLY WOUNDED, SHE CLIMBED DOWN FROM HER HORSE, KNELT BESIDE HIM, AND CRADLED HIS HEAD IN HER HANDS, RECEIVING HIS CONFESSION BEFORE HE WENT LIMP IN HER ARMS.

Unfortunately for the English, the mainly flat terrain surrounding the crossroads offered little defensive advantage. Worse yet, the landscape was comprised of largely open fields with only a few clumps of forest dotting the area. Fastolf ordered his artillery and baggage onto a slight rise known locally as La Garenne, which was situated west of the Blois-Paris road behind meandering Laconie Creek. Next, he instructed Talbot to take 500 archers armed with their deadly longbows and deploy them in a dip in the landscape where several patches of woods and roadside hedges would afford enough cover to hide the archers from the French cavalry. Once the archers had inflicted substantial losses on the French cavalry, they were to withdraw from their advanced position and rejoin the main battle line.

Talbot's archers were deployed by 1:30 PM in two groups on opposite sides of the Blois-Paris road just south of the crossroads. The hasty deployment did not allow sufficient time for the English longbowmen to pound into the ground the stakes they carried with them to ward off cavalry charges. Although they had the advantage of surprise, they lacked this basic defensive weapon that was a crucial element of their success in past battles when the French cavalry launched frontal attacks.

About the same time the English archers took up their position, the French cavalry reached St. Peravy, which lay 1½ miles north of St. Sigismond and half a mile south of Talbot's archers. The French cavalry might well have been caught off guard had it not been for an incident involving a large stag. Startled by the approach of the horsemen, the stag bolted from a grove of trees and ran into a group of English archers.

akg-images / Jerume da Cunha

The archers cried out and scrambled to get out of the frightened animal's way.

The French horsemen at the front of the column heard the cries and spotted the English. They quickly sent word to La Hire that they had found the English and that the enemy was willing to give battle. La Hire ordered an immediate attack in the belief that one heavy blow would shatter the vulnerable English army.

At 2 PM, La Hire gave the order for the French to charge the English archers. The mounted men-at-arms kicked their horses in the sides and thundered toward the English archers, whom they outnumbered 3-to-1. The French cavalry slammed into the archers' flanks, then surrounded the enemy bowmen. A few of the archers managed to escape the encirclement and head for the safety of Fastolf's main line.

Fastolf had only partially finished his preparations when the clearly rattled archers came streaming back toward his position in small groups. Panic quickly spread through the part of Fastolf's army known as the Paris Militia—green recruits from English-occupied France that Fastolf had brought along to flesh out his army. The Paris Militia were not the only ones in shock. Neither Fastolf nor his principal lieutenants had ever heard of such a bold French attack. Ironically, the French were using tactics previously used by Talbot, who had a reputation for carrying out swift, punishing raids. This time the tables were turned.

After swooping down on the English archers, the French cavalry under La Hire's inspired leadership pressed its attack against Fastolf's loosely organized line of battle. The defense put up by the French militia and other troops of limited experience and questionable allegiance was no better than that of the archers. French horsemen knocked down the defenders and poured through gaps in their lines. The defenders sought safety in small knots that were quickly surrounded by the French cavalry.

The battle lasted little more than an hour. English resistance was nonexistent by the time the forward elements of Alençon's main force arrived on the scene in mid-afternoon. The only job left to them was to mop up after the French cavalry and join in the pursuit of those stray enemy soldiers who were fleeing for their lives in every direction. Joan arrived on the battlefield after the English had been vanquished. Spotting an English foot soldier who had been fatally wounded, she climbed down from her horse, knelt beside him, and cradled his head in her hands, receiving his confession before he went limp in her arms.

Talbot was captured behind a hedge and taken to a house in Patay, where he spent a long night listening to Alençon and other French captains celebrating their victory. He was treated for a nonfatal wound he had received in the back during the rout. The following day, Talbot had a brief visit from Alençon. Five years before, Alençon had been captured by the English at Verneuil and held in captivity until February 1429. Only recently had he been able to return to the battlefield. Alençon gloated to his prisoner over the pleasures of freedom versus the torments of imprisonment. Talbot told Alençon that it was merely the fortunes of war.

akg-images / Franaois Guenet

ABOVE: Still wearing her armor, Joan piously raises her eyes to heaven as Charles VII is crowned king of France at Reims on July 17, 1429. She would be burned at the stake two years later. OPPOSITE: English Duke Talbot surrenders his sword to the Duke of Alençon. Talbot would later be ransomed, only to die at the Battle of Castillon in 1453.

Abandoning their guns and baggage, Fastolf and his troops began a long march north with elements of the French army nipping at their heels. When French cavalry attempted to destroy them a second time, the veteran English longbowmen were able to drive them off. A weary Fastolf reached Janville in the black of night. To add insult to injury, the English found the townspeople there unwilling to admit them for fear of reprisal from the victorious French.

Fastolf and his band resumed their forced march northeast to Etampes and Corbeil, where Fastolf informed Bedford of the disaster that had befallen his command. The regent was furious and immediately removed Fastolf's garter, the symbol of his knighthood. Although his garter was eventually restored, Fastolf had earned the lasting enmity of many of his compatriots, particularly Talbot, who never forgave him for failing to repulse the French at Patay.

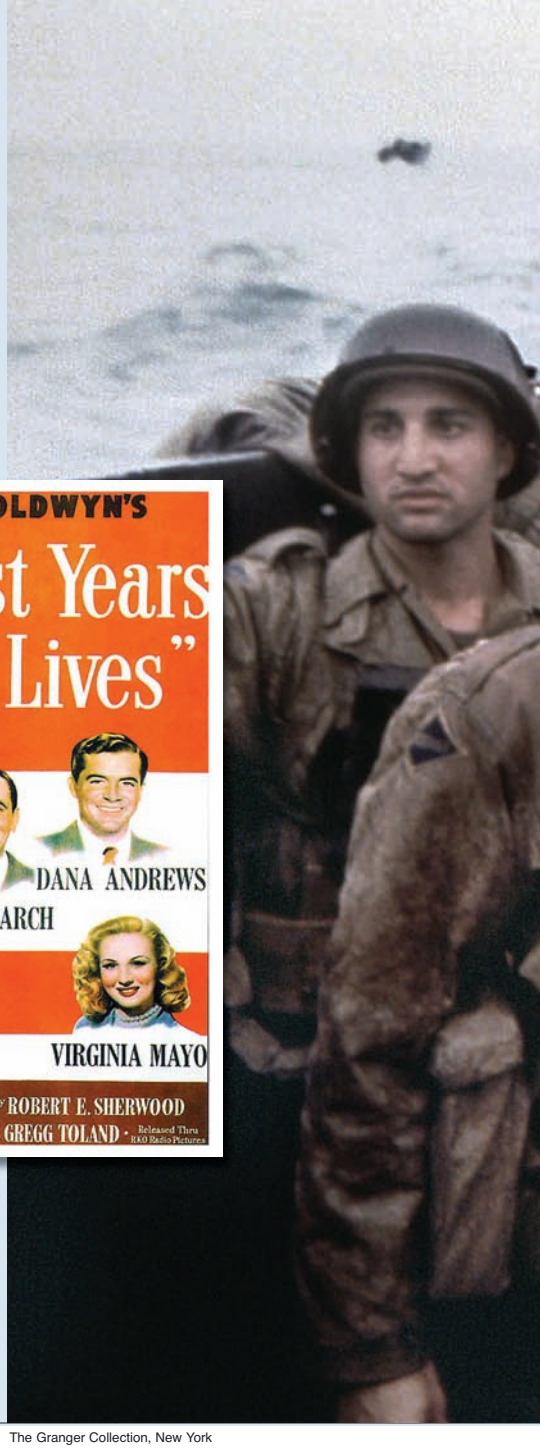
On June 29, a 12,000-strong French army escorted the Dauphin into formerly held English territory, where he was crowned king of France by the archbishop of Reims. Joan attended the ceremony wearing full armor and carrying her tattered battle standard. Soon, her influence at the French court waned considerably. Still eager to drive the English from French soil, Joan rode off the following spring to assist the French garrison at Compiegne that was under siege by English ally Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy. The Burgundians captured her on May 23, 1430, and promptly sold her to the English. Accused of being a witch and a heretic by ecclesiastical officials loyal to the English, she was burned at the stake in Rouen on May 30, 1431.

The king for whom she had fought so hard, Charles VII, abandoned Joan in her hour of need, but the French people never forgot Joan of Arc. Six centuries later the Roman Catholic Church canonized her as a patron saint of France, and historians still recognize the untrained teenager from Domremy as one of the key military strategists of the Hundred Years' War. □

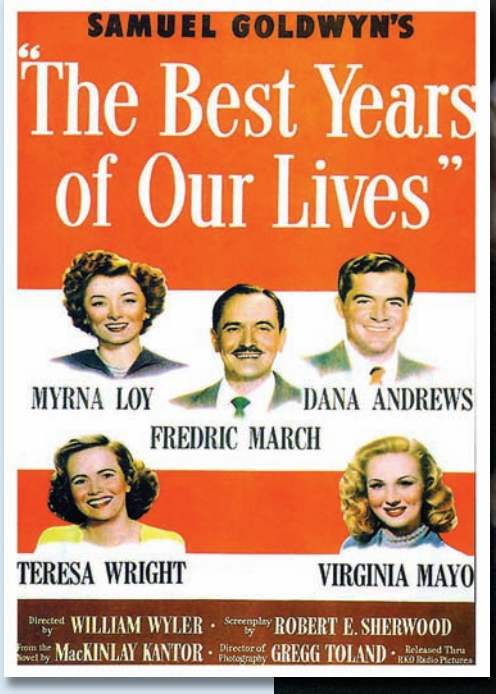
REEL WAR

THE EVOLUTION OF THE AMERICAN WAR FILM

Following the Allied victory in World War II, American filmmakers turned to the challenge of producing movies that realistically mirrored the experiences many of their viewers had just lived through. **BY PHILIP BURTON MORRIS**



THE FIRST TRULY realistic American films of World War II began with a flourish familiar to any moviegoing audience at the time: a hand-drawn company logo introduced by musical fanfare. That company, United News, was unquestionably the most prolific producer of films throughout American involvement in World War II. Between 1942 and 1946, United News released 267 newsreels, every one bearing the image of a fierce bald eagle, talons poised to shred, wings filling the screen. The newsreels were marvels of editorial ingenuity. Their assemblers, provided with a smattering of footage that varied wildly in quality and competence, made every 10-minute film a moving and compelling draft of contemporary history.



The newsreels, of course, presented a highly selective history. Their chief end was not to educate the audience but to motivate it—to buy war bonds, to receive the recommended weekly booster shot of patriotic fervor, to become further involved in the ever-unfurling narrative of the war. The newsreels ended with the prerequisite conclusion demanded of any American war film: victory. World War II was a constant fixture on movie screens, marking in 10-minute increments the development of an American movie genre as inexhaustible and structure-bound as the musical or the western. The newsreels taught the audience to crave the drama of complex warfare, and the war gave them the desired happy ending, an unequivocal triumph of American good over the forces of evil, as embodied unambiguously by the vicious minions of Hitler, Mussolini, and Hirohito.

At the conclusion of the war, Hollywood studios wanted to continue selling movies to ticket-buying audiences that depicted the most vivid and involving experience in their national and personal history. The problem was how to keep viewers involved, now that the war was over and the soldiers had come home. In 1946, RKO Radio Pictures, still reeling from a protracted legal battle with William Randolph Hearst over the release of Orson Welles's *Citizen Kane* five years earlier, was happily surprised by the success of its film *The Best Years of Our Lives,* a deeply felt depiction of the postwar experiences of three carefully selected veterans—Army, Navy, and Air Force—returning home to their uncertain lives in modest Anytown, USA.

Two of the three primary performers were already established studio actors. Fredric March was comfortably in his second decade of starring parts, and Dana Andrews was reuniting with

The Granger Collection, New York

The Granger Collection, New York

Tom Hanks leads his men onto Omaha Beach in *Saving Private Ryan*. The film set a new standard in movie realism. INSET: *The Best Years of Our Lives* concerned the readjustment of soldiers to civilian life after World War II, including double-amputee Harold Russell, left.

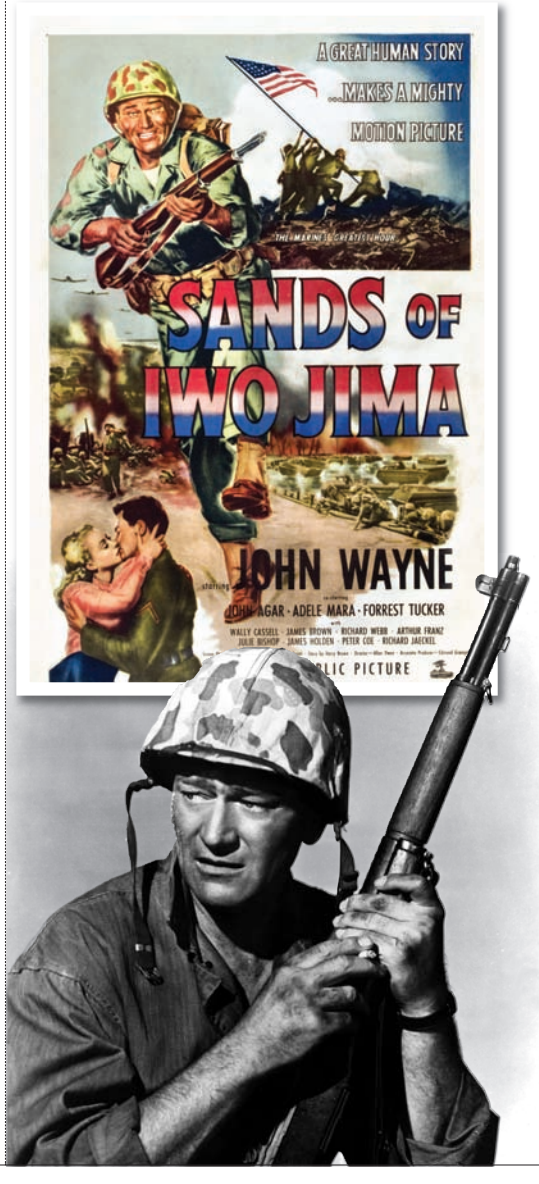
Battleground, starring future U.S. Senator George Murphy, and _Sands of Iwo Jima,_ starring film legend John Wayne, furthered movie realism by focusing on the individuals involved in the battles.

director William Wyler, who had given Andrews his first major role in 1940. But it was the third lead that really turned the tide of audience affections and made the movie a runaway hit. For the pivotal role of Midshipman Homer Parrish, RKO cast nonactor and wounded war veteran Harold Russell, a member of the 13th Airborne Division who had lost his hands to a mistimed explosive in a wartime training accident at Camp Mackall, North Carolina. Russell subsequently had been featured in the Army's 1945 short documentary *Diary of a Sergeant,* a compassionate portrait of the challenges faced by maimed soldiers attempting to reintegrate themselves into civilian life.

Director Wyler saw the documentary and insisted that Russell be cast in the central role of Homer, whose war wounds gave him hooks for hands. The filmmakers tailored the Homer storyline to better fit Russell's own life and injuries, and the sequences that centered on his anger and shame, most poignantly in his relationship with his devoted fiancée Wilma, had a maturity, restraint, and emotional honesty that were quite uncommon for a war film of the era. The professional actors surrounding Russell also did fine work, but Russell was the brave heart of the film and an icon to the many thousands of veterans who saw it. He was awarded a historic two Academy Awards for his performance: Best Supporting Actor and an honorary award "for bringing hope and courage to his fellow veterans through his appearance in *The Best Years of Our Lives.*"

MGM's *Battleground* (1949) was among the first World War II combat films to reinvigorate the form by challenging the pattern. Director William A. Wellman earlier had made the popular and successful *The Story of G.I. Joe* (1945), a partly fictional biopic of the war's most famous war correspondent, Ernie Pyle. The differences in execution between the two films demonstrated the sudden leap forward in psychological complexity that occurred following the war's end. *Battleground*, like its predecessor, focused sympathetically on the wartime experience of the common infantryman, but with a freshly imagined degree of precision and idiosyncrasy in the portrayal of the soldiers themselves. They were shown to be chronically beleaguered men who groused about being cold, going hungry, and huddling, weary and perennially threatened, in the freezing foxholes around Bastogne. *The Story of G.I. Joe* and other films made during the war seldom treated infantrymen with such specific realism, fearing that such realism might somehow besmirch the symbol of the idealized soldier.

The exhausted but essentially sturdy and honorable men of *Battleground* were drawn with a crisp, irreverent eye for character detail (as with actor Douglas Fowley's Private "Kipp" Kippton, whose false teeth were rarely in their rightful place). Such details elevated the film above the fidgety platitudes of similar pictures of the period. The primary creative team on *Battleground* drew from authentic recollections of infantry life. Director Wellman had served as a fighter pilot in World War I, and screenwriter Robert Pirosh had been a master sergeant with the 35th Division during the siege of Bastogne. Pirosh was determined to write a more realistic combat film by weaving private observations and memories into a reasonable



facsimile of the Battle of the Bulge and merging the personal and factual into a more authentic combat memoir.

To a great degree, both director and screenwriter were successful. A groundbreaking achievement, *Battleground* established the confessional subgenre echoed by its portentous advertising slogan: "You ... Or Someone in Your Family ... Or Someone You Love ... Wrote and Lived This Story!" Returned veterans saw themselves in the humanized characters of the besieged soldiers at Bastogne. The deaths of two of the unit's main characters, played by appealing young actors Ricardo Montalban and Richard Jaeckel, further heightened the film's realism for a viewing public that had suffered its own losses during the war.

Released within months of *Battleground, Sands of Iwo Jima* further nudged the war genre toward Hollywood-style realism. It was sold to audiences with the voiceover claim, "These are your boys, who John Wayne as Sergeant Stryker forged into young men." *Sands of Iwo Jima* freely deployed documentary elements in its battle sequences, a pioneering blend of Hollywood reenactments and actual Iwo Jima combat footage that established a new visual grammar for war films. The use of interpolated newsreels cannily reinforced the authenticity of newly staged action. Audiences remained especially credulous when documentary elements were present, which years of wartime exposure had trained them to be, and the enthusiastically responsive viewers made the film a top earner of the year.

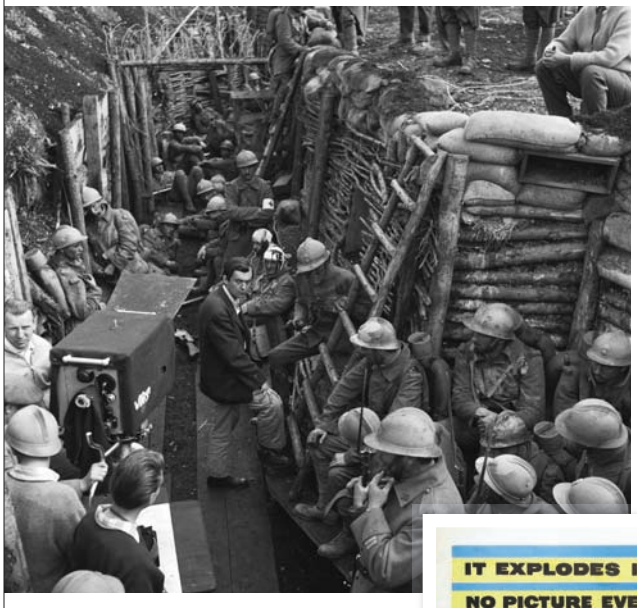
While still adhering to a Hollywood version of battle, *Sands of Iwo Jima* furthered the emergent vogue for realism by featuring the surviving real-life flag raisers Rene Gagnon, John Bradley, and Ira Hayes, who appeared onscreen just before the iconic flag-raising was reenacted for the camera using the original American flag flown atop Mount Suribachi. *Sands of Iwo Jima* is full of these strange juxtapositions between combat reality and movie reality, making the film a paradigmatic example of the ongoing development of realism in screen warfare. John Wayne's Sergeant Stryker, sharing his sequences with both professional actors and real-life newsreel soldiers, seems to exist beyond the borders of the screen, barking orders that exist in both the past and the present. *Battleground* had imbued invented soldiers with lyric, believable brushes of personality, but *Sands of Iwo Jima,* despite a reversion to more standard character tropes, found a distinctive movie realism of its own, underscored by the death of the heroic Sergeant Stryker at the end of the movie.

Montgomery Clift (right) and Burt Lancaster starred in *From Here to Eternity,* the 1953 film adaptation of author James Jones's best-selling book. Frank Sinatra and Donna Reed won Academy Awards for their parts.

The nearly simultaneous success of *Battleground* and *Sands of Iwo Jima* reinvigorated Hollywood producers who had watched the profit margins of their earlier combat pictures shrink in the first postwar years. Audiences had not become exhausted by the topic (as studios had feared), but with the apparent narrowness of variation in the movies themselves. Studios increasingly began to combine World War II settings with stories from other genres to keep drawing in audiences that had tired of straightforward battle narratives. The 1951 publication of James Jones's celebrated novel *From Here to Eternity* offered a new solution, a realistic character epic combined with elements of soap opera building toward the catastrophe of the now decade-old events of December 7, 1941. The book swiftly caught the attention of Columbia studio head Harry Cohn, who found its combination of romance and war, culminating in the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, to be a fresh direction for World War II subject matter.

Author Jones, who had enlisted promptly upon turning 18, had been stationed at Schofield Barracks when the Japanese struck, and the novel, also set at Schofield, channeled his firsthand experience of barracks life with remarkable candor. In both the uncensored subject matter and the language used to illustrate it, *From Here to Eternity* went even further than its closest literary analogue, Norman Mailer's *The Naked and the Dead* (published in 1948 and famously scrubbed of profanity by the nervous publisher), in staking out new maturity for the war novel. The barracks, brothels, boxing rings, and bars in which much of the story takes place are not hollow provocations designed to sell copies—although the book sold millions—but the practical trappings of enlisted men in Hawaii at the time. Jones's influential book accurately depicted their prewar ennui and sullen minor controversies, leading toward the agonized catharsis that literally falls upon them out of a clear-blue sky on the morning when the peacetime soldiers suddenly become participants in a very real shooting war. *From Here to Eternity* was a reminder that America's war had begun as an unprovoked intrusion on domestic life that ironically gave the directionless soldiers a larger sense of purpose.

Few filmmakers of the 1950s were as fearless as Robert Aldrich in dealing with the postwar darkness that went along with warfare and veterans' memories and feelings of guilt. In the mid-1950s, Aldrich resolved to make a war film devoid of the sentimental bromides that still clung to many of the combat movies being produced by the studios. Aldrich had hoped to make a film of Norman Mailer's *The Naked and the Dead*. Unable to buy the rights, Aldrich chose a lower profile 1954 stage play, *Fragile Fox*, set among frontline GIs in Belgium before and during the Battle of the Bulge, and commenced the picture without prior Army approval or assistance. Aldrich's film, subsequently retitled *Attack!*, was a grim depiction of friendly fire and the vagaries of the military mind-set. Fragile Fox Company, under the leadership of a cowardly, bureaucratic captain, is slowly being decimated at the hands of German panzers. When the remaining soldiers are pinned down undetected in a basement below the German-overrun town, the captain senselessly volunteers to surrender and is murdered by his own men, who then watch in disgust as he is recommended for the Distinguished Service Cross by his corrupt successor. "It Rips Open the Hot Hell Behind the Glory!" screamed movie posters.



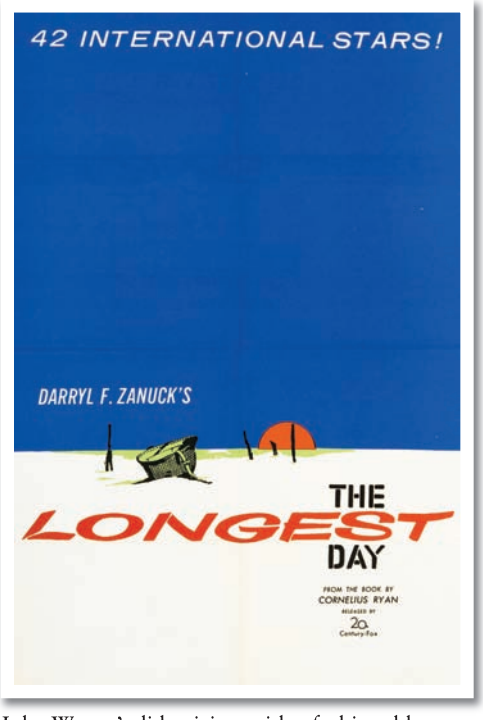
***Attack!* and *Paths of Glory*, in the mid-1950s, were indictments of the entrenched insanity of military bureaucrats who led their own troops into slaughter to protect their rank. Superstar Kirk Douglas spent years working to get *Paths of Glory* made.**

"The Real Guts and Smell of Battle! This is the Story They Didn't Tell—of the Heroes who Stood Up Under Fire, and the Few who Belly-Crawled Out!" Below the text, a pencil rendering in black and crimson depicted a soldier tearing the pin from a grenade with his teeth, a pulp image that was as stark as the film it advertised.

Stanley Kubrick's *Paths of Glory*, released in 1957, was a vital work in the evolution of realistic war cinema. The film stood apart both for its subject—the court-martial of three French soldiers accused of cowardice in World War I—and also for its attitude of maximum cynicism. Kubrick, like Aldrich, resented the Hollywood tendency to baste even the most difficult subject matter in a rosy glow of audience reassurance, and his film was intended as a stern corrective to such contemporaneous candy-coated pageants of war as *D-Day the Sixth of June* and *Between Heaven and Hell*. *Paths of Glory*, like *Attack!*, is a scabrous indictment of a military engine it views as insane: controlled by proud despots with unearned decorations who order sane men shot for refusing to participate in a suicidal assault. The three soldiers tried and sentenced to death are chosen at random, sacrificial lambs offered up to deflect criticism from the mindless leaders who gave the impossible order. The film ends famously: after the execution of the soldiers, a group of their spared comrades shares drinks in a tavern on the eve of their return to the front, weeping quietly as they listen to a trembling young German woman sing a patriotic ballad on the small café stage.

On the cusp of President John F. Kennedy's brief Camelot-tinged administration, Kubrick's film struggled to find an appreciative audience. Strong reviews did little to persuade the public that a fiercely unsentimental portrait of bureaucratic atrocity held entertainment value for the casual moviegoer. In the wake of *Paths of Glory*'s box-office failure, most genre films of the early 1960s reverted to the comforts of formula. Twentieth Century Fox spent $10 million on *The Longest Day* (1962), an expansive three-hour-long D-Day panorama that deployed four directors, five screenwriters (James Jones among them), 42 international stars, and thousands of background performers. Despite its large budget, the film still managed only one storytelling innovation: German and French characters spoke in their subtitled native languages. The enormous, highly touted cast is an almost constant distraction; producer Darryl F. Zanuck spared no opportunity to stop a battle sequence dead in its tracks for incongruous moments of slapstick, as when Sean Connery pratfalls into the water on Sword Beach during the D-Day landing, his famous eyebrows bouncing upward in hambone exasperation. The film is full of such heavy-handed juxtapositions. Determined to

***The Longest Day* and *The Great Escape*, appearing in the early 1960s, were star-studded extravangazas that represented a return to audience-pleasing fare. Steve McQueen (above) was in both movies; Richard Burton (below left) and Richard Beymer headlined *The Longest Day*.**



make the definitive war epic, Zanuck sabotaged his own efforts by turning serious history into low-browed comedy.

The Great Escape (1963), although an immensely entertaining caper film, had the dramatic heft of a chewing gum wrapper. Paul Brickhill, whose nonfiction book was the basis for the film, had experienced firsthand the planning of the Allied POW escape from Stalag Luft III that culminated in the summary execution by the Gestapo of 50 recaptured escapees. The film itself, although grimly true to the culminating massacre, is primarily a comic adventure, a heist picture whose wartime setting is used mostly to flavor the premise with greater prestige. The history-based elements decorate the Bavarian periphery, but it was Steve McQueen's iconic (and entirely invented) motorcycle ride that most viewers tended to remember. His own escape attempt may have been foiled, but McQueen's cocky and unbowed attitude at the close of the film allowed it to end on an audience-satisfying high note.

The years immediately following the shocking Kennedy assassination brought a temporary suspension of frivolous war pictures. Robert Aldrich returned to the genre in 1967 with *The Dirty Dozen*, a proto-counterculture paean to misfit individuality that proved hugely popular with audiences that were beginning to polarize along generational lines as the increasingly unpopular Vietnam War wore on. Studios were at a loss about how to portray the murky new conflict. John Wayne made an infamously pro-war attempt, *The Green Berets*, in 1968. A traditional-minded film about a decidedly nontraditional war, *The Green Berets* was a box office success but a critical failure; influential critic Roger Ebert called it "heavy-handed and remarkably old fashioned" and named it to his permanent "most-hated list." The old verities, it seemed, no longer played so well—either on-screen or off.

Two years later, director Mike Nichols, then a central figure of the New Hollywood movement, followed his epochal youth film *The Graduate* with an adaptation of Joseph Heller's antiwar novel *Catch-22*, challenging John Wayne's didacticism with a fashionably scatterbrained tragicomedy about war's basic insanity. Although set in World War II, Heller's legendary novel, published in 1961, was well tailored to outspoken opponents of the Vietnam conflict, who regarded the central paradox of the title phrase as a perfect signifier of misapplied military logic. The movie's everyman antihero, Yossarian, played by the likable actor Alan Arkin, is caught in a trap all too similar to the trap then facing the United States in Vietnam: he can't stay, but he can't leave either. There seems no way out of the quagmire.

Nichols's film was overshadowed almost immediately by Robert Altman's hit movie *M*A*S*H*, an absurdist film set in the Korean War whose breakout popular success established the predominant tone for seventies war films—a flippant antiauthoritarian bravado that masked a deepening despair. Through the distancing device of its Korean War setting, *M*A*S*H* was able to comment mordantly on the human cost of the misguided war in Vietnam. Its harried surgeons and nurses, attempting to save lives amid the chaos of the battlefield and the

entrenched insanity of military bureaucracy, represented an entire nation's anguished attempt to make sense of an increasingly nonsensical war. They laugh to keep from crying.

As the Vietnam War drew to an end, another series of World War II-themed films challenged the newfound prevalence of distrust in the military. *Patton, Tora! Tora! Tora!, Midway,* and *MacArthur* all premiered between 1970 and 1977, each attempting to soothe the psychic wounds the public had suffered from Vietnam by returning to the deeply satisfying well of the Good War, with its clear-cut battles and the mythic men who won them. The old standbys were dusted off for use—newsreel combat footage, the use of genuine Army equipment on loan in exchange for script approval, strict adherence to the established sequence of events. The new wave of throwback war movies enjoyed varying degrees of success with audiences and awards committees, culminating in *Patton*'s seven Academy Awards, including best picture and best actor (George C. Scott in the title role). The other films made little lasting impact on critics or audiences.

John Wayne's 1968 film, *The Green Berets,* was a conservative response to growing criticism of the Vietnam War. Wayne is shown with David Janssen. OPPOSITE: *Catch-22,* starring Alan Arkin, was an indirect criticism of the war, filtered through a World War II lens.

Concurrently, Vietnam was proving impossible for studios to package in the traditional manner. Accepted definitions of combat valor were suddenly up for debate, and the films set in Vietnam became highly allegorical, at times nearly abstract, studies of largely antiheroic characters. The new realism emphasized psychological accuracy; films set in the Vietnam War were to act as cracked mirrors of the war's maddening realities. "My film is not about Vietnam," Francis Ford Coppola famously declared in 1979 of *Apocalypse Now,* "my film is Vietnam." The year before, both *Coming Home* and *The Deer Hunter* had made celebrated statements on the damage done to the post-Vietnam national psyche, each echoing an earlier World War II-themed blockbuster. *Coming Home,* a 1970s variant on *The Best Years of Our Lives,* focused on the readjustment of combat-wounded veterans. *The Deer Hunter,* in constructing a tableau of romance and tragedy, of men made restless by domesticity whose lives are interrupted—not altogether unwillingly—by war, recalled *From Here to Eternity,* but with a modernizing overlayer of disorienting violence and despair. Despite its somewhat racist subtext of villainous Viet Cong who are somehow more evil than their real-life models, *The Deer Hunter* was given an Academy Award for best picture of 1979.

Apocalypse Now, based loosely on Joseph Conrad's novel *The Heart of Darkness,* had less critical success. Hallucinatory and doom-laden, from its first fiery images Coppola's film exuded a clinical disinterest in the traditional mores of earlier war pictures. Amplified Wagner thunders from loudspeakers as American helicopters decimate villages to clear the nearby beach so that a bloodthirsty colonel can surf. Playboy bunnies offer bawdy consolation for soldiers taking fire from invisible enemies, as flares in every color of the crayon box streak the burning tree line. Senseless atrocity awaits Martin Sheen's beleaguered Captain Willard at every turn as he moves nearer to his target, the deranged jungle demigod Colonel Kurtz, whom Willard's Saigon superiors have marked for assassination. There is no solace in organized warfare; Willard regards his own mission as without righteousness or morality. There is only the endless river dividing the wildly growing jungle. Everything within the jungle is deadly—tigers, tribesmen, the Viet Cong, and finally even Willard himself. A singular achievement in impressionist filmmaking, *Apocalypse Now* was not, as Coppola claimed, Vietnam itself, but his feverish rendering captured certain surreal aspects of the war as no other film had yet done. "The Horror," Kurtz's term for the war and by extension the human condition itself, had never been more vivid or unhinged.

Oliver Stone's *Platoon,* released in 1986, was equally seismic. The first ultra-realistic Vietnam combat film, *Platoon* was a plainspoken cry of pain on behalf of all veterans. Stone was himself a decorated infantryman, and his experiences from his tour of duty in Vietnam informed the elegiac intensity of the finished film, equally fierce and aching. When doom visits Stone's soldiers, the abruptness and absence of a discernible pattern are jarring: the misstep of a rain-slick combat boot trips a bomb, a night detail brings paralysis for the lookout who spots approaching Viet Cong, platoon members go abruptly missing and turn up butchered days later. Stone imparts a central moral message that the war had been fought between opposite poles of the American character. More than a decade removed from the war's conclusion, audiences found both *Pla–*

toon and Stone's 1989 companion piece, *Born on the Fourth of July,* cathartic. His films struck a resonant tone that attempted to reconcile the cultural wounds of Vietnam with the ragged honor of the young men who had fought and died there, and those who had come back home to a much different welcome than their GI fathers after World War II.

The development of computer technology in the 1990s led to a large evolutionary leap in filmed depictions of modern warfare. Steven Spielberg's 1998 movie, *Saving Private Ryan,* led the way. The famed opening D-Day sequence remains unsurpassed in ferocity and scope, a depiction of the chaos of warfare so authentic that stunned veterans of the landing who saw the film were reported to have wept at the display. The relentless onslaught of deafening bullets, drowning soldiers, and sudden death on all sides overwhelms the senses with

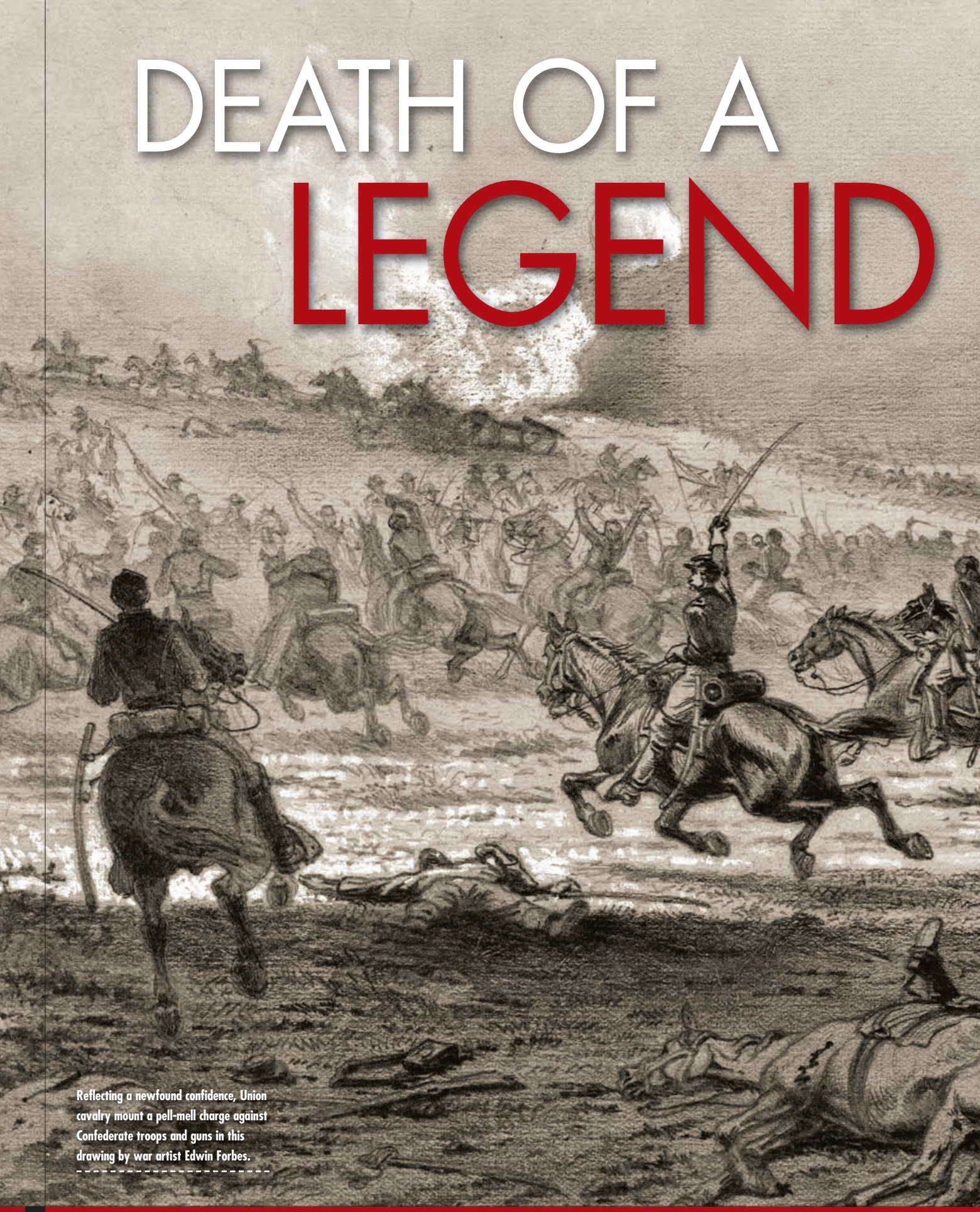
Robert Duvall (center) had an indelible role as a war-loving officer in director Francis Ford Coppola's hallucinatory 1979 epic, *Apocalypse Now*.

absolute verisimilitude. Spielberg, working with the finest technical resources at his disposal, was immeasurably aided by the cinematography of Janusz Kaminsky, whose camerawork uncannily evokes the perilous improvisations of genuine combat newsreels. Spielberg's achievement in *Saving Private Ryan* so elevated the standard of realism that every subsequent war film, from *Black Hawk Down* to *The Hurt Locker,* has unavoidably borrowed from that movie's Normandy footage. After that initial burst of hell, *Saving Private Ryan* reverts to broad-brush portraits of the supporting cast of soldiers according to his respective accent or ethnicity, giving the movie a certain similarity to earlier World War II "buddy pictures." There is the wisecracking Brooklynite, the taciturn southern hillbilly, the Jewish intellectual, the West Coast milquetoast, and the grizzled old sergeant. Star Tom Hanks's reluctant hero, Midwestern Captain John Miller, would not have been out of place in a vintage wartime movie. A badly misconceived framing device involving an unnecessary prologue and epilogue somewhat mars the movie. But the unrivaled realism of the D-Day landings and the clanging sizzle of bullets striking home made *Saving Private Ryan* a watershed in realistic American war films.

The harrowing first decade of the new century further renewed American interest in World War II. For audiences there was renewed comfort in watching the familiar tales of winnable wars against visible enemies. In 2006, director Clint Eastwood bravely dissected this impulse with *Flags of Our Fathers,* his corrective history of the flag raisers at Iwo Jima. Eastwood's war sequences betray the inescapable influence of *Saving Private Ryan,* but his narrative poses questions more insidious and difficult to answer than those of Spielberg's film. Although Bradley, Gagnon, and Hayes are branded as heroes by an eager press corps, their victory tour is plainly a publicity ruse to sell more war bonds. The three men, with varying degrees of acceptance or resistance, recognize this. They reenact the raising of the flag in public squares and on baseball fields, a ritual they wearily perform for a war-weary public to reenergize the patriotic base.

Six years after Eastwood's film, the symbolic value of Joe Rosenthal's photograph continues to be used on Army recruitment billboards. It endures as the most famous image of World War II and one of the most famous in all American history. The image contains the true weight of that history, a history Hollywood filmmakers helped shape, dramatically and aesthetically, even for those who had actually lived through it. For nearly 70 years filmmakers have sought to depict in their war films a small measure of that perfect iconic moment at Iwo Jima: the angled limbs of the soldiers, unposed but glowing with accidental perfection, the smudged pencil-lead austerity of the sky, the stoic rigidity of the flagpole, and the impeccable ripple of the American flag itself, unfurling triumphantly for all eternity. *Flags of Our Fathers* has Rosenthal shrugging as he casually snaps his immortal picture—maybe with luck, he thinks, the undeveloped image will be worth printing. Eastwood's film, all these years later, cannot totally recapture the accidental magic that Rosenthal caught on Mount Suribachi, but the transcendent moment remains burned into the collective psyche of Americans, stubbornly resistant to revision, seven decades removed from the nation's last Good War. □

DEATH OF A LEGEND



Reflecting a newfound confidence, Union cavalry mount a pell-mell charge against Confederate troops and guns in this drawing by war artist Edwin Forbes.

Confederate Maj. Gen. James Ewell Brown Stuart, commander of the cavalry corps of the Army of Northern Virginia, vowed that he "had rather die than be whipped." His vow would be answered at Yellow Tavern.

BY ARNOLD BLUMBERG

"WE HAVE BEEN BADLY USED UP," A SERGEANT IN THE 5TH NEW York Volunteer Cavalry Regiment complained in a letter to his wife on May 8, 1864. Another Union trooper, a member of the 6th Ohio Volunteer Cavalry Regiment, echoed those sentiments about the just concluded operations in the Virginia Wilderness. The Federal cavalry, said the Buckeye, had been "used in such a bumbling manner" that it brought into question the leadership ability of Maj. Gen. Philip H. Sheridan, the Army of the Potomac's new cavalry commander, and at least partially explained why Lt. Gen. Ulysses S. Grant had failed to decisively defeat Confederate General Robert E. Lee in their first encounter.

The men's complaints were valid. Sheridan's debut as head of the mounted units during the fighting was far from what his superiors had expected of him. Maj. Gen. Henry W. Halleck, Union Army chief of staff, in March 1864 had suggested to Grant that Sheridan lead the Federal cavalry corps in the eastern theater. "The very man I want," Grant replied. Sheridan had served under Grant and Halleck in the

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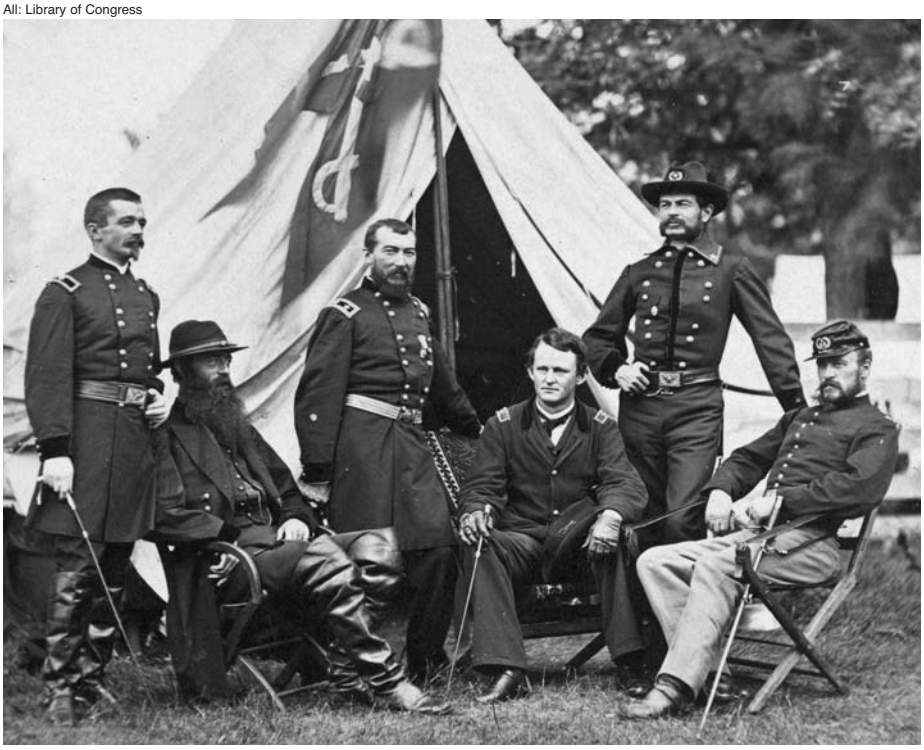

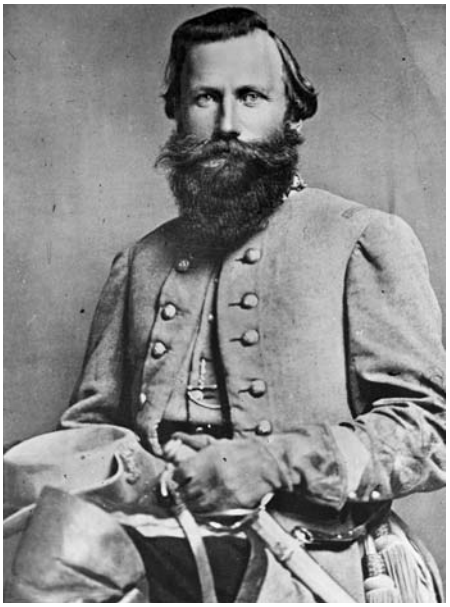

LEFT: Major General J.E.B. Stuart. RIGHT: Major General Fitzhugh Lee. TOP: Major General Phil Sheridan, third from left, with his subordinate commanders: Henry E. Davies, David M. Gregg, Wesley Merritt, Alfred Torbert, and James H. Wilson.

western theater of the war, and they had been duly impressed with Little Phil's performance. But the early achievements of Sheridan in his new role were less than reassuring when measured against what an experienced cavalry commander might have accomplished under the same circumstances.

Even before Sheridan's shortcomings were revealed on the battlefield, the new cavalry commander had clashed with his immediate superior, Maj. Gen. George G. Meade, head of the Army of the Potomac. The issue between them was the proper role of the army's mounted force. Meade insisted that the horse soldiers' primary tasks were picketing and scouting for the army and protecting its front, flanks, and rear. Sheridan fired back, arguing that if his command were kept concentrated, "I could make it so lively for the enemy's cavalry that, so far as attacks from it were concerned, the flanks and rear of the Army of the Potomac would require no or little defense." He further insisted that the true objectives of his troopers were to "defeat the enemy's cavalry in general combat." As for the legendary Confederate horse commander, Maj. Gen. James Ewell Brown Stuart, Sheridan professed little fear of his Rebel counterpart. He could, said Sheridan, "thrash hell out of Stuart any day."

Sheridan's confidence seemed premature. During the movement of the Army of the Potomac south of the Rapidan River, Sheridan's cavalry completely failed to detect the approach of two enemy infantry corps from the rugged area known as the Wilderness. The result was that on May 5 the Confederate advance threatened to cut off and destroy a Union cavalry division and an entire infantry corps that was isolated from the rest of the army. Compounding the problem, Sheridan kept two-thirds of his command (two divisions) out of the brewing battle for the better part of the day. The poor performance of the Federal cavalry enabled Lee to surprise Grant and exploit the awkward Union deployments. The failure of the Union cavalry to pierce the protective cavalry screen around the Confederate army prevented Meade and Grant from forming a clear picture of where their enemy was, resulting in a Union tactical defeat during the brutal two-day Battle of the Wilderness.

After Meade countermanded Sheridan's orders during the army's race to Spotsylvania Court House, 10 miles south of the Wilderness, the stage was set for fireworks between the two hardheaded generals. Meade had worked himself into a towering passion regarding delays by Sheridan's cavalry the day before. When Sheridan appeared, Meade went at him hammer and tongs, accusing the cavalryman of committing several blunders during the recent battle. Sheridan shot back that Meade's interference with his command over the last four days "would render the [cavalry corps] inefficient and useless before long." Since Meade insisted on giving the cavalry directions without notifying him, Sheridan said, he "could henceforth command the cavalry corps himself." Sheridan spiced his rebuttal with hotly italicized expletives.

Soon Meade's temper cooled, and according to a witness, Captain Theophilus F. Rodenbough of the 2nd United Cavalry Regiment, Meade apologized to Sheridan, putting his hand in a friendly fashion on Sheridan's shoulder. But the stocky cavalryman simply moved aside and in an impatient tone declared, "If I am permitted to cut loose from this army I'll draw Stuart after me, and whip him, too." He then stomped out of the room.

Immediately after the contentious meeting, Meade visited Grant to report Sheridan's imper-

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An orderly, disciplined Union cavalry division rides smartly through enemy territory in this drawing by Edwin Forbes. Sheridan's raid on Richmond included over 10,000 troopers, plus 32 pieces of artillery.

tinence and repeat Little Phil's boast about thrashing Stuart. Instead of showing indignation over a subordinate's disrespectful behavior to a superior, Grant simply said: "Did Sheridan say that? Well, he generally knows what he's talking about. Let him start out and do it."

Sheridan's lack of awe toward Stuart and his vaunted Confederate cavalry mirrored Grant's similar attitude toward Robert E. Lee and the Army of Northern Virginia. The army commander appreciated Sheridan's aggressiveness and was willing to allow Sheridan to make good on his boast. He granted Sheridan's request to seek combat with his Southern counterpart. Assembling his three division commanders—Brig. Gens. Wesley Merritt, David M. Gregg, and James H. Wilson—Sheridan gave them their marching orders. "We are going to fight Stuart's cavalry in consequence of a suggestion from me," he said. "We will give him a fair, square fight; we are strong, and I know we can beat him, and in view of my recent representations to General Meade I shall expect nothing but success."

The Federal cavalry spent May 8 preparing for its raid south. The command was stripped of all impediments, including unserviceable animals, wagons, and tents. Then, at 6 AM on the ninth, a column of 10,000 blue-clad horsemen, accompanied by artillery and supply trains, left Spotsylvania Court House and set off toward Richmond. Although Sheridan hoped to threaten the Confederate capital and possibly assist the Union Army of the James, which was menacing Richmond from the southeast, his primary mission was to engage and destroy the gray cavalry under Stuart.

The Federal column headed north, made a wide curve to the east beyond the Wilderness, and angled southward over the Nye, Po, and Ta Rivers. It moved at a measured walk to place less strain on horses and riders. The column stretched for more than a dozen miles along Telegraph Road. Confederates near Spotsylvania Court House quickly discovered Sheridan's departure, and at 1 PM Stuart sent the two-brigade division of Maj. Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, joined by the North Carolina brigade of Brig. Gen. James B. Gordon, a total of 4,500 sabers, after the Union intruders. Certain that Richmond was his enemy's target, Stuart chose to leave Maj. Gen. Wade Hampton's four brigades to act as the eyes and ears of the army in case the Federals moved to turn Lee's flank. Stuart was not going to repeat the grievous mistake he had made during the invasion of Pennsylvania the previous year, when he left Lee's army in the dark by embarking on a widely criticized raid around the Army of the Potomac during the Gettysburg campaign. He hastened to join his men in the field.

Just before nightfall, part of Brig. Gen. William C. Wickham's brigade caught up with the rear of the Union march north of Mitchell's Shop above the North Anna River. A single Confederate regiment charged the enemy rearguard under Brig. Gen. Henry E. Davies, briefly arresting the Federals' progress. But soon the Confederates were driven back by the Union horsemen supported by dismounted comrades in the woods along both sides of the roadway. Sheridan, riding to the head of the column, asked about the gunfire. "Keep moving, boys," he said loudly enough for all to hear him. "We're going on through. There isn't cavalry enough in all the Southern Confederacy to stop us."

As Wickham dueled with Davies, Sheridan's van splashed across the North Anna and into the important rail stop of Beaver Dam Station on the Virginia Central Railroad. The depot served as a large supply point for Lee's army and was an important communication link between Richmond and the Shenandoah Valley. After its arrival at the depot, Brig. Gen. George A. Custer's brigade burned down the depot, destroying more than a million rations awaiting shipment to the Army

Both: Library of Congress

LEFT: A period colorized photograph of an unidentified Union cavalryman. RIGHT: Private David M. Thatcher, Company B, 1st Virginia Cavalry.

of Northern Virginia, as well as two locomotives and 100 railroad cars. Custer's Michigan troops also tore up 10 miles of track and telegraph wire. In the admiring words of one Union trooper, "Custer had knocked the bottom out of everything." As darkness approached, the Union horsemen went into camp along both banks of the North Anna. Meanwhile, from the east Fitzhugh Lee rode hard all that night to overtake the head of Sheridan's column.

The next morning, Stuart intended to strike his opponent while the North Anna still split the Federal command. Ordering Fitzhugh Lee, with Wickham, to harass and delay the enemy force on the north side of the river, Stuart planned to take Gordon's and Brig. Gen. Lunsford Lomax's units west, cross the North Anna upstream, then loop back to strike that portion of Sheridan's command bivouacked south of the waterway.

Meanwhile, Sheridan was planning his own movements for the next day. He intended to concentrate his entire force by bringing Gregg's and Wilson's divisions over the North Anna and joining them with Merritt at Beaver Dam Station. From there he would travel over Mountain Road, which crossed the South Anna River, striking Telegraph Road six miles above Richmond. Sheridan felt certain that Stuart "would endeavor to interpose between my column and Richmond." At 5 AM on May 10, as the two Federal cavalry divisions waded to the south bank of the North Anna, Fitzhugh Lee's troopers gave them a spirited sendoff with artillery rounds and musket fire

THE ATTACKING FEDERALS WERE IMMEDIATELY MET BY A HAIL OF CONFEDERATE ARTILLERY FIRE JOINED BY THE EQUALLY LOUD PEALS FROM A THUNDERSTORM, ACCOMPANIED BY FLASHES OF LIGHTNING INDISTUNGUISHABLE FROM THE BLASTS OF CANNON.

from dismounted skirmishers. Nonetheless, the Union force managed to disengage and resume its march with full haversacks and well-fed horses taken at Beaver Dam Station.

By the time Stuart had crossed the North Anna and reunited his entire force south of Beaver Dam Station, Sheridan had escaped the intended Confederate envelopment. Although disappointed at not snaring his enemy, Stuart was greatly relieved to find that his family had not been bothered by enemy forces while visiting friends nearby. At the home of Edmund Fontaine, Stuart had a brief reunion with his wife, Flora. Not taking time to dismount, Stuart exchanged a few words with her from the saddle, then kissed his wife goodbye and galloped off. During the ride back to the front, the usually ebullient Stuart was subdued, telling his aide Major Andrew Reid Venable that he never expected to survive the war. Stuart added that he would not want to live if the Confederacy lost the war. It was the first, but not the last, time the general would offer intimations of mortality during the campaign.

Stuart devised a scheme to trap his opponent: Gordon would follow on the heels of the blue-clad troops and attempt to delay their forward movement, while Fitzhugh Lee hurried east to Hanover Junction and descended Telegraph Road to interdict Sheridan at the Mountain Road junction. Stuart hoped that the weak militia forces at Richmond would be able to assist his regulars in springing the trap.

May 10 was uneventful for Sheridan and his men, who marched only 18 miles that day. After crossing the South Anna River, some Union troopers surmised that their leisurely pace was a sign that Sheridan was hoping to allow Stuart to catch up with them in order to force a fight. Others guessed that Richmond, only 20 miles from Beaver Dam Station, was their ultimate destination.

As Sheridan's column snaked its way south, Stuart and Fitzhugh Lee's exhausted riders reached Hanover Junction at 10 PM, having ridden all day and night to get there. During the journey, an officer gloomily mentioned to Stuart that it would be impossible to overtake and stop Sheridan. Stuart replied, "I would rather die than let him go on." At 3 AM on May 11, Stuart started his men from Hanover Junction for the intersection of the Mountain and Telegraph Roads. Following in his wake were three artillery companies (10 cannon) that he had added to his force. He would need every gun since he would be outnumbered 3-to-1 in the coming fight.

Shortly after sunrise on May 11, Sheridan continued his drive toward Richmond. He divided his command into four parts: Colonel Irvin Gregg's brigade remained on the south shore of the South Anna acting as rearguard; Merritt and Wilson's divisions continued down the Mountain Road; Davies's brigade headed toward Ashland Station on the Virginia Central Railroad. Later in the morning, near Ground Squirrel Bridge, Gordon got his men across the river and initiated an hours-long running battle with Gregg's brigade, which, although mauled and forced to continually fall back, shielded Sheridan's rear as the main Union body advanced inexorably toward Richmond.

Davies's excursion to Ashland Station proved less than peaceful. After a lively fight, Davies drove some of Wickham's Virginians from the village. Not wishing to tangle with the increasing number of Rebel reinforcements pouring into the area, the Union brigadier pulled out of Ashland Station and rejoined Sheridan's main column.

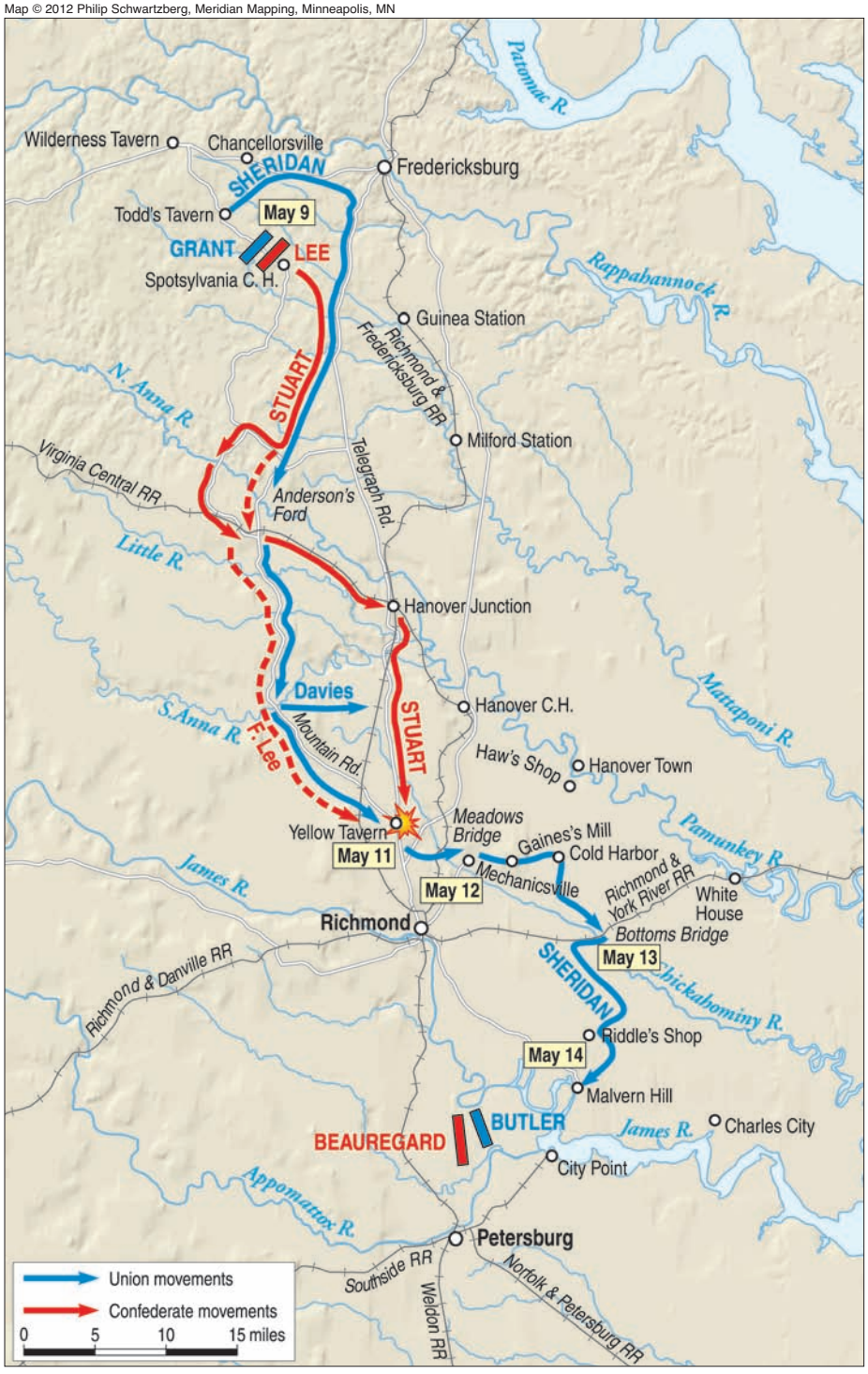
Around 8 AM, Lomax's riders reached the intersection of the Mountain and Telegraph Roads. The roads formed a Y with Mountain Road constituting the western branch, Telegraph Road the eastern, and the Brook Turnpike drooping south. A short distance down the Brook Turnpike, on its east side, stood an abandoned hostelry called Yellow Tavern six miles due north of Richmond. As Lomax positioned his men on Telegraph Road, Sheridan approached from the west. A little later Stuart arrived and decided to leave Lomax in place and position Wickham, not yet up due to his fight at Ashland Station, to the right and rear of Lomax along the slopes at right angles to Telegraph Road behind a little creek called Turner's Run.

It was Stuart's intention to attack Sheridan's flank and rear if he tried to pass along Brook Turnpike. Stuart sent an aide to Richmond to have troops from the city move toward Yellow Tavern on Brook Turnpike. He reasoned that between his troopers on Telegraph Road and any friendly forces moving toward him from Richmond, Sheridan would be trapped and destroyed. To one Confederate soldier on scene it appeared "we had him [Sheridan] penned and would surely capture his whole command."

At 9 AM, Sheridan's main force moving along Mountain Road approached the Confederate position. As it did so, Alfred Gibbs, leading the Reserve Brigade from Merritt's division, sent out mounted skirmishers from the 6th Pennsylvania Cavalry Regiment. Rebel pickets belonging to the 6th Virginia Cavalry Regiment engaged them just short of the road junction. As the two skirmish lines exchanged fire, Colonel Thomas Devin's brigade of Merritt's division came up and deployed on Gibbs's right, followed by Custer's men on Gibbs's left.

Concerned about enemy artillery that had him in range, Custer dismounted his 5th and 6th Michigan Cavalry Regiments to drive back the Confederate pickets and gain the shelter of a wood to their front. With his other regiments, the 1st and 7th Michigan, acting as mounted support, Custer attacked but was driven back. Sheridan decided not to risk a full-scale attack with just Merritt's men but to wait until the rest of his corps was up.

During the initial fighting, Stuart was on the skirmish line directing fire and making his dispositions for the coming battle. Custer was also in the thick of the fray, leading a body of his troopers in an assault that pushed Lomax's pickets back toward Telegraph Road before being halted by a combination of effective enemy small-arms and artillery fire. As Custer's efforts were being stymied, Gibbs and Devin,



Sheridan's five-day raid advanced all the way from the Rapidan River to the outskirts of Richmond. Confederate cavalry, not territory, was Sheridan's main target.

on Custer's right, were able to forge ahead and insert the 17th Pennsylvania and 6th New York Cavalry Regiments between Stuart and Richmond.

Stuart placed Wickham, newly arrived on the field, on the slopes to the right and rear of Lomax with a battery of horse artillery wedged in between. Gibbs's regiments delivered such a devastating fire into the position of the 5th Virginia Cavalry south of Turner's Creek on a sunken road that Lomax's entire position collapsed. More than 200 Confederates were taken prisoner, while the rest sought safety north of Turner's Run on Wickham's left. Soon it was Gibbs's turn to retire after his troops were savagely raked from the flank by Wickham's horsemen and artillery.

The Federal repulse convinced Sheridan to plan a multidivisional assault on the Confederate

Anne S.K. Brown Military Collection

Union and Confederate forces come together at sword point in this period engraving of the Battle of Yellow Tavern, six miles north of Richmond.

position as soon as Wilson's division reached the field. In the meantime, he sent two regiments south toward Richmond to ascertain whether enemy reinforcements were being sent to aid Stuart. They reported that no body of troops was seen leaving the city and that since they were able to penetrate into the town's inner defensive line, Richmond itself seemed ripe for the taking.

As the morning dragged on into the afternoon, the lull in the fighting continued. Stuart hoped and waited for reinforcements from Richmond or from Gordon. On the opposite side of the field, Sheridan received some much-needed help with the arrival of Wilson's division, which he placed on Merritt's left. The opposing battle lines now ran generally east to west separated by half a mile.

At 4 PM, Sheridan launched his decisive attack against Stuart, with Custer leading the assault. Custer pushed his dismounted 5th and 6th Michigan Regiments directly against the heights held by Wickham's Confederates, while his other two regiments, the 1st and 7th, aided by the 1st Vermont Cavalry, made a mounted charge straight up Telegraph Road to take the enemy guns (the Baltimore Light Artillery Battery) located there. Wilson attacked Wickham on Custer's left, while Gibbs moved forward against Lomax on Custer's right.

Union buglers sounded the start of the action. Custer, theatrical as always, had his regimental band strike up "Yankee Doodle Dandy." In all directions over the field, Union forces advanced. The attacking Federals were immediately met by a hail of Confederate artillery fire joined by the equally loud peals from a thunderstorm, accompanied by flashes of lighting indistinguishable from the blasts of cannon.

Mounted on Telegraph Road near the Baltimore Light Artillery, Stuart concentrated on Custer's men moving out of some woods toward the Confederates. He realized that his artillery was Custer's target and ordered the 1st Virginia Cavalry Regiment, being held in reserve, to support the guns. Out of the clump of woods they had been using to organize for the attack the 1st Michigan Cavalry sprinted uphill in columns of squadrons followed closely by the 7th Michigan and 1st Vermont. At the same time, Gibbs and Wilson attacked on Custer's flanks. As the Federals crossed Turner's Run and pounded up Telegraph Road toward the heights held by the Confederates, the 6th Virginia Cavalry Regiment made a forlorn and desperate charge against the 1st Michigan, driving the bluecoats back to Turner's Run.

As the 1st Michigan and 6th Virginia grappled furiously with each other, Wilson sent the 3rd Indiana and 8th New York into the woods on Custer's left. Although coming under heavy artillery fire, the troopers managed to crest the heights and overrun part of Wickham's defensive position. Meanwhile, the 5th and 6th Michigan endured deadly enemy artillery fire as Sheridan rode among them giving encour-

agement. When the bluecoats saw part of Wickham's line melt away under Wilson's pressure, Custer's entire Michigan brigade surged up the slopes toward the main Confederate position.

At the Baltimore Light Artillery Battery on Telegraph Road, Stuart stood with 70 men from Company K, 1st Virginia Cavalry Regiment. They held their ground while a wave of Federals passed on either side of them only to be turned back by a counterattack by the rest of the newly arrived 1st Virginia. "Bully for old K!" shouted Stuart. "Give it them, boys!"

One of the retreating Federals was Private John A. Huff, 5th Michigan Cavalry Regiment. As the 48-year-old Huff, a crack shot, passed on foot to the rear, he spotted Stuart calmly sitting on a big gray charger firing his nine-shot LeMat revolver at the retreating enemy. Almost as an afterthought, at about 50 yards, Huff fired his own .44-caliber pistol at the mounted Confederate officer, striking him in the abdomen. It was almost too easy. Stuart reeled in the saddle as some of his men gathered around him. When asked if he was badly hurt, the general replied, "I'm afraid I am."

Among the 1st Virginia troopers who came to the rescue of the Confederate artillery was Fitzhugh Lee. He came over to Stuart, who was in obvious pain. "Go ahead Fitz, old fellow," said Stuart. "I know you'll do what's right." Then, with his men retreating all around him, Stuart called out: "Go back! Go Back! I had rather die than be whipped." Stuart was then carried to the rear.

Exhortations aside, Stuart's command was beaten, even though the 1st Virginia had cleared the enemy from the area around the guns. The final collapse came when the 7th Michigan, trailed by the 1st Vermont, stormed up the ridge on Telegraph Road, scattering any remaining Confederate defenders to the wind and sending them fleeing north across the Chickahominy River, north to Ashland Station or south to Richmond. The battle had been a glorious victory for the often derided Union cavalry. General Wilson crowed later, "We captured his guns, crumpled up his dismounted line, and broke it into hopeless fragments." Sheridan had made good on his promise to destroy Stuart.

As his defeated men scattered to the four winds after Yellow Tavern, Stuart was carried by ambulance to the Richmond home of his brother-in-law, Dr. Charles Brewer, on Grace Street. Back at Spotsylvania Court House, Robert E. Lee received a telegram that rendered him speechless. "Gentlemen," he told his staff, "we have very bad news. General Stuart has been mortally wounded." A little later, Lee added, "I can scarcely think about him without weeping."

With a brilliant battlefield success behind him, Sheridan planned his next move. Although taking the almost defenseless Confederate capital was tempting, Sheridan decided against it. "I could capture Richmond, if I wanted, but I can't hold it," he explained. "It isn't worth the men it would cost." He chose instead to circle around Richmond to the north, slip by the entrenchments guarding Richmond, and join Maj. Gen. Benjamin Butler's Army of the James southeast of the city. He started off that rainy night moving down the Brook Turnpike, but the plan was aborted after it was discovered by the Confederates manning the Richmond defenses.

With the enemy closing in on two sides, Sheridan chose to force a crossing of the Chickahominy River at Meadow Bridges. On May 12, with Custer's Michiganders leading the way, Sheridan's force breached the defenses Fitzhugh Lee had erected on the north bank of the Chickahominy. Moving on to Mechanicsville and Haxall's Landing on the James River, the Federal cavalry eventually found safe haven with Butler's nearby Union army.

The stricken Stuart heard artillery fire in the distance and was told that it was Sheridan moving east down the Chickahominy with Fitzhugh Lee's troops waiting to trap him. "God grant that they may be successful," murmured Stuart, "but I must be prepared for another world." Con-

Library of Congress

An 1865 photograph of Stuart's grave in Richmond's Hollywood Cemetery. The cemetary is the final resting place for 25 Confederate generals, Jefferson Davis, and U.S. Presidents James Monroe and John Tyler.

federate President Jefferson Davis visited his fallen cavalry leader that afternoon and asked how he was. "Easy," replied Stuart, "but willing to die, if God and my country think I have fulfilled my destiny and done my duty."

At 7 PM, Episcopal minister Joshua Peterkin gathered the household staff around Stuart's bedside, where they prayed and sang Stuart's favorite hymn, "Rock of Ages." The general tried to sing along but was too weak. "I am resigned," he told his brother-in-law. "God's will be done." At 7:38 PM, 27 hours after being shot in the side by Private Huff, Stuart died.

The Battle of Yellow Tavern was a decisive victory for Sheridan and his Union horsemen. At a loss of 625 men, Sheridan inflicted some 400 casualties on his opponent and captured another 300. Although the death of Stuart was a severe blow to the South in general and the Confederate cavalry in the East in particular, it did not destroy that body's ability to fight effectively in the future. There would be other sharp battles between the two sides in the remaining 11 months of the war, but Jeb Stuart's war was over. He was true to his vow—he had been whipped, and he had died. □

GARIBALDI *and the* REDSHIRTS

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IN THE SPRING OF 1860, Italy was a confusing conglomerate of states, divided between Piedmont-Sardinia and Austrian Venetia in the north, the Papal States in the middle, and the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies, centered in Naples, in the south. Compared to the rest of Italy, the Neapolitan realm was politically and economically backward and its new king, Francis II, was borderline incompetent. Fearing that conditions could spark a return to the revolutionary fervor of the late 1840s, European leaders pushed Francis to enact political reform, but the obstinate king refused. He was committed to promoting his own absolute power, even at the cost of provoking increased hostility from his own people. Revolts in Naples that April were forcibly suppressed, increasing resistance to Francis at home and abroad.

One such resister with no shortage of passion was Italian soldier of fortune Giuseppe Garibaldi, then living in retirement on the island of Caprera, north of Sardinia. Garibaldi's passions were aroused less by Francis and the situation in Naples than by the situation in his home city of Nice, which had been handed over to France by Piedmont's prime minister, Camillo Benso, the Count of Cavour. Cavour's appeasement of France made Garibaldi feel like a foreigner in his own country, something the adventurer could not stomach. In his anger, not only did Garibaldi reject the plebiscite by which Nice and Savoy freely welcomed French control, but he planned to forcibly reverse it. With the slogan "a million men with a million guns," Garibaldi began a furious recruiting campaign aimed at pulling together an army of liberation.

The scheme seemed perfectly logical to Garibaldi, but there were others who sought to unleash his talents and energy elsewhere. Exploiting Garibaldi's popular appeal, republican leaders such as Giuseppe

Giuseppe Garibaldi, center, watches as his Redshirts capture Palermo, Sicily, in May 1860—their first important urban toehold. Painting by Giovanni Pattori.

Determined to end the divisions within his nation, Italian soldier of fortune Giuseppe Garibaldi landed in Sicily in May 1860 at the head of 1,000 revolutionaries, the Redshirts. The unification of Italy had begun.

BY LOUIS CIOTOLA

Mazzini and the Sicilian exile Francesco Crispi saw a much riper target for liberation—the island of Sicily. Unlike Nice or Savoy, which both accepted French dominion, Sicily was relatively hostile toward its overlord, Francis II. Insurrections were a common occurrence on the island. Mazzini and Crispi believed that Garibaldi's mere presence there would foster more insurrections and lead, in time, to the creation of an Italian republic.

Garibaldi welcomed the idea. Republican flattery whetted his appetite. Guarantees of mass rebellion, however, were less than convincing to Garibaldi. He did not believe the time was right. But Mazzini and Crispi wanted Garibaldi's assistance badly, even going so far as to instigate renewed rebellion in Sicily with promises of his imminent arrival. The ruse did little more than bring down upon the rebels the crushing force of the Neapolitan army. Also troublesome was the question of Garibaldi's basic motivation. He had already disappointed the republicans by declaring that any invasion of Sicily would be for the ultimate goal of "Italy and Victor Emmanuel."

For King Victor Emmanuel II of Piedmont, things were not so cut and dried. The king would give only secret support to Garibaldi's invasion of Sicily for fears that Piedmont would be seen throughout Europe as an aggressor state. At the same time, the king could not outwardly seek to stop Garibaldi, lest he risk offending public opinion in his own kingdom, which was overwhelmingly sympathetic to the Italian patriot. Furthermore, should Garibaldi invade against Victor Emmanuel's wishes, it would only serve to aid his republican enemies. In the end, the king gave Garibaldi his blessing, but only passively. The invasion could only be conducted by volunteers;

Both: Library of Congress

Giuseppe Garibaldi, left, in his famous red shirt. Right, Camillo Benso, the Count of Cavour.

permission to utilize a royal brigade was flatly denied. Garibaldi could live with those terms.

Cavour, who was no fan of Garibaldi, felt differently. The prime minister was keen to have things done his way. He feared the republican influence on Garibaldi and had no interest in rushing the process of Italian unification. But Cavour, too, was answerable to the Italian public as well as European opinion, and he had to walk a fine line in his attitude toward Garibaldi. Discreet discouragement was his only option. "I think they will all be captured," he said privately of the proposed expedition.

Garibaldi was also feeling pessimistic about an invasion of Sicily, but the republicans turned to blatant chicanery to change his mind. Only days after reports had filtered in that the latest uprising on the island had been crushed, Crispi fabricated a telegram that falsely indicated that the rebellion, although defeated in Palermo, lived on throughout the countryside. Wanting to be persuaded, Garibaldi blindly accepted the telegram at face value and finally agreed to lead the expedition. A half-hearted attempt by Cavour to halt the invasion was stifled by the king, leaving the road clear for Garibaldi to fulfill his destiny.

Throughout late April and early May, Garibaldi's forces gathered in Genoa. With only two dilapidated steamers available to transport the army, many volunteers had to be turned away for lack of room. In all, a ragtag force of 1,089 men left Genoa for Sicily on May 5, the majority being northern Italians accompanied by a sizable contingent of foreigners. Garibaldi's force was far from being a professional army. Among their number were doctors, lawyers, artists, and even three former priests. The oldest among them had served in the Napoleonic Wars, while the youngest was a boy of 11. There was even a woman dressed as a man—Crispi's wife. Although they were very different, the Garibaldini, as they were known, shared a great desire for adventure and a love for the man who would lead them into it.

The Garibaldini acquired rifles in Genoa, but they were of such poor quality that Garibaldi scoffed that they were "old iron." Even worse, there was no ammunition—the boats carrying it never arrived. "No matter, we go without," said Garibaldi. Dressed in his famous red shirt and poncho, he was the very model of outward confidence. He would need every ounce of self-assurance. Pitted against his poorly armed volunteers were 25,000 well-armed Neapolitan troops in Sicily and another 100,000 on the Italian mainland. Pausing to write a quick letter assuring the king of his loyalty, Garibaldi departed at dawn on May 5.

Bravado aside, the lack of ammunition troubled Garibaldi, who planned a quick stop in Tuscany to alleviate the situation. At the fort of Orbetello his men obtained newer rifles and three cannon. The fort's governor, having aided Garibaldi without showing the outward discretion necessary for maintaining Piedmont's European image, was arrested for his troubles. Following a quick round of drilling and reorganization, Garibaldi and his volunteers set out for their final destination on the afternoon of May 9.

In the coming months, Garibaldi and his "Thousand" would be blessed by good luck. The first taste of such luck came on May 11 as their steamers neared the Sicilian coast on the island's northwest shore at Marsala. Both the Neapolitan garrison and fleet were temporarily absent, leaving the landing miraculously unopposed. Still, the disembarkation nearly turned into a disaster when one of the steamers ran aground. A fleet of small rafts commandeered from shore arrived to save the day, while the remainder of Garibaldi's troops marched into Marsala along a narrow mole that jutted into the harbor.

The column had not gotten far before three Neapolitan warships arrived to contest the landing. They immediately began an ineffective

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Garibaldi, visible just to the right of the Italian flag, urges his men on at the Battle of Calatafimi on May 15, 1860. "Either we create Italy, here, on this spot, or we die in the endeavor," he said.

bombardment, which only succeeded in wounding a dog. Fortuitously for the invaders, the bombardment was as short lived as it was poorly conducted. When British warships observing the action warned against hitting British residents inside the town, the Neapolitans, afraid of causing an international incident, halted the barrage.

Once safely inside Marsala, Garibaldi wasted no time in calling for a general revolt against the Neapolitans. The Thousand were ordered to behave as liberators rather than conquerors while Garibaldi himself ruled as virtual dictator of the island, a title he insisted was only adopted to suit his universal popularity. Cavour thought differently. Already, Europe was suspicious of Piedmont's role in the invasion, forcing the prime minister to lamely profess his powerlessness to stop 1,000 measly invaders. But the self-proclaimed dictator cared little of Europe's concerns. With his 1,000 poorly armed men and inadequate maps, Garibaldi marched defiantly alongside his volunteers toward the Sicilian capital of Palermo.

Although much more numerous and better equipped, in many respects the Neapolitan opposition was something of a paper tiger. The common soldier, though skilled, was infected with chronically low morale, while his officers were of such poor quality that it was not uncommon for them to be murdered by their own men. Nevertheless, the odds against the Garibaldini were still immense.

There was, however, some hope for the Thousand. In the town of Salemi they received a joyous welcome, indicating overwhelming popular support for the insurrection. Of more immediate use was the procurement of 1,000 Sicilian reinforcements and two old but still operational cannon. The Sicilians were of questionable reliability, but an army as small as Garibaldi's could hardly afford to be picky.

It was not long before the Garibaldini got their first test against the Neapolitan army. The enemy, led by Francesco Landi, sought to block the road to Palermo. More than 3,000 Neapolitans under Major Sforza commanded a hill known as the Piante di Romano outside Calatafimi with orders to halt the volunteers. Sforza's troops, the talented 8th Cacciatori Battalion, felt they had little to fear from the outnumbered rabble advancing upon them. Landi shared the sentiment confidently enough to leave a full third of his army in reserve far to the rear.

On the blistering hot morning of May 15, the Garibaldini took up a position opposite the Piante di Romano on a hill called Pietralunga. There, Garibaldi planned to entrench himself and await the inevitable Neapolitan attack, which would come through the vines and over the dry stream that comprised the valley between the two hills. As so often happens in war, things did not go exactly as planned.

The Neapolitan attack did indeed come. Judging their opponents to be completely insignificant, Sforza's vanguard marched brazenly forward into the valley below. Garibaldi had prepared his defenses for just such a situation, but his excited men, perhaps not unexpectedly, took matters into their own hands. After firing only one volley, the volunteers rushed headlong down the Pietralunga with fixed bayonets. A trumpet sounded the recall to no avail. It was all Garibaldi could do to follow the lead of his enthusiastic compatriots.

Much to his delight, the stunned Neapolitans fled before the onslaught back to their original positions. The volunteers vigorously pursued, but were soon forced to slow at the base of the Piante

di Romano. Divided by stone walls into a series of terraces, the hill provided a formidable defense. As the Garibaldini ascended the hill amid fierce hand-to-hand combat, resistance gradually stiffened until finally the advance ceased altogether. Only the poorly aimed shots from the Neapolitans at the summit provided any solace.

Nino Bixio, one of Garibaldi's most trusted officers, urged retreat, but Garibaldi obstinately replied, "Either we create Italy here, on this spot, or we die in the endeavor!" At that moment, Garibaldi was struck by a large stone. Whether or not he believed it to be true, he drew his sword and exclaimed: "Come on. The ammunition is finished. Charge!" Leaping to his feet, he led a renewed attack, opportunely assisted by the cannon, which had been temporarily forgotten in the haste to begin the battle. Inspired, the volunteers surged to the crest and drove off the remaining enemy. At a cost of 30 dead and 100 wounded, the Garibaldini had won their first battle. Sicilians did not fail to take notice.

For his part, Garibaldi did his best to stir the island. "Our enemies are fleeing toward Palermo," he reported. "Tell the Sicilians that any kind of weapon is good enough for a brave man." The push for general rebellion was having its effect. Despite commanding an overwhelming 20,000 or so troops in Palermo, Ferdinando Lanza was shaken, fearful the island would erupt against him at any moment. Meanwhile, troop confidence had already been compromised by Landi's perceived lack of effort at Catalafimi.

Another enthusiastic greeting of the Garibaldini at Alcamo only heightened Lanza's fears. Now, however, the Neapolitans were at last able to deliver Garibaldi his first reversal. Garibaldi originally had planned to march straight on Palermo but was slowed at Partinico. Following the delay, he sent his Sicilians out in an effort to capture Monreale in an operation that turned into a disaster. The Sicilian commander was killed and all hope of a straightforward advance on Palermo was dashed. Garibaldi now decided to conduct a long, circuitous march to approach the city from the southwest.

The Garibaldini passed by Monreale on May 22. The march deeper into the Sicilian interior grew more and more difficult as the terrain became increasingly mountainous. Nearly constant rain did little to help matters. Exhausted and wet, the rearguard fended off Neapolitan attacks as the rest of the Garibaldini headed toward Piana dei Greci. Garibaldi gathered his mounting sick and, with an escort of 50 men, sent them ahead in the direction of Corleone. The rest of the army followed closely behind.

To the Neapolitans it appeared that the invaders were retreating in order to hide in the interior. The Swiss mercenary Lukas von Mechel led a contingent of 4,000 in pursuit. Lanza was thoroughly convinced the war was all but won. He forwarded the news to Naples, "Garibaldi's band has been routed and is withdrawing in disorder." But Lanza was badly mistaken. Garibaldi, having changed his route only two miles down the road, had completely fooled von Mechel, who continued chasing the tiny band of sick. Garibaldi, meanwhile, was safely in Misilmeri, having attained both his desired position and additional Sicilian reinforcements without the slightest enemy knowledge.

An even greater prize awaited Garibaldi in Misilmeri. There, he was greeted by a Hungarian journalist and aspiring adventurer named Nandor Eber writing for the *London Times*. Not only did Eber provide a layout of troop positions in Palermo, but he also pointed out its weakest point at the Porta Termini and predicted a full-scale insurrection should the Garibaldini penetrate the city. Ecstatic over his good fortune, Garibaldi vowed, "Tomorrow I shall enter Palermo as victor or the world will never see me again among the living."

Given his vast numerical inferiority—3,750 men to roughly 18,000—and his total lack of siege equipment, Garibaldi had no better strategy than to sneak into Palermo and attempt to infect it with rebellion. Under cover of darkness on May 27, several volunteers led by their Sicilian allies began a stealthy march to the Porta Termini, leaving campfires blazing in their wake to conceal their sudden absence. A few hours later, however, early on the morning of May 28, Garibaldi's plan unraveled. While approaching the bridge leading to the city gate, a frightened horse bolted, causing the unnerved Sicilians to begin shouting and firing. Only moments before, Bixio had ironically requested that the Sicilians be moved to the rear. Now it was too late. The interlopers were discovered, and the battle for Palermo was prematurely under way.

When the Neapolitans opened fire, the Sicilians immediately scattered. The Garibaldini held firm during the panicked mass exodus of their allies. At 4 AM, Garibaldi ordered a charge that captured the bridge and penetrated the Porta Termini. Throughout the morning as the Garibaldini filtered into the city, the Neapolitan defenders fled, more terrified by the civilian population than the actual invaders. By noon only the Castellammare, the mint and the palace held out, while citizens frantically barricaded the streets in preparation for an expected Neapolitan counterattack.

But Lanza did not counterattack. Instead, perhaps out of revenge against the city that had betrayed him, he began an indiscriminate bombardment of Palermo from the Castellammare and his offshore fleet. Nothing was spared. The poorest neighborhoods were hit the worst. "If the object of the Neapolitans was to inspire terror," said Eber, "they certainly succeeded."

The terror, however, was little more than desperation. The Neapolitan soldiers in the palace were entirely cut off, while the population, stirred to even greater action by the vicious bombardment, continued to erect barricades. Exasperated, Lanza appealed to an offshore British fleet to mediate a cease-fire. While declining to mediate, British Admiral Rodney Mundy did arrange for the two sides to confer on neutral ground aboard his flagship, HMS *Hannibal*. Garibaldi eagerly accepted the offer to negotiate, and the opposing sides quickly signed a 24-hour truce. Had Lanza known that the Garibaldini were nearly out of ammunition, he might not have given in so readily. Once again luck was on Garibaldi's side.

Either someone forgot to tell von Mechel of the truce or the Swiss mercenary simply did not care. Upon his return from the fruitless march to Corleone, von Mechel immediately attacked the Garibaldini occupying Palermo. Despite having been given a brief opportunity to restock their ammunition, Garibaldi's men were nevertheless pushed back by the late arrivals. A bloody battle raged beneath the shelled-out buildings, all the way to Garibaldi's headquarters. An eyewitness later recounted, "Every foot of ground was won amid the cracking of the flames, the crash of falling houses, the shrieks of victims buried beneath the ruins or murdered by the savage soldiers in their flight."

Many within the Castellammare urged Lanza to use the opportunity to crush the Garibaldini, but Lanza, after carefully considering the hostility of the people, rejected their pleas. Instead, he ordered von Mechel to respect the cease-fire, which was duly extended indefinitely on May 30. More importantly, Francis II had already demanded a cessation of the bombardment of Palermo for fear of creating disgust in Europe. He ordered Lanza to evacuate his men, which according to the terms of the truce he was permitted to do with safe passage through the harbor. The last Neapolitan soldier left Palermo on June 20. "It truly seemed a portent when 20,000 soldiers of tyranny capitulated to a handful of citizens pledged to sacrifice and martyrdom," Garibaldi later reflected.

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Sword-wielding Redshirts clash with Neapolitan defenders at the port of Milazzo on July 20, 1860. The Neapolitan forces surrendered after a five-day siege.

For the first time, Garibaldi found himself in control of a major urban center. Military operations temporarily took a backseat to bureaucratic necessities, which in turn provided time for the liberator to gather a flood of new volunteers eager to share in future glories. By mid-July, another 9,000 men had flocked to Garibaldi's banner. Meanwhile, the early summer saw a flurry of diplomatic activity as both Cavour and Francis II scrambled to keep pace with the rapidly changing situation on the ground. Attention turned to the likelihood of a Garibaldi invasion of mainland Italy. Bowing to pressure, Francis II declared a constitutional monarchy in a vain attempt to stifle Garibaldi, while Cavour mulled over an alliance with Naples or an invasion of Naples from the north. Meanwhile, Victor Emmanuel continued his policy of passive support for Garibaldi's activities while outwardly condemning them through proper diplomatic channels.

There still remained 18,000 Neapolitan troops in Messina. Garibaldi planned to drive toward the city along Sicily's northern coast while two other forces pushed into the center and south of the island as diversions. He assumed command of the vital northernmost advance. On July 14, Marshal Tommaso de Clary, the commander of Messina, preempted him by sending 3,000 men under Colonel Fernando Bosco to block his path at Milazzo. A purely defensive strategy was all that Clary felt he could appropriately adopt. Mounting any kind of offensive would be risky since Naples had already decided that no further reinforcements would be wasted in Sicily.

Bosco had barely arrived when he encountered Garibaldi's advance guard of 2,000 men. Mistaking them for a much larger force, he allowed himself to be trapped inside the narrow peninsula upon which sat the port of Milazzo. Both armies called for assistance, but only one savior would be forthcoming.

It was Garibaldi who answered the call, arriving on July 19. He found Bosco with 2,500 men and eight guns positioned at the base of the peninsula and protected by a series of stone walls and hedges. Some 1,000 men and 40 guns held the castle with another 400 soldiers protecting the rear against any sudden landings offshore. Garibaldi's own army, although numbering slightly more, possessed neither cavalry nor cannon, while the enemy was well provided with both.

Garibaldi launched his attack, consisting of three separate columns, the following day. The first column, positioned on the far left, moved north toward the town but was greeted by punishing cannon fire and fell back with heavy casualties. Bosco followed up the success by sending his right wing forward in a pursuit that carried on for nearly a mile. Action on the other end of the field, however, cut short the counterattack.

Farther to the east, the Garibaldini were making steady if slow progress that threatened to cut off the Neapolitan right from Milazzo. The defenders fought behind every wall and hedge, pouring lethal fire into the ranks of the volunteers. Again and again, the attackers were forced to leap from protective cover to clear each position with a bloody bayonet charge. Their leader remained in the thick of it, spurring them on as he flirted with death. The greatest obstacle was the town walls from which the Neapolitans unleashed a lethal hail of bullets. For a brief moment, the drive stalled before the bridge leading to the town gate. A sudden counterattack by enemy cavalry nearly succeeded in capturing the great adventurer himself, but Garibaldi, saber drawn, cut and slashed his way out of danger.

Sensing imminent disaster, Bosco recalled his right wing and withdrew the body of his army into Milazzo's castle, after which the Garibaldini promptly occupied the town. Although he had lost only some 200 men killed or wounded, the Neapolitan general had also lost his will to fight in the open. Despite having neither heavy guns nor control of the sea, the volunteers settled in for the anticipated siege.

As it turned out, the Neapolitans, lacking both food and water, were even more ill-prepared for

a siege. But Bosco did not want to surrender. He messaged back to Messina warning that without supplies he could only hold out for three days. Clary, however, declined to send aid either by land or sea. His inactivity guaranteed the outcome at Milazzo. Bosco had no choice but to surrender, and on July 25 the beleaguered Neapolitans marched freely from the castle.

With Bosco's surrender, only Messina and its garrison of 15,000 stood between Garibaldi and complete control of the island. There was to be no reckoning day. Inconsolable and disillusioned, Clary freely surrendered his entire army. According to the subsequent agreement, the Neapolitan garrison was permitted to remain within the citadel until departure. Although most of them would return to the mainland to fight another day, it was nevertheless a magnificent coup for Garibaldi. Overcoming almost unimaginable odds, he was now master of Sicily.

Garibaldi's conquest of Sicily and his likely invasion of mainland Italy catapulted politics into a fever pitch. Francis II was isolated. Now that Naples appeared doomed, Cavour broke off all talk of an alliance, while an 11th-hour Neapolitan effort to gain the assistance of France and Great Britain fell flat. Meanwhile, Cavour continued to support Garibaldi while at the same time scheming to pull the rug out from under him. Cavour would annex Sicily for Piedmont while the volunteers fought in southern Italy. With the Neapolitans distracted, the Piedmontese army would cross through the Papal States and invade from the north. In this way, Cavour could guarantee that all republican aspirations had been crushed. While these Machiavellian plans were being finalized, the king continued his game of outward rejection and silent support of Garibaldi.

There was much administratively to be done in Messina before Garibaldi could launch an invasion of Calabria, the southernmost province of Italy. In fact, he had yet to absolutely determine his next move. Garibaldi's republican associates were urging him to march on Rome, a rather impractical scheme but nevertheless one that a glory seeker such as himself could not dismiss out of hand. Preliminary steps, meanwhile, were taken to feel out Neapolitan defenses in Calabria. On August 8, 200 men crossed the Neapolitan-controlled straits and mounted a surprise attack on the Altafiumara fortress. Unsurprisingly, the defenders easily repulsed the assault and the volunteers hid in the nearby woods. Garibaldi ordered beacon fires to be lit by his army encamped on the shore outside Messina to let the tiny band know that they were not forgotten.

The 200 had little choice but to wait patiently while Garibaldi weighed his options. He sailed briefly to his home at Caprera off the coast of Sardinia to deliberate a possible invasion of the Papal States. Although he quickly ruled it out, rumors of an advance on Rome reached Cavour and had instant effect. The prime minister not only feared republican ambitions, but also a move by the French to assist the pope in the event of a Garibaldi attack. For Cavour, the stakes had become high. He cut off all physical support of Garibaldi and forbade Piedmontese troops to volunteer in Sicily, a practice that had hitherto been permitted. Most significantly, he intensified his plans for a Piedmontese invasion of southern Italy.

On August 8, Garibaldi led 4,000 men across the straits in a surprise landing at Melito. The Neapolitans, falsely assuming the invasion would take place where the strait was narrowest, had not stationed a single soldier south of Reggio. They also believed it impossible to capture Reggio from the landward side. These misconceptions proved fatal. Garibaldi marched furiously north to Reggio and, after suffering about 150 casualties, captured the port. A feeble Neapolitan attempt to recapture it was easily turned away with the Redshirts' signature bayonet charge.

The 30,000 Neapolitans in Calabria did virtually nothing to halt Garibaldi's consolidation on the mainland. Most surrendered readily. A subsequent landing of 1,500 men at Favazzina was barely contested, while the forts of Altafiumara and Scilla capitulated without a shot being fired. Thousands more put down their arms at San Giovanni after murdering their own general. The straits were made entirely open. The Neapolitan fleet, now threatened by bombardment from the guns of the captured forts, prudently withdrew to safer waters.

Garibaldi's march northward through Calabria resembled more a victory parade than a military campaign. There was no Neapolitan effort to either resist or reinforce, while local Calabrians rushed to join forces with Garibaldi. At Cosenza, 7,000 Neapolitans surrendered, while the rest fell back to Monteleone. The 10,000 defenders of Monteleone quickly followed suit or fled north. On August 29, another 10,000 Neapolitans accepted Garibaldi's demand of unconditional surrender at Soveria, capitulating without a fight. Another 3,000 gave up at Padula. The life had been sucked out of the Neapolitan army. It was even rumored that a whole battalion had surrendered to just six men.

Shortly before being occupied by the Garibaldini, Salerno's garrison began to mutiny. The Neapolitan fleet threatened to do likewise. Francis II was becoming desperate, even trying to bribe Garibaldi into some kind of an alliance. At last, on September 6, he gave up hope that Naples could be saved and abandoned his own capital.

Museum Tower of San Martino della Battaglia

Garibaldi was in Salerno when he received word that Naples was an open city. Within hours the mayor of Naples, seeking a restoration of order from anyone who could provide it, invited the invaders to occupy the city. Garibaldi needed little prompting. Jumping onto a train, he raced ahead of his army to the Neapolitan capital. On the following day, amid a roaring crowd, he entered Naples. The gathered masses paraded him through the streets beneath the guns of the city fortress, whose garrison rejected any thought of further resistance.

The Garibaldini stayed only briefly in Naples before moving out to engage the enemy, which had reformed to the north at the Volturno River and at last appeared willing to fight. Some 50,000 Neapolitans under the command of Giosuè Ritucci massed on the left bank, cen-

The outnumbered Redshirts successfully drive away the Neapolitan forces at Capua during the Battle of the Volturno River. It was the largest, and last, battle of Garibaldi's successful campaign to unite Italy.

tered on the fortress of Capua. Francis intended to use the force to retake his capital, but as always it was Garibaldi who struck first.

On September 19, while Garibaldi was away on a small reconnaissance mission, his Hungarian-born subordinate István Türr launched a hasty attack on Capua. Although he succeeded in capturing Caiazzo, the Neapolitans repulsed the Garibaldini before they could reach their prime target, inflicting130 casualties. Two days later the Neapolitans counterattacked, retaking Caiazzo and inflicting another 250 casualties. It was the victory they sorely needed to restore morale, and it came none too soon. Fighting now raged at Capua, while the Piedmontese army poured through the Papal States and steadily approached the Neapolitan border.

At dawn on October 1, Ritucci launched an offensive to recapture Naples under cover of a dense fog. Despite attacking with only 30,000 of their available 50,000 troops, the Neapolitans nevertheless outnumbered the 24,000 Garibaldini, nearly half of whom were Sicilians and Calabrians. Ritucci planned to attack the Garibaldini as they were spread thin over a wide front and suffering the typical lack of heavy guns and cavalry. A concentrated charge was likely to carry the day.

Fighting erupted at the town of Santa Maria, a critical railway hub and the center of the Garibaldini line. Initially the Neapolitans met with success, driving off the first line of defenders, but resistance soon stiffened and the offensive slowly ground to a halt. Garibaldi, content with the performance of his men at Santa Maria, decided to race north to oversee the fighting at Sant' Angelo, where the issue was much more in doubt.

Traveling up the road by carriage, he was surprised to discover the presence of a small body of enemy troops that had penetrated much farther east than expected. At a distance of just 20 yards, the Neapolitans opened fire. After the carriage had absorbed the volley, Garibaldi drew his saber and, with the help of a handful of escorts, charged forward to dispatch his assailants.

By the time Garibaldi reached Sant' Angelo, he had long ago abandoned his carriage. Arriving on foot, he found a seesaw battle taking place; the town had changed hands several times. Without

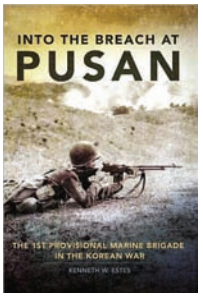
Continued on page 66

By Al Hemingway

The 1st Marine Provisional Brigade received much praise for its role in the defense of Pusan during the Korean War. But did the leathernecks get too much credit?

THERE IS NO DOUBT THAT THE 1ST MARINE PROVISIONAL BRIGADE performed magnificently during the dark early days of the Korean conflict. Communist forces poured over the 38th Parallel on June 25, 1950, driving the U.S. Eighth Army and South Korean forces almost into the sea. Outmanned and outgunned, Allied forces were hemmed into a pocket on the Pusan Perimeter on the country's southeast coast. President Harry Truman and other NATO countries quickly ordered forces to the scene.

The Marine Corps responded by sending the reinforced 5th Marine Regiment. Arriving on August 2, the leathernecks were quickly used as a "fire brigade," plugging gaps in the line to stem the enemy tide. Their fighting prowess soon became legendary in the annals of the Corps, prompting Lt. Gen. Lemuel C. Shepherd, commanding general of Fleet Marine Force Pacific, to write that the Marines had "pulled the chestnuts out of the fire for the Army on several occasions." But had they? Or did the Eighth Army pull their own chestnuts out of the fire?



In his new book, ***Into the Breach at Pusan: The 1st Marine Provisional Brigade in the Korean War*** (University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, OK, 2012, 194 pp., maps, photographs, notes, index, $29.95, hardcover), retired Marine Lt. Col. Kenneth W. Estes takes a fresh look at the brigade's performance to answer the question of whether they had literally saved the U.S. Army from a humiliating defeat at the hands of the North Koreans.

One of the biggest myths Estes disputes is the assumption that most of the Marine brigade was comprised of World War II veterans whose wealth of combat experience figured greatly into their stellar performance in Korea. According to the author, nothing could be further from the truth. With few exceptions, says Estes, most Marines had no combat experience, although they had conducted amphibious exercises a few months prior to being shipped to Korea.

Another legend that emerged from the Pusan fighting was the fire brigade concept. The official history states that the Marines were used by Eighth Army commander Lt. Gen. Walton H. Walker to reinforce his soldiers when they were in dire trouble. That much was true, writes Estes, but the Marines were just one of five separate fire brigades. The U.S. Army's 27th and 35th Infantry Regiments and the British 27th Infantry Regiment did a superb job in halting the enemy's advance as well.

Air Force Lt. Gen. George E. Stratemeyer, among others, was livid and complained to Far East commander General Douglas MacArthur about the "excessive publicity for the

A Marine forward observer checks for enemy positions in Korea in 1950. The Marines arrived in August to help stop the enemy during the defense of the Pusan Perimeter.

National Archives

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Arabian Fables (I)

How the Arabs soften up world opinion with fanciful myths.

Josef Goebbels, the infamous propaganda minister of the Nazis, had it right. Just tell people big lies often enough and they will believe them. The Arabs have learned that lesson well. They have swayed world opinion by endlessly repeating myths and lies that have no basis in fact.

What are some of these myths?

The "Palestinians." That is the fundamental myth. The reality is that the concept of "Palestinians" is one that did not exist until about 1948, when the Arab inhabitants of what until then was Palestine, wished to differentiate themselves from the Jews. Until then, the Jews were the Palestinians. There was the Palestinian Brigade of Jewish volunteers in the British World War II Army (at a time when the Palestinian Arabs were in Berlin hatching plans with Adolf Hitler for world conquest and how to kill all the Jews); there was the Palestinian Symphony Orchestra (all Jews, of course); there was *The Palestine Post*, and so much more.

The Arabs, who now call themselves "Palestinians," do so in order to persuade a misinformed world that they are a distinct nationality and that "Palestine" is their ancestral homeland. But, of course, they are no distinct nationality at all. They are entirely the same — in language, customs, and tribal ties — as the Arabs of Syria, Jordan, and beyond. There is no more difference between the "Palestinians" and the other Arabs of those countries than there is between, say, the citizens of Minnesota and of Wisconsin.

What's more, many of the "Palestinians," or their immediate ancestors, came to the area attracted by the prosperity created by the Jews, in what previously had been pretty much of a wasteland.

The nationhood of the "Palestinians" is a myth.

The "West Bank." Again, this is a concept that did not exist until 1948, when the army of the Kingdom of Transjordan, together with five other Arab armies, invaded the Jewish state of Israel, on the very day of its creation.

In what can almost be described as a Biblical miracle, the ragtag Jewish forces defeated the combined Arab might. But Transjordan stayed in possession of the territories of Judea and Samaria and part of the city of Jerusalem. The Jordanians promptly expelled all Jews from the area that they occupied, destroyed all Jewish institutions and houses of worship, used Jewish cemetery headstones to build military latrines, and renamed as "West Bank" what had been Judea and Samaria since time immemorial.

The attempt, quite successful, was to persuade an uninformed world that these territories were ancestral parts of the Jordanian Arab Kingdom (itself a very recent creation of British power diplomacy). Even after the total rout of the Arabs in the 1967 Six-Day War, in which the Jordanians were driven out of Judea/Samaria and of Jerusalem, they and the world continued to call this territory the "West Bank", a geographical concept that cannot be found on any except the most recent maps.

> "The web of lies and myths that the Arab propaganda machine has created plays an important role in the unrelenting quest to destroy the State of Israel. What a shame that the world has accepted most of it!"

The concept of the "West Bank" is a myth.

The "Occupied Territories." After the victorious Six-Day War, during which the Israeli army defeated the same cabal of Arabs that had invaded the country in 1948, Israel remained in possession of Judea/Samaria (now renamed "West Bank"), which the Jordanians had illegally occupied for 19 years; of the Gaza strip, which had been occupied by the Egyptians but which (hundreds of miles from Egypt proper) had never been part of their country; and of the Golan Heights, a plateau of about 400 square miles, which, though originally part of Palestine, had been ceded to Syria by British-French agreement.

The last sovereign in Judea/Samaria and in Gaza was the British mandatory power — and before it was the Ottoman Empire. All of Palestine, including what is now the Kingdom of Jordan, was, by the Balfour Declaration, destined to be the Jewish National Home. How then could the Israelis be "occupiers" in their own territory? Who would be the sovereign and who the rightful inhabitants?

The concept of "occupied territories" in reference to Judea/Samaria and Gaza is a myth created by Arab propaganda.

Unable so far to destroy Israel on the battlefield — though they are feverishly preparing for their next assault — the Arabs are now trying to overcome and destroy Israel by their acknowledged "policy of stages". That policy is to get as much land as possible carved out of Israel "by peaceful and diplomatic" means, so as to make Israel indefensible and softened up for the final assault. The web of lies and myths that the Arab propaganda machine has created plays an important role in the unrelenting quest to destroy the State of Israel. What a shame that the world has accepted most of it!

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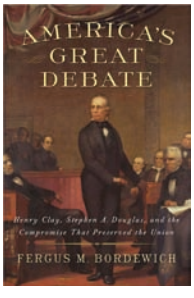
exploits of Marine Corps aviation." The officer charged that exaggerated reports had been written to "discredit the Air Force and unjustifiably enhance the prestige of the United States Marines at the expense of both the Army and Air Force." Estes concludes that the Marine Corps may well have embellished the brigade's actions in response to the recent enactment of the National Security Act of 1947 that nearly saw the abolishment of the Corps and its absorption into the Army and Navy.

Despite all the interservice rivalry, the author concludes that the Marine brigade "was without question the most powerful organization for its size in the Eight Army." Estes further states, "While it is true that the Eighth Army fought its battle and saved itself in the six weeks of the Pusan Perimeter campaign, the magnitude of its suffering would have proven much greater without the timely arrival of the 1st Provisional Marine Brigade."

America's Great Debate: Henry Clay, Stephen A. Douglas, and the Compromise That Preserved the Union by Fergus M. Bordewich, Simon & Schuster, New York, 2012, 480 pp., photographs, illustrations, notes, index, $30.00, hardcover.



On a cold January day in 1850 in Washington, D.C., Senator Henry Clay, his frail body consumed by tuberculosis, slowly but deliberately made his way to the home of fellow senator Daniel Webster. Although Clay was a Kentuckian and Webster a northerner from Massachusetts, Clay made the arduous trek to ask for Webster's support for a new compromise that he hoped would placate both northern and southern politicians and avert a bloody civil war if the South broke away from the Union.

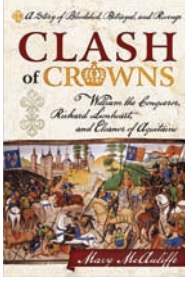
Clay would receive Webster's aid that day and go on to collect an unusual assortment of collaborators to get his great compromise approved in the Senate, only to see it unravel before his eyes when a fellow Maryland lawmaker lobbied vigorously to remove sections of Clay's Omnibus Bill. Fearing that all his work had gone for naught, the beaten and dejected Clay traveled to Newport, Rhode Island, to enjoy the sea air that helped his medical condition. To his surprise, he learned that the "Little Giant" from Illinois, Senator Stephen A. Douglas, had pulled a masterstroke and cajoled enough votes from the Senate and House of Representatives to get the legislation through in less than a week. It would eventually be signed by President Millard Fillmore and become law.

Historian Fergus Bordewich has done a good job of carefully peeling away and explaining all the provisions attached to the bill—most critically, the admission of California into the Union and a Fugitive Slave Law that allowed traders to seize a runaway slave on northern soil—and how Douglas, whom he refers to as "a steam engine in britches," managed to pull it off.

Although the Omnibus Bill, named for a horse-drawn carriage that carried many different passengers, pacified both northern abolitionists and southern fire-eaters, its magic finally fizzled out when a lawyer from Illinois named Abraham Lincoln—a long-time personal and political rival of Douglas—was elected president in 1860, prompting the southern states to secede at last from the Union.

The Great Compromise of 1850 managed to keep North and South at arm's length for only a decade. The hotly debated topic that would continue to rankle both sides was the question of slavery. It would take four years of bloody conflict and the deaths of more than 600,000 Americans before that issue could be put to rest. The time for compromise had ended.

Clash of Crowns: William the Conqueror, Richard Lionheart, and Eleanor of Aquitaine by Mary McAuliffe, Rowman & Littlefield Publishers, New York, 2012, 248 pp., photographs, bibliography, notes, index, $26.00, hardcover.

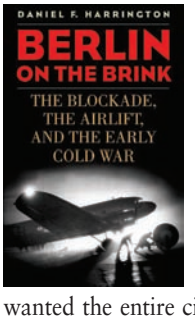


Ever since Viking ruler Rollo was defeated by the Franks in AD 911, France and England had been uneasily intertwined. In the peace treaty that followed, Rollo acquired territory that surrounded the village of Rouen. In the ensuing decades, this land became known as Normandy. A little more than 150 years later, William, the illegitimate son of Robert of Normandy, invaded England and became its king.

Historian Mary McAuliffe traces the events that led to the birth of two nations. The resentment and aggression that arose between the two ruling houses would come to a head between Richard Lionheart of England and Philip II of France. During the Third Crusade, a schism developed between the two, with Philip leaving the Holy Land. Richard quickly returned when he learned of Philip's scheme to seize his land in Normandy. After a long and dangerous journey back to England (Richard was imprisoned for a time in Austria) he arrived to do battle with Philip. Richard constructed Chateau Gaillard near Les Andelys, France, overlooking the Seine River. After Richard's death in 1199, Philip captured the fortification following a lengthy siege.

McAuliffe has penned a fascinating story of the royal conflict that had a direct effect on the histories of both countries. That history still pervades the present, she writes, with the neglected castle of Chateau Gaillard overlooking the chalky cliff above the Seine as a constant reminder of the mighty struggle for dominance that occurred there centuries earlier.

Berlin on the Brink: The Blockade, the Airlift, and the Early Cold War by Daniel F. Harrington, University of Kentucky Press, Lexington, 2012, 504 pp., maps, photographs, notes, index, $40.00, hardcover.



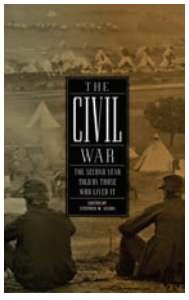
After the end of World War II, Soviet and Allied relations became strained in the city of Berlin. Russian dictator Joseph Stalin wanted the entire city under the boot heel of communist control (the Soviets controlled the eastern half) and waited patiently for the United States to withdraw its forces from the city after the 1948 elections. When the Allies, however, introduced the Deutsche mark as the currency for the all the sectors, Stalin was furious, fearing that it would flourish and create an economic resurgence prompting Germans to accept a democratic form of government. In fact, many Germans were already anticommunist.

Stalin ordered all access by road or canal blocked for Allied traffic. With less than two months' worth of coal and food on hand in West Berlin, Great Britain, France, and the United States decided to implement a massive airlift to counter the Russian blockade. For nearly a year, aircraft flew supplies into beleaguered West Berliners to stave off starvation and cold. One such campaign, dubbed Operation Little Vittles, was so named because pilots delivered chewing gum and candy bars to the German children.

Harrington, a historian at the United States Strategic Command, gives the reader detailed reasons behind Stalin's motives for the blockade and the ensuing Allied response. His assessment illuminates the errors made by both sides during the crucial period in postwar Germany. The airlift was a huge success, dropping thousands

of tons of supplies. In the end, the Berlin Wall would be built in 1961, separating the city and ushering in the start of the Cold War, only to fall nearly 30 years later when Germany was finally unified.

The Civil War: The Second Year Told By Those Who Lived It Edited by Stephen W. Sears, The Library of America, New York, 2012, 873 pgs., maps, notes, index, $40.00, hardcover.

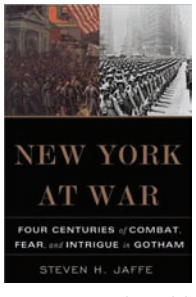


To commemorate the 150th anniversary of the second year of the Civil War, this book takes nearly 150 excerpts from letters, diaries, newspapers, and other documents to tell the riveting story of 1862, as viewed by the people who witnessed many of that year's signal events. Politics, battles, strategies and the question of the emancipation of the slaves are covered in great detail, bringing to life those troubling times.

Although the war had not been going well for the North, it had been disappointing for the South as well. Although the Union Army had been driven back from the doorstep of Richmond, the Confederate capital, the Union Navy's blockade, known as the Anaconda Plan, was very effective. The Rebels had steadily lost ground in Tennessee, Kentucky, and Missouri, and had lost the key city of New Orleans to Federal forces.

As 1862 came to a close, President Abraham Lincoln finally issued his Emancipation Proclamation after the Army of the Potomac gave him a narrow victory at Antietam, driving the Confederates back into Virginia. It was a risk on Lincoln's part, freeing three million slaves in the 10 states that had seceded from the Union. The northern public's reaction to such a move might hurt his reelection chances the following November. But the Illinois lawyer took that chance and signed the document. He would later write that it was "the central act of my administration and the great event of the nineteenth century." As usual, Lincoln was right.

New York at War: Four Centuries of Combat, Fear, and Intrigue in Gotham by Steven H. Jaffe, Basic Books, New York, 2012, 404 pp., maps, illustrations, photographs, notes, index, $29.99, hardcover.

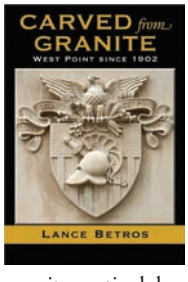


From its humble beginnings in the 17th century as a Dutch settlement, New York City has emerged as the economic and cultural bastion of the United States, if not the entire world. But many modern New Yorkers who walk the streets of the five boroughs are unaware of the city's tumultuous past, especially during wartime. Early feuding took place between the Dutch settlers and the Indians, followed by the English takeover, the French and Indian War, the American Revolution, and the War of 1812.

During the Civil War, New Yorkers witnessed the worst draft riot in the nation's history. In 1863, after the draft excluded anyone who could pay $300 to buy a replacement, many of the city's poor working class, especially Irish immigrants, went on a week-long rampage that ultimately had to be quelled by Union troops fresh from the Gettysburg battlefield. The two world wars also saw acts of sabotage and fear when threats of German U-boats patrolling in the waters off the coast threatened the city.

The author, a historian for the Museum of the City of New York and the New York Historical Society, has penned a vivid portrayal of the "city that never sleeps."

Carved from Granite: West Point Since 1902 by Lance Betros, Texas A & M University Press, College Station, 2012, 544 pp., photographs, notes, index, $40.00, hardcover.

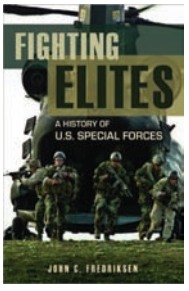


For more than two centuries the United States Army Military Academy at West Point, overlooking the Hudson River like a granite sentinel, has produced some of the finest military minds in the nation. Generals Dwight David Eisenhower, Ulysses S. Grant, Douglas MacArthur, and Robert E. Lee, to name a few, have walked its halls and grounds while serving their four-year apprenticeship and learning their trade as commissioned officers in the U.S. Army.

The author, himself a 1977 graduate of the Academy, praises the institution but also points out flaws that may impede its future success. The quality of the cadet, he says, has fallen, culminating in the notorious 1976 cheating scandal that rocked the school. He maintains that the Academy should keep character and intellect as its highest priority when selecting future young men and women for admission.

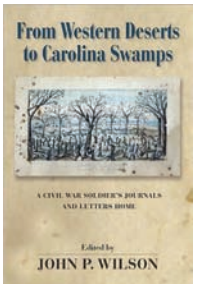
"If West Point is to continue its past success, if it is to produce even better officers in the future, there is no better way than to focus intensely on character and intellect," Betros writes. "The Academy's greatest leaders have understood this imperative and focused their strategic vision on it. Its future leaders would do well to do the same."

Fighting Elites: A History of U.S. Special Forces by John C. Fredrikson, ABC-CLIO, LLC, Santa Barbara, CA, 2012, 392 pp., photographs, bibliography, index, $89.00, hardcover.



This book, written specially for high school students, traces the history of U.S. Special Forces, from such specialized units as Rogers Rangers to today's special units, such as SEAL Team Six, which recently killed Al Qaeda terrorist Osama bin Laden. The author breaks down each chapter in American history, highlighting the soldiers, sailors, airmen, and Marines who created, organized and fought as behind-the-lines commandos. The book goes into extensive detail on each service's specific units performing intelligence work, including Air Force Commandos, Navy SEALs, Green Berets, Marine Force Recon, Army Rangers, and CIA agents.

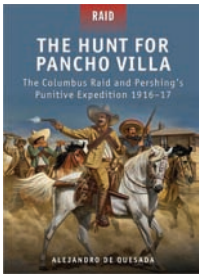
From Western Deserts to Carolina Swamps: A Civil War Soldier's Journals and Letters Home edited by John P. Wilson, University of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 2012, 280 pp., maps, illustrations, notes, index, $40.00, hardcover.



As the author states, it is rare to find a diary of an enlisted soldier from the Civil War who participated in both the New Mexico campaign and later served in Maj. Gen. William Sherman's army on its notorious March to the Sea. But Private Lewis Roe did just that. A native of Illinois, Roe enlisted in the army prior to the Civil War and was assigned to the 7th Infantry. His journals describe his march to the Southwest and his subsequent part in the 1862 Battle of Valverde, a Confederate victory, in which Roe received a slight leg wound.

This is a fascinating and rare account of an enlisted man's perspective of the war in two vastly different theaters of operation. Roe was well educated for the time and wrote with real passion, giving vivid descriptions of the events he was both witnessing and experiencing.

The Hunt for Pancho Villa: The Columbus Raid and Pershing's Punitive Expedition, 1916-1917 by Alejandro De Quesada, Osprey Publishing, Long Island City, New York, 2012, 80 pp., maps, photographs, bibliography, index, $18.95, softcover.



This book is a concise history of the punitive expedition into Mexico to hunt down Mexican revolutionary Pancho Villa after his raid on Columbus, New Mexico, in March 1916. Military historian Alejandro De Quesada delivers an absorbing account of Villa's reasons for invading the United States that fateful day. According to the author, Villa believed he was betrayed by the United States when American leaders threw their support behind the Mexican revolution to the opposing side. Villa's forces were also in dire need of horses and supplies. Regardless of the reasons, about 100 Villistas descended on Columbus, where they were met with resistance from the 13th Cavalry encamped in town. In the end, nearly 100 of Villa's horsemen were killed, as opposed to only 18 American casualties. In the aftermath of the raid, General John J. Pershing led a force of 5,000 soldiers into Mexico to seize Villa and bring him to justice. That never happened, but Pershing did manage to capture or kill some of Villa's henchmen.

The author's text is accompanied by detailed maps, great photographs and drawings of the personalities, weapons and equipment each side used at that time.

Ensign Newman K. Perry and the USS Bennington Disaster: The True Story of a Young Naval Officer, His Beloved Wife, Vipont, and

Simulation Gaming

BY JOSEPH LUSTER

Tom Clancy's *Ghost Recon: Future Soldier—Arctic Strike*

As we mentioned in these very pages when reviewing *Tom Clancy's Ghost Recon: Future Soldier,* the single-player campaign is a solid way to spend your time, but it's the multiplayer that makes or breaks just how much of that time you'll be blasting away online. Perfectly on cue, in swoops the *Arctic Strike* DLC pack, which adds a bunch of new content to the multiplayer side of things for the not-so-princely sum of 10 bucks.

PUBLISHER
Ubisoft

DEVELOPER
Ubisoft

SYSTEM(S)
Xbox 360, PS3, PC

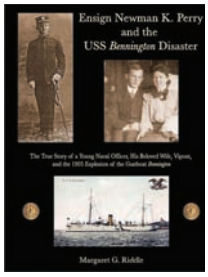
AVAILABLE
Now

Chief among the new content are fresh multiplayer maps, ranging from the streets of Moscow to skyscraping heights. The first we played is "Riot," one of the more claustrophobic and intense of the three maps. Those qualifiers are important, because despite the fact that this collection of debris-strewn roadways is indeed a tightly packed area full of deadly chokepoints, it's still fairly large, as are the other two maps. Atmospherically, though, it's one of the more enjoyable additions to the multiplayer experience, with destroyed trams blocking intersections amid crumbling edifices. Tram interiors make for great places to take cover and dish out bursts of fire, but they can also quickly become deadly traps, with the possibility of the enemy team flanking and lighting the hell out of you and your teammates at any moment.

"Skyline" lives up to its name, taking the fight all the way to the top of a skyscraper. At first one may wonder just how large a rooftop level can really be, but this one also encompasses multiple floors. As a result, it becomes one of the more difficult levels since it forces players to keep track of multiple threats from above and below. It's not designed as much with cover in mind as some of the existing maps are, but it's still a welcome addition to the rotation.

Finally, there's "Evicted," which is probably the most overwhelming map as far as size is concerned. The urban environment offers plenty of opportunities to be picked off by someone waiting in the shadows for that perfect, lone-strolling opportunity. The real killers here are the open expanses that surround the tenements. Maybe we can simply chalk it up to me being awful at the multiplayer, but I can't count the number of times I was taken

the 1905 Explosion of the Gunboat Bennington by Margaret G. Riddle, Merriam Press, Bennington, VT., 20112, 84 pp., illustrations, photographs, $18.95, softcover.

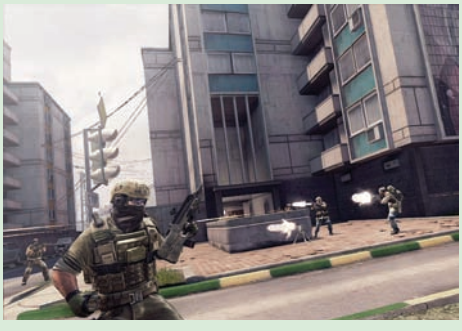


On the warm, summer evening of July 21, 1905, a massive explosion aboard the USS *Bennington*, a gunboat docked in San Diego Harbor, rocked the area. The resulting blast, caused by one of the ship's boilers, killed 66 seamen and wounded scores of others. The only officer to die that night was Ensign Newman K. Perry. A native of South Carolina, Perry was widely regarded as one of the most promising officers in the Navy. A 1901 graduate of the Naval Academy, he suffered burns to his face and the upper part of his body. His reported last words to a sailor lying alongside him were, "Good luck, old man; I'll meet you in heaven. We are all up against it this time, that's all."

In his honor, the Navy named a destroyer named after Perry in 1945. The ship saw service in the Atlantic and Pacific Theaters and extensive service off the coast of Vietnam. This book is another tribute to a promising young naval officer whose life ended prematurely in a freak accident. □

out while heading closer to the center of the map for some more densely clustered cover.

Some folks will find all three of these maps too large, but overall they're solid additions to the existing lineup. The only real concern continues to lie in the connection issues, which plagued more than a handful of games during each session. Even with two full teams, many of the key locations are spread far apart, keeping the actual white-knuckle firefights down to a minimum, as a lot of the time is spent on footwork, looking for opponents amidst the rubble or the rises. This gets better as the maps become more like second nature, but the heartening increase in familiarity is often dashed by disconnects and general lag.



At this point it would be understandable to wonder where all the arctic striking comes into play, and the answer to that question mostly comes in the form of the new Guerrilla Mode map, Arctic Base. For those who haven't played it, Guerilla Mode is a lot like *Gears of War*'s Horde Mode, in that you and your teammates have to cooperate to defend your base against 50 waves of enemies. Every 10 waves you have to switch headquarters, and *Arctic Base* offers a new snow-stacked location for the increasingly intense action to take place. Despite the change in locale, *Arctic Base* plays out like all the other Guerrilla Mode maps, with players forced to keep a tight lockdown on their HQ lest the enemy overrun it, spelling a potentially swift game over.

One of the last substantial additions to the DLC is the new Stockade Mode. This one has teammates locked out of action once killed, resigned to the queue until a surviving teammate captures an objective, prompting the others to respawn. The match ends when an entire team has been eliminated, but the real killer here is the extent of time spent waiting to respawn. For most people even a simple 10- to 15-second respawn counter can be grueling, so it's tough to imagine everyone dying to play the waiting game that Stockade Mode tends to offer in place of consistent action.

Even with Stockade being kind of a bust, there's plenty in this pack to warrant the asking price for those serious about extending their stay with *Ghost Recon: Future Soldier*. There are also six new weapons spread across three classes—Rifleman gets F2000 and CZS805, Scout gets Type 05 JS and BT MP9, and Engineer gets OCP-11 and Mk17—a level cap increase of +10 and, for those who fancy building their gamer clout, a few new achievements. The pack would be even more of a no-brainer if Ubisoft offered a less flawed online experience, but your mileage may vary, and this should still tide folks over until Activision unleashes *Call of Duty: Black Ops 2*. Or maybe *Medal of Honor Warfighter* is more your bag. Either way, *Ghost Recon* will have plenty of war games competing against its online affection later this year, so get it while it's ice cold. □

Continued from page 59

hesitation, Garibaldi led the defenders in one of their now-famous bayonet charges, which succeeded in capturing the town once and for all. With Sant' Angelo secure, Garibaldi immediately raced back to Santa Maria, where the defending commander had been wounded and the situation was once again imperiled.

Meanwhile, a Neapolitan force of 8,000 under von Mechel was pressing the attack several miles to the east, in the rear of the Garibaldini position. A vicious fight erupted around Maddaloni, where Bixio led the Garibaldini defense. But von Mechel inexplicably ruined any advantage he may have gained by dividing his force for a simultaneous attack in the northeast. After wandering aimlessly for some time, the second column eventually joined the battle and, following a bloody struggle of attrition, captured its objective of Caserta Vecchia. By that time, however, events in the east had been overshadowed by the decisive conclusion of the main battle in the west.

Arriving back in Santa Maria, Garibaldi quickly stabilized the situation. At 2 PM, with Neapolitan energy appearing spent, he unleashed a counterattack using reserves under Türr that until now had been carefully kept out of the fray. The counterattack, predictably conducted by bayonet charge, smashed into the Neapolitan line from Santa Maria to Sant' Angelo. As 1,500 Garibaldini struck the enemy from behind at Sant' Angelo, another column wedged in between the front and Capua, threatening Neapolitan communications. Over the course of the next three hours, the Garibaldini pushed the enemy back to their starting point at the Volturno. By nightfall the guns fell silent. All Neapolitan hopes of recapturing Naples were forever dashed.

The following day, Garibaldi set about reducing the Neapolitan defenders within Caserta Vecchia. All told, the Battle of the Volturno River cost Garibaldi 306 killed, 1,328 wounded, and 389 missing. As usual, Neapolitan losses were less—260 killed and 731 wounded—but the capitulation of Caserta Vecchia saw another 2,000 men lost as prisoners. Volturno was Garibaldi's largest battle. It also proved to be his last. As the fighting wound to a close, a lone Piedmontese battalion arrived on the field. Although it was too late to participate in the battle, its presence foreshadowed the inevitable end of Garibaldi's adventure.

Garibaldi wasted no time in preparing to storm Capua and cross the Volturno. Mazzini and the republicans, aware of the approaching Piedmontese army, pleaded with him to march on Rome, but Garibaldi had no intention of challenging Victor Emmanuel. Besides, a large Neapolitan army still stood in the way, and its destruction was his first and only priority.

The main Piedmontese army crossed into Neapolitan territory on October 15. To the delight of Cavour, who feared and prepared for a clash with Garibaldi, the king ordered the redshirted volunteers to cease all military activities. Garibaldi complied with the demand, although he saw no reason for it. He would get his chance to discuss matters with the king personally later. In the meantime, his thoughts were concentrated on the beleaguered Neapolitans, who had withdrawn behind the Garigliano River, leaving 12,000 men to defend Capua.

As arriving Piedmontese troops filed past Garibaldi, there was not a single comradely salute—an inkling of the disappointment to come. Garibaldi and Victor Emmanuel met on October 26. It was not the glorious occasion the adventurer had anticipated. Garibaldi's usefulness at an end, the king now imagined him a potential impediment. "Your troops are tired," he told the general, "Mine are fresh. It is my turn now." For the volunteers, there would be no decorations, promotions, or victory parade. Garibaldi himself was offered a promotion as general in the Piedmontese army, but feeling patronized, he angrily refused.

There was one final humiliation in store for the cheated volunteers. During their meeting, Victor Emmanuel had promised Garibaldi that he would review the brave men who had battled for him against impossible odds from Marsala to the Volturno. On the appointed day, however, the king left them literally standing in the rain. Among those who waited were 426 of the original Thousand. It was hardly the ideal end to their glorious adventure. "They think men are like oranges," Garibaldi lamented. "You squeeze out every last drop of juice, then throw away the peel."

The Army of Piedmont rather than Garibaldi's volunteers went on to capture Capua and, following a series of bloody repulses, eventually defeat the remnants of the Neapolitan army beyond the Garigliano. Garibaldi would not be present to witness the fruits of his labor. His efforts had stirred a revolution that toppled a kingdom, but that revolution would now be steered by others. On November 9 he gave up his dictatorial powers and set sail for Caprera. As his vessel exited the harbor, British warships fired a salvo in salute to the man who had risked more than anyone to unify Italy. The guns of the Piedmontese fleet remained silent. □

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