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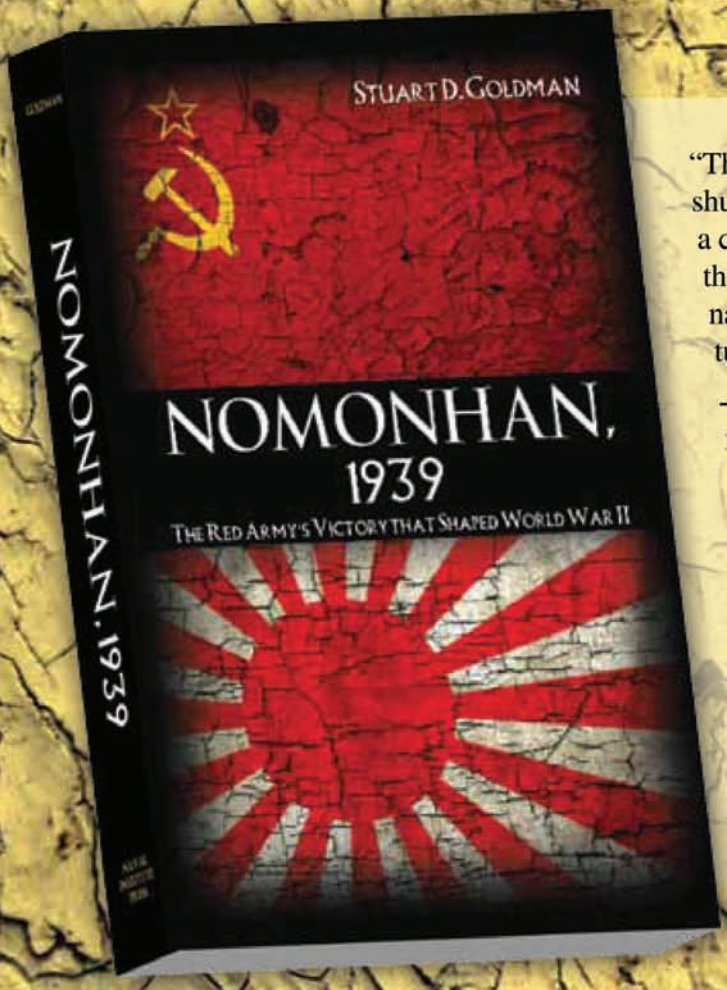

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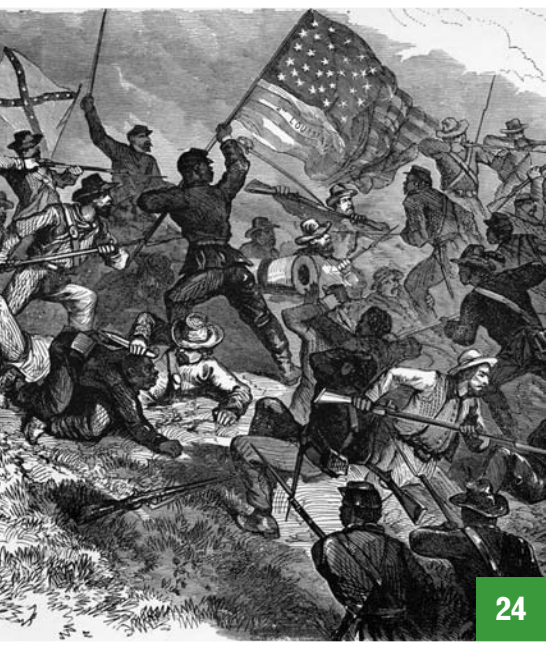
24


32

MILITARY HERITAGE

June 2012

features


54

columns

COVER: A soldier from the British 41st Regiment as he might have looked at the Battle of the Thames, 1813. See story page 46. Painting by Don Troiani, www.historicalimagebank.com.

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The War of 1812 was the first, but hardly the last, inconclusive war in American history. As such, it seems all too contemporary.

THE WAR OF 1812, MARKING ITS BICENTENNIAL THIS month, remains perhaps the least remembered and most misunderstood conflict in American history. Its controversial beginning and inconclusive end mark it as the first—but hardly the last—war the United States would wage without unconditional triumph. In that way, at least, the War of 1812 seems all too contemporary.

Like most of the wars of the early 19th century, the War of 1812 was an extension of the Napoleonic wars between Great Britain and France. Determined to cut off trade between the United States and France, the British arrogantly enforced a series of measures, encoded as the Orders in Council, that were anathema to their former colonists. They blockaded American and European ports, stopped American vessels on the high seas, and impressed American sailors whom they suspected of being British citizens—often with little or no evidence to back up their suspicions. Worst of all, they armed and encouraged Native American resistance to westward expansion, intruding with bad faith and worse intentions into American domestic politics.

The British had good military and economic reasons for wanting to hinder trade between the United States and its great ally in the Revolutionary War, but they went about it with the same characteristic high-handedness they had exhibited prior to the American Revolution. With antiwar sentiment running high in New England, the British cynically played American politicians against one another. President James Madison, they judged, was a weak-kneed career diplomat with little stomach for war. They were right to a degree, but they neglected one important factor—national pride. Only three decades removed from the War of Independence against these same British overlords, Americans were proud and touchy about their identity as a new nation. With good reason, they resented British interference in their internal affairs. When pushed too far, even the squishy Madison could not hold back the onrushing tide of pro-war sentiment, particularly in the southern and western regions of the country where his own political support, not incidentally, was the strongest.

The resultant war was one of highly mixed results for both the United States and Great Britain. Surprising American victories at sea, highlighted by Captain Oliver Hazard Perry's remarkable victory at Lake Erie and his memorable phrase, "We have met the enemy and they are ours," were undercut by a disgraceful showing by the American army at the Battle of Bladensburg. The resultant burning of the White House, the Capitol, and other Washington, D.C., buildings was a national humiliation. But American successes in the Old Northwest, including the Battle of the Thames (see article, page 46), broke the back of the British-Indian conspiracy and opened the way for further immigration on the frontier. And the heroic stand at Fort McHenry literally gave Americans a new national anthem.

American invasions of Canada did not succeed nearly as well, and indeed fueled a sense of Canadian national identity similar to America's own. At the same time, American forces successfully turned back British invasions in upstate New York, Baltimore, and New Orleans. The lattermost victory, ironically coming two weeks after the Treaty of Ghent had officially ended the war, gave the United States its next great hero—Andrew Jackson, himself a symbolically appropriate mixture of southerner and westerner.

As befits a perplexing and inconclusive war, historians ever since have argued over who actually won the War of 1812. The Treaty of Ghent did not name an official winner; it merely reverted both sides to their prewar positions. But by not losing the war, the United States could plausibly claim that it had fought the world's greatest power to a standstill for the second time in 30 years. Few other nations—ask Napoleon Bonaparte how well it worked out for him—could make the same claim.

Roy Morris Jr.

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By Arnold Blumberg

The German Army struggled to come up with countermeasures to combat the Allied employment of tanks in World War I.

THE SOMME OFFENSIVE, WHICH BEGAN ON JULY 1, 1916, HAD BY late that month deteriorated into a series of small, costly actions. Hoping to revive the attack, the British Army launched another major offensive on September 15. Spearheading the new effort were tanks, a British secret weapon designed to crush the German barbed-wire and machine gun-laced trench system that had brutally resisted all Allied attempts to end the bloody stalemate on the Western Front. The first ever use of tanks on the battlefield so unnerved the Germans facing them that, according to a British soldier witnessing the event, "[the tanks] were frightening the Jerries out of their wits and making them scuttle like frightened rabbits."

Despite the surprise their appearance caused to the Germans, the small number of underpowered, slow steel behemoths failed to gain a decisive victory for the Allies. The battle petered out by mid-November, and the front returned to its prior stagnant condition. Although the first British use of tanks proved to be premature, its employment by the Allies would no doubt continue. Realizing this, the Germans looked for ways to combat the unnerving new threat.

German soldiers and horses panic under the treads of a surprise British tank attack during the Battle of the Somme in 1916.

Bridgeman Art Library

Exaggerated stories of the Germans being dumbstruck and running for their lives in their first encounter with the new British "land cruisers" belied the fact that the German Army moved quickly and effectively to develop antitank techniques. They were aided by the moonscape terrain of the Western Front, the mechanical unreliability of the first tanks, and some bizarre attempts to make the new weapon more effective. For example, the early French practice of installing extra fuel tanks on top of their armored fighting vehicles in order to extend their range guaranteed the prompt incineration of both tanks and crews by accurate enemy fire.

After the debut of the tank on the modern battlefield, German infantrymen took on tanks like any other targets: aiming for openings in the armor, throwing hand grenades and using direct fire from field guns over open sights. Within a week of the first appearance of the tanks, German planners had gained from captured tank crews and documents a good appreciation of the new weapon and its abilities and limitations.

One of the first and most effective antitank measures sprang from the natural tendency of men in combat to shoot at the enemy with everything they had. Tanks drew fire from everywhere, sufficiently intense to strip away any friendly infantry support in the vicinity. The tank by itself

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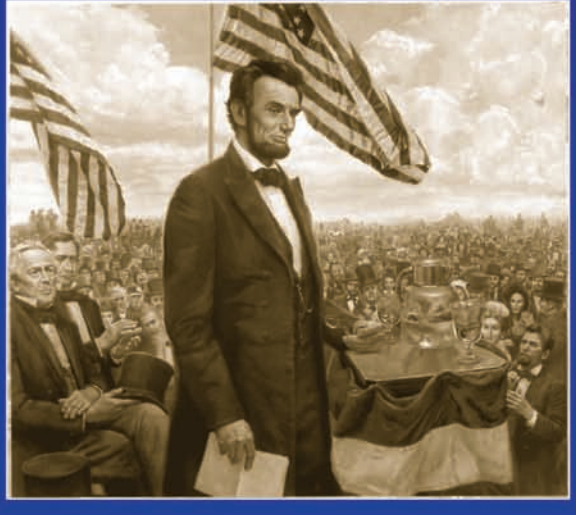

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was also vulnerable, and the initial German tactic was to throw everything they had at the steel monsters. To eliminate, or least dampen down "tank fright," German infantry were drilled in assaulting knocked-out armored vehicles to learn the tank's weaknesses and instill confidence in the attacking foot soldiers. An early frontline improvisation, the Geballte Ladung, or baled charge, was introduced. This was made by wrapping around a German "potato masher" hand grenade the heads of six other grenades to be thrown into one of the tank's

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ABOVE: German infantry climb over the remains of a British Mark IV tank knocked out during the Battle of Cambrai. BELOW: The German Tank Abwehr Gewehr, or T Rifle, weighed 37 pounds and required a two-man crew to carry it. LEFT: A mustachioed German solider flings a Geballte Ladung, or bundle of grenades, at an Allied tank or bunker.

Wikipedia Commons

many openings. A swift improvement on the weapon took the form of a half-dozen grenades being put in a sandbag with one grenade's fuse pulled just prior to placement on the tank.

Taking into account the great risk to a trooper using the grenades-in-a-sack method, safer alternatives were sought. One of the more effective was the K-round. This was a bullet with a tungsten carbide core instead of the soft alloys used in normal small-arms rounds. First employed to punch holes in the metal plates protecting enemy machine-gun and sniper positions, the K-round, when fired from German machine guns, would pierce 6mm- to 12mm-thick armored protection, causing injuries to crewmen inside and stopping the proper operation of the tank. The Germans quickly learned that the best way to us the K-round-spewing machine guns as tank killers was to post them in groups of two, mutually supported by other machine-gun groups and echeloned in depth behind the front lines. Like the use of grenades, the K-round was an ad hoc measure developed by frontline troops in response to an emergency situation. At this point in the war, no comprehensive directive was forthcoming from the German Army High Command on how to deal with the tank threat.

By March 1917, British tank design had progressed to a point where special steel plates fitted on tanks could defeat the armor-piercing capability of the K bullets. The Germans took up the challenge by inventing an antitank rifle known as the Tank Abwehr Gewehr. A military version of the prewar elephant gun, the Mauser-built T Rifle, as it was commonly called, was five feet, five inches long, weighed 37 pounds, and used a 13.7mm round. Effective at a range of 120 yards, it required a two-man crew to lug it and its ammunition. Its limited range, which exposed shooters to retaliatory action, as well as its neck-breaking recoil, made the weapon very inaccurate and unpopular with the troops. The men who had to operate the beast discovered that grouping four to six of the rifles just behind the first trench system was the most effective way to use the T Rifle. Experience showed that its best employment was against tanks that had broken through the front and could be stalked using natural or manmade cover.

In tandem with fire and grenade attacks against enemy armor were early attempts by the German soldiers to create lethal physical barriers between themselves and approaching tanks. This too was an improvised program. Headquarters in the rear continued to evince a strange complacency about tanks, coming to the unwarranted conclusion that they were not a serious threat so long as the men at the front kept their wits about them. Hoping to keep more than just their wits, German soldiers quickly began to develop additional antitank defenses. The first were based on terrain modification. Wherever possible, the area fronting a position would be flooded to create swamp-like conditions to prevent tank movement. Additional measures were used to make the terrain inhospitable to tank movements, with especially deep trenches—12 feet wide and 15 feet deep—dug to prevent access.

The Allies quickly provided bridging equipment that allowed them to cross these new trench barriers. In desperation, German soldiers tried to construct wooden stockades to restrict the movement of tanks. Not surprisingly, these wooden obstacles proved rather frail barriers for even the earliest tanks. Next, tank pits (large holes topped with camouflaged lids) were designed to swallow a tank whole. This proved a failure on two counts: the effort was usually discovered by enemy reconnaissance and the obstacles were avoided, or the pits were destroyed by pre-assault artillery bombardment that might happen to fall inadvertently on the holes.

With the failure to slow the advance of tanks with terrain modifications such as trenches and pits, the Germans turned to direct projectile fire as their best bet to beat the tank menace. The problem with this seemingly reasonable assumption was that artillery fire came from guns in the rear of the German lines. Indirect fire at great distances on targets that were relatively small and moving—albeit only at four miles per hour—over a wide area of undulating ground wrapped in artificial smoke seriously inhibited the proper sighting of the guns.

The Germans turned to another tank-stopping method—mines. Within weeks of the first appearance of British tanks on the Somme, antitank mines were being designed and used. The first antitank mines used by the Germans was merely artillery or mortar shells whose nose fuse was replaced with a cartridge case, covered by wooden planks, with nails driven through them to create pressure points which would detonate the shell as the vehicle passed over. The concept was refined to include a pivot board that released a pin from a spring-loaded striker to set off the shell when a tank passed over it. One improvement was the 12-pound Flachmine 17, a tarred wooden box packed with explosives and a main charge with four spring percussion detonators at the top. These detonators could be triggered by either a pressure fuse or a remote-controlled electrical current running to the mine from a power source located back in the German trench system.

These improvised explosive devices proved too dangerous and time-consuming to be of any great practical use. As a result, very few were created. Their use was also mitigated by the attitude of German army commanders that the tank was not a serious threat. This strange mindset changed considerably after the Battle of Cambrai in November 1917. There, 200 tanks led the initial assault, rousing German commanders from their doubts as to the concrete threat from Allied tanks. Their response was to build a better antitank mine, a 13-inch wooden box filled with eight pounds of gun cotton. A spring-restrained bar was placed over the contraption, and when it was depressed by the weight of a tank, the mine fired. The power of the resulting explosion was strong enough to damage a tank's track and put the vehicle out of the fight.

Just as antitank mines were becoming more specialized, so were the men assigned to make and place them. One regular noncommissioned officer assisted by five enlisted soldiers made up a special mine-laying detail. They not only were responsible for constructing the weapon, but its placement and removal as well. Incen-

tives used to attract volunteers for the hazardous duty included additional pay, extra rations, and liberal leaves.

The Germans at first laid their mines in predictable places: on roads leading to important defensive positions and strongpoints. As the war continued, a more methodical placement of antitank mines developed. Large numbers were buried behind barbed-wire picket fences in two rows, with two yards separating each mine from another. Whenever possible, mines were put on the enemy side of the fence, two yards in advance of the friendly line. Surprisingly, neither the Allies nor the Germans used antipersonnel mines to protect their antitank minefields during the war.

Australian War Memorial

German frontline troops set up a 75mm Minenwerfer trench mortar to use against British tanks in October 1918.

By 1918, German antitank mines had grown in size and power. They now consisted of an 18-by-14-inch square wooden box, eight inches high, that was buried 10 inches in the ground. Fourteen pounds of gun cotton filled the container. A hinged lid, when depressed, brought pressure to bear on a firing lever connected to a detonator. Their potential destructiveness was revealed in September 1918, when 10 out of 35 British Mark V tanks (on loan to the United States Army's 301st Tank Battalion) were put out of commission when their tracks and bottoms were torn apart after running into a minefield. During the 1918 battles of Saint Mihiel, Third Aisne, the Selle River and the Meuse-Argonne, it is estimated that 15 percent of American tank losses were caused by German mines.

As the war progressed, the Germans determined that the best counter to tanks was direct fire. By early 1917, the high command directed each regiment to have two field guns placed in fortified positions to its front for use as a tank deterrent. This unimaginative order was little obeyed since line commanders realized that such a static target would shortly be obliterated by enemy fire. German officers started to look around for more mobile platforms to act as antitank weapons.

The most used artillery field gun in an anti-tank role was the 77mm FK16, which had a range of almost 10,000 yards and weighed 2,900 pounds. It used armor-piecing steel-pointed shells, and its relatively light weight allowed it to be transported on wagons or trucks. The FK16s made an impressive showing at Cambrai. Along with other light field guns such as the 75mm Austrian Mountain Gun M15, they could be manhandled by storm trooper detachments as they advanced. Another artillery weapon produced late in the war to ward off tank attacks was the 75mm Minenwerfer. A light trench mortar with a flat trajectory and excellent accuracy, it caused considerable comment among British tank crews, but its short 550-yard range made it vulnerable to enemy machine-gun fire.

A number of German antitank field guns were made during the war, including the 37mm TAK Rheinmetall, which was designed to replace the Minenwerfer. In the end, very few reached the war zone before hostilities ceased in November

1918. A low-velocity, short-barreled, rapid-firing 37mm gun was also used in an antitank role. A number of these truck-borne guns saw action at Cambrai with good effect.

The main tactic for German artillery acting in an antitank capacity during the war was the creation of gun batteries placed between the front lines and the main artillery zone. Concealed whenever possible, the pieces were used to ambush enemy tanks that might have breached the front. As the war progressed, artillery was stationed in specially constructed antitank forts positioned at spots thought to be vulnerable to tank attack. These fortifications were built to provide mutually supporting fire.

Not surprisingly, given the German Army's faith in the spirit of the fighting man to overcome any obstacle, one of its favored tank-busting weapons remained the tank-killing infantry squad. The squad operated in areas that gave it the protection, cover, and the opportunity to safely approach its quarry. Trench systems, town streets, and woods were its preferred environment. Forgoing the use of antitank rifles, which would slow their movement and potential for a surprise attack, the tank-killing squads preferred grenades and demolition charges as their weapons

When a target was approached, light machine guns would rake the area, dispersing any enemy infantry supporting the tanks as well as blinding the crewmen with bullets directed at the tank apertures. While the supporting rifle and automatic fire took place, those carrying the explosives, known as "bombers," would rush the vehicle and place their charges on it, usually on the tracks. After a tank was disabled, its crew might continue the fight, using the immobilized tank as a pillbox. The killer squads would then have to stick around and direct friendly artillery fire on the tank to finish it off.

Despite the determined and often ingenious countermeasures used by the German Army in World War I, tanks on the battlefield were here to stay. Twenty years later, in World War II, they would help the Allies overrun Germany and tilt the outcome of the war in a way that they had been unable to accomplish in their first war. □

National Archives

German stormtroopers manhandle a 75mm mountain howitzer pressed into service as an anti-tank gun.

By Chuck Lyons

Henry Lawton served in the U.S. Army for 35 years, from the Civil War to the Philippines, leading the force that captured Geronimo.

ON AUGUST 3, 1864, NEAR ATLANTA, GEORGIA, CAPTAIN HENRY Lawton of Indiana led a group of Union skirmishers in a charge against Confederate rifle pits. Lawton and his men took the pits and held them, successfully beating beat back two enemy counterattacks. For his actions that day, Lawton was awarded the Medal of Honor. But what for many would have been the pinnacle of a military career was only the beginning for Lawton. He was to continue in the army for the next 35 years and rise to the rank of major general.

Military in bearing, tall (he was six-four), with a flowing mustache, Lawton had the distinguished look of a military leader. He embodied the heart of a warrior as well, refusing to take shelter when under fire and always staying at the front with his men, who consequently adored him. Lawton modeled himself after the great British war leaders of the past, going so far as adopting the British pith helmet for his personal use. He quickly became a darling of the American press and a legend to the American public. And he won battles, which helped his popularity immensely.

Lawton was born March 17, 1843, in Maumee, Ohio, but moved with his family to Fort Wayne, Indiana, where he grew up. He was studying at the Methodist Episcopal College there when the Civil War began and was one of the first men there to answer Pesident Abraham Lincoln's call for three-month volunteers, signing on as a private with the 9th Indiana Volunteers. He mustered out on July 21, 1861, and returned home to Indiana before reenlisting in the 30th Indiana Volunteers in August. He was promoted to first lieutenant that same month and to captain in May 1862. By the end of the war, Lawton had reached the rank of brevet colonel, a promotion he received for distinguished service in the field. During the war he saw action in some 22 engagements, including Shiloh, Corinth, Stones River, and Chickamauga, as well as in the Atlanta campaign, where he was awarded his Medal of Honor.

After the war, Lawton left the army to study law at Harvard but, urged on by General Philip Sheridan, he accepted a second lieutenant's commission in July 1866 and trav-

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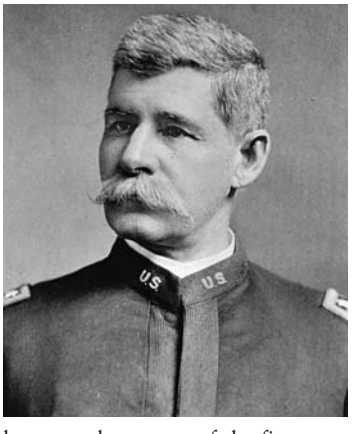

In this painting by Donna Neary, American infantry under heavy fire engage insurgents during the Philippines insurrection. Major General Henry Lawton, right, led the U.S. forces.

National Guard Heritage Series

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Lawton, lower center wearing the tall hat, photographed with B Troop, 4th Cavalry, during the forced relocation of Chiricahua Apaches from Arizona to Florida in 1886. Geronimo is pictured, center row, third from left.

eled west to serve under the famed Indian fighter Colonel Ranald S. Mackenzie. He saw action with the 41st and 24th Infantry Regiments and eventually with the 4th Cavalry and was commended for his "vigilance and zeal, rapidity and persistence of pursuit" and "for [his] great skill, perseverance, and gallantry." Lawton was involved with Mackenzie in 1874 in the fight at Palo Duro Canyon in the Texas Panhandle.

In March 1879, Lawton was promoted to captain, and in 1886 he was named to command Troop B of the 4th Cavalry out of Ft. Huachuca, Arizona. There, he was selected to lead an expedition into Mexico against the feared Apache warrior Geronimo and some 50 of his followers who had escaped from the White Mountain reservation. Lawton and his men chased the Indians for some 2,000 miles. During the chase he employed a recent British invention, the heliograph, to keep in touch with his scouts and patrols. The heliograph, which had been developed by the British Signal Corps in India, used reflected sunlight to send messages in Morse code. Since it weighed only seven pounds, it was ideally suited for desert use.

Lawton's expedition finally tracked down Geronimo in Mexico, where he and his remaining 17 followers surrendered to a small party led by Lieutenant Charles Gatewood. Lawton led the captives back north to Skeleton Canyon in southern Arizona, where the Apaches officially surrendered to General Nelson Miles on September 4. The Indians were moved 60 miles north to Fort Bowie and then shuttled to several different locations before finally being setted in Oklahoma, ironically near the site of what would eventually become Lawton, Oklahoma.

The Apache leader himself credited his capture to Lawton's tenacious pursuit, which gave the Apaches little chance to rest or remain in one place for long. Miles called Lawton's expedition "a remarkable pursuit," noting that it had crossed 10,000-foot-high mountains and traveled through canyons "where the heat in July and August was of tropical intensity."

On September 17, 1888, Lawton was promoted to major and made inspector general of the army in Arizona. The following year he was promoted to lieutenant colonel, and in May 1898 he was named a brigadier general and assumed command of the 2nd Infantry Divi-

sion, V Corps, which was being sent to Cuba, where the Spanish-American War had recently broken out.

It was in Cuba, and later in the Philippines, that Lawton was to reach his greatest glory. His 6,000-man 2nd Division spearheaded the invasion of Cuba at Daiquiri, a shallow beach 18 miles east of Santiago, on June 22, 1898. He was also called on to successsfully assist Maj. Gen. Joseph Wheeler, who had met stiffer than expected resistance at Las Guasimas.

After the landing, Lawton began leading his men west toward Santiago, meeting only scattered resistance. As the force approached the city, Lawton was delegated to take El Caney, six miles northeast of Santiago and guarding the city's flank. El Caney, it was believed, should be taken in two or three hours, after which Lawton was to march his men along the main road and take a position on the right flank of the force assembling to attack San Juan Hill.

The attack on El Caney was slated for daybreak July 1, with Lawton's men supported by only one light artillery battery. At 6:30 AM, the artillery opened up on the dug-in Spanish positions at El Chaney including its strongpoint, the fort of El Viso. The infantry began firing at 7 AM, but it soon became clear that the position would not fall in the proposed two or three hours. In fact, the 521 Spanish defenders were to hold out for a full eight hours.

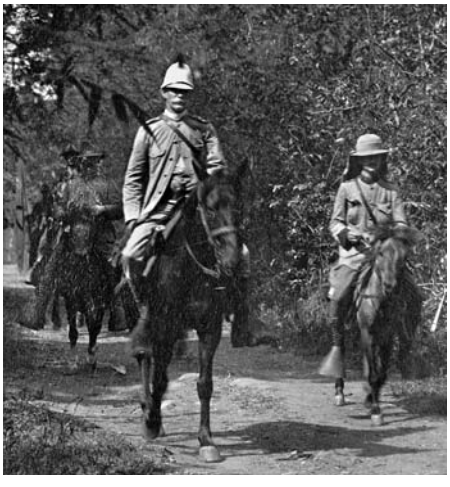
At noon, Maj. Gen. William Shafter, who was in overall command, ordered Lawton to drop the El Caney attack, fearing the American forces were becoming too spread out. Lawton replied that withdrawal would be tantamount to defeat and that his forces were too deeply engaged to withdraw. Shafter conceded, and the attack continued.

Shortly afterward, Lawton's artillery, which had been firing with little effect all morning, finally got the range of the fort, and at about 3 PM the 12th infantry overwhelmed El Viso. Some 235 of the defenders were killed or wounded and another 120 made prisoner. On the American side, Lawton suffered heavy casualties, seeing 81 of his men killed and another 360 wounded. Following the battle, Lawton moved to the right of the American line at San Juan Hill, with orders to link up with the rest of the forces on July 2. They subsequently took part in the famous attack on San Juan Hill and the ensuing siege of Santiago.The city capitulated on July 4.

Lawton was named one of Shafter's negotiators at the surrender talks and was present at the formal Spanish surrender on July 17. He was appointed military governor of Santiago province before being reassigned for health reasons to command IV Corps in Huntsville, Alabama. At the time, it was believed by some that Lawton's alleged heavy drinking was the actual reason for his reassignment. Rumors of excessive drinking had haunted him throughout his career and would continue to haunt him throughout the Philippines campaign.

Both: National Archives

ABOVE: Union Captain Henry Lawton, photographed during the Civil War, was awarded the Medal of Honor for his actions near Atlanta, Georgia in 1864. BELOW: Lawton, in his familiar pith helmet, near Malolos, Philippines.



Back in the States, Lawton attracted the attention of President William McKinley, who had heard of Lawton's exploits, and he offered the stateside general command of field forces in the Philippines. At the time there was no fighting in the islands. A nasty conflict was to break out shortly thereafter, however, between the United States and Philippine insurgents who objected to the United States takeover of the islands. Maj. Gen. Elwell Otis was given overall command of the Philippine operations. Lawton sailed in January 1899, believing he would be in charge of field forces in the islands as McKinley had indicated, while Otis would handle mainly administrative affairs.

The arrangement, or at least Lawton's understanding of it, led to numerous conflicts between the two generals. By this time, Lawton had built his reputation to almost legendary status with the American public. He was immensely popular with his troops and also with the press, which he assiduously cultivated. He consciously modeled himself on a British colonial officer, wearing a pith helmet, sporting a well-groomed look, and riding erect on a coal-black horse or striding distainfully along the front line of an engagement. One observer called him "America's Lord Kitchener," referring to the popular and successful British soldier of roughly the same period. With his flowing mustache, great height, and imposing presence, Lawton provided a stark contrast to the far less vital looking Otis, who was considered timid and secretive by his troops and indeed may have been the only officer in the Philippines who never saw any actual fighting.

Hostilities had broken out in the islands on February 4, 1899, when Private William Grayson of the Nebraska Volunteers fired at a group of Filipinos approaching his position, provoking an armed response that quickly escalated into a full-scale war as shooting spread up and down the 10-mile-long U.S.-Filipino lines, causing hundreds of casualties. By the end of the conflict in 1902, a total of 4,234 American troops had been killed and 2,818 wounded, against an estimated 20,000 Filipino combat deaths and possibly as many as 200,000 civilian deaths, mostly from disease and privation connected with the fighting.

Lawton, who arrived in March, immediately responded to the fighting, employing counterinsurgency tactics to combat the Filipino fighters, tactics based in large part on what he had learned fighting Indians in the American West. He quickly won victories at San Isidro, Santa Cruz, and San Rafael, continuing his style of "leading from the front," a technique that had worked well for him in the Civil War and the West.

Otis relegated Lawton mainly to diversionary attacks and smaller operations while giving the major operations to General Arthur McArthur, whose son Douglas would direct Philippine operations in World War II. Undaunted, Lawton was able to turn those minor operations into victories.

By autumn, Lawton had been placed in charge of the defenses of the capital city of Manila and was pushing the insurgents north when, waiting for Otis's permission for a major movement, he led a "scout in force" north of the city. On December 18, 1899, accompanied

by a correspondent from *Harper's Weekly* and leading two squadrons of cavalry and three battalions of infantry from Manila in very heavy rain, Lawton assaulted San Mateo, a long-time nationalist stronghold 18 miles from Manila. There, he was met with only weak oppositon, about 250 guerrillas who were defending the place, and his men took San Mateo easily.

Near the end of the fighting, one of Lawton's staff officers was shot in the side and fell in an exposed positon. Lawton, making a conspicuous target in his bright yellow slicker and his customary pith helmet, ran to the officer's side and began directing the construction of a litter to remove the lieutenant from the field. As he stood over the wounded man, Lawton suddenly threw up his head, clenched his teeth, and pressed the palm of his left hand against his chest. Asked where he had been hit, he said, "Through the lung," stood for a few seconds, and then collapsed dead into the arms of his aide de camp.

In a double irony, the sharpshooter who had killed Lawton was under the command of a general named Licerio Geronimo, and the night before Lawton's death, President McKinley had instructed the War Department to prepare his promotion to major general. Lawton was the highest ranking American officer to fall in battle in either the Spanish-American or Philippine wars.

Library of Congress

This newspaper illustration shows Lawton as he was fatally shot while coming to the aid of a wounded officer.

Secretary of War Elihu Root ordered flags to be flown at half-mast, badges of mourning to be worn, and 13-gun salutes to be fired at every American military post and station. Lawton, he wrote, "leaves to his comrades and his country the memory and example of dauntless courage, of unsparing devotion to duty, of manly character, and of high qualities of command with which he inspired his troops with his own indomitable spirit."

Theodore Roosevelt, a close friend of Lawton who rode his own fame in the Spanish-American War into the vice presidency and the White House, later remarked that he would have chosen Lawton as his secretary of war had he lived. William Howard Taft, who ultimately was Roosevelt's choice, later went on to be president in his own right.

Lawton's body was given a state funeral at Manila, which *Harper's Weekly* called "the most imposing ever seen in the city," before his body was exhumed and taken back to the United States. In San Francisco, an estimated 30,000 people lined the streets to watch Lawton's funeral procession pass between the harbor and the railway depot, where the body was placed on a train and taken to Washington, D.C. Lawton's final resting place is Arlington National Cemetery.

A subscription was raised for Lawton's widow, the former Mary Craig of Kentucky, and she wore black for the rest of her life. Today, the fallen general is remembered through Fort Lawton, near Seattle, Washington, and Lawton, Oklahoma, both of which were named in his honor. □

By Todd Avery Raffensperger

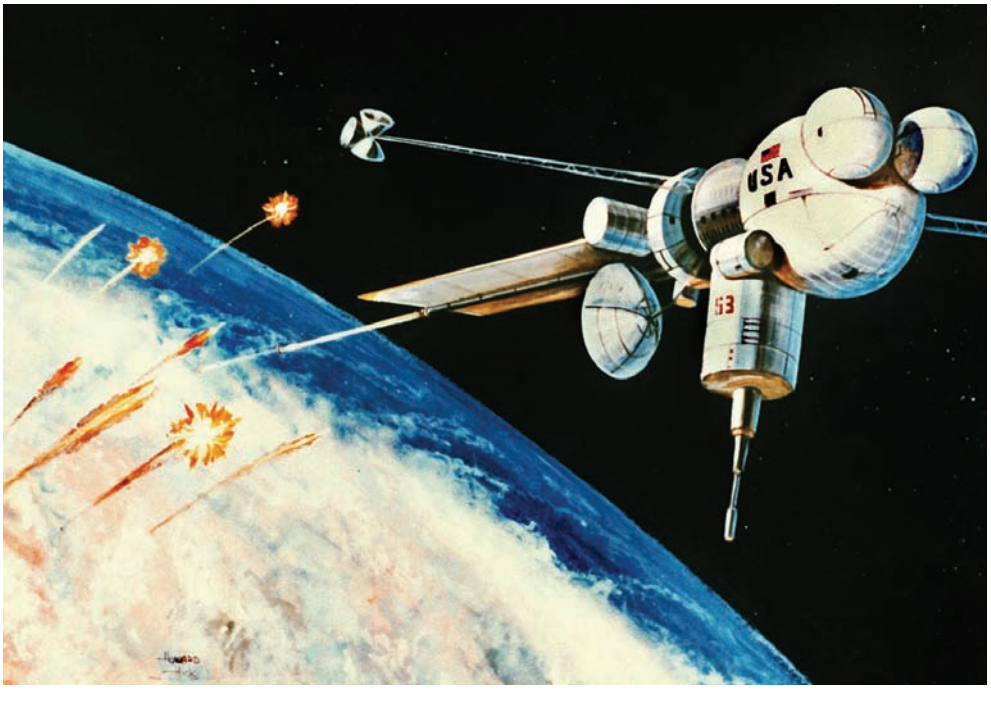
How close did the world come to a nuclear war in 1983? The fierce rhetoric of President Ronald Reagan certainly rattled the Russians.

ON THE NIGHT OF NOVEMBER 20, 1983, ARMAGEDDON WENT PRIME time. Over 100 million Americans tuned in to the ABC television network to watch the two-hour drama *The Day After.* This depiction of a hypothetical nuclear attack on the United States attracted a great deal of publicity and controversy. Schools made watching the film a homework assignment, discussion groups were organized in communities across the country, and even the secretary of state at the time, George Schulz, took part in a question-and-answer session hosted by ABC after the film's broadcast. That a mere made-for-TV movie could garner such attention from a leading figure in the Reagan administration indicates how real the fear of a nuclear apocalypse was at the time. But almost no one watching that Sunday night realized just how close fiction came to reality in the fall of 1983.

The possibility of the world's two greatest military powers destroying each other and the earth n a full-scale thermonuclear war was a fear shared by many throughout the world. At the time, both the United States and the USSR maintained huge nuclear arsenals of over 20,000 nuclear warheads each. In North America and Western Europe, nuclear freeze movements were gaining new members daily, with mass demonstrations that routinely numbered in the tens of thousands.

World events seemed to only reaffirm people's fears. It was the third year of the presidency of Ronald Reagan, a man who had built his political career on a virulent hatred for all things communist. His 1980 victory over incumbent President Jimmy Carter had largely been the result of his hard-line stance against the Russians. A former film actor with a natural flair for the dramatic, Reagan both inspired and shocked people with his hardcore rhetoric, such as his statement before the British House of Commons in 1982 that the Marxist ideology would be relegated to the "ash heap of history." Perhaps his most memorable and antagonistic remarks came on March 8, 1983, when Reagan referred to the Soviet Union as the "focus of evil in the modern world" and an "evil empire."

The actions of the Reagan admin-



Both: National Archives

BELOW: An artist's interpretation of the Strategic Defense Initiative Program, nicknamed "Star Wars."

RIGHT: Pershing II Intermediate Range Ballistic Missile.

ABC

Thermonuclear war hits the United States in this graphic scene from the ABC television movie, *The Day After,* which aired on November 20, 1983.

istration in its first three years backed up his uncompromising rhetoric. To match the USSR's huge expenditures on its armed forces, Reagan and Secretary of Defense Casper Weinberger initiated one of the largest peacetime military buildups in American history. Weapons programs such as the M1 Abrams tank, Trident nuclear submarine, and Stealth bomber were accelerated, while previously cancelled programs such as the B1 Lancer strategic bomber and the MX Missile were resurrected. To achieve the goal of creating a 600-ship navy, the Defense Department brought all four of its mammoth World War II-era Iowa-class battleships out of mothballs and returned them to active duty.

On March 23, 1983, Reagan took the superpower rivalry to a new level when he unveiled the Strategic Defense Initiative Program during a live television address. The SDI program, more popularly referred to as "Star Wars," was to provide an orbital shield that would protect the United States—at least partly—from a nuclear strike. Reagan and supporters of the project argued that such a defense network, while not being able to completely block a full-scale strike from Russia, would at least cut down its effectiveness considerably and would be able to destroy smaller scale strikes, accidental nuclear launches, or missile attacks from rogue states. Reagan proposed to share the technology with the Soviets in a bid to eliminate the threat of nuclear war altogether.

To Yuri Andropov, then general secretary of the USSR, Reagan's intentions spelled trouble. Andropov had dedicated his entire life to defending the Soviet Union, whether as a member of the partisans fighting behind German lines during World War II or as head of the Soviet secret police, the KGB. His supreme ambition to lead the nation had been realized with the death of Leonid Brezhnev in November 1982.

Andropov was scared to death of Ronald Reagan. He sincerely believed that Reagan meant what he said about the Soviet Union being an evil empire and seeing himself as a crusader who would not have any qualms in ordering the USSR's destruction. During the summer and fall of 1983, events only served to add fuel to Andropov's burning fears. In Western Europe, the United States prepared to deploy the latest generation of Intermediate Range Ballistic Missiles (IRBM), the Pershing II. The Pershing missiles were a countermove to the Soviet deployment of the larger SS-20 IRBMs. But while the SS-20s could only reach targets in Western Europe, the Pershing IIs had the range to hit targets inside the USSR itself. It represented a new threat that the Soviets found intolerable.

In April and May of that year, as the rhetoric between Washington and Moscow escalated, the United States Navy conducted a series of fleet exercises in the Northwest Pacific known as FLEETEX 83. With more than 40 warships massed into three carrier battle groups, it was the largest concentration of American naval might in the Western Pacific since World War II. The massive exercise involved the counterclockwise sweep of these waters with the extreme right flank of the formation coming close to Russia's Kamchatka Peninsula. Round-the-clock air operations from the carriers *Enterprise, Coral Sea,* and *Midway* were meant to make the Soviets respond by putting their eastern air bases on constant alert. During the course of the maneuvers, a combined flight of six F-14 Tomcat fighters from *Midway* and *Enterprise* flew over Zelyony Island in the Kuril Archipelago, a violation of Soviet airspace that the U.S. Navy later insisted was an accident, an explanation that the Soviets obviously did not accept.

National Archives

FLEETEX 83 was only the largest effort to taunt and tease the Russian bear. Throughout the summer, Navy and Air Force reconnaissance aircraft repeatedly violated Soviet airspace, forcing the Soviet Air Force to constantly scramble its fighter planes to intercept violators. By the time the Soviet planes were in the air, the American planes would already have left the USSR and been on their way back to base. Furious leaders in Moscow put increasing pressure on their pilots to be more aggressive with the American intruders. This increasingly tense game of cat-and-mouse laid the groundwork for one of the most tragic episodes of the Cold War.

On the night of September 1, Soviet fighters scrambled yet again, this time because an American RC-135 reconnaissance plane had flown into Soviet airspace in the area of the Sakhalin Islands. The RC-135 was a modified Boeing 707, an aircraft regularly used as a commercial air liner but also used by the Air Force for communications, refueling, and intelligence gathering. The planes were based in the Aleutian Islands, and their principal mission was to monitor Soviet missile tests on the Kamchatka Peninsula.

On this particular night, not all of the radar installations on Sakhalin were functioning properly, and they would repeatedly break down during the night. Nevertheless, Soviet radar operators detected what they thought was the RC-135 before a pair of Sukhoi Su-15 fighters made visual contact with the plane. The lead pilot, Lt. Col. Gennady Osipovich got close enough to see that the plane was a large, four-engine configuration. After trying to signal the aircraft, Osipovich received instructions from the air defense command to shoot down the plane. After firing warning tracers at the aircraft to try and get its attention, Osipovich followed his orders and launched two R98 air-to-air missiles at the huge plane. Upon seeing the missiles connect with the target and explode, Osipovich radioed back in his trained, professional tone, "The target is destroyed."

However, the plane that Osipovich brought down was not an RC-135. The reconnaissance plane had already completed its mission and left Soviet airspace on its way back to the Aleutians. The malfunctioning radar installations had instead picked up another flight, a commercial airliner that was off course from its scheduled flight to Seoul. It was Korean Air Lines Flight 007, a 747 jumbo jet with a four-engine configuration similar to that of the RC-135. Two missiles hit the rear fuselage of the plane and sent it spiraling into the Sea of Japan, taking all 269 passengers and crew to a watery grave. Ironically, one of those passengers was a fiercely anti-communist conservative congressman from Georgia, Lawrence McDonald.

U.S. Navy

ABOVE: An American RF-4B Phantom II jet lands on the aircraft carrier USS *Midway* during FLEETEX 83 exercises. TOP: President Reagan meets with Soviet double agent Oleg Gordievsky.

As news broke of the catastrophe, the world reacted with shock and outrage. Reagan, a man usually known for his gentle manner and good humor, was enraged. In a nationally televised address that same night, he condemned the shootdown as an "act of barbarism, born of a society which wantonly disregards individual rights and the value of human life and seeks constantly to expand and dominate other nations." Radio exchanges between the Russian pilots and their base had been monitored and recorded by the Japanese Ministry of Defense, which in turn passed the recordings on to Washington. That evening Reagan played a portion of the recordings, and Osipovich's infamous four words, "The target is destroyed," would be played and replayed on news programs throughout the world.

Moscow's reaction to the outrage further hurt Soviet credibility. At first, Moscow refused even to admit that a shootdown had taken place. Then they conceded only that an "incident" had occurred. When the Kremlin finally admitted that one of its planes had shot down an aircraft, it was insisted that the plane was on a reconnaissance mission and that blowing it out of the sky was completely justified. Osipovich himself was never reprimanded for shooting down the civilian airliner; in fact, he was awarded a salary bonus of 200 rubles.

On September 29, nearly a month after the KAL 007 tragedy, Andropov issued an official declaration to the Soviet people, stating that as long as Ronald Reagan occupied the Oval Office there could be no chance of negotiating with the United States. According to the general secretary, the United States was embarking on "a militarist course that represents a serious threat to peace." Angry rhetoric between the United States and the USSR was nothing new, but never before had the leader of either superpower declared that he would not negotiate with the other.

On October 25, international tensions were ratcheted up further when the United States launched an invasion of the small Caribbean island of Grenada. The official purpose was to rescue 250 American students at St. George's School of Medicine who were caught in the middle of a power struggle between two communist factions. It took little more than 48 hours for the American invasion force to overwhelm the 1,200-man Peoples' Revolutionary Army and a 780-man Cuban contingent. The fighting, while brief, was fierce, with the Americans suffering 134 casualties to 500 Grenadan and Cuban losses. The invasion was the largest American military operation since Vietnam and the first time that a communist nation had been invaded since North Korea.

The invasion seemed to confirm in Andropov's mind what he had most feared. He saw in Grenada an example of the American president's willingness to use force. A week after the landings in Grenada, NATO commenced a 10-day exercise codenamed Able Archer 83. It involved most of Western Europe and was directed from Supreme Headquarters Allied Powers Europe (SHAPE) at Casteau, Belgium. Able Archer was a complex simulation of a hypothetical war with the Warsaw Pact that included a series of fictional military exercises

escalating to the launch of nuclear weapons.

As Able Archer commenced, NATO vehicles rumbled throughout the West German countryside sending simulated radio reports about Soviet and East German forces crossing the border and invading the Federal Republic. SHAPE received these reports and relayed them to the various situation rooms, where NATO leaders analyzed and considered their reactions.

While Able Archer went through imaginary alert stages for the next several days, the center issued to its agents a checklist of specific events that would indicate that a nuclear attack was imminent. NATO leaders surmised that it would take 7 to 10 days for the United States to fully prepare for a nuclear war from the time such a decision was made. Five days into the Able Archer exercise, Moscow appeared to believe that actual preparations were being made for such a war.

On November 9, the seventh day of Able Archer, Western intelligence reported that pilots of the Soviet 4th Air Army had been placed on alert at their air bases in East Germany and Poland. The warplanes included Sukhoi Su-24 "Fencer" precision-strike bombers capable of delivering tactical nuclear weapons. Their two-man crews sat ready in their cockpits, waiting for the order to stand down or the order to take off and proceed to their designated targets in Western Europe. NATO intelligence also reported the movement of the Soviet Red Banner Fleet from its bases in the Baltic and the North Sea. Information was coming in that the Soviets were preparing their most powerful weapons, their 300 ICBMs (Intercontinental Ballistic Missiles) for immediate launch on Andropov's order. The general secretary sent messages to his counterparts in the Warsaw Pact warning them of the high probability of war breaking out and ordered Soviet ballistic submarines at sea to go into firing positions off the coast of the United States.

As these reports filtered in to Western intelligence agencies, there initially was little alarm. Analysts and experts who examined the information simply could not believe that the Soviets seriously thought that NATO was preparing a nuclear first strike. At this point, the West did not have any real clue just how dangerous the situation had become. It would take the warnings of a double agent to finally get the West suitably alarmed.

Oleg Gordievsky came from a family of spies. His brother had joined the KGB in 1957, and his father had served in the KGB's Stalinist predecessor, the NKVD. Gordievsky himself had joined in 1962. By 1983, he was a KGB colonel, serving in London as the resident delegate to the KGB mission, the highest ranking KGB officer in the United Kingdom. His decision to work for the other side came from his thorough disillusionment with Soviet communism. In 1974, while serving in the KGB mission in Copenhagen, Denmark, he started to actively cooperate with Great Britain's MI6.

Gordievsky understood the depth of suspicion, paranoia, and downright panic that was seizing the Kremlin. As he received directives from Moscow about the imminence of a nuclear attack, he did not hesitate to inform his British handlers. "When I told the British," he later recalled, "they simply could not believe that the Soviet leadership was so stupid and narrow-minded as to believe in something so impossible." It was not until Gordievsky passed along the directives he had received that the British really started to pay attention. Copies of these directives made it into the hands of Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, who forwarded the documents to the Central Intelligence Agency.

At CIA headquarters in Langley, Virginia, the documents landed on the desk of the agency's mercurial director, William Casey, who personally delivered the documents to the White House, where they were first glimpsed by Reagan's National Security Adviser Robert McFarlane. At first, McFarlane was skeptical, but the urgent reports by Gordievsky, Britain's highest-placed spy in the KGB, were enough to finally convince him. McFarlane took the problem to the president.

A flurry of diplomatic cables flashed from Washington to Moscow, giving repeated and wholehearted assurances that Able Archer was simply an exercise. Reagan sent presidential adviser Brent Scowcroft to the Soviet capital to give further assurances, face to face, on behalf of the president that the United States would never launch a surprise attack on the USSR. The effort was not enough to convince Andropov of Reagan's good intentions, but it was enough for him to watch and wait. Throughout the rest of the Able Archer exercise, Soviet forces stayed on alert, braced and ready to move at a moment's notice. Only when the exercise finally concluded on November 11 did the Soviet Union give the order for its strategic forces to stand down.

In the end, simple human reasoning overcame the ideology and overheated rhetoric of the age. The deep mistrust and animosity between the two sides were not enough to trump the staggering price that would have been paid for acting upon them. Nuclear winter was averted—for the time being at least—but the chill had come uncomfortably close. □

By Jerome Baldwin

The Canadian Military Heritage Museum contains more than 10,000 artifacts, including planes, uniforms, medals, rare photographs, and weapons.

THE CANADIAN MILITARY HERITAGE MUSEUM IN BRANTFORD, Ontario, has a four-part mission: to collect, preserve, and display artifacts pertaining to the military history of Canada; to maintain and manage a museum for the purpose of education; to display the artifacts at community events; and to honor the fallen and all veterans who have served and are still serving in the Canadian military. The museum accomplishes all four of its missions admirably.

The CMHM, now in its 17th year, is run by 17 hard-working, dedicated volunteers. The museum's superb collection is a result of contributions made by people who graciously donated items for display, some from as far away as Europe, out of their desire to have history preserved for future generations. For anyone of any nationality (the visitor guestbook includes entries from as far away as Hong Kong) the CMHM provides a rewarding walk through centuries of Canadian military history.

It is definitely worth the trip to the 13,000-square-foot facility to view Canada's rich military history unfold through more than 10,000 artifacts, including fully restored military vehicles, full-sized World War I-era warplanes, uniforms, medals, rare photographs and documents, weapons, and a library resource center. It is a veritable walk across centuries of conflict, from a relic owned by a British general in the French and Indian War to items donated by families of soldiers currently serving in Afghanistan.

RIGHT: A postwar, late 1940s Dodge field ambulance on display at the Canadian Military Heritage Museum. INSET: CMHM building in Brantford, Ontario.

All photos courtesy the author

The extensive number of weapons on display brings a visitor through the technological development of weaponry through the years. Items include a 1795 cutlass from the Queen's 7th Light Dragoons, a British Brown Bess musket, a cannonball from the Battle of Queenston Heights in 1812, and an American sword from the same war. Other exhibits include an 1840 German Potsdam smoothbore used in the American Civil War and an 1858 Tower Enfield. Other rifles of the period include an 1865 Snyder .577-caliber, an 1885 Martin Enfield, and an 1888 German GEW Model 71/84.

In the central portion of the building is a display of handguns, including an ivory-inlaid flintlock pistol and a Meyers Brevette .32-caliber World War I French officer's sidearm, along

ABOVE LEFT: This display honors the contribution of Canadian women in uniform over the generations. ABOVE RIGHT: UN and NATO memorabilia. Canadian Prime Minister Lester Pearson originated the idea of UN peacekeeping during the Suez Crisis in the mid-1950s, and Canada has sent troops to every peacekeeping mission since. RIGHT: WWII-era M29 Weasel was designed for use in snowy and swampy terrain.

with a Japanese light machine gun captured in the Aleutian Islands during World War II. An illuminated rifle rack under glass next to the library resource center holds more than two dozen weapons alone. The museum's collection includes not only small arms but also light and heavy artillery, mortars, antitank weapons, projectiles, and ammunition.

The first historical section covers Canada's history back to the Revolutionary War, the conflict that saw many Loyalist colonials move north to live in British territory. The history of the 19th century is covered in a rich display of artwork, documents, and photographs that capture the essence of this tumultuous time of war between Britain and America, fought largely in Canada, as well as such internal conflicts in Canada as the Upper and Lower Canada Rebellions of 1837, the Red River Rebellion, and the Northwest Rebellion by the Metis under Louis Riel.

Providing an inkling of an average soldier's life during any era is a top museum priority. Personal effects, uniforms and kit, letters, medals, and personal photographs tell the soldier's story while dovetailing with the weapons, archival photos, banner headlines, and official documents. An 1800 British shako plate, regimental buttons, and tunics accompany a British soldier's private possessions, including his Jew's harp and a blood-letting instrument, to reveal a glimpse of a soldier's life two centuries ago.

Moving into the 20th century, the next section deals with World War I, the "war to end all wars." It was in this conflict that Canada grew to manhood as a nation, the Canadian Corps being among the best the Allies had. Rifles and equipment from both sides are included, from the superb British SMLE .303 rifle to the ill-fated Canadian Ross. Captured German equipment gives a glimpse of the other side of the war: a Spandau machine gun, a German trench mortar, a replica Luger, a pickelhaube helmet with its signature eagle on the front, an Iron Cross, entrenching tools, epaulettes, bayonets, and German money. A Phenate Hexamine gas helmet—the first of its kind with an outlet valve—sits alongside a gas alarm to remind visitors of the horrors of chemical warfare for Great War soldiers. The capture of Vimy Ridge in 1917 was Canada's greatest victory of the conflict, and an original map of Vimy Ridge, made just before the battle, hangs above captured German equipment.

The history of each conflict and time period is richly covered in photographs at the CMHM (only the first section predates photography). Pictures and newspaper headlines put a human face to the Great War and other conflicts and subjects, and provide a revealing glimpse of the story as it was read by the people of the time.

Museum visitors quickly come to appreciate the phenomenal selection of original photographs. One could literally spend an entire

day looking at the collection of photos and not see them all. The superb memorabilia is followed by a walk through the replica of a typical Western Front trench, complete with a mannequin soldier in his protective dugout, providing an inkling of the subterranean daily life that characterized that long-ago war.

Next is a section devoted to World War II, with particular attention to the disastrous raid on Dieppe by the Second Canadian Division on August 19, 1942. Just as the victory at Vimy Ridge in 1917 was Canada's largest battle of World War I, the costly defeat at Dieppe unfortunately was Canada's World War II equivalent. The ill-fated raid deeply touched this region of Canada, as many of the men who were there came from southern Ontario. The stark photographs reveal the carnage on the stony French beaches. One photograph shows one of the first American soldiers to see action in Europe in WWII lying dead on the beach

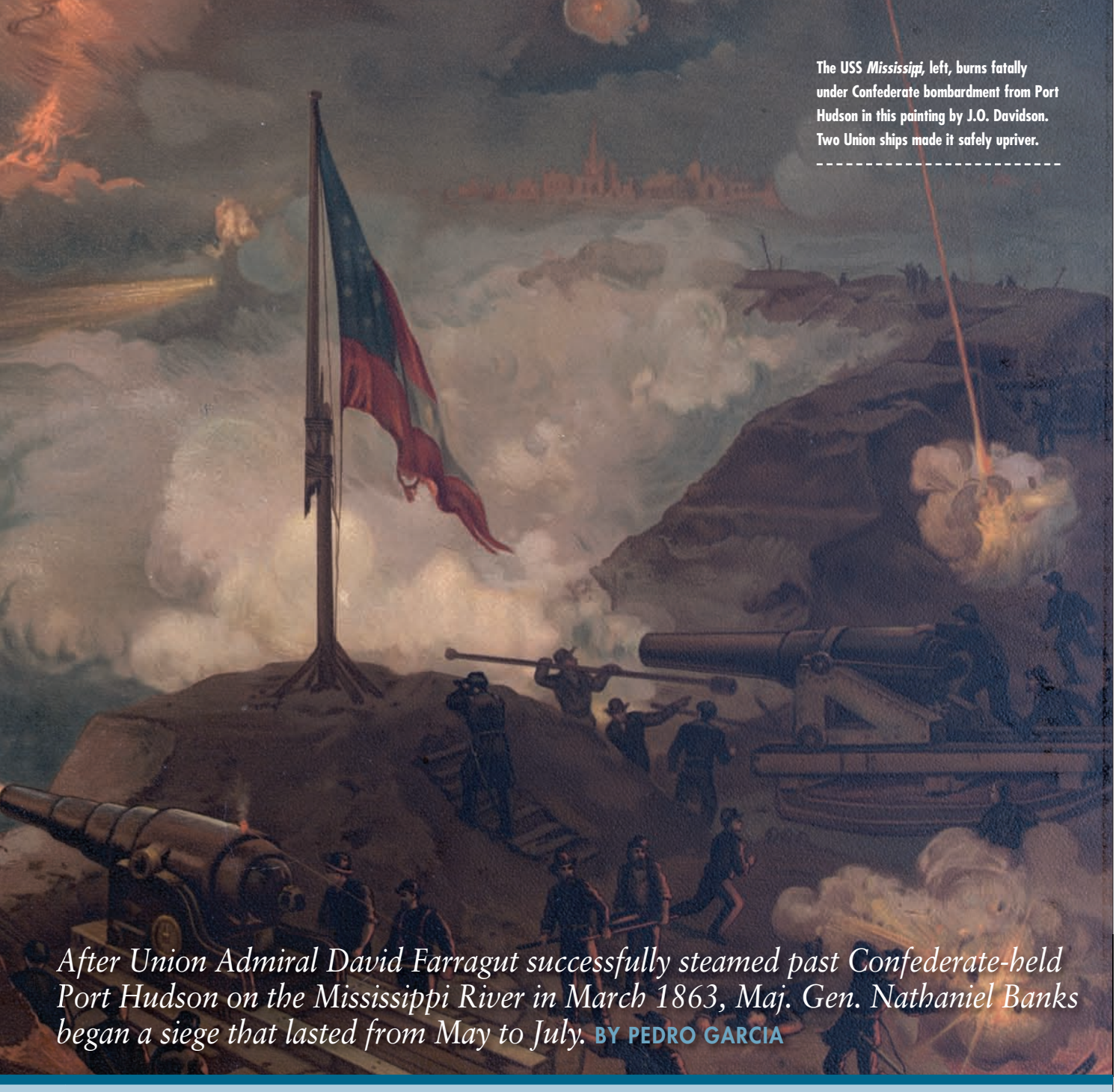
Continued on page 66

LAST BASTION *on the* MISSISSIPPI

NOT LONG AFTER Union Flag Officer David Farragut of the West Gulf Blockading Squadron received the surrender of New Orleans on April 29, 1862, he began pondering his next move. He faced a dilemma. His orders, as framed by Secretary of the Navy Gideon Welles, did not resolve the question. Should Farragut attack Mobile, Alabama, his secondary objective, or press up the Mississippi River, clearing out the secessionists and ultimately joining forces with the ironclad gunboats of the Western Gunboat Flotilla under Flag Officer Charles H. Davis? Farragut's blue-water navy was not suited for brown-water work, and he would have much preferred to leave it to Davis. But control of the river was a priority of the Lincoln administration as a means of splitting the Confederacy economically, militarily, and politically. Union control of the Mississippi would sever Texas, Louisiana, and Arkansas from the rest of the Confederate states.

Farragut resolved the dilemma by splitting his forces, sending his mortar flotilla to the barrier islands off Mobile Bay while also sending several small gunboats upriver to Vicksburg. As Farragut's gunboats proceeded upstream, receiving the surrender of Baton Rouge and Natchez, Davis's hard-driving Federal ironclads had captured New Madrid, Island No. 10, and Fort Pillow and were working their way downstream toward Memphis.

On May 18, Farragut's fleet arrived before the bluffs of Vicksburg. However, the guns of Farragut's ships had trouble hitting Vicksburg's forts, and his difficulties were compounded because the infantry force accompanying him was woefully inadequate to attack the city. Frustrated by his inability to force the issue, Farragut returned to New Orleans. Meanwhile, on June 6, the Western Gunboat Flotilla destroyed a Confederate fleet and forced the



The USS *Mississippi*, left, burns fatally under Confederate bombardment from Port Hudson in this painting by J.O. Davidson. Two Union ships made it safely upriver.

After Union Admiral David Farragut successfully steamed past Confederate-held Port Hudson on the Mississippi River in March 1863, Maj. Gen. Nathaniel Banks began a siege that lasted from May to July. BY PEDRO GARCIA

surrender of Memphis. The capture of Memphis culminated five months of impressive operations by Davis's flotilla, which had begun in February with the combined assaults on Fort Henry and Fort Donelson. Those operations broke open the war in the West and allowed the Union military to use the Tennessee and Mississippi Rivers as highways penetrating deep into the Southern heartland. Now the whole Mississippi looked open to the Union Navy.

By June 18, the newly promoted Admiral Farragut was back before the bluffs of Vicksburg. He was joined by a nominally larger infantry force, and within two weeks the Western Gunboat Flotilla had arrived from Memphis, putting the crucial fortress in a vise-like grip. Even so, taking Vicksburg would not be easy. Defended by 10,000 Confederates, it was clearly impossible to carry the city by assault with the force at hand. More troops were not forthcoming. Other problems beset Farragut in mid-July. The river was falling, threatening to strand his ocean-going warships, and malaria devastated the Union infantry. To add to his woes, the Confederate ironclad *Arkansas* brazenly ran the gauntlet of the two Union squadrons anchored above Vicksburg. His patience at an end, the frustrated Farragut was again compelled to abandon his effort to take the fortress.

The successful defense of Vicksburg and the recovery of the upper reaches of the Mississippi between Port Hudson and the city invigorated Confederate authorities to renew their efforts to secure their base at Vicksburg and keep open the free flow of commerce via the Red River from the Trans-Mississippi West to the armies in the East. Efforts took on an air of urgency in August, when the Confederates failed to retake Baton Rouge and lost the ironclad *Arkansas*. However, the Battle at Baton Rouge turned out to be a strategic triumph for the Confederates when the

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Union and Confederate troops battle among the tombstones in a Baton Rouge cemetery during a failed attempt by Rebel forces to retake the city in the summer of 1862.

exposed Unionists evacuated the city 10 days later, withdrawing to New Orleans and yielding another 50 miles of the great river to the Confederacy. Clearly, the Union grip on the river had loosened, and southerners still held the key to the lower Mississippi Valley.

The most feasible and logical position to anchor the Confederate line was on the 80-foot bluffs at the small Louisiana town of Port Hudson, situated on a 150-degree bend of the Mississippi River. The negotiation of the bend was slow and tedious work for any ship traveling up or down river. There the Rebels built a high-bastioned fortress in almost the exact configuration of Vicksburg. Located 25 miles north of Baton Rouge, 150 miles upriver from New Orleans, and 110 miles downriver from Vicksburg, a series of tiered and fortified batteries covered the river approach below the town and enfiladed the sharp, shoaling left turn immediately above. The 21 heavy guns placed there could methodically rake passing ships with concentrated and blistering fire.

On the landward side, the Confederate position at Port Hudson extended some 4½ miles in the form of a semicircle, with its lines bowing eastward. The numerous ravines and gorges that traversed the area dictated a defense on strongpoints, with high ground well posted by 22 field pieces. By the end of 1862, Port Hudson boasted over 9,000 Confederate soldiers. If the Federal high command did not do something quickly, Port Hudson would become another Vicksburg. Indeed, until the Rebels could be ousted from these two strongholds, the work of clearing the Mississippi remained only half accomplished.

THE NEW YEAR OPENED on a sour note for Farragut. The Confederates were able to puncture the blockade of his Gulf Squadron in Galveston Bay and Sabine Pass, Texas, as well as at Mobile Bay. While Farragut was champing at the bit to run the batteries at Port Hudson, his pugnacious tendencies were tempered by the need to shore up the blockade in the Gulf. Still reeling from these damaging body blows, the tenor of the strategic picture worsened in late February with the loss of the Union rams *Queen of the West* and *Indianola*. Their capture meant that the Confederates had definitely regained control of the waters between Port Hudson and Vicksburg. Jarred out of its lethargy, the Union high command struggled to regain the initiative.

Farragut determined to run the frowning batteries at Port Hudson. He asked Maj. Gen. Nathaniel P. Banks, commander of the 20,000-man Department of the Gulf, to make a diversionary demonstration while he ran the gauntlet. Banks procrastinated, conducted a reconnaissance, and ultimately did nothing. The ever-impetuous admiral remained undaunted, explaining to his chief of staff: "If we can get a few vessels above Port Hudson, the thing will not be an entire failure, and I'm confident it can be done. The time has come, there can be no delay. I must go—army or no army—or be sunk in the attempt."

High noon arrived at 10 PM on March 14, when the assembled vessels weighed anchor at Profit Island, five miles below Port Hudson. Farragut's 3½-mile run would be made by three heavy sloops-of-war, *Hartford, Richmond,* and *Monongahela.* They would be followed by the side-wheeler *Mississippi,* an ironclad, five gunboats, and six mortar schooners bringing up the rear. As each vessel negotiated the 150-degree bend in the river and passed the batteries, it would have to execute a sharp turn to port against a strong current, exposing its stern to a raking fire.

To facilitate this movement, Farragut came up with a novel approach. He ordered a gunboat lashed to the disengaged side of each of the big ships—the five-gun *Albatross* to the 24-gun *Hartford,* the nine-gun *Genesee* to the 24-gun *Richmond,* and the two-gun *Kineo* to the eight-gun *Monongahela.* The arrangement could not be done with the 17-gun *Mississippi* because of her massive paddle boxes. The major advantage to this ship-coupling was that if the large warship became grounded or disabled in any way, the gunboat would be able to assist. It gave the ships the maneuverability of a twin-screw steamer, and at the same time protected the gunboats with the thicker sides of their consorts.

Although the gunboats were lashed to the sides of the sloops, they would be far enough aft to allow broadside guns clear access. Farragut also ordered a voice trumpet to be run from *Hartford*'s wheel to her mizzen-top so that the pilot could give commands from above the smoke and din of battle. At 11:20 PM, *Hartford* appeared below Port Hudson's batteries. To avoid obstacles on the west side of the river, the flagship passed so close to the Confederate-held east bank that her rigging brushed against the trees.

Ten minutes later lookouts split the darkness with a signal rocket, and huge bonfires flared on the opposite shore, their flames magnified in reflectors placed behind the trees for better illumination. They also switched on a series of locomotive headlights and a calcium-powered searchlight, sending shafts of blinding light onto the river. Thus illuminated and silhouetted as if on stage, the flotilla received, accompanied by the bone-chilling Rebel yell, a perfect storm of shot and shell. Lieutenant George Dewey, future hero of the Battle of Manila Bay, remembered, "The whole crest of the bluff broke into flashes." The mortar schooners answered as best they could, and the flagship unleashed a broadside that was taken up in turn by the ships astern.

For the next 90 minutes the stretch of the Mississippi fronting the Rebel bastion was a

seething arena of screaming missiles punctuated by unholy explosions. Furthermore, the smoke from engines and guns hung over the river like a sulfurous blanket in the still and heavy air, leaving helmsmen groping blindly and gunners with nothing to aim at but overhead muzzle flashes. Frequently, *Hartford* and *Albatross* had to cease firing so the pilot could con the ships. Even so, he all but missed the left turn just above town at Thomas Point (a shoal that jutted from the inner elbow of the turn), and the current swung the flagship's bow toward the east bank. For a few suspenseful minutes *Hartford* kissed the mud, her head toward the enemy. Farragut lifted a hailing trumpet to order: "Back! Back on the *Albatross*!"

The gunboat threw her screw in reverse and eventually freed *Hartford*. However, Confederate gunnery was accurate and the flagship was much damaged about her tops and spars. Loyall Farragut, the admiral's son and unofficial orderly, faltered momentarily as a barrage of shots tore up the decks. "Don't duck, my son, there is no use in trying to dodge God Almighty." It was good fatherly advice. At 12:15 AM the flagship and her escort were safely

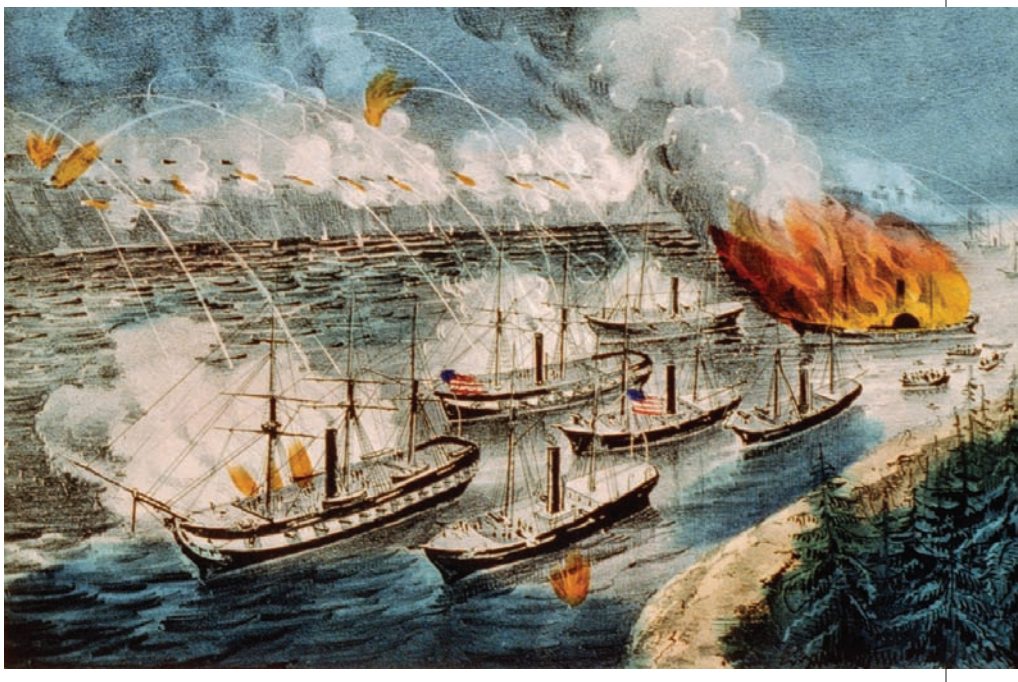
ABOVE: Admiral David Farragut and his flagship, *Hartford*. RIGHT: Union warships *Hartford, Richmond,* and *Monongahela* attempt to bypass Port Hudson with gunboats lashed to their sides.

above the Rebel batteries, relatively unscathed, with the loss of only one man. The rest of the fleet would not be so lucky.

Frustrated at the safe passage of the flagship, Confederate gunners fired with trip-hammer rapidity. *Richmond* and her escort *Genessee* were hammered relentlessly. Lt. Cmdr. A.B. Cummings, who lost a leg during the run, declared, "I would rather lose the other leg than go back." However, *Richmond*, too, might have succeeded in getting above the batteries were it not for a shell that slammed into the engine room, knocking off the steam safety valves. The propulsion spaces and berth decks filled with super-heated, scalding steam and pressure dropped. To make matters worse, a mine exploded under her stern, shaking the ship like a leaf, blowing out windows and wrecking a heavy gun. Four firemen later received the Medal of Honor for their work putting out fires in the damaged starboard boiler. Nevertheless, against a five-knot current, *Genessee* was too weak for the both of them to fight, and the current swung them around to head back downriver. Some of the crew, who were unaware they had swung around, accidentally fired on *Mississippi,* mistaking flashes off the port for the enemy.

The third ship in line, *Monongahela,* was subjected to withering sharpshooter fire from the west bank. Her escort, *Kineo,* took a shot in her rudder post, and her propeller fouled. Meanwhile, *Monangahela,* having to steer for both vessels, was caught in an eddy and lurched aground. Swept by the momentum of the current, *Kineo* tore free from her lashings and drifted rudderless out of the fight. About midnight, *Monangahela* freed herself from the bottom, but not before the bridge was shot from under her commander, severely bruising him and killing three others. Her executive officer assumed command, but a crank pin overheated and her engines froze. She too drifted helplessly out of the fight.

An even worse fate awaited *Mississippi.* Running alone, the old side-wheeler, which had served as Commodore Matthew Perry's flagship during the Mexican War and his first expedition to Japan, was breasting the current at a brisk clip when her pilot became disoriented as she approached Thomas Point. The vessel ran hard aground and heeled over to port. The paddle wheels were reversed at full power, and portside guns were run in to get her on even keel. For 45 minutes *Mississippi*'s engines struggled mightily at nearly double steam pressure to free her from



the shelving bottom, but the ship did not budge an inch. Meanwhile, Confederate shore batteries raked her mercilessly, and red-hot shot from the guns set her on fire. In a few minutes, *Mississippi* was ablaze in four different places between decks. She would be abandoned in flames and scuttled to prevent her falling into Rebel hands.

In the run past New Orleans, only two Union vessels had failed to make it. The butcher's bill for running the gauntlet at Port Hudson was much higher. Although *Hartford* had only been hulled four times, *Richmond* and *Monongahela* had been severely handled and *Mississippi* had been lost. The fleet lost 35 dead and 77 wounded compared to only eight Confederate casualties. Against this bleak tableau, Farragut nevertheless had done what he set out to do. His passage sealed the doom of Port Hudson and Vicksburg, for both garrisons were dependent upon the resources of the Trans-Mississippi for existence. The presence of *Hartford* and *Albatross* at the mouth of the Red River ensured that cattle and grain west of the river, along with any goods that might be smuggled in through Mexico from Europe, were now inaccessible.

As commander of the Department of the Gulf, Banks's primary duty was opening the Mississippi to Federal commerce throughout its length. This meant cooperation with Maj. Gen. Ulysses S. Grant, who was engaged in loosening the upper hinge of the river at Vicksburg. Banks was expected to make his way upriver from New Orleans to effect a juncture with Grant at Vicks-

Port Hudson occupied a crucial position on the east bank of the Mississippi, 25 miles north of Baton Rouge. The map shows the Union attacks on the morning of May 27.

burg. The major obstacle confronting him was Port Hudson, and by early April he had decided to turn it. Moving up Bayou Teche to Alexandria in central Louisiana, Banks marched his army down the Red River to its confluence with the Mississippi. By May 22, his army was across the Mississippi and investing Port Hudson from the north, while Federal troops from Baton Rouge sealed off the fortress from the south.

A cordon of blue steel encircled Port Hudson for nearly six miles from one bank of the Mississippi to the other. The Army of the Gulf boasted 20,000 men, and they crowned their superiority with 90 pieces of artillery. The Union navy completed the investment of the fortress, as over a dozen gunboats and mortar boats roamed the river and maintained a regular and continuous bombardment. On May 26, Banks sent a formal request for surrender to Port Hudson's New York-born commander, Maj. Gen. Franklin Gardner. The request was flatly refused. Gardner's strength had risen to 15,000 men in early April. However, because of levies by the department commander, General Joseph Johnston, reacting to pressure from Grant, Gardner had seen that figure dwindle to less than 6,000 effectives. His ranks had been so thinned that at some points in the line the men were posted five feet apart. Augmenting the 22 pieces of field artillery, many of the heavy riverfront guns were mounted on pivot cartridges that could be swung around against land forces in the rear.

Gardner had deployed his lines with care, anchoring both extremities to the lip of the 80-foot bluffs overlooking the river. The two main forts, the Citadel and the Priest Cap, with a small redoubt between them, were tied together by a network of trenches. These fortifications, parapets, ditches, and gun emplacements were mutually supporting—an advance on one position invited fire from those adjoining it.

A furious cannonade by Federal artillery broke the first grayness of daylight on May 27, and soon the mortar schooners in the river joined in with thunderous high-angle fire. Confederate guns responded in kind, but it was an unequal contest and many were wrecked. When the preliminary bombardment died down at 7:30 AM, Union infantry stepped briskly out from the shadows of the dense magnolia forest into the daylight. The advance was made by two brigades on the right, commanded by Brig. Gen. Godfrey Weitzel. Some 600 yards to his left and slightly to the rear, Brig. Gen. Halbert Paine sent one brigade forward.

Banks had planned the infantry assault to be synchronized, but the plan soon devolved into a series of badly coordinated and disjointed piecemeal attacks. Pressing forward at a run in broken terrain laced with fallen timber, the bluecoats sent enemy skirmishers tumbling back into their works. Meanwhile, a Confederate battery on Commissary Hill erupted with murderous effect at point-blank range. Men were swept off their feet, and gaping holes appeared in the once-ordered lines. The advance slowed to a snail's pace as the Federals hugged the ground or sought whatever cover was close at hand. Southern commanders could be heard barking out orders, "Take good aim, boys, and break their legs." Still the Federals came on, crawling and darting forward through a maze of obstructions and embankments.

Eventually, Weitzel's troops reached and held a ridge some 200 yards away from the Rebel line. Five batteries were brought up in support of at least three different charges by individual units, and the fight was close and desperate. But such close-quarter fighting cannot be sustained without substantial and orchestrated support, and the Federals recoiled with horrid losses. To the left, Paine made surprising progress in closing with and getting the better of the defenders, but after support failed to materialize his troops were compelled to give up the hard-won real estate. A participant ventured the opinion that what he had been involved in was not so much a battle as "a gigantic bush-whack." Although skirmishing and sharpshooting continued, the fight became a deadly stalemate. Weitzel now looked to the extreme right to shake things up.

The 1st and 3rd Louisiana Native Guards occupied a position about half a mile away from the Confederate line, straddling the Telegraph Road that ran along the Mississippi River between Port Hudson and Bayou Sara. The Native Guards were African American troops, mostly free blacks from a New Orleans militia unit. Their commander, Brig. Gen. William

Dwight, sought to create a diversion for Weitzel by sending both regiments on a move against the extreme left of the enemy, where the line bent back southward toward the river. Unfortunately, he knew nothing of the ground over which his troops would operate, nor had he consulted a map. Dwight, a notorious misfit, prepared for the attack by getting drunk and indifferently dispatching the Native Guards to storm an impregnable hilltop position. In fact, it was about the strongest position at Port Hudson. There were 60 soldiers in rifle pits on a elevated outwork to their left, 300 soldiers and six cannons on the bluff to their front, and two heavy guns in a water battery to the south.

Confederate Major General Franklin Gardner, left, and Union Major General Nathaniel P. Banks.

About 10 AM, the Native Guards, over 1,000 strong, formed lines in a grove of willow trees just south of the Telegraph Road. Two cannons were brought up and challenged the six Rebel guns. So effective and precise was the counterfire that the northerners got off only one round before they hastily withdrew, losing two men and three horses in the duel. It was discovered that southern gunners had nailed white crosses to trees in order to zero in on opposing batteries.

The Guards emerged from the protection of the willow trees, forming four ranks deep onto the road. Pressing forward at the double-quick, they immediately began taking hits from the sharpshooters in the outwork to the left. At 400 yards, a torrent of shot, shell and canister exploded into the ranks, staggering the line. The Guards held together and swept forward. A white officer recorded: "Valiantly did the heroic descendants of Africa move forward, cool as if marshaled for dress parade." Surging, the troops came to within 200 yards of the Confederate line.

REBEL RIFLEMEN NOW unleashed a ripping volley at point-blank range, and the water battery to the south added a devastating enfilade fire. The Native Guards managed to get off a single ragged volley, but any cohesion disappeared under the immense firepower. Thoroughly demoralized, the panic-stricken troops broke in confusion and retreated to the grove of willow trees. Officers worked hard to reform ranks, and small detachments of the black troops made two more courageous but futile attempts to come to grips with the enemy. The engagement had the distinction of being the first of any magnitude between black and white troops in the Civil War.

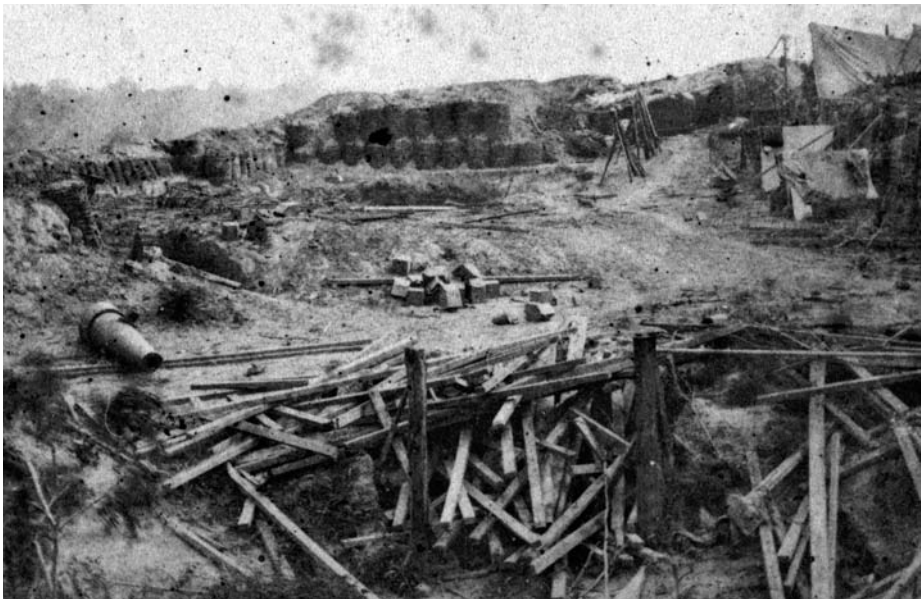
Dead calm settled over the battlefield. Banks was beside himself with agitation at the disruption of his plans. Finally, Brig. Gen. Thomas Sherman, on the Union left, mobilized his two brigades for an assault on the thinly held rebel right. At 2:15 PM, with parade-like precision, Sherman's men charged onto an open field and a steady shower of lead and iron. Sherman and two staff members were quickly shot from their horses; one of Sherman's brigadiers, Neal Dow, was wounded twice. Confederate Colonel William Miles calmly reassured his men, "Shoot low, boys, it takes two men to take away a wounded man, and they never come back." Three times the Federals advanced, and three times they were hurled back. Officer casualties continued to mount, and soon all command and control were lost.

African American soldiers in the 1st and 3rd Louisiana Native Guard storm the Confederate works at Port Hudson, only to be beaten back with heavy losses.

The battle degenerated into a back alley fight. Driven by desperation and fright, men acted on their own initiative, firing blindly. Isolated companies formed as best they could, charging and recharging, only to recoil with appalling loss. By 4:30 PM, it was all over. As survivors trickled back, attention shifted to the center where Maj. Gen. Christopher Augur's division had moved at the sound of Sherman's attack. His men rolled forward, but less than 200 yards into the advance Augur's troops likewise became mired in the log-choked terrain, and the attack stalled less than 100 yards from the enemy line.

Banks had one card left to play, and that was Brig. Gen. Cuvier Grover. Once again contrary

ABOVE: A shirt-sleeved crew mans Battery A, 1st U.S. Artillery, during the siege of Port Hudson. BELOW: This panoramic view of a ravaged Confederate battery was taken shortly after the fort's surrender. OPPOSITE: Union forces looking improbably spruce march victoriously into an equally unlikely looking well-kept Port Hudson after its fall.



to the designs of the commanding general, Grover had been ordered to coordinate his assault with Augur's advance, but his troops did not advance until 3 PM, by which time Augur's effort was fairly spent. In consequence, Grover's advance was a piecemeal affair. Only two regiments went forward against the ¾-mile-long front west of Port Hudson. For over an hour they toiled in a maze of obstructions to reach their objective, a seemingly impregnable U-shaped fortification known as Fort Desperate. The ensuing fight was indeed desperate. Making excellent use of interior lines, the 293 Confederate defenders repulsed and pinned down the much larger Union force. The few soldiers determined enough to scale the breastworks were greeted by bayonets. Grover sought to create a diversion that would allow his troops to breach the works, sending in two more regiments from another direction, but this, too, proved fruitless—they were pinned down as soon as they started. Fighting ceased by 5:30 PM.

The day had been terribly mismanaged from the Union perspective, and the night brought additional horrors. Medics and orderlies stumbled through the darkness, retrieving the maimed and burying the dead. The mood was dismal and sullen as Banks's army tallied its losses: 293 killed, 1,545 wounded, and 157 missing. In contrast, the Confederates took only 235 casualties. Poor communications, shoddy cooperation, and a rough terrain that prohibited anything but piecemeal attacks convinced Banks that he must resort to siege tactics to take Port Hudson.

Accordingly, he called up nine additional regiments and brought in huge siege guns to open up a one-sided, long-range artillery duel. Nearly all of the Confederate artillery was silenced, and as the siege wore on the defenders scarcely fired their cannons to save ammunition. Troops and contrabands were set to work digging lines of contravallation and constructing breastworks, or saps as they were called. Tiers of logs were laid; notches were cut in the logs to provide portholes for snipers and observers. These saps were six feet high and 30 to 100 feet long, the length dependent on the number of guns. In some places, the Union works came to within pistol shot distance of the Confederate line.

Life in the trenches was grim. Sunstroke, malaria, and diarrhea played no favorites between the blue and the gray. Sharpshooters on both sides plied their trade with deadly efficiency. As the weary June days wore on, Confederate food stocks dwindled, and the men were put on half rations. One Confederate soldier said later that he and his comrades eventually ate "all the beef, all the mules, all the dogs, and all the rats."

In the fortnight since the late-May investment and assault of Port Hudson, Union confidence had given way to doubt. The wretched failures, incompetent leadership, sickness, fatigue, and ever-present danger of sudden death had worn on the besiegers. The high command itself was riven with bitter personality clashes fueled by bureaucratic turf wars and petty jealousies. An impatient and frustrated Banks decided on a probing night action in the early morning hours of June 11.

THE OPERATION was doomed from the start by the ambiguity of the orders and the lack of enthusiasm of the officers charged with is execution. "The futility and foolhardiness of the thing was clear to all, we looked upon our instructions as simple madness," one Union captain lamented. At 1 AM, accompanied by a stepped-up bombardment, the blue infantry crept forward in the misty darkness and found the enemy pickets all too alert. The butternuts sounded the alarm, and the main line poured galling sheets of fire at anything that moved. Some Federals actually made it through the abatis and up to the hostile lines, but those who were not captured were quickly driven back. At 3 AM the skies opened in torrents, drenching the struggling Yankees, while flashes of lightning illuminated an endless stream of demoralized soldiers drifting rearward. Confederates taunted them: "What's keeping you fellas? Come on over. We're waiting for you."

Port Hudson's defenders still held out the hope that General Johnston, who was assembling a force at Jackson, Mississippi, would come to the relief of the besieged garrison. Gardner sent couriers through enemy lines with coded messages advising him of the garrison's predicament, but it was a forlorn hope. Meanwhile, a quartet of soldiers did desert with claims that the garrison was about played out and staring starvation in the face. To test the validity of the reports, Banks ordered a wickedly intense bombardment on June 13, to be followed by a summons to surrender.

By now the Union fleet was running low on ammunition, and Farragut saw little use in such tactics. "After people have been harassed to a certain extent, they become indifferent to danger, I think," he complained to Banks. A Federal colonel observed: "The bombardment has lasted an hour and ended. A flag of truce has gone to demand the surrender of the place. We do not have to wait from the flag of truce to know that the people of Port Hudson are not all killed, for along the parapet, both ways from the redoubt, up come the gray-backs out of their holes, like so many prairie dogs."

The Federals had done their worst, but the defenders had barely been disturbed. Having emerged relatively unscathed from the most intense artillery barrage the enemy could muster, Gardner tersely refused the demand for surrender. Banks now planned a complex, three-pronged assault in which Grover and Weitzel were to attack Priest Cap, the fortification at the northeastern salient of the Confederate line. In the center, Paine and Augur would move forward along the Jackson Road. On the far left, Dwight was to strike at the largest of the Rebel fortifications, the Citadel, so named because it dominated the ground in that direction.

The qualities that marked the dismal failures of May 27 and June 11 continued to propel the army on its hapless course. Dawn broke in a blood-red hue on June 14, and the ground shook with a vigorous one-hour cannonade, which served little purpose except to warn the Confederates that the Federals were coming. The primary effort at Priest Cap was stopped in mid-career when it was demonstrated that no man could clear the fire-swept ridge along their front and live. A Union officer declared, "In examining the ground afterward, I found one grass-covered knoll shaved bald, every blade cut down to its roots as by a hoe."

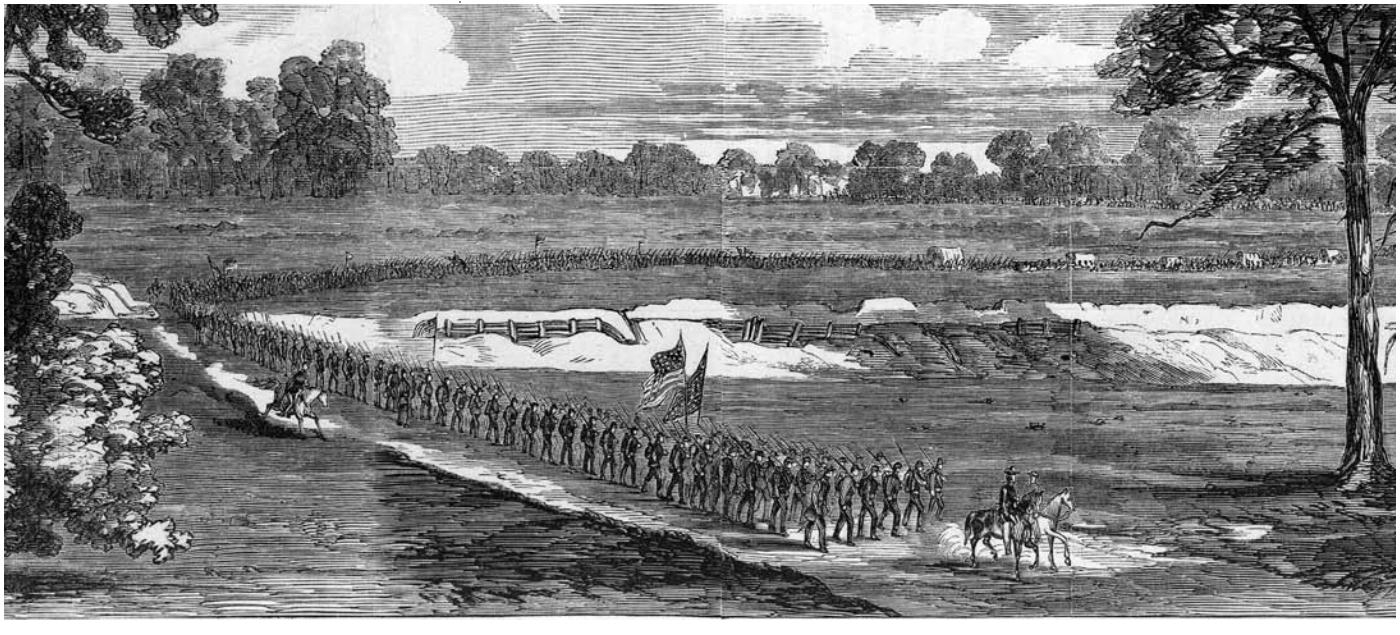
The defenders had laid row upon row of trip-torpedoes made from unexploded shells that could be detonated by pulling on a piano wire attached to friction primers. In the center, Augur and Paine attacked with admirable vigor, and three regiments managed to breach the Rebel line.

"THE BROOKS DRIED UP, THE SPRINGS GAVE OUT, THE CREEK LOST ITSELF IN A PESTILENTIAL SWAMP, AND THE RIVER FELL, EXPOSING TO THE TROPICAL SUN A WIDE MARGIN OF FESTERING OOZE. THE ILLNESS AND MORTALITY WERE ENORMOUS."

A desperate hand-to-hand melee ensued. After Paine fell with a shattered thigh, the attack fell apart. On the far left, Dwight's attack was long overdue—he and his staff had started the day by getting drunk. Consequently, the assault on the Citadel was so poorly planned and badly executed that it could scarcely be called an assault. By sunset, it was apparent that the Union attack had failed in every sector. The price exacted for a few yards of shell-torn earth was staggering. The Yanks had suffered another 1,805 casualties, while the Confederates had lost a mere 47. Demoralization and disillusionment again became rampant among the besiegers. A private soldier captured the mood with searing clarity: "We are poorly led and uselessly slaughtered, and the brains are all within and not before Port Hudson."

The war of attrition continued, and the work of siege fortifications, or zigzag approaches, was pushed on night and day, focusing on three major points. The primary approach was on Paine's front, where his attack had come close to breaking through. The trenches ran parallel to, and within 20 yards of, the right face of Priest Cap. A second approach was in Grover's front, where he faced the enemy line at Fort Desperate. The zigzag approach was built in a relatively direct manner, running up to within 90 feet of the fort. But Rebel sharpshooting caused work to be abandoned at this sap, and Grover's siege approach was altered to the northwest face of Priest Cap, with two quarter-mile-long parallels.

Continued on page 65



Free French partisans direct rifle fire and hand grenades at German troops during the long-awaited liberation of Paris in August 1944.

IS PARIS

Gamma-Keystone/Getty Images

BURNING? *Liberating the City of Light*

BY KELLY BELL

WHILE THE VICTORIOUS ALLIES MOVED EAST FROM NORMANDY IN THE SUMMER OF 1944, THEY DEBATED WHETHER TO DIVERT FORCES TO LIBERATE PARIS OR DRIVE STRAIGHT FOR THE GERMAN BORDER. ADOLF HITLER VOWED THAT IF HE COULD NOT HAVE THE CITY OF LIGHT, NO ONE COULD.

BY THE LATE SUMMER OF 1944, the Third Reich was almost surrounded. Two years earlier Adolf Hitler had ground 10 European countries under his heel along with vast expanses of North Africa and Soviet Russia. The global union arrayed against him had now liberated nearly all of the conquered territory, as one after another the occupied nations and their capitals were retaken. As the summer waned, Hitler lost the first seat of government he had taken. After almost five years under a gray-brown Nazi yoke, Warsaw fell to the onrushing legions of Josef Stalin as red became the new color of Poland's captivity.

The Russian despot craftily let the Nazis do his dirty work for him. Anticipating the Red Army's arrival, Warsaw's resistance forces had launched a full-scale uprising against the Germans. Stalin paused. The Polish underground would be as big a headache for him as it had been for the occupying Nazis, so he ordered his generals to halt just east of the city, denying the guerrillas their anticipated support. By the time Stalin resumed his advance days later, the Wehrmacht had effectively destroyed Warsaw's resistance movement. The Russians would not have to contend with it during their own occupation.

Hitler had always had a great deal of admiration for his Russian counterpart's total ruthlessness, and he decided to emulate Stalin in the west, but for different reasons. With the Allies rapidly approaching Paris, the Führer decided that if he could not have the City of Light, nobody could. The free world's forces would liberate nothing but smoking rubble.

Allied Supreme Commander General Dwight D. Eisenhower was also preoccupied with the French capital. Although he was now one of the most powerful men in the world, Eisenhower felt helpless and frustrated over what to do about Paris, Europe's premier artistic and cultural center. He was under intense international pressure to liberate the city, but there were overriding logistical and tactical considerations that led him to postpone his armies' advance.

Eisenhower had just read a 24-page report warning that the liberation of Paris would cut deeply into Allied resources and significantly delay the retaking of the rest of Nazi-occupied Europe. The biggest problem was fuel. The Normandy beaches were still the main offloading point for gasoline, ammunition, weapons, food, spare parts, medical supplies, reinforcements, mail, and all the assorted essentials needed the equip a giant army in the field. By August the front had moved so far east that truck convoys delivering supplies were burning more fuel than they were delivering. To increase the number of gasoline barrels would mean decreasing the volume of other supplies needed for the winter stockpile. The projected amount required before cold weather set in was 75,000 tons of food and medical supplies, as well as a 1,500-ton-per-day coal allowance.

There were also tactical considerations. Supreme Headquarters Allied Expeditionary Force (SHAEF) was hoping to establish a bridgehead over the Rhine before autumn rains slowed the advance. Concluding that the liberation of Paris could wait a couple of months, the high command came up with an alternate plan. British Field Marshal Sir Bernard Law Montgomery's 21st Army Group would launch a major attack eastward between the Seine and Oise Rivers and capture the port of Le Havre, giving the Allies a crucial new unloading point for supplies. The British would then overrun the V-1 and V-2 launching emplacements in Pas-de-Calais and secure Amiens. Meanwhile, the U.S. Twelfth Army Group would strike eastward, ford the Seine at Melun, swing north for 100 miles, veer westward at Reims, and link up with the British, who would be moving south from Amiens.

From a strictly tactical point of view, the new plan made sense. Paris's German garrison would be neutralized by encirclement, avoiding an intense urban battle (which would have suited Hitler's destructive aims). The terrain was suitable for self-propelled armor, and increasingly scarce gasoline would be saved for the assault on the Siegfried Line guarding Germany's western frontier. The operation was tentatively set to commence sometime between September 15 and October 1.

Eisenhower considered the plan an acceptable alternative to a direct assault on Paris proper, but Free French leader General Charles de Gaulle did not. From the war's outset, de Gaulle's relations with the Americans and British had been fractious. There was persistent friction between him, American President Franklin D. Roosevelt, and British Prime Minister Sir Winston Churchill. De Gaulle had been rankled by American recognition of France's collaborationist Vichy government and by not being informed of the impending American landings in North Africa in the autumn of 1942.

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Europe's complex political situation gave de Gaulle other problems to consider. Determined to save his country from becoming a postwar bulwark of European communism, the French leader had detailed spies to infiltrate the country's predominantly left-wing resistance movement. When his operatives informed him that the Red underground was planning a major insurrection to liberate Paris and establish communism as the country's dominant faction before the Allies could arrive, de Gaulle realized that the immediate liberation of Paris was crucial to Western Europe's postwar political future—as well as his own. His intelligence sources reported that the Communists had approximately 25,000 armed irregulars in the capital; they now outnumbered the Germans. There was a very real possibility the leftists could defeat the Nazis by themselves, taking over the government and likely setting off a ruinous civil war with de Gaulle's supporters. Drained by four years of Nazi occupation, France was in no condition to endure the rigors of a major internecine conflict.

From his headquarters in Algiers, de Gaulle ordered a halt to all airdrops of supplies into the city and the surrounding area. He commenced sending his most trusted subordinates into Paris to persuade as many resistance units as possible, regardless of their political inclinations, to hold off attacking the Germans until he could convince the Allies to resume heading for the city. Hitler, meanwhile, was making his own preparations.

Hitler was one of the multitudes of German soldiers who had been left emotionally and physically scarred by their failure to take Paris in World War I. Two million of his comrades had perished in the miserable trenches on the Western Front. None of his later conquests had thrilled Hitler as much as the capture of Paris, and accordingly he was obsessed with defending his conquest. Hitler resolved that if the fall of Paris appeared imminent, he would destroy the city.

Hitler's new man in Paris, Maj. Gen. Dietrich von Choltitz, was fresh from three years of illustrious service on the Russian front, where he had earned a reputation for competence, aggressiveness, and absolute obedience. His standing as an officer who would ruthlessly obey any order made him one of the few members of the general staff whom Hitler was willing to trust following the July 20 attempt on his life. Born into an old family with a long tradition of military accomplishment, Choltitz was a typical Prussian martinet. He expected blind obedience from his subordinates, and his superiors could expect it from him. Orders were not to be questioned but carried out immediately.

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LEFT TO RIGHT: Henri Tanguy, Communist resistance leader in Paris; Generals Charles de Gaulle and Dwight D. Eisenhower; German Major General Dietrich von Choltitz.

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ABOVE: Wary German troops man a sandbagged barricade in the Paris suburbs on August 20, 1944. LEFT: A female French partisan in a captured German helmet is armed with German "potato masher" grenades.

Choltitz's service earlier in the war had been both exemplary and heartless. In 1940 he commanded the bomber formations that incinerated Rotterdam before the Dutch had time to surrender. His tenacity and resourcefulness were evident during the grisly July 1942 siege of the Crimean port of Sevastopol, when he lost so many troops from his 4,800-man regiment that he was forced to use Russian POWs to carry and load shells for his artillery pieces. Ignoring a gushing arm wound, Choltitz steadfastly continued to pressure the city until it surrendered. By then, all but 347 of his own men were dead. When the war in the East turned against the Germans, Choltitz was transferred to Army Group Center. As the Wehrmacht steadily retreated westward, he ruthlessly carried out Hitler's scorched-earth policy, making certain that the Red Army found nothing but charred ruins as it advanced.

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The diminutive general was an accomplished vandal, but by August 1944, when he arrived in Paris as its new military governor, Choltitz was beginning to have second thoughts about mass, wanton destruction. He met Hitler for the first time at an outdoor luncheon in the summer of 1943 when the Nazi leader toured the Russian front. He believed it when the Führer assured all in attendance that the gargantuan Red Army would be bled white as it advanced into the teeth of tenacious German resistance. After a year of waiting vainly for this to happen, Choltitz had become disillusioned.

Summoned to Hitler's East Prussian headquarters one year later, Choltitz was shocked at the dictator's physical and mental deterioration. After a rambling monologue on his own life's accomplishments, Hitler concluded with an hysterical diatribe against the Prussian officer corps. He concluded by informing Choltitz that he would be posted to Paris to brutally stamp out "all civilian acts of disobedience or terrorism." As he left the secluded forest compound, Choltitz was less than reassured. It seemed as though he was being given another scorched-earth assignment. Yet this time it was not some nameless, nondescript little burg on the endless Russian steppes. It was Paris, the most artistic, cultured and beautiful city in the world. For the first time in his life, Choltitz thought of disobeying a direct order.

Departing East Prussia, the general happened to take the same train as the director of the German Worker's Front, Robert Ley. As the two men gossiped over cigars, Ley informed Choltitz that Hitler had just exhumed an ancient German law that essentially held soldiers' families hostage. Prompted by the July bomb plot on his life, the revived legislation decreed the death penalty for the loved ones of any servicemen who deserted, surrendered, committed treason or suicide, or merely performed at levels below what their superiors considered acceptable. Stunned and sickened, Choltitz muttered that Germany was reverting to Middle Ages barbarism. Ley replied, "Yes, but these are exceptional times."

The next morning the train stopped over in Choltitz's hometown of Baden-Baden, allowing him a brief reunion with wife Uberta, daughters Maria Angelika, 14, Anna Barbara, 8, and infant son Timo. The previous night the train had passed through Berlin, and during a fleeting stop to take on passengers a courier had arrived, informing Choltitz of his promotion to general and handing him two new bars for his shoulder tabs. As Uberta sewed them onto his tunic, she and the children could sense the tension and foreboding he silently radiated. Meanwhile, back in East Prussia, Hitler had ordered all available reinforcements sent to France. He sullenly added: "Why should we care if Paris is destroyed? The Allies, at this very moment, are destroying cities all over Germany with their bombs."

Upon arrival at his new command, Choltitz was ruefully unsurprised when Lt. Gen. Gunther Blumentritt informed him that the German garrison had been ordered to carry out a citywide orgy of destruction if compelled to abandon Paris. The 813th Engineer Company was already sowing explosives at prearranged points. Although water and electrical facilities were priority targets, the engineers began by mining the ancient bridges across the Seine. With these lovely old spans

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ABOVE: Lightly armed but fiercely determined Free French partisans defend a barricade in their beloved Paris. BELOW: Resistance fighters wave the French tri-colors on top of a recently captured German tank on the streets of Paris.

Gamma-Keystone/Getty Images

destroyed, any advancing army would have great difficulty fording the broad, winding river. The Nazis also mined the 400-year-old Palais de Luxembourg, with its priceless collection of art and literary works. They also fixed charges in the Chamber of Deputies, the French Foreign Office, the telephone exchanges, the railroad stations, aircraft plants and every factory in the city.

Choltitz was running out of time. On August 17, he received a cable from Field Marshal Gunther von Kluge that included the words, "I give the order for the neutralization and destruction envisaged for Paris." Choltitz was increasingly desperate to abort the most heinous act of mass vandalism in history, knowing that his name would be eternally defaced as a result. Yet he still had the ingrained inclination of a professional Prussian soldier to unquestioningly do as he was told.

To the west of the capital, Lt. Col. Hubertus von Aulock was laying out a defensive perimeter in a 60-mile arc in front of the encroaching liberation forces. Aulock and Choltitz both knew that the 10,000 men available for the line were woefully insufficient, but Berlin had promised them reinforcements. Realizing that there was little chance the Allies would launch heavy bombing raids on Paris, Choltitz resourcefully removed all 88mm antiaircraft pieces from the city and placed them as antiarmor artillery at intervals along the defense line.

Meanwhile, sappers were priming hundreds of U-boat torpedoes and stacking them in a tunnel underneath the heart of the city. If detonated, they would leave the center of Paris a smoking wasteland. Mayor Pierre Charles Tattinger, alarmed at all the ordnance being sown throughout the city, paid a visit to the harried Choltitz. Demanding an explanation, the Frenchman was not reassured by the German's response: "As an officer, Monsieur Tattinger, you will understand there are certain measures I shall have to take in Paris. It is my duty to slow up as much as possible the advance of the Allies."

Although a collaborator who had spent the past several years working closely with the Nazis, Tattinger had not realized until now how far they were capable of going with their atrocities. This was Paris—how could they consider such a crime against civilization? At this point the asthmatic Choltitz was taken with a violent coughing attack. Under the pretense of helping him catch his breath, Tattinger led the general to a window overlooking the immaculately sculpted gardens of the Tuileries, the Rue de Rivoli, Notre Dame, the Seine, Les Invalides and, in the near distance, the Eiffel Tower. "Often it is given a general to destroy, rarely to preserve," said the mayor. "Imagine that one day it might be given you to stand on this balcony again, as a tourist, to look once more on these monuments to our joys, to our sufferings, and be able to say, 'One day I could have destroyed this, and I preserved it as a gift to humanity.' General, is not that worth all a conqueror's glory?"

Choltitz looked to his left at the Louvre, then to his right at the Place de la Concorde, and said: "You are a good advocate for Paris, Monsieur Tattinger. You have done your duty well. Likewise I, as a German general, must do mine." Would he do his duty as a Nazi soldier, or as a civilized human being? He had little time to decide, for within the city the pace of events was quickening.

On August 19, de Gaulle unleashed his own underground forces on the Germans before the Reds could fully deploy. Across the capital

Gaullist troops assailed Nazi fortifications and troop concentrations. The Reds wasted no time joining in. Resistance forces armed with Molotov cocktails, fowling pieces, World War I-surplus Lebel rifles, and slow-firing Hotchkiss machine guns all went into action. Destruction in the city mounted as the Germans responded.

With the police prefecture at the heart of the fighting, Choltitz deployed tanks and dive bombers to attack at first light on August 20. He outlined this strategy to the Swedish consul Raoul Nordling, who was also eager to halt the spreading damage. He suggested Choltitz offer a ceasefire to the encircled irregulars in the prefecture. The general found the proposal appealing. This way he would not besmirch his name by sending forces to fight in the heart of Paris. The truce was also a blessing for Charles de Gaulle. He learned of it just as he was leaving for a conference with Eisenhower, who was already angry about the situation.

Poorly informed on the politics behind the uprising, Eisenhower assumed that de Gaulle had launched the insurrection specifically to set himself up as France's postwar head of state. The American, British, and Free French forces approaching from the west would have to hurry to rescue the partisans from being wiped out and Paris from going the blazing way of Warsaw. Yet if he did rush to the city, the liberation of the rest of Western Europe would be interrupted, prolonging the war for months. Even after Eisenhower learned that de Gaulle was not directly responsible for the resistance uprising, he was still aggravated, grumbling that de Gaulle was "trying to get us to change our plans to accommodate his political needs." Still, without the imperious general, postwar France would almost certainly become a bastion of European communism. Nobody else within the country had the stature to stand up to the Reds.

The Allies' most immediate concerns were tactical. Despite de Gaulle's threat to withdraw the 2nd Free French Armored Division from the bulk of the Allies' forces and send it on to Paris alone, Eisenhower initially stuck to his intended strategy. The day before the conference he had received an intelligence report that Hitler was transferring occupation forces from Denmark to help defend Paris. Meanwhile, in the city, the head of the communist underground, Henri Tanguy, alias "Colonel Rol," was doing his best to disrupt the truce with the Germans and prevent de Gaulle from claiming credit for liberating the capital. Excoriating the cease-fire as a right-wing ploy to "exterminate the working class of Paris," Tanguy ordered continued all-out attacks on German forces within the city regardless of losses to his own command. "Paris," he declared coolly, "is worth 200,000 dead."

By the evening of August 20, the truce was over as open warfare had broken out citywide between communist insurgents and German occupation troops. By midnight Tanguy had lost 106 men, and an indeterminate number of Germans were dead. Choltitz was on the brink of launching a destructive counterattack on the partisans and commencing Hitler's orders for mass demolitions. Then something unexpected happened.

An SS patrol arrested three resistance officers driving a car crammed with weapons and classified documents. They were Gaullist agents, calling themselves "ministers of de Gaulle." The commanding SS officer, realizing the implications of this development, immediately contacted German headquarters and reported the arrest. It was indeed significant. One of the men was de Gaulle's ranking representative in occupied France, Alexandre Parodi, who was quickly ushered into Choltitz's presence.

After meticulously summarizing the implications of the dying truce, Choltitz released the three stunned Frenchmen in hopes that they could restore the truce. The Gaullists had a prearranged plan code-named Operation Prise du Pouvoir in place for such a situation. Every minister in de Gaulle's London-based government-in-exile had a carefully screened and briefed counterpart secretly based in Paris. Calling them together, Parodi began installing them in their designated ministries. Parodi managed to assemble an ad hoc cabinet in the Hotel de Matignon, which he intended to make the temporary seat of government and declare the assembly the legitimate government of France. Like his chief, he was hoping to beat the Reds to the draw.

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Tanks of the French 2nd Armored Division race down the famous Boulevard Saint Michel in Paris on August 25—the day of liberation.

Tanguy's representatives met with the Gaullists in an apartment overlooking the Parc Montsouris. The conference was predictably stormy. Making it clear that they were going to continue attacking the Nazis, the leftists threatened that if de Gaulle refused to join the uprising, they would plaster every building and wall in the city with placards revealing his inaction and accusing him of "stabbing the people of Paris in the back." The fighting was too far progressed to stop now, they said. The truce was dead.

While the resistance commanders inside Paris squabbled, the leader of the 2nd Free French Armored Division, General Jacques Philippe Leclerc, was 122 miles to the west, mobilizing his 16,000 men for the first Allied advance on Paris. Dependent on the Americans for supplies, Leclerc had craftily ensured he would be equipped for the offensive by failing to report losses suffered in battle. He was still drawing fuel and ammunition allotments for tanks and other vehicles that he no longer possessed. Learning of the situation in the capital, he had spent the previous three nights sending out foraging parties to steal additional gasoline and ammo from U.S. supply depots.

Leclerc contacted Eisenhower's headquarters in a futile attempt to obtain official permission to advance. During the early hours of August 21, he moved out on his own authority. Inadvertently,

his enemies were making his coming assault easier for him. The reinforcements from Denmark were deployed south of the city, where the Wehrmacht high command anticipated the Allies would launch their main offensive. Choltitz mistakenly interpreted this to mean there would be little for his forces to defend—and he should destroy Paris before the Allies could get there.

A young Gaullist operative named Roger Gallois drove into American lines and roused Lt. Gen. George Patton in the middle of the night, imploring him to send his Third Army directly to Paris. Hamstrung by Eisenhower's orders to the contrary, Patton lacked the authority to comply, so Gallois jumped back in his jeep and raced farther west to Twelfth Army Group headquarters. Arriving at 6 AM on August 22, he cornered intelligence officer Brig. Gen. Edwin Sibert. With tears streaming down his face, Gallois begged the Americans to hurry to Paris while there was still time. His desperate pleas convinced Sibert, who resolved to make his own appeal to Eisenhower. The supreme commander, meanwhile, had already changed his mind about bypassing the city. Ensconced at his new command center in the town of Grandchamp, Eisenhower had caved in after receiving another desperate message from de Gaulle. A massive Anglo-American liberation army would be following immediately in the wake of the French.

Back in the city, both Gaullist and communist rebels were running low on ammunition while the Germans, so far untroubled by Allied ground forces, were able to concentrate all their efforts on the resistance fighters. The inner city steadily came to resemble Warsaw, with the French death toll climbing to 500. Nazi engineers continued to plant their explosives, mining the basement of Les Invalides. If these explosives detonated they would pulverize the French Army Museum, military art gallery, 400-year-old army barracks, and Napoleon's tomb. Early on the dreary morning of August 23, four SS sappers were checking for the best spots to set off charges on the supports of the Eiffel Tower.

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French General Jacques Philippe Leclerc, standing in his half-track, arrives in an exultant Paris after a headlong dash into the city. The French were determined to reach the capital first.

By this point the urban warfare was dying down as resistance fighters ran out of ammunition and went into hiding. They had done their jobs. German troops in the city headed for the defensive perimeter west of the outskirts, but they had already spent too much time preoccupied with the rebels. The 2nd Free French and U.S. 4th Infantry Division were already bearing down on the German defenses. The Nazis managed to redeploy their lethal 88s, and as the 2nd Free French neared, the flak guns opened a deadly fire.

The Luftwaffe was slated to assist in the supposed demolition of Paris by launching a major bombing attack on the city on the night of August 24-25. Again Choltitz came to the rescue. Storming into the sector's ranking Luftwaffe office, he bellowed that there would be no such raid. The scheduled bombing targeted neighborhoods where large numbers of his soldiers were deployed. Such an air attack, yelled Choltitz, "would kill as many Germans as Parisians." The raid was canceled.

War correspondent and self-appointed resistance fighter Ernest Hemingway had scouted the thoroughfares leading into the city and reported them clear of mines, but he failed to notice the camouflaged artillery emplacements. The haystacks in wheat fields bordering the roads concealed the guns of the 11th Flak Regiment, and as the Shermans passed the pastures, the 88s opened a murderous barrage. The French tankers would not be deterred. Frantic to be the first liberation unit to reach Paris, they disdained evasive maneuvering and charged directly into the artillery with no regard for losses. Firing on the move, they knocked out, ran over, or bypassed every 88 and continued their eastward dash. These tactics were costly, but they saved time.

By now shellfire from the west was audible in Paris, emboldening the partisans to resume scattered attacks on the Germans and forcing them to fight on two fronts. Realizing the Allies' arrival was imminent, the Nazis commenced burning sensitive and incriminating documents. They had much to erase, for they had murdered 4,500 Frenchmen in the Gestapo prison of Mont Valerian alone.

Encouraged by the ever-nearing crash of artillery, the rebels began to disrupt the laying of demolitions and removed many of those already in place. When a six-truck German convoy packed with explosives set out for the Chamber of Deputies, the Gaullists and communists joined forces, attacking and destroying every vehicle.

American General Omar Bradley, overseeing the final push, had been under the misconception that the approaches to Paris were lightly defended, but as his troops and the Free French reached the suburbs, they met occasional but violent resistance. The 2nd Armored Division, in the vanguard, took the brunt of the opposition. When Bradley began to receive reports of the horrific losses the Frenchmen were absorbing, he hurriedly ordered the 4th Infantry Division to pick up the pace. As the Americans caught up with Leclerc on the evening of August 24, he had his aide, Captain Raymond Dronne, change into civilian clothes and sneak into the city to inform the freedom fighters that they would see liberation either

that night or the next day.

At this point Choltitz again became the enemy. Although the diminutive Prussian was determined to abort the scheme to capriciously destroy Paris, he had no intention of giving up the city without a fight. He was a professional soldier who would not lay down his arms until it was the only remaining option. On the evening of the 24th, he informed his assembled staff that he would "personally shoot, in my own office, the next man who comes to me suggesting we abandon Paris without a fight."

Three hours later, at 9:30 PM, Leclerc's command rumbled into the heart of the city. Against a backdrop of deafening cheers and unending strains of the French national anthem, ecstatic Parisians pulled the grimy, exhausted tankers

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from their machines. The victory celebration also drowned out occasional waves of gunfire, but it was little more than a mopping-up operation as most of the remaining 20,000 German troops in the city were soft and complacent following four years of easy occupation duty and were unwilling to fight a professional army. They eagerly surrendered, and at noon on August 25 the tricolor fluttered from atop the Eiffel Tower. Back in the gloomy woodlands of East Prussia, an agitated Hitler repeatedly asked his chief of staff, "Brennt Paris?" No, Paris was not burning.

Chotlitz resigned himself to his impending surrender. Just after 1 PM the next afternoon, one of Leclerc's junior officers strode into his office and announced, "I am Lieutenant Henri Karcher of the army of General de Gaulle." Rising from his desk, the German replied, "General von Choltitz, commander of Gross Paris." "You are my prisoner," said Karcher. Choltitz agreed. Karcher had barely enough men to protect his captive from being lynched by a mob outside the building, but they managed to reach

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ABOVE: American tankers stand ready to provide cover fire in front of Notre Dame Cathedral. LEFT: A beaming General de Gaulle marches down the Champs-Elysses. Top aide Alexandre Parodi is on his left.

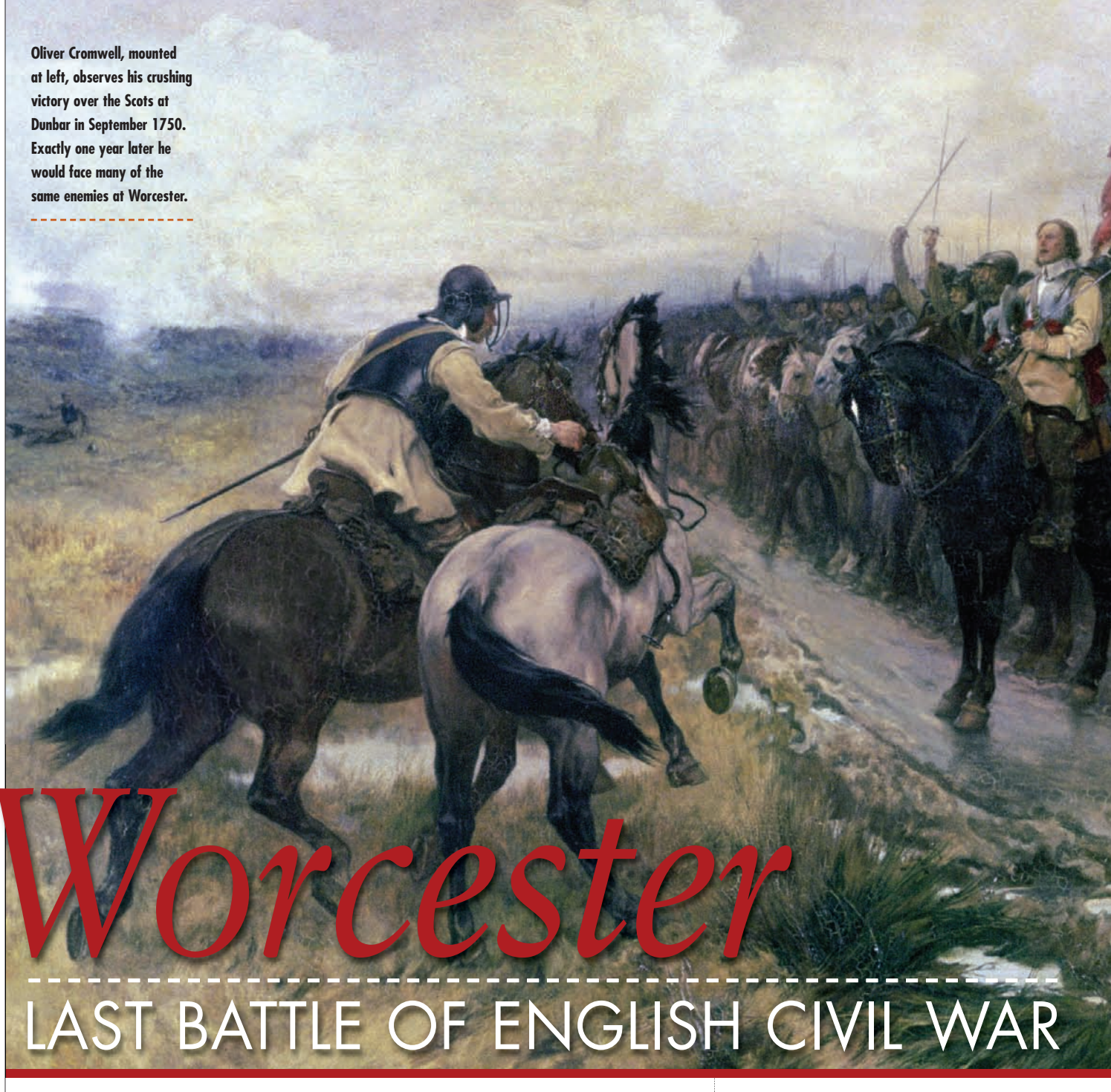
a staff car with the Nazi's only injuries being a few scratches and bruises.

The car hurried to the Hotel de Ville, where Leclerc had set up his temporary headquarters. Choltitz signed a formal surrender document and spent the next three hours cooling his heels. At 4:30 PM, a three-car convoy stopped outside the hotel and General de Gaulle stepped from the center vehicle. When he read the capitulation document he flushed with anger. Tanguy had managed to reach the building before him and signed the document first so that his name would appear before de Gaulle's.

In the end, Tanguy would be the one to fade into obscurity while his rival took the reigns of government. De Gaulle was the centerpiece of the ensuing victory parade, his massive frame accentuating his magnetic presence as he towered over his companions. When a would-be assassin opened fire on him from one of Notre Dame Cathedral's towers, de Gaulle earned the eternal awe and hero-worship of his countrymen by disdainfully ignoring the hail of bullets while everyone else dropped to the pavement. The gunman turned out not to be a German, but one of Tanguy's leftist partisans. This infuriated many Frenchmen and turned them eternally against communism. Following his fearless stroll down the Champs Elysees, de Gaulle further ensured that there would be no leftist takeover by reading a "Proclamation of the Republic" to the adoring throng.

Things were not so jubilant in Germany. A hasty court-martial assembled to try Choltitz in absentia for treason, but some of the defendant's highly placed friends were able to delay the hearing until the war ended before a verdict could be reached, thus saving Frau von Choltitz and her children from execution or exile to a concentration camp.

Others were not so lucky. By diverting their forces to Paris, the Allies depleted their fuel reserves and were unable to reach the German frontier before winter. Surviving Wehrmacht units were able to man the formidable Siegfried Line, and the arrival of a brutally cold and wet winter caused the Western Front to stagnate, giving Hitler time to make the final months of the war the costliest yet for the Allies. The Germans used the respite well, deploying over 600,000 men for the Battle of the Bulge, fortifying the Hürtgen Forest, and crushing the British at Arnhem. Unutterably worse was the delay in liberating the concentration camps in Eastern Europe. Millions of innocents died miserably in these hellholes before rescuers could reach them. Only after the war would the world comprehend the truly ghastly price of stopping first to save the City of Light. □



Oliver Cromwell, mounted at left, observes his crushing victory over the Scots at Dunbar in September 1750. Exactly one year later he would face many of the same enemies at Worcester.

Worcester

LAST BATTLE OF ENGLISH CIVIL WAR

CHARLES STUART LIKED to gamble. The 21-year-old son of slain English King Charles I was a fixture at the gaming tables and boudoirs of Europe, where he had spent the last half decade in restless exile while his father unsuccessfully sought to hold onto both his crown and his head. Following his father's execution at Whitehall, London, on January 30, 1649, the young prince had returned to his ancestral home in Scotland, rallying the disaffected Scots to rise against the English Puritans (or Parliamentarians) led by Oliver Cromwell, who had decisively defeated them at the Battle of Dunbar on September 3, 1650.

Crowned king of England and Scotland (then separate countries) on January 1, 1651, Charles II had found little time to pursue his pleasures. With the grudging assistance of Scottish General David Leslie, Cromwell's bested opponent at Dunbar, the new king had spent the past six months rebuilding his Royalist forces and making plans to recapture the throne and avenge his father. He had cobbled together an army of about 15,000 men, most of them Scots who hoped to forcibly impose their Presbyterian religion on Anglican England. Charles was more or less indifferent to the religious underpinnings of the war—if anything, he tended to favor his Catholic mother's church—but he had willingly signed a "Solemn League and Covenant" agreeing to promote Presbyterianism as the new state religion once a Stuart sat again on the English throne.

Charles and Leslie differed greatly on the best way to effect such a restoration. Having seen at Dunbar what a Cromwell-led Puritan army was capable of achieving, Leslie wanted to keep the fighting close to home in Scotland, where Royalist sentiments remained strongest. The king disagreed. Despite retaining something of his father's Scottish accent, Charles did not feel at home in chilly Scotland. He wanted to head south immediately and march directly on Lon-

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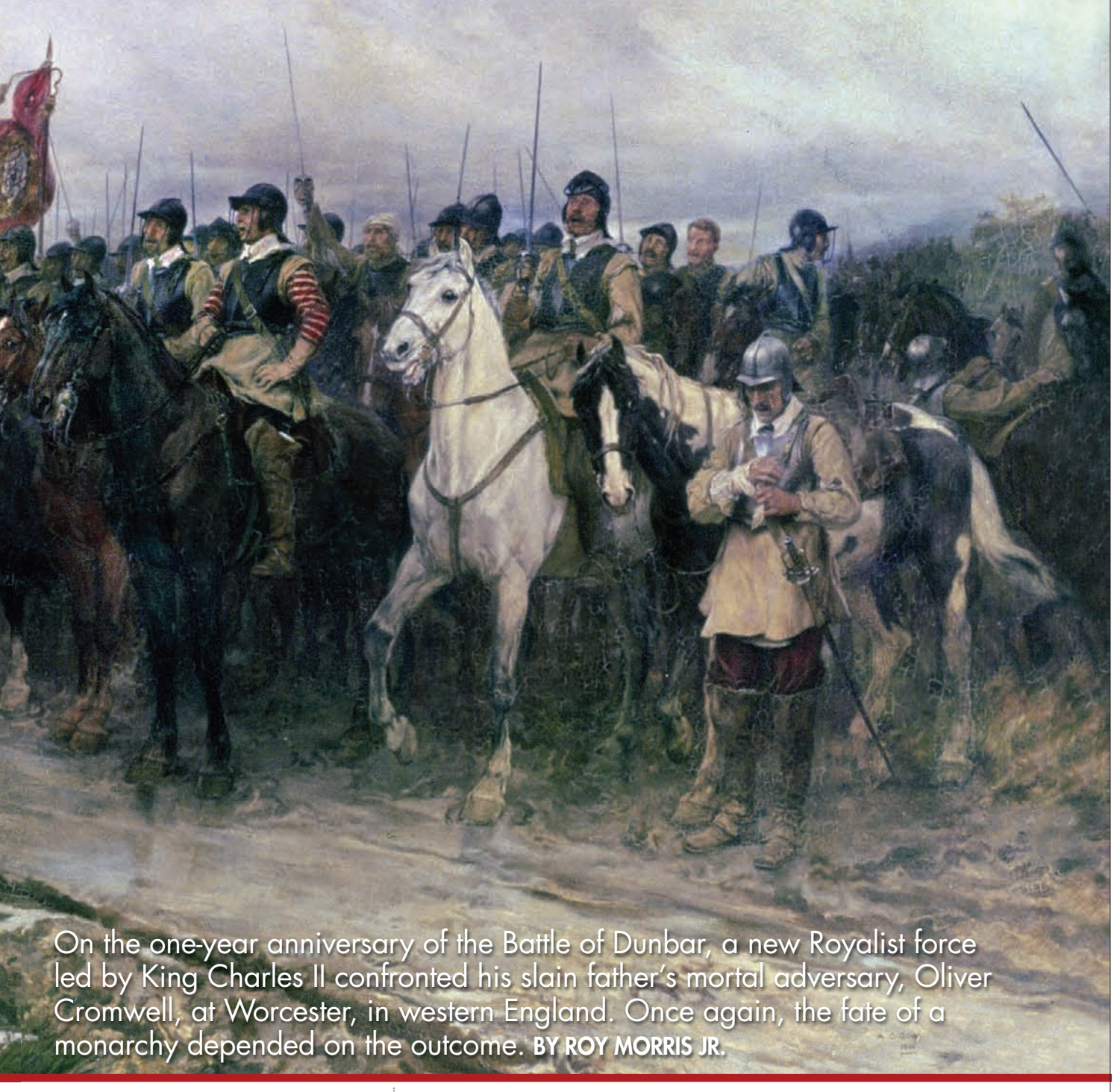

On the one-year anniversary of the Battle of Dunbar, a new Royalist force led by King Charles II confronted his slain father's mortal adversary, Oliver Cromwell, at Worcester, in western England. Once again, the fate of a monarchy depended on the outcome. **BY ROY MORRIS JR.**

don, while Cromwell was still occupied with besieging the Scottish stronghold at Perth. In the king's vision, thousands of monarchy-loving Englishmen would flock to his banner, united in their love of his father and the Presbyterian Church—more or less in that order. Leslie had his doubts. With a well-honed sense of Scottish fatalism, he urged the king to stay where he was, at least until more troops could be raised from the northern highlands.

Events soon forced their hands. On June 27, a Parliamentarian force led by Lt. Gen. John Lambert defeated a Scottish force at Inverkeithing on the Fife peninsula, cutting the kingdom in two and making the capture of Perth inevitable. The Royalists had three options, none of them good: they could melt into the highlands and fight a rear-guard guerrilla war; they could challenge Cromwell to another do-or-die battle inside Scotland; or they could invade England and hope to beat the Puritans back to London. Ever the gambler, Charles chose the third, and riskiest, option. Scottish Duke William Hamilton summed up the prospects gloomily: "Since the enemy shuns fighting with us, except upon advantage, we must either starve, disband, or go with a handful of men into England. This last seems to the least ill, yet it appears very desperate to me."

Hamilton knew what he was talking about. His father, James, the first Duke of Hamilton, had led another invasion force into England three years earlier. At Preston, on the west coast of England, the Scots had been caught and annihilated by the quick-marching Cromwell on August 17, 1648. The first duke had been captured and executed for his trouble. His son did not relish a second family encounter with Cromwell and his battle-hardened New Model Army.

But Charles felt, perhaps rightly, that he had no choice. The Puritans' ironclad naval blockade prevented either reinforcements or supplies from reaching Scotland. And the Scots themselves, who

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Principal commanders at Worcester included, left to right, King Charles II, then 21; Oliver Cromwell; and Cromwell's redoubtable cavalry leader, Lieutenant General John Lambert.

had sided against his father in the first round of the civil war, were a troublesome ally at best, given alternately to defeatist sulking or sudden headlong suicidal charges. Charles would rather risk appealing to his father's former English supporters than the dour and unpredictable highlanders from the north. On July 31 the king led his new army south from Stirling, crossing the border into England 12 days later. For speed of movement, most of his men were mounted, and at first they made good progress despite the fact that several hundred men deserted along the way.

Still, it was long odds—and about to become even longer. Cromwell, ever vigilant, had not been taken by surprise. The capture of a Royalist messenger earlier that spring had given Cromwell access to the king's secret code and the names of many of his English supporters. Although still lingering around Perth waiting for the town to surrender, Cromwell had taken pains to prepare for an enemy thrust to the south. He alerted Parliament to the threat, urging them to call out the free-standing militias and dispatching two separate cavalry forces under the young but skillful Lambert and Maj. Gen. Thomas Harrison to shadow the upstart king every step of the way. Meanwhile, some 2,000 suspected Royalist supporters were rounded up and arms caches were removed from the great houses and kept under Puritan guard at central locations. Informers, promised a third of their victims' estates, disclosed anyone suspected of favoring the king, and many Royalists decided understandably that they would sit out the coming invasion and, in essence, mind their own business.

But by allowing Charles free entry into England, Cromwell too was taking a risk. Despite heading what one Puritan newsletter described as "that mongrel Scots army," the new king—whether or not he was recognized as such by Parliament—was an attractive, even gallant figure. No one could say with complete confidence how few, or how many, common Englishmen might rally to his side. One solid Royalist victory on English soil might well trigger a popular uprising. Nevertheless, the coldly pragmatic Cromwell felt that he had little choice but to toss the dice. As he informed Parliament: "We have done to the best of our judgments, knowing that if some issue were not put to this business, it would occasion another winter's war, to the ruin of your soldiery." Like Charles, he did not wish to spend another rain-soaked winter in Scotland.

Leaving Lt. Gen. George Monck behind in Scotland to command a standing force of 6,000 of his worst soldiers, Cromwell hurried south with the bulk of his army—nine infantry regiments, cavalry and artillery. Marching 20 miles a day in some of the hottest summer weather in memory, Cromwell's Puritans reached the River Tyne in seven days, entering the border town of Ferrybridge on August 19. The soldiers, all veteran campaigners, were allowed to strip off their coats and armor and march in their shirtsleeves; townsfolk were conscripted to carry the men's arms and equipment for them. Meanwhile, Cromwell instructed Lambert, his able young cavalry commander, to continue following Charles's army. "Attend the motions of the enemy, and endeavor the keeping of them together, and also impede his march," Cromwell ordered. Thanks to Lambert's proven efficiency, Cromwell soon knew every step the Royalists took.

The Puritan leader was surprised and gratified by events on the ground. It was to the Parliamentary banner, not the king's, that the common folk of England flocked, seeing the campaign as an outright invasion of their country by Scottish brigands who, it was said, "had given up their own country for lost, which they had not the courage to defend." Across northern and central England county militias rallied, moving into position to guard against Royalist insurrections and, if necessary, to defend the capital city of London itself. Cromwell had always scorned the militias, preferring to depend on his veteran regulars, but the sheer numbers of new volunteers helped demoralize Charles and his Scottish allies and literally gave them pause.

At Warrington, 16 miles east of Liverpool on the River Mersey in Lancashire, Charles's army confronted a mixed group of Cheshire and Staffordshire militia augmented by Lambert's regular cavalry. On August 16, the Royalists attacked and forced back the Puritan forces from the bridge. The marshy ground was unsuited for Lambert's horsemen, and he was under orders not to bring on a general engagement. The cavalry withdrew, much to the delight and derision of the Scots, who flourished their weapons at the riverside and shouted at the retreating Puritans: "Oh, you rogues, we will be with you before your Cromwell!" That remained to be seen.

Despite the nearly bloodless victory at Warrington, Charles's principal advisers were still worried. Leslie, as always, was the most concerned. Although the erstwhile Parliamentary governor of Gloucester, Sir Edward Massey, had joined the king's banner, there was little evidence of large-scale defections to the Royalist cause. A visitor to Charles's camp recounted that the king had jokingly chided Leslie: "How could he be sad, when he was in the head of so brave an army and demanded of him how he liked them." Leslie answered "that he was melancholy indeed, for he well knew that the army, how well soever it looked, would not fight." Said another equally dispirited Royalist: "I confess I cannot tell you whether our hopes or fears are greatest, but we have one stout argument—despair; for we must either stoutly fight or die."

> "I CONFESS I CANNOT TELL YOU WHETHER OUR HOPES OR FEARS ARE GREATEST, BUT WE HAVE ONE STOUT ARGUMENT—DESPAIR; FOR WE MUST EITHER STOUTLY FIGHT OR DIE."

Faced with such sentiments, Charles at length was persuaded to give up his dream of marching directly on London and instead move west into the more favorable Royalist territory near the Welsh border. There, he could rest his army

and recruit more men from the famously hard-fighting Welshmen. (He would also have an open line of retreat to the coast, if it came to that.) Reluctantly, Charles wheeled his army west and headed for the crossroads town of Worcester, athwart the Severn River that formed the eastern border of Wales. The weary Royalists arrived at the outskirts of the city on August 22 and immediately set to work strengthening the town's defenses. All local males between the ages of 16 and 60 were ordered to assemble in a field outside Worcester and listen to an impassioned speech by the king, who promised general pardons and good pay to anyone who would join his ranks. A few hundred new recruits straggled in, but nowhere near the numbers that Charles would need to fight Cromwell and his army, which scouts reported lurking nearby. The king's gamble had left him holding a very weak hand. He knew it. "For me," he mordantly told a confidante, "it is a crown or a coffin."

Two days later, on August 24, Cromwell reached Warwick, 40 miles east of Worcester, uniting his regulars with a mass of volunteers—27,000 men in all. For the first time in his career, Cromwell would have a better than two to one advantage over his opponents. Given his past history of success with much smaller odds, it was clear that Cromwell was holding a much larger stack of chips. Characteristically, he was about to go all in.

Charles did what he could to lessen the odds, sending Massey and 300 men to safeguard the nearest crossing point of the Severn, nine miles south of Worcester at Upton. The king directed Massey to destroy the lone bridge across the river, but for some inexplicable reason Massey delayed. Meanwhile, the ever-vigilant Lambert arrived on the scene, noted that the bridge was neither destroyed nor guarded, and sent a company of dragoons clattering across the span to seize the high ground at Upton Church. The now-alerted defenders counterattacked, but Lambert poured more men into town and eventually the Royalists were forced to retreat, carrying the badly wounded Massey with them. Cromwell now had a beachhead on both banks of the Severn, and he quickly augmented Lambert's force with a column of regulars and militiamen led by Lt. Gen. Charles Fleetwood. Soon, there were 14,000 Parliamentary troops on the western side of the river, forcing Charles to divide his already badly outnumbered garrison. The noose was tightening around the king's neck; he might well have thought of his father's neck, stretched out before the executioner's axe at Whitehall 2½ years earlier. Many of his leading officers, one townsman observed, "appeared utterly dispirited and confounded" by the swiftly unfolding events.

Cromwell, never less than supremely confident himself, moved deliberately, concentrating the other half of his army on two hills, Red Hill and Perry Wood, just east of Worcester. He set his heavy artillery between the two high points but delayed firing to give his men time to construct a pontoon bridge across the Severn at its conjunction with the smaller, shallower River Teme. Fleetwood would lead the crossing there, while Colonel Richard Deane directed a second force to attack Powick Bridge, a couple of miles due west of the Severn. Cromwell did not intend to attack Worcester head-on, but rather to trap Royalists in a steadily tightening vise until the king was forced to abandon his defensive position and attack Cromwell in the open ground east of town. It was the same plan he had used to good effect at Dunbar one year earlier.

By sheer coincidence—although some claimed later that Cromwell had purposely chosen the time—the battle opened on September 3, exactly one year to the day after the Puritans' great victory at Dunbar. General Leslie, who had lost the battle that day, was unlikely to have missed the ominous anniversary.

By dividing his own forces, Cromwell was taking a large risk. If the Royalists could somehow stop Fleetwood and Dean from crossing the rivers, Charles might suddenly attack Cromwell's position east of Worcester and overwhelm the Puritans before they could reunite their forces. That would depend on the comparatively inexperienced Charles, still only 21, taking the initiative against one of the world's greatest battlefield commanders. It was another gamble that Cromwell, the abstemious Puritan, was happy to make.

The Granger Collection, New York

Cromwell rallies his suddenly wavering forces at Worcester. The town's cathedral, where Charles II watched the battle unfold, appears in the background.

Sometime before 6 AM, the Puritans began their attack. Fleetwood's 5,000-man force, moving up the west bank of the Severn, slowed its advance to cover the progress of the 20-boat caravan heading for the pontoon site to the east. Charles, watching developments through a telescope from the tower of Worcester Cathedral, dispatched two brigades, under General Robert Montgomerie, to hold the line at the Teme. Colonel Sir William Keith's brigade was sent to contest Powick Bridge, the site of Royalist Prince Rupert's long-ago triumph over the Parliamentarians in 1642, while Maj. Gen. Colin Pitscottie's Scottish Highlanders were ordered to contest the pontoon-bridging efforts at the confluence of the two rivers. The bulk of the cavalry, under Leslie, congregated north of Worcester where, true to form, the fretful general kept his forces out of the fight, intending them to be "a body to fall on and assist where need should arise." In other words, Leslie was already planning to cover a retreat.

For a time, it did not appear that he would be needed in such a role. Rallied by a quick visit from Charles to their position on the Teme, the Scottish defenders held fast, beating back several

The Granger Collection, New York

ABOVE: As the battle raged through the streets of Worcester and the gutters literally ran with blood, Charles reluctantly rode to safety at the last second. OPPOSITE: With the Puritans attacking from two directions, Charles led a desperate breakout east of Worcester, aiming for the high ground at Perry Wood and Red Hill.

attempts by the Puritans to cross the stream at Powick Bridge. Fleetwood's efforts to throw across a pontoon span farther east were also meeting with little success. Cromwell, seeing the lack of progress, sent a small body of troops across the Severn by boat to safeguard the contested triangle between the rivers' junction. He directed the men to throw up pontoon bridges "a pistol shot"—50 yards—apart from each other in preparation for an influx of reinforcements. In a remarkable feat of battlefield construction under fire, the Puritans managed to erect the pontoons, and between 3 and 4 PM Cromwell personally led a handpicked force of men, including his own bodyguard and the veteran infantry regiments of Colonels Francis Hacker, Richard Ingoldsby, and Charles Fairfax, across the river. The Highlanders, poorly led by Pitscottie, were too far away to contest the beachhead, and additional Puritan cavalry swept the defenders' flanks on the open ground west of the Severn.

With the pressure to his front partially relieved, Fleetwood managed at last to throw his own pontoon bridge across the Teme and threaten the Scottish flank at Powick Bridge. Colonel Keith led his men in a strategic withdrawal toward Worcester, contesting each tree, bush and hedgerow between the bridge and the town. "The dispute was long and very near at hand," wrote one Puritan observer, "and often at push of pike, and from one defense to another." At last, running out of ammunition, the Scots broke, some racing for refuge in Worcester, others continuing north into the open countryside beyond in the hope of escaping the Puritan trap. In the growing confusion, Keith was wounded and Montgomerie was captured.

Charles, back in the cathedral tower inside Worcester, decided on one last gamble: he would lead his men out of the city, as Cromwell had hoped, and attack the enemy east of the Severn at Red Hill. With more and more of Cromwell's men drawn into the triangle west of the river, the king reasoned that a sudden determined charge might break through the Puritan stranglehold. He was very nearly right. Aided by the fact that the troops left behind on the hill were mainly untried militia, the Royalists overran the musketeer pickets behind a stand of hedgerows, drove off a troop of Puritan cavalry, and seized Cromwell's artillery.

For a brief moment the entire battle hung in the balance. Charles's courageous charge, assisted by the Duke of Hamilton, was on the verge of achieving a stunning 11th-hour triumph. But the redoubtable Puritan cavalry commander John Lambert, who earlier had refused orders to reinforce Fleetwood on the west bank of the Severn, stood firm. "If the enemy should alter their course, and fall upon them on this

CHARLES II'S GREAT ESCAPE

Badly shaken, both physically and mentally, Charles II rode away from Worcester on the evening of September 3, 1651. He had fought and lost a great battle, but in many ways his greatest battle—and unlikeliest victory—were still to come.

Knowing that Puritan pursuers would be hot on his trail as soon as they realized he was not in Worcester, the king and his advisers stopped briefly at an inn in Ombersley (inevitably renamed the King's Arms) to discuss their plans. Charles wanted to head straight for London, where he assumed he could hide in plain sight in the bustling city before boarding a ship for the Continent.

His aides talked him out of that suicidal plan, recommending instead that the king seek refuge with local Catholic families in Shropshire until he could devise a better way out of the Puritan net. Charles agreed but understood instinctively that he should travel alone—a large company of retainers would stand out too much to anyone watching them. The others were reluctant to leave his side, either out of loyalty or a childish fear of being left alone. "Though I could not get them to stand by me against the enemy," Charles joked later, "I could not get rid of them, now I had a mind to it."

The king made his way under cover of darkness to the home of a well-to-do Shropshire family, the Giffords, at Boscobel House. Five Catholic brothers named Penderel looked after the estate, and it was Charles's good fortune that they had long experience in hiding priests and fellow Catholics from Puritan persecutors. The Penderels quickly disguised the king in humble peasant's clothing—a coarse shirt, leather doublet, green breeches, and patched stockings. They trimmed his flowing Cavalier-length hair and gave him a greasy white, steeple-crowned hat to wear.

For several days Charles hid out at Boscobel House and a nearby priory. In a true-life event that would quickly become legendary, the king climbed into the branches of a towering oak tree and hid all day with his courtier, Captain William Careless, while Puritan soldiers rode back and forth below. Descendants of the Royal Oak still stand at Boscobel House.

With a thousand-pound bounty on his head, more than the average worker could earn in a lifetime, the royal fugitive passed through a series of Catholic safe houses, hiding in barns, fields, and once in an old-fashioned "priest hole" concealed inside a home. Adopting the alias "William Jackson," Charles traveled at night, either alone or with a local guide, his progress literally hobbled by the ill-fitting boots he had been given to wear, which bruised and bloodied his feet. At one inn, the disguised monarch bandied words with a local blacksmith, allowing that "if that rogue, Charles Stuart, were taken, he deserved to be hanged for bringing in the Scots."

Heading southeast through the English countryside toward Bristol and the coast, Charles and his guides reached Trent, near Sherborne, where he hid for several weeks in the home of a former Royalist soldier, Colonel Francis Wyndham. While Charles stayed out of sight, occasionally hiding at the ancient ruins

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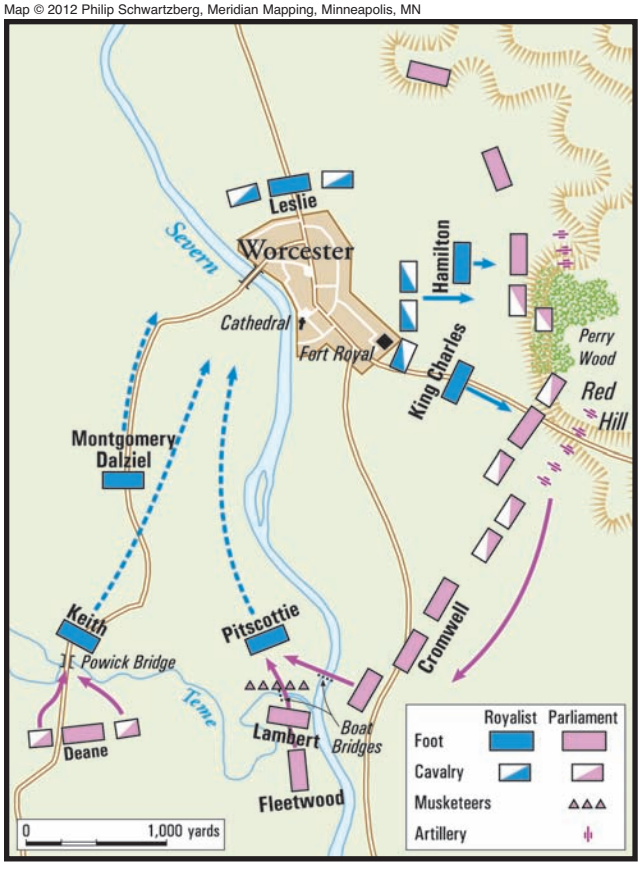

side, they might probably cut off all that remained," he had reasoned. Now, with his horse shot from under him, Lambert took charge of the green militia, which resolutely held firm until the ever-alert Cromwell could rush reinforcements back across the river. The Royalist tide had crashed and foundered against the adamantine wall of Puritan resistance.

It was now about 5 PM, and the battle, to all intents and purposes, was over, although a good deal of last-ditch fighting—and dying—remained. One of the dead was the Duke of Hamilton, whose father had been an earlier victim of Cromwell. Many Scots took refuge in the earthworks at Fort Royal, a small redoubt overlooking Sidbury Gate, refusing a personal plea from Charles to come out and make a stand. (Later, the fort's defenders would also refuse a demand by Cromwell that they surrender, and some 1,500 Scots, defiant to the last, would be overrun and cut down to the last man by the exultant Puritans.)

Increasingly frantic but not panic-stricken, the young king raced through Worcester attempting to organize another charge. Leslie, as usual, was no help, "riding up and down as one amazed or seeking to fly," in the words of a disgusted fellow Royalist. It is doubtful that Leslie was actually amazed by the battle's outcome—he had been predicting as much for several weeks. As the fighting spread through the streets of the town itself, Charles made one last attempt to rally his forces at Sidbury Gate. It was too late. "I had rather you would shoot me than let me live to see the consequences of this fatal day!" he shouted in frustration. Instead, a force of Royalist cavalry led by the Earl of Cleveland clattered down High Street, buying time for the monarch to escape through the northernmost St. Martin's Gate.

In many ways, the king's greatest adventures were still to come, but for the bulk of his army the battle—and indeed the war—were over. Overrun on three sides, some 2,000 Royalist defenders at Worcester were killed; a staggering 6,000 to 10,000 others were captured, including all the surviving Scottish commanders. The English captives were conscripted into the New Model Army and sent to Ireland for further service; the Scots, less fortunate, were deported to New England, Bermuda, and the West Indies to work as indentured servants on English plantations. Very few of the Scots who had invaded England two months earlier ever saw their craggy homeland again.

The gutters of Worcester, "the faithful city," literally ran with blood, and a survivor recalled later that "what with the dead bodies of the men and dead horses of the enemy filling the streets, there was such a nastiness that a man could scarcely abide the town." At nearby Kidderminster, Puritan minister Richard Baxter was roused from his bed by a troop of Royalist cavalry fleeing

Continued on page 65

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A disguised King Charles II, assisted by the loyal Penderel brothers, hid in the woods at Boscobel House in Shropshire.

at Stonehenge, his supporters searched for a ship to carry him safely to France.

Despite his precautions, the king had several narrow escapes along the way. Once a drunken innkeeper recognized the monarch and fell to his knees in obeisance; Charles managed to make a joke of it. Another time he shared his lodgings with 40 Puritan soldiers, who might have discovered his identity had not one soldier's wife gone into labor, creating such a stir that the king was able to slip away unnoticed.

At Lyme Regis, Charles had the piquant experience of watching locals dance on the beach at the erroneous news he had been killed at Worcester. A local sea captain, Stephen Limbry, agreed to sneak the king onto his boat and sail for St. Malo, France. At the last moment, Limbry's wife got word of the plan and locked her husband in their bedroom. She was determined, she said, not to be made a widow.

Finally, after six weeks of running and hiding, Charles made it to Bridport, where another captain, Nicholas Tattersell, agreed to slip the king out of the country aboard his coal scuttle, the aptly named *Surprise*. The final hours were not without more danger. A Puritan ostler ran into Charles in the inn stable. "Sure, sir," said the man, "I know your face." Keeping his wits, the king asked the man where he was from. Exeter, said the man. "Friend, certainly you have seen me then at Mr. Potter's, for I served him a good while, above a year," replied Charles. "Oh," said the man, "then I remember you as a boy there."

On October 14, the king and his aide, Lord Henry Wilmot, slipped aboard *Surprise*, anchored at Shoreham, and sailed for Fecamp, France, beating by mere hours a troop of Puritan cavalry that had been sent to Shoreham to arrest them. The narrow escape is commemorated each year by a yacht race from Brighton to Fecamp, the Royal Escape Race.

When Charles returned to England nine years later to reclaim his throne in the Restoration, he remembered and rewarded the Penderels, Captain Careless, and others who had helped him make his narrow escape. He granted royal coats of arms and annual pensions to their families; the Penderels' descendants still receive a stipend today. Even more tellingly, on his deathbed Charles became a Catholic. □

Kentucky mounted militia led by hard-riding Colonel Richard M. Johnson charge into British regulars at the Battle of the Thames. Painting by Ken Riley for the National Guard Heritage Series.

BATTLE of THE THAMES

A BRITISH SQUADRON lay wrecked on the waters of Lake Erie. Six vessels of war floated in ruins and 135 English sailors lay dead or wounded. While smoke still rose above the shot-riddled hulks, the American commander, Oliver Hazard Perry, composed his now-famous message: "We have met the enemy and they are ours." With the utterance of these words, Lake Erie became de facto American waters, and U.S. soldiers on land were free to resume their advance against the British forces on the northwestern frontier. That advance would culminate in the Battle of the Thames.

To this point, the War of 1812 had proven a very mixed adventure for the Americans. There had been a number of surprisingly successful engagements at sea, where the small but aggressive U.S. Navy had bested the Royal Navy in several ship-to-ship battles. While these victories had little impact on the overall war, they were well-publicized morale boosters. On land, however, the tiny American army, bolstered by thousands of militia, faced a much more difficult struggle. Several invasions of Canada, both in the east and west, had failed miserably. Militia troops were poorly organized and often refused outright to serve outside

BY CHRISTOPHER MISKIMON

American borders. Much of the militia's leadership was composed of political appointees, often of dubious military quality.

Such problems affected American forces in the Northwest Territory, where animosity ran high against both the indigenous Native American tribes and the British rulers of Canada. The Indians were natural enemies of the Americans in a bitter, ongoing struggle over land and resources that had lasted for centuries. In concert, anger at the British ran high as well; Great Britain desired to check American expansion westward, allying itself with local tribes and providing them with arms and supplies to be used against American settlers. For several years the Shawnee leader Tecumseh, along with his brother Tenskwatawa, also known as "the Prophet," had sought to unite the disparate tribes in a multitribal confederacy that could better resist white migration. With the onset of the second war between the United States and Great Britain, Tecumseh threw in his lot with the British.

Following the unexpected American naval victory at Lake Erie in September 1813, General William Henry Harrison took the offensive against British forces in Upper Canada, overtaking British General Henry Proctor and his Indian allies, led by Tecumseh, on the banks of the Thames.

Both: Anne S.K. Brown Military Collection

ABOVE: American defenders drive off British soldiers and their Indian allies at Fort Meigs in May 1813. BELOW: British forces suffered even greater losses in a failed attempt to capture Fort Stephenson two months later.

American efforts in the Northwest had started with an invasion of Upper Canada by William Hull, governor of Michigan Territory, in July 1812. This offensive failed miserably, resulting in Detroit falling into British hands. In January 1813, an American force was defeated at Frenchtown, Michigan, with most of the force taken prisoner after Brig. Gen. James Winchester surrendered his men to British Colonel Henry Proctor. When Proctor withdrew, he callously or carelessly left behind some of his Indian allies to guard the wounded prisoners. Depending on accounts, between 30 and 60 of the wounded Americans were killed by the Indians. When this was reported in the American press as the "Raisin River Massacre," outrage spread across the nation and "Remember the Raisin!" became a western battle cry.

Hull's replacement, William Henry Harrison, was at the time the governor of Indiana Territory. Harrison had achieved national fame for his part in the Battle of Tippecanoe on November 7, 1811, and was popular in the West. When Hull surrendered Detroit, a replacement was needed and western politicians, particularly Kentuckians, lobbied hard for Harrison to be appointed commander, even though Winchester, who held a regular army commission, was preferred in Washington (this was before Winchester's defeat at Frenchtown). The Kentuckians even went so far as to make Harrison a major general of the Kentucky militia so that he would outrank Winchester, despite the fact that he was serving as governor of a different territory at the time. On September 17, 1812, the administration of President James Madison gave Harrison command of all forces in the Northwest.

By the time Harrison received word of his promotion it was too late in the year to begin campaigning, so instead he occupied his troops by launching raids against hostile Indians and building fortifications to resist British assaults. Efforts to resume the offensive were further hampered when, in March 1813, U.S. Secretary of War James Armstrong ordered Harrison to take a strictly defensive posture. Besides demonstrating a notable lack of faith in the western governor, Armstrong had been advised that the American treasury was too empty to fund operations on that front.

With the arrival of spring, Harrison's fortifications were put to the test. With Lake Erie still under British control, Proctor resumed his offensive. Accompanied by his ally Tecumseh, he returned to American soil to launch attacks against Fort Meigs in May and Fort Stephenson in July. Both attacks were repulsed by the Americans. At Fort Meigs, a counterattack by Kentucky militia under General Green Clay drove the British back at great loss. At Fort Stephenson, Kentucky marksmen and a stiff defense likewise denied the British victory.

Tensions arose during both operations between the British and their Indian allies. Once again, prisoners were executed by the Indians despite Tecumseh's alleged attempt to stop them, and there was the constant problem of native warriors deserting the army. While these things infuriated Proctor, Indian cultural rules of warfare did not require an individual to remain with a war party any longer than he chose to do so. After the unsuccessful engagements, Proctor returned to the Canadian side of the border at Fort Malden, near Amherstburg.

Along with these battles, Harrison kept himself occupied, moving frequently to Cleveland

to coordinate with Commodore Perry. Eager to see Perry gain control of Lake Erie, Harrison even loaned the young seaman some of his troops to fill out the crews on his small squadron of warships. So far inland, experienced sailors were in critically short supply.

The critical battle for Lake Erie took place on September 10, 1813. Perry's squadron of nine warships, four of them small gunboats, faced off against a British force of six vessels under Commander Robert Barclay of the Royal Navy. Action commenced at 10:45 AM and continued until 3 PM, by which time four of the British ships had struck their colors in surrender. Their remaining vessels attempted to flee but were quickly run down by the Americans. It had been a sharp, intense engagement; 68 were killed and 190 wounded on both sides, but the result was American control of Lake Erie.

With the American naval victory, Proctor decided that his position at Fort Malden was untenable and began to withdraw northward toward the town of Sandwich. Tecumseh and his Indian allies were upset; to them, a British retreat was tantamount to abandonment, but Proctor had no real choice. He was badly outnumbered, even though the American army was mostly militia. Fort Malden was practically devoid of provisions, and with the elimination of the British naval squadron, resupply was out of the question.

Control of Lake Erie meant the American army was also on the move. Harrison sent out a call for militia from the nearby states and territories. Troops poured in until there were perhaps 6,000 men under arms, the largest contingent arriving from Kentucky under their governor, Isaac Shelby, a 63-year-old veteran of the Revolutionary War Battle of Kings Mountain. Many of the troops were mounted, although only Congressman Richard Johnson's regiment took its own horses along; the rest were left behind in a large corral that Harrison had built.

Perry was eager to help Harrison exploit the hard-won naval battle, using his ships to transport soldiers for the pursuit of Proctor and Tecumseh. To facilitate this cooperation, over the previous winter and spring Harrison had ordered the construction of some 90 bateaux (flat-bottomed boats commonly used on the local rivers) in Cleveland. The army moved first to Camp Portage in Ohio, then relayed to South Bass Island and finally to Middle Sister Island, closer to Amherstburg. As the Americans closed in, Proctor burned both Fort Malden and the Amherstburg Navy Yard and sought to preserve his dwindling force, between 700 and 900 Englishmen. They left ingloriously, carrying as many of their provisions with them as they could.

After reaching Sandwich, the British-Indian force turned eastward, following the southern shore of Lake St. Clair to the mouth of the Thames River. Crossing over to the river's north bank, they continued eastward, following the river. The retreat was pitiful to see. The British had to dispose of much of their supplies as they went, often simply dumping them into the river. Each day the force grew smaller as Indian warriors, discouraged by the withdrawal, melted away into the surrounding woods in large numbers. Making things worse, frequent rains soaked the already demoralized troops. Families and camp followers straggled behind, preventing the British from destroying the bridges the Americans must use to pursue them. To assuage Tecumseh, Proctor promised to make a stand upriver at a point near Chatham, Ontario. However, neither of them knew the area very well, and plans were inchoate at best.

Behind them, Harrison's army landed near Amherstburg on September 27 and quickly took up the chase. He detached most of his regulars to garrison Fort Detroit, Sandwich, and a temporary position named Fort Covington, near the ruins of Fort Malden, before moving on with a force of 3,500 men, the bulk of them Kentucky militia. The mounted Kentuckians were under the command of Colonel Richard M. Johnson, whose brother James served as lieutenant colonel. Perry's

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The surprising American naval victory at Lake Erie on September 10, 1813, secured U.S. dominance of the region and forced British commander Henry Proctor to begin withdrawing his forces in the Old Northwest.

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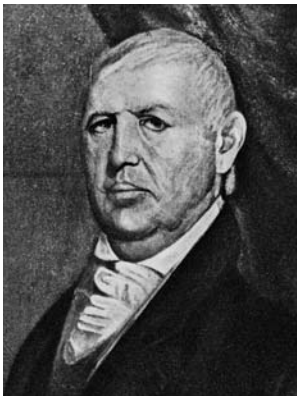

American commanders in the Canadian invasion included, left to right, Kentucky militiaman Richard Johnson, General William Henry Harrison, and Kentucky governor Isaac Shelby.

ships shadowed the force on shore, moving alongside them. Upon reaching the River Thames, only three of his gunboats, *Scorpion*, *Porcupine*, and *Tigris*, could clear the bar at its entrance; the rest were too large. Perry continued on with the ships until he turned command over to fellow naval officer Jesse Elliot. Eager to join the impending fight, Perry had gone ashore as a volunteer aide to General Harrison.

As his men marched east, Proctor spent most of his time riding ahead of the main column, ostensibly on reconnaissance of the army's route, his family accompanying him. This would later open his conduct to accusations of cowardice and poor leadership. On October 3, upon reaching the point where he had promised to make a stand with Tecumseh, Proctor decided that the terrain was unfavorable and ordered his troops to continue marching. Nevertheless, the Indian leader gathered some of his warriors, whose total number had dwindled to around 600, along with a small British detachment and laid an ambush for the approaching Americans. Unfortunately for Tecumseh, Harrison was warned about the surprise attack by sympathetic locals. He sent up two six-pounder field guns and opened fire on the hiding enemy. Having lost the vital element of surprise, the dejected Indians and British fell back and rejoined the main column.

Meanwhile, Proctor returned from his reconnaissance and led his army toward Moraviantown, a Christian Indian village he had purchased as winter quarters for his troops. The sick and wounded were moved there ahead of the remaining fit men, now numbering around 450, most of them from the 41st Regiment of Foot. By October 5, Harrison's horsemen were hot on the heels of their foe. That morning the boats carrying the British reserve ammunition were captured. The advancing Americans had been finding discarded supplies for days. The battle would be joined two miles west of Moraviantown.

Proctor had at last found a position whose terrain was more favorable to defense, a wedge-shaped clearing in the thick, swampy forests. He placed his regulars at the narrow end of the wedge, between the river on his left and a large wooded swamp on the right. Along the river between it and the Detroit road was a tangle of thick brush that helped secure their left flank. The right flank was secured by the swamp itself, known as the Backmetack Marsh, too thick for horsemen to traverse and difficult even for infantry.

The British soldiers formed a line 300 yards long between the two natural obstacles. The ground in front of their line had another patch of boggy swampland in the middle, forcing any attacker to split his force. Just inside the swamp on the British right, Tecumseh and his warriors took up positions in place to outflank the Americans as they approached the British line. Proctor placed one six-pounder cannon on the road itself. With the flanks secure and terrain that would channel their opponents into a frontal attack, the British had a fairly good defensive position from which to fight. Also, their opponents were almost completely militia, whose reputation against regulars was mixed at best. Still, the question remained whether the British had the numbers to repulse a determined American assault. Exhaustion and hunger further hampered the English force.

When Harrison and his army arrived shortly after noon, he wondered himself about the prospects of charging British regulars across such unfavorable terrain. Colonel Johnson rode up and requested permission to personally charge the British line with his regiment of mounted Kentucky volunteers. Harrison

General Henry Proctor.

WAS HENRY PROCTOR INCOMPETENT, OR SIMPLY UNLUCKY?

General Henry Proctor, the British commander at the Battle of the Thames, was much criticized after his defeat, despite a record of earlier successes. Born in 1763, Proctor was the son of an army surgeon who had entered the army in 1781. Under the purchase system of the time, the younger Proctor was able to buy his advancement to major by 1795. He was promoted to lieutenant colonel by merit in 1800, when he was assigned to the 41st Regiment of Foot. This unit, stationed in Canada, was to be Proctor's home until the War of 1812 began.

During the prewar years, Proctor energetically reshaped his unit from a group of invalids to a battle-ready regiment. His efforts gained him another merit promotion, to full colonel, in 1810. When the war started, Proctor was sent west to command in Upper Canada. Arriving at Fort Malden, he undertook operations immediately, forming alliances with Tecumseh and other Indians of the region. American General William Hull had occupied British soil; in less than two months, Proctor severed his supply lines, forcing the Americans to withdraw.

Joined by General Isaac Brock and some much-needed reinforcements, Proctor crossed into U.S. territory and compelled the surrender of an entire American army at Detroit on August 16, 1812. The next month he advanced into Ohio but had to retreat before a superior force marching toward Detroit under Brig. Gen. James Winchester. In mid-

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Britain's always troublesome Indian allies massacred wounded American prisoners after the Battles of Frenchtown and Fort Meigs, leading to widespread outrage in the American press.

refused, fearful of the casualties such a charge might sustain against closed ranks of well-drilled enemy regulars. Instead, he ordered Major Eleazar Wood to perform a reconnaissance of Proctor's lines.

Wood's observations changed Harrison's mind. The major had discovered that the British, instead of aligning themselves in the standard close-order formations of the day, were spread out in open order, alone or in small groups, using trees for cover. Proctor had dispersed his men in this way at the urging of Tecumseh, who advised that fighting in such terrain required a more native arrangement. While such a formation was suited to the Indian style of warfare, it unfortunately served to disperse the firepower of the British muskets and isolated the Redcoats from each other. It was a flaw that Harrison quickly noted and decided to exploit.

With the British unable to mass their firepower, the American general gave permission for Johnson to lead his cavalry against them. His regiment's strength was some 950 troops in 12 compa-

January the Americans occupied Frenchtown, but three days later Proctor counterattacked and retook it, although at a high cost in casualties.

Proctor decided to withdraw to Amherstburg, leaving the wounded American prisoners in the care of Native American warriors. In short order, some of the warriors slaughtered a number of the helpless Americans, an act that the U.S. press quickly labeled the Raisin River Massacre, applying the blame to Proctor. In his defense, Proctor tried to prevent such atrocities whenever he knew of them. Despite the murders, Proctor had defeated two American armies within six months. He was promoted to brigadier general and received the thanks of the Canadian Legislature.

With the coming of spring, Proctor unsuccessfully attacked Fort Meigs. While he failed to capture the fort, he did defeat a relief column of 800 Kentuckians on May 5, 1813. This was his third victory over an American force, and one month later he was elevated to major general. Proctor's luck, however, was about to change. American advances farther east were strangling his supply lines, and an American naval force was massing to take control of Lake Erie. He gave what support he could to Royal Navy officer Robert Barclay, who was building a British squadron. In July and August, Proctor again tried to take Fort Meigs, as well as the smaller Fort Stephenson. Neither attack succeeded, and Proctor was forced to returned to Fort Malden.

It was to no avail. The Royal Navy met defeat on Lake Erie, severing the army's supply lines completely. Proctor was faced with no choice except to withdraw eastward, leading to the Battle of the Thames. A court-martial followed in which Proctor was found "deficient in energy and judgment." While his suspension from rank and pay for six months was reduced to a public reprimand, it was enough to end his career, and Proctor faded from public view, a broken man, until his death in 1822.

Subsequently, his actions have been scrutinized and much criticism attached to them. One of his subordinates at the first battle of Fort Meigs, Subaltern John Richardson, was insulted by Proctor's treatment of him and took every chance to later condemn him. Canadian Governor George Prevost also chastised him heavily.

Modern historians have taken a more generous view of Proctor. His previous actions show a man of energy and effort. After the Battle of Lake Erie, he was simply overwhelmed by events, unsupported by his superiors, lacking supplies and constantly at odds with his Indian allies. He had little chance of holding against a fourth American army vastly larger than his own. □

Anne S.K. Brown Military Collection

Colonel Richard Johnson shoots down Indian leader Tecumseh in this fanciful engraving. Although Johnson did kill one Indian leader, he never claimed specifically to have dispatched Tecumseh.

nies, divided equally into two battalions. One would advance along the right side of the field against the British left, while the other would move against the mixed force of Indians and regulars on the enemy right. Johnson considered the mixed group the more dangerous of the two and took personal command of the battalion facing them. He gave the other battalion to his brother James. Most of the militia infantry formed on the American left facing Backmetack Marsh, commanded by Governor Shelby.

By the time all was ready, it was after 3 PM. American skirmishers moved forward and exchanged fire with the British, then the cavalry charged, shouting the war cry: "Remember the Raisin!" On the right, James Johnson led his horsemen galloping into the British line. Scattered musket fire met them but did nothing to slow the Americans' momentum. Within seconds, the riders pierced the ragged British line, breaking through and then turning to attack their enemy from the rear. Confusion reigned; British troops began to break and flee. A private from the 41st Foot, Shadrach Byfield, later wrote of the chaos: "After exchanging a few shots, our men gave way. I was in the act of retreating when one of our sergeants exclaimed 'For God's sake, men, stand and fight.' I stood by him and fired one shot, but the line was broken and the men were retreating."

The British troops were suddenly and shockingly defeated. The majority of them were taken prisoner by James Johnson's cavalry, which had suffered only three wounded in their charge. British casualties, not counting prisoners, were also relatively light: 12 dead and 22 wounded. Their single six-pounder gun had been overrun without firing a shot; either its crew had been too surprised by the charge to fire, or perhaps its ammunition had been ruined by the rain or lost during the earlier retreat. At some point during the rout, Proctor himself retreated northeast toward Moraviantown with those few regulars who had avoided capture. James Johnson turned his cavalry north and rode quickly to assist his brother against Tecumseh and his warriors.

On the American left, Richard Johnson used an old frontier trick against the Indians. A group of 20 volunteers agreed to charge ahead of the main body. With luck, the natives would empty their muskets at them, allowing the rest to approach in relative safety. These men galloped toward the warriors, taking cover in the swampy woods ahead. The ruse worked. Gunfire erupted from the trees, concentrating on the leading horsemen. Casualties were high—fully 75 percent of the 20 Americans were either killed or wounded. The rest of the Kentucky horsemen rode directly toward the tree line unopposed.

Once there, however, they began to encounter difficulty. Inside the marsh the ground was soft and covered in thick brush that formed a natural abatis, preventing the cavalrymen from entering on horseback. Richard Johnson ordered them to dismount and fight on foot. Pressed heavily, Tecumseh's men began to fall back slowly, their own flank left uncovered by the rout of the British. Farther down the Indian line where the militia infantry had moved up near the Indian right, the warriors noticed that the Kentuckians appeared reluctant to advance any closer. The warriors decided to attack, hoping to push back the seemingly hesitant white men. Charging out from the swamp, they quickly formed a wedge between two of the militia brigades, which began to fall back.

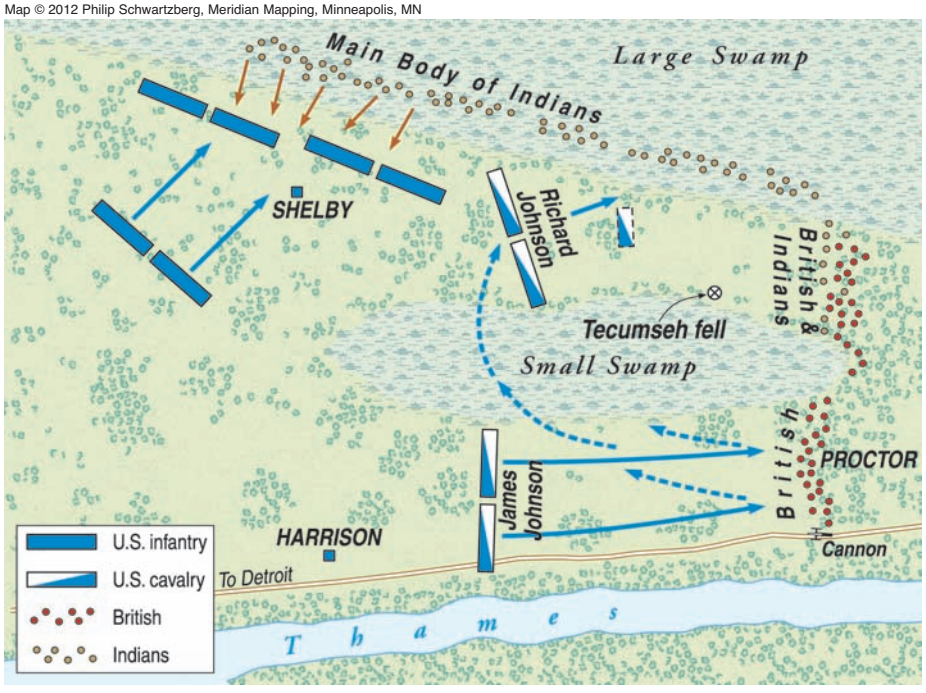
Harrison saw what was happening and acted quickly, restoring the American lines by sending in a fresh regiment of Kentucky troops, assisted by Shelby and Oliver Hazard

Perry. It was too much for the Indians, who fell back to their former positions in the swamp.

Now came a critical moment in the battle. Richard Johnson was still astride his horse despite having suffered four separate wounds; his hapless mount was itself wounded seven times. The colonel had stayed in the saddle to more easily direct his dismounted troops, but it made him a tempting target. Now a solitary Indian chief charged at him, firing a shot that hit Johnson in the hand. When he still kept in his saddle, the Indian drew his tomahawk and charged. Despite the injury to his hand, and with his opponent drawing quickly closer, Johnson managed to draw his pistol and fire a load of buck and ball (one musket ball and three smaller buckshot) at the onrushing Indian. The attacker was struck in the chest and fell to the ground, dead.

Claims later arose (although not from Johnson) that the slain Indian was Tecumseh, who was killed during the battle. However, given the chaotic nature of the battle, no one was certain who had killed the chief. Richard Johnson, wounded and fighting for his life, would likely not have known who was attacking him and in fact never claimed overtly that he was Tecumseh's killer. He was often credited with the feat anyway, and while he never claimed it, neither did he particularly deny it. Whatever the truth, Tecumseh was indeed dead, and his loss sapped the warriors' will to continue the fight. They quickly retreated into the swamps and woods, leaving the field to the exultant Americans. The battle was effectively over.

Considering the strategic significance of the Battle of the Thames, overall casualties were light. The fight against Tecumseh's warriors had cost the Americans seven dead and 19 wounded, while Harrison counted 33 dead Indians on the field, with an additional unknown number of dead and wounded carried off by their comrades. Total British casualties including prisoners rose to over 600 for the entire campaign. Tecumseh's body was dismembered and made into souvenirs for the victorious Americans, a sign of the essential bitterness and hatred that permeated conflict between the frontiersmen and the Native Americans. "Tecumseh razor strops," as they were known, were brandished with relish across the frontier. Many other Indian bodies were also mutilated after the battle. It is entirely possible that Tecumseh's remains were carried off by some of his warriors and that some other hapless participant was torn apart in his place. A few of the frontier troops respected the slain leader. Charles Sherman, an Ohio militia officer, thought enough of the Indian to name his third son William Tecumseh Sherman, the future general of Civil War fame.



British troops held favorable ground at the Thames River, but they were too widely dispersed to deliver their usual massed fire. Frontier-wise Americans lured the Redcoats' Indian allies into marshy woods and ambushed them.

These relatively low casualty numbers belied the importance of the American victory. Combined with the defeat on Lake Erie, British operations in Upper Canada were effectively over. With Lower (Eastern) Canada under imminent threat of invasion by American forces from New York, the British could not spare men or supplies for a counteroffensive. Parts of Upper Canada would remain under American occupation until the Treaty of Ghent ended the war with the restoration of prewar lines in December 1814. For his part, Proctor was court-martialed and censured for his abject failure. His rank and pay were suspended for six months, although the Prince Regent later reduced the general's punishment to a public reprimand—which was bad enough. Proctor returned to England, his career over, and died in obscurity in 1822.

For the Native American Confederacy, the Battle of the Thames was an utter and total disaster. Tecumseh, the one leader who had been able to unite the disparate tribes, was dead. Several of the tribes were so dismayed by the defeat that they made peace with Harrison later in the month. Their alliance with Britain was over, and the Northwest Territory was henceforth American. Indian hopes of retaining their land and British designs for an Indian buffer state had both been dashed in a single brief encounter in the swamp.

The battle had far-ranging implications for the Americans as well. Besides the elimination of an organized Native American block to eventual expansion, the battle was the first significant land victory for American forces during the war. It provided a vital boost to flagging morale and made the political careers of a number of participants. While Harrison was dogged by political enemies and virtually sat out the rest of the war, the battle enhanced his reputation and helped in his successful bid for the presidency in 1840. After a remarkable election underscored by the improbable reinvention of Harrison as "Old Tippecanoe," a humble farmer, the Whig Party managed to capture the White House for Harrison. Tragically, Harrison became ill during his first month in office and died on April 4, 1841—exactly one month after taking office. Harrison's tenure remains by far the shortest presidency in American history.

Similarly, Richard Johnson prospered politically, serving as vice president to the man Harrison defeated in 1840, Democratic President Martin Van Buren. Accounts, some greatly exaggerated, of his fight on the Thames figured prominently in Johnson's campaign. Beyond these two leaders, three future governors, three lieutenant governors, four senators, and 20 congressmen could later claim to have been at the Battle of the Thames, making it one of the most politically decisive engagements in the course of American history, and one of the nation's few shining moments in the controversial and little understood War of 1812. □

FIGHT IN THE FOG: VERCELLAE 101 BC

IN 102 BC, A DISTURBING REPORT CIRCULATED THROUGH ROME THAT THE people they called Cimbri and Teutones had crossed the Alps. Neither the towering mountains nor the ice and snow had stopped these much-feared barbarians from the north, despite their alleged nakedness. Indeed, it was said that they had used their great curved shields as sleds to slide down the frigid valleys into the grassy plains of Cisalpine Gaul below.

The report was only partly true, but the Romans had good reason to be concerned. For more than a decade, the generals they sent against the Cimbri had seriously and consistently underestimated their northern adversaries. Roman forces twice had been completely wiped out. The most devastating defeat occurred on October 6, 105 BC, at a place called Arausio, where Rome suffered its single greatest military defeat. Some 300,000 massed Cimbri and Teutones annihilated 80,000 Roman troops led by Quintus Servilius Caepio and Cnaeus Mallius Maximus. Rome's defeat that day was on par with the

ON A JULY MORNING IN 101 BC, ROMAN COMMANDERS MARIUS AND CATULUS ASSEMBLED THEIR ARMIES ON THE PLAINS BELOW THE ITALIAN ALPS. THEY WERE ALL THAT STOOD BETWEEN ROME AND THE FIERCE TRIBESMEN FROM THE NORTH. **BY LINDSAY POWELL**

crushing defeat at Cannae (216 BC) and more devastating than Carrhae (53 BC). Legion after legion had been destroyed by the Germano-Celtic alliance. The need to replace such large numbers of men so quickly put the Roman commonwealth under great stress and threatened to bring it down.

The cycle of disaster was finally broken by an ambitious politician from Arpinum, a small backwater hill town 70 miles southeast of Rome. His name was Caius Marius. He was a so-called "new man," a citizen without the prestige born of an ancient family of Rome. In the fiercely competitive political system of Rome, which championed tradition over innovation, men advanced to the highest offices of government by winning the hearts and minds of voters through their performance in the courthouses and on the battlefield. There, in pursuit of glory, a man could demonstrate his courage and nobility in the face of great personal risk. Marius had established his credentials as a warrior over three decades of conflicts in Spain and North Africa, where he had finally defeated the usurper king of Numidia, Jugurtha, in 105 BC. He had worked his way up the political career ladder from the lowest magistracy to the consulship—not once but four times. It was the consuls, two of whom were elected each year, who led

Disciplined Romans under Caius Marius and Quintus Lutatius Catulus defeat the Celtic invaders at the Battle of Vercellae in this 18th-century painting by Giovanni Battista Tiepolo.

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ABOVE: Although vastly outnumbered, Marius's Roman army defeated a combined force of Ambrones and Tuetones at the Battle of Aquae Sextiae, near present-day Aix-en-Provence, in 102 BC.

Rome's legions of citizen soldiers against its enemies.

As consul, the 55-year-old Marius engaged a massive combined army of Ambrones and Teutones, allies of the Cimbri, beyond the Italian Alps at Aquae Sextiae (Aix-en-Provence) in 102 BC. From a nondescript hilltop in southern Gaul, Marius and his small force of Roman infantry and Ligurian cavalry had faced tremendous odds to defeat a much larger force. Estimates of casualties that day were a staggering 200,000 enemy killed and 90,000 captured. Among the captives was the king of the Ambrones, Teutobod. The bodies of the fallen were left unburied on the ground. Thousands of tribal women, who had also fought the Romans and been taken prisoner, committed mass suicide in a last desperate act of protest, giving birth to the legend of Germanic heroism. The victory, grim as it was, had been crucial in raising Roman morale and giving Rome and its allies time to regroup.

Despite Marius's victory at Aquae Sextiae, another migration of Cimbri had crossed unopposed over the central region of the Alps via the Reschen, or Brenner, Passes. The Cimbri continued on their way, following the course of the Adige River to the Tridentine heights on the Italian side of the Alps. Hoping to block their advance, Marius's fellow consul, Quintus Lutatius Catulus, moved to intercept them. A member of the prestigious Lutatia clan, 48-year-old Catulus was a wealthy and cultured man known for his prowess in oratory, prose, and poetry, but like all aristocrats of his age, he was expected to perform his duty and lead his countrymen in war.

Arriving in the region north of the Po River, Catulus quickly established a fortified position on the Adige, over which he built a bridge to support the forward shock troops and provide them with an escape route if necessary. Seeing the Romans' defensive installations, the Cimbri responded by ripping up trees and floating them downriver into the bridge's piers, almost destroying it. Concerned for the safety of his men, Catulus called for an orderly evacuation. Meanwhile, the invaders surrounded the fort but, respecting their adversaries' courage, showed mercy and let them depart unharmed. The Cimbri then settled in large numbers on the plains below the Italian Alps in the region the Romans called Cisalpine Gaul. With this buffer territory lost, there was a very real possibility that the Cimbri could invade the Italian Peninsula and that Rome itself could be attacked. The fate of the city still hung in the balance. The only way to be sure was for the Romans to engage the invaders in pitched battle at a time and place of their choosing.

The Cimbri first entered written history in 113 BC, but their origin is obscure. Plutarch argued that they were Germanic, while other contemporaries proposed that they were Gallic or Scythian. Recent DNA studies suggest that Celts from the Marne region of Gaul immigrated to Northern Jutland in Denmark around 400 BC. The Cimbri may actually have been a confederation of smaller warrior bands retaining their tribal chieftains. From 120 BC onward, between 200,000 and 300,000 Cimbri migrated south and wandered around Western Europe in search of a new homeland. They eventually arrived in the Alps in the Carinthia region of Austria, already occupied by the Norici people, and went farther southeast to where the Taurisci nation lived. The Cimbri settled around Veneto.

The Taurisci, treaty-bound allies of Rome, sent warnings of the arrival of the Cimbri in northern Italy. In 113 BC, Consul Caius Papirius Carbo was dispatched by the Senate to investigate the potential threat. Rather than first assessing the situation, he immediately took up a defensive posture. The Cimbri hastily sent emissaries offering apologies for entering Taurisci land without invitation. Carbo did not believe a word of their explanation. Eager for the political capital a solid victory would bring, Carbo spoiled for a fight. He marched his army out of camp and ambushed the Cimbri at Noreia, in eastern Austria. The consul soon discovered that the Cimbri were more than a match for him and his men. These were not the naked savages of popular reports, but instead well-equipped, battle-hardened warriors who wore helmets that resembled the open mouths of frightful beasts with strange-shaped heads surmounted by lofty crests of feathers, which made them appear taller. They also wore iron breastplates and carried glittering white shields. They were an organized fighting force, not a disorganized rabble. Carbo's army was utterly destroyed in an ambush.

Like most Celtic societies of the time, the Cimbri were led by a war chief; the current chief was named Boiorix. Below the war chief was a class of nobles, personal retainers, and freemen. Beneath them was a great number of disenfranchised common folk who could be called upon to fight whenever asked by their leaders. The Cimbri's allies, the Teutones, despite their name, were actually Celtic rather than Germanic. Why they migrated from their homeland in the north is unclear.

In the face of the mounting threat, Marius was sworn in as consul on January 1, 101 BC. It was his fifth time to serve in the highest magistracy of the republic. The Senate looked to him to lead Rome's preemptive strike against the invaders from the north, who now threatened the nation's security. A consul was normally placed in charge of two legions, giving him enough troops to deal with most military challenges but not so many that he could pose a risk to the state. Knowing how large an enemy he faced, however, Marius demanded more men. He was joined by additional legions under the command of Catulus, his co-consul of the previous year. The two men marched off with their legions, gathering others recruited from their Italian allies en route, finally arriv-

ing in the foothills of the Alps, where they established temporary camps and waited for the enemy to show themselves.

The prelude to the battle was a surprisingly civilized affair, with negotiations taking place between the commanders of the two opposing sides. Boiorix and his bodyguard rode up to the gate of Marius's camp under a flag of truce and demanded to know when and where they would fight to settle the claim to the land both now occupied. Marius replied contemptuously that Romans never took advice from their enemies as to fighting. Nevertheless, he said he would gratify their request for a fair fight and agreed to meet them three days later on the plain of Vercellae, a place, he said, that would suit his cavalry and also allow space for the Cimbri to deploy their vast numbers.

The exact location has vexed historians for years. The name Vercellae possibly locates the battlefield near modern-day Vercelli in the Piedmont on the Sesia River, a tributary of the Po. Some modern historians, however, place the location about 40 miles north of Milan. The 1st century AD Roman historian Velleius Paterculus called the site of the battle the Raudine Plain and located it on "this side of the Alps," placing it on the Italian side. Writing almost a century later, Florus called the place by the same name and described it as a "very wide plain."

The place and time of battle decided, the opposing leaders parted. The interlude gave Marius the time he needed to prepare his strategy and battle plan. He had won at Aquae Sextiae because of his level-headedness and patience. Unlike his predecessors, Marius was not impulsive; he had picked the terrain for battle with great care to give his troops the fullest tactical advantage. A key to Marius's success was his leadership style. He was a firm but charismatic leader who enjoyed the unswerving loyalty of his troops. Unlike many consuls and proconsuls who led men to war, Marius was not a patrician aristocrat but an outsider who had made his own way in Rome's rigidly class-conscious society. He was a self-made man, not the child of a privileged lineage. While many of his men came from Rome, many more had been born and raised in the surrounding region of Latium from which Marius himself came, and he shared a special connection with them. Marius drilled his soldiers intensively and required that they carry their own food and utensils to reduce the length of the baggage train, which earned them the nickname "Marius's mules."

Early on the morning of July 30, 101 BC, Roman commanders issued the order to assem-

THE REFORMS OF MARIUS

The basic unit of the Roman army of the late Republic was the legion, derived from the Latin word *legio,* meaning "military levy." Caius Marius is associated with several innovations of the unit in the run-up to the Battle of Vercellae. Among these was the transformation of the legion from one based on the maniple to one based on the cohort.

The manipular legion was made up of three lines of differently equipped troops. It was conceived around the time of the Samnite War in 315 BC. Lightly equipped *hastati,* generally younger men, formed the front line, which engaged the enemy first. Behind them stood the *principes,* who wore heavier armor and were more experienced. Behind them were the crack, battle-hardened *triarii.* The legion was made up of 20 maniples of *hastati* and 20 of *principes,*

ABOVE: A Roman reenactor wearing chain mail, armed with a gladius sword and pilum javelins. RIGHT: An original Roman spearhead, apparently bent from combat. TOP: An original gladius blade with reproduction hilt.

approximately 120 men each, and 20 half-strength maniples of *triarii,* making a total of 6,000 men.

The new cohort-based legion eliminated the three levels of troops and replaced them with uniformly equipped and trained *legionarii.* Eighty regular legionaries formed a centuria, commanded by a centurion, and six centuries made a cohort with its own standard. Nine regular cohorts with a 10th cohort, perhaps of double size, made a total of 5,600-6,000 men in a legion. A legatus *legionis* commanded the legion, aided in order of rank by a senior tribune, a camp prefect, and a senior centurion called the "first pilum." There is no evidence that Marius was solely responsible for the change from the manipular to the cohort-based legion. It is likely the innovation was well in process during his lifetime and had already taken place in many units, although some commanders in 101 BC may have preferred to retain the traditional manipular organization.

To supplement the ranks of the Roman legions at this time, noncitizen allies (*socii*) from the cities of Italy were recruited and formed their own legions, making up about half of total Roman forces. They seem to have been similarly equipped. The allies were particularly important for providing specialist troops and cavalry, which were referred to as *extraordinarii.*

Reforms of the army firmly ascribed to Marius included greater mobility with less reliance on the baggage train, a modified design of pilum, and the adoption of the *aquila* or eagle standard as the unifying and iconic emblem of the Roman legion.

From contemporary sculptures such as the Aemilius Paulus Monument and the Altar of Domitius Ahenobarbus, it is evident that by the 1st century BC, legionaries were uniformly equipped with iron chain-mail body armor (*lorica hamata*), bronze helmets, and large curved oval shields (*scutum*). Their weapons included the *gladius Hispaniensis,* the double-edged sword adopted from the Spanish guerrillas, and the *pilum,* a uniquely designed javelin.

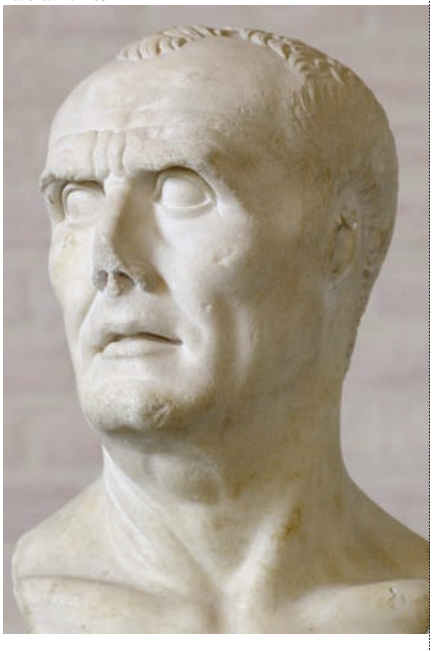
Roman historian Plutarch records that before Vercellae the iron shank of the javelin was attached to the wooden shaft with two iron nails. Just prior to the battle, Marius had his men replace one of the nails with a wooden peg. The design change meant that when the *pilum* struck the enemy's shield, the wooden peg would snap, the iron shank would bend or break off and remain stuck in the shield, rendering the shield unwieldy and the *pilum* unusable and nonreturnable. The opponent would then likely abandon his shield. Cimbri warriors carried large oval shields, and eliminating this defensive weapon would give the advantage to the Romans and improve their kill ratio.

Roman battle doctrine was to form up the cohorts in two or three lines in a checkerboard formation, with cavalry situated on the wings (*alae*). The legionaries would throw their *pila* in volleys and then charge as one body in a solid line or series of wedges, using their *scuta* to punch or knock down their opponents while stabbing them with their *gladii.* In a set-piece battle, this doctrine proved highly effective and was employed successfully by Roman legions for hundreds of years. □

ble the troops. The brassy sound of curved Roman trumpets filled the air, and legionaries raced to form up their units under their respective centurions and standards. They marched out of their camp and took their assigned places on the plain. Before battle, Marius led his men in the traditional purification rite to cleanse them in the eyes of the gods. As each sacrificial animal was slain with a deep cut to the throat, a priest intoned the words, "Father Mars, to thee I make atonement." The animals' livers were inspected, omens were interpreted, and fresh meat was offered to the gods. Marius personally inspected the entrails. Washing the warm blood from his hands, he then lifted them skyward and shouted for all his men to hear, "Mine is the victory!"

Marius had chosen the time of day well. The bright sun was shining full in the faces of the Cimbri. Prisoners rounded up after the battle told of how "heaven seemed to be on fire from the glittering of the Roman helmets and the reflection of the sun's rays from them." The Romans formed on the eastern side of the plain, with Catulus's men in the center. Marius divided his force in two, placing one on each flank. The 37-year-old Lucius Cornelius Sulla, who had served earlier under Marius as military tribune, now commanded a legion under Catulus. Marius was keen to bear the brunt of the enemy attack in order to claim the glory entirely for himself and his troops. With the majestic Alps showing above the haze on the horizon, Marius surveyed the open plain of the battlefield. As far as his eyes could see the forces of the barbarous army of the north were hurriedly assembling.

National Archives



The northern alliance faced a combined Roman force numbering about 55,000 men. Marius fielded 32,000 troops, while Catulus brought 22,300. The Romans were outnumbered more than three to one, and the northern tribesmen already had beaten them more times in a straight fight than they had defeated the invaders. Together, the Cimbri and Teutones fielded an army of between 180,000 and 200,000 (including women and children), of which 15,000 were cavalry.

Despite the prior agreement on time and place, the Celts were not ready that morning. They were unprepared for battle and fell into disorder when they saw the Roman ranks forming up in the distance. They left their families behind with the wagons and baggage and formed up in front. Their cavalry took the lead and opened the battle with a charge directly at the Roman center. As the Cimbri approached, their riders steered their horses to the right. It was a feint designed to draw the Roman shock troops away. Catulus's men took the bait. Someone in the Roman ranks cried out that the enemy was fleeing; others took up the cry. The normal discipline of the legionaries broke down and, despite their officers' attempts to stop them, the men charged off in eager pursuit.

Behind the cavalry, the heavily armed Cimbri infantry now began a slow and steady march forward in a dense square formation some 18,750 feet across. Once in range of the Roman lines, they unleashed their razor-sharp darts. Each man carried two darts, and the ensuing rain of missiles was potentially devastating. When they had exhausted their ammunition, the Cimbri unsheathed their long swords, which they wielded as slashing weapons. It was a remarkably similar combat doctrine to the Romans' own.

Marius was prepared. Understanding his adversary's mode of fighting had given him the advantage he needed to defeat his foes at Aquae Sextiae. With the Cimbri equipped similarly to his own troops and being greater in numbers, Marius knew that he had to beat them through superior strategy and disciplined execution on the ground. His plan was to execute the same tactics that Hannibal Barca had employed with such devastating effect at Cannae, deploying his flanking infantry and cavalry with instructions to envelop their foes.

An unexpected distraction arose. As Marius's men raced forward to engage the Cimbri, a great cloud of dust swept up, caused by the wind and the movement of troops, shrouding the two opposing forces. Unable to see through the cloud but continuing their charge, Marius's men could not see that they were actually running alongside the Cimbri in the opposite direction. The front line of the Celtic square fell upon the legions under the command of Catulus. The dust storm, however, turned to the Romans' advantage by obscuring the great number of the Cimbri. Unable to see exactly how many troops they faced, the Romans raced on enthusiastically. The Roman soldier's missile of choice was the short spear called the *pilum,* launched in volleys before charging forward with shield raised and carrying a short, bayonet-like stabbing sword, the *gladius*.

Eventually, the wind died down and the fog evaporated. The sun now shone directly into the eyes of the northern warriors and sparkled on their opponents' polished helmets, blinding them. The Roman counterattack gained ground, and the northern troops began to falter, their moves hampered by their own measures to enforce discipline in their ranks. The Cimbri were reportedly joined together by long chains fastened around their waists. As their men were cut down by the shower of Roman *pila* and the stabbing of their short swords, those still living were unable to break free. It quickly turned into a bloody massacre.

The Cimbri cavalry was driven back into the lines of its own infantry. In the confusion, horses trampled many of the foot soldiers. The Cimbri infantry, however, still pressed on gallantly. Boiorix himself fought furiously before being mortally wounded. The Romans now had momentum and shoved their opponents back. Sensing defeat, the Cimbri turned and retreated, but their withdrawal was blocked by the lines of wagons parked behind them, upon which stood their families. They had been watching the battle unfold before them and were armed with axes and pikes ready to defend the baggage if the need arose. The women cried out for their men to continue the fight. Those who refused were struck down by the pitiless women, regardless of whether they were their husbands, brothers, or fathers. Rather than allowing their children to fall into enemy hands, the mothers strangled them or threw them under the wheels of the wagons or beneath the hooves of their beasts of burden.

The battle on the Raudine Plain was over; victory was claimed by the Romans. The numbers recorded for those killed or captured vary widely, with some Roman historians placing the Cimbrian casualties as high as 160,000 killed and 60,000 captured. Fewer than 300 Romans were acknowledged to have been killed. After the battle, the victorious Roman troops were allowed to pick over the battlefield and wagon train to take the enemy's spoils and booty. Particularly prized were the battle standards. Thirty-three military standards of the Cimbri were recovered, two by Marius and 31 by Catulus. On the basis of the sheer number of captured flags, Catulus claimed the glory of

the victory. Marius's men disputed the claim, and scuffles broke out among the rival Roman troops. To arbitrate between the two bickering sides, ambassadors from the free city of Parma were called in. They went out on to the battlefield and studied the strewn bodies of the fallen Celts. Catulus's men had carved their commander's name into the shafts of their *pila,* and they were able to point to weapons that still pierced the corpses.

Winning the battle, of course, had been a team effort, but the credit for it nevertheless went to one man. Taking into account his previous victories and his political stature, Marius was declared the victor at Vercellae. The Roman people acclaimed him "the third founder of Rome" for saving their city and included prayers to him in public and private religious rites. They urged that he alone should be granted the right to celebrate not one, but two triumphs. There were vociferous protests before a compromise was reached. It was proposed that Marius should share his triumph with Catulus. Marius magnanimously agreed.

The battle on the plain beneath the Alps marked a turning point in Marius's illustrious career. Recognizing the contribution of the Italian allies, but without first seeking the consent of the Senate, Marius granted them the full rights of Roman citizenship. Until Vercellae, Rome's Italian allies had been considered as second class to its own citizens. Marius argued that on the battlefield he could not distinguish between Romans or allies. Now they would serve with the Roman legions without discrimination and be treated as equals. It might have been the right thing to do, but Marius went about it in the wrong way. By not first consulting the Senate, he had snubbed the ancient institution and acted unilaterally in the manner of a dictator or a king. It was the first time an elected senior official had openly defied the political leaders, and it set a terrible precedent. The inviolate sanctity of the relationship between the Senate and the people, consuls and army, had been irrevocably challenged.

In 91 BC, Romans fell out with their Italian allies over the issue of citizenship rights and equal treatment before the courts in Rome, and the disagreement led to bloodshed. Marius was given command of Roman forces in the resulting War of the Allies, or Social War, but fearing that he would grow too powerful, senators persuaded him to relinquish command. Sulla took over leadership of the war and saw it through to its conclusion in 88 BC.

A new threat, meanwhile, had emerged when Mithridates VI of Pontus began to make claims on Rome's dominions in Asia and Greece, even

Bridgeman Art Library

ABOVE: As Marius and his Romans overran the Cimbri, the tribe's women, shown at bottom, rushed to join the fray. Many strangled their own children to prevent them from falling into Roman hands. OPPOSITE: Caius Marius.

going so far as sending ambassadors to the Cimbri to request military assistance. Rome's response to the threat split along class lines. The Popular Assembly voted for Marius to lead the war against Mithridates, but the Senate supported Sulla. For his part, Sulla refused to accept the validity of the popular vote. Civil war ensued. Catulus joined forces with Sulla, whose army marched on Rome—the first time in the history of the Republic that a Roman general had marched on the city.

Once in control, Sulla declared Marius an enemy of the state and forced him into exile. Sulla then left Rome to fight the war in the East. Aided by Lucius Cornelius Cinna, Marius plotted his return from Africa, and in 87 BC he returned to Rome at the head of his army. He immediately banished Sulla in absentia and repealed his regressive laws. A case against Catulus was brought by Marius's nephew, but rather than accept the inevitable humiliation of a guilty verdict Catulus committed suicide. Marius himself died a few months later, apparently of natural causes, leaving Cinna to rule Rome alone.

Returning from the East in late 82 BC, Sulla reentered Rome under force of arms, whereupon the Senate granted him emergency powers as dictator. After instituting a number of far-reaching constitutional reforms, Sulla surprised everyone by resigning within a year and retiring to write his memoirs. He died at age 60 from liver failure or a ruptured gastric ulcer in 78 BC, the last of the great Roman generals who had fought and won the epoch-making victory alongside Marius in the thick fog at Vercellae. □

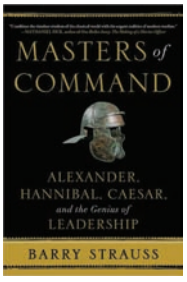
By Al Hemingway

Who was the best commander—Alexander the Great, Hannibal, or Caesar? It all depends on who did the most with his victories.

AMONG ALEXANDER THE GREAT, HANNIBAL BARCA AND JULIUS Caesar, the question is often asked, "Who was the best leader?" That extremely difficult question requires a close examination not only of each man's leadership qualities and victories, but of what he achieved with those victories once he had conquered his foes.

In his new book, ***Masters of Command: Alexander, Hannibal, Caesar and the Genius of Leadership*** (Simon & Schuster, New York, 2012, 320 pp., maps, photographs, notes, $26.00, hardcover), Barry Strauss, an expert on ancient military history, closely examines each leader's strengths and weaknesses when they commanded their respective armies.

Strauss identifies 10 qualities that leaders must possess to be successful—ambition, judgment, leadership, audacity, agility, infrastructure, strategy, terror, branding, and divine providence—and how each man measured up to these traits. He also compares each general to what he refers to as the five stages of war—attack, resistance, clash, closing the net and knowing when to stop. The author arrives at some interesting conclusions. Although ruthless, ambitious and even treacherous at times, each general was a master at waging war. That is why their tactics and battles are still studied by many today.



Unlike Hannibal and Caesar, who were older, Alexander was only 20 years of age when he ascended to the throne after his father, King Philip of Macedonia, was assassinated. He was a risk taker, not only in his campaigns, but in his personal bravery on the battlefield, where he positioned himself in the thick of the fighting and was wounded seven times. Unfortunately, despite his incredible accomplishments, including conquering most of the known world, Alexander lacked the diplomatic and administrative skills sorely needed to manage his vast empire. Basically, the mundane tasks of a ruler bored him. It was the thrill and adrenaline rush of war that excited him. The lack of interest in ruling his vast kingdom would eventually prove to be his downfall.

Hannibal the Carthaginian was a brilliant tactician. His crossing of the Alps to invade Italy was a masterstroke that caught the Romans completely off guard. His troop movements at the Battle of Cannae in 216 BC, where thousands of Roman soldiers were slaughtered, were extraordinary. But, when it came to politics and strategy, Hannibal did not fare well. Immediately following the massacre at Cannae, Hannibal should have heeded the advice of his commanders and moved on Rome itself. Instead, he chose a more cautious route that eventually led to his defeat.

Perhaps the most popular of the trio is Julius Caesar. Not only a great commander, Caesar was also an excellent writer. As the author says, "His Commentaries are classic works of military narrative and political propaganda."

Alexander the Great is shown in this 1st century BC Italian mosaic copied from a 4th century BC painting probably located in Macedonia.

Naples Archaeological Museum

You deserve a factual look at . . .

The New Anti-Semitism

Who are its advocates? What are its goals?

The Holocaust, in which over six million Jews were brutally murdered by the Nazis and their enthusiastic collaborators, happened over 60 years ago. So terrific were the events that – even today, about two generations later – nobody would wish to identify himself with them. Yet, a new anti-Semitism is now rearing its head. It is important to be aware of it.

What are the facts?

Who are the new anti-Semites? The new anti-Semites do not publicly proclaim their desire to bring about a second Holocaust or to subject the Jews to mass murder or annihilation. The hatred is aimed against the state of Israel, which, according to the new anti-Semites, represents all that is evil in the world and which is the main violator of human rights and guilty of virtually every other abuse that can be conceived. This poison is now so widespread that a poll taken in Europe not too long ago found Israel to be the greatest menace to the peace of the world – far ahead of such murderous regimes as those of Iran or of North Korea.

> "...the viciousness, volume and consistency of this criticism against Israel is such that it cannot be considered as anything but anti-Semitism..."

The leaders and instigators of this new anti-Semitism are concentrated on the political left, its most active and vocal spokesmen being found in our prestige universities. Such is the anti-Zionist (anti-Semitic) focus of the left that, almost incomprehensibly, it includes a fair number of Jewish professors and other "intellectuals," not just here in the United States, but even in Israel itself.

Those on the extreme left call for the abolition of the State of Israel outright, although they do not tell us what they propose to do with the over five million Israeli Jews. They would presumably be left to the tender mercies of the Arabs, who would, of course, have no greater joy than to emulate or perhaps even to "improve" on the Nazi model and to give "final solution(!) to the Jewish problem" once and for all. That isn't going to happen, of course, not because anybody in the world would lift a finger to prevent it, but because, fortunately, Israel is a very strong and most capable nation.

A death wish for Israel. In deference to "world opinion" and also to the wishes of the United States, Israel has allowed itself to be pressured into innumerable concessions to those who are sworn to destroy it. But it seems clear that, when the chips are really down, a most decisive response on the part of Israel can be expected. With the possible exception of Carthage during the Punic Wars, almost 2500 years ago, no country in the world, no country in recorded history, has ever been threatened with extinction. Israel is the one exception. Fueled by the extreme left, the "legitimacy" of Israel is a constant topic of discussion. The abolition of the "Zionist entity" gets serious attention, even in the hallowed halls of the United Nations. Iran feverishly pursues the Holy Grail of atomic weapons. Its president and the ayatollah, who is their "supreme leader," have publicly declared – not once, but repeatedly – that Israel is a "tumor" that must be excised and that it must be wiped off the map of the world. Medium-range missiles (so far, fortunately without atomic warheads) are being paraded through the streets of Teheran, with signs attached to them, shamelessly giving their destination as Jerusalem. A few eyebrows are being raised around the world, but otherwise nothing, except ineffective sanctions, is being done about it.

Because the memory of the Nazi Holocaust still lingers after all these years, the new anti-Semitism is disguised as the socially more acceptable "anti-Zionism." It is pursued and propagated by the radical left. Every leftist demonstration – be it about perceived injustices at home, against globalization, for or against whatever else – does inevitably include appeals against "Israeli subjugation of the Palestinians," the "occupation of Palestinian lands by Israel," or simply asks for "death to Israel." Sadly, quite a few Jews, having been saturated with leftism from their early years, participate in such demonstrations.

While the propagation of the new anti-Semitism by prestige universities started in Europe (mostly in England), it has found fertile ground in the universities of the United States. The active and enthusiastic participation in the new anti-Semitism by some of American clergy is a sad and scandalous reality.

Surely, not everybody who criticizes Israel is an anti-Semite. The actions of Israel, just as the actions of any other countries, are subject to examination and criticism. But the viciousness, volume and consistency of this criticism against Israel is such that it cannot be considered as anything but anti-Semitism – the new anti-Semitism, disguised as anti-Israelism or anti-Zionism. The foolish professors and the hypocritical preachers are besotted by their leftism and by their hatred against Israel and America. Overt vilification of America has to remain muted – it's somewhat dangerous to be too outspoken about it – but Israel, perceived as the satrap and the handmaiden of the United States in the Middle East, is an easy target. Nobody should be fooled. Anti-Semitism is anti-Semitism in whichever way it may be disguised.

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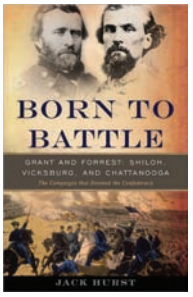
Despite his lack of a military background, Caesar's biggest attribute was his maturity. He had conquered Gaul and his name became a household word in Rome, much to the chagrin of the Roman nobility. He fought a bloody civil war that eventually catapulted him to the position of dictator and began the reign of the Caesars in Rome. If there was one area where Caesar lacked success, it was in logistics, providing food and other supplies for his army. In the end, his arrogance would prompt his fellow Romans to stab him to death on that fateful day in March 44 BC.



Strauss has written an exciting and readable narrative that is as relevant today as its subjects were centuries ago. "It offers lessons for leaders in many walks of life," he writes, "from the war room to the boardroom—lessons and warnings."

Born to Battle: Grant and Forrest—Shiloh, Vicksburg, and Chattanooga, The Campaigns That Doomed the Confederacy by Jack Hurst, Basic Books, New York, 2012, 512 pp., maps, illustrations, notes, bibliography, $29.99, hardcover.

On the surface, Union general Ulysses S. Grant and Confederate general Nathan Bedford Forrest had nothing in common. Each came from totally different backgrounds—Forrest was a wealthy slave owner and Grant was a West Point graduate turned failed career officer. However, as author Jack Hurst states, each man did have one attribute that set them apart from others in their respective armies. They each possessed an absolute tenacity to win at all costs. Once they set their minds to something, especially on the battlefield, they wanted complete victory.

Another facet of their upbringing set them apart from their peers. Each had come from humble beginnings and had to overcome that prejudice among many of their fellow officers they served with who considered themselves elite soldiers and gentlemen above the likes of the volunteer soldier. Although a self-made millionaire, Forrest was looked upon as unpolished by his fellow officers. The vast majority of the Confederate officer corps had come from the Southern aristocracy, and many treated Forrest as a second-class citizen. Such was the case with his immediate commander, the inept Braxton Bragg, who viewed most volunteer soldiers with contempt. The self-serving Bragg, however, did use Forrest's successful raids against Union supply lines to his advantage when writing his reports to President Jefferson Davis. Lacking in formal military training, Forrest nonetheless was brilliant on the battlefield and outshone his fellow West Pointers.

Grant, too, had to rise above the discrimination he received within the ranks of the Union Army. Despite his stellar performance in the Mexican War, the Illinois-born Grant had a bout with the bottle that prematurely ended his Army career. Prior to the conflict, Grant was a failure at every business he tried and ended up selling fire wood on a St. Louis street corner to feed his family. Carefully maneuvering among the political appointees who tried to get him relived of command, Grant finally emerged as President Abraham Lincoln's favorite. "I can't spare this man; he fights," Lincoln said after the Battle of Shiloh in 1862, when some clamored for Grant's dismissal.

Hurst covers the period when Grant served in the western theater of operations and opposed Forrest, before he was summoned east to slug it out with Robert E. Lee. The book is a great character study of two leaders who, in spite of their different leadership styles, fought like demons to achieve their objectives. Forrest will always be remembered for his creation of the Ku Klux Klan and the massacre of both black and white troops at Fort Pillow, overshadowing his superlative performance as a cavalry leader.

simulation gaming

Top Gun: Hard Lock

Fast-paced flying action with a healthy dose of nostalgia for fans of the movie.

I have strangely fond memories of the original *Top Gun* game. I say "strangely" because, for all intents and purposes, it was practically impossible for myself and almost everyone else I knew at the time. For those who don't remember it or never played it, the 1987 Konami-developed Nintendo Entertainment System version featured some pretty fun cockpit dogfighting considering its limitations, but it's not exactly known for its action. Rather, *Top Gun* is notorious for the insanely demanding segments that had players attempting, and constantly failing, to land their planes on the aircraft carrier post-mission.

It became a cruel joke after a few dozen attempts, and an even crueler one a hundred or so more down the line. On-screen commands would prompt players to adjust the altitude, however slightly, and even when it seemed perfectly lined up, attempted landings almost always resulted in spectacular misses. There were also troublesome mid-air refueling sections, but none would come to be as loathed as those landing sequences.

Those hazy childhood moments came rushing back the second I got my hands on *Top Gun: Hard Lock*, a new title developed by Headstrong Games that has almost impressively flown under the radar. Seriously, I had never even heard of *Hard Lock*, and most sites have remained quiet about coverage since it was originally announced at the 2011 Electronics Entertainment Expo. Well, it's in stores now and, much to my admitted shock, it's actually a pretty damn fun arcade-style dogfighter.

The folks at Headstrong were smart in taking some cues from the big dogs at Namco Bandai and their *Ace Combat* series. *Hard Lock* may not hold thrills that are entirely comparable to that franchise, but the emphasis here from the very beginning is on up close and personal dogfights that have your plane barrel-rolling, nose-diving, and artfully dodging locked-on missiles. The main hook is the titular "Hard Lock" system. Tailing opponents brings the camera in tight, and on-screen Quick Time Event-like prompts task you with quick-reflex commands that keep you directly behind the enemy fighter as you attempt to keep your reticule in place long enough to get a missile lock on them. Once you're locked, all it takes is the press of a button to send them packin'.

PUBLISHER
505 Games

SYSTEM(S)
Xbox 360, PS3, PC

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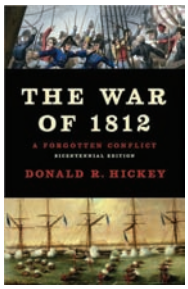
Successfully pulling off hard lock maneuvers in the heat of the chase makes your reticule larger, thus making it easier to lock on. It sounds simple, and it is, but the constant diving and rolling makes for an intense and intimate combat experience. Of course, you can also fire away with your guns, but it's much more difficult, and far less satisfying

The War of 1812: A Forgotten Conflict, Bicentennial Edition by Donald R. Hickey, University of Illinois Press, Springfield, 2012, 455 pp., maps, illustrations, notes, index, $24.95, softcover.



The title of this newest entry among the many books being published to remember the 200th anniversary of the War of 1812 is most appropriate. The war has, indeed, been largely forgotten.

Historians have dubbed the War of 1812 the "second war of independence" and they are correct. Slightly more than 30 years after America defeated and lifted the colonial yoke from Great Britain, the fledgling United States again was fighting her former master. The origins of the war were myriad—trade, tariffs and the impressments of American seaman off merchant ships by the British Navy.

Initially, the miniscule U.S. Navy did a marvelous job battling the British, who were viewed as the masters of the sea at that time. The American Army, on the other hand, performed miserably. The humiliating defeat at the Battle of Bladensburg, Maryland, a mere nine miles from Washington, left the road wide open for the British to move on the capital and eventually set it ablaze. By 1814, both sides hammered out an agreement, but not before General Andrew Jackson sent the British fleeing in New Orleans after a botched invasion attempt to seize control of that port and the Mississippi River.

The author has given the reader a detailed account of the reasons why the War of 1812, whatever its comparative obscurity, defined who we are as a nation and where we are today.

Ethan Allen: His Life and Times by Willard Sterne Randall, W.W. Norton & Company, New York, 2011, 617 pp., illustrations, notes, index, $35.00, hardcover.

An iconic figure of near mythical proportions, Ethan Allen was a staunch proponent of statehood for Vermont during the tumultuous period surrounding the American Revolution. Born in Connecticut, Allen fell in love with Vermont when he first traveled there as a young man. His strong unwavering beliefs concerning religion often got him in trouble with the local clergy.

Brash and arrogant, Allen shared leadership of the campaign to seize Fort Ticonderoga from the British in the early stage of the war with Benedict Arnold, who would turn traitor some years later after becoming disillusioned with the American cause. Allen and Arnold never saw eye-to-eye and for a brief time, after they captured the fort, Allen had him imprisoned and never mentioned Arnold's name when he filed his report about the action, a move that infuriated Arnold.

The author does an excellent job of following the tempestuous life of Allen from his childhood, growing up in Connecticut, and his incarceration as a British prisoner of war, when he narrowly escaped death. Allen's frequent battles with the New York authorities on land rights along the Vermont border led him to organize the Green Mountain Boys, the largest paramilitary organization in America at the time.

Sadly, Allen died of a stroke at the age of 51 before Vermont was admitted to the United States and never saw his dream become a reality. Even in death, Allen defied the religious community and had a civil ceremony, with an estimated 10,000 Vermonters in attendance. This is a long overdue biography focusing on one of the most popular personalities during the infancy of

than getting a lock and letting a missile or two loose. *Hard Lock* gets off on exactly the right note by throwing the player into the heat of it and doesn't mess around too much with drawn-out tutorials. It's pure, fast-paced arcade action.

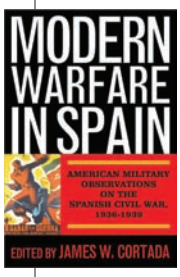
Once you get the hang of the hook, things do tend to get a little repetitive from time to time. This is especially true when dealing with an escort-style situation that has you fending off swarms of enemy fighters while keeping them from destroying a friendly target, such as an oil tanker. Destroying planes one after the other in rapid succession quickly sheds light on how simplistic the overall gimmick is, but when things get particularly dicey, adrenaline kicks in and the fun comes roaring back. That's ultimately the key to *Hard Lock*'s success. Even when it's repetitive it still wins points for just being a straight-up action game without an ounce of pretense indicating something more. Either you're on board for something like that or not, but if you are it's certainly worth a rental or budget pick-up.

Hardcore *Top Gun* fans (those exist, right?) will likely fall in the purchase category, because there are plenty of fun nods to the film scattered throughout *Hard Lock*. The story, for what it's worth, puts you in the role of Lance "Spider" Webb, a new Top Gun graduate following in the footsteps of aces like Maverick and Iceman. As one of the new would-be hotshots, this is your chance to show that you've got what it takes, and hopefully you won't end up like Goose. The presentation of the story and acting throughout are pretty below average, but fans will still get a thrill out of nice little additions like the ability to recklessly buzz the tower, for which there's even a pair of achievements. Considering how borderline nonexistent coverage has been on Hard Lock, I was actually pleasantly surprised to find that they went to the trouble to include familiar tunes from the flick, including the "Top Gun Anthem" and a re-recording of a "Danger Zone" instrumental.

The 14 playable licensed planes in the game include the likes of the F-14 Tomcat, F-22 Raptor, A-6E Intruder, F/A 18F Super Hornet, and the iconic Cold War heavy bomber, the B-52H Stratofortress, among others. Outside of the single-player campaign, which can be completed in a relatively short amount of time, there's also a Danger Zone mode that puts you up against increasingly challenging waves of enemies in an attempt to outlast them and get a high score. It's kind of a more arcadey version of an already very arcadey game.

Hard Lock also includes cooperative and competitive multiplayer, both of which you'll need the included online pass to access. Online passes are becoming more and more commonplace, and frankly I think they set a really poor precedent in an attempt to curb used game sales. I can definitely get behind the need for the developers and publishers to get something out of used sales by requiring pre-owned buyers to purchase a code of their own, and doing so for this type of content isn't as bad as locking out more integral material, but it's a slippery slope. It doesn't help that *Hard Lock* isn't exactly a high-profile title, and will likely live on through word of mouth, and certainly not first-week sales.

Regardless, there's a healthy amount of content here for those who want to take the dogfighting online after (or before) completing the single-player mode. I didn't get a chance to try out much of the co-op—consisting of Base Defense, Aircraft Escort, and Carrier Strike modes—but there were a few folks buzzing about in the Deathmatch and Team Deathmatch modes. While it served as a pretty fun distraction, I don't see *Hard Lock* building an incredibly strong community, mostly due to the aforementioned lack of exposure. I'd love to find out how many people even know this game is out on shelves. Hopefully word will indeed spread, because while it's not the most original or "triple-A" game on shelves, *Top Gun: Hard Lock* is plenty of fun, and is recommended for anyone looking for some light, fast-paced flying action with a healthy dose of nostalgia for fans of the film. And yes, for those wondering, you will have to land your plane on an aircraft carrier. It just won't take you a thousand tear-shedding attempts to do so. □



the United States.

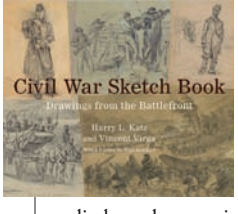
Modern Warfare in Spain: American Military Observations on the Spanish Civil War, 1936-1939 edited by James W. Cortada, Potomac Books, Dulles, VA, 2011, 374 pp., maps, photographs, notes, index, $35.00, hardcover.

Author Cortada provides a unique look at the three-year Spanish Civil War (1936-39) through the eyes of American military attaches and observers, including retired U.S. Army colonel Stephen O. Fuqua. Colonel Fuqua had served during the Spanish-American War, the Philippine Insurrection, and World War I and brought extensive experience as a military observer in giving detailed reports to the War Department during the civil war within Spain.

At that time, the U.S. War Department was thirsting for knowledge dealing with strategy, aircraft, weaponry and troop morale on both sides of the war. On the Nationalist side Germany, Italy and Portugal provided aid, with the Nazi government sending the lion's share of it. On the Republican side, which wass often associated with communists and socialists, aid came from the Soviet Union, Mexico and France. Private citizens from numerous countries joined in the rebellion and formed international brigades, such as the Abraham Lincoln Battalion, made up of American volunteers.

The reader will gain insight from Fuqua's own observations and other military attaches' reports, which are organized in chronological order. Historians have called the 989-day Spanish Civil War a dress rehearsal for World War II. And as the author states, it was "one of the longest, bloodiest, and most brutal internecine struggles of modern history."

Civil War Sketch Book: Drawings from the Battlefront by Harry L. Katz and Vincent Virga, W.W. Norton & Company, New York, 2012, 288 pp., illustrations, bibliography, index, $50.00, hardcover.



In the days before cameras and motion pictures, newspapers and magazines relied on the creativity of artists whose drawings could capture the imaginations of their readers. During the Civil War, many of these artists were employed by a variety of publications to do just that and bring a visual imagery never before seen to the American public.

This book is arranged in chronological order and contains more than 200 drawings, including works by such prominent artists as Winslow Homer, Thomas Nast, Alfred Waud, Edwin Forbes, Frank Vizetelly, Arthur Lumley and Theodore R. Davis. These intrepid artists traveled with the armies, often braving personal danger, to bring the ferocity and savagery of the conflict to the American people. The artists also drew the more mundane aspects of the war ,depicting soldier's camp life, picket duty and leisure time during the fighting. Many of the sketches have rarely been seen.

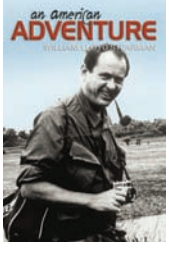
John Philip Sousa's America: The Patriot's Life in Images and Words by John Philip Sousa IV, GIA Publications, Chicago, IL, 2012, 214 pp., photographs, illustrations, $34.95, hardcover.

A superstar of his day, John Philip Sousa, director of the U.S. Marine Band known as "the President's Own," truly epitomized the American dream. Born to poor immigrant parents, Sousa showed a talent for music at an early age. When he was just 26 years old, he was appointed the director of the Marine Band, the youngest ever. To hide his youthful features, Sousa grew a beard to appear older to the experienced musicians. It worked, and he remained the group's director for 12 years before departing to form his own band.

In his lifetime Sousa composed 137 marches, 15 operettas, 70 songs, 15 suites and more than 700 other works. He was a musical genius whose marches continue to inspire people today. This book, written by Sousa's great-grandson and Sousa scholar Loras John Schissel, is a fitting tribute to one of America's greatest musical talents.

Just prior to his death in 1932, Sousa was on tour rehearsing in Reading, Pennsylvania. The very last song played was "The Stars and Stripes Forever," perhaps his most popular tune. "The March King," as he was known, probably would not have wanted it any other way.

An American Adventure: From Early Aviation Through Three Wars to the White House by William Lloyd Stearman, Naval Institute Press, Annapolis, MD, 2012, 304 pp., photographs, index, $37.95, hardcover.



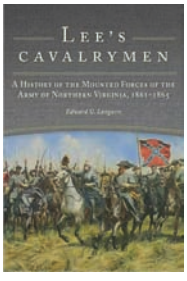
To say that William Stearman's life was adventurous is an understatement. Born into a family with roots in developing aviation, to serving in World War II in the U.S. Navy, the Cold War, Vietnam, and becoming Foreign Service officer and advisor to 10 presidents, Stearman has literally seen it all.

Stearman's father founded Stearman Aircraft Company, which later became Boeing-Witchita and the Lockheed Aircraft Corporation. He would marvel at the stories his father would relate concerning Charles Lindbergh and Howard Hughes, two other early pioneers.

At the end of World War II, Stearman remained in Europe, attending school in Switzerland and obtaining a master's degree and doctorate. He traveled extensively through war-torn Europe and became a correspondent, covering the Communist takeover of Eastern Europe. When he returned to the United States nearly two decades later, Stearman referred to it as a Rip Van Winkle experience. He was taken aback by the amenities Americans possessed compared to a ravaged European continent.

Stearman has written a marvelous memoir of his time overseas and in the White House. His candid observations make for interesting reading, especially for those individuals wanting to pursue a career as a Foreign Service officer.

Lee's Cavalrymen: A History of the Mounted Forces of the Army of Northern Virginia, 1861-1865 by Edward G. Longacre, University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 2012, 468 pp., maps, photographs, notes, index, $26.95, softcover.



First published in 2002, this newly released edition, with a new introduction by the author, is still relevant today, particularly with the 150th anniversary of the Civil War upon us.

The author gives an excellent overview of the gray cavaliers of General Robert E. Lee's Army of Northern Virginia. Steeped in mystique and legend, these Confederate horsemen outrode, outgunned and outmaneuvered their Federal counterparts during the conflict. Or did they? Longacre goes beyond the legend and writes about the flaws and mistakes Lee's horsemen made and how the Union, despite several years of setbacks, soon out-performed them. There is no doubt that the shrinking supplies, shortage of horses and weapons played an important part in their demise. But Longacre also discusses the flawed tactics used by the venerated General J.E.B. Stuart and other cavalry leaders who did not adapt modern strategies being employed by the Unin cavalry units.

"From start to finish, Lee's cavalrymen faced daunting odds," Longacre writes, "but the way in which they chose to fight not only added to their problems, but made them insurmountable." □

port hudson

Continued from page 31

Another great trench was built on the extreme left, on a bluff opposite the Citadel. It was log covered and large enough to accommodate several hundred sharpshooters and five batteries. The saps were buttressed by thick walls of cotton bales that made it safe from southern marksmen. Frequently, the defenders tried to burn the cotton bales by shooting flaming arrows or venturing forth from their lines to light them with firebrands. At all points, events settled into a desultory routine of sharpshooting, round-the-clock bombardment, and trench raids. "The heat, especially in the trenches, became almost insupportable, the stenches quite so," a staff major recalled. "The brooks dried up, the springs gave out, the creek lost itself in a pestilential swamp, and the river fell, exposing to the tropical sun a wide margin of festering ooze. The illness and mortality were enormous."

Demoralized, physically beaten down, and diminished in numbers, the Army of the Gulf was a shadow of its former self. Banks reported that he was down to 14,000 effectives, including 22 regiments of nine-month volunteers whose enlistments expired at the end of August. Men whose time was nearly up did not feel like undertaking any more desperate service, and discontent reached the level of mutiny in at least three Massachusetts regiments. Many officers vowed never to go into battle with Banks.

In the end, an event over which they exerted no control made the fall of Port Hudson a certainty. In the early morning hours of July 7, a Union ship carried the stunning news that Vicksburg had surrendered to Grant on July 4. The news spread quickly. The celebration was so intense that the Confederates across the way inquired about all the fuss. Told that Vicksburg had surrendered, Gardner requested documentary evidence. Port Hudson's survival was inextricably woven with the Mississippi bastion, and Gardner decided that the time for his own capitulation had arrived.

He and his brave little band of defenders had performed incredible strategic and tactical feats in the face of overwhelming odds, inflicting 4,363 casualties at a cost of only 623 of their own. Final details were worked out by July 9, when the besiegers marched in and took possession. On July 16, one week after the fall of Port Hudson, the unarmed ship *Imperial* tied up at New Orleans and began unloading cargo she had brought unescorted from St. Louis. For the first time in 30 months, the Mississippi was open to Union commerce from Minnesota to the Gulf. □

worcester

Continued from page 45

pell-mell through the town. "Till midnight the bullets flying towards my door and windows, and the sorrowful fugitives hastening for their lives, did tell me the calamitousness of war," he remembered. Some of the fugitives were so exhausted that they fell asleep in the fields outside Worcester, where a number of them were robbed and cudgeled to death by looters.

By nightfall the fighting had died away. Cromwell, never one for mincing words, called the battle "as stiff a contest as ever I have seen." Retiring to the aptly named King's Head Inn at Aylesbury, he announced the stunning victory to Parliament, sending a famous letter to William Lenthall, Speaker of the House of Commons. "The dimensions of this mercy are above my thoughts," Cromwell wrote. "It is, for aught I know, a crowning mercy." He added a gracious and uncharacteristic postscript. Although formerly contemptuous of militia forces, he recognized the importance of their stand at Red Hill. "Your new raised forces," he advised Parliament, "did perform singular good service, for which they deserve a very high estimation and acknowledgement." In faraway New England, Puritan minister Hugh Peters also acknowledged the humble militia. "When their wives and children should ask them where they had been and what news," preached Peters, "they should say they had been at Worcester, where England's sorrows began, and where they were happily ended."

The unlikeliest tribute came 135 years later, when American patriots John Adams and Thomas Jefferson toured the battlefield at Worcester. Peering over the earthworks at Fort Royal Hill, Adams admitted to being deeply moved by the sights, although he was sufficiently irritated by local residents' lack of knowledge about the battle to give them an impromptu lecture on English history. "The people in the neighborhood appeared so ignorant and careless at Worcester that I was provoked and asked, 'And do Englishmen so soon forget the ground where liberty was fought for? Tell your neighbors and your children that this is holy ground, much holier than that on which your churches stand. All England should go in pilgrimage to this hill, once a year.'"

Having helped his own country throw off the yoke of monarchy, Adams knew how hard it was to knock the crown off a king's head. It was a lesson the English would surprisingly relearn within a decade of the signal Puritan victory at Worcester. □

Continued from page 23

alongside his Canadian comrades.

A 20mm Spitfire cannon, Bren gun, Hotchkiss Portable Machine Gun Mk1, and PIAT (Projectile Infantry Anti-Tank) weapon are also on display, as well as a Weasel M-29 vehicle. The equipment is surrounded by a plethora of newspaper articles, all types of medals, Canadian hat badges, and different types of period headgear. There is also the sobering display of a mother who lost two sons in the war, and one soldier's story of battle and captivity comes to life with the pictures he took and his personal documents and letters while he was one of over 2,000 Canadians taken prisoner at Dieppe.

Farther down is a Polish officer's uniform from World War II alongside a medal containing soil from the Katyn massacre, pictures of the Polish Combatants Association of Canada monument at Brantford, and a campaign medal awarded to Polish soldiers who fought all the way to Berlin. These aren't the only Polish memorabilia in the museum, however. An album given to Benito Mussolini as a birthday present sits in immaculate condition on a pedestal. Although it was supposed to be destroyed, it was captured by Polish soldiers on November 18, 1944, after a short skirmish with German troops outside Il Duce's summer villa.

The French and Indian War ended almost 250 years ago; it was the conflict that resulted in the conquest of New France by the British, a fate decided in battle on the Plains of Abraham outside Quebec City. The British commander was killed in the battle, and his boot scraper is on display at the CMHM.

Just past the World War II section is one devoted to the Royal Canadian Air Force. A Falcon heat-seeking air-to-air missile and a Swift training rifle are present alongside more uniforms and photographs. The story of the Canadian-built Avro CF-105 Arrow Mark 1, one of the finest fighter aircraft of its time, is related alongside photographs of the fighter project that was shot down while barely into production, before it ever reached its potential.

The Canadian Navy is represented with twin .50-caliber deck guns, followed by a section on communications and signals with vintage equipment. There is a section devoted to the contributions of women to the Canadian military service with an extensive display of medical equipment, as the Medical Corps is also spotlighted.

The CMHM is located in the region of Brantford-Norfolk-Haldimand, and the local history has its own section, along with an artillery display that includes a 25-pounder artillery piece,

ABOVE: A Japanese light machine gun captured in the Siska Islands. The 7.7-caliber Arisaka Type 96 was modeled after the British Hotchkiss. LEFT: The War of 1812 display includes personal effects from a soldier.

Gatling gun, a 9.2-inch, 290-pound artillery round from World War I, which was to be fired by the gun known as "Mother," and a 2-pounder Vickers Armstrong anti-tank gun.

Native peoples are saluted in an excellent display of photographs and artifacts dating back to the 19th century. War clubs, flints, spearheads, battleaxes, a 1790 flintlock discovered in the local area, bows and arrows belonging to Chief Joseph Brant, and a banner given to returning native vets of the nearby Six Nations Reserve are displayed along with photographs of Native warriors who fought in the War of 1812.

An 1861 .577-caliber Snyder rifle has an oral history attached to it. According to the story, it was used at the battle of Duck Lake, Saskatchewan, on March 26, 1885. This was part of the North West Rebellion that saw the Metis people under Louis Riel take up arms against the Canadian government. There it sits, shortened to carbine length, with 27 tally marks scratched ominously into its stock. The Native presence in the Canadian military stretches into the modern day. Sergeant Tommy Prince, awarded the American Silver Star in World War II for valorous action deep in enemy the conflict of 1950-53. More than 500 Canadians never returned from that war, and the Second Battalion of the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry was awarded a U.S. Presidential Unit Citation for its heroic action at Kapyong. The Korean conflict has been called "the forgotten war," but it is remembered here with items brought back by the Canadian soldiers who experienced combat on the Korean Peninsula. Chinese and North Korean money are on display alongside a vintage American bazooka.

Well over a dozen vintage military motorcycles touch on the often overlooked but not insignificant impact the vehicles have had on warfare since World War I. Local newspaper headlines about two young men who lost their lives in the line of duty serving in Afghanistan drive home the fact that Canadians are still in harm's way. Rounding out the walk through the museum, past the rifle rack, is an extensive library.

The museum is located at 347 Greenwich St., Building 19, Brantford, Ontario, Canada, and its mailing address is P.O. Box 27033, 794 Colborne St., Brantford, Ontario, Canada, N3S 7V1. Summer hours are 10 AM to 4 PM, Tuesday to Sunday, from May 1 to October 1. Winter hours are Friday, Saturday, and Sunday 10 AM to 4 PM, October 1 to November 1. The museum is closed December 1 to February 28 and is open Friday, Saturday and Sunday only from March 1 to April 30. Bus tours, seniors, service clubs, school tours and youth groups are welcome. The museum website is www.cmhmhq.ca. □

"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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