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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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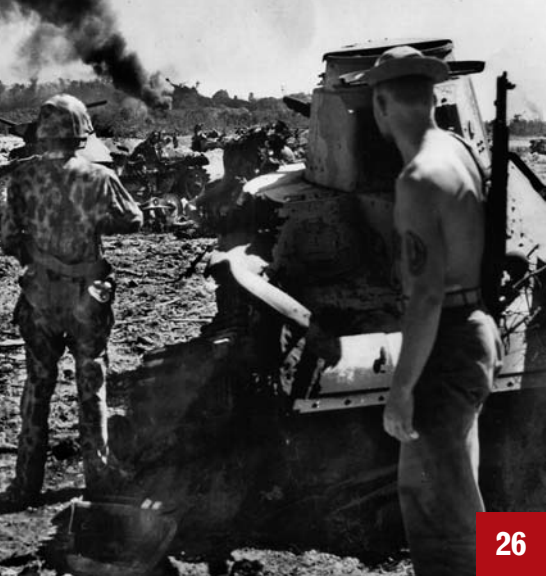

MILITARY HERITAGE

April 2012

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columns

COVER: British soldiers fire a Vickers machine gun during the Battle of the Somme in 1916. Canadian infantrymen arrived in France in 1915 armed with the Ross rifle, which proved to be unreliable and unpopular with the troops. See story page 12. Photo: Getty Images

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SPIRIT OF RESISTANCE

NEW IN 2012!

Soldier in the Downfall: A Wehrmacht Cavalryman in Russia, Normandy, and the Plot to Kill Hitler
by General Rudolf-Christoph Freiherr von Gersdorff; translation by Anthony Pearsall

Tyrannicide: *def.* the act of killing a tyrant.

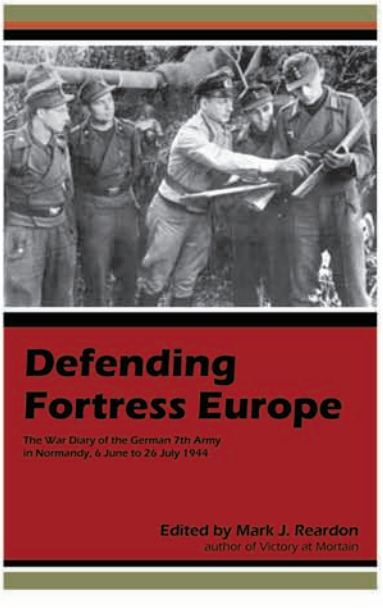
The successful tyrannicide has three conditions: a convinced assassin, a good opportunity, . . . and some luck. To his close associate, Rudolf-Christoph von Gersdorff, Henning von Tresckow says, "The world has to be set free from the biggest criminal of all time. He must be struck down dead like a mad dog who threatens all mankind!"

On 21 March 1943, Adolf Hitler is scheduled to attend the Heroes' Memorial Ceremony at the Berlin Arsenal and then tour the exhibition of captured Soviet weapons. Gersdorff is to be in the party accompanying Hitler—Gersdorff's time to act has come.

The first two conditions have been met, but something that day goes wrong. Hitler cuts short his visit; it is his luck that in doing so he also saves his own life.

This is just one of Gersdorff's many fascinating recollections from his military career, spanning from the end of cavalry warfare to the use of atomic weapons. He reported the finding of mass graves holding the remains of thousands of Polish officers, which became known as the "Katyn Massacre." His honest account of some of Hitler's most "loyal" officers provides great insight into the resistance movement within the Wehrmacht.

224 pages. Maps and Photos. Paperbound. $19.95 (t)



ALSO NEW IN 2012!

Defending Fortress Europe: The War Diary of the German 7th Army in Normandy, 6 June to 26 July 1944
Edited by Mark J. Reardon, author of Victory at Mortain

Why another book on Normandy? Normandy continues to be regarded as the *decisive* post-1940 campaign in Western Europe. Despite the interest it still generates, English language books dealing with Normandy from a German perspective are few.

Defending Fortress Europe departs from familiar convention by relying on a hybrid mixture of modern scholarship and primary source material written over 65 years ago. The primary source material consists of the record of daily activities, covering the period from 6 June to 26 July 1944, compiled by a staff officer from the 7th Army's operations and planning section. This record, known as the *Kriegstagebuch* (Daily War Diary), served not only as a historical reference, but also as an *aide-memoire* for the commanding general and his staff.

With the first English-language account of what the Germans were saying in their own words during the Normandy campaign. . . . readers are able to gain a fuller understanding of German actions during the Normandy campaign.

—*From the Introduction*

352 pages. 19 Maps. 41 Photos. Paperbound. $24.95

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Famed British war correspondent Archibald Forbes crossed swords—almost literally—with fellow countryman and lecturer Oscar Wilde.

THE PERIPATETIC ARCHIBALD FORBES HAD MADE HIS reputation as a war correspondent during the Franco-Prussian War of 1870-1871, when he bet rightly on the Prussians to win the war and attached himself accordingly to King Wilhelm I's field headquarters. Strange as it now seems, given the horrifying sweep of European military history in the next 75 years, most observers at the time believed that the French, under Napoleon III, would easily win the war.

The Scottish-born Forbes, the son of an Aberdeen minister, had resigned from the Royal Dragoons after five years of service; he found the other side of the cannon's mouth a good deal more congenial. During his first war, Forbes demonstrated a valuable knack for being in the right place at the right time. He was standing around a French barn with King Wilhelm and Chancellor Otto von Bismarck when they received news of the great Prussian victory at Gravelotte, and a few weeks later he was the only English-speaking correspondent to personally witness Napoleon's surrender to Bismarck in a little weaver's cottage following the French debacle at Sedan.

Shortly thereafter, Forbes adroitly switched locations, if not sides, sneaking into Paris to cover the rise of the Paris Commune and its swift decline, writing a remarkably graphic account of a communard's death at the hands of his reactionary fellow citizens. Forbes, being a true English gentleman, had tried to rescue the man from the ravening crowd, only to have the victim's brains splash cinematically onto his boots.

More splendid little wars followed. Forbes got another worldwide scoop during the Russian-Turkish War of 1877, when he rode nonstop for three days and nights across the Russian steppes to personally deliver to Czar Alexander II the glad tidings of a Russian victory at Shipka Pass. The czar was so delighted with the news that he bestowed on Forbes the Order of St. Stanislas, which found its place on Forbes's chest alongside the Iron Cross, Second Class, for Noncombatants; the Pour le Merite, Civil Class; and the French Legion of Honor.

Forbes made another famous news-bearing ride two years later during the nasty British war with the Zulus that brought the empire a horrific massacre of troops at Isandhlwana. Fortunately for Forbes, he was not there that day, or he wouldn't have lived to write about it. After the ensuing Battle of Ulundi, he dashed through Zulu territory to bring news of the British victory there. The British commander, Lord Chelmsford, proving to be more of a stickler for military protocol than continental Europeans, refused Forbes's application for a Victoria Cross, noting that Forbes had also been carrying personal messages at the time. In Chelmsford's way of thinking, that made the correspondent more a mailman than a hero.

Forbes capitalized on his fame as by becoming a traveling lecturer for famed theatrical producer Richard D'Oyly Carte. During one memorable tour in America in 1882, he crossed swords—almost literally—with fellow lecturer Oscar Wilde. Forbes and Wilde could not abide one another, and after Forbes made a (perhaps) joking comment about the commercial possibilities of the Aesthetic Movement, which Wilde was championing on his tour, a war of words erupted between the two flamboyant performers.

It took the personal intercession of a mutual friend to end the battle. That did the trick, at least publicly, and Forbes quit threatening to brain Wilde on sight. Behind the scenes, however, the old jingo continued to hold a grudge, repeating the false if entirely plausible rumor that American showman P.T. Barnum had offered Wilde 200 pounds to ride Jumbo the Elephant down Broadway with a sunflower and lily clutched in either hand. How Wilde was supposed to hold onto the elephant Forbes neglected to explain—making it one of the few times in his life that he was short of words.

Roy Morris Jr.

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By Kevin L. Cook

U.S. Dragoons provided a mounted wing of the Army. In 1834, they undertook a dangerous maiden journey across the West.

A CARAVAN OF TRADERS BOUND FOR SANTA FE LEFT CANTONMENT Leavenworth near the Missouri River on June 3, 1829, escorted by four companies of the 6th U.S. Infantry under Major Bennet Riley. Two months later, as the soldiers waited near the Arkansas River for the eastbound caravan to reenter United States territory, a force of 300 Indians, well mounted and armed with guns, bows and arrows, and spears, charged the camp. The soldiers repelled the attack but lost one man, 54 oxen, and several horses and mules. "If we had been mounted, we could have beaten them to pieces," Riley said.

In response to the attack, Missouri senator Thomas Hart Benton authored legislation to add a mounted arm to the 6,200-man army. Soon afterward Congress acted on Benton's motion in March 1833. The War Department appointed officers in the new regiment. Colonel Henry Dodge, head of the militia-like Battalion of Mounted Rangers, was named to command the new mounted force. His second in command was Lt. Col. Stephen W. Kearny, who was enjoined to recruit "healthy, active, respectable men of the country." Kearny's orders specifically mentioned recruiting from within the interior of the country, a response to Arkansas Territory Delegate Ambrose H. Sevier's complaint that army troops "consisted generally of the refuse of society, collected in the cities and seaport towns."

U.S. Army Art Collection / James Kochan

Members of the 1st Regiment of Dragoons sport regulation 1833 uniforms in this painting by Charles McBarron. In reality, uniforms and provisions were slow in coming.

Philip St. George Cooke, a dragoon first lieutenant, was recruited in western Tennessee. He said the prospect of exploring the West excited "the enterprising and roving disposition of many fine young men." Similarly, a New York recruit said, "The wild regions of the West, prairies, Indians, are all objects of intense interest to my romantic imagination." According to a letter in a New Hampshire newspaper, the planned expeditions would cross country "full of game of every sort, interspersed with prairie and wood land, the latter free from underbrush, so that it may be passed freely in any and every direction; and as these expeditions will be ordered in the summer, they will be delightful recreations to active spirits."

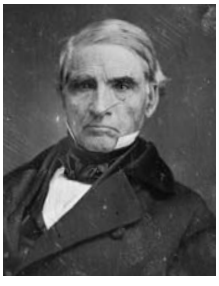
Recruiters were authorized to tell

Colonel Dodge and his staff meet an onrushing Comanche chief in this painting by George Catlin.

candidates they would be well clothed and kept in comfortable quarters in winter. Additionally, a magazine reported that one commander "permits the performance of no menial service from any member of his detachment." Recruits were also told that they were equal in prestige to West Point cadets and would not receive severe military discipline. Land and emigration were further inducements. "When discharged, each man receives in money an allowance of pay and subsistence to the place of enlistment," one newspaper reported, adding helpfully that the men could combine that sum with savings from their regular army pay to purchase western land.

The recruits, 10 companies of 71 men each from nearly every state, began to arrive at Jefferson Barracks in early May 1833. At the post, 10 miles downriver from St. Louis, the new dragoons found that contrary to what recruiters had told them they had no uniforms to wear, nowhere to sleep, and nothing to cook with.

Both: Library of Congress



Lt. Col. Stephen W. Kearny, left, and Colonel Henry Dodge, seen later as a U.S. senator from Wisconsin.

They had only old muskets for training and no horses until early October. By then there were as many as eight desertions per night, including corporals and sergeants. One afternoon, the dragoons stopped building their stables to witness a deserter's punishment. Several lashes with a cat-o'-nine-tails brought blood. Shrieks rent the air, and by the 50th stroke the prisoner had fainted. He was carried to the hospital, where salt and water were rubbed into his wounds.

On November 20, five companies of dragoons began a march to Fort Gibson, near present-day Muskogee, Oklahoma. In the rear were 18 deserters and other prisoners who walked handcuffed, some with a cannonball chained to one leg. The dragoons reached the fort on December 17. Dodge found no arrangements for rations for the men or horses, and they settled in for a cold, hungry winter. More recruits gathered at Jefferson Barracks and made the 450-mile journey to Fort Gibson in May and June 1834.

The government wanted to establish peaceful relations with local Indian tribes, and between the western tribes and the eastern tribes that had been forcibly moved west. On May 19, 1834, the Regiment of Dragoons was ordered to make a tour through the Indian territory along the Mexican frontier. Colonel Henry Leavenworth, commander of the left wing, vowed without apparent irony that there would be a peace made with the Pawnee, "if we have to fight for it."

Artist George Catlin obtained permission to accompany the regiment and waited at Fort Gibson for two months for their departure. He warned that the expedition was leaving two months too late in the season, which would make it difficult to find grass, game, and water. The last three recruits arrived at the dragoon camp on June 12, and three days later eight dragoon companies, about 500 men, began their journey from their camp near Fort Gibson. The ninth company escorted traders to Santa Fe. The expedition's officers were Cooke; 1st Lt. Jefferson Davis; Captain Nathan Boone, son of famous frontiersman Daniel Boone; and 1st Lt. T.B. Wheelock, ordnance officer and official chronicler of the campaign.

On June 21, about 30 tribesmen from the Osage, Cherokee, Delaware, and Seneca tribes joined the expedition. They were to serve as guides, hunters, interpreters, and "representatives of their several nations, should we meet with the Pawnee." The Osage brought along two young Kiowa and Pawnee women they had taken prisoner. Their imminent return was expected to "conciliate the Indians, and pave the way to desirable treaties." In camp, the expedition's surgeon pronounced 23 men unfit to continue and sent them back to Fort Gibson.

Dodge and 40 men moved ahead to meet Leavenworth and two infantry companies at the Washita River. A few days later, several officers at the head of the column spotted a buffalo herd and gave chase. Catlin saw Leavenworth and his horse disappear into a hole and quickly rode to the spot. "I asked him if he was hurt, to which he replied, 'No, but I might have been,' when he instantly fainted," Catlin wrote. Catlin rode with the colonel for several days and noticed a bad cough and a change in Leavenworth's overall demeanor. Leavenworth told him, "I have killed myself in running that devilish calf; and it was a very lucky thing, Catlin, that you painted the portrait of me before we started, for it is all my dear wife will ever see of me." When the dragoons reached a small infantry camp near the Washita River on June 29, three officers and 45 men were sick from the heat and 75 horses and mules were disabled.

On July 3-4, the expedition crossed the Washita, using a canvas boat covered with gum. Baggage wagons crossed on a raft built from canoes lashed together. The horses and mules had to swim across and several head were lost. The ailing Leavenworth reversed his earlier decision to command in person. He ordered Dodge to take 250 men to the Pawnee villages with the regiment reorganized into six 42-man companies. Some 109 men were left for duty, with 86 sick, including Leavenworth.

The dragoons continuing west were ordered to take nothing with them but a change of shirts. Wagons, pack horses, and tents were left behind. They took only 10 days' provisions and 80 cartridges per man. On July 7, the dragoons found pony tracks and recent fires, presumably left by Indians. Late that night, a shot pierced

the silence followed by the sound of horses snorting and running and cries of "Indians! Indians! Pawnees!" A sentinel thought he saw an Indian creeping out of the bushes, Catlin said. "And as the poor creature did not advance and give the countersign at his call, nor any answer at all, he let off! and popped a bullet through the heart of a poor dragoon horse" that had strayed and triggered the panic. Troops spent the next day recovering all but 10 of the stampeded horses.

Early on July 14, dragoons saw a group of Indians on a nearby hill. Dodge halted the columns, unfurled a white flag, and rode toward the Indians with his staff. A dragoon wrote that during this anxious moment, "every voice was still and even the horses seemed instinctively to maintain order & silence." Catlin joined the advance as it came to within a half mile of the Indians. "The white flag was sent a little in advance, and waved as a signal for them to approach; at which one of their party galloped out in advance of the war party, on a milk-white horse, carrying a piece of white buffalo skin on the point of his long lance," Catlin wrote. "He wheeled his horse, and dashed up to Col. Dodge with his extended hand, which was instantly grasped and shaken."

Gradually, the whole band of about 30 Comanche approached and shook hands, with "eagerness to convince us of their disposition to be friendly," Wheelock recorded. Their village was two days away, and a day's journey beyond that was a Wichita village. In camp that night, Dodge told the Indians that President Andrew Jackson, "the great American captain, had sent him to shake hands with them; that he wished to establish peace between them and their red brethren around them, to send traders among them, and to be forever friends."

The expedition reached the Comanche camp on July 16, and 100 mounted Comanche rode out to welcome it. "Six nations, some of whom had but recently been at war with each other, shake hands together," Wheelock wrote. A chain of peaks, some 2,000 feet high, was within sight. Behind these lived the Wichita, whom the Comanche and Wheelock called Toyash. Catlin mistakenly said the reddish granite peaks were "without doubt, a huge spur of the Rocky Mountains."

The number of sick dragoons continued to increase. On July 18, Wheelock wrote that the command was delayed for two hours waiting for six litters, including Catlin's. "Our sick encumbered us so much that Colonel Dodge resolves to leave them behind," Wheelock noted. The men had been ordered to make 10 days' provisions last for 20, but buffalo had become scarce, and many men were completely out of provisions.

Expedition member artist George Catlin.

The next day, 75 men, including 39 sick, were left in camp. Only 183 men continued. "Sickness and desertion had much reduced our little band, and our horses were almost worn out with fatigue," a dragoon wrote. "Our situation was now extremely precarious; starvation seemed to stare us in the face on the one hand, and should the Indians prove unfriendly, we had but little chance of escape."

Near the Toyash village on July 21, about 60 Indians came out to meet the dragoons and begged Dodge not to fire on them. "We were on the brink of starvation, having nothing to eat save what we got from those Indians," Sergeant Sam Evans wrote. "The squaws bring in roasting ears mellons green pumpkins squashes &c which they trade to us for buttons tobacco strips off our cloth shirts and many other articles we had to dispose of. I have seen a good cotton shirt sell to squaws for two ears of corn."

The next day, Dodge met in council with Toyash warriors and chiefs. He began, "We are the first American officers who have ever come to see the Pawnees; we meet you as friends, not as enemies, to make peace with you." He pointed out that the dragoons had found the Comanche defenseless but treated them with kindness. "The American people show their kindness by actions, and not by words alone," Dodge said. He asked about a white boy taken in the spring and offered to exchange the Pawnee girl who accompanied the expedition. He said he would not leave without the boy and information concerning a ranger who was taken a year earlier. When the boy was brought to the council, the youth exclaimed: "What! Are there white men here?" Dodge asked his name and he promptly replied, "Matthew Wright Martin."

Dodge immediately ordered the Indian girls brought in, and they were quickly recognized. "The chief rose and took Dodge in his arms, and placing his left cheek against the left cheek of the Colonel, held him for some minutes without saying a word, whilst tears were flowing from his eyes." Catlin's friend continued. "From this moment the council, which before had been a very grave and uncertain one, took a pleasing and friendly turn."

The leaders met again on the morning of July 23. Dodge said he was sorry that some dragoon horses had gotten into a cornfield the previous night and offered to pay for the damages. "It is not my wish to disturb your property in any manner," he observed. "White men will always be just to you." He asked that some Indian leaders return with the dragoons.

While Dodge and a Comanche chief discussed the Kiowa girl the dragoons had brought in, 20 or 30 mounted Kiowa rushed into camp. The Kiowa did not know about Dodge's intention to return the girl, "and consequently presented themselves in a warlike shape, that caused many a man in camp to stand by his arms," Wheelock reported. He said Dodge explained and "gradually led them into gentleness." A relative embraced the girl and shed tears of joy that she had been returned to the tribe.

The next day a council was held among the Comanche, Toyash, and Kiowa, with more than 2,000 mounted and armed Indians present. "You and the Indians who came with us have long been at war with each other," Dodge said. "It is time you were at peace together." On the morning of July 25, some 15 Kiowa, including the chief, were the first mounted and ready to return with the dragoons. Some Comanche, a few Toyash, a released black captive, and the Martin boy, carried by Sergeant Evans, joined them.

Two days later, the group reached the sick camp and found 29 sick, plus two officers and Catlin. The next day there were 43 sick; seven had to be carried in litters. "We all now feel our situation hunger thirst and a burning sun almost sufficient to contract any disease and the pale sallow sun burnt features plainly showed the men cannot endure it much longer," Evans wrote. The dragoons subsisted on whatever stray buffalo they managed to kill. "Nearly every tent belonging to the officers has been converted to hospitals for the sick; and

Smithsonian American Art Museum

Indians ride out from their wigwams in the distance to meet dragoons in another Catlin painting.

sighs and groaning are heard in all directions," noted Catlin, who was unable to ride his horse and rode for eight days in a baggage wagon with several sick soldiers, most of whom were delirious.

Dodge decided to return to Fort Gibson instead of Fort Leavenworth, as originally planned. While the party rested and cured buffalo meat on August 5, a message arrived saying that Leavenworth had died on July 21. At the Washita camp 150 men were sick. At last, on August 15, Dodge, his staff, and the Indians arrived at Fort Gibson. The route through bushes and thorns was so rough, said one dragoon, that it "had proved terribly fatal to clothing, and the greater part of the command were literally half naked."

For the next nine days, groups of dragoons arrived at Gibson, including Kearny's command from a sick camp on the river. Many of the men returned "merely to die and get the privilege of a decent burial," observed Catlin, who watched from his hospital bed. "Perhaps there has never been in America a campaign that operated more severely on men & horses," Dodge wrote. "The excessive heat of the sun exceeded anything I ever experienced. I marched from Fort Gibson with 500 men and when I reached the Pawnee Pict village I had not more than 190 men fit for duty. They were all left behind sick or were attending on the sick."

The following summer, Dodge led the dragoons to the Rocky Mountains through present-day Kansas, Nebraska, and Colorado. He was appointed governor of the original Territory of Wisconsin in 1836, and became a senator from the new state of Wisconsin in 1848. The new mounted arm prospered as well. Congress added a second regiment in 1836, and by August 1861 all six mounted regiments were designated cavalry. Three months later, Brig. Gen. Philip St. George Cooke took command of the Cavalry Reserve of the Army of the Potomac. His son-in-law, James Ewell Brown Stuart, made something of a name for himself with the Confederate cavalry. His nickname was "Jeb." □

By Jerome Baldwin

At the outbreak of World War I, the .303-caliber Ross was Canada's rifle of choice.

AT THE TURN OF THE 20TH CENTURY, CANADA WAS DEPENDENT on Great Britain for rifles to equip her army. In 1901, however, a request by the Canadian government to purchase 15,000 Lee-Enfield Mark I rifles from Britain was denied. The British were in the process of upgrading and replacing rifles used in the Boer War, and with first priority given to arming their own troops, there were no rifles to spare at the moment for the North American commonwealth. This rankled Canadians. It was a time of growing nationalist sentiment; many felt that it was time to loosen ties with the mother country and exert more national self-sufficiency. The issue also brought an important question to light. What would Canada do for rifles and other military equipment she depended on from Great Britain, if the vital trans-Atlantic supply line was severed?

Library of Congress

An inexplicably happy-looking member of the Canadian Royal Highlanders carries his Ross rifle and bayonet in this wartime recruiting poster.

Circumstances had created an opportunity for the Liberal government of Prime Minister Sir Wilfrid Laurier to manifest Canada's growing nationalism. Fueled by the political appeal, coupled with the practical reasons certainly present behind the endeavor, the Canadian government sought a rifle it could manufacture at home, for its own troops. Enter Sir Charles Ross, the right man in the right place with the wrong rifle. Ross was a Scotsman, the ninth Baronet of Balmagovan, an Eton graduate who had served with Lovat's Scouts during the Boer War and had marketed a light sporting rifle in the United States.

Coming to Canada in 1897, Ross submitted some of his .303-caliber rifles with their straight pull, back-and-forth bolt actions to Canadian Minister of Militia Sir Fredrick Borden, in early 1901. Borden was impressed not only with the Ross rifle, but also by the fact that it could be manufactured in Canada, at Ross's factory in Quebec City. Borden's good opinion, however, was not enough to seal the deal on an arms contract, so a five-man departmental committee was appointed "to enquire into a report upon the merits of a rifle invented and submitted by Sir Charles Ross." One of the committee members was Sam Hughes, who was to become the Minister of Militia and National

Private Collection / The Stapleton Collection / The Bridgeman Art Library

Canadian infantrymen conduct a bayonet drill in downtown Toronto in 1915. In combat, soldiers found that the Ross's bayonet had a distressing tendency to fall off.

Defense at the outbreak of World War I and would figure prominently in the Ross story.

Tested head to head with the Lee-Enfield Mark I, the Ross did well in some of the trials but came up short in other crucial ones, such as the endurance test. Some 1,000 rounds were fired through each rifle and, while the Lee-Enfield functioned well, the Ross repeatedly jammed. After the 300th round, the heat of firing melted away the foresight, which was fastened with common solder. Ross explained that prior tests had been conducted with ammunition of American and Austrian manufacture and that "the standard called for in the manufacture of British .303 cartridges is not of the same precision and quality of material hence greater limits have to be allowed." His dubious explanation was accepted by the committee.

Already the enterprise was off on the wrong foot. Due to Borden's choices, the investigative committee leaned in favor of the Ross. It was obvious that no accurate appraisal of anything can result from a biased investigative body. Hughes in particular championed the rifle, and his stubborn resistance to evidence that contradicted his opinions bordered on the irrational. To the end he would insist that the Ross was superior to the Lee-Enfield, even after thousands of Canadian soldiers had simply thrown theirs away on the battlefield.

If the weapon had flaws, so did the purchase contract. Under its terms, Ross was to provide 12,000 rifles during 1903 and 10,000 every year thereafter, with a 75 percent advance on all rifles ordered for the duration of the contract, which was not stipulated. The cost of the Ross was not to exceed that of a Lee-Enfield in Britain, yet the price set was $25, compared to $18.27 the War Office paid for a Lee-Enfield. The contract also stated that materials and machinery Ross needed to import to meet the manufacturing requirements were to be exempt from import taxes. Because there was no division outlined between military and sporting rifles, Ross could get all his imports duty-free, regardless of whether they were built for government contract or not. There was no guarantee Ross would provide more rifles in the event of a national emergency, only that he would provide 10,000 annually after the initial 12,000. There was also no mention in the contract of providing a bayonet.

There were other signs of trouble with the Ross. In an 1892 report by the U.S. Chief of Ordnance, the same type of jamming and stiff operation problems were encountered. Although sharing the same caliber ammunition, the Ross and Lee-Enfield did not have interchangeable parts. British Colonial Secretary Joseph Chamberlain warned that adopting the Ross would destroy "the absolute uniformity of pattern necessary when Imperial and Colonial troops fight side by side." A May 1902 test at Hythe, England, concluded "the inferiority

of the Ross was very marked" in comparison to the Lee-Enfield. The results were passed along to Canada by the Colonial Office, which opposed adopting the Ross.

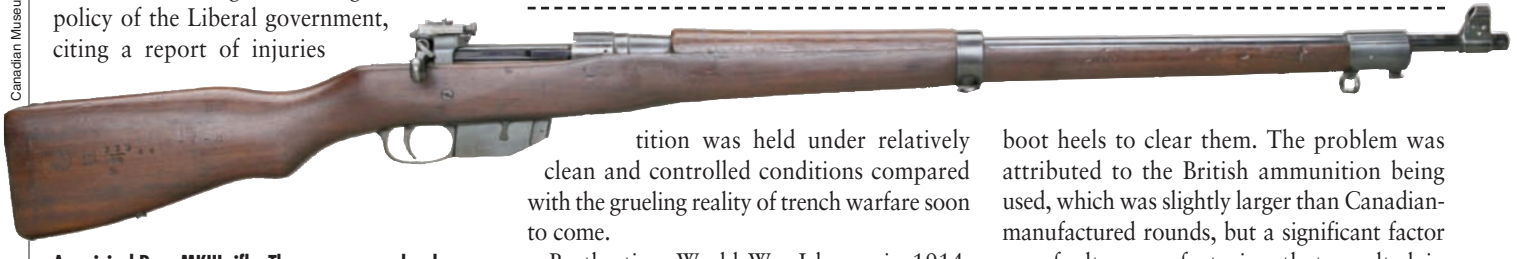
Undeterred, Borden encouraged the North West Mounted Police to adopt the Ross, which it did in 1902, only to withdraw the rifle five years later due to its defects. Attempts by Sir Charles to sell the Ross to Australia and New Zealand fell through after those countries heeded Chamberlain's warning regarding uniformity. Attempts to sell the rifle to Great Britain and Turkey fared no better. But in Canada the deal was sealed. The results of the Hythe tests only arrived after the contract had been signed, and the government was not about to back out of it. Events were to prove that they should have done so anyway.

By 1907, the Conservative opposition in Parliament had begun attacking the Ross rifle policy of the Liberal government, citing a report of injuries caused by the rifle blowing up and reports from the militia that a large number of rifles they had received were useless. By the end of 1905 they had received much fewer than promised; a mere 1,861 rifles had been delivered, including those supplied to the Marine department and NWMP. With $600,000 having been advanced on the 1903 order, this translated into more than $440 per rifle.

Library and Archives of Canada

Members of the First Canadian Division crate up their Ross rifles at Kingston, Ontario, in June 1915, before deploying to the front.

Canadian Museum of Civilization



An original Ross MKIII rifle. The weapon was handsome but fragile.

Sam Hughes, a steadfast supporter of the Ross, was a member of the Conservative opposition and a useful ally for Borden in blunting the mounting attacks on the Ross. Amid strong condemnation of the Ross by his colleagues, Hughes went on proclaiming that the rifle was "the most perfect and complete in the world." Appointed chairman of Canada's first Standing Small Arms Committee, Hughes made it a priority to ensure that the Ross remained in service.

The Ross's superb accuracy made it an excellent target rifle. Its straight-pull bolt action gave it a faster rate of fire than the Lee-Enfield's traditional turn-and-pull action, and it was originally lighter and shorter than the Lee-Enfield as well. It performed well during the Bisley target shooting competition, and sport shooters praised the rifle's performance, but the competition was held under relatively clean and controlled conditions compared with the grueling reality of trench warfare soon to come.

By the time World War I began in 1914, numerous modifications had made the Ross Mark III eight inches longer and more than a pound heavier than the Lee-Enfield. When used in training in Quebec, one observer noted that the Ross "seemed to misfire too frequently for rifles that were going to be asked to stop the German rushes." He also noted that "the bayonet had an unfortunate habit of jumping off the rifle when firing was carried on with fixed bayonets." In his opinion, the Ross's rating as a combat rifle was summed up by a soldier who after several attempts to keep the bayonet on said in disgust, "To hell with the gun, I'll take a club."

Hughes, now Minister of Militia and Defense under the Conservative government of Prime Minister Borden, stated that the men leaving Quebec for the war had been trained to use the Ross "as no man had ever handled [a rifle] before." Nevertheless, complaints continued during training on Salisbury Plain in England, coming to a head when the First Canadian Division went into the line at Neuvelle Chapelle, France, in 1915.

The final verdict on the Ross was rendered in the vile ooze of mud, filth, and rotting corpses that characterized trench warfare during the Great War. From the first day of fighting, the frequent jamming of the Ross forced soldiers to strike the bolts with entrenching tools or boot heels to clear them. The problem was attributed to the British ammunition being used, which was slightly larger than Canadian-manufactured rounds, but a significant factor was faulty manufacturing that resulted in deformed firing chambers. Long and unwieldy, the Ross was also not well suited for use in narrow trenches. Soon, British Small Magazine Lee-Enfield rifles began appearing in the Canadian ranks, causing First Division commander Lt. Gen. E.A.H. Alderson to issue an order that his men were not permitted to be in possession of SMLE rifles. It was an order largely ignored.

If earlier investigations had repeatedly given the rifle a pass and rendered a skewed verdict, the Canadian soldiers in the trenches did not. In April 1915, after the bloody fight at the Second Battle of Ypres, Belgium, which also saw the first gas attacks of the war, 1,452 of the 5,000 surviving Canadian soldiers threw away their Ross rifles and picked up Lee-Enfields from British casualties. The verdict of the fighting soldier had been delivered. With confidence in the rifle badly damaged, British Commander in Chief Sir John French issued orders rearming the First Canadian Division with the SMLE.

Not all the reports from the line were negative; the superb accuracy and faster loading capability of the Ross made it an excellent sniper's rifle, as Sergeant William Carey, one of Canada's top snipers, discovered one morning at St. Eloi. He and a German sniper spotted each other at the same time and both fired, each missing the other. But the bolt action of the Ross gave Carey the edge; he was able to reload

Canadian Museum of Civilization

Sir Sam Hughes, left, Canada's minister of militia and defense, photographed at the Somme in August 1916.

and fire faster than the German, and his next shot was lethal. Although it would be replaced as the standard issue service rifle, the Ross would remain a valuable sniper's weapon.

The Ross rifles issued to the Second Canadian Division before it deployed to France in September 1915 had some improvements such as resizing the chambers, but the results when they engaged the Germans in October were the same as those of the First Division. The Ross rifle was simply not designed to contend with such conditions.

Hughes's own son, Lt. Col. Garnet Hughes, stated that "the Ross is not a perfect mechanism," and Third Division commander Brig. Gen. M.S. Mercer warned, "To longer withhold the issue of the Lee-Enfield rifle and compel the men of this division to use the Ross rifle would be criminal in the extreme." Hughes refused to budge. He maintained that the Ross was "the most perfect military rifle in every sense in the world today," denouncing anyone who criticized it. He insisted the problems were caused by faulty ammunition and declared, "I will swallow any Lee-Enfield that does not jam when I fire it." In a mind-boggling display of delusion, Hughes even stated in Parliament that the Ross was so popular that "the Canadian soldier has to sleep on it or the British soldier would steal it from under him."

Hughes bristled when First Division commander Alderson tried to replace shoddy equipment during training on Salisbury Plain and issued a questionnaire to his officers for feedback on the performance of the Ross. After the Second Battle of Ypres, Alderson eventually recanted his order that prohibited any man from throwing away his Ross and picking up a Lee-Enfield, writing in a report to Canadian Chief of the General Staff Maj. Gen. W.G. Gwatkin that "the experience of the battle showed that the Ross jammed so badly that I was obliged to let this order die a natural death."

The issue of Lee-Enfield rifles to the First Division caused Hughes to explode, calling Alderson's concerns over the Ross rifle "absolutely absurd and ridiculous." Alderson eventually became commander of the entire Canadian Corps, but Hughes had not forgotten his opposition to the Ross. He conspired to get Alderson fired and finally succeeded in the spring of 1916, when the general was accused of being "incapable of holding the Canadian divisions together." But everyone knew the real reason Alderson was sacked. His opposition to the Ross rifle had cost him his job.

By the following summer, time was nearly up for Hughes and the Ross he so staunchly defended. General Sir Douglas Haig, the new British C-in-C in the field, ordered the Ross rifles in use by the Second and Third Canadian Divisions to be replaced by the Lee-Enfield, with the acquiescence of the British and Canadian authorities. Haig wrote to the War Office: "I have satisfied myself, after extensive enquiries carried out throughout the Canadian Corps, that as a Service Rifle, the Ross is less trustworthy that the Lee-Enfield, and that the majority of the men armed with the Ross rifle have not the confidence in it that is so essential they should possess."

Hughes did not last much longer than the rifle. Borden, whose face would end up on the Canadian $100 bill, fired him at the end of 1916. Hughes, who was in London, had crossed the line one too many times, defying the prime minister's orders and accusing him of being a liar. After managing to hold onto his job for half the war, Hughes was finally gone.

Any political or economic appeal to the stubborn intransigence of a megalomaniac defense minister should never have stood against the opinions of those who mattered most—the soldiers themselves. The only truly accurate verdict on any equipment taken into battle comes from those whose very lives depend on it. They always deserve the last word. Ignoring what they have to say, quite simply, costs lives. □

By David Fontaine Mitchell

During the communist insurrection in Malaya, General Sir Harold Briggs led one of the greatest counterinsurgency successes of the 20th century.

FOLLOWING WORLD WAR II, THE BRITISH RETURNED TO A MUCH different Malaya than they had departed three years earlier. The Empire had first established a presence in the peninsula in 1786 and enjoyed substantial influence over a fairly receptive population until the Japanese invasion of northern Malaya on December 8, 1941. By the 24th they had taken Kuala Lumpur. Singapore subsequently surrendered on February 15, 1942.

The ensuing three and a half years of Japanese occupation resulted in economic deterioration, dislocation, and racial disharmony within Malaya. Although the British were initially greeted with open arms upon their return in 1945, this feeling quickly diminished. In September 1945, the British Military Administration (BMA) was established as the initial form of postwar government. The BMA, however, was ill equipped and mismanaged, and the British were unable to regain full control of Malaya, resulting in widespread criminal activity nationwide.

The predominantly Malay police force was in shambles, and BMA officers contributed to the nation's problems by selling arms illegally to local gangs, stealing from civilians, and billeting in private estates. The populace quickly lost faith in Britain's ability to secure the region. The populace became further disgruntled following the announcement that Japanese currency—which the people had been earning and saving throughout the war—was to be eliminated.

Ethnic tensions exacerbated the state of insecurity on the peninsula. The nation's ethnic Chinese (which constituted 38.5 percent of the population at the time) lashed out at ethnic Malays (44 percent of the population), many of whom had treated them harshly during the Japanese occupation. The Malayan People's Anti-Japanese Army (MPAJA), the guerrilla arm of the Malayan Communist Party (MCP) that developed following the Japanese occupation, began attacks on certain areas, killing ethnic Malays and taking control of villages.

Malays began to retaliate against the attacks, further intensifying racial conflicts throughout the country. The Malays, who were predominantly Islamic, were wary of the MCP's professed atheism, which they perceived as a threat. Both ethnic groups became disillusioned with the BMA following the administration's failure to curb increasing violence.

Following a general strike orchestrated by the MCP on February 15, 1946—the anniversary of Singapore's fall to the Japanese—the BMA began arresting key MPAJA officials and censoring newspapers, which resulted in greater civil unrest among certain Chinese communities. The British announced the formation of a new civilian government, the Malayan Union. This resulted in widespread criticism from Malays. Under the new

A Malayan government convoy, led by a Ferret armored car, moves warily through the jungle in search of insurgents.

All images: Imperial War Museum

ABOVE: British troops dismount under fire after their patrol is ambushed on the road. BELOW: Panoramic view of a Malayan resettlement camp.

government, the sultans, traditionally the administrative and spiritual guides within their respective states, lost much of their authority. This, coupled with the British proposal to include non-Malays in the political process, sparked the formation of the Pan-Malayan Congress, which later became the United Malays National Organization (UMNO).

The new organization protested the Malayan Union, which resulted in abandonment of the just established government in July 1946. A Constitutional Working Committee was formed among UMNO, the government, and various other factions. New proposals were drafted; however, the new government, which became known as the Federation of Malaya, was not proclaimed until February 1, 1948. Many Malayan Chinese and Malayan Indians were outraged with the decision and subsequently protested against the formation of the Federation.

Opposition to the Federation mounted throughout 1947, and many in the Chinese community began to conclude that the British were siding with the Malays. This was particularly insulting to scores of ethnic Chinese who had volunteered to fight with the British against the Japanese. Many of the MPAJA had been trained by the British military in guerrilla warfare tactics and felt betrayed by their former cohorts.

In March 1948, the MCP made the official decision to move toward guerrilla warfare as a primary tactic. Violence soon spread throughout the peninsula, which resulted in the declaration of a state of emergency by the British on June 18, following the death of three European plantation managers two days before. The MCP and any organizations that supported their efforts were declared illegal.

The government began to implement a policy of coercion and enforcement, including mass arrests and deportations, to address what they initially believed to be a criminal uprising. This plan ultimately backfired for multiple reasons. For one, the British were applying large-scale conventional tactics that had been successful during World War II to an insurgency. When numerous soldiers were sent into hostile territory to engage in sweeps, they were ambushed in guerrilla hit-and-run attacks.

The short-handed and poorly trained police force (initially consisting of only 9,000 men in a country of roughly five million) further dampened government efforts because they were largely corrupt. Virtually the entire force consisted of ethnic Malays, and many officers, wrongfully perceiving that all Chinese were supportive of the MCP, in turn treated them poorly, which resulted in many neutral individuals joining the Communists.

Numerous Chinese were driven into the Communist camp following the destruction of several villages and huts by government authorities. Security forces, believing a certain individual or community was assisting the MCP, would burn entire areas to the ground, leaving many people homeless and disgruntled. The MCP spread the news of these events to rural areas during their propaganda campaigns, which helped with recruitment and drove many Chinese to believe that the British were just as bad—if not worse—than the Japanese had been.

Tensions continued to rise between the Malay-run state governments and the federal government. The states largely believed the communist uprising to be a federal issue and failed to cooperate with the authorities. Money was also becoming an issue, and the Federation was forced to acquire a loan from London in order to continue its activities. A further blow came after news of the communist victory in China, which the British government subsequently recognized on January 6, 1950.

Perceiving that the communists now had a good chance of succeeding, several Chinese

began to support the effort out of fear of retaliation if the guerrillas were to take control. Given that the British were unable to guarantee security to those who denounced the MCP, the government failed to win over much support. The Min Yuen (short for Min Chung Yuen Tung, or People's Movement) was the primary organization utilized by the party to provide food, information, and supplies to the guerrillas.

In early 1950, following recommendations from the British Defense Coordination Committee (BDCC), a new civilian position was created at the request of High Commissioner Sir Henry Gurney and tasked with the coordination of civil, military, and police activities. The new director was 55-year-old Lt. Gen. Sir Harold Briggs, a war veteran who was persuaded to leave his home in Cyprus, where he had been living since his retirement from the service in 1946. Briggs had served in France, Mesopotamia, and Palestine during World War I and had commanded the Fifth Indian Division in Iraq and Burma during World War II, providing him with a firm grasp on jungle warfare.

The new director initially accepted the position for 12 months and traveled to Singapore, where he was briefed prior to arriving in Kuala Lumpur on April 3. Briggs was provided with an executive staff consisting of a civil officer, an army officer, a police officer, an intelligence officer, and the head of emergency services. He spent an entire month touring the peninsula, interacting directly with individuals and organizations at all levels. By the end of May, he had issued a report to the BDCC, which thereafter became known simply as the Briggs Plan.

The long-term proposition focused on securing the populace, decreasing Min Yuen activity, and ultimately eliminating the guerrillas from south to north, one district at a time. To achieve these goals, Briggs wanted to institute regular cross-agency dialogue by setting up routine meetings with the military, police, and civilian administrators. A Federal Joint Intelligence Advisory Committee was established that combined intelligence gathered from every agency—civil, military and police. A Federal War Council was also established and tasked with the oversight and coordination of the campaign, assisted by State and District War Executive Committees. The committees consisted of representatives from the military, police, and government. These committees would meet every morning in what came to be referred to as "morning prayers."

Briggs went to great lengths to specifically define the roles of the military and the police. The military was to remain subordinate to the civil authorities and assist only when necessary. The police were tasked with law and order and population security, while the military sought out the MRLA in the jungle. Briggs also called for the inclusion of ethnic Chinese in the police force and for their participation in armed patrols, a move that several within the Malay population initially resisted.

The focus had been shifted to winning over the support of the people via a "hearts and minds" approach, and therefore both the military and police were instructed to treat the populace with the utmost respect. The government, however, remained firm, and on June 1 a mandatory death penalty was instituted by law for anyone caught transporting or collecting supplies for the guerrillas.

The primary task instituted by the Briggs Plan was a resettlement policy that targeted Malaya's massive rural and largely unassimilated Chinese squatter population, which numbered close to half a million. Most of these squatters had fled to the fringes of the jungle during the depression of 1931-1934 and the Japanese occupation and were taking refuge on land owned by the state governments. Briggs concluded that the best way to hinder insurgent activity was to remove their primary source of communication and supplies—the

British troops return from patrol with the body of a slain communist guerrilla draped across a pole.

squatter communities.

Briggs believed that if the squatters could be cut off from the communist cells, the MRLA would not be able to survive for long in the jungle. Although a resettlement policy had been in place prior to the director's arrival, it was largely inept and unsuccessful. Briggs centralized the policy in the federal government on June 1, 1950, and drastically altered the results, resettling roughly 385,000 squatters in 480 camps, 80 percent of which were in western Malaya, by the end of 1951.

Under Briggs's direction, the government began to systematically enforce the resettlement policy. Following the selection of an adequate area of land, troops were sent into the jungle to round up a group of squatters. The men were instructed to be as civil and compassionate as possible, and the troops often would help load the squatters' belongings onto military vehicles and transport them to their new homes. Families lost all that they could not take with them, as everything left behind was destroyed so that it could not be utilized by the MCP.

The squatters were moved into settlements that were strategically placed in flat, open areas to deter surprise attacks. The compact settlements, surrounded by barbed wire and floodlights and regularly patrolled by police, were instituted to diminish the Min Yuen supply line and force the guerrillas out of the jungle. The resettlement plan was to be implemented initially in Johore, the state with the largest squatter population, and progressively work its way north in what Briggs described as "rolling the map up on the guerrillas from bottom to top." However, due to the overwhelming MRLA presence in Johore and the financial support received by the guerrillas from Chinese com-

munities in Singapore, this approach was later abandoned.

The squatter population held mixed opinions on resettlement, but there was surprisingly little opposition. In many instances, they were provided with medical care, running water, electricity, schools, and recreational activities for children, such as the Boy Scouts. Welfare officers, many of whom were young volunteers in their 20s from Australia and New Zealand, were brought in to help with the administration of schools and clinics. Missionaries who had recently been banned from China also volunteered to help in the villages.

Although it varied from settlement to settlement, the average family received a two-week subsistence allowance to build its new home, along with 800 square yards of land and an additional two acres of farmland. The villages were typically located two to six miles from the squatters' original homes and consisted of an average of 100 to 1,000 people, although a few had upwards of 10,000.

Gates were established in the resettlement camps, which later became known as "New Villages," and a nightly curfew was implemented from 7 PM to 6 AM. The head of each house was required to keep a list of every occupant and instructed by law to notify the police within 24 hours of any arrival or departure. Food was controlled and monitored closely in communal kitchens to inhibit transfer to the guerrillas. Many of the guerrilla units began to go hungry, which led in turn to attacks on their fellow Chinese to obtain food. This greatly damaged the party's reputation. Starvation drew many MRLA insurgents out of the jungle in search of food and subsequently forced them to engage military and police forces in open warfare.

For many of the rural Malayan Chinese, their experience in the New Villages was the first contact they had ever had with the government. The authorities took advantage of the opportunity and began to teach the younger children about the government in the hope of instilling a sense of national identification. As Briggs stated, "One of the most vital aims throughout the Emergency must be to commit the Chinese to our side, partly by making them feel that Malaya and not Red China is their home."

Resettlement was only one aspect of curtailing the uprising. The Briggs Plan also restructured and expanded the Special Branch, the intelligence arm of the police that was responsible for gathering and interpreting information. Briggs was concerned about informers selling information to multiple agencies simultaneously and stressed the importance of maintaining one intelligence organization under a single director. Outposts were established throughout the country and instructed to gather as much information on the guerrillas as possible by personal contact with the villagers. Handsome rewards were given to those who provided the Special Branch with information leading to the arrest or death of key guerrilla members. The intelligence campaign was extremely successful, and by the mid-1950s the Special Branch had obtained the names and photographs of virtually every member of the MRLA.

The start of the Korean War on June 25, 1950, gave an enormous boost to the stagnant Malayan economy. The peninsula's primary commodities, rubber and tin, were exported in large quantities and as a result there was no shortage of employment within the New Villages. The Chinese squatters who had been resettled were now provided with jobs in these

ABOVE: Lieutenant General Sir Gerald Templer. BELOW: A wounded and bleeding communist insurgent is questioned at gunpoint.

industries. Wages were substantial, and prosperity spread within the communities.

Briggs was also responsible for shifting large-scale conventional tactics to small patrols better suited for counterinsurgency operations. Although not initially well received by many of the brass who had cut their teeth on conventional warfare during World War II, a decentralized, small-unit deep-jungle operational approach ultimately proved successful and remained intact through the end of the war. At the start of this transformation, Briggs stated: "You know, some brigadiers and battalion commanders aren't going to like what I'm going to tell them—that they won't be able to use battalions or companies in sweeping movements anymore. They'll have to reconcile themselves to war being fought by junior commanders down to lance-corporals who will have the responsibility to make decisions on the spot if necessary. We've got to look for the communists now, send small patrols after them, harass them. Flexibility of operations in the jungle must be the keynote."

Although his initiatives were largely successful, Briggs ran into several difficulties during his tenure as director of operations. Following the end of his tour, which had been extended to 18 months, he openly expressed his concerns with the campaign. Briggs recommended that the new high commissioner assume the duties of the director of operations in addition to his executive responsibilities. This resulted in the dual appointment of Lt. Gen. Sir Gerald Templer, a move that would drastically change the course of events in Malaya.

A commanding military officer with a no-nonsense attitude, Templer was personally vetted by Prime Minister Winston Churchill prior to his arrival in Malaya in February 1952. Unlike Briggs, who lacked the executive authority to implement many of his ideas without prior approval and fear of possible appeal, Templer had virtually complete control over the situation. The high commissioner continued and built upon several of the former directors' initiatives, which greatly increased the overall effectiveness of the campaign.

Although Templer went on to conduct a successful counterinsurgency campaign that ultimately resulted in the defeat of the guerrilla resistance, the framework of the plan was initially established by Briggs. The Briggs Plan transformed the Malayan Emergency by placing an emphasis on small-scale operations, intelligence gathering, and cross-agency communication. His resettlement plan has gone down in history as one of the most effective counterinsurgency initiatives of the 20th century. □

By Peter Suciu

Khaki was the original camouflage after British scouts traded their red coats for dust-colored native attire while serving in India in the mid-19th century.

MODERN MILITARY CAMOUFLAGE HAS GONE HIGH TECH, WITH digicam or "digital camouflage" being the preferred pattern for soldiers in the field. This utilizes small micro-patterns for effective visual disruption, as opposed to large blotches of cover that could be easier to spot with the naked eye, representing a considerable advance over the first methods of camouflage, which consisted of solid patterns. Among the earliest was khaki, which has a long history as the first widespread military camouflage.

In England, gamekeepers first adopted drab colors to hide from game and poachers. By the time of the Napoleonic Wars, British rifle units such as the 95th Rifles were outfitted in green jackets, as opposed to the familiar scarlet uniforms of the day. In fact, the legendary British "red coats" dated back to Oliver Cromwell's New Model Army and were based on the traditional colors of the Yeomen of the Guard and the Yeomen Warders. While there is a common myth that red coats were favored because they did not show blood stains, it is likely pure fiction—blood does show up on red clothing as a dark, even black, stain. Red is the color of the Tudor Rose, and the earliest red coats were worn with white trousers to honor the Royal house. The original Union flag of the United Kingdom was also red and white.

As the British Empire expanded, it soon became apparent that red or scarlet tunics were ill-suited for the tropical climate of the Indian subcontinent. Likewise, the heavy wool uniforms were simply too hot to wear. And yet for the better part of 70 years, the British Honorable East India Company, as well as regular army troops serving in India, retained their scarlet uniforms. According to author Stuart Bates in his book *The Wolseley Helmet in Pictures: From Omdurman to El Alamein,* Sir Harry Lumsden raised a Corps of Guides in 1848 for frontier service at Peshawar, near the Afghan border in Pakistan. These troops wore a uniform based on their own native attire rather than the British Army's scarlet tunics. This consisted of a dust-colored smock and white pajamas.

Originally, the Guides' uniforms were anything but uniform, but eventually the fabric was dyed with mulberry juice, giving it a yellowish drab color that closely matched the local soil. Accordingly, it was named for the color of soil, using the Persian word *khaki,* meaning "dust."

Khaki-clad British troops in the 17th Lancers return withering Boer fire at the Battle of Spion Kop in this period painting by Caton Woodville.

Anne S.K. Brown Military Collection

All uniform images author's collection.

ABOVE: An American M1895 pattern tunic, one of several used during the Spanish-American War. Yellow shoulder boards denote cavalry. LEFT: French colonial troops adopted the M1892 pattern jacket for tropical wear.

Khaki was adopted by other British-Indian regiments during the Indian Mutiny of 1857, but was discontinued until 1868. What prompted the British to briefly abandon the color is not fully understood, but one theory holds that the color was not consistent. In fact, over the years numerous attempts were made to formulate a dye that would provide a khaki color that was consistent and would not fade or run. These attempts failed, with the uniforms varying greatly in color after only a few weeks or months of exposure to the weather. And while khaki uniforms made a return in India, British soldiers serving in the Zulu War (1879), the First Anglo-Boer War (1882), and the First Sudan Campaign (1882) retained their scarlet uniforms. However, by the end of the 19th century, the red coat was replaced everywhere by khaki.

It was commonplace for troops to stain their white uniforms and helmets with any appropriate substance to break up the white and therefore provide some camouflage. A variety of materials, including mud, tea, coffee, tobacco juice, and even curry powder were used. The problem was solved when a fast-acting dye was patented, one that produced a consistent yellowish-brown color that could be retained over a prolonged period. "During this period it was a grayish color drill fabric but when the British Army adopted it for the Second Boer War of 1899-1902," explains author Nigel Thomas, "it had become a light yellowish brown, the color through the two world wars until the present day for tropical uniforms."

The color evolved from the tan-colored dust and became darker brown. In 1924 the new shade was formally introduced; it was slightly greener than the one it replaced. "The British Army adopted khaki serge for its service uniform in 1902 and for the battledress field uniform 1939-1962," says Thomas. "Khaki serge was a much heavier fabric than khaki drill and was intended for fighting in winter in northwest Europe. It was a darker greenish brown, the amount of green depending on regimental tradition."

The use of khaki was not limited to the British Army. By the end of the 19th century, most of the nations of Europe with colonies overseas had begun to utilize similarly colored tropical uniforms. In many cases, officers and NCOs were outfitted in European-style uniforms, while colonial troops wore khaki-colored ones. Many of these colors were never officially deemed khaki, but the colors were extremely close in actual practice.

French Foreign Legion and French Marine Infantry were outfitted with a tan-colored corduroy or "moleskin," which had a brownish color. During the interwar period, the color was lightened and officially became known as khaki, only to be replaced in the postwar era by olive-drab uniforms. France was not alone in following the British use of khaki; the Spanish and Portuguese also adopted the look. The Italians wore a similar color in their late grab for colonies in Africa and throughout World War II.

Germany too utilized its own take on khaki, even if it was late to adopt it. For use in Europe, the German Army adopted a field gray uniform that proved to be as unsuitable in Africa as British scarlet had been in India. The Germans turned to tan-based uniforms. "As with their colonies, the Germans were late comers to the use of khaki, mainly because they didn't fight abroad until the 1880s" explains British militaria collector Chris Dale, who has written on the subject of German colonial uniforms. "The first use of khaki was the Wissmanntruppe in 1889 in East Africa, while in 1891 the Schutztruppe uniform regulations refer to that color as 'Khaki Brown Drill.'"

LEFT: British M37 tropical dress uniform was worn in World War II. This uniform is a captain's in the Royal Artillery. RIGHT: The German Afrika Korps wore a variety of tan colors. This M41 pattern was worn in North Africa and southern Europe.

Dale supports the theory that the Germans essentially copied the British color. He adds that the use of khaki spread to all German colonies and military outposts, including those in the Pacific, Africa and China, and was further used in the Balkans and Palestine during World War I. During the latter conflict, khaki was used on European battlefields by both sides, and in East Africa the British, South African, Portuguese, and Belgian forces faced off against the Germans in similar shades of khaki.

As with the British uniforms, the Germans made many variations of colors and shades, in part because of the complexity of the German colonial administration and the various branches of service that oversaw the colonies and their respective defense. "The Germans in South West Africa also used brown corduroy uniforms, not strictly khaki but a shade called 'Sand Color' in the regulations," says Dale. "In fact, the corduroy they used varied from pale khaki to a grayish brown, and it was used from 1889 onward."

If the Germans hadn't copied the British color or patterns, they did rely on British fabric. Dale adds, "The first corduroy used by the Germans was made in the cotton factories of Lancashire, U.K." He says that later the Germans made their own corduroy and adds that the German tropical uniforms may have had another use after the war. There is a common theory that the early Nazi party, the so-called Brownshirts, actually wore German military surplus and that the Nazis simply reused the Schutztruppe khaki uniforms. "I've never seen any proof of it," says Dale. "And if they did it would only have been the reams of the cloth, as the cut of the two uniforms was quite different."

It was not the last time that the German military adopted a khaki uniform; the Afrika Korps in World War II was also outfitted in tropical uniforms. As it quickly became apparent that the German Army would be involved in the Mediterranean and Middle East, the Tropical Institute of the University of Hamburg was called upon to design a new uniform. Thomas notes in his book, *The German Army 1939-45: North Africa & Balkans,* that these were based on the German colonial uniforms used until November 1918, and that "most items of the M1940 tropical uniform were manufactured in ribbed heavy cotton twill or cotton drill." He describes the color as light-olive. This evolved into the sandy brown or tan M1941 pattern uniforms that were used not only in North Africa, but throughout the Mediterranean and the Balkans.

Halfway around the world, the Empire of Japan was outfitted in a similar shade of khaki uniform, one whose origins went back to the Russo-Japanese War (1904-1905). The Japanese had replaced their white cotton summer

American "Chino" style light summer uniform was worn at Pearl Harbor, Guam, and the Philippines.

uniform in 1904 with the new M1904 khaki uniform, which likely was inspired by the colors used by its then close ally Great Britain. The uniform was used throughout World War I, then modified and modernized in 1930, but retained the same color as the tropical, or summer, uniform throughout World War II.

Ironically, the British found that khaki was impractical for use in the jungles of Burma and instead dyed their uniforms green while exploring options for more suitable jungle uniforms. The result was Jungle Green (JG), which had a significant flaw in that it darkened quickly as soldiers sweated through the cotton uniforms. The French experienced a similar flaw when they replaced khaki with American Olive Drab (OD) for use in Indochina in the late 1940s and early 1950s.

The American military first adopted khaki for use during the Spanish-American War in 1898. Until that time, the United States Army was outfitted with the M1883 fatigue blouse in blue. However, the large numbers of volunteers—and the fact that soldiers were falling prey to heat exhaustion and dehydration—forced the Army to experiment with lighter-colored and lighter-weight materials. The United States thus adopted the khaki cotton drill, and in 1903 the Army authorized it as soldiers' official hot weather fatigue and field dress.

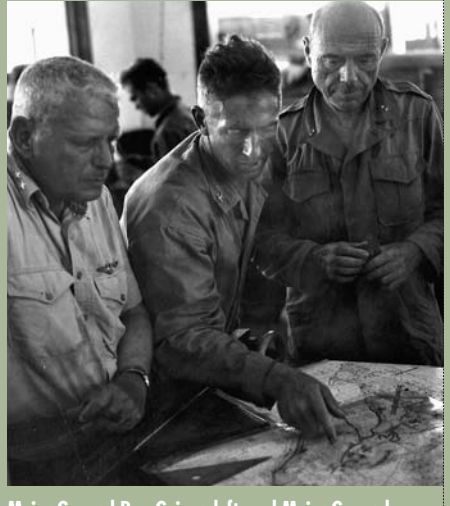
The American use of khaki continued after World War I in tropical climates, notably by the United States Navy and Marine Corps. The United States Army also utilized a khaki field uniform, the "chino" style, until the outset of World War II as the summer service and field dress. It was replaced by specialized combat uniforms and only briefly saw use with Army units in the Pacific. However, the khaki did have its influence on the M41 field jacket, which retained a khaki shade before being replaced with the Olive Drab M43 field jacket.

The Marine Corps has retained khaki as its training and walking out uniform, while khaki remains in use with the United States Navy for chief petty officers and officers, who are often called "khakis" by the enlisted men. While no longer practical as camouflage, khaki still has a place with other nations as a walking out uniform and also as part of a shared history of military uniforms. Few patterns or colors have been as widespread as khaki, the color of Indian dust. □

FATAL PRIDE AT PELELIU

GENERAL WILLIAM RUPERTUS'S PROUD 1ST MARINE DIVISION CHARGED ASHORE AT PELELIU ON SEPTEMBER 15, 1944, EXPECTING TO CAKEWALK TO VICTORY. IT WOULD PROVE, INSTEAD, TO BE ONE OF THE COSTLIEST AMPHIBIOUS ATTACKS IN AMERICAN HISTORY. **BY JOHN MCMANUS**

Inside the shabby tent that served as his command post on Peleliu, a despondent Maj. Gen. William Rupertus sat on his bunk, slumped over with his head in his hands. As commander of the 1st Marine Division, he had expected to take the little coral-reefed island in the Palau chain in a mere three days' time. He had even been foolish enough to communicate that optimistic expectation during a pre-invasion speech to his men. However, when his three regiments stormed ashore on September 15, 1944, they found a much different situation awaiting them than the one the general had described.

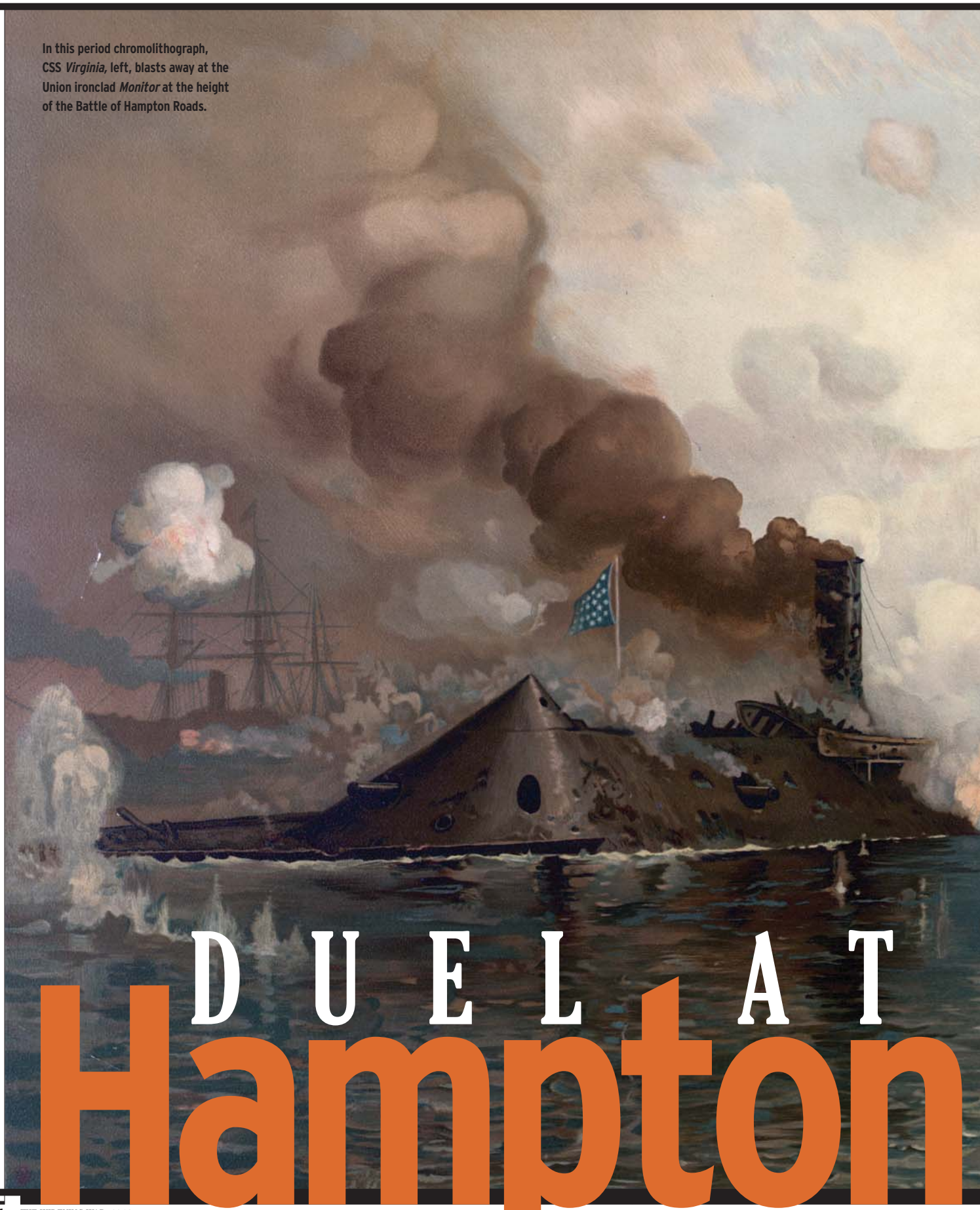


Major General Roy Geiger, left, and Major General William Rupertus, right, study a map in a captured Japanese building on Peleliu.

Rupertus did not know it, but at Peleliu the Japanese were unveiling a new strategy. Instead of defending the island at the waterline and wasting their strength on futile banzai counterattacks, they prepared an inland defense amid ideal terrain for such a holding action and resolved to bleed the Marines into nothingness. The new strategy, devised by Japanese premier Hideki Tojo and Lt. Gen. Sadae Inoue earlier that year, was based on the recent string of American successes in the Pacific War. Realizing that Japan simply did not have the resources to stop American advances indefinitely, the pair decided on a plan to make U.S. troops pay dearly for every island they took. Perhaps a negotiated peace was still possible, one that would lock into place previous Japanese conquests in China and Southeast Asia.

Tiny Peleliu, with its operational airfield, was designated as part of the Absolute Defense Zone, a last-ditch protective cordon safeguarding the Japanese home islands. Inoue handpicked an extremely competent and resourceful officer, Colonel Kunio Nakagawa, to take command of Peleliu's defenses. Arriving on site in April, Nakagawa had immediately set to work strengthening the six-mile-long by two-mile-wide island, which was shaped like a lobster's claw. The island's natural topography favored the defenders. While the suspected landing beaches on the southwestern end of the island were fairly level, an imposing chain of craggy hills, abrupt drop-offs, and steep ravines, known collectively as the Umurbrogol Mountains, dominated the center of the island. It was there that the majority of Nakagawa's veteran 10,000-man force would make its stand. The defense effort was given the optimistic title, "Palau Group Sector Training for Victory."

The Japanese strategy seemed to be working all too well. Despite three days of thunderous bombardment from four American battleships and various cruisers in Rear Admiral Jesse Oldendorf's Heavy Strike Force, the Marines had suffered 1,300 casualties on the first day of the invasion. In the following days, the fighting had grown even bloodier as the Marines attempted to take the Umurbrogol, which they nicknamed Bloody Nose Ridge. It was literally hellish work. "Along its center, the rocky spine was heaved up in a contorted mass of decayed coral, strewn with rubble, crags, ridges and gulches thrown together in a confusing maze," an after-action report explained. "There were no roads, scarcely any trails. The pockmarked surface offered no secure footing even in the few level places. It was impossible to dig in: the



In this period chromolithograph, CSS *Virginia*, left, blasts away at the Union ironclad *Monitor* at the height of the Battle of Hampton Roads.

DUEL AT Hampton

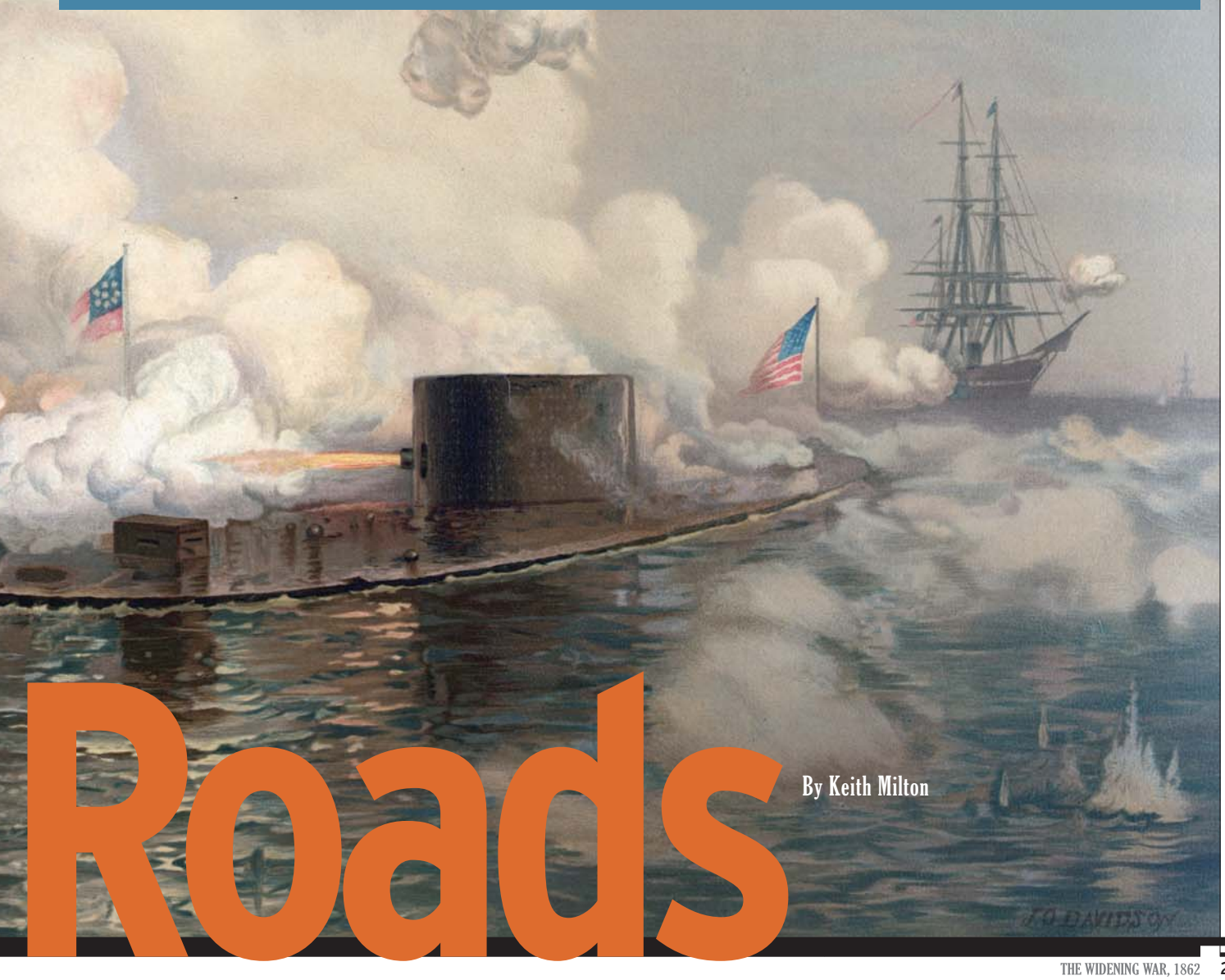
Combat artist Tom Lea landed with the Marines at Peleliu and later tried to capture what he saw in a series of paintings. His painting *The Two Thousand Yard Stare* graphically shows the effect of fighting for Bloody Nose Ridge on one Marine.

U.S. Army Art Collection

Roads

By Keith Milton

The *Monitor* and the *Merrimack* tested the limits of naval warfare with the Federal blockade at risk.



Library of Congress

MOST history books teach that the Civil War began on April 12, 1861, when Confederate batteries ringing Charleston harbor fired on Fort Sumter and forced its surrender the following day. Actually, the Stars and Stripes was fired upon over three months earlier, on January 9, 1861, when the steamer *Star of the West,* under Federal charter, suffered hits from the same batteries that were to begin the war in April. The ship carried 204 Union troops along with their arms and baggage, and several tons of ammunition and provisions for the relief of Fort Sumter. She was, however, unarmed and unescorted, and was forced to stand out to sea to prevent her capture or destruction.

This overt act was swallowed by the U.S. government, at the time led by lame-duck President James Buchanan, who was loath to do anything that the Southerners might view as provocative, and thus drive more states out of the Union. Up until the *Star of the West* incident, only South Carolina had seceded, but feelings were running high in Dixie and more states were expected to follow. This policy of indecision and failed reconciliation was to be partly responsible for giving the Southerners their most famous ship of war.

By the time president-elect Abraham Lincoln was sworn in on March 4, 1861, six more states had joined South Carolina and had formed the Confederate States of America. Five weeks later, Lincoln ordered the naval blockade of the South, and called upon the loyal states to furnish 75,000 militia to retake the Federal property seized by the Confederates. When Virginia and North Carolina refused to turn over the required regiments, Lincoln ordered the blockade extended to include those two states, even though they were still in the Union, and in spite of the fact that the Virginia legislature had passed a resolution of loyalty only two weeks

best the men could do was pile a little coral or wood debris around their positions. The jagged rock slashed their shoes and clothes, and tore their bodies every time they hit the deck for safety."

Even under ideal circumstances in peacetime, the ground would have been quite difficult to traverse. "There were crevasses you could fall down through," Sergeant George Peto recalled. "It was a horrible place. If the devil would have built it, that's about what he'd have done." It was difficult to find cover, and the nature of the ground multiplied the fragmentation effect of mortar and artillery shells. "Into all this the enemy dug and tunneled like moles; and there they stayed to fight to the death," an officer in the 1st Marine Regiment wrote.

To the Americans, the Japanese cave defenses were unbelievably elaborate. According to one Marine report, they were "blasted into the almost perpendicular coral ridges. The caves varied from simple holes large enough to accommodate two men to large tunnels with passageways on either side which were large enough to contain artillery or 150mm mortars and ammunition." Some of the caves even had steel doors. All of them were well camouflaged, with nearly perfect fields of fire. Naval gunfire, air strikes, and artillery only had so much effect against these formidable hideouts. Only infantry and tanks could hope to destroy them, and this had to be done at close range, under extremely dangerous circumstances. It was a recipe for heavy casualties—if not outright disaster.

From the American perspective, the invasion of Peleliu had been snakebitten from the start. Ironically code-named Stalemate II, the seizure of Peleliu and nearby Angaur Island were aimed at protecting the right flank of General Douglas MacArthur's long-envisioned return to the Philippines.

All photos National Archives

ABOVE: Marines of the 1st Division move inland off the beach under heavy fire.

Disagreements had flared between the Army and Navy over the ultimate goal of the operation. Navy Admiral Chester Nimitz favored bypassing the Philippines altogether to strike at Okinama, Formosa, and the Chinese mainland. President Franklin D. Roosevelt was forced to referee the dispute, coming down on the side of MacArthur. Peleliu suddenly emerged as the red bull's eye in the center of America's Pacific map.

Changes in the time frame, command structure, and combined Army-Marine unit cooperation further hamstrung the operation, to such a degree that Nimitz's righthand man, Admiral William F. "Bull" Halsey, commander of the Western Pacific Task Force, recommended canceling the invasion of Peleliu altogether. For reasons never sufficiently explained, Nimitz overruled Halsey. The invasion continued apace.

Under the agreed-upon plan, the 1st Marine Division landed three regiments abreast on the southwestern beaches at Peleliu. The 1st Marine Regiment, commanded by Colonel Lewis "Chesty" Puller, landed on White Beach at the far left (or north) of the assault. The 5th Marines came in on the center at Orange Beach, and the 7th Marines landed farther south. From the outset, Puller's regiment experienced the most difficulties. Given the assignment of wheeling left and attacking the high ridges of the Umurbrogol, the regiment advanced only 100 yards from shore before striking the 30-foot-high ridge rechristened "the Point" by the Marines.

The true horror of the fighting was almost indescribable. The ridges were steep, so much so that some were little more than sheer rock faces, dotted only with fortified caves. The rocky, crevassed ground was so unstable that troops could not hope to keep their footing, much less maneuver in any coherent fashion. Under perfect circumstances, it would have been difficult to overpower such a formidable network of caves. Under these conditions, it was a veritable impossibility, even for the gallant Marines. One of Puller's battalion commanders, Major Ray Davis, who would later earn the Medal of Honor in Korea and command the 3rd Marine Division in Vietnam, referred to the Umurbrogol as "the most difficult assignment I have ever seen."

As was usually true in any ground attack, the riflemen led the way and faced the greatest dangers. They climbed the hills in small groups, supported at a distance by machine gunners and mortar men who generally fired from fixed positions. "As they toiled, caves and gulleys [sic] and holes opened up on them," a Marine, observing from the vantage point of a machine gun post, recalled. "Japanese dashed out to roll grenades down on them, and sometimes to lock, body to body, in desperate wrestling matches."

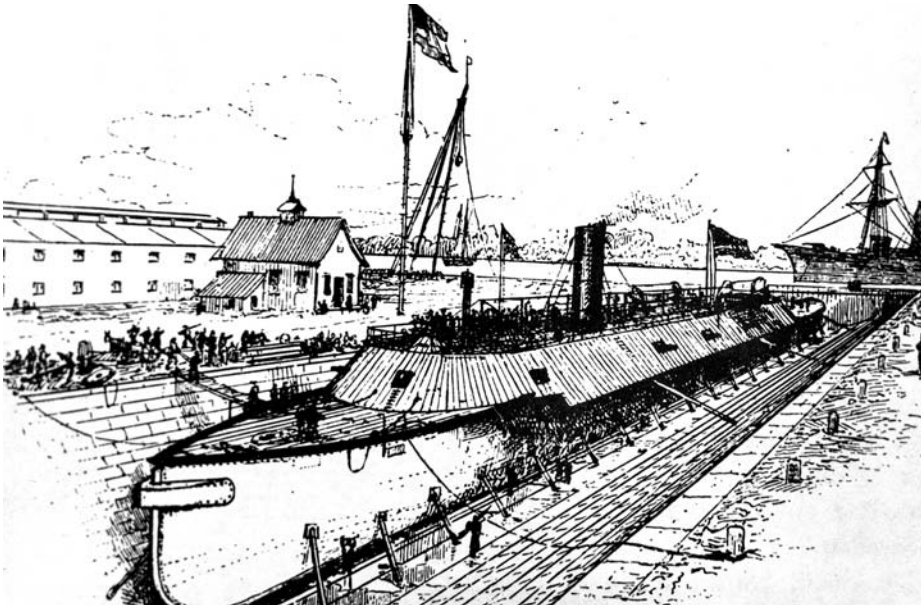
Many Americans were ripped apart by machine-gun bullets or fragments. Some died instantly. Others bled to death slowly while calling vainly for help. Lieutenant Richard Kennard, a forward observer with G Battery, 11th Marine Regiment, was just behind the lead troops, calling in supporting artillery fire, watching young infantrymen get hit. "War is terrible, just awful," he wrote to his family. "You have no idea how it hurts to see American boys all shot up, wounded, suffering from pain and exhaustion, and those that fall down, never to move again." Many times he came close to getting blown to bits by uncannily accurate mortar fire.

For the Marines, there was almost no way to avoid the accurate enemy fire. Anyone spending enough time on the ridges got hit sooner or later. Any movement drew fire. One tank platoon leader from the division's 1st Tank Bat-

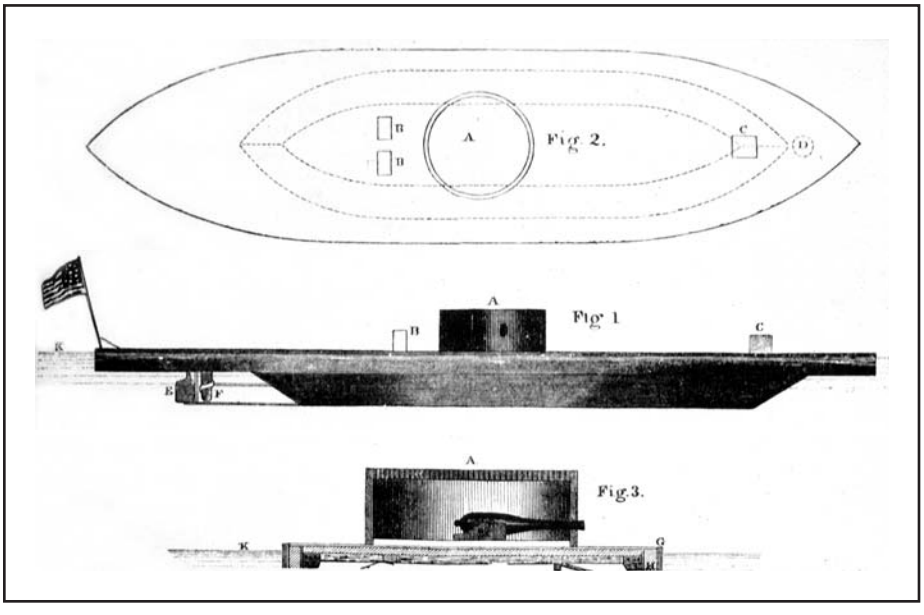
before. This proved to be the last straw for the Virginians, and within a month they had joined the Confederacy, making their state one of the last to leave the Union.

At the outbreak of hostilities, the U.S. Navy was in bad shape. There were 90 ships on the list, but more than half were sailing ships 40 to 50 years old. They lay rotting in various yards and were used as receiving and store-ships and would be of little use in the war. Of the steam-powered vessels, 21 were on foreign station, several were in yards being overhauled, and the balance were smaller vessels, tugs, supply craft, cutters, and other auxiliaries. The best of the lot were the six newly built Wabash-class steam frigates, of 40 guns and 3,300 tons—Wabash, Colorado, Roanoke, Merrimack, Minnesota, and Niagara. They were the pride of the Navy.

A crash program was started to build and charter vessels so that within three months of the loss of Norfolk, there was at least one U.S. warship off every Southern port.



ABOVE: Resourceful Southerners took the hull of the burned USS *Merrimack* and built it up into the Confederate ram *Virginia*. BELOW: Ericsson's design for an ironclad was so radical and advanced that it was at first rejected.



Both: Library of Congress

During the last weeks before the Virginia secession, the primary concern of the U.S War Department was the Navy Yard at Norfolk. It boasted the largest dry dock on the East Coast and housed the Navy's reserve supply of powder and shot. In addition to the many machine and boiler ships, sail lofts, foundries, and carpenter shops, it also housed nearly 1,200 naval gun barrels, including many of the new Dahlgren type. There were also several warships in various stages of repair, including the nearly new *Merrimack*, which was undergoing overhaul of her balky engines, and she was considered to be worth more than the rest of the ships in the yard combined.

Accordingly, Secretary of the Navy Gideon Welles alerted the aging commander of the yard, Commodore Charles S. McCauley, to rush completion of the repairs to *Merrimack* and get her ready for sea. He dispatched Commander James Alden to Norfolk to take command of the ship and get her clear as soon as possible. Chief Engineer Benjamin Isherwood was sent along with Alden to oversee the engine repairs. They managed to get the ship operational, but before they could sail McCauly ordered the fires drawn and a further delay, citing his orders to refrain from doing anything that might incite the Virginians to violence.

Isherwood then returned to Washington to inform Welles of the situation. Welles was furious. He was now convinced that McCauley had allowed himself to come under the influence of Southerner sympathizers on his staff. Welles then ordered Commodore Hiram Paulding to Norfolk to relieve McCauley.

Paulding gathered a force of a hundred Marines and took ship in the *Pawnee* for Norfolk. He stopped off at Fortress Mon-

talion watched helplessly as his tank's supporting infantry squad was decimated by mortar fire. Later, with bitter tears streaming down his face, the platoon leader told his battalion commander: "We couldn't do enough for them. We couldn't reach the mortars which killed them like flies all around us." This was why, in the recollection of another tank officer, "the infantry inspired all who witnessed its indomitable heroism to do one's damnedest."

After only a few hours, understrength companies of 90 men were down to half that size. Privates were leading platoons. Squads consisted of a few fortunate stalwarts. "As the riflemen climbed higher they grew fewer, until only a handful of men still climbed in the lead squads," Private Russell Davis, a member of the 2nd Battalion, 1st Marines, wrote. "These were the pick of the bunch—the few men who would go forward, no matter what was ahead. They are the bone structure of a fighting outfit. They clawed and clubbed and stabbed their way up," Davis said. "The rest of us watched."

Because of the Golgotha-like terrain, the terrible casualties, and the chaotic confusion of the fighting, units lost any semblance of organization, deteriorating into little more than random groups of survivors. "There was no such thing as a continuous attacking line," wrote Lt. Col. Spencer Berger, whose 2nd Battalion, 7th Marines was also being chewed to pieces. "Elements of the same company, even platoon, were attacking in every direction of the compass, with large gaps in between. There were countless little salients and counter salients." Commanders measured gains in yards. Anything in triple figures was a good day's work. At night, Japanese infiltrators, sometimes operating in squads, counterattacked the fatigued Americans. The eerie ridges rang with the desperate, animal-like cries of men struggling to kill one another.

On the day of the invasion, Colonel Puller's 1st Marines had numbered 3,251 men. Even before attacking the Umurbrogol the unit had already lost 900 men. By September 21, after just four days among the ridges, the 1st Marines had taken only a few hundred dearly won yards of the Umurbrogol, at the cost of nearly 2,000 casualties. Companies were down to 10 men. Few platoon leaders or company commanders were still standing. Most of the sergeants were dead or wounded as well. Puller had culled out his rear areas of cooks, bakers, signalmen, litter bearers, and engineers to refurbish his line companies, but the Umurbrogol had consumed them too. The 1st Marine Regiment was being destroyed.

Puller, shirtless in Peleliu's 100-degree heat, was still carrying fragments from a wound suffered at Guadalcanal. The wound was infected, swelling his thigh to twice its normal size. He walked with the help of a rifle, a cane, or soldiers' helping hands. Already he was a legend in the Marine Corps, a fire-breathing combat leader who exemplified everything a Marine officer should be. He had come up through the ranks, serving all over the globe with the Old Corps of the pre-World War II era. Basically, he was to the Marine Corps what George Patton was to the Army—a colorful, unforgettable household name who embodied the aggressiveness of total victory. As with Patton, Puller believed in leading from the front. He was a warrior in the truest sense of the word (his detractors saw him as a "warmonger").

Diminutive and almost gnome-like, Puller always seemed to be wherever the action was thickest, talking to men, joking with them, inspiring them. His command post was usually close to the front lines, especially at Peleliu, where it was probably too near the fighting since his staff officers spent as much time taking cover as doing their jobs. To him, leading troops in combat was the highest calling. He had a special connection with enlisted men like Sergeant George Peto. At one point during the terrible fighting on Peleliu, Peto was feeling downcast, exhausted, and generally dispirited. Then he saw the colonel who greeted him amiably: "Hi son." Peto instantly felt better. "That encounter did more for my well-being than a good drink of cool water, which I was in bad need of. I would have followed that man to hell and that's exactly what we did at Peleliu."

Others felt the same way. Pharmacist Mate 3rd Class Oliver Butler, a young Navy corps-

The jagged Umurbrogol Mountains, circled, were the key to the Japanese defenses at Peleliu. ABOVE: Marines advance along yet another ridge after destroying two enemy tanks that tried to block their way.

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

man in E Company, 1st Marines, had been struggling for days to save countless numbers of badly wounded men. As the sun set one night, he saw the colonel strolling the front lines as if out for an evening walk. Puller stopped at Butler's position and actually seemed to know him: "How are you doing, Butler?" Stunned and flattered, Butler replied: "I'm doing fine, Chesty, but we've sure lost a lot of men and I hope we get some replacements up here tomorrow." Puller seemed to understand completely. "I know, son, but hang in there and keep your eyes open and your ass down." Butler later wrote, "Among the reasons Chesty Puller's troops liked him and admired him was the fact that he was a leader who actually and personally led and the fact that his personal courage was never in doubt."

Inspirational though he was, Puller's leadership at Peleliu left something to be desired. His brother had been killed in another Pacific battle, and he burned with hatred for the Japanese, an enmity that perhaps took away some of his focus. He believed that the best way to win was through the pressure created by constant, unrelenting attacks. "He believed in momentum," General Oliver Smith, Rupertus's second in command at Peleliu, commented. "He believed in coming ashore and hitting and just keep on hitting and trying to keep up the momentum until he'd overrun the whole thing [island]. No finesse."

Some members of the 1st Marines never forgave him for the losses the regiment suffered at the Umurbrogol. "Chesty Puller should never have passed the rank of second lieutenant," Pfc. Paul Lewis later said of his colonel. Sergeant Richard Fisher thought of him as a tragic caricature of his own aggressive image. "All battles are 'training exercises' for men like Puller, and it was just another rung up his ladder. Puller was a man who could not live long without war." Captain Everett Pope, one of his company commanders, was anything but a fan of Puller, whom he thought of as a mindless butcher. "I had no use for Puller," said Pope, who would win the Medal of Honor at Peleliu. "He didn't know what was going on. The adulation paid to him these days sickens me." General Robert Cushman, who served as commandant of the Marine Corps, believed that Puller was a great combat leader who nonetheless could not understand anything except constant attacks, regardless of the circumstances. "He was beyond his element in commanding anything larger than a company—maybe a battalion—where he could keep his hands on everything and be right in the middle of it."

After six days of fighting, the 5th and 7th Marines had largely achieved their objectives, but the 1st Marines were still locked in a hand-to-hand fight with Japanese defenders on the Umurbrogol. The legendary Puller was partly to blame. In his mind, the Japanese were no match for his Marines. He would defeat the enemy by overwhelming them. Although this aggressiveness was generally laudable, at the Umurbrogol it did not serve him well. By and large, he simply hurled his regiment into frontal attacks with few adjustments and little maneuvering, "like a wave that expends its force on a rocky shore," in the estimation of one of Puller's officers. Chesty did this with utter, sustained ruthlessness and not much in the way of fire support. To be fair, he did not have much of the latter to call upon, especially artillery. He might possibly have sidestepped the Umurbrogol, working his way up the west coast of Peleliu to encircle the Japanese in their caves, but that would have left the beachhead vulnerable to Japanese counterattacks.

Still, with all that taken into consideration, Puller seemed to have little grasp of the impossibility of what he was telling his men to do. Day after day, he cajoled, threatened and coaxed his commanders into launching more and ever costlier attacks. When Puller ordered his 2nd Battalion commander, Lt. Col. Russell Honsowetz, to take a hill one day at all costs, Honsowetz complained that he no longer had enough men. "Well, you're there, ain't you, Honsowetz? You get all those men together and take that hill." Puller clearly wanted quick results regardless of the consequences. Amid the bloodbath, he simply would not admit to himself or anyone else that his regiment could not achieve the impossible. Nor did he have much appreciation for the challenging terrain. He even turned down an opportunity to fly over it for a better look, saying he had plenty of maps.

ABOVE: Marine artillery goes into action in support of the infantry. LEFT: The grim rows of dead Marines attest to the carnage wrought by the savage fighting at Peleliu.

Sometimes positive characteristics can actually become a weakness. In this case, Puller represented aggressiveness, valor, and inspirational leadership, all ingredients that make the Marine Corps great. But he also demonstrated the tendency of Marine officers to overrely on these strengths to the exclusion of all else. His repeated, mindless frontal attacks were the American version of banzai—almost as costly, and every bit as fruitless.

At the Umurbrogol, Puller was only following the orders of Rupertus. To the general went the lion's share of the blame. "The cold fact," one officer wrote, "is that Rupertus ordered Puller to assault impossible enemy positions daily till the First was decimated." Puller might well have protested or demurred, but Rupertus

probably would have relieved him. "It was more or less of a massacre," Puller later admitted. "There was no way to cut down losses and follow orders."

There seemed to be no end in sight to the carnage, and the longer it persisted the more heavily it weighed on the 54-year-old Rupertus, edging him toward a breaking point. A 30-year veteran of the Corps, Rupertus had once been a champion marksman (he even penned *The Rifleman's Creed*). In the 1930s, while stationed in China, he had lost his wife and two of his children to scarlet fever. By most accounts, he was never the same after that tragedy. He grew more reticent, withdrawn, and dour. Earlier in World War II, he had served as assistant division commander of the 1st Marine Division until being promoted to the top job in late 1943. He was aloof from his men and frosty with his staff, especially the able Oliver Smith, whom he treated like an unwanted disease. Rupertus was a poor judge of terrain and tactics. He was rightfully proud of the Marine Corps but allowed that pride to morph into fierce contempt for the Army and the supposed incompetence of soldiers. At Peleliu, his men paid dearly for his interservice chauvinism.

Rupertus was slow to react to the conditions on the ground. Denying the obvious reality that the battle would last longer than three days, he had dispensed unceasing orders to attack, particularly in the Umurbrogol. Because he had broken his ankle in a prelanding exercise, thus limiting his mobility, he was generally confined to his command post. Like some sort of latter-day chateau general, he had been spending much of his time on the phone, snarling at his subordinates to "hurry up" and capture the island. As the casualty numbers piled up, he seemed divorced from reality. One day, during the height of the 1st Marine Regiment's struggle for the Umurbrogol, a newspaper correspondent came back from the front lines and told the general how many dead Marines he had just seen. At first, Rupertus tried to deny it, but realizing that the reporter knew what he was talking about the general commented, "You can't make an omelet without breaking the eggs."

Now, sitting on his bunk, Rupertus looked at one of his staff officers and said, "This thing has just about got me beat." The general was thinking about stepping down and handing over command to Colonel Harold "Bucky" Harris, commander of the 5th Marine Regiment. But the staff officer, Lt. Col. Harold Deakin, sat down next to Rupertus, put his arm around his commander, and consoled him. "Now, General," he said, "everything is going to work out." Rupertus could only shake his head sadly and resume his brooding.

ABOVE: Marines blast away at Japanese defenders hidden in their caves. LEFT: General Geiger, back to camera, shakes hands with Colonel Lewis Puller at the 1st Marine Regiment command post. Brigadier General Oliver Smith is behind Puller.

The general's main problem was narrow-minded, self-defeating pride. The 1st Marine Division was part of the III Marine Amphibious Corps, under Marine Maj. Gen. Roy Geiger. The other unit under Geiger's command was the Army's 81st Infantry Division. Even as the Marines struggled to secure Peleliu, elements of the 81st had overrun nearby Angaur. By September 19, the division's 321st Infantry Regiment was available to reinforce the Marines at Peleliu. Rupertus knew how badly his division needed the Army's help at the Umurbrogol. Yet, for days he refused to even consider this option. He was absolutely determined that his division would take Peleliu alone.

Contemptuous of the Army, Rupertus would not ask for help from mere soldiers, even as his own men died in droves. "This reluctance to use Army troops was very noticeable to the Corps staff," Colonel William Wachtler, Geiger's operations officer, later wrote. "It is probable that he [Rupertus] felt, like most Marines, that he and his troops could and would handle any task assigned to them without asking for outside help." One Marine junior officer, writing to his family, put it even more succinctly. The brass, he said, "would never call in the Army like this, for it would hurt the name of the Marine Corps, I suppose, to let the world know that 'doggie' reinforcements had to be called in so early!!"

Geiger, however, thought differently. From D-Day onward, he was ashore at Peleliu. Brave and energetic, he roamed the battlefield, constantly gathering information on what was happening. He had a low opinion of Rupertus and had never gotten along particularly well with him. For several days, he watched as the situation at Umurbrogol grew worse. He considered relieving Rupertus but did not like the idea of firing a Marine division commander in the middle of a fight. Instead, on September 21, he finally took matters into his own hands after a visit to Puller's command post. Shirtless, with a corncob pipe in his mouth, Chesty limped around on his swollen leg while briefing the corps commander. Colonel William Coleman, a member of the corps staff, had the impression that Chesty was completely exhausted. "He was unable to give a very clear picture of what his situation was." Geiger asked him if he needed reinforcements and Puller "stated that he was doing alright with what he had." This was a crucial moment when Chesty could have

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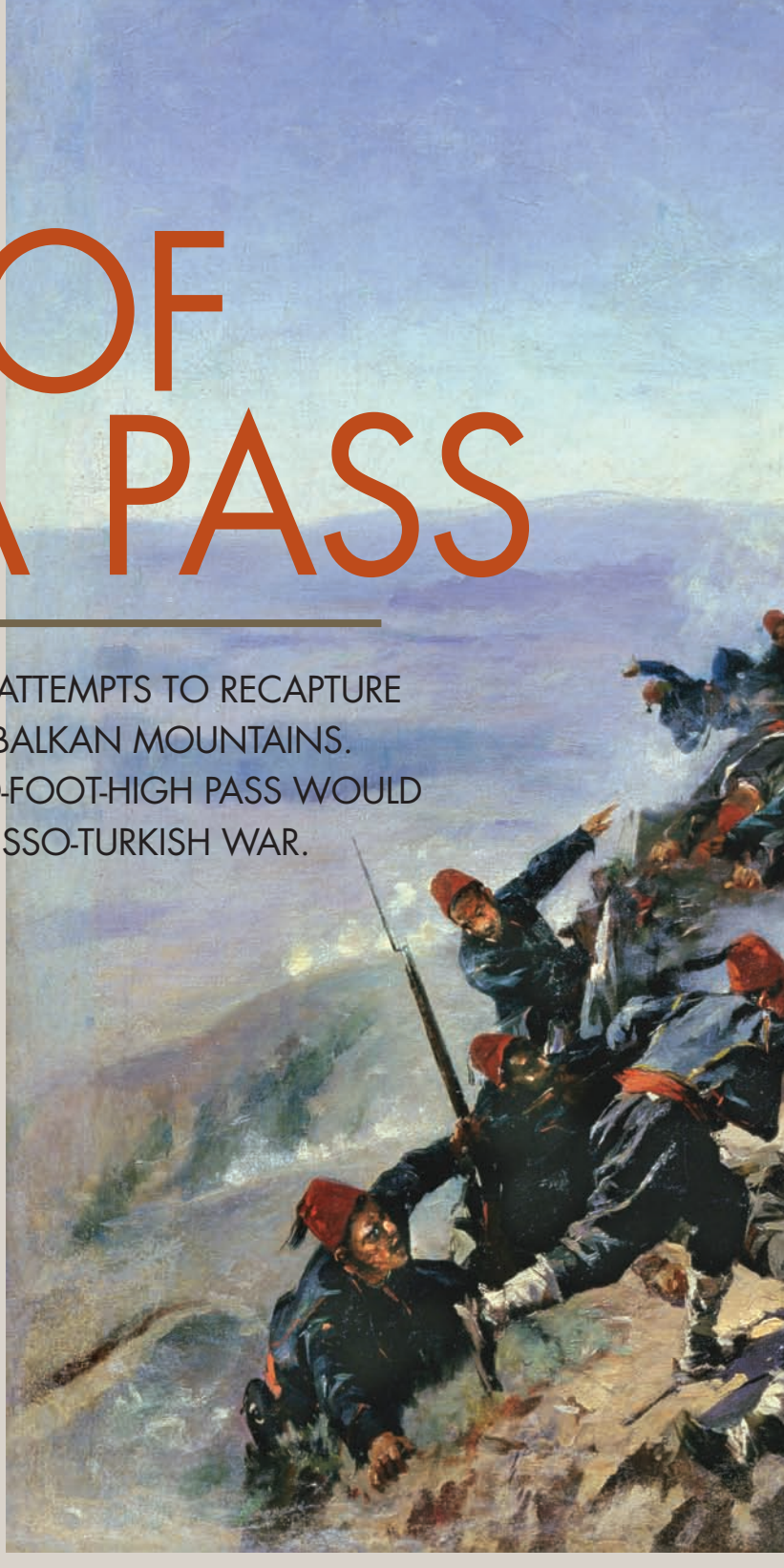
THE SIEGE OF SHIPKA PASS



TURKISH TROOPS MADE REPEATED ATTEMPTS TO RECAPTURE VITAL SHIPKA PASS THROUGH THE BALKAN MOUNTAINS. THE FIVE-DAY FIGHT FOR THE 4,500-FOOT-HIGH PASS WOULD BE THE TURNING POINT OF THE RUSSO-TURKISH WAR.

BY VICTOR KAMENIR

IN THE SUMMER OF 1875, THE CHRISTIAN Slavic populations of Bosnia and Herzegovina rose up in rebellion against their Muslim Ottoman Turkish rulers in response to high taxes and depredations by the local Turkish administration. What began as localized skirmishes flared into widespread revolt as unrest spread to neighboring Bulgaria. In June 1876, Serbia, quickly followed by Montenegro, declared war on Turkey in defense of its Christian brethren.

A no-quarter struggle raged across a wide swath of southeastern Europe, rife with atrocities on both sides. Especially prevalent was the carnage perpetrated by Ottoman irregulars, the Circassians and Bashi-Bazouks. The former were Muslim inhabitants of the Caucasus Mountains and Crimea who had resettled in various parts of the Ottoman Empire after their native lands came under Russian rule. The Bashi-Bazouks, literally meaning the "broken heads," were Muslim bandits who turned up in large numbers wherever opportunities for plunder and murder presented themselves. These two groups were largely responsible for massacring of over 12,000 Christian civilians in Bulgaria. Serbia was saved from a similar fate only by a Russian ultimatum to Turkey, backed up by partial mobilization. Everywhere, the rebellion was brutally put down, but discontent smoldered just beneath the surface.

The Russian Empire, in the spirit of pan-Slavic unity, portrayed itself as the protector of the Ottomans' Christian subjects. Russia had been demanding reforms and concessions from the Turks for almost two years. The Ottoman Empire, feeling itself secure after successful suppression of the insurgency, rejected Russian demands. Finally, on April 24, 1877, Russia declared war on Turkey. Bulgaria was to be the main theater of operations, separated from the Asian sideshow by the Turkish-controlled Black

Russian and Bulgarian troops, some armed with boulders, fiercely defend strategically located Shipka Pass against Turkish attackers in August 1877.

K. Savitsky Art Museum, Penza, Russia/ The Bridgeman Art Library

Sea. While the Russians enjoyed superior numbers overall, they were forced to detach sufficient forces to guard the northern shore of the Black Sea from Turkish incursions and station appropriate numbers in the Trans-Caucasus. This left the Russian field force in Bulgaria at slightly under 190,000 men.

Opposing them, the Turks numbered close to 200,000 men in the European theater of war. However, half that number was tied down guarding fortresses along the Danube River, leaving the other 100,000 men spread widely in the field. While the Russians enjoyed locally superior numbers, the Turks had the advantage of complete control of the Black Sea and had augmented their firepower by purchasing American-made rifles and German artillery.

The Danube River, flowing between Ottoman-occupied Bulgaria and Russian ally Romania, formed the natural border between the Russian and Turkish spheres of influence. Farther

Russian troops cross the Danube River into Turkish-occupied Bulgaria under heavy fire from Ottoman forces on June 15, 1877.

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TURKISH PLANS CALLED FOR FORWARD STATIC DEFENSE ALONG THE DANUBE RIVER ANCHORED BY A SYSTEM OF STRONG FORTRESSES AND A FLOTILLA OF GUNBOATS THAT CRUISED THE RIVER TO PREVENT RUSSIAN LANDINGS.

south, roughly dividing Bulgaria in half from west to east, the Balkan Mountains stretched to the Black Sea. Turkish plans called for forward static defense along the Danube River anchored by a system of strong fortresses and a flotilla of gunboats that cruised the river to prevent Russian landings. Failing that, the Turks planned to defend the natural barrier of the Balkans farther south.

During the first two months of the war, the Russians employed a successful strategy of mining the Danube and actively attacking Turkish vessels to neutralize the Ottoman flotilla and effect a river crossing near the town of Sistovo. On June 15, the Russians successfully crossed the Danube and established a strong beachhead, beating back Turkish counterattacks.

Original Russian plans called for rapid maneuver and deep penetration of Bulgaria through the Balkan Mountains followed by an advance to the Turkish capital of Constantinople (modern-day Istanbul). However, the Russian commander, Grand Duke Nikolai, the brother of Czar Alexander II, almost immediately deviated from plans and set about reducing Turkish fortresses and slowly moving inland. Meanwhile, a flying column under Maj. Gen. Joseph Gourko was dispatched to capture strategically important passes through the Balkan Mountains. The grand duke's operations were greatly hindered by the presence of his august brother and Romanian Count Karl, soon to become Romanian King Karl I. Even though the czar did not take an active part in commanding the army, he and his large royal entourage felt free to dispense advice to the already overwhelmed grand duke.

As the Turks rushed men to establish the second line of defense south of the Balkan Mountains, they could not maintain a strong defense everywhere, and several passes through the mountains were left unguarded. An officer on Gourko's staff, Prince Dmitry Tsertelev, had served as Russian military attaché at Adrianople (modern-day Edirne) shortly before the war. His knowledge of the neighboring country helped him to locate the undefended Khankoi Pass, in reality hardly more than a footpath.

For two days, undiscovered by the Turks, a force of 200 Russian pioneers labored to improve the worst section of the trail to allow passage of cavalry and mountain guns. While they worked, Tsertelev, in the disguise of a local shepherd, scouted the south end of the pass and pronounced it free of Turks. Even after improvements made by Russian pioneers, however, it took Gourko's force three days to navigate the narrow passage. The footing on the steep slopes was too treacherous for the artillery horses to haul the guns uphill. Instead, a company of infantrymen laboriously dragged the guns upward, step by perilous step. Gourko's commissary officers paid cash to local peasants, and the exhausted Russian soldiers were treated to welcome hot food every night.

After clearing Khankoi Pass, the 11,000 men of Gourko's detachment moved into the Tundja Valley. The force consisted of three battalions of the 4th Rifle Brigade, three regiments of regular Russian cavalry, four Cossack regiments, four horse and one mountain artillery batteries, and six battalions of militia from the Bulgarian Legion. Brushing aside several Turkish battalions sent against him from Shipka and Kazanlak, Gourko fanned out his Cossacks across the countryside to confuse Turkish commanders as to his true intentions. Leaving behind a small detachment to guard the southern end of Khankoi Pass, Gourko cut west along the mountains, arriving behind the Turkish defensive works at the Shipka Pass.

Turkish commander Reuf Pasha was tasked with defending the Balkan Mountains from Shipka to Sliven. His force consisted of 34 battalions of regular infantry, or Nizams, three artillery batteries, three regular cavalry squadrons, 1,000 mounted Circassians, and

several thousand Bashi-Bazouks irregulars—in all, a force of some 22,000 men. There were no additional Turkish troops closer than Adrianople, but a railhead at Nova Zagora would permit rapid deployment of reinforcements.

Strategically important, Shipka Pass presented the most expedient passage for the main Russian army into the heart of Bulgaria and on to Adrianople, the second largest city of the Ottoman Empire. However, as described by British correspondent Archibald Forbes: "The Shipka Pass is no pass at all in the proper sense of the term. There is no gorge, no defile; there is no spot where 300 men could make a new Thermopylae; no deep-scored trench as in the Khyber Pass, where an army might be annihilated without coming to grips with its adversary. It has its name simply because at this point there happens to be a section of the Balkans of less than the average height, the surface of which, from the Yantra Valley on the north to the Tundja Valley on the south, is sufficiently continuous, although having an extremely broken and serrated contour, to afford a foothold for a practicable track, for the Balkans generally present a wild jumble of mountain and glen, neither having any continuity. Under such circumstances, such a crossing place as the Shipka Pass affords is a godsend, although under other circumstances a road over it would be regarded as impossible."

Gourko's orders required him to act in concert with Maj. Gen. Prince Nikolai Mirsky's 9th Infantry Division, which was approaching Shipka Pass from the north. However, Gourko was delayed by having to force aside Turkish detachments and arrived at Shipka Pass one day late, on July 18. Along the way, he captured a village near the small town of Kazanlak.

Even without Gourko's support, Mirsky pressed his attack on July 17 with the 36th (Orlovski) Infantry Regiment and some Cossacks, a force of more than 2,000 men and six guns. He was facing the Turkish force of 4,000 regular infantry, some Bashi-Bazouks, and 12 guns. Mirsky's attack on the main Turkish positions failed, but secondary attacks captured mountains on both sides of the pass. The next day, July 18, as Mirsky rested his force, Gourko attacked from the south. He sent forward two battalions of riflemen and some dismounted Cossacks, but their attack failed as well; they suffered roughly 150 killed and wounded.

Despite beating back two Russian attacks, Turkish commanders at Shipka Pass realized that they could not withstand a coordinated offensive from both north and south. On the morning of July 19, while pretending to consider the terms of surrender, the Turkish garrison slipped away to the west in small groups, leaving behind a large cache of explosives, ammunition, and artillery.

While waiting for the Turkish response, Gourko sent forward several groups of hospital orderlies to search for Russian wounded who had not been recovered the previous day. Eventually, as Russian pickets from north and south cautiously probed inward, they found the Turkish positions abandoned. An even grimmer discovery awaited them there, as Colonel Nikolai Epanchin described in his book: "Not far off lay the mutilated bodies of our riflemen, and among them hospital orderlies with the Red Cross on their arms. These bodies presented a terrible sight: half naked and with fingers cut off, with the knees turned outwards, and the soles with strips of skin cut off."

The capture of Shipka Pass caused a great stir in the Turkish military establishment. The senior Ottoman field commander, Abdul Kerim, was sacked and replaced with another commander, Mehemet Ali Pasha. A frantic dispatch from the Turkish chancellery read: "In consequence of the ground covered by the enemy, the empire is between life and death." Another high-ranking Ottoman officer, Suleiman Pasha, was recalled from Montenegro with 20,000 veteran troops.

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Russian Grand Duke Nikolai leads his troops into a Bulgarian city. The Russians were greeted as liberators by their fellow Christians. Note the flowers strewn at their feet.

In the meantime, the main Russian army was held up by a determined Turkish defense of the strategically important town of Plevna in northern Bulgaria. Instead of the envisioned campaign of rapid maneuver, operations became static. Other than Gourko's force, no additional Russian troops crossed the Balkan Mountains into southern Bulgaria. Lt. Gen. Feodor Radetsky, commander of the 8th Corps, received the task of screening the northern rim of the Balkan Mountains along a sector of over 60 miles with his base at Tarnovo. Gourko's force was subordinated to Radetsky.

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Russian General Joseph Gourko, left, and German-born Mehemet Ali Pasha.

After garrisoning the Shipka Pass with one Russian infantry regiment and one battalion from the Bulgarian Legion, Gourko continued probing the area south of Kazanlak, using that town as his base of operations. On July 29, four battalions of the Bulgarian Legion were on an intelligence-gathering expedition to Stara Zagora. In a sharp engagement with superior numbers of Suleiman Pasha's advance guard, the Bulgarians fought bravely but were forced to fall back after suffering heavy casualties. The Turks did not press hard after them, falling instead on the Christian population of Stara Zagora, burning down most of the town and massacring approximately 8,000 of its 18,000 Bulgarian residents.

As Suleiman Pasha's force arrived at Stara Zagora, it continued to grow, taking in outlying detachments and reinforcements. In the face of overwhelming numbers, Gourko was forced to withdraw north through Khankoi Pass. He left behind a strong rear guard to hold the entrance to the defile and sent the five Bulgarian battalions to bolster the garrison at Shipka Pass.

Major General Valerian Dzerzhinsky, commander of the 2nd Brigade, 9th Infantry Division, took charge of Shipka Pass defenses. His command consisted of five battalions of Bulgarian militiamen, the Russian 36th Regiment, five Cossack companies, and 29 guns—some 5,500 men in all. Shipka Pass was not a true road, but a trail running across a ridge of the Balkan Mountains at an altitude of 4,500 feet. Higher ridges ran parallel on both the east and west sides, separated from the pass by deep and thickly forested ravines that could only be navigated with great difficulty.

The 4,900-foot-high Bald Mountain dominated the pass on the west, while the Demir-Tepe and Maly-Bedek Mountains held similar overwatch positions on the east. Vegetation at Shipka Pass stopped roughly 600 feet from the top of the ridge, and there was no natural shelter anywhere within the Russian positions, leaving them open to crossfire from neighboring ridges. The pass itself was rarely wider than 180 feet, further hindering Russian preparation of proper defenses. The deeply forested ravines allowed the enemy to approach without being observed or fired upon.

Since capturing the pass, Russian troops had been busy improving their defensive positions. Captured Turkish entrenchments that had been facing north had to be modified to face south. New infantry trenches needed to be dug, but the Russian units at Shipka did not possess engineering tools and the soldiers had to dig into the rocky terrain with their bare hands and canteen cups. Since hardly any trench was deep enough to shelter a man, abundant rocks provided handy material to build up breastworks. Large quantities of Turkish gunpowder had been captured at the pass, and Russian engineers buried explosive charges at the most likely avenues of approach.

Russian positions were divided into two sections dictated by the availability or lack of suitable flat ground. The sections were joined by a narrow strip of land that contained the former Turkish guardhouse and barracks. The forward position included the Steel, Big, and Little Batteries, emplaced on a small plateau called Mount St. Nicholas. The Steel Battery faced the Demir-Tepe Mountain, while the other two faced south and southwest, respectively. Infantry trenches encircled the batteries. The main position, to the north of the forward one, included the Central and Round Batteries facing Bald Mountain and was protected by infantry trenches. An aid station was set up in the old Turkish barracks building.

Shipka Pass lacked creature comforts. There was no natural water source at the top of the ridge, and most food had to be cooked at the bottom of the pass and brought up by hand. To ease the living conditions of his troops, Dzerzhinsky kept the bulk of his men in Shipka village, leaving only a skeleton garrison at the pass. When Dzerzhinsky's forward pickets spotted the advance elements of Suleiman Pasha's army on August 18, he withdrew his whole force into the pass.

With an attack imminent, Dzerzhinsky placed one battalion from the 36th Regiment and four Bulgarian militia companies in the Mount St. Nicholas position. Another Russian battalion and three Bulgarian units went into the main position, with the last Russian battalion and two more Bulgarian battalions comprising the reserve on the isthmus between both positions.

After brushing aside the Bulgarians at Stara Zagora, Suleiman Pasha steadily pressed forward, arriving on August 19 at Shipka village. By then, his force had swelled to almost 30,000 men. One of the officers under Suleiman's command was Khulusi Pasha, the same officer who had abandoned Shipka Pass to Gourko in July. Intimately familiar with the local terrain, Khulusi Pasha advised his superior to concentrate his main efforts on the Russian left, where he believed the enemy would be most vulnerable. Suleiman Pasha concurred.

At dawn on August 21, Turkish forces began advancing on the forward Russian positions. Once clear of the woods, Turkish soldiers slowly climbed the steep southern slopes, heading for Mount St. Nicholas. Russian and Bulgarian defenders opened up spirited rifle and artillery fire on them, inflicting heavy casualties. A Turkish battery ascended Maly-Bedek Mountain and began pouring fire down onto Russian positions.

More Turkish troops entered the fray from the east, coming down Demir-Tepe Mountain and climbing Mount St. Nicholas. The Steel Battery was effective in counterbattery fire against Maly-Bedek and Demir-Tepe, and the Big Battery mowed down advancing Turkish lines in front of it. During the day, the 35th (Bryanski) Regiment arrived to bolster Russian defenders. First Lieutenant Francis Greene, the U.S. military attaché at Russian headquarters, was present that day at Shipka Pass and noted: "[The Turks] attacked with the utmost desperation, but were as desperately received." When the fighting finally ended for the night, the Turks remained within 100 yards of the Russian positions.

The next day, August 22, Turkish comman-

ders reorganized their units and evaluated the results of the previous day's fighting. More Turkish guns were brought up and placed to face the Russians from west, south, and east. A force of dismounted Circassians climbed down the slopes east of the Russian positions and kept the road to Gabrovo under fire. Wrote Greene: "Throughout this day a continuous fire of artillery and infantry was kept up, but the Turks made no serious attacks; a few guns were dismounted on both sides, but a far more serious danger was threatening the Russians in the lack of artillery ammunition, which was nearly exhausted. Both parties worked all day at repairing their batteries, and the Turks at covering their advanced positions by shelter-trenches."

On August 23, Suleiman Pasha launched a major assault on Russian positions, coming at them from three directions. Despite galling Russian fire, Turkish soldiers bravely climbed the steep slopes. The Russians set off explosives emplaced at Mount St. Nicholas and in front of Central Battery, causing great loss of life among the advancing Turks. Still, the Ottoman regulars, the Nizams, reached Russian trenches in several places, and fighting became hand to hand. A body of Turks broke through to the Round Battery, and many Russian gunners, including their colonel, died where they stood defending their guns. Only a furious bayonet charge by reserve companies of the Orlovski Regiment restored the situation. Another group of Turks broke through to the aid station, where Dr. Konstantin Vyazenkov led lightly wounded Russian soldiers in a counterattack.

There was no shortage of bravery that day. The Turkish soldiers hurled themselves time and time again at the Russian positions despite terrible casualties. The Russians and Bulgarians fired until some men ran out of ammunition, after which they resorted to rolling boulders down the slope, throwing rocks, and even hurling Turkish corpses at the attackers.

The critical stage of the fighting came around 3 PM, when a large Turkish force attacking from Bald Mountain overran the Central Battery and the Russian defenders began edging back. The Bryanski Regiment defending the position lost most of its officers, and more and more soldiers began to slip down the road to Gabrovo. Greene remembered: "Taking a few non-commissioned officers, Colonel Lipinsky, commanding this part of the field, went back to the road, expostulated, reasoned, threatened, and drove these men back to the positions on the Center Hill. From there they delivered their fire in volleys upon the Turks in their rear, who were just beginning to climb the slope toward the road. Stunned by this sudden reception, the Turks wavered a little."

Help arrived in the nick of time. A force of roughly 200 riflemen from the 4th Rifle Brigade arrived doubled up on Cossack horses. They immediately counterattacked with bayonets, retaking the Central Battery. Soon, the rest of the 4th Rifle Brigade arrived, led by Radetsky himself, and restored the situation. During the night, the four regiments of the Russian 14th Infantry Division under Maj. Gen. Mikhail Dragomirov reached Shipka Pass. Radetsky felt himself sufficiently strong to attempt to take Bald Mountain the next morning.

Before Radetsky could put his plan into motion, the Turks attacked the Russian positions. During one of the Turkish attacks, Dragomirov was hit by a bullet in the knee, which shattered his kneecap. The stoic general remained at his post until the attack was repelled. After repulsing initial Turkish assaults, Radetsky sent two battalions forward in an attempt to take Bald Mountain. Now it was the Russians' turn to climb the steep slopes under a hail of bullets and shells. Closing on one Turkish redoubt, they discovered that it was protected by an abatis of felled trees, creating a nightmarish tangle of branches and brushwood. The first Russian company attempting to scale the redoubt was decimated. After suffering heavy casualties, the Russian battalions fell back without achieving their goal.

The next day the Russians repeated their attempts to take Bald Mountain. Unable to take the whole mountain, they pushed the Turks off a height called Wooded Hill. During this fight,

Anne S.K. Brown Military Collection

Turkish commander Reuf Pasha, seated center, watches his artillery bombard Russian positions at Shipka Pass in this sketch for the *Illustrated London News*.

Dzerzhinsky was shot through both lungs. He was taken down to Grabovo village, where he died shortly afterward.

On August 26, the Turks launched several attacks to retake Wooded Hill. While the Russians held, casualties among its defenders, the 35th Regiment from Dzerzhinsky's brigade, were so heavy that Radetsky ordered the hill abandoned. With this action, the first stage of the battle for Shipka Pass ended.

During the six days of fighting, the Russian and Bulgarian defenders lost almost 3,500 men killed or wounded, including two generals. The Bulgarian portion of the allied losses came to 267 men killed and 282 wounded. With the fighting over for at least a short period, Radetsky withdrew the depleted Orlovski and Bryanski Regiments and the Bulgarian battalions from the line and quartered them in and around Gabrovo. Residents of Gabrovo earned special thanks from the defenders of Shipka Pass, daily bringing up food and water to its defenders, often under fire, and evacuating the wounded in their ox-drawn carts. With a chance to catch their breath, the Russian defenders set about fixing and improving their positions. Thousands of dead bodies strewn around

in the August heat and the lack of proper latrine facilities created unsanitary conditions on the ridge that required immediate attention.

Conditions on the Turkish side were poor as well. The Ottoman losses during the same period came to almost 10,000 men killed or wounded. Especially dire was the condition of the Turkish wounded, who were forced to rely on the Ottoman military medical system, which was woefully not up to the task. As a testament to the low quality of Ottoman military medicine, wounded Turkish officers preferred to be treated by British volunteer doctors of the English Societies of the Red Crescent.

After losing almost a third of his force, Suleiman Pasha spent the next three weeks reorganizing his units and pulling in any reinforcements he could get, including a division of Egyptian troops. His force was badly needed in northern Bulgaria, and Suleiman's nominal superior, Mehemet Ali Pasha, ordered him to proceed to Shumen. However, the military command structure of the Ottoman Empire was rife with petty personal feuds, especially between natural-born Turkish officers like Suleiman Pasha and expatriate Europeans like Mehemet Ali, who was born Jules Detroit in Germany of French Huguenot ancestry. Suleiman Pasha chose to ignore his instructions and remained in front of Shipka Pass.

On September 17, Suleiman Pasha launched another assault on Mount St. Nicholas. It had been raining steadily since the beginning of September, and Turkish troops climbing the steep slopes had to deal with slippery and unsteady footing. Still, they came on steadily and even came to grips with the Russians and captured the lower trenches but could not reach the top of the mountain. A strong Russian counterattack drove them back at bayonet point. Throughout the day, the Turks attempted several more attacks at other sectors of the Russian defenses but were unsuccessful everywhere.

The battle was costly. After losing another 3,000 men, Suleiman Pasha did not attempt any more assaults on Shipka Pass. Russian losses were roughly half the Turkish losses. With the war going badly for the Ottoman Empire, Mehemet Ali Pasha was sacked and Suleiman Pasha was appointed in his place, departing for northeastern Bulgaria. Another former German, Veissel Pasha, was appointed in his place to keep the Russians bottled up at Shipka Pass.

But the epic Russian defense was not over. The first snow fell on September 20, and the famous "Shipka Sitting" began. Battle-weary men of the 9th and 14th Infantry Divisions and General Nikolai Stoletov's Bulgarian Legion were withdrawn. They were replaced with fresh regiments from the 24th, 93rd, 94th and 95th Divisions.

The weather steadily continued to worsen, replete with strong winds and deep snows. The living conditions of the Russian troops on the bare mountaintop were horrible. The shallow dugouts quickly became packed with snow, and the men had to spend almost all of their time outside, exposed to the elements. There was no chance to start a fire; coal had to be brought up from Gabrovo, 10 miles away. Often men would not sleep, walking huddled together all night to keep warm.

Sentries froze to death on duty; a man who fell down could be covered by snow in minutes. Sometimes men were blown off the mountain by strong winds. Overcoats became stiff with

THE BULGARIAN LEGION

Anticipating the inevitable war with the Ottoman Empire, the Russian government approved creation of a military formation recruited from native Bulgarian volunteers. The Bulgarian Legion was born, with six battalions grouped into three brigades of two battalions each. Maj. Gen. Nikolai Stoletov, an officer from the Russian general staff, was appointed as the commander of the Bulgarian Legion.

The uniforms of the Bulgarian Legion were similar to those of the Russians, the main distinction being the round lamb's wool hats, instead of the kepis of the Russians. Later, the Turks gave the Bulgarians the nickname "priests" because they wore an Orthodox cross on the front of their hats instead of the national cockade.

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The Bulgarian Legion is presented with its famous Samara Flag, hand-sewn by Russian nuns.

A training depot for volunteers of the Bulgarian Legion was established in Kishenyov (modern-day Chisenau, capital of Moldova). The core of the new force became 700 Bulgarian volunteers, almost all of them veterans of the recent war in Serbia and rebellion in Bulgaria. More than 300 officers and NCOs, some of Bulgarian extraction, were seconded from the Russian Army to create the cadre of the Legion. Once the war began, the training depot was moved to Ploesti, Romania. Another 4,300 Bulgarian recruits reported there for training.

During its stay in Ploesti, the Legion received its flag, presented by a delegation from the Russian city of Samara. The soon-to-be-famous Samara Flag, hand-sewn by nuns from Iversk Women's Monastery in Samara, consisted of three broad horizontal bars, red over white over blue. On the obverse, the flag featured a flag cross with the image of the Iversk Icon of the Mother of God. In the reverse side were images of Saints Cyril and Methodius, creators of the old Slavonic (Cyrillic) alphabet.

During a lavish ceremony attended by the Russian czar, the flag was presented to the Legion, and the 3rd Battalion was specifically entrusted with its safekeeping. The battalion's commander, Captain Pavel Kalinin, swore that he would rather die than see the flag fall to the enemy.

After crossing from Romania into Bulgaria, Stoletov insisted that his command be given an active combat role. From mid-June 1877, the Bulgarian Legion was assigned to Maj. Gen. Joseph Gourko's vanguard and was widely cheered by the Bulgarian population. Even though it had several minor brushes with Turkish forces, the first test of arms for the new formation came at the Battle of Stara Zagora. Although the Bulgarian Legion was pushed off the field by superior numbers, it gave a good accounting of itself and won respect from its Russian counterparts.

The three Bulgarian battalions present during the battle suffered over 500 casualties, testifying to the ferocity of the fighting. Kalinin's impassionate oath came true. After three flag-bearer NCOs were killed in succession, Kalinin picked up the flag. He was soon shot off his horse as well, dying on the field of battle.

During the fighting at Shipka Pass, the Bulgarian militiamen also conducted themselves admiringly, standing shoulder-to-shoulder with Russian regulars. Their bravery under fire and stoic endurance in the face of suffering won them wide praise from their Russian officers.

After the war, the original Bulgarian Legion was increased to a full combat division, eventually becoming the core of the Bulgarian Territorial Army. The Samara Flag is considered one of Bulgaria's national treasures. □

Anne S.K. Brown Military Collection

General M.D. Skobelev's Russian troops celebrate their victory over the Ottoman army of Veissel Pasha at Sheynovo, outside Shipka village, in January 1878.

ice and would break instead of folding. The 24th Division was decimated by illness. By December 17, the Irkutski Regiment had 1,042 men sick, with another 1,393 in Eniseiski—over one-third of each unit. Radetsky and his staff stoically shared all deprivations with their men. His regular dispatches, which soon became famous throughout all Russia, assured: "Everything is calm at Shipka."

However, change was coming. The Turkish defenders of Plevna finally surrendered on December 20, and Russian troops were freed up to relieve Radetsky's men. By December 24, the worn-out men of the 24th Division came down the mountain for good. Radetsky remained at Shipka Pass and took command of the relieving units.

With the fall of Plevna, the main Russian army renewed its general offensive. Once again, Gourko led men through the Balkan Mountain passes, this time to the west of Shipka. Navigating the passes through the deep snow, Gourko's 70,000 troops entered Sofia, the Bulgarian capital, on January 4, 1878. He then swung his force east to relieve Shipka. Radetsky received additional forces and orders to attack, timing his operations to the arrival of Gourko's force.

From January 5-9, Gourko and Radetsky trapped the army of Veissel Pasha at Sheynovo, one mile from the village of Shipka. Now enjoying superior numbers, roughly 110,000 Russians against 35,000 Turks, the Russians defeated Veissel Pasha, taking prisoner some 30,000 of his men.

With the removal of Veissel Pasha's force, no Ottoman troops remained in the field to oppose the Russians. Gourko pressed on to Philippoupolis (modern-day Plovdiv) and Adrianople in quick succession. As the victorious Russian army continued advancing on the Ottoman capital of Constantinople, the Western powers, led by Germany and Great Britain, became concerned about the Russians gaining the upper hand in southeastern Europe. Under direct threat of Western intervention, the Russian army halted on February 2 at San Stefano (modern-day Yesilköy), just west of Constantinople.

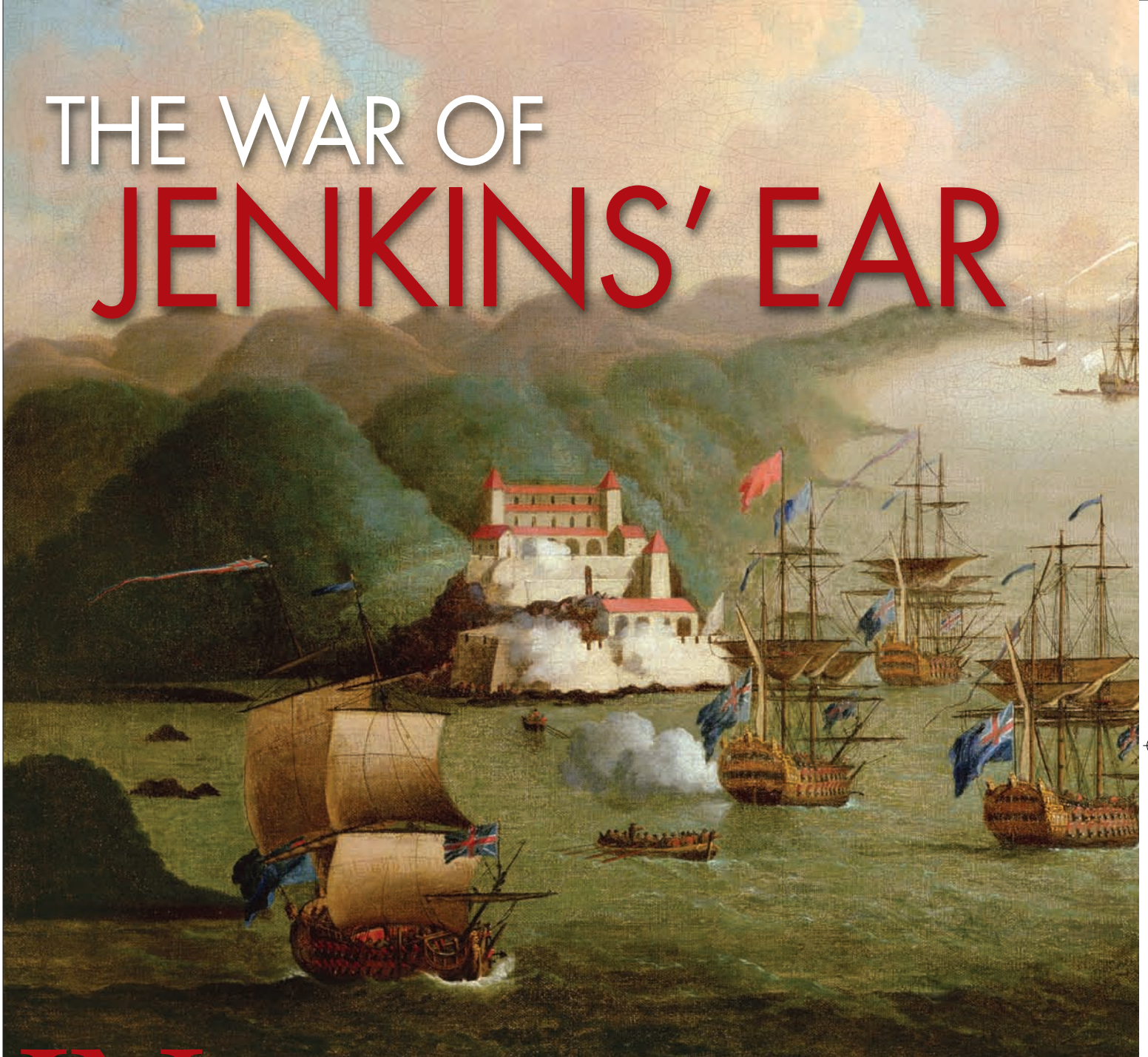
Under the terms of the Treaty of San Stefano and the follow-up Treaty of Berlin, Turkey agreed to pay war reparations and ceded territory to Russia. Romania, Serbia, and Montenegro received their independence from Turkey, and Bulgaria became autonomous. The Ottoman Empire was finished as a power player in Europe. Suleiman Pasha was tried by an Ottoman military tribunal for incompetence. He was stripped of his rank and privileges and exiled, dying in Baghdad in 1892. Mehemet Ali Pasha was exiled as well, dying six years later.

Losses were heavy on both sides, roughly 120,000 suffered by each antagonist. As was common in that era, almost two-thirds of the deaths resulted from noncombat illnesses. Bulgaria suffered approximately 15,000 soldiers killed and wounded and more than 50,000 civilians massacred by the Turks.

The consequences of the Treaty of Berlin were far reaching. In 1912, the Balkan League (Serbia, Greece, Montenegro, and Bulgaria) fought against the Ottoman Empire, resulting in more territory reshuffling. The next year, not happy with its gains, Bulgaria attacked its former allies Greece and Serbia. Defeated, Bulgaria lost some of the territory it gained in the First Balkan War in 1912. Despite the brotherhood displayed by men of Russia and Bulgaria during the five-month Shipka Pass campaign, the two countries did not become close. Preferring to operate in the German sphere of influence, Bulgaria fought on the German side in both world wars, and even today relations remain lukewarm between the two neighboring countries.

Indirectly, the Treaty of Berlin encouraged Austria-Hungary to annex Bosnia in 1908, which led directly to World War I six years later. In many ways, the world has never recovered from that pointless conflagration. □

THE WAR OF JENKINS' EAR



IN THE 1700S, THE SPANISH EMPIRE IN the Caribbean was a lucrative trade monopoly directed from Madrid, with Cadiz designated as the official port for trade to and from Spain and its colonies. Cadiz was also the collection point for the king's duties on all trade to the New World colonies. Foreigners were banned from trading directly with the Spanish colonies; any foreign ship found trading with them was considered to be smuggling and was seized together with its cargo. The ban was enforced by the Guarda Costa, or coast guard, a flotilla of well-armed ships that could outsail and outgun any heavily laden merchant ship.

Under the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713 that ended the War of Spanish Succession, Great Britain received a 30-year *asiento,* or contract right, from Spain. The *asiento* was in two parts, the Asiento de Negros, which allowed Britain a monopoly to supply 5,000 slaves each year to the Spanish colonies, and the Navio de Permiso, which permitted a single British ship to take 500 tons of trade goods to the annual trade fair at Porto Bello. The British government granted a monopoly for both of the agreements to the South Sea Company. But other British merchants and bankers also wanted access to the lucrative Spanish markets of the Caribbean, and Spanish colonists in turn desired British-made goods. The result was a thriving black market in smuggled goods between industrious merchants in both countries.

In an effort to curb British smugglers, Great Britain in 1729 granted Spain the right to stop and search British ships in Spanish waters to ensure that the terms of the agreements were being respected. But the smuggling continued, and the Spanish continued to board and seize British ships and take their crews prisoner, often torturing them for good

DESPITE ITS RIDICULOUS NAME, THE WAR OF JENKINS' EAR WAS A DEADLY SERIOUS CONFLICT BETWEEN THE TWO GREATEST SEA POWERS OF THE DAY—GREAT BRITAIN AND SPAIN. AT STAKE WERE ALL THE RICHES OF THE NEW WORLD. **BY JOHN BROWN**

measure. This led to a swell of anti-Spanish sentiment in Great Britain.

In April 1731, the East India Company ship *Rebecca*, captained by Robert Jenkins, was on a voyage from Jamaica to London when she was becalmed off Havana, Cuba. Spanish officials from the coast guard sloop *San Antonio*, captained by Julio Leon Fandino, boarded and searched the English ship. The cargo was found to be legal; it was sugar. Nevertheless, the Spaniards attempted to make Jenkins reveal any contraband or valuables he might have hidden on the ship, hoisting him up the mast three times by his neck and throwing him down a hatch. Fandino then "took hold of his left ear and slit it down with his cutlass and another coast guard took hold of it and tore it off." Fandino reportedly gave the ear back to Jenkins, saying, "Go, and tell your King George that I will do the same to him if he dares to do the same as you."

That Jenkins lost an ear, probably as reported, was true enough, and seven years later, in March 1738, he displayed his preserved ear when he was called to appear in the House of Commons in London, reporting that his ear had been cut off by the Spanish coast guards who boarded his ship, pillaged it, and set it adrift. This and other reports of Spanish atrocities heightened the war fever that was building inside Great Britain, both in Parliament and on the streets. "Jenkins' ear" became a catchword, slogan, and rallying cry—a gruesome atrocity that was easily remembered among the many atrocities committed by the Spanish on British merchant seamen in the Caribbean.

The controversy disguised the fact that the British were the main offenders in the lucrative illicit trade with the colonies and illegal logging efforts on the coast of Honduras. For years British ships, foremost among them the powerful and privileged South Sea Company, had carried on an extensive trade with the silver-rich Spanish colonies, sometimes with the connivance of corrupt Spanish colonial governors and officials, depriving the king of Spain of his rightful royal duties. Over the years, British merchants had lost many ships and cargoes to the Guarda Costa, including some ships carrying legal cargoes.

In addition to smuggling in the Caribbean, another festering issue between Great Britain and Spain concerned the border dispute between British-controlled Georgia and Spanish Florida. Resolution of both issues was aggravated by patriotic bravado, the clamor of public opinion, and the personal honor of the interested monarchs, George II of England and Philip V of Spain.

There was no easy answer to the question of the boundary between the colony of Georgia, founded in 1732 by James Oglethorpe, and Spanish-owned Florida. The boundaries of all the colonies were only sketchily set down and were open to argument. After a number of skirmishes and mutual accusations, Oglethorpe and the Spanish governor of St. Augustine agreed to maintain peace between them until their respective governments made a definitive boundary decision. While they waited, there were rumors of invasions by either side, adding to tensions between the two powers.

Negotiations continued between the two governments to resolve what constituted legal trade and what was smuggling and to assess the loss to Great Britain from the depredations of the Guarda Costa and the loss to Spain from British smuggling. Claims and counterclaims went back many years; they were time consuming to investigate and difficult to prove. Britain's chief minister, Sir Robert Walpole, was dedicated to the avoidance of war. So were some of the Spanish. But many powerful British politicians were losing patience with the Spanish, including King George's secretary of state, the Duke of Newcastle.

In August 1737, two more British ships were boarded by the Guarda Costa near Havana. The only contraband found on board was a few

Admiral Edward Vernon's British fleet captures Spanish-held Porto Bello, Panama, in this 1740 painting by Samuel Scott. The victory sent London into a joyous uproar.

Private Collection/Royal Exchange Art Gallery at Cork Street, London/ The Bridgeman Art Library

logs from Honduras, but the ships were taken into Havana with their colors at half-mast and the British flag lowered. Crowds of jeering people met the crews, who were imprisoned and allegedly kept as slaves. Back in Great Britain there was a huge outcry over the supposed Spanish insult to the flag and the British subjects taken as slaves.

London merchants, including the South Sea Company, drew up a list of 52 merchant ships taken or plundered by the Spanish in the Caribbean and claimed there were many more. The list, although suspect, was widely publicized, adding to the public furor against the Spanish. In October, the merchants presented the king with a petition asking for action on the alleged depredations by the Guarda Costa. The king in turn demanded a strong response from his government; for him the episodes were personal insults. The government remained divided over what to do.

In 1738, the Duke of Newcastle sent Spain a demand for a new treaty setting out rules for the proper search of trading ships and defining exactly what constituted contraband. At the same time, he instructed his ambassador in Madrid to advise the Spanish government of Britain's "dissatisfaction with repeated injuries and provocations" in the Americas and the Caribbean, adding that "nothing but a full satisfaction for what is past and security from the like abuses for the future can put an end to the general uneasiness and resentment."

Negotiations dragged on into 1739, centering on the exact figures for losses by both sides. Finally, after prolonged dickering and many compromises, it was decided that Spain owed the British crown 95,000 English pounds, while the South Sea Company owed the Spanish monarch 68,000 pounds for the nonpayment of taxes on slaves delivered to Spanish colonies under a prior agreement and for the company's fraudulent trade with the colonies. A new agreement, the Convention of the Pardo, was drawn up and sent to the respective governments for ratification.

When the convention was introduced into the British Parliament for debate, it was greeted with much argument and opposition. The South Sea Company immediately denied that it owed 68,000 pounds to the Spanish crown and refused to pay. It was decided that everything relating to the company should be taken from the convention and looked at as a separate issue. When the terms of the convention reached the streets of London and Madrid, they caused yet another popular uproar.

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Anne S.K. Brown Military Collection

Principal figures in the War of Jenkins' Ear included, left to right, British Admiral Edward "Old Grog" Vernon, Spanish Admiral Blas de Lezo (missing an eye), and Georgia Governor James Oglethorpe.

In London, debate on the convention dragged into late May, swinging one way and another as powerful individuals, interest groups and lobbyists added their arguments. Then the British government was advised by Spain that since Rear Admiral Nicholas Haddock's fleet was operating in the Mediterranean King Philip would not pay the 95,000 pounds he owed Britain. This refusal to pay effectively ended discussions between the two nations.

In the British press and among the people, opinion swung toward war and how it should be conducted. The king's cabinet sent secret orders to Haddock, telling him that as soon as hostilities began he was to blockade Cadiz and "commit all kinds of hostilities at sea." He was ordered to intercept and capture two Spanish treasure ships known to be sailing from the Caribbean to Cadiz.

Admiral Edward "Old Grog" Vernon, British naval commander in the Caribbean, was also alerted to watch out for the two treasure ships. Their capture, it was thought, would compensate Britain for the costs of the negotiations and the preparations for war, with enough left over to cover merchants' claims against Spain. However, in August the treasure ships, having been warned that British warships were waiting for them near Cadiz, changed course for Santander, where they successfully unloaded cargo worth $7 million.

The loss of treasure encouraged warmongers in Parliament and the cabinet to shout even louder, drowning out Walpole and his followers, who were still trying to revive the Convention of the Prado in the hope of avoiding all-out war. But King George, as he put it, decided to "pursue hostile measures for doing himself and the nation justice," and Newcastle, bypassing Walpole, drafted a declaration of war. A state of hostilities with Spain was declared on October 23, 1739.

Spanish trade in the Caribbean flowed through four main ports: Vera Cruz in present-day Mexico; Cartagena de Indias in the colony of New Granada, now Colombia; Porto Bello in Panama; and the main port through which all the trade came, Havana. The British war plan was to capture Havana first, since only the Cuban capital had the necessary facilities to build, repair and refit ships that were essential to keeping a fleet operating in the Caribbean.

Porto Bello was a silver-exporting town and naval base on the coast of Panama. Following the failure of a British naval force to take it in 1727, an action in which Vernon had taken part, the admiral had repeatedly claimed that he could capture Porto Bello with just six ships despite criticism that the number was far too few. Vernon was an advocate of small squadrons hitting hard and moving fast, rather than larger, slower moving expeditions that were prone to heavy losses through disease and natural attrition.

In command of the Jamaica station, Vernon organized an expedition of six ships of the line and sailed for Porto Bello, arriving off the port on November 20. Porto Bello's defenses were weak, and Vernon besieged them for just a day before the Spanish garrison surrendered. Vernon's force then occupied the town for three weeks, destroying the fortress, the port, warehouses, and other key buildings—in essence, ending the settlement's function as a maritime base and severely damaging its economy.

In Great Britain, the victory at Porto Bello was greeted with jubilation, and in 1740, at a dinner in London in honor of Vernon, the song "Rule Britannia" was performed in public for the first time. The name Porto Bello was frequently used to commemorate the battle, as in Portobello Road in London and Porto Bello, Virginia. Vernon was promoted to full admiral, and his name was remembered in many ways, including Mount Vernon, the future

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British ships provide covering fire at Porto Bello while marines in rowboats head to shore. The victory took the British just a day to accomplish, but they occupied the town for three destructive weeks.

estate of George Washington. The destruction of Porto Bello forced the Spanish to change their trading practices. Rather than trading at centralized ports and using a few large treasure ships, they began using a larger number of smaller ships in convoy, trading at a wide variety of ports.

In January 1740, Georgia Governor James Oglethorpe marched into Florida with Georgia and Carolina troops. They captured two Spanish forts, San Francisco de Pupo and Picolata, on the San Juan River and besieged St. Augustine for several weeks before returning to Georgia.

Meanwhile, preparations to mount a large-scale British expedition to the Caribbean were very slow. The expedition was to be commanded by General Lord Cathcart and escorted by 25 warships under the command of Admiral Sir Chaloner Ogle. The cabinet did not specify the local objectives of the expedition, which were left to the judgment of the field commanders, but the overall objective was the gold and silver of the Indies.

That August, 6,000 soldiers embarked in troop transports and sailed off, eventually straggling into the Caribbean to rendezvous in Jamaica a few days before Christmas. Cathcart had died along the way; Brig. Gen. Thomas Wentworth, who had no previous combat command experience, replaced him. Diseases such as typhus, scurvy, and dysentery claimed many casualties among the soldiers and sailors. By January 1741, the land forces had suffered 500 dead and 1,500 sick. In Jamaica, 300 African slaves, called Macheteros, were added to the expedition as a work battalion.

Jealousies and arguments over the expedition's main goals arose among the field commanders and further slowed the progress of the campaign. Vernon's view prevailed, that Cartagena de Indias, principal gold trading port and naval base in the colony of New Granada, should be the first target. Havana, Vernon believed, was too well defended to attack.

In September 1741, Commodore George Anson set sail from England with six warships and two supply ships for Cape Horn and the Pacific. His crews were old and sick and his marines raw and untrained, Anson complained. They could not even be trusted to fire their weapons. Many died of disease before reaching the Pacific, and many more were sick and in no condition to launch any sort of attack, so Anson reassembled his ships in the Juan Fernandez Islands to allow the crews and marines to recuperate.

Anson's orders were to attack the Spanish along the Pacific coasts of South and North America. In particular, he was directed to capture the Spanish treasure galleon that sailed each year from Manila to Acapulco. After resting his men, Anson moved up the coast of Chile, raiding the small town of Paita but reached Acapulco too late to intercept the Manila galleon. He retreated across the Pacific and ran into a violent storm that forced him to dock for repairs in Canton.

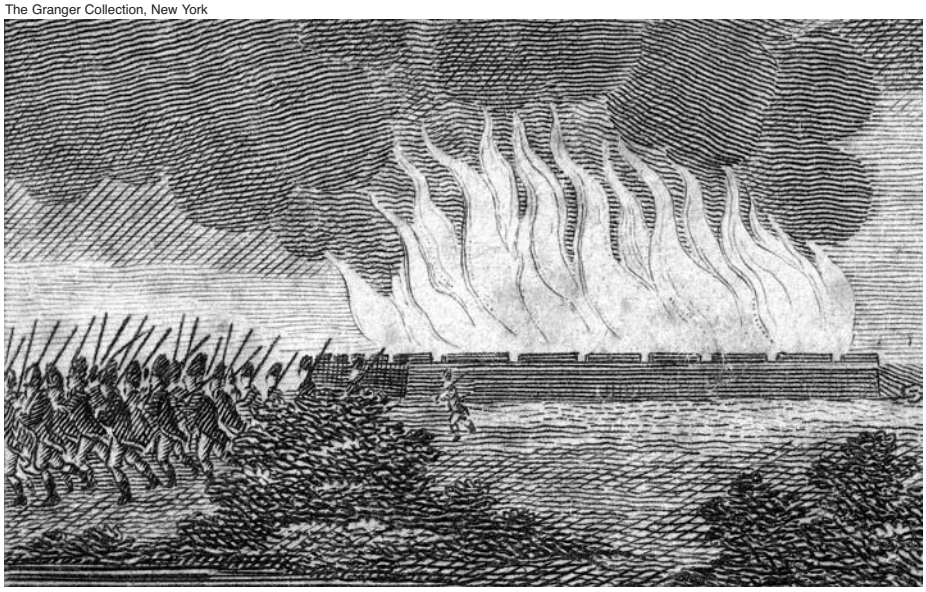
The following year Anson made another attempt to intercept the Manila galleon. On June 20, 1743, although greatly outmanned and outgunned, he captured the galleon off Cape Espiritu Santo. It was filled with treasure and gold coins to the value of more than 800,000 English pounds.

Anson sailed for home, arriving in London in June 1744, more than three and a half years after he had set out, having circumnavigated the globe. Only one of his ships, *Centurion*, and less than a tenth of his men survived the expedition. Nevertheless, Anson's achievements led to his appointment as First Lord of the Admiralty.

In the meantime, Vernon's plans for the assault on Cartagena de Indias were hampered by inefficient organization, rivalry with the commander of the land forces, and the logistical problems of mounting and maintaining a major transatlantic expedition. To make matters more difficult, Cartagena's fortifications were strong and the Spanish commander, Admiral Blas de Lezo, was a skilled and experienced strategist.

Vernon's expedition arrived off Cartegena on March 4, 1741. Wentworth commanded the land forces, and Vernon commanded the sea forces. Some 3,600 American colonial marines already had been transported from New York to Jamaica, landing there in December 1740 under the

The Granger Collection, New York



Private Collection / The Bridgeman Art Library

ABOVE: Perfectly aligned English ranks surround Cartagena in this fanciful engraving from the period. TOP: Spanish troops retreat after the Battle of Bloody Marsh in the face of Georgia and Carolina territorial forces commanded by James Oglethorpe.

command of Colonel William Gooch. The Americans joined the expedition for the attack on Cartagena. By this time, the Navy had lost so many sailors from epidemics that one-third of the land force was needed to fill out the crews.

Cartagena, a rich city of over 10,000 people, was strongly defended under the able command of Lezo and the Viceroy of New Granada, Sebastian de Eslava. It was fronted on one side by the ocean, but the shore and surf were so rough that they precluded any attempt to approach the city from the sea. Access to the city was through two channels, Boca Grande, which was too shallow for ocean-going ships, and Boca Chica, the only deep-draft passage into the harbor. The passage ran between two narrow peninsulas and was defended on one side by Fort San Luis, with four bastions having 49 cannons, three mortars, and a garrison of 300 soldiers. A boom stretched from the island of La Bomba to the southern peninsula on which was located Fort San Jose with 13 cannon and 150 soldiers. Also in support were six Spanish ships of the line.

The British bombarded the forts for a week then landed 300 grenadiers and artillery near the Boca Chica channel. The Spanish defenders of two small, nearby forts were driven off by three ships of Chaloner Ogle's fleet, which suffered 120 killed and wounded. The ships were also damaged by cannon fire from Fort San Luis.

The grenadiers were followed ashore on March 22 by the whole of the British land forces—two regular army regiments and six regiments of marines. Only 300 Americans went ashore; most of the American troops had been dispersed to serve aboard ships of the line, replacing Vernon's lost sailors. After the army made camp, the Americans and Macheteros constructed a battery, and its 24-pounder guns began battering Fort San Luis. A squadron of five ships attempted for two days to batter the fort into submission but made no progress, sustaining more casualties. Three of the ships were heavily damaged and disabled.

British artillery, firing night and day for three days, finally made a breach in the main fort. Some British ships engaged the Spanish ships, two of which were scuttled and the other set on fire and captured. The two scuttled ships partially blocked the channel. On April 5, the British attacked Fort San Luis by land and sea, with infantry advancing on the main fort while the Spanish garrison retreated to inner fortifications. The following week the British entered the harbor at Boca Chica, losing an additional 120 killed and wounded while a staggering 250 died from yellow fever and malaria and 600 more were hospitalized.

With the capture of Fort San Luis and other outlying fortifications, the fleet passed through the Boca Chica channel into the harbor at Cartagena. Again the Spanish withdrew, concentrating their forces at Fort San Lazaro and inside the city proper. Vernon goaded Wentworth into an ill-considered, badly planned assault on the fort, an outlying strongpoint of Cartagena. Vernon's ships cleared the beach with cannon fire, and Wentworth landed at Texar de Gracias.

After the British occupied the inner harbor and captured some outlying forts, Lezo strengthened the last main bastion of Fort Lezaro by digging a trench around it and clearing a field of fire on the approach. Lezo defended the trench with some 650 soldiers, garrisoned the fort with another 300, and held a reserve of 200 marines and sailors. The British advanced from the beach, and after a short fight the Spanish gave way.

The only British engineer with the expedition had been killed at Fort San Luis, leaving no one who could construct a battery to breach the city walls, so the British decided to storm the fort in a night attack on the walls. Such an attack would enable them to assault the northern side of the fort facing Cartagena, since the guns inside the city would not be able to give supporting fire. The southern side had the lowest

and most vulnerable walls, and the grenadiers hoped to quickly storm and carry the parapets.

The attack started late, and the initial advance on the fort was not made until nearly dawn on April 20, by 50 picked men followed by 450 grenadiers commanded by Colonel John Wynyard. They were followed by the main body of 1,000 men of the 15th and 24th Regiments commanded by Colonel James Grant, together with a mixed company from the 34th and 36th Regiments and some unarmed Americans carrying scaling ladders for the fort's walls and wool packs to fill in the trench. Last came a reserve of 500 marines commanded by Colonel Edward Wolfe.

The column was guided by two Spanish deserters who purposely misled the column from the southern, low-walled side. Wynyard was led to a steep approach, and as the grenadiers scrambled up the slope they were hit by a volley of musket fire 30 yards from the entrenched Spaniards. The grenadiers deployed into line and advanced slowly, firing as they moved. On the north face, Grant was killed and the leaderless troops traded desultory fire with the Spanish. Most of the Americans dropped the ladders they were carrying and took cover, and the ladders that had been brought forward were found to be too short for the troops to scale the wall.

The sun rose, and the guns of Cartagena opened fire on the British. Casualties mounted, and at 8 o'clock a column of Spanish infantry coming from the city threatened to cut off the British attackers from their ships. Wentworth, realizing that the assault had failed, ordered a retreat. The British lost 600 men out of a force of 2,000, with sickness and disease increasing the casualty figure. Wentworth's land forces were reduced from 6,500 effectives to 3,200 in the period surrounding the attack of Fort San Lazaro.

Cartagena's strong fortifications and the skill of the Spanish commander, Lezo, were decisive in repelling the attack. Given the overwhelming British force, Lezo planned to conduct a fighting withdrawal that would delay them until the start of the rainy season at the end of April, when tropical downpours would halt campaigning for two months. The longer the British remained crowded on their ships at sea or in the open on land, hunger and disease would claim many more casualties. Lezo was helped by the contempt that Vernon and Wentworth felt for each other, which prevented their cooperation throughout the expedition.

In the end, the fight for Cartagena lasted 67 days and ended with the British fleet withdrawing in ignominious defeat, with 18,000 dead or incapacitated by disease. The British lost a total of 50 ships; another 19 ships of the line were damaged, and four frigates and 27 transports were lost. Of the 3,600 American colonists who had volunteered, lured by promises of land and mountains of gold, most died of yellow fever, dysentery, or starvation. Only 300 returned home, including George Washington's older brother Lawrence, who renamed his Virginia plantation Mount Vernon after the admiral.

Library of Congress

In June 1743, English Commodore George Anson intercepted the Spanish treasure ship *Nuestra Señora de Covadonga,* bound from Manila with riches valued at more than 800,000 English pounds.

In the early days of the expedition, when the Spanish were retreating, Vernon sent an ill-advised message to King George informing him of a forthcoming victory. Eleven different commemorative medals were minted in London to celebrate the victory. After news of the defeat reached London, all the medals were removed from circulation and the king forbade the news from being disclosed. Following the defeat, Walpole's government collapsed.

The British undertook several other attacks in the Caribbean with little better success. In July, Vernon launched an invasion of Cuba, but he refused to land troops any closer to Santiago, the first objective, than Guantanamo Bay. The landing proved to be too far away and the invasion was aborted.

In January 1742, 3,000 troops arrived from England to replace the losses at Cartagena. Meanwhile, the Spanish attempted to seize the British colony of Georgia. Some 2,000 troops landed on St. Simon's Island, but James Oglethorpe and local forces defeated the invaders at Bloody Marsh and Gully Hole Creek and forced them to withdraw. Border clashes between Florida and Georgia continued for several years, but there were no further major operations on the American mainland by either nation.

The Caribbean campaign ended in May 1742. By then, a majority of the British force had died from combat or sickness. Vernon and Wentworth were recalled to England in September, and Ogle took command of a fleet that had less than half its sailors fit for duty. By then the odd little War of Jenkins' Ear had merged into the much larger War of the Austrian Succession, a dispute over the succession to the Austrian throne that grew to involve all the main European nations and their forces overseas. Captain Jenkins and his missing appendage were forgotten in the ongoing rush of events. □

THE CRIME AT PICKETT'S

MILL

Angry and embarrassed by the recent setback at New Hope Church, Union General William T. Sherman ordered an ill-advised attack on entrenched Confederate positions at Pickett's Mill. It was recipe for disaster. BY ROY MORRIS JR.

PEERING THROUGH THE thick underbrush west of Little Pumpkin Vine Creek, 30 miles northwest of Atlanta, on the afternoon of May 27, 1864, Ambrose Bierce had a bad feeling. That in itself was not unusual. The cynical and sardonic young lieutenant on Brig. Gen. William Hazen's staff in the Union Army of the Cumberland was not exactly sunny natured in the best of times. Born into a dirt-poor farming family in northern Indiana and raised by fanatically religious parents, Bierce had joined the army at the very beginning of the Civil War—as much to escape his hardscrabble past as to fight for his country's future.

Three years on the firing line had thrown Bierce into some of the worst combat of the war, from Shiloh, Perryville, and Stones River to Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, and Resaca. Still one month short of his 22nd birthday, Bierce was a veteran in all senses of the word. As he would recall many years later, after he had become a prominent newspaper columnist and short story writer, he had spent the war years "among hardened and impenitent man-killers, to whom death in its awfulest forms is a fact familiar to their every-day observation; who sleep on hills trembling with the thunder of great guns, dine in the midst of streaming missiles, and play cards among the dead faces of their dearest friends." If not indifferent to death, Bierce and his comrades were largely inured to it.

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Quick-firing Texans in General Hiram Granbury's brigade pour a deadly volley into the ranks of advancing Federals at Pickett's Mill in this painting by Rick Reeves. The attack was so poorly planned that author Ambrose Bierce, left, termed it a crime.

Nevertheless, something about the army's present position did not sit well with Bierce or his fellow Midwesterners in Hazen's brigade. "Oh, we'll catch it today," many of the soldiers muttered. Bierce saw nothing to cause him to disagree. In his role as a topographical engineer, it was Bierce's job to scout and map the terrain in advance of the brigade's movements. "My duties as topographical engineer kept me working like a beaver," he would recall after the war. "It was hazardous work; the nearer to the enemy's lines I could penetrate, the more valuable were my field notes and the resulting maps. It was a business in which the lives of men counted as nothing against the chance of defining a road or sketching a bridge."

But Bierce had not had time to do much preliminary scouting of the brigade's new position at Little Pumpkin Vine Creek. The men had just marched four miles east from New Hope Church that morning, leaving behind the trenches and breastworks they had hastily thrown up after being roughly handled by the Confederates in General Joseph Johnston's Army of Tennessee two days earlier. Like soldiers in all wars, they did not happily leave behind a solid defensive position to go creeping through dense, shadowy woods in search of an ever elusive enemy. It made them uneasy, to say the least.

The big prize of the ongoing campaign was Atlanta, and the two sides had spent the past three weeks marching, fighting, and countermarching all the way from the

Georgia-Tennessee border to the outer fringes of Atlanta proper. In that time, Sherman's men had attempted incessantly to get around the Confederates' flank and bring them to battle before they reached Atlanta. Except for one stand-up fight at Resaca 12 days earlier, a fight that Sherman's favorite subordinate, Maj. Gen. James B. McPherson, had bungled at the outset by not sealing off a vital enemy escape route through the mountains, the Federals had been frustrated in their attempts. Johnston, a skilled strategist, had correctly intuited his opponent's intentions, falling back repeatedly and refusing battle on Sherman's terms. A large portion of the Southern public, seeing only the steady backward motion of Johnston's army, had dubbed the general "Retreatin' Joe."

Two days earlier, however, Johnston had stood and fought at New Hope Church, near Dallas, Georgia, inflicting 1,500 casualties on the Union attackers on a rain-drenched battlefield that the Confederates dubbed the "Hell Hole." Refusing to believe that Johnston—of all people—would dare to make another such stand, Sherman had directed one of his army's three wings to swing around the enemy flank once more and intersperse itself between them and Atlanta.

The generals Sherman chose to direct the attempt were not, to be generous, the best suited for such a task. The IV Corps commander, Maj. Gen. Oliver O. Howard, and his senior divisional commander, Brig. Gen. Thomas J. Wood, had been involved in flank attacks before—but on the receiving end. Howard, a native of Maine, had been driven from the field by Stonewall Jackson at Chancellorsville the previous May, and the Kentucky-born Wood had been overrun at Chickamauga four months later, while attempting to execute a misbegotten flank march at the exact moment that newly arrived Confederate General James Longstreet launched an overwhelming frontal assault. Each, understandably, was somewhat skittish to find themselves once again out on a limb.

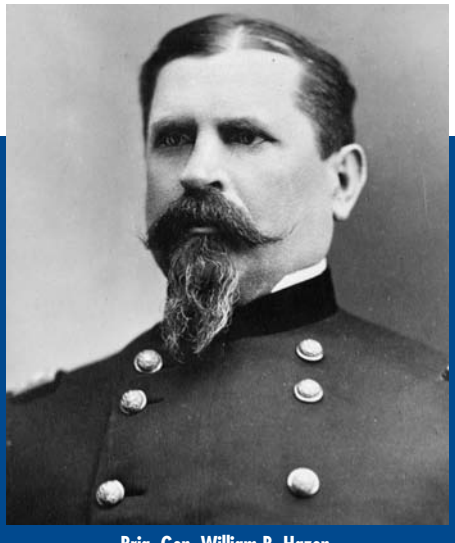
In a move that proved notably counterproductive, Union artillery commenced a vigorous bombardment of the Confederate position east of New Hope Church at daybreak on May 27. Brisk skirmishing erupted along the four-mile front. Despite his personal misgivings, Wood pulled his division out of line and began marching toward what was believed to be the Confederate right, anchored near a gristmill owned by the widow of a Southern cavalryman named Ben Pickett, who had been killed at Chickamauga. Wood had broken his division into three brigade-sized columns for the planned attack. Hazen's brigade was leading the way, followed by those of Colonels William H. Gibson and Frederick Knefler.

The rain had ended, but the division's progress was hampered by poor roads, soggy woods, dense scrub brush, and deep ravines. Two companies became hopelessly lost in the woods, and a third managed to keep lurching in the right direction only because battalion commander Lt. Col. Robert Kimberly of the 41st Ohio Infantry was able to utilize a pocket compass he had been given as a gift. A favorite aide of Howard's managed to get himself shot through the chest when he stepped carelessly into an open pasture to try out his new field glass.

Unnerved by the incident, Howard characteristically dithered. Known to his men by the unflattering nickname "Uh-Oh" Howard, the general did not inspire confidence in the best of times. His empty sleeve, courtesy of a battlefield amputation at the Battle of Seven Pines, seemed like an ominous portent to the troops. (Ostentatiously religious, Howard favored another nickname, "the Christian general.") For two hours, the men milled about in confusion while buglers continually blared away in a less-than-stealthy attempt to keep order in the ranks. Bierce termed the unfortunate delay an attempt "to alert the enemy of our intention to surprise him."

The battle-savvy Confederates needed no additional aid to alert them. Johnston had already reinforced his right flank with 5,000 of his best fighters, the much-feared division commanded by Maj. Gen. Patrick Cleburne, an Irish immigrant turned Arkansas lawyer who had earned a well-deserved reputation as one of the South's best officers. Cleburne had extended his lines farther to the right, positioning an artillery battalion at the end to further cement his defenses. The veteran Confederates had quickly thrown together rifle pits and linked them to trees and boulders along the ridges beyond Little Pumpkin Vine Creek. They were ready and waiting for any enemy approach.

At 4 PM, Howard received a terse order from Sherman telling him to "get on the enemy's flank and rear as soon as possible." Wood, understandably perplexed, asked Howard for



Brig. Gen. William B. Hazen.

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WILLIAM B. HAZEN, "THE BEST-HATED MAN"

Noted author and cynic Ambrose Bierce, who knew a thing or two about hatred, once described his former Civil War commander, Brig. Gen. William B. Hazen, as "the best-hated man" in the United States Army. He meant it as a compliment.

In the course of his 30-year military career, Hazen managed to quarrel with various superior officers, up to and including the president of the United States. He was reprimanded, court-martialed, and removed several times from command, only to be restored when political allies such as Rutherford B. Hayes and James A. Garfield entered the White House. His courageous testimony in the trading post scandals surrounding Secretary of War William Belknap resulted in the secretary's resignation in disgrace but earned Hazen the lasting enmity of Belknap's patron, President Ulysses S. Grant, and Grant's minions, including Generals William T. Sherman, Phil Sheridan, and George Armstrong Custer. It was all in a day's work for the contentious Hazen.

A native of Vermont, Hazen graduated from the U.S. Military Academy at West Point in 1855. He served against Native American warriors in Oregon and Texas, and he carried a Comanche bullet in his side for the rest of his life after being shot in an ambush in 1859.

With the help of his boyhood friend, then-Congressman James A. Garfield, Hazen was appointed a colonel in the Union Army in November 1861. He subsequently saw severe action at Shiloh, Perryville, Stones River, Chickamauga, and Missionary Ridge before commanding his ill-fated brigade at Pickett's Mill in May 1864. Hazen served out the war in Maj. Gen. William Sherman's Georgia campaign, winning a brevet promotion to major general of volunteers at the war's close.

Following the Civil War, Hazen saw service in the Plains Indian wars, commanded the all-black 38th Regiment in New Mexico, was an official observer of the Franco-Prussian War, and served as military attaché to the U.S. legation in Vienna, Austria, before becoming head of the U.S. Signal Corps in 1880.

Trouble was never far from Hazen's door, and he became embroiled in a decades-long controversy with fellow Union general David S. Stanley over their respective roles at the Battles of Shiloh and Stones River. After Stanley publicly accused Hazen of "disgraceful conduct," Hazen sued Stanley for libel. An unprecedented

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Confederates hold the high ground at Pickett's Mill, forcing Union troops to climb literally toward their muzzles. Rebel artillery supports the merciless fire. It was over in minutes.

clarification. "Are the orders still to attack?" he wondered. "Attack," said Howard. "We will put in Hazen and see what success he has," Wood responded airily. Hazen, who was under the impression that there was to be a simultaneous attack by all three brigades, was thunderstruck by the casual change in plans. He saluted and rode back to his brigade to prepare the men for the suicidal assault. "Only by a look which I knew how to read did he betray his sense of the criminal blunder," Bierce recalled.

By 4:30, Hazen had his 1,500 men in position for the futile attack, formed into two lines of two battalions each. The artillery fire had stopped, and only the steady dripping of water from the rain-soaked trees broke the sudden silence. Bierce, who had pushed forward far enough to hear the murmuring of the Confederates on the other side of the creek, waited uneasily. "This, then, was the situation," he recalled, "a weak brigade of fifteen hundred men, with masses of idle troops behind in the character or audience, waiting for the word to march a quarter-mile uphill through almost impassable tangles of underwood, along and across precipitous ravines, and attack breastworks constructed at leisure and manned with two divisions of troops as good as themselves."

Hazen's brigade advanced along a 200-yard front, its progress immediately stymied by a deep ravine that cut across its path. The underbrush was so thick around them that the color-bearers had to keep their flags furled to prevent them from being torn to pieces by low-lying branches. Gray-clad skirmishers immediately fell back at the Union approach, which caused some of the Federals to shout erroneously, "Ah, damn you, we have caught you without your logs now!" Southern voices immediately retorted, in sarcastic reference to published newspaper reports that they were suffering from low morale, "Come on, we are demoralized!"

Hazen's brigade labored through the ravine and up the rock-strewn hillside, the color bearers now breaking out their flags and waving them back and forth in the still dusk air. Then, seemingly as one, the Confederates opened fire. Bierce, who was advancing on foot on the far right of the formation, as were all the brigade officers, heard "a ringing rattle of musketry, the familiar hissing of bullets, and before us the interspaces of the forest were all blue with smoke. Hoarse, fierce yells broke out of a thousand throats. The uproar was deafening, the air was sibilant with streams and sheets of missiles." Gusts of grapeshot mingled with the uninterrupted fire of the Southerners' muskets, crackling through the branches and tree trunks that afforded the attackers little cover and no safety.

It was the brigade's singular misfortune to be attacking Cleburne's division, which had stopped Sherman in his tracks at Missionary Ridge the previous November and treated him roughly again at Resaca two weeks earlier. Not that it made much difference whom they were attacking; by this time in the war, any veteran troops holding fortified high ground could have beaten back the unsupported assault of a single brigade attacking over virtually impassable terrain. Cleburne later gave the Union troops at Pickett's Mill a backhanded compliment, saying that they had "displayed a courage worthy of an honorable cause." Nevertheless, he noted, "As they appeared upon the slope

joint court-martial found Stanley "guilty of conduct to the prejudice of good order and military discipline." Charges against Hazen were dropped.

Hazen next quarreled with Secretary of War Robert Lincoln, Abraham Lincoln's son, over a failed exploring expedition to the Arctic Circle, which resulted in death of 17 American soldiers. Hazen accused Lincoln of bungling the rescue mission and went public with his complaints, eliciting a formal reprimand from President Chester A. Arthur for "unwarranted and captious criticism" of Lincoln. Many of his fellow officers privately supported Hazen's view of the younger Lincoln.

Before he died in 1887, Hazen told his side of his controversial career in a well-received memoir, *A Narrative of Military Service.* His old Civil War aide, Ambrose Bierce, was particularly pleased to find a reference to himself in the general's memoirs. Bierce, wrote Hazen, was "a brave and gallant fellow." Bierce, who did not like many men, shared the feeling. □

[we] slaughtered them with deliberate aim."

Howard sent back a troublingly uncertain message to Sherman: "I am now turning the enemy's right flank, I think." Not really. Cleburne, calm as always, brought up Brig. Gen. Hiram Granbury's Texas brigade from its reserve position and had it fall in on the right to further extend the Confederate line. The Texans responded at the double-quick, clambering up a ridge with a 50-yard incline that gave them a clear field of fire. Lying flat on the ground, they waited like the seasoned hunters they were until the Union quarry was within their gun sights, then unleashed a new torrent of fire.

To Colonel Kimberly, whose Ohio troops anchored the center of Hazen's line, the Rebel volley was as sudden and unexpected as "a lightning stroke from a cloudless sky." Men fell by the dozens, almost soundlessly in the maelstrom around them. Somehow, Hazen's veterans pressed on, their line broken up and irregular as more and more men fell to the ground. Almost by accident—a function of the peculiar topography of the battlefield—the Confederates had prepared a perfect slaughter pen. By extending the right flank, Granbury's Texans had linked up at a right angle to Brig. Gen. Daniel Govan's brigade, creating a deadly crossfire effect. Quick-thinking artillerists had rolled forward a Parrott gun and two howitzers at the junction of Govan's and Granbury's lines, further intensifying the already murderous fire.

Bierce and the other officers in Hazen's brigade could only watch aghast as their crack troops were cut down. "Our brave color-bearers were now all in the forefront of battle in the open," noted Bierce, "for the enemy had cleared a space in front of his breastworks. They held the colors erect, shook out their glories, waved them forward and back to keep them spread, for there was no wind. From where I stood, at the right of the line, I could see six of our flags at one time. Occasionally one would go down, only to be instantly lifted by other hands."

Both: Library of Congress

Principal commanders at Pickett's Mill included Union Brigadier General Richard W. Johnson, and Confederate Major General Patrick Cleburne.

Due to an almost incredible confluence of mistakes and timidity, both of Hazen's flanks were left completely unguarded. On the right, Howard had ordered Colonel Nathaniel McLean to post his brigade at the edge of a wheat field opposite Govan's troops and occupy the Confederates in his front. Unbelievably, while the fighting was at its height McLean abruptly marched his unengaged brigade to the rear, explaining lamely that his men needed to draw their rations. He, at least, had no stomach for the fight.

Meanwhile, on Hazen's left Brig. Gen. Richard W. Johnson—ordinarily a tough, dependable fighter—was unaccountably slow in getting his lead brigade into line to support the attack. While Johnson dithered, the Union attackers somehow managed to gain control of a ridge on the Confederate right-rear, temporarily threatening the entire enemy line. Confederate cavalry commander John Kelly, at 23 the youngest brigadier general in the Confederate Army, slowed the Union advance long enough for Colonel George Baucum's consolidated 8th and 19th Arkansas Regiment to rush up and plug the gap.

Hazen's men were caught in a tornado of small arms and artillery fire. Some individuals managed to come as close as 10 paces to the Confederate line before they were shot down. None made it any closer. Confederate Captain Samuel Foster later counted 50 Federal dead in a 30-foot circle. Most of them had been shot in the head with "their skulls busted open and their brains running out." It was a literal dead-line—the point at which no one could stand erect and live to tell about it—and Hazen's survivors threw themselves down and buried their faces into the ground.

"Not a soul of them ever reached the enemy's front to be bayoneted or captured," recalled. Bierce. "It was a matter of the difference of three or four paces—too small a distance to affect the accuracy of aim. In these affairs no aim is taken at individual antagonists; the soldier delivers his fire at the thickest mass in his front. The fire is, of course, as deadly at twenty paces as at fifteen; at fifteen as at ten. Nevertheless, there is the dead-line, with its well-defined edge of corpses—those of the bravest. Where both lines are fighting without cover—as in a charge met by a countercharge—each has its dead-line, and between the two is a clear space, neutral ground, devoid of dead, for the living cannot reach it to fall there."

Forty-five minutes after the Union attack began, it came to a brief, exhausted pause. Hazen's brigade was virtually destroyed; nearly a third of the 1,500 men who began the attack were dead or wounded, many within the first few minutes of the assault, and those who could do so were staggering back to the rear to take cover in a ravine. Hazen sent back word to Howard to order Gibson into the fray, but for Hazen and his men it was too late to do any good. Gibson's troops went forward up the deadly slope with admirable bravery but met the same fate as Hazen's men. "The enemy had destroyed us," reported Bierce, "and was now ready to perform the same kindly office for our successors." When a young soldier who had been separated from his unit asked Hazen where he located his brigade, the hard-bitten general, choking back tears, replied: "Brigade, hell, I have none. But what is left is over there in the woods."

If anything, the Confederates were even better prepared to meet Gibson's attack. During the brief lull in firing, they had replenished their ammunition and stacked more fence rails, logs, and fallen branches on top of their breastworks. With no support from Johnson's still uncommitted division, Gibson's brigade met the same fate that Hazen's had just endured. In less than an hour, Gibson suffered nearly 700 casualties. Like Hazen's troops, there was a disproportionate number of dead to wounded—the Confederates had simply shot many of the Union soldiers in the head within 10 to 20 paces. At that range, few experienced marksmen could miss.

Confederate commander Joseph Johnston described the fighting in his official after-action report: "The Fourth Corps came on in deep order and assailed the Texans with great vigor, receiving their close and accurate fire with the fortitude always exhibited by General Sherman's troops in the actions of this campaign. The Federal troops approached within a few yards of the Confederates, but at last were forced to give way by their storm of well-directed bullets, and fell back to the shelter of a hollow near and behind them. They left hundreds of corpses within twenty paces of the Confederate line."

At 6 PM, just after the second futile Union attack had begun, Howard received orders from Sherman to call off the attack and link up with the XXIII Corps to protect his flank while Sherman began a march toward the railroad depot at Acworth. All Howard had needed to do was to make sure that Johnston did not get around his flank and cut off Sherman's route to the rail line. The slaughter of Hazen's and Gibson's men had been an irrelevant afterthought.

While Howard was preparing in his overly deliberate way to put his unexpected new

orders into effect, a shell fragment ripped off part of his boot. Having already lost an arm in Virginia, Howard was understandably terrified of losing another limb. "I am afraid to look down! I am afraid to look down!" he gasped. Miraculously, the shell had only ripped off the bottom of his boot and left his bare foot badly bruised but still intact. Howard limped to the rear, where he spent the rest of the evening directing the battle "among the maimed" in the forest, his throbbing foot taking up much of his psychic attention.

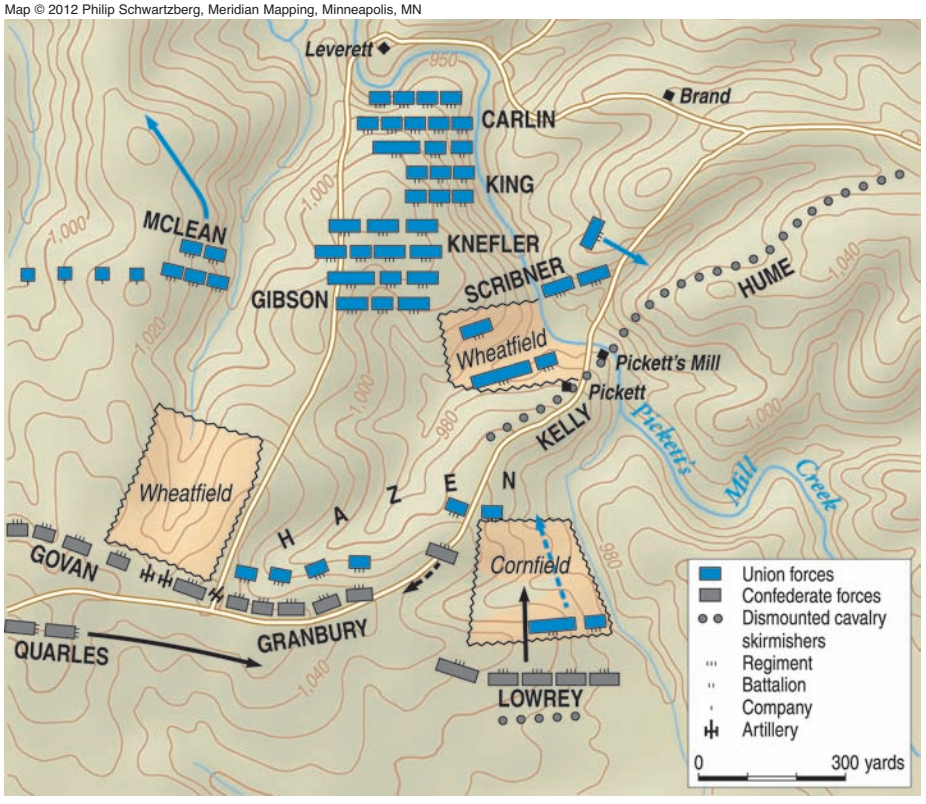
Howard sent one last wave of attackers forward, not to break the Confederate line but to recover the Union wounded. The Rebels were not prepared to be merciful. They unleashed another devastating volley into the advancing bluecoats, who quickly cut short their recovery efforts and took what shelter they could behind trees and rocks. They would wait for nightfall before sending out patrols to gather up the wounded, whose cries and moans filled the no-man's-land between the two lines.

One final indignity awaited the Union forces at Pickett's Mill. At 10 PM, Granbury's men quietly formed ranks to launch a night attack. Captain Foster recalled that the Federal line was so close that "we could hear the Yanks just in front of us moving among the dead leaves on the ground like hogs rooting for acorns, but none speaking above a whisper." At the blare of a bugle, the Confederates unleashed a terrific yell and fell upon the startled enemy at one bound. The Federals managed to fire one volley before scampering en masse to the rear.

Granbury's men fanned out and scoured the woods for stragglers. In the confusion and darkness, they demanded that all the soldiers they came upon identify themselves immediately by regiment. According to one somewhat illiterate Texan: "Sometimes the answer would be the 40th, and our boy's knew that we dit not have no 40th Regt. In our Brigade, and, therefore, they would Kill such. Sometimes the answer would be the 24th, and when they would ask the 24th What, 'the 24th Ohio,' and they were servet the same." As many as 20 Union troops would be discovered huddling behind the same log and, according to another Rebel diarist, "All they would say was 'Don't shoot! Don't shoot!'"

By midnight, the sporadic firing had died away. The Battle of Pickett's Mill was over. The pious Howard, nursing his sore foot, looked on with distaste as some of his men proceeded to get well and understandably drunk. "Faint fires here and there revealed men wounded, armless, legless, or eyeless; some with heads bound up with cotton strips, some standing and walking

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



ABOVE: Union forces crossed Little Pumpkin Vine Creek to attack the Confederate works at Pickett's Mill. The landscape was steep and wooded. BELOW: Battlefield artist Alfred Waud made this quick sketch of the bullet-devastated landscape at Pickett's Mill.

Library of Congress

nervously around, some sitting with bended forms, and some prone upon the earth," wrote Howard. "A few men, in despair, had resorted to drink for relief. The sad sounds of those in pain were mingled with the oaths of the drunken and the more heartless. That night will always be a sort of nightmare to me."

At least Howard would live to remember it. Dawn revealed how costly the battle had been. Of the 1,600 total Union casualties, 700 had been killed outright. A Mississippi lieutenant attributed the "wonderful" disparity of dead to wounded to the "over-ruling Providence of God." A Texas

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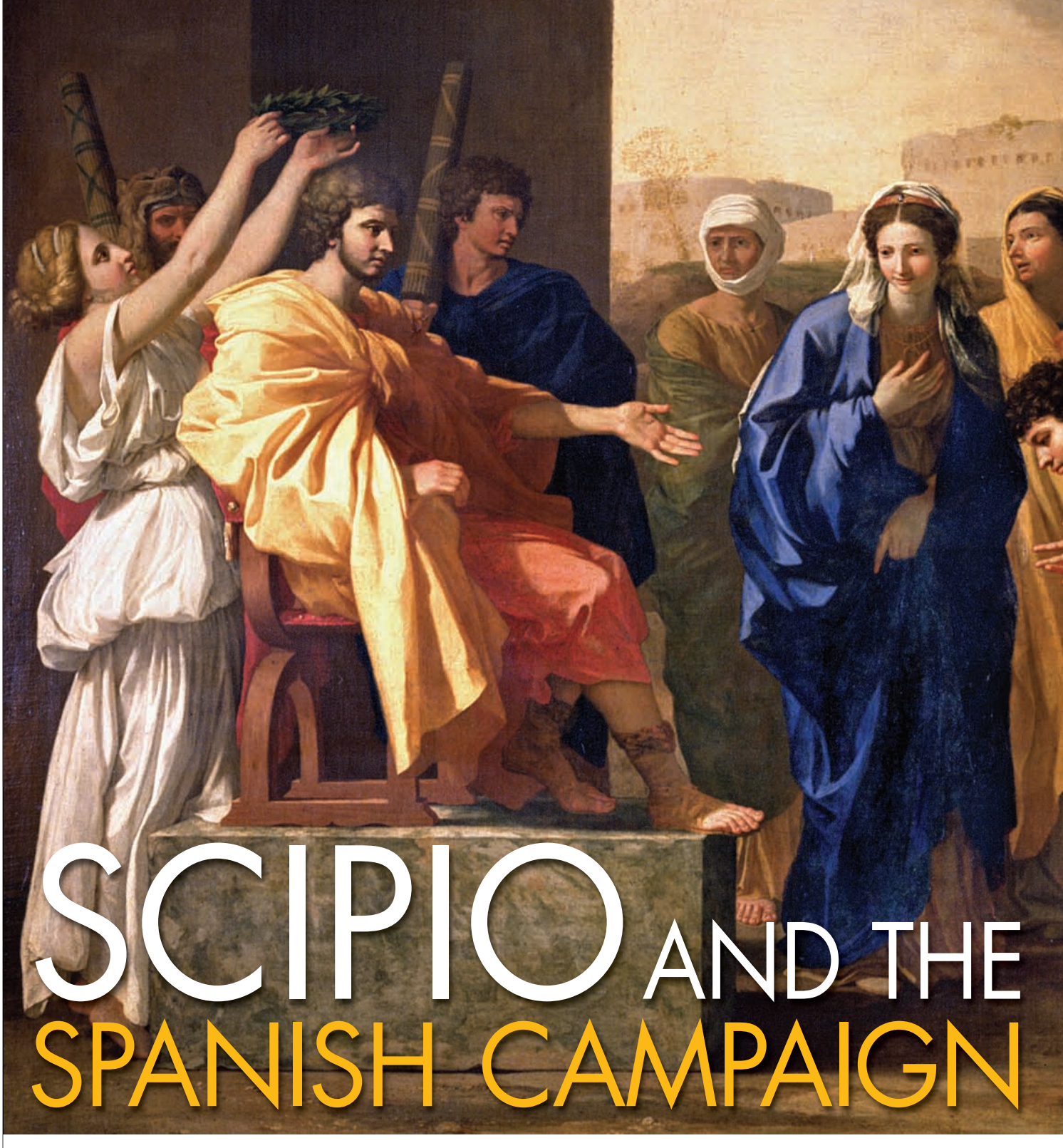


SCIPIO AND THE SPANISH CAMPAIGN

THE EARLY YEARS OF ROME'S second war with Carthage were some of the darkest the Republic had ever known. Since the beginning of the war in 218 BC, when the Carthaginian general Hannibal Barca had launched the conflict by attacking Rome's ally Saguntum in northeastern Spain, the first years of the Second Punic War had been miserable for the Romans.

Roman forces had been smashed time and again by the brilliant tactics employed by Hannibal. A dreadful sequence of defeats marked Rome's encounter with the Carthaginian general. At Trebia River, Lake Trasimene, and most spectacularly and painfully, at Cannae, Roman armies had been crushed. The Roman legions that had proven themselves in battle against all other opponents seemed at a loss to cope with the superb Carthaginian commander.

Schooled in the finest traditions of generalship in the ancient Mediterranean world, Hannibal was nearly invincible. His Roman opponents seemed, in comparison, decidedly unprofessional in their tactics and command structure. Hannibal was clever and insightful, but the Roman commanders he encountered

In this 17th-century painting, *The Continence of Scipio,* the Roman general is shown graciously returning the captive Celtiberian woman Lucretia to her future husband, Allucius.

WITH THE SECOND PUNIC WAR AGAINST CARTHAGE GOING BADLY FOR THE ROMANS, THE SENATE TURNED TO AN INEXPERIENCED 24-YEAR-OLD COMMANDER, PUBLIUS CORNELIUS SCIPIO, TO LEAD A NEW CAMPAIGN IN SPAIN.

BY MARC G. DESANTIS

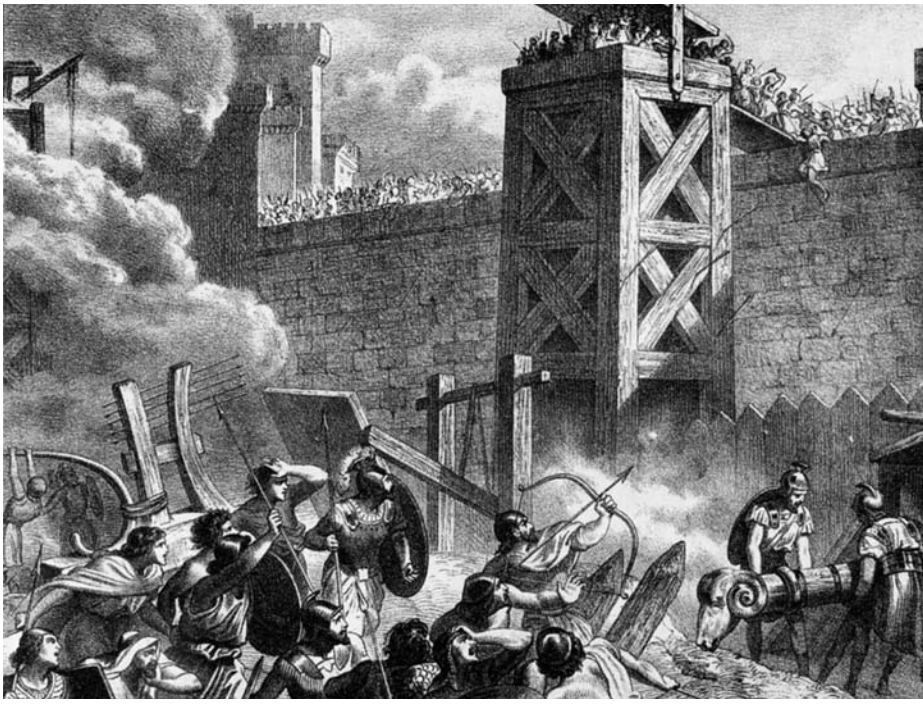
were neither. Their flaws made all the difference in the crucible of combat, costing the Romans tens of thousands of lives. If Rome was to have any chance of winning the present war against Carthage, it would have to find a more battleworthy commander for its legions.

Hannibal's success against Roman armies in the field was not equaled by success against the city of Rome. In the aftermath of the devastating victory of Cannae, and with Rome virtually defenseless, Hannibal decided not to march on the city at once, but chose instead to rest his weary troops. Hannibal's decision not to attack Rome immediately has been criticized for centuries. The reproach levied at the time by Maharbal, his foremost cavalry commander—that Hannibal knew how to win a battle but not how to use the victory—still echoes across the ages. Whether he could actually have defeated Rome in 216 BC is open to conjecture. But for Rome, the unexpected respite allowed the city time to regain a semblance of stability, and Hannibal was subsequently kept at arm's length.

Hannibal and the Carthaginian army settled down in Italy for a long struggle against Rome and its allies. In spite of the tremendous shocks delivered by Hannibal to Rome's legions, the Italian

Pushkin Museum, Moscow, Russia/ The Bridgeman Art Library

Both: Library of Congress



LEFT: Publius Cornelius Scipio, later called Scipio Africanus after his victory at Zama in 202 BC. RIGHT: Hannibal's capture of Saguntum, Spain, in 218 BC ushered in the Second Punic War and caused panic in Rome.

confederation, of which Rome was the leader, remained largely loyal to the city. Without Rome's allies leaving the coalition, Hannibal could not defeat the Romans decisively. For their part, the Romans were unable to force the Carthaginians to leave the Italian peninsula.

With Hannibal and the Romans occupied in Italy, their counterparts struggled fiercely for the upper hand in the subsidiary theater of Spain. The country had long been a significant part of the overseas mercantile empire controlled by Carthage. As active merchants, the Carthaginians had trading interests all over the western Mediterranean. The expanding Carthaginian presence in Sicily had been one of the salient reasons why Rome and Carthage went to war in the first place in 264 BC. The First Punic War lasted 23 years and saw great losses by both sides.

Many of the First Punic War's most important battles were fought at sea. Although Rome had not even had a navy worthy of the name at the beginning of the war, by its end in 241 BC, the Romans had defeated the Carthaginians decisively. Carthaginian naval power was broken, and peace was established between the two states. This peace, though, was not to endure. Hard feelings remained on both sides. Among the most irreconcilable was Hamilcar Barca, an eminent Carthaginian general. He passed along to his sons, including Hannibal, an unquenchable hatred of Rome.

With their sea power blunted, Sicily lost, and Sardinia taken from them, the Carthaginians expanded their holdings in Spain. The charismatic Hannibal established good relations with the various warlike Spanish tribes. He honed an army of Carthaginians, mercenaries, and tribesmen into a formidable fighting machine. The Carthaginians often relied on mercenaries to fill the ranks of its armies. The magnetic Hannibal welded the Carthaginians and their Spanish, Numidian, and Gallic mercenaries into a cohesive battle force. The Numidians, in particular, supplied Hannibal with a major advantage over the Romans. Exceptional horsemen, the Numidians combined with Hannibal's extraordinary military genius to forge a formidable, lethal, almost unbeatable entity.

When the time came, Hannibal led his army across the Ebro, the river that had been the demarcation line between the Carthaginian and Roman spheres in Spain. Hannibal's move against Saguntum in 218 BC started the Second Punic War. After a difficult and sometimes harrowing march across southern Gaul and into Italy with his army, Hannibal brought massive destruction to the Romans in their homeland.

Even after Hannibal left Spain, the Carthaginians still relied on their holdings there to empower their war effort against Rome. Spain was critical to Carthage both economically and as a source of mercenaries for its armies. The Carthaginians were a numerically smaller people than the Romans and were more oriented toward commerce than war. Carthage needed soldiers for its armies, and Spain provided a large number of fine warriors.

The Romans could not leave the rich Carthaginian possessions in Spain untouched. In 216-215 BC, Roman armies in Spain under the command of the brothers Publius Cornelius Scipio the Elder and Gnaeus Cornelius Scipio were able to halt any more Carthaginian troops from leaving Spain to help Hannibal in Italy, thus preventing him from striking another major blow against Rome.

Unfortunately for the Romans, the situation in Spain would soon spin out of control. The Scipio brothers were killed in separate battles near Castulo and Ilorca in southern Spain in 211 BC after being betrayed by their local Celtiberian allies. A third Roman force was ambushed and mauled. Numerous Spanish tribes openly aided Carthage or held themselves aloof from the Romans. Disaster seemed imminent. The Republic needed a general to take command of Roman forces in Spain and keep the Carthaginians occupied.

But the Republic could find no one satisfactory for the position of proconsul in Spain. In 210 BC the Senate decided to hold a special election to determine the new commander. On the day of the election, however, not a single Roman came forward as a candidate for the Spanish command. Ordinary Romans took this reluctance to mean that the war in Spain was a hopeless cause. At this dark moment, 24-year-old Publius Cornelius Scipio, the son of one of the slain Roman generals and nephew to the other, stepped forward and offered his candi-

dacy for the proconsulship. Lacking any other alternative and relieved to have a candidate at all, the assembled citizens unanimously elected Scipio to the post.

Showing himself to be more than a mere callow youth, Scipio held an assembly that spoke to concerns about his age. His speech to his fellow citizens instilled in them a new belief in his abilities and competence. He possessed remarkable physical courage (at age 18 he had saved his father's life in battle) in addition to a keen intellect. But would the young man prove himself equal to the enormous task ahead in Spain?

The young general readied a force of 1,000 cavalry and 10,000 infantry and sailed from Italy to Spain with a small fleet. He established his base of operations at Tarraco in the northeast of the peninsula. Once there, Scipio wasted no time shoring up the confidence of Rome's nervous Spanish allies and inspecting the Roman troops already stationed there. Restoring the morale of the Roman legionaries was an intelligent move by Scipio. They were fine soldiers, but they needed a good leader. If Scipio could make good use of the Roman soldiers' basic attributes—courage, skill with weapons, and collective flexibility in battle—he would stand an excellent chance of victory over the Carthaginians.

Opening the spring campaign season in 209 BC, Scipio's Roman troops marched from their winter quarters; their Spanish allies left their homelands as well. These forces rendezvoused at the mouth of the Ebro River in northern Spain. When all his men had gathered, Scipio spoke to them about his slain father and uncle, with whom many of the troops present had served. The defeats of earlier years were due to the betrayal by Rome's faithless Celtiberian allies, he said, not because the Romans themselves were inferior soldiers. Scipio reminded the men that Carthaginian arrogance in Spain had alienated many Spaniards and made them more amenable to Roman friendship. The Romans should be confident of victory when they moved south of the Ebro into Carthaginian-dominated territory.

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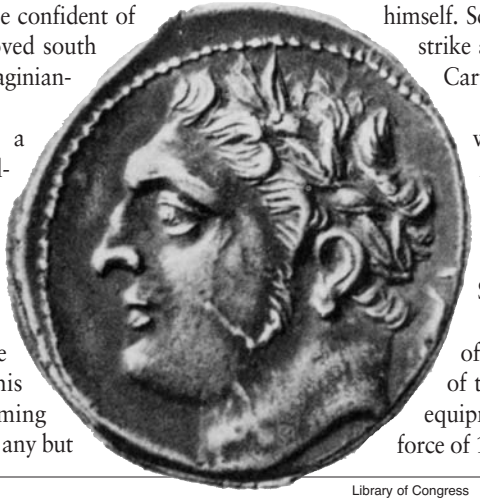

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ABOVE: Five hundred of Scipio's Roman legionaries enter New Carthage by crossing a lagoon at low tide and surprising the defenders in the rear. BELOW: This period coin bears the likeness of Hasdrubal Barca, left behind to command the Carthaginian forces in Spain by his older brother, Hannibal.

Scipio left behind a force of 3,000 foot soldiers and 500 horsemen to protect the river crossing. With the remaining troops (25,000 infantry and 5,000 cavalry) he crossed the Ebro, his plans for the upcoming campaign unknown to any but himself. Scipio had good reason to be silent. He was prepared to launch a daring strike at Carthage's most important base on the entire Iberian Peninsula, New Carthage.

Scipio recognized that the Carthaginian forces in Spain, of which there were three main bodies, were dispersed too widely to come to New Carthage's rescue if he struck rapidly to take the city. Hannibal's brother Hasdrubal Barca (Hannibal was the eldest of the Barcas) was more than 10 days away from New Carthage. Mago, the youngest Barca brother, was in the far west, in Portugal. Hasdrubal Gisgo, the third major Carthaginian commander in Spain, was also in Portugal, far away from Scipio's intended target.

Scipio had pieced together a remarkably complete intelligence picture of New Carthage—who was there, what was there, and the overall layout of the city. All of the Carthaginians' baggage and a large store of military equipment were in the city. Remarkably, the place was lightly garrisoned by a force of 1,000 men. The Carthaginians, Scipio reasoned, did not expect the enemy

Young Roman General Scipio mounted a complex land and sea assault on the Carthaginian stronghold at New Carthage, then swept westward across southern Spain to Ilipa.

to attack New Carthage. He would soon make them pay for their laxity.

Scipio ordered his fleet commander, Gaius Laelius, to take his ships to New Carthage, timing his arrival to coincide with the approach of Scipio's army. Seven days later, the two Roman contingents rejoined at New Carthage. While the fleet imposed itself on the harbor, the legionaries took up positions north of the city. The Romans, showing their skill at battlefield engineering, quickly erected a rampart to protect their army from attack from the rear.

A sortie by the Carthaginian defenders ended badly for them, and the pell-mell retreat to New Carthage spread panic among the men guarding the walls. The guards ran away, leaving their sections unprotected. Scipio, atop a nearby hill, saw the inglorious flight from his vantage point. He immediately ordered his army to ready itself for an assault. With Scipio urging them on, the legionaries quickly made up the ground between their camp and the city, scrambling up the walls via scaling ladders. Meanwhile, the Roman fleet disembarked its soldiers in an amphibious attack, an operation stymied by too many soldiers trying to be the first to land. By this time, the Carthaginians had recovered somewhat from their initial panic and had returned to the walls as the Roman assault began.

Problems hampered the Roman attack. Their ladders were not long enough to surmount the walls, and many became overloaded with soldiers and broke apart. In spite of the setbacks, Scipio's detailed intelligence gave him another card to play. He knew from fishermen at Tarraco that the lagoon at New Carthage could be crossed on foot at low tide. The tide had already begun to go out, and Scipio took a detachment of 500 soldiers to the lagoon. The Romans crossed the water and climbed the adjacent wall, which had been left unwatched by the defenders, who trusted too much in the natural defense provided by the lagoon. Scipio headed straight for the city gates, which he attacked almost unnoticed by Carthaginian

THE ROMAN ARMY IN SPAIN

The Roman army of the Second Punic War was a highly effective and flexible force. Although it was weak in its cavalry arm, and therefore had to rely upon allies for its mounted troops, the Roman infantry were second to none in battle skill or fighting spirit. The army had evolved its signature organization, the legion, with its checkerboard formation of individual subunits called maniples, in response to the many different enemies that Rome encountered over the years. To this end, the checkerboard formation gave them maximum flexibility in battle.

There were four broad classes of Roman infantrymen. First came the velites, youths charged with the task of skirmishing against the enemy. They were armed with a round shield and javelins. Behind them stood the hastati. These too were young men, armed with a sword, a heavy convex shield called a scutum, and two heavy javelins called pila. They wore bronze helmets and heavy mail armor. Directly behind them were the principes. These were fully grown, mature men armed and armored like the hastati. Finally came the triarii. These were the eldest, most veteran soldiers in the legion. They wore heavy armor, but their main weapon was the hasta, or spear.

When battle was properly joined, the three other groups arrayed themselves in three broad lines, according to their class. Each group was further divided into smaller units, the maniples, which consisted of two centuries of approximately 80 men each. The three battle lines and checkerboard formation gave the Romans several important advantages. First, the three lines of troops allowed them to rest part of their army even while engaged in combat. Weary troops from the front could be withdrawn and fresh legionaries sent forward to take their place. Second, the use of three lines created a natural reserve. If the first Roman line was penetrated, the rear two were there to plug any hole. The army's experienced and sturdy centurions, who formed a class of junior officers, could be expected to use their initiative and deal with any problems as they occurred.

Finally, the checkerboard array allowed the Romans a measure of internal maneuverability that was unprecedented for an army in the ancient world. If one imagines that the red spaces on the board represented Roman infantry units and the black spaces the empty areas to the front, rear, and sides, then the ability of the Roman army to reshape its internal structure in response to changing situations during a battle is readily apparent. By comparison, most other armies were much less flexible and had little ability to change formation once engaged. □

troops locked in battle.

The defenders panicked when they realized they had been taken from behind by an unobserved enemy force. The Romans broke open the gate and scaled the walls. Its situation completely untenable, the Carthaginian garrison quickly gave up.

Scipio had won a prize of enormous strategic value, a vast haul of equipment that included more than 200 siege machines. He handled the aftermath of the victory well, displaying generosity and shrewdness in equal measure. Approximately 10,000 free men had been taken into custody. He allowed all those who were citizens of New Carthage to retain

Museo Arqueologico Nacional, Madrid

their freedom and possessions. More importantly, certain Spanish hostages had fallen into his hands, and Scipio showed the keen political judgment that distinguishes a great commander from a merely good one. He treated his hostages well, with an eye toward gaining favor with their tribes and detaching them from their allegiance to Carthage. Scipio realized very early that in order to have a realistic chance of defeating Carthage he would have to bring the Spaniards over to his side. He allowed them to return to their families in hopes of sparking a sense of gratitude among them.

Spain was home to three main tribes. There were the native Iberians, people of ancient lineage on the peninsula with a fine military reputation. There were the Celts, who had come from the north and were related linguistically to the Gauls of Northern Europe. As Celts, they were naturally good warriors. Finally, there were the Celtiberians, representing a fusion of the other two tribes. They were tough fighters as well and had proved a mortal threat to the Roman position in Spain with their betrayal of

akg-images / Jean-Claude Varga

This medieval painting shows the death of Hasdrubal at the Battle of Metaurus River in northern Italy in 207 BC. Many of his men lie dead behind him. LEFT: A period relief shows a Spanish infantryman carrying a large shield and a curved sword during the Second Punic War.

Scipio's father and uncle.

Scipio further increased his standing with the Spaniards by showing adroit chivalry to his captives. One elderly woman who was related to the prominent Spanish chieftain Indibilis of the Ilergetes tribe was worried about the fate of the young women in Roman custody. She begged Scipio to take care of the women prisoners, among whom were the daughters of Indibilis himself. Scipio assured her that they would be well treated and placed the women in the care of a trusted officer who would see to their safety while in custody.

In another incident, a young woman of exceptional beauty was brought forward while Scipio was examining the Spanish hostages. It soon emerged that she was engaged to a young Celtiberian chieftain named Allucius. Scipio sent for the young man and reunited him with his bride to be. All he asked for returning the woman, Scipio told him, was that he be a friend of Rome, an offer that Allucius willingly accepted. A little later, when the young woman's parents arrived with a ransom of gold for their daughter, Scipio rejected it for himself and instead gave it to the couple as a wedding gift. Allucius returned to his people, informed them of Scipio's generosity, and raised a force of 1,400 cavalry to serve with the Romans. The young general's political instincts had already begun to pay dividends.

From a strategic point of view, the capture of New Carthage had dealt the Carthaginian position in Spain a devastating blow. The preeminent Carthaginian holding in the Iberian Peninsula, named after the mother city herself, was now firmly in Roman hands. Supplying their own troops would be more difficult, and the loss of prestige occasioned by the fall of the city could not help but cause some Spaniards to doubt the Carthaginian cause.

Scipio returned to his base at Tarraco for the winter. In the wake of the fiasco at New Carthage, the Carthaginian commanders in Spain felt a pressing need to take the offensive against the burgeoning Roman presence in the country. The ground had begun to shift ever more in favor of Scipio. Indibilis and his brother Mandonius, the husband of the old woman with whom Scipio had spoken in New Carthage, had left the Carthaginian side and joined the Romans. Another Spanish chieftain, Edesco, had done the same. All believed that Rome was on the ascendancy in Spain.

Scipio, like the Carthaginian commanders, was intent on seeking battle before the enemy armies could unite into one massive body. The dispersal of the Carthaginian armies gave him valuable time to effect a plan to deal with them separately. In preparation for the beginning of the campaign season in 208 BC, Scipio augmented his army with the enormous stock of heavy weapons seized at New Carthage. His infantry was also reinforced with the sailors and marines from the ships of the fleet, which had little to do now that the eastern Spanish coast was entirely under Roman control.

Scipio once more set out from Tarraco in search of Hasdrubal's army. Along the way he was joined by the warriors of Indibilis and Mandonius. Hasdrubal's army was camped near the Baecula River in southern Spain, in a strong position guarded by cavalry pickets. Scipio aggressively assaulted the Carthaginian cavalry right off the march, leaving the enemy little time to prepare. The suddenness of the Roman onset swept the Carthaginians before them, and the Romans pursued them all the way to the enemy camp. Scipio then set up his own camp and waited for morning.

That night Hasdrubal moved his troops back to the security of a flat-topped hill with two plateaus near the Baecula River. The next day, Scipio spurred his troops by pointing out that the Carthaginian army had sought the protection of the hills where they had established their new camp. They were not putting their faith in their courage, he said, but in geography. New Carthage's walls had been even higher, he reminded his legionaries.

Leaving behind two cohorts of infantry to guard against a sudden enemy sally, Scipio engaged the light infantry posted by Hasdrubal on the lower of the hill's two plateaus. The Carthaginians hurled their missiles at the Romans, who were hard pressed to maintain their advance up the hill. But as soon as the Romans reached the flat terrain on the lower plateau, they made short work of the lightly armed enemy, who had no hope of standing toe-to-toe with them.

Scipio kept going, aiming for the middle of the Carthaginian line, which was located above the Romans on the upper plateau of the hill. He ordered his second in command, Gaius Laelius, to make his way along the right side of the hill and find a less arduous route to the top. Scipio then moved the rest of the troops to the left, where he discovered his own path to the top. His troops took the enemy in the flank, catching them off guard. In the meantime, Laelius's soldiers had surmounted the plateau as well, and the Carthaginian battle line was thrown back in disarray. In short order, the Romans were in command of both the hill and the Carthaginian camp.

Carthaginian losses at the Baecula were heavy—8,000 dead and 12,000 taken prisoner by the Romans. Hasdrubal managed to flee with a handful of soldiers and headed north toward the Pyrenees. There he would lick his wounds and rebuild his army for the planned invasion of Italy.

SCIPIO WAS CONFIDENT THAT THE END WAS NEAR FOR THE WAR IN SPAIN. HE DECIDED TO SEEK OUT HASDRUBAL GISGO FOR A CLIMACTIC ACTION THAT WOULD CRUSH THE CARTHAGINIAN ARMY ONCE AND FOR ALL.

In dividing the spoils of battle, Scipio again showed political shrewdness. He gave 300 captured horses to Indibilis, who had recently come over to the Roman side. Also, a young Numidian captive who was related to the famed Prince Massinissa was returned forthwith to his people. Such clemency would pay dividends for Scipio long after the war in Spain was over.

In the wake of the defeat at the Baecula, the three Carthaginian commanders in Spain discussed their options. Hasdrubal was almost completely bereft of troops. His brother Mago and Hasdrubal Gisgo both told him that the loyalty of all the Spanish tribes was in doubt. In order to hold onto Spain and prevent more Spaniards from going over to the Roman side, the Carthaginians decided that they would have to get their own Spanish troops out of the theater entirely. All of the Spanish troops in their employ would be transferred to Hasdrubal Barca for service outside Spain. Mago would transfer his troops to Hasdrubal Gisgo and sail for the Balearic Isles (Majorca and Minorca) to recruit mercenaries to serve in Spain. Hasdrubal Gisgo would head for Lusitania, in the far west of the peninsula.

In 207 BC, Hasdrubal Barca began his march to Italy through Gaul, intending to reinforce his brother. This left a deficit of strength in Spain. To compensate, soldiers under the command of another general, Hanno, joined Hasdrubal Gisgo and Mago Barca. Numerous mercenaries from among the Celtiberian tribesmen were recruited as well.

Scipio dispatched his lieutenant Marcus Silanus with 10,000 infantry and 500 cavalry to bring the newly raised enemy army to battle. Rapid marching brought Silanus to the outskirts of the Carthaginian and Celtiberian camps, which were close to one another. The Celtiberian camp, where some 4,000 infantry and 200 cavalry were stationed, was carelessly guarded, and Silanus made it his first target. By a stealthy advance, the Romans were able to close to within a mile before they were spotted.

The energetic Mago had noticed the Roman approach and rushed to get the Celtiberians ready for battle. After establishing a semblance of a line, he hurried them out of their camp, where they were met by a shower of Roman spears. Close combat ensued, and the Romans got the better of it, killing large numbers of Celtiberians. Mago fled with some 2,000 infantry and cavalry and joined Hasdrubal Gisgo near Cadiz, but the luckless Hanno and many other men were taken captive by the Romans. The Celtiberians who managed to escape the disaster trudged home and did not take further part in the war.

Silanus had done well, and his victory spoiled the latest Carthaginian attempt to drive out the Romans. Scipio still wanted to come to grips with Hasdrubal Gisgo, but Hasdrubal wanted to avoid a clash and, after parceling his men among the various towns of the south of Spain, hung back on the defensive. Scipio sent his brother Lucius Cornelius Scipio to attack the city of Orongis, which was garrisoned by a small Carthaginian force. Orongis quickly fell, but campaigning season came to an end and Scipio sent the legionaries into winter quarters and returned to his base at Tarraco.

The focus of attention now fell squarely upon northern Italy, where Hasdrubal Barca made his attempt to join his brother Hannibal. Scipio sent reinforcements to the aid of the Italian-based Roman forces. In a dramatic battle alongside the Metaurus River, the Romans defeated the Carthaginians, dashing any enemy hopes of strengthening Hannibal. Hasdrubal himself was killed and his severed head thrown into Hannibal's camp as a grim notice of his brother's demise.

Scipio was confident that the end was near for the war in Spain. He decided to seek out Hasdrubal Gisgo for a climactic action that would crush the Carthaginian army once and for all. For his own part, Hasdrubal Gisgo did not remain idle. Alongside Mago, he recruited an enormous army of 50,000 infantry and 4,500 cavalry in western Spain. They were prepared for one last throw of the dice in the hopes of retrieving their position in Spain and altering the fundamental balance of the war.

When Scipio learned of the massive enemy army, he paused. He knew that he would have to raise more troops from among the Spaniards to contend effectively with the Carthaginians. But the old bugbear of doubtful Spanish allegiance reappeared. His father and uncle had met their demise when the Celtiberian troops on whom they had relied defected to Carthage. If he allowed too many Spaniards into his own army, he risked a devastating loss himself if they suddenly switched sides again. Scipio therefore gathered only a modest number of Spanish

recruits for the new campaign, approximately 45,000 in all.

The Romans halted in the vicinity of Ilipa. Carthaginian and Numidian cavalry struck as they were erecting their camp. After a sharp fight, the Romans drove off the Carthaginians, and for the next few days a skirmish was fought across no-man's-land by the light infantry and cavalry of both armies.

Hasdrubal felt confident enough after these raids to lead his army out of camp. The Carthaginians formed a battle line, and the Romans did the same. A staring contest of epic proportion ensued, with neither army taking any step to assault the other. Over the course of several days, each army dutifully marched out of camp in the morning, then back into camp at the end of each day.

Scipio made cunning use of his time before throwing the full weight of his army at Hasdrubal. The Romans and Carthaginians were in the middle of each line, where they fully expected to come to blows eventually. Their respective Spanish allies were deployed on the wings. Hasdrubal placed his elephants in front of his Spanish troops to buck up their courage.

Scipio had his soldiers breakfast before sunrise, and the cavalry was readied to move out at a moment's notice. At daybreak Scipio hurled his horse troops and light infantry at the outlying Carthaginian defenses. These acted as a screen and also pressed the elephants into the center of the Carthaginian line. Scipio then had his Roman legionaries execute an intricate maneuver that brought them from the center of the battle line to the wings. He redeployed his Spanish troops to the center of his own line.

The Roman center was told to move forward slowly to delay contact with the Carthaginians as long as possible. Meanwhile, Scipio had his wings extend outward and move forward briskly to turn both flanks of the Carthaginian line. The internal flexibility of the Roman army made such a complicated maneuver possible. The experienced Roman legionaries overmatched the untrained Spaniards who had recently been brought into the Carthaginian army. Hunger and fatigue also hurt the Carthaginian cause. They had been taken off guard by Scipio's move, and had not had time to eat. The lengthy period of standing under the Spanish sun sapped much of the Carthaginians' remaining energy.

The Carthaginians attempted to withdraw, but the Romans, smelling blood once their enemy started to pull back, pressed all the harder. Despite Hasdrubal's best efforts, the Carthaginian line began to crumble. A rout ensued, and the Romans snapped at the Carthaginians' heels

At Ilipa, Roman legionaries attacked the vulnerable flanks of Hasdrubal and his poorly trained Spanish allies. Carthaginian elephants panicked during the attack, trampling their own men.

all the way back to their camp. The Romans would have stormed the camp as well, had not a thunderstorm struck at just that moment. For the time being, the Carthaginians were safe in camp, but for how long?

Not waiting for an answer to that question, Hasdrubal left under cover of darkness the next night. He and his soldiers, pursued doggedly by the Romans, took refuge on a hill. Their position was utterly untenable, however, and Hasdrubal ungallantly left his surviving troops and made his own escape by ship to Cadiz, which was still in Carthaginian hands. Mago soon followed. The remnants of the once proud Carthaginian army in Spain were forced to hide as best they could in the inhospitable countryside.

Scipio's dramatic victory over Hasdrubal Gisgo at Ilipa ensured that Spain was lost to Carthage forever. There were practically no Carthaginian troops left on the peninsula. Hasdrubal Gisgo and Mago soon left the country altogether. In the space of four years, Scipio had obtained a complete turnaround of Roman fortunes in Spain. He had avenged his father, his uncle, and all the other Romans who had fought and died in the Iberian theater over many years. Spain was his, and Rome owed its mighty son a great debt for his improbable success. □

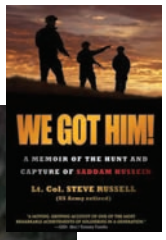
By Al Hemingway

A former U.S. Army battalion commander delivers a hard-hitting account of the capture of Saddam Hussein.

ON THE EVENING OF DECEMBER 13, 2003, NEAR A FARMHOUSE ON the outskirts of Tikrit, Iraq, Colonel James B. Hickey, commander of the 1st Brigade, delivered a terse but electrifying message on a secured line to Lt. Col. Steve Russell, leader of the 1st Battalion, 22nd Infantry Regiment. "Caesar Romero," Hickey said to Russell. It was the code name for the capture of Saddam Hussein, the former dictator of Iraq who had been in hiding ever since Americans invaded the country that March. With a long beard and bushy hair, Hussein strongly resembled Romero, the popular actor who once had played the Joker on the 1960s *Batman* TV series.

Russell was ecstatic. Months of following clues and snaring Saddam's inner circle of friends and supporters had finally paid off. His unit had played a pivotal role in Hussein's ultimate capture. In his book, ***We Got Him: A Memoir of the Hunt and Capture of Saddam Hussein*** (Threshold Editions, Simon & Schuster, New York, 2011, 461 pp., maps, photographs, index, $26.99, hardcover), Russell gives readers a close-up look of what it was like, from an infantryman's point of view, patrolling the mean streets of Tikrit, attempting to locate and defuse roadside bombs, and assist in the manhunt for Iraq's ghost-like former tyrant.

Intertwined with the story of the relentless pursuit of Saddam by Russell's infantrymen and Special Forces teams, the author writes about the tedious but dangerous day-to-day operations within a city with a population of more than a quarter of a million people, many of whom were Ba'thist Party loyalists, the political organization that had ruled the country with an iron fist for nearly a quarter of a century. By chipping away at Saddam's ring of insiders, American forces finally were able to locate the former strongman's secret underground hiding place on the edge of the city, where he had been concealed for months by his friends.



The quest for Saddam reads like an Agatha Christie novel involving famous fictional Belgian detective Hercule Poirot. It is filled with mystery, intrigue, and suspense. Russell's vivid descriptions of the people, places, and events involved should keep readers on the edge of their seats.

Russell is a true warrior. Leading from the front, he instilled spirit and morale among his troops. He modestly credits them for much of his success. He grieves when one of his troopers is killed or wounded, especially when a female mechanic, Specialist Holly McGeogh, is lost to an improvised explosive device. During the funeral, Russell could not hold back his tears.

"I did the unthinkable," he wrote, "I cried before my soldiers. I suppose I could have shown more sternness

AFP/Getty Images

Saddam Hussein is dragged from his hiding place by U.S. troops, December 13, 2003. He was found in a "spider hole" at a farm in the village of ad-Dawr, in northen Iraq.

You deserve a factual look at . . .

Good News from the Middle East

Israel's Prospects Have Never Been Brighter

We are used to and almost inured to the daily bad news from the Middle East – bloodshed, riots, car bombings and more. But there is one spot of shining light in the area – a country forged in almost unending wars, a country that has absorbed millions of immigrants: Israel – its prospects have never been brighter.

What are the facts?

A robust and growing economy. The standard of living and the GDP (Gross Domestic Product per capita) of Israel are on the level of most European countries and ahead of quite a few. Israel is a fount of accomplishment and innovation. Almost all major U.S. high-tech companies, such as Microsoft, Intel, Apple, Cisco, Oracle, and many others, have established production and research facilities in Israel. None other than Warren Buffett (and he certainly knows where to put his money) has just recently placed a multi-billion dollar investment in Israel. Next only to Canada, Israel has the largest number of companies listed on American stock exchanges.

"The outlook for Israel is excellent… [its] future has never been brighter."

One of the important reasons for Israel's economic success is the high level of education of its population, of which Israel's world-class universities and its Technion (the fount of Nobel Prize winners) are the driving force.

A cohesive society. Israel, a country of immigrants, has a cohesive society cemented by its common faith and by the miraculously resuscitated Hebrew language. The bulk of its population are descendants of immigrants from Middle Eastern countries – all the way from Morocco to Iraq and Iran. Over a million Russian "olim" (those who have "ascended" to Israel), most of them highly educated, are now also an important segment of the populace.

The Israeli Arabs (about one-fifth of the population) are not yet fully integrated. But even they are becoming a full part of Israeli society, while maintaining their culture and their different beliefs. Another segment that is not yet fully absorbed are the immigrants from Ethiopia, because they come essentially from a medieval culture and have still some difficulty in integrating into a modern high-tech society. Finally, the "haredim" (the ultra-orthodox) are still not fully accepting the essentially secular nature of Israel's society.

In contrast to all other Middle Eastern countries, women play a full role in Israel. The Chief Justice of Israel's Supreme Court is a woman. Women pilots fly the fighter planes of the IAF. Women are prominently represented in the Knesset (Israel's parliament). A woman (Golda Meir) has been prime minister of her country. The fact that women occupy high-level leadership roles both in business and in government is a reflection of the egalitarian nature of Israeli society.

Militarily, Israel is in an excellent position. There is much speculation that Egypt, with its new military leadership, might abrogate its peace treaty with Israel. But the Egyptian military are realists, however much they may rattle their sabers. There is no way that they will doom themselves by attacking an overwhelmingly powerful Israel. Syria is in total disarray and no threat to Israel for the foreseeable future. The only real threat – and it is a serious one – is Iran in its quest for a nuclear weapon. One hopes that it can be stopped by sanctions or, if necessary, even by military means. But if it could indeed produce a nuclear weapon and would launch it against Israel, chances are excellent that Israel's advanced missile defense shield would abort it. But even the obsessed ayatollahs realize that Israel's response to such an attack, whether or not successful, would be overwhelming and would inevitably devastate their country and decimate its population.

Energy resources of Israel, the best news of all. Energy has always been the weak link in Israel's economy. Virtually all of its hydrocarbons have to be imported. Most of its natural gas comes from Egypt, a most unreliable supplier. But here is perhaps the best news of all: Gigantic gas fields, containing trillions of cubic feet, accompanied by a substantial amount of oil, have been discovered off Israel's coast. These fields will begin to be exploited in 2013 and will, in one swoop, make Israel not only energy independent, but a major exporter. It will bring billions of dollars in yearly revenue. Wags have said mockingly that Moses took the children of Israel 40 years through the desert to bring them to the only place without oil. Well, the wags were wrong and Moses was right.

The outlook for Israel is excellent. Its economy is in prime condition and growing from month to month. Its society, composed of many disparate elements, is thriving and cohesive. It is prosperous, strong and secure. It has now been blessed with an abundance of mineral wealth, soon to be exploited. Israelis have been outstandingly successful so far – what with all the wars and having absorbed millions of immigrants. Just think of its wonderful future, with all the wealth of natural gas and oil soon falling into its coffers. Yes, Israel's future has never been brighter.

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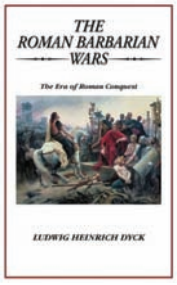
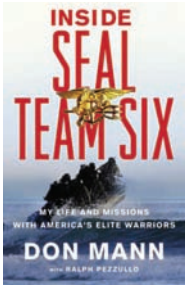
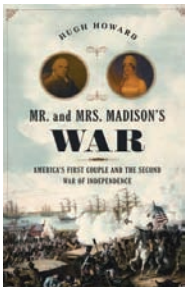
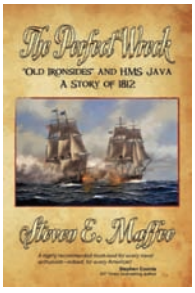
as a commander. Still, the Army tradition goes that memorial services are the place to say your goodbyes. Maybe they just don't want the goodbyes to be felt so deeply. If we could not show our love for our fellow soldiers there, then where could we? My soldiers knew me. They knew I would lead the fight with them, and they now they knew I was also capable of mourning along with them. I don't regret it."









Russell has written a powerful and gutsy memoir about his unit's time in Iraq. His story about the capture of Saddam Hussein is exciting in itself. But he doesn't pull any punches in giving a graphic view of the close-quarter fighting that American forces experienced in Iraq and continue to experience today in Afghanistan.

The Roman Barbarian Wars: The Era of Roman Conquest by Ludwig Heinrich Dyck, Trafford Publishing, Bloomington, IN, 2011, 279 pp., illustrations, notes, index, $31.95, hardcover.

From its founding, Rome willingly chose a path of war to expand its borders and forcibly take the minerals, natural resources, and slaves it needed to maintain its hold on the vast territories and peoples it had vanquished. The Roman army fought a series of pitched battles for centuries to conquer the barbarians of Gaul, in present-day France and Germany. Many Roman commanders, however, found the arduous task easier said than done. The various tribes were fierce warriors in their own right and did not capitulate without a fight, in some cases even defeating and annihilating their would-be conquerors. This was the case with Gallic chieftain Arminius's decisive victory over the three legions of Varus at the Battle of the Teutoburger Forest in AD 9.

The author, a frequent contributor to *Military Heritage,* takes the reader from the birth of Rome to the death of Germanicus in AD 19. As he states in the introduction, the book slowly evolved from articles he had written for military history publications. By weaving all of these short accounts into one volume, Dyck presents not only a historically accurate account of the era, but an entertaining one as well. No less than seven chapters are devoted to the most legendary of Rome's generals, Julius Caesar, who spent years attempting to subjugate the warlike Celtic hordes. A sly and crafty politician, Caesar realized early on that he needed a signature military triumph to increase his popularity among his fellow Romans. And victories he gave them.

Although some of his claims of the enemy's strength and casualties need to be taken with a proverbial grain of salt, Caesar nonetheless proved to be a talented military leader. Not only did his victories on the battlefield fill Rome's coffers with loot and slaves to do the empire's manual labor, they also greatly contributed to his personal fame and glory. His glowing reputation as one of Rome's greatest generals ironically brought about his downfall. Caesar was assassinated in 44 BC by his political opponents, but not before he had created a dynasty that would rule for centuries.

Dyck has produced an engaging, well-written book that not only discusses the campaigns and leaders of the period, but also gives a detailed look at tactics, clothing, and weapons as well. It is popular history at its best.

Inside SEAL Team Six: My Life and Missions with America's Elite Warriors by Don Mann with Ralph Pezzullo, Little, Brown, New York, 2012, 304 pp., index, $16.99, softcover.

In the past, the exploits of SEAL Team Six, regarded by many to be the most highly trained unit in U.S. history, has never been openly discussed. However, with the recent takedown of Osama bin Laden, the elite group has become the focus of media attention, even though their missions remain highly classified.

Massachusetts native Don Mann, a former member of this special unit, has written a no-holds-barred account of his time with the team. Although some of the information has been redacted, Mann and co-author Ralph Pezzullo decided to leave in the blacked out paragraphs and words. Even with the missing information, the book delivers a powerful portrayal of what it is like to undergo training and participate in dangerous behind-the-lines operations that took Mann and his SEALs all over the world.

A kid with a penchant for getting into trouble growing up, Mann credits the U.S. Navy, particularly the SEALs, with saving him from a life of drugs and prison. Upon graduation from boot camp, he went on to corpsman school and later volunteered for the SEALs.

Mann's description of the intense training while attending BUDs School to qualify as a SEAL is well written. His description of the missions he went on, including ones in Somalia, Panama, and El Salvador, are action-packed and entertaining. *Inside SEAL Team Six* gives readers a colorful picture of what a SEAL endures when selected to become part of America's most respected combat unit.

Mr. and Mrs. Madison's War: America's First Couple and the Second War of Independence by Hugh Howard, Bloomsbury Books, New York, 2012, 384 pp., maps, illustrations, notes, index, $30.00, hardcover.

The War of 1812, also referred to as America's Second War of Independence, is arguably one of the least understood conflicts in U.S. history. Extremely unpopular at the time, many citizens were against going to war with England for a second time in three decades and directed their wrath toward the man who had declared it—President James Madison. The British still considered America an upstart nation. In many ways, they were correct. The newly created United States of America was still trying to emerge from the lengthy shadow of Great Britain.

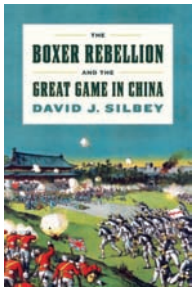
The war saw the organization and building of the U.S. Navy. In fact, America's naval commanders enjoyed great success on the high seas, especially during the early phases of the fighting. The army, unfortunately, did not. It was the rout of U.S. forces at Bladensburg, Maryland, called the "Bladensburg Races," in August 1814 that paved the way for the destruction of Washington, D.C., by British forces.

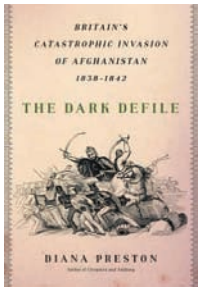
Despite all the setbacks, the United States negotiated a treaty at Ghent, Belgium, that was satisfactory to both sides. Now with the 200-year anniversary of the war upon us, the author reminds us that the War of 1812 brought much change to the United States. As the *London Times* adeptly observed in 1817, referring to their former colonies several years after the war had ended, "Their first war with England made them independent; their second made them formidable."

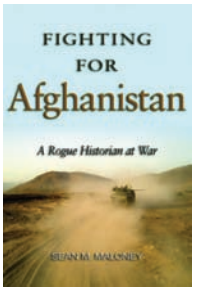
The Perfect Wreck: "Old Ironsides" and HMS Java: A Story of 1812 by Steven E. Maffeo, Fireship Press, Tucson, AZ, 2011, 361 pp., glossary, notes, $24.95, softcover.

This book is a vivid account of the legendary three-hour naval battle between the HMS *Java,* a British 38-gun frigate, and the 54-gun USS *Constitution,* nicknamed "Old Ironsides," in

December 1812. After hours of maneuvering to gain the upper hand, the vessels were locked in mortal combat as they fired repeated broadsides at each other. In the end, *Constitution* outlasted her opponent. *Java*'s captain, Henry Lambert, was seriously wounded and later died from his wounds. Captain William Bainbridge, commander of "Old Ironsides," was also wounded but survived the engagement.







The book follows each ship's travels until they finally met just after Christmas Day, providing an excellent account of the sea combat that followed. For both naval history enthusiasts and general history buffs, Maffeo's book is an enlightening read.

The Boxer Rebellion and the Great Game in China by David J. Silbey, Hill and Wang, New York, 2012, 272 pp., illustrations, notes, index, $26.95, hardcover.

With the end of the Spanish-American War in 1898, the United States was beginning to flex its expansionist muscles on the world stage. With the acquisition of the Philippine Islands, Guam, and Wake Island, American sights turned toward China. The European powers had had their teeth in the giant nation for centuries, and the Chinese were unable to resist their combined military might.

Then, in 1900, a group calling themselves the Society of Righteous Harmonious Fists, or the Boxers, rose up and called for China to oust the foreign devils. The Boxers denounced the long-standing opium trade, imperialistic interference with the Chinese government, and Christian missionaries. For 55 days they held hostages from eight of the foreign nations inside the Legation Quarter in Peking, until a 20,000-man force comprised of the various American and European armies arrived to lift the siege.

The author examines the events leading to the insurrection, siege, and aftermath. Described as "half-devil and half-child," the Boxers "were a movement of the lower classes," the author notes. An extremely nationalistic group bent on preserving their cultural identity, the Boxers appealed to those Chinese who viewed foreign intervention as evil and wanted it eradicated. As the author writes, "Of all the actors involved in this story, the Boxers, despite their violence, were perhaps the least sinning."

The Dark Defile: Britain's Catastrophic Invasion of Afghanistan, 1838-1842 by Diana Preston, Walker Publishing Company, New York, 2012, 320 pp., maps, illustrations, notes, bibliography, $26.00, hardcover.

On the afternoon of January 13, 1842, British sentries at Jalalabad, Afghanistan, watched in amazement as a lone rider approached the gate. It was Assistant Surgeon Dr. William Brydon, the only survivor of the British contingent at Kabul. Despite horrendous wounds, Brydon survived to tell a story of the massacre of men, women, and children at the hands of savage Afghan tribesmen.

In her newest book, historian Diana Preston writes a first-rate account of the First Afghan War (1839-1842), one of the worst military disasters in the history of the British Army. Worried that Russia, Persia and the Afghan tribes might pose a serious threat to her Indian Empire, Great Britain invaded the landlocked nation to drive their leader, Dost Mohammed, from power and replace him with unpopular Shah Shuja, whom the British could control. These moves, like a giant chess match, were referred to as "the Great Game," pitting two adversaries, Great Britain and Russia, against each other for control of Central Asia.

Despite their fighting prowess, British soldiers suffered a disastrous defeat. The unification of the Afghan tribes, coupled with the harsh terrain and bitterly cold weather, proved to be their downfall. Thousands were killed before the British Army finally made a hasty retreat from the country.

Preston give details of the unrelenting combat and does a good job of explaining the behind-the-scene politics that led to the disastrous campaign, providing a slice of history that remains pertinent today because of the current situation in Afghanistan, nearly 175 years after the First Afghan War took place.

Fighting for Afghanistan: A Rogue Historian at War by Sean M. Maloney, Naval Institute Press, Annapolis, MD, 2011, 352 pp., illustrations, photographs, notes, index, $42.95, hardcover.

This book takes readers from 19th-century Afghanistan to the present-day war in that barren country. The author, who has spent considerable time covering the conflict from the Canadian perspective, focuses primarily on the summer 2006 timeframe. Canadian forces fought heroically to quell the many factions involved in the insurgency, everyone from the Taliban to professional gunmen hired by drug czars for their private armies.

Although he has visited the war-torn nation on numerous occasions, Maloney believes that the situation was most desperate during that long, hot summer of 2006. His book is an eyewitness account of that period and a broader look at the often-confusing war that Canada and her allies have been embroiled in for the past decade.

Black April: The Fall of South Vietnam, 1973-1975 by George J. Veith, Encounter Books, New York, 2012, 606 pp., notes, $29.95, hardcover.

This well-written account of the fall of South Vietnam concentrates on the last two years of the war involving the communist forces of North Vietnam and the South Vietnamese Army. Although both countries signed the Paris Peace Accords in 1973, the treaty was not worth the paper it was written on. Hanoi began breaking the pact almost immediately and shuffled troops into South Vietnam to prepare for an all-out assault. The author gives numerous examples of the fighting prowess of the Army of the Republic of South Vietnam (ARVN), attempting to dispel the myth that ARVN soldiers and commanders were ill-trained and not on par with their northern relatives.

Hanoi kept a keen eye on the events in Washington. When Congress slashed funding for South Vietnam, the communists took it as a cue to strike and conquer the country. Veith obtained documents from both sides dating from that turbulent period and provides an insightful description of the actions of major military and political figures. Despite errors made by the South Vietnamese government, he strongly feels that with proper financial assistance and continued American involvement after the cease-fire, the situation might have turned out differently.

We will never know if that sunnier scenario would have occurred. What we do know is that the Saigon government fell and the American public witnessed U.S. advisers making a hasty and humiliating exit from the rooftops of the American embassy in Saigon. It is an image that remains difficult to erase. □

By Joseph Luster

Tropico 4: For the Would-Be Dictator

Ruling your own island can be addictive!

World and city-building strategy titles tend to skew toward a very distinct audience. After all, not everyone wants to be saddled with the overwhelming responsibility of developing and maintaining an entire civilization. With that in mind, *Tropico 4* is for all the would-be dictators out there—those who dream of dominating their very own tropical island, maintaining ever-changing relationships with surrounding nations, and raking countless stacks of money into their Swiss bank accounts. It also happens to be really well suited to those who merely dabble—or aspire to dabble—in the genre.

PUBLISHER
Kalypso Media

SYSTEM(S)
Xbox 360, PC

AVAILABLE
Now

Tropico 4's Tutorial Mode can seem a little intense at first, with pages of text instructions—delivered via cheerful, heavily accented voiceovers—popping up after almost every single move made. It's definitely a necessity for those new to the series, though, and its hand-holding pays off when the full campaign kicks into gear. Things start off simple enough: as El Presidente you must first and foremost make sure your citizens are fed; healthy and happy locals are the key to a successful rule. Falter in these duties early on and you'll be one step away from a rising resistance.

As you progress, more and more responsibilities are stacked on an already heaping plate. Hiring educated foreigners to staff much-needed clinics is vital in the beginning, but you'll want to develop your island's education system so you can raise your own in-house geniuses and rely less on imported resources. You'll also want to make sure you're manufacturing and exporting enough goods to keep the local economy thriving, and while piling up debt is bound to happen, you'll want to make sure some of those loot-cakes make their way into your own pocket at the end of the day.

Those days, months, and years can go by as quickly or as slowly as you prefer thanks to the ability to manipulate time. What, you didn't know that was one of the perks that comes with political power? Pausing time is essential—especially when time-sensitive issues arise—allowing for a few moments to think things through before making some rash moves that could send your rule in the wrong direction. When more and more events and issues build up, *Tropico 4* becomes a delicate game of bending time in just the right way; speed things up to facilitate crucial constructions, and slow it down to make your next island-shattering executive decision.

The fact that I got a little too attached to the city I created in the tutorial was certainly a good sign of things to come, and the campaign doesn't disappoint. *Tropico 4* is at its best when you hit that zen-like groove of building and expand-

PREVIEW

Total War: Shogun 2: Fall of the Samurai

PUBLISHER
Sega

SYSTEM(S)
PC

AVAILABLE
March 23

If your war gaming tastes tend to fall deeper into the past, you might already be a fan of The Creative Assembly's *Total War* series, which has covered subjects and settings ranging from Napoleon to Rome. Its *Shogun* subseries takes the battle to 16th-century feudal Japan, tasking the player with managing one of a few rival clans in an attempt to rule over the whole country.

Fall of the Samurai, a full stand-alone expansion, is set to conclude the saga of samurai-era Japan near the end of March. With this period coming to a close, players can back the rising Imperial power or the Shogunate of old, effectively choosing which future the country will be carried toward. *Fall of the Samurai* offers six new playable clans, some of which fall on the side of the more modern movement, while others continue to fight in allegiance with the old Shogun.

The expansion also includes a beefed-up campaign map, new features like railways and naval bombardments, and brand new units. Among the 39 added units are Gatling guns, U.S. Marines, British Royal Marines, and 10 new ship types. All of this plus three new agent types, four new historical scenarios, and fresh siege-battle mechanics make *Fall of the Samurai* out to be a substantial new chapter in the *Total War: Shogun* saga.

ing; it's truly satisfying to see the beast of a city that now sits on that once-barren (okay, it was actually gorgeous and you may have completely ruined it) island. That also means it's extra stressful when everything starts going down the toilet. Mismanaging your money is one thing—and yes, it's something that happened to me frequently—but dealing with disgruntled citizens can really send things spiraling. No one expects you to keep everyone happy, but it wouldn't hurt to come close.

Thus, the levels of management in *Tropico 4* can end up running mighty deep, kind of like when you start clicking link after link on Wikipedia and end up learning all about nuclear fusion when you really just wanted to read a quick overview of jazz, or pinpoint the air date of a specific *Thundercats* episode. As the unstoppable GOD, I mean dictator, of this land, you can click on individual citizens and find out exactly how they're feeling at any particular moment. A warning to those who are even mildly obsessive-compulsive when it comes to this type of game, this feature combined with the ever-helpful Almanac could potentially keep time in pause mode indefinitely. I know on a handful of occasions I found myself spending more time reading and debating what to do next than I did actually taking said actions.

Interacting on a closer level eventually became one of my favorite aspects of *Tropico 4*. A local restaurant isn't doing so hot in the customer service department? Take to the streets and march your little leader right inside to straighten things up. If only it were possible to complete every task in such a hands-on manner, but there's also the occasional threat of natural disaster, the delicate balance of foreign relations, and myriad other ways to spend your time as the eye in the sky. Whether the resulting rule will be compassionate, corrupt, or somewhere in a nice, cozy spot between the two, is ultimately up to the player. Either way, there's no shortage of ways to rule the land in *Tropico 4*, and would-be city builders who haven't tried it yet would be wise to test its brilliantly blue waters. □

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peleliu

Continued from page 31

asked for the help he so badly needed but, like Rupertus, he could not bring himself to do so.

Puller's condition and his tenuous grasp of reality were the final straws for Geiger. The corps commander believed that Puller should have flanked and enveloped the Umurbrogol rather than attacking it head on. Geiger proceeded immediately to Rupertus's command post and told Rupertus that the 1st Marine Regiment was finished as a fighting unit. The regiment was to be removed not just from the line but from the battle altogether, and sent back to Pavuvu where the unit could be rebuilt for future campaigns. He told Rupertus he intended to replace them with the Army's 321st Infantry. "At this, General Rupertus became greatly alarmed and requested that no such attention be taken," Coleman wrote, "stating that he was sure he could secure the island in another day or two." Geiger overruled him. The battle was over for the 1st Marines, and the Army would replace them.

The Marines of the 1st Regiment had literally given everything they could give at the Umurbrogol. They had fought, sweated, bled, and cried. They had performed with a gallantry that was nearly superhuman. Indeed, General Smith later wondered how they were able to capture as much ground as they did. Now, at last, thanks to Geiger's intercession, their hell on earth was finally over. As they left the line, one of them said: "We're not a regiment. We're the survivors of a regiment." Another one later added: "We were no longer even human beings."

Geiger's decision brought an end to the costliest amphibious assault in Marine Corps history. The Marines lost 6,786 men killed or wounded at Peleliu, including a staggering 1,672 casualties suffered by the 1st Regiment in 200 hours of fighting. The 1st Battalion, 1st Regiment alone suffered a 71 percent casualty rate. By the time it was withdrawn, only 74 men were left standing from nine rifle companies. Pfc. Eugene B. Sledge, author of the classic World War II memoir *With the Old Breed: At Peleliu and Okinawa* later wrote: "We in the 5th Marines had many a dead or wounded friend to report about from our ranks, but the men in the 1st Marines had so many it was appalling."

In some ways the divisional commander, William Rupertus, was the final casualty of Peleliu. After the campaign he returned stateside in November 1944 to become commandant of the Marine Corps Schools at Quantico, Virginia. Worn out and shaken by the meat grinder at Peleliu, Rupertus died of a heart attack in March 1945. □

pickett's mill

Continued from page 51

comrade, less spiritually transported, looked at the pitiful scattering of letters and ambrotypes among the Union dead and thought of the mothers, sisters, and friends who had sent them to the soldiers in the first place. "Though they had been my enemies, my heart bled at the sickening scene," the Southerner reported.

In the aftermath of the miscarried battle, an embarrassed cloak of silence, if not outright secrecy, immediately surrounded the Union high command at Pickett's Mill. The ordinarily loquacious Sherman casually informed General-in-Chief Henry Halleck in Washington, "We have had many sharp, severe encounters, but nothing decisive." Beyond that vague mention, Sherman never wrote a single word about Pickett's Mill in his official reports or his best-selling memoirs. Howard, too, fell silent—an unaccustomed state of affairs for the usually bombastic general.

It remained for 1st Lt. Ambrose Bierce alone to remember his fallen comrades at Pickett's Mill. Settling in San Francisco after the war, Bierce became a well-known and much-feared newspaper columnist, the "wickedest man in San Francisco," as one nickname put it. On May 27, 1888—the 24th anniversary of the Battle of Pickett's Mill—Bierce published an account of the butchery in his newspaper, the *San Francisco Examiner*. He titled it: "The Crime at Pickett's Mill: A Plain Account of a Bad Half Hour with Joe Johnston." It had been that, and more. Indeed, for some 700 Union soldiers in the north Georgia woods, it had been the last day of their lives. Nor did Bierce, with his hard-won cynicism, have much faith in history eventually doing justice to the dead at Pickett's Mill. As he defined it in his tart work of lexicography *The Devil's Dictionary,* history was merely "an account mostly false, of events mostly unimportant, which are brought about by rulers mostly knaves, and soldiers mostly fools."

There were knaves aplenty at Pickett's Mill, most of them in positions of leadership in the Union ranks. And as usual, it was the "fools"—the common soldiers under their command—who paid in blood for the mistakes made by their misbegotten commanders. Years later, Bierce was still challenging Howard to write "one line" about the fallen of Pickett's Mill, but "the consummate master of the art of needless defeat" continued "to ignore their hopeless heroism." It did not surprise Bierce, and it probably would not have surprised his dead comrades at Pickett's Mill, but they were now beyond all caring. □

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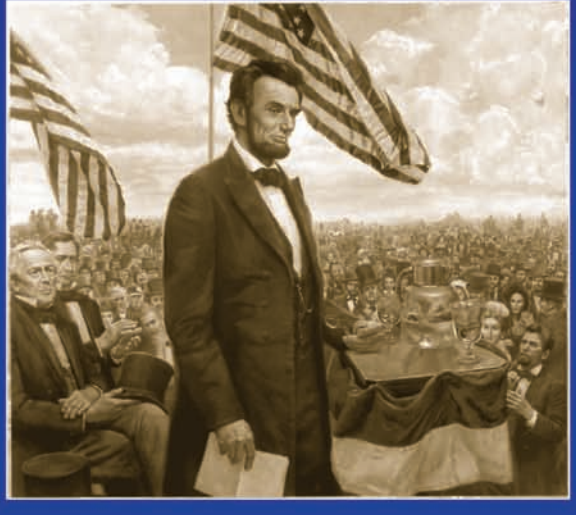

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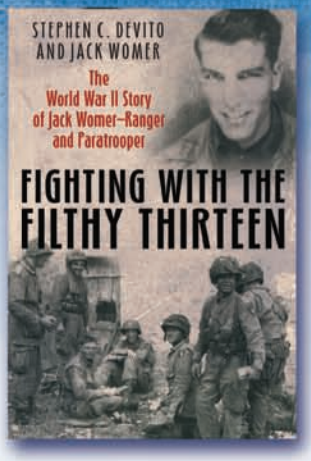

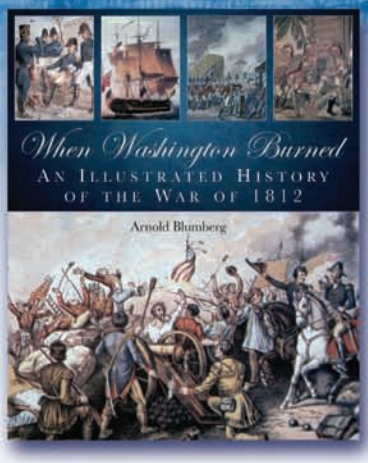

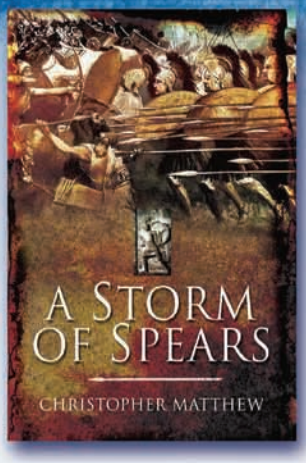

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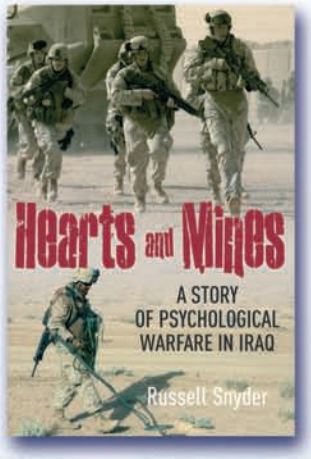

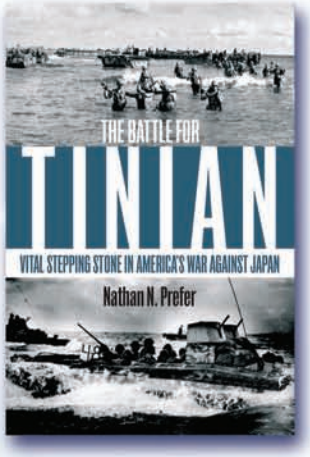

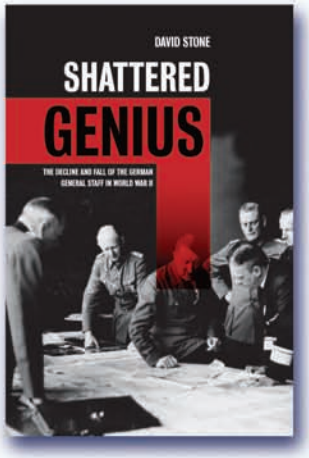

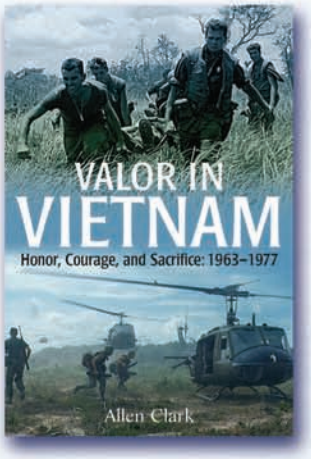

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