Curtis 02315

MILITARY HERITAGE

STONEWALL'S BLUNDER AT KERNSTOWN

World War II
LAST STAND AT WAKE ISLAND

American Revolution
WASHINGTON'S RALLY AT MONMOUTH

Russo-Japanese War
BLOODBATH IN MANCHURIA

SPANISH DISASTER AT ROCROI

+

WWI GAS MASKS, SIEGE OF ALGIERS, WAR ELEPHANTS, BOOK AND GAME REVIEWS & MORE!

LATE WINTER 2012

$5.99US $6.99CAN

21

0 74470 02313 5

RETAILER: DISPLAY UNTIL FEB. 20

MILITARY HERITAGE • LATE WINTER 2012 Volume 13, No. 4

John D. Hoptak | Instructor, School of Art & Humanities

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

Learn More at www.amuonline.com/ww-history

AMU American Military University

What's This? AMU-QR.com

Art & Humanities | Business | Education | Management
Public Safety & Health | Science & Technology | Security & Global Studies

NORMANDY: IN THE GERMAN'S OWN WORDS

NEW FOR 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

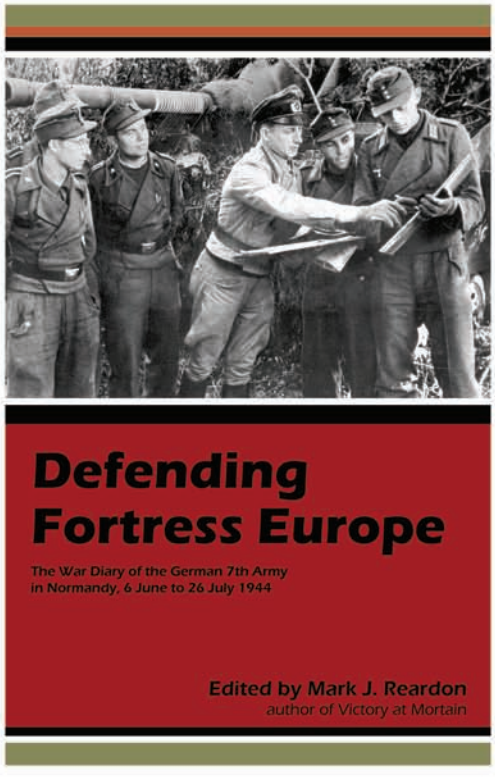
Why another book on Normandy? One reason is because Normandy continues to be regarded as the *decisive* post-1940 campaign in Western Europe. Despite the interest it still generates, English language books dealing with Normandy from a German perspective are few.

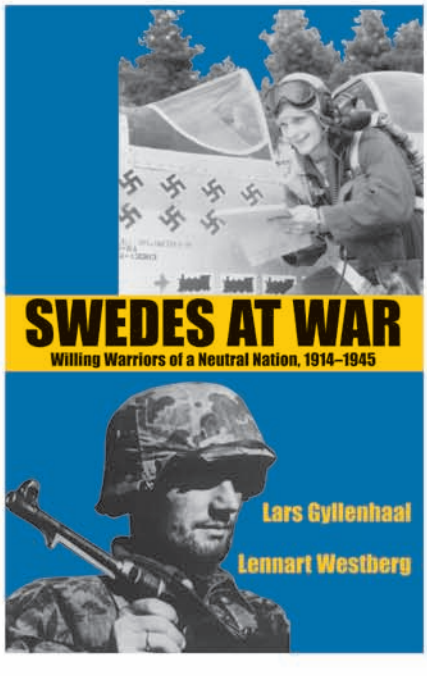
Defending Fortress Europe departs from familiar convention by relying on a hybrid mixture of modern scholarship and primary source material written over 65 years ago. The primary source material consists of the record of daily activities, covering the period from 6 June to 26 July 1944, compiled by a 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.

Defending Fortress Europe provides readers with the first English-language account of what the Germans were saying in their own words during the Normandy campaign. . . . By making the complete text of the 7th Army War Diary available, readers are able to gain a fuller understanding of German actions during the Normandy campaign.

—From the Introduction

Approx. 352 pages. 19 Maps. 41 Photos. Paperbound. $24.95 (t)





"*Swedes at War* busts many myths."
***—Nerikes Allehanda,* Sweden**

Swedes at War: Willing Warriors of a Neutral Nation, 1914–1945
by Lars Gyllenhaal and Lennart Westberg

"A well-documented and very vivid account of Swedes at war during the previous century."
—Journal of Military History, Sweden

Acclaimed authors Lars Gyllenhaal and Lennart Westberg tell the stories of their Swedish countrymen who served in the ranks of the Red Army, the Waffen-SS, the US Army, the French Foreign Legion and a dozen other armies. More than 23,000 not-so-neutral Swedes served in foreign armies between 1914 and 1945, volunteering and fighting across a broad swath of battlefields, motivated by a wide variety of causes and reasons. Enter their worlds in the pages of *Swedes at War,* and follow them from the no-man's lands of World War I to Normandy's hedgerows and the steppes of the Soviet Union.

394 pages. 4 Maps. 134 Photos. 3 Illustrations. Paperbound. $24.95

*Plus shipping: U.S. destinations: $4.00 for the first book, $1.00 for each additional book. International: please contact us for shipping prices.

THE ABERJONA PRESS
"Setting the Highest Standards . . . in *History*"
P.O. Box 629, Bedford, PA 15522
E-mail: aegis@bedford.net

www.aberjonapress.com
Order Toll Free
(866) 265-9063

MILITARY HERITAGE

Late Winter 2012

features

columns

COVER: General Stonewall Jackson leads his men into battle in this painting by Don Troiani. See story page 46. Painting by Don Troiani, www.historicalimagebank.com

Military Heritage (ISSN 1524-8666) is published bimonthly by Sovereign Media, 6731 Whittier Ave., Suite A-100, McLean VA 22101-4554 (703) 964-0361. Periodical postage PAID at McLean, VA, and additional mailing offices. Military Heritage, Volume 13, Number 4 © 2011 by Sovereign Media Company, Inc., all rights reserved. Copyrights to stories and illustrations are the property of their creators. The contents of this publication may not be reproduced in whole or in part without consent of the copyright owner. ***Subscription Services, back issues, and Information:*** 1(800) **219-1187** *or* write to Military Heritage **Circulation, Military Heritage, P.O. Box 1644, Williamsport, PA 17703.** Single copies: $5.99, plus $3 for postage. Yearly subscription in U.S.A.: $18.95; Canada and Overseas: $30.95 (U.S.). Editorial Office: Send editorial mail to Military Heritage, 6731 Whittier Ave., Suite A-100, McLean VA 22101-4554. Military Heritage welcomes editorial submissions but assumes no responsibility for the loss or damage of unsolicited material. Material to be returned should be accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope. We suggest that you send a self-addressed, stamped envelope for a copy of our author's guidelines. **POSTMASTER: Send address changes to Military Heritage, P.O. Box 1644, Williamsport, PA 17703.**

NORMANDY WEEKEND
WORLD WAR II IN EUROPE

2012

with an Experienced Historian

Follow the Greatest Generation from Normandy to Bastogne to Bavaria

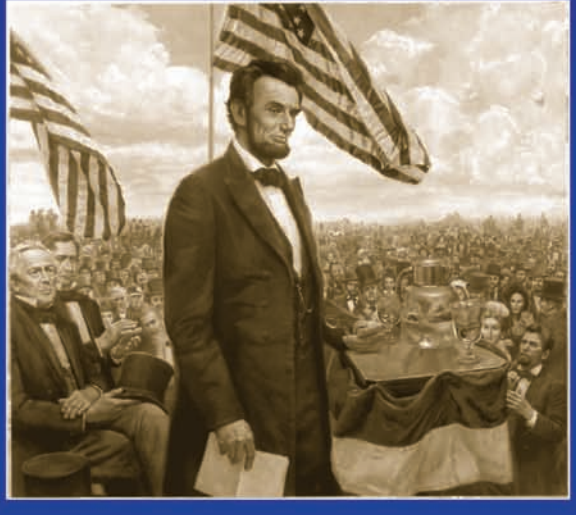
★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

THIS HALLOWED GROUND

A Journey Through the Civil War In Virginia and at Gettysburg

2012

with an Experienced Historian



MATTERHORN TRAVEL
Established 1966
45 years of successful group holidays

For detailed brochures with 2012 dates and prices, please contact:

MATTERHORN TRAVEL

3419 Hidden River View, Annapolis, MD 21403
(800) 638-9150 or (410) 224-2230

www.matterhorntravel.com • Email: holidays@matterhorntravel.com

MILITARY HERITAGE

Attention Subscribers

Important Note From the Publisher

Suspicious Phone Calls and Letters

Some of our readers have received suspicious phone calls or offers in the mail to renew their subscription to this magazine. Follow these steps to make sure your renewal is legitimate:

1. Make sure the renewal notice sent to you lists the date your subscription expires. Check that date against the label on your magazine, which also lists your expiration date. The dates should match.

2. Do not respond to a telephone solitation for a renewal unless your subscription has expired. We do not phone subscribers until their subscription expires.

3. Make sure the return envelopes in your renewal notice go to this magazine in Williamsport, PA.

4. *If you are uncertain about any offer you receive, call us at 1-800-219-1187 (toll free).*

editorial

Turner Ashby's career as a Confederate cavalier was short but memorable. He almost fought a duel with Stonewall Jackson.

EVEN IN AN ARMY NOT LACKING FOR LARGER-THAN-LIFE figures, Confederate cavalry leader Turner Ashby stood out from the crowd. Although not particularly tall—about five feet, 10 inches—there was something about Ashby that commanded attention. Maybe it was his dark, bushy beard, or his equally dark, ever-darting eyes.

Whatever it was, people noticed Ashby. "His face was the kind that cannot be photographed," said his friend, Lieutenant Henry Kyd Douglas. "Riding his black stallion, he looked like a knight of the olden time, galloping over the field on his favorite war horse." Ashby augmented his style with a battle costume that included spyglass, gauntlets, and fox-hunting horn—all the accoutrements of a Virginia-born gentleman.

As cavalry chief for the legendary Thomas "Stonewall" Jackson, Ashby naturally took on some of the glamour surrounding the South's most-vaunted warrior. Like others around Jackson, Ashby grew in stature from his close proximity to the famous Stonewall, even if the two did not always see eye to eye. The religious, liquor-abjuring Jackson frequently had to look the other way when Ashby and his looting, carousing horsemen in the 7th Virginia passed by.

Following the less than stellar Battle of Kernstown, Jackson took steps to rein in the unpredictable Ashby. Nettled by the way that Ashby had let some of his horsemen wander carelessly around Kernstown on the mistaken notion they would not be needed until the next day, Jackson divided Ashby's regiment in half, assigning equal parts to his two infantry commanders. He intended, said Jackson, "to have the cavalry of this district more thoroughly organized, drilled and disciplined."

Surprised and mortified by the demotion, Ashby considered challenging Jackson to a duel—only Jackson's superior rank prevented the two headstrong men from coming to blows. Instead, Ashby announced his intention to leave the army. "This indignity," he said, "leaves me in utter astonishment. For the last two months I have saved the Army of the Valley from being utterly destroyed."

If Jackson thought he was merely disciplining Ashby, he was wrong. The hard-riding horsemen in his command immediately let it be known that if their longtime leader left the army, they would leave with him. It was a tribute to Ashby's personal charisma that the notably fractious Southern cavalrymen refused to serve under anyone else.

Jackson backed down, reinstating Ashby to full command and averting a calamitous mutiny at the outset of the famous Valley Campaign. Ashby agreed to tighten his discipline, and after he was promoted to brigadier general in late May 1862, Jackson took the opportunity to urge the cavalryman to be more careful. "As it seems you are now to command a brigade," Jackson told him, "perhaps the country may now hope for less exposure of your person."

It was well-considered advice, but Ashby—as usual—did not heed it. Instead, on the afternoon of June 6, 1862, while leading a counterattack during an insignificant skirmish with Union cavalry outside Harrisonburg, Virginia, Ashby had his horse shot from under him. Dismounting, he was waving his sword and calling for his men to follow him when he was fatally struck by a bullet that passed through his right forearm and pierced his heart, killing him almost instantly.

Jackson was hit hard by his cavalry leader's death. Before Ashby's temporary burial at Port Republic, Jackson spent some time alone, communing with Ashby's remains in the parlor of the Frank Kemper home in the center of the village. He left, remarked an aide, "with a solemn and elevated countenance."

Ten months later, in a routine report, Jackson paid unusually emotional tribute to the fallen horseman. "An official report is not an appropriate place for more than a passing notice of the distinguished dead," Jackson wrote, "but the close relationship which General Ashby bore to my command will justify me in saying that as a partisan officer I never knew his superior. His daring was proverbial. His powers of endurance incredible. His tone of character heroic, and his sagacity almost intuitive in divining the purposes of the enemy."

Jackson might almost have been describing himself.

Roy Morris Jr.

MILITARY HERITAGE

VOLUME 13, NUMBER 4

CARL A. GNAM, JR.
Editorial Director, Founder

ROY MORRIS JR.
Editor
editor@militaryheritagemagazine.com

LAURA CLEVELAND
Managing Editor

SAMANTHA DeTULLEO
Art Director

MATTHEW CHESER
Research Assistant

Contributors:
Bruce Ware Allen, Kelly Bell, Louis Ciotola, Al Hemingway, David Ison, Joseph Luster, Eric Niderost, Peter Suciu, John Walker, Lawrence Weber, William E. Welsh

ADVERTISING OFFICE:

BEN BOYLES
Advertising Executive
benjaminb@sovhomestead.com
(570) 322-7848, ext. 130

MARK HINTZ
Chief Executive Officer

LIZ BOWER
Subscription Customer Services
sovereign@publishersserviceassociates.com

KEN FORNWALT
Data Processing Director

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
Worldwide Distribution

SOVEREIGN MEDIA COMPANY, INC.
6731 Whittier Ave., Suite A-100
McLean, VA 22101-4554

SUBSCRIPTION, CUSTOMER SERVICE, AND BUSINESS OFFICE
1000 Commerce Park Drive, Suite 300
Williamsport, PA 17701

(800) 219-1187

PRINTED IN THE U.S.A.

By Bruce Ware Allen

In 1541, Holy Roman Emperor Charles V launched an armada to seize Algiers and crush the "King of Evil."

IN THE LATE SUMMER 1541, 40 WARSHIPS APPEARED OFF THE SHORES OF Sardinia, part of a grand armada gathered by Charles the V of Spain, Holy Roman Emperor. Local residents, desperate to impress the important guests, scoured the countryside for a suitable gift. It took a while, but in the end they presented Charles with a two-headed calf. Many of those present took the gift to be a bad omen.

They were right to be concerned, but the two-headed calf was the least of their problems. The armada was the result of nearly a year's planning, far longer than usual for Renaissance-era warfare. Charles might have set off earlier, but he chose to pass the summer at the Diet of Regensburg, listening to the leaders of his empire's Catholic and Protestant factions trying to reconcile questions of Christian doctrine. His military deputies, meanwhile, were getting more and more nervous. When would Charles follow the pope's advice and head east to battle the sultan?

With the symbolic dove of peace hovering above him, Charles V sits astride a white horse in all his imperial splendor.

All images: Public Domain

It was not until June 29 that Charles was finally able to leave the theological debates and head south. His target was Khairedihn Barbarossa, governor of Algiers, leader of the Barbary corsairs, and a man known throughout the Christian Mediterranean as the "King of Evil." Barbarossa was the inevitable result of policies dating back to Spanish King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella, Charles's grandparents. In 1492, Spain had expelled all Jews and many Muslims from the Iberian Peninsula, resulting in a mass of angry, footloose Spanish Muslims settling on North African shores and preying on Spanish ships. It was fast money, and their success attracted sailors from the east, including the so-called Barbarossa brothers.

Sons of a retired janissary from the island of Lesbos, the brothers arrived at the city of Tunis in a pair of eight-oared vessels not much larger than long boats. They were, however, large enough to capture merchant ships, and the brothers went from success to success, gathering like-minded adventurers at every turn. In time, sheiks of the various North African cities employed the Bar-

barossas to kick out Spanish troops from their strongholds. It was not always easy work. The elder brother, Aroudj, lost an arm to a Spanish cannon ball (he replaced it with a prosthetic made of silver). Eventually, Aroudj ended up ruling Algiers after assassinating the sheik who had hired him to protect it.

Aroudj went too far, however, by taking the city of Tlemcen, dangerously close to Oran. The sheik of Oran, together with his ally, Charles V, gathered a considerable army and marched on the city. Aroudj fled, casting gold coins behind him as a distraction. The army ignored them. Eventually cornered, Aroudj went down swinging, "to the very last gasp, like a lion," according to one observer's account. Aroudj's corpse was put on display in Spain to reassure the populace. His cape went to Cordoba, where it adorned the Chapel of St. Jerome.

That might have been the end of the matter, had it not been for his younger brother, Khairedihn. Not as vicious as Aroudj, Khairedihn proved to be a better tactician, strategist, and political manipulator. As soon as he got news of his brother's death, he gathered the people of Algiers and announced that he could do no more for them. The people begged him to stay, and he agreed, but only on condition that he obtain Ottoman protection. Within weeks, Sultan Selim blessed the venture, sending 2,000 janissaries and 4,000 militia to garrison the city and elevating Khairedihn to governor of the new Ottoman eyalet, or border state.

For the moment, Selim was busy with land campaigns in central Europe and Persia. He had little control over the petty sheikdoms of North Africa and was happy to let pirates and corsairs distract his Spanish enemy in the western Mediterranean. Day to day, there was little change in the coming years. Algiers adopted the administrative patterns of the Ottoman Empire, raiding continued, and a new sultan, Suleiman the Magnificent, eventually settled onto the throne.

Things might have gone on like this indefinitely if not for two serendipitous events. In 1528, Genoese Admiral Andrea Doria approached Charles and offered his services, as well as those of his considerable personal fleet. Doria was the West's answer to Khairedihn, an independent condottiere who fought for pay. Until recently his chief European ally had been King Francis I of France, but the king had lost Doria's services by pointless insult. Charles proved a better customer.

Three years later, the fighting knights of St. John accepted Charles's offer of a new home on the island of Malta and the city of Tripoli. In exchange, they paid annual rent to the emperor. Charles was happy to have a self-financing group of soldiers to protect the approaches to Sicily, and the knights, having been kicked out of Rhodes in 1522, were happy for a place to restart operations. Although neither the admiral nor the knights were under the emperor's direct command, they would both prove more than ready to take on the Muslim enemy when called. Charles was perfectly placed to quash the Barbary corsairs once and for all.

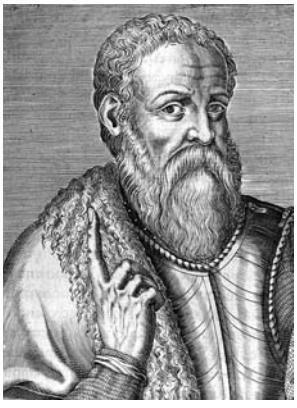
In 1536, Charles retook Tunis from Barbarossa and the Barbary corsairs, capturing 80 enemy ships in the process.

It didn't turn out that way. Instead, the knights headed east for short raids on an Ottoman city, Methoni, in what is now Greece. In true pirate fashion, they burned, looted, and dragged off captives for ransom or the galley benches. The following year, they joined Doria on a sanctioned trip to Koroni, also now part of Greece, which they seized for the Pope. (Charles decided the place was too great an expense and let it slide back after two years.)

If the booty was trivial, the political consequences were catastrophic. Suleiman, heretofore content to leave the western Mediterranean alone, now decided that he must address the insult. His fleet, chiefly dedicated to policing the eastern Mediterranean and the Red Sea, would have to expand into the west. Money was no object, and he was fortunate in having Khairedihn on his side. No longer a mere pirate or corsair, Khairedihn was promoted to *kapudan* pasha, grand admiral of a sovereign empire.

The new fleet started off well, ravaging the Italian coast—neither Doria nor the knights had the nerve to come to and fight—and showing just how vulnerable Europe was. Eventually, Khairedihn headed south to his real target, the city of Tunis, which he plucked with contemptible ease from its dissolute ruler, Muley Hassan, in 1535. But, like Tlemcen, this was too close to Spanish interests. Charles roused himself and the next year retook Tunis, captured 80 of Khairedihn's ships, and reinstalled the sycophant Muley Hassan as his puppet. The triumph was marred only by Khairedihn's escape and subsequent return to raiding Charles's coastlines.

It was another five years before Charles decided to match his success in Tunis with the capture of Algiers. The decision was not universally welcomed. The Pope urged him to push back Suleiman on land. Doria advised that he continue a policy of raiding the eastern Mediterranean. Charles was not swayed by either argument. He was, however, cautious. The Ottoman fleet had grown in these past years, and Charles did not want to risk his own ships in an all-or-nothing sea battle. He tarried that summer at Regensburg until July 29, then made for the coast. Once he had arrived at the water's edge, contrary winds kept Charles from heading west-



Left to right, Conquistador Hernan Cortez, Admiral Andrea Doria and Khairedihn Barbarossa, "the King of Evil."

ward. By October 15, the armada was still in port in Majorca, due north of Algiers. Charles's lieutenants—Andrea Doria and Hernan Cortez among them—were nervous. To sail so late in the season was a risk that few professional sailors were willing to make.

But Charles, a man of iron faith, believed he had God's favor. He also knew how much money he had spent. True, his low-hulled galleys would have to cross 100 miles of potentially stormy seas. But to counter him, the Ottomans would have to get their fleet up to speed and send it more than 500 miles. He was confident that they would have neither the time nor the courage to try. Without the threat of an Ottoman relief force, he would be able to take Algiers undisturbed.

Charles ordered his 24,000 men, Spanish foot soldiers, German *landsknechte,* Italian condottiere, knights of St. John, and several cavalry units onto 290 ships and headed south. He would have preferred to have been facing Khairedihn himself, but the wily old corsair was safely in Constantinople, leaving Algiers in the hands of his lieutenant, Hassan Agha.

Hassan knew that Charles was coming. The emperor had tried to buy him off through Spanish intermediaries in Oran. Hassan had turned him down and did not seem overly concerned at the prospect of invasion. Hassan concentrated on the upcoming wedding feast of his son, a magnificent affair of music, feasting, and games to which a good part of the city was invited. Only after the party was over did Hassan set about ordering defensive measures. Anything useful to the enemy outside the walls was destroyed, including Hassan's own garden. All local inhabitants and visitors were given weapons and put on the wall.

Even Hassan must have been surprised at the spectacle of the fleet as it came into view, "so large," wrote a Muslim chronicler, "that they could not be counted." As Doria and others had predicted, the weather was highly unstable. The ships dropped anchor in the wide bay seven miles off the city, but rough waters made it impossible to offload men and cargo.

For two days, the inhabitants of Algiers could look out over the white walls and see the invading armada bouncing on an excitable sea. At least one ship sank—Muslims claimed it was Christian, Christians said it was Turkish. Mass was held aboard ship on October 23, and as the sun came out, Charles and his men were finally able to go ashore.

Getting the men ashore was one thing—getting their equipment to them was quite another.

The mammoth siege guns, vital for taking down city walls, needed a calmer sea and a secured landing zone for offloading, and Doria was unsatisfied with current conditions. So with little more than their personal weapons, the soldiers marched west for three miles, Spanish, Neapolitans, and Sicilians in the van, Italians and knights in the main, and Germans as the rear guard.

Charles soon learned that Hassan had not been utterly passive in his defense tactics. Some men of the armada drank from a nearby stream, and as soon as they had drunk, they fell over dead. Engineers headed upstream and found the spring source in the hills had been dosed with arsenic. Nor was that all. Berber horsemen quickly attacked, firing spears and arrows to draw the invaders out of formation, then picking off the isolated men at leisure.

On October 24, Charles sent a herald under white flag and demanded surrender. Hassan, born a Christian, was invited to return to the faith and join the empire. The herald also reminded Hassan what he could expect if Charles took the place by force: utter destruction and extermination. Hassan refused. He had 1,000 janissaries and 5,000 armed auxiliaries on hand, and he also claimed to have fate on his side. He told the herald that, years before, an old enchantress had predicted that any Christian emperor who invaded "out of season" would be devastated.

This period engraving depicts the ill-fated siege of Algiers, which literally foundered in bad weather and high seas.

Charles was not put off by other men's superstitions. Doria moved his ships closer to shore to offload heavy artillery and other machines of war. It began well, but by afternoon, gray clouds moved in and it began to rain. Winds of uncommon fury kicked up the sea. Ships rose and fell on waves, straining their anchor cables, their passengers terrified

Continued on page 65

By David Ison

From their first battlefield use in India 3,000 years ago, war elephants functioned as living tanks.

IMAGINE A TIME WHEN HUMAN KNOWLEDGE OF ELEPHANTS WAS NOT widespread. Just think how threatening these large animals would be coming over a hillside or out of a mist during battle. In addition to their odd and threatening appearance, the sounds the elephants made would have been just as frightening. It is not difficult to appreciate how war elephants struck terror in those who had never seen them before.

Yet the role of elephants went far beyond mental terrorism in war. They provided an excellent means of transportation and could be used to move heavy equipment and supplies over large distances. They were also their own form of cavalry, able to charge at tremendous speed. Their sheer size made war elephants all but unstoppable. Many armies used elephants to charge the opposition, particularly the enemy's cavalry, crushing all who got in the way. On some occasions, the elephants' tusks were mounted with spikes to inflict even more damage. This type of outfit was particularly useful in elephant-on-elephant combat. The sturdy elephants often carried howdahs, or canopied saddles, on their backs, complete with archers and javelin throwers. Larger elephants were outfitted with tower-like devices protecting occupants from ground-level attack and providing an excellent battlefield vantage point.

The first use of elephants by humans began about 4,000 years ago in India. Elephants were initially used for agricultural purposes. They could literally rip trees out of the ground, clearing wide areas for farming and construction. Because they quickly demonstrated their trainability as well as their strength, it was only a matter of time before the giant animals were incorporated into military use. According to Sanskrit sources, this transition took place around 1100 BC.

Many assume that elephants conscripted for military use were domesticated. This is not so. For several reasons (financial considerations probably being the foremost), elephants were rarely bred in captivity. The overwhelming majority of war elephants, in fact, were captured and trained. Male elephants, being inherently aggressive, were used for combat. Female elephants tended to retreat when facing a charging male—obviously not something that was desirable on the battlefield.

There were many traditional ways to trap elephants. One ingenious method employed by inhabitants of the Indus Valley was to dig a circular ditch, creating a dirt island. Across this waterless moat would be a bridge to the raised center. On the central island, captors would place one or more female elephants.

At the Battle of Zama in 202 BC, Hannibal's war elephants terrorized some of Scipio's soldiers, but not enough to defeat the Romans.

All images Public Domain

Males would be drawn by their scent and sound. Once the male reached the females in the center, the bridge would be removed to trap it inside.

Elephants are very intelligent and take well to training. But no matter how well prepared and disciplined they are, elephants are still wild at heart. This posed problems to their use in combat. On more than one occasion, elephants panicked and trampled friendly soldiers during confrontations. Because of this, it was not uncommon for the mahout, or driver, of the elephant to carry a device such as a chisel or sword to sever the animal's spinal cord if it began to act contrary to what was desired.

ABOVE: As depicted in this 17th-century tapestry, war elephants helped Alexander the Great defeat Persian King Darius III at Gaugamela in 331 BC. LEFT: Medieval drawing of an elephant bearing a castle armed with a cannon.

Several types of elephants were used by militaries throughout the eastern hemisphere. For the most part, the type of elephants employed was related to geography—those most readily available were the ones most often used. Although there has been much debate about the specific types of war elephants, DNA evidence now shows that two distinct species of African elephants were used, the forest elephant (*Loxodonta cyclotis*) and the savannah, or bush, elephant (*Loxodonta africana*). An additional species (some argue it is a subspecies) of African elephant, the North African (*Loxodonta pharaoensis*), was used for a time, but it became extinct around the second century AD. The Asian or Indian elephant (*Elephas maximus*) was also used quite a bit for military purposes.

The most obvious distinction among elephant species is size. The typical African savannah elephant measures 10 feet tall, but some have been recorded as tall as 13 feet. Forest elephants, however, measure around 8 feet. Northern African elephants are slightly smaller than the forest types. Asian elephants grow to between 7 and 12 feet tall, although overall they tend to be smaller than the African savannah elephant. The most distinguishing feature is ear size, with the savannah elephant having the largest set. While size was certainly an influence in conflicts, bigger did not always mean better. The outcome of conflicts had more to do with strategy than with elephant training and handling.

While there were many small-scale uses of war elephants following their implementation around 1100 BC, the first well-known conflict involving Europeans was at Gaugamela in October 331 BC. This battle, which took place in northern Iraq, pitted Alexander the Great against the Persian leader Darius III. Along with 200,000 Persian troops, 15 Asian war elephants joined the ranks to overawe the opposing troops. There is no doubt that Alexander's troops must have been, at least initially, daunted by these strange, large animals. Even with these mighty beasts at hand, however, Darius could not overcome Alexander's troops and tactics. Babylon was captured and the concept of war elephants became well known west of Persia.

In 326 BC, Alexander moved to invade Punjab, India. Parvataha, also known as King Porus, met the invasion with resistance at the Hydaspes River. In the ensuing battle, Alexander faced more than 100 war elephants (one source reports double that number) with archers and javelin throwers on their backs. Because Alexander had encountered the unique animals previously, he and his troops were not quite so panic-stricken. Alexander ordered his javelin throwers to attack the gray ogres. This set the elephants in disarray, eventually leading to the trampling of many of Porus's own troops. Alexander then surrounded and defeated the Indian army. After doing so, he captured 80 elephants that he would integrate into his army.

When Alexander died in 323 BC, his kingdom was divided, along with its elephant assets. Left

without these strategic animals was Ptolemy, who occupied Egypt. Ptolemy invaded Syria with approximately 22,000 men but was met by 43 war elephants and 18,000 troops led by Demetrius, a descendant of Antigonus, who had retained control over Alexander's Anatolia assets. In the ensuing Battle of Gaza (312 BC), Ptolemy was successful in holding off Demetrius and captured all the elephants on the field.

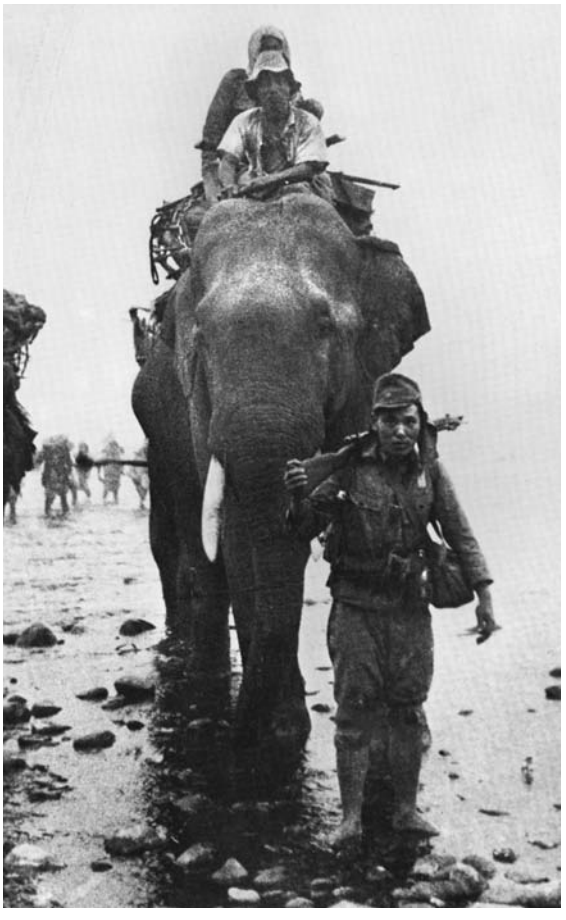
Following Gaza, a coalition of enemies gathered to oppose Antigonus and his son. The so-called Antigonids, with 80,000 soldiers and 75 war elephants, faced off against a coalition force of 60,000 and 400 war elephants at Ipsus in 301 BC. The Antigonid forces were eventually overwhelmed by their opposition. Seleucid elephants apparently had a big influence in the victory by isolating part of the Antigonid army from the rest.

The next major skirmish involving elephants dragged Rome into the exploitation of the huge animals. In 280 BC, the Pyrrhic Wars brought the Battle of Heraclea. Pyrrhus of Epirus, called to assist fellow Greeks under the thumb of Roman rule, invaded the south end of the Italian boot. Pyrrhus brought with him a number of war elephants. It is rumored he tricked the beasts into boarding rafts to cross the Adriatic Sea by camouflaging the boats so that the elephants could not see the water.

The Roman army had never seen the strange animals, and soldiers were rightfully petrified, the cavalry particularly so. Roman horses, which had never met elephants, were easily scared by the scent, sounds, and appearance of the opposition's eccentric weapon. The Greek historian Plutarch described the scene: "The elephants more particularly began to distress the Romans, whose horses, before they came near, not enduring them, went back with their riders." Along with the Greek phalanx, the elephants defeated the Romans in a long, costly battle.

But the Romans were always quick to learn from their mistakes and almost immediately devised methods to resourcefully deal with war elephants. A year later, at the Battle of Asculum, Roman legions used approximately 300 anti-elephant devices, from fire pots to ox-drawn chariots outfitted with spikes, to counter Pyrrhus's 20 war elephants. While Pyrrhus claimed a very thin margin of victory, it gave the Roman army tremendous experience and confidence in how to counter elephant forces effectively.

In 217 BC, Antiochus III, leader of the Seleucids, and Ptolemy IV met at the battle of Raphia in Palestine. Antiochus III had 62,000 infantry, 6,000 cavalry, and 102 war elephants (the larger Asian version). Ptolemy IV led 70,000 infantry, 5,000 cavalry, and 73 elephants (the smaller African forest type). Even with the size disadvantage among elephants, Ptolemy IV defeated the Seleucids.



Japanese troops use elephants to cross the rugged terrain of Burma during World War II.

Probably the most famous use of elephants was that of the Carthaginian general, Hannibal. During the Second Punic War, Hannibal gathered an army of varied cultural backgrounds, which also included 37 elephants of the North African type to travel from Spain, through Gaul, over the Alps, and into northern Italy. Some of the elephants could not make the arduous journey, leaving Hannibal with a motley, unimpressive force. By 202 BC, Roman general Publius Cornelius Scipio Africanus defeated Hannibal's forces at the decisive Battle of Zama. Scipio Africanus simply ordered his troops to move out of the way of the charging elephants, which could not change direction easily due to their tremendous momentum and massive bulk.

The Romans always seized an opportunity. Fresh off the defeat of Hannibal and upon learning of the downfall of the Seleucids, Roman legions invaded Turkey. This movement culminated at the Battle of Magnesia in 190 BC. Antiochus III still had at his disposal many of his war elephants, which he incorporated into his plans. However, the Romans were already wise to the elephants and planned accordingly. The Roman cavalry charged the elephants, sending them fleeing in terror. In the end, Antiochus lost 53,000 men and caved in to Roman might.

Even Julius Caesar used elephants. In 46 BC, in the midst of the Roman civil wars, Caesar took on rebellious forces led by Marcus Porcius Cato, the Younger, and Quintus Caecillius Metellus Scipio at Thapsus. By this time, war elephants were considered far from innovative by Roman forces—they'd had plenty of experience fighting them. The familiarity served them well. Quintus Scipio's 120 elephants were targeted by Caesar's archers, slingers, and axe-men. The animals were terrified by the Roman use of arrows and projectiles as well as the axes to their legs. The enemy forces were easily defeated by the Roman Fifth Legion. But because of their noble efforts, the elephant was adopted as the legion's new symbol, trumping the traditional icon of a bull.

As time drew on, the use of war elephants in Europe and Africa declined. One reason for the decline may have been related to the decimation of the Northern African elephant population by ivory dealers harvesting the animals for their tusks. But the European use of elephants did not completely disappear. Charlemagne took elephants with him to fight the Danes in AD 804, and Frederick II used an elephant he captured during the Crusades to besiege Cremona in AD 1214.

The use of war elephants in Asia continued with more regularity. In AD 1009, the Ghaznavid conquests brought on the Battle of Peshawar in northwestern Pakistan. Mahmud of Ghazni ganged up on an alliance of Hindu princes led by Anangpal. The Hindu princes had massed a large elephant force, but as was often the case with large numbers of the animals, their performance was unpredictable. Mahmud was able to alarm the animals, sending them into frenzy and crushing the Hindu forces. After the end of the battle, Mahmud added captured elephants to his army.

War elephants were used quite a bit in other parts of Asia as well. During the Khmer-

Champa Wars in Cambodia in AD 1177, both sides used the animals. The weaponry used from the vantage point of elephant saddles grew more sophisticated and innovative. These novel tactics were used with gusto at the Battle of Panipat, near Delhi, India, in AD 1399. There, Timur, a Mongol conqueror, challenged the sultan of Delhi. The sultan had at his disposal a number of war elephants. From these imposing brutes, the sultan's forces launched liquid-filled incendiary weapons. Also, metal rockets were fired at the oncoming forces. But Timur's troops did not budge. Soon Timur claimed victory.

Around the 15th century, gunpowder became prevalent in war. With cannons and guns, the elephant lost its offensive efficacy. Nevertheless, the elephant has continued its military service through modern times, still a viable means of transportation in a variety of settings. Elephants were used frequently during conflicts between Burma and Thailand through the end of the eighteenth century. In World War I, elephants were used to move heavy artillery. The Japanese used elephants quite a bit in World War II to carry supplies deep into jungles, surprising allied forces. The British eventually used elephants to build runways and roads in Asia in an effort to challenge the Axis forces. During the Vietnam War, the Viet Cong used elephants to assist in the transport of supplies to the south. Even today, elephants are being used by Burmese rebels in their efforts to topple the government.

As with any weapon, much effort was put forth to counter any advantage war elephants gave the opposition. Over the years, many imaginative plans were formulated to deal with elephants. Timur ordered straw to be placed on the backs of camels and lit on fire. The blazing camels then charged the elephants, which immediately became uncontrollable. It was also discovered that elephants had a particular dislike of pigs, particularly their squeal. This fact was mentioned in text by Roman historian Pliny: "Elephants are scared by the smallest squeal of a pig." Reportedly, pigs slathered with oil were set afire then were sent in the direction of the elephants, which resulted in a stampede of the larger animals.

It did not take long for strategists to figure out that without a mahout, war elephants were useless. Thus, the mahouts were specially targeted by archers and javelin throwers. Another tactic was to take advantage of an elephant's weak spot, its foot pad. Spiked devices (caltrops) or barbed planks were commonly thrown in the path of the animals to make them lame. Also, since elephants often picked up troops with their trunks, some soldiers were outfitted with special armor to damage the trunk if the elephant attacked. Lastly, axmen commonly targeted elephants' legs to disable them. Unfortunately, for the attackers, the thickness of the elephant's skin made maiming the creature a difficult task. In an effort to protect the elephants' vulnerabilities, they were commonly outfitted with impressive armor.

On occasion, elephants were used for military purposes off the battlefield. One such use was to execute enemies: an enraged elephant would be unleashed on those sentenced to be annihilated. Elephants were also used as siege weapons. There are several accounts of elephants using their heads and tusks to batter fortifications until they faltered. The animals were also used to ford rivers. They could be used as "bridges" or simply to block the current to allow troops to cross a rapid.

While the overall success of the elephant as a war weapon is debatable—they could be as much a hindrance as a help—their brute force as a tactical weapon cannot be argued. Their ability to move heavy items and to assist with sieges and transportation certainly made them worthwhile, even if they were never actually consulted about their own willingness to take part in the brutal business of human war. □

By John Walker

The humiliating seizure of the USS *Pueblo* by North Korean gunboats in 1968 provided a searing indictment of America's Cold War policy.

THE HUMILIATING SEIZURE OF THE AMERICAN SPY SHIP *PUEBLO* on January 23, 1968, by North Korean gunboats proved both an enormous intelligence setback and a searing indictment of America's Cold War policy. With their opening salvo of cannon and machine-gun fire aimed almost point-blank at the ship's pilothouse, the North Koreans blew away both *Pueblo*'s main line of defense and the time-honored respect for the freedom of the seas. The attack also revealed the defenseless nature of the ship, her mission, and the entire concept behind it.

The stain on American honor started with Naval Intelligence and the National Security Agency (NSA), the originators of the spy ship program and Operation Clickbeetle, which sent the poorly armed *Pueblo* into hostile waters off North Korea's east coast in the first place. Also coming in for a share of the blame were the planners who assessed *Pueblo*'s mission as one of minimal risk, the chain of command in Hawaii and Washington that seconded it, and the Lyndon Johnson administration's unsophisticated interpretation of international relations as a bipolar rivalry between the United States and the Soviet Union.

Had American policymakers regarded North Korea as a country with its own national agenda, rather than as an auxiliary serving a global communist conspiracy headed by the Soviet Union, the *Pueblo* incident might have been avoided or resolved more effectively. The warning signs were there for all to see: the hostile actions of the North Koreans in 1967 alone—they violated some 542 times the 1953 armistice agreements that ended the Korean War, killing and wounding a number of American and South Korean soldiers alike—should have alerted American planners that the North Koreans' supreme leader, Premier Kim Il-sung, was more than ready to act unilaterally, especially after severe economic hardships and political dissent compelled him to find a way to distract his people from their plight.

In the nine months before *Pueblo*'s capture, 20 South Korean fishing vessels had been illegally seized by the North Koreans for allegedly entering their territorial waters. The North Koreans violated the armistice terms 40 more times just in the first month of 1968, and 40 hours prior to the attack upon *Pueblo* dispatched a 31-man commando team across the Demilitarized Zone separating the two Koreas in a brazen, though unsuccessful, attempt to assassinate the president of South Korea, with the United States Embassy as a secondary target.

BELOW: The ill-fated spy ship *Pueblo* on maneuvers in Puget Sound in 1967. INSET: Captured crew members surreptitiously give the finger to their North Korean captors in this staged propaganda photo.

Both: U.S. Navy

With one day remaining on *Pueblo*'s first mission, which had been uneventful to that point, it was decided not to inform her captain, Lloyd "Pete" Bucher, of the hostile North Korean action, a grave miscalculation that had horrendous repercussions for the tiny ship's crew, operating alone and unsupported in hostile waters. Bucher later wrote that, had he known of the commando attack, he would have immediately moved *Pueblo* 30 miles out to sea, where the enemy's sub chasers and torpedo boats probably would not have ventured. The crisis might have been averted.

During the Cold War the United States maintained an extensive intelligence-collecting effort aimed at communist countries within the Sino-Soviet sphere of influence. The Soviet Union, for its part, developed a program of ocean-going trawlers outfitted as electronic surveillance platforms. Throughout the 1960s, these trawlers trailed ships of the U.S. Navy's surface fleet, inserted themselves into the center of U.S. fleet exercises, and operated in the open just outside U.S. territorial waters intercepting electronic communications.

The United States depended on aircraft, submarines, and low-altitude earth-orbiting satellites to provide a good portion of the intelligence efforts directed at communist countries; the flaw with these collection assets was their inability to remain on station for long periods of time. Looking at the apparent success of Soviet trawler operations, the Navy in conjunction with the NSA began development of the Auxiliary General Environmental Research (AGER) program to provide platforms that could remain inconspicuously on station for extended periods of time.

AGER ships were conceived as small, unarmed or lightly armed intelligence ships. Manned by U.S. Navy crews, communications technicians from the Naval Security Group, and civilian oceanographers, they would provide an equivalent capability to Soviet trawlers as well as be less costly to convert and operate. The United States already had a series of World War II-era Liberty-class ships serving as intelligence platforms; the USS *Liberty* (AGTR-5) was a member of this series and was a success at its primary intelligence missions, but it was large and costly to operate.

A smaller ship that appeared nonconfrontational in nature might be able to remain on station longer and receive less attention than a large or heavily armed craft. To test the theory, one light auxiliary cargo vessel was selected for conversion; it was refitted and christened USS

National Archives

Library of Congress

ABOVE: Press coverage of the *Pueblo* incident was extensive. Here, Commander Lloyd M. Bucher graces the cover of *Time* magazine. TOP: Bucher and his crew are forced to reenact their surrender two weeks after the North Korean sneak attack.

Banner (AGER-1). During her operations in 1967-1968 off the coasts of the Soviet Union and China and the west coast of North Korea, *Banner*'s efforts were considered successful, and the Navy was authorized to convert two more auxiliary vessels into AGERs. These ships became the USS *Pueblo* (AGER-2) and USS *Palm Beach* (AGER-3). *Pueblo* was slated to join *Banner* in the western Pacific.

The ship that became *Pueblo* was built in 1944 as U.S. Army cargo vessel FP-344; at 850 tons she was used as a general-purpose supply vessel during World War II and the Korean War. Laid up in 1954, she remained inactive until April 1966, when she was transferred to the U.S. Navy and renamed *Pueblo* (AGER-2), after which she began a lengthy conversion at the Puget Sound Naval Shipyard in Bremerton, Washington, for her new role as an intelligence platform. After training operations off the western coast of the United States, *Pueblo* departed for the Far East in November 1967 with a first-time captain and an inexperienced crew. While in Pearl Harbor and at Yokosuka Naval Base in Japan, the ship needed additional repairs, especially of her antiquated steering engine, which had failed 180 times in three days during pre-mission trials in San Diego.

While *Pueblo* was docked in Japan, Bucher asked his boss, Rear Admiral Frank Johnson, for TNT charges with which to scuttle the ship in an emergency. He was offered thermite instead, which Bucher refused, knowing it to be extremely hazardous as well as against naval regulations. Bucher didn't pursue the matter, he wrote later, because he didn't want his superiors to think they had a commander who was obsessed with blowing up his own ship. *Pueblo* was crammed with highly classified material and equipment, yet possessed only rudimentary equipment for destroying her secrets in an emergency. Bucher requested installation of an emergency destruct system but was refused—it was too costly, superiors said.

After the tragic and deadly attack upon *Liberty* by Israeli air and naval forces in June 1967, during the Six-Day War, the American chief of naval operations declared that all spy ships, no matter their size, would be armed immediately. *Pueblo* was authorized to carry a relatively large 50-mm cannon. But, overburdened with men and equipment, the vessel had neither the deck

space nor qualified gunners to man the heavy weapon. Instead, *Pueblo* was supplied with two Browning .50-caliber machine guns, which were mounted on the starboard and stern rails without armor protection and wrapped in cold-weather tarpaulins, the ammunition stored below decks. Admiral Johnson was against arming *Pueblo* altogether, suggesting to Bucher in December 1967 that he point the covered guns downward or, better yet, store them below deck so as not to appear provocative.

Pueblo was never intended to fight; her protection lay in international law and the freedom of the seas. Like *Liberty, Pueblo* operated under the assumption that help would be available if needed. The American Seventh Fleet, U.S. forces in Korea, and the Fifth Air Force in Fuchu, Japan, were all informed of Bucher's mission, but because of the minimal risk assessment, the Navy made no specific requests for emergency support. Brig. Gen. John Harrell, Air Force commander in South Korea, asked the Navy if planes should be kept on "strip alert" for a possible rescue operation, but the Navy declined. When Fifth Air Force personnel questioned the lack of request for strip alert statue for *Pueblo*, they were also informed that it wouldn't be needed. All requests by Bucher to upgrade his mission assessment to "hazardous" likewise were refused.

On the afternoon of January 20, 1968, a North Korean SO-1 class Soviet-style sub chaser passed within 4,000 yards of *Pueblo*. Two days later, two North Korean fishing trawlers passed within 30 yards of *Pueblo*. That same day, a 31-man North Korean commando team infiltrated across the Demilitarized Zone that separates the two Koreas and attempted to assassinate South Korean President Park Chung-hee and other senior government officials, penetrating as far as the presidential grounds before being halted. Oddly, Bucher and the men on *Pueblo* were not informed of the commando attack.

Pueblo's final day of monitoring, January 23, began uneventfully. Early in the afternoon, a North Korean patrol vessel was spotted advancing toward *Pueblo* at high speed, and as it drew nearer it raised signal flags, demanding *Pueblo* identify her nationality. The intercepting crew was at battle stations. While his men hoisted three American flags, Bucher verified by radar that his ship was in international waters, farther than 13 nautical miles from shore. As three more North Korean torpedo boats approached, the sub chaser signaled the alarming message that sealed the fate of Bucher and his crew: "HEAVE TO OR I WILL FIRE."

As two Soviet-made North Korean MiG fighters buzzed *Pueblo* and two more patrol boats appeared, Bucher made for the open sea, avoiding one North Korean boarding attempt. The aging cargo ship could muster only 12 knots, however, and was quickly caught and surrounded. Bucher's distress call reached the Naval Security Group in Japan, and he was promised fighter support.

A hail of .57-mm explosive cannon rounds and machine-gun fire from the smaller, faster North Korean patrol vessels rocked *Pueblo*, and in minutes the tiny spy ship's maiden voyage came to a terrifying and abrupt end. After eight high-explosive cannon shells penetrated *Pueblo*'s superstructure, leaving her leaking and damaged and with several crew members wounded, all that was left was an undefended ship with no hope of escaping to the open sea. Bucher gave the order to begin emergency destruction, but the crew found that their sledgehammers and axes had trouble penetrating the metal-encased electronic equipment. Adding to the difficulty, the ship's incinerators and shredders were inadequate to destroy the enormous amount of classified material that remained on board. Finally, under fire, the crew resorted to throwing classified material overboard.

Pueblo was taken into port at Wonsan and the crew transferred to POW camps, where they were regularly starved, deprived of medical attention, and tortured. Bucher was put through a mock firing squad in an unsuccessful effort to make him confess. Only after the North Koreans threatened to execute his men in front of him did he relent. Finally, following an apology, a written admission by the United States that *Pueblo* had been spying (later recanted), and an assurance that the United States would not spy in the future, North Korea released the 82 remaining crew members on December 23, 1968, exactly 11 months after their capture.

The loss of *Pueblo* was an intelligence failure of enormous proportions. One intelligence estimate concluded that the Soviet Union had gained between three and five years on the United States in the ongoing race for state-of-the-art communications technology. Just hours after *Pueblo* arrived at Wonsan harbor, a North Korean aircraft flew from Pyongyang to Moscow, carrying between 800 and 1,000 pounds of cargo salvaged from *Pueblo*. Among the many items lost were a detailed account of top-secret U.S. intelligence objectives for the Pacific, classified communications manuals, a number of vital NSA machines and the manuals that detailed their operation and repair, and the NSA's Electronic Order of Battle for the Far East. Also lost were information on American

electronic countermeasures, radar classification instructions, and various secret codes and Navy transmission procedures. An NSA report described the loss as "a major intelligence coup without parallel in modern history."

The loss of *Liberty* and *Pueblo* within 18 months of each other made it clear how poorly such ships could be defended and how vulnerable their highly secret listening equipment was. Providing adequate protection to ships like *Pueblo* would greatly increase the costs of an already expensive program. The ships were summarily removed from service and the program dismantled.

Public Domain

***Pueblo* originally was harbored at the port of Wonsan, but now is kept at the North Korean capital of Pyongyang, where she is promoted as a tourist attraction.**

The premature end of the Navy's intelligence collection ships was deeply felt in the intelligence community—spy ships could do a lot that other platforms could not. Beyond direct support to local commanders and national authorities, the ships had the capacity to locate, collect, and report sophisticated foreign electromagnetic signals to the national database of known characteristics of electronic emitters. Such knowledge could aid in development of electronic warfare countermeasures. While other platforms could do much of this work, probably no other vehicle could do it as well. Certainly, no other sensor could cover a target as thoroughly as *Pueblo* had done.

A formal Navy court of inquiry used Bucher as a scapegoat to cover up the fact that the military and intelligence community had sent his ship—an aging, leaky, refurbished cargo ship, top-heavy with men and equipment, poorly armed, and barely seaworthy—into hostile waters without adequate protection or contingency plans for emergencies and without the means to destroy classified material and equipment on board. With the odds stacked overwhelmingly against her, *Pueblo*'s chances for a safe and successful maiden voyage turned out to be very slim indeed.

Despite the preceding spate of hostile North Korean actions, no American fighter aircraft stationed in South Korea, Japan, or on a nearby carrier, USS *Enterprise*, in the Sea of Japan was put on alert status. One of the admirals who served on the court of inquiry said disingenuously, "There's plenty of blame to go around." But South Carolina Senator Strom Thurmond put it more succinctly. "Sending poorly armed surface reconnaissance ships into dangerous waters without air cover, naval escort, or emergency plans for adequate support was a serious error in judgment," Thurmond said. He was right. □

By Peter Suciu

Following the first poison gas attack by German forces at Ypres in 1915, gas masks became vital equipment for Allied forces during World War I.

WITH WORLD WAR I IN A SEEMING STALEMATE, GERMAN forces in late April 1915 introduced a horrific new weapon to the fighting. In a conflict that already was infamous for reaching new depths in the shameful chronicle of man's inhumanity to man, the new weapon proved to be so heinous that it was never used again on such a massive scale. It was poison gas. For soldiers on both sides, the horrific effects of the new weapon added another vital piece of equipment to the soldiers' needs—the gas mask.

While the first widespread use of poison gas occurred on April 22, 1915, near Ypres, Belgium, there had been previous small experiments by the Germans in the weeks prior to the attack. But it was that calm April day that marked how truly devious gas could be as a weapon of war. And while the gas actually killed very few combatants when compared to the vast numbers who gave their lives in the war (according to some sources, as many as 93 percent of gas casualties returned to duty within a few weeks), it was quite a success as a psychological weapon.

The first chlorine gas attack, which hit French Colonial and Canadian troops, appeared as a yellowish-green cloud. When inhaled, the gas destroyed the alveoli of the lungs, causing men to essentially "drown" on the liquid created by their own bodies. This attack caused an immediate panic leading to a massive retreat. So devastating was the attack that it almost enabled a rare German breakthrough. As a result, Allied forces struggled to find effective countermeasures. Early gas masks were nothing more than cotton wool pads or cloth soaked in water or in some cases urine. But, interestingly, they were not the first true gas masks.

Collection of Gus Bryngelson

As far back as ancient times, the Greeks used sponges as masks to protect the wearer from smoke and other hazardous fumes, both on and off the battlefield. Much later, in the 19th century, American mining engineer Lewis Haslett invented a device that filtered dust from the air. This evolved over the next half century into devices used by miners and for tunneling. However, gas mask protection went into full gear following the German attack at Ypres.

Both the British and French

BELOW: British soldiers wearing crude masks prepare for a gas attack in May 1915. RIGHT: Introduced during World War I, the French Army used the ARS 1917 until 1935.

National Archives

looked to devise new ways of protecting soldiers against the sinister new form of attack. The basic cloth and cotton pads evolved into strips of chemically soaked fabric called the black veil respirator. The next step was to develop a hood worn completely over the head. Designed by Captain Cluny Macpherson, a medical officer to the Newfoundland Regiment, the hood featured a single-windowed visor to allow the user to see. This was unofficially known the Hypo helmet, but was officially dubbed the British smoke hood.

Macpherson's hood was essentially a khaki-colored flannel bag soaked in a solution of glycerin and sodium thiosulphate—thus. a hypo solution. It was meant to protect against chlorine directly and thus couldn't protect against other gases, notably phosgene, which was developed by the Germans over the summer of 1915 and proved far more powerful than chlorine while being relatively difficult to detect.

For this gas, the British developed the P helmet, also known as the PHG or PH helmet. It was officially designated the tube helmet since it had an exhalation valve for the user's mouth. It was still basically a bag that was worn over the head, but it featured two mica eyepieces to allow users to see, a 50 percent increase over the hooded mask. The new version also offered improved chemical impregnation, but it was still a dreadful solution, made worse because the impregnating solution sometimes was so thickly applied that it made a sticky mess.

The dubious hood was finally superseded by the main British gas mask of World War I, the small box respirator (SBR). Interestingly, the first version was known as the large box respirator (LBR), but it proved to be too bulky, as it needed a box canister to be carried on the back. However, the LBR's development led to the SBR, which featured a single-piece, close-fitting rubberized mask with eyepieces. The box filter was actually worn around the neck in a canvas carrying bag. The system offered an additional benefit: the SBR could be upgraded as more effective filter technology was introduced. The LBRs were produced in large numbers and were issued to rear-guard troops and artillery personnel. Several million SBRs were produced, and many have survived, making them popular with collectors.

One form of gas was so deadly that no gas mask was truly effective. This was mustard gas, which caused severe damage simply by making contact with the skin. No successful or effective countermeasure was found during the war. The Scottish Highland regiments were especially vulnerable since they were still wearing kilts in the trenches. At various points the troops actually took to wearing women's tights as a form of protection.

All: Collection of Boris Plotnikoff

LEFT: The PH, or smoke hood, was basically a large hood worn over the head, typical of early gas mask technology. RIGHT: The main German gas mask of World War I featured a rubberized fabric mask with eye pieces and a separate cylindrical screw-fit filter.

The British Small Box Respirator was the main gas mask used by the British on the Western Front.

The French first used protective goggles and a filter over the mouth. The results were not particularly effective; the gas could easily penetrate the goggles, causing serious eye irritation. By October 1915, it was reported that some 100 different devices had been tested. Eventually a single solution was found; it would become the M-2 gas mask. This consisted of an all-in-one unit that featured a chemically impregnated pad made up of many layers, along with a built-in eyepiece. The first model was made in only a single size and featured a single panoramic eyepiece made of cellophane. The subsequent second model, also confusingly known as the M-2, incorporated two circular eyepieces that were double-layered, with an outer glass layer along with an inner cellophane

Continued on page 66

Spanish DISASTER AT

FIVE HUNDRED Spanish musketeers filed into the dim forest on the southern edge of a wooded plain south of the border fort at Rocroi, France, at dusk on May 18, 1643. Their commander, Lt. Gen. Baltasar de Mercader, had orders to ambush the cavalry on the French army's right wing by firing into its flank when it advanced into battle the next morning. Sentries were posted, but Mercader allowed the majority of his force to rest through the night so that they would be fresh for the main battle.

While the musketeers were making themselves comfortable, a deserter from the Spanish army informed the French of the location and intent of the ambush party. To counter the threat, 22-year-old Duke Louis d'Enghien, commander in chief of the army sent to relieve the French garrison trapped inside the fort by the Spanish, ordered nearly 1,500 French musketeers to wipe out the ambushers in the dark of night.

At 3 AM, the French infantry charged into the woods. The surprise was complete. The French foot soldiers shot, clubbed, and stabbed the Spanish where they slept. A few, including Mercader, were led away as prisoners. The victory in the night skirmish on the eve of the main battle not only deprived the Spanish of one of their best infantry commanders, but also eliminated a block of firepower that the Spanish would badly need once the battle was under way. It was the first in a string of misfortunes that would befall the Spanish army at Rocroi.

The French and Spanish had been at each other's throats for nearly three centuries leading up to the high-stakes battle at Rocroi. By the early seventeenth century, the king of Spain headed the Hapsburg dynasty and controlled most of Italy, the upper Rhine, and the Spanish Netherlands, a geopolitical situation that enabled Spain to contain France and block it from expanding on land. In the murderous war between Catholics and Protestants that would engulf central Europe in the second decade of the new century, it mattered little that both France and Spain were Catholic nations. Their monarchical rivalry trumped any shared sense of religion.

The Spanish had been trying to suppress the rebellious northern provinces in the Spanish Netherlands for nearly a half century by the time the Thirty Years' War began. After four decades of fighting, the Protestant provinces of the Netherlands entered a treaty with Spain in 1609, the terms of which granted them independence and also imposed a 12-year armistice. When war in the Netherlands resumed with Spanish attacks on Dutch forts in 1622, France found itself having to choose sides in two overlapping conflicts while it sought to roll back the growing Hapsburg power.

For the first half of the Thirty Years' War, France was content to fight a proxy war against Spain by helping fund the armies of Protestant combatants Sweden and the United Provinces in their fight against the Hapsburg-controlled Holy Roman Empire's Imperial Army and the Spanish

Mounted on his white charger, Duke Louis II d'Enghien, attempts to stop his men from cutting down Spanish troops who have already surrendered at Rocroi.

The Art Archive / Musee du Chateau de Versailles / Gianni Dagli Orti

BY WILLIAM WELSH

ROCROI

A CONFIDENT SPANISH ARMY INVADED FRANCE IN MAY 1643 TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF LOUIS XIV'S EXTREME YOUTH. IT HARDLY EXPECTED TO MEET AN ARMY LED BY AS GIFTED A COMMANDER AS THE DUKE OF ENGHIEN ON THE HIGH GROUND OUTSIDE OF ROCROI.

Army of Flanders. Under the rule of King Louis XIII and his chief adviser, Cardinal Richelieu, the French succeeded admirably during that time in keeping their country free from the ravages of warfare. The downside was that when they eventually decided to commit their military forces, the French lacked both experienced troops and commanders.

The threat to France grew more immediate when King Philip IV of Spain's brother, the Cardinal-Infante Ferdinand, was appointed to serve as the governor of the Spanish Netherlands. Marching across the Alps in summer 1634 with 20,000 Spanish soldiers, he joined forces with a Hapsburg Imperial Army led by his cousin, Archduke Ferdinand, and crushed Swedish-led Protestant forces in early September at Nordlingen in Bavaria. Two months later, he arrived in Brussels. To prop up Protestant forces on the left bank of the Rhine, the French agreed to provide 12,000 troops. The introduction of these troops marked the beginning of open conflict between Bourbon France and the Hapsburg dominions.

TO CAPITALIZE ON THE DEATH OF RICHELIEU AND RELIEVE PRESSURE ON OTHER FRONTS, MELO DECIDED TO INVADE NORTHEASTERN FRANCE. IN APRIL 1643, HE BEGAN ASSEMBLING FIVE COLUMNS FOR HIS INVASION ARMY.

ABOVE: In this detail from a period painting, rival infantry battalions armed with pikes and muskets form up smartly for battle at Rocroi on May 18, 1643. OPPOSITE: The four-mile-wide plateau between the Oise and Meuse Rivers formed the battleground at Rocroi. Superior mobility on both flanks allowed the French to win the day.

In May 1635, France declared war on Spain on the grounds that Spanish forces had entered the city of Trier, which was under the protection of France. The following year, the French invaded the Spanish Netherlands, hoping to join forces with the Dutch. But the Dutch were reluctant to openly ally themselves with the French, and the campaign drew to a close without achieving its lofty objective of partitioning the Spanish Netherlands. The following year the tables were turned, and the Cardinal-Infante invaded France at the head of 32,000 Spanish and Imperial troops. With little to stop him, the Cardinal-Infante captured the fortress of Corbie on August 14 after a week-long siege. Although the Spanish were within a few days' march of Paris, the departure of Imperial forces to meet threats at the opposite end of the empire compelled the Cardinal-Infante to withdraw his army to its base in the Spanish Netherlands.

In the latter part of the 1630s, the Cardinal-Infante's Army of Flanders became less of a threat to the French as it became increasingly bogged down against Dutch forces. At the same time, political turmoil in Spain sapped the army's funding and manpower, and members of the royal court blamed the Cardinal-Infante for the loss of the upper Rhine to French and German Protestant forces. By the close of 1638, the French had occupied most of Alsace and Lorraine, which lay within the Holy Roman Empire. Two years later, Spain was rocked by revolts in Catalonia and Portugal, which consumed the attention of Philip and his chief minister, the Count of Olivares, leaving the Cardinal-Infante without the political and financial support he needed to effectively fight the French and Dutch. Through a great effort on his part, he managed to keep the Dutch in check during 1640-1641. But the superhuman effort involved in managing the political and military affairs simultaneously of the Spanish Netherlands destroyed Ferdinand's health, and on November 9, 1641, he died at the early age of 31.

To succeed the Cardinal-Infante, Philip chose the 46-year-old Portuguese diplomat and general, Francisco de Melo, the Marquis of Tordelaguna. Hoping to gain the support of the Cardinal-Infante's retinue in Brussels, Melo distributed appointments in the Army of Flanders to as many of Ferdinand's advisers as possible. The upshot was that many experienced generals and colonels were displaced from positions they had earned through merit. It was a short-sighted decision, and one that would have a devastating impact when the Army of Flanders met a well-led French army of equal size on the battlefield.

Melo took the field the following spring. After recapturing the fortress of Lens, which lay inside the Spanish Netherlands on the French frontier, he intercepted a French force half his size at Honnecourt on the Escaut River. The Spanish delivered a sledgehammer attack on May 26, forcing the French to abandon the field. Of the 10,000 French engaged, more than 6,000 were killed, wounded, or captured. Despite the decisive victory, Melo opted not to invade France. For such an operation, he would have had to rely heavily on his cavalry, and he was acutely aware that his Walloon cavalry was no match for the French horsemen in either numbers or training.

Cardinal Richelieu had kept the top French commanders on a tight rein during the seven years that France had been fighting against Spain before the debacle at Honnecourt. The cardinal had been reluctant to allow anyone other than himself or the king to direct a large operation. Because of this, France's top generals held no independent commands in those years. That changed with Richelieu's death on December 4. One of the princes of the French court

whom Richelieu had been grooming for future military command was Louis II, the duke of Enghien. The son of the prince of Conde and a cousin of the king, d'Enghien was 21 years old at the time of Richelieu's death and fourth in line for the throne. Just before this death, Richelieu appointed d'Enghien to serve as commander in chief of all of the forces in northeastern France. Although he was headstrong and prone to mood swings, d'Enghien possessed an innate knack for inspiring soldiers to fight their best.

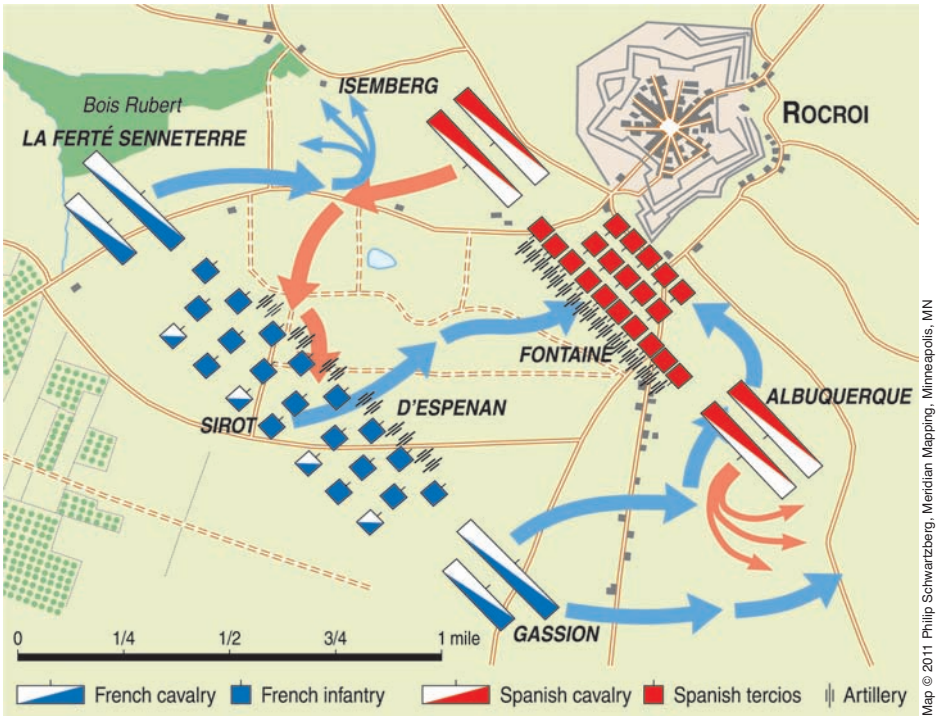
To capitalize on the death of Richelieu and relieve pressure on other fronts, Melo decided to invade northeastern France. In April 1643, he began assembling five columns for his invasion army. One of the columns, led by General Johann Beck, was ordered to Chateau Regnault on the Meuse River, about a half-day's march from the French fortress at Rocroi, to guard the main supply line to the Spanish Netherlands.

The rest of Melo's army, comprising 20,000 infantry and 7,000 Walloon and German cavalry, marched through the rugged Ardennes region, arriving at Rocroi on May 12. Although the fortified town had few resources to offer attackers, it lay astride two major routes to Paris, one through Reims and the other through Soissons. To support a deeper advance into France, it was necessary to eliminate the small French garrison at Rocroi to ensure a safe supply route for future operations.

D'Enghien had taken command in the field, accompanied by two older and experienced generals who Richelieu's successor, Cardinal Jules Mazarin, believed would offer the young general sound counsel. One was the cautious 60-year-old Marshal Francois de l'Hopital and the other was 34-year-old Jean de Gassion, whose military résumé included having fought under King Gustavus and Protestant General Bernard of Saxe-Weimar. D'Enghien, believing that the time had come for the French to vanquish the Spanish on a field of battle, gathered all the forces at his disposal and marched with 17,000 infantry and 6,000 cavalry to meet Melo's thrust.

France had 1,000 professional soldiers and 400 militia inside Rocroi when the Spanish began arriving outside the fortress. Faulty intelligence led the Spanish to believe the fortress had fallen into disrepair and might be taken without a lengthy siege. Because of this, the Spanish had brought only 18 guns with them, a small number for such an undertaking. They received a rude shock when the French garrison began shelling Spanish soldiers taking up positions around the fortress. As a result, the Spanish moved cautiously on the fort, and it was not until May 17 that they captured the outer works.

That same day, d'Enghien received notification that King Louis had died and that the Bourbon dynasty was now under the regency of Anne of Austria, the mother of four-year-old King Louis XIV. D'Enghien's father sent an urgent dispatch to his son in the field requesting that he return to Paris immediately to help ensure a peaceful transfer of power, but the duke disregarded the request, believing the best path toward ensuring the new regime's stability was through military victory. By then he was within striking distance of Melo's army. D'Enghien intended to defeat his adversary on the battlefield and force Melo to withdraw to his side of the frontier.



On the morning of May 18, d'Enghien held a council of war in which he informed his subordinates that the army would march immediately to the relief of Rocroi and give battle if necessary. L'Hopital objected to the plan, recommending instead that d'Enghien feint with a small force toward Rocroi while leading the main force north to cut Melo's supply line and force him to break off the invasion. But others, including Gassion, agreed with d'Enghien that the best course of action was a direct confrontation. Ignoring L'Hopital's advice, d'Enghien ordered an immediate advance on Rocroi.

The fortress was positioned atop a plateau surrounded on all sides by thick forest and low-lying marshes between the headwaters of the Oise River to its west and the Meuse River to its east. The plateau, which offered an open space four miles wide where the two adversaries might maneuver, was approachable only from the west through a narrow defile that provided the perfect place for an ambush.

But Melo had no thought of an ambush. He was eager to meet the French in a head-to-head fight, and he had great confidence in the ability of his *tercios* to stand any test in the coming battle. Melo ordered a party of 50 Croatian scouts in bright-red cloaks to watch the French advance and inform him of the exact time of the French arrival so that he might reform his army into a new line of battle. Because he expected a pitched battle to unfold the following day, Melo sent orders to Beck to come immediately to his aid.

As the French approached the defile, d'Enghien ordered the baggage and artillery to stay behind so that they would not get in the way if the enemy sprang an ambush. The French cavalry that formed the vanguard of d'Enghien's army passed through the defile that afternoon and easily brushed aside Melo's scouts. It then took up a protective position to screen the infantry as it arrived. Enghien's scouts reported that the Spanish had not constructed an outer trench around Rocroi to defend against a relief force. Instead, they would have to lift their siege and meet the French on the open plain south of the fortress.

While Melo's foot and horse were redeploying south of the fort into a battle line, General Henri de La Ferte-Senneterre, who shared command of the horse on the French left flank, detached four of his eight cavalry squadrons to ride through the marsh that anchored the Spanish right flank in

Musee Conde, Chantilly, France / Giraudon / The Bridgeman Art Library International

ABOVE: A placid-looking Count of Fontaine, commander of the Spanish infantry at Rocroi, is hand-carried onto the battlefield. Fontaine, too sick to ride, was killed in the ensuing fighting. OPPOSITE: This period engraving shows Louis II riding along with the onrushing French cavalry at Rocroi. He actually directed the battle from the rear.

an attempt to open a supply route to the fort's garrison. The move, which was made without d'Enghien's permission, quickly caught the commander in chief's eye, and he recalled the troops to the main line. The move undoubtedly saved the lives of numerous French cuirassiers who would be needed in battle the following day.

By nightfall, d'Enghien's army had finished deploying on the western side of the plateau opposite the Spanish. On the French left flank, La Ferte-Senneterre commanded the first rank of horse, and L'Hopital commanded the second rank. On the opposite flank, Gassion commanded the first rank of horse, while d'Enghien led the second rank. The French infantry was organized into battalions of 850 men each, formed into a line 10 ranks deep. The Marquis d'Espenan commanded the 15 battalions of French foot formed into two divisions in the center, one behind the other. Stationed behind the infantry in a third division was a combined arms reserve comprising of four cavalry squadrons and three infantry battalions. The French placed their 12 guns in front of the infantry.

The two armies were nearly matched in infantry and cavalry on the battlefield. Because Beck's 4,000-strong column was not present on the battlefield by nightfall on May 18, Melo had about the same number of infantry and cavalry as d'Enghien. Like the French, the Spanish deployed their infantry in the middle and their cavalry on the wings. The German cavalry posted on the right, which was nearest to the fortress of Rocroi, and was led by 53-year-old Count Ernst von Isenberg, who was accustomed to operating independently as commander of Spain's Army of Alsace. Because Isenberg's cuirassiers were the last to abandon their siege positions around the fortress, they continued to file into their new position throughout the night.

The Walloon cavalry on the Spanish left opposite Gassion and d'Enghien was led by the rash and quarrelsome 22-year-old Francisco Fernandez de la Cueva, the Duke of Albuquerque, who had been serving in the Army of Flanders for only two years. In the days leading up to the battle, he had quarreled at length with his fellow commanders over various tactical details. His behavior did not bode well for a battle in which both sides would need strong coordination to prevail over the enemy. Technically, at least, Albuquerque commanded the horse on both wings.

The Spanish cavalry was no match for the French cavalry when it came to battlefield performance. Indeed, it had performed so poorly at Honnecourt the year before that the high command of the Army of Flanders had considered disbanding it altogether. Melo therefore was aware that the burden of defeating the enemy would fall to his *tercios*. At the Battle of Nordlingen a decade before, Spanish foot fighting under the Cardinal-Infante had shown that the tercio formation was still viable despite the tactical improvements introduced by the Dutch and Swedes. In that engagement, the Spanish *tercios* had held their ground against repeated assaults by Swedish and Protestant German units. The Spanish had vanquished the Swedes at Nordlingen, and they intended to do the same to the French at Rocroi.

The Spanish *tercios* in the center of the field were led by 68-year-old Paulo Bernard, the Count of Fontaine, who had risen from the ranks and at the time of the battle held the position of the highest-ranking infantry officer in the Army of the Flanders. Fontaine was seriously ill and unable to walk on his own at the time of the battle. For this reason, his aides carried him about the battlefield on a chair. Fontaine's immobility and the lack of an experienced replacement to relieve him was another glaring problem in the army's leadership. Rather than showing sympathy for Fontaine's condition, Albuquerque criticized the old general repeatedly in the days leading up to the battle, and for that reason Fontaine had refused to detach musketeers to increase the firepower of the cavalry stationed on the wings.

Fontaine, who had eight *tercios* under his command, deployed them in a mile-wide line of battle with a substantial amount of space between each *tercio*. Each *tercio* had 70 men in a line that was 20 ranks deep. The far left of the front line of foot was held by the Gramont (Burgundian) *tercio* and the Strozzi (Italian) *tercio*, and the far right was anchored by the Visconti (Italian) *tercio*. Between these were the five Spanish *tercios* that were considered the rock of the army. A second line of infantry comprised smaller Walloon and German battalions deployed 50 men wide and 10 men deep.

Alvaro Melo, the commander in chief's younger brother and a former naval officer, commanded the 18 guns placed in front of the infantry. Like Albuquerque, he lacked the kind of experience that would be needed in the coming battle. Because of the bickering between Albuquerque and Fontaine, Melo instructed the latter to detach the 500 musketeers to form an

ambush party that took position in the woods on the Spanish left flank. The battle began shortly after they were wiped out by a French force three times their size at 3 AM.

After the Spanish ambush had been nullified, d'Enghien gave orders at 4 AM for the artillery to begin shelling the enemy line while his foot and horse soldiers arose from their fleeting slumber. The Spanish guns erupted in reply, and the two sides pounded each other as they awaited the first light of dawn and the promise of a terrible battle to follow.

D'Enghien's plan, which sought to take advantage of the French cavalry advantage, called for nearly simultaneous attacks at dawn on the Spanish cavalry. Once the Spanish cavalry had been defeated, he intended to have his cuirassiers assail the Spanish *tercios* from flanks and rear while his infantry pressed it from the front. La Ferte's horse advanced once there was enough light for the cuirassiers to see where they were going. The advance did not go well. La Ferte's horsemen became disorganized as they sought to traverse the wet ground at the north end of the battlefield, and when they finally reached Isenberg's front line, their charge was weak and uneven. Most of La Ferte's cuirassiers turned around after their failed charge and retreated a safe distance to reform.

Isenberg immediately ordered his cavalry to counterattack before La Ferte's men had reformed. The German horse advanced at a slow trot and managed to traverse the marshland in an even line. They caught La Ferte's force in a disorganized state and shattered it like glass. La Ferte's surviving cavalry desperately fled into the woods to the north. La Ferte was wounded during the fighting and taken prisoner along with a number of his men.

Isenberg's troops continued their advance and soon became engaged in a general melee with L'Hopital's second line of horse. The result was the same. The German cuirassiers, who consumed their initial success over La Ferte like a powerful elixir, overwhelmed L'Hopital's cavalry, and it also fled the field for the safety of the woods rimming the plateau. Although L'Hopital was wounded during the melee, the elderly marshal managed to escape without being captured. Isenberg had smashed both lines of French cavalry with only his first line. Sensing that they had won the first phase of the battle, the Spanish infantry began throwing their hats in the air and cheering. It was a premature reaction, as events would show.

Some of Isenberg's cuirassiers rode west in search of the French baggage, and others milled about the French left flank awaiting further instructions. At that point, Isenberg ordered his second line to advance. Once they had reached the French line, he ordered cuirassiers from both echelons to wheel and strike the French infantry in its left flank. To support this effort, Fontaine ordered his two right units to engage the French infantry. The French recoiled from the advance of Melo's *tercios,* believing a general advance was under way. Most of the French cannons fell into Spanish hands.

To check the assault by the German horse on the French left flank, Baron Claude Sirot ordered the 800 cuirassiers from the French reserve to attack Isenberg's right flank. It was an effective move, and the fresh French horse quickly blunted Isenberg's attack and forced him to redeploy some of his squadrons to meet the new threat. Gassion led the seven horse squadrons of the first echelon on the French right wing forward at the same time that La Ferte led his cuirassiers forward on the opposite wing. Gassion's advance was checked by Albuquerque's first echelon, which promptly countercharged in an effort to drive back the French.

From his position on a rise, d'Enghien observed the swirling melee in front of him. He sported a wide-brimmed hat with enormous white plumes so that his men could easily spot him on the battlefield and take heart that he was among them in the thick of the fight. The Walloon cavalry fought valiantly in the opening moments of the battle, despite heavy fire from French muskets hidden in the woods to their left that toppled Spanish cuirassiers from their saddles.

Sensing the moment was right to drive back the Walloon horse, d'Enghien waved forward the eight squadrons that formed the second echelon to advance at a slow trot toward the enemy position. The combined weight of the two echelons of French cavalry was sufficient to snap the spine of the Walloon cavalry, and the survivors fled east, carrying with them their young commander.

Rue des Archive / The Granger Collection, NY

Albuquerque spent the rest of the battle riding to and fro trying in vain to rally small groups of cavalry. Meanwhile, the Strozzi *tercio,* which anchored the left end of Fontaine's battle line, had advanced to assist Albuquerque's attack. In the process, it had invited attack from the French cavalry, which drove it from the field in disorder.

D'Enghien sought out Gassion on the field, and the two kindred souls discussed how they might press their advantage. D'Enghien told Gassion to take one-third of the horsemen and reconnoiter the enemy rear to see if Beck's column was nearing the battlefield. At the same time, d'Enghien took the other two-thirds of the French cavalry and drove off the German and Walloon foot that formed Melo's meager reserve. The move was a conscious decision on d'Engien's part to isolate the stronger Spanish *tercios* as the battle progressed.

The cuirassiers on the French right wing wheeled left and charged the hapless German and Walloon foot soldiers. The battalions that formed the second echelon of Fontaine's infantry were arrayed in thin ranks and had fewer pikemen than their counterparts in the Spanish foot. These factors made it impossible for them to stand their ground against d'Enghien's cavalry. The French horse caught the enemy's second echelon in the flank and smashed each formation in turn.

By 7 AM, d'Enghien had scattered the second echelon of Fontaine's infantry and arrived at the

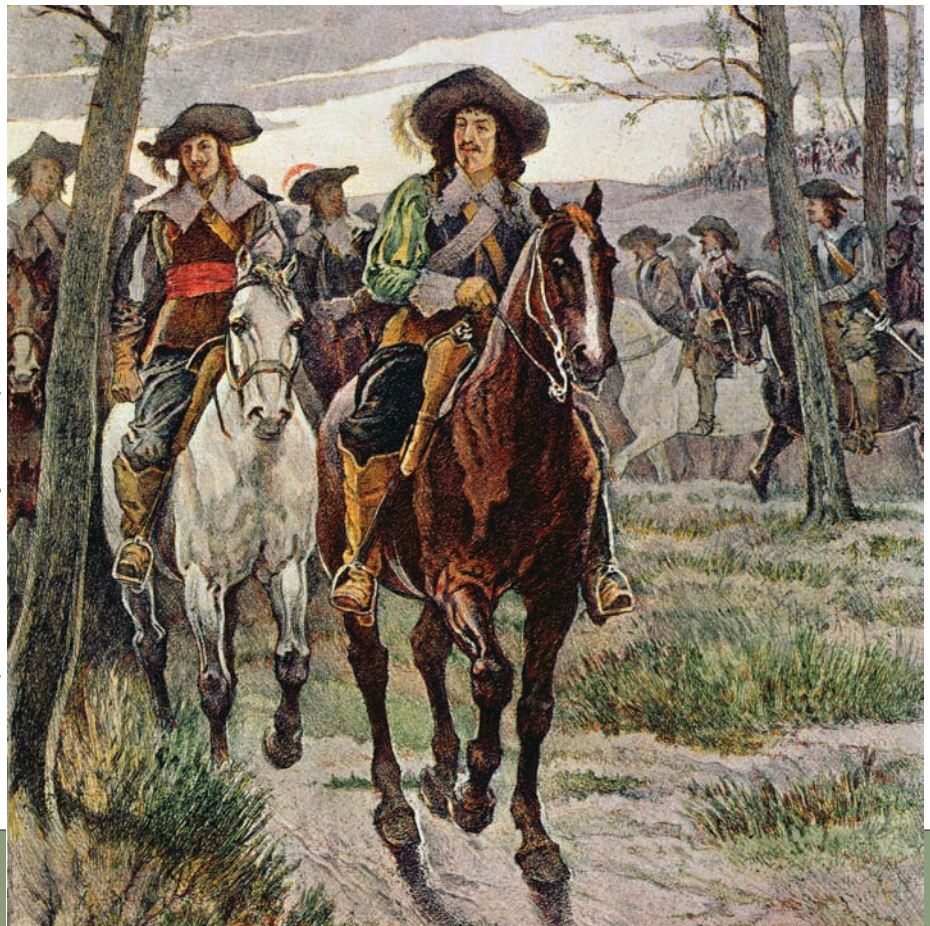
north end of the battlefield squarely behind Isenberg's cavalry. While he reformed his horse squadrons to assault Isenberg's cavalry, elements of L'Hopital's horse emerged from the cover of the woods and rejoined the battle. At that point, Isenberg's men were still engaged with Sirot's cavalry and musketeers and, therefore, were unable to turn and meet d'Enghien's charge. Isenberg soon found himself under attack from three directions. The German cavalry fought desperately to extract itself from the uneven fight, but they lost all cohesion as a fighting force and individual riders fled into the swamp or woods as L'Hopital's horsemen had done before them. Isenberg was badly wounded in the melee, but managed to escape with his life.

Melo's performance on the field was completely eclipsed by d'Enghien's leadership. The Spanish commander spent the first two hours of the battle riding back and forth between the two wings, trying to rally retreating horse squadrons. By so doing, he exposed himself to capture or death. His army would have been better served if he had remained at a safe distance from which he could dispatch orders and receive reports from various sectors of the battlefield.

With the French cavalry roaming the field largely uncontested, Melo had no choice but to seek refuge with one of his *tercios*. At the time d'Enghien reached the Spanish right wing and charged Isenberg's cavalry, Melo happened to be in the same area. He rode into the midst of the Visconti *tercio*. "Here I wish to die with the Italian gentlemen," he said. Those were the words of a beaten general who had already given up the fight.

No sooner had Melo uttered these words than the French attacked Fontaine's two forward *tercios* from three sides. For the three hours since dawn, the fighting had mainly involved opposing cavalry forces. Now the battle entered its final, protracted phase. By 8 AM, the Spanish infantry was fighting for its survival against all three arms of the French army. The Visconti and Velandia *tercios* on the Spanish right flank found themselves under steady fire from French musket formations that poured heavy volleys into their ranks. The two Spanish *tercios* had begun the battle with nearly 3,000 men between them, but after more than an hour of fighting, their ranks were greatly depleted. Still, they maintained their cohesion, and the survivors were able to gradually withdraw from the battle. The orderly withdrawal of the Italian tercios also made it possible for Melo to slip quietly away from the battle and avoid capture.

WHERE THE SPANISH HAD A SHORT TIME BEFORE STOOD TALL AND DEFIANT IN THEIR SQUARES, HUNDREDS OF PRONE AND CONTORTED BODIES NOW LAY SLAIN BY THE VICTORIOUS FRENCH ON THE PLATEAU OF ROCROI.



Musee Conde, Chantilly, France / Giraudon / The Bridgeman Art Library International

Fontaine resolved to stand firm on the battlefield despite having witnessed the decimation of three of the eight *tercios* under his command. An experienced commander, he weighed the pros and cons of holding his position or of conducting a fighting withdrawal, a difficult maneuver in the best of circumstances. He chose to stand and fight. Perhaps he believed that Beck's fresh column would arrive and help check or drive back the French. Or perhaps he believed that his veterans were better soldiers than the French and could defeat them in a head-to-head fight. Both were plausible assumptions—neither happened.

The five remaining *tercios*—four Spanish and one Burgundian—totaled about 8,000 men. Knowing that they were outnumbered by more than two-to-one by the French, Fontaine ordered them to form a massive square to serve as a four-sided bulwark capable of defending itself against attacks from all directions. The Spanish artillerymen abandoned their cannons, which had run out of gunpowder. To fend off cavalry attacks, the pikemen moved to the front and thrust their long staffs out to protect the musketeers.

To prevent the Spanish from reinforcing the front of the square with fresh troops, d'Enghien issued orders for his generals to deploy their forces on all sides of the square. Still fearing the imminent arrival of Beck's column, the French commander in chief made immediate preparations to attack the square. The Spanish infantry's ability to maintain the square while under repeated attacks from the French was a tribute to the training and discipline that had made it the most formidable infantry in western Europe for the past 100 years. Three times the French advanced; each time they were driven back by concentrated musket fire delivered at close range.

Although the attacks failed, they brought about a crisis of command when French fire struck and killed Fontaine, who had been directing the Spanish square from a raised chair in which he was being carried. At that point, a colonel commanding one of the veteran *tercios* assumed command. While the first attacks against the Spanish square were in progress, Gassion located and sacked the Spanish baggage train, which ensured that the enemy infantry would not be able to replenish its ammunition.

Beck's column had marched 17 miles on the day of the battle but had halted five miles from Rocroi at the village of Philippeville. As he neared Rocroi at 9 AM, Beck met dispirited Walloons and

Chantilly Castle © BeBa/iberfoto / The Image Works

ABOVE: The border fortress at Rocroi looms in the background behind the contesting armies. Louis II, in French blue, directs the fighting. OPPOSITE: Battle-savvy Jean de Gassion leads his French cavalrymen on a roundabout reconnaissance raid through the woods behind the Spanish lines at Rocroi. Gassion was 34 at the time.

Germans fleeing the battle. They informed him that Melo's army was already beaten and that the day was lost. Rather than reconnoitering himself or sending his scouts to verify the information, Beck was content to spend the rest of the day rounding up fugitives in preparation for a withdrawal the following day.

After its initial repulse, d'Enghien let his men pause long enough for the supporting columns led by L'Hopital, Sirot, and Gassion to get into position to assault the square from various directions. The French pikemen were ordered to remain in reserve while the generals organized mounted troops and muskets into light formations capable of inflicting heavy losses on the square and weaken it for the pikemen.

At 9 AM, the French forces converged on the enemy's square from all directions. D'Enghien ordered the French artillerymen to load their guns with grapeshot and fire on the square at point-blank range to open gaps that the cavalry might exploit. Added to this was close-range fire from French muskets and cavalrymen armed with wheel-lock pistols. Three times the cavalry charged the square from all four directions, but each time it was driven off. When a lull occurred in the fighting, the French called for the Spanish to surrender. The Spanish foot declined the invitation.

Eventually the shell and shot took its toll on the outer ranks of the square manned by the pikemen. When the perimeter began to crumble and the musketeers ran low on ammunition, the colonel in charge of the remaining Spanish infantry signaled the French at 9:30 AM that he wanted to negotiate terms of surrender.

D'Enghien assembled his staff, and they rode toward the Spanish lines. Not all of the Spanish were aware that their commander had offered to surrender. A number of Spanish musketeers believed that the approaching group of cavalry was the beginning of a fresh charge, and when d'Enghien and his escort came within musket range, they were greeted by a hail of bullets. The result was disastrous. The French troops were outraged that the Spanish had violated the truce, and they launched a final, all-out attack on the Spanish square. The square was broken by the fury of the French attack, and the Spanish broke up into small bands trying to protect themselves from being massacred.

D'Enghien quickly grasped that the enemy had fired on his party by mistake. He shouted to his men to break off the attack, but to no avail. The Spanish troops nearest to d'Enghien threw down their weapons and clung to his horse and stirrups, begging for quarter. After another half hour of fighting, the battle at last was over. Where the Spanish had a short time before stood tall and defiant in their squares, hundreds of prone and contorted bodies now lay slain by the victorious French on the plateau of Rocroi.

The Spanish lost 8,000 killed and 7,500 captured. In contrast, the French lost 2,000 killed. Most of those captured were exchanged two months later for Spanish prisoners taken at Honnecourt. About 4,000 infantry and 4,000 cavalry, many of whom were wounded, were able to escape the battlefield and join Beck's corps at Philippeville. Melo, who dropped his marshal's baton on the battlefield in his flight to escape capture, joined Beck, Albuquerque, and Isenberg. The greatly reduced Spanish army retreated on May 20.

Enghien failed to capitalize on his decisive victory at Rocroi by either eliminating the smaller Spanish army or invading the Spanish Netherlands. Instead, he laid siege to the fortress of Thionville in Lorraine, just inside the Holy Roman Empire. Beck anticipated the move and sent 2,000 men to reinforce the fort's garrison of 800 troops. Nevertheless, d'Enghien forced the garrison to capitulate on August 10 after a long siege.

Lacking funds and manpower to wage an offensive war against France, the Spanish maintained a defensive posture the following year, content to hold on to a string of imposing forts that kept the French at bay. Despite the losses suffered at Rocroi, the Army of Flanders still had a total strength of 78,000 in December 1643. The war would go on—except for the men who had fallen at Rocroi, where the flower of the Spanish army had died upholding its reputation as the finest fighting force in the world. In the end, such a reputation was not enough. □

WHEN THE RUSSIAN AND JAPANESE ARMIES FACED OFF AT MUKDEN, MANCHURIA, IN FEBRUARY 1905, BOTH NATIONS UNDERSTOOD WHAT WAS AT STAKE. THE RUSSIANS FACED REVOLUTION AT HOME, WHILE THE JAPANESE WERE REACHING THE END OF THEIR TETHER.

BLOODBATH AT MUKDEN

BY LOUIS CIOTOLA

JANUARY AND FEBRUARY 1905 were critical months for both the Russian and Japanese empires, which were locked in a war over East Asia that neither of them could sustain. The enormous Russian Empire, assumed by most observers to be militarily far superior to its Asian rival, had failed to quickly subdue Japan. Now Russia was facing increasing domestic turmoil at home, which threatened not only to derail the war effort but possibly to topple the monarchy itself. Meanwhile, Japan, being far smaller than its adversary, was quickly running short of men and resources. With desperation taking hold, the Japanese hoped to achieve a decisive victory. It was a race against time for both empires—a race that only one of them could win. Each would attempt to do so in frozen, desolate Manchuria.

The year began victoriously for Japan, but the triumphs were far from the decisive blow the Japanese were seeking. Still, the capture of Port Arthur freed up valuable troops that could be used to strike a decisive blow in Manchuria, where a large Japanese army sat facing the Russians along the Sha Ho River south of the village of Mukden. The situation was tense. Separated by only a few hundred yards, the opposing armies held tightly to their fortified positions. But despite appearances, both had ambitious plans to attack. Field Marshal Oyama Iwao awaited only the arrival of General Nogi Maresuke from Port Arthur before launching a carefully designed offensive that he hoped would win the war.

His Russian counterpart, Alexei Kuropatkin, had already decided to take the offensive before the fall of Port Arthur. The port's capture simply forced him to hasten his plans in order to preempt the arrival of Nogi's army. But the Russian army needed more time to prepare. Kuropatkin had only recently attained supreme command and, although admired by his soldiers, had yet to earn the faith of his officers. Morale was low. Thanks to the vastness of Siberia, supplies arrived either by train via a single track running thousands of miles or after being transported by sail halfway around the globe. Proper winter clothing had reached the troops only a month before. Making matters worse was a divided command. The most divisive individual was political appointee General Oscar Kazimirovich Grippenberg. Upon his arrival in Manchuria, Grippenberg had bragged, "If any of you retreat, I'll kill you. If I retreat, kill me." He had no intention of backing such bravado by obediently serving Kuropatkin.

Kuropatkin's first priority was to slow, if not prevent entirely, Nogi's arrival. While the Russians were steadily receiving reinforcements, their quality bore no comparison to Nogi's veterans of Port Arthur. To achieve his goal, Kuropatkin chose to take advantage of Russian cavalry superiority by launching a mounted raid behind enemy lines to sever the Japanese-controlled rail line running north from Port Arthur. If all went as planned, the subsequent Russian offensive would have a greatly increased chance of success.

On January 8, 7,500 Russian cavalry and mounted scouts under Pavel Ivanovich Mishchenko set out to conduct the raid. It proved a debacle from the start. Progress was piti-

As Chinese buildings burn in the background, Japanese troops mount a ferocious attack on Russian fortifications at Mukden in February 1905. Painting by Friz Neumann.

Anne S.K. Brown Military Collection

fully slow as the Russians stumbled into several Japanese garrisons along their route and pointlessly stopped to engage them. The element of surprise was irretrievably lost. Upon reaching his prime target of Inkou Station, Mishchenko was only able to conduct a brief bombardment before a flood of Japanese reinforcements forced him to attempt a quick frontal charge. The Japanese easily repulsed the attack, and with their position now untenable, the Russians withdrew.

Mishchenko's raid accomplished nothing except to establish that Nogi had not yet linked up with Oyama. There was only minor communications damage, all of which was repaired within a matter of hours. Observed one phlegmatic Russian commentator, "The result attained by the detachment had not justified our hopes." In fact, the raid served only to alarm Oyama, prompting him to urge Nogi to hurry to the front.

Nogi had not yet arrived on the scene when Kuropatkin launched a major Russian offensive on January 25. Kuropatkin's choice of strategy was extremely controversial among his officers. Many wanted to attempt a flanking attack instead of a blunt frontal assault. Chief among the dissenters was Grippenberg, who had been arguing this point of view for weeks. Kuropatkin would not hear of it, fearing that the need to protect an extended flank would merely drain his reserves. Upon being snubbed, Grippenberg sulkily declared that it would be best if the Russian army withdrew entirely. Naturally, this advice too was rejected, but it was enough to spread pessimism among the leadership. General Nikolai Petrovich Linevich, commanding the First Manchurian Army, remarked that there was "little expectation of success."

The Russians quickly met disaster. Ironically, the initial phase of the attack had been entrusted to the general most opposed to the operation—Grippenberg. The sloppy movement throughout the month of his Second Manchurian Army into its attack positions alerted the Japanese to the Russian strategy well before the offensive began. Furthermore, Kuropatkin's collection of generals, who had been sent by Czar Nicholas II and his advisers in St. Petersburg rather than selected personally by Kuropatkin, failed to properly coordinate their efforts. A blinding snowstorm and temperatures 25 degrees below zero greatly exacerbated the difficulties.

The resulting fiasco became known as the Battle of Sandepu. The Japanese, already tipped off as to the nature of the Russian strategy, were further aided when Grippenberg prematurely launched his attack of the Russian right. In doing so, he failed to coordinate the offensive with the forces of General Alexander Vasilyevich Kaulbars and, consequently, advanced in isolation. Two of the Second Manchurian Army's columns attacked the wrong target, which was completely devoid of enemy soldiers, while the artillery mistakenly bombarded Heikoutai rather than Sandepu. Despite the errors, the Russians did manage to gain some ground, but Kuropatkin suddenly got cold feet and declined to commit his reserves. A swift Japanese counterattack quickly erased all the Russian gains. On January 28, Kuropatkin called off the fledgling offensive.

Immediately, fierce arguments erupted over who was accountable for the 14,000 Russian soldiers lost in the catastrophe. It was impossible "to dream of being successful after Nogi's arrival," complained Grippenberg to justify his premature actions. He pointed to Kuropatkin's failure to fully commit the reserves as the principal cause of defeat. Unsurprisingly, Kuropatkin,citing Grippenberg's clumsy deployment and premature attack, reciprocated by placing the blame squarely on the shoulders of the Second Manchurian Army's commander. Unwilling to take the blame, Grippenberg

Anne S.K. Brown Military Collection

A wild, sword-swinging melee takes place between Russian and Japanese cavalry at the outset of the Mukden campaign. The Russians failed to sever Japanese rail lines to Port Arthur.

claimed illness and petitioned for a recall, which St. Petersburg speedily granted. He would later explain to the czar that Kuropatkin was his real ailment. Kuropatkin, meanwhile, was infuriated by the government's lenient treatment of Grippenberg and was left with an army badly shaken by defeat and divided in leadership.

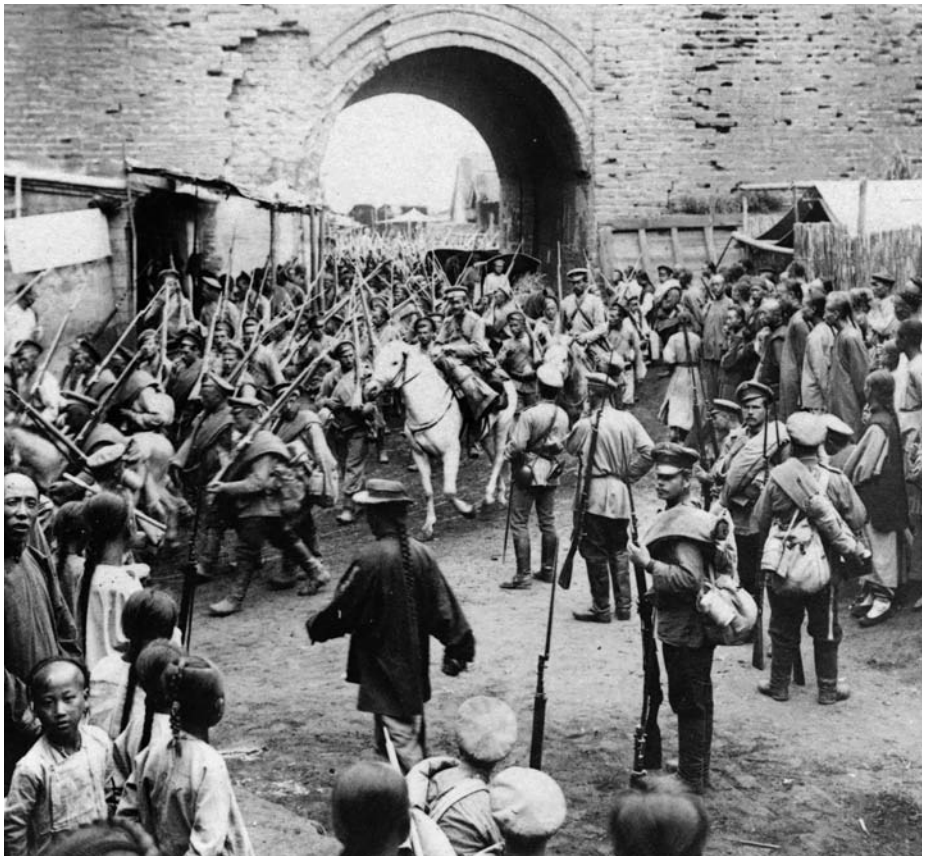
Following the battle at Sandepu, the Russian army fell back northward a short distance to Mukden. There, with a front extending over 90 miles, the Russians dug in. Although he took a defensive posture, Kuropatkin remained committed to achieving victory in Manchuria through offensive action. Exactly how such an attack would be conducted in the wake of such a fresh defeat was far from clear.

Oyama, too, had plans to finish affairs in Manchuria with an offensive. The pressure upon him was overwhelming. Despite numerous victories, Japan had reached the limit of its war-making capacity. All of its resources for land operations were now assembled in Manchuria. A decisive blow to end the war triumphantly was absolutely necessary before time told against it. That blow had to be delivered immediately, the Japanese leadership maintained, constantly reiterating the need to achieve a so-called Second Sedan.

To assist him in the ambitious goal of repeating the German victory over the French in the Franco-Prussian War three decades earlier, Oyama had some new tools at his disposal. Following a grueling march through horrific winter conditions, Nogi's Third Army had at last reached the front, bringing with it the massive siege guns that had so effectively reduced Port Arthur. Fresh reinforcements from Japan, perhaps the last the homeland had to offer, were also on their way, marching up from the southeast under General Kawamura Kageaki. There was no time to lose. Oyama determined that if he was to be successful, it was essential to attack before the coming spring thawed the area's numerous rivers and provided the Russians with additional natural defenses.

Entirely coincidentally, both the Russians and Japanese finalized their offensive plans on February 19. Kuropatkin's plan was identical to the one he had formulated at Sandepu. He intended to begin the battle by throwing his right against the enemy left, although this time he would attempt to outflank his opponent rather than simply smash forward. But Kuropatkin's strategy was based on desperately faulty intelligence. Although he was aware of Nogi's presence and Kawamura's approach, he severely misjudged both their placement along the front and the respective strengths of the opposing armies.

All: Library of Congress



ABOVE: Flush with premature elation, Russian troops pass through the gates of Mukden in early 1905. Many of these troops would be dead within the month. LEFT: Left to right, General Alexei Kuropatkin, Field Marshal Oyama Iwao.

Discovering a division of Nogi's veterans on the Japanese right, the Russian commander falsely assumed this to mean that the entire Japanese Third Army was on the right. In fact, the Third Army was on the left hiding behind the Second Army, completely undetected by the lackadaisical Russian reconnaissance. Even worse, Kuropatkin thoroughly misunderstood the size of Kawamura's force on the eastern flank. Branded the Fifth Army or the Army of the Yalu, Kawamura's force was not an army at all, but merely a division and some reservists. The false moniker was a brilliantly orchestrated deception meant to encourage the Russians to believe that the Japanese had many more soldiers at Mukden than they did.

Oyama's intelligence, as it turned out, was little better. Like his nemesis, Oyama had no idea that his opponent was preparing an imminent attack, even though detected Russian deployments indicated as much. Instead, the Japanese commander trusted in his ability to move more quickly than his enemy and, based on previous experience, assumed that his intricate plan of attack would effectively unnerve the Russian command structure, thus causing it to collapse completely.

To achieve his decisive victory, Oyama planned a high-risk, massive double envelopment of the numerically superior Russian army. The movement would be conducted through a series of well-timed actions to disguise his true intentions. First, he would tease the Russians in the east, using Kawamura's forces to play on Kuropatkin's unrealistic fears that the Japanese intended to make a dash for the port of Vladivostok. Meanwhile, the weakened Japanese center would maintain a steady but generally weak offensive to draw the enemy away from the real target area in the west. There Nogi would strike, outflanking the depleted Russian right and linking up with Kawamura moving in from the west to complete the encirclement and destroy the Russian army. The center and right were the bait and the left was the hammer.

While supremely confident, Oyama had no illusions regarding his own army's weaknesses. At a council of war in Liaoyang on February 20, he stressed the need to mount a better pursuit effort

All: Library of Congress

ABOVE: Japanese sharpshooters man the forward trenches outside Mukden. Soon, they would go over to the offensive. RIGHT: Japanese General Maresuke Nogi led much-needed reinforcements from Port Arthur.

than had previously been exhibited in the war. Conscious of Japan's overall situation, Oyama instructed his generals: "The object of the battle is to decide the issue of the war. The question is not one therefore of occupying certain points or seizing tracts of territory. It is essentially that the enemy should be dealt a heavy blow." As he spoke those words, initial skirmishing in the east had already begun.

Oyama had his work cut out for him. The Japanese army numbered some 207,000 men to the Russians' 276,000. The Japanese also faced deficiencies in both artillery and cavalry, having 1,000 guns to the Russians' 1,200 and only 7,350 cavalry facing 16,000 of the enemy. They did, however, possess a huge advantage in machine guns, with some 250 to the Russians' 54.

The Russian army ran west to east in a thin line, with its few reserves positioned in the center. Its defenses along the line were formidable enough that many commanders called into question Kuropatkin's entire offensive-minded strategy. Holding the right flank was the Second Manchurian Army, positioned between the Hun River and the railway leading north to Mukden. Kaulbars had since replaced Grippenberg as its commander. Meanwhile, replacing Kaulbars in the center as commander of the Third Manchurian Army was A.A. Bilderling, whose force sat between the railway and Putilov Hill. In the east, "Siberian Wolf" Linevich retained command of the First Manchurian Army, while to his left, among the rugged hills of the far eastern flank, were two-thirds of the cavalry under General Paul von Rennenkampf.

In the earliest stages of the battle, Nogi's Third Army still hid behind the Japanese Second Army led by Oku Yasukata, but as Oyama's plan unfolded it would take its rightful place in the plains on the far left flank. Many among the Japanese command held their breath. They had long feared Nogi to be incompetent, and it had taken all of Oyama's efforts to retain him in command. Immediately to the right of Oku was Nozu Michitsura, leading the Japanese Fourth Army, while to Nozu's right was the Japanese First Army under Kuroki Tamemoto. It was Kuroki's responsibility to support Kawamura's Fifth Army in the initial deceptive stage of the battle.

The first stage of the battle began on February 23. With the Fushun mines as his objective, Kawamura's advance against the Russian left began brilliantly, pushing past the enemy outposts and threatening the flank. But the terrain was difficult and the weather atrocious, and Kawamura's pace soon slowed to a crawl. The Russians possessed a considerable numerical superiority in the east behind entrenchments, and they used their strength to halt the Port Arthur veterans. Nevertheless, Kuropatkin was nervous, triggering a frenzy of activity behind the Russian line as troops from the west were frantically transferred to the east.

Although Oyama was completely unaware why it was so, his strategy was working brilliantly. Russian units raced across the front, thinning their defenses on the plains to waste their energies in the mountains, which actually required far fewer units to create an effective barrier. The counter-productive process thoroughly exhausted thousands of Russian soldiers. Many units traveled well over 50 miles, only to be forced to undertake an immediate return journey, thus making them almost entirely useless due to fatigue. When Kuropatkin ordered the First Siberian Division to detach from the Second Manchurian Army and march eastward, he effectively ended any possibility of launching his own planned offensive. The official cancellation came shortly afterwards.

The weight of the Russian reinforcements halted Kawamura. With a local superiority of two to one, Linevich counterattacked with Rennenkampf's cavalry, but the attackers quickly ran into the same difficulties that had hampered the Japanese, and the assault achieved nothing. The next day, charging through a blinding snowstorm, the Army of the Yalu attacked again, this time led by the First Kobi Division. Protected by covering artillery fire, the Japanese penetrated to the base of the hills where the

Russian entrenchments lay. Only barbed wire prevented a further advance.

The slight Japanese success was due directly to activity in the center. In support of Kawamura, the Japanese First Army launched a bombardment of the Russian positions on the Deniken and Beresnev hills. Following a number of brutal charges, the Japanese captured the heights. Further columns moved to link up with Kawamura, but stiff Russian opposition put a stop to their hopes of creating a united front.

On February 27, Nozu, armed with 11-inch howitzers that Nogi had brought from Port Arthur, began a merciless barrage on the Putilov and Novgorod hills. Although casualties were few, the guns rained shells down on the Russian positions, causing a good deal of torment and prompting one shaken officer to despair, "It is impossible to hold the line now."

But the center did hold. The real problem was farther west, where the situation was destined to be much different.

Although some Russian leaders had long feared an attack on their left, their warnings had gone unheeded. The massive barrage against the Putilov and Novgorod hills convinced Kuropatkin that the main Japanese thrust was still meant for the center. When the real storm broke, he was caught entirely by surprise. By then, more than 40 battalions and 100 guns had moved from the Russian right and center to the left. When Kaulbars faced the main enemy onslaught, he had already been stripped of many of his best troops. The disastrous consequences of the redeployments were felt immediately.

Although the Russians did not detect him for some time, Nogi launched the Japanese Third Army against the Russian right flank in conjunction with the bombardment of the center. The Japanese deceptively kept their infantry hidden behind a cavalry screen during the initial phase of the attack. When Cossacks under General M.I. Grekov encountered the first Japanese, they had no idea that they were facing the full force of Nogi's army. Regardless, following a brief show of resistance, the Cossacks retreated. Now entirely unhindered, the Japanese advance gained momentum. By the next day, the attackers had nearly outflanked the Russian right wing.

"CHILDREN, RUSSIA ALWAYS CONQUERS. WE WILL CONQUER NOW. ADVANCE AND SWEEP THESE JAPANESE PAGANS TO HELL. THERE WILL BE NO RETREAT, NO COMING BACK."

—KONSTANTIN TSERPITSKI

ABOVE: Russian troops wrestle with their field pieces amid swirling winter winds at Mukden. LEFT: General Pavel Ivanovich Mishchenko led the botched Russian cavalry raid.

Nogi's success was in no small part due to another massive Japanese artillery bombardment, this time conducted by Oku against Kaulbars. Oku's objective was to distract Kaulbars while Nogi completed his encirclement. As in the other sectors, the barrage did little damage to the Russian entrenchments, but it did convince Kuropatkin that the real danger was on his right. Unfortunately for the Russians, that realization did nothing to lessen the confusion within their command. Contradictory orders streamed back and forth, sending units in every direction as the generals struggled to grasp the rapidly changing situation.

The Japanese Third Army advanced virtually uninhibited for three days until a blizzard finally forced it to slow down on March 2. The previous day, Nogi's flank had been temporarily exposed as it occupied the town of Hsinmintun, but the Russians were in no position to counterattack. Meanwhile, the Japanese were beginning to show some weakness. A lack of supplies and inadequate maps combined with the treacherous weather began to undermine the offensive. Then, too, their enemy at last began to show some competence. Although the Russians had failed to take advantage of any opportunities to disrupt Nogi's drive, they did manage to change their front in good order.

Unlike the cavalry, the Russian infantry fought courageously, even if its disoriented commanders did little to help their cause. Kaulbars's men withstood Oku's advances, although these attacks

were limited and only meant to distract from the flank. Nevertheless, Kaulbars and Bilderling, slowly coming to understand their precarious position, began to panic and ordered much of their supplies withdrawn to Mukden. Help, however, was slowly on the way.

Kuropatkin had scrambled together enough reserves by March 2 to order a counterattack against Nogi that stood a chance of turning the tide. He ordered Kaulbars to organize two columns and strike west at Nogi's flank. M.V. Launitz, left to command the Second Manchurian Army's front opposite Oku, was ordered to free up additional manpower by reducing the length of his line with a careful withdrawal to the Hun River. After some difficulty this was achieved, but it did little to affect the outcome of Kaulbars's counterattack. In fact, Kaulbars hardly gave it a chance. When the first column, led by General D.A. Topornin, met stiff opposition, Kaulbars frantically ordered him to abandon the attack. This left the second column under General Alexander Birger entirely in the lurch. Believing he was cut off, Birger withdrew as well.

On March 4, Kuropatkin ordered Launitz to counterattack Oku in preparation for a renewed effort against Nogi. The Japanese, however, were not fooled as the Russians made no attempt to create any type of ruse farther east. Kuropatkin hoped to meet with better luck the second time around thanks to the return of the First Siberian Division to Kaulbars's command. Furthermore, during the previous 24 hours Nogi's advance northward had badly extended the Japanese line, leaving it vulnerable to a determined counterattack. By evening, the Japanese Third Army was due west of Mukden. If the Russians were to avoid defeat, the time to take decisive action had come.

The Granger Collection, NY

Kaulbars launched the counterattack early the following morning. The first strike was led by Konstantin Tserpitski, who brazenly informed his soldiers as they set off: "Children, Russia always conquers. We will conquer now. Advance and sweep these Japanese pagans to hell. There will be no retreat, no coming back." The more critical assault, however, was conducted by A.A. Grengross in the far north. With the First Siberians under his command, Grengross was ordered to hit Nogi's exposed flank, which if successful would devastate the Japanese strategy.

Once again, disorder on the command level ruled the day. At the very start of operations, Kaulbars inexplicably altered the plans by transferring men from Grengross to support Tserpitski. The entire strategy was thus compromised. Grengross and the exhausted First Siberians were hung out to dry. Making matters worse, the northern column, rather than hitting Nogi's flank, ran directly into the spearhead of the Japanese Third Army itself and barely managed to escape encirclement. With everything falling apart around him, Kaulbars ordered a withdrawal. An infuriated Kuropatkin directed all his frustrations at the beleaguered commander of his embattled right wing. "It is necessary to ask the commander of the Second Army if he really fights with an army," said Kurpatkin scornfully, "and not with a series of warriors for the rest of his troops to watch."

The Russians, at any rate, were out of luck. Kuropatkin, although unwilling to abandon the fight, saw little recourse but to conduct an orderly withdrawal behind the Hun River. Bilderling was ordered to join Kaulbars in that endeavor while Linevich held fast in a desperate effort to prevent a merger between Kuroki and Kawamura. Thus far, the First Manchurian Army had used the terrain to good advantage

in stopping Kawamura dead in his tracks. Oyama was determined to get his Fifth Army moving again and directed Kuroki to assist.

Invigorated by the partial Russian withdrawal, the Japanese fiercely renewed their efforts all along the line. On March 6, Oku launched a massive assault against the Second Manchurian Army that further vindicated for Kuropatkin the decision to reestablish himself behind the Hun. In the east, Linevich was no longer able to prevent Kuroki's reinforcement of Kawamura and the Japanese gradually began pushing the Russians back off the hills. Kuropatkin subsequently ordered Linevich to fall back as well.

As always, however, the most critical theater was the west. By March 7, Nogi had made considerable progress and was close to cutting the railroad north of Mukden, which would sever Russian communications. It was a dire threat that Kuropatkin could not ignore. He was fortunate to have ordered the army's withdrawal when he did, since it enabled him to now react effectively. Having shortened his lines, Kuropatkin was able to utilize the freed-up manpower to extend his right flank along the rail line north of Mukden and successfully block Nogi's thrust.

Despite this limited success, the cohesiveness of the Russian army was beginning to break down. Largely unaware of events to their west, Bilderling and Linevich were dismayed by Kuropatkin's order to fall back. Meanwhile, disorder reigned in the rear. Discipline deteriorated as many soldiers succumbed to drunkenness. Most critically of all, the confusion and the tightly packed conditions made the organized transfer of units virtually impossible, all but eliminating every option short of a total retreat. It appeared that Oyama's previous assumptions regarding his adversary were proving accurate.

Oyama launched his final attack against the Russians the following day along the entire front. "I intend to pursue in earnest and to turn the enemy's retreat into a rout," he declared. Oku, Nozu, and Kuroki advanced in the center, penetrated the new Russian line, and threatened to cut Kuropatkin's army in two. By midday on March 9, the Japanese First Army, east of Mukden, severed communications between the First Manchurian Army and the rest of the Russian forces. Meanwhile in the west, Nogi finally broke through, destroyed the railroad north of Mukden and moved furiously eastward to link up with Kawamura in an attempt to trap the entirety of the enemy army. The elusive Second Sedan suddenly became a distinct possibility.

Library of Congress

ABOVE: The defeated Russian army retreats in good order from Mukden. The Japanese, although victorious, were too exhausted to follow up their victory. OPPOSITE: Beneath the well-known rising-sun flag, Imperial Japanese troops rush across a bridge at Mukden while panicky Russian troops fall back on the frozen river below.

For nearly two days, Kuropatkin determinedly held his ground, but by the afternoon of March 9 it was clear that if the army did not retire soon it would be encircled and destroyed. At 6:45 PM he issued the order for a general withdrawal 40 miles north to Tiehling. Less than two hours later, with the order signed, the Russian army commenced its retreat amid a massive dust storm that lasted throughout the following day. The atrocious weather, while impeding the retreat and adding to its confusion, did much to save the beaten forces by fortuitously slowing the jaws of the Japanese pincers.

Before departing, the Russians frantically worked to destroy anything that could be of use to the enemy, including their supplies in Mukden and the rail bridge over the Hun. By now the Japanese center was pushing forward rapidly in their wake. The situation in the rear areas was approaching panic as fleeing Russian soldiers and baggage trains clogged the narrowing escape route, while the dust storm drastically reduced visibility. When Kaulbars overheard an officer inquiring about the whereabouts of the 7th Regiment, the exasperated general, with his arm in a sling due to a broken collarbone, lost his temper. "The 7th Regiment?" he exclaimed. "I do not know what has become of my whole army and he asks me where my 7th Regiment is!"

The rear guard mounted a vigorous and bloody action that saved the rest of the army, even while abandoning most of the wounded in the process. By March 12, most of the Russians were free from danger. Having failed to close the trap in time, the Japanese were forced to content themselves with an indecisive victory and the capture of Mukden. Too exhausted to give chase, they halted, allowing their defeated opponents to fall back peacefully to Tiehling.

Although they ceded the field after nearly being destroyed, ultimately the Russians gave as much as they got. Defeat cost them roughly 70,000 killed, wounded or missing, along with another 20,000 captured. Victory, however, was nearly as brutal for the Japanese, who suffered close to 16,000 killed and 60,000 wounded. The losses, although truly horrific, were losses the massive Russian Empire could absorb—at least militarily. In stark contrast, the losses for Japan were devastating. With men and materials dwindling fast, victories such as Mukden felt more like defeats. Having failed to achieve a decisive blow, the Japanese war effort teetered on the edge of the abyss. It would need an altogether different miracle to take place outside of Manchuria if it was to triumph.

As it turned out, Japan got not one miracle but two. As the fighting in Manchuria raged, revolution rocked St. Petersburg, critically damaging the Russian war effort and threatening the Romanov monarchy itself. Four months later, the Japanese navy accomplished at sea what the army could not on land, utterly obliterating the Russian fleet at Tsushima Strait. In an instant, Russia's manpower advantage in Manchuria no longer had any meaning. The discouraged czar committed himself to making peace—however humiliating it would prove to be. To all intents and purposes, the Russo-Japanese War was over. □

MONMOUTH: LONGEST BATTLE OF

George Washington arrives on the field at Monmouth in the nick of time to take control of the hard-pressed American forces in this iconic painting by Emanuel Lutze.

EAGER TO END THE AGONY AT VALLEY FORGE, GENERAL GEORGE WASHINGTON BROKE CAMP IN THE SPRING OF 1778 AND BEGAN FOLLOWING THE BRITISH ARMY FROM PHILADELPHIA INTO NEW JERSEY. IT WAS A NEAR DISASTER FOR THE PATRIOTS. **BY ERIC NIDEROST**

THE REVOLUTION

Washington Rallying the Troops at Monmouth, 1853; oil on canvas; 156 x 261 in.; University of California, Berkeley Art Museum and Pacific Film Archive; gift of Mrs. Mark Hopkins.

ON JUNE 19, 1778, Continental soldiers marched out of Valley Forge, happy to leave the rough wooden cabins where they had spent a miserable winter; cold, hunger, and disease had been their constant companions. Regiment after regiment filed out, marching in cadence to fifes and drums. General George Washington was with them, dressed in his familiar blue and buff uniform, his face shining with a dignity that commanded respect.

To the casual observer, the American troops looked much as they did when they arrived at Valley Forge, exhausted and dispirited by a string of defeats at Brandywine and Germantown. Some regiments were well dressed in regulation uniforms of blue or brown. Others wore civilian dress or fringed hunting shirts, smocks that Washington approved as a good substitute for uniforms. Yet on closer inspection, there was a vital difference: the Americans were marching out in tight formations, their movements those of disciplined soldiers, not armed civilian rabble. They exuded pride in themselves and their regiments, something that would not have been possible a mere six months earlier.

There were two major reasons for this martial metamorphosis: good news from Europe and the efforts of an obscure Prussian officer who had rallied to the American cause. A few weeks earlier, the camp had been galvanized by news of an impending French alliance. France, still smarting from its disastrous defeat at British hands during the Seven Years' War, was now only too happy to openly aid the American rebels.

The army's enhanced morale had also been boosted by the efforts of Baron Friedrich von Steuben, a Prussian-born career officer who consolidated the different military drills used by American units into one comprehensive manual, and followed with rigorous training for all soldiers, including officers. Steuben wrote to a European friend about his experience training the Americans: "You say to your soldier 'Do this,' and he does it. But I am obliged to say to the American, 'This is why you ought to do this,' and then he does it."

Valley Forge had been well named. A new, more professional army had been created there, a hardened instrument shaped and hammered by Steuben on the anvil of adversity. But this new metal, an alloy of American individualism and European discipline, had yet to be tested. The next few weeks would determine if the American army was tempered steel or brittle tin.

The Continental Army marched out of Valley Forge in reaction to enemy movements. The British, still thinking along European lines, were disappointed to find that their nine-month occupation of Philadelphia had given them little beyond snug winter quarters. As Washington observed with great prescience, "The possession of our towns, while we still have an army in the field, will avail them but little."

The Granger Collection, New York

LEE LOOKED UPON WASHINGTON WITH ILL-DISGUISED CONTEMPT, ONCE CLAIMING THE VIRGINIAN WAS NOT FIT TO COMMAND A SERGEANT'S GUARD.

General Sir Henry Clinton, the new British commander, was acting under orders from London to evacuate Philadelphia and withdraw to New York. There was now the very real threat that the French might blockade the Delaware River and bottle up the British army in Philadelphia. New York, 100 miles away, was more easily supplied by the Royal Navy. Clinton also was concerned about the several thousand Tories—Americans still loyal to the crown—who lived in Philadelphia. The Tories had supplied much-needed information at times, and some loyalists had fought in the ranks alongside British forces, but in essence the Tories were millstones around the British Army's neck. Loyalist civilians had to be protected from their rebellious neighbors, and too often they ended up as military encumbrances.

About 3,000 Tories and most of the British cavalry were loaded onto waiting ships for the passage down the Delaware River. The bulk of the British army would proceed by land, trudging across New Jersey to rendezvous with the British fleet near South Amboy. From there, the redcoats would be ferried to safety on Staten Island.

It took the British seven hours to cross the Delaware, endlessly shuttling soldiers in flat-bottomed boats against the steady current. Once assembled on the Jersey shore, they began their march across the rebel state. It was warm for June, and the burning sun that hung in the sky gave ample warning of the scorching temperatures to come.

Washington had already decided that some kind of offensive action should be taken, but he assembled a formal council of war to sound out his subordinates. Army Quartermaster Nathaniel Greene, one of Washington's best fighting generals, advised attack, as did the ever-pugnacious Maj. Gen. "Mad Anthony" Wayne. The army was in fine fettle, said Wayne, buoyed by the French alliance and a newfound sense of pride. Now was the time to attack.

But Maj. Gen. Charles Lee, Washington's senior subordinate, disagreed. Lee had been a professional soldier in the Seven Years' War, gaining experience in both Europe and America. Although he now sided with the rebels, he never forgot that he had once held the King's commission—and never let anyone else forget it, either. He considered the Continental Army ill disciplined and slovenly in comparison to the British. He failed to see the vast improvements Steuben had made.

Lee also looked upon Washington with ill-disguised contempt, once claiming the Virginian was not fit to command a sergeant's guard.

Washington was well aware of Lee's disdain but tended to overlook such slights for the sake of the country. Like him or not, Lee was an experienced professional when such men were a scarce commodity on the American side.

Since opinion seemed to be divided, Washington decided to compromise: he would send Colonel Stephen Moylan's 4th Continental Dragoons to nip at the British heels and harass them as much as possible. Meanwhile, Brig. Gen. William Maxwell's New Jersey militia, fighting on their own turf, would make life miserable for the marching redcoats. Colonel Daniel Morgan, the legendary "Old Wagoner," would also come along with his riflemen.

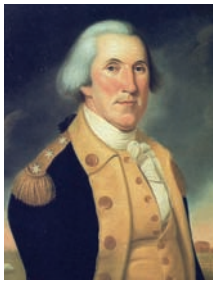
Washington would follow with the main body of the army. The Virginian still hadn't given up on the idea of a major engagement with Clinton. The Americans were far less encumbered by baggage—one of the few advantages of being relatively poor in material things. That meant that the Continental forces could march much faster than their adversaries. If fortune smiled on them, Washington could get ahead of the British, occupy the high ground, and take them on in a major engagement.

It looked as though Clinton was playing right into Washington's hands. There were reports that Maj. Gen. Horatio Gates, the victor at Saratoga, was coming south to reinforce Washington. Not wishing to expose his flank, Clinton decided to change direction. Instead of South Amboy, he would march his long-suffering army northwest toward Sandy Hook. It made sense on paper, but the reports about Gates were false and the change of direction would make life at lot more difficult for the British troops.

Advancing to Allentown, the British and their German mercenaries traveled along two roads that were more or less parallel. Lt. Gen. Charles Lord Cornwallis led a column along the westernmost road, acting as a kind of buffer to shield the baggage train plodding along the eastern road. Hessian General Wilhelm von Knyphausen and his troops were with the baggage train.

At Allentown, Clinton had to pause, reordering the line of march to account for the single road. Now Knyphausen would lead the column, the baggage train would follow, and Cornwallis would command the rear guard. The British set off again, even as the temperatures began to soar. As the sweltering days passed, the mercury climbed well into the 90s, with no relief in sight. The shadowing Americans also suffered, but to a degree they were better acclimated to the heat. Then, too, Continental officers allowed their men to strip off their coats and shirts in the heat.

Library of Congress



Library of Congress

Anne S.K. Brown Military Collection

National Army Museum, London

ABOVE: Left to right: George Washington, Friedrich von Steuben, British General Henry Clinton, and Charles Lee. OPPOSITE: With the help of an interpreter, Prussian-born Baron Friedrich von Steuben instructs soldiers at Valley Forge. He began with Washington's personal guard, designating them his "model company."

The tightly disciplined British soldiers were not so lucky. They wore wool uniforms and carried upwards of 60 pounds or more in packs and equipment. Their ubiquitous Brown Bess .75-caliber smoothbore muskets alone weighed nearly 10 pounds each. The German mercenaries fared no better, and perhaps even worse. They were just as heavily loaded down, and perspiring Hessian grenadiers found that their imposing metal-plated miter caps made literal frying pans in the broiling sun.

The British march became a nightmare, a sweat-soaked exodus though clouds of choking dust and heat. After the advance guard came the baggage train, a hodgepodge caravan of army wagons and private carriages, together with bakeries, laundries and blacksmith shops on wheels. No fewer than 1,500 vehicles jammed the road. A swarm of camp followers walked behind the baggage train, women and children so numerous that the procession looked more like a ragtag gypsy caravan than a professional army on the march.

The Americans did all they could to add to the discomfort They blocked the road with felled trees, destroyed bridges, and filled in wells with piles of stones. American sharpshooters continually sniped at the redcoats with deadly effect. Nature itself seemed determined to impede the British progress. At night there were heavy thunderstorms, turning the dusty road into a glutinous mire. When the sun rose, so did the temperatures, and there was little water to be had. By the dozens, British soldiers staggered to the side of the road and collapsed in a heap, victims of heatstroke. Many died where they lay. Others lay prostrate with exhaustion. Not even the threat of a flogging could move them.

By the morning of June 26, the British army had reached Monmouth Court House. Clinton decided to let the army rest from its ordeal, and orders were given to stay at Monmouth for the time being. In the meantime, Washington had decided on a bold stroke. An advance corps would move forward and pounce on the British rear guard. Washington would then bring up the main body in support.

Lee still felt that any action was folly. Why risk another defeat? Better to wait for the French to come—they were the true professionals—and in the meantime sit tight. Lee had been released from British captivity earlier that year, and so had missed Steuben's training program and its inspiring effect on the Continental troops. His thinly disguised contempt for Washington and the "Yankees" was as strong as ever. As a former British officer, Lee was also under threat of being branded a deserter from the British ranks—a status that might lead to the hangman's noose.

Washington decided to go forward with his plan, but Lee refused to command it. Washington handed the advance guard command to elaborately named Maj. Gen. Marie Joseph Paul Yves Roch Gilbert du Motier, the marquis de Lafayette. Still only 20 years of age, Lafayette had won Washington's confidence. Lafayette had the kind of aggressive spirit that was needed for an operation of this kind. But when Lee heard that there would be 6,000 men in the advance corps, he changed his mind. That number of troops should go to the senior man, and Lee told Washington so in no uncertain terms. One of Washington's few weaknesses was a strong sense of propriety, a sense of being a gentleman and of doing the right thing even if it was not in his own best interests. He acquiesced. Lee would command the advance corps, even though he had repeatedly voiced objections to any offensive action.

On Saturday, June 27, Washington summoned Lee to his headquarters at Henlopen, New Jersey, a few miles south of Englishtown. Lafayette was present, as well as Generals Wayne, Maxwell, and Charles Scott. Washington ordered Lee to attack the British rear guard and flank at Monmouth before they resumed their march to Sandy Hook. Washington left the operational details to Lee, which was standard procedure.

U.S. Army Art Collection

An angry George Washington confronts Charles Lee as staff officers attempt to halt the American retreat. The men's ragtag uniforms in this H. Charles McBarron painting are more accurate than those shown in Lutze's piece.

But once Lee returned to his own tent, a strange sort of inertia seemed to paralyze him. His subordinates waited for orders, but none came. There was no consultation, no poring over maps, and certainly no battle plan. Around midnight Lee received another order from Washington, directing him to dispatch New Jersey militia commander Philemon Dickinson to make contact with the enemy.

Lee did as he was told, but little else. Dickinson was sent on his way, but when Lafayette came into Lee's tent for orders at 4 AM on June 28, he found that Lee had none to give him. Dickinson was out on a limb; Lee still hadn't formulated a battle plan. It was obvious that Lee was only going through the motions. He had predicted disaster—and with him in command, defeat seemed likely to be a self-fulfilling prophecy. Lee's command-and-control skills were weak, almost nonexistent. Most of his officers—even the boyish Lafayette—were good soldiers, and some like Anthony Wayne had solid reputations as fighters. But as subordinates they needed guidance and direction—crucial elements that Lee seemed unwilling or unable to supply.

In the meantime, Dickinson was scouting out the terrain in the general vicinity of Monmouth Court House. As the main road continued, there was the West Morass, sometimes called a ravine, of the Spotswood Middle Brook. It was boggy area spanned by a wooden bridge. Beyond West Ravine, Comb's Hill loomed to the south and right. The road then went across Middle Ravine before finally coming to Monmouth, where it merged with the road to Allentown, which led in turn to Briar Hill. Just before Briar Hill, the thoroughfare branched off toward Middletown and Sandy Hook.

The British advance column under Knyphausen roused itself and started to march out of Monmouth in the early morning hours. Dickinson noted the movement and sent urgent messages to both Washington and Lee. As soon as Washington received the missive, he responded with alacrity. Ordering his men to drop their packs alongside the road for greater speed, Washington pressed forward to Englishtown, intent on joining Lee.

Meanwhile, Lee was advancing at a leisurely pace. As he made his way forward, skirmishing broke out between New Jersey militia and

MOLLY PITCHER, HEROINE OF MONMOUTH

The story of Molly Pitcher is one of the most enduring tales of the American Revolution. The basic narrative is probably true, but over the years it has been so encrusted with legend that it is hard to separate fact from fiction. Molly's personal story is part of the larger story of women in the Revolutionary times. Denied the vote, often illiterate, these second-class citizens showed first-class resolution, initiative, and courage.

Like all armies in the 18th century, the Continental Army had many camp followers. Because common soldiers were not paid enough to support a family at home, wives and children frequently had no choice but to follow their husbands into the Army. At a time when most tasks were gender-based, women with the army were expected to cook for the soldiers and nurse them back to health when they were sick. But sometimes extraordinary circumstances allowed the women to exhibit characteristics on the battlefield that were every bit as courageous as the men they served.

Mary Ludwig Hays McCauley was born about 1754—some say 1744—to German immigrants who ran a dairy farm somewhere in New Jersey. At about 13 she became a housemaid, and the next year she married John Hays of Carlisle, Pennsylvania. When the Revolutionary War broke out, John, a barber by trade, joined the artillery and Mary went along as a camp follower.

The couple endured the misery of Valley Forge, and when spring arrived they were with Washington's army in pursuit of Lt. Gen. Sir Henry Clinton. During the Battle of Monmouth, Mary Ludwig Hays—nicknamed Molly—was there to ensure a steady supply of water. When the bucket ran dry, the call went out: "Molly! Pitcher!" and she would rush to the nearest spring for another load. A legend was born.

The water served a twofold purpose. Obviously, the gun crews needed water on such a hot day, but so did their guns. Gunners would dip their cloth-covered rammers into the water and swab out the cannon barrels after each discharge. It cooled the metal and extinguished any lingering embers.

During the great cannonade that torrid afternoon, Molly's husband fell, either from wounds or heatstroke. After she saw that he wasn't in immediate danger, Molly grabbed a rammer and took his place, serving the gun for the rest of the afternoon, while British cannonballs plowed the ground dangerously close to

British soldiers in the Monmouth vicinity. The great battle was beginning. Dickinson sent another message to Lee saying that he was engaged and that the British seemed to be falling back. Other reports said the British were advancing.

Confused and irritated by the lack of information—information he himself had failed to gather—Lee wasted an hour trying to decide what to do, then belatedly opted to mount an attack on the British rear guard. Units were to move to the right and left, enveloping the supposedly unsuspecting redcoats, while Wayne mounted a feint attack that would distract them from the developing trap. Lee was briefly exultant, feeling that he might surround and destroy Cornwallis and his troops.

Things began to unravel almost at once. Confusion reigned, in part because Lee had failed to inform his officers of his intentions. When Lt. Col. Eleazar Oswald's artillerymen went back to replenish their ammunition, many Continental soldiers, including the New Jersey militia under Scott and Maxwell, mistook this movement for a withdrawal and began to retreat themselves. A kind of domino effect began, as different Continental units saw others falling back and began to feel isolated. Before long they, too, joined the general stampede. Some regiments retreated in good order, others in something akin to panic.

Lee was still contemplating his destruction of the British rear guard when the truth dawned on him—his forces were falling back. His ambitious enveloping scheme in shambles, Lee briefly considered making a stand at Monmouth Court House. When it was pointed out to him that the buildings were all made of wood—easy targets for fire—he abandoned the idea. Half defeated even before he started, the inept general ordered a retreat.

When the Americans first attacked, Clinton thought that they were after his vulnerable baggage train. Already on the road to Sandy Hook, he doubled back with some of his finest troops, including the Grenadiers and Coldstream Guards. Clinton hoped that Washington would be stupid enough to come to Lee's aid in the ground between the two morasses. With his back to the West Morass, Washington would be vulnerable to destruction.

It was nearing 1 PM when Washington approached the bridge over the West Morass at Spotswood Middle Brook. There he encountered a young and badly shaken fifer, who told a tale of headlong retreat. Washington could scarcely believe his ears, yet within a few minutes there was ample proof all around him—soldiers crossing the bridge and streaming to the rear, or fainting with heatstroke in the weeds alongside the road. Washington was dumbfounded, and so was his staff. Colonel John Laurens, one of Washington's aides de camp, painfully recalled "all this disgraceful retreating, passed without the firing of a musket, over ground that might have been disputed inch by inch."

There was no time to lose. Washington spied two regiments that had not yet crossed the bridge and immediately sent them into a nearby wood to gain time for the rest of the army to reform and regroup for battle. These two regiments, Colonel Walter Stewart's 13th Pennsylvania and Nathaniel Ramsay's 3rd Maryland, were to give a good account of themselves in the coming fight

Washington's mere presence—tall, dignified, and exuding confidence and courage—gave his men a sorely needed morale boost. It was one of Washington's finest moments. New Jersey Private John Ackerman recalled years later that he had lost his shoes crossing one of the bogs, and his regiment was disordered by the headlong retreat.

Then Washington appeared and the men got themselves into some semblance of order. "Can you fight?" the general asked, and the troops responded with three cheers. A witness to the incident, Lafayette recalled that "I thought then, as now, that never had I beheld so superb a man."

Washington saw a slim man on horseback ride toward him, his uniform covered with dust. It was Lee, apparently pleased that by retreating he was saving his army from a dire fate. Washington was livid with rage. "What is the meaning of this, sir?" the commander in chief demanded. "What is all this confusion and retreating?" Lee, shocked by Washington's angry tone, could only stammer, "Sir?" Regaining his composure, Lee explained that his orders had not been followed. Anyway, he observed, American troops were not able to stand against the British. This last remark rekindled a terrible rage in Washington. "Sir," he replied with considerable passion, "They are able, and by God, they shall do it!" Lafayette heard Washington call Lee a "damned poltroon"—

where she stood.

After the battle, so the story goes, either General Nathaniel Greene or General Washington himself personally noted her courage and made out a warrant naming her an honorary sergeant in the army. Molly and her husband returned home after the war. When John Hays died, she married a local farmer named John McCauley. By most accounts, he was abusive, and after about 1810 he disappears from the record.

Molly earned a living by becoming a servant for hire. She remained in Carlisle, where she was well liked by the townsfolk. In 1822, the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania awarded her a pension of $40 a year for her patriotic service at Monmouth. Because of her nickname, many thought she was an Irishwoman, but her daughter authoritatively pronounced Molly "as Dutch as sauerkraut." Mary Ludwig Hays McCauley, "Molly Pitcher," died on January 22, 1832.

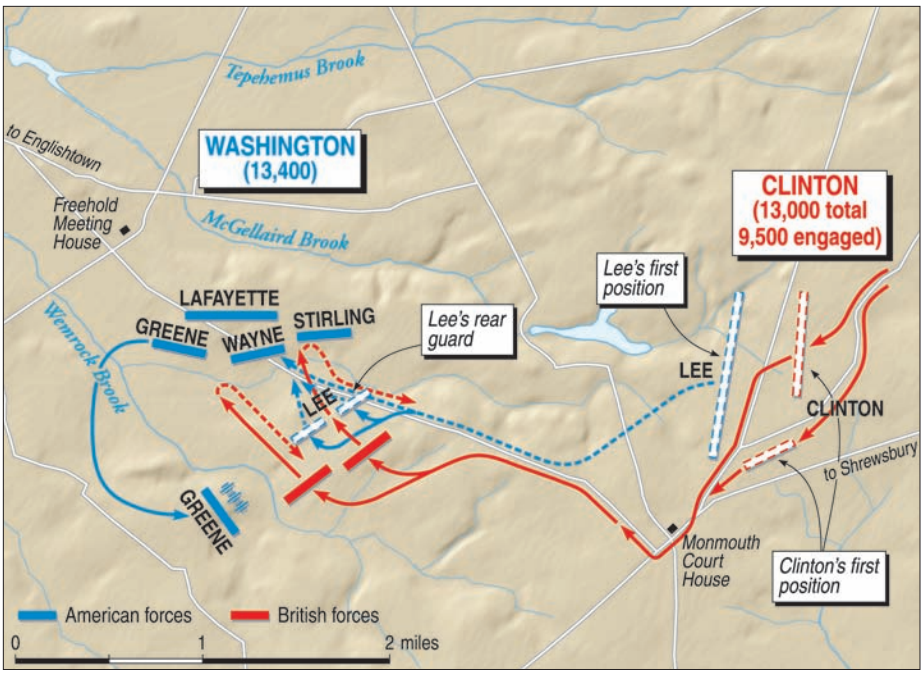
Another revolutionary woman, Mary Corbin, also contributed to the Molly Pitcher legend. Her husband was an artilleryman who was killed during the Hessian assault of Fort Washington during the dark days of late 1776. Much like Mary Hays, Corbin grabbed a rammer and helped load and fire a cannon until she was wounded in the arm.

Again like Hays, Corbin received a pension from Pennsylvania. Whatever the truth of the matter, both women are worthy of note, representing as they do the nameless thousands of other women who faithfully served the Patriot cause during the Revolution. □

Library of Congress

Fanciful painting of Molly Pitcher single-handedly manning a cannon at Monmouth.

Map © 2011 Philip Schwartzberg, Meridian Mapping, Minneapolis, MN



ABOVE: General Henry Clinton's British troops beat back and pursued Charles Lee's retreating forces from Monmouth Court House before the Americans rallied and made a stand. OPPOSITE: Newly inspired by Washington, Continental troops surge forward to engage crack British forces in hand-to-hand combat at Monmouth.

the only time he ever heard Washington curse.

Washington ordered Lee to gather what men he could and fight a delaying action, much like Stewart and Ramsey were doing in the wood to the east. Lee assembled some 800 men behind a hedgerow. The pursuing redcoats, who were 15 minutes away or less, comprised some of the British army's most elite units. Traditionally each regiment had a company of grenadiers, tall, strong men who were placed on the right of a battle line. During the Revolution, the British tended to consolidate all regimental grenadier companies into their own battalions. This was true at Monmouth, where Clinton was moving forward with the 1st and 2nd Grenadier battalions. Clinton also had the 1st and 2nd Guards battalions, the cream of the British Army. For cavalry support he had the 16th and 17th Light Dragoons. The British commander was so eager for battle that he rode around the field like a "Newmarket jockey," in the words of one observer.

Stewart's and Ramsay's men were attacked by the 16th and 17 Light Dragoons, but steady volleys emptied saddles. The Marylanders and Pennsylvanians were aided by a Virginia regiment (the consolidated 4th/8th and 12th Virginia). Finally, British pressure forced the Continentals from the woods. Ramsay, on foot, was charged by a dragoon coming at him at full tilt with a pistol. He coolly sidestepped the onrushing horse and cut down the dragoon with a quick flash of his saber. After the trooper tumbled from the saddle, Ramsay coolly mounted the horse and rode toward the British formations. In a remarkable display of courage, he galloped in front of the British lines, blood-daubed sword in hand. It was as if he were challenging the entire British Army to a duel. The British surrounded Ramsay and took him prisoner. Clinton later pardoned and released the American officer as a tribute to his bravery.

The wooded area had fallen to the British; it was up to Lee's men at the hedgerow to stem the scarlet tide. The hedgerow defense was manned by Colonel James Mitchell Varnum's brigade, supported by Colonel Henry Livingston's 4th New York. Initial artillery support was provided by Oswald's guns, augmented by others directed personally by Washington's chief artillerist, Henry Knox. On the British side, the grenadier battalions were approaching the hedgerow at a steady clip.

The advance was not an unalloyed triumph, however. Lieutenant William Hale of the 45th Regiment of Foot, who was attached to the 2nd Grenadier Battalion, recalled the harrowing experience in a letter a few days later. "We proceeded five miles down a road composed of nothing but sand which scorched though our shoes with intolerable heat," he wrote. There was no water, and even the elite troops had trouble maintaining the pace in such an oven. He added, "The sun [was] beating on our heads with a force scarcely to be conceived in Europe."

Flushed with the heat and the exertions of the march, many grenadiers began dropping along the side of the road, throats dry and lips cracked with thirst. The road was "strewed with miserable wretches wishing for death," and indeed, many did die from heatstroke. Hale's opinion of Clinton was less than complimentary. In his view, the Continentals had lured the British into a trap, and Clinton had eagerly risen to the bait. The commander of the 2nd Grenadier Battalion, Lt. Col. Henry Monckton, had scanned the Americans with his telescope and pronounced them "provincial" troops—that is, militia. It was a fatal mistake for Monckton, who soon was shot down and dragged into the American lines to die.

The Continentals calmly waited for the command, then raised their muskets as one man. A volley crashed out, the leaden hail striking the redcoats with a fury, accompanied by a storm of grape from the artillery. Said Hale, "We rushed on amidst the heaviest fire I have yet felt." Clinton, caught up in the action, cried, "Charge, grenadiers, charge, never heed forming!" The British troops surged forward, losing all cohesion, as each company tried to outrace all others. The American volleys stopped the advance, at least temporarily, and the opposing forces began to trade volleys at point-blank range. At 20 yards or so, even the notoriously inaccurate smoothbore muskets could be deadly.

The slugfest lasted about five minutes, with the Continentals standing their ground against some of Britain's finest troops. But when the British Light Dragoons broke through the hedgerow to the south, there was nothing left to do but begin an orderly withdrawal. Well-served Continental artillery, positioned to the rear of the hedgerow, poured more grapeshot at the British grenadiers before they too limbered up and made their escape. The grenadiers tried to cut off their retreat, but all American soldiers managed to cross the bridge over West Morass to safety. The last man to cross was Lee, who was ordered to the rear by Washington to rest and reform the battered regiments.

While the Continentals were buying time at the wood and hedgerow, Washington was organizing the main body into a defense at Perrine Hill. Troops there included the Pennsylvania and Massachusetts men of Maj. Gen. William Alexander, Lord Stirling. Lafayette was deployed with four brigades plus the 1st and 2nd New Jersey regiments in a second line of defense to cover Stirling's left flank north of Spotswood North Brook.

At one point in the battle, Lt. Col. Aaron Burr urged his soldiers forward, but his horse was injured and he fell from the saddle. Burr wanted to continue the attack, but Washington decided otherwise. Burr was shaken up and

seriously ill from the effects of heatstroke. Monmouth was to be his last battle; shortly thereafter he resigned his commission. Not far away on the field was his future rival and victim, Lt. Col. Alexander Hamilton.

At 1 o'clock, the British brought up a battery of 10 guns and placed them between Wikoff and Parsonage farms, about 1,000 yards from the American position, Knox brought up 12 guns, which soon flamed and recoiled in counter battery. The artillery duel was one of the heaviest of the war, with cannonballs coming so close to Washington that his uniform was splattered with mud from near misses. Washington exposed himself constantly during the fight, and the thick clouds of gray-white powder smoke that usually shrouded 18th-century battles was his only protection from the enemy. At times he was only 20 to 30 feet from the British line. His magnificent white charger, worn out by travel and heat, died from the effects of the sun and was replaced by a chestnut mare.

The American guns at Comb's Hill were particularly galling to the British. It was a literal cross fire that plowed into red-coated ranks with bloody abandon. One cannonball knocked the muskets from the hands of an entire file of British soldiers as they came into its path of trajectory. The British tried a series of probing attacks without success. When he could see his advances were going nowhere, Clinton came to his senses and began to withdraw. At one point men, of the 42nd Highlanders—the fabled Black Watch—found themselves assailed on the right and tormented by American cannonballs in the front.

Blocked by a fence, the Continentals had to take the time to tear down the obstruction. While the fence was hastily pulled down, skirmishers were sent ahead to slow and harass the kilted warriors. Joseph Plumb Martin was one of those skirmishers. Passing through a nearby orchard, Martin recalled seeing a number of British dead. It was a testament to American training and the general accuracy of their artillery.

General Wayne and his men crossed the West Morass Bridge and attacked the 1st Grenadier Battalion in what came to be known as the "battle of the parsonage." When the battered British began to rally, Wayne's men took cover in the parsonage's numerous buildings and yards. Frustrated by the stubborn American defense, the British broke off the action and retreated. The Battle of Monmouth was over.

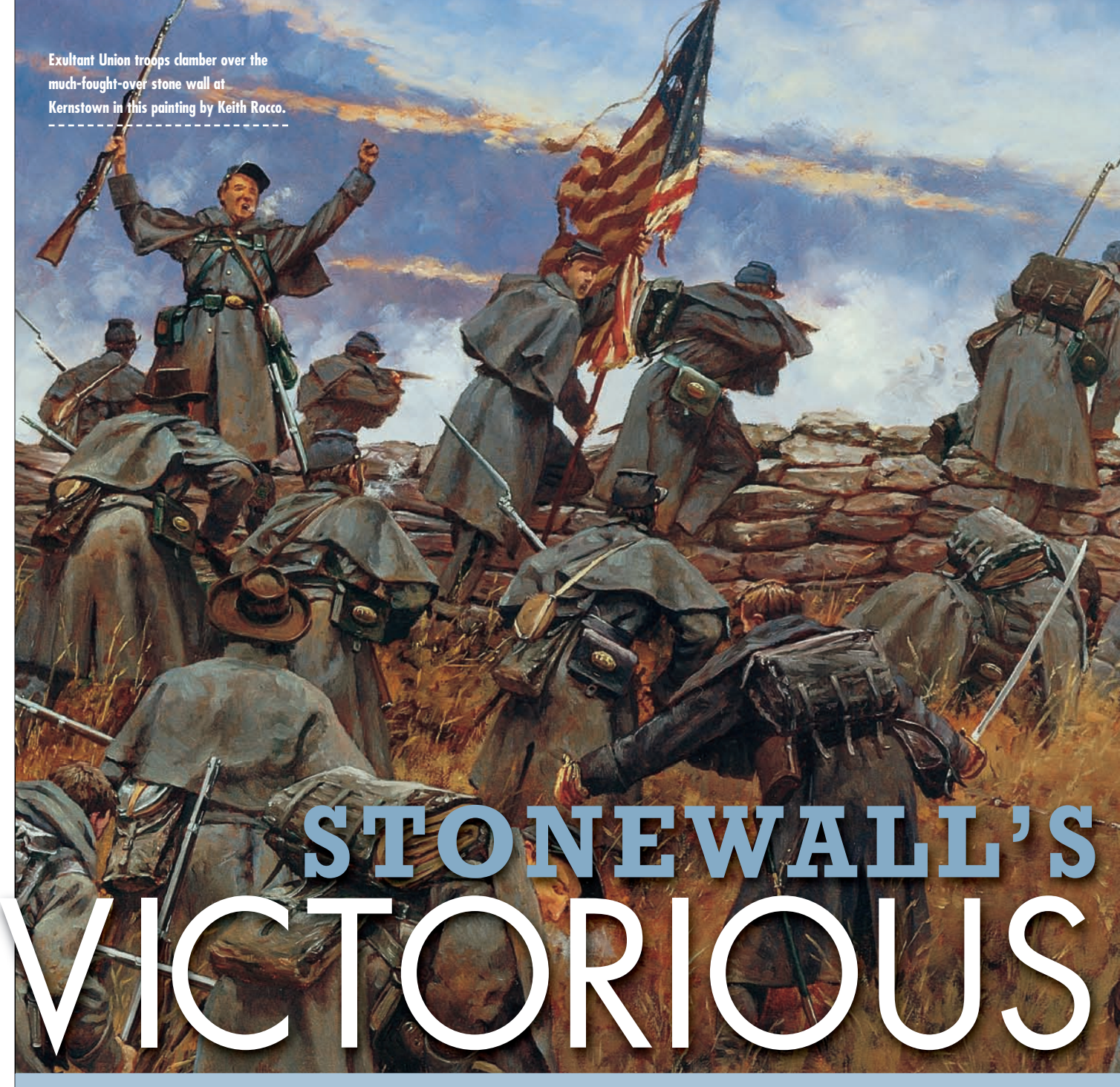
THE ARTILLERY DUEL WAS ONE OF THE HEAVIEST OF THE WAR, WITH CANNONBALLS COMING SO CLOSE TO WASHINGTON THAT HIS UNIFORM WAS SPLATTERED WITH MUD FROM NEAR MISSES.

The Granger Collection, New York

By nightfall it was clear that both sides were too exhausted to renew the fight on the morrow. The British withdrew to Sandy Hook with no further serious molestation. Washington, striding the battlefield like a lord of war, came upon Lafayette sleeping beneath an old oak tree. The American commander pulled off his cloak and threw it over the young Frenchman, joining him in a well-deserved rest.

Washington decided not to pursue Clinton and renew the battle. Five days later, Howe's ships transported Clinton's army to New York, less than week before the much-feared arrival of the French fleet under Admiral Charles Hector, Comte d'Estaing, off Sandy Hook. Both Washington and Clinton minimized their losses. The official British figures listed 361 casualties—67 killed in action, 59 dead of heatstroke, 170 wounded, and 65 missing The American figures disputed this, claiming over 200 British dead and another 576 Hessian and British deserters.

The final casualty of the Battle of Monmouth was Charles Lee. After an acrimonious exchange of letters with Washington, Lee was court-martialed and charged with disobeying orders, running from the enemy, and disrespecting his superior. Found guilty of all charges, he was suspended from command by the Continental Congress. Lee died, still protesting his innocence, in a Philadelphia boardinghouse on October 5, 1782. □



Exultant Union troops clamber over the much-fought-over stone wall at Kernstown in this painting by Keith Rocco.

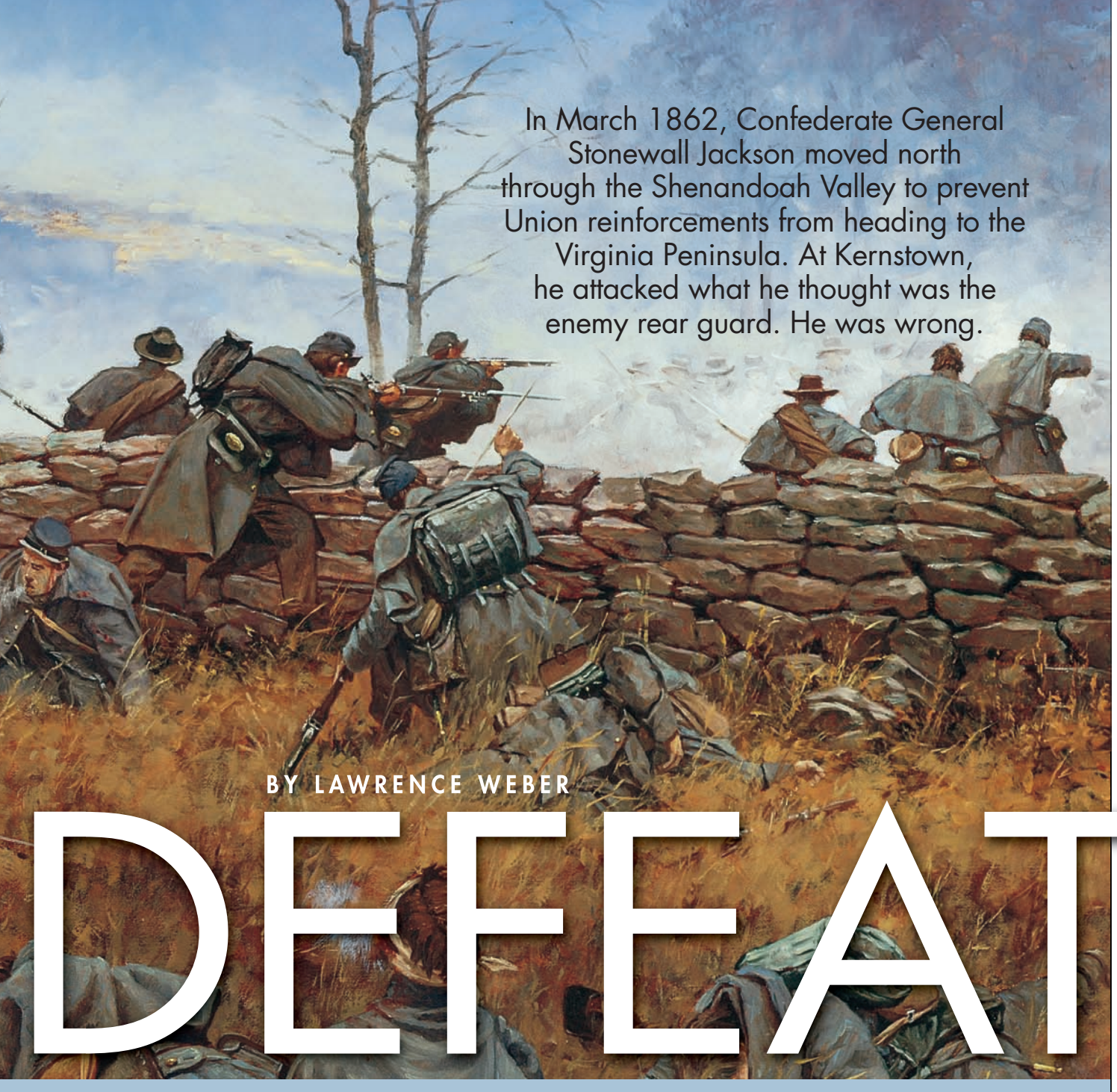
STONEWALL'S VICTORIOUS

SUNDAY MORNING, March 23, 1862, was sunny and warm in Virginia's Shenandoah Valley. Confederate general Thomas J. "Stonewall" Jackson, a devout Christian, did not like to fight on the Lord's Day. "The enemy could be destroyed tomorrow," he reasoned. "The peace of the Lord would not be violated." Still, the sun and warmth were a welcome relief for Jackson and his vaunted "foot cavalry," who for several days had been braving high winds, cold temperatures, and hard rain in endurance-draining marches northward through the Shenandoah Valley. Some days they covered as many as 21 miles.

The destination of their exhausting marches was Winchester, Virginia, where soldiers from the Union Army of the Potomac's V Corps were located, but Jackson and his men did not make it there. Instead, Jackson halted his men at Kernstown, a few miles south of Winchester. He wanted to rest his men, continue the march the next morning, and engage the enemy on Monday instead of Sunday. Unfortunately for Jackson, things did not work out quite the way he planned.

During the previous few weeks, tensions had been high between Union and Confederate soldiers stationed in the Shenandoah Valley. Jackson's forces, which previously had been camped in Winchester, had been forced to move around a great deal. Union Maj. Gen. Nathaniel Banks had been following orders from Maj. Gen. George B. McClellan, commander of the Army of the Potomac, to disrupt and remove Jackson's forces and secure the Shenandoah Valley for the North. When Banks and the men of V Corps approached Winchester in early March, Jackson had intended to fight to maintain his position there. After all, this was familiar ground for Jackson, and he felt confident that he could be successful there.

Unfortunately for Jackson and his men, badly needed supply wagons with rations and



In March 1862, Confederate General Stonewall Jackson moved north through the Shenandoah Valley to prevent Union reinforcements from heading to the Virginia Peninsula. At Kernstown, he attacked what he thought was the enemy rear guard. He was wrong.

BY LAWRENCE WEBER

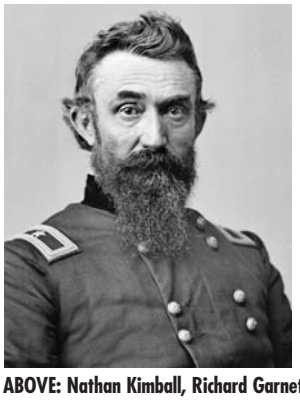
DEFEAT

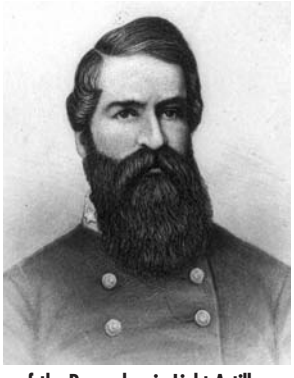
muskets for the soldiers had been taken to the wrong location in Newtown, roughly eight miles south of Winchester, just as Banks's V Corps was closing in on the town. The grim news and poor timing forced Jackson to make a difficult decision. With the arrival of Banks's men, without supplies and rations, and seriously outnumbered, Jackson felt that he had to withdraw from Winchester without a fight. He was distraught at the decision, telling a local clergyman: "This I grieve to do. I must fight," he said, drawing his sword halfway out of its scabbard for emphasis. But he surrendered to the inevitable. "No, it will cost the lives of too many brave men," he said. "I must retreat. Nothing but necessity and the conviction that it will be for the best induces me to leave." Under cover of darkness, Jackson and his men began their retreat from Winchester. A small boy accompanied them part of the way, crying out: "Jackson's gone! Jackson's gone!"

Jackson marched from Winchester to Strasburg, 18 miles away. There, the men set up camp for several days and were able to resupply themselves with a limited amount of essential items. Unfortunately for them, the equipment was poor and the men remained fatigued. At any rate, their stay in Strasburg was short. While Jackson was deciding on his next move, Banks was ordered to detach a division of 9,500 men under the command of Brig. Gen. James Shields to pursue Jackson southward through the valley. As Shields and his men closed in, Jackson recognized the same type of threat he had faced at Winchester and came to the same conclusion. On March 15, Jackson and his men left Strasburg and continued to search for a more strategically situated piece of ground.

Jackson found a new location at Rude's Hill, three miles south of Mt. Jackson. Rude's Hill was an excellent defensive location, and it was

All: Library of Congress





ABOVE: Nathan Kimball, Richard Garnett, Turner Ashby, left to right. TOP: A member of the Pennsylvania Light Artillery stands watch over the battery, two weeks before Kernstown. Sketch by Alfred Waud.

there that he established camp. On March 19, he set up his headquarters near the settlement of Hawkinstown, three miles north of Mt. Jackson. Utilizing the geography allowed Jackson to assess the situation in the valley, which provided him with an opportunity to figure out what to do next. At Rude's Hill, he began to get word of a larger plan that was unfolding regarding the movements of the Army of the Potomac. McClellan was poised for a major assault on the Confederate capital of Richmond.

McClellan's plan was a sound one. Using the United States Navy in tandem with the Army, McClellan wanted to land on the Virginia Peninsula and march west toward Richmond, with the Navy providing protection of the Army's flanks along the York and James Rivers. If his plan was successful, McClellan would be hailed as the savior of the Union. "The moment for action has arrived, and I know that I can trust in you to save our country," McClellan informed his men.

McClellan felt that Banks and his men had done an excellent job of dislodging the Confederates from the Shenandoah, specifically from the Winchester and the Manassas Gap Railroad areas. Believing that these areas were secure, McClellan instructed Banks to begin moving eastward across the Blue Ridge Mountains to join forces for an all-out assault on Richmond. McClellan ordered Banks to leave several regiments behind to guard the railroad bridge and to provide protection to V Corps. Banks ordered Shields to remain in the valley with several divisions.

According to reports from Jackson's cavalry chief, Colonel Turner Ashby, Banks's entire army was leaving the Valley to join forces with McClellan on the Virginia Peninsula. On Saturday evening, March 22, Ashby and his men began to skirmish with Union forces in the Winchester and Kernstown areas in an attempt to disrupt the movements of V Corps. After receiving the report from Ashby, Jackson felt that together they could attack the reduced Union forces stationed around Winchester and possibly disrupt Banks's march toward McClellan on the peninsula. Unfortunately for Jackson, Ashby's information was incorrect. What Ashby reported as a limited Union force was actually a full division of 9,500 men, intent on securing the Shenandoah and providing cover for Banks's men.

If Banks was successful in linking up with McClellan, they might launch an assault on Richmond that could end the war. Jackson felt that his only options were to either intercept Banks before he could join forces with McClellan or else cause a major disruption in the Shenandoah Valley that would pull forces away from McClellan, threaten Washington, and stall the campaign on the Virginia Peninsula. For Jackson, it was time to march back to Winchester and fight.

Early in the morning of March 23, Jackson and his men began their march toward the Winchester area. Covering roughly 15 miles through the valley, Jackson halted the advance around 2 PM, one mile outside of Kernstown and three miles south of Winchester. He ordered his men to set up tents. All the regiments except for Colonel John A. Campbell's 48th Virginia, which was the rear guard, arrived within a mile or two of Kernstown that afternoon. Jackson originally had no intention of engaging the enemy on the 23rd, but additional information presented to him during the morning march caused him to reconsider. Ashby passed along word from usually reliable Winchester sources that the Federals had only four regiments left inside the town and that even those forces were planning to withdraw shortly to Harpers Ferry.

Even so, Jackson felt that attacking the enemy immediately was not the most prudent decision; early Monday morning would be better. But when Jackson and his men arrived outside Kernstown, he noticed that their positions were visible to the Union soldiers on the opposite heights and therefore they were already compromised and vulnerable. "I concluded that it would be dangerous to postpone it until the next day, as re-enforcements might be brought up during the night," Jackson reported afterward. "I determined to advance at once."

The Union side of the battle would not, in fact, be commanded by Shields. The day before, Shields had been severely wounded in a skirmish with Ashby's men when an artillery shell exploded nearby and a fragment struck Shields in the upper arm, breaking the bone. The wound was severe enough to cause Shields to leave the field. Senior regimental officer Colonel Nathan Kimball, an Indiana physician, took command of the division. Kimball, like Shields, was an experienced Mexican War veteran, a hero of the Battle of Buena Vista, but he would

be the third divisional commander in three weeks. (The original commander, Brig. Gen. Frederick Lander, had died of illness on March 2.) It was unclear whether he could handle his men competently.

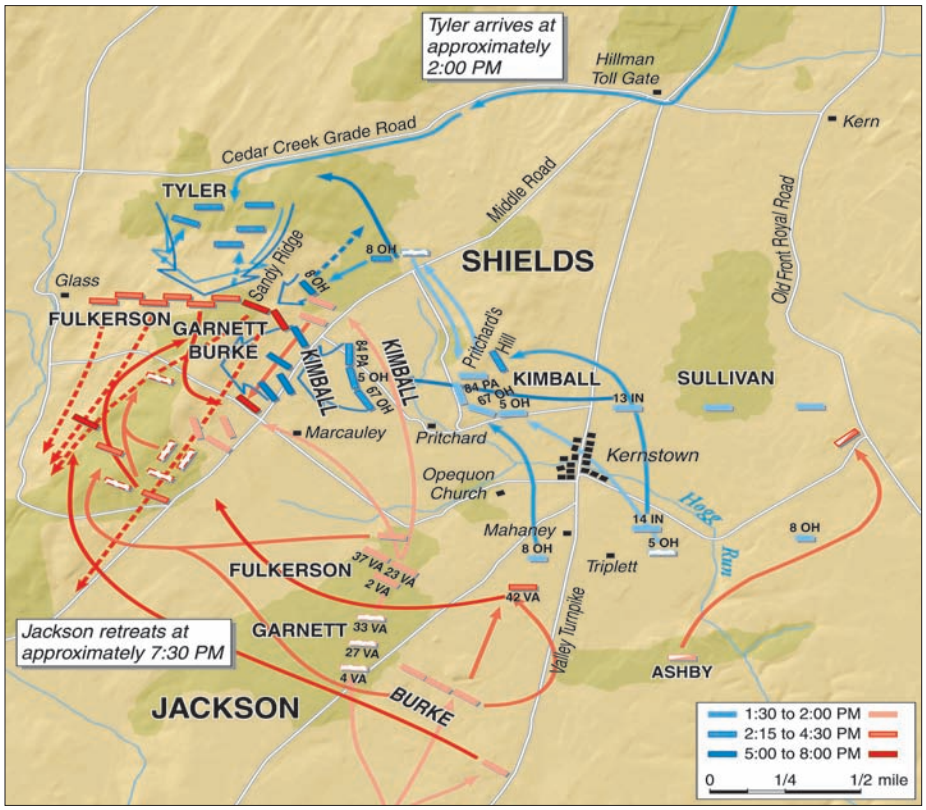
Early in the morning of the 23rd, Ashby's forces renewed the attack, advancing from Kernstown and occupying a position with their artillery batteries on the heights to the right of the Valley Turnpike leading into Winchester. Ashby attempted to turn the Union flank, but Kimball proved up to the task of command, directing the 8th and 67th Ohio Regiments to meet the Confederates head-on. His men held strong, driving the Southern forces back through Kernstown and uncovering the only high ground in the area, a small knoll called Pritchard's Hill. Immediately realizing the hill's importance, Kimball stationed the 1st Brigade and two batteries of artillery on the crest and moved another brigade to the left of the hill. A third brigade was held in reserve in the rear, out of sight of the approaching Southerners.

Jackson arrived at Kernstown in mid-afternoon and conferred with Ashby, who continued to assure him that only a small Union force held Pritchard's Hill. Breaking one of his own rules, Jackson did not personally reconnoiter the field but accepted Ashby's report at face value. It was a crucial mistake. Around 4 PM, Jackson unleashed an attack on the Union left, whose commanding feature, the six-mile-long Sandy Ridge, was covered by dense forest and fronted by a shallow stream, Hogg Run. Jackson sent some of Ashby's men forward to skirmish along the stream while the rest of the cavalry and Jackson's three infantry brigades wheeled left and headed for the woods flanking Pritchard's Hill.

The Confederate attack began to unravel from the start. Jackson's lead brigade, commanded by Colonel Samuel V. Fulkerson, ran into heavy Union artillery fire and took shelter—ironically—behind a stone wall. There, Jackson reported, his men "opened a destructive fire which drove back the Northern forces in great disorder after sustaining a heavy loss, and leaving the colors of one of their regiments upon the field." It should have been enough to drive away a Union brigade. The only problem was that there were three Union brigades in the vicinity, and one of them, commanded by Ohio-born Colonel Erastus B. Tyler, moved up to support their embattled comrades.

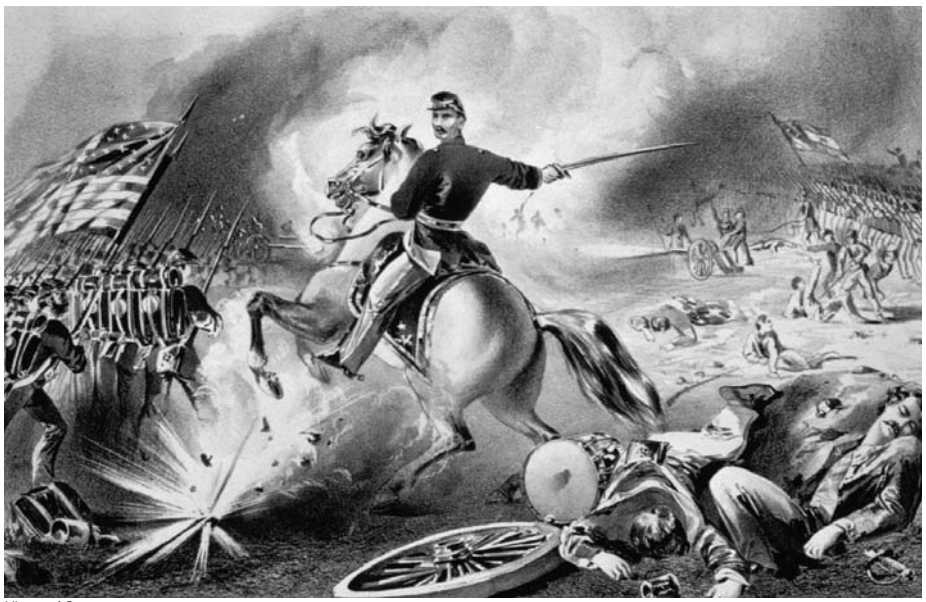
In the meantime, confusion reigned on the Confederate side. Jackson's second in command, Brig. Gen. Richard Garnett, was commanding the famed Stonewall Brigade, which was supposed to be kept in reserve while Fulkerson cleared out the supposedly small enemy force. Jackson had not bothered to brief Garnett on his overall battle plan, perhaps expecting to make short work of the Federals, and Garnett accordingly was holding to a slower pace in the rear of the assault. Frustrated by what he considered the tardy progress of his namesake brigade, Jackson ordered one of the regiments to hurry to Fulkerson's support. While Garnett went to make the dispositions, Jackson abruptly ordered the entire brigade forward.

Subordinate officers, unsure of whether to obey Jackson or Garnett, dawdled. Men wandered about desultorily while their officers sent back aides to clarify their instructions. During the interval, Jackson thought that his men were actually breaking through the Union lines and carrying the field. Suddenly, a massive explosion occurred to Jackson's left, and Federal artillery came



Map © 2011 Philip Schwartzberg, Meridian Mapping, Minneapolis, MN

Pritchard's Hill, center, held a commanding view of the battlefield. From there Union forces were able to mount a successful flank attack. BELOW: Union Brigadier General James Shields is wounded by an exploding shell during skirmishing one day before Kernstown. Currier & Ives, 1862.



Library of Congress

Both: Library of Congress

ABOVE: Combat artist Alfred Waud's eyewitness sketch of the Union attack on the stone wall at Kernstown was published three weeks later in *Harper's Weekly*. OPPOSITE: Another northern artist, Edwin Forbes, made this vivid drawing of ragtag Confederate prisoners after Kernstown. A total of 263 Confederates were captured at the battle.

pounding into the center and left of Jackson's lines. Jackson knew that he was in trouble. Attempting to assess the trouble, he sent a member of his staff, Sandie Pendleton, to find out where the extra Union artillery was coming from. Pendleton reported back to Jackson that the enemy did not have four regiments on hand, but at least three times that number. Jackson responded, "Say nothing about it, but we are in for it."

Kimball described the surprise artillery attack from the Union point of view: "At this juncture I ordered the Third Brigade, Colonel E.B. Tyler, Seventh Ohio, commanding, composed of the Seventh and Twenty-ninth Ohio, First Virginia, Seventh Indiana, and One hundred and tenth Pennsylvania, to move to the right to gain the flank of the enemy, and charge them through the wood to their batteries posted on the hill. They moved forward steadily and gallantly, opening a galling fire on the enemy's infantry. The right wing of the Eighth Ohio, the Fourteenth and Thirteenth Indiana Regiments, Sixty-seventh Ohio, Eighty-fourth Pennsylvania, and Fifth Ohio, were sent forward to support Tyler's brigade, each one in its turn moving gallantly forward, sustaining a heavy fire from both the enemy's batteries and musketry. Soon all of the regiments above named were pouring forth a well-directed fire, which was promptly answered by the enemy, and after a hotly contested action of two hours, just as night closed in, the enemy gave way and were soon completely routed, leaving their dead and wounded on the field, together with two pieces of artillery and four caissons."

In the center of the storm, the men of the Stonewall Brigade found themselves literally engaged in the fight of their lives. Taking positions to the right of Fulkerson's men at the stone wall, Garnett's brigade helped turn back repeated Union attacks—only to run out of ammunition as the afternoon waned. Confederates began drifting rearward in a growing stream. Jackson, furious, stopped one soldier and demanded to know why he was falling back. When the soldier replied that he had run out of ammunition, the general shouted, "Then go back and give them the bayonet!" Garnett, closer to the action at the front, gave the order to fall back. "Had I not done so," he said later, "we would have run imminent risk of being routed by superiority of numbers, which would have resulted probably in the loss of part of our artillery and also endangered our transportation." At 6:30 PM, he ordered the brigade to withdraw. Fulkerson's men soon followed suit.

Jackson angrily made his way to the front, where he encountered Garnett shouting at his men to make an orderly retreat. "Why have you not rallied your men?" Jackson demanded. "Halt and rally!" Garnett tried to explain the situation, but Jackson turned away and grabbed a frightened drummer boy by the shoulder. "Beat the rally!" he screamed. "Beat the rally!"

Jackson surveyed the field and felt that it was not time yet to fall back into safer positions. "Though our troops were fighting under great disadvantages," he said later, "I regret that General Garnett should have given the order to fall back, as otherwise the enemy's advance would at least have been retarded, and the remaining part of my infantry reserve have had a better opportunity for coming up and taking part in the engagement if the enemy continued to press forward."

Garnett finally located Colonel William Harman of the 5th Virginia and directed him to place the regiment in a defensive position on the crest of a small hill while the rest of the Confederates withdrew. Thanks in large part to the disarray of the on-charging Union troops and the approaching darkness, Harman's men, joined by elements of the 42nd Virginia, managed to stabilize the line. As night fell, the infantry fell back behind the screening cavalry and headed south along the Valley Turnpike toward Bartonsville.

By 8 PM, the Battle of Kernstown was over. Of

the 12,300 men engaged in the struggle, 1,308 were casualties. On the Union side there were 590 casualties, while the Confederates suffered 718 losses, including 263 captured. Among the latter was one of Jackson's own kinsmen: Lieutenant George G. Junkin, a cousin of the general's first wife, Ellie. Jackson, dismounting beside a campfire alongside the road, stood looking morosely into the flames. A Southern cavalryman, with ill-advised humor, remarked to the general that "the Yankees don't seem willing to quit Winchester, sir. It was reported that they were retreating, but I guess they're retreating after us." Jackson's eyes flashed. "I think I may say I am satisfied, sir," he snapped.

In the cold light of day, Jackson would find himself a good deal less satisfied.

Clearly, Ashby's faulty report on the enemy strength at Winchester was a major contributing factor in the defeat. Jackson's major mistake in sending in his reserves during the midpoint of the battle was based in large part on Ashby's badly underestimated numbers. For his part, Ashby admitted his erroneous intelligence in his official report. "Having followed the enemy in his hasty retreat from Strasburg on Saturday evening," he wrote, "I came upon the forces remaining in Winchester within a mile of that place and became satisfied that he had but four regiments, and learned that they had orders to march in the direction of Harpers Ferry."

Although the bad information may have caused Jackson's defeat, he was initially magnanimous, praising Ashby in his official report of the battle: "During the engagement Colonel Ashby, with a portion of his command, including Chew's battery, which rendered valuable service, remained on our right, and not only protected our rear in the vicinity of the Valley turnpike, but also served to threaten the enemy's front and left. Colonel Ashby fully sustained his deservedly high reputation by the able manner in which he discharged the important trust confided to him." Jackson also praised the ladies of Winchester, who tended to the injured and sick, and the men of Winchester who buried the dead.

The general was not so accommodating to Garnett. Two weeks after the battle, Jackson relieved Garnett of command and placed him under arrest pending a court-martial for his unauthorized retreat at Kernstown. "I regard Gen. Garnett as so incompetent a brigade commander," Jackson wrote, "that, instead of building up a brigade, a good one, if turned over to him, would actually deteriorate under his command."

Garnett, furious and embarrassed, demanded an immediate trial. The five regimental colonels in the Stonewall Brigade rallied to his defense, saying Garnett's actions had been justified. Jackson's loyal aide, Sandie Pendleton, noted in a letter home to his mother that "the brigade is in a very loud humor at [Garnett's arrest] for he was a pleasant man and exceedingly popular." But Pendleton defended Jackson's decision, adding, "The arrest, however, was necessary, and I now see why Napoleon considered a blunder worse than a fault. Genl. G's fault was a blunder."

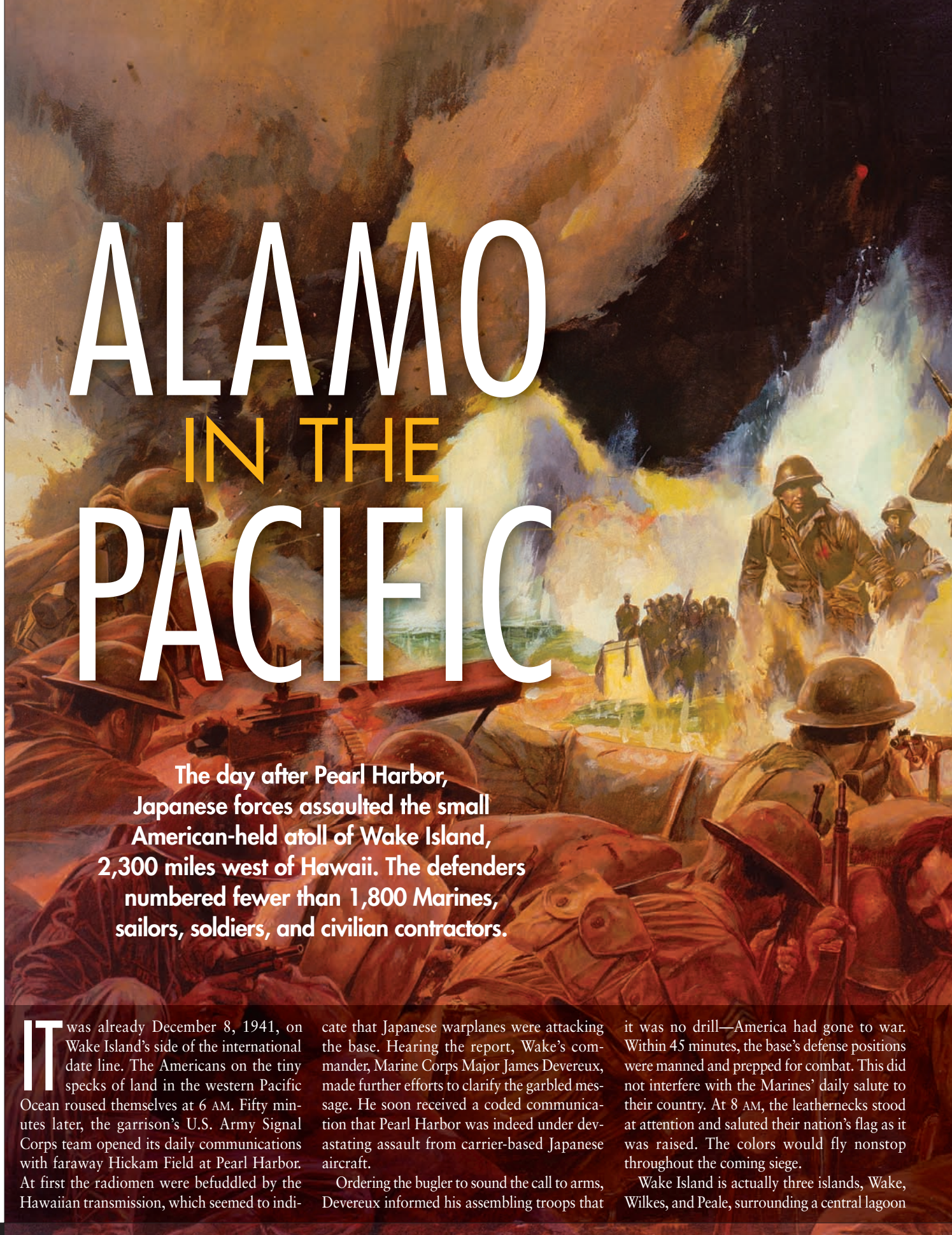
In the end, the court-martial was delayed, then adjourned without a verdict. Garnett returned to the army as a brigadier in Lt. Gen. James Lonstreet's I Corps and was later killed commanding his brigade during Pickett's Charge at the Battle of Gettysburg. Too sick to walk that day, Garnett had ridden a horse directly up to the Union lines before being fatally wounded. Many felt that his actions at Gettysburg were a pointed attempt to regain the reputation he had lost at Kernstown.

Kernstown remained Stonewall Jackson's only major tactical defeat during the war. But while the Union succeeded in forcing Jackson's men off the field and into retreat the following day, Jackson in the end accomplished most of his original objectives, albeit inadvertently. Abraham Lincoln, upon learning of the surprising battle in the Shenandoah, became overly concerned about the potential threat to Washington. He ordered two full divisions from Banks's corps back into the valley and recalled Brig. Gen. Irvin McDowell's I Corps to Washington as well, drawing at least 50,000 valuable men away from McClellan's upcoming Peninsula Campaign. The absence of these men may well have been a determining factor in McClellan's eventual defeat. In this way, at least, Kernstown could be considered a strategic victory for Jackson and the Confederates, despite the fact they had been driven from the field.

That was the position Jackson took as well. In an after-action report filed during the second week of April, he maintained: "Though Winchester was not recovered, yet the more important object, for the present, that of calling back troops that were leaving the valley, and thus preventing a junction of Banks' command with other forces was accomplished, in addition to his heavy loss in killed and wounded." A few days later, Jackson wrote to his wife, Anna: "I am well satisfied with the result. Time has shown that while the field is in possession of the enemy, the most essential fruits of the battle are ours. For this and all our Heavenly Father's blessings, I wish I could be ten thousand times more thankful."

Jackson spent the remaining months of spring engaged in his Valley Campaign constantly disrupting Union forces and preventing them from reinforcing McClellan. The Battles of McDowell, Front Royal, First Winchester, Cross Keys, and Port Republic were all victories for Jackson. By the time the Battle of Port Republic was over in early June 1862, Jackson was able to join General Robert E. Lee for the Seven Days' Battles, where Lee successfully defeated McClellan and forced him to retreat back to the Virginia Peninsula, thus ending the Peninsula Campaign. As one modern historian has noted: "Had Jackson won the Battle of Kernstown, he could scarcely have achieved a more favorable result. History can provide few examples of a defeat that so favored the defeated. Jackson's lucky star had begun its ascendancy." □

ALAMO IN THE PACIFIC



The day after Pearl Harbor, Japanese forces assaulted the small American-held atoll of Wake Island, 2,300 miles west of Hawaii. The defenders numbered fewer than 1,800 Marines, sailors, soldiers, and civilian contractors.

It was already December 8, 1941, on Wake Island's side of the international date line. The Americans on the tiny specks of land in the western Pacific Ocean roused themselves at 6 AM. Fifty minutes later, the garrison's U.S. Army Signal Corps team opened its daily communications with faraway Hickam Field at Pearl Harbor. At first the radiomen were befuddled by the Hawaiian transmission, which seemed to indicate that Japanese warplanes were attacking the base. Hearing the report, Wake's commander, Marine Corps Major James Devereux, made further efforts to clarify the garbled message. He soon received a coded communication that Pearl Harbor was indeed under devastating assault from carrier-based Japanese aircraft.

Ordering the bugler to sound the call to arms, Devereux informed his assembling troops that it was no drill—America had gone to war. Within 45 minutes, the base's defense positions were manned and prepped for combat. This did not interfere with the Marines' daily salute to their country. At 8 AM, the leathernecks stood at attention and saluted their nation's flag as it was raised. The colors would fly nonstop throughout the coming siege.

Wake Island is actually three islands, Wake, Wilkes, and Peale, surrounding a central lagoon

Outnumbered Marines in World War I-era helmets cut down Japanese invaders at Wake Island in this dramatic painting by James Dietz.

BY KELLY BELL

and encircled by a coral reef. With no indigenous inhabitants except for stunted trees and a rare species of rat, the islands are barely 20 feet above sea level at their highest and cover a scant four square miles of land. Before now, Wake had not held any great significance. The United States had taken over the atoll in 1899 as a spoil of the Spanish-American War. Lying far off the main shipping lanes, it was mostly ignored for the next four decades, until the development of the airplane began to change Wake's strategic status.

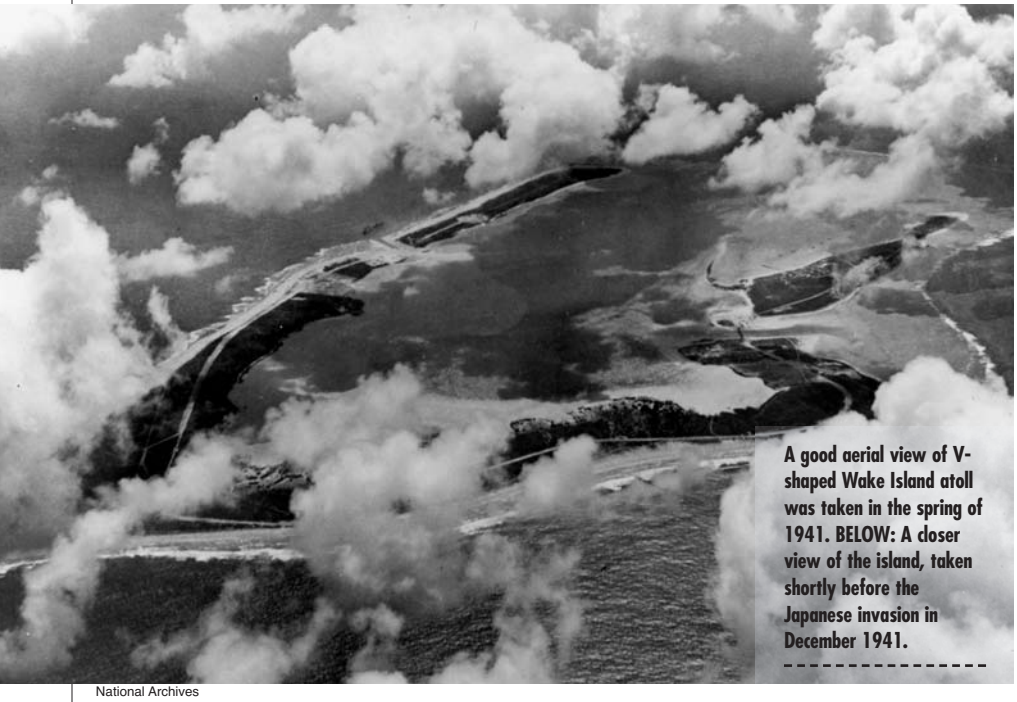
Centrally sited between two other American possessions, Guam and Midway islands, Wake made a convenient way station for the newly established Pan-American Airways, and the Philippine Clipper passenger flying boat regularly landed in the lagoon for refueling. After 1935, travelers could also check into the opulent Pan-Am Hotel on the island. Meanwhile, the American military began to develop Wake for its own aviation purposes.

As aerial technology advanced, it became evident that air power would be a major factor in any coming war. By early 1941 there was little doubt that America and Japan would soon be coming to blows, and the U.S. Navy sent a 1,100-man force of civilian contractors and workmen to Wake Island to commence construction of a military airfield and seaplane

base. The laborers were still transforming the atoll into a military post when the garrison arrived in October 1941.

The 38-year-old Devereux commanded the 400 Marines who would become the resident occupying force. A veteran of combat in Nicaragua, China, and the Philippines, Devereux was competent and industrious. As soon as his men had unloaded and installed their artillery, machine guns, searchlights, small arms, and supporting units, he set them to assist the civilians in their labors. Working 12 hours a day, seven days a week, the leathernecks dug weapons pits, gun emplacements, air raid shelters, and sundry fortifications, camouflaging all of them. A direct Japanese invasion was not anticipated at Wake Island. Washington expected the Japanese to sit offshore in warships and attempt to neutralize the stronghold by naval shelling. Still, as a precaution, the ever-thorough Devereux constructed shore defenses in case of enemy landings. Under his ministrations, Wake became a fortress.

On November 28, Navy Commander Winfield Scott Cunningham flew to the island to assume overall command, and Devereux reverted to commander of all ground troops. While tensions grew, American-built B-17 Flying Fortresses in transit from California to the Philippines began landing on the brand-new runway to refuel. The presence of the bombers seemed to imply that the days of peace were running out. On December 4, 12 Grumman F4F-3 Wildcat fighters from the aircraft carrier USS *Enterprise* arrived to form Wake's Marine Fighter Squadron VMF-211 commanded by Major Paul Putnam. Devereux had not had time to build fighter revetments, so the precious Wildcats could not be parked under cover. The Grummans would be conspicuous and vulnerable on the ground when the blow fell four days later.



A good aerial view of V-shaped Wake Island atoll was taken in the spring of 1941. BELOW: A closer view of the island, taken shortly before the Japanese invasion in December 1941.

National Archives

Getty Images

On December 6, Devereux was so pleased with his men's performance during combat drills that he gave them the rest of the weekend off to swim, lounge, read, fish, play football, write, and read letters just delivered by the Clipper. The next day, the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor and then turned their attentions on the previously sleepy enclave at Wake Island.

At 11:58 AM on December 8, 36 twin-engine Japanese bombers, having taken off from Roi-Namur, 700 miles to the south in the Marshall Islands, managed to catch the defenders by surprise by approaching through a rain squall. The bombers did extensive damage, igniting towering fuel-fed fires and strafing with impunity the startled anti-aircraft gunners who tried vainly to find the range. Seven of the island's 12 vital Grumman fighters were destroyed and another was heavily damaged. Four Marine pilots—Lieutenants Frank Holden, Henry G. Webb, George Graves, and Robert Conderman—were killed on the ground while sprinting for their planes.

Japanese bombs pulverized warehouses containing spare parts, machinery, manuals, and tools, and they knocked out the island's ground-to-air radio link. Twenty-three Americans were killed and another 11 wounded. Adding insult to injury, the Japanese pilots could be seen grinning widely and wiggling their wings in victory as they flew away. "The planes were so close you could see the gunners' teeth," recalled civilian contractor Benjamin F. Comstock, Jr.

Four of the Wildcats were spared because they had been absent on patrol at the time of the first attack. At 11 AM on December 9, two of these planes, flown by 2nd Lieutenant David Kliewer and Technical Sergeant William J. Hamilton, were aloft when the second formation of enemy bombers approached. The two Americans immediately attacked the unescorted bombers, sending one down in flames, before having to break off their runs when their own anti-aircraft gunners opened fire.

Targeting the civilian bivouac and hospital,

the Japanese bombers were savaged by flak. By the time they departed, six were trailing smoke. One exploded just offshore. Part of the Japanese 24th Air Flotilla, the returning pilots surprised their superiors with reports of the prickly reception they had received. Wake Island, it appeared, would be a harder nut to crack than so many other Allied outposts had proved to be during the waning days of 1941.

When the Japanese sent 26 bombers back to attack Wake on December 10, they were careful to approach from the east instead of the south, but the misdirection did them little good. The first wave carefully dropped its bombs on the coordinates of the anti-aircraft emplacements as reported by the previous day's flight

National Archives

National Archives

ABOVE: Left to right, Marine Captain Henry T. Elrod, Major James P. Devereux. RIGHT: Strategically located Wake Island was the largest of three islands surrounding a central lagoon in the western Pacific, halfway between Guam and Midway Islands.

Map © 2011 Philip Schwartzberg, Meridian Mapping, Minneapolis, MN

THE WARPLANES ASSAULTED THEIR TARGETS WITH TOTAL ABANDON. PLUNGING THROUGH CLOUDS OF FLAK, THEY MACHINE-GUNNED AND DIVE-BOMBED THE SHIPS REPEATEDLY, HITTING BOTH OF THE OLDER CRUISERS, A DESTROYER, A DESTROYER TRANSPORT, AND A TRANSPORT.

crews, but Devereux had anticipated this and moved the flak pits to different positions. The Japanese unloaded on dummy emplacements while American gunners opened fire from unexpected locations. The pilots were flying higher than on the previous day, at 18,000 feet, but the lofty altitude threw off the bombardiers' aim and most of the bombs splashed harmlessly into the lagoon. One stray round crashed into a storage shed containing 125 tons of construction-grade TNT, setting off an explosion so powerful that it stripped the leaves off all the island's trees. But only two Americans were killed and six others wounded. Again many of the bombers left trailing smoke, and Wildcat pilot Captain Henry Elrod shot down two enemy bombers.

The next day, the American outpost of Guam fell to the Japanese, along with Makin, a British possession. As a Japanese invasion flotilla approached Wake Island, its tactical commander, Rear Admiral Sadamichi Kajioka, was confident that his own landings, scheduled for December 11, would have an easy time of it. The Japanese fleet consisted of the state-of-the-art light cruiser *Yubari*, two older cruisers, six destroyers, two destroyer transports, two transports, and two submarines. At 3 AM on December 11, the task force came in sight of its objective, and the warships commenced assuming their pre-landing bombardment positions. The plan called for the shelling to cover 300 naval infantry troops as they landed on Wake Island while another 150 came ashore on Wilkes. After these troops established themselves, they were to be reinforced by sailors from the destroyers.

The Japanese strategy quickly came unglued. American lookouts immediately noticed the convoy and woke Devereux. His first action was to telephone his shore batteries and order them to hold fire until he ordered them to shoot. By 5 AM it was light enough to see through field glasses that the cruisers' rifles outranged his own 5-inch shore batteries, and he would have to lull the Japanese into coming within range of his guns. Considering the bomber crews' overly optimistic reports, this was not difficult. Devereux was careful to instruct Putnam to not take off with his four Wildcats until after the beach artillery opened fire. The attackers would be totally surprised by their blistering reception.

Kajioka's ships opened fire at 5:30, strangely concentrating on the beach and civilian contractors' camp, doing little damage to the defenses. Followed by the rest of the warships, Yubariwas steaming parallel to Wake's southern shore. The shelling ignited diesel oil tanks, producing billowing clouds of thick black smoke that obscured the shipboard gunners' aim, making the barrage even more ineffectual. After their first run *Yubari* and two of the destroyer transports reversed direction, turning inshore in the process. At this point the other two cruisers, three destroyers, and two transports took up positions off Wilkes's western shore.

At the end of her second bombardment run, *Yubari* again reversed direction by turning inshore, bringing her within 4,500 yards of Marine Battery A on Peacock Point. At 6:10 AM, Devereux gave artillery 1st Lieutenant Clarence A. Barninger permission to fire. The first rounds were off, passing harmlessly over the cruiser, which instantly turned away and began evasive action, but it would take her a few minutes to get out of range. She made it to 5,700 yards before two of Barninger's 5-inchers crashed through her starboard side, exploding in the boiler room and

National Archives

ullstein bild / The Granger Collection

ABOVE: Marine defenders in a foxhole dodge an exploding shell during the first landing attempt. TOP: The Japanese destroyer *Hayate,* photographed in 1925, was sunk by Wake Island defenders. OPPOSITE: A Japanese artist painted this detailed image of his fellow troops, some carrying samurai swords, assaulting the American positions at Wake Island.

machinery spaces.

Yubari shook violently and began issuing black smoke and clouds of steam, scalding many of her crewmen. Her skipper kept her on course away from the beach, but at 7,000 yards two more rounds punched through her hull just behind where the first ones had struck. One of the destroyers tried to hide the cruiser by laying a smoke screen, but was herself hit and forced to withdraw with a destroyed forecastle. Slowed by extensive damage, *Yubari* tried to pull out of range, but a final round from Battery A pulverized her forward turret. The defenders were just getting started.

Although the previous night's dynamite blast had damaged the rangefinder of Battery L on Kuku Point, Marine 2nd Lieutenant John A. McAlister and his gun crew were determined to make a showing in the unfolding battle. When they received clearance to open fire, the destroyer *Hayate* was sitting complacently broadside just 4,500 yards offshore. Estimating the range, McAlister began firing. Two shells from his third volley hit the target squarely amidships, setting off a massive internal explosion that broke the destroyer in two. Both halves of *Hayate* sank like ax heads, taking the entire crew with them.

Meanwhile, on Toki Point, Battery B, commanded by 1st Lieutenant Woodrow M. Kessler, gamely engaged three destroyers at 10,000 yards. The Japanese soon realized what a dogfight they were actually in, and when one of Kessler's rounds set the leading destroyer afire at 7 AM, Kajioka prudently if ruefully ordered a withdrawal. The order came too late for some of his command, since part of the contingent of landing barges had already started for the beaches. While trying to reverse course in the heavy swell, several of the landing craft capsized, drowning the heavily laden men aboard.

At this point, the four Wildcats attacked the enemy flotilla. Thinking it unnecessary, the Japanese had not brought along a carrier and hence had no air cover. The warplanes assaulted their targets with total abandon. Plunging through clouds of flak, they machine-gunned and dive-bombed the ships repeatedly, hitting both of the older cruisers, a destroyer, a destroyer transport and a transport. At 7:30, Elrod dropped two 100-pound bombs directly onto the destroyer *Kisaragi*'s rack of depth charges, setting off an explosion so powerful it virtually disintegrated the ship and killed every man on board.

When Kajioka radioed news of his setback, 30 Japanese bombers took off from Roi-Namur, arriving at 10 AM. Two of the four Wildcats had been so seriously damaged in the strafing attacks they were no longer airworthy, but Lieutenants Davidson and Kinney jumped into the remaining two fighters and ripped into the approaching bombers, downing two and setting a third on fire. Flak knocked down another and sent one away trailing smoke. The bombs dropped in this raid did little damage, not even wounding any Americans. In fact, the day's losses on Wake amounted to just four Marines injured and none killed. Japanese losses on December 11 were approximately 700 killed, an undetermined number wounded, two destroyers sunk, the brand-new *Yubari* crippled, and six other vessels damaged. The attack by the bomber formation had resulted in nothing more than its own decimation. Kajioka, meanwhile, was summoned to an interview with his immediate superior, a livid Vice Admiral Nariyoshi Inouye.

Elsewhere throughout the Pacific Basin, Japanese forces were enjoying an unbroken string of resounding victories that would continue for the next several months. Only Wake was presenting any difficulties. Considering the traditional Japanese emphasis on avoiding loss of face, Inouye was frantic to hastily neutralize this troublesome outpost. He informed Kajioka that the invasion fleet would be significantly reinforced, and aircraft carriers included. Wake would be taken, Inouye bellowed, at all costs.

Back on Wake Island, the American defenders erupted in disbelieving joy at the enemy repulse, spraying each other with water and warm beer. Cunningham compared the celebration to a fraternity picnic, noting that "war whoops of joy split the air." Devereux's radio operator turned to the nervy commander: "It's been quite a day, Major, hasn't it?" he said.

Following the repulse of the initial Japanese invasion attempt, there was a hiatus in the action. The 24th Air Flotilla launched a few desultory air raids but did not measurably interrupt the Americans' work on their fortifications, which included bulldozing revetments for the Combat Air Patrol. Cunningham's men feverishly worked on repairing VMF-211's

damaged Wildcats, getting two airworthy and constructing a third from cannibalized parts. These craft quickly proved their worth as their pilots shot down a long-range flying boat on December 12. That same evening, Kliewer used his 100-pound general purpose bombs to sink a submarine 25 miles southeast of Wake. The submarine had apparently been providing radio direction finding for approaching bombers. The next day Japanese bombers failed to appear.

When word reached Hawaii of the unfolding situation on Wake, the Pacific Fleet's commander, Admiral Husband Kimmel (who would be relieved on 16 December as part of the post-Pearl Harbor reaction), immediately commenced assembling a relief effort. Vessels included aircraft carrier *Saratoga*, heavy cruisers *Astoria, Minneapolis,* and *San Francisco*, nine destroyers, a troop transport, and an oiler, all to be commanded by Rear Admiral Frank Fletcher. The fleet had to wait for *Saratoga* to arrive from San Diego, and when it finally did put to sea on December 15, its pace was just 12 knots, which was the oiler's top speed.

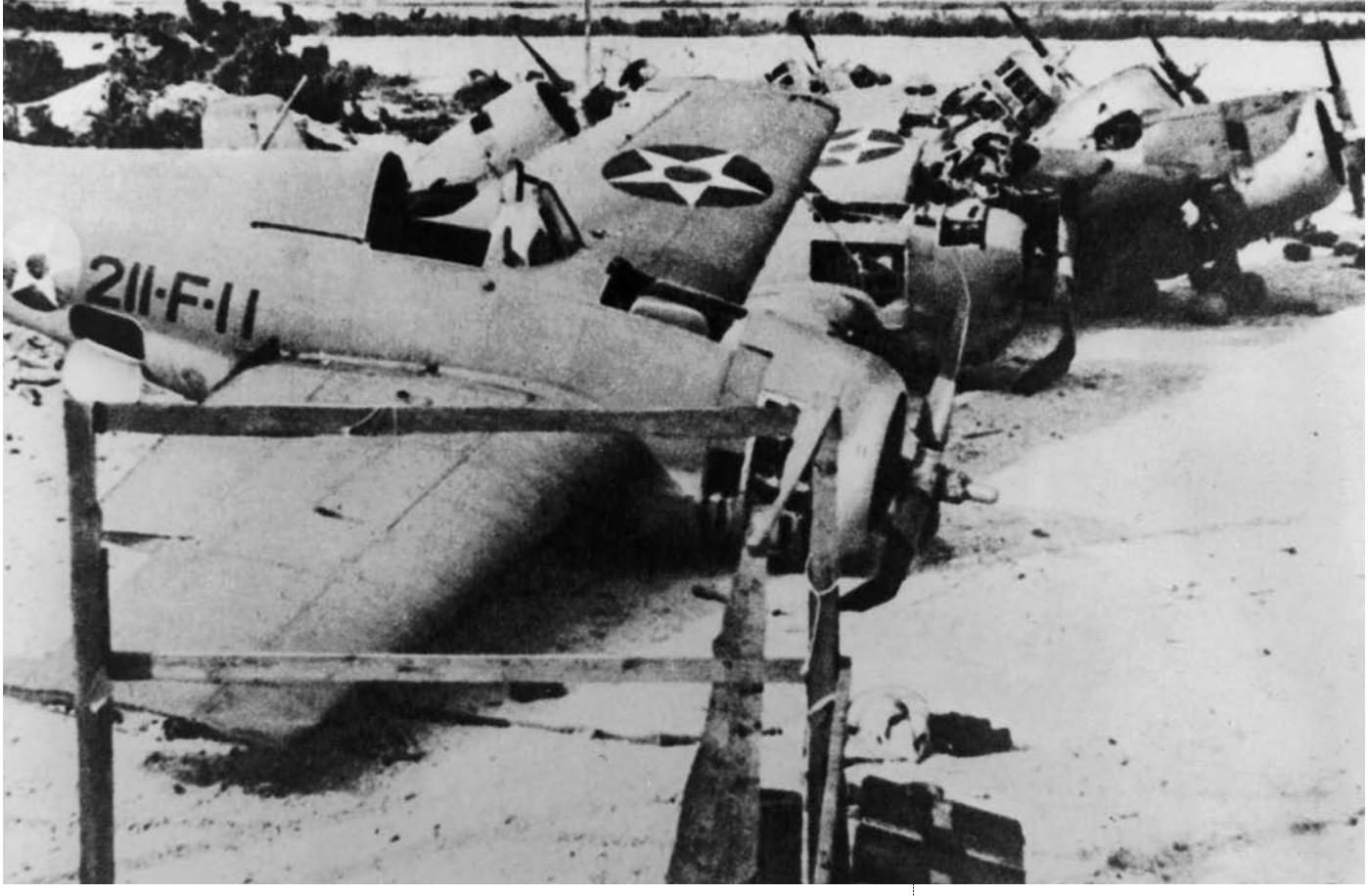
By December 21, the flotilla was still 500 miles from Wake, and Fletcher halted to refuel his ships. By this time Kimmel had been replaced by the Pacific fleet's interim commander, Vice Admiral William S. Pye, until the Navy's new overall commander in chief, Admiral Chester Nimitz, could arrive. After receiving Cunningham's report that the Japanese had already landed, Pye became concerned about the ominous presence of the enemy aircraft carriers. On December 22, he was ordered to abort his mission and return to Pearl. The military managed to keep the failed rescue attempt a secret from the American public for the war's duration.

Meanwhile, Japanese forces were feverishly preparing another assault. The next task force was commanded by Rear Admiral Hiroaki Abe, with Kajioka in charge of amphibious landings. The aircraft carriers *Hiryu* and *Soryu* would participate along with six heavy cruisers and six destroyers. Transports would carry about 1,000 naval infantrymen. Carrier-borne warplanes would soften up the defenses prior to the landings, which were to be made at night to lessen the effectiveness of any of the now-feared shore batteries that might survive the air attacks. In hopes of taking the defenders by surprise, there would be no preliminary shelling. Two destroyer transports would be sacrificed by running them aground off the beaches. This way they could use their guns to support the landings with no fear of being sunk. Emphasis was to be given to getting the troops ashore quickly so they could create a strong foothold prior to being reinforced by 500 sailors. The fleet sailed from Roi-Namur during the small hours of December 21.

Back on Wake, American defenders staggered about, exhausted from 12 days of constant vigilance. Devereux later described "the foggy blur of days and nights when time stood still. The men's days blurred together in a dreary sameness of bombing and endless work and always that aching need for sleep. I have seen men standing with their eyes open, staring at nothing, and they did not hear me when I spoke to them." A civilian contractor, World War I veteran Nathan D. Teters, organized a crude but efficient delivery system that shuttled food to the men standing at their posts. Appreciative Marines dubbed it the "Dan Teters Catering Service."

At 8:50 AM on December 21, 29 Val dive-bombers escorted by 18 Zero fighters attacked Wake, doing little damage but indicating to the defenders the enemy had returned in force. There was

National Archives



National Archives

ABOVE: In the aftermath of Wake Island, wrecked American Wildcat fighter planes from Marine squadron VMF-211 litter the runway. OPPOSITE: Japanese troops stand at attention to honor their fellow soldiers who were killed in the stubborn American defense of Wake Island.

no way the relatively short-range planes could have flown all the way from Roi-Namur—they had to have come from carriers. At 12:20 PM, another air raid destroyed Peale's fire control equipment and its anti-aircraft battery.

The next day, another aerial attack force arrived at 13,000 feet. Captain Henry Freuler and 2nd Lieutenant Carl Davidson suicidally but unhesitatingly attacked the 33 dive-bombers and six fighters, flaming a Val and a Zero before the remaining Zeros riddled both Wildcats. Although wounded, Freuler managed to crash-land his wrecked plane on Wake's airstrip. Davidson and his plane plunged into the ocean. Having lost all his aircraft, Putnam armed his remaining pilots and ground crewmen to fight as infantry.

Soon after nightfall the defenders noticed flashing lights out to sea, indicating the task force had arrived. At 2:30 AM, the Japanese came ashore on Wilkes. Heavy fighting immediately broke out on the beach. The commander of the anti-aircraft gun telephoned Devereux of the landing, but when the enemy overran the flak pit the major lost contact with Wilkes.

At this point the destroyer transports slammed into Wake's offshore reef, opening an inaccurate fire and unloading troops. On a slight elevation next to the airstrip, 2nd Lieutenant Robert M. Hanna opened his three-inch gun on the nearest transport, quickly hitting it with 14 rounds that set it ablaze, illuminating the soldiers wading through the surf. Machine-gun nests immediately targeted these troops, cutting them down by the score. Still, enough reached the beach for them to make a desperate charge. Outnumbered, the Americans steadily fell back in hand-to-hand fighting until they were arrayed in a circle around Hanna's gun, which now was pumping shells into the second transport.

A thousand yards west of this battle scene two landing craft had reached shore and engaged Lieutenant Arthur R. Poindexter's force of 20 Marines and 14 civilians, steadily pushing them back. Additional barges were disgorging troops who fanned out across the islands as a torrential tropical thunderstorm commenced.

By 3 AM, Wake was engulfed in a surreal nocturnal bloodbath so confused that neither side could determine the progress of the battle. The sole illumination came from explosions and lightning, but Devereux realized his forces were in dire straits. He managed to contact Peale (where the Japanese had not yet landed) by telephone and summon that island's defenders to come to his assistance. He was hoping to establish a defensive perimeter across Wake near the command post and hold off the Japanese long enough for the relief flotilla to arrive. This was his last hope, but there was not enough time.

Cunningham managed to contact Honolulu by radio and inform Pye that the enemy had landed on Wake. Pye sent a chilling reply: "No friendly vessels in your vicinity nor will be within the next 24 hours. Keep me informed." At 5 AM, Cunningham radioed back: "Enemy on island—issue in doubt."

Dawn found Wake encircled by warships, now staying prudently out of range of the defenders' 5-inch guns, not that many of them were still manned anyway. At 6:45 AM, three destroyers eased closer to Peale in case they needed to support their troops with shellfire, but Kessler and his crew were still manning their 5-inch gun. After they scored several direct hits on the dead destroyer, the other three enemy vessels withdrew without even returning fire.

Carrier aircraft commenced strafing and dive-bombing without opposition from the now-overrun flak guns. On Wilkes, however, McAlister and Captain Wesley Platt led a counterattack on Japanese troops who thought they had the island secured. The combined Marine-civilian assault succeeded in annihilating the invaders already on Wilkes. Only two wounded

survived; the other 98 were killed.

Back on Wake, Poindexter managed to rally 55 men and led them on an attack that temporarily drove the Japanese back eastward. Without communications, Devereux was unaware of these positive developments, and even if he had known, they represented only fleeting hope. Enemy soldiers had advanced past the aircraft revetments and reached the lagoon, cutting off Battery A from resupply for its dwindling ammunition stores. Marine aviator Henry Elrod, who had sunk a Japanese destroyer on December 11, reported for duty as a combat soldier. He personally cut down dozens of enemy attackers with a Thompson submachine gun before running out of bullets. He died attempting to fling a grenade point-blank into the engulfing wave of Japanese infantry. Elrod was awarded a posthumous Medal of Honor for his actions on Wake.

Devereux got through to Cunningham on the phone and learned the bad news about the relief flotilla. Both men realized there was no way they could hold out for another 24 hours. There was little point in spilling more blood on either side, especially when delaying this particular Japanese force would make little tactical difference in the overall situation throughout the brand-new Pacific Theater of Operations. "Well, I guess we'd better give it to them," Cunningham told Devereux, then returned to his quarters to shave, wash his face, and put on a clean uniform. A distraught Devereux transmitted the order personally to the defenders. "Don't worry, Major," Sergeant Bernard Ketner consoled him. "You fought a good fight and did all you could." "It's not my order, damn it," Devereux replied.

With a mixture of despair and disbelief, the American forces surrendered. Devereux temporarily collapsed in a heap, but revived after a contingent of Marines marched past him in perfect parade formation. When a Japanese soldier tore down the American flag, Devereux held back his angry men. "Hold it," he commanded. "Keep your heads, all of you!"

The victors brutally mistreated their captives. Lieutenant Toshio Saito ordered five Marines beheaded in retaliation for the pugnacious American defense of their outpost. After the war, the four soldiers who carried out the executions were sentenced to life in prison but were paroled after nine years. Although he survived the war, Saito could not be located by war crimes investigators. He likely committed suicide. The rest of the surviving Marines were shipped to POW camps in China.

For the time being, the 100 civilian construction workers were interned on Wake Island. On October 7, 1943, Vice Admiral Shigematsu Sakaibara had them machine-gunned to death. The reason he gave was that he suspected the workmen were using a clandestine wireless transmitter (which was never located) to pass military information to American aircraft. After the war, Sakaibara and 11 of his officers were hanged for the atrocity.

Forty-nine Marines, three sailors, and 70 American civilians were killed during the 16-day siege of Wake Island. The Japanese left few records of their own losses, but a conservative estimate is about 900 killed and 1,100 wounded. In a grim irony, the atoll played virtually no part in the rest of the war. It was one of many Axis-controlled outposts bypassed by the rebounding Anglo-American forces. Regularly pounded by the U.S. Army Seventh Air Force's heavy bombers, Wake was cut off from resupply. Hunger and disease reduced the garrison. When he surrendered the island on September 4, 1945, Sakaibara had just 17 days' worth of paltry rations remaining. Four hundred of his men were bedridden.

"WHEN THE SURVIVORS OF THAT GREAT FIGHT ARE LIBERATED AND RESTORED TO THEIR HOMES, THEY WILL LEARN THAT 130 MILLION OF THEIR FELLOW CITIZENS HAVE BEEN INSPIRED TO RENDER THEIR OWN FULL SHARE OF SERVICE AND SACRIFICE."

National Archives

Word of Wake's gallant stand soon reached Washington. On January 5, 1942, Devereux's 1st Defense Battalion and Putnam's VMF-211 received Presidential Citations in absentia. In a radio broadcast, President Franklin D. Roosevelt eulogized the island's defenders. "Some of these men were killed, and others are now prisoners of war," said the president. "When the survivors of that great fight are liberated and restored to their homes, they will learn that 130 million of their fellow citizens have been inspired to render their own full share of service and sacrifice."

After the war, the Navy erected on Wake a memorial to Major Putnam, who had been killed helping defend one of the 5-inch guns. The monument consisted of one of the battered Wildcat engines from VMF-211. It is still there today. □

By Al Hemingway

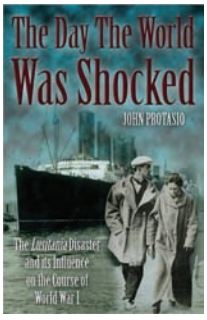
The sinking of the *Lusitania* pushed the United States to the brink of war with Germany. But was the ship carrying war matériel as the Germans claimed?

AT 2:10 PM ON MAY 7, 1915, CAPTAIN WALTHER SCHWIEGER, COMmanding the German submarine *U-20*, was patrolling off the coast of Ireland, looking for British merchant ships. A state of war had existed between the two nations since 1914, and Great Britain had established a vise-like naval blockade, preventing merchant vessels from entering German ports. Because of this, the civilian population was experiencing widespread hunger and malnutrition. Although many nations had condemned the blockade, nothing had been done to lift it, so the German Navy dispatched packs of submarines, or U-boats, to destroy any ships in the English Channel that they suspected of carrying supplies to England. The concept of total war had now taken to the seas.

Two explosions caused the sinking of the *Lusitania*, although the German government insisted only one torpedo was fired by the U-boat attacking the ship. Nearly 1,200 passengers lost their lives.

Peering through the periscope, Schweiger spotted the unmistakable outline of *Lusitania*, the pride of the Cunard line, steaming toward Liverpool. After some deliberation, the 30-year-old German naval officer made the fateful decision to fire. The torpedo streaked along at 40 knots, slamming into the starboard side near the bridge and the foremost funnel. The boat rocked violently from the explosion, which tore a gaping 220-foot hole in the outer hull plating.

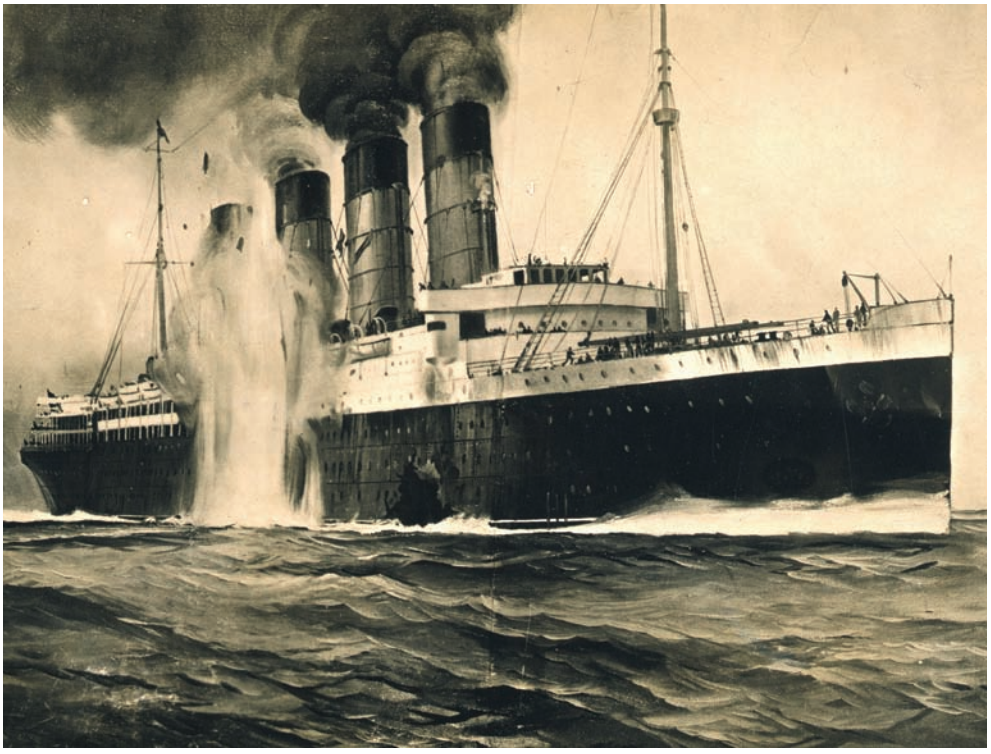
Passengers and crew scrambled to board lifeboats as the ship listed. A few moments later, a second explosion occurred. At 2:28 PM, the mighty *Lusitania* rolled on her side and sank, pulling nearly 1,200 passengers down with her—a casualty list that included 128 Americans.



In his new book, ***The Day the World Was Shocked: The Lusitania Disaster and Its Influence on the Course of World War I*** (Casemate Publishers, Havertown, PA, 2011, 240 pp., photographs, notes, $29.95, hardcover), *Military Heritage* contributor John Protasio delivers a powerful narrative that closely examines how the sinking of the luxury liner almost made President Woodrow Wilson's administration abandon their policy of neutrality and declare war on Germany two years earlier than it did.

The 785-foot *Lusitania* was the largest ship of the Cunard line. She was impressive vessel indeed. Double the size of the Statue of Liberty, *Lusitania* had 25 boilers, 192 furnaces, and four propellers that enabled her to reach a top speed of 25 knots, amazing for that era. There were four generating sets, each producing 375 kilowatts of electricity, to provide power to the floating hotel's galleys, saloons, and pantries. The day she was sunk, *Lusitania* was carrying nearly 2,000 passengers and crew members.

Three separate courts of inquiry



You deserve a factual look at . . .

Why Should the U.S. Fund the Palestinian Authority?

The Palestinians spurn U.S. diplomatic requests and snub U.S. financial aid. Should we be sending them nearly a billion dollars a year?

Despite all efforts by President Obama, the Palestinian Authority (P.A.) has rejected U.S. diplomatic efforts and a negotiated peace with Israel by requesting a unilateral declaration of Palestinian statehood at the United Nations. The P.A. also announced a merger with the Islamic terror group Hamas. Currently the U.S. sends some $600 million dollars annually in direct aid to the P.A., plus an additional $225 million in funding through the U.N. Is this the best use of American tax dollars?

What are the facts?

Since 1979, the United States has expended untold diplomatic capital to forge an Israeli-Palestinian peace. Yet every time peace has seemed at hand—including the U.S.-brokered Oslo accords in 1993, and Israel's historic Camp David offer in 2000 of a Palestinian state with a capital in East Jerusalem—the Palestinians have refused to make peace. In 2008, following the Annapolis summit, Israeli Prime Minister Olmert again offered the Palestinians a state based on 1967 borders and a capital in Jerusalem, but P.A. President Mahmoud Abbas walked away without a counter offer. In 2010, in order to bring the parties together for new peace talks, President Obama convinced Israel to enforce a moratorium on building in Jerusalem suburbs for 10 months. Yet for eight months, P.A. President Abbas refused to take part in talks, and when the moratorium expired two months later, Abbas walked out and has refused to return to negotiations ever since.

> *"If a Palestinian state were declared today, it would be neither democratic, nor peaceful nor willing to negotiate with Israel."*
>
> U.S. Representative Ileana Ros-Lehtinen

In addition to its diplomatic investment, the U.S. has over the decades given the Palestinian Authority more than four billion dollars in aid. Today, the United States provides some $825 million annually in direct aid and funding through the United Nations.

Yet despite this generous diplomatic support and financial largesse, Mahmoud Abbas and Palestinian Authority officials have verbally attacked the United States and snubbed U.S. aid. In June, 2011, 28 Palestinian Authority municipalities in the West Bank announced a "boycott of the American consulate, its diplomats, and the American institutions in Jerusalem," adding that Americans "cannot extort the Palestinian people and humiliate it with a bit of aid." Referring to these huge U.S. financial grants, Abbas said, "This does not mean that they [the U.S.] dictate to us whatever they want . . . They demanded that we should not sign the Egyptian reconciliation agreement [with Hamas], but we sent Azzam Al-Ahmed to sign it."

The Palestinian Authority did indeed reject requests by the United States not to form an alliance with Hamas terrorists in May, 2011, knowing full well that it is against U.S. law for Congress to fund any organization with terrorist ties. Remember that Hamas stands openly by its goal to conquer every inch of Palestine, cleanse it of Jews, and establish a fundamentalist Islamic caliphate. Above all, Hamas refuses to accept the state of Israel and condemns any efforts to negotiate peace.

Most recently, in September, 2011, President Abbas rejected pleas by the Obama administration and the European Union to return to negotiations with Israel and refrain from a bid for unilateral recognition of a Palestinian state at the U.N. Instead, Abbas proceeded to the U.N. and made his defiant request.

Time to stop aid to U.S. enemies. Hillary Clinton stated in April, 2011: "We will not deal with nor in any way fund a Palestinian government that includes Hamas unless and until Hamas has renounced violence, recognized Israel and agreed to follow the previous obligations of the Palestinian Authority." In fact, annual U.S. foreign operations appropriations bills expressly forbid funding for "assistance to Hamas or any entity effectively controlled by Hamas or any power-sharing government of which Hamas is a member."

In July, 2011, both houses of Congress overwhelmingly passed resolutions that threaten withdrawal of aid from the Palestinian Authority if it persists in efforts to circumvent direct negotiations with Israel by turning to the United Nations for recognition—which it has done—and if the Palestinian Authority shares power with a recalcitrant Hamas. According to the chairman of the House Foreign Affairs Committee, Rep. Ileana Ros-Lehtinen, "Despite decades of assistance totaling billions of dollars, if a Palestinian state were declared today, it would be neither democratic, nor peaceful nor willing to negotiate with Israel."

By allying with the terrorist group Hamas, abandoning peace talks with Israel, and taking its case for statehood unilaterally to the United Nations, it's clear that the Palestinian Authority has no respect for the interests of the United States in the Middle East. In this time of financial crisis and soaring budget deficits, isn't time for Congress to stop spending nearly a billion American tax dollars annually supporting the rogue Palestinian Authority?

This message has been published and paid for by

FLAME

Facts and Logic About the Middle East
P.O. Box 590359 ■ San Francisco, CA 94159
Gerardo Joffe, President

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

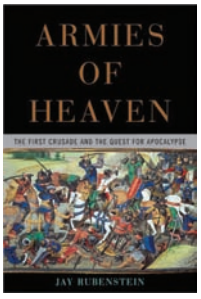
were held after the disaster. *Lusitania*'s captain, William Thomas Turner, was grilled because he did not follow the British Admiralty's instructions to zigzag. Turner felt that the speed of *Lusitania* enabled him to outrun any U-boat, which could only reach speeds of about 15 knots. However, the vessel had six boilers out of commission because some of his crew had left to join the Royal Navy, and she was barely doing 18 knots at the time of the incident. Turner was also accused of disregarding warnings from the German government that it would attack merchant vessels.

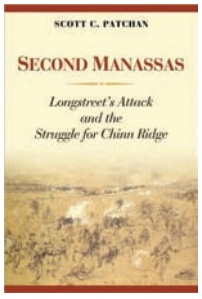
Another issue involved *Lusitania*'s lifeboats. Since the *Titanic* tragedy three years earlier, maritime law required that there be enough lifeboats for all passengers. But according to one passenger, the lifeboat drill performed onboard was a "pitiable exhibition." The quick and extreme listing of the ship prevented most passengers from safely boarding the lifeboats; when they did, many of the boats capsized, hurling people into the cold waters of the English Channel.

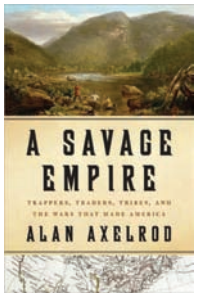
One haunting question that has lingered over the past 90-plus years is the cause of the second explosion. Initially, it was thought two torpedoes were fired. The German government, however, insisted there was only one. It was also thought that *Lusitania* was carrying war munitions and Canadian troops. Although she did have 4,200 cases of rifle ammunition and 1,250 crates of reportedly empty shrapnel shells in the hold, the British government steadfastly stated that there were no other military supplies or Canadian troops onboard. In 1993, after months of study, the renowned marine geologist Roger Ballard, who had assisted in the development of unmanned submersibles, concluded that coal dust had ignited and was the source of the mysterious second explosion.

Nonetheless, the sinking of *Lusitania* and the loss of American lives sparked a huge outcry in the United States. Wilson sent three separate communications to the German government condemning the actions and calling for "strict accountability." Secretary of State William Jennings Bryan, who thought the communiqués were too harsh and failed to criticize as well the British blockade of Germany, resigned his post.

In the end, Germany increased its unrestricted submarine warfare and Wilson had no choice but to declare war in 1917. Many experts consider the sinking of *Lusitania* and the brutal invasion of Belgium to be Germany's two worst blunders in the conflict. A single torpedo fired on May 7, 1915, would eventually bring about the collapse of the German government and usher in a new era of unrestricted naval warfare.







Armies of Heaven: The First Crusade and the Quest for Apocalypse by Jay Rubenstein, Basic Books, New York, 2011, 448 pp., maps, illustrations, notes, $35, hardcover.

Jay Rubenstein, a medieval scholar at the University of Tennessee, has penned a wonderful tale of the First Crusade from AD 1096-1099, when Christian armies traveled to the Holy Land to free it from Muslim invasion. The massive effort began when Byzantine emperor Alexios I Komnenos sent an urgent request to Pope Urban II to help him oust the invading Turks from his homeland. Komnenos's plea, however, was secondary to the religious zeal of Western nobles and knights who saw the crusade as a way of seizing the hallowed city of Jerusalem and establishing a Christian government.

The author delves into the behind-the-scenes actions that mixed religion and political motives for the arduous trek to defeat the infidels and drive them from the Holy City. Urban delivered a fervent plea at the Council of Clermont detailing atrocities being committed against the defenseless Christians by the pagan Muslim hordes. He also promised that anyone willing to take up arms to defeat the Islamic army would ultimately reap his rewards in heaven.

The People's Crusade, an untrained and often unruly mob, left Europe with the charismatic Peter the Hermit as its leader. When the crusaders arrived at their first objective, Constantinople, they pillaged and ravaged the countryside, but were easily routed by the Turks when they attacked the city.

The four main bodies of knights and soldiers, trained in warfare, departed next for Europe and took different routes to Constantinople, finally arriving in late fall 1097 to attack the city. The total estimated number in the Christian army was about 35,000. After a series of pitched battles and bloody sieges, the main body laid siege to Jerusalem in 1099. On July 15, they breached the walls and gained entry, slaughtering thousands of men, women, and children in the process.

Many of those who participated in the holy war, and even to those who stayed behind, believed they had witnessed the apocalypse. The horrendous casualties and bloody warfare encouraged them, as Rubenstein writes, "to see in it signs not of an imminent apocalypse, but of an apocalypse fulfilled."

Second Manassas: Longstreet's Attack and the Struggle for Chinn Ridge by Scott C. Patchan, Potomac Books, Washington, D.C., 2011, 186 pp., maps, photographs, index, notes, $26.95, hardcover.

As the author states, there was probably not a more opportune time for General Robert E. Lee's Army of Northern Virginia to crush the Federals than at the Battle of Second Manassas in August 1862. The Confederates did achieve a tremendous victory there, opening the door for Lee's invasion of Maryland and the subsequent Battle of Antietam less than a month later, but Lee failed to destroy the enemy at Second Manassas, enabling them to reorganize and stop him in Maryland.

Ignoring advice from his commanders, Union Maj. Gen. John Pope positioned the bulk of his infantry in the front of Maj. Gen. Thomas "Stonewall" Jackson's line north of the Warrenton Turnpike, leaving a much smaller force to confront Maj. Gen. James Longstreet's army approaching from the south.

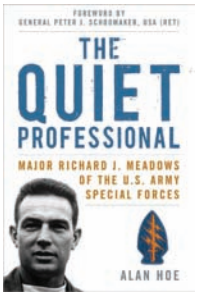
The bloody combat that ensued on Chinn Ridge was some of the worst of the conflict, but the Union soldiers who fought and died there gave the inept Pope enough time to withdraw in good order, preventing an embarrassing rout like the one that had occurred at the First Battle of Bull Run a little more than a year earlier.

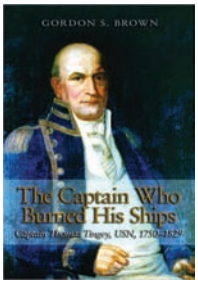
In spite of the claim by Confederate Brig. Gen. Dorsey Pender that "there was never such a campaign, not even by Napoleon," Lee at Second Manassas fell short of the ultimate prize—the annihilation of the Union Army of the Potomac and a possible end to the Civil War.

A Savage Empire: Trappers, Traders, Tribes, and the Wars That Made America by Alan Axelrod, St. Martin's Press, New York, 2011, 336 pp., map, bibliography, $25.99, hardcover.

The author gives a fascinating account of the fur trade from the 17th century to the 1830s, when the most prized animal of the trade, the beaver, almost reached extinction. Although not a graceful or handsome animal, the beaver's fur was much sought after, not only in America, but in most European countries, to make gentlemen's hats.

Axelrod begins his book in an interesting manner, writing about the famed English diarist Samuel Pepys, who held his beaver felt hat in high esteem and paid a princely sum for it. It is safe to say that Pepys had no idea, or concern, about how the beaver felt as his hat made its way to Great Britain. Axelrod, however, focuses on the manipulation, broken treaties, greed, and even wars that were fought over the beaver and other natural resources, when certain individuals amassed fortunes from the pelt of the buck-toothed woodlands creature.





The insatiable lust of the trading companies nearly decimated the beaver population by the mid-1830s. The quest for fur drove Americans deeper and deeper into the unexplored western region of the United States, bringing trappers into conflict with the indigenous tribes who occupied the land. Axelrod demonstrates that the story of the American western migration had much do with the fur of one rodent-like creature, the humble beaver.

The Quiet Professional: Major Richard J. Meadows of the U.S. Army Special Forces by Alan Hoe, University Press of Kentucky, Lexington, 2011, 280 pp., maps, photographs, notes, $34.95, hardcover.

Here is a book about one of the greatest legends in the world of U.S. Army special forces, Major Richard Meadows, a man who accomplished much during his 30-year stint in the military. The recipient of a Distinguished Service Cross, two Silver Stars, two Bronze Stars with "V" device, the Legion of Merit and a host of other decorations, Meadows served with the Special Operations Group in Vietnam and was one of the planners of the Son Tay raid in 1970 to free American POWs from a North Vietnamese detention camp. After his retirement, Meadows traveled to Iran in 1980, posing as a foreign businessman to scrutinize the American Embassy where hostages were being held by the Ayatollah Khomeini's radical government.

In 1995, just before his death from leukemia, which he believed he contracted from exposure to Agent Orange in Vietnam, Meadows received the Presidential Citizens Medal. That same year, he was inducted into the Ranger Hall of Fame, probably the award he cherished the most. Meadows was a driven man, extremely loyal to his family and the Army. He earned the respect not only of his subordinates, but of his superior officers, all of whom trusted his judgment. He died on July 29, 1995.

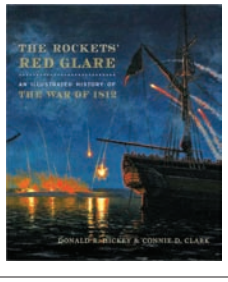
The Captain Who Burned His Ships: Captain Thomas Tingey, 1750-1829 by Gordon S. Brown, Naval Institute Press, Annapolis, MD, 2011, 214 pp., bibliography, notes, index, $28.95, hardcover.

This thoughtful book focuses on the man who was the mastermind behind the design and building of the Washington Navy Yard, Captain Thomas Tingey. Originally an officer in the Royal Navy, Tingey switched his allegiance and became an American naval officer, distinguishing himself during the so-called Quasi-War against the French. Tingey led a squadron of ships that patrolled the waters near Cuba, keeping a sharp eye out for French privateers preying on American merchant ships.

In 1800, Tingey traveled to Washington to design and supervise the construction of a navy yard, despite the opposition of many in Congress who saw the buildup of a standing navy as a detriment. Nevertheless, Tingey toiled diligently, completing the site and became the first commandant of the Washington Navy Yard in November 1804, a position he held for nearly 30 years.

With the overwhelming defeat of the American Army at Bladensburg, Maryland, in 1814, the British marched to Washington unopposed and unceremoniously burned the city. Realizing that he could not defend the navy yard, Tingey ordered that the yard and its vessels be destroyed. He was the last officer to leave the navy yard and the first to return after the British had left. Tingey oversaw the rebuilding of the navy yard and continued his service in the U.S. Navy. When he died in 1829, workers at the facility were given a half-day off and flags were lowered to half-staff. As the author writes, Tingey was the kind of man who "would have been pleased if they had raised a glass in his memory, but unhappy had they gone on to drink to excess."

World War I: The American Soldier Experience by Jennifer D. Keene, University of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, 2011, 218 pp., map, illustrations, photographs, bibliography, index, $19.95, softcover.



Trying desperately to remain neutral in a European war that had already taken millions of lives, the United States finally declared war on Germany in the spring of 1917. To meet the demands of such a huge undertaking, General John J. Pershing, leader of the American Expeditionary Force, knew that he needed a large fighting force to meet the requirements of the war. A draft was instituted and the military mushroomed to more than four million men in all branches of the service. Twenty percent of Americans of draft age eventually served in the military.

The author, a professor of history and chair of the department at Chapman University in Orange, California, traces the origins of America's entry into the conflict, detailing how the army was selected and organized, the battles it took part in, and what became of returning veterans. Pershing's doughboys were at first scorned by the British and French troops, but eventually proved themselves in battle at Chateau Thierry, Belleau Wood, and the Meuse-Argonne Campaign.

The United States suffered more than 200,000 casualties as a result of the savage combat. "Whether the war illustrated the futility of armed conflict or the heroic endeavors of brave and patriotic men," Keene writes, "remained a matter of dispute."

The Rockets' Red Glare: An Illustrated History of The War of 1812 *by Donald R. Hickey & Connie D. Clark, John Hopkins University Press, Baltimore, MD, 2011, 234 pp., maps, illustrations, $39.95, hardcover.*

The bicentennial of the War of 1812, often referred to as America's second war of independence, is fast approaching. Still in its infancy, the United States felt that it had to demonstrate to Great Britain that it was a republic, and not a quasi English colony.

The reasons for entering the war were complex, but the impressment of American merchant seaman by the Royal Navy played an important role in igniting the hostilities. On the high seas, U.S. ships enjoyed great success, but American forces were not so fortunate on land. At one point, the British made their way to Washington, D.C., and burned much of the capital to the ground.

The book is rich with maps and illustrations tracing the origins of the conflict, the major battles and the personalities on both sides. As the authors demonstrate, "the War of 1812 left a lasting imprint on the future." □

By Joseph Luster

Call of Duty: Modern Warfare 3

Another shining example of how to craft a major, crowd-pleasing game release.

PUBLISHER
Activision

SYSTEM(S)
Xbox 360, PS3, PC

AVAILABLE
Now

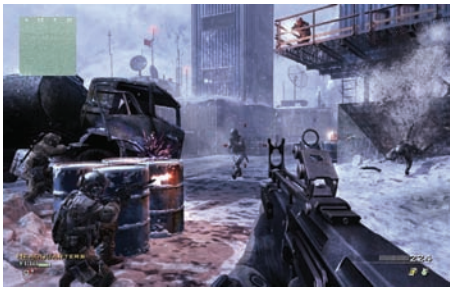
The 2011 holiday season has been brutal, and as of this writing it's really only just begun. Sure, it's easy to sit in the future and reflect calmly on what was yet another ridiculously packed time of year as far as entertainment goes, but those of us living in the present (past?) are still making life's tough decisions. One of the biggest of the year came back to the thankfully strong-as-ever subgenre of war games, pitting EA's *Battlefield 3* in a tooth-and-claw battle against Activision's *Call of Duty: Modern Warfare 3*.

There are those who love and play both and, more vocally, those who stay firmly in one camp or the other. Regardless of which side you fall on, if any, it's clear now that the dust has somewhat settled that *Call of Duty* remains a powerful, formidable franchise. I appreciate the tenacious campaigns of both, but folks weren't holding your average Joe up at gunpoint (seriously) for copies of *Battlefield 3*. In one particularly intense instance, armed robbers in France hijacked two trucks loaded with thousands of copies of *Modern Warfare 3*. The criminals blocked the road with a car and attacked the drivers with tear gas as they exited the truck, absconding with their ill-gained goodies. If it wasn't such a grim incident, it would pretty much sound exactly like a level in a *Call of Duty* game. Also, as if that wasn't enough, a second truck was robbed later by three more threatening thieves!

Looking back on *Modern Warfare 3*'s release, opening day sales were to the tune of about 6.5 million. That's pretty nutty no matter how you cut it, but is it worth the hype? We'll give *Battlefield 3* its own in-depth spotlight another time, but for now let's take a look at how the latest video game blockbuster from developers Infinity Ward and Sledgehammer Games turned out.

Blockbuster is certainly a term that applies to this franchise in every way. *CoD* is the Michael Bay moment of gaming's winter months, and just like Michael Bay, you're either gonna love it or hate it. Actually, it may be roughly 10 times easier to love than a Bay flick, maybe because it not only pleases crowds with ridiculous action set pieces but also does so with a slightly higher pedigree of storytelling. Sure, the narrative in this series has been rough, and is often times downright absurd, but at least it's not annoying.

Modern Warfare 3 continues the story of its predecessors, with America essentially experiencing World War III on its own soil while Captain John Price and co. hunt down the nefarious Russian Ultranationalist Vladimir Makarov. In typical *CoD* fashion, the story tends to have you jumping between a few different playable characters, but for the most part you control ex-Spetznaz soldier Yuri, whose past ties into the story in a few ways. For now, though, his primary concern is performing myriad feats of military derring-do, narrowly escaping one screen-rocking event after another. That should probably be your primary concern, as well, because while *Modern Warfare 3*'s narrative arguably doesn't hit the nonsensical heights of those that came before it, it's still pretty far up there. Such is the nature of crafting a game like this, with a structure built around a certain number of set pieces. After all, what fun would it really be if it didn't go out of its way to provide "shock and awe"?



Those equal parts shock and awe are on grand display here, despite following a very rigid formula that's as plain as day at this point. Just passively observing as you play will spell out the trick the developers have mastered over the years. Stages toss you into the action—with plenty of close-quarters firefights taking place this time around—and then the situation inevitably gets turned on its head. Something legitimately jaw-dropping happens, either knocking the player down or unconscious in the process, and someone helps you up after the dust settles so you can do it all over again. Hey, I'm not knocking the formula, but there it is. I challenge you to find a key moment in this game that doesn't transpire almost exactly as described.

Regardless of how they're executed, some of the big events here won't be quickly forgotten. A solid early example of this takes place on a plane, on which you're tasked with security detail for Russia's president. Naturally, the plane gets hijacked and you end up in a firefight 30,000 feet in the sky as the plane struggles to stay airborne. For just a few breathtaking seconds, a sudden descent leaves you and your opponents free-floating in the cabin, spinning and shooting weightlessly like one very memorable moment right out of Christopher Nolan's *Inception*.

It wouldn't be sporting of me to spoil any of the game's surprises, but they're plentiful enough, and you'll know them when they hit. It's due to the bombastic nature of its set pieces that many may presume the series gleefully glorifies war, but those paying attention will see that's far from the case with *Call of Duty*. While war is infinitely more horrifying than any game can convey, and ducking behind cover for a few seconds will never really replenish one's health, events are still portrayed with the proper weight behind them. There may be fun to be had while playing, but no jokes are made about the circumstances, and firefights are depicted as grueling, painful, and mentally draining. You and your

squad will risk life and limb to save those who fight alongside you, and it can be a sobering affair when a key player doesn't make it.

Less grueling, thankfully, are *Modern Warfare 3*'s many waves of enemies, which, as mentioned before, tend to close in on you and your squad in much tighter spaces this time. While some may not fancy the up close and personal nature of combat, it's much preferred to infinite waves that have plagued the series in the past; a flood of faceless shooters who refused to stop popping out until the player moved forward some, like a twisted take on a lame carnival game. As usual, controls are tight, though it's very easy to become a little too dependent on the aim assist if you keep it turned on (I do keep it turned on, sorry, I just want to blaze through the campaign for maximum enjoyment).

Keeping in line with its predecessors, the real fun of *Modern Warfare 3* begins when the campaign is complete. Not to say that you have to actually complete it to enjoy everything else on the disc, but at a lightning fast five hours or so, there's little reason not to get it out of the way. Spec Ops returns this year, offering both solo and co-op missions of increasing difficulty. Playing with friends is certainly recommended, but even tackling these missions solo can be an addictive addition to your *MW3* routine. Shaving a few seconds off of an almost perfect time can be both maddening and endlessly compelling. I find the survival style mode of enemy wave resistance a bit less interesting, but your mileage may vary.

Finally, there's the series' competitive multiplayer, lauded by as many as it is despised. By now you likely know whether or not you're a fan of Team Deathmatch and other modes—many of which are littered with foul-mouthed kiddies looking for some after-school antics—but if you dig it then you're in for another long haul. While dying an instant after respawning will never cease to frustrate me, and the lobbies and maps are filled with some of the worst human beings you'll ever encounter online, there's a special kind of magic in playing these games with the right groups. Find some friends or, if you're lucky, a like-minded team of strangers, and you'll discover the real legs behind *Modern Warfare*'s success.

So *Call of Duty: Modern Warfare 3* is another in a long line of annual installments, and while it misfires occasionally, it's also another shining example of how to craft a major, crowd-pleasing game release. As if the sales numbers weren't enough to clue us in on this impending fact, Activision has already announced another *Call of Duty* game for around the same time frame in 2012. If the mere thought of that didn't make you groan, then you're definitely ready for this virtual war. □

soldiers

Continued from page 11

of the rocky shore. On land, the entire force was without tents and shivered against the gale. Gunpowder turned to useless paste. Sleep was out of the question.

The following morning the weather broke again, and Sheik Sidi Said Cherif, commander of the forces within the city, climbed the walls of Algiers to inspect his enemy. He liked what he saw. His own men and horse were warm and rested, their powder dry. The Christians were stiff and cold and seemingly ripe for slaughter. He ordered the southern gates of Bab Azun opened and a squadron of cavalry to charge the enemy with sword, lance, and arquebus.

But Said Cherif had reckoned without the terrain. If the rain had chilled the Christian soldiers and ruined their powder, it had also saturated the ground. Mud slowed down the horses enough to equalize the fight. Advantage shifted. The open gates became the objective, and Christian knights charged toward them, close on the heels of the retreating Muslim cavalry. Cannon fire and scattered shots from the high walls dispersed the knights.

The Christians were not about to give up. Throughout the ordeal, Charles stood up like a seasoned veteran. Doria once more led back the ships that had survived the storm and approached the shore with provisions for the hungry troops. Again the weather turned. Another violent storm ravaged the fleet and sent ships crashing against the rocks. For hours, men watched as the fleet was torn apart. Terrified crews wanted to drive the ships onto the sand and take their chances on shore.

Soon, for miles up and down the coast, ships of the great fleet rolled onto the sands and rocks, and all the carefully packed guns, tents, hardtack, vegetables, wine, oil, and other materials began washing ashore. Scavengers emerged from the landscape and attended to both the detritus and to the exhausted castaways. Algiers had a ready market for slaves and hostages. The mistress of the officer Don Antonio Carriero, weighed down with waterlogged rich clothes and many jewels, managed to drag herself to shore but was killed by the scavengers, who found her too bulky a burden to take back with them.

The next morning, October 26, a messenger rode into camp with word from Doria. A staggering 140 vessels were either shattered on the beaches or at the bottom of the sea. The admiral had gathered the remainder 12 miles down the bay at Cap Matifou, where he would pick up anyone who could manage the trek. Charles decided that it was time to fold his hand. He lacked men, guns, ammunition, and food. To tide over his men, he directed them to slaughter and butcher their prize Spanish horses. Then they began the 12-mile retreat.

It took the army three full days to reach Doria. As a consequence of the rain, normally dry riverbeds had become all but impassible torrents, flood plains had become marshes. When the troops and hangers-on reached the El Harrach River, midway to their rendezvous, they found that flash floods had washed out the bridges. It took skilled engineers working with lumber from broken Spanish ships to rig a way across. All the while, Berber horsemen hectored the sad procession, dashing in and picking off stragglers. Knights of St. John protected the rear as best they could, losing 74 of their number in the process. Cortez, for whom this would be the final campaign, lost a bag of emeralds he had brought back from the New World.

Once the exhausted and tattered survivors reached Cape Matifou, it was quickly discovered that there wasn't enough room on the boats for everyone. All remaining horses were killed. Those deemed excess human cargo remained on shore and watched as the last of the long boats carried the lucky few to the safety of the galleys. Arab sources claimed that 1,300 Christian women and children were taken into slavery, leaving one to wonder what so many women and children were doing there in the first place. Christian sources claimed, less believably, that all were killed on the beach.

As the ships set out one more time, yet another storm arose, and in a final humiliation, one of the Spanish vessels sank with 400 men on board. The remaining fleet weathered the storm and struggled down the coast to Bougie, where an anonymous agent for Charles's perennial rival, Francis I of France, assured his monarch that the few survivors were reduced to a diet of dogs, cats, and grass. Charles resigned himself to the inscrutable will of God; he would never raise another armada.

Algiers remained the staging center for Barbary corsairs for the next 300 years, sending pirates out as far afield as Ireland in search of infidel hostages and foreign booty. Christian countries brokered deals with the local sheikhs to protect their own ships and attack their competitors. But by the early nineteenth century, the game had gone on too long. American and British warships forced the issue, and in 1830, France, Charles's longtime enemy, annexed the city and put an end to the scourge that Charles had sought unsuccessfully to eradicate three centuries earlier. Perhaps he really had been cursed. □

Continued from page 21

layer. Soon after its introduction, a design flaw was discovered with the second model of the M-2. After a half hour of wear, the eyepieces could fog over. The glass layer was eventually removed altogether, making for yet another variation that is encountered today.

In all, more than 29 million M-2 gas masks were issued and used by French, American, Italian, and Belgian forces. However, the American forces tended to use the M-2 as a backup gas mask while relying on the SBR for primary use. Later in the war, General Order 78 went so far as to forbid the M-2 from use except for those who had head wounds or could not otherwise wear the SBR.

Today, finding an M-2 can be quite a challenge. While produced in large numbers, the materials used and the arduous conditions on the battlefield meant that very few survived. Thus, examples in good condition can range in price from several hundred to several thousand dollars.

Among the rarest masks from World War I is the Italian Polivalente mask, which was similar in design to the French M-2. World War I collector Gus Bryngelson says the mask, which also featured a cloth face cover with lenses, needed to be moistened to work. "You did not need to urinate on it to make it work," says Bryngelson, "I suppose that it is possible that there could have been examples of soldiers doing so if there was no source of water, but I doubt it as the front lines were always a very wet place."

The M-2 was not the only French gas mask used during the war. The French actually took a cue from the Germans. By the fall of 1915, the Allies were also using poison gas, and the Germans were quick to adapt with the Lederschutzmaske 1917, which featured a rubberized fabric mask with eyepieces and a separate cylindrical screw-fit filter that could be changed once its filling become ineffective. This mask was produced in three sizes and was initially carried in a cloth bag.

The French essentially copied the German pattern in the ARS 17 mask of 1918, and these remained in service until the end of the war. "The French Army used the ARS 17 mask up to 1935," explains advanced gas mask collector Boris Plotnikoff, who has collected the items for nearly 45 years. He says the ARS 17 was used extensively in the interwar period and was only replaced by the ANP T 31 in 1935. However, the French produced the ARS 17 right up to the outbreak of the World War II, thus making it possible to find original versions—albeit post-World War I models—in fine condition.

National Archives

A German soldier and his horses wear gas masks.

As collectibles, gas masks have never been as desirable as the helmets, firearms, and uniforms, but as the 100th anniversary of the War to End All Wars nears, prices for all things from the conflict are on the rise, including gas masks. Surprisingly, other than the rare M-2, the gas masks have endured the passage of time very well, says advanced collector of headgear Roger Lucy. "The price of gas masks in general is stable or if anything falling," says Lucy, who stresses that demand for World War I gas masks is relatively light.

Bryngelson says collectors today face a "no-man's-land style mine field. There have been many masks offered on the online auction sites that have been misrepresented, but mostly due to the ignorance of the sellers." Bryngelson says that he has seen every type of gas mask ever produced being represented as an original World War I mask, "but there are few of the later ones that will pass as wartime examples to a knowledgeable collector."

Most experienced collectors note that while some World War I gas masks are still available, most are already in collections. Bryngelson observes that World War I gas masks shouldn't be considered all that rare, simply because so many came home with returning doughboys. "The German masks were a favorite souvenir of U.S. and Commonwealth soldiers," he says, adding that the German masks often had company. "U.S. soldiers were also allowed to take their own masks home as well."

At larger militaria shows, such as the annual Show of Shows in Louisville, there are usually at least a few gas masks offered for sale. Many large dealers own some masks, but the issue for new collectors is how much they are willing to pay. While the Cold War versions of military gas masks regularly show up in surplus catalogs and can be found at Army/Navy shops for under $30, authentic World War I-era masks are far more expensive. "Nowadays, it is hard to find a World War I gas mask at a low price, at least in good condition," says Plotnikoff. "The prices are also continuing to go up."

New collectors may opt to start with the later-period masks, which are in mint condition, says Plotnikoff, and can be had for $10 to $100 according to the model. German masks, however, run as high as $1,000 or more. Many masks are simply not seen often by collectors at all, such as the Russian Zelinski-Kummant mask that featured a rubber head cover or the Austrian version of the German mask. None of these have to date been faked, largely because it would be difficult to fake the age and wear of the rubber. However, new collectors do need to be cautious of replicas, which are made for the reenactor market. These are not offered as original very often, says Bryngelson, who adds, "They are not exactly the same, but look correct." It isn't clear whether the replica masks for reenactors technically can be called gas masks since they don't really work and are more a complex costume item .

A more common concern, Bryngelson says, is that postwar examples of wartime masks can create confusion. "I do have a French ARS 1917 that was made in 1939," he says, noting that it is the same as a World War I-era mask, "except that it is in very good condition, as the First World War time masks are nearly all hard as a rock, and very difficult to display."

Once in a collection, the issue for gas mask collectors is their care and preservation. Gas masks can be very fragile; they should be kept out of direct sunlight and the rubberized cloth should not be allowed to dry out from being in too humid or too dry conditions. "As for perseveration, I have not encountered any problems," says Lucy, "except with a Great War small box respirator whose face piece seemed to be drying out."

While gas warfare has thankfully been used only a few times since the guns fell silent in November 1918, the history of the horrible conflict lives on in the gas masks that helped protect the wearers. And, although these can't tell stories, if you look through the glass eyepieces, you can better appreciate what it must have been like to endure the hell of the trenches while wearing the masks and peering anxiously ahead for a telltale cloud of gas. □

WE ARE THE BAND OF BROTHERS

"THIS TOUR IS SPECIAL. THERE IS NOTHING ELSE LIKE IT."

– MAJOR DICK WINTERS, COMMANDER EASY COMPANY

Stephen Ambrose HISTORICAL TOURS

The First Name in Historic Travel.©

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

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

Join our expert historians on the tour of your dreams and walk in the bootsteps of your heroes!

Visit StephenAmbroseTours.com or call 1.888.903.3329

SEAN BEAN

STARS IN THE WWII ACTION EPIC

Based on the True Story of James Bond Author Ian Fleming's "30 Commando Assault Unit"

Following the first mission of this elite unit, the 30 Commando take on the might of the Fuhrer's armed forces in a thrilling life-or-death operation behind enemy lines.

COMING JANUARY TO DVD, BLU-RAY™ & ON DEMAND

Available at amazon.com

e one entertainmentone