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MILITARY HERITAGE

MILITARY HERITAGE ▪ FEBRUARY 2012 *Volume 13, No. 5*

SCOTTISH FIGHT AT
WATERLOO

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ASSAULT ON CHERBOURG

PATRIOTS' STAND AT
HOBKIRK'S HILL

NAVAL DISASTER AT CORONEL

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COVER: "Waterloo: Gordons and Greys to the Front, 18th June, 1815" by Stanley Berkeley. See story page 22. Private Collection/ Photo © Christie's Images/ The Bridgeman Art Library

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 5 © 2012 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.**

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editorial

PFC Roy Morris talked sparingly about his combat experience in World War II, but he never forgot the hedgerows below Cherbourg.

LIKE MANY TRUE COMBAT VETERANS, MY FATHER DIDN'T talk much about the war—in his case, World War II. We knew that he had served in France and Germany with the 79th Division, the famous "Cross of Lorraine" division. He carried his blue-and-white shoulder patch in his billfold, where he could see it every time he opened it. But he didn't show it around, and the only time we ever saw the patch was when we asked Dad specifically to show it to us.

Because he was so reticent with details about the war, we treasured the few times Dad opened up a little about his experiences. He told us once about being drafted and sent to Fort Hood, Texas, for basic training. There was a military stockade on the base where prisoners from Rommel's vaunted Afrika Korps were confined behind a barbed-wire fence. Dad said the sun-bronzed German POWs exercised in unison every morning, and he remembered wondering how he and his comparatively ragtag buddies were ever going to defeat such tough, disciplined soldiers. Somehow they found a way.

Roy Morris, right, with buddies in Cherbourg, 1944.

Dad considered himself lucky to survive the war when so many of his buddies didn't. He showed us the scar on his index finger where a piece of German shrapnel had struck him as he was leaping into a foxhole. A foot or so to the left, he said, and he would have been killed. And he told us about being sent to the rear with frozen feet a few days before the Battle of the Bulge. It seemed almost comical to us—not a real wound—but Dad said it had literally saved his life. When the Germans hit their lines, they killed several men in Dad's platoon, including his sergeant, a man he knew only as Red. The sergeant had died before sending in his last roster report, and in all the confusion no one knew where Dad was. My mother, waiting back home in Nashville, received the dreaded telegram: "Missing in Action," which people at the time understood to be a precursor to even worse news: "Killed in Action." It was several days before Dad managed to get word to Mother that he was safe, if not entirely sound, in a military hospital behind the lines.

I asked my father once if he had ever been in any big battles. I've never forgotten his reply. "Son," he said, "whenever some German-speaking SOB is standing behind a tree shooting at you, it's a big battle." All these years later, it still strikes me as one of the truest comments I have ever heard about ground-level combat.

I hadn't realized when I began editing Arnold Blumberg's article on the capture of Cherbourg that Dad's division had been in the thick of the fighting there. In fact, the 79th was the first American unit to enter the city. Reference to the hedgerows on the Cotentin Peninsula recalled another of Dad's sparing comments about the war. "Those damned hedgerows," he would say, shaking his head. His expression said it all.

At Dad's funeral in January 2006 at National Cemetery in Chattanooga, a squad of soldiers fired the traditional salute for a fallen comrade. I remember thinking then how loud the shots sounded in the clear, brisk air. It was a sound my father, a combat rifleman, must have heard many times during World War II, but like other members of the Greatest Generation, he modestly chose to keep the echoes to himself.

Roy Morris Jr.

MILITARY HERITAGE

VOLUME 13, NUMBER 5

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McLean, VA 22101-4554

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

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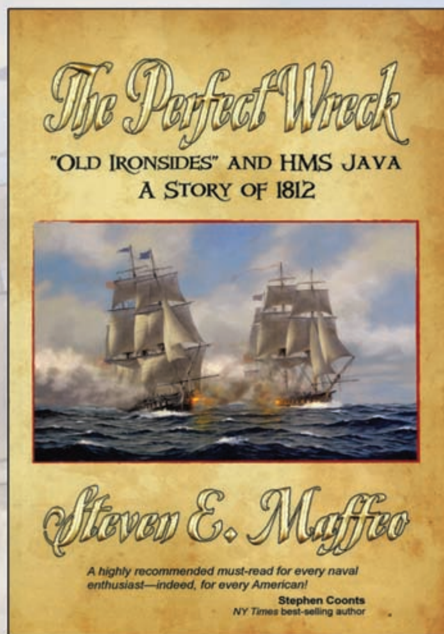
PRINTED IN THE U.S.A.



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By William Stroock

Tough, battle-hardened South Korean troops were justly feared by Vietcong and North Vietnamese regulars alike during the Vietnam War.

ON THE NIGHT OF FEBRUARY 13-14, 1967, THE 11TH COMPANY OF the 2nd South Korean Marine Brigade was occupying a position near the village of Trah Bin Dong in Quang Ngai province, South Vietnam. Its oval-shaped base was dotted by bunkers and trenches; the lines of thick barbed wire to the front were laced claymore mines. In front of the tough South Korean marines lay a line of hills from which the communists attacked Highway 19 and coastal Highway 1. Rather than go into the hills after the communists, the South Korean marines set a trap—with themselves as bait.

The communists regularly harassed the South Koreans but did not attack them directly until that night. Two Vietcong regiments, the 1st and 21st, came out of the hills under cover of heavy mortar fire and hit the base from all directions. The South Koreans delivered devastating return fire from their bunkers with machine guns and mortar rounds dropped at point-blank range. As the communists closed, the outnumbered South Koreans fought hand to hand, refusing to surrender their positions. Some marines dismantled their heavy machine guns rather than let them fall into enemy hands. One wounded man refused to be taken alive and pulled the pins on a pair of grenades as the communists entered his bunker.

Led by their commanding officer, Captain Chung Kyong Gin, the South Korean marines eventually pulled back and allowed several hundred Vietcong to break into the camp. Chung sent two squads to plug the gap. He then ordered the rest of the marines to fix bayonets and close with the now trapped enemy, killing more than 100 inside the camp. By 0730 hours, the marines had cleared their base and chased the communists back into the jungle. American Marine Douglas A-4 Skyhawks punished them as they withdrew.

In all, 254 communists were killed in the assault compared to 15 South Koreans deaths. For his outstanding leadership, Chung was awarded South Korea's highest honor. In the aftermath of the fight, word of the 11th Company's deeds spread throughout South Vietnam. Even South Vietnamese President Nguyen Van Thieu stopped by for a visit. The entire company was promoted one rank. Later, the Koreans received a Presidential Unit Citation for their actions at Trah Bin Dong.

In 1964, as the communist effort in Vietnam grew more intense, the South Vietnamese government made a formal request to the Republic of Korea for military assistance. Actually, the ROK government had offered to send help as early as 1954 but was turned down. The first Korean units arrived in Vietnam in February 1965 in a brigade group called Dove Force. These included engineers, a MASH unit, military police, a navy LST, liaison staff, and other support personnel. Dove Force was deployed to the Bien Hoa region of South Vietnam, where it engaged in counterinsurgency activities. Engineering units built schools, roads and bridges. Medical teams treated over

South Korean soldiers under fire in South Vietnam in 1967. More than 5,000 ROK members died in the war.

akg images

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A soldier in the Korean 9th (White Horse) Division encounters a frightened Vietnamese woman and her children on patrol north of Bon Son in 1966.

30,000 South Vietnamese civilians.

As the communist presence in South Vietnam grew and the situation in the countryside worsened, the United States sought to spread the burden to other allied nations. Accordingly, the administration of President Lyndon B. Johnson asked the South Korean government if it would be willing to contribute a combat division. After meeting with President Johnson in June 1965, Korean President Park Chung Hee agreed to his request. There was considerable negotiation and haggling between American and South Korean authorities over several issues. The South Koreans insisted that their troops answer only to their own officers. The two sides eventually agreed that South Korean officers would exert tactical control over their units but would subordinate themselves to the senior American officer in a combat zone. South Korean units would also ultimately answer to General William Westmoreland, overall commander of U.S. forces in Vietnam.

The South Korean government sought several other concessions, including combat pay for their soldiers (at American expense), military equipment for South Korean reserve units, and a guarantee of American force levels in Korea. American authorities agreed to the terms, and on August 19, 1965, the South Korean assembly authorized the deployment of combat troops to Vietnam. The deployment began that autumn and included the Capital (Tiger) Division and the 2nd Marine Brigade, the Blue Dragons. By the end of the year, more than 18,000 South Korean troops were in country.

In 1966, the South Vietnamese government requested more troops from the Republic of Korea. After further negotiations, the 9th (White Horse) Division was deployed to Vietnam as well, bringing the total strength of South Korean forces in Vietnam to nearly 45,000 men. On the recommendation of General Westmoreland, Chae Myung Shin, the commander of the Capital Division, formed a corps headquarters under his command out of Nha Trang. General Lew Byong Hion (later the South Korean ambassador to the United States) took command of the Capital Division.

South Korean divisions were organized along similar lines as the Americans. They featured three regiments, four artillery battalions, an engineering battalion, and several supporting units such as MPs, signals, and reconnaissance. The first South Korean combat formation in Vietnam, the Capital (Tiger) Division, was formed in 1948 and saw extensive action during the Korean War. The Capital Division survived the initial North Korean onslaught, fought on the Pusan Perimeter, and later participated in General Douglas MacArthur's celebrated counterattack.

Upon the insistence of Korean President Park Chun Hee, soldiers deploying to Vietnam would be volunteers. Both he and the military wanted to demonstrate to the Americans and the world, through the army, that South Korea had come of age and was no longer wholly dependent on the Americans for its defense. The very best of the army were plucked from their units and assigned to the Capital Division. Enlisted personnel were given special incentives to volunteer, including higher pay and credit for three years of military service. President Park personally selected senior officers.

Korean soldiers were highly motivated. Because of their own struggle with Stalinist North Korea, they hated communists. They were also tough. Each man was trained in the art of tae kwon do, with 30 minutes' practice forming an integral part of morning physical training. They were also subjected to harsh discipline. Two soldiers who raped a Vietnamese woman were executed before their company.

The South Korean soldier was also feared by the Vietcong. *Time* magazine reported in 1966, "Captured Vietcong orders now stipulate that contact with the Koreans is to be avoided at all costs—unless a Vietcong victory is 100 percent certain."

The South Koreans felt better able to conduct counterinsurgency operations than the Americans. Despite the language barrier, Korean soldiers were dealing with people they considered fellow Asians whose culture they understood better. They shared Buddhism and similar dietary habits; both consumed rice prodigiously. Korean soldiers did their best to interact with the local population. They attended Buddhist religious services, ran medical clinics, and repaired damage inflicted on people's homes. Even so, a 1968 evaluation conducted by the Americans criticized some aspects of the South Koreans' pacification efforts, saying they were too focused on pursuing the Vietcong at the expense of building civil organizations.

South Korean troops did not always conduct themselves correctly. As in any war, civilians in South Vietnam suffered grievously. In one notorious incident, South Korean troops searching the village of Tho Lam murdered 46 civilians after a booby trap killed four of their comrades. South Korean documents indicate that as many as 8,000 Vietnamese civilians were killed by their troops from 1965 through 1973. In an interview given in 2000, General Chae admitted that his men killed civilians but blamed it on what he called "battlefield rage" and "the uncertainties of war."

The first year of operations for the South Koreans was a huge success. The Capital Division established government sovereignty over large swaths of the province, opening up Highway 19 and Highway 1 north to Phu Cat Mountain. In the field, they killed more than 3,000 Vietcong and captured nearly 600 in return for 290 South Koreans killed. In conjunction with the American 1st Cavalry Division and ARVN (Army, Republic of Vietnam) forces, the Capital Division gradually pushed NVA (North Vietnamese Army) forces off the mountain, securing it by the end of the year. The U.S. Army called the attack "extraordinarily thorough and effective."

To the south, the Blue Dragon Brigade moved from its initial area

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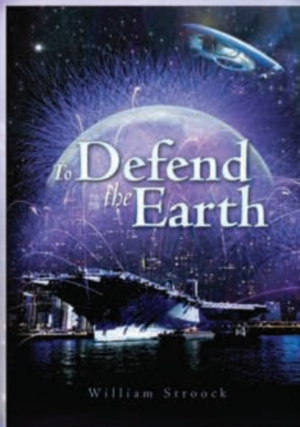

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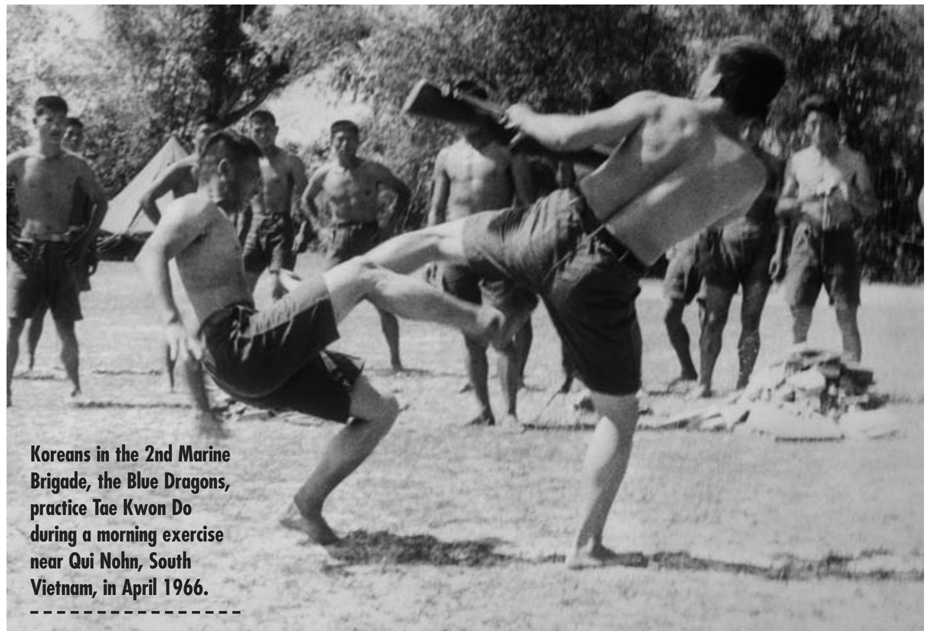

Koreans in the 2nd Marine Brigade, the Blue Dragons, practice Tae Kwon Do during a morning exercise near Qui Nohn, South Vietnam, in April 1966.

around Cam Ranh Bay down the coast to Tuy Hoa in Phu Yen Province, a rice-producing region of about 70,000 people. Tuy Hoa had been infiltrated by elements of the North Vietnamese 95th Regiment, which relied on the farmers for food and shelter. The Blue Dragons worked for several weeks with the 1st Brigade of the American 101st Airborne Division. In Operation Van Buren, the American paratroopers and South Korean marines spent a month clearing Tuy Hoa of communist infiltrators. Over 33 days, 54 Americans and 45 South Koreans were killed, in exchange for 679 communists. Together, they secured the harvest of 30,000 metric tons of rice. At the conclusion of the operation, the American paratroopers left and the South Koreans took sole responsibility for the area.

Like the Capital Division and the Blue Dragon Brigade, the 9th (White Horse) Division saw its share of combat in South Vietnam. The 9th Division gained its nickname in 1952 after its successful action against communist forces at the Battle of White Horse Mountain. In 1966, the White Horse Division was deployed to the Ninh Hoa region, Dar Lac Province, where Highway 1 met Highway 21. In addition to maintaining a presence in the province and opening up Highways 1 and 19, the White Horse Division contributed its 29th Regiment to the defense of the Ninh Hoa airbase and the 30th Regiment to the defense of Cam Ranh Bay. The 28th Regiment was deployed to Tua Hoa.

The White Horse Division was busy in 1967. In addition to its normal counterinsurgency activities, the division participated in several offensive operations, including Operation Oh Jac Kyu, a surprise attack against the 95th NVA Regiment in Phu Yen Province. The operation spoiled a planned communist offensive. Later that year, the White Horse and Capital Divisions conducted operation Hong Kill Dong, also in Phu Yen Province, and fought dozens of actions against the communists. In one engagement on July 27, the South Koreans killed 32 Vietcong. Two days later, the South Koreans killed another 18. In three weeks' time, South Korean forces swept the province and killed more than 400 NVA and Vietcong. The White Horse Division had similar success the next year in Operation Baek Ma 9. In one notable battle fought on October 25 (the anniversary of the division's founding), the White Horse soldiers killed more than 200 Vietcong without a single loss to themselves.

About that time, General Westmoreland asked the South Korean Army to contribute a battalion to the U.S. Army's Operation Lincoln, an effort to seal off the Cambodian border. After some haggling, in which Chae got the United States to agree to send new radio sets and supplies, Chae detached the 3rd Battalion (Tiger Regiment) for the task.

In June, the 3rd Battalion left its base along the coast and took up positions along the Cambodian border. Two companies were arrayed across the front, with a third held in reserve. Each company built a well-fortified base featuring interlocking fields of fire, inner and outer trenches. The bases were stocked with three days' worth of ammunition. The 3rd Battalion operated there for the rest of July, conducting hundreds of reconnaissance missions and ambushes.

In early August 1967, the 9th Company was occupying a position a few miles from the bor-

der, where it had also been reinforced by an American armored platoon (1st Platoon, 1st Company, 69th Armored Regiment). The recon elements encountered signs of Vietcong movement in the area, including footprints. The next day, they found four dead Vietcong, killed by a booby trap set by the South Koreans. The 9th Company stayed on alert that night with its 2nd Platoon manning the trenches. After midnight, soldiers reported sounds of movement in the jungle. Not long afterward, a mine exploded. The 2nd Platoon's leader reported the signs of movement, but the company commander was skeptical that these represented a major Vietcong attack and took no action.

Just before 0100 hours, the wood line came alive with small arms and machine-gun fire. The base was also subjected to a heavy mortar barrage, which wounded two platoon leaders and hit the command post, wounding Captain Kang. The old company commander, Captain Lee, who was still with the 9th, took command. After directing artillery fire against several suspected enemy concentrations, Lee ran from the CP, joined his men in the trenches, and ordered them to fight to the death. The Vietcong emerged from the woods and attempted to envelop the base, with the main blow falling on 3rd Platoon in the base's southern sector.

As the Vietcong closed, South Korean soldiers tossed grenades and fixed bayonets. American tanks lashed away at the enemy, pouring fire into their ranks as they moved across no-man's-land. The combined fire turned back the communists. The Vietcong tried again minutes later, but met a similar fate. At 0400 hours, they shifted their axis of attack against 2nd Platoon, which was facing west northwest and managed to advance as far as the barbed-wire perimeter. By dawn, the enemy was in full retreat, pursued by the 10th and 11th Companies. Lee and his men counted 184 communist bodies and several prisoners.

While the Vietnam War is often remembered as a purely American effort, U.S. forces were not alone. They were accompanied by units from allied nations such as Australia, New Zealand and, most importantly, South Korea. Throughout the Vietnam War, South Korean troops were an integral part of the American effort in South Vietnam, conducting pacification and counterinsurgency operations and fighting countless pitched battles against Vietcong and NVA troops. South Korean units were as tough and professional as any in the United States Army or Marines, and came to be justly feared by the communists. More than 300,000 Korean troops passed through Vietnam at some point, and more than 5,000 were killed. □

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By Albert Mroz

Like so much of German society, automaker Mercedes-Benz was co-opted by Hitler and the Nazis during World War II.

FEW WOULD ARGUE THAT DAIMLER-BENZ IS ONE OF THE MOST prominent and highly regarded motor vehicle manufacturers in automotive history. Its founders, Gottlieb Daimler and Karl Benz, long have been recognized as pioneer inventors of the gasoline-powered motor vehicle, first developed in 1886. But as the modern transportation industry quickly evolved in Europe after World War I, the company that would become Daimler-Benz and build vehicles named Mercedes-Benz found itself hijacked by a radical new political movement, one that exploited the company's excellence in engineering and manufacturing. As it did with so much of German industry, the Nazi regime would take advantage of the automaker for its own brutal and aggressive agenda.

This 1938 photo clearly shows the boost in height Hitler got from the modified floor of his Mercedes, as bodyguards run along side the car.

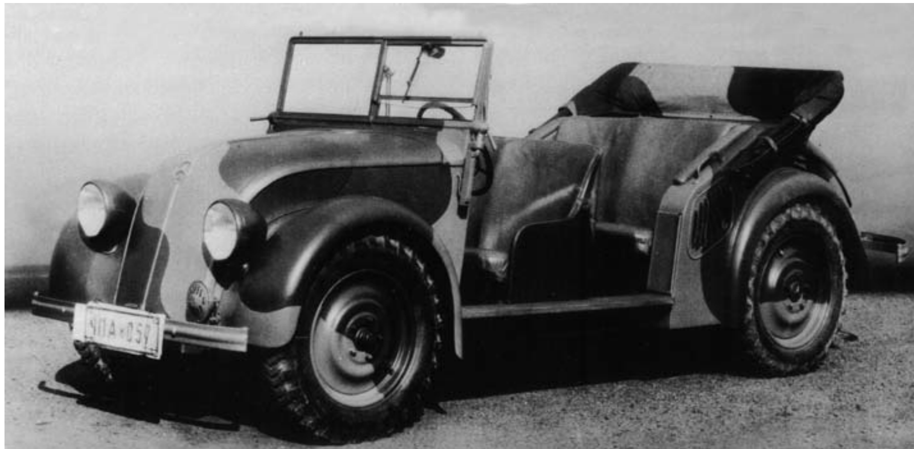
Cameras in the Nazi era focused on numerous motor vehicles produced in Germany during those troubled times. The fascist fervor leading to World War II invited much media attention. Countless pictures of Adolf Hitler giving the Nazi salute while standing in one of his Mercedes-Benz vehicles still survive, providing a glimpse of both engineering excellence and political dysfunction that co-existed at the time.

Among the luxuries Hitler enjoyed as head of the Nazi Party were the best cars that Germany could produce. Those cars happened to be Mercedes-Benzes, some of the finest and best-designed automobiles in the world. The affiliation between Hitler and the auto manufacturer would span the better part of two decades. Mercedes-Benz would build many vehicles and other equipment for the German war effort.

All photos: Author's Collection

From the beginning of the Industrial Revolution, there was little doubt that German engineering was in a position of leadership and dominance. Although Germany's manufacturing and industrial output could not match that of the United States, the fact that automobiles were invented and first developed in Germany signified a true knack for imaginative engineering that would find real competition in only few other countries—the United States, Great Britain, France, Belgium, Czechoslovakia and Italy—in the first half of the 20th century.

The name "Mercedes" originated with one of the company's sales agents, Emil Jellinek, who was unsatisfied with short-wheelbase Daimler-powered cars at the turn of the century. Jellinek, the Austro-Hungarian consul to Germany, had a taste for speed. Moonlighting as a sales agent for Daimler in Nice, France, Jellinek commissioned a new model, promising to personally buy the first 36 units, provided that his eldest teenage daughter's name graced the



Based on a bold, new design, the Type 130 Scout Car, first shown at the Berlin Auto Show in February of 1934, had a 1.3 liter engine at the rear and advanced suspension.

car. He even changed the family name to Jellinek-Mercedes in 1903. The three-pointed star emblem, inspired by Gottlieb Daimler, was meant to symbolize motor transport for land, air and sea.

Ferdinand Porsche joined Benz and became chief engineer in 1923. Because of the severe depression throughout Europe, the two enterprises merged in 1926 to become Daimler-Benz. The cars built at Daimler were soon called Mercedes-Benz as well, sometimes abbreviated MBZ in automotive literature. Porsche created the supercharged Mercedes series of which the SSKL (Super Sport Kurz Leicht) became the epitome of performance. Its distinct sound was attributed to what was called the "elephant blower" supercharger, which produced a scream as it nearly doubled the horsepower.

In 1929, Dr. Hans Nibel became the new chief engineer, developing the 500K and 540K Mercedes-Benz, which became legendary for their performance and aesthetic qualities. Hermann Ahrens was the in-house designer of coachwork at Sindelfinger, where MBZ V-12 DB600 engines were built later for such Luftwaffe aircraft as the Messerschmitt Me-109.

Hitler had reason to be proud of his country's best automobile. In 1939, when Nazi Germany and the Soviet Union signed a pact of non-aggression, Hitler gave a supercharged Mercedes roadster with a rumble seat to Soviet dictator Josef Stalin. Once the non-aggression pact was broken by Germany's invasion of the Soviet Union in 1941, Stalin refused to use the car and gave it to one of his generals. It survived the war and was sold to a man in Sweden, who then sold it to an American after World War II. The car ultimately turned up in Arizona.

Hitler used a total of five 770K cabriolet touring cars for his entourage in Germany. The fact that Archduke Franz Ferdinand was assassinated in Sarajevo in 1914 while riding in an open car may have influenced Hitler to always use enclosed MBZ saloon cars unless he was showing off in a parade. That precaution bore itself out after the assassination of General Reinhard Heydrich in Prague in 1942 in an open car, after which incident Hitler transmitted an order for 20 armored MBZ 540K saloon cars. Hitler had already switched to heavily armored limousines and earlier had ordered two more 770K models.

The 770K model was known as Grosser Mercedes Offener Tourenwagen. With its 7655cc single-overhead-cam, dual-carburetor, straight-eight motor, which produced 230 hp when the supercharger kicked in, the vehicle was capable of reaching120 mph, even though it weighed 10,000 pounds. Its huge weight was partly due to the addition of 6mm floor armor and 3mm hardened door armor, plus 40mm thick bulletproof glass.

There were three "jump" or pull-out seats behind the driver's seat, allowing the car to seat a total of nine persons. Entirely upholstered in leather, it had a raised, five-inch-high floor on the right to make Hitler appear taller when he stood. The front seat folded back to give him more room while standing in that position. The car had a 51-gallon gasoline tank and a 150-mile range but could attain three miles per gallon around town. The car also featured four-wheel, independent-coil suspension, dual-system power brakes and 8.25 x 17-inch tires. Hitler ordered another completely enclosed 770K Mercedes in 1943, equipped with armor-reinforced steel roof in addition to the other armor and amenities of his previous cars.

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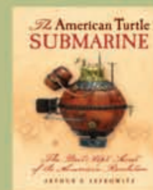

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Daimler-Benz built many thousands of various trucks, including this Lo 3000 model shown here with three Wehrmacht soldiers circa 1942.

Hitler wanted to convey to the world the superiority of German engineering. At the time, Germany lagged behind in motorization. The United States had 1.4 people per car, while there were 49 people per car in Germany, which was even behind France and Great Britain. Hitler promised the German people that he would quickly develop the auto industry and began a rapid construction program of the autobahn highway system, the first of which was opened in May 1935. With support from the government, Mercedes-Benz doubled production from 6,000 cars in 1932 to 12,000 in 1934. By 1935, that number had more than doubled again to 25,000.

Two years later, the MBZ factory helped build 30 prototype Volkswagens, which were used for testing prior to series production. Instead of being mass produced as the "people's car," the VW was turned into a military vehicle during World War II, and the tens of thousands of Germans who paid into accounts for their KdF Wagens never got to sit behind the wheel of one on the road.

While Mercedes-Benz limousines embodied extravagance and MBZ-subsidized motor sports found success, at the other end of the spectrum Daimler-Benz developed several models of military vehicles, including trucks and half-tracks, in preparation for the war that Hitler and his cronies were planning during the late 1930s. From 1938 to 1942, Mercedes built 19,000 model 170VK vehicles. These were powered by the Daimler-Benz 1700cc M136 four-cylinder motor and were used as staff cars, signal-communication vehicles and maintenance/repair vehicles. A light scout car was built as early as 1934.

Mercedes-Benz built the G3a and G4, which were both 6x4 all-terrain vehicles. These were powered by an in-line six-cylinder or an eight-cylinder motor, respectively, the latter with up to 115 hp. There were 2,000 of the G3a models built, and they were used for a myriad of special purposes: as survey trucks, telegraph vehicles, mobile flash-ranging stations, sound-ranging posts, weather stations, mobile print shops, observation scout vehicles, radio communication vehicles and all-terrain transport.

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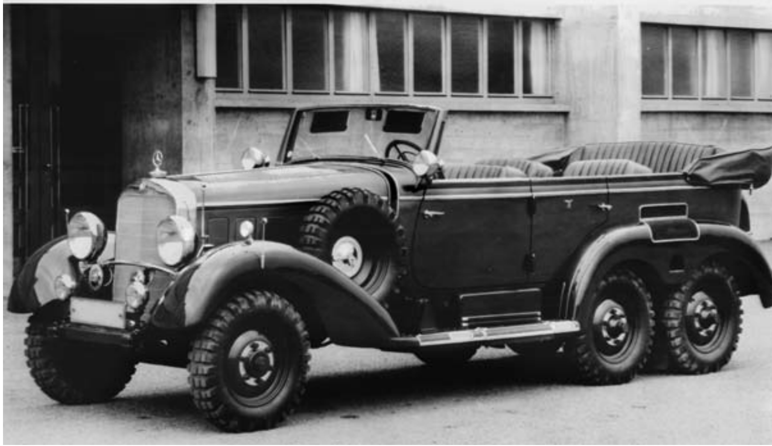
The G4 passenger model was a cabriolet and weighed 3.5 tons. It was nicknamed Bonzenkubel, meaning "bigwig bucket." Only 72 of these were built, and Hitler used one as his staff car for various excursions and inspections in the field.

Gearing up for war, Mercedes became an important contributor to the arsenal of trucks needed by the Nazis for various purposes. Gaggenau became the main plant for this purpose at Daimler-Benz. Under the Schell Plan, most major German vehicle manufacturers were united and responsible for producing standardized, light all-terrain transports. Mercedes-Benz Types L1500, L1500A and L1500S were three variants of these vehicles, which were built as a 4x4s. A stood for Allrad-Antrieb, or all-wheel-drive, and S for Standard-Antrieb, or rear-wheel-drive. These were powered by a 2594cc four-cylinder motor. The 4x4 was used primarily as a troop transport.


The Mercedes-Benz G-4 was an all-terrain personnel carrier built in 1939-1940 and was used by Hitler for front line inspections.

MBZ also built the Type L3000 A and S, most of which were three-ton-capacity supply trucks, powered by a 75hp 4849cc four-cylinder motor. Daimler-Benz built approximately 8,000 of the trucks. Mercedes Transport Vehicles Types L/Lo 200/2500/2750/3000/3500 and 3750 all resembled one another but had different engines, lengths of bed and wheelbase. There was also the LZ 4000/6000/8000 series semi-tractor, which had the same appearance from cab forward as the L/Lo series.

Between 1935 and 1938, some 7,500 of the three-axle Type LG3000 trucks were produced by MBZ. Next to Henschel 33 trucks, these were the most common 4x6 three–ton, diesel-powered German trucks. From 1940 to 1943, the three-ton Type LG3000 A 4x4 was built as a medium all-terrain truck. It was joined in 1941 by the L4500 A 4x4 heavy all-terrain truck, which was rated at 4.5 tons.

The heaviest MBZ trucks were the Type L6500 4x2 trucks produced by MBZ from 1938 to 1940 and rated at 6.5 tons, with standard two-axle rear-wheel-drive. Only vehicles of the L4500 A series were built as Allied bombing and changes in strategic planning by the German high command halted production of most other Mercedes-built trucks by the end of 1943.

At the start of World War II, all privately owned vehicles with engines over 1000cc and rear-wheel drive were confiscated by the Nazis. This included all MBZ cars and trucks, which were considered "supplemental vehicles." Most of the MBZ cabriolets became staff cars for the Nazi Party. The Wehrmacht also took Mercedes-Benz omnibuses and put them to use as troop transporters or laboratory vehicles. □

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By Peter Kross

New York newspaperman Moses Beach undertook a secret mission for President James K. Polk at the height of the war with Mexico.

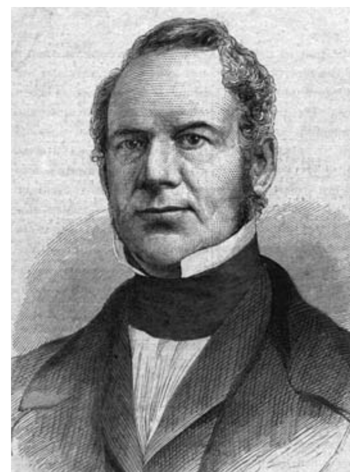
THE USE OF INDIVIDUALS UNAFFILIATED WITH ANY INTELLIGENCE organization is commonplace in the annals of espionage. Governments often use people who have certain skills or expertise to establish contact with other individuals who are believed to have influence with the nation they represent. One such person was New York newspaperman Moses Yale Beach, who President James K. Polk sent on a secret mission to Mexico City to try and persuade the Mexican government to settle its ongoing war with the United States.

Beach was born on January 7, 1800, in Wallingford, Connecticut. His father was a farmer, a profession his son did not yearn to emulate. Instead, at a young age Beach showed a talent for things mechanical, and at 14 he became a cabinetmaker's apprentice. He later opened his own cabinet-making shop in Northampton, Massachusetts, but the business failed. Beach tried his luck at producing a gunpowder machine for the propulsion of balloons, but that too failed, along with another business venture to establish a steam navigation company on the Connecticut River from Hartford to Springfield.

Beach had better luck when he invented a rag-cutting machine for paper mills that was used by various companies. However, he was unable to reap any financial rewards from his invention since he was too late in applying for a patent, which would have given him exclusive rights to the machine. Instead, he moved to Ulster County, New York, where he invested in a paper mill and finally succeeded in becoming a well-to-do figure in town.

The Battle of Palo Alto on May 8, 1846, opened the Mexican War.

RIGHT: Moses Yale Beach.



All images: Library of Congress

Now prosperous, Beach met and married the sister of the founder of the *New York Sun*, Benjamin Day. Over time, Beach invested $40,000 of his own money into the newspaper and acquired a controlling interest in the business. In 1842, Beach published the first directory of wealthy Americans, *Beach's Wealth and Pedigree of Wealthy Citizens of New York City*. The book helpfully listed all those people who had an income of over $100,000. There couldn't have been many.

Beach was destined to play a small part in the foreign affairs of the United States, a role he had no idea was in the offing. By 1845, the United States was looking westward

toward the vast unexplored land that stretched across the continent, millions of acres of prime real estate unclaimed by any nation. However, the United States was not the only nation interested in these largely unexplored territories. Great Britain and France, and to a lesser extent Russia, were eager to fill the void in the West.

The United States believed in the newly coined term "Manifest Destiny," whose credo held that the nation was meant to colonize all the territories to the west and make the United States a truly transcontinental nation. Among the areas of interest was Oregon Territory, the lands of the Southwest that were part of Mexico, and the new Republic of Texas, which wanted to become part of the United States. On July 4, 1845, Texas officially became part of the United States—much to the consternation of the Mexican government, which did not recognize Washington's sovereignty over the huge territory.

In 1836, the government of Mexican president Santa Anna had reluctantly agreed to the independence of Texas following his embarrassing defeat at the Battle of San Jacinto. For the next decade, tensions increased steadily between Mexico City and Washington. By 1844, Santa Anna was about to be ousted as president of his nation. He could not hold his tenuous government together, and a revolt took place within his army, leading to his replacement as commander by General Mariano Paredes. In the ever-growing confusion, the Mexican congress also overthrew Santa Anna and replaced him with General Jose Joaquin de Herrera as acting president. A disgraced Santa Anna fled to Cuba, where he waited in exile until conditions were ripe for his triumphant return.

In June 1845, as the Texas situation heated up, President Polk sent an armed detachment of soldiers under the command of Brig. Gen. Zachary Taylor to Fort Jesup, Louisiana, across the Sabine River from Texas. The troops were there to monitor rising tensions between the United States and Mexico. Before his departure, Taylor was given instructions from Secretary of War William Marcy to be ready for imminent hostilities with Mexico. Taylor, a veteran of the Seminole War, understood his instructions implicitly and waited for events to unfold. Taylor's command soon departed for Corpus Christi, Texas, closer to the Mexican troops stationed across the border.

Hostilities between the two sides began on May 8, 1846, at the Battle of Palo Alto. American casualties were minimal with four dead and 42 wounded. Mexican casualties were higher, with more than 500 dead scattered across the bloody landscape.

Word of the battle reached Washington a few days later, and war frenzy soon gripped the U.S. capital. The president met with his cabinet and many friendly members of Congress. On May 13, Polk signed a bill declaring war on Mexico, officially giving legitimacy to a conflict that had been brewing for years.

Mexican president Antonio de Santa Anna.

For the next several months, fighting was intense with each army gaining and losing ground. By November, most of the American war aims had been won after Mexican forces were defeated at the Battle of Buena Vista. From his perch in Washington, the president wanted to end the war as quickly as possible, keeping all the gains the American troops had fought so hard to accomplish before they could be dissipated by a possibly unsatisfactory peace.

Beach came to Polk's attention when the newspaperman made a personal trip to Washington in November 1846. During that trip, Beach met with Secretary of State James Buchanan and the president. There is no record of what took place during those meetings, but the Mexican situation surely was topic number one. Beach supposedly told Polk and Buchanan that he was going to make a private trip to Mexico shortly and volunteered his services. He assured his distinguished hosts that he was a friend of the former Mexican foreign minister, Juan Almonte, as well as other high-ranking Mexican officials. Beach said he could help the administration end the war if given the chance.

Beach's offer was readily accepted. Before leaving Washington, Beach received written instructions from the secretary of state. Buchanan wrote Beach: "The trust confided in you is one of great delicacy and importance. You are never to give the slightest intimation that you are an agent of this government. Be upon your guard against their wily diplomacy and take care that they shall obtain no advantage over you." For all intents and purposes, Moses Beach had become Polk's personal spy.

Beach was accompanied on his trip to Mexico by Jane McManus Storms, a correspondent for the *New York Sun*. Storms went by the pen name "Cora Montgomery" and would, in time, become a regular writer for the newspaper. Exactly what role Storms performed on their mission to Mexico is not known, but she was fluent in Spanish while Beach was not. She probably served as an interpreter. Also accompanying them was Beach's 26-year-old daughter.

The conventional wisdom among historians is that Beach's mission to Mexico was intended to lay the groundwork for a peace treaty with the Mexican government. He also had an ulterior motive to enhance his own personal business dealings with the country's postwar business and political leaders.

Years later, Beach's son said that his father went to Mexico to represent a group of unidentified Mexican officials, some of whom were affiliated with the Catholic Church in Mexico. The church men wanted to insure that they still had some degree of sovereignty in their own country when the war finally ended on American terms. Beach received the information from General Mirabeau Lamar, the former president of the Republic of Texas, who supposedly heard it from Catholic bishop John Hughes.

Whatever the truth of the matter, the trio set off in November 1846 and arrived in Havana, Cuba, where they received British passports. They reached Vera Cruz in January and went directly to Mexico City, where Beach conferred with certain dissident elements that were opposed to the government of President Valentin Gomez Farias.

When they arrived in Vera Cruz, Beach and his party were arrested by Mexican military officials, who did not believe their cover story. After a brief period of incarceration, they were finally allowed to proceed to Mexico City. By all accounts, Beach and Storms met frequently with many Catholic bishops and other members of the clergy during their stay. These clergymen were disenchanted with the Mexican government, which had blatantly and forcefully taken away a large portion of their land holdings and money in order to finance the failing war effort.

Upon his return to the United States, Beach sent a written report on his trip to Buchanan, elaborating upon his meetings with the

Continued on page 66

By Christopher Miskimon

The USS *Midway* floating museum serves as a tribute to those who served aboard her and other flattops America has sent into battle.

A BOAT TRIP THROUGH SAN DIEGO HARBOR PROVIDES VISITORS with tangible proof of America's military might. San Diego is one of the U.S. Navy's largest home ports and the headquarters of all naval air forces, including its aircraft carriers. On any given day, one might see everything from nuclear-powered aircraft carriers to hospital ships anchored at the port. Gray-painted helicopters fly overhead, joined by the occasional orange-and-white Coast Guard aircraft. Nearby are the Marine Corps' Miramar air station and the Marine Corps Recruit Depot San Diego. Camp Pendleton, where thousands of Americans have made the grueling transformation into Marines, is just a few miles north. Standing on the deck of a tour boat in the harbor center, one is literally surrounded by the awesome power of the United States military.

Nestled in the middle of the harbor is a visible marker of the heritage of the sailors and Marines who made the Navy into the respected and feared force it is today. The USS *Midway* floating museum stands as a tribute to those who served aboard her and all the other flattops America has sent into battle, as well as those who pioneered carrier aviation, ushering in a new era of naval combat. The largest of only five American aircraft carriers in existence as a museum ship, *Midway* serves as a both an educational tool and historical monument.

The USS *Midway* floating museum in San Diego harbor commemorates the service of sailors and marines in the U.S. Navy.

Courtesy of USS Midway Museum

Midway was built in Newport News, Virginia, at an original cost of $90 million. She was commissioned on September 10, 1945, just days after World War II ended. When built, she displaced 45,000 tons, much larger than the 30,000-ton Essex-class carriers preceding her. *Midway* was the lead ship of her class, with two sister ships, *Franklin D. Roosevelt* and *Coral Sea*. While she entered service too late for World War II, *Midway* went on to serve throughout the Cold War, including combat tours in Vietnam and Operation Desert Shield/Desert Storm in 1991.

During her service, *Midway* made several noteworthy achievements. In 1947, as part of the Navy's budding missile program, she was the only ship ever to launch a German V-2 rocket successfully. Arriving off the shores of Vietnam in the spring of 1965, pilots from *Midway* were the first Americans to shoot down an enemy MiG fighter jet in the war. After a return to the United States for a controversial modernization project, *Midway* went back to Vietnam in 1971 to conduct further combat missions. On January 12, 1973, two of her flyers shot down a MiG17 with a Sidewinder missile.

It was perhaps fitting that a carrier with so much service in Vietnam returned in 1975 along with three other carriers and numerous other ships to evacuate South Vietnam after it was defeated by the North. Offloading much of her air wing to accommodate extra helicopters,

Courtesy of USS Midway Museum

Author photo

The squadron ready room contains the original seats pilots used during briefings. ABOVE: Crowds tour *Midway*'s massive airplane hangar deck.

Midway rescued more than 3,000 refugees. The final combat missions of her air group were flown over Iraq and Kuwait when *Midway* served as the flagship for the Persian Gulf Battle Force. In 1992, the ship was decommissioned in San Diego and towed to Bremerton, Washington, to join the inactive fleet.

After a few years on the inactive list, most naval ships are consigned to the scrap yard, but *Midway* was spared this fate. In San Diego, interest grew in acquiring *Midway* as a floating museum. Once an agreement had been reached in September 2003, the carrier was towed to San Diego, making a brief stop in Oakland for a fresh coat of paint. *Midway* arrived at her permanent berth on January 10, 2004, and the museum opened on June 7 that year. More than 3,000 visitors toured the ship on her first day as an attraction.

The first thing that strikes a visitor to *Midway* is her size. This ship is enormous, towering over the pier and adjacent parking lot. A sturdy gantry leads up to the main entrance on the ship's hangar deck, where visitors can pick up an electronic tour guide with a set of earphones. *Midway*'s audio guides are easy to use. As you walk through the ship, you will see numbers posted next to the various exhibits. Simply punch in the number on the guide's keypad and press the play button. A description of the exhibit will play, explaining what you are looking at and how it worked in relation to the rest of the ship. Many include audio recordings of former *Midway* sailors describing their personal experiences. The museum has gone to great lengths to portray the everyday lives of sailors aboard ship. *Midway*'s crew numbered 4,500 in all, with each man having to perform his particular job to keep the carrier operating. Walking through the ship and listening to the crew's testimonials gives visitors some idea of the thousands of individual tasks involved with running a giant aircraft carrier.

The tour is self-paced, and visitors are free to wander at their own speed. Along with the audio guides, museum docents are posted throughout the ship, ready to answer specific questions. Most of them are former sailors who served aboard aircraft carriers, although not all on *Midway.* They add a rich level of detail to the experience.

The exhibits run the gamut of the ship's service, from the post-World War II period through Desert Storm and the early 1990s.

NEW FROM MSU

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Alec R. Gilpin

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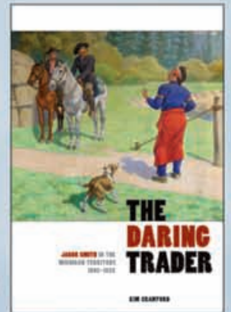

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Immediately to the right of the hangar deck entrance sits a restored Vought F4U Corsair fighter, perhaps the most recognizable carrier aircraft of World War II due to its distinctive gull wing design. Beyond is a display dedicated to American carrier aviation. Paintings of various carriers and plaques listing the classes and names of all of America's flattops surround a large-scale model of the USS *Gambier Bay* (CVE73), an escort carrier sunk during the battle off Samar by a Japanese task force led by the battleship *Yamato* on October 25, 1944.

The rest of the hangar deck contains not only historic military aircraft but a number of attractions designed for tourists of all ages. Two more of World War II's famous naval aircraft are on display, a Douglas SBD Dauntless and Grumman TBM Avenger. The Dauntless was America's prime dive-bomber during the first half of the war, destroying the Japanese carrier fleet at Midway and turning the tide in the Pacific War. The Avenger torpedo bomber made its first appearance at the Battle of Midway, when six of them took part in the attack on the Japanese Navy. Although five were lost in their first engagement, the aircraft went on to do good service throughout the war.

Mixed in among the aircraft on display in the hangar deck are groups of interactive simulators and devices designed to let visitors experience military flight in a number of different ways. The simplest of them are actual cockpit sections from real aircraft, such as the F4 Phantom and F8 Crusader. One can climb in, stare at the vast array of buttons, switches, and displays and imagine what it must have been like to soar through the skies over Vietnam or elsewhere. Farther aft on the hangar deck are a number of video flight simulators that replicate the thrill of flying a combat aircraft; some even twist and turn, taking the rider through full 360-degree turns and rolls. A size requirement prevents smaller children from taking part, but there are other simulators that offer a gentler ride that children can enjoy.

The rest of the hangar deck is taken up with various displays telling the history of *Midway* and her technical specifications. The mechanically inclined will enjoy a selection of the more common naval aircraft engines. At the rear of the deck are restrooms, a well-stocked gift shop, and a small café serving sandwiches and other snacks. Those interested in learning more about *Midway* can purchase books about the ship and her sailors written by Scott McGaugh, the museum's marketing director, who has been involved in the museum for 15 years.

As you make your way around the hangar deck, there are several stairs and a few ladders

Courtesy of USS Midway Museum

A jet sits at the ready on *Midway's* top deck.

leading below to those sections of the ship open for viewing. The flight deck may be accessed from the hangar deck by elevator. Following the audio tour will provide detailed information on how and where the sailors aboard *Midway* lived, worked, and relaxed. The ship's various living spaces highlight the relatively Spartan conditions aboard a Cold War naval vessel and the differing levels of comfort afforded the crew based on rank. Sailor's berths are simple bunks with a locker underneath to hold personal possessions, while the captain's suite spans several rooms. Of particular note is the noncommissioned officers' mess. One of the few amenities afforded petty officers was a nicer place to eat and relax.

While the living spaces exhibit the conditions and social order of the crew, the various working spaces show just how complex a modern warship is. Literally thousands of sailors had to work at hundreds of different tasks to keep *Midway* functioning at peak efficiency. Touring the engine room, electrical control spaces, machine shops, sick bay, mess, and laundry facilities highlights just how many separate tasks a warship required.

Moving upward, tourists will see the areas most easily recognizable on a carrier: the flight deck and ready rooms. Well-known from numerous films about fighter pilots, the ready rooms on *Midway* are full of memorabilia of various Navy fighter squadrons and still contain the seating the original pilots used. There are enough period photographs and aircraft models to keep even the most knowledgeable visitor entertained.

Courtesy of USS Midway Museum

Visitors try out a Soviet MiG simulator.

The flight deck holds *Midway*'s pride and joy, her air group. Spanning the Korean War through Desert Storm and beyond, the aircraft on display represent American naval aviation's contribution to the Cold War era. Early jets like the F9F Panther sit near state-of-the-art planes like the F/A18 Hornet, still in use today. Most of *Midway*'s combat service came during the Vietnam War, so aircraft of that era are well represented. Fighters like the F4 Phantom and F8 Crusader line up next to vintage attack aircraft such as the A6 Intruder and A1 Skyraider. Supporting planes are also present, including the E2 Hawkeye and various helicopters. A T2 Buckeye training jet and several of the helicopters are open to allow visitors and their families to sit in the cockpits and rear compartments. In all, some 26 historic aircraft are on display at the museum.

Beside the planes, docents explain the workings of *Midway*'s steam catapults and the complex operations of launching and landing aircraft aboard what is essentially a giant floating airfield that rose and fell constantly. The carrier's island offers looks at the bridge, admiral's quarters, and radio room. The bridge is the only space aboard ship where visitors must wait for a guided tour, which occurs frequently.

While *Midway* is by far the largest thing to see in San Diego harbor, a number of other museums and monuments are well within walking distance and worth spending the effort to visit. Immediately south of *Midway*'s dock is a row of veteran's memorials dedicated to San Diego's proud naval tradition. There are sculptures dedicated to sailors' homecomings and the USS *San Diego,* a World War II antiaircraft cruiser that earned 18 battle stars during the war. A nine-foot-tall black obelisk commemorates all of America's aircraft carriers by name.

Perhaps the most moving tribute is dedicated to Taffy 3, the task force of U.S. Navy vessels that fought in the battle off Samar, part of the larger and better-known Battle of Leyte Gulf. When a large Japanese force attacked the American invasion fleet, all that stood in its way were the destroyers and destroyer escorts of Task Force 77.4.3, known as Taffy 3. Joined by planes from some nearby escort carriers (including *Gambier Bay,* which was sunk), the tiny, outmatched force attacked the Japanese, putting up stiff resistance and causing so much damage and confusion to the Japanese that they retired without achieving their goal of attacking the vulnerable transports of the American invasion force.

Less than a half-mile north of *Midway* is another attraction for military history buffs. The Maritime Museum of San Diego offers a number of historic ships from around the world. Two submarines are on display at the museum. First is the USS *Dolphin,* the Navy's last diesel-electric submarine. Constructed as a research sub, *Dolphin* served from 1968 to 2007. In November 1968, *Dolphin* set a depth record of more than 3,000 feet and fired a torpedo from the greatest depth that one has ever been fired. Much of her career was spent testing the technologies used on current fighting submarines.

The other sub on display was a fighting boat, the Soviet *B-39,* a Foxtrot-class submarine. Also diesel-electric powered, the Foxtrots were an enlarged and improved version of World War II-era German U-Boats. *B-39* was commissioned in 1974 and served until 1994. In fact, one can see a photo of *Midway* taken through *B-39*'s periscope when she once shadowed the American carrier in the Pacific. Walking through the submarine allows one to see how Soviet sailors lived, and it is interesting to note the comparative roughness of the boat's fit and finish.

The final ship of interest is HMS *Surprise,* a replica of the 24-gun frigate HMS *Rose* of the 18th-century British Royal Navy. Built in Canada in 1970 and based on original drawings, *Rose* spent decades as a sail training vessel before being sold to the 20th Century Fox Company. Renamed *Surprise,* she was used in the film *Master and Commander* and later in one of the *Pirates of the Caribbean* films. In 2007, the museum bought and restored the ship, which still sails occasionally.

A visit to San Diego harbor offers a number of interesting sites for the individual military historian or family looking for entertainment. It can easily fill a day, and visitors can take their time and still see everything with time set aside for lunch aboard *Midway* or at a local seafood restaurant. There is adequate parking on *Midway*'s pier, with all the other sites within easy walking distance. Numerous bicycle taxis move up and down the waterfront if walking is a problem. *Midway* forms a fitting centerpiece to the San Diego experience. For more information, visit www.midway.org. □

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In the early morning of June 16, 1815, the city of Brussels awoke to the shriek of bagpipes and the throbbing tattoo of drums. The Anglo-Dutch army under Arthur Wellesley, the Duke of Wellington, was assembling to combat French emperor Napoleon Bonaparte's lightning invasion of Belgium. As the red-coated British soldiers got into ranks, Brussels citizens looked on with growing excitement. Even stolid Belgian peasants bringing in vegetables from outlying farms could not help but stop their wagons and gaze in awe.

Lieutenant Colonel Basil Jackson of the Royal Staff Corps had returned to Brussels about 4 AM after delivering a dispatch to Wellington's cavalry headquarters 15 miles away. Jackson rode down the Rue de la Madeleine at a leisurely pace until he came to the city's magnificent Place Royale. There was a park nearby, and the noise of gathering soldiers stirred the colonel's curiosity. His timing was perfect. At just that moment, General Sir Thomas Picton was reviewing his 5th Division. After the review, they would leave the city via the Porte de Namur gate.

Jackson drew rein, watched for a moment, then relocated outside the Hotel Bellevue to watch the division march past. The colonel recalled how fine the green-coated 94th Rifles and 28th Foot

THE FABLED SCOTTISH HIGHLANDERS, INCLUDING THE 42ND, 79TH AND 92ND REGIMENTS, MARCHED INTO BATTLE AT QUATRE BRAS AND WATERLOO BEHIND BEATING DRUMS AND SHRIEKING BAGPIPES, SHOUTING THEIR FIERCE WAR CRY, "SCOTLAND FOREVER!"

BY ERIC NIDEROST

The intensity of the charge by the Scots Greys at Waterloo was captured well in the famous painting, *Scotland Forever,* by Elizabeth Thompson, Lady Butler, in 1881.

looked. But it was the Scottish Highlanders who made the most indelible impression. The 42nd Highlanders, celebrated in song and story as the Black Watch, came first, followed by the 79th Cameron Highlanders and the 92nd Gordons. To Jackson, the Scots embodied all the "pomp and circumstance of glorious war."

The tough Highlanders were wearing their trademark kilts as they trudged through Brussels' cobblestone streets. They did not wear sporrans, their distinctive goat's hair purses, because sporrans were not allowed on active campaign. But diced "hummel" bonnets were perched on every head, festooned with black ostrich feathers. Jackson marveled that the 42nd Highlanders marched so steadily that the plumes of their bonnets scarcely vibrated as they stepped.

The Scots had a long history in the British Army. The 1st Regiment of Foot, or Royal Scots, was the oldest regiment in the king's forces, with origins dating back to the 1630s. In fact, the 1st Foot had such seniority that it was nicknamed "Pontius Pilate's Bodyguard." But Scottish Highlanders were quite a different matter. Fierce, independent, and tough as the land that bred them, the Highlanders were loyal only to their clan chiefs. And all too often, the clan chiefs were loyal to the exiled Stuart dynasty. In 1715, there was an abortive uprising in Scotland to restore James, the Old Pretender, to the British throne.

The "Fifteen," as it was called, failed, but in 1745 Prince Charles Edward Stuart, son of the Old Pretender, landed in Scotland, raised his standard, and called out the Highland clans again. Not all responded to his summons, but for a few months Charles—later celebrated in song and legend as "Bonnie Prince Charlie"—enjoyed spectacular success. Skirling bagpipes and the wild "Highland charge," with claymore swords glittering in the sun, became known and feared throughout England.

SCOTTISH HIGHLANDERS AT WATERLOO

The 1745 rising ended in defeat on the wind-swept, boggy fields of Culloden, where the Highlanders were slaughtered by massed musketry and cannon fire. Medieval weapons could not stand up to modern guns, even when wielded with strength and courage. The very name "Highlander" became associated with rebellion and treason. For a time, even the Highlanders' kilts and bagpipes were outlawed.

Six years before Bonnie Prince Charlie, a Scottish regiment was formed that would give Highland soldiers a place in the regular British establishment. The 43rd Regiment of Foot—later renumbered the 42nd Highlanders—would become the famous Black Watch. By contrast, the 92nd Foot (Gordon Highlanders) was raised by Alexander, Duke of Gordon, as a patriotic gesture in 1794. Great Britain was just beginning its long struggle with France, and regiments were being raised all over Britain. Gordon took his first recruits from his own estates at Badenoch, Lochaber, and Strathspey, with a good portion hailing from Aberdeen.

After a time, the duke was having trouble filling the ranks. The year before, many men from his estates had joined the Gordon Fencibles, and finding new recruits was not easy. But Jean, Duchess of Gordon, came to the rescue. A handsome woman, she also had several beautiful grown daughters. They traveled throughout Scotland, going to fairs where men were certain to gather. Bedecked in regimental coats and feathered headdresses, the bevy of aristocratic beauties offered the equivalent of one day's pay and a kiss for men who came forward and enlisted. The Gordon Highlanders soon had 1,000 men in the ranks.

The 79th Regiment of Foot (Cameron Highlanders) was founded by Alan Cameron of Erracht in 1793. Originally, most of his men came from the area around Inverness, but as the war against Revolutionary France turned into the Napoleonic wars, Cameron took in lowlanders as well. All the regiments had to compromise because as the war went on there were the inevitable losses to battle and disease.

Anne S.K. Brown Military Collection

ABOVE: The 42nd Royal Highland Regiment, the Black Watch, in camp. Enlisted men in kilts attend an officer wearing more formal trousers. OPPOSITE: Scottish soldiers advance through the heavy woods at Quatre Bras. The fighting was so intense that the Cameron Highlanders in the 79th Regiment had to lie down to minimize casualties from French artillery.

As the Napoleonic wars dragged on, more Highland regiments were raised, including the 78th Rosshire, 97th Strathspey, 98th (later 91st) Argyllshire, and the 93rd Sutherland Highlanders. In the early days, a Highlander joined a regiment in part to serve his clan chief. But with the inevitable dilution of real Highlanders in the ranks, bounties were offered to attract recruits. As a result, Highland regiments had not only Highlanders but lowlanders, English, Welsh, and even Irish members. Some regiments had a higher proportion of real Highlanders than others, but the main qualification was that a man act like a Highlander—brave, loyal, and resourceful in battle. Those attributes would serve them well in the coming days.

Ahead of Wellington's army lay Quatre Bras, a small but strategically located hamlet where two major roads crossed, the Charleroi-Brussels and Nivelles-Sombreffe thoroughfares. The intersection gave the village its name. (Quatre Bras means "four arms" in French.) A few hours earlier, Wellington had issued orders for the army to concentrate there. Much depended on his Prussian allies under Field Marshal Gebhard von Blucher, who were operating farther to the east. Wellington was anything but confident of Blucher's abilities. "We shall not stop him there," said Wellington of Napoleon, "and if so, we'll fight him here." The duke put his thumb on a map position marked "Waterloo."

Napoleon's plan for the 1815 campaign showed that he had lost none of his strategic brilliance. He concentrated his Armee du Nord, around 123,000 men, on the Franco-Belgian border just south of the junction point of Wellington's Anglo-Allied army and Blucher's Army of the Lower Rhine. If all went well, the French would smash through the thin screen of pickets and drive a wedge between the two Allied armies before they could unite. It was in keeping with Napoleon's celebrated catchphrase, "Toujours l'audace [Audacity always]."

Once he gained momentum, Napoleon hoped to defeat Wellington or Blucher—his plan was still flexible—before pouncing on whichever one remained. Wellington was slow at first to realize what the French were doing. The duke was worried about his right flank and the line of communications that stretched to the seacoast and ultimately back to Britain. He was so concerned, in fact, that he had left 17,000 men at Hal to guard against a French move in that area.

But Wellington quickly took stock of the situation. "Napoleon has humbugged me, by God!" he exclaimed when the facts became clear. "He gained 24 hours' march on me!" That was why Picton's 5th Division, which included the Highland regiments, found itself trudging south toward Quatre Bras. Wellington's reputation, not Allied numbers, maintained a tenuous hold on Quatre Bras. The crossroads was held by 7,000 Dutch-Belgian troops under the local command of General Prince Bernard of Saxe-Weimar. They were opposed by the French army's left wing under the celebrated Marshal Michel Ney, Napoleon's "Bravest of the Brave." Ney's spearhead was the II Corps under General Honore Reille: 19,000 men, 3,500 cavalry, and 64 guns. General Jean Drouet, Count d'Erlon, and the I Corps were coming up from behind, adding another 20,000 men to the total.

Ney received orders from Napoleon to occupy the crossroads and prepare to push on to Brussels. Since there was nothing in the missive to indicate urgency, the marshal let his men cook and eat breakfast first. But there was more

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to it than that. Ney's usually fiery disposition was dampened by caution. There were thick woods in the area, leafy screens that easily could hide enemy troops. Fields of corn and rye stood almost as tall as a man, perfect for concealment.

Besides crops and trees, there was also a ridge behind the Nivelle road that would be perfect for a Wellington-style defense position. The Iron Duke was known to place his troops behind reverse slopes, in part to shield against French artillery fire. In the end, Ney decided to wait until more troops could come up, a decision that was seconded by Reille. The experienced Reille, who had fought in the Peninsular War, agreed that it might be a battle, as in Spain, where Wellington would conceal many of his troops until the last moment.

Because of Ney's excessive caution, the French lost a golden opportunity. The Battle of Quatre Bras began around 2 PM, and throughout the sweltering afternoon more and more Allied units entered the fray. After a time, Wellington arrived to take command, fresh from a conference with Blucher.

Private Dixon Vallance of the 79th "Cameron" Highlanders was one of the sturdy Celts who made the march from Brussels to Quatre Bras, some 20 miles away. The Highlanders were in fine fettle, but the weather turned hot by midday. Once a brief halt was called, Vallance took out his spare shirts—washed that morning but still wet—and placed them on the ground to dry. He then took the time to read a few Bible verses. The weary march resumed, but the pace—and Vallance's pulse—quickened at the distant sounds of battle.

The 79th was part of the 8th Brigade, commanded by General Sir James Kempt. The brigade consisted of the 28th Foot, 32nd Foot, and six companies of the green-jacketed 95th Rifles. General Sir Denis Pack headed the 9th Brigade, which included the 1st Foot (Royal Scots), 44th Foot, and two Highland regiments—the 42nd (Black Watch) and 92nd (Gordons). The battle was confusing, the situation extremely fluid. The French probed all along the Allied line, seeking a weakness to exploit. Ney seemed on the verge of a breakthrough several times only to have his hopes dashed by the arrival of fresh British troops like the Highlanders.

LANCES THRUST INTO RED-JACKETED BODIES, BUT THE HIGHLANDERS RESPONDED WITH BULLETS AND BAYONETS. HORSES REARED AND PLUNGED AND MUSKETS FLARED WITH FLAME AND ACRID POWDER SMOKE.

Private Vallance and his comrades soon found themselves under heavy French fire. Cannonballs plowed through the rye and musket balls peppered the 79th's ranks. At one point the fire was so heavy that the regiment was ordered to lie down in the trampled rye, a move designed to minimize casualties. The 79th hunkered down, but the hail of lead and iron was still intense. A French musket ball embedded itself in Vallance's knapsack, and another cut his belt as it streaked by. Yet,

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the young Scotsman was fortunate; a nearby companion was hit in the forehead and killed instantly. When French infantry approached, the 79th rose as one and delivered volley after volley into the packed blue ranks. Vallance recalled, “My face, hands, and clothes and belts were bespattered with the blood of my killed and wounded companions.”

Not far away, the 42nd Highlanders also joined the battle, bagpipes sounding over the roar of cannon and musketry. The 42nd’s progress was impeded by the tall stalks of rye that grew over five feet tall. Blinded by the stalks, they could hear the sounds of battle but could not tell where the enemy might be. The swaying rye was up to the tops of the men’s bonnets. The average Highlander was muscular and compact, but not very big. The average height for a 92nd Highlander, for example, was 5 feet 6 inches tall—and some were shorter.

The sweating Black Watch managed to trample down most of the rye and found themselves on the edge of an uncultivated field. There a terrible drama played out before their eyes. Allied Belgian soldiers were on the run, pursued by French infantry. The Belgians sought safety wherever they could find it, even worming their way through the Black Watch’s kilted ranks. The French infantry, startled at the sudden emergence of Highlanders from behind a wall of rye, paused and withdrew. The Brunswick Hussars had moved forward to pursue the French only to be decimated by French volleys when they caught up with their prey. A few minutes earlier on another part of the field, gallant Frederick William, Duke of Brunswick, had been mortally wounded while trying to rally his troops.

The Brunswick Hussars flew past the 42nd, which was deployed in line. To many Highlanders the cavalry was just a black-clad blur of falling hooves and tall shakoes. As the mass of riders thundered past the Black Watch, the terrible truth dawned: many of the horsemen were not Brunswickers, but French lancers from General Honore Pire’s 2nd Cavalry Division, men of the 5th and 6th Chevaux-Legers-Lanciers.

Sensing an opportunity, the French lancers broke off their pursuit of the hapless Brunswickers and swung around to hit the Black Watch while it was still in line. The 42nd began to form squares, but the lancers hit the regiment before the two flank companies could close the four-rank defensive box. For several breathless moments all was chaos, with numbers of lancers penetrating the embryonic square. Lances thrust into red-jacketed bodies, but the Highlanders responded with bullets and bayonets. Horses reared and plunged and muskets flared with flame and acrid powder smoke.

Colonel Sir Robert Macara, commander of the 42nd, was killed when a lance thrust punctured his chin and drove into his brain. Lieutenant Colonel Robert Dick assumed command, but his tenure was brief. Within a few minutes he was wounded in the hip and arm and forced to relinquish command to Brevet Major George Davidson. Davidson, in turn, was mortally wounded at the end of the day.

The Black Watch was severely mauled but managed to close the square and repel the French cavalry attack with well-aimed volleys that emptied many saddles. The Scots made short work of the lancers who still remained in their square, but by then the regiment had suffered severely, with the 42nd losing about half its effective fighting strength at Quatre Bras. The Black Watch had begun the day with a little over 600 officers and men; by nightfall, there were 338 survivors. The French lancers, aided by muskets and cannons had proven to be formidable foes.

On another part of the field, the 92nd Gordon Highlanders also found themselves in the thick of the fighting. They had the misfortune of being near the actual crossroads, with their right resting at the hamlet of Quatre Bras, where they were subjected to a heavy cannonade by well-served French artillery. Wellington and his staff dismounted and placed themselves a few yards to the regiment’s left. A 92nd officer recalled how cool the duke was under fire, calmly surveying the scene and issuing orders as cannonballs plowed the ground nearby. In fact, Wellington’s presence was a mixed blessing as the French gunners plainly saw the British commander in chief and threw repeated rounds into

their ranks in an effort to take him out.

The French artillery fire made the position uncomfortable, but the Camerons still were able to find humor in their predicament. One hurtling cannonball knocked off a private's plumed bonnet. The now bareheaded Highlander seemed unhurt, although he had probably sustained a concussion. It was said that he had a wild look and that his brains were addled for a day or two after the incident. Finally, the cannon fire grew so heavy that Wellington ordered the 92nd to seek shelter in a ditch and behind an embankment by the road. The battle-savvy duke knew the difference between being brave and being foolhardy—he and his staff took shelter in the same ditch.

The 92nd as relatively safe from cannonballs, but shells were another matter. When one shell landed among the troops, fuse glowing, an officer in the regiment recalled dryly, "A ludicrous scramble took place for the honor of being undermost in the ditch." Soon some French cuirassiers appeared on the scene, giving the Highlanders something else to think about. Wellington took command, and as the regiment rose to its feet he shouted, "Ninety-second, don't fire until I tell you!" When he gave the command, a well-aimed volley sent the armored horsemen packing. More British units were arriving, and the Camerons welcomed them with rousing cheers. But the French were pressing hard, with two infantry columns approaching from the Charleroi road and the Bossu wood.

About 200 yards from Quatre Bras, there was a two-story house beside the Nivelles road. In the rear was a hedge that ran into a field. Not far from the 92nd's ditch there was also a garden surrounded by a thick hedge. The French soldiers occupied the house, garden, and hedge area and poured a deadly rain of musket lead into the British position. "Now, Ninety-second," Wellington ordered, "you must charge these two columns of infantry!" The Highlanders leapt over the ditch and ran toward the enemy positions, led by their intrepid colonel, John Cameron of Fassiefern. French fire was so heavy that the regimental color-bearer was shot through the heart and the flagstaff was shattered in six pieces by three musket balls.

As the Highlanders neared the two-story house, Cameron was struck in the groin by a musket ball fired from the second floor. Badly wounded, he lost control of his mount and pitched headlong onto the ground. The sight of their stricken commander enraged the Camerons, and once their blood was up nothing could stop them. The Highlanders took the house, seeking immediate and violent revenge for their fallen commander with bayonets and musket butts. When some nearby French soldiers refused to budge, the 92nd broke into a full-fledged bayonet charge, their progress marked by pipers playing their battle song, "Cameron's Gathering," over the din of battle. The blue-clad Frenchmen gave way, pursued by the Scotsmen for a full half-mile before finally being permitted to make good their escape.

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ABOVE: The Duke of Wellington tips his hat in recognition of a raised-sword salute from Scottish cavalrymen at Quatre Bras. He hoped to link up with Prussian field marshal Gebhard von Blucher the next day at Waterloo. OPPOSITE: The Gordon Highlanders of the 92nd Regiment charge a French position at Quatre Bras. At one point, they pursued the fleeing enemy for half a mile before stopping for breath.

The Battle of Quatre Bras was so fluid that no one knew who was winning the contest. Allied deserters, camp followers, and wounded straggled away from the battlefield, spreading defeatist rumors that grew more exaggerated with every passing mile. Captain Cavalie Mercer of G Troop, Royal Horse Artillery, was hurrying down the road to battle when he encountered some Belgian wounded. He was disgusted to note that each genuine casualty had "ten or even more attendants"—men who had obviously lost all stomach for the fight. "Monsieur!" they cried, "tout est perdu! [All is lost!]." Mercer refused to believe it. A wounded Highlander from the 92nd appeared,

limping badly from a knee wound. The captain asked him if Wellington had been defeated, as these stragglers insisted. "Na, na, Sir," the Scot reported. "It's a damned lee [lie]!" Mercer chose to believe the Scotsman over the Belgians.

The fighting ended by around 9 PM. The Battle of Quatre Bras was technically a draw, but a defeat in terms of Napoleon's overall strategy. The crossroads had not been taken, and Wellington had merely been checked, not defeated. Some eight miles away, Napoleon had won a major but not decisive victory at Ligny over Blucher's Prussians. And because of a series of mistakes, miscalculations, and confusing orders, General Jean Baptiste Drouet of d'Erlon's I Corps had marched back and forth between Ligny and Quatre Bras most of the day without even firing a shot.

The next morning, June 17, both the Anglo-Allied army and its French counterpart rose, ate breakfast, and licked their wounds. The Highlanders had been decimated, but they were in good spirits because they knew they had performed well. When issued a ration of beef, the Scotsmen improvised by using French cuirassier breastplates as cooking pots. Private Vallance remembered with typical soldier's humor, "They suited our purpose well, only we lost a little of the gravy by the holes that our bullets had made." When some Belgians saw the Highlanders cooking steaks in the breastplates, they thought—given the Highlanders' fierce reputation—that the Scots were grilling pieces of dead Frenchmen.

When Wellington realized Blucher had been defeated, he ordered his army to fall back a few miles to a defensive position along the ridge of Mount Saint Jean. It was here that the Battle of Waterloo was going to be fought. Napoleon, who had rigorously pursued Wellington, was confident he would win a decisive victory against the hated British.

The night of June 17-18, the heavens opened up, impartially drenching all soldiers in a torrential downpour. Fires were lit, but for most troops it was a miserable night. The rain was cursed by the shivering British soldiers, but in the end it proved a blessing in disguise. The precipitation had turned the ground into a sea of mud. Napoleon's cannons—his vaunted "petite belles"—would be hard to maneuver in the soupy muck. And once the artillery did begin to fire, cannonballs would become stuck in the viscous ground and shells would fail to detonate when their fuses were extinguished.

Picton's 5th Division, which included the Highlanders of the 8th and 9th Brigades, was sheltering behind the reverse slope of the ridge that fronted the Anglo-Allied position. A road that ran along the ridge was locally called the Chemin d'Ohain. The edge of the road was lined by thick, thorny hedges, and in a few spots the Chemin d'Ohain actually sank below the ridge line in a few places. Virtually all of Picton's division was hidden behind the ridge's reverse slope.

The space between was occupied by General W.F. Count van Bijlandt's brigade from the 2nd Netherlands Infantry Division. These were green troops, about half of them militia, although they had given a good account of themselves at Quatre Bras. For some reason, Bijlandt's luckless men had been placed on the forward slope of the ridge, which exposed them to the full fury of Napoleon's artillery. Through no fault of their own they became the weak link. If they fell back or were overwhelmed, there would be a large, potentially fatal gap in Wellington's defensive line.

By late morning Napoleon had assembled a "Grand Battery" of 80 guns whose main mission was to soften up the Allied line in preparation for French infantry attacks. It was a formidable array, including mammoth 12-pounders and 40 8-pounders belonging to d'Erlon's I Corps. The bombardment commenced shortly after noon with a deafening roar that could be heard for miles. In the end it was all sound and fury—signifying nothing. The terrible noise might have frightened some young Allied soldiers or encouraged some French ones, but the bombardment failed in practical terms. Wellington's wise use of reverse slopes, coupled with the muddy ground, effectively neutralized the Grand Battery.

About 1:30 in the afternoon, d'Erlon's I Corps was ordered to begin the main assault against Wellington's line. There would be four divisions, three of them massed in tightly packed, phalanx-like columns. Each battalion would have about 200 men in the front rank, with the battalions stacked up, one after another, to a depth of between 24 and 27 ranks. The I Corps first marched in files, snaking its way through the jumble of artillery horse teams, caissons, limbers, and wagons that were part of the Grand Battery. When the gun line itself was reached, the battery ceased fire. Once the corps got out into relatively open land fronting the French artillery, the men sorted themselves out and formed into their attack columns.

Ney and d'Erlon rode ahead of the columns accompanied by their staffs. The French soldiers were in fine fettle, cheerful and hungry for action. Drummer boys clutched drumsticks, beating a lively tattoo, their martial music punctuated by shouts of "En avant!" and "Vive l'empereur!" French officers promised that the emperor would reward those who advanced first.

The four columns advanced in a staggered fashion, with some columns a few minutes ahead of others. Joachim Quiot's 1st Infantry Division stepped off to the attack. Then, in succession, came General François-Xavier Donzelot's 2nd Division, General Pierre-Louis Marcognet's 3rd Division, and General Joseph-Francois Durutte's 4th Division. The massive columns lumbered forward, trampling bountiful fields full of rich crops. In some cases, the soldiers' shoes were pulled off by the clinging mud's powerful grasp.

Bijlandt's brigade had been exposed to the full fury of Napoleon's Grand Battery and suffered accordingly. When Donzelot's division appeared, a solid wall of blue and white com-

Another depiction of the charge of the Union Brigade at Waterloo. The cavalry attack, one of the most famous in British history, foundered against Napoleon's Grand Battery, but not before capturing an eagle standard from the French.

Anne S.K. Brown Military Collection

ing through the artificial clouds of powder smoke, Bijlandt's men held firm, trading volleys with the French column at close range—so close that when a Belgian officer was wounded by a musket ball in the arm the paper wad from the cartridge paper was left smoking in his sleeve. Eventually, it was more than the young, inexperienced soldiers could stand. They broke and headed for the rear, although one unit, the 7th Belgian Line, stubbornly held its ground. Nevertheless, a large and exploitable gap had been torn in Wellington's line.

The 42nd Highlanders had originally been sheltering behind the hedge that bordered the Chemin d'Ohain. They rose and advanced to the hedge but would not go through it. One Highlander explained that they were hesitant to plunge into the thorny hedge because they were barelegged under their kilts. Marcognet's column was in the process of crossing the Chemin d'Ohain when the Frenchmen realized they were only a few yards from the Highlanders. They began to deploy but were hit by a hail of lead from the Black Watch. The column staggered but recovered and unleashed a volley that momentarily disordered the 42nd. It was much the same for the nearby 92nd Highlanders. The Gordons leveled their muskets and fired when Marcognet's men were only about 30 feet away. The lead ranks were shredded, but the French recovered and replied with their own volleys.

Picton, commanding the British 5th Division, personally witnessed the carnage. Rough and foul-mouthed, the eccentric general was dressed in ordinary civilian clothes and a top hat. He was ordering a Scottish bayonet charge when he was hit in the head and killed by a French bullet that passed right through his top hat.

It seemed as if Napoleon's columns, already on the crest of the ridge, were about to achieve a great breakthrough. Most of Bijlandt's brigade had fallen back, and even Kempt's and Pack's sturdy Highlanders were wavering. But at precisely the right moment, General Henry Paget, Lord Uxbridge, ordered the Allied cavalry to mount a charge—one of the most famous and iconic charges in British history. The Union Brigade, taking part in the celebrated advance, included units from different areas of the British Isles. There were the 1st Royal Dragoons (English), 6th Inniskilling Dragoons (Irish), and the 2nd North British Dragoons (Scots Greys). The regiments had to pass through their own infantry, advance up the muddy reverse slope, break through or jump the thorny hedges, and cross a sunken road. Under the circumstances, a brisk trot was about as fast as most could manage. The Scots Greys actually walked their horses into combat.

The pleasure of seeing their countrymen advancing on horseback was too much for the 92nd Gordons. Some Highlanders joined the attack by grabbing the stirrups of the Scots Greys troopers, the cry of "Scotland Forever!" on their lips. All along the line the Union Brigade sabered French soldiers almost at will. Some enemy soldiers surrendered, while others turned tail and fled—only to collide with files who were trying to advance. Between 2,000 and 3,000 of d'Erlon's men were taken prisoner. Sergeant Charles Erwart of the Greys captured the eagle standard of the 45th of the Line. It was one of only two taken at Waterloo. The cavalry, always impetuous, attacked the Grand Battery. In the end, French cavalry counterattacks destroyed them as a fighting force.

The Highlanders of the 42nd and 92nd Regiments went forward, bayonets leveled at the fleeing enemy. The Black Watch still mourned their colonel, and the mood was one of revenge, not mercy. "Where's Macara?" the kilted warriors shouted as their bayonets thrust into Frenchmen who had thrown away their weapons and tried to surrender.

The 92nd (Gordons) also had their blood up, but their fury was tempered by humanity. French infantrymen, some of them wounded, yelled "Prisoner!" or "Quarter!" when they saw the feather-bonneted Celts approach. "Well," one Highlander was heard to say, "Go to the rear, damn ye!"

It was now about 3:30 in the afternoon, and there was a brief lull in the battle, although the French cannons started firing again. Marshal Michel Ney, the celebrated "Bravest of the Brave," was to all intents and purposes the tactical commander at Waterloo. Napoleon, obese and ill, was largely passive through much of the day. When Wellington drew back some of his troops to better defensive positions, Ney mistook the movement as a general retreat.

Hoping to turn this "retreat" into a rout, Ney ordered a cavalry attack. General Count Edouard Milhaud's IV Reserve Cavalry Corps would spearhead his assault, eight regiments of armored cuirassiers, around 3,000 men in all. Milhaud thought it was madness because the Allied infantry was unbroken, and there would be no French infantry support. Nevertheless, orders were orders, so Milhaud asked for additional support, which was supplied in the form of light cavalry chasseurs a cheval and lancers. Altogether nearly 4,000 horsemen formed up and advanced to the sound of brassy cavalry trumpets and thundering hooves.

The Anglo-Allied army formed squares, the

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standard infantry defense against cavalry of the period. In each square two ranks knelt, presenting their bayonet-tipped muskets outwardly in a kind of hedgehog formation. Two other ranks stood close behind, ready to pour a steady stream of hot lead into the French ranks. The Highland regiments followed the same pattern, the bare knees of the first ranks sinking deep into the glutinous mud.

The cuirassier advance was a magnificent spectacle, a tidal wave of steel and horseflesh that impressed even the oldest veteran. Private Vallance later recalled, "They made furious attacks on us, but were often repulsed by our impregnable barrier of British steel." Impeded by mud and a natural instinct to avoid the bayonet ramparts that circled the squares, the French horses would not charge home.

Determined Scots volleys emptied many saddles, and the French cavalry reluctantly withdrew. Yet this was only the first of many great cavalry charges that took place that bloody afternoon—so many that even eyewitnesses don't agree on their number. But between cavalry attacks French artillery—some of it unlimbered horse artillery—tore into the British squares with savage impunity.

Round shot plowed into packed Highland ranks, and shells exploded all around. Some men were decapitated, while others were horribly eviscerated, or lost an arm or leg. Earlier that day, young and inexperienced Highlanders were shivering with the cold; frissons of fear coursed through their bodies. Regiments like the 79th Foot had fought well since Quatre Bras, but there is a limit to human endurance, even among sturdy Celts.

It was clear the 79th was wavering and very near the end of its tether. Piper Kenneth MacKay decided that the regiment needed something to bolster its courage, so he stepped up and out. Mackay deliberately left the square and began playing "Cogathd na Sithd" ("War or Peace") on his bagpipes. As his pipes sounded, Mackay proudly marched around the square, refusing to take cover even when the French cavalry attacked. The classic Gaelic tune struck a responsive chord with the men of the 79th, and the piper's obvious contempt for death renewed their own courage. Piper MacKay stayed outside the square the rest of the day, yet emerged that evening completely unscathed.

The 92nd Gordons were ordered to move to the center of Wellington's line, to a position just left of the main road and not far from the gravel pit near La Haye Sainte farmhouse. The French had taken La Haye Sainte, and now the Anglo-Allied line was in jeopardy. With the center almost fatally weakened, Wellington needed every man to prevent Napoleon from achieving a breakthrough.

General Michel Ney's French cavalry made countless counterattacks against the British squares at Waterloo, only to be turned away by well-timed volleys from the Highland regiments.

NAPOLEON WAS READY FOR HIS LAST THROW OF THE DICE, ORDERING HIS LEGENDARY IMPERIAL GUARD GRENADIERS AND CHASSEURS TO ADVANCE ON WELLINGTON'S POSITION. THE GUARD WENT FORWARD WITH ITS USUAL ELAN, BUT ITS PROGRESS WAS BLUNTED BY STEADY BRITISH VOLLEYS.

As the Gordons marched in column, a shell fell into their midst. Without orders, the ranks just behind the sputtering shell reversed direction, walked out of range, and then paused until the missile detonated. They then rejoined the rest of the column. It was an example of how disciplined the Highlanders were even after the severe strains of battle.

By early evening Napoleon was ready for his last throw of the dice, ordering his legendary Imperial Guard grenadiers and chasseurs to advance on Wellington's position. The Guard went forward with its usual élan, but its progress was blunted by steady British volleys. It was around this time that Sergeant David Robertson of the 92nd Highlanders was told by a Scottish skirmisher that "something extraordinary" was going on in the enemy ranks.

Robertson trained a telescope on the French lines—only to see what appeared to be two groups of blue-clad troops firing at each other. Did part of the French army mutiny? Just then, an aide-de-camp galloped up with welcome news—those "mutineers" were actually Prussians. Marshal Blucher had finally arrived in force.

Dirty and disheveled, numb with battle fatigue and general weariness, Robertson could scarcely believe his ears. He later commented, "Never was reprieve more welcomed to a death-doomed criminal." Probably most of Wellington's troops would have echoed his sentiments. This was more than a reprieve—it was victory.

Wellington waved his hat, a signal for a general advance. The Anglo-Allied army went forward, including what remained of the Scots in the 5th Division. Private Vallance, so lucky through most of the campaign, was hit by a musket ball in the cheek, a wound that also tore out his right eye. Stunned and in great pain, he fell to the ground.

After a long night on the corpse-strewn field, the young Scot finally received first aid. He survived and was discharged in 1816 with a pension of nine pence a day. Individual soldiers like Vallance soon faded into obscurity, but as the years passed the overall Scots contribution to the Waterloo campaign was well remembered in histories and commemorated in art. It is a story that still resonates today. □

port in the

By Arnold Blumberg

Following the D-Day landings, Allied forces needed a workable port to land massive supplies and reinforcements. Cherbourg, at the northern tip of the Cotentin Peninsula in Normandy, was the linchpin of such efforts.

Wary American troops move across ground strewn with the corpses of dead German soldiers as they advance on Cherbourg across the Cotentin Peninsula in June 1944.

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When plans were drawn up for the Allied invasion of France in 1944, one important consideration was securing a deep-water port to allow reinforcements and supplies to be brought in directly from Great Britain and the United States. Cherbourg, at the northern tip of the Cotentin Peninsula in Normandy, was the closest such port to the landing sites, and planners consequently decided that the U.S. First Army's main task after D-Day would be to capture Cherbourg and its harbor as quickly as possible.

The task of taking Cherbourg fell to the First Army's VII Corps, under Maj. Gen. Joseph Lawton Collins. Nicknamed "Lighting Joe" for his ruthless pursuit of Japanese forces during the Guadalcanal campaign, when he commanded the 25th Infantry Division, Collins initially intended to advance on Cherbourg directly after landing at Utah Beach. If Cherbourg could be taken swiftly, it might not be necessary to completely seal off the peninsula in a time-consuming attack across its base. Unfortunately for the Allies, stubborn German resistance, abetted by difficult terrain and poor performance by some green American combat units, prevented the fall of the city immediately after the Normandy landings.

On D-Day+1, priority was given to linking the V and VII Corps. The flooded Douve River Valley was crossed on June 9, and the city of Carentan was secured nine days later by the 101st Airborne Division following an eight-day struggle against tenacious resistance from the German 6th Parachute Regiment. The fall of Carentan gave the Allies a continuous front from which VII Corps could begin its drive on Cherbourg. However, the fierce fighting around the town, combined with the strong German defensive ridgeline positions between Quineville, located on the east coast of the peninsula, and Montebourg, southwest and farther inland, prompted the American high command to shelve the original plan to advance northwest on Cherbourg directly from Utah Beach via the Carentan-Valognes-Cherbourg axis. Instead, the decision was made by First Army commander General Omar Bradley to push due west, splitting the enemy forces on the Cotentin and isolating Cherbourg in the process.

The new drive would originate from the bridgehead the 82nd Airborne Division, under Maj. Gen. Matthew Ridgway, had gained on the west bank of the Merderet River at La Fiere. The 90th Infantry Division would reinforce the 82nd. Opposing the Americans were the Wehrmacht's 243rd and 709th Infantry Divisions and the 91st Airlanding Division of General Erich Marcks's LXXXIV Corps. The 11,529-man 243rd had been reinforced before the invasion with additional field artillery and mortars and contained potent self-propelled assault gun units. To enhance its mobility, two of its three grenadier regiments were equipped with bicycles.

storm

Map © Philip Schwartzberg, Meridian Mapping, Minneapolis, MN

ABOVE: Strong German defenses below Cherbourg forced the Americans to shelve a direct drive on the port from Utah Beach. Instead, they moved due west to split the defenders. LEFT: Generals Omar Bradley, left, and Joseph Lawton Collins discuss post-D-Day strategy.

The 709th Division, also with three grenadier regiments, had a manpower compliment of 12,320 troops. With few trucks and bicycles to transport its personnel, the division was charged with manning Cherbourg proper as well as the fortifications in the eastern Cotentin. The 91st Airlanding Division's two grenadier regiments, totaling 8,000 men and supported by a poorly equipped artillery regiment, were based in the northern Cotentin at the start of the Allied invasion. Rounding out LXXXIV Corps' defenders were several independent units, including the Seventh Army Assault Battalion, two motorized artillery battalions, the 902nd Assault Gun Battalion, and the 206th Panzer Battalion equipped with French Somua and Hotchkiss tanks.

On June 9, concerned over the threat of a breakthrough to Cherbourg, German commanders ordered the 77th Infantry Division, then coming up from Brittany, to proceed to Valognes, southeast of Cherbourg. The understrength 77th (10,000 men in two grenadier regiments) sported a mere 16 field artillery pieces and 12 heavy antitank guns. Only two of its infantry battalions would fight northwest of Utah Beach; a third was attached to the Cherbourg garrison inside the city.

For the next several days the Americans pushed forward as planned. The 4th Infantry Division, coming from Utah Beach, took the Quineville ridgeline to the east and west of Montebourg, but the town of Montebourg remained in German hands. Meanwhile, the poorly led U.S. 90th Infantry Division crept forward beyond La Fiere. On the 14th, the newly landed 9th Infantry Division, in cooperation with the veteran 82nd Airborne, passed through 90th Division and drove toward the Douve River. At the same time, the 90th Division pivoted north to guard the 9th's right flank.

Each American infantry division in the Cotentin had an authorized strength of 15,000 men in three infantry regiments. The divisions were fully motorized and supported by four artillery battalions, a tank battalion, several tank destroyer companies, and combat engineer units. The diverse terrain in the battle zone, however, did much to cancel out American superiority in men and material. The American forces had to fight through the gnarled and rugged bocage (hedgerows) in the central and southern Cotentin, the less-wooded ground in the north, the open terrain around Cap de la Hague, and finally the urban streets of Cherbourg itself. Any sprint to the west to cut off the peninsula had to contend with the Douve River, which, although not overly wide or swift-running, flowed through low-lying, marshy territory. Making the task even more difficult, the area between Carentan and St.-Sauveur-de-Pierrepont was filled with water meadows and swampland that further impeded movement and narrowed attack frontages.

Added to the difficult ground the Americans had to contend with, the units engaged in the peninsula were a mixture of untried (4th, 90th, 79th) and tried (82nd Airborne, 9th) divisions whose previous combat experience, or lack thereof, greatly affected their performance during the Cherbourg campaign. Despite the troublesome terrain and lack of battle experience of some of the American units, the move to cut off the peninsula from enemy reinforcements and to prevent German forces escaping south got under way on June 14.

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By June 16, the 82nd and 9th Divisions, using two regiments apiece as their leading assault forces, crossed the Douve near the town of St.-

Sauveur-le-Vicomte. The next day two battalions of the 47th Infantry Regiment, 9th Infantry Division, secured the area around St.-Lo-d'Ourville near the west coast, and by the 18th the Cotentin was effectively sealed off by VII Corps. The only sour note to the conclusion of the operation was the escape of 1,400 Germans out of the peninsula, mostly from the 77th Division's 1050th Grenadier Regiment under divisional chief Colonel Rudolf Bacherer, which slipped through the American cordon near St. Lo on June 19 with most of their equipment and 100 recently captured American prisoners.

With the Cotentin cut off from the rest of German-occupied France, Bradley and Collins devised a plan to take Cherbourg using three divisions in a line-abreast formation: 4th Division on the right, 79th Infantry Division in the center, and 9th Infantry Division on the left flank. Along with the tank and tank destroyer units normally assigned to each infantry division, additional armor support was to be provided by the two squadrons of the 4th Cavalry Group. Besides the organic divisional cannon battalions, a score of 105mm and 155mm heavy artillery battalions from VII Corps and First Army would lend a hand in the reduction of Fortress Cherbourg. This was not the original plan to take the city, which involved just the 4th and 90th Divisions. The disorganized and fragmented state of the enemy forces, the recent disappointing performance of the 90th Division, and the availability of the fresh 79th Infantry, spurred the two officers to formulate the new scheme.

On the eve of the American attack, the Germans' Cherbourg garrison was estimated to number 25,000 men. Another 15,000 enemy combatants were expected to be added in the form of refugees from the fighting that had taken place between the Allied landings at Normandy and the isolation of the peninsula by the Americans. Most of the German defenders were thought to be Luftwaffe and naval personnel, antiaircraft crews, and Todt Organization workers.

If the attackers did not know the exact number of their opponents, they did have very good intelligence about the Germans' defensive lines, strongpoints, and overall fortifications. This vital information was derived from pre-invasion aerial photoreconnaissance, intelligence from the French Resistance, and recently captured German field orders that contained great detail about the layout and makeup of the Cherbourg defensive perimeter.

At midnight on June 18-19, a strong northeast wind and heavy rains began to blow across the Normandy assault beaches. What would become known as the Great Storm lashed the coastal area for the next two days, preventing the offloading of men and material onto the beach. By the time the wind and torrents of rain abated on the 22nd, artificial harbor Mulberry A at Omaha Beach was too badly damaged to be used. The logistical disaster at Omaha renewed the imperative for the early capture of a deep-water French port to sustain the enormous amounts of troops, weapons, and supplies that the Allies needed to keep their toehold on the Continent and liberate France.

By June 22, VII Corps had surrounded the land side of the port of Cherbourg, which sat on the northern tip of the Cotentin Peninsula. The capture of the city's vital harbor was now the first priority of Collins and his men. Their task would be made easier by the able assistance of the United States Navy. A few days earlier, Rear Admiral Morton L. Deyo, in charge of all bombardment support ships in the American invasion sector, had offered Collins his help. The plan was for the Navy to neutralize German coastal artillery along the northern and eastern horns of the peninsula. The many enemy targets there included 20 casemated batteries ranging in caliber

BELOW: A veteran German grenadier mans an MG42 machine gun after a fierce storm flooded the Cotentin Peninsula in mid-June. BOTTOM: Aerial view of Cherbourg harbor taken shortly after the D-Day landings.

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from 150mm to 280mm. In addition, there were many other German batteries of 75mm and 88mm, some of which could be trained inland as well as out to sea.

The gale that devastated the landing beaches also scattered Deyo's vessels back to the British Channel ports. As a result, the Navy could not gather its strength for an effective fire support role until June 25. At 4:40 AM, Deyo's bombardment force departed England for Cherbourg. It was divided into two groups. Group I, under Deyo, included the battleship USS *Nevada,* the cruisers USS *Tuscaloosa* and *Quincy,* and British HMS *Glasgow* and *Enterprise,* as well as six destroyers. Group 2, under Rear Admiral C.F. Bryant, included the battleships USS *Texas* and *Arkansas,* and five destroyers. American and British minesweepers led the way.

The bombardment force reached the French coast 15 miles north of Cherbourg at about 9:40 AM, steaming in two parallel columns. Collins had asked Deyo that morning not to fire unless his ships were fired upon first. Collins was concerned that his infantry, then on the outskirts of Cherbourg, might be mistakenly hit by friendly naval fire. As noon approached, the fleet had not yet fired a shot. That changed after the vessels were fired at by the four German 150mm guns situated at Querqueville, three miles west of Cherbourg. The ships were then about 15,000 yards offshore.

Although the German defense was crumbling due to battle casualties, plummeting morale, and the loss of officers and NCOs, it was doing so slowly.

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Aided by RAF Spitfire reconnaissance aircraft, a spirited two-hour duel erupted between Deyo's column and the Germans' Querqueville battery, during which time HMS *Glasgow* received two hits. By 2:40 PM, the battery had apparently been silenced after Allied cruisers dropped 318 6-inch shells on it. Amazingly, as the Allied ships retired from Cherbourg later in the day, the German guns delivered a few more rounds in their direction. Fortunately for the Allies, the battery's endurance was matched by its failure to score many hits on its targets.

In the meantime, *Nevada* and *Quincy* responded to onshore fire-control requests to target enemy positions two miles southwest of Querqueville as well as other targets of opportunity. *Nevada* unloaded 112 14-inch and 985 5-inch rounds that day. To the west, the injured *Glasgow* engaged a battery of four 155mm guns near the village of Gruchy. After shooting 54 rounds, the enemy temporarily ceased firing but came back to life later and traded shots with *Glasgow* and the destroyer *Rodman.*

While Deyo's ships fought the German batteries to a draw west of the city, some lucky shots from the heavy cruiser *Tuscaloosa* managed to inflict injury on enemy positions within Cherbourg itself. As she withdrew from the battle zone, *Tuscaloosa* targeted two positions near Cherbourg's dock, close to its fortified naval arsenal. One 75mm concrete gun emplacement was destroyed and another damaged by *Tuscaloosa*'s 8-inch armor-piercing shells.

While Deyo's ships were challenging the German batteries to the west of Cherbourg, Bryant's task force dueled with Battery Hamburg, located on a hill near Fermananville, a short distance inland from Cap Levi and about six miles east of Cherbourg. The site's four 280mm, 11-inch guns were well separated, protected by steel shields similar to naval gun turrets, and reinforced by concrete casemates. Surrounding the coastal pieces were six 88mm, six heavy, and six light antiaircraft guns. The 11-inch monsters were crewed by German naval personnel and had a range of 40,000 yards. However, sighted to cover the sea approaches to Cherbourg, the battery could not fire east of a line running 35 percent true.

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ABOVE: Soldiers from the hard-fighting U.S. 79th Division check for German survivors after capturing Fort du Roule at Cherbourg on June 26, 1944. LEFT: American antitank gunners in action around the much-hated hedgerows on the Cotentin Peninsula.

Bryant's plan was to have *Nevada* with her 14-inch guns engage the target from extreme range—about 40,000 yards. In the meantime, *Texas* and *Arkansas,* whose weapons could fire only at a maximum range of 20,000 yards, would approach from the blind side to the east, wait for *Nevada* to silence the enemy cannons, and then finish off the German position. Unfortunately, *Nevada* was ordered away from Cap Levi, and the job of fighting

Battery Hamburg was left to the two antiquated battleships.

A little after noon, *Arkansas* closed the range to 18,000 yards and opened fire. The Germans responded and hit the destroyer USS *Barton* with a dud shell that ricocheted from the water into her hull. At 12:32 PM, the destroyer USS *Laffey* took a 240mm round on her port bow. This too was a dud. Captain Julius Becton ordered his crew to throw the spent 400-pound shot overboard. Before doing so, they discovered Czech markings on the shell, surmising that the round may have been sabotaged during production by Czech partisans. If so, the anonymous act may have saved the ship from great damage or destruction.

The action now became general, with four destroyers and the battleship *Texas* joining in, the latter delivering three salvos, with each individual round weighing 1,275 pounds. For her trouble, *Texas* received in return a three-gun straddle across her bow, with three more shells passing over her stern a few minutes later as she turned full right rudder. More shells started to fall around her every 30 seconds. The fire seemed to be coming from a knoll 400 yards northeast of Battery Hamburg, so *Texas*'s captain, Charles Baker, directed his ship's fire at that point.

At 12:51 PM, a shell from the German guns exploded on the deck of the destroyer USS *O'Brien*. Sustaining numerous near-misses on his battlewagons, Bryant ordered *Texas* and *Arkansas* to move north and widen the range between them and the coast. For the next 30 minutes, *Arkansas* concentrated her gunnery on four 105mm field pieces embedded in casemates. With the help of air and ground spotting, 22 shells silenced the target. Meanwhile, *Texas* took on Battery Hamburg. An enemy 280mm shot exploded near the bridge, killing helmsman Chris Christianson and wounding 11 other crew members. Captain Baker, also on the bridge, was hurled to the deck but not injured. *Texas* continued firing without a pause and soon gained her revenge when a shell pierced the iron shield of one of Battery Hamburg's four guns and knocked it out of action for good.

Around 1:30 PM, the cruiser USS *Quincy* joined the fray against Battery Hamburg, her effort lasting for about an hour and a half before she was called away to support the action against Querqueville. For the rest of the afternoon, *Texas* and *Arkansas* divided their fire between Hamburg and the nearby 105mm gun battery, both keeping a distance of 20,000 yards between them and the German guns. Each time *Texas* strayed closer to Hamburg, she attracted a blistering fire from the battered German cannons. After hitting the German position at Hamburg with 206 14-inch shells from *Texas*, 58 12-inch shells from *Arkansas,* and 552 5-inch shots from the destroyers, the vessels were ordered back to England at 3 PM.

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Imperial War Museum

TOP: Victorious Americans advance past ruined German defenses outside Cherbourg. The VII Corps lost 22,000 casualties taking the port. ABOVE: HMS *Glasgow,* right, and USS *Clancy* fire on Cherbourg to support advancing ground forces on June 25, 1944.

The VII Corps attack on Cherbourg started in the early morning hours of June 19, with the 9th Division driving for the high ground between the towns of Rauville-la-Bigot and St.-Germain-le-Gaillard. The 79th Division, after passing through the 90th, headed for the ridges west and northwest of Valognes. Both units engaged the enemy south of Cherbourg on terrain dominated by hilly country and well suited for defense. On the right, the 4th Division advanced north to Montebourg.

The advance of the 4th Division to the west and east of Montebourg ran into effective resistance from elements of the German 709th Division and the Seventh Army Assault Battalion, about 1,500 men in all. After 10 hours of heavy fighting, the Germans retreated, yielding Montebourg to the Americans. Losses on both sides were moderate considering how long the fight had lasted.

On the 9th Division front, progress was much faster with the division advancing by nightfall a few miles beyond its original day's objectives. In the American center, the 79th made slow progress

but was unable to sever the Cherbourg-Valognes highway in the face of the determined enemy stand. The VII Corps advances for the day brought the Americans four miles south of Cherbourg.

On June 20, VII Corps advanced again against an opponent who increasingly disengaged and retreated into Cherbourg proper. The Americans seized Valognes and started to take up positions on the high ground around Cherbourg. The German defensive line confronting the attackers looked impressive: roads were blocked by barriers, and towns and hills comprising the outer fortress perimeter were laced with blockhouses, strongpoints, barbed wire, and trenches. Fortunately for the attackers, the German defenders of the apparently formidable positions were ill-trained, ill-equipped, demoralized, immobile, and not organized to fight sustained actions. Regardless, as the Americans probed the German defenses on the 21st they were met with spirited responses. By the end of the day, however, the city had been cut off from the eastern portion of the peninsula by elements of the 4th Division.

The town was now invested on all sides, with its outer works being pummeled by massive American artillery fire. Collins sent a formal demand for the city's surrender to the German fortress commandant, Lt. Gen. Karl Wilhelm von Schlieben. With only 56 days of supplies left to sustain the garrison and no hope of succor from the outside, but fully cognizant that Adolf Hitler expected him and his men to hold on to Cherbourg for as long as possible, Schlieben refused Collins's ultimatum.

June 22 saw the Americans renew their attack on the city, starting with a massive if not particularly effective aerial bombardment. As the planes headed back to base, the infantry of VII Corps took up the fight once more. The 4th Division advanced from the east, but its progress was slow against heavily fortified positions until friendly tanks were brought up to demolish the enemy strongpoints with cannon fire. Meanwhile, the 79th Division in the corps' center moved along the Valognes-Cherbourg Road, aiming to take Fort du Roule and the high ground south of the city. The unit made slow but steady progress before halting for the night. To the southwest, the 9th Division reached the small hamlet of Nouainville, threatening the integrity of the German main line of resistance and forcing the enemy to throw in its last reserves to stop the American attack in this sector.

The tactic employed by the Americans on the 22nd was to bypass all heavily defended areas to keep up the momentum of the advance. This caused predicable problems, since German soldiers who remained behind American lines were able to disrupt the movement of supplies to the forward units. Dozens of mop-up operations had to be carried out to dislodge snipers and pockets of enemy resistance in the rear. This took time and prevented needed reinforcements, food, and ammunition from reaching the forward elements of the American advance.

June 23 began with terrific American air and artillery shelling of the Cherbourg garrison, which now had been whittled down to 21,000 men. Ammunition was running low and the all-important antitank ordnance needed to counter the rampaging American armor was almost gone.

By the next day, the Americans were bumping up against the city's outskirts, having cleared or bypassed the shrinking defensive arc surrounding Cherbourg on its landward side. By the evening of the 24th, the 12th Infantry Regiment had gained a vantage point overlooking the city from the east and captured 800 prisoners in the process. In the center, regiments of the 79th (Cross of Lorraine Division), under rain and mist, were grinding forward through many enemy pillboxes, with the 313th Regiment capturing German soldiers and artillery along the way. The 314th Regiment strove to make its way to Fort du Roule, aided by air strikes by American Republic P-47 Thunderbolt fighter bombers. On the left flank, the 9th Division slowly penetrated the southwest suburbs of the city, overrunning three Luftwaffe flak units as they went forward.

Although the German defense was crumbling due to battle casualties, plummeting morale, and the loss of officers and NCOs, it was doing so slowly. The urban combat environment allowed for small numbers of defenders to hold up larger groups of attackers. The Germans took advantage of the situation to do the maximum damage to the port facilities before the inevitable fall of Cherbourg. At the same time, German leaders in the city hoped to inflict as many losses on the Americans as possible.

On June 25, part of Fort du Roule, the southeast gateway to the city, fell to the 314th Infantry Regiment, 79th Division. Supported by P-47s, the regiment's 3rd Battalion overcame

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ABOVE: German prisoners are marched through the streets of Cherbourg after their final surrender on June 28. RIGHT: Lieutenant General Karl Wilhelm von Schlieben emerges from his hideout under an ignominious white flag on June 28.

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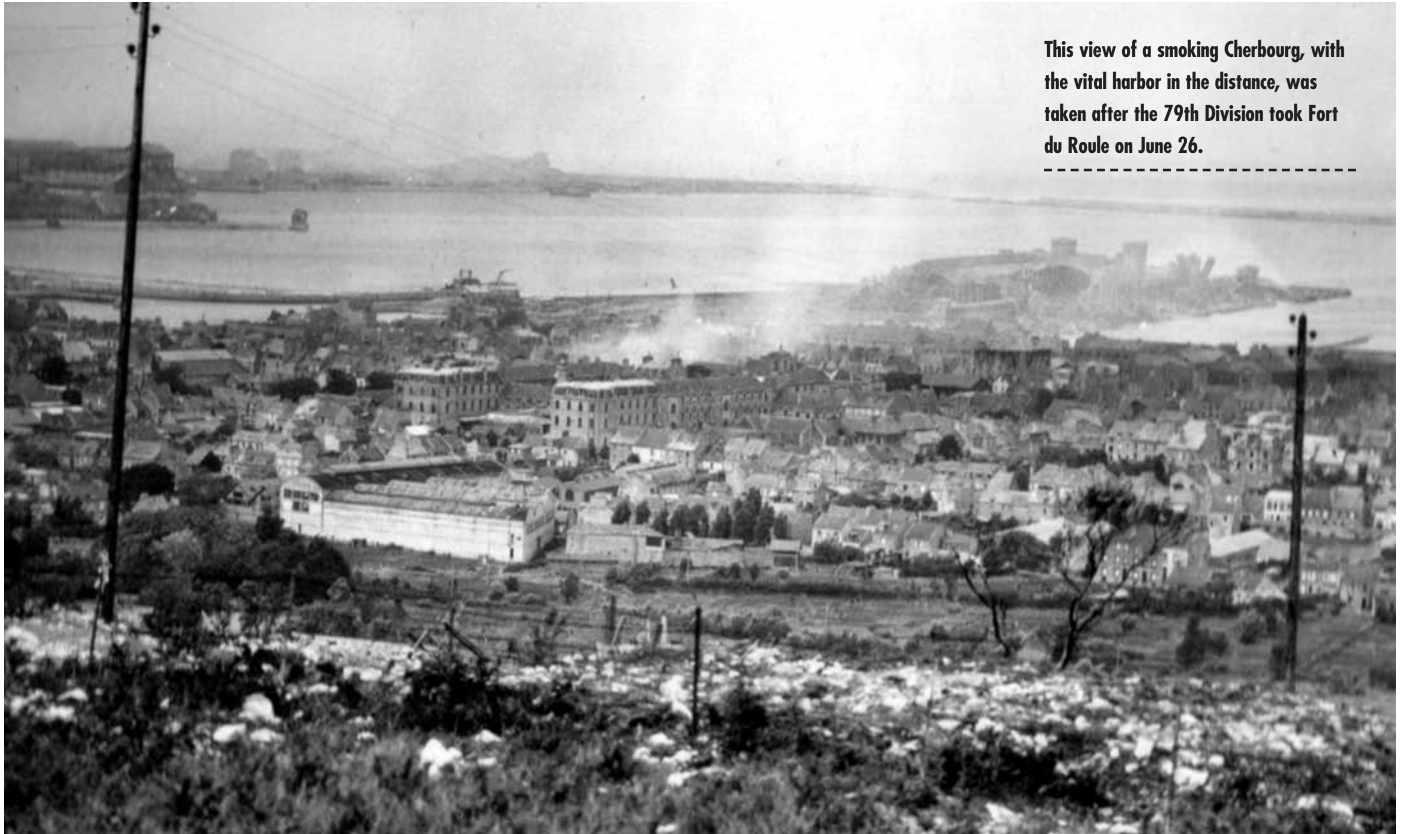

This view of a smoking Cherbourg, with the vital harbor in the distance, was taken after the 79th Division took Fort du Roule on June 26.

the position. During the attack, 1st Lt. Carlos O. Ogen, leader of K Company, won the Medal of Honor for destroying an 88mm naval gun emplacement and several enemy machine-gun nests with rifle and hand grenades after being twice wounded. That day also saw the 9th Division capture Fort Equeurdreville at the city's western corner. The tally of prisoners taken by the division on the 25th was more than 1,100 men. Meanwhile, the 4th Division closed on the east and southeast sides of Cherbourg.

As the battle raged on, the breakdown of communications between the beleaguered city commanders and their higher-ups left scattered Wehrmacht units without control or information and made them easy marks for appeals to surrender. The Americans took full advantage of the situation to avoid dangerous street fighting by broadcasting requests for their enemy to give up, promising food, medical attention, and a return to the Fatherland at war's end.

The morning of June 26 saw two of the 79th's regiments reach Cherbourg harbor. As the light of day faded, that part of Fort du Roule still in German hands surrendered. So, too, did the fortress leader, Schlieben, and 850 other Germans sheltering with him. Requests by Maj. Gen. Manton S. Eddy, 9th Division commander, as well as Collins, to surrender the rest of the Cherbourg garrison were refused by the proud German officer.

Around 10 AM on the 27th, the last organized defenders in Cherbourg, those holed up in the formidable naval arsenal in the southern part of the city, gave up after the arrival of an American tank at the building's front entrance. Between 400 and 800 Germans were taken into custody, including deputy fortress commander Maj. Gen. Robert Sattler. The last organized German force northeast of Cherbourg, 1,000 men under Major Wilhelm Kuppers, surrendered to 4th Division commander Maj. Gen. Raymond O. Barton on the 28th. The next day, Fort de l'Quest in Cherbourg harbor and its 30 defenders surrendered.

As Cherbourg fell piece by piece, the 60th Infantry Regiment, 9th Division, and the 4th Cavalry Group bottled up 6,000 German soldiers and sailors (no more than 1,000 of whom were trained in ground warfare) under Lt. Col. Gunther Keil in the Cap de la Hague area, 20 miles west of Cherbourg. At the same time, the 22nd Regiment, 4th Division, fought to capture Cap Levi and its coastal artillery battery to the east of Cherbourg.

On June 29, the 9th Division's 47th and 60th Regiments, after two heavy bombardments with artillery and mortars, attacked the German defenders on the Cap de la Hague Peninsula. The next day the main enemy line was breached, and Colonel Keil and his staff were captured. The fighting on the peninsula ended on July 1 with the capture of 3,000 prisoners.

In the fight for Cherbourg, VII Corps sustained 2,800 killed in action, 13,500 wounded, and 5,700 missing. The city was captured on D-Day+21, six days later than the Allied pre-invasion planners had envisioned. German losses were 39,000 captured in addition to an undetermined number of killed, wounded, and missing.

By the time Cherbourg fell to the Americans, the port had been totally demolished and mined by the Germans. American Seabees and Navy salvage ships and crews worked around the clock to restore the harbor to operational capacity. On July 16, the first freight was discharged at the port; by September, more than 17,000 tons of material were being offloaded daily. Two fuel pipelines were operating as well. By the fall of 1944, Cherbourg had become second only to Marseilles as the main point of entry for supplies to the U.S. Army in Europe. By war's end, a staggering 2,826,740 tons of cargo had been unloaded there, in addition to 130,210 personnel entering the combat theater via the port.

The fall of Cherbourg presaged the ultimate triumph of the Allies. It allowed them to build up an irresistible superiority in men and supplies that would make their breakout from Normandy and subsequent sweep through France and Germany possible. □

Greene's Gamble at HOBKIRK'S HILL

BY DANIEL MURPHY

AFTER LORD CORNWALLIS WITHDREW THE BULK OF HIS BRITISH FORCES FOLLOWING THE BATTLE OF GUILFORD COURTHOUSE IN MARCH 1781, AMERICAN GENERAL NATHANAEL GREENE MOVED HIS CONTINENTAL FORCES AGAINST THE REMAINING BRITISH OCCUPIERS IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

Pamela Patrick White

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IN late March 1781, American Maj. Gen. Nathanael Greene sought to make the best of a bad situation. He had just lost a pitched battle against the British at Guilford Courthouse, in the North Carolina piedmont. Yet the victory was hollow at best; the British commander, Lord Charles Cornwallis, had taken the ground but Greene had inflicted so many casualties upon the hard-charging British that His Lordship was forced to leave his wounded behind and limp away in search of supplies. Most commanders would have pursued the battered British army and attempted to run it into the ground, but Greene took a different approach. It would change the entire course of the war.

By 1781, Greene was no stranger to war. A former forge master and member of the Rhode Island General Assembly, he had enlisted as a private in the militia but was quickly recognized as an emerging talent. The Continental Congress had promoted him to general officer in June 1775. Quickly, Greene became a trusted lieutenant, friend, and adviser to commanding General George

American Maj. Gen. Nathanael Greene orders his guns removed from the field before they can be captured by British troops at the climax of the fighting at Hobkirk's Hill. Painting by Pamela Patrick White.

Washington. Greene's record was unimpressive at first, and he erred heavily in his judgment to defend Fort Washington in 1776. That led to a costly defeat, but Greene later proved his capacity at Trenton, Germantown, and Monmouth. However, it was not until Greene grudgingly accepted the post of quartermaster general that his remarkable talent for military administration was revealed.

The lessons Greene had learned running the family forge in Rhode Island proved perfectly suited to a quartermaster's tasks of securing supplies and purchasing materials, and his prior political experience aided him greatly in petitioning funds from Congress. At the same time, Greene was also learning how to move an army, select campsites, choose river crossings, secure routes of march, and collect supplies in the field—all vital skills for a general officer on campaign. When a new commander was needed to replace General Horatio Gates in the wild and sparsely populated southern theater, Washington did not have to look far for a substitute—Nathanael Greene.

Greene took command of the southern theater in the fall of 1780, inheriting a fractured force of trained Continental regulars and scattered state militias that to date had been outfought and outgeneraled by the British. The Americans had lost the greater part of South Carolina and with it Charleston, the richest port in North America. With his keen quartermaster's eye, Greene set about culling the best troops of his new command and forming a flying corps of militia, light infantry, and cavalry to operate on the British flank.

Under Brig. Gen. Daniel Morgan, the Americans scored a dazzling success at the Battle of Cowpens on January 17, 1781. The game-changing victory drew the immediate wrath of Greene's British counterpart, Lord Cornwallis, who decided to come after Greene and crush the new threat at all costs. Greene felt his army was too weak to offer pitched battle to Cornwallis. Instead, he retreated across North Carolina with Cornwallis nipping at his heels the entire way. At times Cornwallis was mere hours away, but Greene's experience as a quartermaster shone brilliantly; the Americans were always a half step ahead, fighting a series of delaying actions that steadily drew the British farther and farther from their main base of supply in Charleston.

Without reinforcements, and with Cornwallis's definitive edge in field guns, Greene was wary of risking a direct attack on the British force. All he could do was to continue following Cornwallis, harassing his march and dogging his flanks.

On February 13, Greene crossed the bridgeless Dan River and had every available boat moved over to the northern bank before Cornwallis's troops reached the southern side. The half-starved British could only stare with exhausted hatred across the flooded expanse of deep water. Cornwallis was forced to give up the chase and turn south to try to feed his men, while Greene welcomed new supplies and fresh troops sent down from Virginia by Governor Thomas Jefferson.

His ranks now swelling with fresh militia, Greene crossed back into North Carolina and met Cornwallis at the Battle of Guilford Courthouse on March 15, 1781. Greene lost the fight and surrendered the field, but suffered low casualties, while Cornwallis lost nearly a third of his force, including five field officers. Combined with months of hard winter marching, the losses at Guilford effectively crippled Cornwallis's offensive capabilities. He was now so short on food and supplies that he was forced to give up his pursuit of Greene and leave his wounded behind at Guilford while he began a 200-mile march toward Wilmington, North Carolina, and a desperately needed cache of supplies waiting there.

As Cornwallis and his men marched toward Wilmington, Greene followed as far as the Deep River, watching his adversary and reviewing his options. Despite losing four pieces of

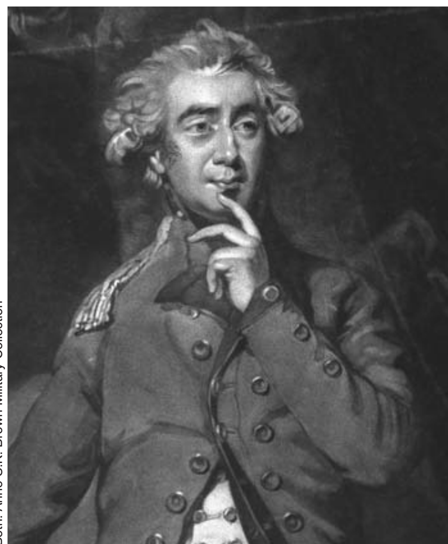
Anne S.K. Brown Military Collection

German Baron Johann de Kalb was fatally shot and bayoneted by British soldiers at the Battle of Camden in August 1780 while leading an American division. The crushing defeat brought a change in leadership of the Patriot forces.

artillery, Greene's force had come through the fight at Guilford Courthouse largely intact and in good spirits. Unfortunately, the short-term militias that had allowed Greene to give battle had concluded their terms of service and left for home, leaving him with roughly the same size force of combat-ready troops as Cornwallis. The loss of artillery now loomed large. Without reinforcements, and with Cornwallis's definitive edge in field guns, Greene was wary of risking a direct attack on the British force. All he could do was to continue following Cornwallis, harassing his march and dogging his flanks. Greene began to look south for a new plan of attack.

When Cornwallis had taken after Greene two months earlier, he had left behind a strong line of frontier forts and outposts that fanned out from Charleston across the interior of South Carolina, along with a force of 8,000 men to guard it. On paper those were imposing numbers, but they failed to tell the whole story. Despite being occupied by foreign troops, the people of South Carolina's interior, or "backcountry," had refused to surrender. The sparsely settled frontier section of the state had seen a never-ending series of sharp fights and skirmishes that had only increased in the wake of the American victory at Cowpens the previous January. Far from being secure, the string of interior British garrisons was constantly under fire from partisan rangers under Generals Francis Marion, Andrew Pickens and Thomas Sumter. If the partisans could continue to press the British and pin them to their respective posts, there was an excellent opportunity for Greene and his soldiers to steal a march into South Carolina and topple the backcountry British forts one at a time.

On March 23, Greene informed the Continental Congress that "nothing will be left unattempted" in the southern department. If Cornwallis turned from Wilmington and pursued him into South Carolina, Greene would have succeeded in relieving North Carolina of the enemy presence without firing a shot—Cornwallis would essentially be back where he had started two months earlier. If Cornwallis stayed put, Greene felt the odds were ripe for taking the entire string of South Carolina forts, liberating the vast majority of South Carolina, and further isolating Cornwallis in North Carolina.



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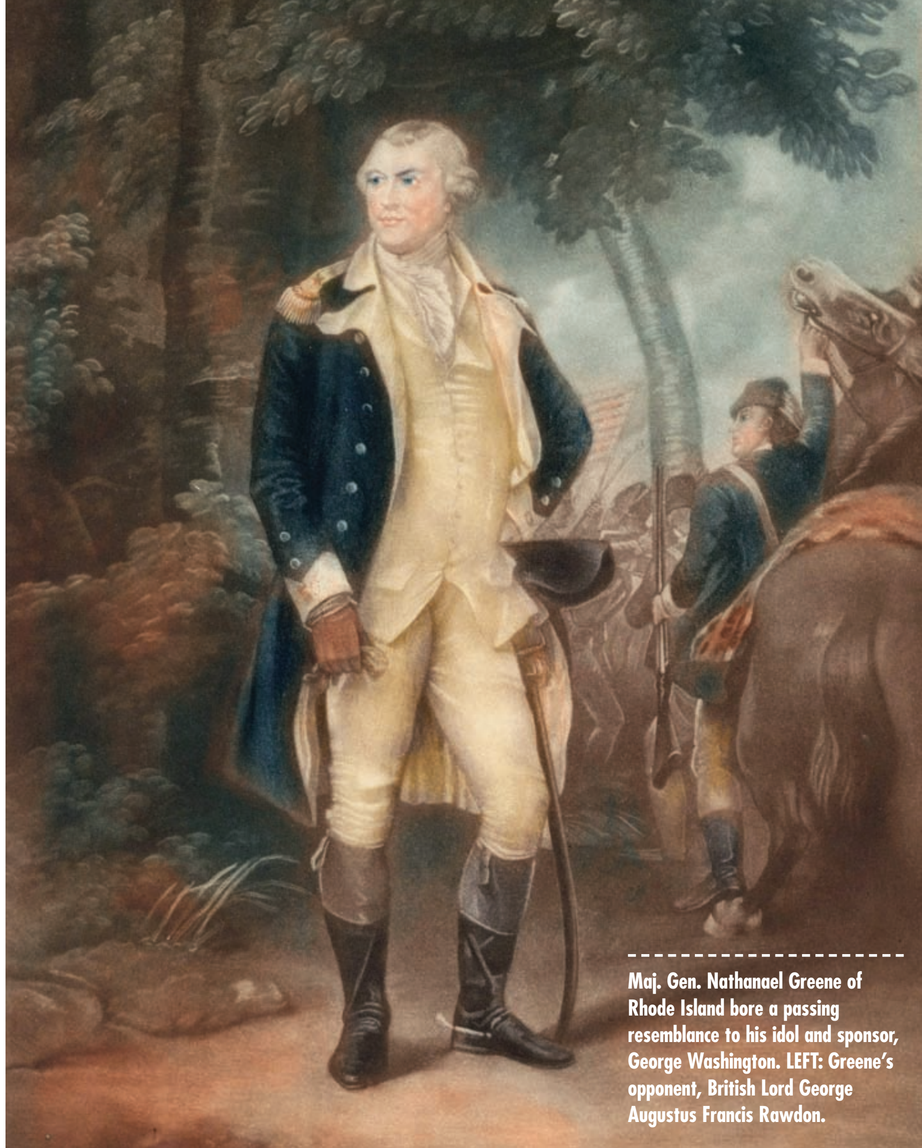


Maj. Gen. Nathanael Greene of Rhode Island bore a passing resemblance to his idol and sponsor, George Washington. LEFT: Greene's opponent, British Lord George Augustus Francis Rawdon.

As Greene looked south he set his sights on the key British garrison at Camden. He wrote to George Washington on March 29 that he was "determined to carry the war immediately into South Carolina."

The British commander at Camden was Colonel George Augustus Francis Rawdon. Just 26, Lord Rawdon had been born into an Irish peerage and grown up in the lap of luxury. Tall, dark, brave and energetic, he was nonetheless reputed to be the ugliest officer in the British Army. He first saw combat as a lieutenant at Bunker Hill in 1775, where he took command of his company after his own captain was shot. For the courage he displayed during his baptism of fire, Rawdon was promoted to captain and given a company in the 63rd Foot. Less than a year later, he joined General Sir Henry Clinton's staff and saw further action at the Battles of Brooklyn, White Plains, and Monmouth. In 1780, Rawdon was given his own loyalist regiment, the Volunteers of Ireland, and promoted to colonel. He then accompanied his new regiment south and arrived during the siege of Charleston. Cornwallis had such faith in the young lord's abilities that he not only gave him command of the post at Camden but also left Rawdon in overall command of the South Carolina garrisons when he began his pursuit of Greene.

The post at Camden was one of the most important in the line of British garrisons. It commanded a crucial intersection of backcountry roads and consisted of four redoubts, one at each corner of the town, with a large stockade of high walls in the center. Half a mile north of the town proper, on the Great Waxhaws Road, was a second fortified position known as Log Town. Aside

Partisan General Francis Marion leads his irregular militia across the Peedee River. The elusive Marion won the nickname "the Swamp Fox" for his cunning use of South Carolina marshes.

Both: Anne S.K. Brown Military Collection

from housing a garrison force of nearly 2,000 troops, Camden served as a stern reminder of the king's presence to all civilians in the area, and rebel partisans steered clear of the post. Executions for treason against the Crown were held so often in Camden that the local populace began to view the hangings as routine. Perhaps due in part to this regular brand of the Crown's justice, most of Camden's residents were loyal subjects to King George III and provided Rawdon with a steady stream of information. This private intelligence, along with regular reports from Cornwallis and the neighboring string of outposts, kept Rawdon reasonably well informed of the constantly shifting tides of war.

Aside from Cornwallis's victory at Guilford Courthouse, the news had taken a decidedly bad turn for the British. To the west, Major James Dunlap's entire force had been wiped out at Beatties Mill by American dragoons under the command of Elijah Clarke and James McCall. Things were no better to the east of Camden, where Francis Marion's partisans were operating with such impunity that Rawdon dispatched 500 men from his own garrison under Lt. Col. John Watson to run down Marion once and for all. Instead, Watson's force was ambushed at Sampit Bridge and driven back into Georgetown. By early April, loyalist farmers began reporting a large force of Continental troops moving into South Carolina under Greene. With pressure mounting from all sides, there was little Rawdon could do but wait and hope for Watson's return as sightings of Continental forces increased by the day.

Emboldened American partisans now stole into Camden itself and raided the town mill. The partisans were chased off by Rawdon's cavalry, but the attack was a foreboding sign of the future. Local farmers began seeing Continental forces less than a day's march from Camden.

On the evening of April 19, musketry suddenly erupted a half mile north of Camden at Log Town. This was clearly no partisan raid; the firing continued throughout the night. At dawn, a sharp skirmish ended the affair, with the British pickets retreating into Camden under fire from Continental light infantry. The guessing game was over—Greene had arrived and was clearly spoiling for a fight.

Greene peered out from the walls of Log Town and studied the distant works at Camden. If he had been a swearing man, he might well have uttered a string of oaths as he took in the formidable British position for the first time and realized that he simply did not have the manpower to assault or invest the post. Greene had been promised a significant force of additional state troops from militia General Sumter, but that aid had as yet failed to arrive. Still, all was not lost. Greene had already issued orders for Lt. Col. Henry Lee to link up with Marion and harass enemy posts east of Camden, thereby denying Rawdon communication or reinforcements from that sector. To date, Greene had heard no word from Lee. He decided to fall back and wait for reinforcements.

As Rawdon watched Greene withdraw from Log Town, he was also looking to the east for the return of his still-missing force of 500 men under Watson. Rawdon still had nearly 1,000 men under arms within Camden, more than enough to keep Greene at bay but hardly enough to sally forth and attack with any certainty of success. Like Greene, all Rawdon could do for now was watch and wait.

The stalemate came to an end when a dispatch arrived for Greene from Lee. To Greene's relief, Lee had been successful in linking with Marion and the pair had laid siege to Fort Watson, a smaller British outpost east of Camden. The dispatch also warned Greene of the fort's namesake, Watson, and his expected advance on Camden from Georgetown to relieve Rawdon. Watson's sizable force would certainly tip the scales for Rawdon, and Greene was compelled to shift his force to the east, fording a pair of creeks and a swamp to effectively screen Watson's pending advance. Once in position, Greene received a pair of sorely needed cannon from North Carolina and instantly sent one off in support of Lee and Marion. Soon after dispatching the piece, he received a second encouraging message from Lee: Fort Watson would fall at any moment, freeing Lee and Marion to block Watson's advance.

Greene now looked back to Camden and set his men to felling trees and building a rough causeway across the swamp to pass his remaining gun to the north side of Camden. This passage would allow Greene to rapidly move to either side of the town, but the Herculean task took several days to complete. It was not until the evening of April 24 that Greene had most of his 1,200 men back across the swamp and camped on a narrow, wooded

ridge just north of Camden known locally as Hobkirk's Hill.

That same night, an American drummer deserted and stole his way into the British lines at Camden. Brought before Rawdon, the deserter talked freely, and the news was not good. Fort Watson had fallen to Lee and Marion on the 23rd. Watson was days if not weeks away, and Greene was expecting reinforcements at any moment. Worse still, Greene had received a pair of guns that he would soon have in place. The only good news from Rawdon's perspective was that Greene had not yet had time to dig entrenchments or place his guns in his new position on Hobkirk's Hill. Rawdon knew that time was running out. His best hope was to launch a surprise attack as soon as possible. With any luck, he could cripple Greene's force before the American commander improved his position or received reinforcements.

Rawdon went about arming every available man for the assault: musicians, wagon masters, and surgeon's assistants—anyone who could load and carry a musket. The entire British force numbered only 950 men, and Rawdon issued strict orders for the men to march in silence. At 10 AM on April 25, the British columns left Camden and crept through the concealing woods along Pine Tree Creek. They did not have far to go. Hobkirk's Hill lay just a mile to the north.

More ridge than hill, the steep, sandy eminence was covered with trees and bisected by the Great Waxhaws Road, which ran straight up the southern slope facing the town. The slope was flanked to the east by a large spring that flowed down to form a swampy stretch of wooded ground that Rawdon's men used for their approach. A second road ran southeast from the eastern side of the hill to Kershaw's Mill, and a third, more obscure road ran directly into town from the east, paralleling the Waxhaws Road.

Atop the hill, Greene's men had completed their morning drill and had just been issued their first full ration of food since leaving North Carolina. The rations were cause for celebration; arms were stacked and horses were tethered. A gill of rum was issued to each man, and the oily blue smoke of cooking fires wafted fragrantly through camp. After weeks of marching and endless labor, many of the men were taking the rare opportunity to soak their tired feet or wash their clothes in the nearby spring.

The Patriots' respite was cut short when the sharp crash of musketry split the morning air. Captain Robert Kirkwood of the Delaware line was one of the first to respond, quickly forming his light infantry and rushing down the hill to assist the startled pickets. The firing increased as he went, and Kirkwood found no simple skirmish between sentries but a stiff fight forming in the dense pines at the base of the hill. "The woods," he said, "were so thick that a man could not be seen at 100 yards distance."

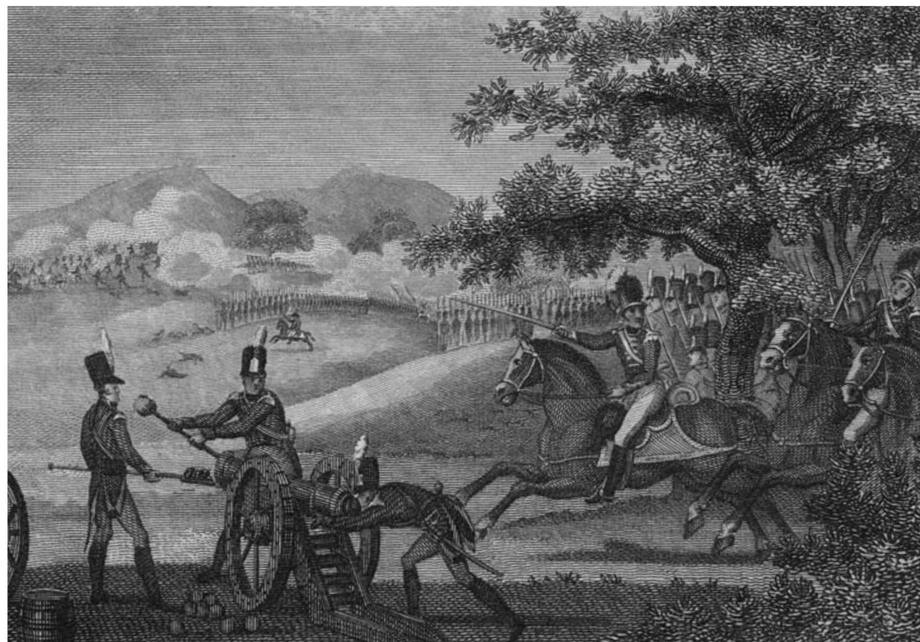
As Kirkwood's men began returning fire, Greene formed the rest of his troops for battle on the crest of the hill. The night before he had posted the 1st and 2nd Virginia Regiments to the west of the Waxhaws Road. Extending to the east was the 1st Maryland, and to their left the 2nd Maryland, whose ranks ran down to the spring. The 3rd Light Dragoons were quickly mounted and placed in reserve with the North Carolina militia. In a stroke of good fortune for the Americans, Colonel Charles Harrison had arrived earlier that morning with three pieces of artillery. He now positioned two of the 6-pounders along the Waxhaws Road and the third between the two Maryland regiments. There was no time for adjustments, and Greene waved his men into line where they had camped, many of them still half-dressed and barefoot as they grabbed their muskets and rushed into action.

Down at the base of the hill, Kirkwood's Delaware troops and the previously posted pickets were caught in the midst of a "universal blaze of musketry." Concentrated British firepower eventually drove them out of the pines and into the more open area at the eastern slope of the hill. Much like Greene, Rawdon was urging his men forward in the order that they had marched. Bursting from the tree line in a narrow front, the 63rd Foot was on the right and the King's American Regiment was on the left.

From the top of the hill, Harrison's gunners looked down at the concentrated mass of enemy troops and opened fire, shredding the tightly packed ranks with grapeshot and literally bowling over the British like ninepins. As the smoke cleared, Greene saw the destruction wrought by his guns and felt the battle was practically won. Without full knowledge of Rawdon's forces, he seized the initiative and ordered his two center regiments, the 1st Maryland and 2nd Virginia, to advance with bayonets and charge the enemy from the front, while his flank regiments, the 2nd Maryland on the left and 1st Virginia on the right, moved down the hill to take Rawdon's columns in either flank. To complete his perceived rout, Greene sent his mounted reserve under Lt. Col. William Washington forward with orders to turn the enemy's right flank and charge them in the rear.

The 3rd Light Dragoons formed and advanced down the hill, skirting the enemy flank and running point blank into the British troopers of Major John Coffin's Mounted Infantry. With swords aloft, Washington's men made a spirited charge on the British horsemen and dispersed them, then plowed through the British right flank, falling upon their rear. Washington's men took upwards of 200 prisoners. Unbeknownst to Washington, the infantry in the British rear was Rawdon's ad hoc corps of armed musicians and teamsters, who quickly surrendered at the sight of the charging Patriots.

This 1810 engraving of the Battle of Guilford Courthouse shows American troops wearing formal uniforms more appropriate to the next war with the British in 1812.



Meanwhile, Rawdon was nearly beside himself with rage as the Continental artillery shredded his ranks. He had been told that Greene had no guns; now his men were paying the price for this misinformation before his very eyes. Rawdon saw the Continentals charging forward and quickly extended his front while ordering forward his reserves. The onrushing Continentals blocked the fire of their own artillery, and the British Provincials rallied as Rawdon's Volunteers of Ireland came up and added their fire at the Maryland ranks. Aside from the 63rd Foot, all of Rawdon's troops were American loyalists fighting their own countrymen in the Continental ranks. Volley after volley crashed through the open woods on the sloping hill as men fired, bit open fresh cartridges and hurriedly ran them down barrels quickly growing too hot to hold.

The veteran 1st Maryland was bravely advancing in the face of heavy fire when Captain William Beatty, commander of the two right flank companies, was shot and killed. The two flanking companies stalled as the rest of the regiment continued forward, bowing the regiment's front and creating disorder. The 1st Maryland commander, Lt. Col. John Gunby, ordered the center companies to halt and back up to redress the ranks and realign the companies. The British charged at the same time, and the 1st Maryland broke for the rear in a panic. On their left, the commander of the 2nd Maryland, Lt. Col. Benjamin Ford, was hit with a musket ball that shattered his elbow. Seeing the 1st Maryland fleeing in disorder and its own commander wounded and out of action, the 2nd Maryland also took to its heels. The 1st Virginia then bolted in turn, streaming up the slope en masse despite the shouts and pleas of its officers to stand and fire. In a matter of seconds, the momentum shifted from Greene to Rawdon.

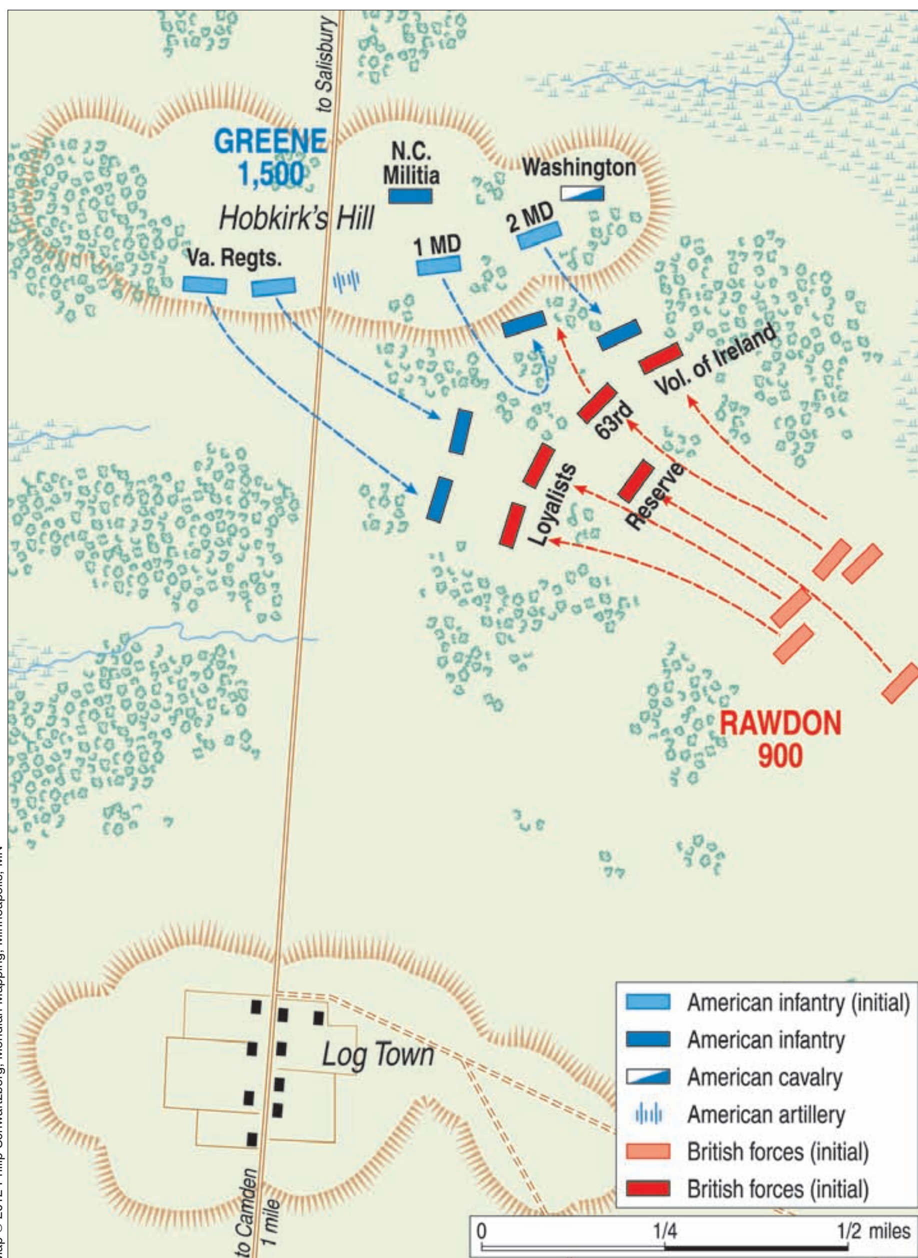
Smelling blood, the British charged up the slope on the heels of the Continentals. Greene could hardly believe his eyes. He ordered the horse teams forward to limber their guns and carry them to the rear. Gunby managed to rally the 1st Maryland and directed a few volleys, but it was too little too late. Only Lt. Col. Samuel Hawes's 2nd Virginia made a stand, preventing the American withdrawal from becoming a complete rout. Soon Greene ordered their withdrawal as well.

Swept up in the tide of retreating troops, the Continental gunners atop the hill mishandled their teams and snagged their limbers in heavy brush. The horses panicked, and the teams had to be cut from the traces. Greene rushed forward on horseback to help save the guns and ordered Captain John Smith's company of light infantry to cover the guns' withdrawal. Smith's men grabbed the trail ropes and took off at a trot down the Waxhaws Road. Rallying from their earlier rout by Washington's light dragoons, Coffin's mounted infantry charged over the hill and made for the guns. Smith's men dropped the ropes, turned, and fired, pouring volley after volley into the British troops and temporarily checking Coffin's advance.

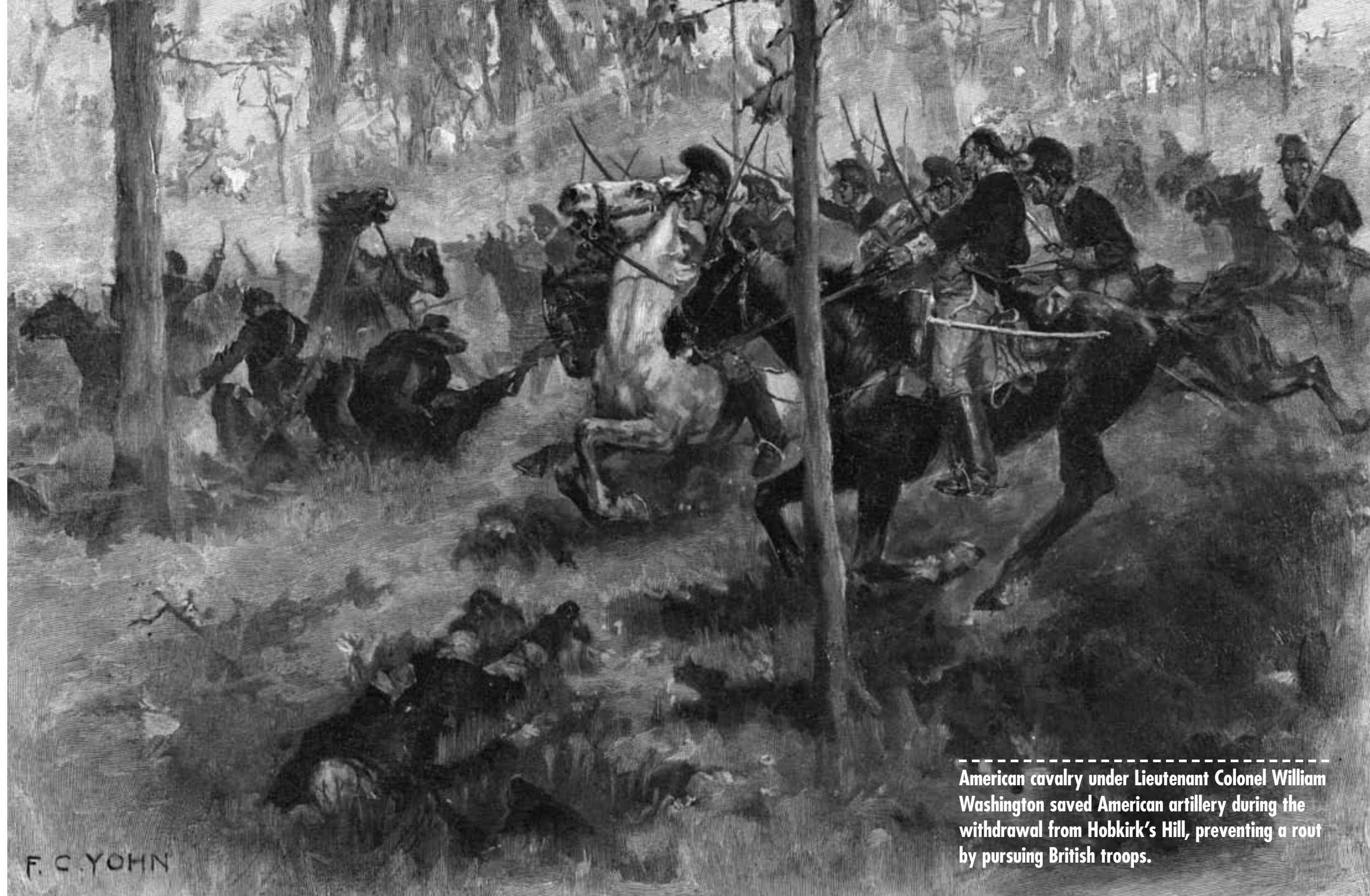
As soon as Washington determined that Greene was withdrawing, he immediately mounted a handful of captured British officers and turned his dragoons in the direction of Hobkirk's Hill, looping past the surging enemy infantry to regain the safety of the American lines. Washington delivered his prisoners into American hands and then led his men back onto the road where Coffin's British horsemen were attempting to wrestle the guns from Smith's infantry in a running fight along the roadbed. After a series of halting charges, Coffin's men baited the light infantry's fire and dashed among them with sabers flashing, killing several and capturing Smith.

The time bought by Smith's men saved the guns. Washington's dragoons charged into Coffin's troopers and cleaved the British horsemen from their saddles until the remainder took to their heels. The guns remained in Continental hands. Greene's men continued their withdrawal down the Waxhaws Road until they reached Sanders' Creek, where they

Greene's American forces took up positions atop Hobkirk's Hill, just north of Camden, overlooking Pine Tree Creek a mile to the south. Thick pine woods made visibility low.



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



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American cavalry under Lieutenant Colonel William Washington saved American artillery during the withdrawal from Hobkirk's Hill, preventing a rout by pursuing British troops.

halted three miles from Hobkirk's Hill. The militia and some stragglers took a different route and considerably more time before they rallied at the creek.

Within minutes, the battle was over. Rawdon set about burying the dead in two massive common graves on either side of the ridge and withdrew to Camden before nightfall. American casualties were 25 killed, 108 wounded, and 136 missing. British losses totaled 39 killed and 210 wounded, with up to 70 more captured. Like Cornwallis at Guilford Courthouse, Rawdon had suffered a higher rate of casualties than the Americans while failing to inflict a crippling blow on Greene's force.

Nevertheless, Rawdon was justifiably proud of his men's performance, writing to Cornwallis that "His Majesty's troops behaved most gallantly." Greene on the other hand, was livid with anger. Despite holding the high ground and a clear advantage in artillery, Greene's lines had been broken quickly, and he had been driven from the field. He admitted privately to a friend that he was "almost frantic with vexation at the disappointment," adding, "We should have had Lord Rawdon and his whole command prisoners in three minutes." Colonel Williams, commander of Greene's left wing, shared the feeling. "The cavalry, the light infantry and the guards [pickets] acquired all the honor," wrote Washington, "and the infantry of the battalions all the disgrace which fell upon our brows and shoulders." Greene echoed the praise of Washington's cavalry in a letter to Congress, while observing that the infantry "had got into too much disorder to recover the fortune of the day, which once promised us a complete victory."

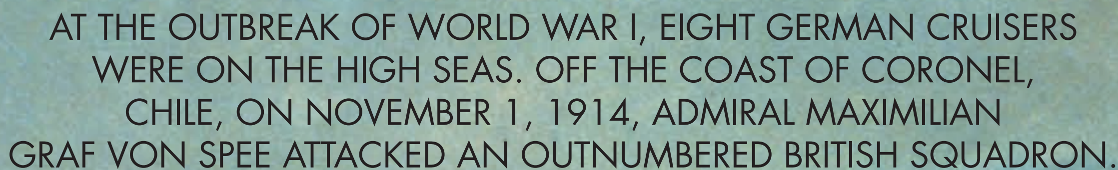
From his camp on the high hills of the Santee River, Greene joked to his friend General Henry Knox: "There are few Generals that has run oftener, or more lustily than I have done. But I have taken care not to run too far, and commonly have run as fast forward as backward."

Despite heroic sacrifices made on both sides, the Battle of Hobkirk's Hill had little immediate effect on the overall situation. Greene remained in the general area and continued haunting Camden, while audacious partisans continued to harass the backcountry. The constant pressure on Rawdon's lines of supply and communication soon made the British position at Camden untenable. Rawdon retreated from the key post just two weeks after winning the fight at Hobkirk's Hill.

Ultimately, Greene's invasion of South Carolina led to the successful conclusion of the war. After refitting in Wilmington, Cornwallis looked north to Virginia, where fellow general William Phillips was enjoying marked success in raiding the provision-rich and lightly defended Chesapeake Bay. Having already tested Greene in the Carolinas, Cornwallis abruptly turned his back on Rawdon and the line of backcountry garrisons and headed north for Virginia, where he ultimately met a disastrous fate at Yorktown.

By summer's end, the British line of interior garrisons had all fallen, and the vast majority of both North and South Carolina were liberated from British troops. From his camp on the high hills of the Santee River, Greene joked to his friend General Henry Knox: "There are few Generals that has run oftener, or more lustily than I have done. But I have taken care not to run too far, and commonly have run as fast forward as backward."

In the end, it turned out to be the perfect strategy. □



AT THE OUTBREAK OF WORLD WAR I, EIGHT GERMAN CRUISERS WERE ON THE HIGH SEAS. OFF THE COAST OF CORONEL, CHILE, ON NOVEMBER 1, 1914, ADMIRAL MAXIMILIAN GRAF VON SPEE ATTACKED AN OUTNUMBERED BRITISH SQUADRON.

BRITISH NAVAL DISASTER AT CORONEL

When World War I broke out in August 1914, the captains of the various German warships called their men together to give three cheers for the Kaiser. The 53-year-old commander of the East Asiatic Squadron, Maximilian Graf von Spee, personally climbed atop the turret of an 8.2-inch gun aboard the cruiser *Gneisenau* and addressed his crew. They must be faithful to their oath to the Kaiser, he reminded them. "At the moment," the Admiral added, "only Russia and France are our enemies. England's attitude is still uncertain, although hostile. We must therefore regard all English ships as enemy ships."

When Britain entered the war against Germany, Spee ordered all his ships to meet him in the Mariana Islands. There, the admiral called a conference of his captains. He expressed the belief that it would be best for the squadron to continue sailing to the west coast of South America and raid British merchant ships. Each captain was asked for his views. Karl von Muller, *Emden*'s skipper, believed that such raids would not be worthwhile. He suggested instead that they remain in Asiatic waters. Why not allow *Emden* to act independently as a raider in the Indian Ocean? Spee granted Muller's request.

With *Emden* gone, Spee was left with only *Scharnhorst, Gneisenau*, and the light cruisers *Leipzig* and *Nürnberg*. A short time later, the East Asiatic Squadron was reinforced by the arrival of the light cruiser *Dresden*. As commander in chief of the East Asiastic Squadron, Spee faced many problems. He knew that his base in Asiatic waters, Tsingtao, China, would fall if Japan entered the war. His ships would have no facilities to make repairs, and he would be unable to replace ammunition when he ran out. Then there was coal. His ship could travel at top speed for four and a half days, or 2,200 miles. At economic speed it could go 5,000 miles. Either way, coal would be difficult to obtain.

Confronted by such difficulties, Spee feared that the days of the East Asiatic Squadron were numbered. Before then, however, he was determined to do as much damage to the Allies as he could. He was the right man for the job. Although Spee was born in Copenhagen, Den-

A British battleship comes under withering fire from attacking ships in the German East Asiatic Squadron off the coast of Chile during the Battle of Coronel.

BY JOHN PROTASIO

mark, he was one in a long line of German counts. He received a strict Catholic education during his youth. At the age of 16 he joined the German Imperial Navy as a cadet.

Spee took an active part in Germany's seizure of colonies. In April 1884, he was promoted to full lieutenant. When German Chancellor Otto von Bismarck chose Dr. Gustav Nachtigal to colonize Africa, Spee accompanied him there. By 1897, he was flag lieutenant of the 7,300-ton cruiser *Deutschland* that carried Prince Heinrich of Prussia to the Far East. A fellow officer described Spee at the time as "a favorite in the wardroom. He made everyone his friend by his invariable kindness. I believe I can say without exaggeration that none of us ever found even the slightest fault with Count Spee."

With the new century, Spee continued to climb the ladder of success. In November1912, he was appointed to command the East Asiatic Squadron with the rank of rear admiral. The new commander in chief was a tall, well-built man with a Van Dyke beard, bushy eyebrows, and a straight back—one of his colleagues said he looked as though he had swallowed a broom handle. A devout Catholic, Spee had a passion for natural history and auction bridge. He had a wide variety of flowers decorating his cabin.

As commander of the squadron, Spee was a strict taskmaster. He held frequent gunnery and torpedo practice. Coaling at sea was rehearsed until it could be performed like a fine art. The policy paid off when Spee's squadron twice won the Kaiser's Cup for marksmanship. A British naval correspondent observed: "The German squadron was like no other in the Kaiser's Navy. It was commanded by professional officers and manned by long service ratings."

In the early hours of September 7, 1914, *Nürnberg* raided Fanning Island, where there was a British wireless and cable station. After *Nürnberg* rejoined the squadron, Spee learned from newspapers that the Allied warships *New Zealand* and *Tromp* had captured Samoa and that the British battleship *Australia* was anchored there. He decided to raid Samoa and catch the enemy by surprise. He detached *Scharnhorst* and *Geneisenau* from the squadron and headed for Samoa. On September 13, the German heavy cruisers arrived, but to Spee's disappointment *Australia* and other

ulstein bild / The Granger Collection, New York

ullstein bild / The Granger Collection, New York

ABOVE: Photographed after the battle, the German squadron leaves the Chilean port of Valparaiso. In the background, from left, are *Scharnhorst, Gneisenau,* and *Leipzig.* RIGHT: British armored cruiser HMS *Good Hope*, photographed in 1907.

Allied warships were not there. The only vessels in harbor were an American schooner and a small sailing ship.

Undeterred, a few days later Spee raided Tahiti. The guns at the French fort opened fire and straddled *Scharnhorst.* The French hastily burned their coal supply to prevent it from falling into enemy hands. The Germans fired on the shore batteries and destroyed them and sank the 600-ton gunboat *Zelee.*

The British Admiralty was determined to stop Spee at any cost. On September 14, a telegram was sent to Rear Admiral Christopher Cradock reading: "The Germans are resuming trade on West Coast of South America, and *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau* may very probably arrive on that coast or in Magellan Straits. Concentrate a squadron strong enough to meet *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau,* making Falkland Islands your coaling base, and leaving sufficient force to deal with *Dresden* and *Karlsruhe.*

"*Defence* is joining you from Mediterranean, and *Canopus* is now en route to Abrolhos. You should keep at least one County class and *Canopus* with your flagship until *Defence* joins. When you have superior force you should at once search Magellan Straits with squadron, keeping readiness to return and cover River Plate, or, according to information, search as far as Valparaiso northwards, destroy the German cruisers, and break up the German trade."

On October 5, the Admiralty sent Cradock a follow-up telegram: "It appears from information received that *Gneisenau* and *Scharnhorst* are working across to South America. *Dresden* may be scouting for them. You must be prepared to meet them in company. *Canopus* should accompany *Glasgow, Monmouth* and *Otranto* and should search and protect trade in combination."

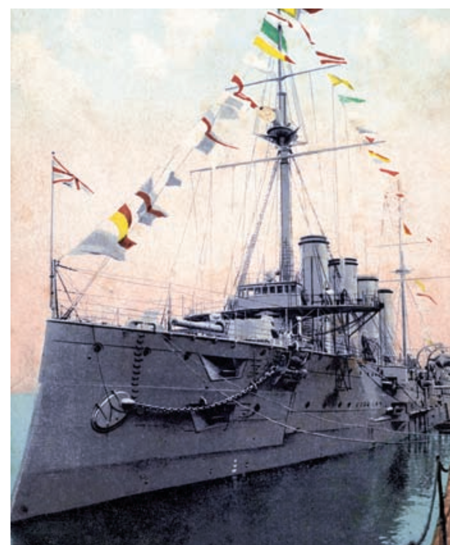
Cradock replied: "Without alarming, respectfully suggest that, in event of the enemy's heavy cruisers and others concentrating West Coast of South America, it is necessary to have a British force on each coast strong enough to bring them to action. For, otherwise, should the concentrated British force sent from South-East Coast be evaded in the Pacific, which is not impossible, and thereby get behind the enemy, the latter could destroy Falkland, English Bank, and Abrolhos coaling bases in turn with little to stop them and with British ships unable to follow up owing to want of coal enemy might possibly reach West Indies."

The Admiralty concurred in Cradock's decision to concentrate *Canopus, Good Hope, Glasgow, Monmouth,* and *Otranto* for combined operations. Cradock knew that with *Canopus,* a pre-dreadnought battleship, his unit speed could not exceed 12 knots. This was a severe handicap since Spee's ships were capable of reaching 20 knots. Cradock complained to the Admiralty: "I consider that owing to slow speed of *Canopus* it is impossible to find and destroy enemy's squadron. Have therefore ordered *Defence* to join me after calling for orders at Montevideo. Shall employ *Canopus* on necessary work of convoying colliers."

The man receiving and sending these telegrams had a wealth of seagoing experience. Kit Cradock had joined the Royal Navy at the age of 13. He subsequently participated in the Boer War and the Boxer Rebellion. In 1900, he led a combined British, German, Japanese and Italian naval force against the Boxer-held Taku Forts on the Peiho River. Fighting was intense, but he managed to capture the forts.

Like Spee, Cradock was a man of refined tastes and interests. He enjoyed hunting and also found the time to write three books, the last of which, *Whispers from the Fleet,* served as a guide book for young naval officers. By late October 1914, Cradock was out at sea again. He had under his command the flagship *Good Hope*, along with another heavy cruiser, *Monmouth,* the light cruiser *Glasgow,* and the armed merchant cruiser *Otranto.* Cradock knew that Spee had a superior force, but he was determined to fight.

Cradock's force could have been stronger if he had *Canopus,* mounting 12-inch guns. But *Canopus* was suffering from a leaking piston-



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rod and could make only 12 knots. The admiral knew that he could not catch Spee with the lagging vessel in hand, so he left her behind.

Cradock was well aware that he might be defeated. While he was at the Falklands, he told the governor there, Sir William Allardyce: "I shall not see you again. I will send my medals and decorations ashore to you for safe-keeping. If the Germans do come here and occupy these islands, will you bury them? Then when the war is over I would be grateful if you would send them home to my people."

On October 31, Cradock sent *Glasgow* into Coronel Bay, Chile, to collect telegrams. Her captain, John Luce, was worried that he might not be able to rejoin Cradock in time if the enemy was sighted. His wireless had already picked up signals from *Leipzig*. Perhaps the rest of the German East Asiatic Squadron was nearby. *Glasgow* rejoined Cradock. The seas were too rough for boats, so the light cruiser towed a cask containing the telegrams across to *Good Hope*. Cradock ordered his ships to form a line. *Good Hope* was to the west with *Glasgow* to the east.

It was the admiral's hope to catch *Leipzig* alone. The force under his command was sufficient to handle a lone ship.

Spee was preparing for battle as well. He had heard that *Glasgow* was nearby. The German admiral assumed, like Cradock, that he would be facing only one small cruiser. Each man was wrong.

At 4:25 PM on November 1, *Glasgow* saw smoke. Luce notified Cradock of the development and then moved to the starboard to investigate. A few minutes later, lookouts saw *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau* with *Leipzig* astern. *Glasgow* turned back and tried to inform the flagship of Spee's presence, but the German vessels' wireless jammed the British cruiser's radio. By 4:45, Cradock realized that Spee's ships were in the vicinity.

Cradock was at a serious disadvantage. His flagship was capable of 23 knots and armed with two 9.2-inch guns and 16 6-inch guns. *Monmouth* had a speed of 22.4 knots and was armed with 14 6-inch guns, *Glasgow* had a speed of 25.3 knots with two 6-inch guns and 10 4-inch guns, and *Ontranto* had a speed of only 15 knots and was equipped with four 4.7-inch guns.

Spee's force was clearly superior. The flagship *Scharnhorst* was capable of 23.2 knots and armed with eight 8.2-inch guns, six 5.9-inch guns and 18 22-pounders. *Gneisenau* had a speed of 23.5 knots and was similarly armed. *Leipzig* was capable of 22.4 knots, *Dresden* 24 knots, and *Nürnberg* 23.5 knots. The three light cruisers were armed with 10 4.1-inch guns. In all, the Germans presented a broadside of 3,812 pounds to the British 2,815 pounds. Another advantage Spee had was that most of his men were experienced seamen, while 90 percent of *Good Hope*'s crew were reservists.

Cradock was faced with the toughest decision in his career: should he attack or retire? He dearly wished to have *Canopus* with her 12-inch guns, but she was over 200 miles away. His orders were to protect British shipping, and to do so meant that he had to attack. Cradock made his decision. At 6:18 he signaled *Canopus,* "I am going to attack the enemy now!" He gave his position as "Lat. 370 30' S. Long. 740 0' W." This was actually some 50 miles south of where he was. Cradock signaled his ships to follow in the admiral's wake.

The captain of *Otranto* signaled Cradock asking whether he should stay out of range. The reply was, "There is danger; proceed at your utmost speed..." The message was not completed. Meanwhile, Cradock moved to the southeast. It was apparently his intention to position himself so that the wind would blow his smoke clear of his gun crew and at the same time *Scharnhorst*'s smoke would blow across the German sights.

Spee kept his distance from the enemy. Cradock had a chance if he could cross the German "T" to bring his broadside to bear while the enemy could only fire his foreguns. But the slow-moving *Otranto* prevented this from happening. Cradock had one last hope. If he could position himself between the enemy ships and the sun this would help tremendously. The sun would be in the eyes of the German gun crews. But the wily Spee kept his distance and waited for the sun to set.

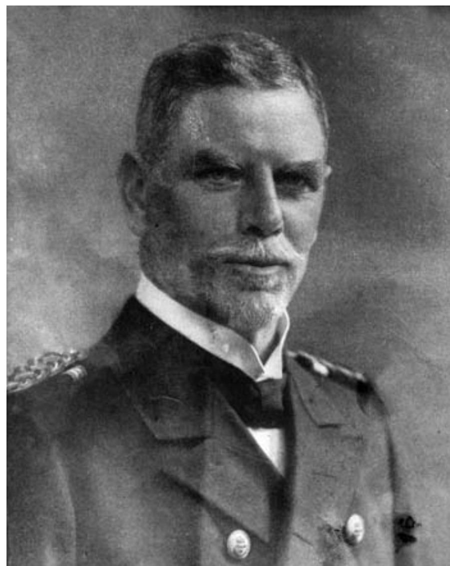
Cradock turned back to a southerly course. He began to reform his battle line. The British admiral observed *Leipzig* coming up and *Dresden* steaming up from the horizon. He knew *Nürnberg* was not far away. The sea was rough. The British guns were awash and spray drenched the telescopes and gun sights. The Germans by contrast had their guns high above the waterline and were dry.

Spee ordered all his boilers to be lighted and quickly increased his speed from 14 knots to 20. "The wind was south," he later explained, "force 6, with a correspondingly high sea, so that I had to be careful not to be maneuvered into a lee position. Moreover, the course chosen helped to cut off the enemy from the neutral coast."

Soon, the sun set. Now the advantage of light was with the Germans. Spee's ships were in darkness while the British were illuminated in the afterglow. He moved his ships into position. At 7:04 PM, the Germans opened up with their 8.2-inch guns at a range of 12,000 yards. The shells came within 500 yards of *Good Hope*. *Glasgow* responded by firing her 6-inch guns. The Battle of Coronel had begun.

The sea was not favorable. One German officer noted, "The waves rose high in the strong wind. The ships tossed hither and thither. Water foamed up over the upper decks. The gun's crew and ammunition carriers found it difficult to keep their feet." The rough seas presented more trouble for Cradock and his men than it did for the Germans. Spee conceded that "the British suffered more from the heavy seas than we did."

Otranto could be of little service to Cradock. Her great size and the short range of her guns made her more of a target than an asset. Her captain realized this and did his best by zigzagging and altering speed in hopes of confusing the enemy. When *Gneisenau* put two shells over his fore bridge, one 50 yards on his starboard bow and the other 150 yards astern, he drew out of line to the westward and took no further action in the battle.



Both: Library of Congress

LEFT: Admiral Maximilian Graf von Spee. RIGHT: Admiral Sir Christopher Cradock.

The fighting continued. The British had difficulty seeing their targets owing to the darkness, while the Germans easily found their marks. The gunnery officer on the *Glasgow* observed, "No fall of shot could be seen except an occasional common shell bursting short in line with flashes of enemy guns."

Good Hope and *Monmouth* engaged *Scharnhorst* and *Geneisenau,* while *Glasgow* exchanged shots with *Dresden* and *Leipzig*. *Nürnberg* was still several miles astern of Spee, but was making her upmost speed to join the fight. The British were missing their targets, while the Germans scored hit after hit.

Within minutes after the battle began, a shell hit the forward 9.2-inch gun on *Good Hope*. The flagship shuddered, and a sheet of flames rose over the vessel. The 9.2-inch gun was knocked out of action. It was a serious blow for the British. A few seconds later, *Monmouth* was hit on the foredeck; fires broke out on her port side. The heavy cruiser backed out of line and never did get into station.

In short order, an 8.2-inch shell from *Scharnhorst* hit the British flagship amidships. Fires broke out, and some of the ammunition on board *Good Hope* exploded. Both British heavy cruisers were now easy targets in the glow of the flames. A third salvo from *Scharnhorst* hit *Good Hope*, causing the fires on board to spread. The German heavy cruisers were firing a salvo once every four minutes. By 7:23, the range was down to 6,600 yards. Spee thought Cradock was attempting a torpedo attack. He turned one point eastward.

Cradock reduced the range to bring his 6-inch guns into play. His after 9.2-inch gun was firing once a minute. The British admiral was in dire straits, with ammunition exploding and fires raging below decks. *Monmouth* was also taking a great deal of punishment. She was ablaze and listing. It was starting to get dark but the fires on the two British heavy cruisers illuminated them, making them perfect targets.

With the range down to a few thousand yards, *Good Hope* and *Monmouth* were in position to fire their 6-inch guns, but they missed their targets due to the darkness. Meanwhile, shell after shell continued to hit the two dying ships. Finally, one of *Gneisenau*'s shells hit *Monmouth*'s fore-turret, blowing off the roof and setting the housing on fire. Flames broke out, and there was a deafening explosion. When it subsided, both gun and turret were gone. Fires continued to rage on the heavy cruiser. Another shell from *Gneisenau* struck *Monmouth*'s side and knifed through the body of the ship near ammunition stored for the starboard guns.

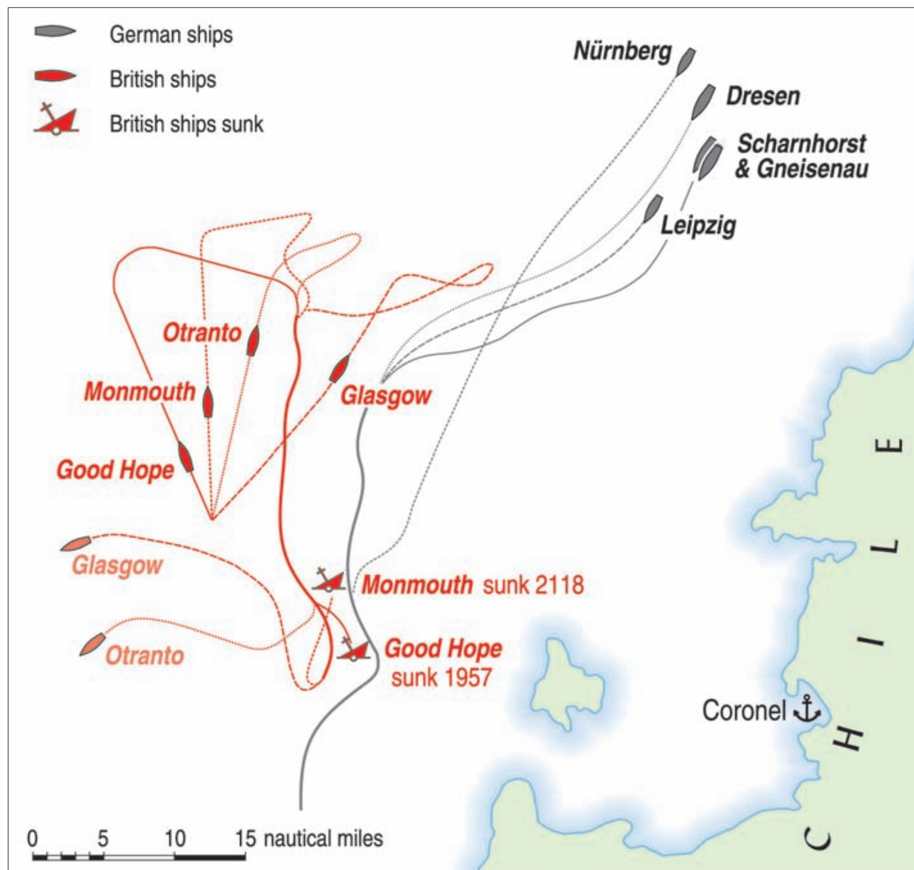
Cradock continued toward the enemy. He was determined to fight against hopeless odds. Range was down to 5,500 yards. *Good Hope* was in a last desperate effort to sell her life dearly. At 7:53 PM, the fire aboard *Good Hope* reached the magazine. There was a tremendous explosion; flames reached 200 feet above the deck. The explosion was so great that crewmen aboard *Nürnberg,* six miles away, were forced to hold their hands over their ears. *Good Hope* and her entire crew, including the gallant Cradock, went down.

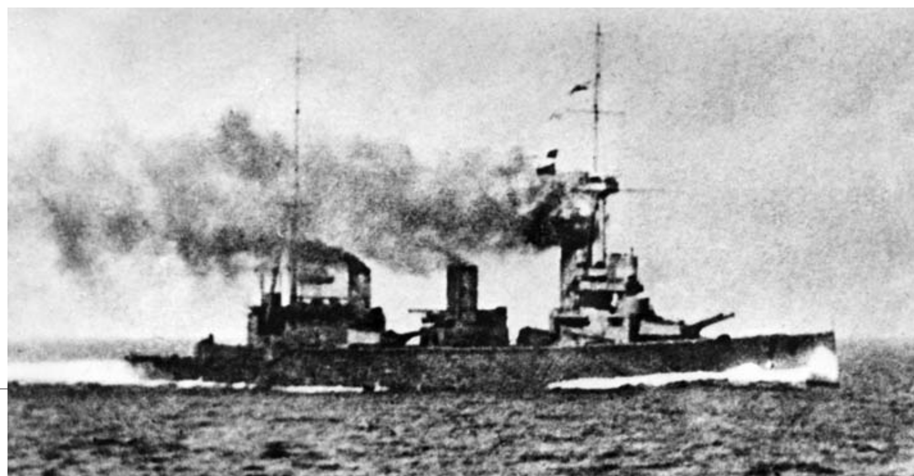
Glasgow was more fortunate. Despite the numerous shells fired at her by *Leipzig* and *Dresden,* she was hit only five times. Three shells struck the light cruiser in the coal bunkers without exploding, one hit the conning tower without exploding, and one burst aft above the port propeller, tearing a hole in the side and flooding one of the ship's compartments.

Captain Luce of *Glasgow* directed his efforts to assisting *Monmouth*. The crew of the heavy cruiser managed to extinguish the fires on deck, but other fires were raging below. Luce's ship was in relatively in good shape, and he hoped to save *Monmouth*. At 10:15, Luce signaled by Morse lamp, "Are you alright?" The reply was, I want to get stern to sea. I am taking water badly forward." Luce signaled, "Can you steer north-west? The enemies are following us astern." There was no answer.

"It was obvious," wrote one of *Glasgow*'s officers, "that the *Monmouth* could neither fight nor fly. She was badly down by the bows, listing to port with the glow of her ignited interior brightening the portholes below her quarterdeck. It was essential that there should be a survivor of the action to turn *Canopus* which was hurrying at her best speed to join us and, if surprised alone must share the fate of the other ships. *Monmouth* was therefore reluctantly left to her fate, and when last seen was bravely fac-

BELOW: The wily Spee waited for the sun to set before attacking the British west of Coronel. The British ships were sitting ducks. BOTTOM: An unidentified cruiser steams into action during the Battle of Coronel, the worst British naval defeat since 1812.





Map © 2012 Philip Schwartzberg, Meridian Mapping, Minneapolis, MN
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ing the oncoming enemy. *Glasgow* increased to full speed and soon left the enemy astern, losing sight of them about 2050."

In his heart, Luce wanted to stay by *Monmouth*, but one of his officers pointed out that the enemy was jamming his wireless signals and therefore he could not warn *Canopus*. It was therefore necessary to leave the stricken cruiser and save the pre-dreadnought. "It was an awful affair to leave the *Monmouth*, but I don't see what else the skipper could have done," concluded the gunnery officer. *Glasgow* and *Otranto* fled the scene.

Meanwhile, Spee took stock of the situation. He had lost contact with the enemy at 10 o'clock. He did not know that *Good Hope* had foundered. He signaled his light cruisers: "Both British cruisers severely damaged. One light cruiser apparently was fairly intact. Chase enemy and attack with torpedoes."

Earlier, *Nürnberg* had sighted smoke. It was from *Glasgow*. The German warship chased her, but she disappeared over the horizon. *Nürnberg* continued her search while sailors began throwing empty cartridge cases overboard. They saw debris, possibly from *Good Hope*, but thought it was their own cases. They did not report the evidence. Thus, Spee did not know of the British flagship's demise and attempted no rescue.

Captain Karl von Schonberg of *Nürnberg* saw a vessel in the darkness but refrained from firing on her. There was the distinct possibility that she might be German. He challenged her but received no answer. In the moonlight, the German captain then realized it was the enemy. One of Spee's sons, Otto, an officer on *Nürnberg*, reported: "She [*Monmouth*] had a list of about ten degrees to the port. As we came nearer she heeled still more, so that she could no longer use her guns on the side turned towards us."

Schonberg waited to give the enemy a chance to surrender, but her flag was still flying. So reluctantly he opened fire on her. "We opened fire at short range," wrote Otto von Spee. "It was terrible to have to fire on poor fellows who were no longer able to defend themselves. But their colors were still flying and when we ceased fire for several minutes they did not haul them down. So we ran up for a fresh attack and caused [*Monmouth*] to capsize by our gunfire."

Nürnberg continued to fire on the dying *Monmouth*. The British cruiser rolled over on her side and capsized. At 8:58 PM, the sea closed over her.

Monmouth sank with her flag still flying. Schonberg could not attempt a rescue since the sea was rough and new smoke was seen. He thought it was the enemy, but after steering toward it he realized that it was from the other German warships. By then it was too late for *Monmouth*. There were no survivors from the doomed heavy cruiser.

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Admiral Cradock's flagship, *Good Hope*, burns before exploding and sinking with all hands. The German vessel *Gneisenau* is in the background to the right, and *Monmouth*'s masts show through the smoke.

The Battle of Coronel was over. The British had lost two heavy cruisers and 1,600 men, while the Germans did not lose a single ship and had only a few men wounded. It was the first British naval defeat since the War of 1812. A German historian boasted: "The Battle of Coronel will ever be memorable in the annals of our Navy. On that day von Spee's name was enrolled in the list of German heroes. He had materially dimmed the glory of England's mastery of the sea."

In Great Britain, there was muted criticism of Cradock. Admiral David Beatty wrote his wife: "He was a gallant fellow, and I am sure put up a gallant fight, but nowadays no amount of dash and gallantry will counterbalance great superiority unless they are commanded by fools. He has paid the penalty, but doubtless it was better to have fought and lost than not to have fought at all."

It was said that the presence of *Canopus* might have made a difference. Her 12-inch guns would have added more firepower. But she was too slow to keep up with Cradock. Also the range of *Canopus*'s guns was more apparent than real. One gunnery officer stated under good conditions the range was only 9,000 yards. The conditions at Coronel allowed only a 4,000-yard range.

Perhaps Cradock's biggest mistake was taking along *Otranto*. Saddled with her slow speed, the admiral was unable to cross the German "T." But the main criticism was directed at the Admiralty for not giving Cradock sufficient force to fight Spee. As Beatty said: "Kit Cradock has gone at Coronel. His death and the loss of the ships and the gallant lives in them can be lid to the door of the incompetency of the Admiralty."

The Admiralty was determined to make up for the mistake, sending the battlecruisers *Invincible* and *Inflexible*, under the command of Vice Admiral Frederick Doveton Sturdee, to join the South Atlantic squadron. They arrived at the Falkland Islands on December 7 and began coaling. The next day, Spee arrived at the islands to attack, commencing the Battle of the Falklands.

This time the British had superiority of speed and firepower. Spee tried to escape but quickly realized that the British would overtake him. He ordered his light cruisers to scatter while he and his heavy cruisers engaged the British battlecruisers, armed with 12-inch guns. For over three hours, *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau* exchanged shots with the two British battlecruisers. In the end, both German heavy cruisers were sunk. *Scharnhorst* went down with her entire crew, including Spee. *Gneisenau* had only 187 survivors.

Sturdee's light cruisers chased Spee's light cruisers. *Leipzig* and *Nürnberg* were sunk with great loss of life. *Dresden* managed to escape. In March of the following year, *Dresden* was cornered and scuttled by her crew. In November 1914, a few days after Coronel, *Emden* was caught off Direction Island and sunk by the Australian cruiser *Sydney*.

Back home in Great Britain, Cradock was regarded as a hero by the rank and file. He had fought bravely against hopeless odds and gone down with his ship. For a seagoing people with a proud naval tradition, that was the ultimate sacrifice. □

BENEATH THE GOTHIC STEEPLES OF THEIR CHURCHES, the priests of Wallachia prayed that the Austrians would deliver them from the Turkish yoke. The cold winter winds howled outside the massive stone walls. Imperial raiders galloped through the white countryside of Wallachia, Bosnia, and Serbia. Although major hostilities had ceased for the winter, the war between Holy Roman Emperor Charles VI and Ottoman Sultan Ahmed III continued to drag on.

Far to the west, across the frozen Hungarian plain to the crags of the Alps, the city of Vienna, hub of the Habsburg Empire, nestled between the Danube and Vienna Rivers. Nobles feasted and waltzed in gold-and-white marbled palaces, celebrating the year's victories of their champion, Field Marshal Prince Eugene of Savoy. A year earlier, Eugene had defeated the Turks at Peterwardein, the "Gibraltar of Hungary," and then proceeded to wrest control of Temesvár, the last Turkish stronghold north of the Danube. The 53-year-old prince was not only the Holy Roman Empire's most celebrated warrior, but also one of the great captains of his age.

Eugene was of Italian heritage but grew up in France. When he came of age, his king, Louis XIV, refused him a military career, sizing up Eugene as a short, frail dandy whose scandalous mother was infamous for her affairs and dabbling in magic. Undaunted, Eugene defected to the Austrians just in time to battle the Turks investing Vienna in 1683. The battle awakened Eugene's warrior heart and changed his life.

During the Second Turkish War (1683-1699), the Nine Years' War (1689-1697), and the War of the Spanish Succession (1701-1714),

PRINCE EUGENE'S LAST RIDE

IN THE SUMMER OF 1717, PRINCE EUGENE OF SAVOY MOVED TO CRUSH THE FINAL BASTION OF HIS OTTOMAN TURK ENEMIES—BELGRADE. "EITHER I WILL TAKE BELGRADE, OR THE TURKS WILL TAKE ME," HE SAID.

Eugene won military laurels through his personal bravery and his tactical and strategic genius. His adoring soldiers nicknamed him their "brown Capuchin" after the plain brown coat he preferred over a more lavish officer's uniform. Eugene's masterpiece was his 1697 victory over the Turks at Zenta, which ended the Second Turkish War with the Peace of Karlowitz and made Eugene a European hero and Austria a major European power. A shrewd statesman and patron of European culture, Eugene became the right-hand man of Emperor Joseph I and his successor, Charles VI.

BY LUDWIG HEINRICH DYCK

Both Eugene and the Porte, the Ottoman high command, regarded the Peace of Karlowitz as little more than an armistice. In 1711 the Turks were back, defeating Czar Peter the Great's Russians on the River Pruth. Four years later, eager to regain what was once theirs, a Turkish army swamped the meager forces of the Venetian kingdom of Morea. The locals, who had smarted under injustices done by Venetian nobles and Greek pirates, hailed the Turks as liberators. After a 100-day siege, Morea was Turkish once more, leaving the Turks free to turn on Corfu.

Both Russia and Venice had been Austria's allies in the Second Turkish War. To Eugene, it was obvious that the Empire would be the Ottomans next target. He believed it was better to go to war sooner rather than later because a rare spell of peace in Western Europe freed the imperial army to concentrate on the Turks. At the urging of both Eugene and Pope Clement XI, Charles VI insisted that the Ottomans relinquish their Venetian conquests. The Porte replied with a declaration of war in

Prince Eugene of Savoy, left, flourishes his field marshal's baton as he leads the forces of the Holy Roman Empire against the Ottoman Turks during the siege of Belgrade in 1717.

© Mary Evans / The Image Works

ABOVE: Prince Eugene surveys the besieged city of Belgrade through a telescope during the siege. RIGHT: Prince Eugene at the height of his glory. OPPOSITE: This 17th-century painting shows the brightly colored Ottoman army massing for battle. Turkish armies typically included thousands of camp followers.

1716, but after Eugene's victories at Peterwardein and Temesvár the Turks decided it was wiser to cease hostilities. They lifted the siege of Corfu and pleaded for an armistice.

The Turks found support among the English, who wished to curtail Austrian power and see Temesvár returned to the Turks. On the other hand, Peter the Great, who was eager to avenge his earlier defeat, offered to join the war against the Turks. Eugene would have none of it; Emperor Charles VI heeded his advice. The war would continue without the Russians. There was no need to let Russia have easy land grabs in the Danube region while the Turks slugged it out with the Austrians. The Empire did accept much-needed financial aid from Prince Maximilian of Hesse, Elector Max Emmanuel of Bavaria, the Venetian Signoria, and the pope, who imposed a tax on the clergy of Naples, Milan, and Mantua to help fight the Turks. Half a million additional guldens were extorted from the Jewish community.

Eugene wished to deal the Turks a crippling blow before new fighting broke out in the west. His thoughts centered on the southeast, on the prize that had so far eluded him: Belgrade, the Turks' "House of the Holy War." The strategic fortress-city was the gateway of the Turkish invasion route into central Europe. It was also a major trade center and the capital of Serbia. The capture of Belgrade would force the Turks to their knees.

Belgrade had seen four bloody battles in the last 30 years. Elector Max Emmanuel of Bavaria seized it in 1688 after 26 days of siege. Eugene himself was there that day, fighting side by side with the elector. Through enemy fire, the young Eugene led his troopers up to the walls of Belgrade, where a musket ball shattered his knee. Eugene's wound took months to heal and was complicated by a severe onset of bronchitis and sinusitis. The victory proved short-lived in any event, as Mustafa Kuprili recaptured the city in 1690. Three years later, a 49-day Austrian siege was unable to force the garrison into submission, leaving Belgrade solidly in Turkish hands.

In 1717, it was Eugene's turn to try and hoist the imperial banners over the walls of Belgrade. In preparation for the campaign, he raised additional heavy artillery and magazines and augmented the Danube fleet with 10 new warships. The bigger ships boasted 1,000 men and 56 guns. On May 13, the boom of Vienna's cannons heralded the birth of Maria Theresa, the future empress and daughter of Charles VI and Empress Elisabeth Christine. Eugene had delayed his departure for the eminent event. When Eugene left Vienna the next day, Charles VI presented him with a jeweled cross. Aware of Eugene's reckless nature, the emperor warned Eugene to take care of himself.

Eugene sailed down the Danube, disembarking at Buda. Eugene stayed just long enough to attend Mass and inspect the fortifications and the supply depot before continuing on to Futak, west of Peterwardein, on May 21. The Hungarian village would serve as the assembly point of Eugene's field army.

Eugene had increased his field army by 20,000 men, 17,500 of whom were raised in Hungary, the rest in Italy. At 100,000 men strong, supported by 200 guns and the Danube flotilla, it was the largest army Eugene had ever led against the Turks. Eight thousand volunteers, including nobles from half the royal houses of Europe, came to fight at Eugene's

Library of Congress

side. There were 45 nobles from Germany and France alone, including two princes from Lorraine and a company of Frenchmen led by the grandson of the late Louis XIV. The largest volunteer contingent was that of General Field Marshal Alexander Maffei, another veteran of the 1688 siege of Belgrade. Maffei brought with him the two sons of Elector Max Emmanuel of Bavaria and 5,700 stalwart Bavarians. Also in Eugene's army was 20-year-old Herman Maurice, the Comte de Saxe, who had served under Eugene since the age of 13. What he learned from Eugene would help Saxe become France's premier soldier.

Although Eugene knew very little about the size and status of the Turkish army, he planned to draw it into battle by laying siege to Belgrade. Wishing to gain the initiative, Eugene did not bother to wait for the last straggling troops to join his army. He had sent his favorite general, Count Florimund von Mercy, to scout

ahead. Using Mercy's information, Eugene left Futak on June 9 to march his army east along the north bank of the Danube. On June 15, he crossed the Danube at Pancsova. Eugene then doubled back west to approach Belgrade from the east and rear. His route allowed him to cross the Danube out of range of Belgrade's artillery and to approach Belgrade from the base of the triangle formed by the confluence of the Rivers Danube and Sava, which flanked the city from the north and west.

While his army closed in on Belgrade, Eugene personally led a reconnaissance mission. It nearly cost him his life when 1,200 Turkish cavalry waylaid Eugene and his escort. One of the Turks leveled his pistol at Eugene and came within a hair's breadth of pulling the trigger before an imperial bullet struck him down.

Choosing not to risk an immediate assault, Eugene planned to enclose the city within a ring of entrenchments. They were designed not only to guard against an outbreak from Belgrade but also to cover the rear of the imperial army in the event of the arrival of a Turkish relief army. Eugene's siege lines ran in a semicircle from the Danube to the Sava, enclosing Belgrade from the landward side. In addition, his men built a pontoon bridge over the Danube and another over the Sava to allow easy access into Hungary.

Lieutenant Field Marshal Count von Hauben established a bridgehead on the western bank of the Sava, driving the Turks from the higher ground at Semlin and entrenching himself with 16 battalions of infantry, 17 cavalry, and assorted Bavarian units. From there he could bombard northern Belgrade and guard the supply and communication routes to Peterwardein.

Belgrade's defenses had been heavily upgraded since the last battle at the end of the century. Its able commander, Serasker Mustafa Pasha, held Belgrade with 30,000 men, among them the cream of the Janissaries. Six hundred guns were at Mustafa's disposal and 70 ships guarded the river approach. Belgrade's civilians had been cleared from the city.

Mustafa watched as cannon fire erupted from the parapets, blasting the imperials who were busily digging trenches in the marshy grounds bordering the rivers. Mustafa was ready to fight until the Turkish relief army arrived. In small boats and raiding parties, the Turks harried imperial efforts to finish the siege lines. Janissary Serdengecti, or "head-riskers," left behind decapitated imperial corpses. A ducat was awarded for every Christian captured. Meanwhile, Turkish and imperial ships plowed the river, preying on each other's supply transports.

On July 11, the imperialists captured Turkish outposts on the north bank of the Danube. Two days later, Mother Nature came to Mustafa's aid when a terrible storm played havoc with the imperial camp. Winds whipped the waters into a frenzy, battering to pieces parts of the two bridges, pulling under supply ships and washing wagons and their hapless oxen into the river. A Turkish half-galley drifted into an imperial warship.

Seeing the imperial camp in shambles, Mustafa launched 10,000 men over the Sava. The Turks were out to finish off what remained of the mauled bridges and take the trenches. A Hessian captain held them off until reinforcements hurled back the enemy.

Four days later, with cries of "Allah," the Turks launched another assault. This time they hit the unfinished trench lines near the Danube. Imperial officers in the area squabbled over whether to await the attackers or sally forth and meet them head-on. The situation became critical, but Eugene instantly counterattacked with 250 cuirassiers of Prince Philip von Hessen's regiment. Sabers flashed as the cuirassiers, resplendent in their ridged helmets and bullet-tested breast and back plates, sent the Turks reeling.

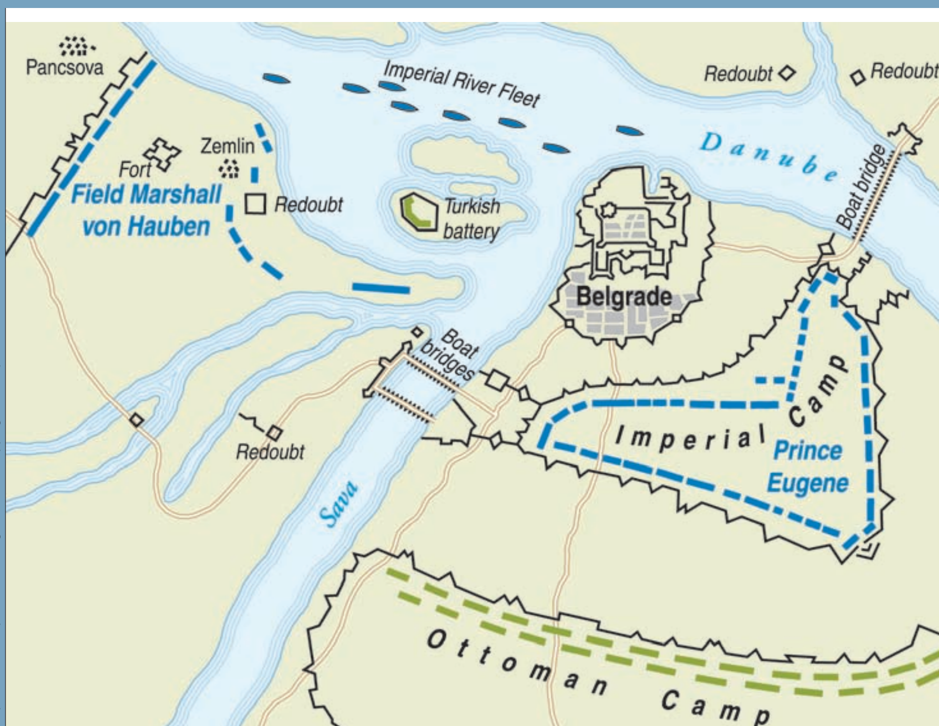
Mustafa's efforts and a lack of available timber slowed down imperial efforts to dig more trenches and ravelins (triangular fortifications). Reinforcements continued to trickle in, along with heavy

Warsaw National Museum

artillery shipped on river transports. By July 22, the siege lines were finally completed. Eugene's artillery hammered Belgrade relentlessly. The iron balls of his long field guns blasted apart fortifications. Grapeshot and explosive bombs from howitzers shredded defenders. A lucky mortar shot struck an ammunition dump, blowing up several thousand Janissaries assembling for another raid.

But Eugene's attrition of Belgrade's defenders had started too late. By the end of the month, the news he dreaded arrived. He had hoped to have Belgrade in his hands before he confronted the Turkish army. It was not to be. Cavalry scouts returned to herald the imminent arrival of the enemy army. An intercepted Turkish letter written by the Grand Vizier Khalil Pasha himself flaunted a 300,000-man army. However, as Eugene no doubt guessed, Khalil's boastful letter greatly exaggerated the strength of the Turkish army.

BEFORE MIDNIGHT THREE BOMBS EXPLODED, SIGNALING THE ADVANCE. EUGENE WAS BACK IN THE SADDLE. THE TRENCHES CAME TO LIFE AND 50,000 IMPERIAL TROOPERS FILED OUT INTO THE DARKNESS BENEATH A CLEAR, STAR-SPANGLED NIGHT SKY.



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

Khalil had his own problems getting his war machine into gear. In the wake of Eugene's victories in the previous year, the Ottoman soldiers were demoralized. Many wandered away before reaching the traditional muster at Adrianople. They risked execution by strangling, the punishment for desertion, rather than face the imperials. Artillery losses had been so heavy that guns had to be shipped from far away Middle Eastern arsenals.

The only Turkish units worth their salt were those of the Janissary corps, the "slaves of the Sultan," and Spahis, or professional Ottoman cavalry. These elite units made up only a fraction of Khalil's immense army, which numbered around 160,000 men, including 80,000 cavalry and 120 guns and mortars. The rest of his soldiers were poorly armed and poorly trained rabble collected from the provinces—of little more military value than the tens of thousands of camp followers. The latter included the Ordu Esnaf, literally an army of artisans, who provided everything from blacksmiths and pharmacists to candle makers and sheep's head sellers. The great number of noncombatants swelled the Turkish host to over 200,000.

Much of Belgrade lay in smoldering ruins. Victory for the investing army seemed merely a matter of time. But the eyes of many soldiers in the trenches were on the battered battlements to their front, where the Turks erupted into inexplicable jubilation on July 28, shooting rockets and fireworks. The exhausted, walrus-mustached imperial troopers beheld the arrival of Turkish cavalry, with its horsetail banners and green and yellow-forked flags, on the slopes to their rear.

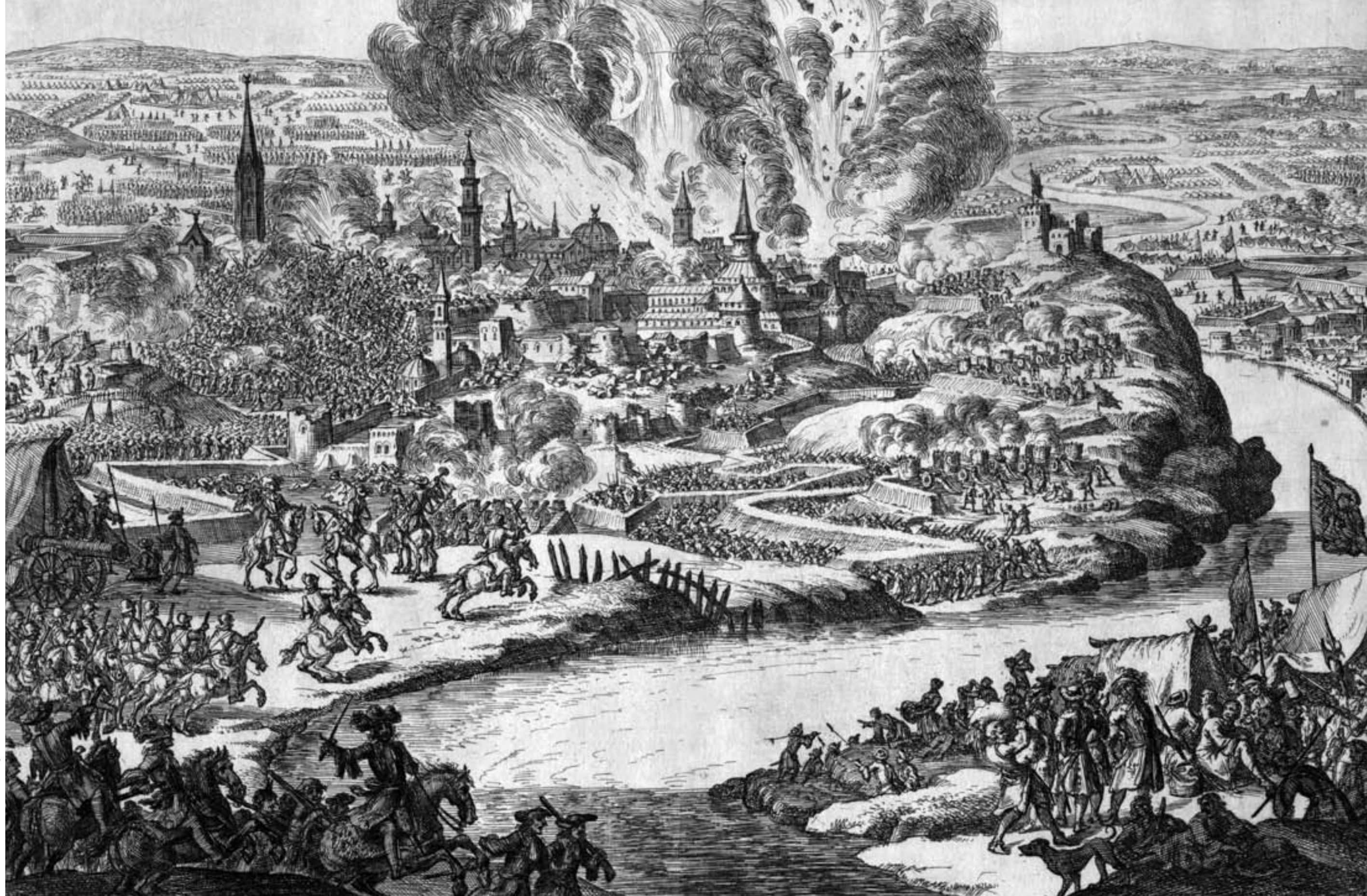
During the next few days, countless more Turks wandered in from the valley of the Morawa River, including Khalil Pasha himself. Khalil was not known as a great military commander, but as a former governor of Belgrade he had firsthand knowledge of the battlefield that lay before him. Accordingly, Khalil deployed his army in a half-moon position on the Heights of Crutza and Badjina south of Belgrade and Eugene's siege lines, which were so deep and high that they resembled a fortress. Khalil decided against an assault. Instead, at the beginning of August he began bombarding the imperial forces squeezed between his army and the besieged city.

News soon spread throughout Europe that Eugene was trapped. The prince was aware of his dilemma but determined to hold out, hoping that Khalil would risk an assault on the imperial lines or be forced to withdraw due to lack of food. But Eugene had misjudged the situation. Two weeks after he arrived, the fire from Khalil's guns was, if anything, getting more severe. Khalil had boldly advanced his own trench lines and batteries within musket range of theiImperial lines. Eugene's bridge over the Sava was threatened. If it fell, the corps at Semlin would be isolated.

The imperial soldiers were caught in a murderous crossfire between the guns of Belgrade and those on the higher ground held by Khalil's relief army. Casualties from the bombardment mounted, adding to those lost to exploding Turkish mines and infiltrating Serdengecti. Many imperial soldiers fell ill to dysentery augmented by an unbearable heat wave. Turkish galleys hindered transports from bringing in much-needed supplies. Attended by princes eager to learn the art of war, Eugene daily inspected his own lines and those of the enemy. He knew that his army was nearing the brink of collapse. There was no choice left for Eugene but to attack before his men completely withered away.

At 3 PM on August 15, Eugene summoned his commanders for a council of war. With their complete support, he announced that he would attack the Turkish relief army. "Either I will take Belgrade, or the Turks will take me," he joked grimly. He knew that victory at Belgrade, for either side, would spell the end of the war since neither the Emperor nor the Sultan could afford to raise another army.

As usual, Eugene planned the attack in the smallest details. Sixty guns were moved to the flanks to support the attack. Additional spare officers and gunnery crews were to join the infantry, ready to take over captured Turkish



Anne S.K. Brown Military Collection

Smoke and flames envelop Belgrade during the month-long siege. Thirty thousand Turkish troops under Mustafa Pasha held out, hoping reinforcements would arrive in time. OPPOSITE: Turkish-held Belgrade, located at the confluence of the Danube and Sava Rivers, was hammered unmercifully by Imperial grapeshot and mortars.

guns. To avoid the lines getting mixed up, officers were ordered to remain calm and not rush their troops. The cavalry should resort to their guns only when necessary, leaving the infantry units mixed among them to maintain a steady fire on the Turks. Eugene feared that even if Khalil was driven from the field premature looting could break up the imperial army and leave it at the mercy of a timely sally from Belgrade's defenders. Any looting would be punishable by death.

During the night, Eugene visited his officers and soldiers. He issued orders and offered words of hope, personally handing out wine, brandy, and beer to boost the men's courage. The Turks, he assured them, could be beaten if order was maintained and the imperial lines remained unbroken. His men's confidence in their leader, who had fought the Turks for 30 years, remained high. Eugene knew in turn that he could count on his officers and soldiers, many of whom were battle-hardened veterans of the War of the Spanish Succession. Lieutenant Field Marshals Count Browne de Camus and Peter Josef de Viard remained behind to hold the trenches with 10,000 men, including cavalrymen whose horses had perished. They would continue the siege, guard the thousands of sick and wounded, and be ready to repulse any sortie out of Belgrade.

Before midnight three bombs exploded, signaling the advance. Eugene was back in the saddle. The trenches came to life and 50,000 imperial troopers filed out into the darkness beneath a clear, star-spangled night sky. The cavalry regiments, the elite of the imperial army, commanded by Hungarian Field Marshal Count Johann von Pálffy, were first to walk out of the openings on the left and right wings of the imperial entrenchment. While Palffy's cavalry assembled in its squadrons, the infantry under Field Marshal Prince Alexander von Württemberg followed to form the imperial center. Fifteen battalions under Lieutenant Field Marshal Friedrich von Seckendorf stood in the reserve. In all, 52 infantry battalions, 53 grenadier companies, and 180 cavalry squadrons were coming for the Turks.

The imperial troopers did their best to dampen the sound of their battle gear and calm their horses. In places the Turkish lines were only a few hundred steps away. Vigilant Turkish guards heard the faintly audible clatter of steel blades, the tramp of boots and hoofs, the neighing of horses, and the foreign tongues of infidel officers giving orders to their men. A covering fog rose around 3 AM on August 16. Into it marched the imperial pearl-gray lines, seemingly swallowed by the mist.

The Turks stared in disbelief as imperial cavalry suddenly rode out of the fog. Led by von Pálffy, the horsemen appeared practically on top of the Turks digging new trenches. No one could see more than 10 paces ahead. For a split second the Turks remained frozen, then alarms shattered the predawn air. The deafening clamor of massive kettle drums, clarinets, trumpets, and cymbals burst forth as the Ottoman military band urged on its troops.

Sitting on his horse, Eugene heard the first shots echo somewhere on his extreme right wing. The battle had begun—much too soon for Eugene's liking. Inside the fog it was pure chaos. Everywhere the enemy was so close that artillery and musket fire were of little use. Imperial bayonets stabbed at red-clad Janissaries. Turks wielding two-handed axes ducked beneath flailing hoofs to hack at rearing imperial horses and riders. Pistol bullets ripped through Turkish shirts embroidered with verses from the Koran. Curved Yatagan swords parried the straight-bladed, heavy imperial cuirassier sabers.

On the Turkish left wing, Spahis galloped to the aid of the hard-pressed Turkish infantry. Pálffy's horsemen seemed unable to batter their way through the Turkish defenses. Count Mercy boldly

dashed forward with the second cavalry line. The Turks broke, but not for long, rallying and then viciously striking back. The first imperial infantry line, bristling with bayonets, appeared, led by Quartermaster-General Max von Starhemberg. The imperial cavalry rallied and struck the Turks in the flanks. This time the Turks fled for good, abandoning the higher ground and some batteries to the enemy. In the center of the line, other Turkish troops charged forward uncontested.

Around 8 AM, a strong morning breeze blew away the mist and revealed the terrible scene below. The battle raged on. The trenches were filled with Turkish and imperial dead. Eugene's army was in dire peril. Instructed to stay close to the cavalry, the first line of imperial infantry had been led too far to the right by Pálffy's disoriented horsemen. As a result, a gap had appeared in the imperial center, and into this gap poured untold masses of Turks.

There was no time to waste. If the Turks pushed any further, the imperial right wing would be severed and the battle surely lost. Eugene reacted with characteristic coolness and decisiveness. He galloped over to Prince von Braunschweig-Bevern's second infantry line, which was not yet engaged. Sword in hand, Eugene personally rallied his men. With drum rolls and trumpet calls, Bevern's men plowed into the Turks and pushed them back. The rapid fire of the imperial muskets mowed down the Turks, who shot back with slower matchlocks or charged with drawn swords. An endless human wave of Turkish soldiers, washing over the bodies of their fallen comrades, threatened to suffocate the imperials with their sheer numbers.

More help was needed, and Eugene was already on his way to get it. It was time for the cavalry reserves, whose horses nervously pawed the ground. Eugene's sword glittered in the sun as the cuirassiers and hussars thundered into battle. Mounted on his white horse Eugene personally led the attack. It was Eugene's last ride into battle. Like a battering ram, the imperial horsemen tore open the Turkish flanks. A musket ball hit Eugene's arm, and his horse reared up in panic, threatening to throw its master, but Eugene reined him in and dashed farther into the fray.

BELOW: Elite Turkish troops included an Ottoman artillerist, left, and a Janissary, or "head-risker." Most Turkish soldiers were poorly trained rabble from the provinces. OPPOSITE: Prince Eugene's Imperial forces attack and overrun Turkish defenders in their trenches. Extra rations of wine, brandy and beer fueled Eugene's soldiers on the eve of battle.

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A cry of despair rumbled over the Turkish hordes that were fleeing everywhere in heedless panic. On the Badjina Heights of the Turkish right wing, dense rows of crack Janissaries refused to give up the 18-gun grand battery. Their cannons blasted the imperial lines. To take the battery, Eugene gathered no less than 10 imperial grenadier battalions, three Bavarian infantry regiments, and two cavalry regiments. Unflinching in the face of cannon fire that ripped horrid gaps into their ranks, the imperial troops closed on the artillery barrels. With the call "Lower the bayonets!" the grenadiers and Bavarians overwhelmed the Janissaries, turning the captured guns on their former owners. The last centers of Turkish resistance collapsed. Bewildered at the rapid turn of events, Khalil ordered a retreat to save what he could of his army.

Around 9 AM, Eugene and his troopers topped the crest of the hill and beheld the vast, multicolored Turkish tent city. Farther to the south, the Turks were still trying to escape. Cannons fired into the fleeing masses, which were mercilessly hunted down by Hungarian hussars and Serbian infantry. Eager to clear the path before them, some Turks even hacked down their own men.

The Battle of Belgrade cost the Turks 20,000 dead, wounded, or captured. The imperials suf-

Deutsches Historisches Museum, Berlin, Germany/ © DHM/ The Bridgeman Art Library

fered 3,500 wounded, including Pálffy, von Württemberg, and the young Comte de Saxe. For Eugene, it was the 13th time he had been wounded in combat. Imperial dead amounted to 1,500, among them 17 generals and two lieutenant field marshals.

Upon the news of Eugene's victory, all of Vienna broke out in jubilation. Eugene's messenger had to dismount his horse to pass through the ecstatic masses. In front of the emperor and empress, the Jesuit preacher of the Cathedral of St. Stephan praised the divine intervention of "God's victory in the fog." Conquered flags and banners fluttered above the streets.

Back at Belgrade, Eugene's unexpected victory so overwhelmed Mustafa Pasha that he was unable to react fast enough to come to the army's aid. With Khalil Pasha's army routed, Mustafa was on his own. Still, Mustafa was reluctant to surrender. The city retained supplies to last another six months and, while most of the town was leveled, the defenses were not yet breached. However, Mustafa's soldiers thought otherwise. Many had wives and children in the city who continued to suffer from the imperial bombardment. When his soldiers began to grumble of revolt, Mustafa decided to answer Eugene's offer of safe passage in exchange for the surrender of Belgrade.

Eugene's white horse trod over the ruins of Belgrade's crumbled walls. From his saddle he surveyed the fallen city, the field of battle, and the columns of soldiers behind him. Eugene lifted his hat as a joyous roar of approval split the air, causing his horse to rear up on its hind legs.

Mustafa's trust in Eugene, who had treated Mustafa and his soldiers honorably after the earlier conquest of Temesvár, was not misplaced. Despite the grueling siege and battle, Eugene managed to curtail his troops and spare the city any major carnage. On August 22, 60,000 Muslims, among them 20,000 Janissaries, filed out of Belgrade's gates with their personal belongings and 300 carriages and 1,000 camels. Curious imperial soldiers gazed at the Muslim women, whose dark eyes were all that could be seen of their shrouded faces.

Along with Belgrade, Eugene netted 15 Turkish galleys and hundreds of additional cannons. The prince had no wish to push the war further into Turkish-occupied territory. Not only would the distances involved create supply problems, but the deteriorating political situation in the west made it prudent to reach a quick conclusion to the war. King Philip V of Spain had already sent his fleet to seize Sardinia from the Austrians. With the Austrian possessions in Italy under increasing Spanish threat, Emperor Charles VI pressured Eugene to free up his troops from the Balkans.

Negotiations dragged on until July 21, 1718, with Eugene keeping mostly aloof, although at times he mobilized his troops in such a way as to frighten the Turks into quicker acceptance of imperial terms. He met the Grand Vizier at Serbian village of Passarowitz to open the peace conference. The Treaty of Passarowitz between Emperor Charles VI and Sultan Ahmed III, mediated by England and Holland, secured a 25-year truce and relinquished the Banat of Temesvár, Belgrade, western Wallachia, and part of Serbia and Bosnia to Austria. The Ottomans managed to retain their Morean conquests—the reason the Empire had allegedly gone to war with the Turks in the first place.

Belgrade proved to be Eugene's last great battle. He retired from active military service, although he remained the emperor's primary adviser. For his services at Belgrade, Charles rewarded Eugene with a diamond-studded sword. He mildly chastised Eugene for personally taking part in the battle, observing, "If you had not survived, the greatest victory of all time would have been a tragedy and meant an irreplaceable loss."

At elite European social gatherings, lords and ladies marveled at Eugene's war trophies. Poets, painters, and historians immortalized Eugene's deeds. But perhaps the most appropriate tribute to Eugene was the famous folk song and later imperial cavalry march, "Prinz Eugen Lied." Composed by a Bavarian veteran of Belgrade, it was sung by imperial soldiers marching into battle for ages to come. □

By Al Hemingway

Lawrence of Arabia's dramatic and innovative style of irregular warfare changed the Middle East forever.

NORTH VIETNAMESE GENERAL VO NGUYEN GIAP ONCE TOLD A French diplomat that his "fighting gospel" was the *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* by T.E. Lawrence, the British officer who served as an adviser to the Arabs during World War I. The Frenchman was puzzled about the connection between desert warfare in North Africa and jungle fighting in Vietnam. Giap was quick to point out that Lawrence's autobiography was about guerrilla leadership, not about the terrain in which guerrilla warfare was waged. Giap would enjoy great tactical success against French and American forces in the ensuing years, with Lawrence's handy advice always nearby.

T.E. Lawrence, dressed as Lawrence of Arabia during his campaign against the Turks during World War I.

In his new book, ***Guerrilla Leader: T.E. Lawrence and the Arab Revolt*** (Bantam Books, New York, 2011, 332 pp., photographs, notes, index, $28.00, hardcover), military historian James J. Schneider has written a captivating account of the life of Lawrence, a young Englishman who developed a unique strategy that many insurgent leaders, like Giap, embraced in rebellions in their respective countries.

Thomas Edward Lawrence was born in 1888, the illegitimate son of Sir Thomas Chapman and Sarah Junner, his governess. They took the name Lawrence, moved to Wales, and sent him to school, where he graduated with honors. At the outbreak of World War I, Lawrence, who was now a second lieutenant in the British Army, was given the task of surveying the Negev Desert in Palestine because of its strategic importance.

Using his razor-sharp intelligence, Lawrence immediately immersed himself in his work. His ability to learn quickly and his command of the Arab language caught the attention of his superiors. His "magnetic blue eyes," one person later wrote, "made it easy to become his slave." When Ronald Storrs traveled to meet with Arab leaders to initiate a revolt against the Ottoman Empire of the Turks, Lawrence obtained permission to go along. It was a decision that would change his life, and the Middle East, forever.

Through his dynamic and innovative methods, Lawrence was able to unite Arab tribes, which had been at war with each other for centuries, to rid themselves of their Turkish masters. He believed that fighting the Turks in conventional battles would be fruitless. Outgunned and oftentimes outmanned, Lawrence instead used a hit-and-run strategy to keep the enemy off balance. By attacking the main rail line that kept the Turkish Army supplied and reinforced, Lawrence was able to tie up enemy troops protecting remote outposts. In doing this, the mobile Arab forces were able to strike at a moment's notice, destroy sections of the railroad, and erode the enemy's morale. As Schneider observes, it was a strategy of "geographical interest" that Lawrence and his Arab forces followed.

For his role in the capture of Damascus, Lawrence was promoted to lieutenant colonel. He assisted in establishing an Arab provisional government in the city, which in 1920 fell to the French. After the war, Lawrence served in both the British Army and the Royal Air Force. He developed a keen interest in motorcycles, an interest that eventually caused of his death in 1935 when he lost control of his cycle and crashed in the English countryside.

Schneider cuts through the many legends and myths surrounding "Lawrence of Arabia" to give the reader a clear picture of a true visionary in guerrilla warfare. He notes that Lawrence wanted to create a lasting peace in the Middle East, a peace that unfortunately has still not taken hold in the troubled region.

Hill of Squandered Valour: The Battle for Spion Kop, 1900 by Ron Lock,

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Do the Jews Have the Right to a State in the Holy Land?

The question is not whether the Palestinians are an "invented people," but rather why Arabs deny Jewish history and Jewish rights to a state in Israel.

The recent brouhaha about whether the Palestinians are an "invented people" misses the point. The real question we should ask is, "Why do Palestinian Arabs repudiate 3,000 years of Jewish history in Palestine and the rights of Jews to a state in their ancestral homeland?" Can peace really be achieved if the Palestinians teach their people the lie that Jews are newcomers and Palestinians were the original inhabitants of the Holy Land?

What are the facts?

Palestinian President Mahmoud Abbas stood before the United Nations General Assembly in September, 2011 and said, "I come before you from the Holy Land, the land of Palestine, the land of divine messages, ascension of the Prophet Mohammed (peace be upon him) and the birthplace of Jesus Christ (peace be upon him)." What's missing in Abbas's description of the Holy Land is any mention of its Biblical founders, the Jewish people, or the fact that Jesus was a Jew. So brazen is the Palestinian effort to turn history on its head that Abbas's predecessor, Yassir Arafat, often claimed that "Jesus was the first Palestinian martyr."

Indeed, rewriting the history of the land of Israel in order to deny Israel's right to exist is central to the Palestinian Authority's PR strategy. This rewriting has two dimensions: First to erase the 3,000-year history of the Jewish nation in the Holy Land; and second to invent ancient Palestinian, Muslim and Arab histories in the region.

The Palestinians deny virtually every fact of Jewish life in Palestine before and after Biblical times. Dr. Jamal Amar, a lecturer at Bir-Zeit University states that in the Holy Land after "60 years of digging . . . they've found nothing at all, not a water jug, not a coin, not an earthen vessel . . . absolutely nothing of this [Jewish] myth, because it is a myth and a lie"—this despite the discovery of tens of thousands of Hebrew coins, texts, pots, buildings and seals carrying Biblical references. Likewise, despite definitive archeological findings from the Temple Mount in Jerusalem and exhaustive scholarly confirmation of two Jewish Temples, the Palestinian Authority (P.A.) categorically denies the existence of any Temple.

What's more, the P.A. claims that since the Jews had no history in the Land of Israel, Zionism was a colonialist movement fabricated by Europeans to get rid of Jews. Another professor at Bir Zeit University, Samih Hamouda, asserts that President Abbas's student research proves "the Zionist movement is not Jewish . . . Rather it is an imperialist colonialist movement which sought to use the Jews . . . to further western colonialist plans."

To prop up claims that only Arabs have valid rights to the Holy Land, the P.A. and its academics have fabricated histories of Palestinians, Arabs and Muslims before Biblical times. Of course this is impossible, since the term Palestine was coined by Rome in 136 C.E.—after the time of Jesus. Islam was established much later in 610 C.E., and Arabs first arrived in Israel with the Muslim invasion of 637 C.E.

We witness more such distortions and outright lies in a 2005 Palestinian Authority video documentary that claims the ancient, vanished Canaanites were Arab, as were the Biblical Hebrews, and that the religion preached by Moses was Islam.

> *The Palestinians deny virtually every fact of Jewish life in Palestine before and after Biblical times.*

In the face of these fabrications, it's fair to ask: Are the Palestinians an invented people? The Associated Press headline responding to the question announced, "Palestinians 'invented people' is truth." But this is nothing new. The fact that the Palestinians are a made-up people has been established by all manner of historical research and acclamation, even by Arabs themselves.

We know that never in history was there a Palestinian state. We also know that nearly all the cities in Israel, the West Bank and Gaza have Hebrew names—like Bethlehem, Nazareth and Hebron—and their current Arabic names are translations of these names.

More importantly, back in 1937, the Arab leader Auni Bey Abdul-Hadi proclaimed to the Peel Commission, "There is no such country [as Palestine]. Palestine is a term the Zionists invented." Then in 1977, Zahir Muhsein, a member of the PLO Executive Committee said in an interview that "The Palestinian people does not exist. The creation of a Palestinian state is only a means for continuing our struggle against the state of Israel . . . Only for political and tactical reasons do we speak about the existence of the Palestinian people."

To say that the Palestinians are a fabricated people, however, is *not* to say that they don't deserve their own state. Rather, the problem arises when the P.A. invents *not only* their peoplehood but *also* a false history that justifies permanent jihad against the Jewish people and denies their rights to self-determination and a Jewish state in their homeland.

Israel has long accepted the idea of two states for two peoples—the Palestinians and the Jews. But the Palestinian Authority refuses to embrace this solution. As Mahmoud Abbas lashed out just a few months ago, "Don't order us to recognize a Jewish state. We won't accept it." Clearly, until this fundamental issue is resolved, the Palestinians will not achieve their goal of statehood. The fact that this outcome is based on falsehoods makes it a shame and a tragedy.

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Casemate Publishers, Havertown, PA, 2011, 288 pp., maps, illustrations, notes, index, $32.95, hardcover.

There was no love lost between the British and the Boers, descendants of German and Dutch settlers in South Africa. For decades, tensions between the two sides increased until finally the Boers attacked British forces in 1899, starting the Second Boer War and driving the British back to the town of Ladysmith, where they were encircled and bottled up.

With the arrival of additional reinforcements and a new British commander, General Sir Redvers Buller, the decision was made to cross the Tugela River at Colenso and drive the Boers from Ladysmith. The ensuing battle was a humiliating defeat for Buller's troops. Boer commandos, or burghers, had stopped some the best soldiers Great Britain had to offer. One American adviser, a cavalry captain, informed Washington that he was amazed by the "total invisibility of the enemy," a tactic the Boers would use frequently during the three-year conflict.

The defeat at Colenso ushered in the war's bloodiest battle yet, the seizure of Spion Kop, a 1,400-foot-high hill 20 miles northeast of Ladysmith. The British desperately needed to capture the hill to turn the tide of the rebellion and, more importantly, to gain the high ground that overlooked the Boer positions. If Buller could get artillery pieces to the crest of Spion Kop, he would literally hold the upper hand, forcing the Boers to retreat.

On a foggy night in late January 1900, British soldiers, spearheaded by the mounted infantry of the Royal Scots Fusiliers under Major Alexander Thorneycroft, commenced the assault. The fighting was intense, with the British taking the bowl-shaped center of the hill. Because of the darkness and the rocky outcroppings, they inadvertently believed they had reached the summit. Buller's men dug in—only to discover that the Boers were still above them. For the next two days, the two sides slugged it out for possession of the hill. The combat became exceedingly bloody as deadly Boer artillery raked the British positions. One private said later that "men were dropping at every step," with bodies "lying about in all shapes, legs, arms and heads blown off."

After withdrawing from Spion Kop, the British were able to reorganize and in a month's time retake Ladysmith, ending the siege. The Boer War continued for another two years. The burghers fought tenaciously, but proved to be no match for the overwhelming might of the British Army and its merciless policy of interning Boer women and children behind the lines in the world's first concentration camps.

Lock, who has spent the last 15 years as a battlefield tour guide in South Africa, has written an absorbing account of the desperate battle and its aftermath. It was combat, he says, that was "fought with 20th-century weapons but with medieval communications." In other words, it was a recipe for mutual slaughter.

The Battle of Adwa: African Victory in the Age of Empire by Raymond Jonas, Belknap/Harvard University Press, Cambridge, MA, 2011, 413 pp., maps, illustrations, notes, index, $29.95, hardcover.

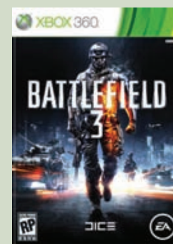
As the author states, the March 1896 battle for Adwa, a small market town in northern Ethiopia, was a battle for Africa itself. Much of the Dark Continent had been carved up by the European powers for its rich resources. Italy had annexed Ethiopia and signed a treaty with Emperor Menelik II in 1889, fooling the Ethiopians into becoming a protectorate of the Italian government. This prompted war between the two countries.

The Ethiopians' ultimate victory over the Italian Army was unprecedented on several levels. It demonstrated that wise leaders such as Menelik and his generals Makonnen and Alula were able to consolidate traditionally warring tribes and defeat their colonial masters. And not only did the Ethiopians devise a masterful military campaign, they also managed to convince the public that they were right in their actions—a forerunner to the American "hearts and minds" program used during the Vietnam War. Another important aspect about Adwa was the fact that a native army had defeated and driven a European force from their homeland. The entire world took notice of the military action that "set in motion the long unraveling of European dominance of Africa."

simulation gaming *By Joseph Luster*

Battlefield 3

The multiplayer should keep your blood pumping!



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Last time, we talked about *Call of Duty: Modern Warfare 3,* one side of the juggernaut war-gaming coin that attacked players near the end of 2011. But how about that other side, which has its own frothing legion of hardcore devotees who are just as steadfast in their hopes of knocking Activision's king of its lofty throne? *Battlefield 3,* like *Call of Duty,* has something unique to offer while still satiating that base need for controller-clamping, white-knuckle modern warfare.

The first thing that stands out about *Battlefield 3* is the presentation. While we may never reach the heights of photorealistic depiction—nor should we necessarily strive to—*BF3* comes pretty darn close with some of its elaborate vistas. This is, of course, most noticeable in the campaign, which primarily centers on Henry Blackburn, a U.S. Marine under interrogation for possible involvement in a terrorist threat. After a quick subway action setpiece, the framing for the narrative is established, and right off the bat it showcases where *Battlefield 3*'s single-player campaign goes astray.

A few games have attempted this technique before, but gamemakers should consider letting it stay in the realm of film and television. You put the protagonist under questioning of some kind, and through his recollection of events, gameplay sequences are initiated bit by bit. However, the tension is noticeably decreased when you're essentially playing through someone's explanation of what happened, even if it has no real effect on the action at hand. Worst of all, it's just plain dull. There's nothing interesting about breaking up the action to watch a couple of CIA agents grill someone, and if anything the cinematics serve as a choice opportunity to grab a snack between levels.

For the most part, those levels are briskly paced, but they don't quite live up to the promise that is eventually delivered in *BF3*'s multiplayer. It's rare that one feels as if they're truly in control of what they're doing or how they're progressing. The path from firefight to firefight is one full of running behind other soldiers, with instructions above their heads begging you to "follow" robotically. With multiplayer that's essentially a micro-war in and of itself; it's disappointing to feel so rigidly restricted throughout the campaign. Most of the firefights take place in tight quarters, with the enemies focusing fire on you and only you while everyone else barks orders. Yes, it truly is one man against the world here.

BF3 doesn't want you to lead, and it doesn't really spice things up with too many major, screen-shaking events to fill in for that missing sense of control. Rather, there's an oddly high amount of QTE (Quick Time Event)-style moments that prompt the player to press a series of buttons to evade what would otherwise be a surprising and thrilling moment of danger. In one section, the player is tasked with repelling down a shaft, throwing a flashbang through a window and getting the drop on the enemy. Thanks to the execution, though, this boils down to a few timed button presses

Taking all that into account, Jonas declares that "Adwa deserves a place among the great campaigns of modern times." Jonas has written a provocative book that sheds light on a piece of African history that has not received much attention by historians. He not only describes the battle in detail, but also the petty jealousies and idiosyncrasies of all the major players in an event that changed world history

Five Down No Glory: Frank G. Tinker, Mercenary Ace in the Spanish Civil War by Richard K. Smith and R. Cargill Hall, Naval Institute Press, Annapolis, MD, 2011, 400 pp., maps, photographs, notes, index, #6.95, hardcover.

Fighting pilot Frank G. Tinker rose from a teenage enlisted seaman in the U.S. Navy to graduate from the Naval Academy and fly missions for the loyalists during the Spanish Civil War. His aerial combat skills made him the war's top ace after he downed eight enemy aircraft. Tinker went on to command a Russian squadron during the conflict and later wrote an autobiography of his experiences in Spain.

Often characterized as an eccentric, Tinker possessed what some would call "people skills." He felt as comfortable surrounded by high-ranking officers and government officials as he did chatting with humble farmers and storekeepers in his hometown in Louisiana. He was a man who was comfortable in his own skin.

Despite all his accomplishments in his short lifetime, it is Tinker's untimely and mysterious death that provides the climax of this compelling book. When a hotel clerk found Tinker lying dead on a bed in his room in Little Rock, Arkansas, from a gunshot wound to his abdomen, the county coroner ruled it suicide. The authors paint a different scenario of the events that might have transpired that day. They assert that if Tinker had wanted to kill himself, he would have used his .45-caliber pistol, not his .22. Tinker, they write, may have been entertaining friends and been accidentally shot. Still alive, he might have told them to leave, but bled to death before he could call for a doctor.

The truth surrounding Tinker's death will never be fully known, but his extraordinary skills as a pilot make him a notable figure in aviation history.

Price's Lost Campaign: The 1864 Invasion of Missouri by Mark A. Lause, University of Missouri Press, Columbia, MO, 2011, 266 pp., maps, photographs, notes, index, $29.95, hardcover.

As author Mark Lause deftly explains, the term "raid," when describing Confederate general Sterling Price's incursion into Missouri in 1864, is misleading. Price had amassed an army of an estimated 15,000 men, a force large enough to constitute an invading army in any war. Nevertheless, Price's aim of seizing Jefferson City, the state capital, and St. Louis, never came to fruition. The Federals were quick to dispatch troops to the vital area, and soon had 65,000 men ready to repel any Confederate attempt at capturing the cities.

Union armies led by generals Samuel R. Curtis and Alfred Pleasanton hammered Price's bedraggled army, and by late October it was withdrawing south toward Texas. A determined rearguard action by Brig. Gen. Jo Shelby's men, combined with a tired Union force and what Lause terms ""their commander's questionable management," saved the remainder of Price's army.

Price had aspirations of disrupting the 1864 presidential election and ensuring a Republican defeat. Unfortunately for the portly Mexican War veteran, his raid failed on all counts. Not only did Abraham Lincoln win reelection in November 1864, but many Missourians did not rush to join the Confederates, as Price had believed they would. Instead, many fought with determination on the Union side. Widespread guerrilla abuses by the likes of "Bloody Bill" Anderson and William Clarke Quantrill also drove many Missourians to support Lincoln's bid for a second term.

Both Union and Confederate leaders acted "within a landscape of their imagination," the author states, adding that the "nineteenth-century realities of blood and iron would blight such landscapes." Lause has written a wonderfully detailed narrative of a part of the Civil War that has been misunderstood for years, and how its outcome affected the entire war and its aftermath. □

that transition into another underwhelming battle in a claustrophobic location.

Thus, *Battlefield* is at its most awe-inspiring when it's just that, a battlefield. Leave the corridor and parking garage shooting to the *Call of Duty* games, because *BF3* shines when your head is raised atop a tank, the desert wind blazing by. These are the moments when those stunning visuals really come into their own, and the effect is only marred by a few attempts to be a little too realistic. There's a constant layer of camera-lens dust and scratches on the screen, lending a documentary film look to everything, like you're really a cameraman hunched in the trenches and braving battle for the sake of journalism. Only you're not. You're a soldier, and stuff like that is ultimately superfluous in the long run. The effect would have been much more impressive had they saved it for the few moments when you actually do put something on your face, like a gas mask.

That's not to say that the whole thing is a drag. There are still a few moments that make *BF3*'s campaign worth playing through, even if they are few and far between. There's something special about the first time you step foot in a jet, ready to launch from an aircraft carrier in the middle of the roaring sea. If anything, this is great prep for when you actually get to use those jets to their fullest potential in the multiplayer, but in the campaign the limited control you have still offers an immersive, if brief, airborne treat. Outside of that and a few other bursts of engaging action, other shooters just do it better.

That's why *Battlefield 3* isn't endlessly lauded for its single-player campaigns. Instead, it's the multiplayer we look to for our thrills, and the competition doesn't really stand a chance. Where *Modern Warfare 3* is a faster, more arcade-like experience, *BF3* is … well, it's war. Both styles have their place, but if you're looking for more immersive action that will make you feel like part of a unit, this should keep your blood pumping for quite some time.

Playable classes include Assault, Engineer, Support and Recon, which have been tweaked in relation to the way they played in *Battlefield: Bad Company 2* (Medic has been replaced by Support, for example). Players can take these classes through a variety of modes, with 64-player support on PC, and 24-player support on consoles. Obviously this is one of the major differences between the two versions, and the truly dedicated will find a more satisfying war being waged on PC. The action in *BF3* really explodes when lobbies are full, whether it's in the more straightforward Deathmatch, Rush Mode—in which one side attacks and the other defends their M-COM stations—or the capture-the-flag style Conquest Mode.

It's the possibility that anything could happen, coupled with the overall variety that makes *Battlefield 3*'s multiplayer stand heads above the competition. It may be a shame that the single-player campaign doesn't manage to hit its own high notes, but that's really more of a light appetizer for the loaded main course. □

FROM THE PUBLISHERS OF WWII HISTORY MAGAZINE

D-DAY

Through A Soldier's Eyes...

Limited Edition Print

THE STORM was violent, the waves were huge and the noise was deafening for the soldiers in the landing craft on D-Day, June 6, 1944. As they neared the beach, the door dropped open... and this photo lets you see exactly what they saw, and feel what they felt: treacherous breakers, withering machine gun fire, a long beach, huge cliffs, and near-certain death.

None hesitated. These brave unselfish men jumped into the cold Atlantic waters. Two thirds of them died soon after, so that we could live in freedom.

This historic photograph shows American soldiers from Company E, 16th Infantry, 1st Infantry Division exiting their LCVP landing craft under heavy German machine gun fire on Omaha Beach. The photo was taken by Coast Guard Chief Photographer's Mate Robert F. Sergeant.

Company E landed on Easy Red Beach at 0645 in the face of murderous fire. Those few who survived kept wading right into everything the enemy had and took their objective, which provided the only exit from the beach that the entire Fifth Corps had for two days. Company "E," perhaps by strength of will and courage alone, helped keep the entire landing force from being thrown back into the sea. For a month afterwards, those who survived remained almost in a daze.

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Continued from page 17

Mexican clergy. In it, he said that he persuaded the church men to pull their support from the government and openly call for a truce with the United States. Beach told Buchanan that after the government began confiscating church property, "I urged them to organize resistance." Whatever degree of influence he may have had, Beach may well have passed along administration assurances of future friendship and access to the president.

After General Winfield Scott landed a sizable number of American troops at Vera Cruz in March 1847, the Mexican bishops went into action. They were able to raise 5,000 men, arms, and a large amount of cash to finance the rebellion inside Mexico and prevented Mexican forces from making a successful counterattack against Scott.

While the internal uprising continued, an old player reentered the mix. Santa Anna abruptly returned to Mexico in an attempt to regain power. During the dangerously chaotic time, Beach and his party deemed it prudent to return to the United States as soon as possible.

When the war ended with the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo in 1847, the United States obtained the territories of California and New Mexico. By then, Beach and Storms had returned home and reported to President Polk and Secretary Buchanan. There is no written record of the exact content of their discussions, but secondhand information leaked out.

Beach never spoke publicly about his secret sojourn to Mexico during the war, and at one time even claimed the trip had never taken place. Suspiciously, one of the reports that Beach wrote to Washington while he was in Mexico went missing, and there is no way to ascertain what was in the missive. There is one tantalizing report written by President Polk himself, a diary entry dated May 11, 1847, in which the president reported: "Mr. Moses Y. Beach, editor of the *New York Sun,* called and had a long conversation with me on Mexican affairs. He had recently arrived from the city of Mexico, where he had gone several months ago in the character of a secret agent from the State Department. He gave me valuable information."

Absent the unlikely full disclosure of the official Beach-Storms correspondence with Polk, that remains the final word on the subject. The true story of Beach's secret mission to Mexico continues to remain a historical enigma in the annals of secret diplomacy. Like many spies, before and after, he left no visible footprints to mark his path. □

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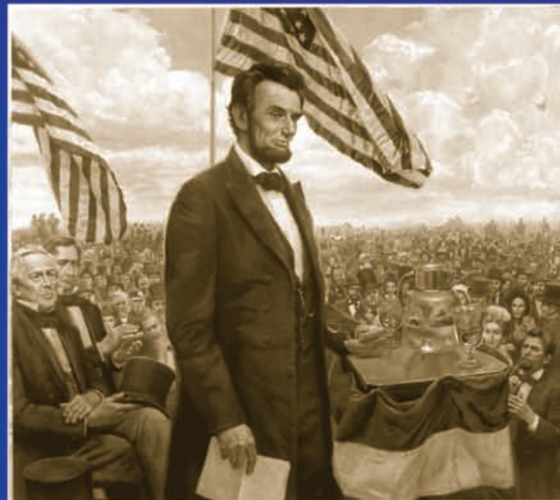

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John D. Hoptak is an American and Civil War historian and educator. Author of *The Battle of South Mountain*, *Our Boys Did Nobly*, *First in Defense of the Union*, and *Antietam: September 17, 1862*, Hoptak brings to life the riveting conflicts that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

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