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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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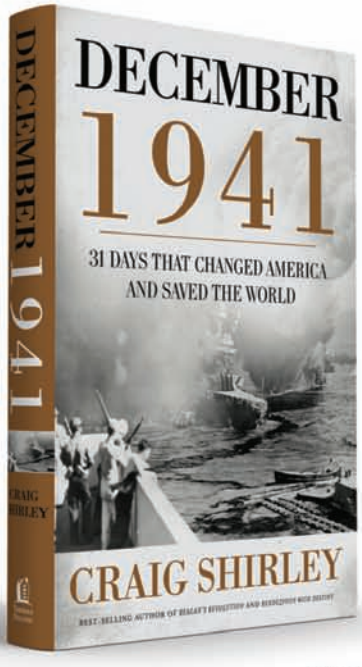

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December 2011

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COVER: Men of the 1st Infantry Division, The Big Red One, land on Omaha Beach on D-Day, June 6, 1944. See story page 46. The Granger Collection, New York

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Rudyard Kipling's enthusiastic support for World War I cost him his 18-year-old son, John, who died at the Battle of Loos in 1915, living up to his father's vision.

THE DOOMED YOUNG ENGLISH POET WILFRED OWEN achieved posthumous fame for his heartbreaking poems about common soldiers in World War I, but another British writer has seen his reputation sink precipitously as a result of his quite different take on the war. Nobel Prize winner Rudyard Kipling, once beloved by generations of readers for his exotic adventure stories and thumping inspirational verse, now seems like an anachronistic bearer of "the white man's burden"—his phrase—and a credulous war lover whose rampant jingoism cost the life of his only son.

Never a soldier himself, Kipling spent a great deal of time around other soldiers, beginning with the common men and low-ranking officers in the British Amy in India, where he was born and worked as an apprentice newspaperman. He later used his writing fame as entrée to the tents of commanding generals and the war rooms of prime ministers, including his first cousin, Stanley Baldwin.

A close personal friend of Sir Alfred Milner, the British high commissioner in South Africa, Kipling was an early and enthusiastic supporter of the Second Anglo-Boer War. That war, which saw the first appearance of organized concentration camps and the suppression of an indigenous people, Kipling considered a just defense of English imperialism. At its conclusion, he offered an ironic toast to South African president Paul Kruger for "teaching the British Empire its responsibilities, and the rest of the world its power." With no apparent irony, he praised the war for being "a first-class dress-parade for Armageddon."

Kipling was reflexively anti-German, habitually referring to natives of that country as "Huns" and "Goths." As early as the turn of the century, he was warning against German aggression and preaching war preparedness in Great Britain. When war finally came in 1914, Kipling threw his considerable writing talents into the creation of propaganda pamphlets and pro-government editorials. The world, he said, was divided into "human beings and Germans."

Kipling's only son, John, was still 16 when the war broke out. Severely nearsighted like his father, the younger Kipling failed to win admittance to the British war college at Sandhurst, and later was turned down when he volunteered for the Royal Navy. His father used his influence to secure John a commission in the Irish Guards. "This is the life," wrote John as he steamed toward France aboard a troopship. "Bread, sardines, jam, whiskey & water, A-1."

While Kipling made a high-profile propaganda tour of the Western Front, his son was learning the hard truths of life in a frontline regiment. "Just a hurried line as we start off tonight," he wrote to his parents on September 25, 1915. "The front-line trenches are nine miles off from here. This is THE great effort to break through & end the war. One will be in the thick of it tomorrow." It was the last message Kipling would ever receive from his son.

The next day, at the Battle of Loos, Lieutenant Kipling was last seen leading his platoon in an attack on a German-held building near Chalk Pit Wood. Much later, a fellow Guardsman reported that John was sobbing in pain from a shrapnel wound to his mouth. Kipling, who never heard the firsthand account, wrote a poem that began: "My son was killed while laughing at some jest."

Despite the best efforts of Kipling, his American-born wife Carrie, and the highest levels of the British government, nothing more was ever learned of John Kipling's fate. He is presumed to lie among the other 400,000 unknown British dead, for whom his father, then working for the War Graves' Commission, contributed the elegiac phrase: "Known unto God." In 1992, the British government reported finding the younger Kipling's grave, over which a headstone was placed, but many scholars dispute the veracity of the claim.

Kipling went to his own grave 21 years later not knowing what had become of his son. As an act of fatherly devotion—or guilt—he wrote a two-volume regimental history of the Irish Guards, modestly saying little of his son's participation except to note, "Here, 2nd Lieutenant Kipling was wounded and missing." His deeper feelings may have been revealed to a family friend, Julia Catlin Park, who called on Kipling to pay her condolences. As she was leaving, the novelist suddenly gripped her hand and urged: "Down on your knees, Julia, and thank God you haven't a son."

Roy Morris Jr.

MILITARY HERITAGE

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By Philip Burton Morris

Wilfred Owen fashioned the most moving and best-remembered poetry of World War I. The poetry, he said, was in the pity.

WHEN NEWS BEGAN TO CIRCULATE THROUGH THE CITY OF Bordeaux, France, in August 1914 that war had broken out with Germany, 21-year-old Englishman Wilfred Owen was as surprised as most. Owen had come to Bordeaux a year earlier to teach at the Berlitz School of Languages and had remained in France as a private tutor for the children of a local family. As he listened to the rapidly developing world calamity, Owen pondered his next move. It was a time of awful uncertainty for the displaced young Englishman, still years away from the poetic breakthrough that would secure his legend. "War broke; and now the Winter of the world/ With perishing great darkness closes in," he remembered in his poem "1914." The granite simplicity of the lines was uniquely his.

Owen soon grew restless in Bordeaux, writing to his brother Colin in August, "I feel shamefully 'out of it' here, passing my time reading the newspapers in an armchair in a shady garden," while his countrymen back home enlisted by the thousands and prepared to fight. "After all my years of playing soldiers, and then of reading History, I have almost a mania to be in the East, to see fighting, and to serve." Service was a kind of promise he made to himself: already an aspiring writer, disadvantaged by not having attended a prestigious university, Owen believed that returning home to join the British war effort was a golden opportunity for him to reconcile his twin impulses toward art and action.

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Once decided, Owen wasted little time. After recovering from a bout of diphtheria, he returned to England in the autumn of 1915 and enlisted in the Artist's Rifles, an officers' training corps that promised a commission to "any gentleman returning to England from abroad." He did not relish the boredom of training or the khaki uniforms, said Owen, nor did he feel the need "to save my honor before inquisitive grandchildren fifty years hence. But I now do most intensely want to fight."

The soldiering experience, as he

English soldiers killed during a bombardment prior to a German assault in World War I found little that was "sweet and fitting" about dying for one's country. RIGHT: Soldier and poet Wilfred Owen.

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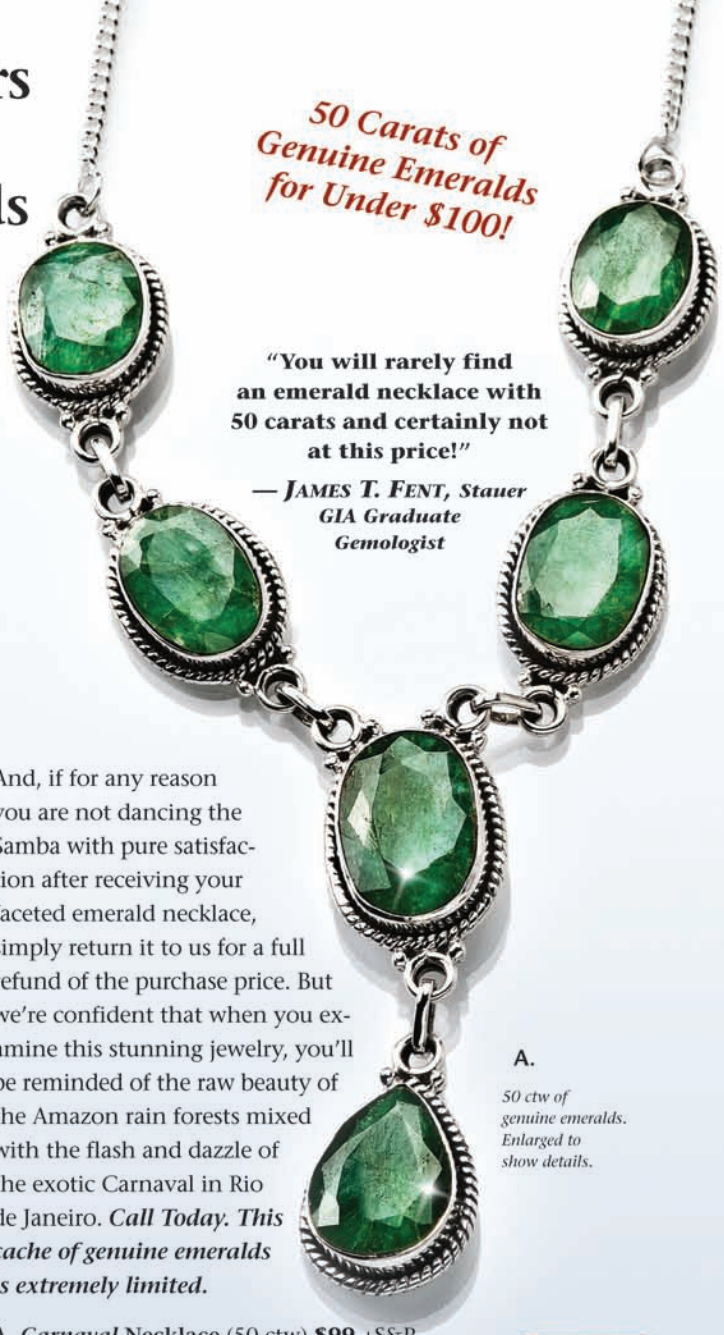

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Wilfred Owen, front row, third from left, with fellow officers in 1918. He served throughout the war with the Manchester Regiment.

had expected, was revelatory from the start. Owen was fascinated by the balance struck by his training officers between personal joviality and professional duty: "All our instruction is done by sergeants, who are as chummy between times as they are smart on parade," he observed. "Impossible to get them out of temper." Military life promised what Owen had hoped: the opportunity to remove himself from the irritating confines of quiet study rooms and English gardens and probe his undeveloped sense of honor and bravery. He was tired of having words do all the work.

Owen dedicated himself to becoming as impeccable a soldier as possible, explaining to his brother Harold, "If I have got to be a soldier, I must be a good one, anything else is unthinkable. I cannot alter myself inside nor yet conform but at least without any self-questioning I can change outside, if that is what is wanted." Harold came to visit Wilfred at his barracks in Essex in mid-September of 1916, and already Owen was speaking of himself as though he were a poem whose words required rearranging. Harold wished his brother well and hoped, as Owen left London by boat on December 29, heading back to France and the Western Front, that the meeting would not be their last.

The grim realities of trench warfare made themselves instantly known to Owen, who was commissioned a second lieutenant in the 5th Battalion, Manchester Regiment. "In 2 ½ miles of trench which I waded yesterday there was not one inch of dry ground," he wrote home, already weary of the daily demands placed upon the soldiers even before the line grew loud with gunfire. When it did, Owen was stunned by the vast, pitiless volume of the shells, which he reported back to his family with the visceral precision of an experienced soldier. "It was not a succession of explosions or a continuous roar," he wrote. "It was not a noise; it was a symphony. And it did not move. It hung over us. It seemed as though the air were full of a vast and agonized passion, bursting now with groans and sighs, now into shrill screaming and pitiful whimpering, shuddering beneath terrible blows, torn by unearthly whips, vibrating with the solemn pulses of enormous wings."

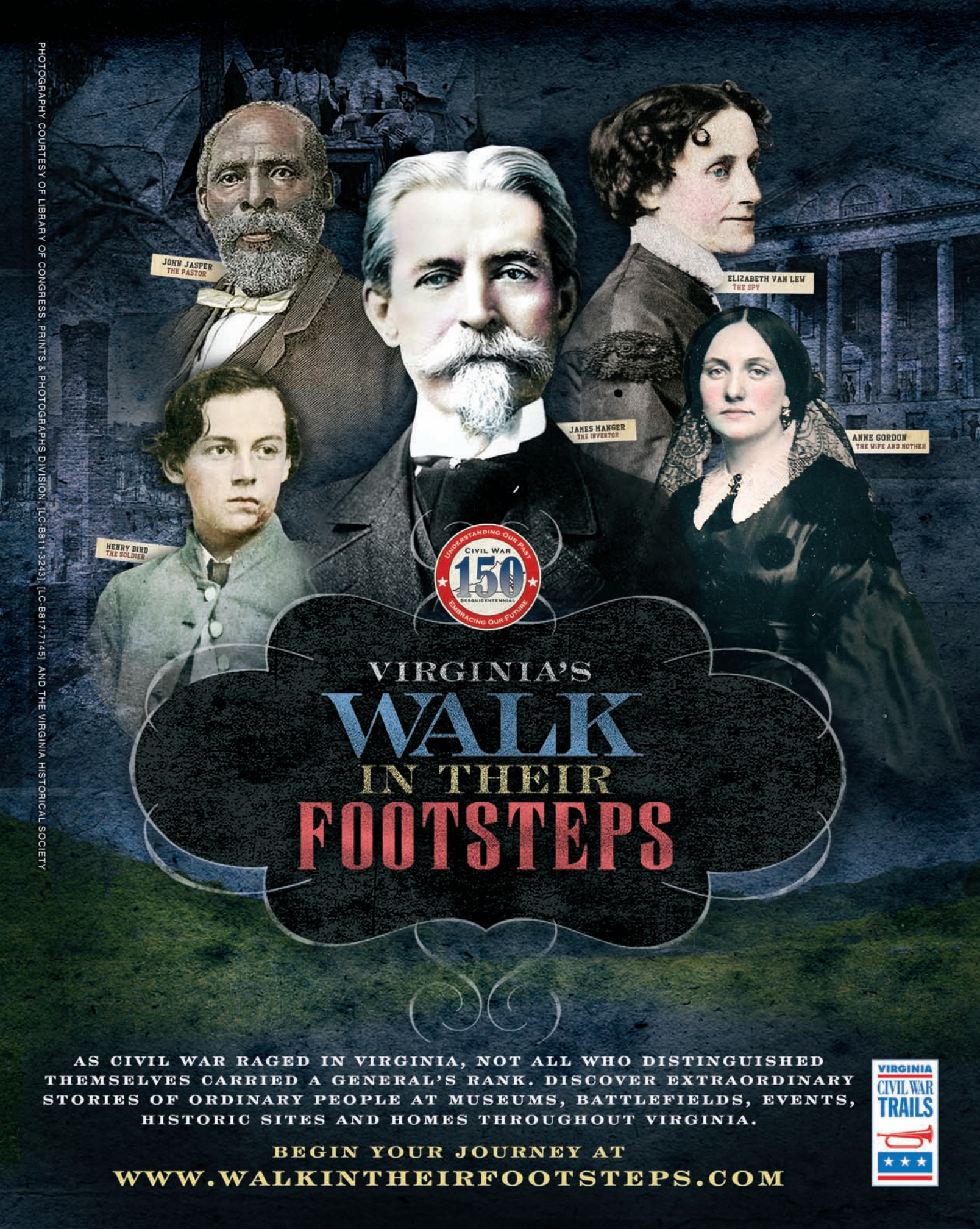
This was a mere prelude, however, to the coming day of combat that gave Owen his clearest, most appalling view of warfare, a vision of hell to which he would return again and again in some of his most celebrated poems. On January 12, 1917, Owen led his battalion up to the Bertrancourt line near Amiens. German forces began to shell them heavily, driving Owen and a section of his soldiers into a damaged hut for cover. The German fire persisted without letup—"The Germans knew we were staying there and decided we shouldn't," Owen reported mordantly—and the poet shared space with the ruined body of a dead soldier, petrified, shivering, and unable to escape. "Those fifty hours," he confessed in a letter to his family, "were the agony of my happy life."

Owen and the regiment spent the rest of the winter and spring on the front lines. The lifelong nature lover from Shropshire confronted a ruined landscape where "there is not a sign of life on the horizon and a thousand signs of death. Not a blade of grass, not an insect; once or twice a day the shadow of a big hawk, scenting carrion." The constant pressure of freezing days and nights in the trenches became unbearable for Owen. He described "hideous landscapes, vile noises, foul language even from one's own mouth (for all are devil ridden), everything unnatural, broken, blasted; the distortion of the dead, whose unburiable bodies sit outside the dugouts all day, all night, the most execrable sights on earth." Shortly after this meltdown, Owen did his best to explain frankly to his family the grave realities of his predicament: "I have suffered seventh hell," he wrote. "I have not been at the front. I have been in front of it."

On April 14, 1917, the regiment took part in an offensive at St. Quentin. Moving to support the French left, Owen's troops had to cross the exposed crest of a hill under heavy shell fire. Owen described the attack. "The sensations of going over the top are about as exhilarating as those dreams of falling over a precipice, when you see the rocks at the bottom surging up at you," he wrote. "I woke up without being squashed. Some didn't. Then we were caught in a tornado of shells. The various waves were all broken up and we carried on like a crowd moving off a cricket field. When I looked back and saw the ground all crawling and wormy with wounded bodies, I felt no horror at all but only an immense exultation at having got through the barrage."

Although he didn't realize it at the time, Owen was suffering from shell shock, partly as the result of a concussion he had sustained after falling into a 15-foot well while on patrol in the dark. His battalion colonel had him removed from frontline duty for observation. Diagnosed as suffering from neurasthenia brought on by combat stress, Owen was sent to Craiglockhart War Hospital in Edinburgh, Scotland, to rest and recuperate. There, his short-lived career as a poet would truly begin.

Owen settled into a peaceful routine at Craiglockhart. In July, less than a month after arriving, he assumed the role of editor for *The Hydra,* a depository for light verse and occasional poetry by the patients. It was while editing *The Hydra*'s eighth issue that Owen discovered he was in the company of Siegfried Sassoon, an older poet and soldier whose invaluable guidance would catalyze the evolution of Owen's poetry. Sassoon's own writings had an immediate effect on his apprentice. "I have just been reading Siegfried Sassoon, and am feeling at a very high pitch of emotion," Owen wrote. "Nothing like his trench life sketches has ever been written or ever will be written."



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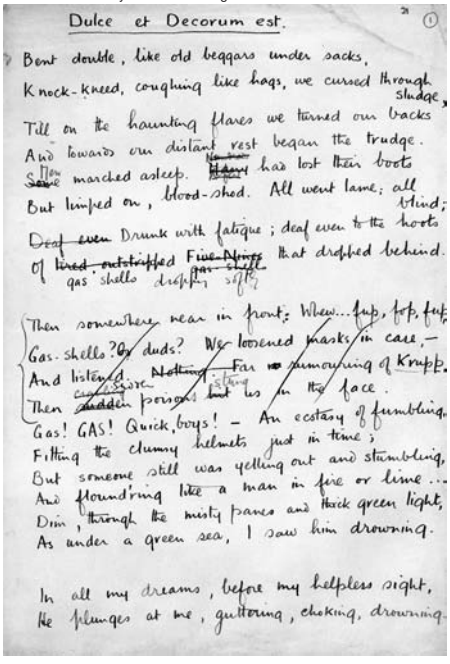

Dulce et Decorum est.

Bent double, like old beggars under sacks,
Knock-kneed, coughing like hags, we cursed through sludge,
Till on the haunting flares we turned our backs
And towards our distant rest began the trudge.
Men marched asleep. Many had lost their boots
But limped on, blood-shed. All went lame; all blind;
Drunk with fatigue; deaf even to the hoots
Of gas shells dropping softly behind.

Then somewhere near in front: Whew... fup, fup, fup
Gas-shells? Or duds? We loosened masks in case,—
And listened. Far off humouring of Krupp.
Then sudden poison's sting in the face.
Gas! GAS! Quick, boys! — An ecstasy of fumbling.
Fitting the clumsy helmets just in time;
But someone still was yelling out and stumbling,
And flound'ring like a man in fire or lime...
Dim, through the misty panes and thick green light,
As under a green sea, I saw him drowning.

In all my dreams, before my helpless sight,
He plunges at me, guttering, choking, drowning.

ABOVE: British troops go "over the top" during combat in 1917. RIGHT: Original manuscript of Owen's much-loved poem "Dulce Et Decorum Est," written a few weeks prior to his death on November 4, 1918.

At the encouragement of his doctor, Captain Arthur J. Brock, Owen had already been striving to capture in his own writing the combat sensations that had brought him to Craiglockhart. The process was a difficult one. "One became conscious that the place was full of men whose slumbers were morbid and terrifying—men muttering uneasily or suddenly crying out in their sleep," Owen noted. He was acutely aware of the fragile balance between days spent mending fears and the far less forgiving arena of remembered experience that arrived with sleep. His own dreams seemed constantly to undo the progress made each day. Owen diagnosed this as a mass symptom shared by many of his fellow soldiers at the hospital: "In the day-time, sitting in a sunny room, a man could discuss his psychoneurotic symptoms with his doctor, but by night each man was back in his doomed sector of a horror-stricken front line where the panic and stampede of some ghostly experience was reenacted among the livid faces of the dead."

The observation later found its way into one of Owen's most famous poems, "Dulce Et Decorum Est," in a pair of lines dripping with empathy for the dream-deprived soldier: "In all my dreams before my helpless sight,/He plunges at me, guttering, choking, drowning." As with much of Owen's writing, honestly describing his war experiences was of paramount concern. The poem took its title form a Latin slogan about how it was "sweet and fitting to die for one's country." With pitiless irony, Owen contrasted that decorous sentiment with a young British soldier's hideous death by poison gas: "the white eyes writing in his face," the blood "gargling from the froth-corrupted lungs,/ Obscene as cancer, bitter as the cud/Of vile, incurable sores on innocent tongues." No one seeing such a sight, says Owen, would be quite so quick to tell "the old Lie" about lovely sacrifice to "children ardent for some desperate glory."

His duty as a writer, Owen felt, was to educate the public to the true nature of combat, and of its endless, unforgiving ramifications. It was this impulse toward the unsentimental and the realistic in poetry that ingratiated Owen to Sassoon. The two met at the hospital in August 1917, and by September, Sassoon was actively supervising and editing Owen's poems. Sassoon had observed earlier, "The man who really endured the War at its worst was everlastingly differentiated from anyone except his fellow soldiers." In Owen he recognized both a like-minded poet and a fellow soldier.

The two men proved ideal companions during their recovery, and from September onward, Sassoon kept careful watch on the progress of Owen's work. He even suggested to Owen the title of a poem that he guided his protégé through writing. Sassoon thought it might be called "Anthem to Dead Youth." The poem, carefully revised throughout multiple drafts by both men, was finally entitled "Anthem for Doomed Youth." Upon its completion, the poem was instantly recognized as Owen's masterpiece—"a revelation," thought Sassoon, who compared the younger poet favorably with the Romantic master John Keats.

"Anthem for Doomed Youth" later vindicated Sassoon's praise by becoming the most anthologized and celebrated of all poems written during and about World War I. Its cadence carries a sense of resigned futility and disgust at the specter of helpless young men marching off toward certain death: "What passing-bells for these who die as cattle?/Only the monstrous anger of the guns." The only mourning service they would receive came from "the shrill, demented choirs of wailing shells," and their unnoticed deaths evoke nothing more than a winter sunset: "And each slow dusk a drawing-down of blinds."

His poetic triumph still fresh, Owen was dealt a mixed blessing on November 4, when the medical board at the hospital ruled that he had recovered sufficiently from his neurasthenia to return to his battalion. "You did not light me: I was always a mad comet; but you have fixed me," Owen wrote in farewell to Sassoon the following day. "I spun round you a satellite for a month, but I shall swing out soon, a dark star in the orbit where you will blaze." On the third week of November, Owen rejoined the regiment at Scarborough, joining the 5th Reserve Battalion, a new unit drawn from the tatters of the other war-torn Manchester battalions.

Owen used the Christmas holiday at the end of 1917 to measure the scope of his transformative experiences at Craiglockhart. His conclusion was typically graceful and straightforward: "I go out of this year a Poet, my dear Mother, as which I did not enter it." He could not help returning to the darker realities of his surroundings, and to the responsibility he felt toward his fellow soldiers. Their faces, he said, bore "an incomprehensible look. It was not despair, or terror, it was more terrible than terror, for it was a blindfolded look, and without expression, like a dead rabbit's. It will never be painted, and no actor will ever seize it. And to

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describe it, I think I must go back and be with them." And so he did.

Owen redoubled his efforts to make himself a fine soldier, while at the same time resigning himself to an early death in combat. On two-day leave in Shrewsbury in April 1918, Owen's brother Harold complained about his apparent fatalism. "You have made up your mind to get back to the front lines as soon as possible, haven't you?" "Yes I have, Harold," Owen answered, "and I know I shall be killed. But it's the only place that I can make my protest from." It was as though, having written a perfect antiwar poem with "Anthem for Doomed Youth," Owen chose to compose his final protest by returning to the war. If he wished to continue writing, he would have to continue fighting.

Siegfried Sassoon, too, had returned to combat, but he was wounded by friendly fire on July 13 and temporarily returned to a hospital bed. Owen was bolstered in his desire to serve by Sassoon's injury, although he was not without lingering uncertainties. "You said it would be a good thing for my poetry if I went back," he wrote to Sassoon from his new appointment near Amiens. "That is my consolation for feeling a fool. This is what shells scream at me every time: Haven't you got the wits to keep out of this?" Fighting at Joncourt on October 2, Companies C and D drove German forces south in dramatic fashion, as Owen breathlessly recounted to his mother: "I lost all my earthly faculties, and fought like an angel. I came out in order to help these boys—directly by leading them as well as an officer can; indirectly, by watching their sufferings that I may speak of them as well as a pleader can." The poet had already proven he could plead their sufferings. The officer now needed to lead his men as well. He did. "On the Company Commander becoming a casualty, he assumed command and showed fine leadership and resisted a heavy counterattack. He personally manipulated a captured enemy machine gun in an isolated position and inflicted considerable losses on the enemy. Throughout he behaved most gallantly."

The words came this time, not from Owen, but from the official citation accompanying the Military Cross later awarded to him for his actions during the fight. Owen had proven himself finally, unmistakably to be a soldier. By then, he was making plans to publish his poems in a book provisionally entitled *Disabled & Other Poems*. He scribbled out the rough draft for a preface, a piece of writing that Owen biographer Jon Stallworthy has termed "the most famous literary manifesto of the twentieth century." In it, Owen summed up everything he had learned in, and about, war: "This book is not about heroes," he wrote. "English poetry is not yet fit to speak of them. Nor is it about deeds, or lands, nor anything about glory, honor, might, majesty, dominion, or power, except War. Above all I am not concerned with Poetry. My subject is War, and the pity of War. The Poetry is in the pity."

A month later, on November 4, Owen offered his final protest, just as he had told his brother Harold he would. Leading the battalion across the Sambre Canal at Ors, Owen and his infantrymen came under heavy German fire as they attempted to repair a makeshift crossing-bridge. Standing at the river's edge shortly before noon, offering encouragement to those struggling to refasten the loose wooden boards, Owen was shot and killed. He was buried in a corner of the cemetery at Ors, between two of his men, Privates W.E. Duckworth and H. Topping. He would have approved the company.

One week later, almost to the hour, the Armistice became official—World War I was over. The Owen family back in Shrewsbury received notice of the death of their eldest child, the promising poet and decorated soldier, even as the village church bells, oblivious to the loss, were chiming their joy at the end of the war. □

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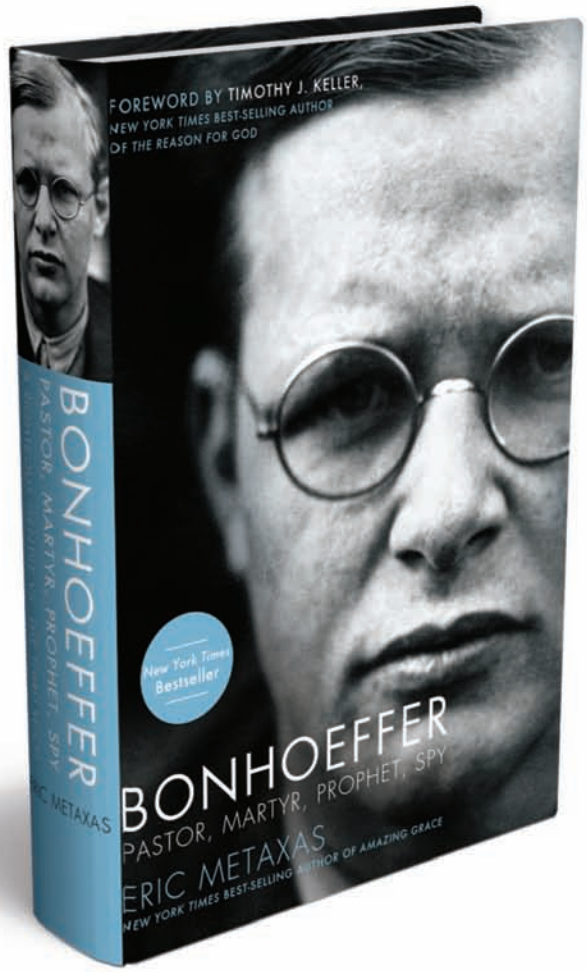

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By Glenn Birdwell

Hamilton Howze devised the Army's airmobile concept to deliver troops swiftly to the battlefield. It is still in use today.

"WHERE IS THE PRINCE WHO CAN AFFORD SO TO COVER HIS country with troops for its defense, as that ten thousand men descending from the clouds might not, in many places, do an infinite deal of mischief before a force could be brought together to repel them?" When Benjamin Franklin asked this question, he could not have envisioned modern air-assault concepts and weapons. It would be 200 years before Hamilton Hawkins Howze combined cavalry and paratrooper tactics, coupled them with a new "horse" (the helicopter), and produced a totally new product—airmobile. Many of the details were ironed out under fire, and the first field manuals were written in blood in Vietnam.

The United States Army Tactical Air Mobility Requirements Board was established in 1962 under a directive from Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara, who asked the Army to "take a bold new look at land warfare mobility." General Hamilton Howze was recognized as the officer with the necessary insight and experience to lead the effort. However, no innovative idea develops in a vacuum; existing or new concepts, tactics, and equipment are necessary components. Airmobile was no exception; some of the components were horse cavalry tactics, parachute infantry tactics, and the helicopter. Howze supplied the vision: battlefield mobility with a speed far superior to that of infantry, cavalry, or mechanized armor, although airmobile would be a mixture of all three.

An American UH-1D helicopter airlifts infantry under fire during a search-and-destroy mission near Cu Chi, South Vietnam, in 1966. RIGHT: General Hamilton Howze, author of the airmobile concept.

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UH-D "Huey" helicopters extract 8th Cavalry troops during a mission in South Vietnam in October 1967.

Howze was born into a military family in 1908. His father, cavalryman Robert L. Howze, had been awarded the Medal of Honor for action against the Sioux. His grandfather had been an infantry officer in the Confederate Army, and members of his family had served with Theodore Roosevelt's Rough Riders in Cuba. His maternal great-grandfather and namesake, Hamilton S. Hawkins, had died in battle at Vera Cruz in the war with Mexico. With a warrior pedigree, Howze graduated from West Point in 1930 and was assigned to the 6th Cavalry at Fort Bliss, Texas. During World War II, Major Howze was operations officer for an armored division in North Africa and Italy.

Howze received a Silver Star, Bronze Star, and Legion of Merit during his career, and at various times he commanded infantry and airborne divisions, corps, and armies. He was not, however, primarily a combat commander. Instead, Howze was a superb organizer and administrator. No obstinate bureaucratic pencil-pusher type of administrator, he was instead a problem-solver and innovator. He was not a by-the-book officer who knew only the Army way. Rather, he had fresh ideas and was willing to try them.

General Billy Mitchell, one of the best-known "air-power" rebels of all time, was a Howze family friend. Mitchell had often visited the home of Robert Howze when Hamilton was a boy. General Robert Howze had later been the presiding officer at Mitchell's courts-martial. Support for airpower fell with Mitchell, and Hamilton Howse learned to work within the system and advocated his initiatives in a nimble, agile, soft-spoken but ardent fashion. Airmobile was in many ways a revolutionary concept, but Howze used his personality and skills of persuasion to convince others of the utility and effectiveness of his approach.

Along the way, Howze was quick to adapt the ideas of others. Three examples were A.A. Vandergrift, Roy S. Geiger, and James Gavin. Vandergrift, a future Marine Corps commandant, had in 1909 written a thesis entitled "Aviation, the Cavalry of the Future." It was deemed unsatisfactory. Roy S. Geiger, another Marine Corps general, witnessed the nuclear bomb test on Bikini Atoll in 1946 and recognized the need for something new to replace old-style amphibious landings. Possibly the most significant air-cavalry philosopher was General James Gavin. He commanded the 82nd Airborne during World War II and wrote an article for *Harper*'s in 1954 entitled "Cavalry, and I Don't Mean Horses." In it, Gavin lamented the lack of units able to fulfill a cavalry function and stated the philosophical foundation for airmobile. "Cavalry is the arm of mobility," wrote Gavin. "It serves a useful purpose because of mobility differential—the contrast between its mobility and other land forces."

Gavin's article suggested that mobile forces be used to screen the infantry, scout enemy positions, exploit breakthroughs, and fight delaying actions. He also recommended that the new units be "lifted by helicopters or light aircraft armed with automatic and antitank weapons." Without the new units, Gavin warned, road-bound mechanized units would be exposed to ambush similar to the Chinese surprise attacks in Korea in 1950. Gavin's article provided a rough outline for the airmobile concept. When Gavin went looking for someone to appoint as the first director of Army Aviation in 1955, he found a man whose airmobile vision was coupled with an ability to implement and execute—Hamilton Howze.

As director, Howze pushed hard for aircraft procurement, both helicopters and fixed-wing support aircraft. He also authorized unorthodox tests of helicopter capabilities. Howze saw to it that every weapon imaginable was strapped onto a UH-1 (Huey). In these efforts, Howze had the assistance of another helicopter visionary, Jay D. Vanderpool, who worked nights and weekends to prove that the helicopter was a superior weapons platform. Vanderpool pioneered the "nap-of-the-earth" flying technique. In writing the first airmobile field manuals, he borrowed language from an old 1936 cavalry manual. Using cavalry tactics and helicopters was a vision that was rapidly becoming reality.

As early as 1957, Howze had a clear view of airmobile, as evidenced by a Pentagon briefing he delivered that year. In it, he presented a plan of defense against a hypothetical Soviet attack in Bavaria. Howze presented two scenarios. In the first, three Soviet divisions attacked one U.S. armored division. In the second scenario, Howze put the same three Soviet divisions against just one super-mobile U.S. Air Cavalry Brigade supported by combat engineers and artillery. Of course, such an air cavalry brigade did not yet exist. The U.S. armored division had hundreds of tanks and vehicles dependent on roads and intact bridges. The air cavalry brigade did not need roads or bridges. In fact, roads, bridges, and culverts could be destroyed or mined to frustrate the enemy. The Howze airmobile solution accomplished the delaying mission at a lower cost and with fewer casualties. In 1957 this was a unique, even revolutionary solution.

Howze left the Pentagon to command the 82nd Airborne from 1958 through 1961. In 1962, he was appointed to head the Army Tactical Mobility Requirements Board. The evolution from the 1957 map solution to leadership of the group that would create airmobile was fairly rapid for the hurry-up-and-wait Army. The deficiencies and limitations of existing units were apparent to all. Parachute infantry was airmobile of a sort, but once out of the plane, the "air" part was gone, and once on the ground, the "mobile" part was gone as well. Resupply and reinforcement depended on subsequent air drops tied to the vagaries of weather and enemy resistance. Armored units were confined to roads or open ground; infantry units were either road-bound or too slow in cross-country movement. What was needed was some type of highly mobile air cavalry unit that could dismount quickly, fight, remount, attack from a different direction, create enemy confusion, cut off enemy retreat, and provide an ele-

ment of hard-hitting surprise.

By 1960, the Army was beginning to see that a new approach might be necessary and created the Rodgers Board to review Army aircraft requirements. Howze was a member of the board and tried to have some airmobile tactics, doctrines, and units included in the final report. However, the more radical Howze proposals were rejected and more modest proposals were made. The conservative-minded Rodgers Board recommended the procurement of more observation helicopters and suggested that further studies be undertaken.

In 1961, a new administration took over and the focus changed. At issue were the limitations of conventional units and the concept of massive nuclear retaliation. Conventional and nuclear forces were to be reevaluated. The new administration of President John F. Kennedy sought solutions presenting the possibility of a more flexible response. Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara produced two memoranda in April 1962 addressing these issues. The first ordered the Secretary of the Army to review Army aviation requirements to "consider fresh, new concepts and give unorthodox ideas a hearing." The second memorandum contained a short list of people whom McNamara suggested serve on the committee. The first name on the list was Hamilton Howze.

Howze convened the Army Tactical Mobility Requirements Board in May 1962. The Howze Board was composed of 294 individuals: 200 officers, 41 enlisted men (all Army), and 53 civilians. There was one Air Force general included as an observer only. There were seven working committees and eight working groups. The deadline was August 20. One copy of the report, addendums included, was to fit in a standard Army footlocker. Howze instructed the board to "undertake a review of the application of army aircraft and the traditional cavalry role of mounted combat, reconnaissance, and security. Special attention was to be given to determine to what extent conventional surface vehicles could be replaced by aircraft, both tactical and support."

The Howze Board effort was no half measure. Suggestions were solicited from every corner. Questionnaires were sent to 400 officers and 300 letters went to aircraft industry employees. Tests were scheduled for Fort Bragg to simulate conditions similar to those encountered at Pusan in 1950. Further testing was scheduled for the Georgia swamps to simulate the conditions of Indochina. The pace was frantic. One group recorded 11,000 flying hours in six weeks. Forty-six different tests were done in May alone. One test compared the capabilities of conventional and airmobile infantry. With a helicopter lift capacity of one platoon at a time, the airmobile company initiated an attack over hilly, wooded terrain in just one hour, while the conventional infantry company took 24 hours to achieve the same objective. The tests were only experimental, but as Howze noted, they showed what was possible and what could be accomplished with speed, precision, maneuver, and firepower.

The board also conducted war game experiments. One scenario scripted a Soviet invasion of Iran opposed by airmobile forces. The scenario had Soviet forces invading through passes in the Zagros Mountains. The airmobile units were able to engage Soviet forces more quickly and therefore much closer to points of entry. If the Soviet forces remained on the roads, they were severely degraded. If, on the other hand, the Soviet forces turned against the airmobile bases, U.S. armored units had time to move into line. At least in the game scenario, airmobile was able to execute maneuvers and tactics best described by the phrase "float like a butterfly—sting like a bee."

Tests, war games, experiments, and reports were completed in a few months, and airmobile was scheduled for a full field demonstration in

front of Secretary McNamara and other esteemed delegates. Howze narrated the action to the assembled grandstands as an enemy ridge was attacked 1,100 yards away. Howze explained that facing an enemy entrenched on high ground was the toughest field problem any army could confront. He explained that a conventional infantry attack, supported by armor, would take hours to mount and suffer many casualties. If the new airmobile units could do this, said Howze, they could do anything.

In the test, 105mm howitzers fired three rounds apiece in eight seconds, followed by four Mohawk aircraft dropping one 1,000-pound delayed-fuse bomb apiece. The fuse-delay bombs were designed to bounce over the ridge before exploding on the reverse slope. Air Force dive-bombers were to be included at this point, but low clouds deleted this element. That made this purely an Army show, which suited Howze just fine. After the Mohawks, four helicopter gunships attacked the fortifications with machine guns and 2.75-inch rockets. Then came the climax—flying low, from behind the grandstands, at 110 miles per hour roared 30 Hueys loaded with infantry. Flying straight into the dust and smoke, they dismounted and attacked. Howze turned to McNamara and said, "Sir, from the moment the enemy could have known an attack was coming to the time our infantry was dismounted and on top of him was exactly 120 seconds. That's what we mean by air-mobility."

Members of the 1st Air Cavalry Brigade wait for Black Hawk helicopters to extract them following a mission in Iraq in 2009.

The final report of the Howze Board was submitted in August 1962. Written by Howze himself, it contained some radical recommendations. Five air assault divisions were to replace three infantry and two airborne divisions. Each of the new divisions would have 459 aircraft and 1,000

vehicles. By contrast, a regulation 1962 division had 100 aircraft and 3,452 vehicles. Everything in the new air assault division was to have airlift capability, thereby eliminating the need for numerous vehicles. Similarly, division artillery was limited to 105s; 155s and 8-inch howitzers were eliminated. The heavier guns were to be replaced by 24 Mohawk (fixed-wing) bombers and 36 Huey gunships.

Everything revolved around the use of Army air assets—primarily helicopters, but also experimental fixed-wing aircraft like the Mohawk. The report was far reaching and cutting edge. It even included a description of areas where airmobile would be most effective. Prophetically, Southeast Asia was seen as a place where the new unconventional airmobile might excel.

Although Howze's radical creation was later compared to the revolutionary formation of the first armored units, negative reaction, especially from the Air Force, was swift and abundant. General Curtis LeMay said the Army was creating its own air force and convened an Air Force Board to refute the Howze Board findings and recommendations. The Air Force board, besides charging the Howze Board with ignorance of Air Force capabilities, flatly stated that the U.S. Army was not competent to judge air warfare.

McNamara favored adoption of the Howze proposals, but his report to Congress contained this statement: "The Howze recommendations are so revolutionary in character they need to be tested before implementation." In February 1963, the 11th Air Assault Division was activated at Fort Benning, Georgia, to begin conducting 18 months of new tests and exercises. The tests and exercises yielded a positive recommendation by the Army chief of staff that was then forwarded to the Joint Chiefs. With only one dissenting vote—Air Force General John McConnell—the Joint Chiefs endorsed the Army findings.

In June 1965, McNamara authorized the organization of the 1st Air Cavalry Division. It combined the test division resources with those of the 2nd Infantry Division to produce a unit with 15,787 men, 428 helicopters, and 1,600 vehicles. Of the 428 helicopters, most were troop transports, but 39 were Huey gunships. The fixed-wing Mohawks were no longer part of the equation, having been sacrificed to the animus of the Air Force. With the activation of the 1st Cavalry Division (Airmobile), Howze's vision had become reality. Now it had to be tested in combat. The 1st Cavalry shipped out to Vietnam in August 1965.

Airmobile subsequently would win many vic-

tories in Vietnam, but the eventual U.S. strategic defeat left the airmobile concept bruised and bloodied as well. Helicopter warfare became associated with defeat. The helicopter was seen "an excellent carrier for the transportation and disposition of troops that could be modified into an excellent, if not indispensable support weapon. It permitted American forces to penetrate deeply into enemy-held territory [and it] provided rapid transport as well as combat readiness." However, it could not win the war by itself. Many believed that in Vietnam the U.S. Army was locked into an attrition/body-count mentality, and to accomplish these goals, they had substituted a tactic—airmobile—for an overarching strategy.

Association with the Vietnam experience made helicopter warfare fall out of favor for a time. Slowly, however, the wisdom of the Howze vision became more apparent. By 1990, almost all of his recommendations had been implemented. The airmobile ideas of 1962 reemerged with a vengeance using 1990s technology and were used to great effect in the 1991 Gulf War. In it, the 101st Airborne Division (Air Assault) was engaged for 60 of the 100 hours of ground combat. In the early hours of February 24, 1991, the 1st Brigade of the 101st, flying in 60 Blackhawks, seized a forward operations base 120 kilometers inside Iraq. The sudden appearance of the American troopers so completely surprised and unnerved the Iraqi defenders that they quickly surrendered. This unit was the first to supply the pictures of Iraqi soldiers trying to surrender to helicopters in flight. Certainly, even the imaginative Howze could not have envisioned such an eventuality.

The next day, the 3rd Brigade, lifted by 63 Blackhawks, moved 155 miles behind the retreating Iraqi Army and cut off its escape route out of Kuwait. Iraqi forces were trapped on a section of Highway 8—the Basra to Baghdad road—and totally annihilated. The extent of the destruction compared favorably to that of the German Army in the Falaise Gap in 1944. The air-cavalry had been responsible for closing the back door and shortening the war.

The maneuvers of the 101st Airborne in the Gulf War were textbook examples of air-cavalry as envisioned by Hamilton Howze. Speed and maneuver had achieved surprise and tactical superiority, and a flawlessly executed blocking maneuver had ensured the total destruction of enemy forces—cavalry tactics perfected by Nathan Bedford Forrest almost 150 years earlier and resurrected by Howze in 1962. In doing so, Howze produced a totally new concept of 20th-century battlefield mobility that continues to flourish in the 21st century. □

By Eric Niderost

Robert Rogers' frontier rangers mounted a punitive raid on the hostile village of St. Francis, earning Rogers the nickname, "White Devil."

ON THE EVENING OF SEPTEMBER 13, 1759, MAJOR ROBERT ROGERS and 220 hand-picked rangers climbed into 17 whaleboats and rowed across the placid waters of Lake Champlain. The night was dark, with only a scattering of stars. A dozen men in each boat worked the oars in two relays, propelling the boats through the inky water. Each man had time to reflect on the mission and weigh its overall chances of success.

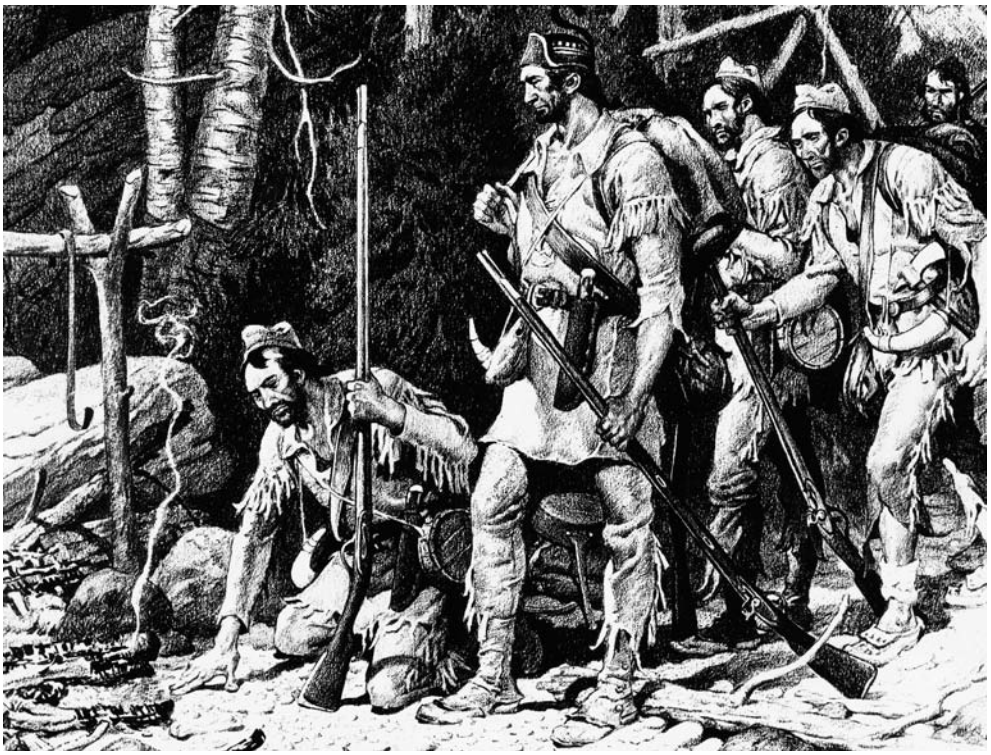
The mission was simple on paper, but daunting in execution. Rogers's rangers were ordered to "attack the enemy's [Indian] settlements on the south side of the river St. Lawrence in such a manner as you may judge most effective." The rangers would have to travel approximately 160 miles through some of the roughest wilderness in North America, yet also escape detection from the French and their Indian allies in the area. They would also have to maintain an element of surprise.

The raid was the brainchild of Rogers, an American frontiersman who was born in New Hampshire. He was raised on the borderlands, a wilderness area bitterly contested by England and France in a series of bloody colonial conflicts. It was a rough school, but Rogers soon became adept at surviving in the hostile environment. By the time he was in his early 20s, he was a seasoned frontiersman, tall (over six feet), tough, and thoroughly knowledgeable in the ways of the wilderness.

Rogers did not invent the ranger idea, which had been around since the Indian wars of the late 17th century, but he did codify the concept with a series of well-thought out "commandments" he called "Rogers' Rules of Ranging." His exploits made him famous, but his rules—a kind of field manual—proved even more enduring. Over time, he assumed control of the various ranging companies, although technically he was only a captain in command of his own personal company. These groups became known collectively as Rogers' Rangers, but they were in fact independent companies in loose association with him. There was never an officially recognized unit called "Rogers' Rangers" on British muster rolls.

British morale was at a low ebb when William Pitt became prime minister is 1757. Pitt soon grasped the importance of America in Great Britain's quest for victory over France. Fresh troops, ships, and supplies came streaming over the Atlantic. Maj. Gen. Jeffrey Amherst, methodical and competent, became the new commander in chief for America. Pitt envisioned nothing less than an all-out coordinated attack on French Canada, with rapier-like thrusts into the very heart of New France.

Amherst proceeded with caution, and his first moves met with success. Fort Ticonderoga was taken, finally removing a painful thorn from the British paw. The French also abandoned Fort St. Frederic, which the



Robert Rogers and his hardy frontiersmen, exhausted and starving, return from their lightning raid on St. Francis.

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Anne S.K. Brown Military Collection

British renamed Crown Point. But then Amherst's natural caution took over. The offensive had begun well but run out of steam. Precious summer months, with the best weather for campaigning, were rapidly slipping away.

Hungry for news from the north, Amherst dispatched Captain Quinton Kennedy of the 17th Foot to try and get through to other British commanders. Kennedy's party included another British officer and several Mohican Stockbridge Indian warriors. But Kennedy was more than just a courier; he was also empowered to offer peace to French-allied Indians along the way, particularly the fierce Abenaki. Kennedy's peace mission may have been a ruse, a way to get through hostile Indian territory and establish contact with other British commanders. If so, the trick failed, and Indian warriors captured Kennedy and all his party. French General Louis-Joseph, Marquis de Montcalm, wrote a letter to Amherst expressing surprise that two regular British officers had been caught out of uniform. The pair was clapped in irons, but otherwise well treated.

Amherst was furious when he heard of Kennedy's capture, claiming the officer had been operating under a flag of truce. Unhappy and frustrated, Amherst was in the mood for revenge. The capture of his emissaries was the last straw—the Indians must be taught a lesson. Robert Rogers stepped forward, suggesting a plan that had been in the back of his mind of some time, a raid on St. Francis, one of the principal strongholds of the Abenaki near the St. Lawrence River.

St. Francis—more properly St. François de Sales—was originally established opposite Quebec, but it was relocated near the St. Francis River in 1700. It was a Jesuit mission, and many of the Indians were at least nominal Catholics. The Jesuits, called the Black Robes because of their clerical garb, were successful because they sanctioned, or at least tolerated, many Indian traditional ways. The St. Francis settlement soon developed a reputation for savagery. Raiding parties poured out of St. Francis, attacking English settlements throughout the New England frontier. Men, women, and children were massacred and scalped, their hair proudly displayed as trophies at St. Francis. The settlement harbored the broken remnants of many tribes, although the Abenaki had become the dominant force at the mission. There were also Pennacook, Montagnais, Micmac, and Nipmucs, the latter originally from New England.

Rogers was happy when Amherst green-lighted his expedition, but he faced the immediate problem of obtaining recruits. The St. Francis raid was going to be most difficult, and there was a critical lack of seasoned backwoodsmen. Years of incessant frontier war had taken a heavy toll on the rangers. Rogers found new recruits among the provincial militia. Some British regulars also joined the expedition, particularly Light Infantry, Scots from the Royal Regiment, and the famed "Black Watch" 42nd Highlanders. The Rangers would also be accompanied by Stockbridge Indians from the Mohican tribe who had already performed invaluable services as scouts and auxiliaries.

After the raiders left Crown Point, the first goal was Missisquoi Bay, 80 miles to the north. Lake Champlain was fairly narrow in the early stages, and there was a distinct possibility that the rangers might be detected by a French flotilla that regularly scoured the waters. The French schooner *La Vigilant* and a trio of sloops were constantly on the lookout for British incursions. The expedition would row all night, then come ashore to hide in the lake's marshy rim during the day.

Within a few days, a steady stream of sick and injured men began to limp back to Crown Point. Rogers lost 41 men to disease or accident, about a fifth of his overall command. Rogers's luck held, however, and the raiders escaped detection by the French gunboats. The lake widened and the whaleboats took the channel to the east of the island, crossing a sandbar that would prevent larger vessels from following.

As they neared Missisquoi Bay, the weather turned stormy. The placid lake boiled with white water, and the rangers' fragile whaleboats were buffeted by waves, rain, and bone-chilling winds. Even after the rangers reached shore, their ordeal was not over. It was bitterly cold, yet they could not light fires for fear of discovery. Huddled in sodden blankets, wet to the skin, they could only shiver and wait for the dawn.

The rest of the journey would be on foot. The whaleboats were carefully concealed, together with a cache of supplies for the return trip. The rangers left Missisquoi Bay on September 23, leaving behind two Indian scouts to keep an eye on the whaleboats. The force headed in an easterly, then northeasterly track to avoid the French and their Indian allies. Progress was slow, perhaps 10 miles a day, because the rangers were passing through spruce bogs that made walking difficult.

Grimy and exhausted, the rangers were still at the beginning of their ordeal. The two Indian scouts suddenly appeared with unwelcome news: the French had found the whaleboats. Alarms were dispatched, and large parties of French and Indians were sent to intercept the raiders. Logic dictated that the expedition be aborted, but Rogers had no intention of abandoning his plans. He would destroy St. Francis, then retreat on foot though some of the roughest country in New England.

Rogers sent Lieutenant Andrew McMullen back to Crown Point with a message for General Amherst, asking him to send supplies to the Ammonoosuc River near where it enters the Connecticut. Roger explained that he would return there—if he returned at all.

The cream of the Abenaki fighting forces joined French militia to wait in ambush for Rogers and his men.

Rogers and the rangers had been lucky so far, but the major was not one to rest on his laurels. The next obstacle was the raging St. Francis River. The rangers were on the south side of the river, while their objective was on the north. The raging torrent had to be forded—but how? Rafts were out of the question, because wood chip debris from felled trees might float downstream and give a warning to St. Francis. Axes or hatchets would also make noise as they bit into the wood.

Rogers quickly came up with a solution. He formed some of the men into a human chain, gripping each other tightly, link by link. The river was about five feet deep at this point, the current swift. A man who lost his footing would find his head fully submerged, only to come up sputtering and gasping. The human chain was a success and the entire command managed to cross without any loss of life. The men were sodden but elated—the village was only a few hours' march away. Still, the journey had taken a heavy toll on the rangers. Most looked more like tramps than soldiers or woodsmen. Their clothing was dirty, torn, and ragged, and scraggly beards darkened their faces. Above all, the rangers were starving. It was desperately hoped that food might be found at St. Francis.

The rangers reached the outskirts of the village on October 3, and Rogers thought it best to reconnoiter. Around 8 PM, he and two other rangers entered St. Francis to glean what infor-

Eon Images

ABOVE: A fanciful 19th-century engraving of the St. Francis raid shows Rogers's men wearing antiquated pilgrim-style clothing. The ferocity, however, is real enough. OPPOSITE: This period engraving of Robert Rogers in uniform is considered to be fairly accurate. There are no formal likenesses of him.

mation they could. It seems incredible that Rogers could so freely enter an enemy village, but in this case the danger was more apparent than real. Saint Francis was a polyglot settlement, with people coming and going at all times. English captives could often be seen there, and French-Canadian trappers and hunters frequented the place. Rogers spoke fluent French, so his mere presence would not arouse suspicion. To further conceal his visit, when Rogers arrived, St. Francis was in the midst of a giant celebration, possibly a wedding.

Rogers and his two companions were surprised to see what St. Francis really looked like. It was no rude collection of birch bark huts, but rather a sturdy town with buildings more reminiscent of provincial France than the American frontier. The settlement boasted some 60 dwellings in all, many featuring windows, lofts, and cellars, clustered around a village square dominated by a Jesuit Catholic Church. There was also a council house with musket loopholes in its walls. Yet amid all the European trappings, there were still signs of Abenaki ferocity. Some 600 scalps, most of them English, were displayed around the village on trophy poles.

Rogers's plan for attack was simple but effective. They would pounce on the village in three divisions, converging on the target from the south, east, and north. Amherst's orders were clear: revenge could be taken, but Indian women and children were to be spared. Unfortunately, the semi-darkness, coupled with the excitement and fever of battle, meant that deadly mistakes were bound to be made.

The assault began at 5 AM, an hour before dawn. By then the celebration was over, and the exhausted revelers had returned to their homes to sleep. The village was completely surprised; no sentries had been posted. Once inside the village, the rangers fanned out, entering homes to kill every fighting warrior they could find. Resistance was easily overcome. Once the last shot was fired., the rangers put the village to the torch, burning French-style houses and Indian wigwams alike. High-pitched screams rose above the crackling flames. For those Indians taking shelter in lofts and cellars, their hiding places had become funeral pyres.

The rangers took a number of Indian captives, including Marie-Jeanne Gill and her two sons. Her husband was blond-haired Chief Joseph-Louis Gill, himself born of white captive parents at St. Francis. Marie-Jeanne, despite her French name, was a full-blooded Abenaki, the daughter of a principal chief. The raid also freed some white captives, including George Barnes of New Hampshire, a German woman from Dutch Flats, and three rangers who had been taken some time before.

One white captive, Jane Chandler, did not want to be rescued. Taken when she was about five, she had been adopted into the tribe and was now thoroughly native. Her Abenaki husband had been killed in the raid, and she was in no mood to be cooperative. On the journey back she purposely tried to get one party lost. The rangers' Mohican allies had little patience with such tactics and threatened to slit the woman's throat. They became distracted while squabbling over some corn, and Chandler made her escape.

Rogers later claimed that he had killed 200 Indians at St. Francis, but best estimates of the total village population placed it at 500 souls. Most of the warriors were away at the time, so the village population must have been smaller. The French claimed that around 40 villagers had been killed, most of them women and children.

Nevertheless, Rogers had accomplished his mission. The task now was to get home. Rogers and the rangers departed the ruins of St. Francis at about 11 the next morning. For the next eight days they marched until they reached the vicinity of Lake Memphremagog. Rations were short, the men were starving, and game was scarce. Rogers decided to break his men up into small groups, each with a reliable guide. It was a fateful decision, and one that would prove fatal for some groups. The major was a resourceful leader, but even he could not conjure up food in an empty wilderness.

The ensuing journey was a waking nightmare. Famished rangers ate everything they could find, including bark, beech leaves and small amphibians. Others consumed their belts and shoes, and even boiled their powder horns in a vain quest for nourishment. Exhausted beyond human endurance, they somehow kept moving toward the rendezvous point on the Ammonoosuc River. But when the rangers finally reached their goal, bitter disappointment awaited them. No one was there, although a smoldering campfire showed there had been recent visitors. Lieutenant Samuel Stevens had been dispatched by Amherst with food and supplies, but after waiting a few days, Stevens grew uneasy and returned to Crown Point. Supposedly he saw signs of Rogers' approach and thought it was the enemy. He missed Rogers and the rangers by two hours.

This was the last straw. The men simply could not go on any further. Summoning his last reserves of strength, Rogers left to get help with Captain Amos Ogden and Antoine, one of Chief Gill's captive sons. The major's goal was British Fort Number 4, 60 miles away. Somehow Rogers and his party reached the fort. By then, Rogers was in such poor shape he could scarcely walk, but he insisted on going back to the rendezvous point with the food his men so desperately needed. After more than six weeks of hardship, bloodshed, heroism, and savagery, the St. Francis Raid was over.

Rogers was celebrated for his wilderness skills, courage, and fortitude in the face of adversity. For the Abenaki, however, Rogers was anything but a hero. The major may not have actually killed many warriors, but his raid was a great psychological victory over the Abnenaki and their allies. His daring exploits gained him a new title among his Indian foes. To them and their descendants, he was Wobi Madaonodo—"the White Devil." □

By Donald W. Moore

A Phoenix estate sale produced several extremely rare uniform items belonging to a 3rd U.S. Cavalryman who fought in the Indian Wars.

A RECENT PHOENIX ESTATE SALE PRODUCED SEVERAL EXTREMELY rare uniform items belonging to one identifiable person. The items purchased included a pair of Civil War-era mounted trousers, an early Indian Wars dress tunic, and an 1872 dress helmet. The 1872 dress helmet is rare in itself; very few complete and original 1872 helmets are known to exist. A well-known expert has been able to trace only eight of these in collections. The items purchased also included an early color-coded dress tunic and an 1874 saber belt with a Civil War buckle. All of these items belonged to a member of the 3rd Cavalry who fought at the Battles of Rosebud and Slim Buttes during his sojourn in the West.

The gentleman who sold the collection thought it was a Spanish-American War uniform. No one knows what happened to the complete uniform, or how much of it the soldier kept after his Army discharge, but someone had carefully preserved the uniform parts and kept them in fine condition. There is no provenance to determine how the uniform got from Belleville, Illinois, where the soldier lived and died, to Phoenix, where it was purchased.

The 1872 Enlisted Dress Helmet, with lemon-yellow helmet and chest cords, is the rarest part of the collection. Made by Bent and Busch of Boston, Massachusetts, the 1872 dress helmet is extremely rare. While there were many manufacturers of the 1881 Dress Helmet, there were only three contractors for the 1872 Helmet: Bent and Busch, Jas. G. Davis & Company, also of Boston, and Wm. H. Horstmann Bros. & Co., of Philadelphia. The helmet is in excellent shape. When purchased, it was flattened on both sides, probably from storage, but was easily steamed back into its proper shape.

Author's Collection

The cavalryman who originally was issued the helmet, Wendelin Ehrig, wrote his name on a piece of paper and glued it inside the rear visor. It was not common at the time to label clothing; the author knows of no other 1872 Dress Helmet with this provenance. Ehrig's written name on the dress helmet matches his original signature on his enlistment papers. It is in a bold, literate hand. Later versions of his signature are shaky, with the letters crowded together, a sign of his later illnesses. However, the "W" in Wendelin and other letters in these later signatures are matches to his

Sioux warriors charging the U.S. Cavalry at the Battle of the Rosebud, June 17, 1876. RIGHT: Private Wendelin Ehrig's uniform tunic.

Library of Congress

Investors…

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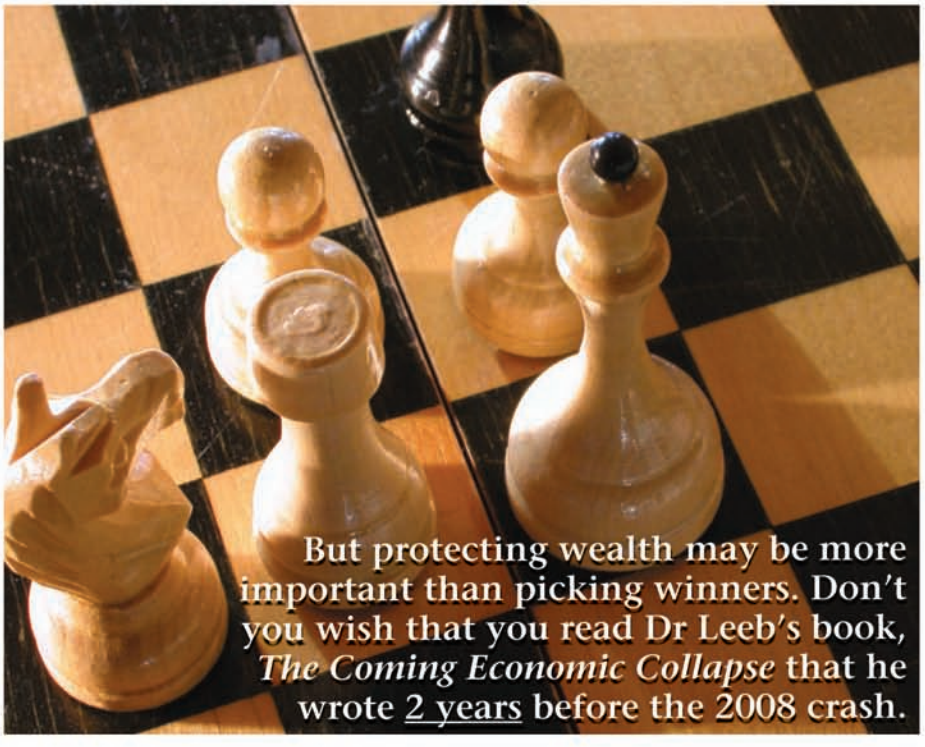

What is the best thing about financial independence? I have a friend who knows. Yes, he has a nice house and a nice car but he has something that eludes most of us. A low-stress life. He is financially independent and money does not cause him sleepless nights. He never inherited a large sum and he married for love, not for money. He never even made a huge salary. What he did do is a little extra financial homework and bought $10,000 worth of three stocks in the early 1980s. Microsoft, Intel and Wal-Mart. Three good decisions. Three VERY good decisions. Now his portfolio is over $10,000,000. A younger friend told me of his early investments in Amazon, Google and Apple. He is not worrying about paying his light bill. Can you enjoy this kind of stress free life? I believe that the answer is yes.

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How can you make these kinds of decisions? Are you going to get your advice from your broker? Maybe your brother in law has a hot tip? I would go a different way. I rely on a PhD. A mathematician and a professional market insider who has written 7 books on investing. He doesn't make money on commissions from your account—he makes money based on his accuracy. He understands the bigger picture, the macroeconomic state of affairs, commodities and world currencies. And he has a team of the finest financial analysts working with him.

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original enlistment signature.

The next item was an 1872 pattern dress coat with the brass numerals "3" for 3rd Regiment on the collars. Placement of regiment numbers on the collars was standard until the new uniforms came out in 1877, when regiment numbers were placed in the angle of the branch insignia (i.e., crossed sabers or rifles) on the kepi. The sky-blue Civil War M1861 mounted trousers in the collection reflected the continued issue of surplus Civil War clothing and equipment to enlisted men even after regulations specifying the new 1872 uniform were approved.

Ehrig should have been issued the new 1872 uniform during his service, but for many years following the Civil War surplus equipment, uniforms, and even food items such as hardtack were still issued to soldiers. In spite of the new uniform regulations, on June 16, 1874, Congress passed an act mandating that none of the money budgeted for new uniforms should be used for the purchase of uniform items until the supply on hand was exhausted. The reason for continuing to issue Civil War equipment was simple. At the end of June 1865, the Army had in storage 397,089 cavalry jackets, 890,249 forage caps, and 361,509 "reinforced trowsers [sic]." These trousers were reinforced with cloth or wool in the seats and legs, unlike later leather-reinforced models.

Today these items are scarce, since many of the surplus uniforms were given to Native American prisoners, military prisoners at Fort Leavenworth, and homes for disabled veterans. Some of the items were unfit for issue in the first place, or had been damaged in storage.

Also included in this set was an enlisted 1874 saber belt with a Civil War-era mounted enlisted buckle. A Mason's symbol was scratched into the back of the buckle. Ehrig was a bricklayer by profession, and in some of his papers he was listed as a mason, so the symbol gives the belt another connection to Ehrig. Although the Civil War buckle was not standard on the 1874 belt, Ehrig may have been issued the old buckle when he first entered the service and simply added it to the newer belt later.

Ehrig was born on November 30, 1850, in Kurhessen (modern-day Hessen), Germany. He was enlisted in New York by 1st Lt. J.B. Babcock, 5th Cavalry, probably John Breckenridge Babcock, a career officer who was a future Medal of Honor winner. Ehrig served from 1875 to 1880 and was discharged on November 25, 1880, at Fort D.A. Russell, Wyoming Territory. At the time of enlistment, Ehrig was 25 years old, with brown eyes, brown hair, and a dark complexion. He was 5 feet, 6½ inches tall. His original occupation was listed as a mason. After discharge, he moved to Belleville, Illinois, where he remained until his death in 1925. He had seven children; in 1898, four children were living and three dead.

Author's Collection

TOP: Civil War-era belt buckle that was issued to Ehrig. MIDDLE: The back of the belt, with its scratched-on Masonic symbol (circled). BOTTOM: Ehrig's surplus Civil War-era cavalry trousers. Such trousers were issued for years after the war until the surplus ran out.

Ehrig was in the field in Montana Territory from May 12, 1876, to October 25, 1876, and took part in a well-known engagement with the Sioux on June 17, 1876, on Rosebud Creek in Montana Territory. His troop served in the campaign against the Northern Cheyenne and Sioux Indians in Montana, Dakota, and Nebraska in 1876 and 1877 for more than 30 days, which was a factor in qualifying him for a pension.

Ehrig's service record states that he saw action at the C (Crow?) River [likely the Powder River] under Lt. Col. W.B. Royal in General George Crook's expedition on June 9, 1876, followed by the Rosebud River on June 17, 1876, and the Battle of Slim Buttes on September 9, 1876. He next served at Crow Creek on February 25, 1877, where he was apparently injured by a fall

from his horse during a charge. Two years later, Ehrig was stationed at Fort Robinson, Nebraska. On February 9, 1879, he joined in pursuit of Cheyenne hostiles. According to Lieutenant John Bourke's diaries, Ehrig's unit under Lieutenant J.F. Cummings attacked a village of 10 hostile lodges on Crow Creek, 50 miles north of Deadwood, South Dakota. They recovered 600 sheep and 17 ponies and horses stolen from citizens of Deadwood.

The War Department detailed another campaign in Ehrig's service records. His troop left Camp Robinson, Nebraska, February 16, 1877, en route to Deadwood, to pursue Indians depredating in the neighborhood. It struck a village, killing several Indians, then marched to Spear Fish in the Black Hills, where it went into camp on February 2, 1877.

The best-known battle that Ehrig's company participated in was under General Crook at the Battle of the Rosebud, where for the first time Crook was stalemated or even defeated by the Indians, depending on which historian one reads. Ehrig's unit may also have been in the subsequent starvation or horsemeat march. However, there is no mention of his company taking part in the march.

Erhrig's Company C was on guard during the Cheyenne outbreak at Fort Robinson. When the Cheyenne escaped from their barracks, Company C was called upon to stop them. They fell out on Lieutenant James F. Simpson's orders, half-dressed in some cases, as the breakout occurred in the evening and many of the soldiers had already gone to bed. They followed the Indians and fired when fired upon. Volley after volley was poured into the fugitives and earnestly returned by the Indians, who sped toward a saw mill south of the post. A number of bleeding bodies were found strewn along the road. Included among the bodies were those of Cheyenne women and children.

Ehrig eventually applied for a disability, using another incident to prove his claim to a service-related rheumatic condition. A man who had served with him, former Corporal Lewis Zinser, testified: "At battle of Crow Creek Feb 26, 1877, he [Ehrig] reported falling in the creek during a charge and that he was obliged to do guard duty while having his wet clothes on and by which he contracted a severe cold and was on the sick report again from which he contracted rheumatics and has been complaining every since and that at the battle of Fort Robinson Feb 9th 1879 the said Wendelin Ehrig was on duty while fighting Indians he contracted another cold. He was complaining of rheumatics and has been to the best of my knowledge ever since."

Zinser was not only a comrade at arms, but was probably Ehrig's brother-in-law. After their discharge in 1880, both Zinser and Ehrig next showed up in Belleville, Illinois, where on February 8, 1881, Ehrig married Anna Mary Zinser.

The only record the Army had of Ehrig's various complaints was his injury from the horse kick. He was denied the disability pension at first. Later, Ehrig applied for the pension again, noting that he and his wife were not financially well off. By 1918, the old cavalryman was almost blind and suffering from several illnesses. One of his sons, his main support, had joined the Army, leaving Ehrig and his wife without significant support. Wendelin Ehrig died on June 13, 1925, of mitral regurgitation and senility. At the time of his death he lived at 23 N. 12th Street in Belleville. He was interred in the Green Mt. Catholic Cemetery.

Ehrig's widow again applied for the pension he had been denied earlier, claiming that the fall into Crow Creek had caused her husband's lifelong rheumatism. Whether it was Mary Ehrig who took such loving care of Ehrig's uniform, or another relative or friend who stored it carefully for the future, may never be known. How the uniform got from Belleville, Illinois, to Phoenix, Arizona, is another mystery in itself. Neither is likely to be solved. □

The Glorious FIRST *of* JUNE

French Admiral Louis Villaret de Joyeuse was escorting a convoy of grain ships across the Atlantic when he was intercepted by British Admiral Lord Richard Howe off the coast of Brittany. The stage was set for the first epic sea clash of the Napoleonic Wars.

BY DAVID A. NORRIS

BRITISH ADMIRAL LORD RICHARD HOWE, standing on the quarterdeck of his 100-gun ship of the line *Queen Charlotte,* snapped his signal book shut on the morning of June 1, 1794. "Black Dick" Howe, his sailors said, never smiled except when a battle was near. He was smiling now. For two days, his fleet had clashed inconclusively with the French, and two more days of fog had kept the opposing warships apart. Now his captains had their orders, and the time for giving more signals was past. Howe's 25 ships of the line sailed toward a formidable battle line of 26 French men of war. The stage was set for the Glorious First of June, the first epic naval action of the Napoleonic Wars.

Beginning in 1789, Great Britain had watched anxiously as the French Revolution careened more and more out of control. By 1793, the ongoing Reign of Terror menaced the rest of Europe, and France was at war with Britain and much of the Continent. By pouring every bit of her national effort into mobilizing a vast army, France held her own and even gained ground against her enemies. But in early 1794, the revolution was in real trouble. Political turmoil and social upheaval, combined with bad weather, had caused a famine serious enough to threaten the new regime.

Food to ease the famine and prop up the revolutionary government was available from only one source—the United States. Still resentful toward Great Britain and grateful to France for help in winning their independence, Americans were happy to sell wheat to the French, whose

British Admiral Lord Richard Howe, left, erroneously shown in full formal uniform, directs the fighting from the deck of HMS *Queen Charlotte* on "the Glorious First of June." The mortally wounded officer is Lieutenant John Neville of the Queen's Regiment, who was killed when a cannon ball struck his sword and drove it into his side.

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Opposing commanders French Admiral Louis Thomas Villaret de Joyeuse, left, and British Admiral Lord Richard Howe, right.

agents purchased vast amounts of flour and other food, loading it aboard a huge convoy of French and American merchant vessels at Baltimore, Annapolis, and Norfolk. Rear Admiral Pierre Jean Van Stabel left Brest late in 1793 with a few warships to guard the food convoy. One French frigate, *Charente,* arrived at Norfolk with 22 million livres in coin, and a French consul brought more funds by wagon from Baltimore. As the French and American ships were loaded, more vessels arrived loaded with produce from the French West Indies. French passengers desperate to return to their homeland piled onto the ships. Men who could handle weapons were assigned to the accompanying warships; the rest were scattered on the merchantmen, many of which carried cannons of their own.

The last hope of revolutionary France, 117 ships laden with food, left Hampton Roads on April 15, 1794. In command of the convoy, Van Stabel had only two 74-gun ships, a pair of frigates, and a brig to guard against depredations by the British.

Keeping the Royal Navy away from the food convoy was the job of Rear Admiral Louis Thomas Villaret de Joyeuse. Villaret began his military career on land in the King's Guards, but transferred to the navy after killing a fellow soldier in a duel. After 1789, the revolutionists arrested or executed most of the senior naval officers. Villaret was one of the fortunate few sea officers who came through the Reign of Terror with their heads still attached. He had convinced the revolutionaries that his loyalty was to France herself, no matter who ran the country.

Some of Villaret's captains had also been naval officers, but among the rest were merchant ship officers without military experience. Until recently, one captain had been a boatswain; another had risen quickly in rank from common seaman. The crews' efficiency was impaired because many seasoned mariners had been pulled from the navy and sent into the army, to be replaced by inexperienced landsmen. Revolutionary doctrine held that true zeal and loyalty to France was more important than experience and nautical skills. That very much remained to be seen.

The French admiral had a potentially dangerous guest aboard his flagship, the 118-gun three-decker *Montagne*. To ensure that Villaret remained politically correct, the revolutionary government had sent a representative named Jean Bon Saint-André to sail with the admiral and report on his conduct. As a member of the revolutionary National Convention, Saint-André had voted for the execution of Louis XVI. He made it clear that Villaret faced the same fate if he failed to protect the grain convoy. The same penalty would apply to any officer who surrendered a ship that was not actually sinking.

The French Navy's efficiency may have been hurt by the loss of experienced officers and sailors, but the British Navy was not at peak efficiency, either. The war had caught both nations unprepared. After the end of the Revolutionary War with the United States, Britain's peacetime navy had been slashed to a fraction of its former size. Now, with a new war threatening national survival, naval press gangs ruthlessly scoured the streets of English port towns. Desperate for more sailors, the navy even raided ships of the commercial East India Company, leaving their vessels with barely enough hands to sail them. The Royal Navy was so short of marines that soldiers from several army regiments were reassigned to their ships.

Admiral Howe was the commander of the Royal Navy's Channel Fleet. Born in 1726, he saw his first action in the West Indies during the War of the Austrian Succession in 1742. He commanded the Royal Navy's North American forces during the American Revolution, although he had some sympathy for the rebellious colonists. Called "Black Dick" because of his swarthy complexion and taciturn nature, Howe was a strict disciplinarian, but he was always concerned with the welfare of his men and so was popular with them, despite his harsh regimen.

After returning from an uneventful cruise in April, the Channel Fleet sailed from Cowes on May 2, 1794. The British were not yet closely blockading the French ports and the fleet had spent the previous winter in port to save wear and tear on the vessels and crews. When they finally took to the sea, they had orders to escort the East India ships leaving England. After detaching several warships for convoy duty, Howe was left with 26 ships of the line. Rear Admiral George Montagu escorted the Indiamen as far as Cape Finisterre, and stayed to patrol the Bay of Biscay with six 74-gun ships.

On May 6, French Rear Admiral Joseph-Marie Nielly left Rochefort with six ships of the line to rendezvous with the convoy. Villaret waited at Brest until May 16, when he slipped out under the cover of fog. A day later, the French ships passed so close to Howe's fleet that they plainly heard drums beating and bells ringing as fog warnings on the British ships. Howe didn't know that Villaret was loose until a check on the harbor at Brest on May 19 found it empty of warships. It was just as well—Howe wanted to catch the French warships on the open sea, away from the protection of friendly shore batteries.

On the day Howe learned the French were out, Nielly intercepted a convoy from Newfoundland that was guarded by a single frigate, *Castor.* The French snapped up the frigate and many of the ships. That same day, a convoy of Dutch ships out of Lisbon ran into Villaret, and many of them also fell to the French.

Howe worried that Montagu's six ships might be overwhelmed next by Villaret. On May 21, Howe recaptured one of the fish-laden Newfoundland ships and learned that Villaret was sailing west into the Atlantic, away from Montagu. Armed with the knowledge that

Montagu's ships were safe, Howe ordered him to sweep the ocean for the French grain ships. Montagu searched fruitlessly for the convoy, then headed back to England, docking at Plymouth and depriving Howe of six much-needed ships of the line.

The British saw no sign of Villaret or the convoy for several days. They took two French corvettes that had followed them, believing them to be part of the greater French fleet. Too short of hands to man them, Howe had to burn the corvettes. At last, on May 28, a frigate sighted a flock of sails in the distance. They had found the French fleet.

The French held the weather gage (that is, they were closer to the direction the wind was blowing, giving them the choice of either fighting or sailing away) and were between Howe and the grain fleet. Villaret turned west to draw the British away from the convoy. Howe followed. The French admiral must have suffered while watching his fleet trying to maneuver. Smoothly trained crews almost slammed their ships into clumsily handled vessels that blundered into their way. Several ships fell so far astern of the rest that Villaret feared the British would take them, so he had his ships tack to let the slow ones catch up. Howe echoed the tacking maneuvers and then ordered a general chase. Late in the afternoon, his leading ships opened fire at long range. Plunging through heavy seas and squalls, rain lashed the ships as water sloshed through their lower gun ports.

The 110-gun *Revolutionnaire* dropped behind to deal with the nearest British ships. She exchanged fire with several vessels, but the 74-gun *Audacious* took the brunt of the attack. The guns of *Audacious* were much better handled than those of the French, which evened the odds between the two. By dark, the masts and rigging of *Audacious* were splintered and torn, but she had fought the larger adversary to a standstill. British fire toppled *Revolutionnaire*'s mizzenmast and shot away several spars and much rigging. The larger ship stopped firing, and it looked in the darkness as though she had struck her colors. But the crew of *Audacious* had her hands full repairing their own damage and could not secure the prize. During the night, another French ship towed *Revolutionnaire* out of harm's way. *Audacious,* too, had to drop out of the fight and limped back to England.

The fighting intensified on May 29. A hazy dawn found both fleets in line of battle, about six miles apart. Howe ordered his fleet to pass through the French line, which would give them the weather gage, and engage the enemy close up. At the urging of his flag captain but against his own better judgment, the admiral ordered the 80-gun *Caesar* under Captain Anthony James Pye Molloy to lead the attack. Molloy failed to pile on enough sail, and the rest of Howe's ships backed up behind him. Three ships, including Howe's flagship *Queen Charlotte,* steered on their own, and broke through the enemy line. The admiral then signaled for a general melee, and about a dozen British ships closely fought the French from the enemy's leeward side.

A red-hot French shot crashed into the captain's cabin of *Orion.* The shot kept rolling about and burning unfortunate sailors before a fast-thinking first lieutenant caught it in his speaking trumpet and tipped it over the side. An accidental shot from *Gibraltar* wounded Sir Andrew Douglas, *Queen Charlotte*'s flag captain. Douglas had the wound dressed and returned to duty, although he was unable to put his hat on over his bandage. When the firing died down in late afternoon, British losses totaled 67 killed and 128 wounded. No ships were captured or sunk, but three badly damaged French ships left the fleet and headed for port.

On May 30 and 31, the fog returned and hid the combatants for two days. Four more ships of the line joined Villaret, bringing his strength back up to 26. The fog began lifting late on May 31. Howe decided to begin battle the next morning rather than start a late-afternoon action that would run on after dark. Captain Thomas Troubridge and 50 of his crew of the captured frigate *Castor* were prisoners aboard *Sans-Pareil* during the battle. After the inconclusive fighting of the first two days of the action, and seeing Howe decline battle on May 31, Troubridge had to listen to Captain Jean-Francois Courand insult Howe and the British fleet. Troubridge told him to wait and see.

National Maritime Museum

Howe's shot-damaged command flag, a fine example of the 18th-century Union Jack, measured 13 by 18 feet.

The morning of June 1 dawned bright and clear, with a moderate breeze. Both fleets were sailing east to west in line of battle, about four miles apart. Howe signaled at 7:16 AM to attack the enemy's center, and he added an additional nine minutes for the ships to pass through the enemy's line and engage to leeward. On the leeward side of the French, the British would suffer greatly from the clouds of battle smoke, but it would also be harder for the French to escape. Damaged ships would find it especially hard to sail away against the wind.

Howe waited a few minutes for the men to have breakfast. Then, shortly after 8 AM, the British headed toward the French in line, 25 ships abreast of each other, sailing diagonally instead of straight ahead. Another signal at 8:38 ordered each ship "to steer for, and independently engage, the ship opposed to her in the enemy's line." As a final signal, Howe ordered one prepared for close action. When an officer protested that the codebook had no such signal, Howe replied, "There is a signal for closer action, and I only want that to be made in case of captains not doing their duty." Howe then snapped his signal book shut.

The French opened fire at long range just before 9:30. The British, sailing at an oblique angle,

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ABOVE: Locked in mortal combat, from the left, are *Achille, Brunswick,* and *Vengeur.* The ships were so close together that fragments of French powder bags and cartridges littered the British decks.

made good targets but could not fire back easily. The 74-gun *Defense* piled on sail and outdistanced the rest; other ships made less sail and hung back. Some captains later claimed that they believed the order to break the French line was optional, only to be done if practicable, and stayed back, firing at long range. In 15 minutes, the orderly British line was scattered and uneven. Howe had to start sending signals again, after all. Only seven ships actually broke though the French line, and the battle broke up into a jumbled series of single-ship duels.

Captain James Gambier, born in the Bahamas in 1756, commanded *Defence.* Gambier was so religious and morally strict that he seemed quite eccentric to the loose-living sailors. They called him "Preaching Jemmy." When *Defence* opened fire, they were close enough to the enemy that the men heard their shot thudding into French hulls. As enemy fire grew hotter, a sailor named John Polly joked that he was so short that French shot would pass over his head. Moments later, a cannonball tore off the top of his head. Speeding ahead of the fleet, *Defence* was the first ship to break through the French line, pushing between *Mucius* and *Tourville.*

The gunners could barely see each other through the powder smoke on *Defence*'s gun deck. Midshipman William Dillon remembered that "the guns were so heated that, when fired, they nearly kicked the upper deck beams. The metal became so hot that fearing some accident, we reduced the quantity of powder." Gambier lost his mizzenmast at 10:30, and the mainmast fell an hour later.

Mucius and *Tourville* took advantage of the crippled condition of *Defence* to sail away, but soon a French three-decker loomed toward them out of the smoke. It looked as though the French would rake their stern, and *Defence* was unable to steer. There was nothing to do but order all hands to lie down and wait for the coming broadside. A lieutenant, on the edge of panic, confronted the captain and exclaimed, "Damn my eyes, Sir, but here is a whole mountain coming toward us." Gambier was more upset by the officer's language than he was by the French. "How dare you, Sir, at this awful moment, come to me with an oath in your mouth? Go down, Sir, and encourage your men to stand to their guns."

The French ship, also battle damaged, was only able to loose a few scattered shots, one of which finished off *Defence*'s already disabled foremast. Another frightening moment came when *Royal Sovereign,* which was coming to her aid, mistook *Defence* for a French ship and fired on her.

After the fighting slowed, Midshipman William Dillon, his uniform and shoes damp with sweat and blood, made his way to the quarterdeck. He stopped to shake hands with the fellow midshipmen he found alive. His conversation with Captain Gambier was cut short when the second lieutenant, who was drunk, ordered the crew to fire several of their guns. Sparks ignited the foretopsail, which was lying over on its side. Once the fire was put out, the frigate *Phaeton* took the disabled *Defence* under tow at about 1 PM.

Captain Thomas Pakenham of *Invincible,* described as a "harum-scarum Irish captain," was a study in contrast with Gambier. A widely told anecdote had it that *Invincible* pounded away at a French ship until the enemy's return fire stopped. Pakenham then hailed the French vessel and asked if it had surrendered. When the French said they had not, he replied, "Then damn you, why don't you fire?"

As his ship drew near the battered *Defence,* with her crew clearing the wreckage from their decks, Pakenham hailed Gambier. "You are pretty well mauled," he said, "but never mind, Jemmy, whom the Lord loveth, he chaseneth!" Gambier asked in return how many men *Invincible* had lost. "Damn me if I know!" said Pakenham. "They won't tell me, for fear I should stop their grog." Pakenham's crew was already splitting up the rum rations of their dead comrades.

During the battle, *Leviathan*'s guns pelted their opponent, the 74-gun *L'America,* not only with iron but also with silver. When the Toulon dockyard was in royalist hands, Captain Lord Hugh Seymour took a fancy to some brass howitzers and had them hauled on board. The dockyard staff sent along some small red metal cans that they took to be canister shot for the brass guns. Instead of lead, these tins were packed with French silver coins that had been hidden at the dockyard by a French nobleman who for some reason thought they would be safe there. After *L'America* struck her colors, the side that had faced *Leviathan* was speckled with silver coins. Victorious British tars plucked out of her woodwork as many of the big silver-dollar-sized pieces as they could find.

In the fighting, *Marlborough* was dismasted and her captain and second-in-command severely wounded. Lieutenant Monckton, next in command, declared that he would be damned if the ship would surrender, and that he would nail her colors to the stump of the mast. At that moment, a rooster freed from its shattered coop perched on the shattered stump of the mainmast. The rooster flapped its wings and crowed, and the crew broke into a rous-

Both: Library of Congress

ABOVE: In this heroic rendering of the battle, the British flagship *Queen Charlotte* attacks the French vessel *Montagne*. French sailors are shown falling into the sea. LEFT: Captain John Harvey commanded HMS *Brunswick*. Despite being mortally wounded, Harvey declared, "The colors of the *Brunswick* shall never be struck!" He died one month later.

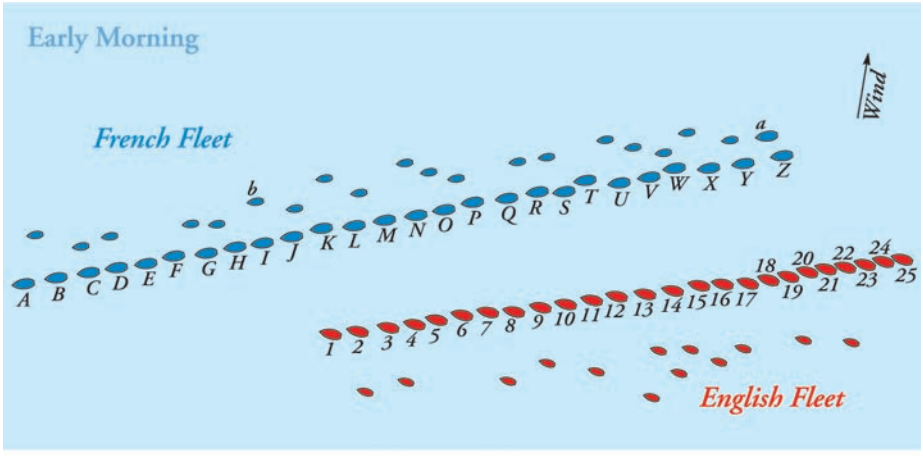
ing three cheers. Morale restored, the crew was soon aided by a frigate that took the shattered *Marlborough* under tow. The gallant rooster was later presented to Lord George Lennox, the garrison commander at Portsmouth. The ship's tars visited the bird often while the ship remained at Portsmouth, and the rooster lived to a ripe old age.

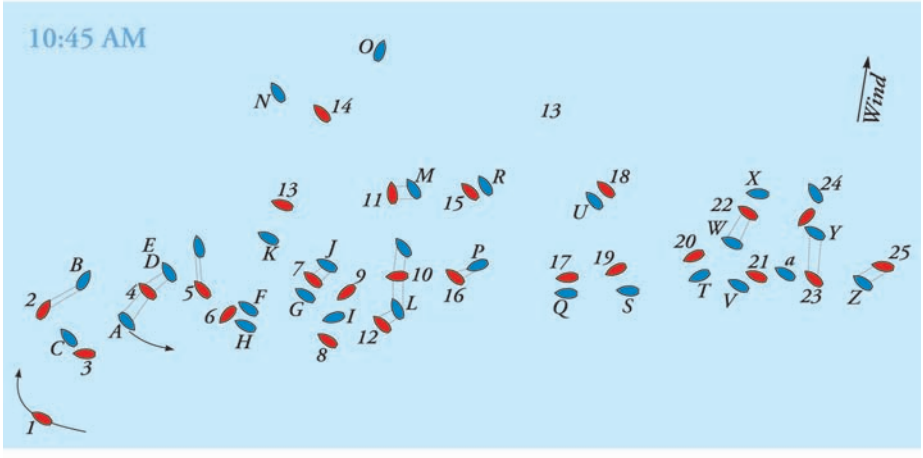
None of Howe's ships fought harder than the 74-gun *Brunswick*. She steered to break the French line between two other 74's, *Achille* and *Vengeur du Peuple*. When the latter pushed forward to close the gap, *Brunswick*'s starboard anchors caught in *Vengeur*'s forechains. The master of *Brunswick* asked Captain John Harvey if he should cut them free. Harvey replied, "No. We have got her, and, we will keep her."

Brunswick's gunners blasted through eight of their lower deck port-lids because they were jammed shut by *Vengeur*'s hull. As guns pounded at point-blank range, *Vengeur*'s short-barreled carronades swept the British decks with loads of langrel, a deadly mixture of old iron bolts, nails, scraps, and junk. French musket fire struck several men and tore three fingers off of Captain Harvey's right hand. Harvey's crew always took great pride in *Brunswick*'s figurehead, a statue of the Duke of Brunswick. When a French shot knocked the hat off the duke, Harvey donated a spare cocked hat to the ship's carpenter. The carpenter climbed out and nailed the replacement hat onto the figurehead, where it remained for the rest of the battle.

Locked together, *Brunswick* and *Vengeur* eventually drifted a mile to the leeward of the battle line in a little over an hour. *Achille* also engaged *Brunswick* until the British ship shot away her remaining mast and she drifted away. Harvey pulled himself to his feet after a large splinter knocked him to the deck. At about 11:30 AM, his right arm was shattered by a broken piece of bar shot. He refused help to get below to the surgeon. "My legs," he said, "still remain to bear me down to the cockpit." His final words while on deck were, "The colors of the *Brunswick* shall never be struck!"

The battle dragged on until *Vengeur* struck her own colors at about 2:15. The remnants of the French ship's masts toppled overboard shortly afterward, as did *Brunswick*'s mizzenmast. The





British Fleet

1. *Caesar*
2. *Bellerophon*
3. *Leviathan*
4. *Russell*
5. *Royal Sovereign*
6. *Marlborough*
7. *Defence*
8. *Impregnable*
9. *Tremendous*
10. *Barfleur*
11. *Invincible*
12. *Culloden*
13. *Gibraltar*
14. *Queen Charlotte*
15. *Brunswick*
16. *Valiant*
17. *Orion*
18. *Queen*
19. *Ramillies*
20. *Alfred*
21. *Montagu*
22. *Royal George*
23. *Majestic*
24. *Glory*
25. *Thunderer*

French Fleet

A. *Convention*
B. *Gasparin*
C. *America*
D. *Téméraire*
E. *Terrible*
F. *Impétueux*
G. *Eole*
H. *Mucius*
I. *Tourville*
J. *Trajan*
K. *Trente-et-un Mai*
L. *Audacieux*
M. *Juste*
N. *Montagne*
O. *Jacobin*
P. *Achille*
Q. *Patriote*
R. *Vengeur de Peuple*
S. *Northumberland*
T. *Jemmappes*
U. *Entreprenant*
V. *Neptune*
W. *Républican*
X. *Sans-Pareil*
Y. *Scipion*
Z. *Pelletier*
a. *Mont Blanc*
b. *Tyrannicide*

ABOVE: A moderate north-northeast wind did not affect either side during the Glorious First of June, although battle smoke hindered the French more. In all, 51 warships confronted each other in an east-to-west configuration. RIGHT: Despite being severely damaged in the battle, *Brunswick* managed to make her way back to England, thanks to a jury-rigged mainmast.

ships at last cut themselves free from each other and drifted apart. Twenty-three of *Brunswick*'s guns had been dismounted, and the ship had been set on fire three times by French muzzle blasts.

Water poured into *Vengeur* through shot holes and her lower ports, and she sank at 5:30 that afternoon. None of *Brunswick*'s boats were usable, but other British ships saved some of the French sailors. The crippled *Brunswick* drifted so far with the wind that the remnants of the French fleet blocked her way back to Howe's ships. *Brunswick* then set up a jury rig and made her way to England.

Because the ships were often so close to one another when firing, scorched fragments of French powder bags or cartridges littered the British decks. Many of these cartridges were made of parchment and bore medieval ink and painted lettering. The cartridges had been made from centuries-old manuscripts of church music and aristocratic pedigrees seized by the anti-clerical revolutionaries. By the time *Vengeur* struck her colors, the battle was winding down. Six French ships of the line besides *Vengeur* were captured. Among them was one ship with the decidedly non-French name of *Northumberland*; she was a French-built 74-gun vessel named for a British ship captured back in 1744.

Captain Troubridge had his revenge for enduring Captain Courand's insults the day before. When *Sans-Pareil* surrendered to *Majestic,* Troubridge and his men from *Castor* were already in place as a prize crew. Villaret rallied his remaining ships and withdrew; he managed to rescue some dismasted vessels from capture. One of his ships, *Scipion,* lost all three masts and had 17 guns dismounted. Red-hot cannonballs spilled from smashed furnaces and rolled around the deck, setting small fires. A total of 64 of *Scipion*'s crew was dead, and another 151 were wounded. Even so, *Scipion*'s crew got up enough sail to make it back to France. By about 6:15, Villaret and his 19 remaining ships had disappeared over the horizon.

Howe let them go. In later years, he was much criticized for settling for an incomplete victory. But Howe had spent five straight days on deck, catching only occasional catnaps in a chair. The long days filled with fighting and emergency repairs had exhausted his officers and men as well. The admiral collapsed from physical strain and was carried away to rest. His captain of the fleet, Sir Roger Curtis, took command. It was growing dark, and while no British ships were lost, Curtis felt that too

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many of them were damaged to risk an aggressive pursuit.

Of about 17,000 men in Howe's fleet, almost 300 were dead and 850 wounded. French casualties were much higher, perhaps as many as 7,000. The intense firing and thick smoke led many sailors to think that several ships in addition to *Vengeur* had been sunk. Some accounts of the battle include the French ship of the line *Jacobin* among the losses. A vivid legend grew about the steadfast resistance of *Jacobin,* which was said to have sunk with her upper deck guns blazing while water flooded though the lower gun ports. Actually, although heavily damaged, *Jacobin* managed to make it back to France.

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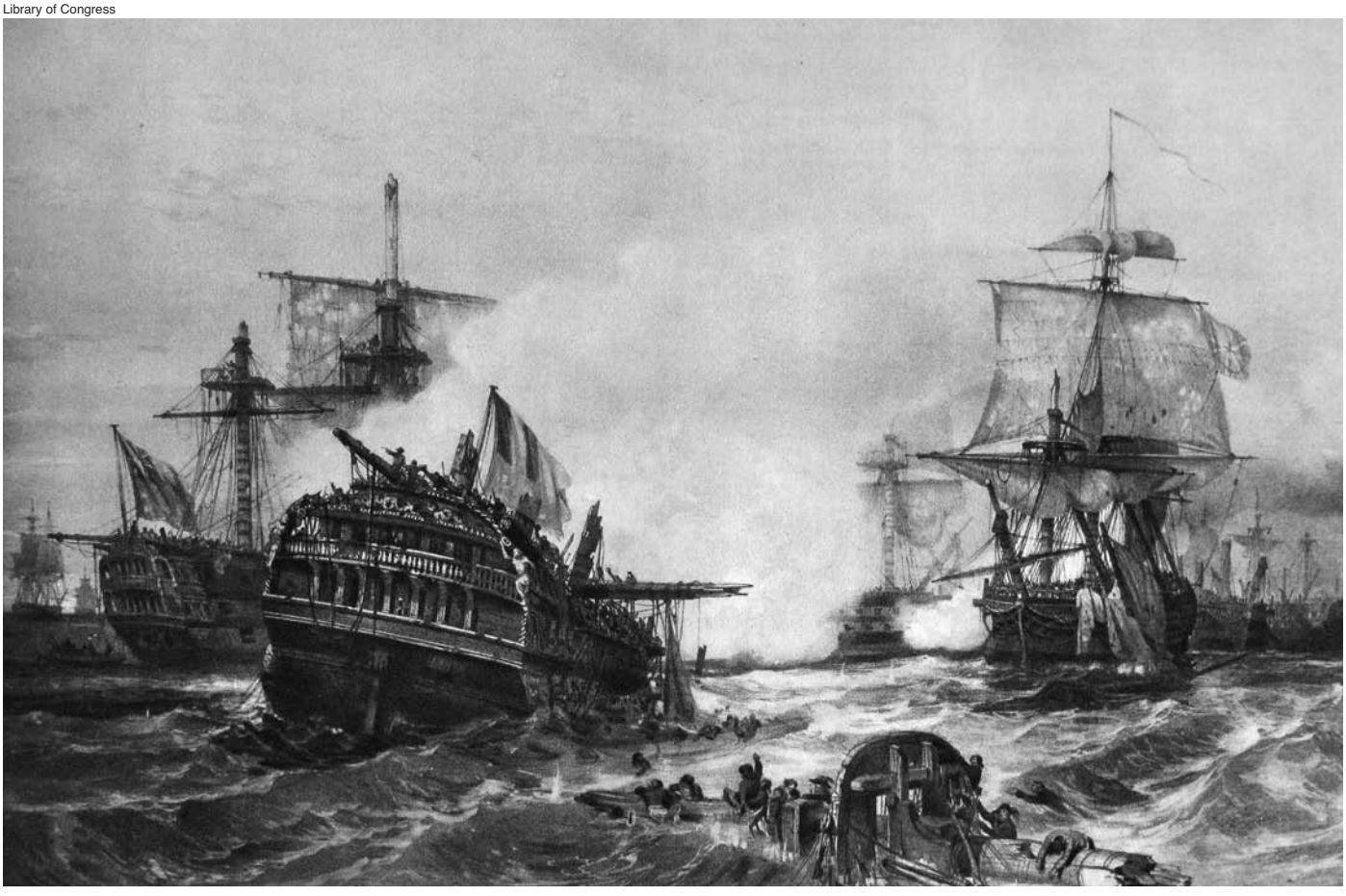


Hard-pressed British gunners aboard *Brunswick,* right, fired up through her own decks and below the waterline. V*engeur,* left, eventually sank, an unusual occurrence for a wooden man-of-war of the Napoleonic era.

Newspapers reported that 4,000 French prisoners had been taken to Hilsea Barracks at Portsmouth, with another 700 landed at Plymouth. Among the Portsmouth prisoners were Captain Jean Francois Renaudin of *Vengeur* and his 12-year-old son. Boats from different ships had rescued Renaudin and his son, and neither knew the other was alive until they were reunited on English soil.

A few early prints and other sources referred to Howe's 1794 action as the Battle of Ushant. The name didn't stick because the battle was fought 400 miles away from that point, and the British began calling it the Battle of the First of June. The French had the same idea, calling it the Bataille du Treze Prairial de l'An Deux, using the date as rendered in their new revolutionary calendar.

The lasting name for the battle came from the pen of English playwright Richard Brinsley Sheridan, who wrote a London theatrical production to commemorate the victory. Sheridan caught the mood of the nation with his popular theatrical extravaganza. Presented at the Royal Theater in Drury Lane on July 2, the production combined a love story between a young woman and one of Howe's sailors with comedy, song, dance, and a scene where the great sea battle was conducted on stage with two pasteboard fleets. Sheridan and his co-writers wrote, cast, rehearsed, and mounted the production in three days' time. They were in such a rush that the performance was well under way before the last line of dialogue was written. The performance netted 1,300 pounds for the benefit of those left widowed or orphaned by the battle.

Sheridan's title for the theatrical benefit, *The Glorious First of June,* stuck as the name of the battle. No wonder. As soon as news of the battle reached London, the city was delirious with joy. Previous army and navy failures were forgotten. Countless thousands of homes kept their lights on all night to celebrate the victory—and to avoid attracting the attention of patriotic mobs that broke any windows not illuminated.

The French ships, with hundreds of brass guns manufactured in Sweden, brought a great deal of prize money. Some 1,400 guineas went to each captain, compared with the two guineas given to the ordinary sailors and marines. Howe, who was made an earl, turned over his share to the wounded and the families of the dead.

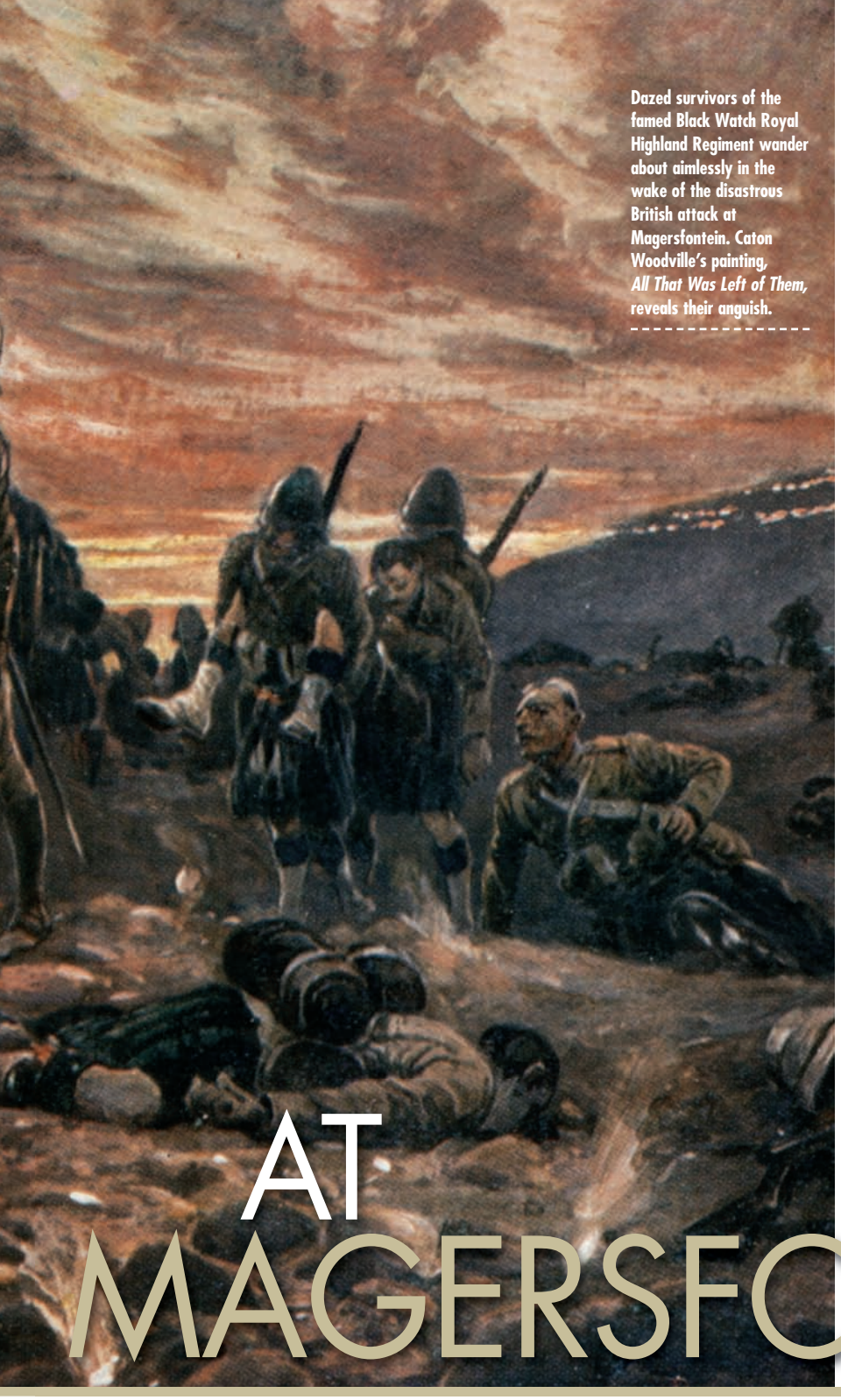
The British were happy with their tactical victory in the sea battle between the two great fleets, but the Glorious First of June was really a strategic victory for France. On June 12, the grain convoy from America anchored in France. Only one of the ships had been lost, an unlucky vessel that foundered in bad weather. The French leadership considered the loss of seven warships a cheap enough price to pay for netting enough grain to stave off hunger and unrest and retain their hold on the country.

Twenty-one years mostly filled with war followed. In 1815, *Bellerophon,* a 74-gun ship that had fought in the Glorious First of June, carried the defeated Emperor Napoleon from France to England on the first stage of his journey to exile at St. Helena. In 1848, long after the Glorious First of June, Great Britain awarded medals to her naval veterans. The lowest-ranking of the recipients of the Naval General Service Medal who had been present at the Glorious First of June was one Daniel Tremendous McKenzie. McKenzie was born to the wife of a sailor aboard HMS *Tremendous* on June 1, 1794. On his citation, his rank during the battle was officially listed as "baby." □

BLACK DAY

DURING THE THIRD WEEK IN NOVEMBER 1899, British forces under the overall command of General Sir Redvers Buller were marching northward across South Africa's Orange Free State in a campaign to relieve the strategically vital railroad center of Kimberley. Queen Victoria's garrison at the pivotal location was under siege from an unexpectedly determined army of white South Africans of Dutch ancestry who were determined to preserve their traditionally independent lifestyle from subservience to the British Empire. Still in its early stages, Great Britain's war with the truculent Afrikaners (collectively known as the Boers) was heating up rapidly as the locals violently resisted the advances of the Crown.

The field commander of the relief expedition to Kimberley was Paul Sanford, the third Baron Methuen, at 54 the youngest lieutenant general in the British Army. Educated at Eton, Methuen had joined the Scots Fusilier Guards in 1864 and later served under General Sir Garnet Wolseley in the Ashanti War and the Egyptian campaign. As the leader of a large force in the field, however, Methuen was badly out of place. He was brave and hard working, but he had little experience in actual combat and was



Dazed survivors of the famed Black Watch Royal Highland Regiment wander about aimlessly in the wake of the disastrous British attack at Magersfontein. Caton Woodville's painting, *All That Was Left of Them,* reveals their anguish.

AT MAGERSFONTEIN

At Magersfontein, the famous Scottish Highland Brigade marched into a "slaughter-house" of fire by Boer marksmen blasting away with their dreaded Mauser rifles. The Scots in their kilts made good targets. **BY KELLY BELL**

inflexibly devoted to established dogma. Nevertheless, his predominantly Scottish command was eager to meet the impertinent Boers in a full-blown donnybrook.

The relief of Kimberley had taken on an importance far beyond its military significance due to the unwelcome presence of one man: Cecil Rhodes, the richest man in the Western world. At Kimberley, Rhodes had made his first great fortune; the De Beers diamond mine controlled 90 percent of the world's diamonds. In the ensuing decade and a half, Rhodes had also shouldered his way into controlling the fabulously wealthy gold mines in Transvaal's Witerwatersrand region as well. Indeed, it was the subsequent gold rush into the "Rand," as the area was known, by thousands of English and foreign prospectors that had exacerbated the deep social, racial, and political differences between the Boers and the *uitlanders*. A formal declaration of war by Transvaal president Paul Kruger came in October 1899.

In short order, 38,000 Boer commandos swept on horseback across the borders of the British colonies at Natal, Cape Colony, and Bechuanaland, besieging the British outposts at Ladysmith, Mafeking, and Kimberley. British response was swift. A 47,000-man relief corps commanded by Buller, one of the nation's most decorated soldiers, steamed south, intending to land at Cape Town and sweep inexorably northward to capture the Boer capitals of Bloemfontein and Pretoria.

Rhodes's inexplicable decision to rush to Kimberley in the first days of the war changed Buller's battle plan before he had even arrived in South Africa. Instead of marching immediately on Pretoria, Buller was forced to divide his army into three parts. One would remain in Cape Colony to guard against further Boer attacks. The second, commanded by Buller himself, would march to relieve Ladysmith, while the third, under Methuen, would hasten to relieve Kimberley and rescue Rhodes before he did any more damage to the British war aims.

Methuen had been informed via searchlight, heliograph signals, and runners that the Commonwealth forces defending Kimberley were not only holding off their defenders, but also had 40 days' worth of food stockpiled. He therefore advanced at a more leisurely pace toward the garrison, which was 74 miles away. This allowed additional British military elements to catch up and strengthen his column. In the process, he also fought two skirmishes with Boer commandos at Belmont and Graspan, driving off the defenders but suffering nearly 300 casualties himself, many caused by illegal dumdum bullets. Dumdums, bullets that had been hollowed out at the tip and covered with a piece of tin that exploded on impact, causing horrific wounds, had been outlawed

Anne S.K. Brown Military Collection

This inaccurate period print shows Lord Methuen's red-jacketed troops attacking the Boers at Belmont on November 23, 1899. In fact, by this time British soldiers were wearing khaki uniforms in the field.

by the Geneva Convention. The Boers claimed to have found a sizable supply of such ammunition when they captured the British garrison at Dundee, and they felt that it was only fair to return them forcefully to their former owners.

At month's end, Methuen set up a bivouac on the banks of the Modder River and prepared to attack a body of Afrikaner troops his scouts had located nearby. Methuen's lackadaisical advance gave the besieging Boers time to enlarge their own ranks and prepare an unorthodox defensive perimeter that would take the British completely by surprise.

Ten miles to Methuen's right, in the town of Jacobsdal, the Boers had left their *kraals* (mobile encampments) virtually undefended. Their flocks, wagon trains, supplies, and accompanying noncombatants were a valuable and vulnerable target, but such an attack did not seem to occur to Methuen, who was content to wile away his days beside the Modder.

An open-minded, intelligent, and imaginative general named Jacobus Herculaas De la Rey commanded the Boer detachment facing Methuen's men. Newly arrived from the forces encircling Kimberley, the 52-year-old De la Rey was a misleadingly benign-looking man who flew into a frenzy during combat, lashing his men with his *sjambok* (whip) and shouting, "Fight! God is on our side!" Brokenhearted over the death of his 19-year-old son Adriaan, nicknamed "Adaan," who had been killed by a British shell a few days earlier when the British first reached the Modder, De la Rey was out for vengeance. "Today there slipped to death so softly in my arms our loved son Adaan," he telegraphed his wife following the skirmish. "Tomorrow the body will be committed to earth here in Jacobsdal. How hard it still is for us all. But God has so decided."

Methuen had not bothered to adequately scout the Boers' positions via reconnaissance patrols or observation balloon. "They are not here," he said confidently to Sir Henry Colville of the Coldstream Guards upon reaching the Modder. A daylong rifle barrage had disabused him of that notion, adding another 500 casualties to the ranks, including Metheun himself, who suffered a painful, if superficial, bullet wound to the thigh. Using doubtful logic, Metheun remained convinced that his adversaries' numbers roughly equaled his own 15,000 troops (there were actually only 8,000 defenders) and that they were waiting for him in the vicinity of a sprawling local farm called Magersfontein. In this last assumption, he was uncharacteristically—but not entirely—correct.

The subsequent 12-day hiatus between the time Methuen learned of De la Rey's force and the start of the battle gave the Boers the opportunity to perfect their defensive plans. Ordinarily, they built defenses atop the highest available elevation in the area—huge, naturally formed rock piles scattered over the South African savannah. Called *kopjes,* these promontories provided convention's ideal of defensive positions, but when De la Rey arrived, he immediately halted work on the summit and began outlining a very different plan. He set the men to work digging trenches at the *kopje*'s base. His troops would still have a sweeping field of fire over the broad plain sloping gently away in front of them, but their enemies would take for granted that the defenders were ensconced atop the rocks. By the time Methuen launched his conventional frontal assault, the Boers were concealed in lengthy, deep, and hard-to-see trenches extending the length of the foothill facing the wide expanse across which hordes of unsuspecting Scotsmen would nonchalantly march.

A few weeks earlier, Methuen had employed an uncomplicated tactic to rout the Boers at Belmont. He had heavily shelled the defensive lines during the night while his infantry slowly advanced under cover of darkness. At dawn his men had charged and, despite heavy losses, managed to clear the Boers from the field. At Belmont, however, Methuen had at least known the defenders' precise location when he had his artillerymen pound it. At Magersfontein, his gunners would draw beads on the wrong target.

It was pouring rain at 3 PM on December 10 when the famed Scottish Black Watch Brigade and 9th Lancers left their bivouac, marching in perfect formation toward the stony elevation in the near distance. The Scotsmen were well rested, having arrived by train one day earlier, thus avoiding the exhausting three-week-long march along the railroad tracks toward the Modder. The brigade contained some of the most famous fighting units in the British Army: the Black Watch, the Argylls, the Seaforths, and the Highland Light Infantry. Few regiments boasted more battle honors than the Highland Light, which, contrary to its name, came not from the Scottish highlands but from the slums of Glasgow. The other regiments called them the "Glasca Keelies," meaning Glasgow pub brawlers, a sobriquet the Highlanders wore with pride—but woe to any outsider who called them that to their face.

As soon as the Scottish infantry was in position, the army's gunners opened a two-hour pounding of the unoccupied hilltop. Using a powerful new explosive called lyddite, the shells exploded with deafening reports, shattering boulders and shrouding the *kopje*'s peak with yellowish-green smoke. One observant Black Watch noncom noticed that when projectiles fell short and hit the rock pile's base the dirt thrown up by the explosions was of a different color than that higher up the slope. "There must be trenches there," he remarked, but his officers ignored him. It was the heaviest concentrated British bombardment since the siege of Sebastopol in the Crimean War, 45 years ear-

lier. Twenty-nine field guns, four howitzers, and a large 4.7-inch naval gun hammered the green-gray hilltop. The naval gunners confidently assured onlookers that one shell from "Old Joe," as their gun was nicknamed after British Foreign Minister Joseph Chamberlain, would kill anyone standing within 150 yards of impact.

Methuen was delighted with the seeming destruction being wrought by his artillery. Assuming the Boer ranks must be decimated he believed the following morning's advance would be a stroll. He evidently saw no significance in the fact that the bombardment had not flushed any Boers from their positions. In fact, the shelling killed none of the defenders, and wounded just three. The waiting riflemen perceived to their glee the brilliance of De la Rey's plan as they crouched untouched in their trenches and listened to the shuddering, ineffectual explosions behind and above them.

Methuen had intended to launch his observation balloon to assess the effects of the shelling, but the storm aborted this. He had no intention of waiting for the weather to clear, so with the artillery prelude concluded he ordered the Highlanders back to camp until their planned midnight advance. The Black Watch's commander, Maj. Gen. Andrew Wauchope, was uneasy with the notion of a nocturnal march. A seasoned campaigner, he was not easily shaken, but he knew that his troops had never before fought in darkness, and he was concerned about their unfamiliarity with this form of warfare. Still, he did not bother voicing his misgivings to Methuen, who probably would not have listened anyway. Instead, Wauchope rode back to his brigade's positions and obediently transmitted his commander's orders.

Affectionately called "Andy" and "Red Mick" by his soldiers, Wauchope was the only clean-shaven general officer in the bewhiskered British Army. When he started his career, his smooth visage had not been a matter of choice. Enlisting in the Royal Navy as a fresh-faced 14-year-old, he served three years before retiring for two years. At 19 he acquired a commission in the Black Watch. He would never leave.

During the 1873 Ashanti War, Wauchope was wounded twice, once critically. After recovering, he returned to active duty and was again seriously wounded in the 1882 Egyptian campaign. Recuperating in time to participate in the subsequent Nile Expedition of 1884-1885, he was grievously hurt in the Battle of Kirkeban. At this point, Wauchope's older brother in Scotland died of natural causes, and Wauchope temporarily retired on half pay to oversee his family's estates and business affairs. In 1892 he ran for a seat in Parliament, and when he lost he made the mortal decision to forsake his comfortable, secure life in the Highlands and return to the military.

Library of Congress

British Major General Andrew Wauchope, left, and Lord Methuen.

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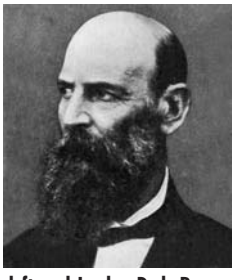

Boer commanders Pieter Cronje, left, and Jacobus De la Rey.

Taking part in the 1898 Sudanese excursion, Wauchope for the only time in his life participated in a military campaign without being wounded, but it might have been better for him if he had been nicked. A year later, rather than convalescing as he usually did following a military operation, he was hale enough to be sent to South Africa.

At 11 PM, the four regiments of Scotsmen were awakened and assembled into tightly packed formations of quarter columns, forming a dense rectangle of 4,000 men in 96 carefully spaced lines. In front was the Black Watch, followed by the Seaforth and Argyll units, with the Highland Light Infantry bringing up the rear. In the eerie, rain-swept darkness they set out at midnight, illuminated by lightning, toward the Magersfontein farm owned by a fellow Scot named John Bisset.

Officers stretched ropes between the men to preserve the marching band-style formation as they approached the gray-faced hill. Before long the rain stopped; dawn was already approaching, and the craggy horizon was becoming murkily visible. Major George Elliot Benson was on point, and he twice suggested that it was time to deploy. "This is as far as it is safe to go, sir, in mass," he cautioned. But Wauchope wanted to get as near to the enemy as possible by shooting light. When he finally decided to go into extended order (five paces between men), the front of the formation blundered into a briar patch, and Wauchope elected to stay bunched up until clear of the brush. By the time the back of the column stumbled out of the bushes, the lead elements were within 700 yards of the *kopje*, and although they did not yet know it, they were within 400 yards of the bristling Boer trenches. If nothing else, the delay in deploying meant that Wauchope's worries about how his men would perform in night combat were rendered pointless. Now it was daylight.

Rumors would later circulate that the defenders were tipped off by lantern signals from darkened farmhouse windows, or that the Afrikaners were warned of the advance by spies or traitors, but it is unlikely the defenders needed anything more than the previous afternoon's ineffectual barrage to

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This view of the battlefield today from the still-standing Boer trenches shows the murderously wide-open ground across which the British had to attack.

Library of Congress

This fanciful Kurz and Allison print shows British Highlanders in the foreground assaulting Boers who are safely sheltered behind towering sandbagged trenches. Part of the British trouble stemmed from the fact that the Boer trenches, sans sandbags, were well hidden.

alert them. As Wauchope was giving his men the order to position themselves for battle, the defiant white tribesmen, who had anticipated a conventional dawn assault, opened fire. Well-funded by profits from gold and diamond mines, the Boers had purchased the most up-to-date armaments, mainly Mauser rifles and Krupp field pieces from weapons merchants in German-ruled Tanganyika.

As Mauser bullets poured into the thick mass of astonished Scotsmen, Wauchope recklessly stepped closer to the trenches to see how far they extended. Amazingly, he was not hit, and he sent his cousin, Lieutenant Arthur Wauchope, off to find Lt. Col. John Coode of the Black Watch and tell him to move his soldiers to the right, where the defensive gunfire seemed less intense. Coode was shot dead before he could act on these orders, as was the Argyll commanding officer, Lt. Col. Gerald Goff. When Lieutenant Wauchope made his way back to where he had left his cousin, he found him dead as well, shot down within 200 yards of the Boer trenches, his trusty claymore fighting sword by his side. Minutes later, Arthur Wauchope was himself mortally wounded in both legs.

A sergeant named McInnes later recalled that "the brigade seemed to stagger under the awful fire, but yet held their ground and did not break. The order was given to lie down, but in that close formation we were getting shot like sheep. I remember distinctly the 91st [Argylls] getting the order to move to the right, and we started moving in that direction when several contradictory orders rang out, some calling to 'Fix bayonets and charge!,' etc. Then the Black Watch, who were in front, could stand it no longer and were driven back on the Seaforths, who likewise started to shout, 'Retire!' and the next minute the brigade had lost all shape and were converted into a dismayed mob, running to seek cover anywhere and getting shot by the score as they did so."

Thousands of kilted Highlanders turned and galloped back the way they had come, hounded by a blizzard of well-aimed bullets from a foe that had already figured out 20th-century warfare. Honed by centuries of picking off hostile tribesmen and an assortment of the most dangerous wild animals on Earth, the Boers' aim was deadly. Still, not all of the attackers panicked. Several pipers struck up "The Campbells Are Coming," the traditional Scottish fight song, heartening the Scots enough that Corporal John Shaul was able to rally a group and charge. Although his advance soon faltered, Shaul's courage earned him a Victoria Cross. Black Watch Adjutant William McFarlan led a detachment up the southeastern slope. British artillery again opened fire on the wrong sector, however, forcing McFarlan's unit to retreat.

Braving the merciless marksmanship of the defenders (which only improved as the sun rose higher), Seaforth Lieutenant Robert Wilson stumbled onto a splendid opportunity to turn the course of battle and bring the war to a quicker conclusion. Wilson chanced into a gap in the Boer defenses and guided several hundred Scots through it and into the unguarded enemy rear. He and his men frantically set out for the *kopje*'s peak, from where they could have unleashed a lethal plunging fire into the trenches from behind, silencing the Mausers and enabling the pinned-down Highlanders to charge, catch the Afrikaners in a crossfire, and carry the day.

Fate dictated otherwise. South African General Pieter Cronje had spent an uncomfortable, sleepless night in the soggy emplacements. Before the shooting started, he and six of his officers had set out on an inspection tour, quickly becoming lost in the darkness. They were still wandering on the rocky hillside when Wilson's troops suddenly appeared. Spying the Highlanders, Cronje dove behind a boulder and cried, "*Schiet, kerels! Schiet!* (Shoot, boys! Shoot!)"

The seven Boers leveled their rifles and squeezed off rounds as fast as they could. Had Wilson ordered a charge, he easily could have overwhelmed this handful of assailants and captured or killed the Afrikaner general, but Cronje's little band made so much racket that Wilson thought considerably more than seven

men were facing him. He and his men fell flat and commenced returning fire from a stationary position, the gunfire alerting the main body of defenders that something was afoot behind them. Boers hurried to close the hole in their flank and block the path of the Black Watch and Seaforth troops who were rushing to join Wilson. The quick-thinking Boers surrounded Wilson's unit. The cut-off Scots were decimated; in the end, three dozen survived to surrender.

The storm-lashed night yielded to a cloudless, sweltering December day that quickly parched the surviving Scotsmen prone on the featureless battlefield. They had taken the precaution of wearing khaki aprons over their brightly colored kilts, but their dark tartans stood out starkly against the sun-withered African veldt and made all-too-conspicuous targets. All morning, isolated units tried with costly gallantry to storm the death-spewing positions in front of them. One group got to within 150 yards of the trenches before concentrated volleys forced them back onto the hard ground.

At 11 AM, the 1st Gordon Regiment was drawn from reserve and hurriedly sent to the *kopje*. Pounding through their prone predecessors, they got to within 150 yards of the enemy defenses before they, too, were forced flat by the pitiless sleet of lead that flamed toward them. At this point, it seems to finally have dawned on Methuen that the impossible had happened—the Highlanders' charge had failed. He had not bothered to devise an alternate or emergency plan, and appeared to lapse into shock. He did send word to the pinned-down survivors to hold on until nightfall—nine more hours—when he hoped the Boers would abandon the battlefield under cover of darkness. Why he thought his enemies would run away when they plainly were winning remains a mystery. The Scotsmen hugged the scorching sand as Mauser bullets zinged overhead or thudded horribly into flesh and bone.

At 1:30, the battle's intensity increased. On the right side of their line a squad of Afrikaners tried to move into a new position from which they could enfilade the Highlanders. Lt. Col. James W. Hughes-Hallet noticed the flanking movement and bellowed for two companies to fall back slightly and turn to face the new threat. Many Commonwealth officers were still unaware of Methuen's instructions to stand fast until after nightfall, and seeing this retrograde-looking motion, they assumed that a general withdrawal had been ordered. Within minutes, instructions to this effect were spreading across the battleground. Lt. Col. Henry Kelham later stated, "I saw the whole extended line rise up and slowly retire, so deliberately I felt sure it was the result of an order."

The Boers were stunned by the sight of brigades of fearsome Scottish warriors suddenly standing up and casually walking away from them. This made them even easier targets. Thousands of marksmen stood up in their trenches for a better view and then unleashed killing volleys into the backs of the unfortunate Highlanders. The initial orderliness of the retreat instantly vanished, and the Scots took to their heels in a panic-fueled stampede from the dreadful *kopje*. Methuen lost more men in the retreat than in the advance. They were struck down by what one unnamed survivor later described to a journalist as "the silky breath of the Mauser."

Upon reaching the rear and being brusquely informed that no retreat had been ordered, chagrined officers tried to rally their terrified, decimated units, but first summoned water carts to slake the men's raging thirst. It was another horrible error. With their many individual targets scattered across the slope, the Boers had until now little need for their new Krupp field pieces, but with clumps of Scotsmen clustering around the water wagons just out of rifle range, the defenders unlimbered their artillery and uncorked yet more blistering firepower, killing even more British soldiers and sending the dwindling survivors reeling yet farther to the rear.

A number of Highlanders remained strewn across the battlefield, and some had been prone on the ground for so long that they had fallen asleep. A few isolated groups had realized it was more dangerous to flee than to stay and fought on in hopes of surviving until they could leave after dusk. The Boers were so impressed with the fighting spirit of one small enclave of Scots that they allowed them to retire unmolested at sunset.

As the remnants of the Scottish brigades staggered to the rear, British artillery covered them by dropping sporadic shells on the foothills. Arriving at Methuen's headquarters, Colville found his commanding officer dispirited and ready to give up the fight. Colville attempted to persuade the general to resume the attack, but most of Methuen's staff urged him to fall back and regroup. They were low on ammunition and water, burdened with hundreds of dead and wounded, and the remaining troops were disconsolate and exhausted. What the British forces did not know was that the Boers were almost out of ammunition and would not have been able to sustain another day of constant fighting. Still, it is questionable whether the depleted ranks of Scotsmen could have endured more combat, even had they known of their foes' bullet shortage.

Anne S.K. Brown Military Collection

The day after the battle, both sides sent medical detachments onto the battlefield to remove casualties before scavenging hyenas, vultures, and lions could arrive.

The following dawn, the Guards Battalion arrived from its position three miles behind the front and swapped a few desultory shots with the Boers, but around mid-morning the firing fizzled and both sides sent detachments onto the gory, now-silent battlefield to remove the casualties before the hyenas, vultures, and lions arrived. Some 971 British soldiers were dead, wounded, captured, or missing. For the Black Watch, in particular, it was the worst pounding

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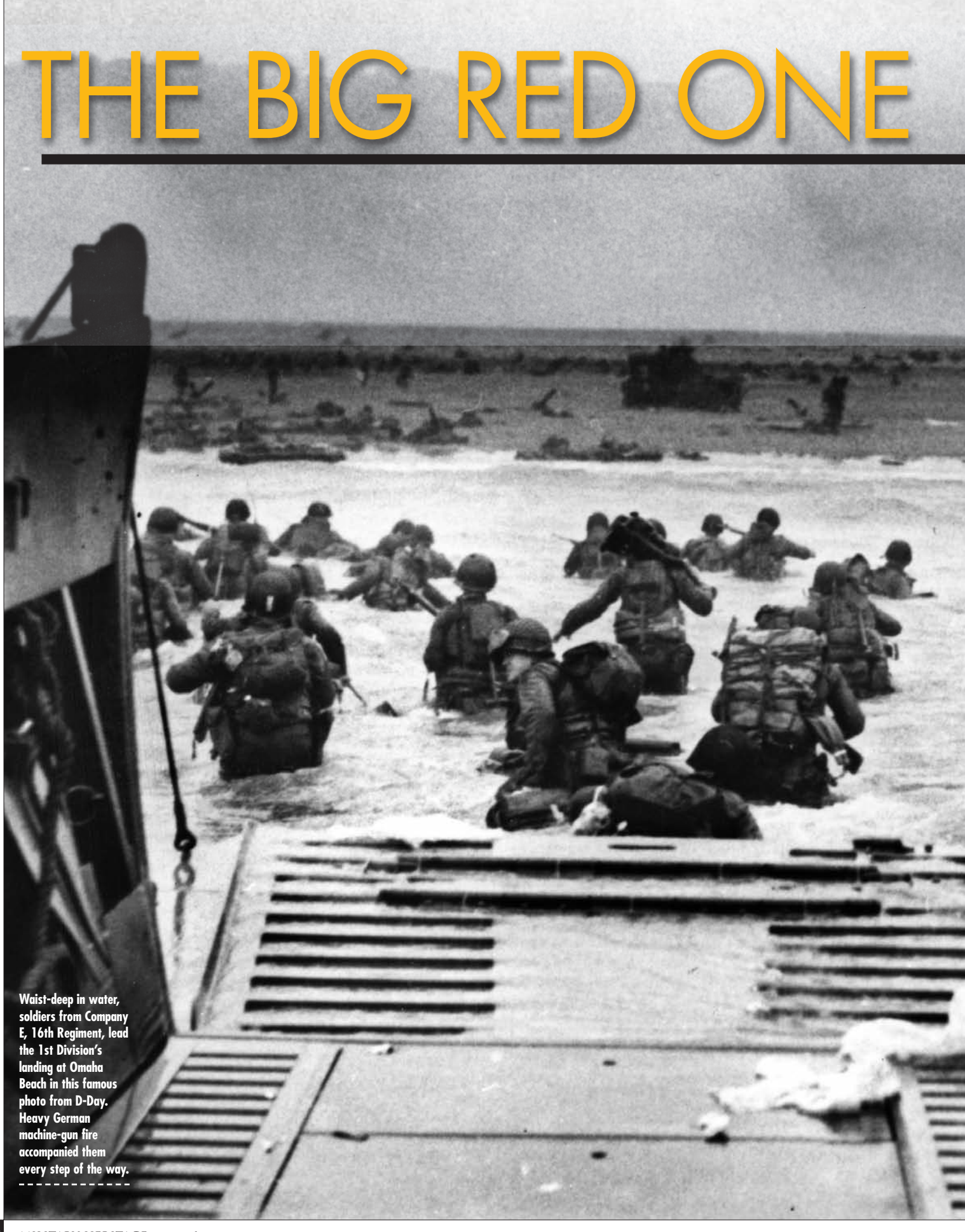
THE BIG RED ONE



Waist-deep in water, soldiers from Company E, 16th Regiment, lead the 1st Division's landing at Omaha Beach in this famous photo from D-Day. Heavy German machine-gun fire accompanied them every step of the way.

BY STEVEN WEINGARTNER

IN WORLD WAR II

THE OUTBREAK OF World War II on September 1, 1939, found the United States in an isolationist mood that precluded, for the time being, any direct involvement in the conflict. It was a good thing—the nation was wholly unprepared to fight a large-scale war. Raw numbers told the story. Germany, for example, invaded Poland with more than 1.5 million men organized into five armies comprising six armored divisions, eight motorized divisions, and 27 infantry divisions. Poland, weak by comparison, fielded 30 infantry divisions, 11 cavalry brigades, and two motorized brigades. In contrast, the United States Army had just under 200,000 men parceled into five under-strength and ill-equipped infantry divisions and one cavalry division. Only four of the divisions were based in the continental United States; the other two were based in the Hawaiian and Philippine islands.

Among the former was the 1st Division. Known as the "Big Red One" because of its distinctive shoulder patch—a red numeral on an olive-drab shield—the division was constituted on May 24, 1917, as the First Expeditionary Division. The first American division sent to France (lead elements arrived at Saint Nazaire on June 26, 1917), the Big Red One also won the initial American victory of the war at the Battle of Cantigny on May 28-31, 1918, and was a key participant in virtually every other American action, notably the Battle of St. Mihiel and the Meuse-Argonne offensive (September-November 1918). Not coincidentally, the Big Red One suffered the most casualties of any American division, with more than 22,000 killed, wounded, or missing by war's end.

Following the Armistice on November 11, 1918, the division occupied a sector near Coblenz, Germany, until August 1919, when most of the soldiers returned to the United States. For the next 20 years the division was headquartered in Fort Hamilton, New York,

One of the U.S. Army's most celebrated outfits, the 1st Division, nicknamed "the Big Red One" for its characteristic shoulder patch, served in all the major campaigns in World War II, from North Africa to Sicily, D-Day, and the victorious drive to Berlin.

with its component units dispersed to various posts on the East Coast. In the autumn of 1939, the Army converted to a "triangular" structure, and the division was reorganized into three infantry regiments (16th, 18th, and 26th), while the 28th Regiment was assigned to the 8th Infantry Division.

With the triangular structure, each regiment numbered 3,300 infantrymen. Regimental combat teams were formed for specific missions by adding quartermaster, medical, ordnance, engineer, reconnaissance, signal, and artillery troops. In addition to organic cannon companies within the infantry regiments, the division had four artillery battalions: the 5th, 7th, 32nd, and 33rd Field Artillery, each with a complement of 520 men. Collectively known as the 1st Division Artillery, these battalions contained several venerable units: Battery D of the 5th (Alexander Hamilton's Battery) had a history that extended back to 1776 and the Revolutionary War.

All photos: National Archives

The 7th was constituted on July 1, 1916, and assigned to the 1st Expeditionary Division on June 8, 1917. The 32nd and 33rd were constituted on July 5, 1918, and assigned to the 1st Division on October 1, 1940. The division also included the 1st Engineer Battalion, formed in 1846. The overall strength of the division was nominally 15,000 men, although this figure varied with circumstances.

In the two years preceding the events of December 7, 1941, Congress, responding to increasingly ominous developments in Europe and Asia, enacted legislation aimed at readying the nation's military and the nation for possible entry into the war. The institution of the nation's first peacetime draft in June 1940, along with the passage of generous appropriations bills, provided the Army and Navy with three much-needed commodities: men, money, and matériel. A prime beneficiary of this congressionally mandated largesse, the 1st Division put it to good use in a training regimen that included participation in several large-scale maneuvers. Such training was necessary because of the changing character of the Army. By late 1941, very few 1st Division troops, mostly officers and NCOs, were career soldiers. The rest were essentially civilians in uniform. Some had been drafted into the Army, others had enlisted; in either case, they tended to have no prior military experience.

In May 1940. the division proceeded to Sabine, Louisiana, to participate in maneuvers, where it functioned as a triangular unit for the first time. Division headquarters returned to Fort Hamilton in June, and its component units were sent to Forts Hamilton, Jay, Wadsworth, and Slocum and Plattsburgh Barracks, all in New York. On February 4, 1941, the division moved its headquarters at Fort Hamilton to Fort Devens, Massachusetts, with the rest of the division soon following. The division practiced landings at Buzzard's Bay, Massachusetts, and underwent additional amphibious training in August with the 1st Marine Division at New River, North Carolina.

The 6th Field Artillery, attached to the 1st Division, blasts German positions in the Meuse-Argonne during World War I. The division suffered the most casualties of any American unit in the war.

In the autumn of 1941, the division was involved in maneuvers in North Carolina. It returned to Fort Devens in the first week of December, shortly before the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor. More amphibious training at Virginia Beach, Virginia, in January 1942 was followed by infantry training at Camp Blanding in Florida and air-ground tests and demonstrations at Fort Benning, Georgia. Upon the conclusion of the Benning exercises, the division moved to the Indiantown Gap Military Reservation in Pennsylvania on June 21, 1942, to conduct more combat training and to assemble for overseas movement in August.

By then, the Allies in effect were fighting two separate wars: one in Asia and the Pacific, the other in Europe (including the Soviet Union), North Africa, and the Middle East. The Allies' Europe First policy, formulated by American and British military planners in the opening months of 1941, gave priority to defeating Germany. Not coincidentally, it determined that the 1st Division would direct its efforts at the Nazis.

The first units of the Big Red One to make the Atlantic crossing, an advance headquarters detachment and the 2nd Battalion of the 16th Infantry Regiment, departed by ship from Brooklyn, New York, on July 31. The rest of the 1st Division departed Indiantown Gap on July 30, arriving in New York City on August 1 and boarding HMS *Queen Mary* for an uneventful transatlantic crossing. After docking at Gourock, Scotland, on August 1, the men boarded trains to Tidworth Barrack, a former cavalry post near Salisbury, Wiltshire, 50 miles southwest of London. The division spent a little over two months at Tidworth, training feverishly for the inevitable day when it would be committed to combat. After completing an amphibious exercise in Scotland on October 18, the division embarked on transport ships in the Firth of Clyde, where the greatest assault fleet ever assembled was staging for Operation Torch—the invasion of North Africa.

Prior to Operation Torch, the war in North Africa was fought primarily in Egypt and northeast Libya, in an area extending west from El Alamein in Egypt across 500 miles to El Agheila on the border of Tripolitania. The arena of combat encompassed the Western Desert and the adjacent coastal strip as well as the fertile region of the Jebel Akhdar (Green Mountains). For more than two years, Axis and British armies had conducted a series of campaigns across the length and breadth of the disputed region, alternately gaining and losing vast expanses of territory without producing decisive results.

By the first week of January 1942, the advantage seemed to lie with the British, who had captured all of Cyrenaica and advanced past Mersa Brega to the outskirts of El Agheila. But on January 21, 1942, an Axis army commanded by Field Marshal Erwin Rommel went on the attack, driving the British Eighth Army out of Mersa Brega and advancing to the Gazala-Bir Hacheim vicinity. There, Rommel's forces halted and the front remained stable for more than three months while the adversaries recouped their strength for the next round.

On May 26, Rommel resumed the offensive with an assault on the so-called Gazala Line. In the ensuing Battles of the Cauldron and Knightsbridge, Rommel's forces destroyed the bulk of the British armor and sent the battered Eighth Army reeling back in disarray through Helfaya Pass, just inside the Egyptian border. Rommel's forces captured Tobruk on June 21, 1942, Mersa Matruh on June 27, and Fuqua on June 28. By the 30th they had driven to the outskirts of El Alamein, where the British were

preparing to make a final stand.

El Alamein was a mere 150 miles from Cairo, a comparatively short haul when measured against the distances Rommel had covered in the preceding weeks. It was as close as he would get to that city. Repulsed in the First Battle of El Alamein and the Battle of Alam Halfa, Rommel was decisively beaten when a revitalized British Eighth Army, now commanded by General Bernard L. Montgomery, went on the offensive on the night of October 23-24 to begin the Second Battle of El Alamein. By November 8, when Operation Torch began, Rommel's forces were retreating west along the Libyan coast.

The Second Battle of El Alamein was raging when the Clyde armada, comprising Torch's Center and Eastern Naval Task Forces, departed the firth in two convoys on October 22 and 26, bound for Algeria. Passing through the Strait of Gibraltar between November 5 and 6, Center and Eastern Task Forces arrived off Oran and Algiers, respectively, on November 7 and began landing west of Oran at Les Andalouses and east of the city at Arzew. There the enemy was not Germans, but French forces nominally loyal to the collaborationist government in Vichy, France. French resistance ran the gamut from none at all to fierce fighting. The Allies captured Algiers on November 8. Two days later Oran was secured, and in Algiers Admiral François Darlan, high commissioner for the Vichy government, ordered his troops to lay down their arms. The next day the French in Algeria and Morocco signed an armistice with the Allies, ending the opening phase of the North African campaign.

In the final week of November, the 1st Division began to be committed on a unit basis to the Tunisian front. Among the first units to go was the 3rd Battalion, 26th Infantry, which was flown east to Youk les Bains in southern Tunisia and then deployed in outposts guarding the south and east approaches to the Atlas Mountains. On November 23, the 5th Field Artillery Battalion joined the British V Corps and elements of the U.S. 1st Armored Division in northern Tunisia. In early December, the 18th Infantry Regimental Combat Team was also attached to British V Corps. The 18th fought alongside British units (notably the Coldstream Guards) in battles at Longstop Hill and Medjez el Bab during the abortive Allied drive on Tunis in late December.

In early January, the rest of the 26th Infantry Regiment and the 33rd Field Artillery Battalion joined the U.S. II Corps in southern Tunisia. The remainder of the division moved into the area between January 18 and 24, concentrating

First Division troops trained with Marines at New River, North Carolina, in the late summer of 1941. Note the berets the men are wearing.

in the vicinity of Guelma, 60 miles east of Constantine. By January 25, the entire division was in Tunisia. However, due to a series of emergencies confronting Allied forces at this stage of the campaign, division elements were committed to action separately over a 200-mile front extending from Medjez el Bab in the north through the Ousseltia River Valley in the center to Gafsa in the south.

The main body of the 1st Division was still in the Ousseltia Valley on February 14, the date General Jurgen von Arnim's Fifth Panzer Army launched a powerful offensive against U.S. II Corps positions in the Faid Pass area, 80 miles south of the division's sector. Spearheaded by two panzer divisions, the Fifth Panzer Army advanced through and around Faid Pass to Sidi Bou Zid, where it mauled the American 1st Armored Division. Meanwhile, to the south, Rommel's Panzer Army captured Gafsa and pushed north to effect a juncture with von Arnim at Kasserine Pass.

On February 16, the rest of the 1st Division was withdrawn from the Ousseltia Valley and dispatched to the Kasserine Pass vicinity to meet the enemy onslaught. The Germans pressed on. The two attacking armies, now united under Rommel's overall command, reached Kasserine Pass on February 19. The next day the Germans launched a massive assault that broke through the Allied defense line. British troops and tanks and the U.S. 9th Infantry Division artillery were able to stabilize the situation and mount counterattacks that drove the enemy back. The Battle of Kasserine Pass effectively ended on February 23 when the Germans abandoned their offensive and withdrew eastward through the pass.

After Kasserine Pass, the 1st Division was sent to Marsott, northwest of Tébessa, to regroup. Following a 10-day rest, the division, assembled as a unit for the first time in the North African campaign, moved out of Marsott and deployed to attack the oasis town of Gafsa and its Italian garrison, taking the town without a fight on March 17. From Gafsa, motorized patrols probed in a southeasterly direction along the Gabès road, making contact with Italian forces just east of El Guettar. The division attacked the Italians on March 20, and a full-scale tank battle developed when the Germans rushed in strong reinforcements. After much hard fighting, the Germans broke off contact and withdrew from the El Guettar area on April 7.

The 1st Division moved by truck convoy 150 miles north to positions northeast of Beja. On the night of April 22-23, the division launched an offensive aimed at clearing the Tine River Valley and its flanking hills for the final drive on Tunis. The Tine Valley campaign was characterized

by fierce fighting in rugged terrain that greatly aided the defenders. The division continued to attack and advance in a northeasterly direction until May 13, when the surrender of Axis forces in Tunis brought an end to the fighting in North Africa. Subsequently, the division was sent back to a training camp at Arzew.

With North Africa secured, the Allies turned their attention to Sicily. The invasion of that island, code-named Operation Husky, would involve Montgomery's Eighth Army and the newly activated U.S. Seventh Army, commanded by Lt. Gen. George S. Patton. The 1st Division, part of General Omar Bradley's II Corps, would land near the small port town of Gela, just west of Cape Passero on the south coast.

Preceded by airborne drops, the landings at Gela began at 2:34 AM on July 10 with an attached ranger unit leading the way. The 16th and 26th Regimental Combat Teams followed a few minutes later. Italian units defending Gela offered only negligible resistance and were swiftly overcome. The German Luftwaffe, however, launched numerous raids against the invasion fleet and beachhead. One Stuka dive-bomber sank LST No. 313, loaded with elements of the 1st Division's 33rd Field Artillery Battalion. On the afternoon of July 11, a large group of Ju-88s attacked the *Robert Rowan,* turning the ship into a funeral pyre for many of her crew and passengers when bombs ignited her volatile cargo of munitions and gasoline.

While *Robert Rowan* burned, the 1st Division beat back a powerful Axis counterattack spearheaded by the elite Hermann Göring Panzer Division. The attack came as the Americans were unloading their antitank guns and artillery from landing craft. The guns were hurriedly brought into action, and these plus the guns of Allied warships standing just offshore were soon pounding the onrushing panzers. Nevertheless, German tanks got to within 2,000 yards of the beach before they were repulsed.

After securing the Gela beachhead, U.S. forces drove through the western half of Sicily, capturing Palermo on July 23 and wheeling east to advance along the coast toward Messina. Throughout the campaign, the 1st Division was deployed on the right of II Corps in the island's geographical center, fighting its way across mountainous terrain through Niscemi, La Serra, Caltagirone, Caltanisetta, and Enna. Following the capture of Nicosia on July 28, the division advanced to Troina, attacking the town on August 1 and clearing it of enemy troops five days later.

On August 17, U.S. troops entered Messina and linked up with British forces driving up along Sicily's east coast. The city fell without a fight; the bulk of German forces had already fled across the Strait of Messina into Italy. The invasion of Italy would come soon, but the 1st Division would not be part of it. Instead, the division was sent back to England to begin training for the main event of the war in Western Europe: the invasion of the Continent code-named Operation Overlord.

Originally scheduled for June 5, 1944, the invasion was postponed until the next day because of inclement weather. Two U.S. Army corps were to take part in the Normandy invasion: VII Corps, which would land at Utah Beach on the southeast coast of the Cotentin Peninsula; and V Corps, which would land at Omaha Beach on the north coast of Calvados near Saint Laurent-sur-Mer. To the east, the British XXX and I Corps, consisting of British and Canadian forces augmented by various Allied units, were to seize three beaches code-named Gold, Juno, and Sword.

The assault by V Corps was to be spearheaded by two regiments landing abreast, the 116th Regiment of the 28th Division (attached to 1st Division) and the 16th Regiment of the 1st Division. The 116th was to land on the right of the beach, while the 16th was to go ashore on the left. Each regiment would conduct the initial assault with two battalions landing

Weary GIs move inland after landing in Sicily in July 1943 in this contemporary painting, *Red Beach at Gela, 1700,* by Mitchell Jamieson.

abreast in columns of companies, with the 3rd Battalion companies coming in behind them. In all, nine companies, plus attached ranger units, were to land in the first wave.

The landings began at 6:30 AM. There was serious trouble from the start. Prior to D-Day, Omaha Beach was known to be a formidable objective, but even so, the difficulties encountered there went far beyond what Allied planners had anticipated. The German defenses, which consisted of an elaborate system of pillboxes, gun emplacements and connecting trenches, were situated behind the beach on a line of bluffs that rose to a height of 100 to 170 feet—an ideal place from which to oppose a seaborne onslaught. A low cloud cover obscured the target area from Allied aircraft and caused them to bomb wide of their targets.

Preliminary gunfire and rocket support provided by a host of warships proved too inaccurate and too short in duration to do significant damage to German fortifications and beach obstacles.

As if this weren't bad enough, a strong northeast wind had whipped up waves three to four feet high in the landing zone, and the rough water combined with the tidal current to wreak havoc on the approach to the beach. Armor support for the infantry was to have been provided by specially designed amphibious tanks, but most of these foundered on the run in to the beach, as did many of the DUKWs carrying the division's artillery and ammunition. A number of troop landing craft were also swamped, while the majority of those that stayed afloat were driven leftward by the force of wind, waves, and currents.

In the ensuing confusion, the complex two-battalion assault plan quickly broke down. Companies I and L of the 3rd Battalion, which were to have landed in the first wave on Fox Green, went ashore late and too far to the east on Fox Red. As a result, the 16th Infantry's initial assault was conducted solely by Companies E and F of the 2nd Battalion, with boat sections

A lone GI scans the Belgian countryside for advancing Germans during the first days of the Battle of the Bulge. LEFT: Guarding a road in Belgium, January 1945.

from these units landing alongside the 116th's E Company, which was also out of position, on Easy Red between Saint Laurent and Colleville-sur-Mer and on Fox Green in front of Colleville-sur-Mer.

The assault troops debarked from their landing craft at distances of 100-200 yards from the shoreline, jumping off the ramps into rough water that was neck-deep in places and boiling with bullet and shrapnel blasts. After slogging through the surf to the water's edge, the troops had another 200 yards of open sand to cross before reaching the dubious shelter of the sea wall or shingle bank. All the while they were subjected to withering artillery, mortar, and small-arms fire from German positions on the bluffs. Casualties were heavy.

The second group of assault waves began landing at 7 AM to find the invasion apparently stalled on the shoreline. Movement off the beach occurred within the hour, however, and by mid-morning small groups were advancing up the bluffs. But the Germans still had the advantage and were resisting fiercely, so much so that when the 18th Infantry started to come ashore on Easy Red shortly after 10 AM, the ownership of Omaha Beach was still undecided.

At a little after 1:30 PM, Lt. Gen. Omar Bradley, commanding American forces from the cruiser *Augusta,* received a welcome radio message: "Troops formerly pinned on beaches Easy Red, Easy Green, Fox Red advancing up heights behind beaches." This was already old news; by then, elements of the 1st and 28th Divisions had penetrated the enemy defense line at several points, with 2nd Battalion, 16th Infantry, pushing inland beyond the bluffs to cut the coastal road that ran parallel to the shore.

Meanwhile, the 1st Battalion, 26th Infantry, began landing at about 6 PM on Fox Green; 1st Division's command group came ashore an hour later on Easy Red. By this time, the 3rd Battalion, 16th Infantry had taken up a blocking position astride the coastal highway at Le Grand Hameau. As the day waned, 2nd and 3rd Battalions of 26th Infantry advanced inland across the coastal road between Saint Laurent and Colleville, while 1st Battalion moved in an easterly direction to take up positions in front of Caubourg.

Casualties for V Corps on D-Day numbered about 2,500 killed, wounded, or missing, with the two assaulting regimental combat teams (16th and 116th) losing about 1,000 men each. Many never made it to the shore. Paul Bystrak, a chief warrant officer in the division's G-4 section who landed on Omaha Beach the next morning, remembered bodies floating in the water when they debarked from their landing craft. "The platoon of graves registration people were sort of frightened—they were hiding in foxholes and the bodies were floating in the waves, so we had to push

our way through bodies to get to the beach. It was terrible."

For all that, the Americans were firmly in possession of Omaha Beach. The other beaches, Utah, Gold, Sword, and Juno, were also secure. In all, over 150,000 Allied troops had gotten ashore by nightfall; and though it was not apparent at the time, the Germans were incapable of driving them back into the sea, much less containing them in their seaside lodgments. The campaign to liberate France had begun, and the 1st Division was destined to play an important role in it.

After D-Day the fighting shifted to Normandy's hedgerow country, where the Allies found the going slow and bloody through the rest of June and July. In the final week of July, however, the Allies broke out of Normandy and the pace of events quickened dramatically. In August, Allied armies raced across France, subjecting the Germans to the same kind of blitzkrieg campaigns the enemy had used to conquer much of Europe three years earlier. During a three-day period in the last week of August, for instance, use of motorized transport and the rapid disintegration of German forces enabled the 1st Division to advance 96 miles across northern France, on a route that took the division through Alençon and Mamers to Courville-sur-Eure. The next day the division advanced east another 55 miles to bivouacs at Étampes.

On September 7 the division swung away from Mons and headed for Liège. Four days later, the division was across the Meuse River and driving toward the German frontier and the enemy's Siegfried Line defenses. It seemed to many that the war might be over before the year was out. But it was not to be. The Germans still had a lot of fight left in them, as they proved in the months ahead.

The attack on the Siegfried Line began on September 12, with elements of the 3rd Armored Division breaking through three days later. On September 15, the 16th Infantry cut the roads leading southeast out of Aachen and continued to advance to the northeast, occupying a position in the Siegfried Line by nightfall. The division completed the encirclement of Aachen by October 10 and launched a direct attack on the city on October 12. Aachen was the first large city on German soil to come under attack by Allied ground forces. It was the ancient seat of Frankish kings, and the Franks were a Germanic people. The mighty Charlemagne, founder of the Holy Roman Empire, had made it his capital. To die-hard Nazis of the Third Reich, it was a sacred place. For that reason it had great symbolic value to Allies and Germans alike.

Now bloodied and thoroughly battle-tested, wary 1st Division members advance through the rubble of Bonn, Germany, on March 9, 1945.

The battle for Aachen immediately degenerated into a bitter struggle that went from street to street and house to house. It lasted nearly three weeks. "Your fight for the ancient imperial city is being followed with admiration and breathless expectancy," the German Seventh Army commander told the garrison. "You are fighting for the honor of the Nationalistic German Army." The garrison finally surrendered on October 21. German honor had been satisfied, but the city had been destroyed in the process.

Following the capture of Aachen, the 1st Division moved southeast of the city to the Hürtgen Forest, with the aim of crossing the Roer River north of Düren and advancing to Cologne. Immediate objectives were the town of Gressenich and the Hamich-Nothberg ridge. On November 16, division elements attacked Gressenich; others advanced to Hamich and north and northeast along the line of Weh Creek and into the forest east of Schevenhütte. The battle for the Hürtgen Forest was under way.

The Hürtgen was not a natural forest. It was man-made, planted specifically as a defensive barrier. To the dismay of Americans who fought there, it fulfilled that role all too well. The Hürtgen Forest was as deadly, miserable, unrewarding, and relentless a battle as the 1st Division ever fought. The woods were treacherous, the mud thick and slimy. The roads were practically nonexistent. Casualties on both sides were heavy. Each house, hill, and hole in the ground was fought for, and gains were reckoned in yards, not miles.

Finally, the division pushed through the Hürtgen Forest toward the Roer River, capturing Luchem on December 4. Fighting began to slacken, and on December 7 the 1st Division was relieved by the 9th Infantry Division. Most 1st Division units were sent to Henri Chapelle, Belgium, southwest of Aachen; the 16th Infantry was quartered at Monschau .

The division's respite was cut short by a massive German counterstroke in the Ardennes region on December 16. The attack, which developed into what is commonly known as the Battle of the Bulge, was directed against the northern portion of the broad front held by VIII Corps, between Monschau and Echternach. The enemy objective was to cut off the Allied supply port at Antwerp, Belgium, and capture the huge American supply dumps in the Liége, Verviers and Eupen areas. The 1st Division was just north of Eupen when the Germans attacked.

On December 17, the 26th Infantry was sent down from the Eupen area to Camp Elsenborn on the northern flank of the German breakthrough to contain the enemy drive and prevent it from spreading. The first elements of the 26th Infantry reached Camp Elsenborn early in the morning on December 17 and occupied Bütgenbach. Meanwhile, the 16th Infantry was on its way down from its bivouac area in the vicinity of Verviers to take up positions north of Weismes. The 18th Infantry remained just south of Eupen to deal with enemy paratroopers.

Between December 17 and 22, the Germans launched several attacks down the Büllingen-

Division members catch a few hours of well-earned rest during the advance to the Rhine in February 1945. By now, the end of the war was in sight.

Bütgenbach-Weismes road, but none achieved the hoped-for breakthrough to the supply dumps at Spa and Verviers. After December 22, enemy offensive activity in the area abated. A stalemate ensued, with both antagonists being severely hampered by heavy snow and subfreezing temperatures. The Americans counterattacked on January 15, 1945, with the 1st Division being assigned the towns of Faymonville and Schoppen as its initial objectives.

By January 28, the Bulge had been eliminated and the 1st Division was attacking east toward the German border, seizing Mürringen, Hünningen, and Honsfeld on January 30. The next day the division took the high ground northwest of the Holzwarcke River. By February 3, elements of the division had once again penetrated the Siegfried Line. On February 5, three days after capturing Hollerath, the division was relieved by the 99th Infantry Division.

On February 8, the 1st Division (less Combat Team 16) moved to the forward assembly area to take over the defense of the Untermaubach-Bergstein-Grosshau sector. The division crossed the Roer River on February 25 and advanced rapidly to the Rhine. Between March 1 and 3, it fought for and captured Erp, and on March 8 it entered Bonn—too late to prevent the Germans from blowing up the city's bridge across the Rhine. Bonn's garrison formally surrendered to the division on March 9.

By the end of February, with American forces nearing the Rhine, the Germans began to demolish the bridges spanning the wide river. All but one were destroyed. At Remagen, the massive Ludendorff railway bridge remained miraculously intact. Dispatched to Remagen from Bonn, the 1st Division completed movement across the Ludendorff Bridge by March 16, one day before the weakened structure collapsed. Between March 16 and March 24, the division worked to enlarge the Rhine bridgehead and defend it against numerous German counterattacks. By March 25 the bridgehead was secure, and the way was open for the First Army to drive in force across the Rhine into the heart of Germany.

After March 27, the 1st Division advanced swiftly into Germany's interior. On April 8 it crossed the Weser River and advanced toward the Harz Mountains, reaching the western slope on April 11. This move precipitated the collapse of enemy forces in the region. On April 18, the division was driving into the enemy's rear areas, taking the high ground overlooking Blankberg and Thale on April 19. The next day, all significant German resistance had ceased.

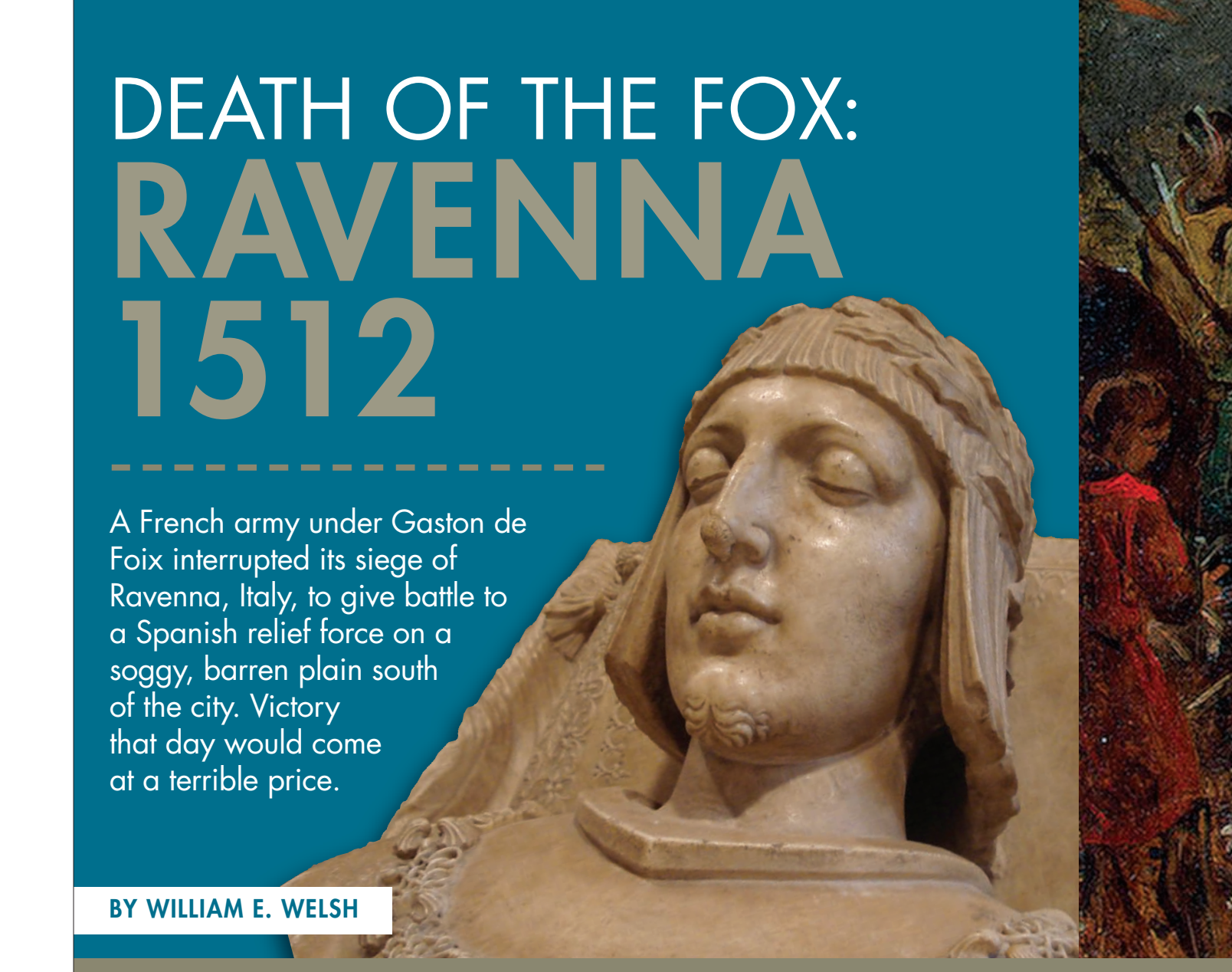
The beginning of May found the division in Czechoslovakia, where it became embroiled in combat with a scratch force known as Division Benicke, made up of men from an officer candidate school in Milowitz. The 1st Division attacked this force on May 5, five days after Adolf Hitler committed suicide in Berlin. The division cleared the Drenice area and advanced down the road from Cheb to Falkenau on May 6, seizing several towns en route and liberating the Falkenau concentration camp. At the time of the German surrender, the 16th, 18th, and 26th Infantry Regimental Combat Teams, in conjunction with Combat Command A of the 9th Armored Division, were attacking toward Karlsbad.

At 8:15 AM on May 8, the division received an order to cease firing at once and wait in place. Later that day, the division accepted the unconditional surrenders of Division Benicke as well as the 18,000 troops of the German XII Corps (Seventh Army) in the Chemnitz-Marienbad vicinity. The war with Germany was over.

The division would remain in Germany for another 10 years, first as an occupying force and then as an ally of West Germany. Returning to the United States in the summer of 1955, the 1st Division spent the next decade at Fort Riley, Kansas, during which time it became a mechanized formation. In 1965, the division was once again committed to battle, this time to in the rapidly escalating conflict in South Vietnam. There another generation of soldiers wearing the Big Red One patch on their sleeves garnered new battle honors and furthered the tradition of valor and victory so firmly established by their predecessors in World Wars I and II. □

DEATH OF THE FOX: RAVENNA 1512

A French army under Gaston de Foix interrupted its siege of Ravenna, Italy, to give battle to a Spanish relief force on a soggy, barren plain south of the city. Victory that day would come at a terrible price.



BY WILLIAM E. WELSH

AS THE FIRST RAYS of sunlight chased away the shadows from the base of the high walls surrounding the village of Ravenna in northern Italy on Easter Sunday, April 11, 1512, the French army besieging the town began to form into columns. It was not forming up to attack the walls one more time, but rather to march a short distance south to meet a Spanish relief army that had arrived the day before and entrenched for battle. The French army's preparations were a noisy affair. Shouts rang out, weapons clanged, and drums and trumpets sounded the advance. The ground, made damp by spring rains, sucked and pulled at the feet of men and horses alike as they marched off to battle.

Despite a shortage of provisions, spirits remained high as the 24,000-strong French army faced its greatest challenge in two months of hard campaigning in the region. Led by its gifted 22-year-old commander, Gaston de Foix, the Duke of Nemours, the French army had crushed local revolts, smashed armies sent to intercept it, and chased off the main Spanish army that now appeared, in light of its previous performance, strangely eager to meet it again in what promised to be a desperate fight on the barren, faceless plain south of the town.

The French army struck south at daylight, marching along the west bank of the Ronco River away from town. A rowdy contingent of mercenaries from southern Germany known as *landsknechts* led the way, followed by the French infantry and cavalry and a small Italian force from the nearby Duchy of Ferrara. To reach the enemy, they would have to cross to the other bank of the Ronco. The shallow river posed no real obstacle to mounted or foot soldiers, but its muddy bottom was sure to trap the heavy guns. Since the enemy was on the east bank, French pioneers had toiled away to build a boat bridge capable of supporting the long train of culverins that would play a prominent role in the upcoming battle. Before the horse-drawn guns began rumbling across the bridge, the *landsknechts* had to gain the other side to protect the army in the event the enemy descended upon it during its passage.

As his men crossed to the opposite bank, the young duke watched with pride. The French commander, the nephew of King Louis XII, rode from one position to the next as he waited for the bulk of his army to cross. At one point, Gaston and those in his company could see the Spanish heavy cavalry arrayed on the opposite bank a mile or so to the south. The leader of the French rearguard, Baron Yves D'Alegre, rode over to Gaston and asked if he could see the enemy's horse. "Yes, they are in plain view," replied the young duke. "By my faith, if a man were to bring here but two piece of artillery, he

Surrounded by Spanish pikemen at the climax of the Battle of Ravenna, French commander Gaston de Foix fights to stay on horseback. He would soon tumble to his inevitable death. OPPOSITE: Funerary bust of Gaston de Foix.

would do them a wondrous hurt," Alegre said. Gaston concurred and instructed the baron to direct the artillery corps to unlimber a pair of culverins and bombard the enemy from behind once the battle began. The order was among the most significant that Gaston would issue that day, and also one of the last he would ever give.

For more than a half century, Valois France and Hapsburg Spain had vied for domination of the politically divided Italian peninsula. The first stage of the Italian Wars began when French King Charles VIII led an army into Italy in September 1494 in an unsuccessful attempt to seize the Kingdom of Naples. Almost immediately, a half dozen large and small powers in the region formed the League of Venice to drive the French out of Naples. Fearing that his army would be cornered in Naples and destroyed, Charles began a long retreat to France the following summer. The French won a major battle on the return march when they defeated a League army composed of Milanese and Venetian troops at Fornovo on July 6, 1495.

King Louis XII, who ascended to the throne in 1498, continued the efforts begun by his predecessor to acquire Italian territory. Louis asserted that the Duchy of Milan belonged to the House of Orleans, from which he came, and not to the Sforza family, which had seized control of the duchy a half century before. To back up his assertion, Louis sent a French army under Italian mercenary general Gian Trivulzio to invade the duchy in August 1499. In one month's time, Trivulzio captured all of the major towns in the duchy, forcing Duke Ludivico Sforza to seek refuge in the Holy Roman Empire.

Unlike the Kingdom of Naples, Milan could be more easily reinforced during times of conflict. The duchy was one of the wealthiest and most prosperous regions of Europe, producing an annual revenue of 700,000 ducats, which Louis planned to use to finance French military operations in Italy. His predecessor's failure to bring Naples under his control did not deter Louis from making his own attempt to annex the kingdom. In 1500, Louis and Ferdinand of Aragon signed the Treaty of Grenada, in which they agreed to divide Naples between themselves. Under the pact, the French would administer the northern part of the kingdom and the Aragonese would govern the southern part. Although the two sides occupied their respective parts in 1500, Ferdinand turned on Louis almost immediately. War soon broke out between the two sides for control of Naples.

Gonzalo Cordoba, nicknamed "the Great Captain," was sent by Ferdinand to prosecute his war in Naples. Cordoba, a recognized military genius, devised new tactics for his forces that

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Both: Library of Congress

ABOVE: French King Louis XII rides out with his army in 1507 to chastise the city of Genoa as a prelude to joining the League of Cambrai. BELOW: Pope Julius in 1512, depicted by the master painter Raphael.

enabled them to triumph over the French in a decisive victory at Cerignola on April 28, 1503. The following year, Cordoba systematically drove the French from their remaining garrisons in the kingdom.

After the Great Captain's victory over the French, the focus of war in Italy shifted north. The growing power of the Republic of Venice provoked Pope Julius II in 1508 to establish an alliance to counter its expansion. Eager to snap up Venetian lands in eastern Lombardy, Louis opportunistically joined the League of Cambrai, along with Holy Roman Emperor Maximilian and Aragon's King Ferdinand. The league supposedly was formed to counter the expansion of the Ottoman Empire, but its real intent was to carve up Venice's holdings in Italy.

In April 1509, Louis led a French army into Venetian territory. After soundly whipping a Venetian army at Agnadello on May 14, the French swept up all of the Venetian holdings in the Po River valley. The victory gave Louis complete control of Lombardy.

Pope Julius at once turned on France, building a strong alliance against Louis. One of the pope's first moves was to sign a treaty with the Swiss that gave him permission to recruit Swiss mercenaries and forbade them from taking up arms against his forces. In addition to the Swiss, the anti-French league eventually would include England, the Holy Roman Empire, Spain, and Venice. Julius coveted the Duchy of Ferrara and wanted to incorporate it into his papal holdings. First, he excommunicated its ruler, Duke Alfonso. Next, he donned armor and led a Papal Army north in January 1511 to besiege Mirandola and annex Ferrara. The main French army marched to relieve Mirandola, but its commander, Louis D'Ambrosio, sought to negotiate with Julius instead of resolving the matter by force. This ultimately led to the capture of Mirandola by the Spanish-Papal besiegers.

When D'Ambrosio died of illness the following month, command of the French army temporarily went to Trivulzio while Louis reorganized his military leadership. In March, Trivulzio outflanked Julius's army and advanced on Bologna. As a result, Julius withdrew his army east to Ravenna to prevent it from being trapped. On May 23, the Bolognese, fearing a bloody siege, threw open their gates to the French and the city was captured without a fight.

The French army in Italy would soon receive a new commander, Gaston de Foix, to serve as viceroy of Milan and assume command of all French forces in Italy. Gaston, nicknamed "the Fox," was the son of Louis's eldest sister, Marie. He had been raised at the king's court, where he received extensive military training. In October 1511, Gaston arrived in Italy to take command of his army and its widely scattered garrisons. His first order of business was to secure Milan against attack from Holy League forces, particularly the Swiss, who were preparing to invade the duchy.

On December 1, a 16,000-man Swiss army invaded the duchy. By mid-month, it was encamped within a day's march of Milan. As quickly as the Swiss came, they departed, withdrawing without a fight due to lack of support from allied Papal and Venetian forces and a vulnerable supply line against which Gaston's forces waged constant hit-and-run attacks.

The new year brought threats to French holdings in Lombardy from other sectors. By mid-January, a Venetian army was organizing near Brescia to the east, while a Spanish-Papal army marching north laid siege to Bologna, trapping the French garrison under Alegre. Gaston's response was to meet the enemy rather than wait for them to come after him. He led his army east in a feint toward Brescia, then quickly turned south to meet the more substantial threat posed by the 20,000-strong Spanish-Papal army under Viceroy of Naples Ramon de Cardona, besieging Bologna.

After a forced march through snow and sleet in which his troops trudged as rapidly as possible over muddy roads and across numerous rivers and streams, Gaston arrived before Bologna on February 5, 1512. Fortunately for the French, the Spanish-Papal forces had not completely encircled the city—the sprawling size of Renaissance cities made it difficult to cover all approaches—and Gaston was able to reinforce the garrison. Cardona, intimidated by the French army and aware that he could no longer capture the city without a pitched battle, withdrew eastward to Imola, leaving behind a large part of his baggage train.

Shortly after Cardona's departure, Gaston received news that the Brescians had thrown open the city gates to the Venetians, forcing the small French garrison to retreat to a hilltop castle overlooking the city. Likewise, the Venetians were welcomed in Bergamo, a short distance to the northeast. Fearing that the Venetian successes in eastern Lombardy might prompt the Swiss to march again on Milan, Gaston ordered his barely rested troops to prepare for another forced march. Less than 72 hours after their arrival in Bologna, Gaston led his army north along snow-covered roads to Brescia. The French army, reduced by 5,000 men left behind to buttress the Bologna garrison, made good time considering the region was experiencing one of its harshest and dampest winters in memory.

Rather than march immediately to Brescia, Gaston's army moved straight north to intercept a Venetian force moving to reinforce the city. The French fell on the Venetians near Isola della Scala, east of Brescia. In a short, decisive battle, the French forced the Venetians to retire to the east. Gaston's army arrived outside Brescia on February 17, having covered 120 miles in nine days.

The castle where the French garrison had

sought refuge lay outside the town's walls. The Venetian unit that had seized the town was not large enough to prevent the French relief army from reaching the castle and using it as a base to launch an attack on the city. Gaston's first move was to offer the townspeople a chance to avoid the whirlwind of revenge that would descend on it for ousting the French garrison. The young duke sent a formal dispatch to the town's leaders. If they opened the town's gates immediately, they would be spared the brutal pillaging that would be administered if Gaston's army had to take the town by force. Unfortunately for the townspeople, the Venetian commander intercepted the correspondence. Without consulting the town's leaders, the commander replied that the inhabitants refused to surrender. The French decided to attack the following morning.

A driving rain began that night and continued into the morning. At dawn, the French marched down the muddy hillside to assault the city. The Venetians had fewer than 1,500 arquebusiers to man the city's walls. The French fought their way into the town and slaughtered the Venetian garrison. As was the custom of war at the time, Gaston allowed the 5,000 *landsknecht* mercenaries to pillage the city over a five-day period. Once the rebellious townspeople of nearby Bergamo learned the fate of the Brescians, they quickly agreed to open their gates to the French and also offered 6,000 ducats to appease the young duke.

After designating a small number of troops to garrison the two rebellious cities, Gaston withdrew to Milan to gather reinforcements and supplies for a fresh offensive. Louis's orders to Gaston were to destroy the Spanish-Papal army under Cardona and march on Rome. Because the French king needed some of Gaston's troops to buttress northern France against a possible invasion by English forces, Gaston was urged to resolve the campaign in a short time frame. In late March, Gaston's army arrived in the Duchy of Ferrara, where it was reinforced by Italian infantry and Duke Alfonso's 24 guns, which gave the French army a powerful 54-gun artillery train with which to conduct sieges and fight battles.

Having secured Bologna, Gaston marched directly for Ravenna, a key city in Romagna, arriving outside its walls in the first week of April. The army set up its main camp on the south side of the city between the Montone and Ronco Rivers. Gaston immediately sent a small detachment to take up positions west of the city on the opposite bank of the Montone and had his engineers build a makeshift bridge across the Montone to facilitate communications and

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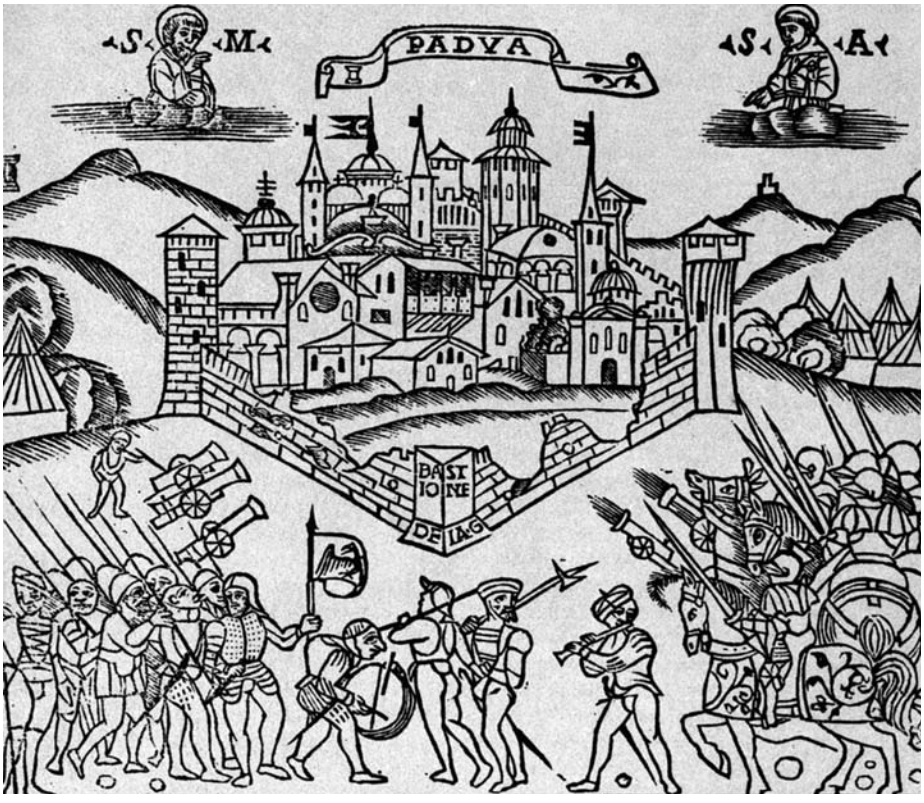

French troops lay siege to the Italian city of Padua during the siege of 1509 in this period woodcut. Soon, Louis controlled all of Lombardy.

troop movements.

As the French went about their siege preparations, *landsknecht* captain Jacob Empser received an urgent letter from Holy Roman Emperor Maximilian instructing him to immediately break off his service with the French and bring his 5,000 mercenaries back to Germany. Empser, who was loyal to Gaston, showed the French commander the letter, and the two agreed to keep it secret from the other *landsknecht* soldiers as long as possible.

On Good Friday, April 9, Gaston's artillery began pummeling the stone walls of Ravenna in an effort to make a breach wide enough for the infantry to fight its way into the town. Once a breach had been made, Gaston ordered his infantry forward. The Spanish garrison repulsed repeated attacks throughout the remainder of the day with great skill and ferocity. Unable to gain a foothold in the city, Gaston called off the attack.

The following day, scouts reported to Gaston that the Spanish had arrived from the south and were hastily entrenching on the east bank of the Ronco, one mile south of the French camp. At the same time, Gaston received word that the Venetians had fallen on the French supply line and intercepted a crucial convoy of food and ammunition. In a council of war called to assess the situation, Gaston argued that time was against the French; they must attack the Spanish relief army at once. The French nobles and mercenary captains agreed to march south and strike the Spanish relief force on Easter morning, before it could reinforce the garrison at Ravenna.

Aware that the French had bombards capable of breaking down the city's walls and that the Ravenna garrison could not hold out for long against the French, Cardona immediately put his army on the road to Ravenna. Taking the advice of chief engineer Pedro Navarro, Cardona planned to allow his men sufficient time to entrench without being harassed by the enemy. The Spanish-Papal army arrived in the vicinity of Ravenna by marching along a causeway on the opposite side of the Ronco. A mile south of the city, the men halted and immediately began to entrench.

Navarro, an experienced engineer commanding the Spanish infantry, ordered his men to dig a defensive ditch and pile the excavated dirt behind it. The Spanish army contained a substantial number of arquebusiers drawn from urban militias and garrisons, and Navarro intended to build a natural fortress that would give them the same protection they would have enjoyed when firing from a city wall or watchtower.

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At Ravenna the Spanish mounted heavy arquebuses on carts bristling with spears and shields. They were too large for one man to lift and fire.

Behind the trench, Navarro ordered his engineers to place 30 two-wheeled carts that mounted five-foot-long arquebuses too heavy for a man to hold. The unwieldy arquebuses were typically mounted through ports or atop walls for the defense of castles or cities, so it was necessary to have a wheeled contraption with which to mount them on the battlefield. The carts had shields for the gunners and spears and scythes attached to the wheels to inflict maximum damage on attackers seeking to overrun the carts. Navarro ordered culverins placed between each cart to shell the attacking infantry. The engineers deliberately left a space on each side between the half-moon-shaped trench and the causeway to allow the Spanish cavalry to launch sorties from protected positions behind the infantry.

Cardona and Navarro knew that the strength of their 17,000-man army was the infantry, which they placed in three lines. The first two lines each contained 4,000 Spanish footmen, while the thinner line contained a mix of 2,000 Spanish and Papal infantry. The 7,000 Spanish cavalry were deployed behind the infantry, ready to sally forth at a crucial moment in the battle when they might turn the tide with well-timed charges. Fabrizio Colonna commanded the vanguard of 2,700 horsemen on the left flank, the Marquis de la Palude led the main battle line of 2,300 in the center, and Don Alfonso Carvajal commanded the 500-horse rear guard on the right. Another cavalry unit led by the Marquis de Pescara and containing 1,500 lightly armed horsemen, was stationed forward on the extreme right flank.

Ravenna had been a bustling port in Roman times but in the intervening centuries the waters of the Adriatic Sea had retreated at a rapid pace, leaving the town five miles from the coast. The plain that stretched south of the city had once been under water, and the soft ground consisted of a mixture of sand and silt. A number of shallow streams and ditches crisscrossed the plain through damp meadows, which the opposing generals knew would make passage difficult for their cavalry. The plain was almost entirely barren of trees, except for a coastal pine grove known as Pineta de Classe south of the city.

Cardona, heavily influenced by Navarro, wanted to keep both his infantry and cavalry inside the fortified camp and allow the French to waste their units in a frontal assault. Even before the battle began, there was disagreement among the generals as to the best strategy. Colonna argued unsuccessfully that the Spanish should attack the French while they were crossing the Ronco and defeat them when they were at their most vulnerable. Although the idea had some merit, Cardona felt that it was at odds with the Spanish army's traditional tactic of fighting defensively, and he rejected it.

Once the French army had crossed the Ronco, the vanguard and main battle line turned south, with the infantry companies marching on the right next to the causeway and the cavalry on the left protecting their exposed flank. While the other two formations marched into battle, the rear guard remained at the crossing to function as a reserve and cover a withdrawal if necessary. The French vanguard, led by Siegneur Jacques de La Palice and the Duke Alfonso, comprised 3,600 horsemen, 5,000 German foot soldiers, and 3,500 French infantry. The main battle line was made up of 3,100 cavalry and 3,000 French and Italian infantry. Thomas Bohier, Seneschal of Normandy, commanded the infantry, while prestigious French knights such as Odet de Lautrec, Louis D'Ars, and Siegneur de Bayard led the various horse companies. The rear guard, led by Alegre, had only 300 horsemen but some 4,000 Italian and French foot soldiers.

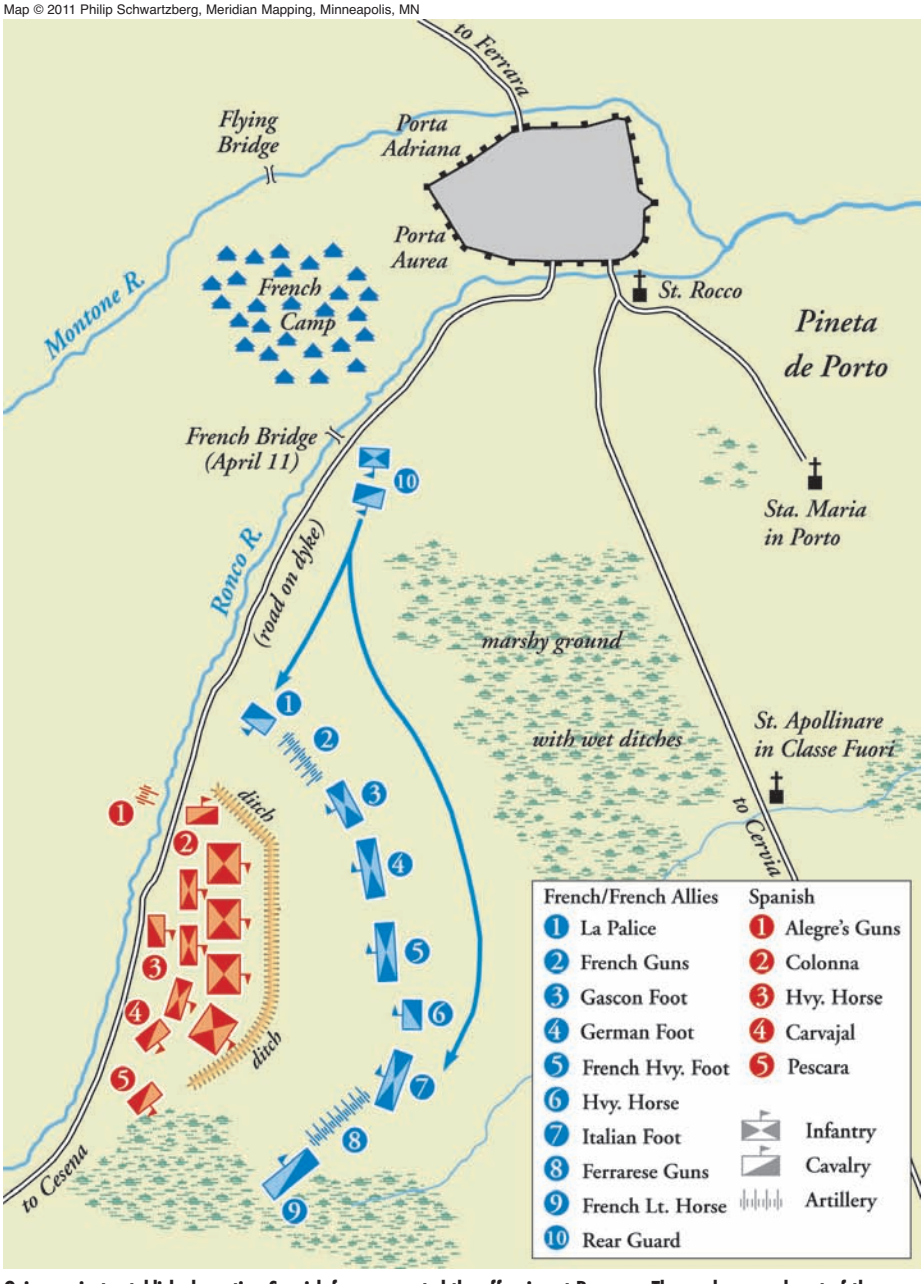
The French mounted men-at-arms, known as *gendarmes,* were organized into lances. Each lance was made up of a heavily armored knight, his equally well-armored squire, and two mounted archers armed with crossbows. They fought mounted and were the dominant arm of

the French army in the Italian Wars. The *landsknechts* were the elite foot soldiers of Gaston's army. They were recruited from southern Germany and drilled in Swiss heavy infantry tactics to function as shock troops. Although the *landsknechts* fought primarily with pikes, there were also a few arquebusiers in their ranks. The French infantry, drawn from Gascony and Picardy, was armed with pikes and crossbows.

In contrast, the core of the Spanish army was its infantry This was partly because the Spanish nobility did not have the wealth to outfit themselves with the costly, lavish armor used by the French gendarmes, and partly because of the difficulty of sustaining a large horse population in the rugged terrain of the Iberian Peninsula. When Cordoba arrived in Naples in 1495, he set about reorganizing the Spanish infantry so that it could compete on more equal terms with the Swiss heavy infantry serving as mercenaries in the French army. The Great Captain substituted pikemen for the traditional sword-and-buckler troops in the Spanish ranks and replaced crossbowmen with arquebusiers. By the time of Ravenna, the ratio of pikes to arquebuses was 6:1, a far lower ratio than in the German and Italian infantry units fighting for the French. Cordoba chose to retain a small number of sword-and-buckler troops to slip in among the enemy formation and cut at the unprotected legs and thighs of the enemy pikemen.

When it was just out of the range of the Spanish cannon, the French army formed into a menacing line of battle. The French vanguard constituted the right wing, and the main battle made up the left wing. The infantry was placed in the center and supported by French heavy cavalry on each wing. The *landsknechts* were in the center of the battle line, with Gascon footmen on their right and French and Italian infantry on their left. Duke Alfonso sent his artillery to the far side of the battlefield via a circuitous route which enabled it to traverse the marsh and take up position on the French left to enfilade the Spanish right flank.

Once the French had formed into the line of battle by mid-morning, the two sides began shelling each other. Navarro's culverins poured round shot the size of oranges into the densely packed French formations, causing considerable casualties on those units on the French right that were the closest to the Spanish guns. A pair of French cannons on the opposite bank of the Ronco returned fire. Alfonso's guns, once they had crossed to the French left flank, joined the bombardment. The Spanish infantry escaped the worst of the shelling by lying prone at Navarro's direction in shallow depressions in the landscape. The Spanish cavalry, however,



Going against established practice, Spanish forces mounted the offensive at Ravenna. The mushy ground east of the Ronco River made the footing difficult for both sides.

was not so lucky. Having no place to hide, the Spanish knights and genitors suffered painful deaths and gruesome wounds from the French artillery fire. The round shot decapitated some soldiers and tore off the limbs of others. One well-placed shot toppled more than 30 knights at once.

The carnage from the artillery duel was not limited to the Spanish ranks. During the two-hour ordeal, Spanish cannons killed as many as 2,000 French and German foot soldiers—about one-sixth of Gascon's entire infantry force. In one grisly incident, a cannonball sliced in half two incautious French captains who were conferring in the open between infantry formations. As the carnage dragged on, some of the soldiers became rattled. When a formation of Gascon infantry sought to shield itself behind an adjacent German unit, the *landsknechts* drove them off with their pikes.

Colonna's vanguard was under direct fire from a pair of French guns on the opposite bank of the Ronco. The Italian general chafed under the orders he had been given to hold in place until the French attacked. Colonna failed to appreciate that the French were getting the worst of the artillery duel. Looking about at the shattered bodies of many of his best knights, he resolved to lead his men out of harm's way and avenge the slaughter. He dispatched a messenger to Cardona to request permission to charge the French line while he still had sufficient numbers left with

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This period woodcut shows the fierce hand-to-hand fighting at Ravenna in the foreground. In the rear, opposing cavalry forces clash.

which to attack. Twice, Cardona refused. After the second refusal, Colonna resolved to lead his knights forward without Cardona's permission.

Colonna was not the only general concerned about his men. Carvajal, whose men were under fire from a larger number of guns on the French left flank, also raged against Cardona's orders to stay in place. Cavalry captains hurled curses at Navarro, blaming him for fighting a defensive battle. With casualties mounting after nearly two hours of shelling, Carvajal took it upon himself to lead his men onto the open plain through the narrow passageway on the Spanish right. After a quick conference, Pescara instructed his genitors to support Carvajal's 500 mounted knights. Companies of knights and genitors on the Spanish right soon raced toward Duke Alfonso's battery on the French left.

Cardona watched aghast as the cavalry companies on the Spanish right flank began charging the French line. Realizing that they were outnumbered, he had no choice but to permit Colonna and La Palude to lead their knights into battle too. Carvajal's knights were the first to reach the enemy line, engaging the gendarmes of the French main battle. The two forces became intermingled as the mounted melee swirled around Duke Alfonso's battery. Seeing the need to coordinate the reinforcements, Alegre assumed the role of chief of staff and directed small bands of gendarmes and mounted crossbowmen to reinforce the left flank. These additional troops stabilized the line and gave the French enough strength to drive off Carvajal and Pescara.

While the cavalry melee was swirling about on the French left flank, Colonna's and La Palude's knights struck La Palice's vanguard on the opposite flank near the Ronco. The broken ground over which the Spanish attacked greatly lessened their shock power, and the gendarmes did not suffer severe loss when the two sides collided. Still, Alegre thought the threat dire enough to order the 300 gendarmes under his command at the Ronco bridge to enter the fray.

Spanish losses were heavy on both flanks. Many knights had lost their lances in the first charge and were unable to deliver a hard blow to the French line. The knights on the Spanish right flank abruptly quit the battlefield. Unwilling to return to the confines of the camp, the 100 survivors of Carvajal's charge rode away from the battlefield, leaving behind 400 dead knights. Both Carvajal and Pescara were wounded in the action. Carvajal escaped with his men to the south, but Pescara was captured by the French and taken to the rear. Colonna had a higher sense of loyalty. After his attack was repulsed, he led his knights back into camp, where they might bolster the Spanish infantry during the next phase of the battle. But Cardona, believing the day was lost, left camp with his escort and followed Carvajal's men south. Seeing the commander of the Spanish-Papal army quit the battlefield, Colonna flew into a rage and cursed the viceroy for his cowardly actions.

At mid-day, Gaston ordered his infantry to advance. In an effort to soften up the Spanish infantry for the main attack, La Palice sent a large contingent of Gascon crossbowmen with an escort of Pickard pikemen toward the Spanish camp in the narrow corridor between the river and the causeway. His wanted the crossbowmen to use the causeway for cover while showering their fire into the Spanish infantry, who continued to lie prone. Unfortunately for La Palice, Navarro spotted the movement and shifted a number of companies of Papal infantry to check the advance.

After the attack failed, La Palice ordered a general advance by the French and German pikemen. Their numbers were significantly smaller than they had been at the outset of the battle. Of the 8,500 that had formed up at the beginning of the battle, upward of 2,000 had been cut down by Spanish artillery fire. The French advanced on the right while the *landsknechts* tramped forward on the left. Their advance was slowed considerably by the presence of a shallow dike that they had to cross before they reached the Spanish position. As they struggled to traverse the ditch, Spanish arquebusiers poured a steady fire into their ranks. Scores of pikemen were mowed down as they crossed the dike. One of the first to fall was Jacob Empser, the *landsknecht* commander.

One of the *landsknecht*'s bravest officers, Fabian von Schlabrendorf, swung his pike madly in a wide arc knocking pikes from the hands of about a dozen Spanish soldiers and opening a path into the enemy ranks for his men to exploit. Schlabrendorf fell but the men around him renewed their efforts when they

witnessed his feat of bravery. At one point in the melee, Seignur de Molart, the principal captain of the Gascons, was killed. Molart's death had a devastating effect on the Gascons, and they broke off their attack. Navarro and his officers were able to feed more troops into the battle, and neither the Germans nor the Gascons was able to dislodge the Spanish line or open a breach for the French cavalry.

After they tried unsuccessfully in fierce hand-to-hand combat to force a breach in the Spanish line, La Palice's foot soldiers retreated a safe distance from the trench to reform. Seeing the attackers pull back, the Spanish infantry raised a large shout to signify their victory. In their desperate initial assault on the Spanish line, the French and German pikemen suffered another 1,200 killed or wounded. Added to its previous losses from artillery fire, La Palice's foot had lost one-third of its strength.

Rue des Archives/The Granger Collection, New York

Another depiction, this one more vivid, shows the unhorsed Gaston about to be killed by Spanish pikemen. He was just 22.

By the end of the initial melee at the trench, the surviving cavalry of the Spanish vanguard had reassembled behind the Spanish infantry. Similarly, the French mounted gendarmes on both flanks also had reorganized themselves to support of its infantry. The captains of the French and German foot soldiers rallied their men for a second attack on the Spanish line. Despite having wavered previously, the Gascons recovered sufficiently to participate in the second assault. With a shout, the ranks of French and German infantry surged forward. They fought their way through the blood-soaked trench where the mangled bodies of both Spanish and French lay intertwined. On the right, a Gascon captain leaped atop a cart to wave his men forward, but was quickly cut down.

Seeing the front ranks of the Spanish foot giving ground, Colonna issued orders for his mounted knights to follow him in a sortie against the Gascons' right flank. The cavalry charge created disorder among the retiring Gascons. Sensing an opportunity to finish them off completely, Navarro sent two companies of Spanish pikes to pursue the Gascons across the open ground. The two companies soon found themselves cut off and unable to make a safe retreat back to friendly lines. Spotting the pine grove to the north, they tried to sneak off the battlefield without being spotted by the French rear guard.

Although the French right had received a devastating blow from the combined attack of Spanish horse and foot, the French left remained stable. Its 3,000 French and Italian infantry had not yet been committed to the fight. The Spanish had been able to make gains against the French right largely because La Palice's gendarmes were still reforming during Colonna's second sortie. Once they reformed, La Palice's gendarmes charged directly into the Spanish camp, using the northern entrance before Colonna's horsemen could cut them off. The Papal infantry from the reserve corps was no match for the French gendarmes, who used the weight of their horses to trample the Papal pikes. When the Papal pikemen scattered, the French gendarmes slammed into the rear line of the Spanish infantry before it could reform.

Sensing the tide of battle turning, the Seneschal of Normandy waved forward the 3,000 fresh pikemen on the French left and, together with the survivors of La Palice's foot, they made a broad, coordinated attack on the Spanish front line. Facing attack from front and rear, the Spanish companies rapidly gave ground as they sought to extract themselves from the pincers that were squeezing them. Of Navarro's 10,000 foot, only 2,000 were able to escape the slaughter by forming themselves into squares as they slowly withdrew toward the causeway. The French showed no quarter, striking down all soldiers and officers of low rank. Only Navarro and a small number of high-ranking officers were taken prisoner for the ransoms they might fetch.

While the slaughter was unfolding in the Spanish camp, the surviving members of the two companies of Spanish infantry caught behind enemy lines marched rapidly northeast toward the Pineta de Classe where they hoped to slip undetected into Ravenna from the east. Unfortunately, the large body of soldiers eventually was spotted by Alegre's rear guard. Alerted to the threat, the Bastard du Fay began assembling a force to intercept the escaping troops. Realizing that they would never make it to the Pineta de Classe without being intercepted, the Spanish changed direction and began marching rapidly west to the causeway along the Ronco, where they hoped to fight their way off the battlefield to the south. At that point, some Gascons spotted the escaping Spanish foot and pointed them out to Gaston and his escort of about two dozen gendarmes, all of whom were keenly watching the destruction of the enemy's camp. The Gascons, thirsty for revenge after such a terrible fight, implored the duke to kill the Spanish foot before they escaped.

Unable to decline the challenge, despite a promise to his close friend Bayard that morning to refrain from further fighting once the day was won, Gaston gave the order for his companions to join in the pursuit. By then, the Spanish soldiers had gained the causeway and braced themselves for the attack. When they reached causeway, the French gendarmes spurred their horses up the incline. Spanish arquebusiers fired a volley that failed to stop the gendarmes. At that point, the

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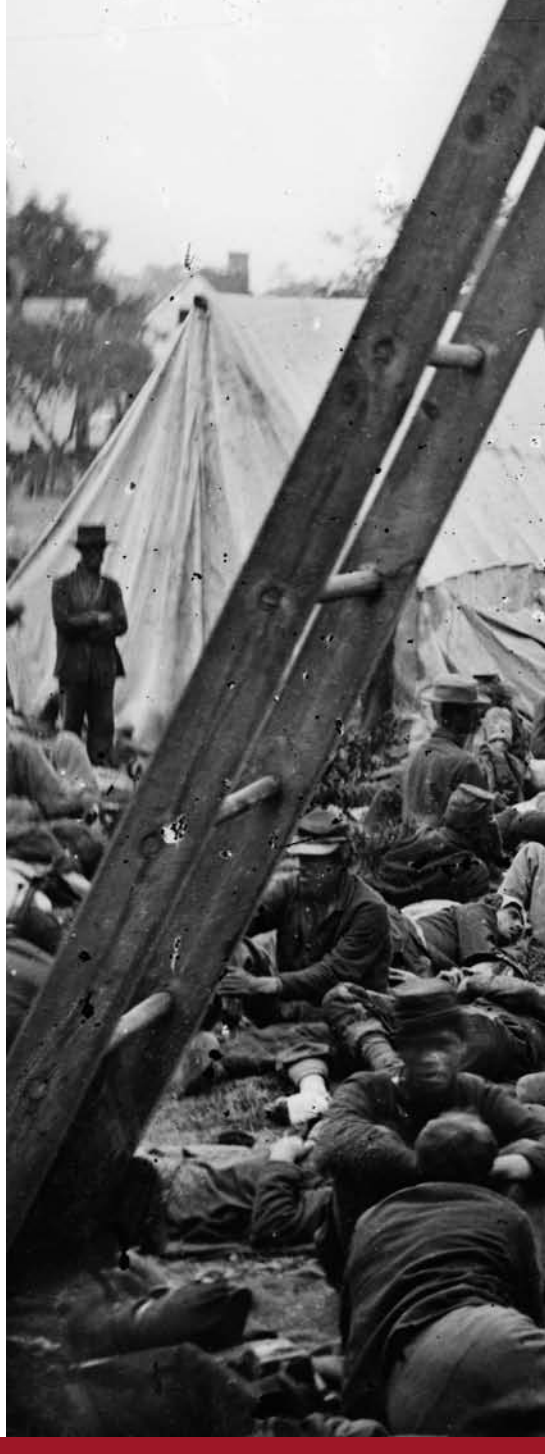


HEALERS OR HORRORS:

For Civil War soldiers on both sides, advances in weaponry far outstripped available medical facilities. A visit to the Civil War surgeon, often literally a "sawbones," was a horror more feared than death on the battlefield. **BY RICHARD A. GABRIEL**

SAFE BEHIND ITS OCEAN BARRIERS, the United States paid scant attention to the wars that raged abroad during the early 19th century, taking little notice of the lessons that might have been learned from the European experience with mass killing. With few opportunities for its own military medical establishment to acquire field experience, the U.S. Army's military medical service remained primitive. In 1802, the U.S. Army Medical Corps comprised only two surgeons and 25 orderlies. By 1808, the number of surgeons had increased to seven and surgical assistants to 40. There was no ambulance corps during the War of 1812; after the battle wagons were sent to search for the wounded. There were no hospitals, either, and the wounded were treated in temporary shelters near the battlefield. Even these primitive facilities were dismantled when the war ended. In 1818, Congress finally authorized the appointment of Dr. Joseph Lovell to head the medical corps as surgeon general.

At the start of the Mexican War in 1846, the American medical corps consisted of one surgeon general and 71 medical officers. Statistically, the Mexican War was the deadliest ever fought by an American army. Of the 100,182 soldiers committed to the campaign, 1,458 were killed in action and another 10,790 died of disease, a disease mortality rate of 11 percent. This compared to a similar rate of 6.5 percent for the Civil War, 2.7 percent for the Spanish-American War, and 1.6 percent for World War I. The single medical contribution of the Mexican War was the first use of anesthesia by a military surgeon in combat. The medical service was once more reduced in strength when the war ended. At the outbreak of the Civil War, no one on either side was remotely prepared for the magnitude of the slaughter, forcing both sides to endure a medical catastrophe that was unprecedented in military history.

The Civil War was the first modern war in which the productive capacities of the industrial state were completely integrated into the war effort. The number of combat engagements was the largest in history to that time, and exponential increases in the killing power of weapons produced rates of casualties beyond the imagination of military medical planners. In a four-year period, 2,196 combat engagements were fought, in which 620,000 men perished—360,000 in the Union Army and 260,000 in the Confederate Army. Some 67,000 Union soldiers were killed outright, 43,000 died of wounds, and 130,000 were disfigured for life, often with missing limbs; 94,000 Confederate soldiers died of wounds.

The minie ball (actually a bullet) caused 94 percent of all wounds, artillery shell and canister accounted for 6 percent, and the saber and bayonet fewer than 922 wounds, of which only 56 were fatal. Some 35 percent of all wounds were to the arms, 35.7 percent to the legs, and wounds to the head and trunk accounted for 18.4 percent and 10.7 percent, respectively. In a statistical sense, the Civil War was the most life-threatening war ever fought. The chances of not surviving the war were one in four, as compared to one in 124 in the Korean War.

The staggering increase in the number and seriousness of wounds was due to the .58-caliber rifle-barreled firearm, which was capable of propelling a bullet 950 feet per second to a range of 600 yards. The heavy, soft, unjacketed lead bullet flattened out on impact, producing severe wounds and carrying pieces of clothing into the wound. When the bullet struck a bone, its weight and deformation shattered the bone or severed it completely from the limb. The old tactic of massing troops to deliver mass fire, once made necessary by the inaccuracy and limited range of the musket, persisted, making troop formations extremely vulnerable to long-range rifle fire. The deployment of troops over greater frontages also increased the dispersal of the wounded, making it difficult to locate, treat, and evacuate them. The Civil War medical officer faced problems of wound management that were unique for the time.

The improved kinetic power of the rifle bullet made amputation the most frequently performed battlefield operation. Of the 174,200 gunshot wounds to the arms and legs suffered by Union soldiers, 29,980 required amputation. Confederate soldiers suffered 25,000 primary

A Union doctor in a straw hat, foreground, examines a soldier's leg wound while other casualties sprawl on the ground at a field hospital following the Battle of Savage's Station, Virginia, on June 29, 1862.

CIVIL WAR MEDICINE

amputations. The mortality rate for primary amputation was 26 percent, compared to 52 percent for secondary amputation. Another 26,467 wounds of the extremities that were complicated by an injury to the bone were treated by expectation (left alone to heal), with a mortality rate of 18 percent. More limbs were lost in the Civil War than in any other American conflict before or since.

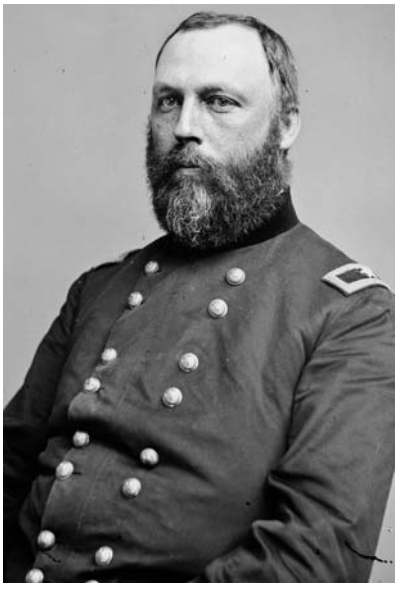
In the first years of the war, control of bleeding (hemostatis) was achieved mostly through the use of tourniquets and cauterization, methods dangerous to the patient when practiced by physicians with limited experience. As the physicians gained experience, pressure dressings and ligature became the primary methods for controlling bleeding. But ligature often led to infection. The mortality rate for these secondary infections was 62 percent. The usual array of infections—tetanus, erysipelas, gangrene, and various streptococcus infections—was always present, and the mortality rate in hospitals from such infections reached 60 percent in the early days of the war. By the end of the war, this had fallen to 3 percent. Hospital infection remained a major problem on both sides throughout the war, however. William W. Keen, a surgeon in the Union Army, observed in his memoirs that "it was

All photos: Library of Congress

seven times safer to fight all through the three days of Gettysburg than to have an arm or leg cut off and be treated in a hospital."

For the first time in history, anesthesia was used on an unprecedented scale by military physicians. No fewer that 80,000 applications of anesthesia were administered. General hospital records show that anesthesia was used in 8,900 operations, of which 6,784 used chloroform and 811 used ether. In 1,305 cases, a combination of the two was used. Remarkably, only 37 deaths were attributed to anesthesia. Advances were also made in the immobilization of limbs using plaster of Paris. In 1863 the famous Hodges splint, still used today in the fracture of the lower femur, was introduced by Union surgeon John Hodges.

The use of drugs was primitive at best. Calomel (mercurous chloride) was so heavily prescribed that the Surgeon General forbade its use as dangerous. The most useful drugs were morphine, opium, and quinine,

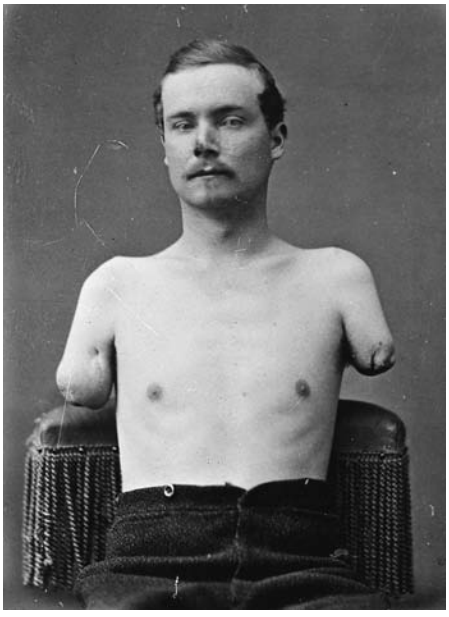


ABOVE: Union captors tend the Confederate wounded in makeshift tent shelters after the Battle of Antietam, Maryland, in September 1862. TOP: Surgeon General William A. Hammond. RIGHT: An unfortunate double amputee is shown in this photograph, one of a series taken by the U.S. Surgeon General's Office. OPPOSITE: Zouave soldiers prepare an injured comrade for the amputation of his right arm while surgeons stand by with their instruments in this possibly staged photograph.

the latter as a preventative for malaria. Morphine was usually dusted directly on the wound, and only occasionally injected hypodermically. The hypodermic syringe appeared in the 1850s but was used only rarely in the Civil War—at least on the physically wounded. Dr. Silas Weir Mitchell noted that in the army hospital for nervous diseases, more than 40,000 doses of morphine were given hypodermically to psychiatric patients in a single year. A staggering 10 million opium pills were given to patients during the war, along with 2,841,000 ounces of other opium-based preparations such as laudanum, opium with ipeac, and paregoric. In all, 29,828 ounces of morphine sulphate were administered. Not coincidentally, by 1900 there were 200,000 drug addicts in America.

Disease was the number-one killer of soldiers on both sides during the Civil War. Most recruits were physically unfit for the rigors of war. Three-quarters of the Union soldiers discharged from the army in 1861 were so unfit that they should never have been allowed to enlist. Most recruits came from isolated rural towns, and this isolation prevented them from developing immunity to a wide range of common childhood diseases. Being brought together in the close quarters required of military life, many fell ill with diseases to which they had never previously been exposed. Poor physical condition, few immunities, poor nutrition, and the general stress of military life reduced resistance to disease. Scurvy was endemic, and outbreaks of cholera, typhus, typhoid, and dysentery took a heavy toll. Disease killed approximately 225,000 men in the Union Army and 164,000 men in the Confederate ranks. It is estimated that disease killed five times as many men as weapons fire.

The Union medical service was completely unprepared for war. In 1860, the 26,000-man army was scattered along the frontier and had no military medical service to speak of. The army had only 36 surgeons and 83 assistant surgeons, 24 of whom resigned to join the Con-



federacy. Medical supplies were in short supply, and there were no army general hospitals. There was no ambulance service to locate and evacuate the wounded. The incumbent surgeon general was Thomas Lawson, a sick and dying man who economized on expenditures by refusing to purchase medical books and supplies.

In the 1850s, then-Secretary of War Jefferson Davis had ordered two officers, one of whom was Captain George B. McClellan, to prepare a study of medical lessons learned from the Crimean War. The report recommended the creation of an army ambulance corps. But by 1860, no such corps had been established. For the first two years of the war, there were no systematic provisions to evacuate the wounded. At the Battle of Bull Run, wagons had to be commandeered from the streets of Washington to transport the wounded. In the Peninsular Campaign, a Union Army corps of 30,000 men had ambulance transport sufficient for only 100 casualties.

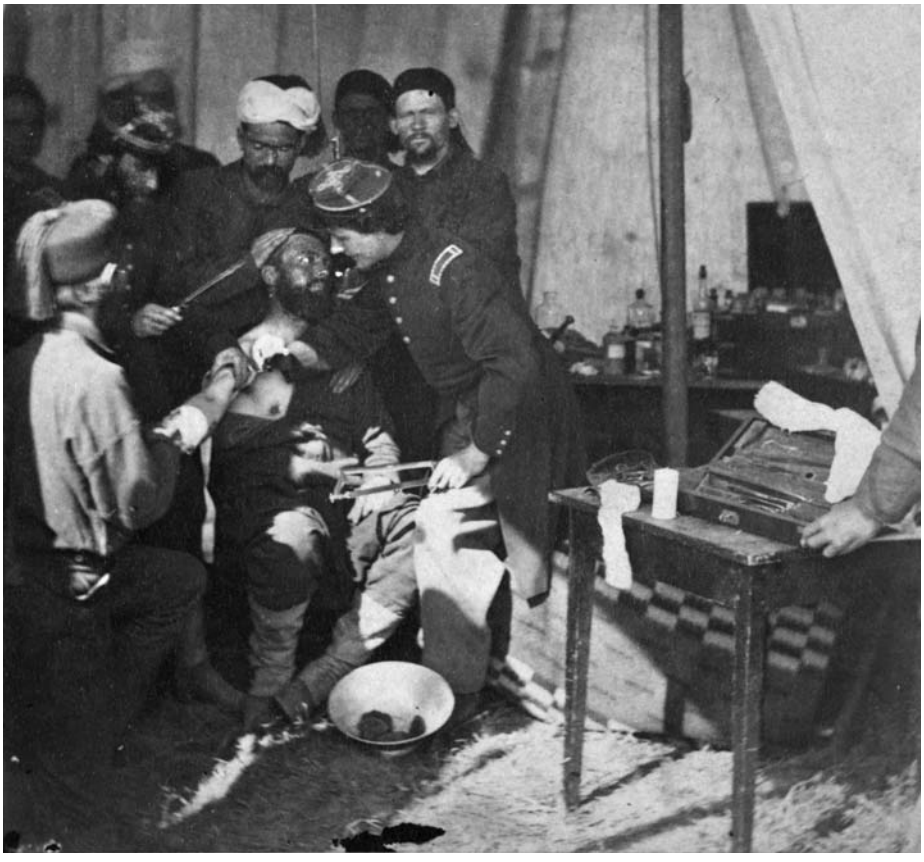
At the Battle of Wilson's Creek, Missouri, in August 1861, the wounded could not be moved for six days due to the lack of ambulances. In

November of that same year, Brig. Gen. Ulysses S. Grant abandoned his wounded at Belmont, Missouri, because there were no ambulances. In 1861, Lawson was replaced by Dr. William Hammond, who appointed Dr. Jonathan Letterman as surgeon general of the Army of the Potomac. Letterman immediately set about creating an ambulance corps.

Each army corps now acquired its own organic medical transport. Each division, brigade, and regiment had its own medical officer who answered to the corps' medical officer responsible for coordination at all levels. The chief surgeon within each division controlled the ambulance corps. Each regiment was assigned three ambulances and a complement of drivers and litter-bearers, and each division had its own ambulance train of 30 vehicles. The ratio of ambulances to men averaged 1 to 150. Only medical personnel were permitted to remove the wounded from the battlefield, a regulation designed to reduce the manpower loss that often resulted when several men left the line to transport their wounded comrades to aid stations. Ambulance wagons were removed from control of the quartermaster and used only for medical transport. They were posted near the front of the column to be within easy reach once a battle began.

The first test of Letterman's ambulance system came at the Battle of Antietam in September 1862. Union forces alone suffered 10,000 wounded scattered over a six-mile area. The system reached and evacuated most of them within 36 hours. A month later at Fredericksburg, the system worked so well that the wounded piled up at aid stations faster than they could be treated. Within 12 hours, all 10,000 wounded had been located, transported, and cleared through the aid stations. Letterman's ambulance system was integrated into the larger network of casualty evacuation from field hospitals at the front to general hospitals in the rear. Railroads evacuated casualties from collection points behind the battlefields to the general hospitals. By the end of the war, Northern railroads had transported 225,000 sick and wounded men from the battlefields to the general hospitals.

The Union medical service also used coastal steamers and river steamboats under the control of the medical corps to transport the wounded. In 1862, the Union Army contracted for the use of 15 steamboats on the Mississippi and Ohio Rivers and 17 seagoing vessels for use along the Atlantic coast. In the last three years of the war, 150,000 casualties were transported by boat to the general hospitals. The first use of a hospital ship was at the Battle of



THE INTRODUCTION OF THE PAVILION-STYLE **HOSPITAL WAS SO EFFECTIVE IN REDUCING** DISEASE MORTALITY THAT IT BECAME **THE STANDARD DESIGN FOR BOTH MILITARY AND** CIVILIAN HOSPITALS FOR THE NEXT 75 YEARS.

Fort Henry in February 1862, when the City of Memphis transported 7,000 casualties to hospitals along the Ohio River. Also in 1862, the navy purchased the *D.A. January* as its first hospital ship. By the end of the war, *January* had transported 23,738 casualties on the Ohio, Missouri and Illinois rivers, with a mortality rate of only 2.3 percent, significantly lower than the rate in land-based hospitals. The first naval nurses in America, the Catholic order of the Reverend Sisters of Mercy, served aboard *Red Rover,* tending the wounded after the siege of Vicksburg, Mississippi. In March 1862, Hammond recommended that all Union armies adopt Letterman's system, which until then had been limited to the Army of the Potomac. Congress approved the recommendation in March 1864. It was only at the end of the war, however, that Letterman's reforms were fully implemented.

Letterman also changed the structure of the field hospital system by turning regimental hospitals into frontline aid stations. Treatment of the wounded at these stations was limited to control of bleeding, bandaging wounds, and administering opiates for pain. This allowed medical officers to hold the slightly wounded there and return them to the line, reducing manpower loss due to needless evacuation. Behind the aid stations, Letterman created mobile surgical field hospitals. These hospitals were the critical link between the frontline aid stations and the rear-area general hospitals. The system was tied together by the field ambulance corps, railways, and hospital ships.

The general hospitals were located in major cities along established water and rail routes.

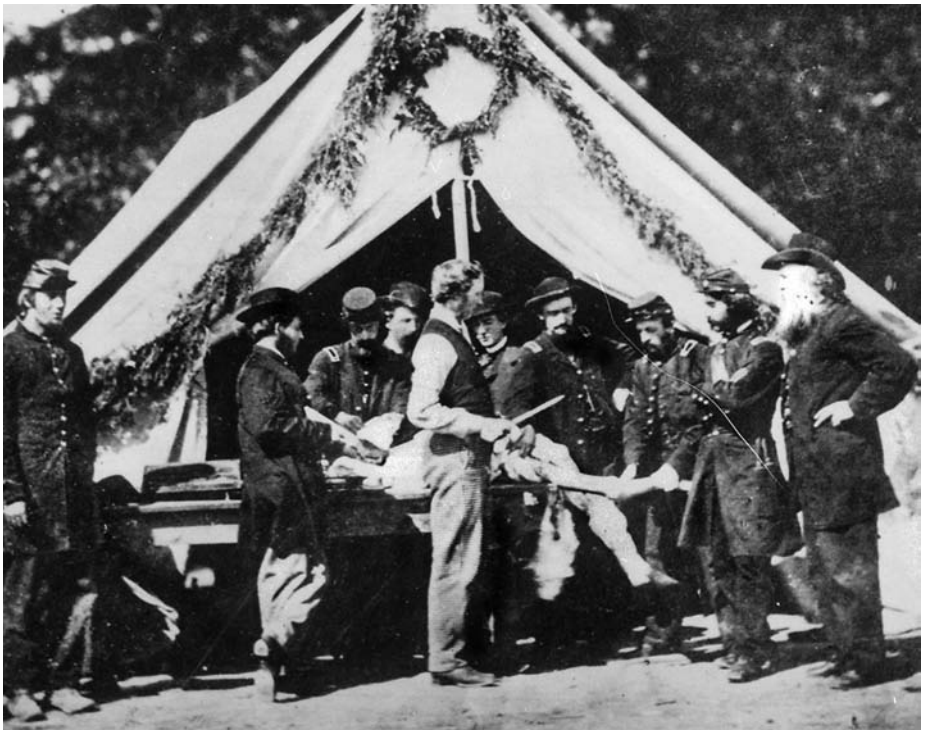
By 1862, a building program was undertaken in the North to construct additional hospitals. A year later, the Union Army had 151 general hospitals with 58,715 beds ranging in size from small facilities of 100 beds to the Mower General Hospital in Philadelphia with 4,000 beds. Some of these hospitals became treatment centers for medical specialties such as orthopedics,

venereal disease, and nervous disorders. St. Elizabeth's in Washington, D.C., became the first military psychiatric hospital in the country.

Another of Letterman's innovations was the establishment of a modern medical supply system that worked well under field conditions. Until this reform, medical supplies and equipment were obtained from the quartermaster through the usual supply system. This often led to medical units not receiving adequate supplies. Letterman established basic medical supply tables, equipping all medical units from regiment through corps with basic loads of medical provisions. Each unit was to carry with it supplies for 30 days. A medical purveyor accompanied the army and was responsible for continually replenishing the medical supplies of each unit.

Most surgeons in both armies were commissioned by state governors to provide medical support for the regiments raised by the states. With few standard licensing procedures for medical certification, it is not surprising that basic competence was a major problem. Few of the physicians entering the state regiments had surgical training. As the war dragged on, however, many of the marginally competent physicians and surgeons became excellent practitioners as a result of their battlefield experience.

About 13,000 physicians and surgeons served with the Union Army. Of these, 250 Regular Army surgeons and assistant surgeons were appointed by Congress to serve as staff and administrators. Some 547 brigade surgeons were commissioned by Congress to assist the corps of regular surgeons. Another 3,882 regimental surgeons and assistants were appointed by governors to state regiments. These surgeons usually served in the aid stations and mobile field hospitals. The army hired 5,532 contract surgeons, mostly civilian doctors, to staff the general hospitals. An additional



100 doctors staffed the Veterans Corps to provide aid to the disabled, and 1,451 surgeons and assistants served with the 179,000 Black troops in 166 regiments. One of the Union surgeons was Mary Edwards Walker, the first woman in American history to hold such a position. Women mostly served as nurses, however. In the North, 3,214 female nurses served in military hospitals under the control of Dorothea Dix, who had been appointed as superintendent of Women's Nurses. One of Dix's nurses, Clara Barton, went on to found the American Red Cross. The special place of women in Southern culture militated against using women in military hospitals. Consequently, female nurses were not used there on a large scale.

With the end of hostilities, the Union Army was demobilized and along with it the military medical service. By the end of 1866, the Union Army had been reduced to a force of only 30,000 men. The army and its skeleton medical corps were scattered among the 239 military posts throughout the country. By 1869, the entire medical service corps consisted of only 161 medical officers. Most military posts had no surgeons at all, and they were forced to rely on contract physicians for medical support. Only 282 surgeons were available to the military. Letterman's system for dealing with mass casualties disappeared virtually overnight.

In general, the Confederate medical service was organized and operated very much like the Union system, although it suffered more from shortages of personnel and equipment that magnified its shortcomings. The total number of medical officers in the Confederacy was 3,236, of which 1,242 were surgeons and 1,994 assistant surgeons. The Confederate naval medical corps had only 107 medical officers, including 26 surgeons and 81 assistant surgeons.

The South's shortage of physicians was to some extent self-inflicted. For reasons that remain unclear, all medical schools in the South with the exception of the University of Virginia were closed at the start of the war, cutting off the Confederate armies from an invaluable source of trained medical personnel. Moreover, the Confederate surgeon general established unrealistically high qualifications for physicians wishing to join the medical service, causing still more shortages. Worse yet, he examined those physicians already in the medical corps for competency, forcing significant numbers to resign. The Confederacy was never able to provide adequate numbers of surgeons and other physicians to deal with the heavy casualties it suffered on the battlefield.

The Confederate ambulance service was never adequate and suffered from a chronic shortage of wagons and other transport. In 1863, Confederate medical officers complained that there were only 38 ambulances in the entire Army of the Mississippi. The situation worsened as the war continued. In 1865, not a single ambulance could be found in the combat brigades of the armies of West Virginia and East Tennessee. The shortage of ambulances forced the South to make greater use of steamboats and railroads to transport its wounded. But the undeveloped nature of the Southern railroad system resulted in a shortage of efficient track routes over which to transport casualties. Small 100-bed hospitals were constructed at rail junctions to deal with the problem.

Shortages of vital medical supplies plagued the South until the end, including shortages of quinine and anesthetics. Paradoxically, these shortages sometimes produced beneficial if unexpected results. It had been the common practice on both sides to cleanse wounds with sea sponges kept in buckets of water next to the operating table. Squeezed in dirty water and used repeatedly, these sponges became major sources of infection transmission. The shortage of sponges in the South as a result of the Union

ABOVE: Civilian volunteers assist in moving the wounded from ambulance wagons to a field hospital in this sketch by *Harper's Weekly* artist Alfred Waud. OPPOSITE: A battlefield amputation is being performed at Gettysburg. Nearly 30,000 legs were amputated during the war by Union surgeons.

blockade forced Confederate surgeons to use cotton rags instead. Since the rags were used only once, disease transmission was reduced considerably.

The used rags were recycled, a process that required them to be washed, boiled, and ironed, and thus made sterile. Bandages, too, were better in the South since they were made of cotton that had first to be baked to be made useable. It had been common practice to use harness-maker's silk for ligatures and sutures. With no silk available, Southern surgeons used horsehair instead. To make horsehair pliable enough for suturing, it first had to be boiled. Boiling made the suture material sterile.

The South recognized dentistry as an important medical specialty. As secretary of war before hostilities broke out, Jefferson Davis had tried to convince the army to establish a separate dental corps, but had failed to do so. The South had a more comprehensive dental care program than the North, which contented itself with transferring to the artillery any toothless soldiers who could not bite off the ends of their cartridge packets.

The Confederacy's general hospital system was perhaps the only element of the military medical service that was somewhat equivalent to the system in the North. The largest hospital on either side was the 8,000-bed Chimborazo Hospital outside of Richmond. With 150 single-story pavilions organized into five divisions, each with 40 to 50 surgeons and assistant surgeons per division, it was the largest military hospital ever built in the Western world. The pavilion-style hospital proved to be the best design for reducing infection by improving ventilation and isolation. These hospitals consisted of a series of long, single-story buildings isolated from each other. High ceilings with vents at the top and sufficient windows provided ventilation. Usually connected to a central semicircular corridor, these 60-patient buildings were sometimes unconnected, providing excellent isolation for disease wards. The pavilion-style hospital is generally credited to Dr. Samuel Moore, the Confederate surgeon general, who supposedly got the idea from British hospitals used in the Crimea. In fact, the design is actually much older and reflects the design of legion camp hospitals used by the Roman medical service.

One of the more significant military medical contributions of the South is attributed to Lt. Gen. Thomas "Stonewall" Jackson. In 1862, Jackson ordered all Union medical officers held by his command to be released and henceforth treated as noncombatants. By June of that year, both Lee and McClellan agreed to a similar practice. Medical personnel were no longer to be subject to capture. If taken, they were to be allowed to treat their wounded and immediately released. All medical personnel held in Union and Confederate prison camps were freed in 1862, and exchanges of captured medical personnel continued until the end of the war. Jackson had instinctively anticipated the regulations dealing with medical personnel that were adopted by the First Geneva Convention a few years later.

A number of advances in military medicine resulted from the Civil War. Hammond created the Army Medical Museum to collect and study artifacts and information relevant to military medical care. John Shaw Billings began the Library of the Surgeon General's office which remains the largest military medical library in the world. Congress established a pension system for disabled soldiers far more generous and comprehensive than anything seen in Europe at the time. The

Continued on page 74

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By Joseph Luster

The Cold War and Battles That Might Have Been

Toy Soldiers: Cold War, Supreme Ruler: Cold War, and Wargame: European Escalation

TOY SOLDIERS: COLD WAR

Toy Soldiers: Cold War may have been a part of Xbox's "Summer of Arcade," but the war being waged inside this toy box is a cold one. Wait, no it's not! Sure, *Cold War* evokes a time period of political and military tension, but the battles here are as major as they come. Thankfully, it never gets too serious; after all, how can you not crack a smile when the fight is taken so brazenly in the direction of a (relatively) giant toy box protected by a squad of tiny plastic men?

PUBLISHER
Microsoft Studios

SYSTEM(S)
Xbox 360 (Xbox Live Arcade)

AVAILABLE
Now

Like the original *Toy Soldiers* before it, *Cold War* is essentially a tower defense-style game that tasks players with defending a toy box on their end of the field. If enough enemy units make their way across and strut in undefeated, then it's game over for your puny platoon. The secret to repelling this Soviet invasion is placing various types of turrets on the terrain, from standard machine-gun placements to anti-aircraft guns and large artillery units. Once these are in place, you can enter any of them in real time and take full control over the shooting action.

The interactivity is really what separates the *Toy Soldiers* series from your average strategy or tower defense title. Enemy waves are consistently unleashed—and you can even jump the gun on the countdown if you feel prepared enough to take on the next round of infantry, tanks, choppers, etc.—and there are even fully controllable tanks and helicopters stationed in select stages. The only restriction to these powerful units is a "charge" that requires collecting additional batteries, eventually returning them to their recharge stand when completely drained.

Further improvements over the original include a kill-streak reward that triggers certain bonus attacks, such as the ability to call forth a commando who shamelessly spews ad libbed lines from *Rambo* as you pound away at the enemies in third person with his unstoppable machine gun and rocket combo (for a limited time, of course). The campaign all of this action takes you through is fairly chunky, especially for a downloadable title, though there's no option to run through it all from the perspective of the opposition. Still, outside of the main game there's a ton of fun to be had in multiplayer, where it is possible to play as the Soviets.

Cold War triumphs over its predecessor in a number of ways, but for me it was the setting that made it the more memorable experience. I was all for the charm of controlling World War I-era soldiers and defending my antique toy box, but the end result of the *Cold War* setting is a more colorful and exciting game. Where most entries in the tower defense genre focus on the setup—strategically scattering defense units and essentially waiting to see how effective they are as the enemies strut past—*Toy Soldiers* is all about taking action. If anything, once you get in the groove of firing from behind the sandbags in whatever happens to be your favored turret type, the last thing you'll want to think about

is zooming back out and taking care of business through repairs and upgrades.

Ultimately, there's a lot to do here, especially if you're the type of person who constantly wants to improve scores and climb the leaderboards in a nonstop "cold war" waged against the closest of friends. Signal Studios has outdone itself in following up *Toy Soldiers,* and anyone even remotely interested in tower defense, or just shooting the crap out of tiny plastic men, will find a ton of treats in this toy box.

PUBLISHER
Paradox Interactive

SYSTEM(S)
PC

AVAILABLE
Now

SUPREME RULER: COLD WAR

Continuing with the theme of this column is *Supreme Ruler: Cold War,* which builds on *Supreme Ruler 2010* and *2020* with the bubbling tension of the Cold War. Players take on the demanding role as leader of either the United States or the Soviet Union, and are tasked with making wise economic, diplomatic, domestic, and military decisions on the path to victory.

While Campaign Mode limits players to the U.S. and Soviet sides, Sandbox Mode offers the option of controlling any nation in the post-World War II era. What happens when striving for diplomacy ends up falling flat, though? It's time to take control of your country's military forces, of course! This aspect of *Supreme Ruler* comes in the form of real-time strategic and tactical control, so don't count yourself out of the game just because you failed to properly influence the policies of another nation.

Multiplayer supports up to 16 players either online or over a local network. Whether mentally duking it out with the AI or with a fellow human, *Cold War* is definitely going to be a title that's most attractive to more hardcore strategy players. For anyone who has experience with the Supreme Ruler series, you should know what to expect here, so it all boils down to how appealing the Cold War setting is.

WARGAME: EUROPEAN ESCALATION

Wargame: European Escalation is most definitely a visually loaded real-time strategy title; skies are as full of choppers as they are criss-crossing, whizzing bullets, and tanks roar over the ground below. *Wargame*—set in the period of 1975-1985—aims to explore the battles that could have been, depending on which war-riddled alley history took a turn down next. This particular scenario finds NATO and the Warsaw Pact on the verge of war, both eventually pushed over the edge thanks to a patrol close to the East German border.

PUBLISHER
Focus Home Interactive

SYSTEM(S)
PC

AVAILABLE
November 11, 2011

What started as a local skirmish quickly pushes the already edgy sides into total war, and that's the conflict into which the player is suddenly thrust. Environment plays a huge role in *Wargame.* Cover of all types—from bushes to blocking lines—will make or break the life span of your units. A lot of the aspects of *Wargame* will bring Eugen Systems' own *R.U.S.E.* to mind, but this is looking like a much more nuanced and pure PC real-time strategy game. It's also looking darn pretty, so keep your eyes out for *Wargame* when it hits near the tail end of 2011. □

You deserve a factual look at . . .

Why Should the U.S. Fund the Terrorist Group Hamas?

Congress now sends nearly a billion tax dollars annually to the Hamas-linked Palestinian Authority: Is this a smart use of U.S. foreign aid?

The Palestinian Authority's ruling party Fatah recently announced it has "reconciled" with the Islamic terror group Hamas to form a unity government. The Palestinian Authority currently receives some $600 million in direct annual U.S. aid, plus an additional $225 million in annual U.S. funding through the United Nations. Since it is against U.S. law to fund terrorist organizations, the U.S. Congress should immediately stop the flow of American tax dollars to the Palestinian Authority.

What are the facts?

In May 2011, in an effort to circumvent peace negotiations with Israel, the Palestinian Authority (P.A.) inked a deal to merge with Hamas. This sudden reconciliation enables the P.A., now representing both the West Bank and Gaza, to present the illusion of a viable, unified governing body to the United Nations in order to obtain the U.N.'s unilateral declaration of a Palestinian state. Because Hamas is an avowed enemy of the United States and because the U.S. and Israel believe direct negotiations with the P.A. represent the only sustainable path to peace, both nations oppose such a move in the U.N.

> *"We will not deal with nor in any way fund a Palestinian government that includes Hamas."*
> U.S. Secretary of State Hillary Clinton

Hamas, headquartered in Gaza, with a political leadership office in Damascus, Syria, was founded in 1987 as an arm of Egypt's Islamist Muslim Brotherhood. In 1999 the U.S. State Department put Hamas on its list of foreign terrorist organizations. No wonder: According to its own charter, Hamas is dedicated to creating an Islamic state in all of Palestine, destroying the state of Israel and exterminating Jews. Because of its long history of attacking civilians through bombings, kidnapping and rocket attacks, Hamas is also considered a terrorist organization by Canada, the European Union, Israel and Japan.

Hamas' funding comes primarily from Iran, Saudi Arabian benefactors and Palestinian expatriates. Palestinian refugees and their descendants in Gaza also receive hundreds of millions of dollars from the United Nations Relief and Works Agency (UNRWA). Now, with Hamas' recent agreement to unite with Fatah, the terrorist group will have influence over and access to billions of dollars more in aid from the U.S., the European Union and dozens of individual donor nations.

Hamas rules the people of Gaza with a brutal, totalitarian hand. Since Hamas violently seized control of Gaza in 2007, it has permitted no elections and allows no freedom of press, religion or speech. Palestinian women in Gaza are repressed according to strict Islamic custom. More than half of Gazan women report having been victims of physical violence, and half of all murders in Gaza are "honor killings" of women. Homosexuality is illegal in Gaza, and Christians are often harassed. Against all international law, kidnapped Israeli soldier Gilad Shalit has been held incommunicado by Hamas for five years with no access to the Red Cross.

Hamas opposes the Israeli-Palestinian peace process. Hamas stands openly by its goal to conquer every inch of Palestine, cleanse it of Jews, and establish a fundamentalist Islamic caliphate. Since Israel's withdrawal of security forces and residents from Gaza in 2005, Hamas has fired more than 8,800 missiles on Israeli cities and civilians. Just a few months ago, the group's rocket attack on an Israeli school bus killed a 16-year-old boy. Above all, Hamas refuses to accept the state of Israel and condemns any efforts to negotiate peace—a complete repudiation of the efforts of the United States and the Quartet on the Middle East (consisting of the United Nations, the European Union, Russia and the U.S.) to resolve the decades-long dispute between Arabs and Israelis. Senior Hamas leader Mahmoud al-Zahar recently confirmed that "Our program does not include negotiations with Israel or recognizing it."

Time to stop U.S. aid to terrorists. In April, 2011, Secretary of State Hillary Clinton stated, "We will not deal with nor in any way fund a Palestinian government that includes Hamas unless and until Hamas has renounced violence, recognized Israel and agreed to follow the previous obligations of the Palestinian Authority." In July, 2011, both houses of Congress overwhelmingly passed resolutions that threaten withdrawal of aid from the Palestinian Authority if it persists in efforts to circumvent direct negotiations with Israel by turning to the United Nations for recognition—which it continues to pursue aggressively—and if the Palestinian Authority shares power with Hamas. In fact, annual U.S. foreign operations appropriations bills expressly forbid funding for "assistance to Hamas or any entity effectively controlled by Hamas or any power-sharing government of which Hamas is a member."

It's clear that the Palestinian Authority, by forming an alliance with the terrorist group Hamas, abandoning peace talks with Israel, and taking its case for statehood unilaterally to the United Nations, has no respect for the interests of the United States in the Middle East. In this time of financial crisis and soaring budget deficits, should we spend 825 million American tax dollars annually supporting the Palestinian Authority, now allied with an avowed enemy of peace, the U.S. and the state of Israel?

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an estimated enemy force of 250.

For the next 14 hours, the Marines and Khmer Rouge battled it out before the order to extract the landing force was finally given. In the confusion, three Marines were inadvertently left behind and declared dead years later by a Department of Defense investigation.

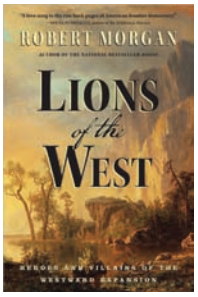
What makes the authors' account really come to life is the recollections from the individuals who participated in the operation, especially from Em Son, the Khmer Rouge officer who led the enemy force on Koh Tang. Son talked to investigative reporter Ralph Wetterhahn, who spent five years studying information as to the whereabouts of the three missing Marines—Lance Corporal Joseph N. Hargrove, PFC Gary Hall, and PFC Danny G. Marshall. Son contends that Hargrove was fatally wounded in the leg and was buried near a mango tree where he fell. Marshall and Hall, the Cambodian officer contends, were captured later trying to steal food and transported to Khmer Rouge 3rd Division headquarters in Kompong Som. Son claims that the two were beaten to death.

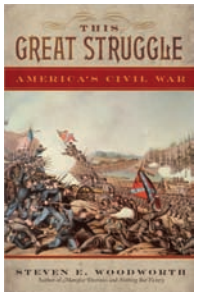
Because of the acidic soil, bone fragments later uncovered cannot be positively identified as those of the three missing Marines. "Unless the remains of the three Marines can be identified through DNA and dental comparisons, we might never know what happened to these brave men," the authors state. Somehow, it seems a fitting end to the entire Vietnam experience.

1812: The Navy's War by George C. Daughan, Basic Books, New York, 2011, 512 pp., illustrations, notes, bibliography, $37.50, hardcover.

The War of 1812 has often been referred to as America's Second War of Independence, and rightfully so. Since gaining its freedom from Great Britain, the fledgling United States received little respect from the British. Issues such as trade restrictions, expansion in the Northwest Territory (present-day Indiana, Michigan, and Illinois), and the impressment of American seamen into the British Navy reached a boiling point and war was finally declared by President James Madison.

With few exceptions, the American Army had little success against the British regulars. Badly defeating the Americans at Bladensburg, Maryland, the Redcoats marched unimpeded to Washington and burned the nation's capital. Meanwhile, the American invasion of Montreal and other forays into Canada proved fruitless, and the fighting in the Northwest Territory was also more or less a failure.





It was the small but feisty Navy that really was the shining star for the United States during the conflict. Composed of an odd mix of bright and energetic commanders; dedicated seamen, many of whom were British deserters; and a ragtag group of privateers, the Americans racked up some impressive victories at sea. Even British naval leaders, who believed themselves with some justice the ruler of the waves, developed a grudging respect for men such as Stephen Decatur, Isaac Hull, and Oliver Hazard Perry.

Important points emerged from the conflict. President Madison realized the need for a strong army and navy to show the world that the United States was serious about defending herself against foreign aggression. Many Americans had wrongly thought that a powerful armed force would undermine the Constitution, but after the war, many viewed the issue much differently in light of the country's newfound military prowess.

As Treasury Secretary Albert Gallatin said after the war had ended, "I hope that the permanency of the Union is thereby better secured." That statement would hold true for another half a century, until another bloody war—this one internal—would once again threaten the American people.

Lions of the West: Heroes and Villains of the Westward Expansion by Robert Morgan, Algonquin Books, Chapel Hill, NC, 2011, 496 pp., illustrations, notes, bibliography, $28.95, hardcover.

America's westward expansion is filled with tales of adventure, heroism, and downright skullduggery perpetrated by both the government and individuals, particularly against the Native American peoples who already resided here. In his book, historian Robert Morgan traces the westward movement through the actions of 10 individuals, beginning with Thomas Jefferson, the "quintessential American dreamer," and John Quincy Adams, who severely criticized the government's handling of the westward movement.

No doubt, one of the biggest contributors to the westerly trek of the American pioneers was Andrew Jackson, himself a native of the southwestern frontier. "Old Hickory's" victories against the Creek Indians and his forced relocation of the Cherokees in 1832 allowed white settlers to encroach upon native land. His desire to drive the Cherokees from their homes is still remembered today as the "Trail of Tears," where thousands perished as they made their way to Oklahoma.

Jackson's protégée, President James K. Polk, did more in his one term as the nation's chief executive to promote and acquire millions of acres of land than, arguably, any other American leader in history. Using the military, he defeated Mexico and took huge tracts of land in present-day Arizona, New Mexico, California and Texas. Polk also settled a long-festering border dispute in the Northwest with the British without firing a shot.

Morgan writes a wonderful account of John Chapman, aka Johnny Appleseed, who walked the wilderness carrying sacks of apple seeds to plant. Chapman's love of the outdoors and the sense of freedom he felt when he wandered through the wilderness were shared by thousands of other unsung Americans who left their homes in the East to settle a new land out West.

Morgan writes that America's "aggressive expansion is evidence of a preoccupation with the future, not the present." Maybe, Morgan writes, Americans can channel that energy and passion toward effective, essential, and better goals in today's world. One can only hope.

This Great Struggle: America's Civil War by Steven E. Woodworth, Rowman & Littlefield Publishers, Lanham, MD, 2011, 407 pp., illustrations, maps, notes, index, $29.95, hardcover.

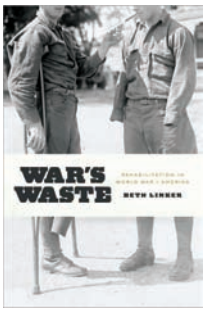
Civil War historian Steven E. Woodworth gives readers a workmanlike synopsis of the four years of Civil War and what he terms the "great struggle" that ensued after the conflict had ended—Reconstruction.

The question has always been posed, Woodworth states, would reconstruction have gone differently if Abraham Lincoln had not been assassinated? No one can say for sure, but the author makes a valid argument that "Lincoln would no doubt have needed every bit of his skill to navigate the difficult political waters of Reconstruction," unlike his successor, President Andrew Johnson, who Woodworth says "was lost at sea."

For more than a decade, Northerners and Southerners still battled over what rights former slaves should possess and what form of government should be instituted in the South-

ern states. As the author states, even some Northern states were reluctant to give blacks the right to vote and own property.

In the end, the fickle American public in the North grew weary of the incessant struggle and just wanted to get on with their lives. To them, the Union had been preserved and slavery had been abolished, even if African Americans had not been fully accepted as truly free citizens. It was almost as if the war had never been fought.

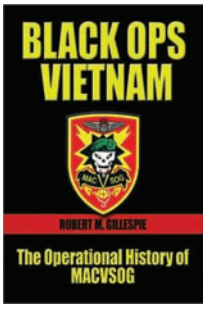


War's Waste: Rehabilitation in World War I America by Beth Linker, University of Chicago Press, Chicago, IL, 2011, 291 pp., illustrations, notes, index, $35, hardcover.

The dust cover of this book is heart-wrenching. It shows two World War I soldiers, their faces partially obstructed. One doughboy, missing his left leg, is lighting a cigarette for another, who has no arms. The cover forcefully illustrates the brutality and insanity of war.

Out of the catastrophic injuries suffered by America's youth during the "war to end all wars" emerged the Veteran's Administration and other programs created to aid disabled servicemen and help them become productive members of society. However, as the author writes, not all went smoothly. Proponents of reform of the system wanted soldiers not only to receive medical care, but also to be provided vocational training that would enable them to be self-sustaining, not just become wards of the government.

Linker uses Garth Stewart, a soldier who lost his leg in Iraq, as a prime example. "By his own accord, he is always at work, whether in school, at fundraising events, or at the gym," she writes. "He rarely sits still. The Progressive reformers who legislated and instituted rehabilitation could not have imagined a more ideal disabled soldier-patient. He is their dream made real."

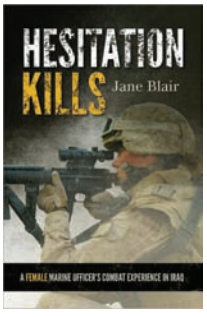


Black Ops Vietnam: The Operational History of MAVCSOG by Robert M. Gillespie, Naval Institute Press, Annapolis, MD, 2011, 320 pp., photographs, notes, index, $41.95, hardcover.

Nothing about the Vietnam War is more shrouded in secrecy than the black operations, or black ops, performed by the members of the Special Operations Group. This fascinating account delves into these highly classified actions and the group, comprising all branches of the military and civilian agencies of the government, which executed them during the war.

From the beginning of the conflict through the 1968 Tet Offensive, incursions into Laos and Cambodia, and the mysterious Phoenix Program, SOG teams were everywhere in Southeast Asia. Teams also used the military skills of the Chinese Nungs, Montagnards, South Vietnamese soldiers, and Taiwanese pilots to carry out their missions.

Gillespie's book is particularly timely in light of the ongoing fighting in Iraq and Afghanistan. It demonstrates the hazardous duty that SOG teams endure, as shown by the recent tragic downing of a Chinook helicopter that killed 30 Americans involved in clandestine operations in that part of the world.



Hesitation Kills: A Female Marine Officer's Combat Experience in Iraq by Jane Blair, Rowman & Littlefield Publishers, Inc., Lanham, MD, 2011, 286 pp., $24.95, hardcover.

When we talk about the Post Traumatic Stress Disorder that thousands of returning service personnel have suffered to some degree as long as Americans have been involved in warfare, we tend to think of it as a male-dominated group. With the rise of females in the military, however, the psychological stress caused by warfare can affect them as well.

Women make up about 14 percent of all branches of the military, or approximately 400,000 troops. To date, 113 have been killed in Iraq and Afghanistan and more than 600 have been wounded. Blair's book brings home the alienation that many combat veterans feel when they return to the United States. Most have gone through a metamorphosis that only those who have "seen the elephant" can understand.

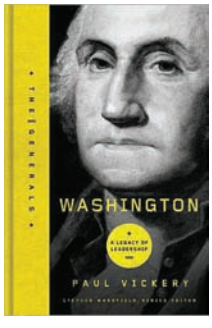
"It was hard to venture out into the civilian world," Blair writes. "I began to wonder if my perception of the world would ever return to what it had been." Blair delivers a powerful account that tells Americans that PTSD-related feelings of hopelessness, nightmares, and fears have no gender boundaries.

Washington: A Legacy of Leadership by Paul Vickery and Stephen Mansfield, Thomas Nelson, Nashville, TN, 2011, 224 pp., bibliography, notes, $19.99, hardcover.

What more can be said about George Washington? Judging from this book, it seems quite a bit. Another in the series "The Generals" by Thomas Nelson Publishers, George Washington makes an always compelling subject.

The authors trace Washington's life from his childhood in Virginia to his service with the British during the French and Indian War, as commander in chief of the Continental Army, his presidency, and death in 1799. Washington led by example. He could administer cruel punishment, including hanging, but he was extremely fair in his deliberations. He once said that he must "reward and punish every man according to his merit, without partiality or prejudice." He felt that soldiers should be led, not driven, by their leaders.

When news of his death reached Thomas Jefferson, the author of the Declaration of Independence and future president wrote to a friend, "Verily a great man hath fallen this day in the house of Israel." It was an unusually religious reference by the agnostic Jefferson, but it reflected the almost holy reverence in which "the Father of His Country" was held by all Americans.

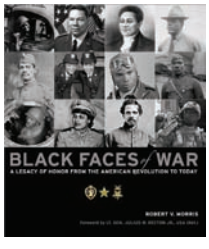


Black Faces of War: A Legacy of Honor from the American Revolution to Today by Robert V. Morris, Zenith Press, Minneapolis, MN, 2011, 160 pp., photographs, index, $30.00, hardcover.

If one takes a close look at the famous painting of Washington crossing the Delaware by German American artist Emanuel Gottlieb Leutze, you will notice a freed black man, Oliver Cromwell, at the oar behind the general's knee.

The author, the grandson and son of decorated U.S. Army officers, has written a marvelous tribute to the African American servicemen and women who have served the American cause since its struggle for independence from Great Britain more than 200 years ago.

As Morris writes, it was black men such as Cromwell and Crispus Attucks, killed in the Boston Massacre in 1770, who paved the way for other African Americans to fight alongside whites as a part of the U.S. armed forces. The nation is much the richer for it. □



magersfontein

Continued from page 45

the regiment had absorbed since its 1758 fight with the French at Ticonderoga. The Boers, by comparison, lost about 250 killed or injured, mostly to artillery fire.

With Wauchope dead, a victim in large part to his own battlefield errors, the bulk of the blame landed on Methuen. Although it was Wauchope who made the crucial mistake of keeping the troops too long in tight formation, that fact was not generally known at the time. Many of those who knew of his blunder died with him. Methuen was fingered as the one responsible. "There must be a scapegoat," the general admitted, "so I must bear my fate, holding my tongue."

Although Methuen's handling of the operation had left much to be desired, it was actually the prevailing attitude of Her Majesty's high command that was most culpable. Few other British commanders would have directed the battle any differently. The crusty paladins of the British military, so enamored of tradition, had not yet grasped the murderous implications of the new era. For the first time since the Napoleonic Wars, Great Britain faced an enemy that was her equal in tactics and armaments. No longer were the legions of the Empire fighting Indian or African aboriginals wielding clubs, bows, knives, spears, and the occasional musket. This time, they were facing a well-armed militia of determined free men whose expertise with the Mauser rifle, honed by long years on the African veldt, was as unmerciless as it was uncanny.

Among the surviving Highlanders, bitterness raged against their commanding general. "Everyone here is furious with Methuen for his bad generalship," Lieutenant Bertram Lang wrote home. Another member of the Black Watch spoke for all the Scottish regiments at Magersfontein when he declared flatly that his unit had been "led into a butcher's shop and bloody well left there."

Following similarly shocking defeats at Stormberg Junction and Colenso that same week—"Black Week," as it was known back in England—Methuen and Buller were sacked and replaced by a grimly determined new command led by Field Marshal Lord Frederick Sleight Roberts and Lord Horatio Herbert Kitchener. The day of plaid-kilted Highlanders marching erectly toward the enemy was ended. At a private burial service for the much-mourned "Red Mick" Wauchope, a solitary piper played "Lochaber No More." It was as much a prediction as a dirge. □

ravenna

Continued from page 61

pikemen in the front ranks advanced with their poles and unhorsed Gaston and several of his companions. No sooner had Gaston scrambled to his feet than several Spanish soldiers with swords and daggers fell on him, inflicting numerous fatal wounds.

Cardona's army was nearly wiped out as a result of the battle. The viceroy did not halt his retreat until he reached the northern border of the Kingdom of Naples, where he reassembled the 3,300 survivors of the disaster at Ravenna. Almost all of the Spanish-Papal infantry had been destroyed, likewise all of the heavy cavalry from the vanguard and main battle line. Although Cardona and Carvajal managed to escape by quitting the field, all the other Spanish generals—Colonna, Navarro, Palude, and Pescara—were captured and held for ransom. The total number of Spanish killed, wounded, and missing was 16,700. The French lost about 5,000 men, mostly from the *landsknecht* companies that had fought so valiantly. In addition to Gaston, Alegre also perished on the battlefield.

Following the battle, the generals and captains elected La Palice, who at 44 was twice Gaston's age, to lead the French army in Italy. Louis XII subsequently ratified the vote. Unfortunately, La Palice possessed none of Gaston's military genius. In the days following the battle, all but 800 *lands- knechts* in the French service returned to Germany in compliance with Maximilian's orders. The reduction in French infantry strength was followed by the news that the Swiss had once more invaded Lombardy. Although the victory at Ravenna gave La Palice a new supply base from which to make an audacious thrust toward Rome and force Pope Julius and his allies to sue for peace, La Palice was not a risk-taker. Instead, he chose to countermarch to the Duchy of Milan.

When La Palice reached Milan, he found the city in full revolt. With Swiss and Venetian units harassing his columns, La Palice pushed toward Asti, where he hoped to regroup. As the French army was making a river crossing, enemy forces bore down on it. Panic gripped the French forces, who crowded onto a narrow bridge that collapsed under their weight. Finding themselves outnumbered, a large portion of the French stranded on the opposite bank chose to surrender. By June, the Holy League had driven the French forces from the Duchy of Milan and negated all of Gaston's hard-won achievements at Ravenna. In the end, Gaston the Fox had died for nothing. □

civil war medicine

Continued from page 67

pension system was chosen over the asylum system of permanent care because it provided the disabled soldier with more freedom and mobility. For the first time an accurate medical records system was created that made it possible to track casualty records for every soldier. One consequence was the publication of the massive *Medical and Surgical History of the War of the Rebellion,* which remains the standard against which all such works are judged.

The Civil War saw the development of the first effective military medical system for dealing with mass casualties, including aid stations, field and general hospitals, ambulance and theater-level casualty transport, along with an effective staff to coordinate it. For its time it was the best military medical system ever deployed, and it remained a model for other countries for decades. The introduction of the pavilion-style hospital was so effective in reducing disease mortality that it became the standard design for both military and civilian hospitals for the next 75 years. Wide use of anesthesia, primary amputation, the splint, and debridement (cutting away dead tissue) were the first effective methods of wound management in the modern age. These techniques, taught to thousands of physicians through hard experience, were carried back to civilian life, elevating the general level of medical care available to the nation as a whole.

The prevalence of facial injuries encountered during the war stimulated the development of the new medical specialty of plastic surgery. Civil War surgeons performed six reconstructions of the eyelid, five of the nose, three of the cheek, and 14 of the lip, palate and other parts of the mouth. Dr. Gordon Buck performed the first total face reconstruction in history. Joseph Woodward, another war surgeon, became the first person to link the new technology of the camera to the microscope, and he published the first microphotographs of disease bacteria. He is also credited with the technique of using analine dyes to stain tissues for microscopic analysis. The advent of microphotography served to make the American military medical establishment receptive to the germ-fighting discoveries of Pasteur and Lister when they came along a few years later.

Despite the terrible slaughter and suffering that it caused, the Civil War ironically marked one of the most progressive periods in the history of military medicine. That it came at a cost of hundreds of thousands of ruined lives and shattered families goes without saying. □

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– President Franklin D. Roosevelt

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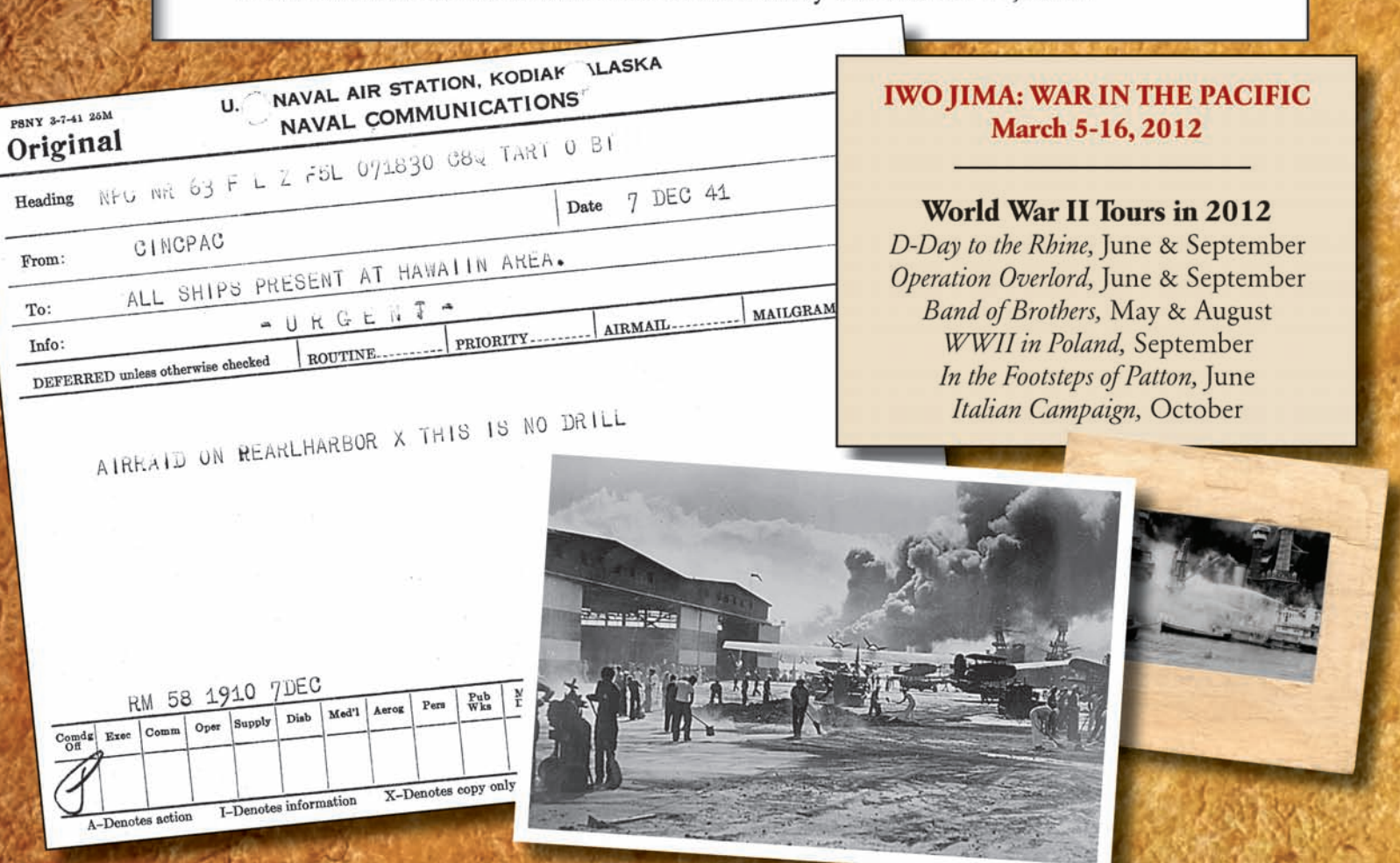

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