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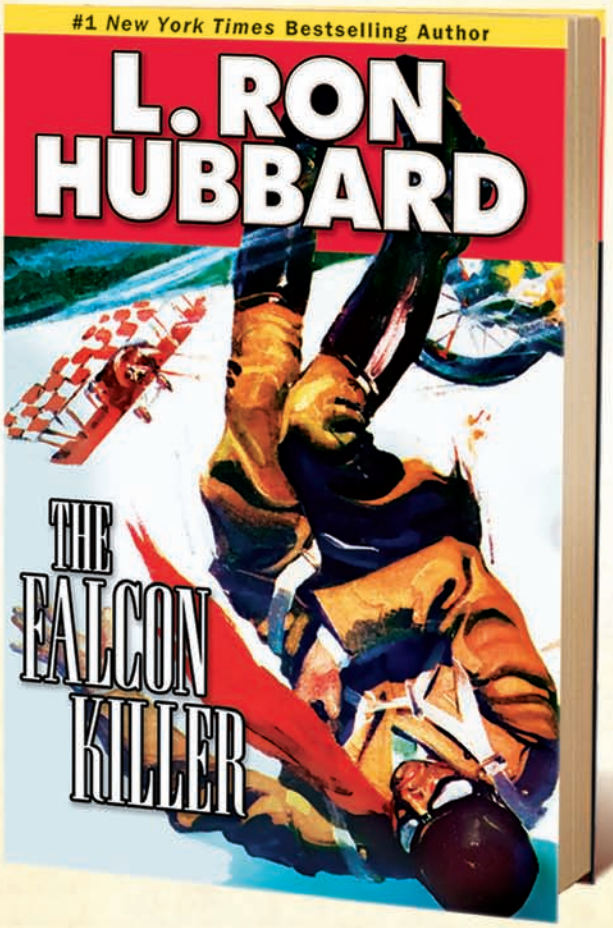

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MILITARY HERITAGE

October 2011

features

columns

COVER: An M46 Patton tank from the 6th Tank Battalion in Korea in September 1951. Story page 32. Photo: akg-images

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editorial

Robert E. Lee wanted to avoid repeating the mistakes of his wastrel father, Revolutionary War hero "Light-Horse Harry" Lee. In the end, he did so anyway.

ROBERT E. LEE NEVER KNEW HIS FATHER, REVOLUTIONARY War hero "Light Horse Harry" Lee. True, he saw him a few times, on the infrequent occasions of the elder Lee's visits to his family at their gloomy mansion, Stratford, in Westmoreland County, Virginia But Light Horse Harry, living up to his nickname, was never anywhere for very long—certainly not in the confining bosom of his family.

As his personal and political fortunes declined, Harry Lee wandered restlessly between Virginia and Washington, D.C., where he served for a time as a congressman and was the only Virginia representative to vote for Aaron Burr over fellow Virginian Thomas Jefferson in the deadlocked presidential election of 1800. As usual, Harry was on the wrong side politically.

When Robert E. Lee was two years old, his father was sent to debtor's prison in Montross, Virginia. By then, Harry had run up so many debts that he installed a chain across the front door at Stratford to bar his creditors—as if that would work. Neighbors laughingly told the story of how Lee once borrowed a friend's horse. The friend, thinking to save Lee a trip, sent along a servant with a second horse to lead the first horse back home when Lee was done with it. Several weeks later, the now-bedraggled slave returned on foot. He told his master that Lee had sold both horses. "Why didn't you come home?" the neighbor asked. "Because General Lee sold me, too," said the slave.

While her husband was away serving time in the Montross jail, Robert E. Lee's long-suffering mother, Ann, gave up the Stratford mansion and moved herself and her four children to a small house in Alexandria. Family legend said the three-year-old Robert spent a long time saying goodbye to the two iron angels molded into the fireplace in his mother's ground-floor bedroom.

Harry Lee hoped to revive his flagging fortunes by publishing his memoirs, but the book, loaded with anti-Jefferson propaganda, did not go over well in Virginia or the rest of the country. His Federalist Party leanings ran counter to the pro-Republican sentiments of most of his fellow Virginians, and indirectly led to his death after he was seriously injured in the infamous Baltimore riot of 1812 while defending his Federalist editor-friend Alexander Hanson.

Robert E. Lee saw his roving father for the last time when he was six as Harry Lee boarded a ship at Alexandria and sailed off down the Potomac to regain his health in more temperate Barbados. Ironically, one of his political enemies, Secretary of State James Monroe, had intervened diplomatically to help Lee emigrate. He no doubt was happy to see him go.

The lingering effects of the beating he took at the hands of pro-Republican Baltimore rioters, as well as a life of profligate dissolution, caught up with Harry Lee when he was returning to America from Barbados in the spring of 1818. Going ashore at Cumberland Island, Georgia, Lee suddenly sickened and died at Dungeness, the plantation home of his late Revolutionary War comrade Nathanael Greene. He was buried on the grounds by virtual strangers.

Robert E. Lee visited his father's grave for the first time in 1862, 44 years after Harry's death—a revealing statistic in itself. By then, he had become a general in the Confederate Army, rebelling against the very government his father, a committed nationalist, had helped bring into being.

In contrast to his bon vivant father, the adult Robert E. Lee was a polite, reserved individual, careful with his money, his emotions, and his affections. When it came to generalship, however, Robert shared his father's gambling nature, to the great and abiding sorrow of the Confederacy. He threw the dice twice, at Antietam and Gettysburg, invading the North and losing both wagers and, eventually, the war. Father and son, the Lees were born gamblers. Unfortunately for both, they couldn't seem to beat the odds.

Roy Morris Jr.

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By Charles Hilbert

Athenian-born general Iphicrates was the mastermind behind the unstoppable Greek phalanx and many other military innovations.

THE 3RD CENTURY BC IN GREECE WAS AN AGE OF MILITARY INNOVATION. The lessons learned in the Peloponnesian War (431-404) led to the increased use of lightly armed troops and cavalry. The Theban leader Epaminondas developed the oblique order of battle, and the century's closing decades saw the emergence of the Macedonian phalanx. The reforms of Iphicrates contributed greatly to the creation of this famous formation.

Iphicrates first enters the pages of history during the Corinthian War (394-386 BC). The Spartan king, Agesilaus, had just taken several fortified positions and a great amount of booty from the Corinthians and their allies, the Athenians and the Argives. He was camped some miles to the east of Corinth, having left a garrison in the coastal city of Lekhaion to keep an eye on his enemies.

It was the custom of the Spartans' allies, the Amyklaions, wherever they were, to go home for the holiday called the Hyakinthia, to sing paeans to Apollo. The Amyklaion contingent of the Spartan army was posted in Lekhaion, and in order to get back to Amyklai, which was located a little south of Sparta, they had to pass by Corinth. The Spartan commander in charge of the garrison at Lekhaion ordered the rest of the Spartan allies to guard the walls while he escorted the Amyklaions safely past Corinth with a contingent of Spartan hoplites and cavalry.

Twenty miles outside of Sikyon, the Spartan commander ordered the cavalry to accompany the Amyklaions as far as they wanted to go and then to catch up with the hoplites. This left the hoplites without any cavalry support. Since hoplites could not run far in their armor, all good hoplite commanders made it a point to have cavalry

Athenian general Iphicrates modified the battle gear of his peltasts, shown here wearing lightweight linen instead of bronze armor and carrying half-moon shields, swords, and javelins.

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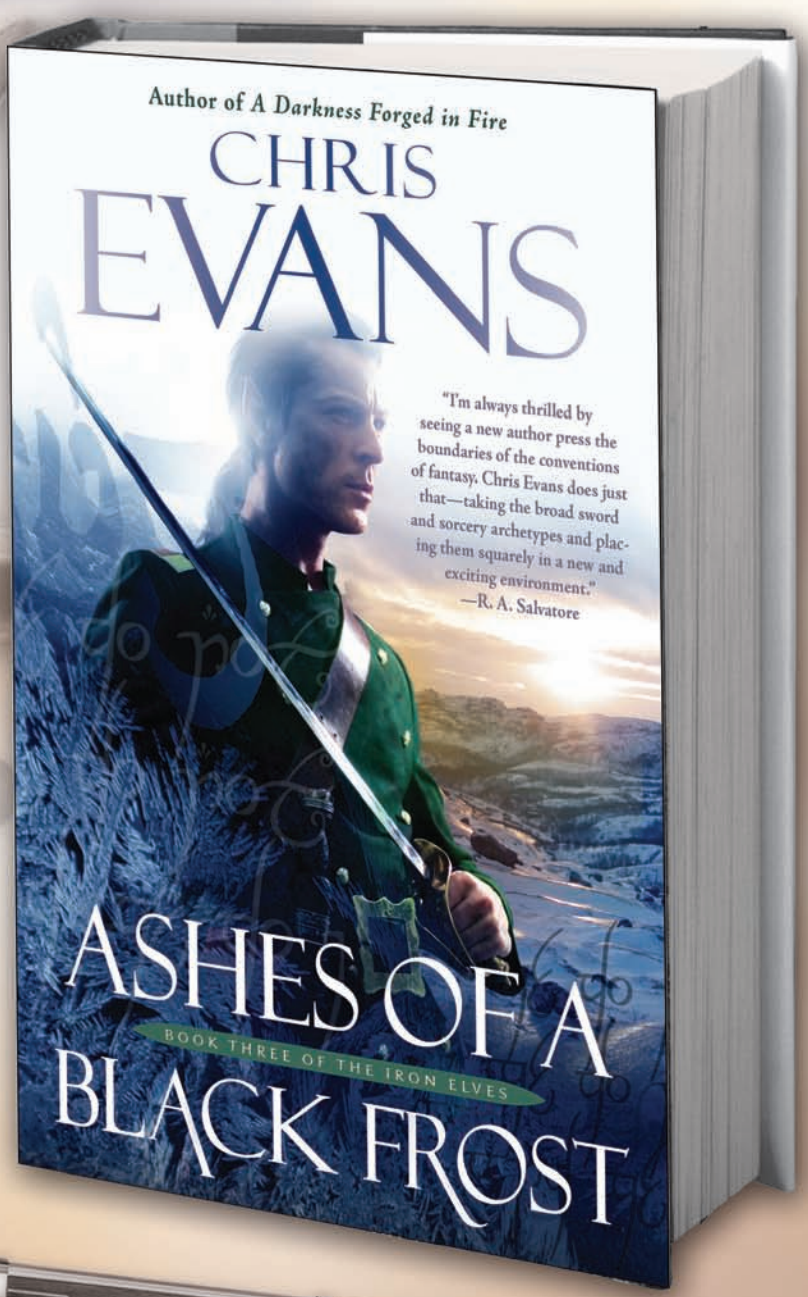

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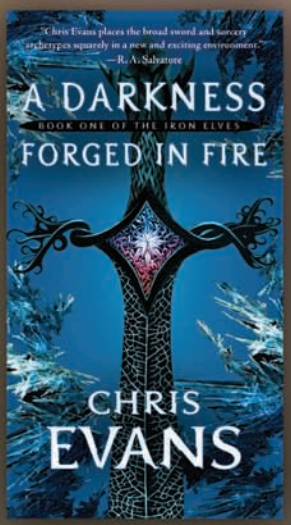

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ABOVE: Heavily armed Spartan hoplites were no match for the more maneuverable Athenian peltasts, who literally ran rings around them at Corinth. OPPOSITE: Persian general and satrap Pharnabazus butted heads with Iphicrates during the failed invasion of Egypt in 374 BC.

guarding their flanks in case of attacks by the enemy's cavalry and light infantry. The Spartan commander, perhaps overconfident after his countrymen's recent victories, began to march back to Lekhaion, past Corinth, which just happened to be full of Athenian soldiers under the command of Iphicrates.

Iphicrates and Callias, the commander of the Athenian hoplites, wasted no time. With the Athenian hoplites drawn up close to the city walls, Iphicrates's peltasts (light infantry) ran up to the Spartans and let fly with their javelins, killing and wounding several of the Spartan hoplites. The Spartan commander had the shield-bearers, servants who carried the hoplites' equipment, take the wounded back to Lekhaion. Then he sent out the youngest hoplites in pursuit of the peltasts. It was an impossible task. The peltasts had a head start, and they dashed away as soon as they threw their weapons. When the pursuing hoplites ran out of steam, the peltasts turned back and threw still more javelins. Some ran around to the hoplites' unshielded right sides and launched their javelins from there, killing several more hoplites.

The furious Spartan leader ordered another pursuit. The peltasts killed more Spartans. By the time the cavalry caught up with the Spartans, they had lost most of the younger, stronger hoplites, who had outdistanced the others and run, literally, into trouble. The return of the cavalry did not help. For some reason they stayed close to the hoplites and did not pursue the peltasts far enough or fast enough. This made the peltasts even bolder. Finally, at a loss, the Spartans made a last stand on a small hill outside Lekhaion.

Those in Lekhaion, seeing the Spartans in trouble, sailed out in small boats until they were opposite the hill. By this time it was all over for the Spartan hoplites. While the Athenian hoplites advanced on them from the front, the unrelenting peltasts struck them down from afar with their sharp javelins. The hoplites broke formation, some managing to reach the sea or get back to Lekhaion. About 250 did not make it at all.

The next year, the Athenians managed to bring Byzantium under their wing. Byzantium controlled the grain route to the Black Sea, and the Athenians taxed every ship that sailed through the Bosporus. The Spartans sent Anaxibias to deal with this matter. The Athenians sent Iphicrates to deal with Anaxibias.

After some initial success, Anaxibias carelessly led his army into an ambush arranged by Iphicrates. His force of mercenaries and allies was marching in column down a long slope when Iphicrates and his peltasts, many of whom had been in the action at Corinth the year before, came out of nowhere. Realizing that his army was about to be destroyed, Anaxibias took his shield from his servant and said that it was all his fault and that the soldiers should save themselves as best they could. His only recourse was to die with honor. Twelve Spartans who stayed with him went down fighting as well.

The Peace of Antalcidas (386 BC) ended the Corinthian War after the king of Persia bankrolled a Spartan fleet, which threatened to blockade Athens into submission. By 375 BC, King Artaxerxes, intending to make war on the Egyptians, decided to help end the Greek civil wars. In this way, Artaxerxes hoped that the Greeks, freed from the civil war at home, would be available to serve him as mercenaries. He sent ambassadors to Greece calling on the cities to put together a common peace. The Greeks, worn out by the unrelenting wars, were glad to cooperate.

In the spring of 374, the Persian king set in motion his plan to recapture Egypt. Iphicrates arrived in Asia Minor, where the muster of troops was being held. Persian general Pharnabazus, who had fought Agesilaus during his Asian campaign some 20 years before, was appointed to command the Egyptian expedition. The preparations took more than a year to complete and included the muster of 20,000 Greek mercenaries and 500 ships under the command of Iphicrates. There was also a huge crowd of camp followers accompanying the soldiers.

Iphicrates was impatient over the delay and complained to Pharnabazus, saying that Pharnabazus was quick to speak but slow to act. Pharnabazus responded that he was master of his own words but that the king of Persia was master of his deeds. Finally, at the beginning of the next summer, the expedition set out to reconquer Egypt. While the huge army marched south, the fleet kept pace, sailing along the coast.

As they arrived near the Nile delta, they could see that the Egyptians had put to good use the time afforded them by the Persians' lengthy preparations. The king of Egypt, Nectanebus, learning of the Persian approach, had made great efforts to see that his country was well fortified. Each of the seven mouths of the Nile was protected by a fortified city or town, with towers commanding the harbor entrances. The Pelousion mouth was especially well fortified because it was the first to be encountered by those coming from Syria, and this was the logical approach for the Persian army. Nectanebus had his men fence off the Pelousion with a ditch and wall off the harbors and the landward approaches with earthen embankments.

The Persian generals took one look at the for-

tifications around Pelousion and decided to try landing somewhere else. The fleet put farther out to sea, sailing out of sight of land so that their movements and direction would not be seen by the enemy. At the Nile mouth, they found a beach large enough to effect a landing. Pharnabazus and Iphicrates disembarked with 3,000 men and made for the walled town at the river's mouth. The Egyptians met them with an equal number of horse and foot soldiers, and soon a fierce battle was raging. The Persians, reinforced by men from their ships, encircled the Egyptians. Once the battle was truly joined, the Persians landed more men behind the Egyptians to take them in the rear. Many Egyptians were killed or captured, and those left behind were pursued into the town of Memphis.

At this point, things began to sour for the Persians. Iphicrates, learning from captives that Memphis was undefended, advised an immediate attack on the city. Those around Pharnabazus thought it was necessary to wait for the whole force of Persians to arrive on the scene. Iphicrates asked to be allowed to go ahead with his mercenaries, promising to take Memphis with this force alone. The Persians didn't like this idea, suspecting that he meant to take Egypt for himself. When Pharnabazus refused his request, Iphicrates warned that the refusal would jeopardize the entire campaign.

The Egyptians wasted no time in sending a suitable guard to Memphis and massing their forces against the beachhead. There they mounted an unrelenting attack against the invaders. As Iphicrates had warned, the Persian attack on Egypt was halted dead in its tracks. The fighting around the mouth of the Nile went on until the river began to flood. Rather than spend the winter on hostile soil, the Persians decided to give up their attempt to conquer Egypt and withdrew in disgrace.

Sometime during the voyage back to Asia, the lingering tension between Pharnabazus and Iphicrates came to a head, and Iphicrates seized a ship under cover of darkness and sailed back to Athens. Pharnabazus sent ambassadors to Athens to denounce Iphicrates as being personally responsible for the failure of the Egyptian expedition. The Athenians answered that if they found that Iphicrates had acted unjustly, they would punish him according to their own laws. In the end, nothing was done to him.

Iphicrates made several modifications to the hoplite panoply, possibly based on things he had seen during his service in Egypt. He did away with the large, round hoplite shield and replaced it with the familiar *pelta*, the small, half-moon shaped shield of the peltasts. He increased the spear by half-again its length and nearly doubled the size of the sword, while replacing the peltasts' heavy bronze armor with lighter-weight linen. The son of a shoemaker, he also designed lightweight boots that were easier to untie—ever afterward they were called "Iphicratids."

These innovations were tested and their efficacy confirmed by use, Iphicrates bragged, but where and when he does not say. They do, however, bear a certain resemblance to the weapons of the Macedonian phalanx, not to be seen yet for another generation but whose appearance would change the course of world history.

Following the death of her husband, Amyrtas III, Eurydice, the mother of Perdiccas and Philip, fled with her sons to Iphicrates for protection. This Philip was the future Philip II of Macedon, the father of Alexander the Great. It was perhaps while he was under Iphicrates's protection that Philip became acquainted with the military reforms that made his host famous throughout antiquity. Philip also spent time as a hostage in Thebes, where he no doubt saw the deepened phalanx and oblique order developed by Epaminondas and realized how effective this formation could be when used in conjunction with the reforms of Iphicrates. He would combine these innovations to develop the famous and virtually unstoppable Macedonian phalanx.

Iphicrates continued to serve his country for another 20 years, leading an expedition that successfully raised the Lacedaemonian siege of Corcyra in 373 BC and, less successfully, taking part in the Social War (357-355 BC), during which he was accused of failing to attack during a severe storm in the Hellespont. Iphicrates paid a fine for his alleged dereliction of duty and afterward lived to a ripe old age. Since none of the ancient sources mentions his death in battle, it is safe to assume that Iphicrates, in contrast to most of his warrior contemporaries, died in bed. □

By Arnold Blumberg

Brave crews and practical doctrines could not make up for the poor quality of Italy's armored vehicles during World War II.

ALTHOUGH ITALY, LIKE ALL COMBATANTS, SUFFERED FROM THE brutal effects of trench warfare during World War I, the nation refrained from using tanks during the conflict. The mountainous terrain that dominated the front along which Italy and the Austro-Hungarian Empire fought was unsuited for the employment of such heavy vehicles. Nevertheless, the use of the new military innovation on the Western Front did not go unnoticed by the Italian Army.

From September 1916 through the end of the war, Captain (later Major) Alfredo Bennicelli, an Italian officer serving in France, kept his government informed of the use of tanks by British and French allies, thus fueling an interest in the new weapon within the Italian general staff. At Bennicelli's urging, the Italian Army ordered a number of Schneider and Renault FT17 tanks from France to explore the possibility of forming its own armored force. The result was Italy's first experimental tank unit, the Reparto Speciale Dimarcia Carri d'Assalto, or Special Detachment of Assault Cars, created in the summer of 1918 from 60 French tanks. Soon after, the Italians began manufacturing their own Renault FT17, known as the Fiat 3000.

Entering service in 1921, the Fiat 3000 had a weight of 5.5 tons and a speed of 15 mph, and it carried two machine guns. As the only Italian tank built for many years, it formed the basis of the country's initial armor doctrine. Its sole purpose was the close support of the infantry, breaking down barbed-wire obstacles and cleaning out machine-gun nests so that foot soldiers could advance. A concentration of tanks was not envisioned; they were parceled out to the infantry to be used as circumstances warranted.

As more Fiat 3000s became available, the first tank unit in the Italian service, the company-size Reparto Carri Armati (Tank Detachment), was expanded in 1927 into the Reggimento Carri Armati, or Tank Regiment. It comprised five companies, each containing 20 Fiat 3000s and 100 men.

During the early 1920s, Italian armor doctrine was evolving although not straying far from its roots as an infantry-support weapon. Colonel Enrico Maltese, chief of the Tank Detachment, formulated the early ideas about the proper use of tanks. While still advocating that they be firmly tethered to the slow-moving infantry, Maltese recommended in 1924 that the army develop self-propelled artillery and

Italian tanks smolder in the background as Italian forces surrender to the British at the Battle of Beda Fomm, Libya, on February 9, 1941.

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suggested the use of tanks of different sizes—heavy, medium, and light—for different combat missions.

Between 1925 and 1928, Maltese wrote several treatises about the use of tanks as scouts for the cavalry, antitank defenses, and the use of tanks in the initial phases of an attack. What was absent from his commentaries was any mention of tank-versus-tank combat. The constricted nature of the Italian terrain and the infantry-artillery mind-set that army leaders maintained after World War I made it highly unlikely that the Italian general staff would consider offensive, mobile warfare. It was not until the 1930s that the passive attitudes began to change with the advent of Italy's new and aggressive territorial ambitions.

In 1933 Benito Mussolini, Italy's Fascist dictator, declared that his nation was going to become "a warrior state" and forge an army to reconstitute and maintain a new Roman Empire encompassing the Mediterranean, the Balkans, and northeastern Africa. Il Duce needed an army that could go on the offensive with tank forces and deliver speedy and decisive victories, but he had an army high command that was not confident in the merits of motorization and mechanization. This reluctance

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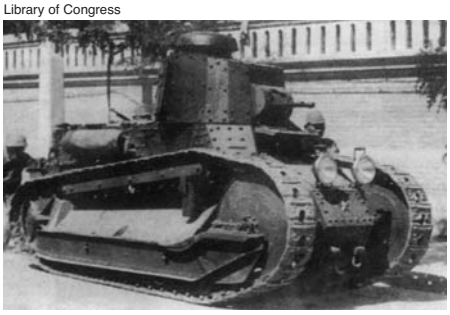

This Italian Fiat 3000 tank was captured by Japanese forces from a Chinese warlord during the Japanese invasion of Manchuria in 1932.

would retard the growth of a viable armor doctrine and development of the weapons needed to implement it.

Throughout the 1930s, senior army leaders debated the worth of motorization for the army. When it was finally adopted, the doctrine was applied only to the moving of men, supplies, and equipment prior to battle, not to using transport assets in actual combat. The Italian high command deferred any final judgment on mechanization and battlefield mobile operations. There were, however, some forward-thinking officers who stressed the need for an aggressive armor doctrine. One such person was Colonel Sebastino Visconti Prasca, who in 1934 published *La Guerra Decisiva,* a study calling for armored units, aided by artillery and airpower, to break the enemy's front and allow friendly infantry and cavalry to pour through the newly created gap.

An instrument to achieve the desired mobile battlefield results as envisioned by Prasca was still lacking. In 1933 the main Italian armored vehicle was the Carro Veloce CV33, or Fast Tank, later renamed the Carro Armato L3/33, which went into production in 1931. A version of the 1929 British Carden Lloyd Mark V tank, the L3/33t weighed three tons, was powered by a petrol engine, and could attain a top speed of 9 mph. Its two-man crew operated two Fiat 6.5mm machine guns fitted in the front of the hull. The 13.5mm riveted armor plating at the front and rear was complemented by side armor of 8.5mm and 6mm armor on the top and undercarriage. It could travel up to 90 miles without refueling.

Cheap to build, the design allowed for large numbers to be manufactured and put into service quickly, along with experimental variants such as the flamethrower and bridge layer. In 1935 it was upgraded to the CV35 (later the Carro Armato L3/35) with two hull-mounted

Breda 8mm machineguns and more armor plating. The upgrade, powered by a Fiat-Spa CV3 four-cylinder diesel, liquid-cooled 43 hp engine. had a cross-country speed of 26 mph. Essentially tankettes, both CV series proved vulnerable to close-quarters combat and enemy artillery, antitank weapons, and tanks.

Participation in the Spanish Civil War in 1936-1937 convinced Italian authorities that a better tank had to be developed, but a number of major problems stood in the way. First, more than 1,800 L3 types had been built since 1931. The vast number and low cost of the model made the government reluctant to move to another tank type. Second, Italy's industrial base lacked raw materials such as iron, oil, and steel, making the country too weak to sustain the manufacture and support of large numbers of armored fighting vehicles. At their peak, Italy's leading tank producers, the automobile manufacturer Fiat and Ansaldo (a shipbuilding company), could produce no more than 150 tanks a month. Furthermore, much of the nation's war-making resources went to the more-favored navy or the air force, a Fascist Party creation. The army got what was left.

Regardless of the problems, it was apparent to Rome that a new and more powerful tank was needed. Such a new machine had been in the works for a few years—the M11/39. It was built to be a breakthrough tank in support of attacking infantry and to become the mainstay of the two existing Italian armor brigades. In reality an upgraded L3, it was 11 tons in weight and had a rear-installed Fiat SPA 8T V-8 liquid 43hp cooled diesel engine that allowed it to travel 21mph with a range of 124 miles. Armed

The Granger Collection/New York

Two-man L3/33 Carro Armato "fast tanks" were used by the Italian Corps of Volunteers during the Spanish Civil War.

ullstein bild/The Granger Collection, New York

Italian M13/40 tanks advance near El Alamein in the autumn of 1942. Sandbags were placed on the hulls for additional protection.

with one low-velocity 37mm Vickers-Terni cannon placed in the right front hull and two Breda Model 38 machine guns, it was shielded by 30mm of riveted plate armor.

Sporting a high profile and standing seven feet, four inches high, the M11 was easily spotted and so poorly protected that it was easy prey for any Allied tank and antitank weapon it faced. Like the L3 it had no radio, had a poor suspension system, and was mechanically unreliable. The M11 did not enter service until 1939, and it was quickly understood that the M11 would serve only as an interim tank until a more powerful weapon could be developed.

With new, more potent armored fighting vehicles expected in the late 1930s, Italian armor doctrine continued to mature. In 1938 General Eduardo Quarra, former commander of the Tank Regiment, urged the use of tanks en masse with artillery and infantry support to both break the enemy's line and exploit that penetration. In 1937 General Carlo di Simone, chief of the 2nd Armored Brigade, advocated the addition of more truck-borne or mechanized infantry to the armored unit. He also suggested the attachment of motorized artillery and antitank weapons and ready air support. He stopped short of calling for the creation of an armored division since the absence at that time of a medium or heavy tank precluded having the punch needed to be a true breakthrough weapon.

But if Simone was wary of forming full armored divisions, his ideas did spur the Italian Army to embrace mechanization that would greatly impact its future armor doctrine. In late 1938 General Alberto Pariani introduced the concept of *guerra di rapido corso,* or high-speed mobile warfare. It announced a new doctrine that put the tank, used en masse, at the heart of all offensive operations, with infantry and artillery acting as support for the tanks—not vice versa. Exploitation was also now a key role to be played by armor. As progressive as it was, the new doctrine failed to address the issue of tank-versus-tank combat. Nevertheless, the new policy created a single Corpo d' Armata Corazzato (Armored Corps) made up of two armored and two motorized infantry divisions. What was needed was a tank worthy of the new theory. The proposed M13/40 seemed to provide the solution.

The M13/40 medium tank replaced the hull-mounted 37mm cannon on the M11/39 with a higher-velocity 47mm Austrian Bohler gun housed in a rotating turret. Starting in 1938, the idea was tried and found wanting. It was then decided to make a variant of the M11/39. A revolving turret with the 47mm gun was duly fitted onto a chassis that was almost identical to the one used for the M11/39. Maximum armor was not increased, but for better crew protection, steel plates were bolted to a steel frame. The M11/39 engine, suspension, and transmission were used in the new model.

The added weight made the M13/40 sluggish while moving, allowing it to go no more than 19mph on the road and 11mph cross-county. Its height, width, and length were slightly larger than the M11. Each tank was fitted with a radio, and the 47mm gun proved to be comparable to the 2-pounders used by the British. The new tank would not see action until 1940. By the end of its production run in 1942, more than 800 had been produced.

With the arrival of the M13/40, the Italian Army decided to create armored divisions. These new formations would contain one tank regiment and one motorized infantry, supported by two groups of artillery, a company of antitank guns, and two batteries of antiaircraft guns. Italy's three armored divisions entered the war in June 1940 with a complement of 7,500 officers and men, 184 tanks, and 24 75mm field guns each.

Even before the M13/40 saw service, the Italians started working on a heavy tank design, the Carro Armato P40. The 26-ton vehicle had a diesel engine providing a top speed of 16mph. Its 75mm turret-mounted gun was very effective, but for antipersonnel defense it had only one 8mm Breda coaxial machine gun. Its crew of four was surrounded by 50-60mm of armor plate at the front, 40mm on the sides and rear, and 20mm at the rear and underside. Favorably compared to the venerable German Mark IV panzer, the P40 never saw service during the war due to manufacturing delays.

In March 1943 the Italian Army decided to end production of all its medium series tanks. Their poor performance since 1940 convinced the military that the best way to fight a tank was with an antitank gun, not another tank. This shift in tactics was reinforced by the presence of a formidable self-propelled gun in the Italian arsenal—the Semovente da 75/18 Su Scafo M41. First making its appearance in North Africa in mid-1942, the Semovente was based on the German Stu III infantry assault self-propelled gun. The Semovente was manufactured by the Ansaldo Company. Using a M13/40 tank chassis, a short 18-caliber 75mm howitzer in a ball mount was fitted to the front of a low superstructure. The model's early successful trials proved it was reliable and easy to maintain. Ninety were ready for service by February 1941, with another 120 slated for production.

The new self-propelled gun perfectly suited the army's long-held belief that artillery was the best antitank weapon. It also could act as mobile artillery, creating holes in enemy lines to be exploited by infantry and tanks. It fit well with the army's artillery doctrine, *fuoco da manovra* (maneuvered fire), which called for the employment of massed antitank guns and field artillery fire close to the front.

The Semovente was manned by a crew of three: a driver, a loader-radio operator, and a commander-gunner. In almost all dimensions it was identical to the M13/40, except that it was two inches lower in height, making it a more difficult target to spot or hit. It carried 44 howitzer shells and proved to be a credible threat to Allied armor in North Africa. First used in small groups in direct support of friendly armor and infantry, by late 1942 batteries of 8 to 16 vehicles were being employed for both support and independent missions.

In late 1942 the Semovente was upgraded by using a M42 tank chassis. About 200 of these were produced. Soon, a new model, the 105/25 Semovente, carrying an M3 howitzer, entered service. Built by Ansaldo, the new model was the most formidable armored fighting vehicle fielded by the Italians during the war. Thirty such super Semoventes entered service before Italy signed an armistice in September 1943, officially ending its participation of the war. □

By Peter Suciu

Vintage grenades, from the German "potato masher," to the British Mills bombs, and the American "pineapples," are much prized by collectors today.

EVEN NOW, SIX DECADES AFTER THE END OF WORLD WAR II, THE words "potato masher" just as easily conjure images of the legendary German hand grenade as they do kitchen utensils. The small antipersonnel weapon is as unique in design as any other piece of military equipment, and as such has become popular with modern-day collectors. The image of American soldiers with grenades hooked onto their equipment or German soldiers with grenades tucked in their belts is familiar to World War II buffs. During the war, these portable yet lethal weapons were produced in the millions by all sides in the conflict.

But the history of hand grenades goes back much further. Arguably the first hand-thrown explosives or incendiary bombs appeared at the height of the Byzantine Empire in the 8th century, when jars filled with the infamous "Greek fire" were thrown at enemy soldiers. A few hundred years later, saltpeter-based gunpowder was developed in China and used to construct primitive bombs. In the 15th century, such bombs made their way to Europe and over time were placed in metal shells, creating what could be described as the first true grenades. The word "grenade" in fact comes from the French "pomegranate," and scholars suggest that this is because the early hand grenades resembled the fruits, and also because the pomegranate tends to explode as it ripens to spread seeds over a wide perimeter.

The weapon was originally one of a specialty, hence the designation "grenadiers." The grenades of this era were bombs that were loaded with powder and contained a fuse. The grenadiers had to have the strength to throw these heavy chunks of steel great distances. The 17th-century military march, "The British Grenadier," explains this role very precisely in a passage: "Whene'er we are commanded to storm the palisades, Our leaders march with fuses, and we with hand grenades."

Part of the trick was determining how long to wait once the fuse was lit before throwing the bomb. Too early and there was a chance it could be thrown back; too late was far worse. The greatest threat was from enemy fire, and the early grenadiers were men who had the

A World War I-era war bonds poster shows a stalwart American doughboy preparing to hurl a "pineapple" grenade into a trench filled with cowering German soldiers.

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FROM THE PUBLISHERS OF WWII HISTORY MAGAZINE

D-DAY

Through A Soldier's Eyes… *Limited Edition Print*

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

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

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

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

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courage to storm enemy positions, often with the "forlorn hope," where the causalities were typically very high. As a result, over time the grenadiers became elite troops in many European armies, and grenades were just one of many weapons they wielded. By World War I, however, grenades had become a more common infantry weapon, issued and used by virtually everyone.

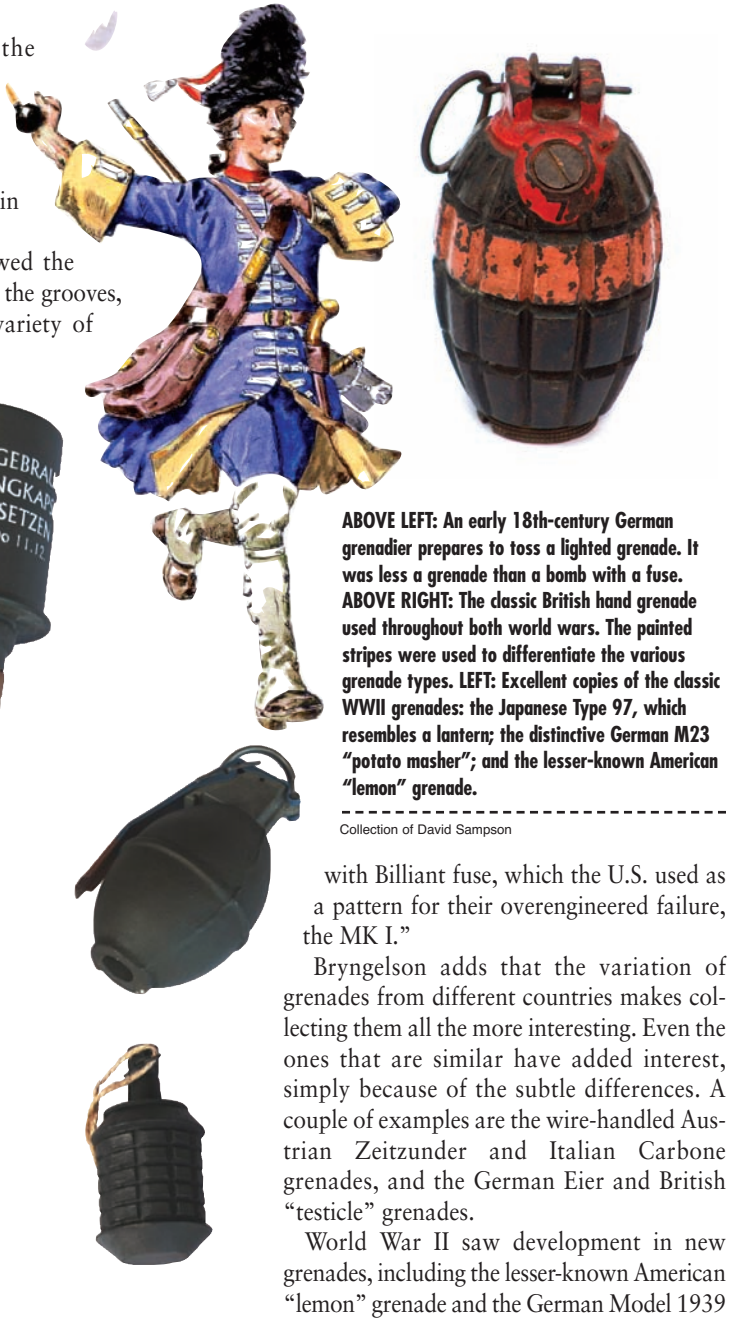
The years leading up to World War I saw the transformation of the hand grenade into the weapon we recognize today. After Germany's opening moves deep into France in 1914, the Allies rallied, the armies dug in, and the conflict reached an impasse; each side looked at new and better ways to kill more of the enemy.

"I believe that the grenade became very useful in trench warfare; the trenches were often close enough to be able to lob a grenade into the enemies' trench. The rifle was almost useless in trench fighting, as no one stuck their heads above the parapet—at least not more than once—and the rifle was ungainly in the narrow trenches," says Gus Bryngelson, a longtime World War I collector and author. Bryngelson says that the grenade was also useful in clearing trenches around the next corner or past the traverse. "Most hand grenades at the beginning of World War I were the same as those used for centuries. The French M1847 is a classic example, as it was just a hollow iron ball filled with explosive and a fuse, sometimes a match-lit fuse or a friction-primed fuse. This is the type of grenade we all knew growing up watching Boris Badenov in *Rocky and Bullwinkle*."

It was also during World War I that the role of the traditional grenadier changed forever. Any soldier with a good arm was suddenly called up to toss grenades toward enemy trenches. "It was during World War I that the grenadiers changed into bombers," says British hand grenade collector David Sampson, who notes that the British versions of grenades were typically called Mills bombs. The Mills bombs were developed at the Mills Munitions Factory in Birmingham, England, and were a follow-up to a pre-World War I design. This led to the first self-igniting hand grenade, which the British War Department described as a "safe grenade."

Several grenade patterns were produced. The most common design among the Allied forces featured grooves, which gave the grenade its comparison to a pineapple. It was thought that the segmented design would aid fragmentation when it exploded and make the device more deadly. This also made the grenade easier to grip. In all, about 75,000,000 Mills bombs were produced in World War I, while the British worked to improve the early designs, finally adapting a modified version called the No. 36, which remained in service until 1972.

Americans followed the British pattern with the grooves, but considered a variety of shapes and sizes. Notably, the Germans went in another direction, introducing a canister-shaped grenade on the end of a short stick handle. This would, of course, be the infamous "potato masher" pattern, a design that was utilized by the German Army in both world wars.



ABOVE LEFT: An early 18th-century German grenadier prepares to toss a lighted grenade. It was less a grenade than a bomb with a fuse. ABOVE RIGHT: The classic British hand grenade used throughout both world wars. The painted stripes were used to differentiate the various grenade types. LEFT: Excellent copies of the classic WWII grenades: the Japanese Type 97, which resembles a lantern; the distinctive German M23 "potato masher"; and the lesser-known American "lemon" grenade.

Collection of David Sampson

For collectors, the grenades have become as iconic to the respective nation as the uniforms and helmets. "Normally one can tell what country used a grenade by the outward appearance," says Bryngelson. "The potato masher, for example, is the epitome of the German grenade, although in WWI the Austrians and French had grenades that were very nearly the same. The classic British grenade is the Mills Number 5, and the French had the F1 with Billiant fuse, which the U.S. used as a pattern for their overengineered failure, the MK I."

Bryngelson adds that the variation of grenades from different countries makes collecting them all the more interesting. Even the ones that are similar have added interest, simply because of the subtle differences. A couple of examples are the wire-handled Austrian Zeitzunder and Italian Carbone grenades, and the German Eier and British "testicle" grenades.

World War II saw development in new grenades, including the lesser-known American "lemon" grenade and the German Model 1939 "egg" grenade, as well as the Japanese Type 97 and its later variations. This grenade resembles a Japanese lantern and thus contrasts strongly with Western versions.

There are many different uses for grenades, including smoke grenades, flash-bangs, blank grenades, incendiary grenades, gas grenades, and antitank grenades. Typical smoke, gas, and incendiary grenades are in the shape of a cylinder or can. The confusingly named blank grenade, much like its cousin the stun grenade, is meant to sound loud, while the latter also offers a flash of light and is sometimes called a flash-bang.

The antitank grenades that werevdeveloped during World War II essentially grew out of the basic grenade. The Germans took the M23

potato masher and attached multiple heads to create a massive grenade, although it could be tossed from only a short distance, thus potentially endangering the thrower as much as the intended target. To this end, since World War I various nations have experimented with grenades that could reach a greater distance.

Related to the traditional tossed or thrown hand grenade are the rifle grenades, which were also first introduced in World War I. These were fired from a rifle and used a special round rather than a traditional bullet. This system remained in place through the end of World War II. By the Vietnam War, this evolved into a single-shot grenade launcher, although the grenades looked more like large ordnance than a hand grenade. Today, many military assault rifles feature the grenade launcher mounted below the barrel, while the United States Marine Corps has even introduced a belt-fire grenade launcher.

For purists and collectors, the early World War I and World War II grenades remain the most desirable. Much of this has to do with the character that these items possess. While designed to explode and thus be completely obliterated, grenades still featured a certain level of craftsmanship that is often missing in other wartime items. Partly, this was because the grenade was a device where corners couldn't be cut—or else.

Former World War I battlefields were, and still are, littered with grenades. Locals deactivate and sell them as souvenirs to the many visitors to the sites. This brings up a very important point. Although vintage grenades do come up for sale and typically have long been rendered safe, live grenades still occasionally show up for sale from private collectors. It should be stressed that collectors should not try to deactivate grenades found on battlefields. Such should be reported to authorities, and live grenades should be handed over to the police for proper destruction.

That said, there are plenty of safe grenades to collect. The biggest danger is that copies have been produced for decades and are often passed off as the real deal. Likewise, the United States and Great Britain, as well as other nations, produced training versions. Such copies have created a virtual minefield for collectors, even those who have collected for years.

"Reproductions are always a problem where items have gained value," says Bryngelson, who adds that some reproductions are now valuable as well, and that some collectors willingly accept a replica to fill a hole, provided they know it is a replica. One example is the rare Turkish Infantry No. 2 grenade, known to have been recently made in the United Kingdom. The only known original example of the fuse assembly is in the Imperial War Museum in London.

More confusing still is that reproduction parts have been added to real grenades. The most common of these are the fuse assembly, as well as pins. Likewise, many training grenades are easily painted and passed off as something they are not. New collectors are advised to buy from reputable dealers and to network with other collectors. "As with all things nowadays, where there's a market there's always a scammer," says David Sampson, who adds that it is all too easy for a dealer to pass off reproduction examples and sell them as real. He says research is the key. "Join one of the many militaria forums on the Internet, look and learn and collect pictures. It will save you a lot of time and money in the long run and leave all the rare ones for me."

For those who want to have the visual history of hand grenades, or just an interesting paperweight, the various reproductions and copies are suitable. "Replica grenades will never be true grenades, but from three feet away you wouldn't know it," says Alex Cranmer of International Militaria Antiques, who adds that the repro versions make great-looking conversation pieces. "The only downside to how genuine these look is just that, they have become exceedingly easy to convert to original status," says Cranmer. "Telling a well-doctored repro from the genuine article can be tricky."

Another solution is copies that look the part but have none of the original mass or weight of real grenades. These are good for displays, especially with uniforms where fully weighted versions would put a strain on the cloth or materials. In these cases, resin copies are the way to go. Rob Green of Field Works puts almost as much skill into these copies as the original designers did when making the real deal. "I make a mold of the original, cast a resin copy, bondo or otherwise repair the cast copy, paint and remold it," says Green, who notes that he does not alter the original in any way, especially when it is so easy to make an exact copy and fix that. "It leaves us with a good master model to work with, and the process keeps the original piece from being damaged or destroyed."

For new collectors, finding grenades is not really all that hard. Even today, the basic Army-Navy surplus store is likely to have a training grenade or two, and with excellent copies such as those from International Military Antiques, there are plenty of ways to get started collecting grenades. □

By Blaine Taylor

Baltimore was a center of unrest during the War of 1812, when rioters sacked the offices of a leading Tory newspaper.

ONE OF BALTIMORE'S LESS FLATTERING NICKNAMES IS "MOB Town," and there have been several notable riots in the city's history. Perhaps the least known of these riots was the first: the Great Baltimore Riot of 1812. It is a lurid tale and does few people involved in it much credit, including some later genuine heroes of the war. It was widely reported in all the local newspapers of the day, but today the riot is virtually unknown to most Baltimoreans.

The day after President James Madison's war message against Great Britain on June 18, 1812, Baltimore's *Federal Republican* newspaper blasted the nation's chief executive for going to war without adequate funding, taxes, troops, ships, and fortifications to fight the mightiest naval power on earth. All of this was demonstrably true, but most citizens of Baltimore did not want to hear it.

A pro-war mob marched to storm the editorial offices of the *Federal Republican,* a name that seemed to indicate that the newspaper was trying to have it both ways by combining the two dominant political parties, the Federalists and the Republicans (also called the Democratic-Republicans) in its title. It failed, however, to placate the majority of its readers. The mob carried hooks, ropes, axes, and bludgeons as it stomped down Gay Street. At the paper's offices, the rioters smashed the printing press and threw it into the street, along with paper stock, type, and furniture. The building itself was destroyed when the mob attached hooks and ropes to the doorways and windowsills and pulled down the entire structure. After this, the rioting spilled over onto the nearby docks. Houses were looted as well as the wharves, and ships believed to be carrying British licenses had their sails and rigging slashed.

The two men most sought by the mob, Jacob Wagner and Alexander Contee Hanson, escaped. They were the editors of the *Federal Republi–*

The Baltimore waterfront, here looking deceptively peaceful, was a focal point of pro-war rioting in 1812, when ships carrying British goods had their sails and rigging slashed.

Author's Collection

can, and they fled for their lives to Georgetown, where they resumed publication of the newspaper for the next five weeks, until they boldly—or foolishly, depending on how one looked at it—decided to return to Baltimore and begin anew.

One of the most active Federalists in the city was William H. Winder, joined by such other prominent attorneys as Robert Goodloe Harper, Virgil Maxey, and Jonathan Meredith. The most radical of the lot was Hanson, 26, originally from Montgomery County, Maryland, who came to Baltimore in 1807 to found the *Federal Republican.* The target of several lawsuits and challenges to duels, Hanson relished the controversy he caused, even when the Republican-dominated Baltimore Militia Brigade tried to court-martial him in his capacity as a lieutenant in a volunteer company. By 1812, he began to fear personal violence and started carrying weapons for self-defense.

By July 26, the stage was set for a second, much more serious riot after it became known that Hanson and several armed supporters had set up new editorial offices at 45 South Charles Street, complete with an illustrious protector in the person of General Henry "Light-Horse Harry" Lee of Virginia, father of future Confederate general Robert E. Lee. His second in command was another Revolutionary War hero, 70-year-old General James M. Lingan.

Surely, reasoned Hanson, a mob would not be foolish enough to attack a fortified house garrisoned by a well-armed force commanded by such stellar officers. He was wrong. As the mob gathered, Hanson threw open a second-floor window to harangue his opponents, threatening to shoot if they advanced. This had the effect of waving a red flag at a bull. Several members tore open their shirts, bared their chests, and screamed "Fire again!" in defiance.

Ironically, two men who later acquitted themselves well in 1814 against the British invaders did not do so now. One was Baltimore mayor Edward Johnson. The other, who lived a few doors away from the scene at 15 South Charles Street, was Brig. Gen. John Stricker, commanding officer of the Baltimore Brigade of the Maryland Militia. Stricker had earned his military command by being one of the major Republican Party leaders in Baltimore, as well as holding a federal government post as the city's naval agent, a curious role for a militiaman who was also a director of a bank and a local insurance firm.

Stricker had helped crush the Whiskey Rebellion in 1794, but he did little to avert bloodshed on this night. At first, he simply stayed home, ostrich-like, attempting to wish away the violence he knew very well might occur. Several citizens came to implore him to call out the 5,000-man Baltimore Brigade immediately, but Stricker stonewalled, demanding that two magistrates first be found to sign a legal order stating that public danger demanded him to do so. Around midnight, he had the two signatures, but by then there were more than 20 armed men barricaded inside 45 South Charles Street and a mob estimated at between 2,000 and 5,000 people was growing outside. Against these, Stricker dispatched a single squadron of cavalry.

Author's Collection

Maryland militia commander John Stricker abandoned besieged Federalists to a furious assault by pro-war Republicans.

Onsite command was given to Major William S. Barney, the son of U.S. Navy Commodore Joshua Barney. Like his father and Stricker, William Barney was a Republican. He was then running as a candidate for the Maryland House of Delegates in the upcoming election. Now he might be called upon to fire on his own prospective voters. It was a delicate situation, to say the least, and Barney trod as carefully as he could. By 2 AM, he had managed to gather only a third of his 90-member squadron, and he ordered the men not to fire unless he gave the command. Stricker had not even issued live cartridges to the troopers, so worried was he that a stray shot might trigger a bloodbath that would engulf them all.

At 3 AM, Barney's force stopped in front of 45 South Charles Street and Barney addressed the crowd, calling them friends and asserting that he would arrest every man inside the house—but for what? They hadn't broken any law. Placing his troops in a line separating the house from the mob, the major went inside to demand the building's surrender. Hanson and his supporters refused. Dismayed, Barney came back outside and told the crowd that he would have to return to Stricker for further orders.

More enraged than ever by this new development, the mob broke into the local armory, stole a small, wheeled cannon, and trundled it down to 45 South Charles Street. Luckily, no one could be found who knew how to fire it. When Barney returned, he found the silent cannon pointing at his line of troopers. He again spoke from the top of the cannon and again demanded that the men inside the house surrender. This time they agreed, the shooting and rock throwing stopped, and Barney and his men entered the building in force. The problem now became one of how to get the surrendered defenders out safely past the roiling mob.

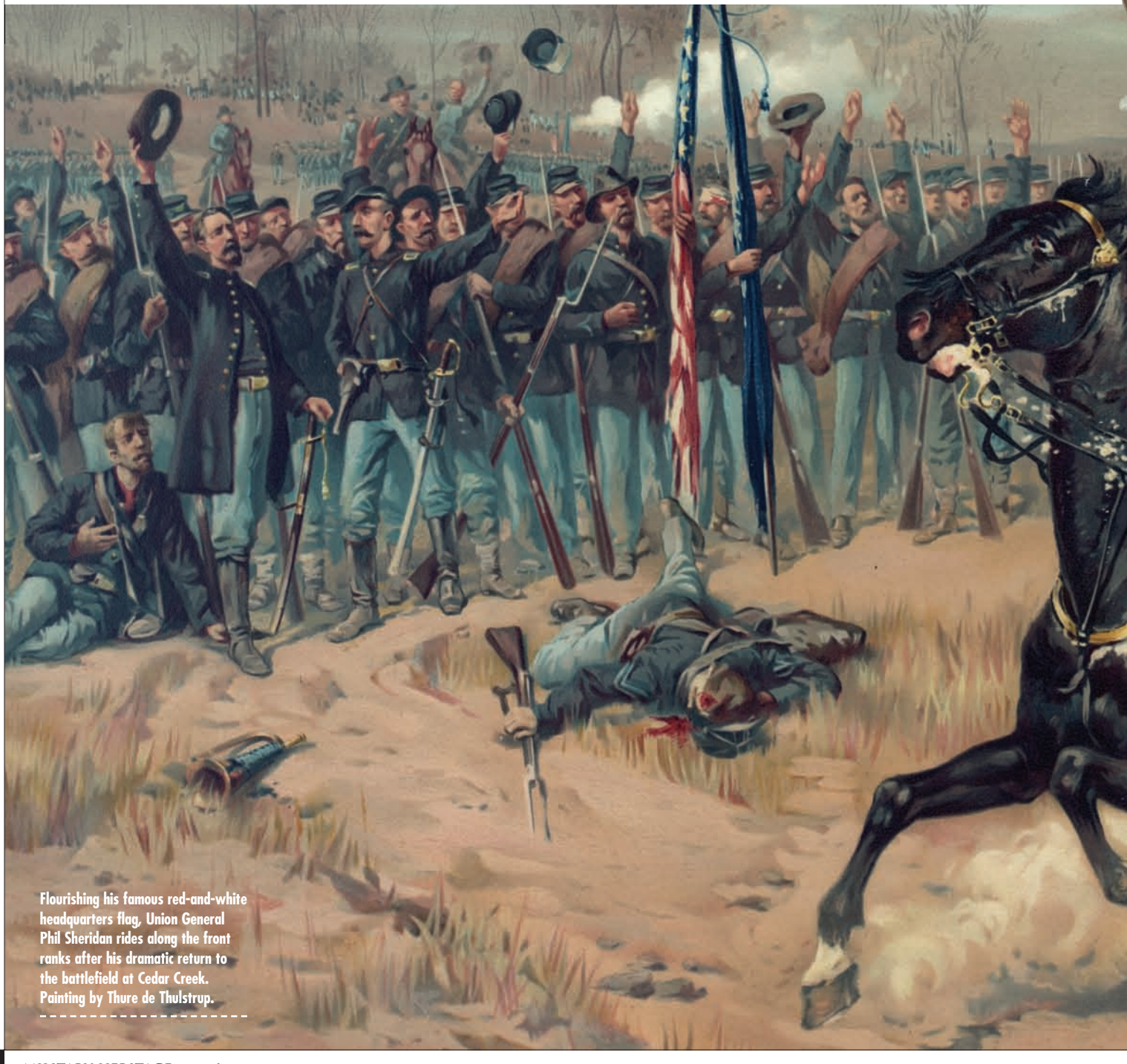
At 6 AM on the 28th, Mayor Johnson arrived on the scene. He had been mayor of Baltimore for four years and was seeking another term of office. In addition, he was one of the Republican nominees for presidential elector in the district. He would win few friends and no elections by exerting himself on behalf of men whom the mob considered to be traitors and murderers.

With the distraught mayor were Stricker, two Republican members of the City Council, James Calhoun and Cumberland Dugan, and the Republican attorney general of Maryland, John Montgomery. Both the mayor and the attorney general conducted surrender negotiations with the editor—an odd situation in itself. Negotiations continued for an hour, as the mob swirled outside and Hanson and his men considered hacking their way to freedom with swords. By 7 AM, arrangements had been concluded for the men's surrender.

The defenders would leave the building within a protective militia hollow square formation and would be accompanied to the local jail for their own safety by the Republican officials although no crime had actually been committed by the prisoners. Twenty-three Federal-

Continued on page 70

Glory Enough FOR ONE DAY



Flourishing his famous red-and-white headquarters flag, Union General Phil Sheridan rides along the front ranks after his dramatic return to the battlefield at Cedar Creek. Painting by Thure de Thulstrup.

PHIL SHERIDAN had a bad feeling. The bantam-sized Union general always trusted his instincts, and now, in mid-October 1864, those instincts were telling him that trouble was brewing back at the front, where his Army of the Shenandoah was encamped near Cedar Creek, Virginia, resting and relaxing after a busy few weeks burning civilian farms and slaughtering thousands of head of livestock from Staunton north to Woodstock. The premeditated orgy of destruction, which residents of the Shenandoah Valley would remember for decades afterward as "The Burning," was intended to deny food and supplies to the hard-pressed Confederate defenders in the valley. It had been presaged by two significant victories by Sheridan's forces in the past month, at Winchester and Fisher's Hill, opening the way for Union troops to devastate the region known as "the Confederacy's breadbasket." "When this is completed," Sheridan had boasted to his superiors in Washington, "the Valley will have but little in it for man or beast." While his soldiers looted and burned, Sheridan rode behind them in a jaunty two-seat wagon, waving a cigar and urging them on.

Sheridan's forces now were camped near the historic Belle Grove plantation, a colonial-era mansion that had been the home of Major Isaac Hite, brother-in-law of President James Madison and friendly neighbor of President Thomas Jefferson, who had personally designed the limestone dwelling for Hite in 1794. While the soldiers idled about their tents, Sheridan made a lightning-quick trip to Washington to discuss future strategy with Secretary of War Edwin Stanton and

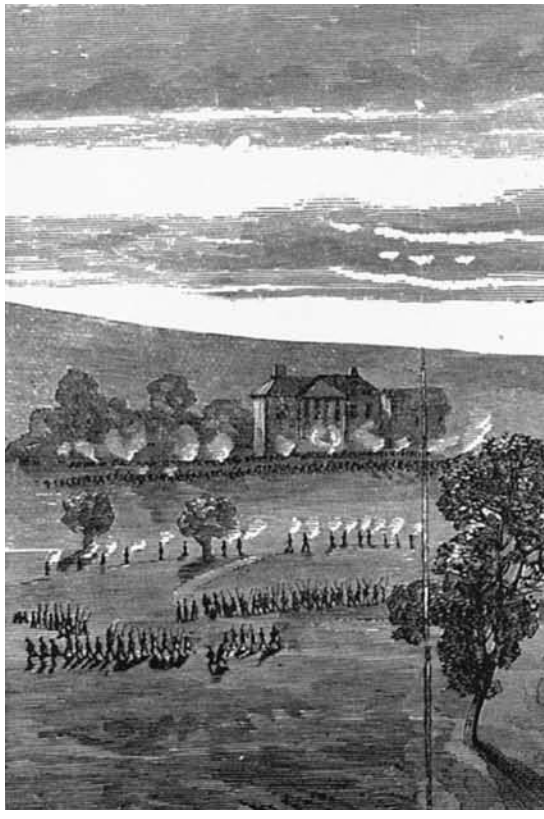
While Union commander Phil Sheridan was in Washington for a strategy conference, Confederate soldiers crept over the top of Massanutten Mountain to fall on his unsuspecting army at Cedar Creek. BY ROY MORRIS JR.

All photos Library of Congress unless credited otherwise

General-in-Chief Henry Halleck. Not wanting to be away from his army too long, Sheridan had arranged to have a special train standing by to take him and his staff back to Martinsburg as soon as the meeting was over. They spent the night of October 17 in Martinsburg, then rode 28 miles west to Winchester, where they spent another night at the home of local tobacco merchant Lloyd Logan. Before turning in, Sheridan sent a message to Maj. Gen. Horatio Wright, whom he had left in temporary command of the army at Cedar Creek. Wright sent back word that everything was quiet; he planned to reconnoiter enemy positions early the next morning. Sheridan, relieved, went to bed for the night.

While Sheridan slept, the Confederates in Lt. Gen. Jubal Early's Army of the Valley (II Corps), detached from Robert E. Lee's Army of Northern Virginia, were up late, preparing a nasty surprise for the Union occupiers of the Shenandoah Valley. Twice in the preceding month, Early's defenders had been smashed by Sheridan's forces, embarrassing routs that had driven the Confederates back into the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains and left the harvest-laden valley unprotected. Early, a hard-drinking, irreligious old infantryman, intended to reverse those defeats and once again, in his words, "Scare Abe Lincoln like hell."

To do so, Early turned to Georgia-born Maj. Gen. John B. Gordon, his senior division commander. With the help of Stonewall Jackson's former mapmaker, Captain Jedediah Hotchkiss, Gordon devised a plan to strike the left flank of Sheridan's army. Protected—so they thought—by steep-sided Massanutten Mountain, the Union commanders had left the flank comparatively undefended. But Gordon and Hotchkiss had personally scouted the area, dressed as farmers, and had discovered a narrow "pig path" that wound across the mountain. By marching single-file in the dead of night, Gordon's three divisions, 7,000-strong, could clear the mountain, ford the waist-deep north fork of the Shenandoah River, and fall upon the enemy flank like avenging angels—or devils, depending upon which side you were on. "Striving to suppress every sound," Gordon recalled, "the long gray line like a great serpent glided noiselessly along the dim pathway

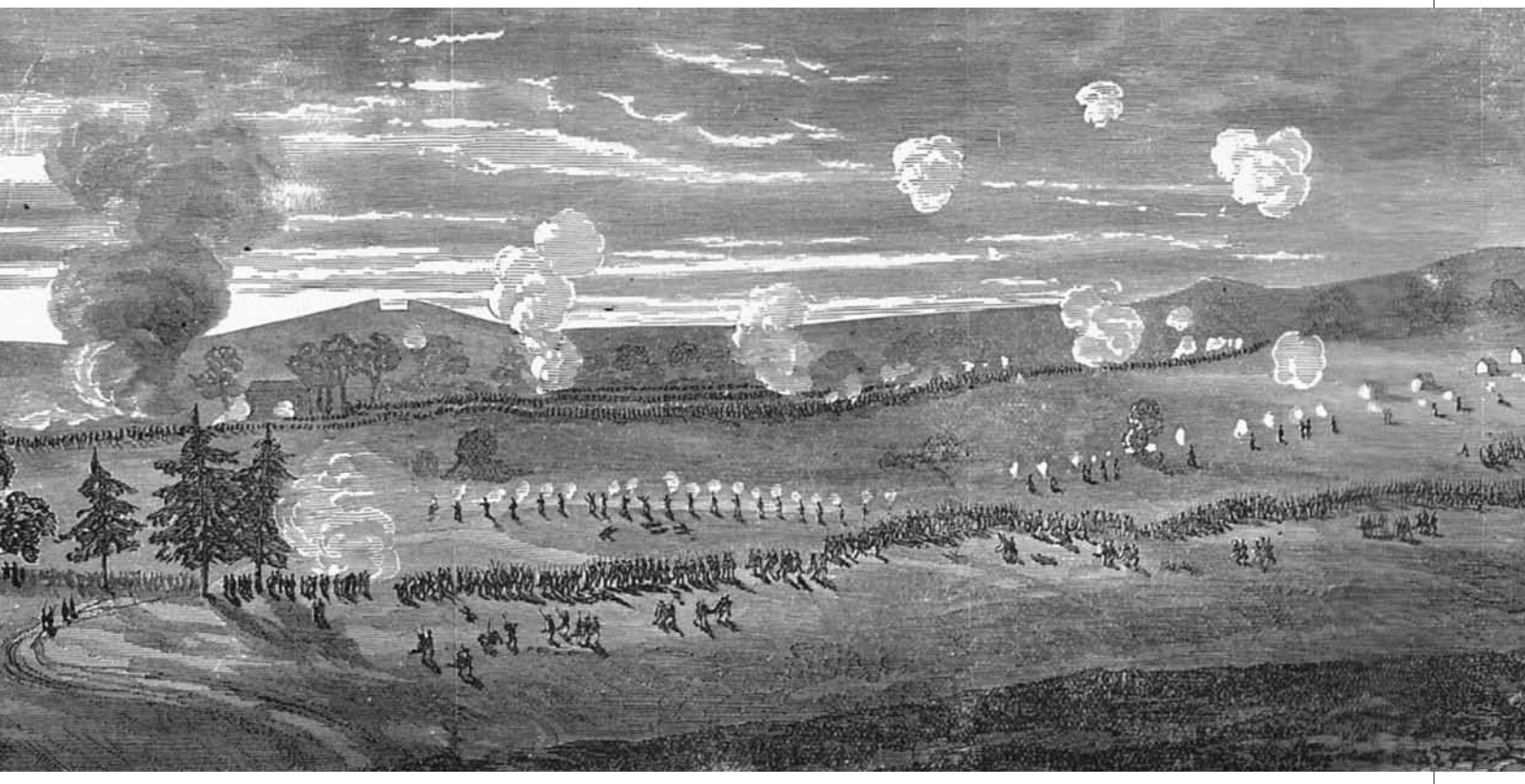


above the precipice." To reduce noise, the soldiers had left their canteens behind, and the officers had similarly abandoned their swords.

It was hard going for the Confederates, who had to thrash their way in the dark through thick tangles of brambles and stumble over loose chunks of shale and fallen logs. Already chilled by having to wade across another stream three miles to the rear, the Southern soldiers lay down on in the tall weeds on the south bank of the river to wait for two other Confederate infantry divisions to get into position farther west while gray-clad cavalrymen rode around behind the enemy rear. The simultaneous attack was slated to begin just before dawn. Gordon could hardly wait. "The destruction of Sheridan's army," he felt, "was inevitable."

At 5 AM, Gordon ordered his men to ford the river. The water was so icy, even in early fall, that one Confederate in the 31st Virginia Infantry compared it to cutting off his legs at the water line. Nevertheless, the Southern troops slid into the river and quickly waded across, forming into battle lines as soon as they emerged dripping from the water. The jumping-off point for the attack was the Cooley homestead a mile beyond the river. Gordon's three divisions were shaped like a spear point: Maj. Gen. Stephen Dodson Ramseur's division was on the right, with Brig. Gen. Clement A. Evans temporarily commanding Gordon's own division on the left. Behind Evans was Maj.

Sheridan, standing left, goes over a battle map with his staff, including, left to right, Wesley Merritt, George Crook, William Forsyth, and George Armstrong Custer.



Lieutenant General Jubal Early's Confederates surprise Sheridan's Union forces in their camp alongside Cedar Creek on the morning of October 19, 1864. Sheridan was spending the night in Winchester.

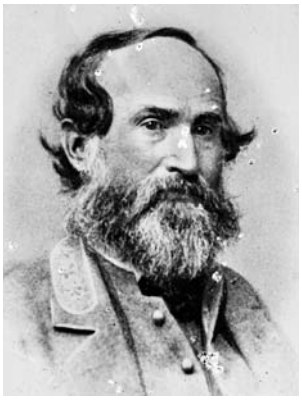
Gen. John Pegram's division in reserve.

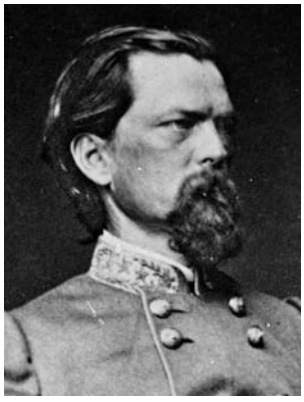
While Gordon's strike force massed on the unsuspecting Union left, Maj. Gen. Joseph Kershaw's division launched a diversionary assault on the Union left-center and Brig. Gen. Gabriel Wharton led another attack on the Union center along the macadamized Valley Turnpike. Several miles to the west, two brigades of Confederate cavalry galloped forward to strike the Union right. The attacks went off at almost exactly the same time, catching most of the enemy soldiers still asleep in their tents. Major D.A. Grimsley, part of a 300-man detachment that was riding north toward Belle Grove plantation to personally capture Sheridan where he was believed to be headquartered, heard the initial volleys that opened the battle. "It was not ushered in by a few preliminary shots, as was generally the case," Grimsley recalled, "but it was a prolonged roll, without cessation, for apparently five minutes. After the volley was over the echo of it seemed to roll back and forth over the Valley a half dozen or more times. When it had once died away it would return to you again from another direction."

Union soldiers in the center, who had the protection of breastworks, trenches, and abatis, put up a brief fight before being overwhelmed. "Another Union victory!" the Confederates jeered as they broke through the defenses. Union Colonel Joseph Thorburn was shot down and killed as he attempted to rally his men. Meanwhile, on the far left, Gordon's column rolled through the isolated camp of the 9th West Virginia Regiment, almost before the Federals knew what was happening. "They jumped up running," recalled Private G.W. Nichols of the 61st Georgia, "and did not take time to put on their clothing, but flee in their night clothes, without their guns, hats or shoes." Beyond the camp was the Union wagon park, whose teamsters were huddled in a steep ravine to escape the fire. "Poor fellows," remembered Shadwell of the 31st Georgia. "It looked like murder to kill them huddled up there where they could not defend themselves, while we had nothing to do but load and shoot." Those Union troops who survived the first volleys scrambled up the far side of the ravine in a desperate bid to escape. "Their knapsacks on their backs presented a conspicuous target for our rifles," said Shadwell. "I was surprised as I crossed the ravine to see how few of them were killed."

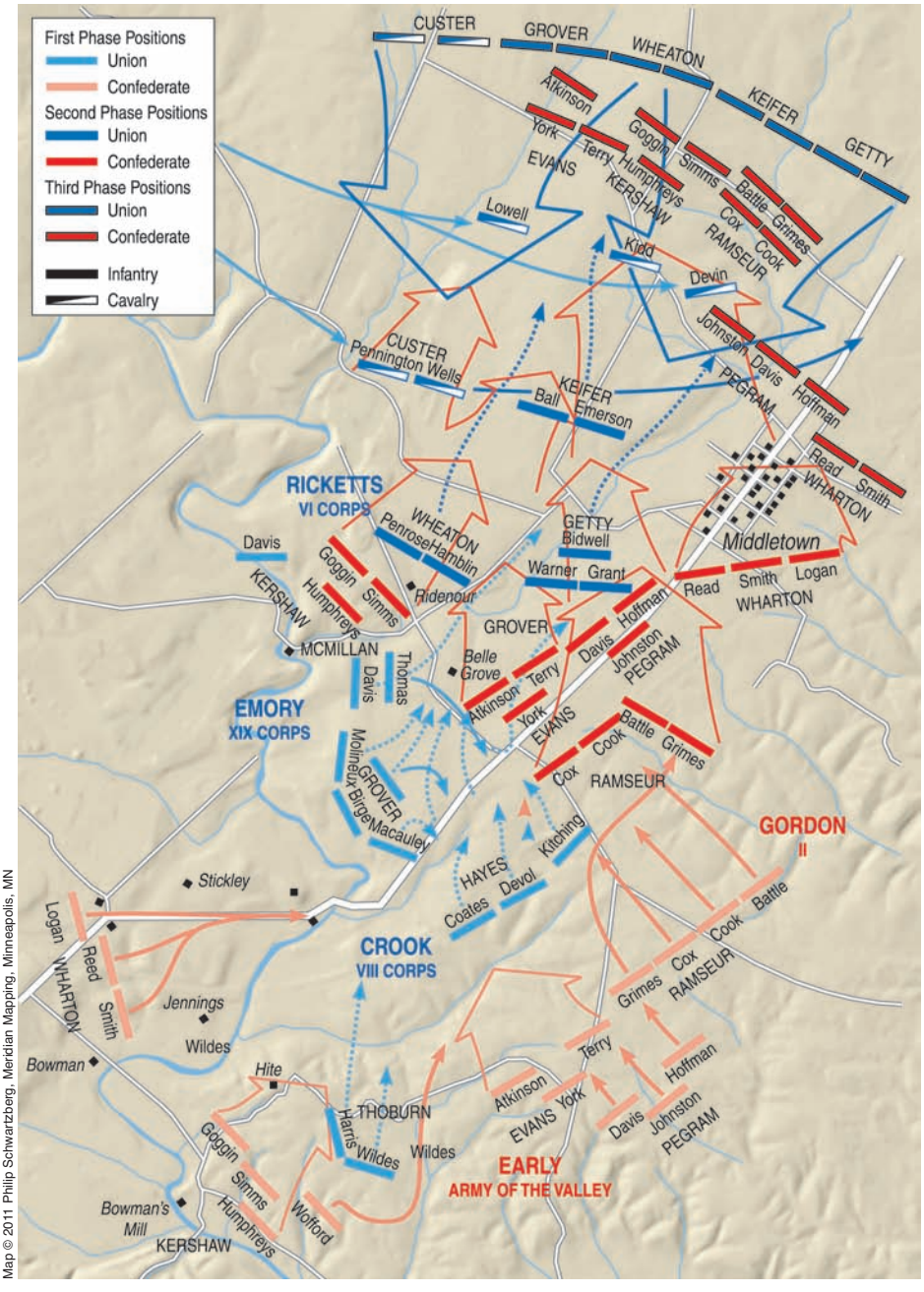
Soon the entire left wing of Maj. Gen. George Crook's Union VIII Corps broke for the rear, uncovering the left flank of the neighboring XIX Corps, commanded by Maj. Gen. William Emory. Emory's corps was sheltered behind a formidable set of breastworks, fortified by steep piles of dirt and protected in the front by a sharp pine abatis and a 15-foot-deep ditch. Cedar Creek itself wound in and out of the breastworks. It was, a Confederate attacker said, "One of the most completely fortified positions by nature, as well as by hand, of any line occupied during the war." The disintegration of the VIII Corps, however, left the men of the XIX Corps in danger of being enveloped on all sides. Emory, thinking quickly, sent one brigade forward to slow the Confederate advance and ordered Colonel Edward L. Molineux to move his brigade onto the reverse side of the breastworks. It was hopeless. In short order, Kershaw's division overran the men in the 156th and 176th New York Regiments. The improvised position, in the words of Union Captain John W. DeForest of Emory's staff, "had been changed from a fortress to a slaughter pen." Emory gave the order to fall back.

As Emory's troops retreated, their comrades in the VI Corps, acting as the Union reserve, covered the retreat as best they could. At Belle Grove, Crook and his staff attempted to stem the tide of disaster while company clerks flung papers and maps from Sheridan's headquarters into hastily loaded wagons. A hastily organized counterattack failed to check the Confederate advance. At





ABOVE Left to right: Jubal Early, John B. Gordon, and Horatio G. Wright. BELOW: The Confederate attack drove the Federal forces back past Belle Grove plantation to the outskirts of Middletown, where Early inopportunely halted the attackers in their tracks.



7:30 AM, the almost incredulous Southerners overran the Federal camp at Belle Grove and immediately began looting the now-abandoned tents. "What a sight," recalled Confederate Captain D.A. Dickert. "Here came stragglers, who looked like half the army, laden with every imaginable kind of plunder—some with an eye to comfort had loaded themselves with new tent cloths, nice blankets, overcoats, or pants, while others had invaded the sutlers' tents and were fairly laden down with such articles as they could find. I saw one man with a stack of wool hats on his head, one pressed in the other, until it reached more than an arm's length above his head."

While his jubilant, if exhausted, soldiers scooped up the spoils of war, Jubal Early rode north along the Valley Turnpike, his face "radiant with joy," in the words of one staff officer. In mock Napoleonic grandeur, he intoned: "Ah, the sun of Middletown! The sun of Middletown!" Just south of the crossroads village, he encountered Gordon, who was attempting to reorganize his men and send them after the retreating Federals. "Well, Gordon," Early greeted him, "this is glory enough for one day." Gordon shook his head. "It is very well so far, general," he quoted himself in his memoirs, written three decades after the battle, "but we have one more blow to strike, and then there will not be an organized company of infantry in Sheridan's army." "No use in that," Early assured Gordon. "They will all go directly." "That is the Sixth Corps, general," Gordon replied. "It will not go unless we drive it from the field." "Yes, it will go, too, directly." At those words, Gordon recalled, "My heart went into my boots."

Early explained his decision after the war in his own memoirs. "It was now apparent," he wrote, "that it would not do to press my troops further. They had been up all night and were much jaded. In passing over rough ground to attack the enemy in the early morning, their own ranks had been much disordered, and the men scattered, and it had required much time to reform them." Having driven off an army nearly twice his size, capturing 1,300 prisoners and 18 artillery pieces in the process, Early seemed content to hold the ground and consolidate his gains. He may have overestimated his men's weariness; he certainly underestimated the will of his chief adversary.

It was nearly 9 AM before the general and his traveling companions—Lt. Col. James Forsyth, Major George "Sandy" Forsyth (no relation), Captain Joseph O'Keefe, and two Washington-based engineers—had left the Logan residence

Keith Rocco

Union Colonel Edward L. Molineaux, mounted at right, has his brigade move to the opposite side of their breastworks to protect their rear from attack. It was too little too late. Painting by Keith Rocco.

and set off southward. As they departed, Sheridan noticed, many of Winchester's female population "kept shaking their skirts at us and were otherwise markedly insolent in their demeanor." He put it down to unregenerate Rebel sentiment. At Mill Creek, just outside town, Sheridan picked up his prearranged escort, 300 troopers from the 17th Pennsylvania Cavalry. By now the noise from the south was an unceasing roar. Sheridan dismounted and put his head to the ground, Indian-style, to listen. There was no longer the shadow of a doubt in his mind—a major battle was under way at Cedar Creek. Looking "somewhat disconcerted," in Sandy Forsyth's view, Sheridan mounted up and the column continued southward. Coming over the rise of a hill, they suddenly confronted "the appalling spectacle of a panic-stricken army—hundreds of slightly wounded men, throngs of others unhurt but utterly demoralized, and baggage-wagons by the score, all pressing to the rear in hopeless confusion."

From a handful of frazzled officers, Sheridan heard what his eyes had already told him: the army had been surprised and routed. It was scarcely to be believed. Sheridan had seen another routed Union army—or half a routed army—13 months earlier at Chickamauga, but at least then he had been present and in the midst of the action. Somehow, while he was still sleeping, a Confederate force had fallen on his own army at Cedar Creek. His first thought was to regroup outside Winchester for a last-ditch stand—he knew the ground well. But as he moved on, walking Rienzi at a measured pace while he mulled over what to do, he decided instead to continue to the front. (The example of his unfortunate commander at Chickamauga, William Rosecrans, may be been in the back of Sheridan's mind. Rosecrans had ridden away from the battlefield that day while Maj. Gen. George H. Thomas rallied the remainder of the army to hold fast at Snodgrass Hill. Thomas had won lasting fame; Rosecrans had been fired a few weeks later.) Whatever the inspiration, Sheridan's decision was a momentous one, for both himself and the Union fortunes of war. All his life he had responded aggressively to any challenge, a small man who had learned to strike back hard at the first sign of danger. Remaining behind in Winchester, rounding up fugitives for a defense line as Rosecrans had done at Chickamauga, was not in Sheridan's basic nature. Punched in the nose, the brawling little alley fighter gathered himself to punch back hard.

Leaving James Forsyth and a majority of his cavalry escort to act as a glorified straggler line below Winchester, Sheridan spurred Rienzi toward the ragged sound of battle. Sandy Forsyth, O'Keefe, and 20 Pennsylvania troopers rode behind him, along with a little orderly who carried the general's distinctive swallow-tailed flag—red star on white background, white star on red. Still wearing his formal dress uniform from his visit to Washington, Sheridan wore a regulation kepi with two crossed silver swords inside a gold wreath instead of his familiar black porkpie hat.

The company was still 10 miles north of Cedar Creek. Through a brilliant Indian-summer morning they rode, white dust from the turnpike powdering their dark-blue uniforms. Sheridan, 50 yards in the lead, passed long files of walking wounded and an equal number of soldiers who were wounded only in their pride. Occasionally taking to the fields to avoid a tangle of wagons on the roadway, he waved his felt campaign cap at the knots of men huddled around improvised campfires heating coffee. "Come back, boys!" he shouted. "Give 'em hell, God damn 'em! We'll make coffee out of Cedar Creek tonight! Face the other way! We're going to lick those fellows out of

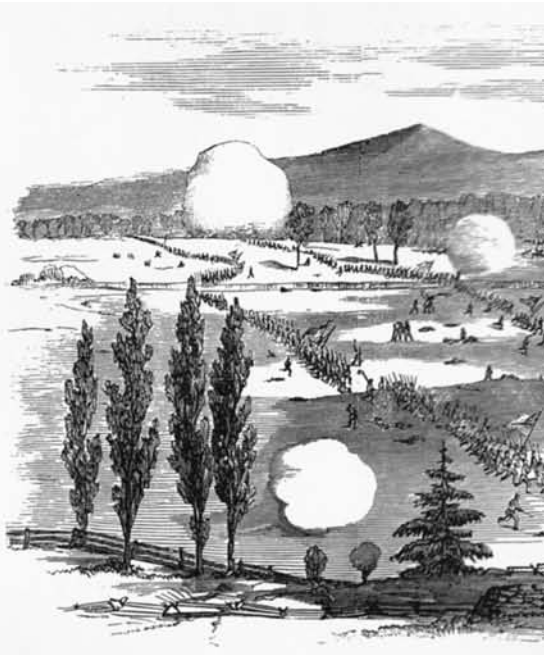
their boots!" One infantry colonel, unstrung by the rout, shouted back, "The army's whipped!" and continued running. "You are," Sheridan scoffed, "but the army isn't." He rode on.

The closer they came to the front, the more unmistakable were the signs of defeat. At Newton the turnpike was so jammed with fleeing supply wagons, artillery caissons and overburdened ambulances that the party again was forced to leave the road and take to the fields. A young major on Crook's staff, future president William McKinley, caught sight of the general's headquarters flag and rode ahead to spread the word that Sheridan had returned. Swinging back onto the turnpike below Newtown, Sheridan spotted the first heartening sight he had encountered since leaving Winchester. Three-quarters of a mile west of the pike an organized body of troops, which proved to be Ricketts's and Wheaton's VI Corps divisions, was standing fast in line of battle. Not everyone, it appeared, had abandoned the field.

Spurring Rienzi onward, Sheridan crossed the road and soon caught sight of another group of soldiers, Getty's VI Corps division, which was acting as the broken army's rear guard three miles north of Cedar Creek. Brig. Gen. Alfred Torbert was the first general officer to greet Sheridan on his arrival. "My God, I'm glad you've come!" he shouted over the din. The two officers leaped their horses over a hastily built barricade of fence rails and wheeled to face what remained of the army. "Men, by God, we'll whip them yet!" Sheridan roared. "We'll sleep in our old tents tonight!" At Sheridan's words, the formerly downcast soldiers shouted, cheered, and stamped their feet in approval. Major Hazard Stevens noticed the sudden change. "Instantly," he wrote, "hope and confidence returned at a bound. Now we all burned to attack the enemy, to drive him back, to retrieve our honor and sleep in our old camps that night. And every man knew that Sheridan would do it."

A flourish of regimental flags welcomed Sheridan back to the field. The ad hoc color-bearers were mainly officers from Crook's VIII Corps, among whom Sheridan recognized Colonel (and future president) Rutherford B. Hayes. Riding on, Sheridan located his erstwhile corps commanders Wright, Crook, and Emory, who were standing together a little shamefacedly atop a debris-strewn hill. Hurriedly dismounting, Sheridan handed Rienzi's reins to an orderly and impulsively threw his arms around the taller Crook in a comradely embrace. "What are you doing back here?" he asked. Crook shrugged. Wright, in whose charge Sheridan had left the army four days earlier, looked on silently, his chin still dripping blood from a Rebel bullet. "Well, we've done the best we could," Wright offered. "That's all right," Sheridan said, somewhat surprisingly, given the morning's events. Emory broke the fraternal mood; his troops, he said, were prepared to cover the retreat. "Retreat hell!" Sheridan stormed. "We'll be back in our camps tonight."

Hastily taking stock of the situation, Sheridan brought up Wright's and Emory's other divisions, anchoring them to Getty's steadfast line and sending Brig. Gen. George Armstrong Custer's cavalry division over to the Union right. All this took time. It was nearly noon before the long blue line was formed again. Meanwhile, Sandy Forsyth suggested that Sheridan ride the length of the front to show himself to the remaining troops. Sheridan, his blood boiling, needed little prodding. He galloped along, swinging his hat in his right hand to give soldiers a



glimpse of his familiar bullet-shaped head. A mighty cheer went up. To Major Aldace Walker of the 8th Vermont it seemed that "no more doubt or chance of doubt existed; we were safe, perfectly and unconditionally safe, and every man knew it."

Sheridan's return electrified his troops, but nothing was done immediately to reverse the morning's events. By now, Early had had the better part of six hours to renew his attack, entrench his position, or withdraw from the field with his hard-won booty. Instead, as Gordon had feared, the Confederate commander dithered away precious hours, sending out tentative, unsupported probes that were easily beaten back by the Union defenders. "We

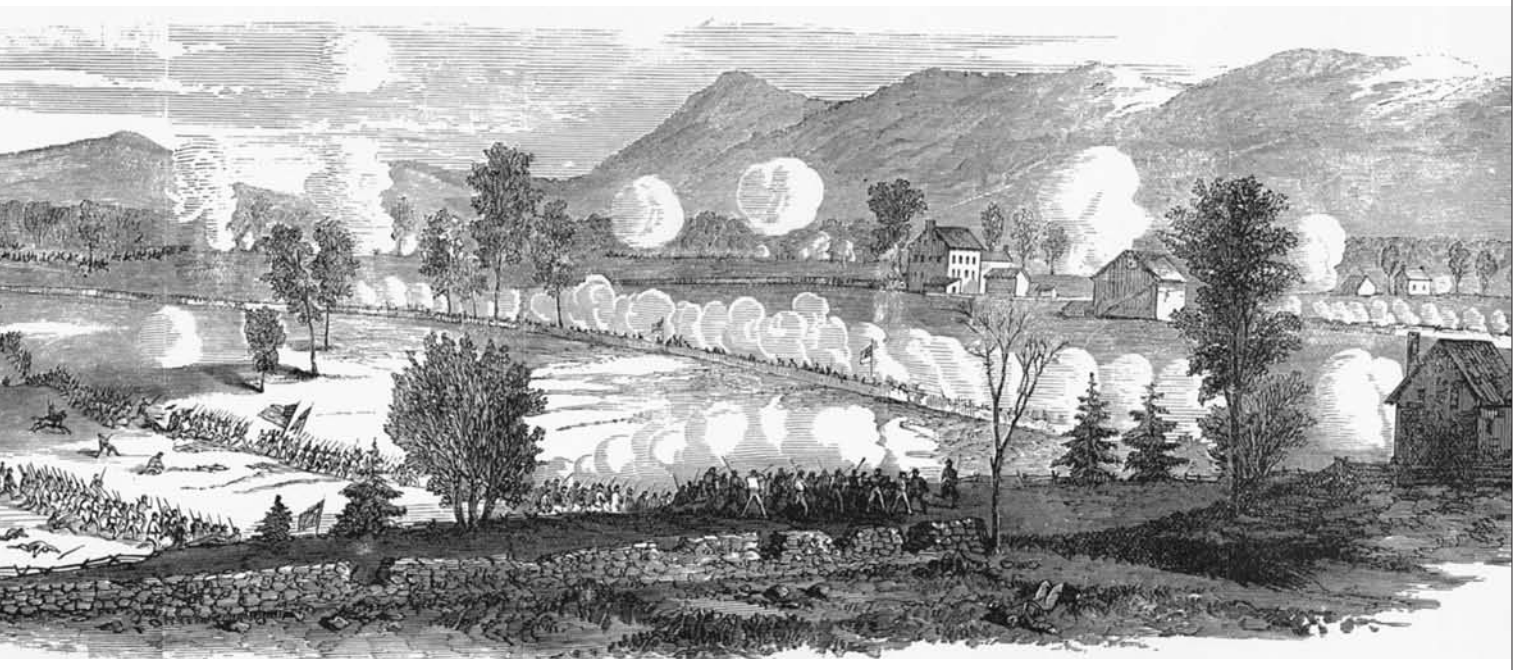
SHERIDAN'S RIDE IN VERSE AND BRONZE

The dramatic reversal of fortunes at Cedar Creek earned Maj. Gen. Phil Sheridan a permanent major general's commission in the United States Army, compliments of a vastly relieved President Abraham Lincoln. It also ensured him a somewhat less exalted position in American literary history as the subject of a popular if overheated poem called, inevitably, "Sheridan's Ride."

The poem, by minor poet Thomas Buchanan Read, was the brainchild of retired actor James E. Murdock, who had visited Sheridan's camp a year earlier at Chattanooga to claim his son's body. At Murdock's urging, Read composed a 63-line poem in galloping octometer suitable for its equine subject matter. Debuted by Murdock at Cincinnati's Pike Opera Hall on November 1, 1864, "Sheridan's Ride" took the North by storm and made its bemused subject even more of a household name than he already was.

The poem employed a generous degree of artistic license. According to Read, Sheridan rode 20 miles that morning—the actual distance was slightly more than half that—and made the ride at a headlong gallop. In fact, it was more of brisk trot, with a number of pauses along the way. Nevertheless, generations of Northern schoolchildren as yet unborn would stand before blackboards reciting Read's anthropomorphic epic, as Sheri-

Sheridan's statue in Washington, D.C., was sculpted by Gutzon Borglum, of Mount Rushmore fame.



By 4 PM, the newly inspirited Union troops had reformed on Horatio Wright's VI Corps and driven the exhausted Confederates from the battlefield, making good Sheridan's boast about "being back in our camps tonight."

halted, we hesitated, we dallied," Gordon remembered, "firing a few shots here, attacking with a brigade or a division there, and before such feeble assaults the superb Union corps retired at intervals and by short stages." Even as long as 30 years later, Gordon could not conceal his bitterness and anger at Early's delay. "We waited," Gordon fumed, "waited for weary hours. Waited till the routed men in blue found that no foe was pursuing them and until they had time to recover their normal composure and courage; waited till Confederate officers lost hopes and the fires had gone out in the hearts of the privates." Early himself admitted as much. "The Yankees got whipped," he said, "and we got scared."

The afternoon wore on, an eerie quiet blanketing the battlefield. Sheridan, having calmed down considerably since his ride to the front, lounged on the grass at his hilltop headquarters, elbow propped casually on the ground, waiting for the rest of his army to straggle back into camp. Aides kept dashing up, urging him to retake the offensive, but Sheridan put them off with a clipped "Not yet." It was nearly 4 PM when he finally judged the time ripe to counterattack. Orders went out to the various corps commanders; Emory, on the right, was to lead the charge, swinging left as he advanced to drive the enemy toward the Valley Turnpike. Wright's corps, in the center, would move ahead more deliberately, giving Emory time to make his turning movement. Crook's corps, still disheveled from its morning beating, was to hold the Union left, blocking the turnpike and serving as a backstop to the giant Union pivot.

Two hundred Northern buglers sounded the charge, and the men of the XIX Corps moved out on the right, aiming for the Confederate left flank anchored on two small hills a half mile away. This flank, held by Gordon's own division, was perilously strung out, with a good 30 feet between each man. Worse yet, there was a gap between his westernmost brigade and the rest of the army, a gap that "would prove a veritable deathtrap if left open many minutes longer," he warned Early. Sheridan, his view obscured by trees and distance, had no way of knowing this; he simply sent

Continued on page 69

dan's horse, Rienzi, miraculously speaks the words: "I have brought you Sheridan all the way/From Winchester down, to save the day!" Each of the poem's first five stanzas (there are seven in all) breathlessly ticks off the distance remaining between Sheridan and the army: "Sheridan twenty miles away…Sheridan fifteen miles away … Sheridan only ten miles away … Sheridan only five miles away."

Read aloud at political rallies for Abraham Lincoln's presidential campaign, the poem never failed to ignite the crowd. It was credited with playing a large role in the president's overwhelming reelection victory over Democratic nominee George B. McClellan a few days later. Sheridan, not much of a romantic, shrugged off the poem's literary effects. "The thing they seem to like best about it," he scoffed, "is the horse." Perhaps ironically, he renamed Rienzi "Winchester" and rode him for the rest of the war.

In a way, Sheridan is riding Winchester still. A 14-foot-high bronze statue of man and beast was unveiled at the intersection of Massachusetts Avenue and 23rd and R Streets in Northwest Washington, D.C., on the day before Thanksgiving 1908. The statue's sculptor, Gutzon Borglum, had taken pains to depict Sheridan and his mount "in suddenly arrested motion" during their ride to Cedar Creek. Borglum made a couple of glaring errors in his work: Sheridan is shown holding a crumpled plug hat in his hand (actually, he was wearing a formal campaign hat that day from his visit with superiors in Washington), and the general is shown with a smooth face and mustache, when contemporary sketches show Sheridan with an uncharacteristic full beard at the time.

Borglum would survive any historical errors in Sheridan's statue, however, going on to blast out the famous presidential heads on Mount Rushmore and the incomplete frieze of the Union's great enemies, Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, and Jefferson Davis, at Stone Mountain, Georgia. Meanwhile, Phil Sheridan continues to wave to tourists and residents in the nation's capital, ceaselessly urging his men to come up, to follow him back to the front, to win their famous victory at Cedar Creek. □

A quick-firing unit of the U.S. 300th Armored Field Artillery destroys a Chinese roadblock near Soyang on May 28, 1951, allowing UN forces to pull back to a more secure position. Painting by Mort Kunstler.

Red ECLIPSE

The massive Chinese offensive in the spring of 1951 aimed to destroy the U.S. Eighth Army and drive it from the Korean Peninsula. But Generals Matthew Ridgway and James Van Fleet organized a swift defense.

BY MARC D. BERNSTEIN

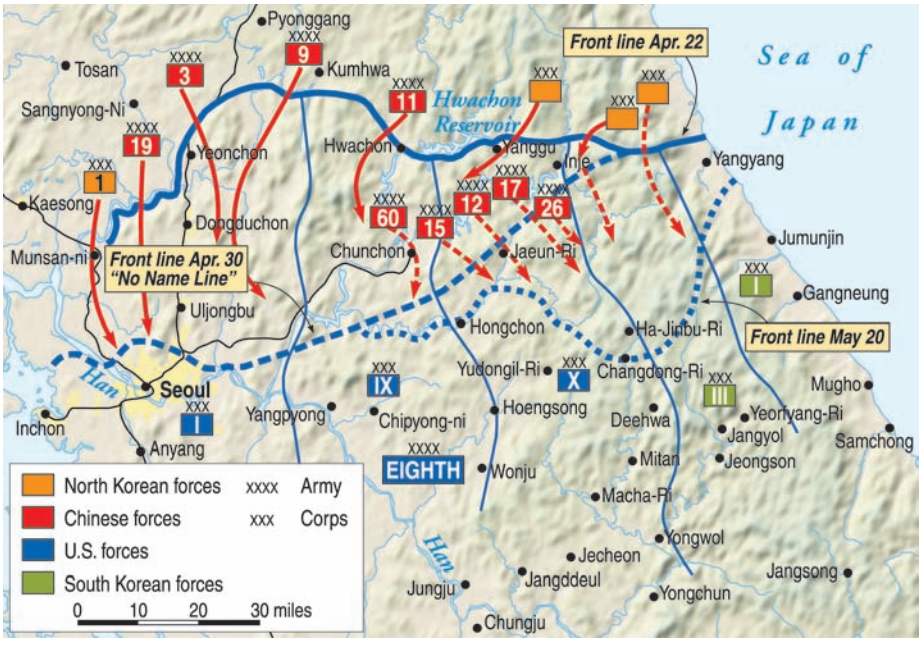
National Guard Heritage Series

BY MID-APRIL 1951, the war in Korea was nearly 10 months old. United Nations forces had suffered a reversal of fortunes in late 1950 with the entry of Communist China into the war, losing the South Korean capital of Seoul but later regaining it. Now the U.S. Eighth Army, a multinational force that was dominated by American leadership and troops, found itself engaged in limited offensive operations near the 38th Parallel in the wake of General Douglas MacArthur's removal by President Harry Truman as U.N. Supreme Commander and U.S. commander in chief in the Far East. The new supreme commander, based in Tokyo, was General Matthew B. Ridgway, who had led Eighth Army out of the dark period following its collapse the previous December. Lt. Gen. James A. Van Fleet was named the new commander of the Eighth Army and took charge on April 14. Facing the UN forces in Korea were some 700,000 Communist troops, with an additional 750,000 available in Manchuria. Against this, Van Fleet fielded 230,000 men on the front line and 190,000 more in reserve.

Ridgway's strategy was to eschew taking or holding of ground for its own sake in favor of killing as many enemy troops as possible. Korea was evolving into a war of attrition, and the Truman administration wanted a negotiated settlement. Maoist strategy disapproved of attritional warfare, promoting instead the concept of annihilation. Ridgway and Van Fleet both knew the Chinese were preparing a major offensive designed to drive Eighth Army completely off the Korean Peninsula. No negotiations would be possible until the Communists were convinced through a decisive battlefield defeat that annihilating U.N. forces in Korea was no longer a realistic possibility.

A massive attack by the Chinese Communist Forces (CCF) and North Korean People's Army (NKPA) was in fact long overdue. Their offensive had been delayed a number of weeks because, in part, of a secret CIA operation that intercepted a much-needed shipment of medical supplies and personnel bound for a Communist-held port. Supply in general had become a major problem for the Communist armies in Korea, as the weight of the UN aerial interdiction campaign was making itself felt. Meanwhile, the Eighth Army had stockpiled critical supplies, especially ammunition and fuel, in anticipation of the enemy offensive.

Ridgway and Van Fleet differed over the value of retaining Seoul in the face of an onrushing enemy force. Ridgway believed that the capital had no real military value and that the major stand, if necessary, should be made south of the natural barrier of the Han River. But Van Fleet thought that holding Seoul had immense psychological and political implications. To lose the city



Outnumbered nearly 4-to-1, Allied troops in Korea set up a last-ditch defensive line running across the Korean Peninsula from Seoul to the Sea of Japan.

once again to the Communists would be unacceptable, if it could possibly be prevented. Van Fleet eventually was able to convince Ridgway. During the enemy offensive, an all-out effort would be made to save the capital.

The Chinese were anxious to launch their attack. The commander in Korea, Marshal Peng Dehuai, wanted to act before U.N. forces could attempt a major amphibious landing behind Communist lines in North Korea. On April 14, Mao approved Peng's plan for what became known as the Fifth Phase Offensive. Peng's specific goal was to destroy five U.N. divisions and recapture Seoul as a May Day present for Stalin and Mao. Mao himself was looking for a clear-cut victory. After weeks of being on the strategic defensive, he wrote: "It is necessary for the contestants to have a decisive engagement. And only a decisive engagement can settle the question as to who wins and who is defeated." The spring offensive would prove to be decisive, but not in the way that Mao intended.

On April 22, the Eighth Army was still attacking toward the main Chinese logistical center of the Iron Triangle in central Korea above the 38th Parallel. I Corps was on the left, with positions anchored along the Imjin River north of Seoul and farther east to the north of Line Kansas. Also north of Line Kansas were the two divisions of IX Corps, which occupied positions to the right of I Corps at the western edge of the Hwachon Reservoir. East of IX Corps was X Corps, which was arrayed near Line Kansas. Still farther to the east were two Republic of Korea (ROK) corps operating slightly above Line Kansas and extending all the way to the Sea of Japan north of the coastal town of Yangyang. There were six American divisions on the front line.

Signs of an impending enemy attack were mounting by the late afternoon of the 22nd. Aerial reconnaissance spotted large numbers of Chinese troops moving southward toward the advancing Eighth Army. Interrogation of prisoners had yielded information that a major offensive was imminent. In order to conceal their movements and hinder UN air attacks, the Communists had set fire to a large amount of scrub near the front line and were also using smoke generators to establish a gray haze over the battlefield. As late as the evening of April 21, the Eighth Army's G-2 (intelligence officer), Lt. Col. James C. Tarkenton, still had been unsure of the nearness of the enemy offensive, but by 1900 hours on the 22nd, the U.S. 24th Infantry Division commander, Maj. Gen. Blackshear M. Bryan, was certain enough that he notified I Corps headquarters that he expected to be attacked at 2100 that night. "I think this what we have been waiting for," he stated. His prediction proved generally accurate, but the ROK 6th Division in the IX Corps sector to Bryan's right was the first to be hit by the Chinese assault. The Communists had chosen a night with a full moon to launch their new offensive.

The weight of the onslaught fell on the western half of the Eighth Army front, against I and IX Corps. Auxiliary attacks were made on the flanks of the main assault and also east of the Hwachon Reservoir. The ROK 6th Division cracked immediately. From positions north of Route 3A, the South Koreans fled in panic south, east, and west, exposing the right flank of the 24th Division and the left flank of the U.S. 1st Marine Division and leaving several supporting artillery units uncovered against infantry attack. IX Corps commander Maj. Gen. William M. Hoge, in an after-battle report to Ridgway, stated: "The rout and dissolution of the [ROK] regiments was entirely uncalled for and disgraceful in all aspects. The fact that all units in the division from squads to regiments withdrew in disorganized confusion without offering resistance, and that weapons and equipment were abandoned to the enemy, indicated a lack of leadership and control of all grades of officers and noncommissioned officers."

The 6th Division's collapse meant that other units in the vicinity would have to move quickly to prevent the Chinese from infiltrating deep behind their lines. Maj. Gen. Oliver P. Smith, commanding the 1st Marine Division, immediately ordered forward a battalion of the 1st Marines to tie in with the 92nd Armored Field Artillery Battalion and shore up the Marines' left flank. The Communist 120th Division failed to penetrate the Marine positions west of Hwachon, but Hoge nevertheless ordered the Marines to pull back to the Pukhan River and establish a new line anchored near the Hwachon Dam and swinging southwest to link up with the ROK 6th Division on Line Kansas. The ROK troops were reorganizing some three miles south of Line Kansas but failed to move into position as ordered by Hoge. As a stopgap measure, in mid-afternoon of the 23rd, Hoge ordered the 27th Commonwealth Brigade to block the Kapyong River Valley behind the ROK troops to prevent the Chinese from moving unimpeded down the valley and cutting Route 17 at Kapyong town. Brig. Gen. B.A. Burke's forces occupied hills on both sides of the river, four miles north of the town.

AFP/Getty Images

ABOVE: Wary American troops man the front lines near Seoul as the Communist offensive gets under way in the spring of 1951. BELOW LEFT: American commanders Matthew Ridgway and James Van Fleet were quick to respond to the Communist offensive. BELOW RIGHT: Chinese Marshal Peng Dehuai's ambitious plan was to capture Seoul as a May Day present for Chairman Mao Zedong.

National Archives

ullstein bild

The block was established by the 3rd Battalion, Royal Australian Regiment on the right, and the 2nd Battalion, Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry on the left. These troops were supported by several U.S. units, including Company A, 72nd Tank Battalion. By 2200 hours on April 23, the ROKs in front of the 27th Commonwealth Brigade had disintegrated and the Chinese 118th Division was in contact with the Australians. During the night and the following day, bitter fighting took place on Hill 504, with the Chinese losing heavily but continuing to press the attack against the Australians, who were well supported by artillery and the U.S. tanks. By late afternoon of the 24th, the Australians were ordered to withdraw, taking up new positions near brigade headquarters at Chongchon-ni. The Canadian battalion on Hill 677 west of the river was attacked heavily on both flanks shortly after midnight on April 24-25. The U.S. tankers came to the Canadians' assistance early on the 25th, and by 1630 on that day the enemy had withdrawn. The 27th Commonwealth Brigade had successfully prevented a breakthrough in the critical Kapyong sector, allowing the 24th Division time to pull back to better defensive positions.

Meanwhile, on the 23rd, Van Fleet ordered a withdrawal across I and IX Corps' fronts to Line Kansas. The Chinese were using more artillery than usual while relying on mortars and automatic weapons to support human-wave infantry attacks. They were attempting a double-envelopment of Seoul from the north and northeast. A few miles east of Kapyong, the 92nd Armored Field Artillery Battalion (a self-propelled 155mm howitzer outfit) established an infantry perimeter and fought off attacking Communist infantry by firing its howitzers at point-blank range. The 92nd's commander "saw fragments of Chinese soldiers thrown twenty feet or higher into the air."

Second Lieutenant Joseph Reisler of the 1st Marines described another Chinese attack: "They came on in wave after wave, hundreds of them. They were singing, humming, and chanting, 'Awake, Marine.' In the first rush they knocked out both our machine guns and wounded about

Both: National Archives

ABOVE: Troops from the 24th Infantry Division pull back to a new defensive position near Pong Chon on April 23, 1951. South Korean troops had broken and fled, leaving the American flank exposed. BELOW: P-51 Mustangs drop napalm on Communist positions as a machine-gun crew from the 25th Division looks on approvingly.

ten men, putting a big hole in our fire—and those grenades, hundreds of grenades. There was nothing to do but withdraw to a better position, which I did. We pulled back about fifty yards and set up a new line. All this was in the pitch-black night with Chinese cymbals crashing, horns blowing, and their god-awful yells."

Sergeant First Class Woody Woodruff of the 35th Infantry, 25th Division, recalled the withdrawal of his unit: "Shortly commenced a nightmare that continued almost until daylight. In our column were infantry on foot, tanks, and attached half-tracks mounting Quad-fifties from the A/A battalion. Units got mixed up and mingled. Vehicles with dead engines, some as a result of enemy action, blocked the narrow trail. At one point a column of vehicles from Battalion trains had been ambushed and set afire; flames lit up a night otherwise pitch dark, and ruined what little night vision we had. Among those vehicles were some ambulances; it was reported that some patients aboard had been machine gunned as they lay on their stretchers."

With limited exceptions, Eighth Army's withdrawal was well executed. On the I Corps left, at the Imjin River north of Seoul, the British 29th Brigade, which was attached to the U.S. 3rd Infantry Division, fought a classic delaying action against the Chinese 63rd Army. A Belgian battalion, caught north of the Imjin, was extricated with the help of the U.S. 7th Infantry, but the 1st Battalion of the Gloucester Regiment was surrounded. The Gloucesters occupied a position astride Route 5Y, which fed into Route 33, leading directly to Seoul. The pullback of the ROK 1st Division on the Gloucesters' left had exposed their flank. Lt. Col. James P. Carne, commanding the battalion, ordered his unit to withdraw to better positions on Hill 235, south of Choksong. There, the Gloucesters made their stand. Throughout the day, 25-pounders from the 45th Field Regiment of Royal Artillery supported the hard-pressed infantry, and the U.S. Air Force operated continuously against enemy avenues of approach. These measures relieved the immediate pressure; but still the Chinese infantry continued to press forward.

Several attempts were made by units of the 3rd Division to break through to the Gloucesters, but they were halfhearted and unsuccessful. By the morning of April 25, the Gloucesters were finally given permission to attempt a breakout from Hill 235. Only 39 troops in the battalion got back to friendly lines; most of the rest were captured. But the Gloucesters had fought a magnificent fight for 60 critical hours, for which they would receive a Presidential Unit Citation and Carne a Victoria Cross.

Van Fleet called the Gloucesters' battle the "most outstanding example of unit bravery in modern warfare." But the loss of the battalion was a hard pill to swallow. Ridgway said: "I cannot but feel a certain disquiet that down through the channel of command the full responsibility for realizing the danger to which this unit was exposed, then for extricating it when that danger became grave, was not recognized nor implemented. We must not lose any battalion, certainly not another British one."

The actions of the 29th Brigade had cost the Communist offensive crucial momentum that would never be recovered. Although unable to

Corbis

GIs from the 3rd Division take cover from small-arms fire during the Korean fighting in April 1951. The division, outflanked, eventually fell back to a new position four miles north of Seoul.

hold Line Kansas, the Eighth Army's fighting withdrawal was taking a huge toll of Communist troops. The enemy was also running short of supplies, and UN airpower was pulverizing them on the ground. On April 23, the Far East Air Forces flew more than 1,100 sorties, of which 340 were in close support of Eighth Army. During April 24-26, the pilots continued to fly more than 1,000 sorties a day, along with contributions from the U.S. Navy's Task Force 77 fast carriers and the Marines. For the first time in the war, UN airmen provided tremendous close-support effort at night as well as by day.

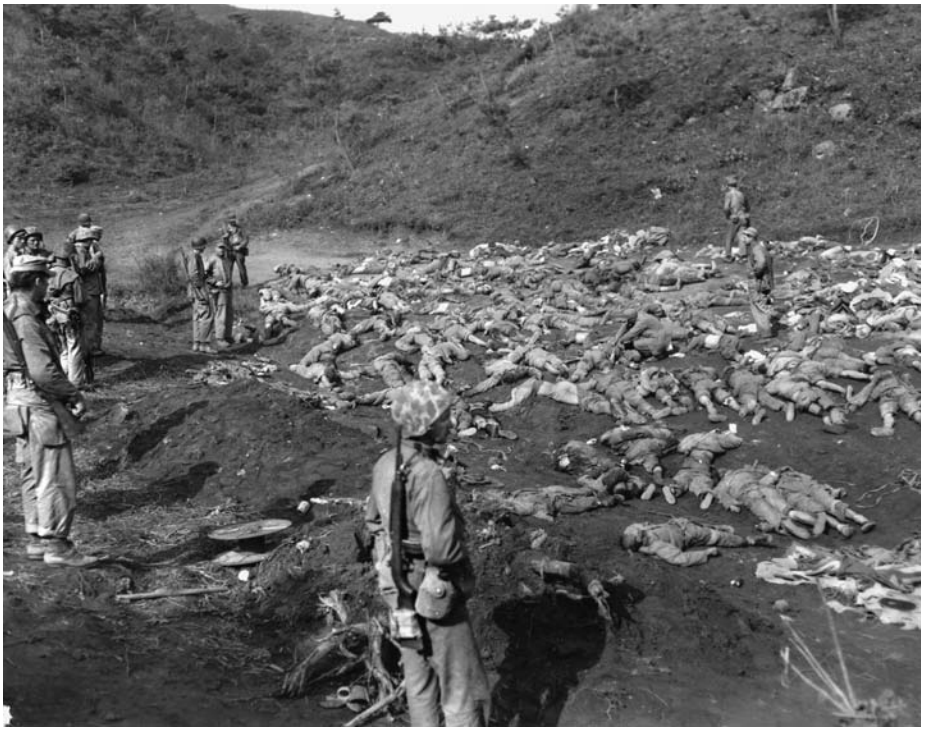
The Chinese tended to press their attacks at night, hoping to avoid the effects of aerial attack and concentrated artillery fire. On April 26, with I Corps still withdrawing through phase lines toward Seoul, a *Time* correspondent quoted one U.S. officer: "They attack and we shoot them down. Then we pull back, and they have to do it all over again. They're spending people the way we spend ammunition." An artilleryman stated, "The gullies in front of us are already full of Chinese dead, and we intend to keep adding to the pile."

On April 25, Van Fleet decided to set up a new transpeninsular defensive line, running from Seoul through Sabangu and on to Taepo-ri on the Sea of Japan. Uncharacteristically failing to give the new line a name, the Americans referred to it as the No Name Line. To establish it, the Eighth Army divisions needed to break contact and fall back as much as 35 miles from the original front line of April 22. In the vicinity of Seoul, the fortified defensive positions were known as Line Golden. Van Fleet sought to strengthen his forces in the western half of Korea while IX and X Corps in the center of the peninsula pulled back from around Chunchon to the Hongchon River. The 1st Marine Division was switched from IX to X Corps control.

The full force of the Communist offensive diminished after April 25, although heavy fighting occurred for several more days. During April 27-28, the Communists succeeded in outflanking units of the U.S. 3rd Division at the critical road junction of Uijongbu, and the division retreated to positions only four miles north of Seoul. The 1st ROK Division to the west was forced back down Route 1 to the northwestern outskirts of the capital. But Van Fleet's No Name Line was in place by April 28-29, and the Communist advance was stopped. By April 30, the first step of the spring offensive was over, and Chinese and North Korean forces began withdrawing northward to reorganize. A no-man's-land 10 miles wide opened up between the Communist and UN forces, and Van Fleet had Eighth Army divisions establish patrol bases five or six miles in front of their main lines of resistance. Probing attacks were made to determine enemy intentions, and by May 7, Uijongbu and Chunchon had been retaken. On May 9, the ROK I Corps, operating along the east coast of Korea, sent a tank destroyer battalion many miles north, temporarily occupying Kansong, where the northeast-running Route 24 joined the coastal highway.

For the most part, contact with the enemy during early May was limited, but resistance soon stiffened. Ridgway and Van Fleet considered launching a new general offensive of their own, but intelligence reports indicated that the Communists still had another shoe to drop. Only about half the Communist troop strength in Korea had been committed in their April offensive. Van Fleet believed another attempt by the Chinese to capture Seoul was in the offing. Ridgway later wrote: "General Van Fleet decided then to postpone the offensive and to strengthen his defenses to meet this fresh assault. Over five hundred miles of barbed wire were strung out along No Name Line. Mines were laid and drums of gasoline and napalm, which could be triggered by an electric contact, were added to the minefields. Fields of fire were care-

Both: National Archives



ABOVE: Chinese dead litter the battlefield in front of a position held by the 1st Marine Division. More than 400 Communist troops were cut down in a 10-hour engagement on May 24. RIGHT: A Chinese soldier killed by American air support during the attack on Hill 1051.

fully plotted and we were prepared to feed the enemy a dose of concentrated firepower such as had not been employed in Korea before."

Van Fleet wanted the Eighth Army's artillery to expend five times the normal rate of fire against enemy attacks. This became known as the "Van Fleet load." Intelligence gleaned from prisoners and other sources indicated that by May 13 major Chinese units had begun shifting eastward from the west and west-central sectors. Still, the Eighth Army and X Corps thought that because of logistical difficulties it would be impractical for the Chinese to send a large force into the rugged Taebaek Mountains of eastern Korea. Marshal Peng believed otherwise, and by May 16 he moved five CCF armies into the sector between Chunchon and Inje along the Soyang River, behind the screen of the Chinese 39th Army and the North Korean III Corps. He intended to attack toward the southeast, annihilate the six ROK divisions on the eastern front, and destroy the U.S. 2nd Infantry Division. The Communist forces would then drive either south or west, aiming to capture the U.N.'s main supply depot at Pusan or slice in behind the Eighth Army in a deep envelopment. It was an ambitious plan, and Peng committed 175,000 troops to the initial attack, which struck on the rainy evening of May 16.

The Chinese 27th Army began the assault by attacking at the seam between the ROK 5th and ROK 7th Divisions on X Corps' right. Maj. Gen. Edward M. Almond, commanding X Corps, authorized the two divisions to fall back on the No Name Line, but the ROKs pulled out in disarray, opening up the flanks of the U.S. 2nd Division and the ROK III Corps. The 2nd Division, on its 15-mile front to the west, was hit by six CCF divisions. Van Fleet met with Almond at X Corps headquarters on May 17. Almond was grim. He told the Eighth Army commander: "The Chinese are flowing like water around my right flank. The Second Division is holding but the ROK divisions on my right, the Fifth and Seventh, are being disintegrated by this huge attack of the enemy, and this will continue on and be extended to the coast shortly, against the other ROK corps on the [extreme] right flank. I think we are in a very serious situation."

Van Fleet ordered a shift to the right by the 1st Marine Division to enable the 2nd Division to swing its line southeastward toward a junction with the ROK III Corps on Line Waco, 12 to 18 miles south of the No Name Line. The ROK I Corps on the coast was also ordered to fall back to Line Waco. Van Fleet sought to bolster X Corps' position by sending the 15th Regimental Combat Team of the 3rd Division to a threatened sector on the 2nd Division right, with the rest of the 3rd Division to follow shortly. More artillery was also sent to back up the line.

The ROK III Corps proved unable to effect an orderly withdrawal. With two divisions moving down the road from Hyon-ni toward Line Waco, the South Koreans were caught in a squeeze between a Chinese division that held a roadblock to the south and two North Korean divisions attacking from the north. Both ROK divisions broke away in disorder into the heights east of the road, leaving behind all their remaining artillery pieces and more than 300 vehicles. The routed South Koreans streamed toward Soksa-ri, well south of Line Waco.

On the X Corps front, the shifting of units left a deep salient with the 3rd Battalion, 38th Infantry at its apex on Hill 800 northwest of Hangye. To the west, the 1st Marine Division faced toward Chunchon. The 9th Infantry and 23rd Infantry of the 2nd Division held the line east of Hill 800, with positions extending far to the right of Route 24. This alignment became known as the "Modified No Name Line."

The battle for Hill 800 proved to be another classic action. The 3rd Battalion, 38th Infantry had worked on the hill's fortifications for a week, constructing nearly two dozen bunkers on top of the hill. The Chinese attacked on the evening of May 17. A small-arms firefight erupted, with Chinese and U.S. troops wandering all over "Bunker Hill," as it became known. Some Americans pulled out prematurely, and Lt. Col. Wallace M. Hanes, the battalion commander, met them at the bottom of the hill. "Get back on the hill," he ordered. "We don't give up a position until we're beaten. And damn it, we're not beaten and won't be if every man does his share!" Chastened, his men drove off the Chinese.

The next night, the enemy attacked again. This time, Company K, on top of the hill, had effective communication with the supporting artillery. The company commander called in fire directly on the hill as his men positioned themselves inside the bunkers. The shells exploded a few feet above the ground, 2,000 rounds of

105mm fire bursting in an eight-minute period. The Chinese were slaughtered, but more came on. Company K called in still more artillery. During the night, the 38th Field Artillery Battalion alone fired more than 10,000 rounds in support of the 3rd Battalion. Finally, at 4 AM on May 19, the Chinese broke off their attack, leaving Company K in sole possession of Bunker Hill. A decision was made at mid-morning of the 19th by the commanding generals of X Corps and the 2nd Division to withdraw the 38th Infantry from its salient in order to straighten and consolidate the X Corps line. Hanes protested, but his battalion abandoned the hill and took up positions to the south.

Despite its gains, by May 19, the second step of the Communist spring offensive was running out of steam. The attack on X Corps and the 2nd Division, in particular, had been very costly. As during the April assault, the Eighth Army's infantry and armor had been backed with a prodigious amount of artillery and air support. On May 17, the artillery of X Corps had fired some 38,000 rounds. Air strikes were coming at the rate of three to four an hour. The Communists were ground down. One observer commented, "By swinging wide the door but holding the hinges, the X Corps had led the CCF into a bottomless pit; it rushed into the valleys, ran short of ammunition and supply, and died in windrows under the pounding of UN air, artillery, and armor."

This time, Ridgway and Van Fleet were ready with an immediate counterattack. Unlike in April, the Communist armies did not pull back on May 19. Instead, they were hit by a new Eighth Army offensive all along the line. In the west, I and IX corps moved north on May 20. X Corps and the ROK I Corps attacked three days later. Ridgway reported to the Joint Chiefs of Staff on the night of May 19: "Morale excellent. Confidence high." He later wrote: "It was good sense to threaten and even to seize, if we could, the Iron Triangle, terminus of the formerly one good railroad from Manchuria and center for many good roads that kept the enemy's front fed and supplied. It was also vital to us to control the Hwachon Reservoir, previously the source of water and electricity for Seoul and the heart of the enemy supply route. Consequently the new offensive was meant to roll on over the 38th Parallel again, without our giving that line any further thought, and to destroy as much as we could of the enemy's potential."

The blunting of the Chinese spring offensive amounted to the most decisive defeat the Communists had yet suffered in the war. The April attack had cost them at least 70,000 casualties, in comparison to UN losses of just 7,000. The Communists lost 90,000 more during the week of May 17-23. Meanwhile, the U.S. 2nd Division reported 900 killed and wounded, while inflicting 35,000 casualties on the Chinese in its battle south of the Soyang River. Van Fleet noted: "In June 1951, we had the Chinese whipped. They were definitely gone. They were in awful shape. During the last week of May we captured more than 10,000 Chinese prisoners."

Despite pleading from Van Fleet and other commanders on the ground to hotly pursue the reeling Communist forces, President Truman decided against risking a wider war. The Soviet Union had begun making noises about intervening, and Truman did not want Korea to turn into World War III. Fighting would continue, but on a much smaller scale, while negotiators sought to wrap up the conflict across the bargaining table. It was now "war by other means." □

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ABOVE: Members of the British 29th Brigade relax during their withdrawal on April 25. BELOW: Soldiers in the 1st Battalion, Gloucestershire Regiment, break out from Hill 235 after being surrounded for several days. Only 39 troops from the battalion made it back to friendly lines. The unit was awarded a Presidential Unit Citation for its heroic actions.

Imperial War Museum

THE MONGOL HORDES INVADE CHINA

After cementing his rule over Mongolia, Genghis Khan led his Mongol hordes south to invade China. The greatest joy in life, he said, was to conquer the enemy and "reduce their families to tears." He was as good as his word. **BY STEVEN M. JOHNSON**

IN AD 1205, MONGOL RULER GENGHIS KHAN, having completed the unification of his Gobi Desert empire, began looking south toward China for further conquest. The ever-truculent Mongols had been a thorn in China's side for more than 2,000 years. Their many raids were the main reason the Chinese had constructed a 1,500-mile-long Great Wall from the eastern coast on the Pacific Ocean to the very edge of the Gobi. Not without reason did the Chinese consider the Mongols barbarians—their very name meant "earth shakers." At the head of a united army of fearsome nomads, Genghis Khan would soon make the earth shake again.

Genghis's first target was the western Chinese kingdom of Xi Xia. The Xi, known to the Mongols as the Tanguts, had emigrated east from the mountains of Tibet to the hilly grasslands centered on the Yellow River in the 7th century AD. The Mongols and the Xi, as wary neighbors, shared some of the same relatives; one of Genghis's own stepdaughters was the wife of a Tangut chieftain. Family ties meant little to Genghis Khan. His father, Yesugei, had been poisoned by grudge-bearing members of a Tatar clan when Genghis, then called Temujin, was eight. Five years later, Temujin killed his own half brother Begter in cold blood after the two quarreled over some birds and minnows that Temujin had caught. "Apart from our shadows we have no friends," he had been taught from the cradle. It was lesson he never forgot. After he had consolidated his power, Genghis Khan killed every male member of the Tatar clan that had killed his father—any boy taller than a wagon wheel was struck down.

The Mongols attacked the Xi Xia in 1209, first taking the border settlements north of the Yellow River. The 75,000 Mongol invaders faced an army of 150,000 Xi Xia troops near their capital at Zhongxing. The Xi Xia had stationed 100,000 armored pikemen and crossbowmen in large phalanxes in the center of the battle line, with 25,000 Tangut cavalry on each wing. The Mongols were not accustomed to being outnumbered. As nomadic warriors they traveled fast, in huge columns of superbly skilled cavalry, often separated by many miles but knit together by an intricate system of signal fires, smoke signals, and flags, and a gigantic camel-mounted kettledrum to sound the charge. They were used to coordinating their forces on small settlements or camps whose residents could not move with anything like the same speed or decisiveness. The Mongols were interested not in a fair fight, but a victorious one.

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In the Xi Xia, however, they ran into an opponent who fought much the same way they did. The Mongols had taken extensive casualties in an earlier battle with the Xi Xia pikemen by charging their pike wall; they were determined to not repeat the mistake. The Mongol light cavalry rode parallel to the Chinese pikemen and crossbowmen, firing thousands of arrows into them while other Mongol forces fought with Tangut cavalry on the flanks. The Mongol and Tangut cavalry also rode parallel to each other, firing thousands of arrows and inflicting innumerable casualties on each side. Each side's cavalry feigned retreat, but the other side wouldn't fall for the ruse. Finally, the Mongols attacked the Tangut cavalry with their heavy cavalry. The Tangut cavalry broke and ran, leaving the huge phalanxes of the Xi Xia pikemen vulnerable to attack. The Chinese pikemen had formed a giant rectangle that faced in all directions, and they took repeated volleys of arrows that inflicted great damage while the Mongols themselves stayed mostly out of range of the Chinese crossbows. After the Xi Xia pikemen lost unit cohesion, the Mongol heavy cavalry attacked the remaining demoralized and exhausted Chinese from all sides to finish them off.

The Xi Xia capital of Zhongxing presented a new problem for the Mongols, who had little experience in siege warfare. In an earlier siege of the walled city of Volohai, the Mongols had attempted a series of suicidal assaults with scaling ladders that failed, and they suffered heavy casualties in the fighting. Genghis offered to lift the siege of the city provided the residents gave the Mongols 1,000 cats and 10,000 swallows in cages. The puzzled citizens of Volohai quickly granted the request—and just as quickly lived to regret it when the animals fled back into the city with tufts of flaming wool tied to each of them by the Mongols. Soon, the whole city was ablaze. While the defenders were occupied with putting out the fire, the Mongols scaled the now undefended walls and massacred the inhabitants.

Genghis did not want to face a similar costly assault of the walls of Zhongxing. Instead, he decided to break the dikes on the Huang River

Genghis Khan and his Mongol hordes attack a Tangut (Xi) fortress in western China in AD 1205 in this highly imaginative 16th-century Indian painting. OPPOSITE: Genghis Khan.

akg-images

and flood the city below. The plan backfired, however, when the Mongol camp itself was flooded and hundreds of troops were swept away by the raging waters. To make matters worse, the move left two feet of standing water for miles around the city, in effect creating a ready-made moat. The Mongols retreated into the surrounding hills but returned in force in 1210. Xi Xia Emperor Li Anquan, not wishing to face another siege, agreed to give his daughter Chaka to Genghis Khan as a wife and to pay tribute to the Mongols as a vassal state. Genghis demanded and received another 1,000 young men and women, 3,000 horses, and vast quantities of gold, jewelry, and silk. The Xi Xia later rebelled in 1218 and 1223 because they tired of providing the Mongols with so many men to fight in their wars of conquest, but these rebellions were brutally put down.

In 1210, an emissary of the newly installed Jin emperor, Prince Wei, appeared before Genghis and demanded his submission and a tribute paid to the Jin. An infuriated Genghis answered that it was the Jin who needed to pay tribute to him; he spat on the ground as a gesture of defiance. With his flank secured by the conquest of Xi Xia, Genghis was ready to attack the mighty Jin Dynasty. In 1211, 30,000 Mongol troops under Genghis's greatest general, Subedei, assaulted the Great Wall. The Mongols brought up groups of archers who cleared an area of wall while other Mongols scaled the wall with ladders and took possession of sections of it. The Jin rushed in reinforcements and recaptured the lost sections of the Great Wall. Thousands died on both sides as the fighting continued back and forth for several days.

The Jin brought most of their army to back up the forces defending the Great Wall. What the Jin didn't know was that Subedei's attack was merely a diversion. Some 200 miles to the west, Genghis and a force of 90,000 Mongols were crossing the Great Wall at its end in the Gobi Desert. The Onguts, a tribe similar to the Mongols, were supposed to be guarding the western end of the Great Wall for the Chin, but they defected to Genghis and allowed the Mongols to cross into China unmolested. After Genghis's cavalry poured into China, Subedei's force broke off its attack and crossed over into China from the end of the Great Wall as well.

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Kublai Khan, Genghis's grandson.

The Jin forces were now out of position and moved to cut off the Mongols from Beijing. Genghis's cavalry caught close to 200,000 Jin troops on open ground near Badger Pass, where the Jin hoped to block the Mongols from advancing any farther. The Jin formed for battle with the pike phalanxes and crossbowmen in the middle and armored heavy cavalry on the flanks. The outnumbered Mongol heavy cavalry engaged in a hotly contested battle on the flanks with the Jin cavalry as the densely packed Jin phalanxes and their crossbowmen held off the Mongol horse archers. Suddenly, Subedei's remaining 27,000 Mongols (3,000 had died at the Great Wall) showed up on the battlefield on the flanks and rear of the Jin army. The rout was on.

After the Jin cavalry was defeated, the Jin pikemen, half of whom were militia conscripts, broke and ran. They were cut down by the Mongol cavalry or trampled by their own terrified horsemen. Bodies stacked "like rotten logs" littered the ground for more than 30 miles. Genghis then separated his army into three forces that burned, pillaged, raped, and murdered the populations of 90 cities over the next six months. Despite the awful destruction, the Jin would not surrender. Genghis became frustrated by the enormous size and scope of a nation-state like the Jin. He entered into negotiations with the emperor and agreed not to attack any more cities. The Mongols had already captured well over 100,000 Chinese prisoners; to make a negotiating point, Genghis had them executed.

The next year the Jin moved their capital farther south, from Beijing to Kaifeng, and began rebuilding their armies. Genghis was angered by the move, which he considered a betrayal of trust, and looked for an opportunity to attack the Jin again. In the spring of 1213, the Jin attacked the Mongol-allied Khitan tribe in Manchuria. Genghis came to the aid of his Khitan allies and attacked the Jin armies in Manchuria, which fell back to their fortifications at Nankuo Pass. The Mongols were blocked from attacking Beijing by the well-fortified Jin positions at the pass and by the eastern sections of the Great Wall. The Mongols headed into the pass and then retreated. It was all a ruse. The Jin forces hurried to trap the fleeing Mongols, recklessly leaving their fortified positions to pursue them. The Mongols led the Jin forces into their own trap and destroyed most of the Jin army. Those Jin troops that had not pursued the Mongols fled their fortified positions and retreated to the Great Wall, with the Mongols in hot pursuit. The Mongols caught and destroyed the remaining Jin troops as they tried frantically to retreat through the Great Wall. The Mongols then passed through the open gates of the Great Wall.

The Mongols began besieging the more than one million residents of Beijing. Beijing was a tough nut to crack, with walls and moats that extended more than nine miles around the city, and was watched over by 900 towers. The city's defenders had double and triple crossbow ballistae and trebuchet catapults that fired clay pots filled with naphtha-like incendiaries that exploded and set on fire whatever they hit. The Jin also introduced one of the first poison gas weapons in history, firing projectiles bound in wax and paper of 70 pounds of dried human waste, ground-up poisonous herbs, roots, and beetles packed in gunpowder. The projectiles were lit with a fuse and fired from a trebuchet, creating a deadly cloud of toxic fumes that killed or disabled anyone unfortunate enough to breathe in the poisonous dust.

The Jin also had clay-pot firebombs filled with incendiaries to throw from the walls and hot oil to pour down on attackers. The Mongols launched attacks against the walls with ladders, but lost dozens of men to the incendiaries and the hot oil. The Mongols then forced Jin prisoners to build and push forward siege engines and serve as human shields for the attackers. Jin soldiers would recognize family and friends among the captives and hold their fire. Many Jin prisoners were killed from missed crossbow fire aimed at the Mongols and from the bombs used to burn down the siege engines before they could get into the city.

The Mongols and their Chinese human shields dug trenches covered by cowhide up to the walls to undermine them, but the Jin dropped firebombs from chains onto the trenches that exploded with such force that they left only smoldering craters and no intact human remains. The siege dragged on for a year as starvation and disease began killing people on both sides of the walls, but the defenders, with more than a million people to feed, had the worst of it. Two Jin relief columns

loaded down with food were intercepted by the Mongols, and some defenders in Beijing turned to cannibalism to survive.

In June 1215, the Jin commander escaped to Kaifeng, where he was executed by the emperor for leaving his post. The desperate people of Beijing then opened the gates of the city to the Mongols, who ransacked the city and massacred thousands in revenge for their ordeal. The city was set on fire. Thousands of girls ran to the city's steepest walls and threw themselves to their deaths to escape the flames and the unwanted amorous attention of the Mongols. A year later, the ambassador of Khwarezm described seeing mountains of bones inside and outside of what had been the greatest city in the world.

Despite the overwhelming victories, the Mongols were trapped in a long war of attrition in China. Rather than finish the conquest of the Jin, Genghis became sidetracked in 1217 in the destruction of Khwarezm (Iran, Pakistan, and Afghanistan), an Islamic holocaust in which more than a million people were massacred by the Mongols. During the campaign to conquer Khwarezm, the Mongols brought in thousands of Chinese engineers, siege engines, and crews to help reduce Islamic fortifications.

In 1223, Genghis turned his attention back on the Jin. He sent a trusted general, Mukhulai, with 100,000 troops to attack Chang'an, which was defended by 200,000 Jin troops. Mukhulai became ill and died. As soon as this happened, the Xi Xia troops abandoned the Mongol army, which in turn caused the siege to be abandoned. Genghis then hunted down and killed the Xi Xia troops who had deserted his army.

Genghis himself died in 1227, probably from typhus, while planning yet another massive invasion of Jin. His son, Ogedei, ascended the throne and sent envoys to the Jin, who promptly had them executed. Meanwhile, Subedei was to conduct one last effort to conquer the Jin in 1231. The Jin armies all faced north to prevent Subedei's 120,000 Mongols from crossing the Yellow River. Subudei sent a general named Tuli with 30,000 Mongols on an arduous journey across the western Chinese mountains of Sichuan and through Song territory into southern Jin territory.

The Jin panicked, thinking the Mongol force was much bigger than it was. The Jin repositioned the majority of their troops to the south and began pursuing the Mongols with a massive force of over 300,000 men. The Mongols retreated as planned into the Sichuan Mountains as the huge Jin army followed them. The Mongols fought a tenacious rearguard action with their archers in the rough mountain terrain, killing thousands of pursuing Jin. The

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Mongols under Hulagu Khan turned their attentions west to besiege Baghdad in February 1258, overrunning the city and trampling to death Caliph Mustasim, the Muslim ruler.

Mongols led the Jin higher and deeper into the snow-covered mountains, where additional thousands froze to death or fell off the icy trails. The Mongols circled back through the mountain passes and destroyed the Jin baggage trains, adding starvation to the woes the Jin troops were already enduring.

Once Subedei had the main Jin army trapped in the mountains of Sichuan, he moved his 120,000 Mongols across the Yellow River against the much smaller Jin forces. The Jin belatedly realized their mistake and began desperately trying to get their main army out of the mountains to defend the capital. The Jin retreat turned into a rout as Tuli's and Subedei's forces massacred the entire Jin army without mercy on the open ground within sight of Kaifeng.

The Mongols had learned well from their Chinese prisoners how to conduct sieges. They built a 54-mile-long wooden wall of contravallation to hem in Kaifeng's one million frightened inhabitants. In addition to the almost 150,000 Mongols conducting the siege, the Song sent 300,000 troops to help finish off their Jin enemies. For six days, the Mongol and Song armies assaulted Kaifeng's wall but took thousands of casualties from a dreaded weapon called a *ho pao,* a long bamboo tube filled with incendiaries that could be lit with a fuse or thrown into siege engines from holes in the walls to explode with such force that it left craters in the ground and burned everyone in the immediate vicinity. Thousands of Mongol and Song Chinese troops died in assaults against Kaifeng's stout walls.

It was clear to Subedei that a long siege was needed to reduce the Jin capital. Plague soon broke out in Kaifeng, and Subedei withdrew his forces to let the disease destroy his enemies while the Mongol and Song armies remained plague-free. Within a month, the Jin emperor committed suicide and the Mongol and Song armies broke into Kaifeng and began massacring the population. Ogedei ordered the massacre to be stopped and aid brought to the suffering people. Subedei wanted to massacre the entire Jin population and turn the farmland into grazing fields for Mongol horses, but Ogedei overruled him. Ogedei's Chinese advisers had convinced him that the Jin population would provide lucrative taxes, craftsmen, and soldiers for future Mongol conquests. The Jin held out until 1234 before being overwhelmed by the combined Mongol and Song forces, ending the Jin dynasty forever.

In 1235, the Song sent their armies to occupy the Jin cities they understood would be given to them by the Mongols for their part in the war. Instead, the Song armies were repulsed by Mongol forces using many of the same weapons and methods to defend the cities that they had learned from the Jin. This started a 43-year-long war between the Mongols and the Song that would claim many more thousands of lives. In 1236, the Mongols captured the city of

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Kublai Khan's loyalists attack the army of rebel leader Prince Nayan in 1287. By then, Kublai had completed the 74-year-long conquest of China, ending the Song Dynasty forever.

Xiangyang in Sichuan Province. The Mongols and the Song fought for control of Sichuan around the city of Chengdu until 1248, when the Mongols gained solid possession of the area. By 1248, the Mongols had killed hundreds of thousands of Song and reduced many Sichuan cities to rubble.

In 1251, Mongke was elected Great Khan and decided to intensify the war with the Song Dynasty. In 1253, some 100,000 Mongols and their Chinese allies captured Dali and Yunnan and crossed through Laos to attack the Song Empire's southern flank. The next year, the Mongols clashed with more than 100,000 Song troops and 1,000 war elephants near the Laotian border. The Mongol horses would not charge the elephants, so the Mongols dismounted and fired flaming arrows to kill or enrage the great animals, which became uncontrollable and randomly killed men on both sides. The battle degenerated into a chaotic hand-to-hand battle. Both armies virtually annihilated each other, and the Mongols withdrew into Laos with only 20,000 men. In 1257, Mongke made the mistake of invading Da Viet (North Vietnam) and lost most of the rest of his men and horses to disease in the intense tropical conditions.

In 1258, Mongke pulled together 300,000 Mongol and Chinese soldiers to face a massive army of over 400,000 Song Chinese troops under General Wang Jian in Sichuan. In 1259, the two sides met at the Battle of Diaoyucheng. During the battle, Mongke collapsed and died from cholera and dysentery. The battle ended in stalemate, with more than 100,000 dead on both sides, including Wang Jian. The new commanding Song general, Jia Sidao, collaborated with Genghis Khan's grandson, Prince Kublai, and worked out a deal whereby the Song army would occupy Sichuan under Mongol authority. After the Mongol forces left Sichuan, Jia Sidao reneged on his agreement and reoccupied Xiangyang, returning Sichuan to Song control. In 1260, Jia Sidao took his army back into Song territory and established himself as prime minister with a new young emperor named Zhao Qi, who would serve as puppet ruler. Meanwhile, Kublai left Sichuan and took his army back to Mongolia to stake his claim as the new khan of the Mongol Empire. Later that same year, Kublai became khan of the Mongols and established the Yuan Dynasty in China, with himself as emperor.

In 1265, a Chinese allied naval force destroyed 100 Song ships in a river battle, and Mongol troops defeated the isolated Song army to regain control of part of Sichuan. The key to conquering the Song was capturing the twin fortress cities of Xiangyang and Fancheng. Both cities had thick walls with wide moats protecting the convergence of the Han and Yellow Rivers. In 1268, the Mongols built fortifications downriver from Xiangyang on the Han River to cut off resupply of the city by ship. Most Song ships were able to run by the Mongol forts and resupply Xiangyang and Fancheng. Chinese ships allied with the Mongols were brought in to block the passage between the Mongol forts. More than 20 miles of siege lines were built around Xiangyang and Fancheng on both sides of the Han River.

The Mongols and their Chinese engineers set up trebuchets and began firing incendiary clay bombs and exploding biochemical projectiles they had learned from the Jin at the siege of Beijing in 1215. The Song fired incendiary bombs and biochemical projectiles at the Mongols as well, causing great destruction and loss of life on both sides. The Mongols had to pull

back after their wooden siege walls and trebuchets caught fire from the bombardments, leaving the Mongols with no cover, while the Song defenders took shelter behind the twin cities' stout rock and masonry walls.

In 1269, Kublai Khan sent another 20,000 troops to replace those in the previous year's fighting. More than 3,000 Song ships attacked the Mongol forts on the Han River in an effort to break the blockade, but 500 ships were sunk by Kublai Khan's brilliant admiral Liu Cheng, who had defected to the Mongols. Mongol and Chinese troops clambered aboard the Song vessels and beheaded hundreds of Song soldiers and sailors.

The besieged Song tried several unsuccessful attempts to break out but were defeated each time with thousands of casualties. In 1271, 100 Song ships successfully broke through a boom across the Han River to bring 3,000 soldiers and much-needed supplies to reinforce Xiangyang. The siege dragged on with no real advantage for either side until Kublai Khan decided to send a Muslim engineer captured during the siege of Baghdad to China to build a giant 40-ton trebuchet that could hurl 220-pound projectiles more than 600 feet to breach the cities' walls. After a few days, a breach was opened and Mongol troops stormed through to meet the Chinese defenders. For days, men fought and died in the vicious battle at the breach.

The Song were able to throw more soldiers into Fancheng to defend the breach from a pontoon bridge that connected Xiangyang across the Han River. The Mongols called off the assault on the breach and used their giant trebuchet to widen the breach and destroy the pontoon bridge. Incendiary bombs fired from the trebuchet struck the bridge and consumed it. With Fancheng cut off from reinforcements, the Mongols assaulted the widened breach. The disheartened defenders held on for several hours before resistance broke and the Mongols poured into the city and began massacring the inhabitants. The Mongols took the last 3,000 Song soldiers and 7,000 inhabitants to the walls facing Xiangyang and in full view slit the prisoners' throats and threw them off the wall.

The Mongols then dismantled their giant trebuchet and repositioned it across the river facing Xiangyang. The first shot from the trebuchet forced a tower to collapse in a great crash as the Song inhabitants screamed in terror. Kublai Khan offered to spare the inhabitants and to reward the Song commander if he would surrender the city. Xiangyang was surrendered and the Song heartland was open to the Mongols. The siege had lasted from 1268 to 1273.

In 1274, the Mongols headed down the Han River, bypassing Song fortresses and emerging onto the flood plains of the Yangtze River. The Mongols now faced the impregnable fortress of Yang-lo. The Mongols sacrificed several thousand Chinese troops on a frontal attack on Yang-lo while most of the Mongol army, carrying a number of ships, bypassed the fort and crossed the river upstream. Then the Mongol and Chinese fleet came down the Yangtze and attacked the Song fleet from both front and behind. The Song boats were packed so close together on the river that incendiary bombs fired from Mongol catapults set much of the Song fleet on fire. Thousands perished in the flames. Fortress Yang-lo and the 100,000 cut-off Song troops surrendered the next day.

In 1275, Jia Sidao set out from the capital of Hangzhou at the head of 100,000 Song troops and another fleet of 2,500 ships in a last-ditch effort to stop the Mongol juggernaut. A massive cavalry and infantry battle took place on both sides of the river. The Mongols and their Chinese allies pushed back the Song army and boarded their ships from both ends of the river, beheading thousands of Song troops and capturing 2,000 ships. It was another overwhelming victory for the Mongols. Jia Sidao was later assassinated by a Song officer.

The city of Hangzhou refused an offer to surrender peacefully and was burned. As usual, the Mongols massacred the city's inhabitants. On February 21, 1276, the boy emperor Zhao Xian came out of Hangzhou, bowed toward the north in obeisance to Kublai Khan, and turned over the capital and the rest of the Song Empire to the Mongols. The Mongol conquest of China had taken 74 years and claimed the lives of as many as 25 million Chinese from war, plague, and famine.

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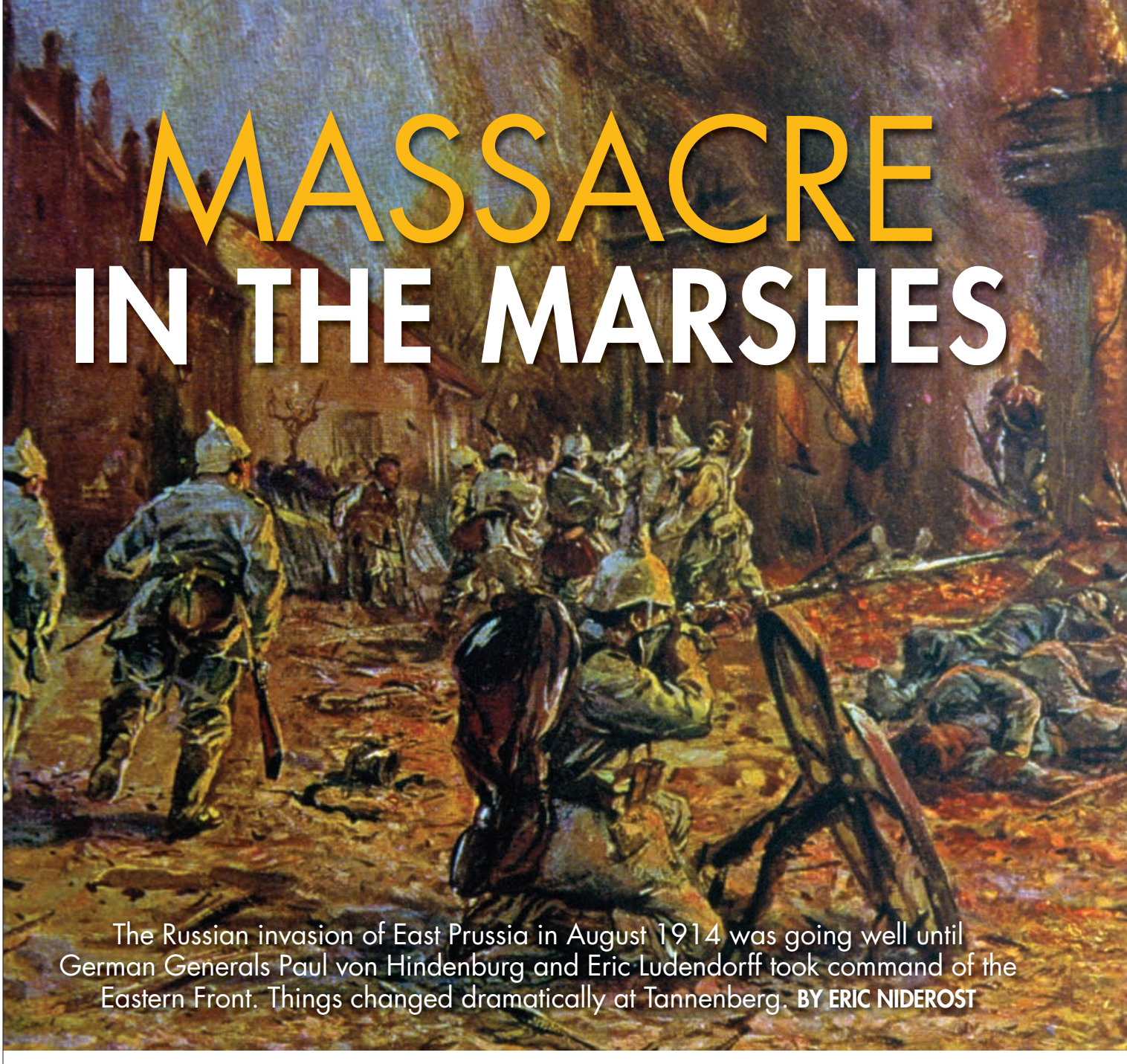
Kublai Khan's forces cross the Yangtze River on pontoons before besieging the fortress city of Yang-lo in 1274. The Mongols carried their own boats with them on campaign.

The ramifications of the Mongol conquest of China were felt for some time. The Ming, who overthrew the Mongols in 1368, became obsessed with improving and lengthening the Great Wall to close to 5,000 miles (including walls that backed up walls) to prevent another Mongol invasion of China. The Great Wall as it existed from the time of the Ming Dynasty was an expensive reaction to the Mongol conquest of China. In the end, the improved Great Wall did not save China. In 1644, a Mongol-like nation, the Manchu, conquered China and ruled the unhappy nation until 1911. □



MASSACRE IN THE MARSHES

The Russian invasion of East Prussia in August 1914 was going well until German Generals Paul von Hindenburg and Eric Ludendorff took command of the Eastern Front. Things changed dramatically at Tannenberg. **BY ERIC NIDEROST**

ON AUGUST 2, 1914, Russian Czar Nicholas II appeared on the balcony of the Winter Palace in St. Petersburg to formally proclaim a state of war between Holy Russia and its bellicose neighbor, Germany. Thousands of people packed the square in front of the palace, sweltering under a brutal summer sun but still exultant. To them Nicholas was the "Little Father" who would lead them to victory over their hated foe.

Nicholas, bearded and dressed in a simple khaki uniform, was accompanied by his elegant wife, Alexandra. The czar tried to speak, but the crowd was so vast that the noise and tumult of the assembled throngs drowned out his words. Suddenly, the crowd knelt and spontaneously began singing "God Save the Czar," the national anthem. In the emotional moment many people began to weep, including the czar and the czarina. There was no doubt in anyone's mind that Russia would prevail against Germany.

But wars are not won with speeches and tears, and before long reality set in. Russia possessed the largest army in Europe, with a peacetime strength of 1,400,000 men. When fully mobilized, another 3,100,000 reserves could be added to that total. Once aroused, the Russian bear could be a formidable opponent. The Germans rightly feared an army that was nicknamed "the Russian steamroller" and was seemingly capable of flattening its enemies with sheer numbers.

Germany seemed vulnerable on paper because Russian-controlled Poland—the so-called Polish Salient—pressed like a mailed fist against Germany's western and northwestern borders. As war plans evolved, Russia's Third, Fourth, Fifth, and Eighth Armies would be deployed against Germany's ally Austria-Hungary. The Ninth Army would be kept in the St. Petersburg area to guard against enemy naval incursions. That left the First and Second Armies free for operations against the Germans.

Meanwhile, France was left virtually alone to face the German might. According to the

Spike-helmeted German troops stop an attempted Russian breakout at Hohenstein during the Tannenberg campaign in August 1914. Only 10,000 Russians escaped the debacle. Painting by Max Rabes.

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Schlieffen Plan, Germany's long-standing blueprint for a two-front war in Europe, seven-eighths of the German Army would swing in a wide arc across Belgium and northern France, defeating French forces in detail. Once France was defeated, the Germans could then turn east and deal with the Russians. The plan was based on the theory that full Russian mobilization would be glacially slow. On August 4, French ambassador Maurice Paleologue called on the czar to impress upon him the need for haste. He implored Nicholas to take the offensive immediately, before the French Army was crushed. Convinced, the czar assured the ambassador that the Russian Army would attack as soon as mobilization was complete.

Paleologue next called on the Russian commander in chief, Grand Duke Nicholas, the czar's cousin, commonly called Uncle Nicholas. At six feet, six inches tall, Nicholas literally towered over his contemporaries. He was known as a competent if not particularly brilliant soldier. The French ambassador was blunt: "How soon will you order the offensive?" he asked. "As soon as I feel strong enough," the Grand Duke replied. "It will probably be the fourteenth of August." On paper, at least, the Russians had promised that they would begin an offensive 15 days after the start of mobilization—well before German calculations assumed they would.

It was decided that the first Russian offensive would be directed against East Prussia. General Yakov Zhilinsky, commander of the Northwest Front Group, had the First and Second Armies to achieve their objectives. The First Army, under General Paul von Rennenkampf, consisted of six and a half infantry divisions and five cavalry divisions, some 210,000 men altogether. They were to strike west, pushing forward in the direction of Königsberg and attacking any German forces in their path. Meanwhile, the Second Army, some 206,000 effectives under General Alexander Samsonov, would come up from the south, swinging around the Masurian

Popperfoto/Getty Images

Russian troops ford a stream during their advance into East Prussia. It was a bold gamble by the czar to win the war at a single stroke, but generals on the ground lost their nerve at a critical time.

Lakes region into the rear of the engaged German forces.

The ambitious plan was nothing less than a double envelopment that would rival Hannibal's triumph centuries before. With the bulk of the German forces tied up in the west, the capture of East Prussia would be an unforeseen calamity. Berlin itself would be threatened, and if the German capital was captured, the Germans would have to sue for peace. The Russian plan was bold and depended much on precise timing, but with enough luck there was a chance they could pull it off.

Yet in many ways Russia remained unprepared for modern war. The disastrous Russo-Japanese War of 1904-1905 had been a wake-up call, a stern warning to modernize the Russian armed forces. Some reforms were put in place, but it was estimated that Russia would not be ready for a major European conflict until 1917. Above all, modern war demanded that nations have modern transportation systems and a fully functioning industrial base to sustain armies in the field. For every factory in Russia, there were 150 in Great Britain.

Anticipating war with Germany, France poured vast sums of money into Russian railroad construction, but in 1914 the results still fell short of what was needed. For every yard of Russian track per square mile, Germany had 10. As if that weren't bad enough, Russian railroads had a different gauge than German railroads. That meant that Russian supply trains had to halt at the border and transfer their cargo to horse-drawn transport. The hasty mobilization meant that many Russian units lacked field bakeries and even medical supplies. There was also a crippling shortage of telephone wire, telegraph equipment, and trained signal corpsmen. There were few trained cryptographers, which meant Russian messages were often read by the Germans.

The Germans were aware of these weaknesses, and they were shocked and surprised when the Russians assumed the offensive so quickly. The task of guarding East Prussia was assigned to Lt. Gen. Maximilian von Prittwitz's Eighth Army. Prittwitz was 66 years old and so overweight that he was called "Fatty" behind his back. Lethargic and overcautious, the only thing Prittwitz had going for himself was that he had a highly competent deputy chief of staff, Colonel Max Hoffmann. Hoffmann analyzed the situation and concluded that Rennenkampf's First Army would invade first. If and when the Russians crossed the frontier, Hoffmann wanted to meet them at Gumbinnen, 25 miles from the border. Hoffmann wanted to lure the Russians into East Prussia, forcing them to stretch their supply and communications lines before pouncing on them by surprise.

In the meantime, advance elements of the First Army approached the frontier. General Basil

THE RUSSIAN ARMY IN 1914

The Russian Army of World War I does not have a good reputation, thanks in large part to the military disaster at Tannenberg. Historians routinely emphasize its incompetent leadership, adherence to outdated tactics, and seeming helplessness in the face of a German war machine that was the best in the world.

But this dark picture is exaggerated, colored by the collapse of the czarist regime and the rise of communism. In reality, the Imperial Russian Army was an army in transition, with a modernization program that was due to be completed in 1917. The Russians had suffered a grievous and humiliating defeat during the Russo-Japanese War of 1904-1905, but hard lessons had been learned and reforms had begun.

The Russian Army was the largest standing army in Europe, boasting a peacetime force of 1,200,000 men. The czar's empire had many nationalities within its borders, but the backbone of the Russian Army was the infantryman. He was typically a *muzhik*—a peasant, physically strong, and able to endure suffering, wounds, and hardships that would have laid many a western European soldier low.

Perhaps half of the Russian infantry were illiterate. As late as 1860, Russian peasants had been serfs, bound to the land and treated little better than cattle. They knew little of the outside world; when Russian troops of the XXIII Corps entered Allenstein, they cheered, thinking it was Berlin.

Yet the Russian soldier, fed on his traditional bread and tea, was a tough adversary in the field. He was armed with the Mosin-Nagant Model 1891 rifle, a good weapon that compared well with other European rifles. The Russians also adopted Maxim machine guns. They were also well versed in defense and knew how to place trenches and barbed wire in the most useful positions.

The Russian cavalry performed traditional reconnaissance duties, scouting enemy positions and gathering intelligence. The airplane, a new invention barely a decade old, would soon prove far superior to the horse in determining where the enemy was. Most of the fledgling Russian air force had been sent south to scout the Austrians, so it had little impact on the outcome at Tannenberg. Those who did accompany the East Prussian offensive found they were at great risk from their own men. Russian soldiers would fire away at anything in the air. Virtually none had ever seen an airplane before and automatically assumed such a wondrous

Russian troops advance on German positions under fire at Tannenberg, according to a caption from this motion picture still. The action may have been staged for the camera.

Gourko led a cavalry division and an infantry division across the border as dawn was breaking on the morning of August 12. There was some skirmishing, but German troops quickly melted into the countryside. Gourko's objective was the town of Marggrabowa, some five miles from the Russian border. Marggrabowa's streets were empty, but in the distance Gourko heard the chatter of a German machine gun. The Russians opened up with their own machine guns, and the German gun fell silent. Gourko and a squadron of dismounted lancers quickly took the center of town. There was no further resistance. Fearful townsfolk peered from upper-story windows but eventually came out to watch the invaders.

Although there were still people in town, most were elderly. It seemed that most of the townsfolk, along with the German soldiers, had fled the area. It was a pattern that would be repeated in the coming days. Hundreds, then thousands, of common Germans were on the roads, fleeing westward with the dreaded cry of "Kosaken kommen!" on their lips. The Cossacks, those hard-riding horsemen of the steppes, were particularly—and rightly—feared by both soldiers and civilians.

This was bad enough from the Germans' point of view, but worse was soon to follow. General Hermann von François, commander of the Eighth Army's I Corps, didn't like the Prittwitz plan of engaging the Russians so deep inside German territory. Most of his men were native East Prussians, and the idea of yielding ground to the enemy rankled François. He felt that he knew better

machine must be German.

The czarist army was basically an infantry force with a good cavalry arm and a strong artillery. The Russian Army had 48 guns per division, a respectable number, but less than the Germans' 72 guns per division. The main problem was Russia's relative isolation and lack of an industrial base to turn out war goods. Russia was just too vast, and the industrial revolution was still in its infancy there.

In the early years of the conflict, Russian factories could not keep up with the demand, and the situation was made worse by corruption and inefficiency. At one point, an exasperated Grand Duke Nicholas appealed personally to the czar. He reported that operations against the Austrians were held up because Russian artillery had only 25 shells per gun. Russian offensives could not resume until the artillery had at least 100 shells per gun.

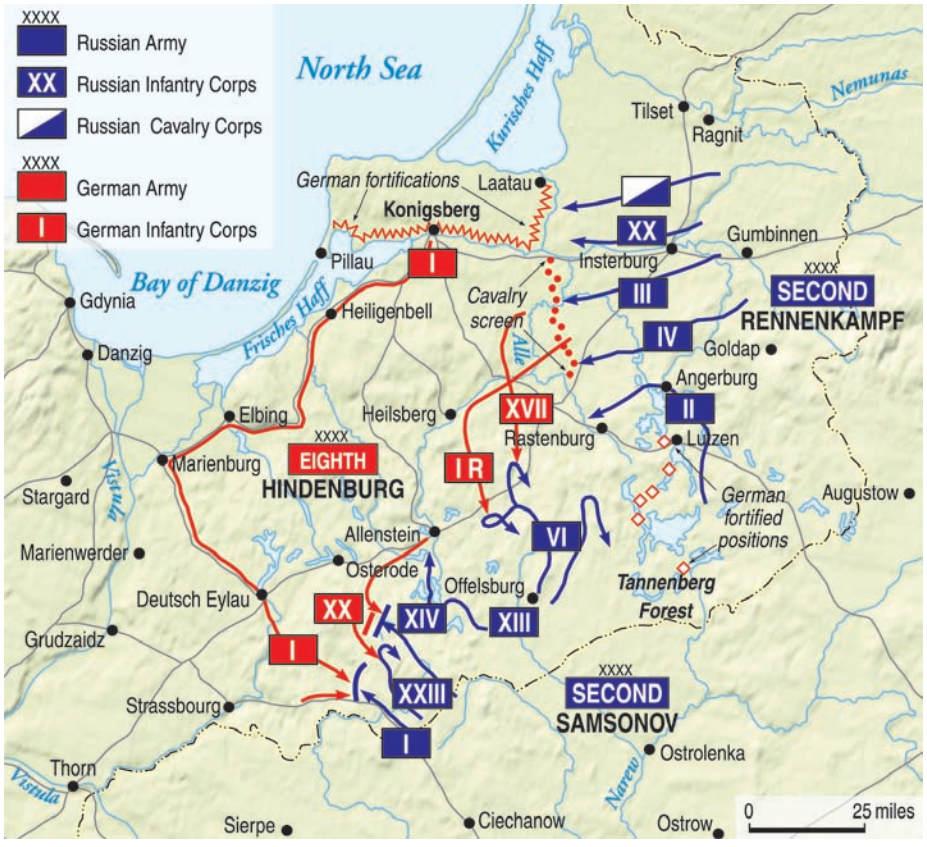
Library of Congress

Russian infantry "Present Arms!"

Tannenberg also obscures the very real successes the Russians had on the Austrian front. In fact, without German aid there is no doubt the Hapsburg Empire would have collapsed under Russian pressure. In 1914 the Russians took Lemburg, gateway to Austrian Galicia and a focus of its rail and road networks. Austrian armies retreated, losing some 130,000 men dead, wounded, and taken prisoner.

The Brusilov Offensive of 1916 also showed what the Russian Army could do. Czarist forces pushed forward, making great gains and taking some 350,000 Austrian prisoners, along with 400 artillery pieces and 1,300 machine guns. But the Germans again rushed to Austria's aid, and the offensive sputtered out. By 1917, the pressures of modern war caused a corrupt and antiquated czarist regime to collapse, and the Russian Revolution and communism soon followed. □

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



ABOVE: Quick-acting German troops turned back Russian General Alexander Samsonov in the south, while General Paul Rennenkampf's forces continued to advance east. BELOW: Russian machine gunners took a heavy toll on German troops at Tannenberg. Russian peasants proved to be tough hand-to-hand fighters.

TopFoto/The Image Works

than the dunderheads at headquarters.

Rennenkampf's First Army crossed into East Prussia in the early morning hours of August 17. As Rennenkampf's III Corps approached Stalluponen, they detected elements of François's I Corps. Soon battle was joined, with François watching the action from a church steeple. German commanders back at headquarters were shocked, then enraged, to receive a message from François that he was fighting the Russians at Stalluponen, only five miles from the Russian border. François had disobeyed orders, and in the German Army such insubordination was a cardinal sin. François was immediately ordered to break off the action and retire to Gumbinnen, 20 miles away.

François ignored the messages, so a major general was sent to deliver the order in person. "The General-in-Chief orders you to stop the battle immediately!" the major general shouted. François was not cowed. "Inform General von Prittwitz that General von François will break off the engagement when he has defeated the Russians!"

As events unfolded, the Russian 27th Division was mauled and some 3,000 Russian prisoners were taken. The "Slavic horde" was checked, at least for the moment, and François belatedly fell back as he was originally ordered. Although one division had been badly chewed up and retired for reorganization, the rest of Rennenkampf's army was intact. The advance would continue.

François's I Corps opened the Battle of Gumbinnen with an artillery barrage in the predawn hours of August 20. At 4 AM, the German infantry groped its way forward in the predawn darkness, stumbling toward the Russian lines on the far right. The sun soon rose over an awesome spectacle—line after line of Germans in field-gray uniforms, distinctive in their *pickelhaube* spiked helmets.

Russian artillery opened up with a deafening roar, carpeting the area with well-placed salvos. The neat gray lines were torn asunder, bloodied soldiers tossed about like rag dolls. For once, the Russian gunners ignored warnings about the scarcity of shells, using 440 per day when the accepted rate was 244 rounds. The Germans kept going, even though a nearby road, once stark white, was now gray with the corpses of the fallen. Then the Russian guns fell silent—they had run out of ammunition. Free of the tormenting artillery, the German I Corps pressed forward and smashed into the Russian 28th Division, decimating it in the process.

In the Russian center and left, Rennenkampf's fortunes improved. The problem with the German attack was that it was in some respects premature. François again had jumped the gun and launched an attack before his support—General August von Mackensen's XVII Corps and General Otto von Below's I Reserve Corps—could come up. Mackensen and Below had a long march to the battlefield, and entered the fray only at 8 AM. François's attack on the left had alerted the Russian center and right, and the delays that Mackensen and Below experienced gave Rennenkampf time to prepare a warm reception. When Mackensen's troops came within range, the Russian guns opened fire with horrific results. Dirty blossoms of smoke and flame ripped ranks apart, sending survivors scurrying for cover.

Some units tried to charge forward, and, out of nine advances, seven managed to reach the Russian lines, where the fighting was hand-to-hand. The Russian peasant soldier, often scorned and derided, was a tough and stubborn close-range fighter. The battered Germans were forced to give way time and again. The shelling

Sueddeutsche Zeitung Photo/Scherl/The Image Works

This time, it is German troops advancing under fire at Tannenberg. I Corps commander Hermann von François refused to yield any German-held territory without a fight.

was so heavy that some German formations never even got near the German lines. Some Russian shells landed on German ammunition wagons, heightening the confusion and terror.

At last, flesh and blood could stand no more. A company of Germans suddenly threw away their arms and ran. A neighboring company panicked and began to run as well. Soon, whole regiments, then battalions, caught the contagion of fear and took to their heels. Roads and fields were jammed with fleeing men. Staff officers tried to halt the stampede, but to no avail. Mackensen, appalled and embarrassed, rushed along in a staff car urging men to come to their senses and return to duty. The rout continued, and frightened troops did not stop until some 15 miles from the battlefield. Below's Reserve Corps was heavily engaged by this time, but Mackensen's sudden retreat exposed his left flank, forcing him to withdraw.

The Russians had been roughly handled in the battle's early stages, but by nightfall it was clear that Gumbinnen was a Russian victory. All that was needed was a vigorous pursuit to clinch the triumph. Unaccountably, Rennenkampf froze. The Russian general basically did nothing to follow up his initial victory. The German forces on his center and left were in full retreat, but François's I Corps had given the Russians a bloody nose earlier and still were somewhere on the left.

Rennenkampf didn't want to chase the Germans blindly, only to be hit on his flank by François's somewhat battered but still potent force on the left. There were other reasons for First Army's inactivity. Rennenkampf's supply line was tenuous at best, and a rapid push forward might stretch it to the breaking point. He decided to stay put, at least for a few days. Meanwhile, the Russian Second Army crossed the German-Russian border on August 21-22. Samsonov had been recalled to active duty from sick leave, and he was completely unfamiliar with his new subordinates. Since there were no suitable east-west railroads in the region, the Second Army had to march to the border, foot-slogging through sandy wastes sprinkled with forests, lakes, and marshes.

The Second Army's supply problems were even worse than those of the First Army. They marched through a virtual wilderness inhabited by a few poor and wretched Polish peasants. Russian supply trains depended on horse-drawn vehicles, and in these sandy wastes everything moved at a snail's pace. There were few towns worth mentioning, so the Russians could not requisition food and fodder from the usual sources. By the time the Second Army crossed the German border they had been on the march for nine days. They were approaching exhaustion, and tea and bread—the staples of the Russian soldiers' diet—were scarce. Mobilization had been so hasty that the troops even lacked field bakeries. Only a trickle of rations reached the long-suffering troops.

The German defeat at Gumbinnen sent shock waves spreading through East Prussia and Germany proper. Even before the battle, aristocratic refugees had loudly complained about their estates being overrun by Slavic barbarians. Nowhere was the consternation greater than at Eighth Army headquarters. Prittwitz was shaken to the core by stories of German soldiers turning tail and running. When the general heard reports that Samsonov's army had crossed the border, he completely lost his nerve.

Earlier, German Army Chief of Staff Helmuth von Moltke had told Prittwitz to keep his army intact and, if pressed, retire to the Vistula River. But Prittwitz now decided to retreat behind the Vistula, some 200 miles away. That would leave East Prussia effectively in Russian hands. East Prussia had been the heart of the old Prussian monarchy, the historic base where Teutonic Knights had overrun and colonized the Slavic peoples. To abandon East Prussia would be unthinkable. Moreover, as the Russians pressed westward, Berlin itself would be threatened.

When Moltke heard that Prittwitz wanted to retreat immediately, he was aghast. There was no doubt about it—Prittwitz would have to be replaced. Moltke's choice fell on Paul von Hindenburg, a retired 67-year-old general whose Prussian roots ran deep. It was said that as a lad he had actually known an old man who had been Frederick the Great's gardener. The old soldier accepted the post with a simple, "I am ready." General Erich von Ludendorff was chosen as Hindenburg's chief of staff and transferred from the Western Front, where he had

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recently distinguished himself at Liege.

Even before Hindenburg's and Ludendorff's arrival, Hoffmann had persuaded his superiors, including the now-dismissed Pittwitz, to accept a daring plan he had worked out for victory. In essence, Hoffmann proposed that the Eighth Army disengage from the Russian First Army and turn south to face Samsonov's Second Army. Only a thin cavalry screen would monitor Rennenkampf's movements. Hoffmann wanted to turn the tables on the Russians. If all went well, they, not the Germans, would be the victims of a double envelopment. Both the German I Corps and the III Reserve Corps would be shipped by train to the right flank of the XX Corps, now facing the advancing Second Army. The I Reserve Corps and XVII Corps would also march south and take positions on the XX Corps' left.

Hoffman was gambling that Rennenkampf would not move in support of Samsonov. If Rennenkampf stayed where he was, or continued northwestward to Königsberg, the Second Army's fate would be sealed. But if he swung southward, he could fall on the rear of the Eighth Army as it faced Samsonov. It would be a disaster.

Hindenburg and Ludendorff approved Hoffmann's plan when they arrived on August 23. There would still be some anxious moments because it would take several days for the German Army to redeploy. But if all went well, Samsonov's Second Army would fall into the trap.

Unaware of German plans, Samsonov was still pressing forward, urged to hurry by Northwest Front commander General Zhilinsky. "Hurry up the advance of the Second Army," Zhilinsky demanded, "and hasten your operations." Samsonov protested, but his pleas fell on deaf ears. The Second Army commander explained he was "advancing according to timetable, without halting, covering marches of more than 12 miles over sand. I cannot go more quickly."

Samsonov's supply line had broken down, literally and figuratively. Horse-drawn wagons and gun carriages became mired in the sand. Bakery wagons were missing, and foraging in enemy territory was difficult, especially in a sand-choked, marshy wilderness. Samsonov despairingly told Zhilinsky that "the country is devastated, the horses have long been without oats, and there is no bread."

Zhilinsky would have none of it. He was certain that the Russians were on the verge of a great victory. On August 21 Samsonov's XV Corps under General Nicholas Martos ran into elements of the German XX Corps, and fighting began. The Germans withdrew, so Martos pushed forward and took Soldau and Neidenburg, 10 miles inside the East Prussian border. When Cossack patrols entered Neidenburg, Germans began taking pot shots at them from second-story windows. Informed of this, Martos immediately ordered an artillery bombardment of the town. Half of Neidenburg's 470 houses were destroyed in the barrage. Martos went forward, captured the town, and spent the night in the home of its mayor.

The Battle of Tannenberg began in earnest on August 26. The Second Army's five corps were spread over a front of some 60 miles. The German XX Corps, hard-pressed in part because Hoffmann's trap was not yet ready to be sprung, slowly gave way before the Russian onslaught. The Hoffmann plan called for François's I Corps to smash into Samsonov's left wing, but François initially refused. His heavy artillery and some of his infantry were still detraining from their long, roundabout ride from the north. Angered at this new round of insubordination, Hindenburg and Ludendorff got into a car and drove to I Corps headquarters. Confronted in person, François reluctantly gave way.

There was still the nagging fear that Rennenkampf would suddenly awaken and fall on the German rear when they were preoccupied with trapping Samsonov. Hoffmann stopped at Montovo, where a signal operator handed him two messages that had been intercepted from the Russians. They had been sent in the clear, with no attempt to cipher or encrypt them. After a quick glance at the intercepts, Hoffmann jumped back into his car and ordered his chauffeur to drive at top speed to catch Hindenburg and Ludendorff.

After a few miles, Hoffmann could see the Hindenburg staff car just ahead. Without bothering to slow down or stop their quarry, Hoffmann simply had his chauffeur drive parallel to Hindenburg's vehicle. Hoffmann thrust the messages into the commander's car. Both cars came to a screeching stop while Hindenburg and Ludendorff pored over intercepted Russians messages. One missive, sent by Rennenkampf, showed that the First Army was proceeding northwestward toward Königsberg, according to the initial Russian timetable. Rennenkampf was not about to attack the German rear. The second message, from Samsonov, indicated that he was thrusting deeply to the west—in other words, he thought the German Army was in full retreat. Ludendorff could not believe his eyes—the Russian intercepts were almost too good to be true.

Fighting continued through August 26 and 27. The Russian right wing, separated from the Russian center, came into contact with Mackensen's XVII Corps and the I Reserve Corps near Lautern. The Russian right wing was badly beaten and thrown into headlong retreat southward to Olschienen and Wallen, more than 20 miles away. Some Russian soldiers were trapped with their backs to Bossau Lake, and then drowned.

On August 27, François attacked the Russian left near Usdau. Exhausted and starving, Samsonov's left fell back in disorder. By nightfall, the Russian Second Army's wings were broken and in retreat. The only thing left to do was to try to extricate his center. Yet Samsonov inexplicably ordered his center to push forward, virtually assuring that it would be encircled and trapped.

At dawn on the morning of August 28, François and his I Corps swung eastward and reached Neidenburg. The door had swung closed. The Russian center—the XIII, XV, and much of the XXIII corps—was trapped. Formations disintegrated, discipline broke down, and the remnants of Second Army became a mob of starving, footsore men stumbling around the dense Prussian forests.

Some units attempted a breakout. Elements of the XIII Corps made a particularly noble effort; the Nevsky Regiment led a desperate evening charge that captured four German guns. But later that night, the XIII Corps soon came to a clearing, and on the other side were manned German machine-gun posts. The open ground became a killing field, well lit by crisscrossing German searchlights. The XIII Corps had had no food or water for two days, but the men mounted a series of frantic attacks to escape the German net. Five times the Russians went forward, only to be raked by chattering machine-gun fire. After the fifth failed assault, the Russians gave up the effort, melting into the surrounding woods. They were later taken prisoner.

All was lost. Samsonov, ill with asthma and crushed by shame, walked into the woods and shot himself. His body was later found by the Germans. Perhaps 10,000 Second Army men escaped the debacle. Casualty figures were uncertain, because of the countless Russians who perished of wounds in the forest or drowned in the marshes and lakes, but approximately 92,000 Russians were taken prisoner and another 30,000 wounded were added to the total. Some 500 guns were also taken. Hindenburg and Ludendorff became national heroes, but the German public gave little recognition to Colonel Hoffmann, the real architect of victory.

In early September, the German Eighth Army again took on Rennenkampf in the First Battle of the Masurian Lakes. When Rennenkampf finally woke up to the Second Army's peril, he tried to send aid. It was too little, too late; the nearest First Army unit was still more than 45 miles away. The First Army's southern wing was dangerously spread out from the rest of Rennenkampf's forces. By September 2, the mopping up at Tannnenberg was almost complete. Hindenburg turned his attention to Rennenkampf, hoping for another triumph. The German general was helped by the arrival of two corps from the Western Front. The Russians maneuvered well, and Rennenkampf became aware of the danger of being outflanked.

The German Eighth Army and Russian Second Army clashed. To buy some time, Rennenkampf ordered an offensive, a move that actually pushed the German XX Corps back for a few miles.

ullstein bild/The Granger Collection, New York

ABOVE: German soldiers examine a mass of dead Russians after the Battle of Tannenberg—one of the few World War I battles with a clear-cut, decisive victory. Four years of bloody stalemate would follow. OPPOSITE: German infantrymen huddle behind hastily erected earthworks in East Prussia. General Paul von Hindenburg, taking command, told Chief of Staff Helmuth von Moltke, "I am ready."

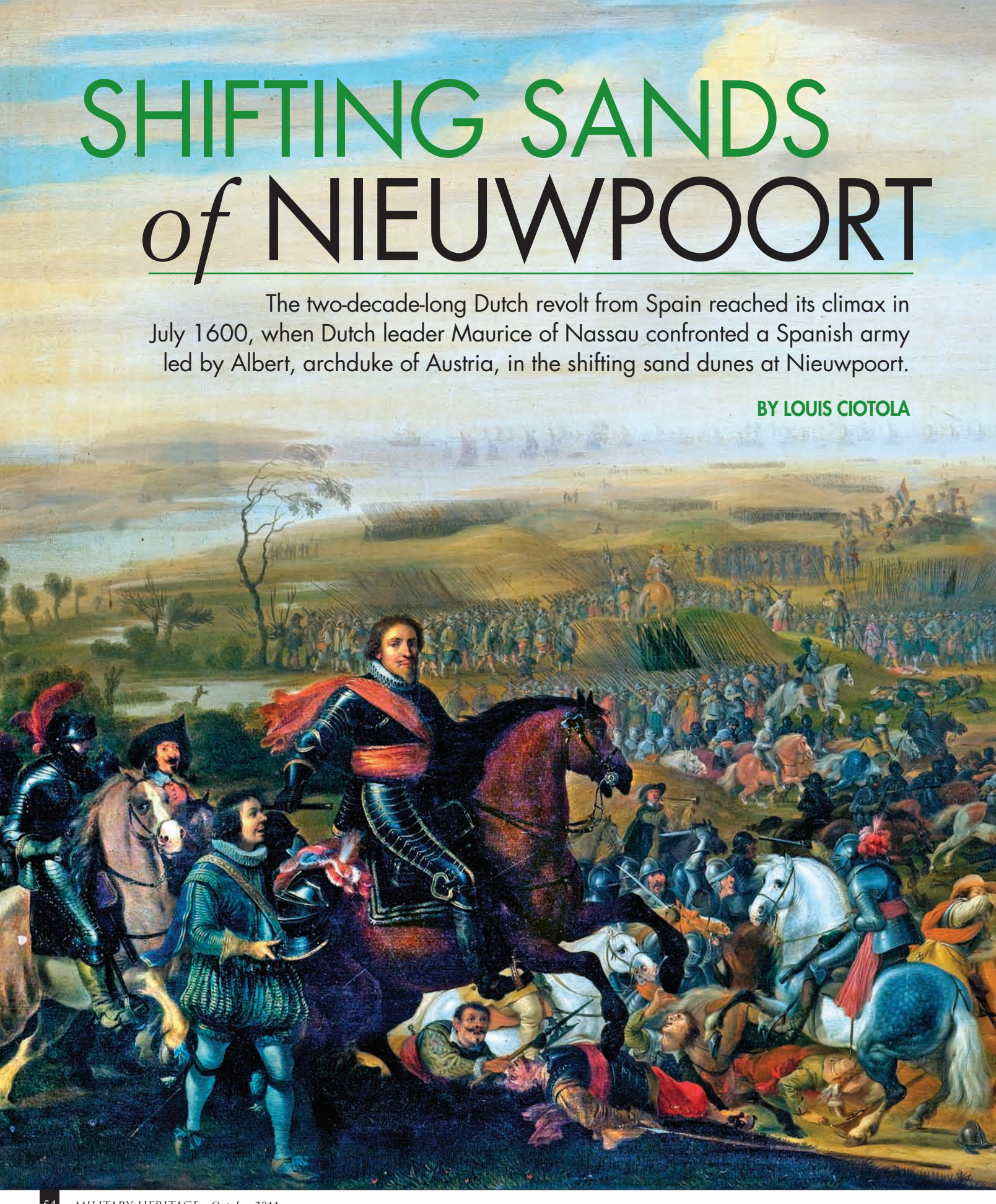
But victory was fleeting. A huge German flanking movement was developing in the south, and to avoid a second disaster there was nothing to do but retreat. Rennenkampf ordered a rapid general withdrawal that was covered by a strong rear guard. The Russian First Army managed to escape, in part because it retreated more rapidly than the Germans advanced.

Tannenberg stands out as one of the very few battles of World War I that was a clear-cut, decisive victory. It could be argued, however, that the unquestioned triumph also sowed the seeds of eventual German defeat. The East Prussian crisis caused many German units that were vitally needed in the west to be hastily transferred to the east. Those troops might have helped defeat France and Great Britain at the Marne. Instead, the Allies stopped the German advance and ensured that the war would become a muddy morass of static trenches. Because the Schlieffen Plan failed in the west, Germany was condemned to four years of bloody stalemate and, ultimately, crushing defeat. □

SHIFTING SANDS *of* NIEUWPOORT

The two-decade-long Dutch revolt from Spain reached its climax in July 1600, when Dutch leader Maurice of Nassau confronted a Spanish army led by Albert, archduke of Austria, in the shifting sand dunes at Nieuwpoort.

BY LOUIS CIOTOLA



THE DUTCH REVOLT against Spain reached one of its many climaxes on July 10, 1584, when an assassin took the life William the Silent, stadtholder of the new Dutch Republic and the most prominent member of the House of Orange. Without warning, the Dutch had lost the individual most emblematic of their cause. There was no question the rebellion would continue; in fact, the governing States-General voted the following month in favor of battling on. The real question was who would lead in William's place.

Among the new members of the Council of State, which the States-General appointed that August to help carry on the war with Spain, was 16-year-old Maurice, Count of Nassau, the second son of William the Silent. Maurice's appointment was purely political. He and his many cousins were a highly influential clan. Their talents and family connection to William were certain to have a unifying effect on the war effort and provide a boost to the rebellion in the dark days following William's death.

The rebellious Dutch provinces declined to elect a universal stadtholder in place of William. Instead, each province selected its own leader. Holland and Zeeland chose Maurice upon the occasion of his 18th birthday, but the title was largely honorific. Maurice's task was to serve the two states while the civilian government created and directed actual policy. It was his specific duty to serve as commander of the Army of Brabant and Flanders. By 1589, all of his fellow stadtholders were either members of the House of Nassau or the House of Orange, freeing Maurice from his political duties and allowing him to focus on the formidable challenge of making war against the mighty Spanish Empire.

While Maurice educated himself in the ways of war, the Spanish were at the peak of power. Warfare in the late 16th century was an almost entirely defensive art, and the Spanish had mastered it. The expanding science of fortifications increased the importance of sieges and lessened the impact of pitched battles. In the Netherlands, where towns sat relatively close together, mobile cavalry gave way to infantry, and it was in infantry tactics that the Spanish truly excelled. The basic Spanish unit of infantry was a virtual mobile fortress. The Spanish square, or *tercio,* was formed by a mass of foot soldiers called an *escuadrón*. Once numbering as many as 5,000 men,

Maurice, Count of Nassau, mounted at left, calmly directs his Dutch troops in the chaotic fighting taking place on the sand dunes at Nieuwpoort, in this painting by artist Pauwels van Hillegaert.

Rijksmuseum, Amsterdam

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LEFT TO RIGHT: Maurice, Count of Nassau; Count Ernest of Nassau, who commanded the advance guard and was first ashore at Nieuwpoort; and Archduke Albert VII, Spanish governor of the Netherlands.

the average *escuadrón* had shrunk to roughly 1,500 men by the waning years of the century. Each *escuadrón* was composed of approximately two-thirds pikemen and one-third musketeers, drawn together on a broad front of five ranks. Massive in proportion, the *escuadrón* intimidated all opposing forces that lay in its path.

At the time Maurice began his military career, Spain's Army of Flanders was gradually coming to dominate the war in the Netherlands. Up the so-called Spanish Road through Italy and Germany flowed men and money to the talented Spanish general Alexander Farnese, the Duke of Parma. Parma had just completed his crowning achievement, the brilliant capture of Antwerp, when suddenly the entire political landscape changed dramatically. At the very moment Parma finally had the Dutch on the ropes, King Philip II of Spain inexplicably relieved the pressure by turning his attention to Protestant England. In 1588, the Spanish Armada met its doom, leaving Parma sitting uselessly on the Flanders coast awaiting a Channel crossing that was not to be. The following year, Philip expanded his obligations still further with a pledge of assistance to the French Catholic League. When the king dispatched Parma to fight the Protestant Huguenots in France, the Dutch were free to exploit his inopportune departure.

Roughly 30,000 Spanish troops remained in the Netherlands, nearly all garrisoning some town or fortress. No centralized Spanish army remained in the field. Maurice and his 10,000-man force were poised to take advantage of Parma's absence. Starting with the relief of Bergen-op-Zoom, a decade of unbridled success began for the young stadtholder, whose unforeseen abilities would quickly make the Spanish regret not having finished off the obstinate Dutch when they had the chance.

Maurice could not claim all the credit for his success. His many cousins proved equally talented, especially William Louis of Nassau, commander of Dutch forces in the northern provinces. Not only were Maurice and William Louis able to cooperate as independent commanders, but as avid admirers of the Greeks and Romans, they sought to emulate the ancients in every way, from a mathematical study of siegecraft to the intimate formation of rank-and-file troops. The most significant result of their obsession was what became known in Europe as the "Dutch exercises."

The fundamental problem that Maurice and William Louis set out to tackle was a slow rate of infantry fire. The typical line of musketeers could unleash only one volley before being overrun by a determined enemy onrush. Any army that could improve upon this rate of fire would command a significant advantage on the battlefield. To accomplish their objective, the cousins agreed that their ranks would have to be extended to increase the size of an individual volley and create the opportunity for a more rapid rate of discharge once the ranks had more room to fall back and reload. The new tactic required a revolutionary, new kind of drill. A third cousin, John of Nassau, contributed to fill that need.

Each soldier in the revised units needed to learn a series of well-timed steps in order to efficiently implement the new tactic. John of Nassau put those steps to paper in the world's first illustrated drill manual. The manual contained 15 drawings for pikemen, 25 for arquebusiers, and 32 for musketeers. When converted into actual commands, the pikemen practiced 31 maneuvers, while the musketeers trained for over 40, including the maintenance of formation, simultaneous fire, counting in unison, and countermarching.

Besides increasing the length of each rank,

the Nassau cousins drastically reduced the size of each unit, making them far smaller than their Spanish rivals. They believed that smaller units would train and coordinate more effectively together, adding to increased battlefield mobility. The standard unit became the half-regiment. The half-regiment consisted of 250 pikemen flanked on both sides by 80 musketeers drawn up in files of 10. For greater protection, each half-regiment was in turn flanked by cavalry and arranged in a checkerboard formation. The cavalry, converted largely from lance to wheel-lock pistol, also decreased in rank to more easily perform a type of volley and withdrawal known as the *caracole*.

Maurice incessantly drilled his men throughout the 1590s. Soon, the Dutch half-regiments could conduct numerous turns and marches without the slightest confusion. The soldiers could reload their weapons (all of identical caliber) in the two minutes between being in the back rank and moving to the front, and they could also conduct an organized fallback to the fifth or sixth rank amid close-quarter pike combat or a cavalry charge. There, they would continue their deadly work at point-blank range.

The Spanish preoccupation with France and England contributed measurably to Maurice's success, but he also devised an intelligent overall strategy. Maurice understood the limitations of Dutch resources. Expelling the Spanish from the rebellious provinces was one thing, but attempting to conquer outside the region was unrealistic. It was more feasible to obtain firm control over the areas immediately surrounding the maritime provinces and create a buffer zone protecting vital naval and commercial interests. Any attempt to spread the rebellion into the pro-Spanish southern provinces, Maurice thought, risked overreaching. Instead, his plan for consolidation of gains required numerous sieges of inland towns. Maurice, with his methodical nature and mathematical studies, proved ideally suited for carrying this out.

Over the next eight years, Maurice and his army moved from victory to victory, capturing town after town with great speed while suffering almost no setbacks. Applying the most advanced tactics of the day, Maurice concluded the majority of sieges within a few weeks while his clever logistics, such as using the region's many rivers to quickly transport cannon, hastened the time until the next operation could commence. Maurice's first coup came in 1590, when he employed trickery to take Breda in a nearly bloodless victory. The list of captured towns following Breda read like a map of the entire region: Geertruidenberg, Groningen, Graves, Zutphen, Deventer, Hulst, Nijmegen, Steenwijk, and more. The Dutch appeared unstoppable.

There was even an open-field triumph at Caervorden, where Maurice beat back a rare Spanish attempt to break a siege. An even more impressive victory occurred in January 1597 at Turnhout. There, the Dutch cavalry defeated a like number of Spanish cavalry and mercilessly decimated the supporting enemy infantry. All the while, Maurice was careful to protect his gains, rejecting a States-General scheme to drive through the southern Netherlands and link up with the French Huguenots. Such ideas could only serve to wreck years of progress, Maurice argued. Personally, too, he had made significant gains. By the close of the decade, all the rebelling provinces had appointed him their stadtholder.

In 1593, the Duke of Parma died. Never again would his skills haunt the Dutch. Following a few short-lived successors, Archduke Albert, son of the Holy Roman Emperor Maximilian and son-in-law to King Philip II, accepted the position as next governor of the Netherlands. Unlike his two immediate predecessors, Albert had no intention of sitting on his hands in Flanders. Instead, he sought to challenge Maurice by dominating the Flanders coast and creating a seaborne menace to Dutch shipping. Almost as soon as the Spanish resurgence began, however, it came to a screeching halt. In 1596, the empire suffered one of its all-too-frequent bankruptcies. The Army of Flanders was paralyzed. The future boundaries of the United Provinces seemed largely set.

On May 6, 1598, an aging Philip II elevated Albert and his wife Isabella to the status of independent sovereigns. The Archdukes, as the couple was somewhat affectionately known, were, however, far from independent. Despite having achieved a peace with the newly converted Catholic king of France, Henry of Navarre (a peace the Dutch tried desperately to derail), the situation for the Spanish in the Netherlands was growing worse. Unpaid for many months, the troops began to mutiny on a large scale. In many instances they were literally starving. The disgruntled soldiers

At the siege of Breda in 1590, Maurice cunningly sneaked 70 Dutch soldiers into town hidden in the hold of a ship delivering peat. The near-bloodless capture was Maurice's first coup as a commander.

even sold the island fortress of Bommelerward back to the Dutch in compensation for lost wages.

As Spain's economy struggled, Dutch finances boomed. Thanks to the physical protection provided by Maurice, the provinces were utilizing their sea power as never before. Albert was well aware of his rival's prosperity. If he could not triumph militarily, he would turn to economic warfare. He intensified his strategy of harassing Dutch supply ships through the use of privateers. The States-General, ever sensitive to critical economic interests, took immediate notice of Albert's tactics.

Maurice's strategy of consolidation had succeeded beyond all expectations, and he saw no reason to risk the gains with unnecessary gambles. The States-General pointedly disagreed and in June 1600 made the monumental decision to invade Flanders. Their reasons appeared sound. First and foremost was the effect the Spanish privateers were having on the Dutch economy. If the provinces were to thrive, the privateers operating out of Dunkirk would have to be silenced. Should the campaign prove successful, Dunkirk could then be sold to the covetous English in exchange for additional debt alleviation.

Maurice, as usual, strongly opposed the new campaign. The Dutch army, he argued, lacked the means to endure for long within hostile territory. In order to succeed, it would have to hold extensive territory inland, something it was never designed to do. Maurice declared the plan "not feasible and too hazardous." Both William Louis and the cousins' talented English ally Francis Vere agreed. Not only would the Flemish population fail to rise, but Albert would end the mutinies by mustering the army to meet the outside challenge.

One of Maurice's shortcomings was an inability to stand up to politicians. Understanding full well that failure would mean the loss of the Dutch field army and endanger the rebellion itself, Maurice nevertheless conformed to the new Dutch republicanism that gave civilians ultimate control of the military. He would obey the States-General. He did, however, insist that members of the government accompany the army into Flanders. Should disaster occur, he wanted the politicians to realize their folly firsthand.

Maurice arrived in Flushing to supervise the army's assembly on June 19. The plan called for some 1,250 vessels, most of which were simple barges, to transport the invasion force roughly 35 miles south to the Flanders coast and the Dutch-held town of Ostend. For protection and support, 16 men-of-war joined the flotilla. A total of 13,000 infantry and 2,800 cavalry, including German and Swiss mercenaries recently made available following the Franco-Spanish peace, boarded the waiting ships.

Right from the start, things went wrong for the Dutch. On June 22, the army of Zeelanders, Hollanders, Frisians, Walloons, Germans, Swiss, English, and Scots landed far west of their intended target of Ostend and instead, thanks to bad weather, was forced to disembark near the fortress of Philipine. Count Ernest of Nassau, commanding the advance guard, was the first to come ashore. The rest of the army followed and assembled for the march behind Ernest, with Count George Everard Solms leading the center and Vere at the rear. Upon completing the landing, Maurice ordered the fleet to disperse as a precaution against capture.

It soon became apparent that the Flemish population had no desire to join the Dutch rebellion. Maurice's first target was the seaside town of Nieuwpoort, and local peasants fled before the invaders and harassed them from hideouts in the interior. Forcible retribution followed that only served to deepen the rift between the Flemish and the Dutch and all but guaranteed the perpetual separation of the North and South Netherlands. There was as yet no foreseeable threat from the Spanish Army, but Maurice fully expected one to come. In the meantime, the problems of the march were enough to occupy his mind. While the politicians lamented the local resistance, the tired soldiers trudged through the marshy terrain, scrounging for supplies and cursing the lack of fresh drinking water.

"MY FRIENDS! WE MUST NOW EITHER FALL **INSTANTLY AND WITH ALL OUR POWER ON THE** ENEMY, OR BE DRIVEN INTO THE SEA. TAKE **YOUR CHOICE. MINE IS ALREADY MADE."**

Archduke Albert defied all of the States-General's expectations by proving to be a talented general. He learned of the Dutch landing shortly after it occurred and sprang into action with an energy that put his detractors to shame. Quickly assembling an army, Albert summoned troops from various garrisons while messengers scrambled to alert the 5,300-man force of Don Luis de Velasco, which hastily marched west upon receiving the order. Still, there remained the problem of the mutineers, largely gathered inside the towns of Diest and Weert. At this dire time, a renewal of their loyalty was of the utmost urgency.

Arriving at Diest, Albert unleashed every weapon in his arsenal to persuade the mutinous soldiers to fight. The Spanish soldier was swayed by religion, so the archduke made certain to portray the Dutch invasion as a Protestant threat to Catholicism. The Spanish soldiers were also swayed by pride, so Albert reminded them that a Dutch triumph would put them to shame. With no time to bargain, the archduke consented to the mutineers's demands to receive their pay immediately, to be led by their own officers, and to bathe in the glory of being placed in the front rank of the entire army. Thus placated, the mutinous soldiers committed to the fight.

The Spanish army, numbering 11,000 infantry and 1,400 cavalry, assembled at Ghent on June 28. Standing by her husband's side, Isabella addressed the troops, affectionately calling them her lions and invoking their honor. The following morning, the Dutch forces reached Nieuwpoort and began preparing to besiege the town. Nieuwpoort sat on the south side of the Yser River tidal estuary. To besiege the port, the Dutch had to cross to the left bank of the Yser. Ever cautious, Maurice chose to do so with only two-thirds of his force, leaving Ernest behind on the right bank with the remaining third in case trouble should arise.

Fighting erupted early on June 30 when Albert led his army toward Ostend, capturing the redoubts at Snaeskerle and Oudenburg. Surviving defenders scrambled back to the safety of Ostend, which soon found itself cut off from all communications with the Dutch army at Nieuwpoort. Despite having been careful not to underestimate his enemy, Maurice was nevertheless taken aback by Albert's show of strength. The members of the States-General traveling with the army now understood the wisdom of their general. But Maurice had little time to gloat over his predictions. His army was trapped, and it would take all of his talents—plus a lot of luck—to save the rebellion.

Two-thirds of his army was on the wrong side of the Yser. Should Albert catch him there, he would be annihilated. Even worse, by the time Maurice fully comprehended the situation, the river was swollen by high tide. The army would not be able to cross until low tide at 9 the following morning. Retreat was impossible—the army could never hope to board its ships in time. Battle was the only option, but to have any chance of success, Maurice somehow would have to delay the Spanish until his own army was safely across the river.

By default, that responsibility fell on Ernest and the advance guard, which were the only Dutch forces in position to carry out the mission. Maurice ordered Ernest and his force of 1,500 Zeelander and Scottish infantry and a handful of Dutch cavalry to hold the bridge at Leffingen and prevent the Spanish crossing at all cost. Once again, the Spanish were one step

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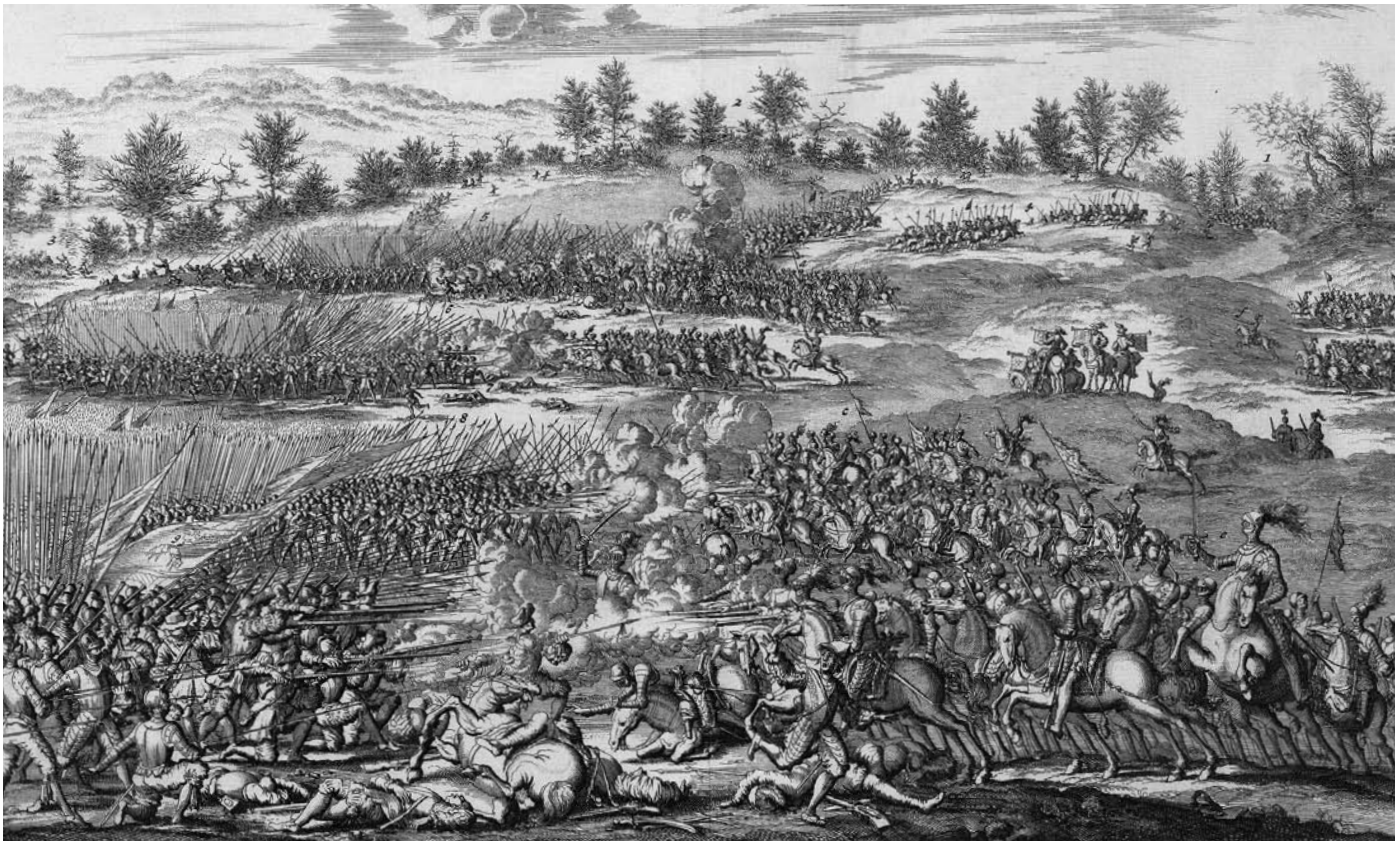


At the Battle of Turnhout in January 1597, Dutch cavalry under Maurice met and defeated a comparably sized Spanish cavalry contingent and thoroughly decimated the Spanish infantry.

ahead. Much to his horror, upon reaching the bridge at Leffingen at 8 AM on July 2, Ernest discovered that his foe was already in control of the bridge and had superior numbers. He nevertheless planted his force on the Leffingen road, hoping his two cannons would prove decisive. It was nothing short of a suicide mission. After waiting only momentarily to assess the situation, Albert sent his men storming forward, 3,000 in all.

The Spanish infantry charged straight ahead, absorbing four cannon volleys before overrunning the Dutch guns. At the same time, Spanish cavalry smashed straight into the Dutch flanks. The whole affair was over almost before it began. Ernest's entire command abandoned their cumbersome weapons and fled. The desperate men became trapped in the sand and were mercilessly butchered by their pursuers. Nearly 1,000 corpses littered the field, most of them the characteristically stubborn Scots who had fought the longest. Although a heavy loss, their sacrifice was not entirely in vain. Ernest's men had accomplished their basic purpose, if only by exhausting the enemy during their pursuit. By 11:30, the Dutch army was safely across the Yser, sitting on the sandy beach with Nieuwpoort and the river to its back. The Dutch were still hemmed in, however, and the Spanish had already vowed to take no prisoners.

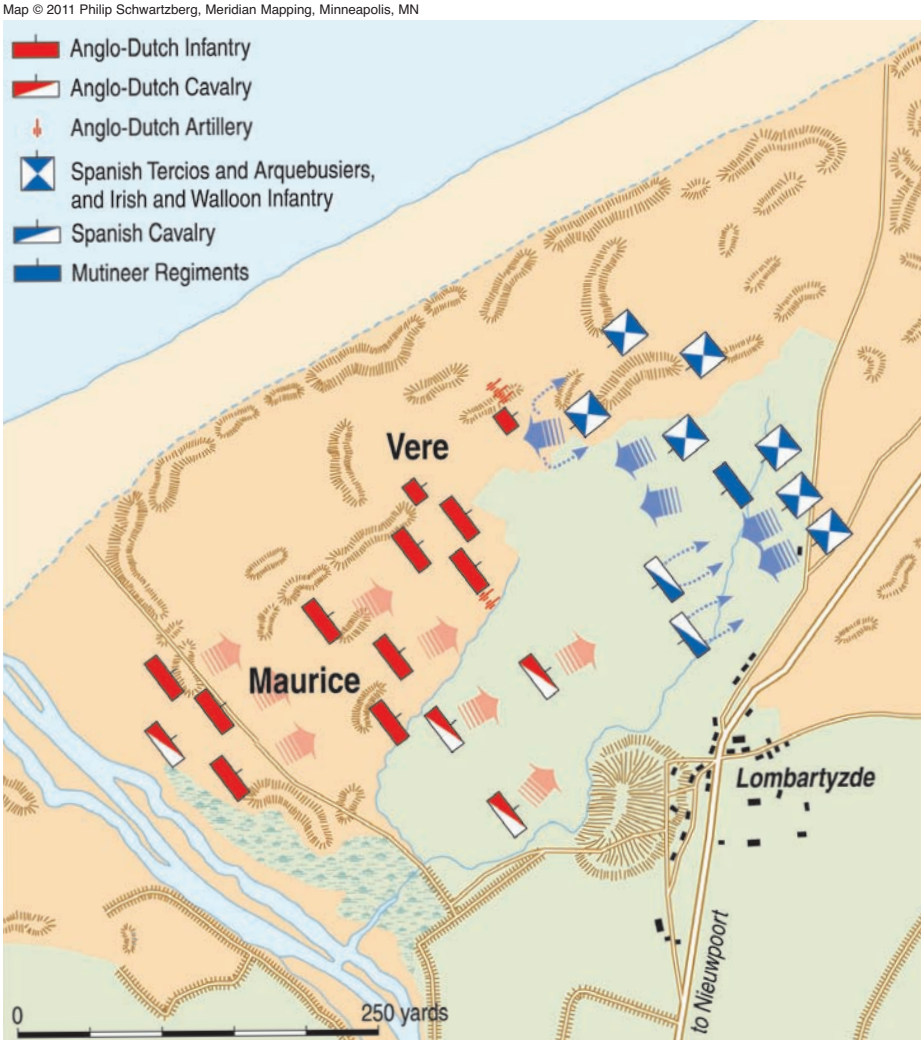
Albert provided the Dutch with a little extra time to prepare. Despite his superior position following the Leffingen action, his men were exhausted from the march through the sand. He considered digging in and leaving the enemy trapped on the beach. But the mutineers manning the first ranks would hear none of it. They had come to fight. The last thing they wanted to see was the Dutch sneak away onto their ships, robbing them of their glory.

Maurice, at any rate, planned to do no such thing. Leffingen may have been a disaster, but attempting to board ships in the face of the enemy would risk an even greater one. He ordered his transports to disperse in full view of the Spanish. He wanted to tempt Albert into attacking and also wanted to motivate his own men. Maurice dismissed Vere's suggestion to construct entrenchments for fear this might delay the Spanish attack and allow time for word of Ernest's calamity to spread among the rank and file. Open battle was the only option—the sooner the better.

The Dutch commanders were eager for battle. Louis of Nassau, first to assemble on the beach, begged his cousin for permission to charge his cavalry. He hoped to lure the Spanish cavalry dangerously forward by following the charge with a feigned retreat so that the six Dutch cannons positioned on the beach could open on the stunned enemy. Much to Vere's dismay, Maurice sanctioned the attempt in the hope of stealing a quick victory. Initially, the operation bore the desired effect, provoking a countercharge by the excitable mutineer horsemen, but the cannons opened fire prematurely, alerting the Spaniards to the danger.

Following that opening engagement, quiet again settled on the beach. Maurice shifted Louis's cavalry and the six cannons to the left flank. Vere, with his English and Frisian infantry, continued to man the front while Solms formed behind him with German, Swiss, French, and Walloon foot soldiers. The Spanish could clearly see Maurice in full armor riding before his army shouting words of encouragement. "My friends! We must now either fall instantly and with all our power upon the enemy, or be driven into the sea," Maurice shouted. "Take your choice. Mine is already made." A Dutch officer stated it more grimly. "If we do not overcome the enemy," he warned, "we must drink up all the water of the sea, for there is no way of escaping unless we could march away by the dry bed of the ocean."

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



Library of Congress

ABOVE: In this period engraving, Maurice's Dutch troops and Albert's Spanish forces are shown massing for battle on the flat beach. In fact, most of the fighting took place in the deep sand dunes shown at the bottom of the drawing. LEFT: After ordering his own transport ships to sail away, Maurice waited for two hours on the beach at Nieuwpoort before sending his Dutch troops forward to attack the Spanish. By then, the beach had shrunk to 100 yards.

Albert too paraded before his men, fearlessly riding his white stallion without a helmet to show himself to the troops. The Spanish arranged themselves in a similar manner to the Dutch. Three Spanish and one Italian *escuadrón* composed the center of the army, with two Walloon and one Irish regiment to the rear. At the forefront, as previously agreed, were the ravenous mutineers commanded by the equally ravenous Admiral of Aragon, known as the "terror of Germany and Christendom." His cruelty matched his infamous nickname.

For two hours the armies stood facing each other on the warm beach. The occasional cannon fire did little to rattle either side, but fire from Dutch warships offshore was beginning to disturb the easily targeted *escuadróns*. Meanwhile, the tide slowly crept in, eating away at the prospective battlefield. Soon there would be no room for the Dutch to wield their cavalry. Both sides determined independently that a new battlefield would have to be chosen.

At 2 PM, Maurice ordered the army to turn right and move to the deep sand dunes just off the beach. Albert immediately followed suit. Now, in addition to wind and smoke, the sand from atop the hills began blowing into the faces of the men. The Dutch still had the river to their rear and the incoming ocean on their left. There was, however, a flat grassy meadow to their right, a key area. Its possession by the Spanish would complete a virtual encirclement of the Dutch army.

The Dutch made minor alterations to their battle arrangements after settling into the dunes. Six cannons were left on the beach, and four companies of Frisians joined them to make up the far left flank. There they remained as a safeguard against a flanking movement. By now the beach had shrunk to less than 100 yards. Louis's cavalry shifted to the meadow on the right, where serious action was certain to take place. Maurice's greatest strength remained Vere's forward ranks. Vere carefully arranged his pikemen and musketeers among the dunes to take advantage of the rugged terrain. He placed the last two Dutch cannons atop one of the hills to provide a clear field of fire.

The battle commenced promptly at 3:30, when Aragon ordered the mutineers forward. Before the opposing front ranks could even engage, Louis of Nassau leapt to the offensive. Observing the idle behavior of the Spanish cavalry opposite his lines, he ordered his horsemen to attack. It was an instant success, at once easing the fear of encirclement. The Spanish cavalry fled without a fight. In the excitement, however, Louis ill-advisedly allowed his cavalry to chase their beaten foes for some distance. The exhausted Dutch pursuers would be unable to return and assist in the critical fighting now beginning among the dunes.

In the center of the battlefield, Aragon's initial attack on Vere consisted of just 500 arquebusiers probing the Dutch line. The real onslaught occurred moments later. Soon, the advance guards were locked in a vicious push of pike. Believing he could carry the day by sheer force, Albert ordered his four *escuadróns* to march on the heels of the mutineers. Vere's English and Frisians had stood their ground effectively against Aragon, but the weight of the additional *escuadróns* threatened to break their line.

Maurice resolved to match strength with strength, throwing Solms into the growing

melee and trusting that the Dutch rate of fire would tell against the mass of *escuadróns*. The tactics so painstakingly developed by the Nassau cousins over the course of a decade came to bear on the Spanish, allowing the Dutch to relentlessly pour shots into the enemy and hold their ground. But against such overwhelming pressure, resistance could last only so long. Albert ordered his third rank to join battle, forcing the Dutch to fall back. The Dutch second rank fell back into the third, which in turn collided with the supply train and the camp followers huddled behind the army. Luckless civilians, including women and children, fell into the river and drowned.

The Dutch fought hard, but they were clearly faltering. One more Spanish surge could throw them all into the river to drown. Vere fought desperately at the forefront of his beleaguered troops, taking two musket wounds through the same leg. By now the field was a crowded mess. Individual units, including the massive Spanish squares, were becoming indistinguishable.

Having finished his chase, Louis gathered together the remnants of his cavalry and petitioned Maurice for another charge, this time against the main Spanish army. The latter reluctantly gave his consent, but the second charge turned out vastly different than the first. Protected by musket fire, the reorganized Spanish and Italian cavalry threw back the Dutch horse and sent it fleeing. Louis himself barely avoided capture. Even worse, the panicked flight sent shockwaves through the ranks of the Dutch infantry. The English and Frisians, having stood so valiantly, now broke. Vere narrowly eluded death when his dead horse pinned him to the ground and he was pulled out to safety at the last second. The Spanish needed only to coordinate their efforts for one final drive to win the day.

But at this stage of the battle, coordination among the Spanish infantry was nearly impossible; the *escuadróns* had all but disintegrated. Upon reaching the Dutch cannons placed atop the highest dune, the Spanish advance slackened, providing Maurice with one last chance to turn the battle around. He had only three squadrons of Dutch and English cavalry remaining in reserve. They would have to prove sufficient or all was lost.

At their head, Maurice ordered a charge straight into the Spanish flank. Exhausted from storming the numerous sand hills, the Spanish infantry failed to hold. Maurice and his troops smashed straight through the disorderly ranks, triggering a general panic. At the same time, Dutch cannons opened fire at point-blank range, decimating the enemy's front ranks. In an instant, the momentum swung inexorably to the Dutch.

Seeing the success of their mounted compatriots, Vere's Frisian pikemen rallied and counterattacked. They were soon joined by Swiss mercenaries. A second charge by Maurice transformed the battle into a rout. The Spanish army scattered as Vere recaptured the lost hills. Along the way his men discovered a rare prize—the Admiral of Aragon, pinned under his horse like Vere before him. Although wounded himself, Albert was more fortunate. Thanks to the brave efforts of his Irish rear guard, the archduke managed to escape, all the while cursing the cowardice of his Spanish and Italian cavalry, to which he attributed the disaster.

Although the thickest of the fighting was over by 7 PM, the Dutch pursuit continued on until dark. The States-General later criticized Maurice for not mounting a more vigorous chase, but the commander defended himself on account of the army's exhaustion. In any event, the politicians had little room for complaint. Maurice essentially had rescued them from their own disastrous decision. Some 3,000 Spanish dead and another 600 captured attested to his triumph. Combined with the earlier action at Leffingen, Dutch casualties amounted to 2,700.

The battered Dutch abandoned any thought of marching on Dunkirk and instead headed back for Ostend. From Ostend, the army embarked on ships for the brief journey home. Maurice felt fortunate. Had he failed, the Dutch rebellion would have been crushed. Instead, he had fought the Spanish to an exhausted standstill. An ensuing truce held for the next 12 years and set in motion the ultimate independence of the United Provinces, built on the ever-shifting sands of Nieuwpoort. □

By Joseph Luster

Battlefield vs. *Call of Duty*

The war continues as new editions of each franchise hit store shelves this fall.

There is a war being waged. I'm not talking about a real-life struggle in another country, or a virtual facsimile of said war projected from an oversized high-definition television screen. I'm talking about a war between two similar yet disparate factions that have only one thing in common: They love shooting the crap out of strangers online. Yes, the aggressors here belong to two camps, staring at one another from across a battlefield littered with broken controllers and shattered dreams; they are *Battlefield* and *Call of Duty* fans, and they can't wait to convince you to step across their respective lines.

But why so hostile? One could just as easily play both, yes? You'd think so, but with *Battlefield 3* and *Call of Duty: Modern Warfare 3* due to hit shelves within weeks of one another, not everyone has the time to master both. Besides, the passion behind all this fist-shaking friendly fire is kind of exciting, when it remains civil and in good fun, at least. Take one of the recent salvos fired from Camp Battlefield, for instance.

Any unsuspecting gamers excited about the next *Call of Duty* could easily head right to the URL "modernwarfare3.com" to get their fix, but they might be surprised at what they find. At the time of this writing, someone had created the URL and set it to redirect to the official *Battlefield 3* website. Digging around Google Cache for an earlier version of the URL revealed a video and message disparaging Activision's franchise. An excerpt: "*Modern Warfare* is crap. On November 8, 2011, the most over-hyped first-person action series of all time returns with the copy and paste sequel to the lackluster *Call of Duty: Modern Warfare 2* ... Pre-order *Call of Duty MW3* today… to secure exclusive bonuses only available online for *Modern Warfare 3* fanboys who don't know that *Battlefield 3* is the better game."

Childish? Sure. Effective? Maybe a little. The URL redirecting trick is certainly a more clever ploy than a juvenile, discouraging note. Ultimately, though, it's going to come down to a matter of personal preference, and judging from their showings at this year's Electronic Entertainment Expo, both *Battlefield 3* and *Modern Warfare 3* have something special to offer.

PUBLISHER
Electronic Arts

SYSTEM(S)
Playstation 3, Xbox 360, PC

AVAILABLE
October 25, 2011

Battlefield 3

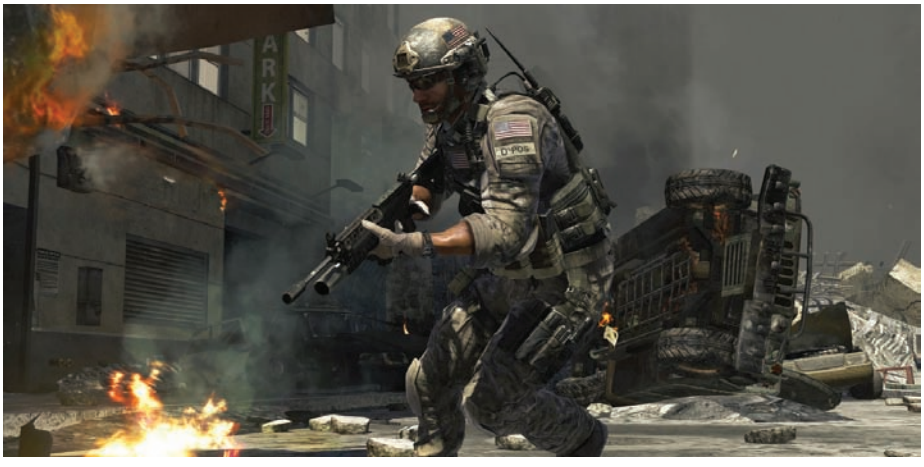
If you've ever played a *Battlefield* game before, you know that while they're certainly bound within the same genre of the immediate competition, they do their own thing and they do it well. This rings especially true when it comes to the series' multiplayer, though that's definitely not the only way to fully enjoy *Battlefield 3*.

This time the war at hand is far separated from the more, um, silly fare of the *Battlefield: Bad Company* games. Not to say that those are on the level of the literally cartoony *Battlefield Heroes,* but they definitely were not aiming for a gravely serious tone. The year is 2014, aka the ever-popular "not-so-distant future." As Staff Sergeant Henry "Black" Blackburn, the player is deployed along with the United States Marine Corps to the Iran-Iraq border. Blackburn and his team must find a U.S. squad investigating a possible chemical weapons site and return them safely through the fire of a hostile militia.

The odds of this going well, naturally, are slim to none, as this mission serves as the impetus for all the raucous action to follow. In addition to the traditional first-person combat, the single-player campaign will offer a few limited opportunities to operate vehicles, a mainstay of the multiplayer. Speaking of which, that's where pretty much everyone will be spending the majority of their time, and the class-based gameplay here—Assault, Support, Engineer, and Recon—looks slicker than ever. Tweaks to each class, such as the ability for players who choose Assault to equip defibrillators and medkits, will alter the tried and true dynamic in myriad ways. Their Battlelog suite of online features are also all free, unlike Activision's *Call of Duty Elite* package.

PC players get the real deal treat when it

comes to *Battlefield 3*. Massive 64-player online battles will light up the screen, serving up a bit of military controlled chaos when it drops this October. As much as I personally prefer gaming on my 360 and PS3, it's tough for console gamers to even claim a comparable experience when the war waged on PC is so much more expansive. This type of sizable skirmish is perfect for the *Battlefield* series, too, with its focus on vehicular combat in addition to on-foot firefights. Even without the benefit granted to PC gamers, *Battlefield 3* may be preferable to some simply because, as far as modern warfare pseudo-simulations go, it's undeniably bigger in almost every way.



Call of Duty: Modern Warfare 3

On the other hand, it's difficult to argue against the blockbuster power of the *Call of Duty* series. Even if some say first appearances reek of a "been there, done that" quality, Activision's behemoth has special means of titillation. The breathtaking E3 2011 demo showcased a scenario that isn't exactly loaded with originality—the player and his squad surface after an underwater mission to find themselves bobbing in U.S. waters in the middle of an attack on our own shores—but the production values alone manage to make the concept soar.

The Russian Federation is not only attacking our homefront (kinda like the Koreans did in ... *Homefront*), but expanding their offensive to Europe, thus continuing the story established in previous *Modern Warfare* titles. Think full-on World War III and you've got the idea. By now most seasoned gamers know what to expect from a *Call of Duty* game, with the only real variable being bigger, badder, and more explosive; a true fat cat studio mentality, but one that's appreciated nonetheless.

Like *Battlefield 3*, the meat of play will come long after the 8-or-so-hour campaign has reached its conclusion. At the time of this writing, Activision isn't divulging every last detail of the enhanced multiplayer, though *MW3* does boast a survival aspect not unlike *Gears of War 2*'s Horde mode, as well as Spec-Ops co-op challenges.

Activision may be trying to eat off the same plate as EA, and vice versa, but keep in mind the hungry, hungry demographic prepared to shell out money for one or both titles. The *Modern Warfare* series has always been the Michael Bay-esque Hollywood stunner of all the war titles on the market, so it ultimately comes down to (a) how much you enjoy this type of heavily-scripted campaign rollercoaster ride and (b) if you like your multiplayer full of perks and, of course, lots of rowdy little kids and homophobic teenagers. Not that both titles won't enjoy similar audiences, but *Call of Duty* IS the standard-setting playground for the masses.

PUBLISHER
Activision

SYSTEM(S)
Playstation 3, Xbox 360, PC

AVAILABLE
November 8, 2011

No matter the choice made this fall, I can't personally imagine either title being a disappointment of epic proportions. □

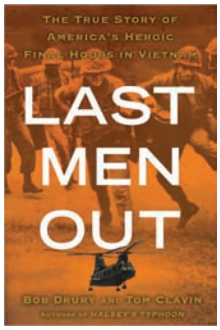
By Al Hemingway

A handful of Marines was among the last forces to leave the U.S. Embassy after the Communists toppled the Saigon government in 1975.

ON APRIL 30, 1975, THE AMERICAN-BACKED GOVERNMENT IN Saigon, South Vietnam, fell to the Communists. For those who served in what was then our nation's longest war, it was a time of sadness, bitterness, and anger. How could the strongest nation in the world be defeated by a third-world country? Who could forget the sight of CH-46 Sea Knights lifting off the roof on the U.S. Embassy, with desperate stowaways clinging to the sides?

Although one can spend countless hours debating such questions, there is no debating that those Americans serving in South Vietnam in those last, harrowing days literally went above and beyond the call of duty to ensure that every individual possible was evacuated to safety on the ships lying offshore.

In their new book, ***Last Men Out: The True Story of America's Heroic Final Hours in Vietnam*** (Free Press, New York, 2011, 304 pp., photos, notes, index, $26.00, hardcover), authors Bob Drury and Tom Clavin trace the terrible last hours of the Vietnam conflict, focusing on how a detachment of leathernecks stood their ground until the book was closed on the long, frustrating, ultimately heartbreaking war.



The authors did yeoman's work in researching new, never-before-seen documents that have recently been declassified. They also conducted interviews with the participants to obtain firsthand accounts of the tragic events that transpired in the closing days of the war.

Major Jim Kean and Master Sergeant Juan Valdez, both with prior service in Vietnam, led the heroic efforts of the Marine detachment during the terrifying 24-hour ordeal immediately prior to the collapse of the Saigon government. The tiny security guard unit could not look for any assistance from the Army of the Republic of Vietnam. Most South Vietnamese soldiers already had thrown down their weapons, and fled southward, killing,

Marines on the roof of the U.S. embassy in Saigon protect a chopper preparing to evacuate personnel as huge crowds of angry South Vietnamese gathered outside the embassy gates.

National Archives

You deserve a factual look at . . .

Are the Palestinians Ready for Peace?

Why Arab intransigence makes peace most unlikely.

Just as all the presidents since Harry Truman before him, President Obama is spending much time, effort, and political capital trying to bring about peace between Israel and the so-called Palestinians. If history is any guide, he will be as unsuccessful in this endeavor, just as every one of his predecessors.

What are the facts?

Many attempts at peace. In order to understand the unlikelihood of peace in the Middle East, it is necessary to trace the history of peace-making attempts between Israel and the Palestinians. Virtually all of them resulted in complete failure. Here is a list of only the most important of such events.

The enmity of the Arabs against the Jews in their midst and the violence against them predates the creation of the Jewish state. There were some peace proposals during the British Mandate (prior to 1948), but they were in vain and deserve little mention in this narrative. Notable was the Peel Commission proposal in 1937, in which the creation of an Arab state was suggested, but the Arabs rejected it.

> "If the Arabs had accepted the 1947 partition plan and had not invaded the nascent Jewish state ...they could be celebrating their country's 63rd anniversary of peace..."

The most important proposal in the history of peace making was the 1947 U.N. Resolution to create a large Arab state with the Jews receiving two disjointed pieces, consisting mostly of much of the coastline and the Negev Desert. Jerusalem was to be internationalized. The Jews accepted the plan. The Arabs totally rejected it. Instead, they invaded the nascent Jewish state with the armies of five Arab nations, in hopes to "drive the Jews into the sea" (one of their favorite imageries). Of course, that isn't the way it turned out. Instead, about 650,000 Arabs fled the area, mostly under the goading of their leaders. Remarkably, their descendants, even today, are called "refugees," supported by the United Nations, which means mostly by the United States.

Every year for the last 60+ years, the Arabs memorialize the "Nakba" (catastrophe) of the creation of the State of Israel. But, of course, without the war that they imposed on Israel, there would be no "Nakba." Just as Israel, the Arabs would now be able to commemorate the 63rd anniversary of their Palestinian state.

From 1948 to 1967, Jordan occupied the "West Bank." During the nineteen years of their tenure, not a word was heard about forming a Palestinian state in the area. After the 1967 Six-Day War, in which the Israelis trounced the combined armies of Egypt, Syria, and Jordan, Jordan's occupation of the "West Bank" ended and so did Egypt's occupation of Gaza. At that time, Israel offered the hand of friendship to the Arabs, which was rudely rejected when the Arabs issued the Three No's of Khartoum: No Peace, No Negotiation, and No Recognition of Israel. Another important opportunity that would have radically changed the history of the Middle East was missed.

Never-ending efforts at peace. In 1993 and 1995 Israel and the PLO signed the Oslo Accords with the aim of creating a Palestinian state within five years. Israel agreed to withdraw from parts of the West Bank and Gaza. Israel turned over most of its administration of the territories to the Palestinian Authority (PA). But, the Palestinians violated their commitments, thus scuttling the agreement.

In 2000, Prime Minister Ehud Barak offered to withdraw from 97% of the West Bank and 100% of Gaza. That proposal also guaranteed Palestinian refugees the right to return to the Palestinian state and offered reparations from $30 billion of international funds that would be collected to compensate them. Arafat rejected the deal.

In 2003, Israel's Prime Minister Ariel Sharon agreed to negotiate with the Palestinians according to the "road map" formulated by the United States, Russia, the European Union, and the U.N. The Palestinians never fulfilled their obligation to normalized relations with Israel and to arrive at a comprehensive peace. Another missed opportunity!

In 2005, Israel unilaterally decided to evacuate every soldier and citizen from Gaza. The "reward" for Israel's evacuation was for the Palestinians to launch rockets into Israel from Gaza at an almost daily rate. There were further attempts in 2007 by Prime Minister Ehud Olmert and in 2010 by Prime Minister "Bibi" Netanyahu, but all have ended in failure.

The above chronology is only a partial one, giving only the most important highlights. There have been negotiations, conferences, plans, and meetings almost uninterruptedly. All of them have foundered. The "all-or-nothing" mentality of the Arabs, their unwillingness to recognize Israel as a Jewish state, and the Arabs' expressed desire to destroy the hated Jews, have kept peace from flowering. What a shame! If the Arabs had accepted the 1947 partition plan and had not invaded the nascent Jewish state with the armies of five Arab countries, they would not now have the need today to commemorate their "Nakba." They could be celebrating their country's 63rd anniversary, their enduring peace with Israel, and could be part of the tremendous prosperity that Israel has brought to that region of the world.

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

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looting and raping victims in their heedless path.

As darkness fell on the last day of the war, the situation deteriorated rapidly in Saigon as huge crowds of angry South Vietnamese congregated around the American Embassy gates. When the throng realized that the Americans were fleeing the country, they became more and more aggressive in their behavior, screaming and pushing against the fence. Elements of the 2nd Battalion, 4th Marines were hastily choppered into the compound to augment the security detachment as the operation continued. One Marine guard, Sergeant Steven Schuller, was bayoneted by an ARVN soldier as he and the others were trying to keep the mobs of civilians and soldiers from gaining entry into the compound.

Marine helicopter pilots played a major role in transporting people to safety. Captain Gerry Berry flew an incredible 18 hours straight and made countless trips ferrying personnel to the vessels anchored just offshore in the South China Sea. With just minutes before the embassy was overrun, the last Marines were aboard a chopper headed to safety. "We never had a doubt that our fellow Marines would return and pick us up," Kean said later. "They had been doing it all night long."

Operation Frequent Wind, as it was called, was the largest and most successful helicopter evacuation mission in American military history. The pilots logged more than 1,000 flight hours and flew 682 sorties, 34 of them by Berry alone. In the end, nearly 1,400 American citizens and 5,600 non-Americans were evacuated

Sadly, such heroism does not erase the painful memories of the final moments of the Vietnam War, when the Americans fled the country amid chaos and uncertainty, after the loss of more than 58,000 U.S. service personnel. The war ended, as poet T. S. Eliot once wrote, "Not with a bang but a whimper."

Unjustly Dishonored: An African American Division in World War I by Robert H. Ferrell, University of Missouri Press, Columbia, 2011, 146 pp., illustrations, maps, notes, index, $29.95, hardcover.

The author, a professor emeritus of history at Indiana University, has written this account of the all-black 92nd Division in France in World War I to illustrate that the unit, falsely accused of performing poorly, in fact had fought very well during its time in combat.

Digging through the National Archives and gaining access to a wealth of personal interviews from the division's officers, Ferrell paints an entirely different picture. The field artillery brigade, led by Brig. Gen. John Sherburne, did a masterful job of supporting the infantry assaults during the Meuse-Argonne campaign that began in September 1918 and lasted until November 11, when the armistice was signed.

Ferrell contends that, with few exceptions, the 92nd suffered from inept officers during the initial stages of the fighting. According to Ferrell, Colonel Fred R. Brown gave "vague directions" to his three battalion commanders; Major John N. Merrill "was an embarrassment to the American Army" because of his strict command style; Major Max A. Elser's indecisiveness played a key role in their failure; and Major Benjamin F. Norris had little leadership capabilities and passed on command decisions to his subordinate officers.

It certainly appears that it was a recipe for failure. The U.S. Army at that time did not look favorably upon using African Americans in a combat role. The supposedly inadequate performance of the 92nd Division supported their views. Of course, the inferior actions of many white units during the initial stages of the fighting were never mentioned. The 92nd bore the brunt of the criticism.

With the advent of World War II, the new Army realized that, with the proper leadership, any unit, no matter what its ethnic background, could perform well. That was clearly demonstrated when the 92nd gave a good showing during the Italian campaign later in the war.

The Field Campaigns of Alexander the Great by Stephen English, Pen & Sword, South Yorkshire, England, 2011, 246 pp., illustrations, maps, notes, index, $39.95, hardcover.

Arguably the greatest military commander of all time, Alexander the Great never lost a battle. This was an amazing feat considering the fact that his army marched thousands of miles through enemy lands to conquer much of the known world. Keeping his men clothed and fed was a truly Herculean feat for the young commander.

This book traces some of Alexander's major battles and greatest triumphs. In November 333 BC, the young Macedonian warrior crossed the Dardanelles and defeated the Persians at the Battle of Granicus. The Persian leader, Darius, took personal command of the army and met Alexander at the village of Issus. While the Macedonian infantry attacked the Persian army, keeping them in check, Alexander led his expertly trained cavalry uphill and struck the Persian left flank. During the confusion, he regrouped and gained the momentum by routing Darius's soldiers.

The ensuing battle was a bloodbath, with reports of bodies stacked so high in the nearby Pinarus River that they blocked the flow of water and the dead soldiers' blood turned the water crimson.

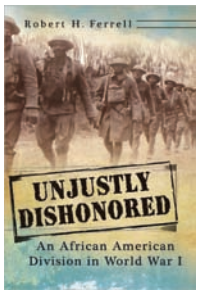
The book has a wealth of information on the strategies, tactics, topography of the battlefield, and casualties that both sides endured. Maps are included, enabling the reader to follow the movements of the armies and the way in which each commander deployed his men for battle.

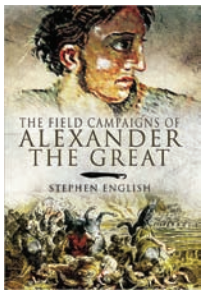
Preparing for Victory: Thomas Holcomb and the Making of the Modern Marine Corps, 1936-1943 by David J. Ulbrich, Naval Institute Press, Annapolis MD, 2011, 285 pp., photos, maps, notes, index, $35.95, hardcover.

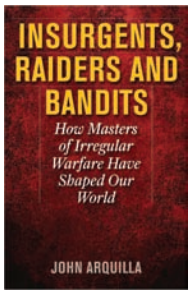
Not much has been written about the contributions that Marine Corps commandant Lt. Gen. Thomas Holcomb made during his tenure as the top Marine. The author does a good job in filling this void by outlining the Delaware native's efforts to increase the size of the Corps during the 1930s, while the country was immersed in the Great Depression. Holcomb's ensuing hard work to mold the mission of the Corps during World War II made it the premier amphibious fighting force in the world.

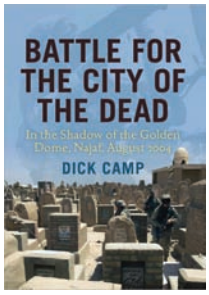
Ironically, Holcomb was first rejected by the Marines as being too skinny and unlikely to withstand the harsh treatment that recruits received in their initial training. Through the efforts of his father, a well-known Delaware state legislator, he was finally accepted into the Marines in 1900.

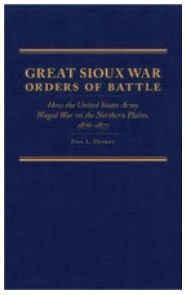
Holcomb was a crack shot and went on to win numerous shooting awards. He was a quick learner who grasped the importance of the issues. His service in China and at the Marine Barracks in Washington, D.C. and his combat duty in France in World War I helped shape his ideas about how to build a new future for the Marine Corps.

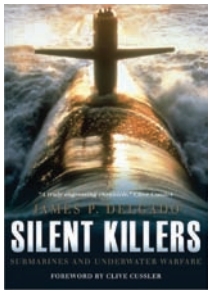












Ulbrich's book highlights Holcolmb's unique blend of managerial talents, which included combining military and political skills, becoming a publicist to promote the Marines' image, and a real prophet in the field of amphibious warfare that began with the Guadalcanal campaign and lasted through the assault on Okinawa in April 1945.

Holcomb's tenure as commandant effectively guided the Marine Corps from a small group of slightly more than 17,000 men just after World War I into to an unthinkable 385,000 men by the time he stepped down in 1943. To many, Holcomb was indeed a visionary, one whose quiet leadership was instrumental in securing a future for the Marine Corps in the American armed forces.

Insurgents, Raiders and Bandits: How Masters of Irregular Warfare Have Shaped Our World by John Arquilla, Ivan R. Dee, Chicago, IL, 2011, 350 pp., illustrations, maps, notes, $27.50, hardcover.

Here is an intriguing book that deals with some of the key individuals who fought as insurgents in a variety of wars throughout the world. People such as Robert Rogers, Nathaniel Greene, Nathan Bedford Forrest, Giuseppe Garibaldi, T.E. Lawrence, and Orde Wingate fought a hit-and-run type of war that totally baffled their opponents and kept them off balance. Arquilla focuses on seeming contradiction when discussing these masters of the insurgent war—how they could sustain a string of defeats and still erode the fighting ability and morale of the enemy.

Greene did this against Lord Charles Cornwallis before the British surrender at Yorktown, Garibaldi did so in Italy, North Vietnamese General Vo Nguyen Giap did so against the French and the Americans in Vietnam, and Boer guerrilla leader Christiaan de Wet confounded the British in South Africa. Although they were beaten on numerous occasions, their steadfastness and willingness to sacrifice prevailed, allowing them to achieve victory when the opposing side tired of the war.

Even Osama bin Laden, who masterminded the September 11 attacks, can be included on the list of master insurgents, although the "jury is still out" on him, the author writes. The author contends that the next conflict will "unfold along irregular lines." He insists that the past masters of guerrilla warfare should be studied in greater detail to gain a better understanding of their tactics to ensure success.

"In this respect the long debate between the leading conventional and irregular military theorists and practitioners that has flared continually since the 1750s seems finally to be over," Arquilla writes. "The irregulars have won—a sure and troubling portent of the darkness that lies ahead."

Great Sioux War Orders of Battle: How the United States Army Waged War on the Northern Plains, 1876-1877 by Paul L. Hedren, University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 2011, 240 pp., map, index, $39.95, hardcover.

A myth has persisted that the U.S. Army was ill prepared to fight Native Americans in the years immediately following the Civil War. Many point to the 7th Cavalry's humiliating defeat at the Little Big Horn as a prime example of the inept leadership and poor caliber of soldier pitted against the might Sioux warriors and their Cheyenne allies.

The author, however, disputes this claim and asserts that the cavalry and infantry units assigned to the Great Plains to fight the Indian nations were a well-equipped force filled with numerous Civil War veterans, both officers and noncommissioned officers.

Despite the disastrous loss of Lt. Col. George Armstrong Custer's command in June 1876, Hedren says, the Army performed well as a whole and drove the various tribes from their lands, back onto the reservations, or into Canada to seek refuge.

The book is handsomely bound and comes with a richly detailed pull-out map that highlights the forts and different battles that the Army and the various Indian tribes engaged in. It is recommended for those fascinated by this period of American history.

Battle for the City of the Dead: In the Shadow of the Golden Dome, Najaf, August 2004 by Dick Camp, Zenith Press, Minneapolis, MN, 2011, 312 pp., maps, photos, index, $30.00, hardcover.

Retired Marine Colonel Dick Camp has done a superlative job in writing about the exploits of the soldiers and Marines who drove Muqtada al-Sadr's militant army from its stronghold at Najaf, known as the city of the dead because of its massive cemetery, during the Iraq War. Najaf, with a population of more than a half million people, is located 120 miles south of Baghdad. Al-Sadr, a diehard radical cleric, created an ad hoc force by stirring up anti-American sentiments among the local population.

Despite the intense 120-degree heat, the Americans fought al-Sadr's Mahdi Militia among the tombstones and mausoleums in the sprawling 12-square-mile Wadi Al-Salam Cemetery. One Marine officer called it "a New Orleans cemetery on steroids."

Before U.S. troops could defeat the Mahdi Militia, a ceasefire was called, and Al-Sadr fled to Iran. Camp believes this move "just delayed the inevitable" and bolstered the morale of the insurgents, who made their stands in other locales such as Ramadi and Fallujah.

This book is a great testimony to the fighting ability of the average American soldier and Marine who, once again, demonstrated their abilities to operate in unforgiving terrain against a fanatical militant force and soundly defeat it.

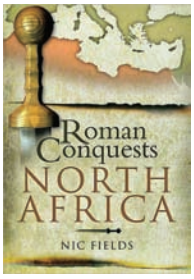
Silent Killers: Submarines and Underwater Warfare by James P. Delgado, Osprey Publishing, Long Island City, NY, 2011, 224 pp., illustrations, photos, notes, $24.95, softcover.

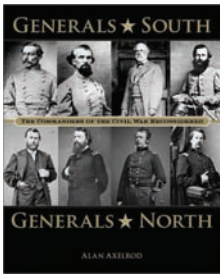
Here is another first-rate book from Osprey Publishing. This one traces the earliest pioneers in submarines and underwater warfare. Man has always had a fascination with the concept of submerging in a vessel beneath the waves for a sustained period of time.

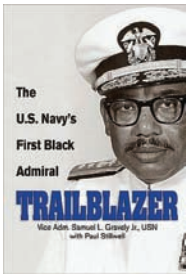
Much of the book focuses on the history of the American experience with submarines. From the Confederate vessel CSS *Hunley* to the boats that prowled the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans in World War II hunting for enemy shipping, to today's sophisticated nuclear-powered subs, this underwater arsenal has evolved into an effective fighting force.

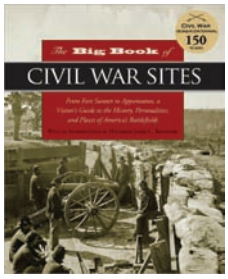
The book is filled with numerous photographs and drawings to assist the reader as the author explains these intricate machines and the crews that manned them.

Lost Eagles: One Man's Mission to Find Missing Airmen in Two World Wars by Blaine Pardoe, University of Michigan Press, Ann Arbor, 2010, 256 pp., notes, index, photos, $32.50, hardcover.









Losing a loved one in a war is a heart-wrenching experience. However, for those families who have someone listed as missing in action, and their remains are never recovered, the pain continues.

Frederick W. Zinn, a World War I veteran, went on a lifelong mission to try and bring closure to these families by attempting to find out what happened to them. Zinn's story is a remarkable one. Born in Michigan, he traveled to Canada and eventually made his way to England before joining the French Foreign Legion at the outbreak of the conflict in 1914. He was later transferred to the French Air Force and served as a bombardier and gunner. In 1917, when the United States entered the war, he served with the American Army. In all, he survived four years of some of the bloodiest fighting of the war.

The author has done meticulous research in uncovering Zinn's life and his innovative method for tracking lost airmen from both WWI and WWII. A humble man, Zinn never talked about himself or tried to grab the limelight about his efforts to find missing airmen. Instead, he worked tirelessly behind the scenes, creating a system that is still in use today. His methodology included imprinting all parts of an aircraft with its serial number so that if a crash site was found, the crew could be indentified. He was an advocate for a centralized department that could process data to locate missing personnel. His dream became a reality after his death in 1960, when the American government established the Central Identification Laboratory in Hawaii in 1976 to include not only air crews, but all Americans who were missing in action.

Roman Conquests: North Africa by Nic Fields, Casemate Publishers, Havertown, PA, 2010, 176 pp., notes, index, illustrations, $39.95, hardcover.

Historian Nic Fields has written a compelling account of the Roman Army's campaigns in North Africa, tracing the numerous battles that expanded their empire. Perhaps Rome's greatest threats during this period were the Carthaginian general Hannibal Barca and his famous son by the same name, Hannibal. The elder Hannibal once called Rome the greediest nation on earth. He was probably correct. The riches that Rome had gathered came largely at the expense of other nations, including Carthage.

The younger Hannibal had been a formidable foe as well. His daring incursion into Italy, crossing the Alps and winning an incredible victory at Cannae, where an estimated 50,000 to 70,000 Romans were killed, wounded, or captured, was a tremendous feat. Unfortunately for Hannibal, the Romans invaded his country and he was forced to return. He was soundly defeated at the Battle of Zama, primarily because of Rome's superior cavalry tactics.

Fields has written a forceful narrative that easily takes the reader from one campaign to the next. For those with an interest in ancient warfare, this book would make a solid addition to their home library.

Generals South, Generals North by Alan Axelrod, Ph.D., Lyons Press, Guilford, CT, 2011, 311 pp., photos, illustrations, maps, $27.95, hardcover.

If you want to gain a greater insight into the performance of the generals on either side during the Civil War, here is a book that is perfect for your needs. By 1865, 583 generals had served for the North. Likewise, 572 wore the stars for the Confederacy. The author has taken two dozen of the best-known generals and rated them.

In his opinion, the Union side that included Ulysses S. Grant, Phil Sheridan, and George Thomas deserves accolades for its outstanding capabilities. Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, and Nathan Bedford Forrest rank high on his list for the South.

Ironically, Grant had a reputation as a drunkard and had failed in most everything he did after his resignation from the Army before the war. However, it was this quiet, unassuming, cigar-smoking Illinois native who brought victories in the western theater while the Army of the Potomac in the East was floundering. That all changed when Grant took charge.

A fiery Yankee hater who came onto the scene like a bolt of lightning was Nathan Bedford Forrest. With no formal military training, he nonetheless made life miserable for the Yankees with his daring raids deep beyond their lines. He proved to be so formidable an opponent that William Tecumseh Sherman called him "That Devil Forrest." The nickname fit.

Trailblazer: The U.S. Navy's First Black Admiral by Vice Admiral Samuel L. Gravely, Jr., USN, with Paul Stillwell, Naval Institute Press, Annapolis, MD, 2010, 272 pp., photos, index, $34.95, hardcover.

The title of this book could not be more appropriate, because that was exactly what Samuel Gravely was during his 30 years in the U.S. Navy—a true trailblazer.

Growing up as an African-American in pre-World War II Richmond, Virginia, was not easy for a young black man. Segregation was the order of the day, and opportunities for blacks were limited. However, Gravely was one of the first blacks accepted into the U.S. Navy and was commissioned an officer at war's end. Even while wearing the uniform, he was arrested for impersonating an officer by military police while in Miami and was denied housing in Virginia during the Korean War.

Despite the racial injustice, Gravely persevered and rose up the promotional ladder, becoming the first black admiral in 1971. After his death in 2004, the Navy named a guided missile destroyer in his honor. The move prompted his wife Alma to say, "Since the Navy thought enough of my husband to build a ship for him, I am so glad you chose a destroyer. Because if you had not, be it larger or smaller, my husband would have turned over in the grave. And he would have, because he loved destroyers."

The Big Book of Civil War Sites: From Fort Sumter to Appomattox, a Visitor's Guide to the History, Personalities, and Places of America's Battlefields edited by Cynthia Parzych, Globe Pequot Press, Guilford, CT, 2010, 444 pp., illustrations, maps, $27.95, hardcover.

For those Civil War buffs who plan on taking to the open road to visit battlefields, here is a book you may seriously want to consider taking along on your journey. Not only does it give the reader a synopsis of a particular battles, events leading up to it, leaders of both the Northern and Southern armies, but it also includes points of interest, restaurants, lodgings, and day trips.

For those beginners in Civil War history who want to learn more, the book contains a glossary to assist them with unfamiliar terms. The editors suggest that you call ahead to obtain current information about hotels and restaurants. □

Continued from page 31

his army forward and waited, like Napoleon, for events to unfold naturally and inevitably.

A jagged orange blast of gunfire erupted along the Confederate line as Sheridan's army came into view. "A deep roar broke upon the summer stillness," recalled Dr. Harris Beecher of the 114th New York, "in which the very skies seemed to quake. Then an overpowering torrent of shells, grape and bullets tore through the devoted ranks, with murderous effect, followed by a stifling, acrid cloud of smoke, which hovered over the assailants and dimmed the horrid sight." On the right, Emory's men withstood the murderous volley and, fighting blindly in a jungle-like thicket of trees and vines, seized the hills on the enemy left. Sheridan, now riding a replacement horse, Breckinridge, in place of the exhausted Rienzi, joined his men on the crest and told them to wait for Custer's cavalry to lead the next wave of the attack. "This is all right! This is all right!" he encouraged. Custer arrived a few moments later, his yellow-blond hair waving in the breeze, and impulsively threw his arms around Sheridan's neck. The general, a little irritated, disengaged himself from the embrace, then resumed inspecting the new lines. "Lie down right where you are," he told the men, "and wait until you see General Custer come down over those hills, and then by God, I want you to push the Rebels!"

The attack on the Confederate center had not gone as well as the one of the left. Kershaw's and Ramseur's divisions, sheltered behind improvised stone walls, stood their ground. Rifle fire was deadly and continuous along the lines. Neither side could move forward or take the chance of withdrawing at such close range. A furious deadlock held sway over the field. Then, at 4:30, the gray dam broke as Custer's troopers swung left behind the Confederate flank and drove the panicked foot soldiers before them. Gordon, attempting to rally the men, looked on in dismay. "Regiment after regiment, brigade after brigade, in rapid succession was crushed," he wrote. "And like hard clods of clay under a pelting rain, the superb commands crumbled to pieces." In the center of the disintegrating army, Ramseur attempted to make a final stand around a dammed millpond, but went down with a mortal wound to the chest, still wearing the white flower he had pinned to his uniform earlier that morning in honor of the newborn daughter he would never see. With astonishing swiftness, the entire Confederate Army splashed back across Cedar Creek and withdrew into the shadows of Fisher's Hill.

Back at Belle Grove, exultant Union officers built a bonfire in front of the mansion and snake-danced around it in the growing dark. Captured or recaptured artillery and wagons rattled ceaselessly into the yard, while long files of stretcher bearers trudged by the firelight. Sheridan paced back and forth, exchanging handshakes and backslaps with his delighted subordinates. Custer reined up on his horse, dismounted, and grabbed the commanding general yet again, whirling him around and shouting, "By God, Phil, we've cleaned them out of their guns and got ours back!" General Emory, watching the celebration, murmured to his aides, "This young man [Sheridan], only about thirty years old, has made a great name for himself today."

So he had. The victory at Cedar Creek was a personal as well as a national triumph, and Sheridan had virtually willed it into being. From the lonely moment on the Winchester turnpike when he deliberately chose to return to the battlefield, he had accomplished something of a military miracle, rallying a beaten army, reinvigorating it with his own tornadic personality, and sending it forward to an 11th-hour victory, the likes of which had seldom been seen in American history. At his own headquarters in Petersburg, Union commander in chief Ulysses S. Grant said of his longtime protégé, "Turning what bid fair to be a disaster into glorious triumph stamps Sheridan, what I have always thought him, one of the ablest generals."

Back at New Market, 35 miles south of Cedar Creek, Sheridan's thrice-beaten adversary paused to make his own report to his commanding officer. "We had within our grasp a glorious victory," Early telegraphed Robert E. Lee, "and lost it by the uncontrollable propensity of our men for plunder, in the first place, and the subsequent panic among those who had kept their places, which was without sufficient cause, for I believe the enemy had only made the movement against us as a demonstration, hoping to protect his stores, etc., at Winchester, and that the rout of our troops was a surprise to him." Once again, Early had completely misjudged Sheridan, who had launched a full-scale counterattack against him—not a "demonstration."

In the end, a Confederate veteran of the battle made perhaps the best summation of the remarkable turn of events. "The fact was generally conceded among the troops," the veteran wrote, "that the unfortunate result of the engagement was due to two mistakes; one was that General Sheridan was not at his headquarters with his army and the other was that General Early was present with his." □

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ists, led by Generals Lee and Lingan, filed out into the street. Some tried to escape and were captured and beaten by the mob, in a grim preview of what lay in store for the others. Although their muskets and swords had been confiscated, several of the prisoners secretly carried pistols, which they took with them to jail. During the one-mile trek, the mob surrounded the militiamen and their prisoners, whistling "The Rogue's March" and hurling insults and stones as they passed.

Many of the Federalists were injured, and so was Stricker, who almost lost an eye to a thrown rock. The Federalists feared for their lives, particularly since the men guarding them were Republicans—just like the men in the mob who were trying to kill them. The mob did not storm the square, however, and the Republican officials were spared the choice of having to die for men whose politics they despised. The column reached the jail, a two-story building without a surrounding wall. All of the political prisoners were placed in a single cell, with common criminals kept next door.

Johnson and Stricker promised the political prisoners that they would be released at 10 AM, after the unruly crowd had dispersed and gone home. Inside their jail cell, the 23 men had four pistols and a few knives among them. At 1 PM, seeing that the mob had not left, Stricker finally decided to call out the entire 5th Regiment, a force of 1,000 men broken down into a squad of cavalry and two companies of artillery. The choice of this unit was also political: its commander, Lt. Col. Richard Sterrett, was a Federalist now being called upon to face a Republican mob in defense of other Federalists. In addition, both Sterrett's second in command, Major Richard K. Heath, and his artillery commander, Lt. Col. David Harris, were also Federalists. Stricker was covering his political bases.

Of the 1,000 troops called up for duty, fewer than 40 infantrymen and six cavalrymen bothered to appear at muster. Captain Aaron B. Levering stated that his men would not respond or could not be found—all of them were Republicans, anyway. Barney later recalled that his men had said that they would fight any foreign enemy but would not defend traitors, which is how they saw the imprisoned Federalists.

None of the men assembled in Gay Street had been issued live ammunition, and Heath and the small group of soldiers could clearly hear in the taunts of the crowd that the jail soon would be stormed. Alarmed, Heath told Stricker that his force was too small and would be overwhelmed, and that instead it should simply be dismissed. Incredibly, Stricker agreed, thus abandoning all pretense of law and order and in effect surrendering the helpless prisoners to whatever fate the mob decreed.

Rudely shoving aside a protesting Mayor Johnson, the mob stormed the jail and, despite the four pistols, quickly overpowered the Federalists. They forced the prisoners out of the building, whereupon they were hit over the head, one by one, by butcher John Mumma in the manner of slaughtering cattle and were thrown down the stone steps into a heap on the street below.

Some of the captives were slashed with rusty swords, others were tarred and feathered (one was even set afire), and still others were stuck with pins, kicked in the groin, and threatened with castration. The mob seriously considered killing all the victims and burying their remains in a secret mass grave. As it was, Lingan was fatally stabbed in the chest while on his knees begging for mercy, as the crowd danced with glee. Children clapped their hands and women shouted, "Kill the Tories!"

Only one man, a Republican physician named Richard Hall, stood up to the crazed mob and dared to call the acts shameful. In an effort to save lives, Hall told them that most of the victims were either dead or soon would be, knowing full well that this was not true. Hall then summoned physician friends from across the city to help him treat the victims. Butcher Mumma, deciding that the victims had been beaten badly enough "to suit the devil," assisted in the first-aid efforts.

Except for Lingan, the rest of the men survived, but several, including Light-Horse Harry Lee, never truly got over their cruel ordeal or grievous wounds. Lee would die in 1818 after several fruitless years in the West Indies seeking to regain his health. Hanson, too, survived the attack, and in the uproar that followed in the wake of the riot, he was elected to Congress from his native Montgomery County that November. Still, he would die prematurely in 1819 at age 33 from the lingering aftereffects of his wounds.

Meanwhile, the murdered Lingan became a political martyr, and the statewide elections that fall resulted in a Federalist sweep that retook the statehouse in Annapolis from the Republicans on the very eve of the British arrival in the Chesapeake Bay for the first time since the end of the Revolution. The Republicans retained control of Baltimore. It was an ironic turn of events for both the pro-war and anti-war factions and a fittingly divisive end to one of the most shameful events in Baltimore history. □


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