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Fall 2024

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COVER: Officers of the 1st Connecticut Heavy Artillery pose with 13-inch seacoast mortars in Federal Battery No. 4, during the siege of Yorktown, Virginia in April 1862. See story page 54. Photo: Library of Congress.



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The neverending search for the missing.

From the earliest recorded conflict in Mesopotamia around 2,700 BCE until the headlines of today, the world has seen fighting and killing—between families, tribes, cities, nations and religions. War is a monstrous agent of change—in both the social, economic and political climates that fostered it, as well as the effects and after-effects of the war itself. In the pages of this magazine we see humanity in the crucible of war, during events that were, for the people of that time and place, the worst thing that had ever happened.

In recounting the history of these conflicts our writers delve into the personalities of the commanders, the weapons used, the strategies and tactics, even how the weather and the terrain influenced the outcome. Certainly there is valor, honor, sacrifice. Acts that are noble and, sometimes, nearly unspeakable.

Often, almost as an afterthought, there is found near the end of an article the number of “killed, wounded or missing.”

It’s this last word, “missing,” that bears further examination. For though a battle may last a few hours, days or weeks, the fate of the missing can remain a mystery for decades, even forever.

On page 62 of this issue, Michael E. Haskew has provided a compelling account of 400 men from the “Glorious Glosters,” a British regiment that held out against an overwhelming force of Chinese soldiers during the Korean War. Ironically, in the 60 years since its end, the United Nations mission in Korea—overshadowed by the global conflict that preceded it and the controversial war that followed—has been called the “Forgotten War.”

For those that lived through it and the families of those who didn’t, no war could ever be described as “forgotten.”

In April 2024, the remains of two British soldiers from that conflict, buried in unmarked military graves, were identified: Major Patrick Angier and Sergeant Donald Northey.

The BBC reported that Nicola Nash, a Commemorations Case Worker at the Joint Casualty and Compassionate Centre in Gloucester, England, spent six years researching before conclusively identifying the men’s remains—without the use of DNA. Instead, she sifted through hundreds of reports, maps, telegrams and letters to identify the men.

Here in the U.S., the Defense POW/MIA Accounting Agency (DPAA) in Hawaii works tirelessly around the world to find and recover the nearly 82,000 American military personnel that remain unaccounted for: 71,000 from World War II, followed by the Korean War (7,000), the Vietnam War (1,500) and the Cold War (110). Some 41,000 of those missing are presumed lost at sea, whether from the sinking of a ship or the downing of aircraft.

In conjunction with the 2023 National POW/MIA Recognition Day (third Friday in September), the Department of Defense announced in a press release that the DPAA had recovered 127 service members for that fiscal year: 88 from World War II, 35 from Korea, and four from Vietnam.

One of those identified was from a group that has seen much coverage in our family of Sovereign Media magazines: The Tuskegee Airmen.

Army Air Corps 2nd Lt. Fred L. Brewer, 23, flew his P-51C Mustang nicknamed “Traveling Light” on October 19, 1944, out of Ramitelli Air Field in Italy on a bomber escort mission over Regensburg, Germany. He never returned and, after the war, a body was recovered by U.S. personnel from a civilian cemetery in the area, but the DNA technology had not advanced enough for identification and the remains were interred as unknown. There are still 25 Tuskegee Airmen waiting to be found.

Though it may not have the cinematic quality of the stories that inspired *Saving Private Ryan* or *Band of Brothers*, the mission of the DPAA and other agencies like them around the world—the never-ending search for the missing—is well worth remembering. For someone, somewhere, these answers mean everything. ■

—Kevin Seabrooke

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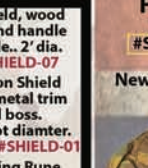
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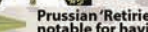
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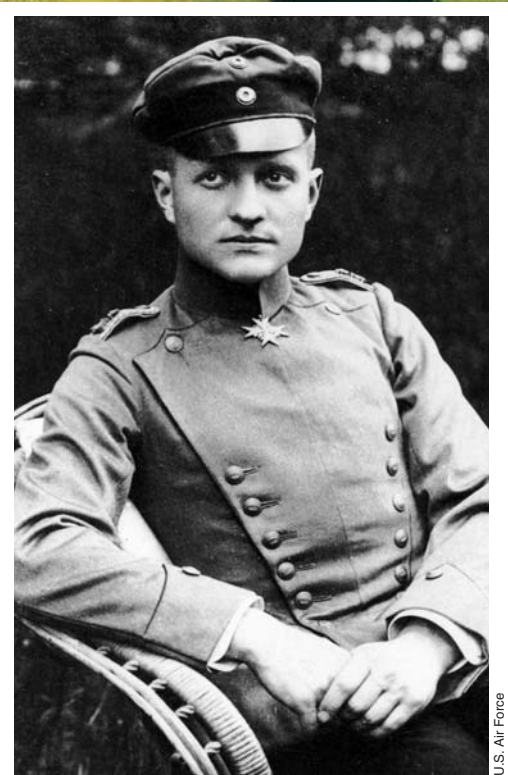
World War I German ace Manfred von Richthofen, the 'Red Baron,' proved to be the first Red Menace.

By Kelly Bell

Manfred Albrecht Freiherr von Richthofen was born May 2, 1892, as the second of four children to Baron Albrecht and Kunigunde von Richthofen. With veins full of aristocratic blood he enjoyed a life of privilege growing up in Silesia. At 11, he entered the Prussian military school Wahlstatt near Liegnitz. He was an excellent student and graduated as a cavalry officer cadet in 1911. Commissioned as a lieutenant a year later, he was assigned to Kaiser Alexander III Uhlan Regiment #1 and posted to the frontier city of Militsch (now Milicz, Poland) northeast of Breslau. After almost three years of monotony he and his comrades were thrilled to learn of the outbreak of war late in the summer of 1914. They could hardly wait to mount their steeds and gallop into the midst of the Fatherland's enemies as their noble ancestors had done for centuries. But by this time the Industrial Revolution had extended its reach into warfare, and he was transferred east to serve under Field Marshal August von Mackensen during the Gorlice-Tarnów Offensive of May/June 1915. For the first time he climbed into a cockpit.

In the autumn of 1915 he began training for single-seaters by flying with an instructor in a trainer two-seater that had pilot controls in both cockpits. The experienced airman in front of him could instantly correct any errors. An ignominious crash during his first solo flight only made him more determined to master this new mode of warfare. It took three tries, but he finally passed flight-testing on Christmas Day 1915.

Just before the Battle of the Somme he was again transferred east, missing the massive offensive by



U.S. Air Force

TOP: Fokker Dr1 Triplane of the type flown by Baron Manfred von Richthofen, the "Red Baron," from an Airfix model kit featuring art by Roy Cross. INSET: Photo of Baron Manfred von Richthofen wearing the Blue Max (Pour le Mérite) he received in January, 1917, after his 16th confirmed kill.

the British Royal Flying Corps that essentially drove the German planes from the sky over the western front. Again relegated to bombing and strafing, he killed great numbers of ground troops,

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but was unfulfilled. It was one-on-one fighting for which he yearned. And when he got his wish late in the summer of 1916, he flew into history.

He was sent back to the western front where he joined Jagdstaffel #2 and, after extensive training in the new Albatross single-seater fighter von Richthofen and his fellow neophytes flew their first dawn combat patrol on September 17. Commanded by Capt. Oswald Boelcke, the Germans attacked a flight of F.E.2b two-man bombers from the Royal Flying Corps' 11th Squadron. When von Richthofen tried to latch onto the tail of a bomber its observer sprayed him with accurate machine gun fire, forcing him to constantly dodge, and making it impossible for him to draw a bead on the English machine. Improvising, he flew into a cloud, executed a wide downward turn which brought him out of the overcast below and behind the bomber—whose crew assumed he had abandoned the attack and were flying straight and level. Flying in their blind spot, von Richthofen closed to just 30 yards when he raked the F.E.2b from tail to nose, riddling its engine and both crewmen.

German airmen quickly became familiar with the landscape and battlefields of the sprawling Battle of the Somme, and as the weather turned cold they and their new planes carved a swath through

the previously dominant Allied air forces, but lost many of their own as well. On October 28 Boelcke was killed in a midair collision with one of his own men, and von Richthofen, who by then had six victories, took over command of Jagdstaffel #2, which the high command re-christened Jagdstaffel Boelcke. His capacity as a new commander would soon be severely tested by what was then the greatest air battle in history.

The four-month Battle of the Somme was grinding to a conclusion on the morning of November 9, 1916. But for the more than 100 men in 80 aircraft the world's biggest aerial clash was just beginning. Shortly after 8 a.m., 16 British bombers, escorted by a squadron of fighters, took off en route to the large German supply depot in the occupied village of Vraumont. Realizing the perfect flying weather would bring Allied planes out in force, the Germans also took off at full strength. Minutes later, the fleets made visual contact directly over the front. Closely followed by five of his pilots, von Richthofen charged the enemy. Two more flights of German planes flanked his little formation, but it was his flight, attacking from above and head-on, that opened fire first.

Von Richthofen quickly flamed a B.E.2c bomber, but he and his men could not deflect the

Brits from their objective, and despite losing four planes from their formations they managed to drop 72 bombs on the vital Vraucourt supply dump. Still, as reward for downing a bomber before it could drop its load, and for his earlier victories, von Richthofen received from the Grand Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha the Bravery Medal of the grand duke's duchy.

On November 23 the young man downed his most renowned adversary—British Major Lanoe Hawker, Victoria Cross. Although as commander of Royal Flying Corps Squadron 24 his administrative duties had kept him grounded for most of the war, Hawker's infrequent forays into combat had been fruitful as he bagged seven Germans. After a dogfight lasting several minutes Hawker, noting that all his pilots had turned for home and left him alone over enemy lines, abruptly broke off his duel with von Richthofen, dove to 150 feet and made a full-speed break for home. Against anyone else this maneuver might have worked. Yanking his Albatross D.H. into a twisting dive the German squeezed off a brief burst at the Airco DH.2, and then pulled up hard to avoid crashing. One of the bullets passed cleanly through Hawker's head. Although it was only his 11th kill, the status of his victim made the young baron famous.

The 24-year-old entered the new year as the soldier who had, through dogfighting, bombing and strafing, killed more of his country's enemies than any other German. Early in the year he received the Pour le Merite and the Austrian War Cross from Austro-Hungarian Emperor Franz Josef. He saw his name in the headlines of German, French and British newspapers. It was at this point that, in order to insure his adversaries knew whom they were fighting (and perhaps be somewhat unnerved as a result) he had his Albatross painted a bright, garish red. He was now officially *Der Rote Baron* (Red Baron). In January he was assigned to command a new unit.

The outfit was Jagdstaffel 11, and although it had been formed at the same time as the Boelcke unit, it did not yet have a single victory. The upper echelons hoped someone of von Richthofen's stature would turn this confidence-bereft gaggle into an effective fighting unit. It was a sound strategy.

Leading his new pilots into hostile airspace on January 23, he casually torched an F.E.8 single-seater reconnaissance plane. Over the next week he scored two more kills, and his new command began to suspect that if the CO could so easily down the enemy, so could they. Concentrating on attacking Allied formations from behind, the men of Jagdstaffel 11 began to specialize in picking off stragglers. On March 17, von Richthofen shot down his 27th and 28th victims. For this pilot his enemies now called "Little Red" (both for the color of his plane and for the blood he spilled) April 1917 would be the bloodiest month of all.

It was his performance during those 30 days that motivated Field-Marshal Erich von Ludendorff to proclaim that von Richthofen was "worth two divisions of German infantry." The young man sliced a blazing swath through Allied air power throughout April, and his constantly improving pilots stayed right behind him as "Bloody April" became the most successful period the German air service enjoyed throughout the war. The Kaiser's airmen downed four enemy planes for every one they lost. According to Imperial German records, they shot down 120 British planes while losing only 30 of their own. It would appear they were at least this successful, because British records report the Royal Flying Corps lost even more than this, with 151 of their aircraft listed as "missing" for April. Von Richthofen bagged 21 planes that month, wrapping it up in grand style by flaming four on the 29th alone and boosting his personal total to 52. It was time for him to take a rest.

Under direct orders from his superiors (who were worried his nerves might fray) to not fly anything while he was away from the front, von Richthofen went home to bathe in the acclaim of his adoring nation. Constantly fawned over by



ABOVE: A captured German Albatross D.I used by Manfred von Richthofen's "Flying Circus." Consisting of four squadrons, the Jagdgeschwader I (JG I) was the first fighter wing formed by the Imperial German Air Service. With brightly colored planes (to avoid friendly ground fire) the JG I traveled by rail to where they were needed and set up tents at temporary airfields. OPPOSITE: Commander Baron Manfred von Richthofen, seated in his Albatross fighter, photographed with his squadron, Jagdstaffel III. Before he was shot down in April, 1917, the "Red Baron" was credited with shooting down 80 Allied aircraft.

crowds of admirers composed mainly of besotted young women and hero-worshipping little boys he toured widely in Germany, receiving as a 25th birthday present a private lunch with the Kaiser on May 2. He had a reunion with his beloved mother (his father was serving at the front) in his hometown of Schweidnitz, was received by Field-Marshal Paul von Hindenburg, and savored his long-neglected passion for hunting, tracking and shooting wild boar in the Black Forest. By the time he returned to the front in June the Allies, during the Battle of Messines, had managed to wrest air superiority from the Germans. Flying newer Bristol and S.E. 5 single-seater fighters and D.H.4 two-seater fighter-bombers, they were shifting the balance of power back to their side. It would not take long for von Richthofen to learn how dangerous his enemies had become. The Red Baron was shot down on July 6.

On that morning von Richthofen led his Albatrosses to intercept a flight of six F.E.2 reconnaissance planes of the Royal Flying Corps' No. 20 Squadron. He drew a bead on a plane flown by Capt. D.C. Cunnell, whose observer/gunner was 2nd Lt. A.E. Woodbridge, who already had his machine gun red-hot. By his own account and by those of some of his comrades in the other British planes, Woodbridge had already shot down four Germans before the baron targeted his machine. Although he did not know it at the time, the man Woodbridge next trained his gun on was Manfred

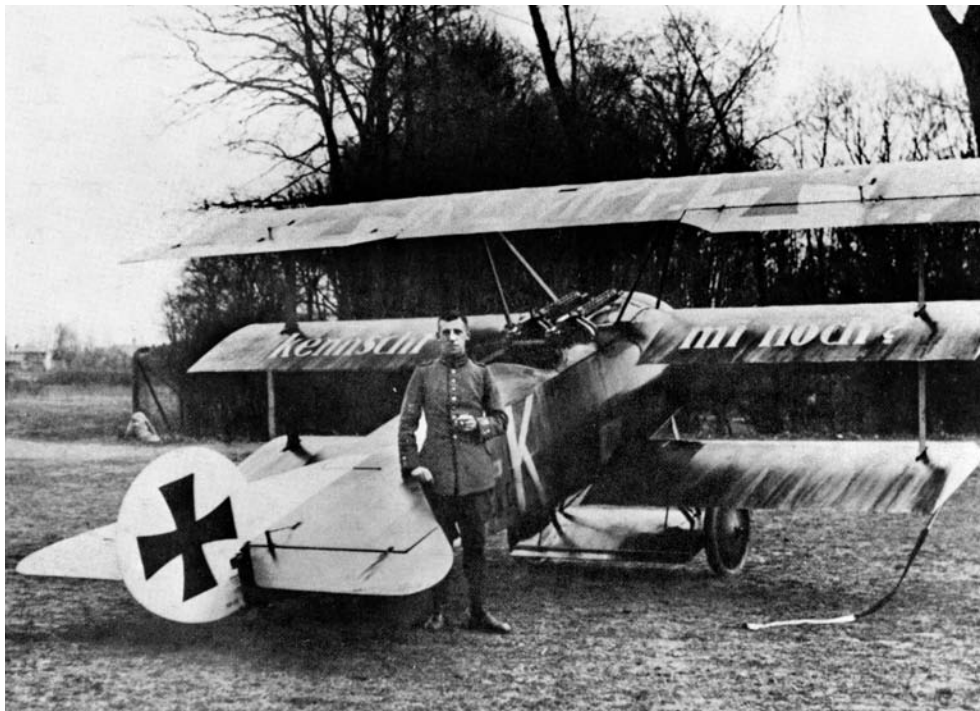
von Richthofen.

"I recall there wasn't a thing on that machine that wasn't red, and God how he could fly!" Woodbridge would recall 10 years later. "I opened fire with the front Lewis, and so did Cunnell with the side gun. Then something happened. We could hardly have been 20 yards apart when the Albatross pointed her nose down suddenly—Zip, and she passed under us!"

Cunnell and Woodbridge saw the red plane slip into a tailspin, but were too busy to watch to see if it crashed. They eventually machine gunned their way out of the massive dogfight and returned to their airfield.

One of Woodbridge's bullets had grazed the left side of von Richthofen's head, knocking him unconscious. He fluttered down approximately 10,000 feet before coming to and realizing to his horror he was completely blind. Still, he managed to control his tailspin and bring his plane into a gentle downward glide. After a few moments his vision returned somewhat and he was able to steer eastward, but was steadily growing weaker and knew he had to land immediately. He managed to put down safely beside a road. Struggling from the cockpit he tumbled headfirst into some briars, but a German patrol came to his assistance and radioed for an ambulance that carried him to a military hospital in Courtrai.

In a letter to his mother he wrote: "I had a good-sized hole—a wound of about 10 centimeters in



Both: Wikimedia



ABOVE: Manfred von Richthofen with nurse Käthe Otersdorf at St. Nicholas Hospital in Courtrai, Belgium, where he spent three weeks before returning to the front after his head was grazed by a bullet during a dogfight on July 6, 1917. **OPPOSITE:** Lieutenant Friedrich Kempf of Jagdstaffel Zwei (fighter squadron 2). The phrase painted on the wings of his Fokker Dr. I, "kennsch mi noch?," would be the English equivalent of "remember me?"

length. At one spot as big as a dollar. The bare, white skull bone lay exposed. My thick Richthofen skull proved itself bullet-proof."

Although he tried to make light of his situation, the Red Baron was a sick and unhappy man during his stay at Courtrai. His injury was serious, and he doubtless reflected on the implications of Woodbridge's bullet having struck an inch or two to the right. That cartridge had shattered his youthful sense of invulnerability, and he was fearful for his country as well. He had seen the first traces of the growing American involvement, and was starting to wonder if maybe Germany had too many enemies. Plagued by agonizing headaches he was unable to hide his weakened physical and emotional condition from his mother. Years later she described how her son was never the same after his injury.

"Manfred was changed after he received his wounds. His fears for [his younger brother] Lothar's safety increased, and he was no longer certain victory would come to our side. He said that people in Germany did not realize the power of the Allies as well as did the men who had to face their forces at the front."

Von Richthofen endured repeated procedures to remove sharp bone splinters from his cracked head and, given the medical technology of 1917, these episodes were excruciating. Still, he was away from the front just three weeks. Although offered a ground job upon his return, he refused, stating that since German infantrymen had to go back to front-line duty after recovering from non-crippling wounds he felt obliged to do the same.

As in any military unit in the thick of constant fighting, three weeks is a long time, and again the

young, newly promoted captain returned to find many strangers in his squadron's ranks, and many friends gone forever. He was placed in command of the entire squadron, with four (and sometimes five) Jagdstaffeln under his authority. Being responsible for so many men in the air was a distraction, and although he still had quite a few planes to shoot down, he was no longer in his prime.

He downed three Englishmen in August while flying a brand-new Fokker tri-plane whose performance was exemplary, unfamiliar to the British and hence doubly dangerous. On September 3, he had an exhilarating dogfight with a single-seater Sopwith. After lengthy combat the British pilot ran out of ammunition. Pinned between von Richthofen and the ground, the Englishman deliberately crashed into a tree to avoid being shot down. He emerged from the wreckage uninjured to become one of the few men to survive combat with the Red Baron. It was his 61st victory, and he was given a special leave to go to East Prussia to hunt elk.

It was nearly three months before von Richthofen shot down another plane. After returning from leave he found himself so often directing operations both while on the ground and aloft that he had fewer opportunities for his preferred one-on-one combat. On November 23, he shot down his 62nd and downed number 63 one week later. It was time for a long hiatus as freezing, stormy weather socked in the western front, grounding all air services. It was March 12 before the Red Baron scored his 64th kill. The next morning he got his 65th while driving off several planes that were attacking Lothar. Severely wounded, the younger von Richthofen brother crash-landed and spent the

rest of the war hospitalized. He finished his combat career with 40 victories.

Over the next three weeks Manfred ignored his awful headaches, fought madly and with abandon as he dared to hope Germany might still see victory. On April 20, 1918, the day an obscure Austrian Gefreiter named Adolf Hitler turned 29, the Red Baron shot down two of the Allies' dread Sopwith Camels, bringing his score to 80.

Late the following morning von Richthofen and nine of his pilots lifted off from their airfield outside the French village of Cappy. At midday they spied two Allied reconnaissance planes 2,000 feet below them. As they dove to attack, 10 Sopwith Camels of the Royal Air Force's #209 Squadron intercepted them and a wild aerial melee ensued.

Von Richthofen fastened onto the tail of a Camel flown by Lt. W.R. May, who had ducked out of the battle and was headed westward for home. Canadian Capt. Roy Brown noticed the all-red Fokker triplane chasing May and yanked his own Camel around to go to the rescue. Von Richthofen, his guns blazing furiously, followed May deep into Allied airspace and to a steadily lower altitude. Apparently fixated on his target (whom he had already wounded in the right arm) he did not appear to notice Brown diving on him from the rear. Leveling off just above the treetops Brown opened fire at a range of 100 yards at the same time a machine gunner on the ground commenced shooting at von Richthofen. Brown watched his tracers stitch seams in the right side of the Fokker, which wavered, stopped shooting and went into a shallow glide, landing intact in a field outside the village of Sailly-le-Sec.

Australian infantrymen cautiously approached the plane and noted that the man in the cockpit, although still clutching the joystick, was dead. A single bullet had passed completely through his upper body from left to right. Easing the corpse from the plane the soldiers searched it for identification and found papers bearing name and rank.

“My God! It’s Richthofen!” gasped one of the muddy foot sloggers.

“Christ! They got the bloody baron!” another shouted to his comrades back in the trench.

There were those who later proposed the ace’s head wound of the previous summer was what got him killed. During his last months he exhibited some symptoms that could have been caused by brain damage. After returning from the hospital some of his men thought he had become distant, unemotional and humorless. There is no denying that his actions on his last flight were almost suicidal as he suffered apparent target fixation, failing to look behind him as he chased a plane and allowed Brown to easily get on his tail, flying alone deep into enemy territory, and at such low altitude he was seriously vulnerable to ground fire. He was not likely to have committed such blatant errors had he been lucid.

One of his young officers, Hermann Göring, took over command of Jagdstaffel 11.

While the Allied world exulted, Brown was overcome by what he seemed to have accomplished, collapsing later in the day from stomach pains aggravated by nervous tension. For three weeks he lay delirious in a field hospital, and six weeks after his dogfight with the baron his superiors decorated him with a Distinguished Service Cross and transferred him back to England to serve as a flight instructor. The following autumn he fainted while at the controls of a plane and was nearly killed in the crash. Although he survived, he never flew again.

The credit for killing von Richthofen seems to have almost killed Brown. Ironically it would appear to have been undeserved. Later researchers pointed out that the fatal bullet came from the left. The one burst Brown fired into the Fokker triplane was from the right. It appears the nondescript foot soldier blazing away with a Lewis machine gun was the actual killer of Capt. Manfred von Richthofen. His name was Snowy Evans, and he mustered out of the British Army at war’s end. Seven years later, a homeless derelict, he froze to death on the streets of London.

In the next war Germany spawned other aces who far surpassed the Red Baron’s 80 victories, but none of them ever became a household name—featured in songs, endless books and even comic strips. It’s the trailblazers that are always remembered and von Richthofen was the first great soldier-hero of the sky. ■

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UNIFORM

Lt. Jimmie Montieth, 1st Infantry Division, D-Day

Artwork: Keith Rocco

HEADGEAR: M1 Helmet with unit insignia and white lieutenant's bar. Some officers painted their rank bar on the back, others on the front.

GAS BASSARD: Covering the upper arm, these were issued to all Allied troops, and would change color in the presence of chemical agents.

WEBGEAR: M1936 pistol belt with M1923 double magazine pouch for the M1911 Colt automatic pistol, shown in a M1916 holster, M1942 field dressing pouch, and M1910 canteen.

M7 ASSAULT GAS MASK BAG: The bag carried the M5-11-7 Assault Gas Mask.

UNIFORM: Winter Combat Jacket, wool, olive drab trousers, M1938 canvas leggings.

LIFE PRESERVER: The M1926 flotation belt could be inflated by activating two CO2 bottles inside it, or by blowing into two rubber tubes.

M1 THOMPSON SUBMACHINE GUN: WWII era, simplified construction for speed of manufacturing.

Lieutenant Jimmie Monteith, Company L, 16th Infantry Regiment, arrived off Omaha Beach with the first assault wave, on D-Day, June 6, 1944. Arriving hundreds of yards east of their designated landing zone, Lt. Monteith helped lead L Company men under intense fire some 200 yards to shelter at the base of the cliffs overlooking the beach.

To exit the beach, L Company would have to move through the Cabourg draw, defended by German bunker WN 60. When his company commander was badly wounded, Monteith moved under heavy fire to reach two Sherman Duplex Drive tanks, directing them to use their 75mm gun and machine guns to suppress the German fire.

After opening a barbed wire barrier with a Bangalore torpedo, Monteith led his men through a minefield, quickly engaging the German defenders of WN 60.

Returning under heavy fire to the two tanks on the beach, he led them on foot through a minefield to better firing positions. With suppressing fire from the

tanks, as well as off-shore fire from the destroyer USS *Doyle*, Monteith led his men up the draw to reach the hedgerows overlooking the beach.

By mid-morning, L Company had advanced about 600 yards behind WN 60 when the Germans mounted a strong counterattack. Surrounding Monteith's position, they demanded the Americans surrender. Instead, Monteith stood and fired two rifle grenades, silencing a German machine gun. Directing his men to provide covering fire, Monteith knocked out a second machine gun with more grenades, then moved 200 yards over open ground to silence a third. When German fire intensified, Monteith was struck several times and killed.

When Lieutenant Monteith was recommended for the Medal of Honor, General Eisenhower wrote, "...I must say that the thing [Monteith's actions] looks like a Medal of Honor to me. This man was good." First Lt. James Monteith received the Medal of Honor posthumously on March 29, 1945, and is buried in the Normandy American Cemetery, Colleville-sur-Mer, France.

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Captain Lewis L. Millett and the ferocious 'Battle of Bayonet Hill' in South Korea.

By Kevin Seabrooke

In the dead of winter at the base of a hill just 20 kilometers south of Seoul, Korea, Easy Company's 1st platoon found themselves pinned down by a continuous stream of small arms, automatic, and antitank fire coming from above.

Two platoons under U.S. Army Captain Lewis L. Millett had been leading the way, riding north on tanks near Anyang when movement was spotted atop a nearby hill. Ordering the tanks off the road, Millett got his men deployed along the dike of a rice paddy.

As they prepared to move out, enfilading fire started up from a previously unknown Chinese position, raking through 1st platoon. The situation worsened a few minutes later when a .50-caliber machine gun jammed on one of the tanks that had been providing cover fire.

After weeks of tactical withdrawals south from the 38th parallel as Chinese communist troops poured in from North Korea—first to the South Korean capital of Seoul, then to a line below Osan and Wonju—the Eighth Army under new commander Lt. Gen. Matthew B. Ridgway went on the offensive on January 25, 1951, with Operation Thunderbolt. Anticipating that the Chinese and North Koreans were overextended on tenuous supply lines, Ridgway tasked the 27th Infantry Regiment, nicknamed the "Wolfhounds," to be the vanguard of the all-out United Nations assault.

And in the battle-hardened World War II veteran Millett, Ridgway had the perfect leader on point.



U.S. Army

ABOVE: Photo of Medal of Honor recipient Captain Lewis Millett used for a U.S. Defense Bonds advertisement in a 1952 issue of *The Saturday Evening Post*. **TOP:** Capt. Lewis Millett earned the Medal of Honor for leading his men in a bayonet charge against Communist forces in Korea in February 1951. Painting by noted historical artist Don Stivers.

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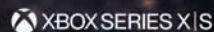
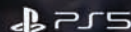
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ABOVE: This photo, taken south of Seoul, Korea, on the day before Capt. Lewis Millett led his famous bayonet charge, shows soldiers from the 27th Infantry Regiment moving past a dead communist soldier. **BELOW:** GIs in Korea catch a ride on M26 Patton tanks from the 6th Armored in March, 1951. Captain Lewis Millett's 1st and 3rd platoons of the 27th Infantry Regiment "Wolfhounds" were riding north atop tanks when they spotted the enemy atop what would become "Bayonet Hill."



It was now February 7 as Millett scrambled across the bullet-spattered ground, shouting to the 1st platoon sergeant to have the men fix bayonets and charge. Screaming over the sound of gunfire for them to follow him, he raised his own rifle and bounded over the frozen hillocks and ditches.

At the base of the hill, Millett hit the ground in front of an outcropping of rock and waited for the front of the platoon to catch up with him. The sergeant and about a dozen men soon piled in around him. Many in the platoon that hadn't

reacted immediately had been cut down when the Chinese machine-gunners zeroed in on them.

The small group dodged Chinese bullets, moving from rock to rock until they reached the first of three small knobs, some 20 meters below the middle and far knobs. Spotting a machine gun position to the left, Millett ordered a Browning Automatic Rifle to fire at it just as another soldier noticed a foxhole with eight Chinese soldiers squatting in it just ten yards from him. Throwing grenades and firing his carbine as he charged the

position, Millett killed them all.

Millet then radioed for 3rd platoon to come up the hill and once they were in position, shouted "Attack straight up the hill!"

With bayonets fixed and rifles at high port, the Wolfhounds charged up the hill screaming Chinese phrases as they ran. At the first line of foxholes, they plunged in with bayonets first and the cries of agony could reportedly be heard over the roar of battle. Millet got out so far in front of his men he had to dodge grenades from both sides as he charged an antitank gun firing at him point blank. He took it out with a few grenades of his own.

They had come far, but were not quite at the top when a cluster of eight grenades came down the hill. Millet dodged and scrambled as he ran, avoiding them until the ninth hit and sent shrapnel into his back and legs. Bleeding and in pain, Millet continued to run forward, reportedly urging his men to use grenades and their bayonets.

Finally at the top, Millet jumped into a v-shaped slit trench and impaled the first man he came to so deeply that he had to fire his rifle to pull it out of the body. He immediately stuck it through the throat of the next soldier. A third Chinese soldier took aim but had Millet's blade through his chest before he could fire.

By this point, Millet's men had caught up with him and the charge continued with bullets, grenades and bayonets until all the bunkers and foxholes on the hilltop were filled with dead and dying Communist soldiers. Millet held his bloody rifle over his head to signal those down on the road that the hill, soon to be forever known as "Bayonet Hill," had been taken.

Nine of Millet's men were killed in the attack. The official count of dead Communists on the hill was 47, with 30 of them killed by bayonet. Down the opposite slope were 50 more bodies killed by bayonet wounds or bullets. Witnesses reported at least 100 Chinese had escaped.

Five months later, on July 5, Millet received the Medal of Honor from President Harry S. Truman in a ceremony in the White House Rose Garden. Colonel Raymond Harvey, Master Sgt. Stanley Adams and Sgt. Einar Ingman also received the Medal of Honor that day for actions in Korea.

Millet's Medal of Honor citation notes that "his dauntless leadership and personal courage so inspired his men that they stormed into the hostile position and used their bayonets with such lethal effect that the enemy fled in wild disorder."

Millet's name is forever linked to what the historian S.L.A. Marshall called in his book, *Battle at Best*, "the most complete bayonet charge by American troops" since the Civil War.

But for Millet, it wasn't even the first time he'd led a bayonet charge that week. Only two days earlier, he'd done something similar. The idea had



ABOVE: Corporals Donald Blackman and Joseph Lasleur of the 27th Infantry Regiment watch for Chinese Communist troops at their post near the front lines in Korea. LEFT: This photo of a communist Chinese soldier was taken on “Bayonet Hill” near Seoul, Korea, by Captain Lewis Millett and his men of the 27th Infantry Division.



come to him after reading summaries of captured Chinese communications that claimed Americans were afraid of close combat, including bayonets. Millett was incensed, telling one interviewer that he said at the time “that’s a blankety-blank lie! Both my great-grandfathers that fought in the Civil War used bayonets all the time, and we’ll teach those son-of-a-bitches a lesson!”

Millett said he went out and got bayonets for the men in his unit and had them sharpened. After training his troops in its use, he declared that he intended to lead attacks with bayonet assaults. Though, Millett said, after three such sorties, he was ordered not to continue because “they were afraid I’d get killed—probably would have.”

In a later interview, Millett said that the Medal of Honor wasn’t just his, but also belonged to the 100 men of his unit that charged with him.

“You can go running up the hill all by your lonesome and get shot!” he said. “If they all hadn’t gone, I’d be dead—just as simple as that.”

Lewis Lee “Red” Millet was born in Mechanic Falls, Maine, on December 15, 1920. He was living with his mother in Massachusetts when, at 17, he joined the National Guard as part of the 101st Field Artillery Regiment. Millet enlisted in the U.S. Army Air Corps in 1940. But he was eager to see action and, as America was still not in the war, he went north after a few months to join the Royal Canadian Artillery Regiment. By the time he was sent to Europe, the U.S. had entered the war after the attack on Pearl Harbor.

Millet, who had been working as a radar operator in the Canadian army during the Blitz, turned himself in at the U.S. Embassy in London. He recalled later that the sergeant he spoke to told him

he could just transfer to the U.S. Army and nothing would come of his desertion.

He was assigned to the U.S. 1st Armored Division, going to North Africa as an antitank gunner. In Tunisia, he earned a Silver Star for driving a burning halftrack full of ammunition away from camp and ditching it before it blew up. He was also credited with shooting down a German fighter with a vehicle-mounted machine gun.

Six months later, in Italy, Millett’s service records finally caught up with him—after he had earned Silver and Bronze stars. He was court-martialed and found guilty of desertion and fined \$52.

“But at that time I had only been getting \$10 a month because they had no records of me,” Millett told an interviewer later. “And so I had accumulated all this money—I got about \$6,000 when they finally court-martialed me and they fined me \$52 and made me a second lieutenant.”

After World War II, Millett served for four years in the 103rd Infantry of the Maine National Guard before being recalled to the Army, then assigned to the 27th Infantry Regiment, 25th Infantry Division, and being deployed to Korea.

Continued on page 96

WEAPONS



U.S. Airforce

From the drawing board and proving grounds, the flying wing came into its own with the B-2 stealth bomber.

By Kelly Bell

The old axiom that “forewarned is forearmed” is as true nowadays as it was millenia ago. Since 1989 America’s B-2 Spirit flying wing has been assailing the Free World’s foes, and consistently taking them unawares. With its design making it virtually invisible to radar its \$2 billion apiece price tag is literally a bargain. A product of the Cold War, the Spirit was intended to attack targets deep within the Soviet Union and although it has never flown inside Russian airspace, it soldiers on as a vital guardian of freedom.

The concept of flying wings—airplanes without tails, fuselages or external protuberances—has been around from the beginning of heavier-than-air flight. Even the Wright’s rickety kite of 1903 closely resembled this design. Prior to the First World War both Russia and Germany studied the design, but the war ended before any prototypes could take to the air. American air-

The U.S. Air Force B-2 Spirit stealth bomber is the most advanced flying wing ever built. A combination of classified technology that reduces infrared, acoustic, electromagnetic, visual and radar signatures of the aircraft makes it difficult for enemy defense systems to detect, track and engage it. INSET: This one-third scale N-9M was the fourth, and last, to be built by Northrop during World War II to develop the flying wing concept. The plane was restored and flown from 1993 until it crashed in 2019.



Tim Felce/Wikimedia

craft designer Jack Northrop pioneered (and successfully test-flew) his version as early as 1940. Late in World War II the Germans desperately worked on the Horten (Ho) 229, a flying wing with rudimentary stealth characteristics, and which the Spirit resembles.

After perusing the plane's schematics in December 1944 Luftwaffe chief Hermann Göring was very enthusiastic about its potential, and ordered 40 from the Gothaer Waggonfabrik Corporation. The first test flight near Oranienburg on February 2, was moderately successful as test pilot Lt. Erwin Ziller took the aircraft aloft and brought it down safely. A second test did not go so smoothly.

Ziller was cruising at 1,000 feet on February 18 when one of the two engines erupted in flames and the machine went into a corkscrew descent. Ziller didn't radio or try to bail out—he may have been unconscious from fuel fumes—before the plane slammed into the ground just outside the airfield and disintegrated. He died two weeks later.

Work on an updated version of the Horten 229 (dubbed the Horten 229 A-O) was immediately commenced, but time ran out for the Third Reich. In April, U.S. Army Gen. George Patton's Third Army captured the only four prototypes.

At this time Northrop was working on a design he dubbed the N-1M. It was a step in the right direction, but proved to be strictly a prototype never to see action. On its maiden flight, test pilot Vance Breese reported it never got higher than five feet off the runway. This prompted adjustments to the trailing edges of the elevons and wingtip rudders. It would not be enough.

When trials resumed, test pilot Moye W. Stephens got the machine to a respectable altitude and stable flight, but it was too heavy to easily maneuver. Its two 65-horsepower Lycoming O-145 four-cylinder engines were supplanted by a pair of 120-horsepower, six-cylinder 6AC264F2 air-cooled Franklin engines. Stephens tirelessly flew the plane, trying to make it work, but in November 1941, after 28 flights, he reported that when attempting to fly the N-1M around its vertical axis it would invariably make a "Dutch Roll" (simultaneously yawing and rolling from side to side).

Adjustments to the wing configuration somewhat rectified this problem, but rapidly proliferating jet technology rendered the prop-driven N-1M obsolete even before it could be perfected. The sole prototype is still on display in the National Air and Space Museum.

A British-made flying wing designated the A.W. 52 and drawn up by the Armstrong-Whitworth Company was tried out soon after the war. In a test flight of the first prototype on May 30, 1949, the craft only made it to 320 mph before it experienced violent pitch oscillation caused by elevator flutter. Fearing his bird was about to literally shake itself to pieces, the pilot ejected. For several years the Royal Aircraft Establishment periodically used the second A.W. 52 for experimental flying before scrapping it in 1954.

The American-built XB-35 flying wing was a propeller-driven machine that never overcame its early problems. Its contra-rotating props caused severe drive shaft vibration that exacerbated engine fatigue. Its gearboxes were notoriously unreliable,

cutting into the effectiveness of propeller control. Northrop attempted to rectify this by installing four-blade, single-rotation props. But the new screws had little effect on the destructive vibration and it reduced the aircraft's speed and overall performance. Also, the over-complicated exhaust system was difficult to maintain. It did not take long for the engines to develop metal fatigue.

Internal policies were another shortcoming—the Northrop Corporation had more projects than its engineering staff could handle. This factor, along with the obsolescence of the plane's reciprocating propeller engines, ensured the program was behind schedule and over budget.

After building and test flying two prototypes, Northrop could see the XB-35 would not work. After 27 flights by the two experimental planes, he canceled the program in 1953.

Development of a jet-powered flying wing had begun in June 1948, but it, too, initially never got off the ground. Designated the YB-49, its range was limited by its six gas-guzzling jet engines. Production was canceled on March 14, 1950, and shortly thereafter the only prototype crashed and burned during a high-speed taxiing accident.

Two months later, Secretary of the Air Force Stuart Symington summarily canceled all flying wing contracts. Northrop's son, John Jr., later said in an interview that his father had been devastated by this action and suspected the flying wing program was aborted by back-room negotiations between the Convair Corporation and the Air Force. The last Northrop flying wing sat forsaken and neglected at Ontario Airport for two years

National Museum of the U.S. Airforce



The first flight of Northrop's jet-powered heavy bomber YB-49, one of only two ever built, in October 1947. During testing it was discovered the flying wing design had a smaller radar signature.

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National Museum of the U.S. Airforce



ABOVE: In 1942 Northrop began work on the XB-35/YB-35, a propeller-driven heavy bomber. The plane, shown here in a 1947 test flight, would have had a crew of nine. **TOP:** Northrup Grumman built this full scale model of the Horten Ho-229, a German jet-powered flying wing built during World War II, for a documentary film about the unusual aircraft.

before being scrapped on December 1, 1953. Even then the design had a long history.

The earliest version, N-9M, first flew on December 27, 1942. But its Menasco engines and its flaps were unreliable. Test pilot Max Constant died in a 1943 crash when he was unable to pull out of a nose-down spin.

The subsequent investigation indicated Constant had experienced “control reversal.” When he yanked back on the control column it jammed against his chest, preventing him from bailing

out. The problem was permanently fixed, but the plane was quickly bypassed by the technological leaps spawned by the Second World War.

The Air Force mothballed the remaining prototype until 1982, when it was sold to the California Planes of Fame Air Museum, where it was restored to flight status for nationwide air shows. On April 22, 2019, this last N-9M crashed into a prison yard in Norco, California, killing the pilot and scattering the terrified convicts.

In the late 1970s, President Jimmy Carter can-

celed the high-speed B-1A bomber program, citing expense, but authorized an “Advanced Technology Bomber,” or “Stealth Bomber,” that would incorporate radar-evading technology via a revolutionary new configuration.

In October 1981 the U.S. Air Force unexpectedly awarded the Northrop Corporation a \$7.3 billion contract for the program. Though Northrop had not built any bombers since World War II, they had been working on stealth technology since the mid-1960s.

In collaboration with Grumman, Northrop had been studying radar evasion at a research facility in Rancho Palos Verdes, California. Calling their prototype “Tacit Blue,” the firms concentrated on the flying wing design because it had long been recognized as having a minimal radar signature. Though Northrop’s initial prototypes were never picked up by the Air Force, their creation provided a starting point for the Northrop-Grumman project. Finally, on November 22, 1988, a state-of-the-art flying machine called the B-2 rolled out of a hangar at Air Force Plant 42 in Palmdale, California.

The crowd of onlookers was kept 70 yards away from the plane called “Spirit” to prevent any detailed observation of its features, among which were four General Electric F118-GE-100 non-afterburning turbofans. The \$515-million price tag worried Congress, especially considering how the Soviet Union was tottering on its last legs, and the specter of thermonuclear war seemed diminished. Only 21 would be built.

The Spirit is 69 feet long and 17 feet high, with a wingspan of 172 feet. Its top speed is 680 mph with an unrefueled range of 6,000 miles. With a ceiling of 50,000 feet, it is virtually as undetectable to the naked eye and unassisted ear as it is to radar.

Its two weapons bays can hold a whopping 30 tons of ordnance. Each bomb bay contains eight bomb racks that in a nuclear role can carry sixteen B61-7 bombs, B61-11 bombs or B-83-1 thermonuclear bombs. The plane is also fitted to bear the recently developed B-61-12 bomb with a “dial-a-yield” configuration.

Non-nuclear payloads include 16 Joint-Direct-Attack-Munition satellite-guided 2,000-pound bombs. Before submunition-dispensing weapons were phased out of U.S. armaments, the bomber carried CBU-87 Combined Effects Munitions and CBU-90 Gator mine dispensers. It still carries the AGM-154 Joint Standoff Weapon, which is a glide bomb with a 50-mile range. In case of stand-off attacks Spirit can pack the AGM-158 Joint Air-Surface Standoff Missile and the extended-range JASSM-ER. Lastly the machine can heft two 30,000-pound, 20-foot-long Massive Ordnance Penetrator bombs for use on hardened targets.

After its inaugural flight in 1989, the first B-2 was stationed at Missouri’s Whiteman Air Force

Base, which still houses a massive air fleet. The Spirit first flew in action in the Kosovo War in 1999, hammering targets in Yugoslavia. One of the most sophisticated warplanes ever built, it can reach any objective in the world and, via aerial refueling, return to any base. Not one has ever been lost in action.

“Seen from the cockpit the flying wing is so distinctive,” said aerospace specialist Rebecca Grant, who has flown in the plane. “It is very special—more of a sentient being than just a regular airplane. Maybe that’s why all of the B-2s are rumored to have unique personalities and they’re often referred to as ‘she.’”

Along with the 50-year-old Rockwell B-1 Lancer and the venerable, constantly upgraded B-52 Stratofortress, the Northrop-Grumman B-2 is one of three strategic heavy bombers serving in the U.S. Air Force. Still, the B-1 and B-52 were unable to cater to the need for virtual immunity to hostile fire while still being able to carry a hefty bomb load. The need for stealth technology really surfaced in the 1970s, and is still a vital component of modern warfare.

“It was a Cold War product, but also a product of a big technological breakthrough in designing an airplane to be stealthy,” Grant said. “The mission of the B-2 was to elude Russian air defenses, both their surface-to-air missiles and their top-line fighter aircraft, and that’s still its mission today, to elude the best enemy air defenses wherever we find them.”

Spirit’s main innovation has always been her distinctive outline, which, as Grant puts it, “alters the radar reflection.”

Without large vertical outlines, such as a tail, radar waves scatter off its smooth exterior without returning to the source. If it is picked up on radar at all, it has a signature the size of a seagull. In 1962 the Soviet Union, in rich irony, cleared for international publication a book by Russian physicist Pyotr Ufimtsev in which he extrapolated on the concept of radar-scattering. The Soviets allowed publication of his theory because they did not take the idea seriously. Americans did, and profited. There are other aspects of the B-2 that give it claim to the appellation “stealth” bomber.

Airplanes emitting heat are visible to the naked eye and radar. The tiles that keep Spirit cool have been so successful that they were used as re-entry heat shields by the designers of the Space Shuttle.

“There are also radar-absorbing coatings and materials, and you can’t see its engines because they are tucked away in the aft section,” says Grant.

There is even an on-board apparatus that informs the crew if they are leaving a contrail, allowing them to alter their altitude in order to stop dragging a vapor trail. Lastly, the B-2 is a very quiet machine. Flying at lower heights it can rarely

Continued on page 98



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A few miles southeast of the Little Bighorn River, known as the “Greasy Grass” to the various Lakota nations camped along its west bank, a number of women dug wild turnips. Among them was Moving Robe, from the Hunkpapa Lakota. Being past noon on this June day, the glaring sun made it hot and oppressive. To the east, beyond the bluffs, rose a great cloud of dust. A warrior riding hard shouts to the women that soldiers are coming and they should take the children and elders to the hills. Instead, the 23-year-old daughter of a warrior runs straight for her family’s tepee. She arrives to see her father collecting their horses. Stepping inside the lodge, she finds her crying mother preparing to flee. Moving Robe learns that her brother One Hawk (Deeds) has just been killed while trying to find an escaped horse.

Outside, she hears sporadic rounds from the enemy. A fellow Hunkpapa calls for warriors to mount up and charge the soldiers. Fighting back her tears, Moving Robe decides to ride alongside her father and avenge her brother’s death. After singing a death song for One Hawk, she unbraids her dark

The Battle of the Little Bighorn and the defeat that shocked a nation.

BY JOHN E. SPINDLER

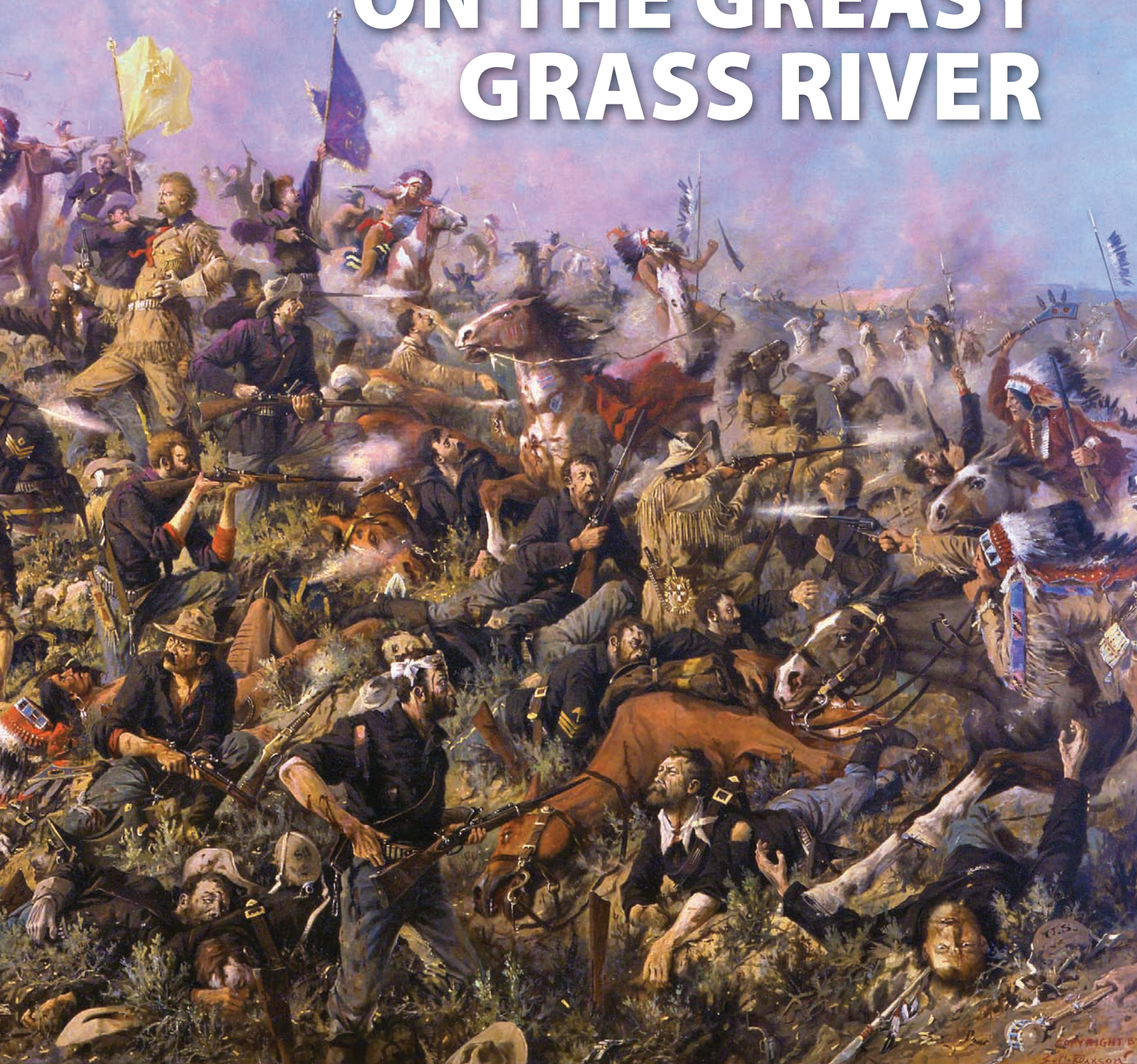
hair and paints her face crimson. A volley from the Bluecoats hits the tops of nearby lodgepoles. Unafraid, she mounts her horse. Alongside her father and many others answering the battle cry, Moving Robe rides towards the soldiers to take revenge. Perhaps she thought this is the battle in which Chief Sitting Bull foresaw victory.

It was 3 p.m. on June 25, 1876. The Lakota warriors were charging towards a Seventh Cavalry Regiment battalion commanded by Major Marcus Reno. It was the start of one of the most famous battles on American soil—the Battle of the Little Bighorn. Reno had just halted his battalion’s charge after learning the Sioux, a term the Lakota despised as it was bastardized French slang for them, were not fleeing as they had been informed, but riding at them. His skirmish line fired on the warriors and into the village. He looked for the promised support from his commanding officer, Lt.-Col. George Custer, and found none. Neither Reno nor the Seventh Cavalry could know that this would be Custer’s last battle and that, though caught by surprise, the combined force of Lakota and Cheyenne warriors would win the most celebrated



Artist Edgar Samuel Paxson spent years researching and interviewing participants from both sides of the 1876 Battle of Little Bighorn before completing “Custer’s Last Stand” in 1899. Lt. Col. George A. Custer’s widow, Elizabeth Bacon Custer, broke into tears upon viewing the six-by-nine foot painting.

American Tragedy
**ON THE GREASY
GRASS RIVER**



victory by Plains Indians over U.S. armed forces in American history.

By the centennial of the Declaration of Independence, America was fully entrenched in westward expansion across the continent. Both the Lakota and Cheyenne experienced continual pressure as the *wasi'chu*, the Lakota term for non-indigenous people, particularly whites, moved into the West. The discovery of gold in Montana Territory in 1863 worsened the situation rapidly. Violence grew, leading to Red Cloud's War (1866-1868)—the only time a Native American chief would win a war with the U.S. government. The resulting Fort Laramie Treaty established the Great Sioux Reservation, which encompassed all of present-day South Dakota west of the Missouri River. Several agencies were founded within it, where the Lakota and other nations could live on rations provided by the United States. Some permanently moved onto these agencies. Other groups, called summer roamers, preferred to spend the harsh winters on them, but hunted buffalo in the warmer months. Hard-liners, led by the most notable chiefs of the era, such as Sitting Bull, Crazy Horse, and Lamé White Man, roamed freely, refusing to be controlled by Washington.

During Red Cloud's War, the U.S. Army created more cavalry units, including the Seventh Cavalry Regiment led in the field by Custer, a veteran of the Civil War. During his fighting in the West, he developed a reputation for risky, decisive actions that somehow led to victory—spawning the term “Custer luck.” On November 27, 1868, the Seventh Cavalry surprised and captured a Southern Cheyenne village in the Battle of the Washita. In Custer's first major engagement against hostile Native Americans, he divided his force into groups in order to attack from different directions simultaneously.

The 1874 Black Hills Expedition found evidence of gold. The Federal Government saw a solution to the country's economic woes. Unfortunately, the Black Hills—sacred to the Lakota—were part of the Great Sioux Reservation and protected by the Fort Laramie Treaty. When attempts to purchase them failed, President Ulysses S. Grant and high-ranking officials realized the best solution was a military one. Needing a legitimate reason to circumvent the terms of the treaty, the government devised a way to force the non-treaty tribal members onto Agency reservations. On December 6, 1875, the Commissioner of Indian Affairs issued an ultimatum to all “non-treaty” Lakota and Cheyenne free roamers: If they did not report to their respective Agencies in the Great Sioux Reservation by January 31, 1876, they would be considered “hostile.” Purposely giving a short deadline in the midst of winter allowed the problem to be handed over to the U.S. Army.

The territory where the “hostiles” roamed came under Maj. Gen. Phillip Sheridan's Division of the Missouri, headquartered in Chicago, Illinois. He planned a three-pronged attack, with two of the columns from the Department of the Dakota led by Brig. Gen. Alfred H. Terry and one from the Department of the Platte commanded by the experienced Indian fighter Gen. George Crook. The attack was scheduled for March, but in the midst of brutal weather, only Crook launched his attack. The campaign's only engagement, the Battle of Powder River, occurred on March 17, 1876. Although a marginal victory for the Cheyenne, the soldiers razed their village leaving nothing.

The cold and hungry Cheyenne trekked until reaching the village of Crazy Horse. Though bordering on starvation themselves, the Oglalas welcomed the refugees. The combined village found Sitting Bull on April 8. Hearing their tale of being attacked, Sitting Bull knew war had been declared on the Lakota and Cheyenne. The spiritual

Hunkpapa chief emerged as the leader of the confederation defying the U.S. government.

Runners were sent to the various Agencies in a recruitment drive for warriors to join the fight against the *wasi'chu*. Sitting Bull's leadership, the Hunkpapa generosity and the common enemy of the invading soldiers, were all factors in creating a Native American village of the size that would be encountered by Custer.

After the Powder River debacle, it was a couple of months before Sheridan's three column strategy could commence. Crook would again head north from the Wyoming Territory. Terry would start from Fort Abraham Lincoln in Dakota Territory and also have the Montana Column under Colonel John Gibbon. Unfortunately, Sheridan did not name an overall field commander, or provided instructions for coordination between the groups. Even worse, Sitting Bull's location in the immense area was unknown.

Gibbon headed out first, departing Fort Ellis



All: Library of Congress



CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: Captain Frederick Benteen, credited with saving the day at the defense site above the Little Bighorn River; Major Marcus Reno, criticized for not attacking the village as ordered, and of not aiding Custer; Kicking Bear, first cousin of Crazy Horse, a chief of the Oglala band of Lakota Sioux; Sitting Bull, Hunkpapa Lakota leader; Unauthenticated photo of Crazy Horse, who most historians believe never allowed himself to be photographed.



National Park Service, Harpers Ferry, WV

Illustration of Lieutenant Colonel George A. Custer wearing buckskins as he leads the 7th Cavalry charge during the attack on Black Kettle's Southern Cheyenne camp on the Washita River on November 27, 1868. During what became known as the "Washita Massacre," Custer's men killed women and children.

on April 1 with the smallest contingent. On May 17, Terry led his Dakota Column out of Fort Lincoln. This would be the last time Custer would see his wife, Libbie. Not Sheridan's optimal choice, Terry did not want to lead in the field. That distinction went to Custer, who often undertook actions or spoke without processing the consequences. It happened to be the latter that almost cost him participation in the campaign. Making statements about Federal corruption that included Grant's own brother, the President relieved him of duties. Under pressure, Grant allowed the 36-year-old Custer to participate, but only as commander of the Seventh Cavalry Regiment. All 12 companies of the regiment assembled together for the campaign. Three and one-half infantry companies and a detachment of three Gatling guns accompanied the Seventh. In addition, a 150-wagon pack train, 39 Crow and Arikara scouts, and a small number of civilians, which included reporter Mark Kellogg, brother Boston Custer, and two interpreters—Fred Gerard (Arikara) and Isaiah Dorman (Sioux)—left the fort. Crook, with his Crow and Shoshone scouts, was the last to get underway, leaving Fort Fetterman on May 29.

In Custer's absence, his second-in-command

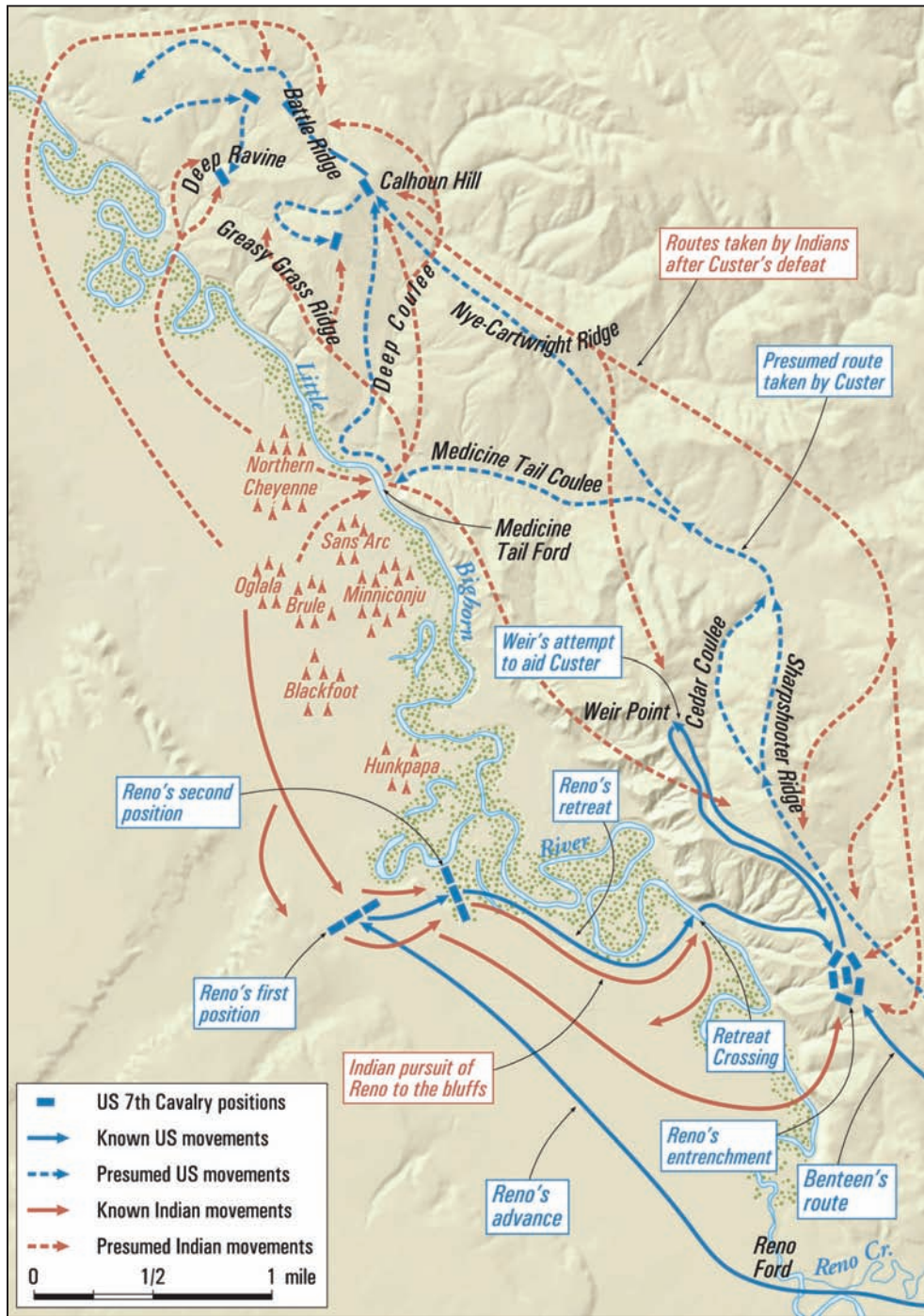
Major Reno, had undertaken preparations for the campaign. A West Point graduate (1857), Reno had fought Native Americans in the Northwest while Custer was still a cadet. He had been assigned to the Seventh Cavalry in 1869. Reno was only accepted by others due to the social adeptness of his wife. Those who served with him noticed his mood darkened, and drinking increased, after her death in 1874. Along with another fellow officer, Capt. Frederick Benteen, Reno and Custer did not get along at all.

Though hampered by the weather through April and May, Gibbon and his Montana column marched east without incident. On a couple of occasions in May his scouts had located Sitting Bull's moving village. Inexplicably, the commander of the Montana Column took no action against it. Terry moved out of Fort Lincoln and his column made slow progress heading west towards a rendezvous with Gibbon and the steamer *Far West*, which was making its way up the Yellowstone River. Three weeks after departing the fort, the force arrived at the mouth of the Powder River.

Since welcoming the Cheyenne and Oglala, Sitting Bull's village grew during its relocation to Rosebud Creek. By the first week of June, it was

moving south, going upstream. The location of lodge circles in the village stayed relatively the same. The Northern Cheyenne at the north end followed by every Lakota tribe: Sans Arc; a combined group of Brule, Two Kettle, and Blackfoot; Minneconjou; Oglala; and at the southern end Sitting Bull's own Hunkpapa. By the time of the Seventh Cavalry's attack, the grand village totaled between 949 and 996 lodges with an estimated 7,000 inhabitants.

With that many people and tens of thousands of horses, the village could not afford to stay in one location for very long. The constant need for food, sanitation, and forage for the animals kept it on the move. From June 4 to 7, the village camped along the Rosebud for the annual Sun Dance ritual. A distinguished warrior, Sitting Bull was about 45 years old in 1876. Although age and injuries limited his role in the forthcoming battle, all looked towards him as he possessed each of the four cardinal virtues held in high regard by the Lakota: bravery, fortitude, generosity, and wisdom. At this sacred ceremony, Sitting Bull gave 50 pieces of flesh (about the size of a match head) from each arm, for the support from Wakan Tanka—the Lakota "Great Spirit." Once this sacrifice had been com-



Led by Sitting Bull, some 7,000 traditionally nomadic Lakota, Cheyenne, and Arapaho, left the reservation and were camped along the Little Bighorn River in Montana. On the morning of June 25, 1876, Gen. George Custer and the 7th Cavalry attacked the camp, which contained 1,500-2,000 warriors. In the ensuing battle, Custer and his brothers, Boston and Thomas, as well as 260 of his men were killed.

pleted, he danced for hours in a trance. Exhausted, he collapsed. Upon revival, Sitting Bull related that he had received a vision. He saw a great number of Bluecoats and horses, along with some villagers, falling upside down into the village. Wakan Tanka had granted a great victory over the soldiers, but the soldiers' bodies must not be looted. Hearing this, new petroglyphs were added to Deer Medi-

cine Rock, about a mile from the river.

Terry elected to send Major Reno with six companies of the Seventh Cavalry, several Arikara scouts, and one Gatling gun on a specifically-routed reconnaissance mission to end on the Tongue River. Custer was outraged that he had not been chosen. Departing on June 10, Reno initially followed the route dictated by Terry. Though

they made decent daily progress, it could have been better if not for the cumbersome Gatling gun. Almost a week into the mission, Reno disobeyed Terry by heading for Rosebud Creek. On June 17, an advanced party discovered recent evidence of a large village. After consulting with the lead Arikara, Reno erred on the side of caution and proceeded downstream to the Yellowstone.

What Reno and the scouts did not know was that on June 17 the village held only a few fighters. Crazy Horse had led the warriors upstream after having located Crook's force. In contrast to avoiding head-on combat, the Oglala war chief took the fight to the enemy to avoid detection of their village. After a six-hour battle, Crook withdrew south out of concern for his wounded and low on ammunition. He would remain at his camp for seven weeks, effectively removing the largest of the three U.S. Army detachments.

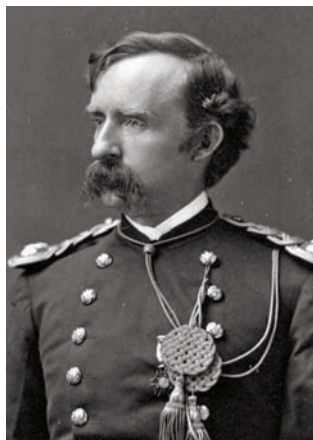
Reno arrived on the Yellowstone on June 18 and sent word to Terry. Angry at his subordinate for disobeying orders, Terry could not overlook the crucial information brought back: Sitting Bull's village was farther west than believed. Sending a dispatch to newspapers anonymously, Custer belittled Reno by calling him a coward for not being aggressive. Meeting Gibbon and Custer aboard the *Far West* on June 21, Terry decided to send the entire Seventh Cavalry on a quick-moving, wide-sweeping maneuver to catch the Lakota by surprise and hopefully drive them north towards Gibbon and Terry. Unaware of Crook's withdrawal after the Battle of the Rosebud, Terry thought the Wyoming column would act as a blocking force to the south.

Utilizing Reno's findings, as well as reports from Crow scouts, Terry guessed that Sitting Bull was between Rosebud Creek and the Big Horn River. Custer was to march up Rosebud Creek, even if he discovered recent trails proving a westward march of the hostile camp. Not until almost crossing into Wyoming Territory, was he to turn west. Terry and Gibbon would advance up the Big Horn River to the Little Bighorn River, where both forces were to rendezvous on June 26 for a combined assault. Although given these orders to wait to attack, Gibbon's chief of scouts recorded in his diary, "It is understood that if Custer arrives first he is at liberty to attack at once, if he deems prudent." The Seventh Cavalry's commander was offered the Gatling guns and four cavalry companies from the 2nd Cavalry Regiment. Needing to move quickly and knowing how much difficulty Reno had with them, Custer refused the Gatlings as well as the additional help. He believed his Seventh Cavalry could defeat the entire Sioux nation. His biggest concern was not the size of the village, but that it might disperse before he could attack.

The day after receiving his orders, Custer rode



Museo Nacional Thyssen-Bornemisza, Madrid



All three: Library of Congress

ABOVE, FROM LEFT: Boston Custer, the youngest brother of George, served as a guide during the expedition; Thomas Custer, photographed in 1872, served as his brother's aide-de-camp during the campaign; George Custer's last photograph, taken in April 1876. TOP: "Setting up Camp, Little Big Horn, Montana," by Joseph Henry Sharp depicts Crow women preparing their tepees along the Little Big Horn River in early fall. Though initial estimates of 800 "hostiles" present before the Battle of Little Bighorn in June 1876 may have been accurate, by the time the 7th Cavalry arrived, the number had grown to as many as several thousand.

out on a cold morning with 12 companies of cavalry, 35 Crow and Arikara scouts, several pack train tenders, and a few civilians including reporter Kellogg—647 men in all. Armed with the new .45-caliber Springfield Carbine and a .45-caliber 1873 Colt revolver, each trooper carried 100 rounds for the rifle and 24 pistol cartridges. Before marching out, Custer canceled battalion and wing organizations ensuring all company commanders reported directly to him, thus rendering Reno's position as second-in-command superfluous. Lt. George Wallace's watch set to Chicago time was used as the official timing for the mission.

Initially following Reno's route, the column marched along the Rosebud. The next day, passing the spot where Reno had turned back, they saw evidence of large campsites. The pace did not

move as quick as Custer would have liked, slowed by the pack train. More deserted campsites greeted them, including the site of the Sun Dance ritual. Crow scouts went to Deer Medicine Rock and were unnerved by the new petroglyphs depicting a Lakota victory over the soldiers. Late in the day, they came to a point where obvious trails from the traditional Native American *travois* (a drag sled made of two poles) turned west towards the Bighorn River valley. Custer disregarded orders and followed the trail along Davis Creek. The enemy was likely a day's march away.

After carrying out a night march to get closer to the Rosebud-Bighorn divide, Crow scouts were sent ahead. At dawn from atop a prominence known as Crow's Nest, they spotted smoke on the western horizon and a great pony herd about 15

miles away. Having been told of the observations, Custer arrived at Crow's Nest mid-morning. Only able to see indications of the pony herd, everything changed when his brother, Capt. Thomas Custer arrived and told him two separate parties of hostiles had been spotted. Riding back to meet the regiment, he decided that the Seventh Cavalry must attack that day, June 25, and rode to the location seen by the Crow.

Throughout the mission, Custer had a policy that the last company commander arriving at the nightly officer's meeting was sentenced to escorting the pack train. Capt. Thomas McDougal was last and his B Company (with six men from each of the other companies totaling 129 and 7 packers) was relegated to escort duty. The force crossed from Davis Creek to Reno Creek. Just past the divide, Custer called for a halt. Never informing his company commanders of his plans, he divided the force into three battalions in order to attack from different locations, as done at Washita. A little past noon, Custer ordered Benteen to take Companies D, H, and K (115 men), and scout southeast over a series of ridges. Reno, assigned companies A, G, and M and almost all scouts (140 men and 35 scouts), would cross over to the creek's south bank. Custer kept the five remaining companies (213 men and 8 others) along the north bank. Its Left Wing under Capt. George Yates consisted of companies E and F, while Capt. Myles Keogh led Right Wing's companies C, I, and L. Passing a swampy morass, Reno crossed back over to join Custer. A few minutes after 2 p.m., the soldiers arrived at a lone tepee with a warrior's body interred inside. While gathered, scout Fred Gerard came racing to Custer claiming a Sioux village just ahead and they were fleeing, further exacerbating Custer's fear of the enemy splitting up before he could attack.

Later, at the Reno Court of Inquiry, Gerard said Custer, with no mention of an overall plan, turned to Reno and said, "Take your battalion to try and overtake and bring them to battle and I will support you." Crossing back over Reno Creek, he believed his commander. However, Custer never followed one of his subordinates into battle and quickly veered right into the hills. With Benteen only returning to Reno Creek after his fruitless excursion, Custer was about to attack the largest Native American village ever seen with his forces divided.

At Sitting Bull's village, word of the Bluecoats arrived only a short time ahead of them. Feeling that they had seen off the soldiers at Rosebud Creek, the villagers had been going about everyday life. Fortunately, enough Hunkpapa reacted quickly to meet the enemy. Reno charged down the valley in a line with M Company on the left, A in the center, and G on the right. At this time the first Lakota casualties took place, including the



One of 42 drawings made by Chief Red Horse, a Minneconjou Lakota Sioux warrior (1822-1907), of his impression of Major Reno's attack on the Indian village as it was routed by the Lakota and Cheyenne warriors in the opening stage of the battle. Of the 400 men in Reno's battalion who retreated up the bluffs south of the village, 53 were killed and 60 were wounded. All 216 men under Custer were killed. Red Horse's drawings and testimony were finally made public in the 20th century. OPPOSITE: The "Battle of Little Bighorn," painted by Gayle Porter Hoskins in 1928, depicts the action from the perspective of the Native Americans. The famous conflict, known to the Lakota and other Plains Indians as the Battle of the Greasy Grass, saw the defeat of Lt. Col. George A. Custer and 7th Cavalry Regiment of the U.S. Army on June 25-26, 1876, along the Little Bighorn River in the Crow Indian Reservation in southeastern Montana Territory.

two wives and three children of Hunkpapa leader Gall (most likely slain by the Arikara scouts going after the pony herd).

For a significant number of Seventh Cavalry troopers, this would be their first action. The cavalrymen quickly realized the Lakota were not fleeing, but were charging towards them. Knowing his enemy's tactics, the major called for the charge to halt and a skirmish line formed. Historically, opinion has been divided on Reno's decision. Some soldiers firmly believed it was correct. If the battalion kept going, they felt all would have been slaughtered among the tepees. Opponents said the halt ruined a chance at victory. Pretty White Buffalo, wife of a Hunkpapa warrior, believed if Reno had continued, Sitting Bull would have been defeated and the Lakota broken. Messengers were dispatched to Custer detailing the situation. Every fourth soldier took the reins of the battalion's mounts, reducing firepower to 95 men. A timber stand along the riverbank anchored the right flank, leaving the left flank of the 225-yard-long line exposed. Advancing another 100 yards, some troopers took advantage of a prairie dog town as improvised earthworks. Laxly supervised, the troopers fired rapidly. Shots went high and struck the tops of lodgepoles in a village estimated to be

200-300 yards wide and, at time unknown to the Seventh, stretching no more than 1.5 miles along the Little Bighorn River. After about 10 shots, the heat caused soft copper rifle cartridges to jamb in the Springfield's extractor mechanism causing soldiers to lose valuable time.

As more warriors arrived, Reno grew increasingly concerned about being outflanked. A few minutes before 3:30 p.m., he issued the order for the battalion to fall back into the timber and set up another line. Witnesses mention Reno increasingly drinking from his whiskey flask from this point forward, saying it detrimentally impacted how the events evolved. At his inquiry, other witnesses stated that although Reno did seem to drink more, he did not get drunk until that night. Still weakened from his ordeal at the Sun Dance, Sitting Bull sent others to confront the enemy. Crazy Horse took his time preparing ritually for battle, especially his magic. When ready, he led his Oglala into battle. Non-combatants fled to the safety of hills northwest of their homes.

While firing from their first skirmish line, a number of men claimed that Custer waved his hat towards them from atop the hills across the river. Knowing he would have no support did not help the state of mind of Reno, who probably won-

dered where Benteen was. Benteen had led the three companies over a number of bluffs. After not seeing any definitive signs, he headed back towards Reno Creek. Ahead of the pack train, the captain arrived at the morass and watered his horses for 25 minutes, leaving there about the time Reno initiated his charge. From his vantage point in the hills, Custer finally saw the extent of the enemy's village. Yet it did not deter him and still thought about being on the offensive. He sent an oral message to McDougal to bring forth the pack train at all speed. Later, at 3:20 p.m., Trumpeter John Martin was handed a written message for Benteen to hurry forward and bring packs as there is a "big village." Continuing north, his five companies arrived at Medicine Tail Coulee.

Barricaded in the timbers, Reno continued fighting. Parts of Company G moved toward the river after reports of shooting from across the river. Mounted Lakota and Cheyenne kept up the pressure, some infiltrated the timber. The major began losing control of his men, who were getting low on ammunition. With the increased probability of being trapped, Reno's anxiety increased. Around 3:55 p.m., he mounted his horse and met with Crow scout Bloody Knife. While communicating via hand signals, the scout's head exploded, shot by Oglalas who had crept through the timber. Blood and brains splattered Reno, pushing him over the limit. Calling out, he yelled, "Any of you men who wish to make your escape, follow me."

His terror proved contagious as many men mounted up and followed Reno, who failed to organize a rearguard action. Members of Company G, who were further in the woods and failed to hear the order, would remain trapped there for hours. The Lakota and Cheyenne pursued the soldiers, treating the chase like a buffalo hunt. During the rout, Moving Robe slew interpreter Dorman. The fleeing soldiers had to ford where the river was 40 feet wide and 4 feet deep. Lt. Wallace happened to glance at his watch and noted the time was 4 p.m. Frenzied warriors followed them, shooting at the defenseless troopers, some even counted coups—killing with clubbing blows. After climbing the steep bank and up a bluff, Reno stopped atop a hill, now known as "Reno Hill," where Capt. Myles Moylan formed a weak defensive perimeter. Some 35 men, 2 civilians, and 3 Native American scouts were already dead, with 13 more wounded and 37 missing. During preparations to overwhelm the Bluecoats, some women mutilated dead troopers. Interviewers were later told these women had had family killed at Washita in 1868 and in the 1864 Sand Creek Massacre. Warriors took rifles and cartridges off the dead troopers.

Inexplicably to Reno and the remaining men, almost all of the warriors left, heading back towards the village. Ten minutes after a group of



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stragglers reached the relative safety of Reno Hill, Capt. Benteen and his three companies arrived. Reno implored him for help as he had lost many men. While this discussion took place, many soldiers, though not Reno, Benteen or Wallace, said they heard shots being fired to the north. The captain related his “bluff hunting” and the subsequent meetings with the two messengers. After Martin had delivered the note, Capt. Thomas Weir pressed Benteen to hurry but he did not. At the point where Reno and Custer diverted, Benteen saw a number of men atop the hills to his right and went in their direction. The question on everyone’s mind was, “Where is Custer?”

After another request to ride to Custer was turned down, Weir waited 25 minutes. Without permission, he took Company D and headed towards the sound of fighting. Eventually reaching a sugarloaf mound, now “Weir Point,” he paused for further reconnaissance. Back at Reno Hill, Benteen found many who wanted him to take overall command, but he refused to usurp Reno. Twenty minutes after Weir left, Benteen took three companies and followed. Minutes later, the lead element of B Company and the pack train arrived at Reno Hill. An improvised hospital was

set up. Remembering his duties as commander, Reno set out with companies A, B, and G.

While Reno was en route, the men on Weir Point noticed a large group of men moving towards them. One look through field glasses quickly dispelled any hope that it was Custer. An immense wave of Lakota and Cheyenne flowed in their direction. At 6 p.m., Weir Point was abandoned in a retreat back to Reno Hill, slightly less disorganized than before. If not for quick thinking by the K Company commanding officer to hastily form a rear guard, a massacre may have occurred.

As Reno’s three companies charged, they were seen by Custer who rode further inland, hoping to find a valley that led down to the river. Either employing a multi-directional attack as at Washita or trying to secure a crossing for an attack after Benteen arrived, the Left Wing under Yates was ordered down Medicine Tail Coulee. About the time the last stragglers from Reno’s battalion scrambled atop the hill, Yates arrived near the ford across from the Sans Arc camp. A few Cheyenne and Lakota warriors had already crossed to the east side of the river before his descent into the coulee. At least two of the Cheyenne guarding the ford started firing at Yates. After a bugle sounded, the

Bluecoats stopped. More warriors arrived, most of them from having chased Reno. Yates was forced back into the hills via Deep Coulee.

With Keogh on Nye-Cartwright Ridge, Custer kept wondering when Benteen was going to arrive, for he still possessed an offensive mindset. The Crow scouts chastised Custer for not going to Reno’s aid earlier and were summarily dismissed. They would be the last to see Custer alive. Probably around 4:30 p.m., the battalion gathered together for the last time with Boston Custer’s arrival from riding with the pack train. After a brief stop, Custer went with the Left Wing to find another ford. The Right Wing deployed on Calhoun Hill. With L Company in a skirmish line and C Company positioned behind it, Keogh’s I Company sat in reserve. Soon several hundred warriors, possibly more than a thousand, flowed into the hills and valleys, converging on the troopers. The defenders repulsed the initial assault, the air thick with bullets and steel-tipped arrows. More Hunkpapa and Minneconjou arrived from the southern battle. They attacked from south of Calhoun Hill, while Crazy Horse and his Oglalas attacked from the north and the Cheyenne under Lamé White approached from the west.

The foray to the North Ford before returning to Cemetery Ridge had accomplished nothing except getting reporter Mark Kellogg killed. The Left Wing assembled on what would come to be known as Custer Hill (also called Last Stand Hill). After a failed attempt by C Company to eliminate infiltrating warriors from a coulee by L Company, the collapse of the Right Wing commenced rapidly. Cheyenne leader Lame White Man rallied his warriors and immediately followed the withdrawing troopers. Group cohesion dissolved as C Company fled to L Company. Close-quarters combat broke out with the warriors “earning many coups.” Moving Robe recalled the Lakota using tomahawks in what she described a “hotly contested battle.” Panic spread throughout I Company and the survivors from L and C Companies. Following up, the Oglalas overwhelmed Keogh. No more than 20 troopers, not including Keogh, survived the onslaught and made their way to F Company on Custer Hill.

Taking a trophy, Lame White Man donned a blue cavalryman’s coat. He led a following towards Deep Ravine where Custer had dispatched E Company to clear out infiltrators. He would later be killed and scalped by a Minneconjou who mistook him for an Arikara scout. As the final attack on his battalion began, Custer had less than 100 men between the two companies and Right Wing survivors. Some 40 troopers from E Company were wiped out in Deep Ravine trying to escape. In a last-ditch effort on Last Stand Hill, Custer, his brothers, and F Company employed their dead horses as makeshift earthworks. The battle for Custer Hill was over by 6 p.m., based on the time that troopers on Weir Point heard the shooting cease. In all, 210 men under Custer perished. He was found shot in the chest and the right temple. The “Custer luck” had finally run out.

After Custer’s battalion, the warriors turned their attention to the remaining Bluecoats. On Reno Hill, the two commanders arranged a defensive perimeter and had hard-tack boxes placed around the hospital. After the initial incoming barrage, Reno was either seen walking the line, checking positioning, or in a hole with his whiskey. Some claimed Benteen was the real leader and walked the lines unfazed by enemy fire, while Reno spent most of the night hidden. At one point, Benteen said he found Reno and Weir, who did not get along, in the hole together sharing whiskey. From 6 p.m. onward, the Lakota and Cheyenne besieged Reno Hill. Fortunately for the troopers, the terrain restricted the fields of fire so that only a small percentage of the enemy could fire at any one time. The attack slowed with darkness, finally stopping around 9:30 p.m. The troopers heard shouts they interpreted as celebrations from the village. In reality, the Lakota and



National Park Service, Little Bighorn Battlefield National Monument



ABOVE: A 1913 photo of Lieutenant Colonel George A. Custer’s four Crow scouts—Hairy Moccasin, White Man Runs Him, Curly, and Goes Ahead—visiting the marker that shows where Custer fell at the Battle of Little Bighorn in 1876. TOP: The remains of some 260 non-native men were discovered two days after the battle by a U.S. Army column and most of them were hastily buried. Most of the officer’s remains were exhumed and returned east in 1877, and the remaining were reinterred in a mass grave at the top of “Last Stand Hill” in 1881. Archaeological work begun in the 1980s has uncovered more remains.

Cheyenne were mourning their dead.

Reno ordered the weary men to dig rifle pits

and build earthworks out of whatever could be found. Only Benteen failed to heed the warning



Kansas State Historical Society

Completed in 1881, "Custer's Last Rally," by John Mulvany is believed to be the first artistic rendering of the famous battle. The poet Walt Whitman, who memorialized the battle in verse in 1876 ("From Far Dakota's Cañons") considered it one of his favorite paintings. Painted in oil on heavy canvas measuring 11 by 20 feet, the mural was a sensation and toured the country for a decade or more with large crowds paying 50 cents (25 cents for children) to view it.

and his men would suffer for it. Daybreak at 3 a.m. on June 26 brought a renewed attack. The exhausted and thirsty men stood their ground. Benteen's H Company held part of the southern perimeter and were forced to mount a charge to clear enemy warriors out from in front of their position. The situation got critical enough on the northern perimeter that Reno took part in a charge. Eventually H Company dug rifle pits, as they were very exposed from a higher point to the north (now called "Sharpshooters Ridge"). Temperature rose and thirst increased, especially for the wounded. Private Peter Thompson took two canteens and ran the gauntlet to and from the river. After clearing the ravine, more followed with Benteen deploying four sharpshooters for cover fire. Afterward, 15 water-carriers and 4 sharpshooters received the Medal of Honor.

Around 2 p.m., the besiegers unleashed their largest salvo to date. Fire was exchanged until it lessened about one hour later. After a large force of soldiers had been seen marching up the Little Bighorn, the war chiefs knew it was time to leave. Sixty minutes later, firing practically ceased. By 5 p.m., those on Reno Hill saw billowing clouds of black smoke. Sitting Bull, Crazy Horse, and the rest of the villagers had already taken down their lodges, then set fire to the prairie. As the Lakota

and Cheyenne departed, the troopers finally saw the size of the village they had attacked.

After the Lakota and Cheyenne retreated, Reno moved his command closer to the river. In addition to the water, everyone was glad to be away from the stench of the dead horses. Reno and Benteen did not allow their men to get lax, believing that the withdrawal was merely a feint and that there would be another attack. Early on June 27, Terry arrived at the site of the deserted village, finding items looted off dead soldiers. The previous day, some of the Crow scouts had made contact and said something very bad had happened to Custer, but they had not been believed until this moment. Confirmation of the unthinkable occurred with reports of corpses of white men. Terry arrived at Reno's position mid-morning. The siege of Reno Hill cost a further 18 soldiers with 52 more wounded. On Custer Hill, Private Jacob Adams found the Seventh Cavalry commander's body. The fallen from Reno's battalion as well as those on Custer Hill were buried. The next day, June 28, the force escorted the wounded down the Little Bighorn River on travois where they went aboard the *Far West*. Out of the 647 soldiers, scouts, and civilians that set out on the expedition, 263 failed to make the journey back to Fort Lincoln.

The large village that had gathered around the revered Sitting Bull soon separated into smaller groups. The actual number of those mourned depends on the account. Hunkpapa leader Gall recalled 43 dead, including 10 women and children. Most of those interviewed remembered 30-45 dead and twice that many wounded. The Lakota and Cheyenne battled to a great victory over the *wasi'chu*. But the win only served to motivate the American forces. By mid-1877, the Lakota and Cheyenne were forced to submit.

It had been the U.S. Army's worst loss against Native American forces since the 1791 Battle of the Wabash. Confident of victory, Custer had overlooked the Lakota and Cheyenne warriors. At the Battle of the Little Bighorn, Sitting Bull, Crazy Horse, and the warriors ferociously protected their homes and people. Custer's death galvanized a nation and the Army into successfully finishing their campaign against the Plains tribes. The shocking defeat has been debated for almost 150 years. Captain Moylen opined to his fellow officers that, "Gentlemen, in my opinion General Custer has made the biggest mistake of his life, by not taking the whole regiment in at once in the first attack." It may have made no difference what Custer did as through visions to Sitting Bull, the great *Wakan Tanka* guaranteed victory. ■

'Hero-Fortress' of Brest Takes First Blow of Nazis'

OPERATION BARBAROSSA

On the evening of June 21, 1941, foreboding hung like a heavy blanket over the Soviet Union's western border as indicators of the imminent German invasion increased every day. At night, border guards in their observation posts listened to the rumble of vehicles on the German-occupied Polish side of the frontier. Unwilling to provoke Hitler until they were ready for war, Soviet leadership strictly enforced the outward appearance of calm and peace.

After dividing Poland with Hitler's Germany in 1939, Stalin's Soviet Union gained a large swath of territory, including the city of Brest with its red-brick fortress in the southwest corner of Belarus. In 1833, when eastern Poland was part of the Russian Empire, military engineers began constructing a fortress at the confluence of the Western Bug and Mukhavets Rivers on the site of a dilapidated castle built during the late Renaissance period. Although construction on the main complex concluded in 1862, additions and improvements continued until World War I, including two outer rings of small forts and fortified positions.

The Western Bug River and two branches of the Mukhavets River flowed around the naturally formed Central Island. Water diverted from the two rivers into artificial channels, creating three more islands: West, North, and South.

The Citadel was the heart of the fortress, a massive two-story oval building on the Central Island with sufficient space to accommodate up to 12,000 soldiers and their equipment. Commonly called the ring barracks, the building was more than a mile in circumference, with outer walls up to two meters thick. Many of the Citadel's 500 self-contained fighting compartments on the first floor were configured as positions for artillery and crew-served weapons. If a compartment fell, the enemy would have to go through the inner courtyard or blow out a wall to reach a neighboring compartment.

Except for a gap in the northeast end of the Central Island, the ring barracks encircled a large courtyard with multiple stand-alone buildings. The most prominent were the White Palace, a former Basilian Monastery converted into an enlisted club; the Engineering Directorate, a former St. Nicholas Church converted into a club and administration building; and the barracks of the 333rd Infantry Regiment. Extensive basements connected the Citadel with multiple buildings in the inner courtyard.

Four tunnel-like gates ran through the lower level of the Citadel to the bridges to the other three islands. The Terepol Gate led to the West Island, and the Kholm Gate connected with the South Island. Two bridges connected the Citadel with the North Island: one via the Three-Arch (Brest) Gate on the north side of the ring barracks and another via the Bialystok Gate leading to the southeast corner of the North Island.

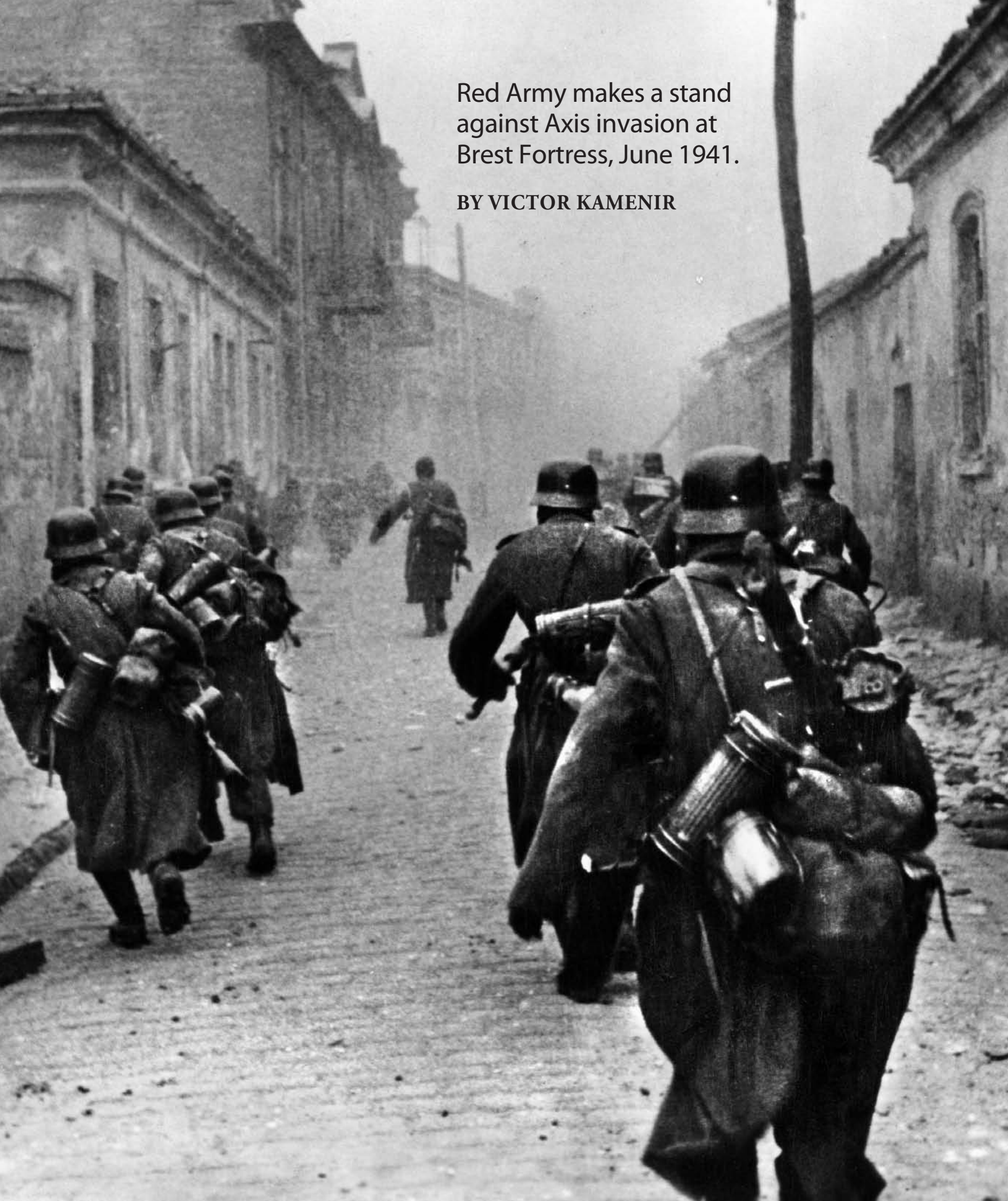
A 30-foot-tall earthen embankment ran along the outer perimeters of the three outer islands, with more self-contained fighting and storage compartments built into the inner side. Smaller stand-alone fieldworks reinforced the main embankment. On the North Island, East and West forts flanked the main road leading from the fortress to the city of Brest. Each fort featured two horseshoe-shaped fortified embankments, one inside the other, with a two-story fortified blockhouse in the inner courtyard.

German soldiers rush through the streets of Brest at the start of the Axis invasion of Russia (Operation Barbarossa). In the early morning hours of June 22, 1941, the German army attacked the 19th century Fortress Brest, expecting little resistance to their Blitzkrieg tactics. But the Red Army held out until June 29, in spite of the devastating firepower wielded against them.



Red Army makes a stand
against Axis invasion at
Brest Fortress, June 1941.

BY VICTOR KAMENIR





ABOVE: A Red Army propaganda photo of recruits from 1941. Fortress Brest, imposing in its day, was no longer viable against modern weapons and was used for garrisoning troops. **BELOW:** A 2003 photo of the Kholm Gate entrance to the South Island section of Brest Fortress. The “Hero Fortress,” which includes barracks, fortifications, and a museum, is open to the public. **OPPOSITE:** At 4 a.m., June 22, 1941, a German assault party captured the strategic railroad bridge near the Fortress Brest—while another assault party crossed the Bug River in rubber boats. A devastating artillery barrage quickly followed.



Wikimedia

Modern weapons rendered the fortress obsolete as a defensive position—the Soviet Army only utilized it and its two sub-posts north and south of the city to garrison troops.

The primary resident Red Army units were: the 6th and 42nd Rifle Divisions, the 33rd Engineer Regiment from the 28th Rifle Corps of the 4th Army, two hospitals, and a detachment of NKVD (People’s Commissariat for Internal Affairs, later Committee for State Security or KGB) Border Guards troops.

In the sub-post immediately south of the fortress, the 22nd Tank Division from the 14th Mechanized Corps of the 4th Army occupied modern barracks vacated by the Polish army in 1939. One rifle and one artillery regiment from the 42nd Rifle Division were in Zhabinka, twenty kilometers east of Brest and additional 28th Rifle Corps organic assets were in the northern subpost. More than 400 officer families lived inside the fortress and off-site housing. In the southwest corner of the North Island was the old Bridgettine monastery, converted into a prison holding Polish POWs and political prisoners alongside common criminals.

By the end of Saturday, June 21, 11 of the 18 infantry battalions from the 6th and 42nd Rifle Divisions and the majority of the 33rd Engineer Regiment were outside the fortress, constructing field fortifications along the border. Artillery units from the 28th Rifle Corps and the two rifle divisions gathered at the firing range co-located with the 22nd Tank Division in preparation for scheduled maneuvers on Sunday. Some 9,000 soldiers from various units remained in the fortress.

In a major oversight that proved fatal, the headquarters of the two rifle divisions and the 28th Rifle Corps were in the city, where the senior Soviet officers took advantage of luxurious quarters formerly occupied by Polish officers and officials.

In case of war, the mission of the regular army troops was not to defend the fortress but to occupy fieldworks along the border. Based on previous German behavior patterns, Soviet leadership expected hostilities to be preceded by a period of escalated tension. The pre-war plans anticipated the rifle divisions to have sufficient time to exit the fortress, stage at Zhabinka, and then deploy forward to predetermined positions.

The German blitzkrieg war concept called for rapid penetration of enemy territory, encirclement, and destruction of the bulk of enemy forces. The significance of the Brest Fortress was not its defensive value but its location astride a major railroad nexus and seven bridges in the immediate vicinity of the city of Brest.

General Heinz Guderian’s 2nd Panzer Army was one of the German armored fists ready to strike into Belarus. Having captured the Brest Fortress from the Poles in 1939, Guderian knew



Polish National Digital Archives

he needed additional infantry forces to open the way for his panzer and motorized divisions. The German High Command attached Gen. Walther Schroth's XII Army Corps to Gudeiran's command, at his request.

Schroth deployed the 45th Infantry Division on a five-kilometer front centered on the fortress. The other two divisions, the 31st and 34th, would attack on its flanks, with the 31st Infantry Division on the left to assist the 45th Infantry Division in capturing Brest.

Major General Fritz Schlieper recently took command of the 45th Infantry Division, activated in 1938 based on the former Austrian 4th Division. The division was a well-trained veteran formation after two campaigns in Poland and France.

A separate artillery command to support the 45th Infantry Division unified the division's organic artillery—three batteries of 210mm mortars, two battalions of 150mm Nebelwerfer rocket launchers, and a battery of two 600mm Karl-Gerät "Big Karl" mortars. Several aerostats provided observation and artillery correction support.

The 130th Infantry Regiment from the 45th Infantry Division would strike on the division's right flank (south). Its 1st and 2nd battalions were to attack the South Island and attempt to reach the Citadel via the Kholm Gate. The 3rd Battalions were to skirt the fortress from the east and rush for four bridges over the Mukhavets River east of Brest.

On the left, two battalions from the 135th Infantry Regiment attacked the North and West Islands. After achieving their initial objectives, both regiments were to continue on to capture the Citadel. Third battalion remained in the division's reserve, while the 133rd Infantry Regiment was held back in the XII Army Corps reserve.

The Germans had captured the fortress in 1939 and possessed maps and photographs of it. Based on available information, the command staff of the 45th Infantry Division created a sand table to wargame its mission, which called for the fortress to be captured in eight hours.

In the evening of Saturday 21, 1941, most Soviet officers returned to off-site housing to spend the Sunday with their families, as was the common practice. Mainly, unmarried junior lieutenants remained in the fortress with their units. Regimental Commissar Yefim Fomin, recently assigned deputy commander of the 84th Rifle Regiment, had plans to take a train to his previous duty station in Latvia to bring his family to Brest. Unable to purchase train tickets on Saturday, he returned to the fortress and slept in his office.

Shortly after 2 a.m. on Sunday, June 22, 1941, German reconnaissance groups and the Fifth Column saboteurs in Brest disrupted electricity and telephone lines and took up positions on rooftops at strategic locations throughout the city.

At 4 a.m., a German assault party rushed the Soviet guards on the main railroad bridge and

quickly overwhelmed them. At the same time, another assault party in inflatable rubber boats headed across the Bug River toward the prison in the west corner of the North Island. Fifteen minutes later, a massive artillery barrage drowned the sounds of minor skirmishes.

Heavy caliber shells rained on the sleeping fortress. Walls and roofs collapsed, killing soldiers in their bunks or burying them alive under rubble. Anything that could burn caught fire. Exploding vehicle gas tanks added oily smoke to the carnage. In the ensuing chaos, partially dressed panicked soldiers and family members jumped out of windows or ran from the buildings into a vortex of explosions. Inhuman screams of wounded and dying artillery horses, tethered in the open, contributed to the cacophony of slaughter.

As the officers living at off-site housing areas rushed to the fortress, many were cut down by shell fragments as they ran through the gauntlet of fire. The few who reached their units did their best to lead their frequently undressed and unarmed men out of the fortress. With German artillery targeting gates and bridges, escaping soldiers and civilians had to traverse choke points under accurate interdiction fire. Suffering heavy casualties, roughly half of the troops eventually made it out of the fortress before the mousetrap snapped shut in the early afternoon, leaving between 4,000 and 5,000 soldiers trapped inside.

At 4:15 a.m., German infantry assault parties



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reinforced with combat engineers from the 81st Engineer Battalion launched their inflatable boats into the water. At the same time, additional engineer crews began assembling a two-ton pontoon bridge from the west bank of the Bug River to the North Island.

Every four minutes, artillery fire shifted forward 100 meters, closely followed by German infantry. When the shells began to fall, roughly 400 Soviet soldiers from duty companies and the border guards were under arms, and many of them became casualties in the opening minutes of the conflict. Amid panic and confusion, few Soviet soldiers fought back, and German assault parties made rapid progress. During the first half hour, German artillery fired 5,360 rounds—180 per minute—concentrating primarily on the North Island and the Citadel.

As the first soldiers from the 3rd Battalion/135th Infantry Regiment jumped ashore on the West Island, the few Soviet Border Guards still alive at their posts cut loose with machine guns. Even surrounded, border guards fought to the death, and the Germans found it easier to contain and bypass them. Leading elements of the 3rd Battalion reached the Citadel from the West Island via Terepol Gate. As the Germans entered the inner courtyard and continued east, they ran into an ambush from several directions. Under the command of Sr. Lt. Aleksandr Potapov (333rd Rifle Regiment) and Border Guard Lt. Andrei Kizhevator, two groups

of Soviet soldiers unleashed a withering fusillade. Master Sergeant Samvel Matevosian from the 84th Rifle Regiment led a counterattack to engage the Germans in hand-to-hand combat. Under a furious attack, most of the 3rd Battalion retreated to a small perimeter in the southwest corner of the ring barracks, while some 70 men from the 3rd Battalion and the 81st Engineer Battalion took shelter in the large former church building. Although cut off, the Germans in the former church occupied a key position, allowing them to fire on the inner side of the ring barracks.

The men from the 1st Battalion/135th Infantry Regiment added their weight to the fight at the prison on the North Island, where the Soviet guards fought to the death. Pressing forward, they ran into spirited defense on the north-central side of the North Island, where Maj. Pyotr Gavrilov, commander of the 44th Rifle Regiment, organized a large group of men from various units. At the East Fort, soldiers from the 393rd Air Defense Battalion manned two anti-aircraft guns and a quad machine gun, and the gunners from the 98th Anti-Tank Battalion manhandled two 45mm guns to the top of the embankment.

While the Germans were still confined to the west end of the North Island and the bank of the Mukhavets River, Soviet soldiers streamed out of the fortress through the north gates. In and around the West Fort, Battalion Commissar Sergei Derbenyov and Capt. Vladimir Shablosnki, battalion

commander from the 125th Rifle Regiment, organized a rear guard, allowing most of their regiment under Maj. Aleksandr Dulkait to withdraw. However, the next day, the remnants of the 125th Regiment were surrounded and destroyed. Wounded and captured, Dulkait died in captivity of tuberculosis in April 1945.

Part of the German battalion bypassed the two strong forts and attempted to enter the Citadel via the Three-Arch (Brest) Gate in the northern sector of the ring barracks. However, they were halted by the men from the 44th Rifle Regiment under Capt. Ivan Zubachev and Lt. Anatoliy Vinogradov from the 455th Rifle Regiment.

On his own authority, Col. Friedrich-Wilhelm John, commander of the 135th Infantry Regiment, diverted a self-propelled tank destroyer battery from the 31st Panzerjager Battalion, 31st Infantry Division to reach his surrounded men from the north. Although one of the vehicles managed to cross the bridge, the open-topped superstructure made the crews vulnerable to accurate sniper fire from the second floor of the ring barracks. After suffering one man killed and six wounded, the tank destroyers pulled back.

In the south, two battalions from the 130th Infantry Regiment rapidly crossed the Bug River and attacked the South Island, quickly overrunning most of it. Its third battalion skirted the fortress around the east and raced for the four bridges over the Mukhavets River. The Germans quickly cap-

tured two bridges closest to the southeast end of Brest while the reconnaissance detachments pressed forward and occupied several city blocks.

On the South Island, occupied mainly by two hospitals and multiple supply warehouses, attacking German soldiers encountered chaos amidst burning hospital buildings. Commissar Nikolai Bogateyev attempted to organize the few armed Soviet soldiers on the island, but they were quickly overwhelmed, and Bogateyev was killed in a hand-to-hand fight. After securing a foothold on the South Island, leading elements from the 130th Infantry Regiment attempted to reach the Citadel via the bridge to Kholm Gate. The Soviet 84th Rifle Regiment had its quarters in this section of the ring barracks, and Commissar Fomin organized a large group of men from various units. The Germans came under withering fire and fell back. On their heels, Fomin sent forward a detachment from his regiment, which took up positions around the South Island end of the bridge.

Rubble from collapsed buildings formed convenient fighting positions for the defenders who, moving through basements, often popped up behind advancing Germans. Early in the fighting, several light tanks and armored cars from reconnaissance battalions stationed inside the fortress bolstered the Soviet resistance before being knocked out or rendered inoperative.

The Soviet defenders maintained hopes of rescue as the sounds of a cannonade came from the east. Throughout the day, several surviving radios in the fortress broadcasted desperate calls for help that went unanswered. Group commanders sent messengers to their respective divisions' headquarters in Brest, but they either could not reach the city or did not return. Fomin sent two armored cars, but they returned empty-handed after finding three different gates blocked by wreckage or under intense fire.

South of the fortress, German artillery swept through the lodgements of the Soviet 22nd Tank Division and artillery regiments from the 28th Rifle Corps. Especially hard hit were artillery parks, destroying not only the guns but large numbers of trucks and tractors, denying the Soviets the ability to withdraw most of the surviving pieces. Despite suffering severe losses, Col. Viktor Puganov organized an orderly retreat of his tank division, bringing almost 100 tanks to their staging areas at Zhabinka after having a brief brush with the 3rd/130th Infantry Regiment.

Northwest of Brest, German artillery and ground attack smashed through the 6th and 42nd Rifle Divisions before they had time to occupy their defensive positions. Many untrained recruits, called up in the spring of 1941 from the former Polish territories and reluctant to serve in the Red Army, used the opportunity to slip away

Author



ABOVE: Tall earthen embankments along the fortress perimeter were a double-edged sword. Once reaching the top of embankments, the Germans gained advantageous elevated firing positions.

BELOW: Fighting in the inner courtyard of the Citadel next to the former St. Peter & Paul church—scene of the signing of the Brest Peace Treaty in 1918. OPPOSITE: Aerial view of the heavily shelled Fortress Brest. Construction of the original fort was completed in 1862, but expansion and improvements continued through World War I. By 1941, it was used by the Russians to garrison troops, some 9,000 of whom were in the fortress when the Germans attacked.



Author



ABOVE: Detail from a painting in the Defense of Brest Fortress Museum that displays the ferocity and determination of the Red Army defenders of the fortress, including many who fought after receiving serious wounds. **OPPOSITE:** German soldiers take cover along building walls up to two meters thick.

in the confusion.

Chaos reigned in Brest as small groups of German commandos and saboteurs created an impression that the Germans entered the city in force. Soviet military and civilian authorities, rather than organizing defense, were fleeing the city in panic. Commanders of the 6th and 42nd Rifle Divisions, forgoing their men in the fortress, attempted to extricate the bulk of their divisions and withdraw to Zhabinka.

By 9 a.m., as Soviet resistance in the fortress stiffened, Maj. Gen. Schlieper realized that rapid capture of the fortress was impossible. After committing his reserve battalion, the 2nd/135th Infantry Regiment, Schlieper requested and received permission from the XII Army Corps to take back his third regiment, the 133rd Infantry. Around 11 a.m., the fresh regiment went into action but could not make headway against the Citadel. German platoons and companies became

intermixed with Soviet defenders, and fighting frequently degenerated into hand-to-hand combat among burning buildings while Soviet snipers fired from every side.

In early afternoon, Schroth ordered Schlieper to pull his men back from the Citadel, where approximately 70 German soldiers from the 135th Infantry Regiment remained surrounded in the former church in the Citadel's courtyard.

By the end of June 22, the 45th Infantry Division had suffered 313 men killed, including 10 by friendly fire. The 135th Infantry Regiment alone lost 180 killed, including two battalion commanders and one company commander. Despite the unexpected heavy losses, the day was an overall success for the 45th Infantry Division. All the bridges over the Mukhavetz and Bug rivers in its sector have been captured intact. The South Island was largely in German hands while sporadic skirmishes continued on the Western Island,

and a strong position was established in the western part of the North Island. By nightfall, around 1,600 Soviet soldiers either surrendered or were taken prisoner. During the night, small groups of Soviet soldiers slipped through the still porous German encirclement.

By the end of June 22, the Commander of the 4th Army, Maj. Gen. Aleksandr Korobkov gathered and rallied his units at Zhabinka. He felt confident in holding his position until reinforcements arrived and was shocked upon receiving orders on the morning of June 23 to counterattack toward Brest. In a futile effort, Korobkov's army was shattered by Guderian's advancing panzers, eliminating any chance of rescuing the beleaguered defenders of Brest Fortress.

Throughout June 23, German ground attacks on the fortress alternated with heavy artillery bombardment. Between barrages, two German trucks with loudspeakers addressed the Soviet sol-



Author

diers in Russian, advising them to surrender. By the end of the day, the South Island was cleared entirely. On the West Island, Soviet defenders, mainly border guards, continued hit-and-run strikes before disappearing into basements and tunnels. Determined resistance continued on the North Island, where Gavrilov organized his men into four companies around the two forts and the section of the outer embankment between them.

German artillery fire slackened during the hours of darkness, allowing Soviet defenders to comb ruined buildings for weapons, ammunition, food, and medical supplies. Lack of water was especially dire because the plumbing had been destroyed by the bombardments. Attempts to get water from the river under the watch of German machine guns and illumination flares resulted in heavy casualties. A canteen full of water could cost the lives of a dozen men. During the night, small groups of defenders attempted to escape the fortress, but the majority of them were either killed, captured, or forced to turn back.

By the end of the day, the 45th Infantry Division reported 1,900 more Soviet soldiers captured at the cost of 23 of their own men killed. During the night, Zubachev and Fomin maintained contact with separate groups in the Citadel, but defenders of the North Island remained out of touch.

Renewed fighting continued on June 24, alternating with German bombardment and surrender

appeals over loudspeaker. The Germans made significant progress on the North Island, capturing the West Fort as Gavrilov's group retreated to the East Fort. They still had weapons and ammunition, and their two anti-aircraft guns were in direct fire, and a quad machine gun kept the Germans away. With the Soviet resistance diminishing, Colonel John made another attempt with panzerjager vehicles and infantry, reaching his men trapped in the former fortress church.

German infantry attacking from the West and South Island overcame Soviet resistance near the Terespol and Kholm gates and occupied strong positions in the ring barracks. Soviet defenders under Potapov and Kizhevator were pushed out of the Border Guard barracks and the barracks of the 333rd Rifle Regiment and joined Zubachev and Fomin in the ruins of the 33rd Engineer Regiment barracks. Fifty-two German soldiers were killed and several hundred Soviet soldiers taken prisoner.

During the night, commanders of the several groups in the Citadel met in the basement under the 33rd Engineer Regiment barracks. After the war, a frayed three-page document, titled Order #1 and dated June 24, was found under the ruins. The document, which appears to be a draft, outlined a plan to create a unified command organized into a battalion of four companies. Captain Zubachev was appointed joint force commander, with Fomin as his deputy. Although Fomin's rank

as a Regimental Commissar was equivalent to that of a lieutenant colonel, being a political officer, he formally deferred to Zubachev's status as a line officer. However, by the strength of personality and charisma, Fomin was the group's real leader.

Zubachev and Fomin only had direct contact with Soviet soldiers in the barracks of the 455th Rifle and 33rd Engineering Regiments. Gavrilov on the North Island and the few holdouts on the West Island remained out of contact.

Conditions in the fortress had become unbearable for the men and women taking shelter in basements and tunnels under ruined buildings. Dead bodies were everywhere and beginning to smell in the summer heat. Fires that started the first day continued to burn, with smoke and dust exacerbating the problem. Water and food were scarce, and ammunition was dwindling. Medications and bandages ran out, and wounded were dying in increasing numbers.

Knowing that the Germans maintained increased vigilance at night to prevent escapes, the council decided to break out during daylight hours the next day. For that purpose, Lieutenant Vinogradov formed a company of 120 of the most physically capable and best-armed soldiers to spearhead the breakout attempt.

On June 25, the Germans conducted minor probing attacks, preferring the artillery to reduce the pockets of resistance. Around noon, Vino-



Crippled by German artillery and infantry, Soviet tanks line a Belarusian road after the first battle of the Axis operation “Barbarossa.” Due to maneuvers planned for the next day, Sunday, some 9,000 soldiers from various units were bunked in the fortress when the attack began. Despite the severe losses, Col. Viktor Puganov was able to bring 100 tanks to their staging areas at Zhabinka, about 35 kilometers northeast of Brest Fortress.

gradov’s company gathered unobserved in the barracks of the 455th Rifle Regiment. Upon signal, machine gunners on the second floor opened suppressing fire on German machine gun positions across the bridge at the Three-Arch Gate. Taken by surprise, the Germans were slow to respond, allowing Vinogradov’s company to establish a small bridgehead on the North Island. Still, the attack cost Vinogradov a quarter of his men.

Once in position to cover the rest of the battalion, Vinogradov sent up a pre-arranged signal flare. A short time later, Zubachev and Fomin responded with two flares, which meant Vinogradov had to proceed alone. It is unknown why the two officers decided to remain in the fortress. It is possible they considered that the Germans were fully alerted now, and continued breakout attempts would cause too many casualties, and they wanted to wait for the night. It is also possible they did not want to abandon almost 600 wounded and civilians gathered in the basements.

On the evening of June 25, Vinogradov’s company reached the southeast corner of the North Island. Pursued by the Germans, the men broke up into several small groups. The next day, the Germans surrounded and captured a wounded Vinogradov and the last 12 men with him. He

survived the POW camps and was liberated by American troops in 1945.

Between June 26 and 28, organized Soviet opposition in the Citadel largely collapsed under the relentless pounding of German artillery. German casualties dropped off as they systematically mopped up small pockets of shell-shocked and exhausted defenders. Between June 25 and June 28, 22 more German soldiers were killed, the last of them on June 27. Schlieper withdrew his 130th and 135th Infantry Regiments, which suffered the most casualties, into Brest to rest, leaving the 133rd Infantry Regiment to contain the fortress and continue mopping up operations. Matevosian, who led the bayonet charge on the first day of war, was wounded and captured, surviving the war in captivity.

On June 28, the last of Soviet women and children left the fortress. Most were taken to the Brest prison and released several weeks later. However, several families were rounded up and executed in early 1942.

A group under lieutenants Potapov and Kizhevato held out until June 29 under the barracks of the 333rd Rifle Regiment when they made a desperate attempt to break out toward the West Island. The majority of the group was killed or captured during the attempt. Kizheva-

to is believed to have been killed fighting a rear-guard action.

Groups under Zubachev and Fomin in the ruins of the 33rd Engineer Regiment barracks in the Citadel and under Gavrilov in the East Fort still refused to surrender. Every man was either wounded or sustained injuries. But more than physical pain and hunger, the men suffered from thirst. Those under the 33rd Engineer Regiment barracks dug a shallow well in the sandy soil, barely producing a canteen of water daily. The men dug a shallow well under the stables in the East Fort, but the polluted water wasn’t drinkable.

On June 29 and 30, upon request from Schlieper, Junkers Ju 88A-4s from Kampfgeschwader 3 flew bombing sorties from a nearby Polish airfield. During the two days of air attacks, German aircraft dropped 22 500-kg bombs on the Citadel and the East Fort and one 1,800-kg bomb on the fort.

After the massive explosion at the East Fort, which shattered windows in Brest, some 380 shell-shocked Soviet defenders stumbled out of the ruins into captivity. Gavrilov and several men in ones and twos continued to evade capture.

Suffering from concussion, Zubachev and Fomin were taken prisoner on June 30. One of



Author

ABOVE: German soldiers round up surrendering Russians after the fall of Brest Fortress in June 1941. German sources claim 2,000 Red Army soldiers were killed and 7,200 taken prisoner. **BELOW:** German Chancellor Adolf Hitler (front row, second from left) and Italian dictator Benito Mussolini (front row, far right) inspect the remains of Brest Fortress in Brest, Belarus, a month after it was taken in the first battle of Operation Barbarossa, the Axis invasion of the Soviet Union launched on June 22, 1941.



Polish National Digital Archives

Fomin's men betrayed him to the Germans for being a Commissar and a Jew, and Fomin was immediately shot near the Kholm Gate. Zubachev died in a concentration camp in 1944.

With the last pockets of resistance eliminated, the 45th Infantry Division reported the Brest Fortress taken. Between July 2 and July 6, all its

units departed the vicinity of Brest to be replaced by a security battalion. While claiming to take more than 7,200 Soviet soldiers captive, the 45th Infantry Division reported 32 officers and 424 enlisted killed or dying of wounds and 31 officers and 637 enlisted wounded. It is unknown how many Soviet soldiers died in the fortress, estimates

put the number over 2,000—but hundreds of corpses were buried in shell and bomb craters in the fortress courtyard.

Even after June 30, there were still diehards hiding among the fortress ruins and occasionally sniping at the German soldiers. Gavrilov, alone, emaciated and his uniform hanging in tatters, was captured on July 23.

On August 26, Adolf Hitler and Italian dictator Benito Mussolini visited the Brest Fortress on a tour of the Eastern Front. Hitler was looking forward to hosting an event at the White Palace, the former garrison church where the Peace of Brest-Litovsk was signed. To his disappointment, the building had suffered extensive damage in the fighting, rendering it unsafe and unusable for publicity photographs.

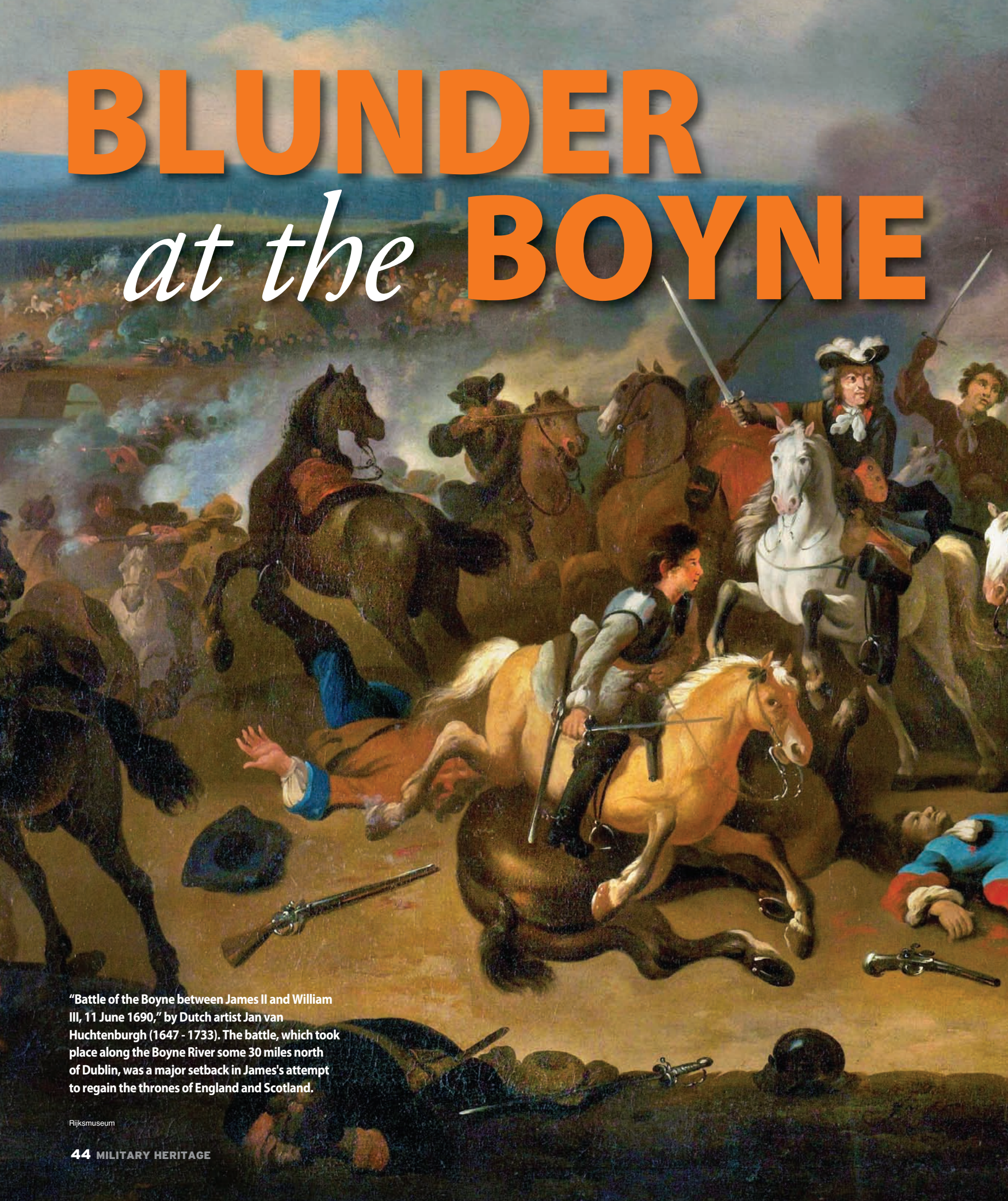
Of the thousands of Red Army POWs captured at the Brest Fortress, almost 800 survived the war. Upon returning to the Soviet Union, the former prisoners were ostracized as cowards and traitors, with many receiving prison sentences when they returned home. Gavrilov, the only surviving resistance leader, was stripped of this rank and lived in abject poverty.

Even though some of the 45th Infantry Division's documents fell into Soviet hands during the winter of 1941/1942, the defense of the Brest Fortress remained largely unknown in the Soviet Union. Some stories circulated in the local press until, in the early 1950s, Soviet author Sergei Smirnov became passionate about telling the story of the Brest Fortress.

During several years of painstaking efforts, Smirnov located and interviewed hundreds of veterans, civilians, and family members. Through two books and multiple radio programs, the story of the heroic fortress became known to the population of the Soviet Union at large. A retired officer, Smirnov had sufficient connections and influence to rehabilitate the slighted defenders of the Brest Fortress. In 1957, Gavrilov and Kizhevato (in his case, posthumously) received the Medal of the Hero of the Soviet Union, the country's highest military decoration. Fomin and Zubachev posthumously received the Order of Lenin and the Order of the Patriotic War 1st Degree, respectively.


On November 8, 1956, a museum was opened on the territory of the Brest Fortress, eventually expanding to a large memorial complex complete with eternal flame and several massive statues. The imposing former St. Nicholas church has been restored, and several sections of the ring barracks remain standing. Most of the ruined buildings have been either demolished or taken apart for their bricks in reconstruction after the war. More than 26 million visitors have paid homage to the heroism of fortress defenders. ■

BLUNDER *at the* BOYNE



"Battle of the Boyne between James II and William III, 11 June 1690," by Dutch artist Jan van Huchtenburgh (1647 - 1733). The battle, which took place along the Boyne River some 30 miles north of Dublin, was a major setback in James's attempt to regain the thrones of England and Scotland.

Rijksmuseum



William of Orange crushed any notions deposed King James II had of reclaiming the English crown through Ireland and Scotland. BY ROBERT L. DURHAM

Deposed Catholic King James II had come to Ireland with hopes of regaining the throne of England, and after a year of minor successes and setbacks, the time had come for him to make a stand. An army of 36,000 had gathered in Ulster under William of Orange, William III of England, and they were marching south. James' army camped on the Hill of Donore, on the south side of the Boyne River, about 30 miles north of Dublin. His troops, mostly raw militia with a few French regiments and artillery, were deployed along the river, occupying and fortifying the bridge at Oldbridge on the left, and the town of Drogheda on the right.

On the morning of June 30, 1690, William arrived at the north bank of the Boyne and immediately sent dragoons and cavalry west to check the bridge at Slane. Directly ahead, he sent the Dutch Guard to scout Oldbridge. As his best infantry units made their way down the open forward slope, French artillery fired on them, and they took casualties before they were recalled.



Durham University

ABOVE: "William III at the Battle of the Boyne," by Jan Wyck. As stadholder (chief magistrate) of the United Provinces of the Netherlands as William III (1672–1702), William, Prince of Orange, was one of the major Protestant opponents of the Catholic King Louis XIV of France. William led a major coalition including Austria-Hungary, Brandenburg, Spain, and Sweden against Louis and his expansionist policies. OPPOSITE: James II, the second son of Charles I, assumed the throne of England after the death of Charles II, his older brother. Before returning to England to serve under his brother, James had been an officer in the French Army, and later with the Spanish Army at the Battle of the Dunes. Detail of a painting by Sir Godfrey Kneller, c. 1685.

William then rode down to the river to see for himself. Convinced it could be crossed, he and his staff decided to have lunch in full view of the Jacobites. Two small cannons, hurriedly brought up to within range, fired on William and his party as they mounted to leave. The first shot exploded, killing one man and several horses. The second ricocheted off the ground and hit William in the shoulder.

Rumors of William's death ripped through both armies and even later reached Paris, where the guns of the Bastille fired a salute, and mobs burned effigies of William and his queen. But the wound was minor, and after having it dressed, he rode through the camps to be seen by his cheering troops. When he returned to his headquarters, he called a council of war. Clear to those on both sides, the Battle of the Boyne on the morrow would definitively decide the fate of the English crown.

The sequence of events that placed these contenders for the throne of England staring at each other across an Irish river began five years earlier on February 6, 1685, when King Charles II died without an heir.

The crown devolved to his younger brother James, who became King James II. A Catholic in a largely Protestant country, James II faced a rebellion almost immediately. James Scott, an illegitimate son of Charles, declared his uncle James's coronation invalid due to his Catholicism. On July 6, 1685, the Battle of Sedgemoor broke the rebellion, and James Scott, captured at the battle, was beheaded on Tower Hill.

From the early 1670s, the Catholic King Louis XIV of France had been entangled in wars in Western Europe with numerous, mainly Protestant, Allied armies. William, Prince of Orange,

was the leader of the United Dutch Provinces, a Protestant merchant state and one of Louis' major opponents. Stadtholder (chief magistrate) of several of the Dutch provinces, William led a major coalition including Austria-Hungary, Brandenburg, Spain, and Sweden against Louis and his expansionist policies.

James II's eldest daughter Mary, heir to the throne, married his nephew, William of Orange, in 1677. James II opposed this union, but King Charles II had arranged the marriage because Mary, a Protestant, countered any claims of Catholic subversion. But the 1688 birth of James's son, James Francis Edward Stuart, Prince of Wales and Duke of Berwick, removed Mary from the line of succession.

To make his claim to the throne secure, William decided to invade England. James II

abandoned London, and William and his wife marched triumphantly in with their troops. Even though he was not English, the Londoners received him enthusiastically. They crowned Queen Mary II and King William III as joint rulers. With his countrymen favoring William, James lost his nerve and sailed to France, accompanied by his son, never to see England again.

In Ireland, the Catholic population favored James II, believing he would decree programs favorable to them. Col. Richard Talbot, Earl of Tyrconnell, transformed the Irish Catholic army—promoting chiefly Irish officers, most bound to him by marriage or friendship. Having raised the core of a Jacobite army, he requested James II come to Ireland to take charge in a war against William. At the urging of Louis XIV—who was pleased to be able to distract William from campaigning against him in Europe—James II and a cadre of French officers landed at Kinsale on March 12, 1689, to take command of the Irish Catholic army.

In April James led his army, with Jacobite and French officers, north from Dublin to the port city of Derry (now Londonderry)—a center of Williamite resistance in Ulster, the mostly Protestant part of Northern Ireland. His plan was to capture Derry, secure Ulster, and sail for Scotland, the next step on his path back to the English throne.

James stood before the gates of Derry on April 18 and demanded its surrender. Just five days earlier John Graham, Viscount Dundee, had raised the Scottish Royal Standard on Dundee Law (a hill overlooking the city of Dundee, Scotland) in support of his king, country and the Jacobite cause. For a moment, the way forward seemed clear, the future bright.

But the Williamites inside the walled city of Derry refused, and after unsuccessful attempts to take it, the Jacobites decided to starve them out.

They ran a boom across the River Foyle to prevent Protestant ships from supplying the city and the siege of Derry, the first real military action of the Williamite War, had begun.

The siege lasted 105 days (April 18-August 1) until Major-General Percy Kirke with the HMS *Dartmouth* and three merchant ships broke through the blockade on July 28.

During that time, William officially declared war on France on May 7 and in July named Friedrich Hermann, Duke of Schomberg, as the commander of an expeditionary force to drive James II out of Ireland.

July was a disastrous month for the Jacobite cause. The loss at Derry came a day after “Bonnie Dundee” was killed at the Battle of Killiecrankie on July 27th and the movement in Scotland faded. On the final day of the month, 1,500 men were killed in a losing cause at the Battle of Newtownbutler near Enniskillen, in western Ulster.



Less than two weeks later, on August 13, 1689, Schomberg landed at Belfast with a Williamite force of 20,000. The news of Schomberg's arrival prompted James to call for militia from across the land and to prepare to defend Dublin.

A veteran of many European wars, Schomberg, 75, wasted little time in attacking the Jacobite stronghold of Carrickfergus on August 20. The city fell eight days later. It was his hope to take Dublin before winter set in.

As they marched south, Schomberg found that on their retreat to Dublin, the Jacobites had taken crops and livestock and burned what they couldn't use.

At Dundalk, about 50 miles north of Dublin, the Williamites set up camp. With a force made up of green troops that were outnumbered by the Jacobites, Schomberg declined to engage, staying within his entrenchments. The Jacobites, who came north to taunt them into fighting, took the inactivity as a sign of weakness.

But it may have been more than just Schomberg's reluctance. Before moving to winter quarters in Ulster, nearly 6,000 Williamites died from lack of supplies and medicine as well as from exposure.

In April 1690, Louis XIV sent 6,000 French regulars and some artillery in exchange for 5,000

Irish infantrymen.

Not satisfied with Schomberg's lack of progress, William decided to come to Ireland himself, landing at Belfast on June 14, 1690. In addition to English, Scottish, and Protestant Irish Enniskillen troops, his army consisted of a great many Dutch, Danish mercenaries, and French Huguenots. They were armed with the latest flintlock rifles, with socket bayonets, carbines, and pistols.

James's French-Irish, on the other hand, were armed with inferior matchlocks and pikes. Many of the Irish carried half-pikes, with scythe blades bolted parallel to the ends, probably more deadly than regular pikes. Some infantry carried farm implements, and a few were unarmed. The Irish and French infantry fought in "pike and shotte" formations of an earlier time. Poorly trained and armed, the Irish infantry mainly consisted of peasants. The landed gentry that made up the cavalry, on the other hand, proved to be first-rate.

Antonin Nompar de Lauzun, an advisor to James II and commander of the French troops, counseled him to use the Boyne River against William as a natural barrier.

After William's picnic stunt—when all was nearly over before it began—his council of war decided to strike on James' far left, at the Slane bridge. From there, they thought they could cut

off the Jacobite line of retreat.

The French-Irish forces numbered approximately 24,000 men. The Williamite Allied army outnumbered the Jacobites significantly, with nearly 36,000 soldiers. Though James' advisors counseled a retreat, he decided to make a token show before withdrawing. The longer he could delay William in Ireland, the weaker he felt William's hold on the English throne would be.

On July 1, a little before 5 a.m., nearly 7,000 troops under the Duke of Schomberg's son, 49-year-old Meinhard, Count Schomberg, marched west to outflank the Jacobite left. A deep fog covered their movement, and upon discovering the bridge at Slane destroyed, they decided to ford the river at Rosnaree, closer to the main Allied position.

James had stationed Sir Neill O'Neill's Irish dragoons, among the best of the Jacobite horse, to protect the ford. O'Neill had his men dismount, with every 11th man as a horse holder, and led his mere 480 troopers down from the heights to dispute the crossing. Count Schomberg ordered his strongest regiment, the Dutch Guard Dragoons, to charge into the water. The Count "plunged into the river, sword in hand, at the head of the dragoons," reported Sir Felix, his aide.

O'Neill's Irish troops opened fire with their carbines, disordering the Dutch dragoons, forcing

Both: Wikimedia Commons



ABOVE: "Approach to the Battle of the Boyne," by Jan Wyck (1644-1702). William arrived at Carrickfergus in June of 1690 with an army of about 16,000 men, and was soon marching toward Dublin. Once joined with Schomberg, his army would number 36,000 troops, half of which were British, the rest European mercenaries. **OPPOSITE:** This 1785 engraving based on a work by Jan Wyk, a Danish painter and alleged eyewitness to the Battle of the Boyne, depicts the battle's opening sequence of opposing artillery units exchanging volleys across the Boyne River valley near the village of Oldbridge.



them to withdraw. Schomberg, unable to force a crossing, ordered his men to dismount and exchange fire with O'Neill. Things settled down to a halfhearted skirmish, which seemed to be in O'Neill's favor because it would allow time for reinforcements to arrive.

Count Schomberg regained the momentum when he brought his artillery into action and a round shot shattered O'Neill's thigh, mortally wounding him. As he was carried from the field, his dragoons became disheartened, climbed on their horses, and yielded the ford to the Williamites, illustrating a weakness of the Irish in James' army—loyal to their clan chief, not their king, meant they would only fight so long as their chief commanded them. Though outnumbered, O'Neill's dragoons had held the Count in check for more than an hour. Now the Williamite horse crossed the river and formed up on the other side to secure their position.

Meinhard Schomberg sent a report to William via Sir Felix, who became rattled. The shaky account of the battle led William to conclude that James had sent much of his army to reinforce O'Neill. William ordered Lt. Gen. James Douglas to take 12,000 men, leaving only a third of his army, to aid Schomberg.

With his left flank broken, James concluded the time had come to pull out. He ordered his baggage

train to begin the withdrawal southward toward the bridge at Duleek. Before beginning his retreat, he ordered a large contingent of infantry and cavalry, along with all his artillery, to Rosnaree, to protect that flank. There were now only about 7,000 men left to confront William III near Oldbridge.

Neither of the two kings realized they had no reason to send their reinforcements to that flank. A deep ravine, with a small ditch at the bottom, protected it. Hedgerows capped the tops of the ravine and this bocage presented a formidable obstacle to anyone attempting to cross. The two relief columns faced each other across this ravine, exchanging sporadic small arms and artillery fire, a situation neither leader was aware of.

After James sent his left toward Rosnaree, he shifted his main body to the left to cover a possible crossing of the Boyne at Oldbridge, which he considered his most vulnerable spot. He ordered Tyrconnell to watch the enemy across from Oldbridge as the Williamite artillery had started a barrage of the Jacobite positions there. After an hour, the Dutch Foot Guards (or Blue Guards), led by their grenadier companies, attacked. An Irish infantry battalion, in an entrenched position under the Earl of Clanricarde, disputed their crossing. Williamite artillery softened them up before the infantry attack.

"The English artillery played furiously upon

the Irish trench, beat it down in several places and killed some men in it," remembered a member of the Blue Guards.

The Guards plunged into the river, under the fire of the Jacobites. "The enemy did not fire until our men were towards the middle of the river, and then a whole peal of shot came from the hedges, breastworks, houses and all about," the Blue Guard continued. "Despite the fire, which sounded severe, only two men were hit."

The three Guards battalions spread out to take Clanricarde's battalion on both flanks. Slowly, the Guards forced them back, sometimes at bayonet point. The Irish, with their matchlock muskets, stood no chance against the Williamite flintlocks and socket bayonets. The Guards had a rate of fire three times that of the Irish. While the Jacobite army had two musketeers to every pikeman, socket bayonets made each Williamite soldier a pikeman and musketeer.

East of Oldbridge, three battalions of Jacobite foot deployed to dispute other fords at Grove and Yellow Islands. James ordered two of those battalions, both Irish Guards, to counterattack the Dutch Guards, leaving only one battalion to cover the two islands. During the attack, Major Thomas Arthur, the commander of the 1st Irish Guards, "ran the [enemy] officer through the body that commanded the Battalion he marched up to,

before sustaining a mortal wound.”

Initially, the opposing Guards battalions engaged in a hand-to-hand battle but both sides eventually fell back to within musket range, with Clanricarde’s battalion falling in on the left of the Irish Guards. The Irish stood no chance against the disciplined volley fire of the Dutch Guard. With the Dutch slowly pushing them back, the Irish fired as they retreated, refusing to give in completely. It took half an hour of heavy combat, but the Dutch Guards cleared Oldbridge and secured their position.

Jean-François de Morsier, a Swiss Protestant serving with the Blue Guards described the desperate fighting that took place. “We fell on them, as much with musket fire as with bayonets, and drove them off. Our French battalions and others followed us close while the King had a battery of cannons fire on the enemy army.”



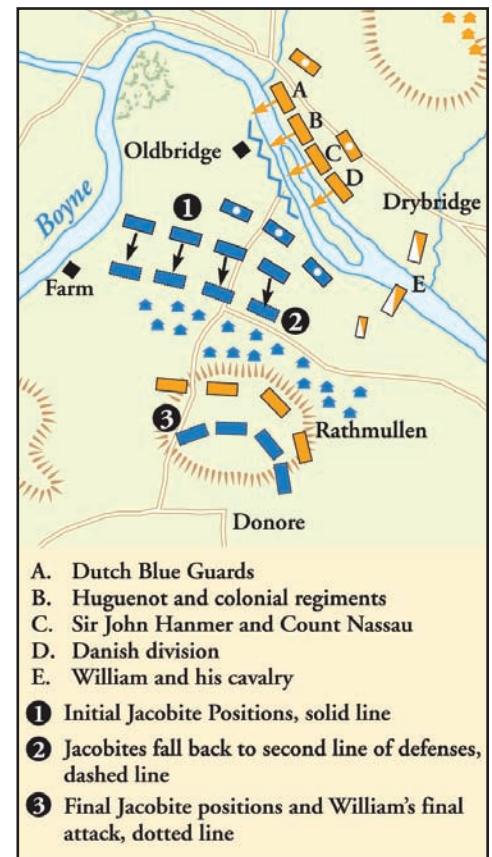
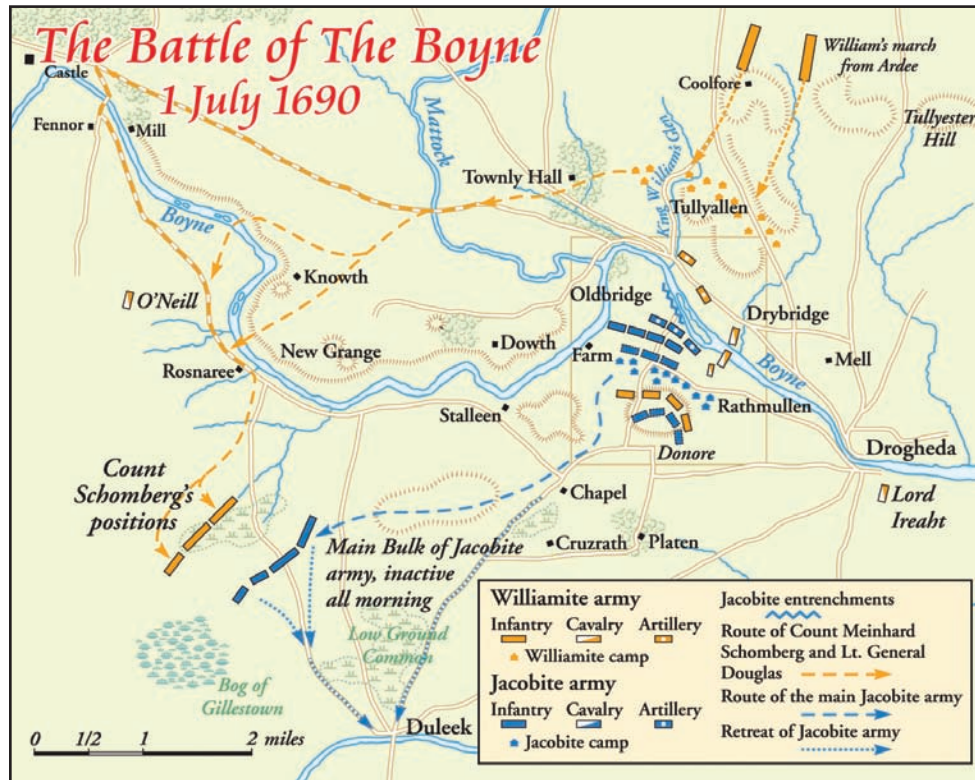
ing in the waist-deep water. Holding their muskets and ammunition over their heads, they slowly made their way across. A brigade of Northern Irish Protestants, unable to cross behind the Huguenots, moved upstream to cross at Oldbridge. Antrim’s regiment fired a few volleys, but it had little effect on the oncoming Allied infantry. William’s Anglo-Dutch and Danish brigades extended beyond Antrim’s right, and they retreated.

The Duke of Schomberg halted on the southern side of the river, allowing time for Lt. Gen. James Douglas’s five battalions to join Schomberg’s formation. This attacking force numbered about 11,000 men. But more Jacobite troops arrived to increase the number of men against Schomberg.

On the right flank of the Williamite advance, where Count Meinhard Schomberg commanded, the stalemate continued. Meinhard ordered his dragoons to dismount and attack the Jacobite

TOP: The Boyne River, running east to west, was the last major natural obstacle barring William III from taking Dublin and the south of Ireland.

LEFT: The Jacobites and Williamites in position across the Boyne from each other. **BELOW:** King William III leads his army of Williamites across the river to attack James II and the Jacobites at Oldbridge near the town of Drogheda, Ireland.



As the Guards battalions engaged at Oldbridge, the leading regiment of the Williamite Huguenot brigade crossed the river at the Grove Island ford. By this time, the tide was in and the Boyne was much harder to cross. A Jacobite counterattack faltered, and the men retreated to the top of the ridgeline south of the Boyne, where their officers struggled to get them moving again.

By 11:30 a.m., the Jacobite situation was quickly deteriorating. Clanricarde had been pushed from the Oldbridge crossing by the Dutch Guards and a single regiment of infantry under the Earl of Antrim held the south bank of the

Boyne. More and more Williamite troops moved into the water to cross the river. James sent his two best regiments of cavalry against the Dutch Guards, now east of Oldbridge and reforming. The Irish Life Guards and Tyrconnell’s regiment galloped down the hill toward the Dutch, who opened fire as they approached. The close-range volley took down many horses and troopers. Disordered, the Jacobite cavalry retreated to the top of the ridge to regroup.

Now at almost noon, the Duke of Schomberg began to cross the river at the head of three Huguenot infantry regiments, who were wallow-



“The Battle of the Boyne, 1690,” by Jan Hoyneck van Papendrecht (1858-1933). Horsemen under King William III, of England, charge across the River Boyne north of Dublin. Though the Williamite Allied army outnumbered the French-Irish Jacobites significantly—36,000 to 24,000—James decided to make a token show before withdrawing. His advisors counseled a retreat, but James thought that if he could delay William in Ireland, it would weaken the king’s hold on the English throne he coveted.

troops. He soon found the boggy ditch at the bottom of the ravine dividing the two sides would be impossible to charge across. Meinhard shifted to the right, looking for a way around the ravine. This posed a danger to James’ flank and rear, forcing the Jacobites to shift to their left.

Following the failed charge against the Duke of Schomberg’s men at Oldbridge, the Irish Life Guards and Tyrconnell’s regiment, reinforced by another cavalry regiment, rallied to charge downhill towards the English, Huguenot, and Danish regiments struggling to climb the southern ridge. They crashed into the lead regiments of Sir John Hanmer’s English infantry and Huguenots under the command of Pierre Massue de Ruvigny, sieur de la Caillemotte.

Approximately 40 riders broke through Hanmer’s regiment as the infantry threw themselves aside to escape the flashing sabers, and the cavalry only killed three. A shot mortally wounded Caillemotte in the chest. As his men carried him off the field, he attempted to rally his soldiers, yelling to them, “To glory, boys! to glory.”

As the Irish cavalry retreated again to regroup, Schomberg tried to rally the Huguenots. He

pointed across the river to the Jacobite cavalry and shouted, “Let’s go men, there are your persecutors.” As he and his aides crossed the river, they soon found themselves surrounded by about 40 Irish troopers.

“The Duke of Schomberg who was recognized from his blue ribbon (the Order of the Garter) received two saber wounds on the head at the same time that he was shot in the neck by a carbine wound,” de Morsier wrote. “The shot threw the duke from his horse.”

The Reverend George Walker, who had been mayor of Londonderry during the siege, had attached himself to Caillemotte’s regiment. Now, as he moved to aid the fallen Schomberg, Walker was fatally shot in the stomach by a Jacobite horseman. When he later heard of Walker’s death, William exclaimed, “The fool! What business had he there?”

The Jacobite horse swept into Colonel St. John’s infantry as they changed from column into line. They cut many of the hapless soldiers down before reining in and returning to their initial position to reform. Some of the troopers, unable to halt their mounts, continued through the

Williamites, who encircled and killed them. The cavalry reformed for another charge, this time against the Dutch Guards.

William stood watching the Irish cavalry as they bore down on his favorite unit. “The musketry covered us in such a dense pall of smoke that the King, on the ridge, could not see us and said ‘My regiment is entirely beaten!’” related de Morsier, “And an instant later when the smoke cleared he exclaimed ‘Thank God, I see them again!’” George Clarke, Secretary of State for War, stated the king “said he had seen his guards do that which he had never seen foot do in his life.” Again, the Guards’ disciplined volley fire stopped the Irish cold. A few of the horsemen closed to pistol shot range but then the Jacobite cavalry retreated.

With most of the Irish infantry retreating, and their cavalry occupied with their engagement with the Huguenot brigade, few Irish defended the Yellow Island ford. Danish troops under Ferdinand Wilhelm, Duke of Württemberg-Neuenstadt, crossed almost unopposed by Irish troops. The Boyne itself, with deep water and unstable bottom, contested the crossing though, and the Danish foot soldiers feared drowning. Led by their grenadiers



ABOVE: Detail of Benjamin West's painting, "The Death of Frederick, 1st Duke of Schomberg (1615-1690) at the Battle of the Boyne, 1st July 1690." After rallying his men, Schomberg rode across the River Boyne to renew the attack on the Jacobites. Recognized by the blue ribbon of his Order of the Garter, he was surrounded by Irish troopers, wounded twice in the head by saber cuts, and was killed instantly by a shot to the neck by Cahir O'Toole of Ballyhubbock. **OPPOSITE:** "William III at the battle at Landen," by Ernest Crofts (1846-1911). King William III leads his cavalry in the Battle of Landen in the Spanish Netherlands (part of modern Belgium). French forces commanded by Marshal Luxembourg (François Henri de Montmorency-Bouteville, Duke of Piney-Luxembourg) defeated the Allies under William in July, 1693. The action was part of the Nine Years' War (1688 to 1697), a power struggle between Catholic France and the Protestant Grand Alliance.

and King Christian's Foot Guards, they eventually crossed the river, holding their muskets and ammunition above their heads. They formed a shaky bridgehead on the southern bank of the river.

Tyrconnell sent two fresh regiments of dragoons, under Walter, Lord Dongan and Charles O'Brien, Viscount Clare, against the Danes. The dragoons did not dismount for their attack but

charged on horseback. A Danish volley drove off O'Brien but Dongan attacked a regiment of Danish cavalry and dispersed them. The Danes fled back across the Boyne. Unfortunately, as Dongan's troopers moved back to the top of the hill to rally for another charge, a Danish musket ball struck and killed Dongan.

As O'Niell's men had done at Rosnaree, both Dongan's Irish regiments lost their will with his death and—despite the fact they had successfully pinned the Danish infantry against the riverbank—fled toward Duleek.

With the attack in the center at a standstill, William decided to move to his left and cross at Mill Ford and come in on the Jacobite right flank. He ordered his cavalry across first and Lt. Gen. Baron Ginkel's brigade led the way, brushing aside an Irish picket post. Three more cavalry regiments and three regiments of dragoons followed with no problem. But the horses had churned up the mud in the riverbed so much, it became impossible for the infantry to cross. William ordered them to seek out another crossing upstream, and then set out to cross the river himself.

The king's horse soon foundered and he dismounted to lead him across. Halfway, William suffered a dangerous asthma attack and might have drowned but for an Enniskillen trooper named McKinlay, who dragged William and his horse to safety. William's crossing of the Boyne and the turning of the Jacobite right flank spelled the end of the battle for the Jacobite army—they retreated toward the bridge over the Nanny River at Duleek. An Irish chronicler described the English crossing at Mill Ford as the place where "the one hope of Mother Ireland died." Led by de Lauzun's Frenchmen, the French-Irish marched off to Duleek, in the rear of the Jacobite army. The bridge at Duleek, over the Nanny River, created a bottleneck, but the Jacobites' communications with Dublin depended on holding it.

William's cavalry used their carbines to shoot at the French and Irish column. The Jacobites, fearing they were caught in an enemy pincer movement, began to unravel.

Before reaching Duleek, the road is controlled by Donore graveyard. A walled area on a steep hill, the graveyard formed a natural ambush position where a Jacobite rearguard could hopefully delay the Williamite pursuit long enough for the Irish and French to escape. Dismounted cavalry and dragoons established a defensive line behind the graveyard walls.

The Allied cavalry under Ginkel and William led the pursuit. When they came close to the graveyard, they rode into a heavy fire from behind the wall, and soon the two forces intermingled in a savage *melee*. Many times, in the smoke and confusion of the battle, one of the two sides mis-



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took a unit of their own side for the enemy. The Protestant Irish Enniskillen cavalry, serving with the Williamites, charged against the Danish cavalry. With the Danes uniformed in white, the Protestant Irish mistook them for a Jacobite regiment since most of the Allies wore red. William himself barely escaped death when an Enniskillen trooper aimed a pistol at him, being stopped just in time.

Ginkel tried to outflank the right of the Jacobite cavalry, but an Irish cavalry squadron forced them back. As the horsemen struggled in a fierce clash, a unit of English dragoons, who had taken position behind some hedgerows, fired into the crowded mass. The more men William threw into the confused fighting, the more muddled the fighting became. William's force that had crossed the Boyne at Mill Ford lost approximately 150 men before they could disengage and bypass the graveyard.

The Allied pursuit continued, chasing the French-Irish and trying to engage the Jacobite main force before they reached Duleek. The Irish made a last ditch stand at a walled field near Platin Hall. A narrow sunken lane, the only entrance to the hall, ran along its western flank. In the lead, Enniskillen horse commander Col. William Wolseley gave the order to wheel to the left. This

mistaken order caused the Protestant Irish to offer their rear to the waiting Jacobite Catholic Irish. Wolseley quickly attempted to reverse the order. He "cried aloud to them to wheel to the right on which some wheeling to the left and some to the right, they ran into great disorder and confusion," as described by an eyewitness, John Richardson. The waiting Jacobite horse, under Lt. Gen. Richard Hamilton, charged into Wolseley's cavalry, and they "routed and killed about fifty of them on the spot."

Hamilton outplayed his success by pursuing Wolseley until he ran into the main body of the Allied horse under William. The Irish Catholics, severely outnumbered, were crushed, and Hamilton was captured. Taken before the king, William asked him if he thought the French-Irish would stand again before Duleek. "Upon my Honour, I believe they will," Hamilton replied. "Your Honour? Upon your Honour?" William said mockingly, and ordered Hamilton led away.

As the French-Irish army retreated toward Duleek, many left the ranks, in a panic to reach the bridge before the Allied cavalry overtook them. The officers gathered around James, but they found nothing but confusion—he had no orders to give except to get to Duleek as fast as possible. At this time, the Jacobites believed Tyr-

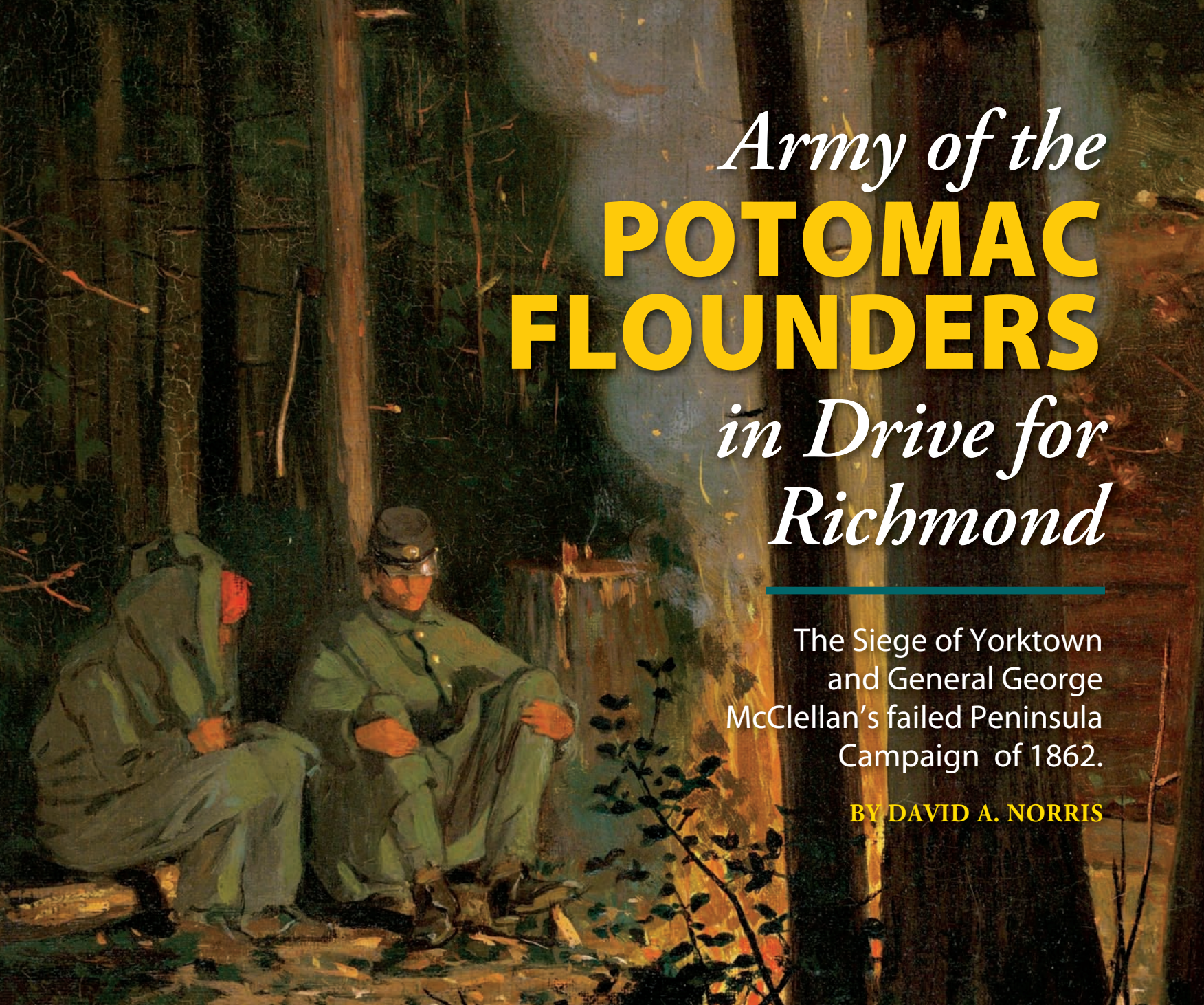
connell to be holding out at Oldbridge. When they received word that he had been defeated and retreating, De Lauzun feared for James' life. He ordered two regiments, cavalry, and dragoons, to escort James from the field.

This reduced the Jacobite horse to just two regiments of cavalry and two regiments of dragoons. With their depleted horse, it would be impossible to stop the Williamite horse, which greatly outnumbered them. This left the French-Irish with their only choice—make for the Magdalene Bridge over the River Nanny with all possible speed.

The road was a scene of mass disorder as the Jacobite soldiers, some mounted and some dismounted, tried to outdistance the Williamite horse. Many had thrown away their muskets, and some even their coats and shoes, to give them more speed in their flight. To make matters even worse, some of the retreating men broke open barrels of whiskey and became raucously drunk. The retreating French artillery found itself overrun by a routed unit of Irish dragoons. An Irish dragoon commander, Charles O'Brien, rallied a few dozen men and they escorted the French guns all the way to Limerick.

The French commander de Lauzun kept his men together and they reached Duleek without a

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Army of the **POTOMAC FLOUNDERS** *in Drive for Richmond*

The Siege of Yorktown
and General George
McClellan's failed Peninsula
Campaign of 1862.

BY DAVID A. NORRIS

On April 5, 1862, the Fourth Corps under Brig. Gen. Erasmus Keyes pushed forward along the road by the James River. They trudged and splashed through soggy Virginia woodlands, relieved with occasional openings for farmlands and fields. Confederate resistance was light, nothing compared to the impediments of mud and water. Still, Keyes expected to easily follow the roads to Halfway House. Then, according to the Union plans, his corps would hover by the right flank of the outnumbered Confederate force of Brig. Gen. John B. Magruder in Yorktown. Before long, the dreams of an easy victory dissipated. Cutting across Keyes' intended route was the Warwick River, a wide stream expected to be some distance to the west instead of blocking his march. Beyond the water, on the opposite shore, Confederate muskets and cannon opened fire. The swift advance of a few hours envisioned by Keyes' superior, Maj. Gen. George B. McClellan, was about to turn into a month-long siege that provided a grim

foretaste of the slow progress and ultimate failure of the Union's Virginia Peninsula Campaign.

The winter of 1861-1862 was a time of bleak uncertainty for the Union cause. The previous summer, amid a surge of confidence, a Union army under Brig. Gen. Irwin McDowell drove directly against the forces of the newly formed Confederate States. But instead of pushing "on to Richmond," McDowell's army was wrecked and plunged into a headlong retreat at the First Battle of Bull Run or Manassas on July 21, 1861.

As thousands of soldiers shielding the Federal capital of Washington and the Confederate capital of Richmond, only 90 miles apart, the war settled into an uneasy stalemate, punctuated by sharp skirmishes and small battles.

On October 21, a smaller-scale clash at Ball's Bluff on the Virginia bank of the Potomac ended in another disastrous Union defeat. There had been little good news for President Abraham Lincoln's administration on the



With some sleeping soldiers and a Union officer listlessly watching the fire, Winslow Homer's painting, "In Front of Yorktown," seems to capture the atmosphere of inaction surrounding Maj. Gen. George B. McClellan's Army of the Potomac during the 1862 Peninsula Campaign. Homer covered the war as an artist for *Harper's Weekly* magazine.

Yale University Art Gallery/Wikimedia

northern Virginia front, except for a key victory provided by McClellan.

Second in the West Point Class of 1846, McClellan had served with distinction as an engineer officer in the Mexican War. While an instructor at West Point, he translated a French manual on bayonet exercises. Later, he joined a committee of officers to observe the Crimean War and the armies of Europe. His "McClellan saddle," an adaptation of a Hungarian military saddle, was used by the U.S. Cavalry for decades.

At the outbreak of the Civil War, McClellan left the presidency of the Ohio & Mississippi Railroad to accept command of the volunteer troops of Ohio. On May 13, 1861, McClellan's expertise in military science; his perceived efficiency and overall competence, and his charismatic and confident personality earned him a commission from Lincoln as a major general in the regular army.

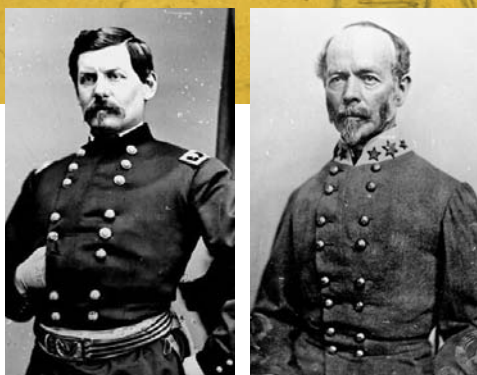
McClellan was in command of Kentucky and western Virginia, areas of considerable peril if the Union lost control of them to the secessionists. He

won the Battle of Rich Mountain on July 11, 1861. By later standards of the Civil War it was a minor clash, but at the time it cemented Union control of the western part of Virginia, which later broke away from the Confederacy to form the new state of West Virginia in 1863.

McClellan's victory at Rich Mountain provided a sharp contrast to the disaster that befell the Union Army at Manassas 10 days later. Lincoln placed McClellan in command of the Army of the Potomac on July 26.

McClellan found a battered and dispirited army in a beleaguered capital city. Politicians and the press were gripped by anxiety and near-panic. Military discipline was at a low ebb, and soldiers left their camps and barracks to wander around town as they pleased.

It took only a few days for McClellan to change everything. A provost guard drawn from regular troops patrolled the streets and the saloons. Regimental officers were back in firm control—soldiers could not leave camp



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ABOVE: The overall commanders in the Peninsula Campaign of 1862. Union Maj. Gen. G.B. McClellan, left, and Confederate Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. **TOP:** This sketch by Alfred R. Waud shows part of Federal Battery No. 1, which featured one 200-pound Parrott and five 100-pounders, erected in the orchard of the Farenholt house two miles south of Yorktown.

without permission. Newly arrived units began organized training. Plans for a spectacular circle of defenses around the capital quickly became a reality of forts, batteries, and earthworks.

The transformation of Washington from chaos to steady calm and determination was widely visible to the nation. The 35-year-old McClellan, a retired captain at the start of the war, symbolized the much-needed success and confidence. On November 1, 1861, Lincoln rewarded him with command of the entire U.S. Army.

The Confederates' Army of Northern Virginia, under Lt. Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, made winter camp at Centreville, near the old battlefield of Manassas. In command of the Union Army, McClellan not only watched Johnston, but planned spring operations in Tennessee; on the Mississippi River;

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and the coast of North Carolina. Though full of ambitious plans, he made no effort to clear enemy troops from the Potomac River region.

Lincoln, anxious to clear the Rebels out of easy range of Washington, announced General Order No. 1 on January 27, 1862—commanding combined army and navy offensives against the Confederates on all fronts by February 22. A clarification was added a few days later, ordering McClellan to attack Johnston.

Nothing directly came from Lincoln's order, though it did prod McClellan into committing to a concrete plan of action. Mindful of the failure of McDowell's direct dash against Richmond, McClellan had for some time envisioned outflanking the Confederate forces opposing Washington via the Potomac River and Chesapeake Bay. In response to Lincoln's orders, McClellan wrote a detailed letter describing a plan to land an army at Urbanna on the Rappahannock River. From there, it was 60 miles west to Richmond. McClellan thought he could be in the Confederate capital before Johnston could move from Centreville.

McClellan appeared nonchalant about Washington, feeling the Confederates could not menace the Union capital without losing their own. But the capture of the national capital was one of Lincoln's greatest fears. Such a strategic catastrophe might cost the United States the confidence of Great Britain, France, and the other European powers. So far, European recognition of the Confederacy was no more than a daydream for Jefferson Davis' government.

In reacting to his landing at Urbanna, McClellan felt the Confederates would have no spare

troops to threaten Washington as they scrambled away from Centreville to face the large Union force bearing down in Richmond from the east, supported by Union Navy gunboats. Lincoln reluctantly consented, provided that McClellan leave enough troops to protect Washington.

But circumstances soon made the Urbanna plan unworkable. Johnston quietly began leaving his winter camp on February 23, intending to move his army to Richmond. The last Rebels left there on March 9 and Johnston concentrated his force along the Rappahannock River. McClellan left Washington with a large force to chase the Confederates, but Johnston was far ahead and the Federals found only the empty winter camps. Making matters worse, Johnston burned the bridges over rivers and streams now swollen by recent rains as he moved south.

After Johnston's easy escape, Lincoln removed McClellan as commander in chief of the Union Army on March 11. Lincoln felt the general's full attention should be devoted to the Army of the Potomac while it was in an active campaign. McClellan had also run afoul of Secretary of War Edwin Stanton, who wanted a more aggressive war against the secessionists.

Abandoning the Urbanna plan, McClellan planned a landing on the Virginia Peninsula. One of Virginia's three major peninsulas, it stretches 50 miles between the James River on the southwest and the York River to the northeast, varying from 5 to 15 miles in width.

Steeped in history, the Virginia Peninsula was the site of Jamestown and Williamsburg, as well as the site of Lord Cornwallis' surrender to the

army of Gen. George Washington in 1781. In early 1862, it was the site of something much more valuable to the Union: Fort Monroe.

Also called Fortress Monroe, this massive work was the largest stone fort built in the United States. In 1861, secessionists quickly took control of southeastern Virginia, including the U.S. Navy base at Norfolk. Only Fort Monroe, bristling with guns at the tip of the Virginia Peninsula, remained in Federal hands. This practically impregnable bastion, easily supplied by water, made a safe starting point for a Union offensive in Virginia.

From that invulnerable base, McClellan would move his army inland. The York and James Rivers were deep enough to accommodate the Union Navy. Warships bearing heavy guns could shield the advance and provide mobile artillery platforms to harass the Rebels from both flanks, while transport vessels could provide a steady stream of food, ammunition, and supplies. Backed by the agreement of his corps commanders, McClellan obtained Lincoln's approval.

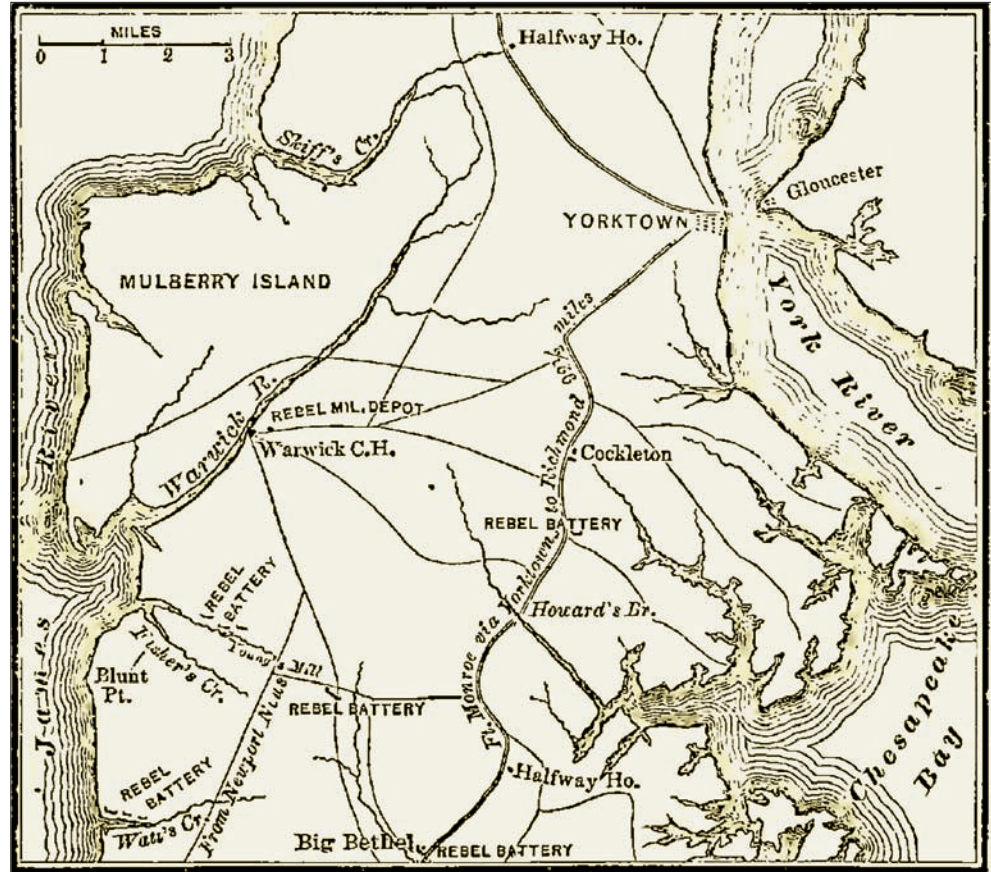
Commanding the Confederate troops on the Virginia Peninsula was Brig. Gen. John Magruder, an old-time soldier who served in the War with Mexico. With 11,000 men, Magruder anchored his line on the left at Yorktown, and from there across the peninsula to the James, built a line of earthworks, trenches, and rifle pits punctuated with redoubts and batteries. Some of his defensive line absorbed old earthworks left over from Cornwallis' ill-fated stand at Yorktown in 1781.

Magruder did not expect to repulse the Union Army for good, but he felt that he could conduct a delaying action that would give the Confederates time to reinforce Richmond and its defenses.

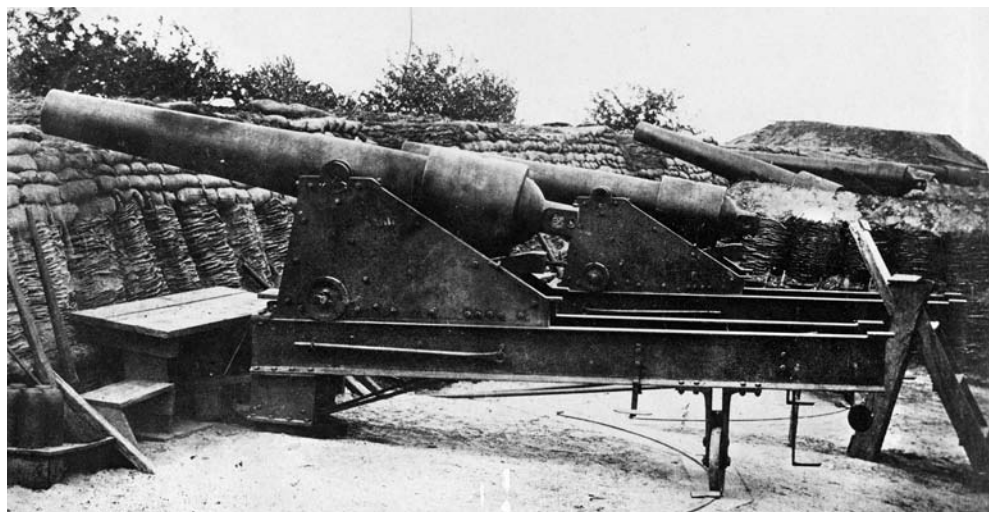
When Johnston abandoned the Centreville camps, McClellan had 200,000 men around Washington and northern Virginia, almost three times the 70,000 Rebels scattered from the Shenandoah Valley and the Allegheny Mountains down through Richmond and on to Norfolk.

With the Union plan in motion, the first transport steamers loaded with troops and supplies left Alexandria on March 17. It would take weeks and nearly 400 steamships, sailing vessels, and barges to ferry a force intended to include 121,500 men, 14,592 draft animals, 1,150 wagons, and 44 batteries of artillery to Fort Monroe.

On April 2, McClellan arrived off Fort Monroe to take charge of his massive army, but found that bad news had not been far behind. He would not receive an expected 20,000 troops—Brig. Gen. Louis Blenker and 10,000 men were dispatched to Harper's Ferry instead and he would not be given command of 10,000 soldiers from Fort Monroe's garrison. Flag Officer Louis M. Goldsborough then further dampened the commander's spirits with the news that the Navy would



ABOVE: Adding to Major General George B. McClellan's difficulties during his 1862 Peninsula Campaign was his reliance on a flawed map. Col. Thomas Jefferson Cram, a Union engineer officer at Fort Monroe, compiled the map using local intelligence and previous maps of the area—including a British one from the Revolutionary War. Its inaccuracies included, most crucially, a depiction of the Warwick River flowing parallel to the James, not across the peninsula. **BELOW:** The five rifled 100-pounder Parrott guns of the Federal Battery No. 1 set up in a peach orchard in front of the Farenholt house south of Yorktown. The battery also featured a 200-pounder. After two days of operation, the battery was made moot by the Confederate evacuation of the city.



not provide gunboats for him. Although the clash of the ironclads U.S.S. *Monitor* and C.S.S. *Virginia* ended in a draw on March 9, the Rebel warship was still too dangerous for Goldsborough to

divert any of his vessels.

Federal control extended from the muzzles of Fort Monroe's cannon for a short distance into the countryside. Maj. Thomas W. Hyde of the

7th Maine was on picket duty beyond Newport News in early April, when around midnight, his men fired a brisk fusillade into the darkness, believing they were under attack by the Rebels. Making his way to the front, Hyde noticed that all of the firing was coming from his men. "I went down the road," he wrote, "and discovered an old horse and two cows killed in action. The cows were soon broiling on the fire of the picket reserve, and the regiment whose men did the killing were chaffed for many days."

Under pressure from Lincoln, McClellan left Fortress Monroe. Not all the troops he expected had arrived, but he took 58,000 men and 100 guns with him. The III Corps under Brig. Gen. Samuel Heintzelman marched on the right, aiming toward Yorktown. Brig. Gen. Erasmus Keyes took the IV Corps around the left along the James River Road toward a place called Halfway House. If he reached that place, four miles northwest of Yorktown, with Heintzelman pressuring that point, they could drive away or perhaps even destroy Magruder's force. The II Corps, under Brig. Gen. Edwin Sumner, followed Heintzelman in reserve.

The columns of foot and horse soldiers, guns, and wagons spread for several miles along the roads. A Massachusetts private serving with the Engineer Corps, Warren Lee Goss, remembered, "It was a bright day in April—a perfect Virginia day; the grass was green beneath our feet, the buds of the trees were just unrolling into leaves ... The march was at first orderly, but under the unaccustomed burden of heavy equipments and knapsacks, and the warmth of the weather, the men

straggled along the roads, mingling with the baggage-wagons, ambulances, and pontoon trains, in seeming confusion."

On the following day, April 5, the bright spring weather gave way to a morning of heavy rain. Under the gloomy gray skies, wrote Goss, "the muddy roads, cut up and kneaded, as it were by the teams preceding us, left them in a state of semi-liquid filth hardly possible to describe or imagine." When Goss' comrades reached the site of the famous Battle of Big Bethel (June 10, 1861), "the rain was coming down in sheets."

As the weather cleared, the temperature rose. In the afternoon, Chaplain A. M. Stewart of the 102nd Pennsylvania wrote, "the entire way was literally strewn with blankets, over-coats, and various other articles which the weary and over-laden soldiers refused longer to carry."

McClellan's advance units drew ever closer to Magruder's troops. Anchored on the east along the York River by heavy fortifications at Yorktown, the line of Rebel rifle pits, earthworks, and batteries combined with the Warwick River to block the peninsula. Across the York River, Confederate batteries at Gloucester Point barred the Union Navy from interfering with the Yorktown defenses.

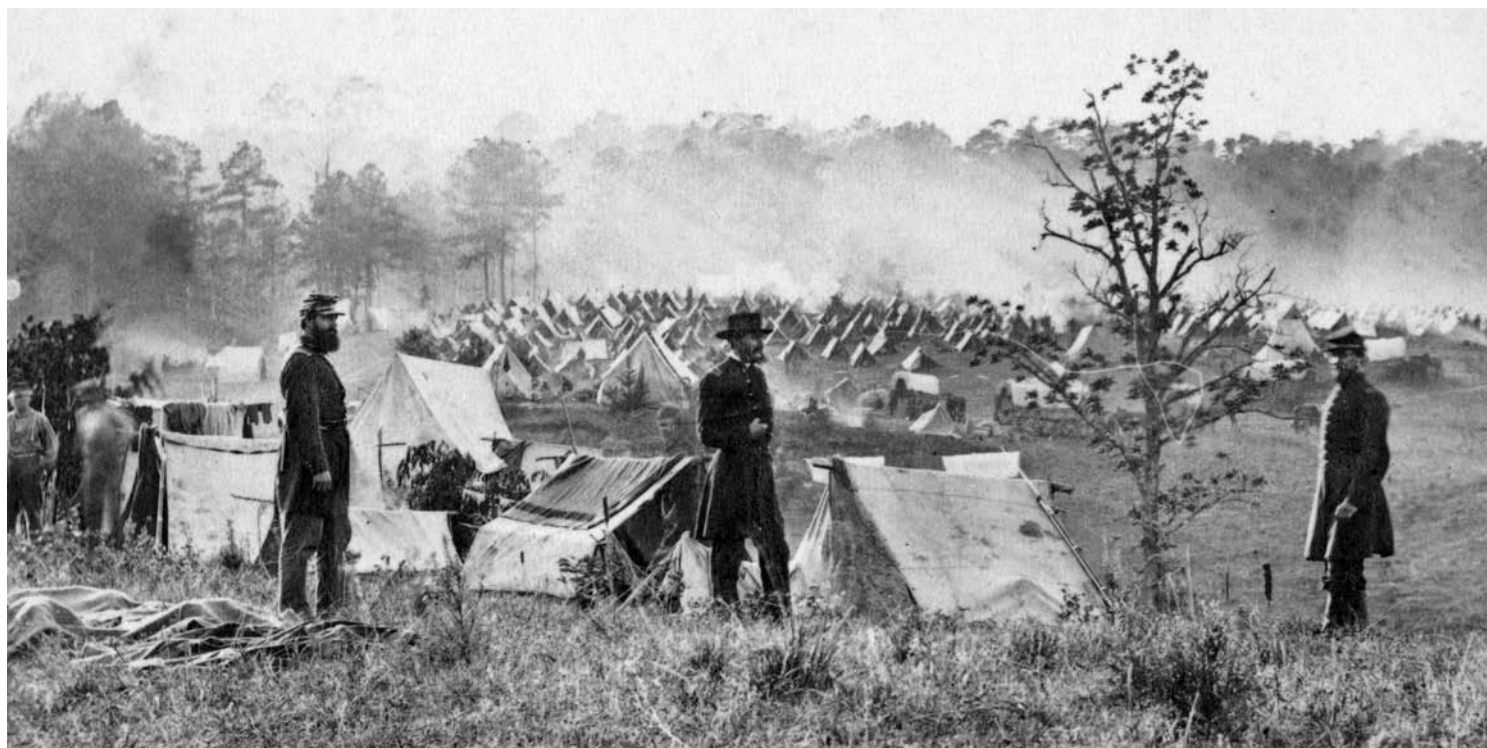
"Little Mac" had devoted only limited effort to scouting or reconnaissance work, and had plotted a route for his advance with inadequate knowledge of the terrain. Staff officers scrambled for any maps they could find, and even consulted maps of the 1781 Siege of Yorktown. The best available map appeared to be one compiled by Lt. Col. T. J. Cram, an engineer officer stationed at Fort

Monroe. But Cram's map left out many details and the further one got from Fort Monroe, the less accurate it was.

From Cram's map, Keyes expected to march along the James River Road, past Warwick Court House. From there, it appeared that he could march east of the Warwick River and follow the roads to Halfway House. It was an unpleasant surprise to find that instead, the Warwick cut across nearly the whole peninsula blocking the line of march.

The Warwick River formed a natural defense barrier, and Magruder had taken full advantage by digging in along its northern banks. Rifle pits dotted the other side of the river where cannon faced outward from redoubts and batteries. Antebellum dams blocked the stream at Wynne's Mill about three miles west of Yorktown, and at Lee's Mill, another three miles downstream as the crow flies. Supplementing the deeper water in the millponds, Magruder had three more dams built—Dam No. 1 backed up water between the two mills and the other two were built downstream from Lee's Mill. Between the dams, the low ground on the south bank of the river was now flooded. Below the dams, there were no bridges, and the Warwick was wide and deep enough to prevent an easy crossing.

Major Hyde of the 7th Maine led a 400-man skirmish line sweeping ahead of Keyes' column. Stepping out of a stretch of woods and swamp, they were suddenly confronted by enemy horse and foot soldiers. A Confederate officer "on a white horse ... immediately fired his revolver at us," and then the enemy quickly disappeared.



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ABOVE: Winslow Homer's sketch, "Charge of the First Massachusetts regiment on a rebel rifle pit near Yorktown," shows the Union failing to break through Confederate defenses along the Warwick River on April 16, 1862. The clash is known variously as the Battle of Dam No. 1, Burnt Chimneys or Lee's Mill.

OPPOSITE: This Mathew Brady photograph shows unidentified soldiers in Union uniforms with tents in the background at the 66th New York Volunteers (French's Brigade) camp at St. Peter's Church, Yorktown, Virginia.

Hyde's skirmish line pressed through another stretch of woods and emerged near the banks of the Warwick River. His men halted and lay down as Rebel bullets flew past them. Then, wrote Hyde, came the order to "go out and draw the enemy's fire.' I did not like this much, but had to go, so taking a few men we crept out along the fringe of branches to the overhanging bank of the creek. I was looking to see if the stream was fordable when a crowd of men appeared on the other side looking at me and I at them, both sides rather astonished. I suddenly remembered that I ought not be there and plunged into the bushes." The surprised Rebels came to their senses and fired at the major, but with no effect.

Hyde had been close to the enemy, "near enough to count his buttons," as he put it. He wrote later that he was confident that the Confederate defenses were so thin at this point that he begged for permission to cross the river, but his request was denied.

Elsewhere, more of Keyes' troops emerged from shadowy, swampy woods to encounter musket and cannon fire from Confederate earthworks across the Warwick River. "Prince John" Magruder had over half his force in Yorktown itself or across the York River at Gloucester. This

left him with only 5,000 troops spread across a dozen miles of defenses. With the skills of an actor and magician, he projected an illusion of menace and danger to the larger Union forces. Magruder's pickets and artillery fired noisily at the enemy when they appeared. Bands of Rebel troops marched across gaps in the forests, so they could be seen. Then, they slipped back into the woods to march across the gap again to act like another batch of reinforcements. Confederate bandsmen, fifers and drummers, kept up steady background music for the deception.

Keyes wrote later of his gloomy impression of the enemy defenses. "He is in a strongly-fortified position behind Warwick River, the fords in which have been destroyed by dams, and the approaches to which are through dense forests, swamps, and marshes. No part of his line as far as discovered can be taken by assault without an enormous waste of life." The Army of the Potomac's chief engineer, Brig. Gen. John G. Barnard, was as pessimistic as Keyes, reporting that "those formidable works could not with any reasonable degree of certainty be carried by assault."

In hindsight Philippe d'Orléans, the Count of Paris, a French aristocrat serving on McClellan's staff, saw that McClellan was tricked by Magruder's

display. McClellan "did not dare to thrust his sword through the slight curtain which his able adversary had spread before his vision. A vigorous attack upon either of the dams, defended by insignificant works, would have had every chance of success. The enemy could have been kept in suspense by several feints; there were men enough to attempt three or four principal attacks at once; it was easy, in short, to harass him in such a manner that his line of defence would inevitably have been pierced at the expiration of twenty-four hours."

After the sputtering musket and cannon fire on April 5 stalled McClellan's advance, more bad news arrived in a telegram from the War Department. Irwin McDowell's 38,000-man corps was to be the last contingent to sail from Alexandria. McClellan planned to send them to force the Confederates out of Gloucester, removing the protection of the Confederate batteries covering Magruder's left. But, Lincoln decided to keep McDowell close by to defend the capital city.

Heavy rains fell April 6-10 and the Union Army was bogged down in mud. To Chaplain Stewart, "Officers, privates, horses, mules were somewhat the appearance of drowned rats." Soldiers worked, up to their knees in the muck, chopping trees to build corduroy roads. François

d'Orléans, Prince de Joinville, another French aristocrat serving on McClellan's staff, wrote that to get some sleep, soldiers "had to sit down on the trunks of felled trees, or to construct with logs a sort of platform, on which they snatched a very precarious rest." Even the general of a Union division had only a bedstead made of "five or six pine branches, one end stuck in the mud, or rather in the water, the other resting on a tree. Here he slept with an Indian-rubber cloak over his head."

Brigadier General Oliver O. Howard's brigade, sent by steamer from Alexandria, arrived at Fortress Monroe at 7:30 a.m. on April 5. Howard was ordered to proceed immediately to Ship Point, where Cheeseman's (Chisman's) Creek emptied into the Pocosin River three miles south of Yorktown. With the help of Howard's men, the Union Army built a wharf from planks salvaged from Confederate gun platforms and barges, and repaired the road from Ship Point to the main Yorktown Road. By April 6, the new landing was ready, speeding the delivery of supplies by bypassing several miles of road.

As the rain and drizzle continued for most of the next several days, Union teamsters tried to get wagons and guns to the front, their efforts punctuated by occasional skirmishes and cannon fire. A bit of good news came to McClellan on April 11, when Lincoln agreed to send him Brig. Gen. William B. Franklin's division.

On April 16, McClellan ordered a demonstration against the Confederate forces guarding Dam

No. 1 between the two mills. Three charred chimneys, all that remained of the house on the Garrow Farm burned by Magruder's men, stood nearby as a grim landmark. Some accounts refer to this action as the Battle of the Burnt Chimneys. The attack, by Brig. Gen. W.F. Smith's division, was intended to disrupt the Rebels' steady construction work in the area.

Captain Thaddeus P. Mott and the Third Battery New York Artillery opened fire 1,100 yards from the Rebel works. A Confederate shell killed three of Mott's men and wounded several others, but Mott's fire eventually silenced the Rebel guns.

Some 200 men of the 3rd Vermont Infantry crossed the river to occupy the Confederate works. Col. B. N. Hyde handed Cpl. Alonzo Hutchinson a white handkerchief, which he was to raise and wave as a signal when the works were taken.

With the 3rd was one Private William Scott, who had fallen asleep on guard duty in Washington, D.C., back in 1861. Sentenced to death, he was pardoned by Lincoln and returned to duty.

Muskets held high over their heads, Hutchinson, Scott, and the rest waded into the waist-deep stream. But the Confederates opened the sluices of the upstream dam—raising the water level and ruining much of the ammunition they carried. Hutchinson never got the chance to make his signal. A few Rebel pickets fired into the advancing bluecoats and he was mortally wounded by a Confederate bullet that passed through the colonel's handkerchief.

Stepping on the opposite bank, the Vermont troops rushed to a line of rifle pits held by the 15th North Carolina of Brig. Gen. Howell Cobb's brigade. The Federals' quick sortie across the river surprised the defenders. Their section had been quiet enough that most of the Confederates had stacked their arms while awaiting rations.

Drums beat out the long roll, and the Rebels retrieved their muskets to confront the enemy. Col. Robert McKinney, commander of the 15th North Carolina, was killed. Officers of his regiment told a correspondent of the Petersburg Express that McKinney, "discovering that one wing of his regiment appeared to falter, rushed in that direction, with his cap off, and waved to his men to follow him. This singled him out as a promising mark for the enemy's sharpshooters, and he fell, mortally wounded."

Smith's orders were to occupy the Rebel works only if they were abandoned. Cobb's Brigade organized a counterattack, and Smith therefore ordered the Vermont troops back across the river.

The brief clash saw 23 men of the 3rd Vermont killed, 51 were wounded, and 9 left behind as missing. Their losses were about half of those suffered by Smith's brigade that day. Among the dead was Scott.

A dispatch in the Richmond newspapers said the Confederates lost 20 dead and 75 wounded. The Rebel artillery had lost eight horses killed, and a howitzer was knocked out of action.

The day after the clash at Dam No. 1, General



Both Library of Congress



ABOVE: Union Brigadier General Philip Kearny moves up to stabilize the Federal left in this drawing by Alfred R. Waud, “special artist” assigned to the Army of the Potomac. Early on May 5, two days after the Confederates quit Yorktown, they were attacked by Union Gen. Joseph Hooker outside of Williamsburg, Virginia. Hooker’s attack was repulsed and the Union flank was threatened until Kearny’s arrival. OPPOSITE: In June 1862, Union troops inspect Confederate guns and fortifications reinforced with bales of cotton abandoned by Gen. Joseph E. Johnston at Yorktown.

Joseph E. Johnston arrived to take command of the Confederate forces. Although the Union Navy was so far reluctant to aid McClellan, the Confederates on the peninsula were potentially in danger on both flanks if enemy gunboats did come up the York and James Rivers. Even if Johnston won a major victory in the field, he could only pursue McClellan only as far as the practically invulnerable Fortress Monroe. There, the Union troops would be safely sheltered and in easy reach of supply vessels and reinforcements. Johnston resolved only to harass and delay the Federal advance as long as possible, allowing the Confederates to bolster Richmond.

Rather than probe the Rebel lines for a weak spot, or rattle the enemy into scattering his forces to deal with simultaneous attacks, McClellan settled into a siege of Yorktown. Work began on the siege lines on April 18 as soldiers made 3,400 gabions—large earth-filled baskets of woven branches lined up or stacked—to build fortifications in quick time. Contributing to the earthworks were 475 fascines (cylindrical bundles of sticks filled with soil). Much of the work was done after sunset to hide the progress of the fortifications from the Rebels. Soldiers also toiled behind the front lines, building corduroy roads and bridges.

Aeronaut Thaddeus Lowe, a well-known

American balloonist, was with the Union Army on the peninsula. He made several ascents to observe the Rebel lines, marking the first extensive use of aerial reconnaissance by the U.S. Army.

Also going aloft several times was Brigadier General Fitz-John Porter. On the morning of April 11, Porter went up alone in a balloon to view the Rebels at Yorktown. The single guide rope parted, and the winds pushed Porter toward the enemy lines. He took advantage of the accident to make careful observations of the Confederate lines, until the wind shifted and blew him back over his own lines. Porter, who had learned much about ballooning, then opened a valve to release some of the gas from the balloon. Balloonist and author John Wise later wrote that the balloon descended rapidly, bringing Porter down onto an army tent. Unharmed, but “enveloped in a mass of collapsed oil silk,” Porter crawled out of the tangle and saw that he was in camp 100 yards from McClellan’s headquarters. George Armstrong Custer, then a lieutenant, also made several observation flights, and there was some Confederate ballooning as well around Yorktown.

On the ground before Yorktown, McClellan’s men continued with the siege works. The largest Union siege guns were a pair of 200-pounder Parrott rifles, and 10 13-inch seacoast mortars. They

were transported by water as far as possible, and with enormous effort, hauled overland to their batteries.

By May 5, McClellan expected that 114 siege guns would be in place, not counting 300 field guns. He planned to open a heavy bombardment with his artillery on that day, and once he judged the cannon fire had weakened the enemy lines, his infantry would push ahead. But, rather than let batteries open fire as they were completed, he allowed some piecemeal firing but held off on ordering a general bombardment until all the guns were in place.

Johnston realized he could not compete with the overwhelming artillery advantage of the Union forces, and that he was out of time for stalling the enemy advance. Late on the afternoon of Saturday, May 3, Johnston’s guns opened a heavy fire. After dark, the Confederates slipped away from Yorktown and moved toward Williamsburg. The next day, it was apparent to the Federals that the Rebels were gone. The troops of “Little Mac” soon placed their flags over the empty works. Left behind were 56 heavy siege guns and their ammunition; however, Johnston had gotten away with all of his field guns.

Johnston’s retreat was slow, bogged down by
Continued on page 97

On the barren, windswept and war-torn Korean peninsula, the autumn of 1950 brought United Nations forces to the brink of total victory—and complete disaster.

General of the Army Douglas MacArthur's brilliant amphibious operation at Incheon had turned the tables on the invading communists and returned the capital city of Seoul to South Korean president Syngman Rhee just three months after North Korean forces had crossed the 38th parallel. Seizing the offensive, the American-led UN armies rushed forward, crossing into North Korea and occupying the enemy capital of Pyongyang by mid-October. Flush with victory, MacArthur promised to conclude the fighting by Thanksgiving and bring his troops home by Christmas.

In Washington, President Harry Truman's administration took warnings from communist China seriously—fearing that a widening of the Korean War meant Chinese intervention was imminent. MacArthur characteristically downplayed these concerns, and the general ordered his forces to continue northward toward the Yalu River and the Chinese frontier.

As commander of UN forces in Korea, MacArthur was confident of victory. But in this case, the brash and often arrogant leader had grossly miscalculated.

On October 19, the communist Chinese People's Volunteer Army (PVA) attacked, intent on pushing the UN forces out of North Korea. In November, an avalanche of Chinese troops had put the UN armies to flight. "They swarmed over the hills, blowing bugles and horns, shaking rattles and other noisemakers, and shooting flares in the sky," recalled American soldier Julius W. Becton. "They came on foot firing rifles and burp guns, hurling grenades, and shouting and chanting shrilly. The total surprise of this awesome ground attack shocked and paralyzed most Americans and panicked not a few."

In the week-long Battle of the Ch'ongch'on River, the PVA and its North Korean cohorts forced a general UN retreat. Following that victory, the communists recovered all territory north of the

The British Army's 1st Battalion, Gloucestershire Regiment mounted a heroic defense against waves of Chinese troops to cover the UN withdrawal at the Imjin River during the Korean War, April 22-25, 1951.

BY MICHAEL E. HASKEW

'Glorious Glosters' at the IMJIN RIVER



Part of the British 29th Independent Infantry Brigade, the 1st Battalion, Gloucestershire Regiment, took the worst of the Chinese army's "human wave" attacks across the Imjin River into Korea in April 1951. The "Glorious Glosters" depicted in Steve Noon's painting, "The Defence of Gloster Hill, 25th April 1951," defended Hill 235 (now Gloster Hill) where a memorial to their valor now stands.



Imperial War Museum

38th parallel. Advancing into South Korea, communist forces occupied the capital city of Seoul during the first week of January 1951. The shock of the communist onslaught had left MacArthur temporarily stunned, and as the debacle unfolded, he admitted, “We face an entirely new war.”

Although losses had been heavy and morale reached its nadir among the American and UN forces in the wake of the battlefield defeats, MacArthur and Gen. Matthew Ridgway, commanding the U.S. Eighth Army, assessed the situation and marshaled their forces to launch a pair of counteroffensives. Operation Killer, February 20–March 6, 1951, wrested the initiative from the communists and succeeded in driving back the enemy from territory south of the Arizona Line, which stretched from Yangpyeong to Hoengseong. Operation Ripper followed immediately with the objective of reaching the Idaho Line, just south of the 38th parallel. Ripper achieved its objective, and Seoul was liberated again in mid-March.

Still, the Chinese were determined to press forward, retaking Seoul, and destroying UN forces that opposed them, particularly on a direct route to the South Korean capital.

With more than 300,000 troops still in the field, Field Marshal Peng Dehuai, the senior Chinese commander, believed his reinvigorated offensive plan would accomplish that goal. Two full army groups were available to potentially overwhelm the UN positions around the southern

Imjin River north of Seoul. Elements of the XIX Army Group were ordered to attack the U.S. 3rd Division and the South Korean 1st Division along the Imjin River where the waterway turned northward, while the 63rd Army, composed of three divisions, was to hurl itself against the British 29th Brigade just to the west. The three divisions of 63rd Army—the 187th, 188th, and 189th—included nearly 30,000 soldiers.

Meanwhile, the UN forces, primarily I Corps of the U.S. Army and attached allied units, had taken up defensive positions that stretched just across the 38th parallel and then to the Hwacheon Reservoir and the Imjin in its northward course. Their thin defensive belts were known, respectively, as the Kansas Line and the Utah Line. The I Corps perimeter stretched west to east with the 29th Brigade inadequately occupying a 12-mile expanse of rugged country—British Brigadier Thomas Brodie was obliged to concentrate his forces on tactically vital high ground, leaving substantial gaps between the defensive positions. A veteran of combat in the China-Burma-India theater during World War II, Brodie recognized the precarious situation.

The 29th Brigade had already absorbed significant combat losses, and during the Chinese onslaught against Seoul just weeks earlier Brodie had demonstrated his willingness to fight tenaciously, declaring to his command, “At last after weeks of frustration we have nothing between us and the Chinese. I have no intention that this

Brigade Group will retire before the enemy unless ordered by higher authority to conform with general movement. If you meet him you are to knock hell out of him with everything you’ve got. You are only to give ground on my orders.”

Arriving in Korea the previous November as a component of the British commitment to the Korean Conflict that eventually topped 90,000 troops, the 29th Brigade had participated in the advance toward the Yalu and then in the withdrawal to the south during the Chinese winter offensive. As it stood at the Imjin in mid-April 1951, the stout-hearted brigade included the 1st Battalion Royal Northumberland Fusiliers under Lt. Col. Kingsley Foster, 1st Battalion Royal Ulster Rifles led by temporary commander Maj. Gerald Rickford, the 700-man Belgian Brigade, and the 1st Battalion Gloucestershire Regiment commanded by Lt. Col. James Power Carne. Supporting units consisted of 45 Field Regiment, Royal Artillery, with its 25-pounder guns, 170 Independent Mortar Battery, Royal Artillery, with heavy 4.2-inch mortars, 55 Squadron Royal Engineers, and C Squadron, 8th King’s Royal Irish Hussars with its superb Centurion Mk III main battle tanks.

Although the 29th Brigade positions were believed by higher echelon commanders to be relatively secure, they were also acknowledged as vulnerable in case of a major Chinese attack. Such a risk was mitigated by the anticipation that this section of the front might only be occupied for a brief time; however, while an imminent resumption of



Soldiers of Gloucestershire Museum

ABOVE: A view of the bend in the Imjin River, with Company A's position on Hill 148, also called "Castle Hill" for the ancient ruins near its crest, at the far left. A battalion of the Chinese 559th Regiment (187th Division) forded the river and crossed on a submerged bridge, attacking Company A on the morning of April 23, 1951. Outnumbered at least six to one, Glosters' A Company held on until late that evening when, at less than half strength and all officers killed or wounded, they fell back to Hill 235. OPPOSITE: Infantrymen and tanks from the Gloucestershire Regiment advance to attack Hill 327 in Korea in March 1951. These Centurions, the main post-WWII battle tank for the British Army, made their combat debut in the Korean War in December 1950.

heavy Chinese attacks did not seem likely, the buildup of enemy forces that preceded the storm of the looming communist spring offensive appears to have proceeded largely unnoticed. Brigadier Brodie distributed his forces as best he could, but no appreciable mine fields, barbed wire entanglements, reinforced bunkers, or shelters for protection against enemy artillery had been constructed.

On Brodie's left flank, separated from the South Korean 1st Division by a mile of open ground, the 1st Battalion Gloucestershire Regiment, popularly known as the "Glosters," covered a shallow ford of the Imjin. Swinging northeast, the Fusiliers took up positions two miles distant from the Glosters, while the Belgian Brigade occupied the high ground of Hill 194 on the brigade's right flank. The Belgians, commanded by Lt. Col. Albert Crahay, constituted the single UN element north of the Imjin; their only route of evacuation if overrun by communist forces would be across a pair of pontoon bridges a half-mile apart that joined Route 11, the vital supply and communication line that the 29th Brigade had to defend at all costs. The Ulster Rifles deployed as a reserve along Route 11.

After lengthy preparations, the Chinese juggernaut filtered into its jump-off positions during the

month of April. First contact with the UN defenders along the Imjin occurred during the night of the 21st when a Glosters listening post picked up some movement.

"The three of us settled down for a long wait," recalled Drummer Tony Eagles, years after the engagement. "It was a nice clear night and gave us a good field of vision for about half a mile east and west. We had decided that we would have two on observation and the other would sit with the phone, changing each hour. Sometime within the next three hours, perhaps about 2200, I whispered to 'Scouse' that I thought I saw movement on the other side of the river. He alerted George Cook who reported back to the adjutant. After a while we could discern 14 figures that, by virtue of their khaki uniforms and rice bags slung like a bandolier, could only be Chinese troops.

"Suddenly, the sky was lit up as the Royal Artillery sent up floating flares requested by the adjutant," Eagles continued. "We could see the others quite closely as they reached the point opposite us. The adjutant told Corporal Cook that they must not be allowed to cross. 'Scouse' and I decided we would let them get about halfway across, and then fire. If they succeeded in getting

close enough, we would use our grenades."

That probing foray was the prelude to the primary communist assault that began less than 24 hours later. In the predawn darkness of April 22, the vulnerable Belgians ensconced on Hill 194 were alerted to a Chinese patrol attempting to skirt their positions and move eastward toward the two bridges across the Imjin. This early contact occurred with one of several patrols from the Chinese 187th Division intended to find and exploit the gaps in the UN defensive line. In response to the mounting threat, Brodie dispatched a motorized element of the reserve Royal Ulster Rifles to secure the bridges. However, this detachment was ambushed on Route 11 by the Chinese near the crossing at Hant'an and virtually destroyed.

As the battle intensified the Belgians became fully engaged and by the first rays of daylight they faced the real prospect of being cut off from the main body of the 29th Brigade. A large Chinese force followed the earlier patrols and then split—with some units joining the attack on the Belgians on Hill 194, while others crossed the Imjin on the pontoon bridges and mounted an intense assault against the Northumberland Fusiliers who were positioned in a rough square across the heights of



Soldiers of Gloucestershire Museum

A northwest view from the summit of Hill 235 near the Imjin River. Chinese forces penetrated the UN lines, cutting off what is now known as “Gloster Hill.” The Gloucestershire Regiment was ordered to “Hold on where you are.” On April 25, 1951, a combined relief force of infantry and armor was stopped 2,000 yards short of the hill. More than a third of the Glosters were killed or wounded and hundreds more were captured.

Hill 257 and other high ground. On the Fusiliers’ right flank, Z Company occupied the right rear section of the line and bore the brunt of these initial assaults just south of the river and in the direct line of the intended communist advance southward toward Seoul.

More Chinese troops soon forded the Imjin downstream from Hill 257 and engaged the left flank of the Fusiliers’ positions at Hill 152, where X Company had occupied the left front corner of the box-like defenses that extended nearly to the south bank of the river. In rapid succession, Company X was compelled to fall back from Hill 152 and heavy Chinese attacks breached the line of Company Z at Hill 257. Company Y, at the right front corner of the British box, was not under direct attack but was soon flanked by Chinese troops filtering past on both sides.

Just after dawn, the Chinese committed reinforcements from the 188th Division and effectively doubled the strength of the thrust against the 29th Brigade. A Belgian patrol confirmed the grim news that the enemy controlled both bridges across the Imjin with direct fire on the approaches from Hill 257.

Word of the deteriorating situation reached the headquarters of the U.S. 3rd Infantry Division, and Gen. Robert H. “Shorty” Soule dispatched a company of the 2nd Battalion, 7th Infantry Regiment along with two platoons of the attached tank company. This force reached the bridges and found that the Chinese were not in direct possession of them; however, enemy mortar and small-arms fire was heavy, casting doubt on the success of any further movement by infantry or light armored vehicles. The tank platoons split up, one taking the enemy

on the slope of Hill 257 under fire and the other moving on to Hill 194 to bolster the Belgians.

As the morning of April 23 wore on, Brigadier Brodie became increasingly concerned that the Chinese attacking the Northumberland Fusiliers might roll down Route 11 from the vicinity of Hill 257. He ordered the Fusiliers back to high ground about two miles from Hill 257 and bordering the roadway while the Ulster Rifles came up alongside to the east. Although the gap between Brodie and the Belgians widened, just as worrisome was the two-mile gap between the Fusiliers and the Glosters to their left. Reports indicated that Chinese infantry was already operating in this gap, and Brodie asked Soule for help again. In response, the 3rd Division commander sent the 1st Battalion, 7th Infantry Regiment to plug the hole between Brodie’s central and left flank positions.

On the left of the 29th Brigade, the Glosters had been heavily engaged through the night of the 22nd. Companies A, B, and D had, respectively, occupied Hills 148, 182, and 144—all spurs that sloped toward the edge of the Imjin—and the positions crossed Route 5Y about 1.5 miles south of the river. Company C was placed in a reinforcing position at Hill 314 to give the defense some depth. The entire position was in the shadow of Hill 675 (Karnak Mountain), the dominant terrain feature in the area. Company G was located just above the village of Solma-ri, and Lt. Col. Carne positioned his mortars to cover Route 5Y as it twisted through the small adjacent valley.

Carne knew that the Chinese were aware of the ford he had been ordered to protect, especially since his engineers had placed buoys to mark it just hours earlier. He sent 16 men of Company C forward to occupy buildings near the crossing and lie in ambush to slow the Chinese. Under the command of Lt. Guy Temple, this intrepid patrol watched as seven enemy soldiers stepped into the waters of the Imjin in the pale moonlight at about 10 p.m. They cut down all seven men, then fought

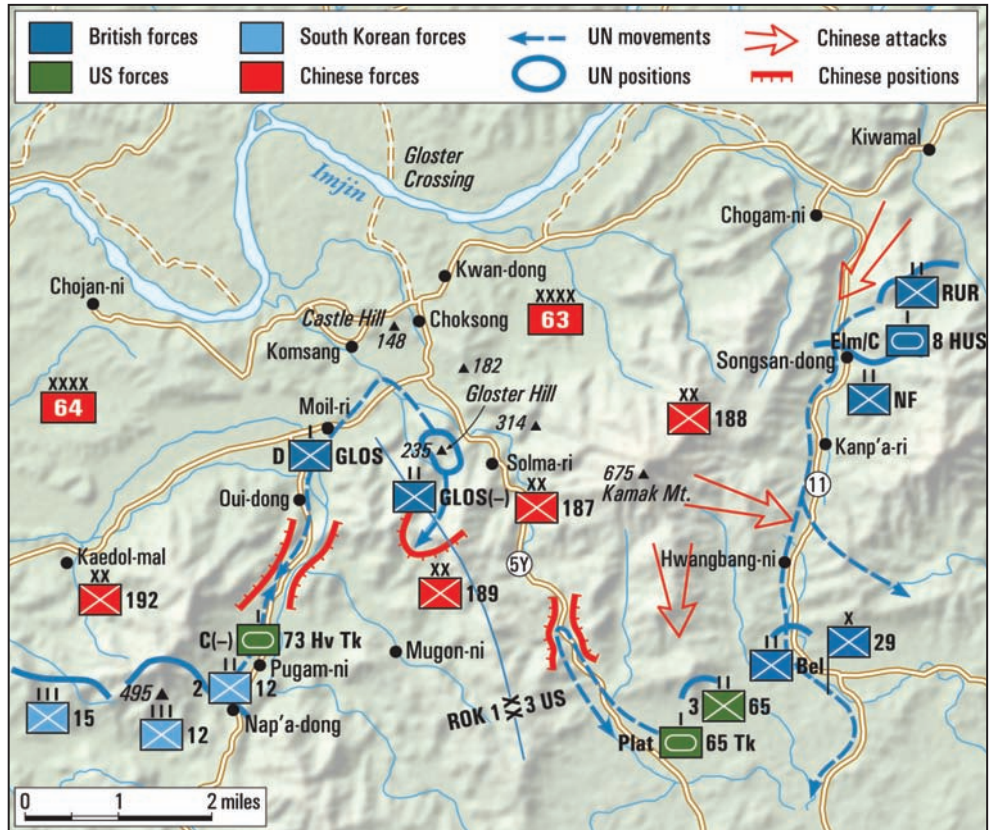


Maps © 2024 Philip Schwartzberg, Meridian Mapping, Minneapolis, MN



off three more crossing attempts before their ammunition ran low and they withdrew, leaving 70 dead Chinese scattered along the shore.

Just after the withdrawal of Temple's small force, which had sustained no casualties, a battalion of the Chinese 559th Regiment (187th Division) did begin successfully fording the Imjin while also crossing on a submerged bridge about a mile and a half west that had escaped British detection. While this transit was in progress, British artillery opened up, exacting a heavy toll on enemy troops



ABOVE: A map of the British 29th Independent Infantry Brigade sector. In April of 1951, Chinese forces launched an offensive to capture the South Korean capital of Seoul. In the Battle of Imjin River (April 22-25) some 700 men of Gloucestershire Regiment, along with C Troop of 170th Independent Mortar Battery were surrounded, but held their ground until their ammunition ran out, against more than 10,000 Chinese troops. **TOP:** Machine gun crew of Belgian Regiment sets up a position overlooking Chinese forces. Along with the British and other United Nations troops, they were tasked with holding the line at the Imjin River.



In the foreground in camouflage smocks are members of the Gloucestershire Regiment with Bren guns at the Battle of Imjin as United Nations troops try to hold the line against a 10,000-soldier attack by the Communist Chinese Army in April 1951. OPPOSITE TOP: The guns of 116 Battalion, 45th Field Regiment Royal Artillery in St. George's Valley. The 5th Battalion, Northumberland Fusiliers are on the hills behind the guns. The Gloucestershire Regiment was about three-quarters of a mile beyond the hills. OPPOSITE INSET: A gun crew fires its 25-pounder in support of UN forces holding the high ground against 10,000 Communist Chinese soldiers attacking over the Imjin River toward Seoul, Korea.

at the ford. The Chinese advancing from the west, however, were unopposed until they attacked Company A on Hill 148.

Outnumbered at least six to one, the 58 men of Company A fought gamely on what became known as Castle Hill due to the remnants of an ancient structure that served to anchor their defense near the crest. Not far away, Company D held its ground at Hill 182 but lost a number of men in the fighting. Company B was relatively unscathed after briefly skirmishing with Chinese patrols along the slope of Hill 144.

Carne was painfully aware that he could not pull his Glosters back further without exposing the flank of the South Korean 1st Division, but the situation became more perilous after the Chinese took the crest of Castle Hill about 7:30 a.m. Company A fought on gamely but failed to regain the key position. During one attempt to retake the crest, Lt. Philip Curtis, commanding No. 1 Platoon of 1st Battalion and on loan from the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, responded to

an order to counterattack.

Curtis led from the front, and his platoon made initial headway before a barrage of Chinese grenades and a stream of small-arms fire brought them to a halt. Curtis ordered his men to provide covering fire and charged alone at the enemy machine-gun emplacement that was most troublesome. He was seriously wounded but managed to return to cover. In great pain and bleeding profusely, Curtis would not be dissuaded from making a second attempt. He gathered himself, rose, and charged again. Approaching within a few yards of the machine-gun emplacement, he was riddled with Chinese bullets but managed to toss a single grenade that silenced the enemy weapon.

Glosters adjutant Captain Anthony Farrar-Hockley witnessed the 24-year-old officer's heroics and later wrote, "...Phil has gone: gone to the wire, gone through the wire, gone towards the bunker. The others come out behind him, their eyes all on him. And suddenly it seems as if, for a few breathless moments, the whole of the remain-

der of that field of battle is still and silent, watching amazed, the lone figure that runs so painfully forward to the bunker holding the approach to the Castle Site: one tiny figure, throwing grenades, firing a pistol, set to take Castle Hill... But the machine gun in the bunker fires into him: he staggers, falls, and is dead instantly; the grenade he threw seconds before his death explodes after it in the mouth of the bunker. The machine gun does not fire on three of Phil's platoon who run forward to pick him up; it does not fire again through the battle: it is destroyed; the muzzle blown away, the crew dead."

Even though the attempts to recapture the crest of Castle Hill were unsuccessful, Curtis was honored with a posthumous Victoria Cross, the British Empire's highest decoration for valor under fire. The medal was presented to his family on July 6, 1954, and is now on display at the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry Museum in Bodmin, Cornwall.

Carne ordered his advanced companies to fall back to Solma-ri, conceding gains to the Chinese, while air strikes, artillery, and mortars covered the withdrawal. Later in the day Company A, well understrength after its fight at Castle Hill, occupied Hill 235 west of Route 5Y, while Company D reached Flat Top Hill to the east with Companies B and C in line across the roadway. The Chinese were subjected to heavy artillery fire, which checked their advance temporarily, allowing time to remove casualties and perhaps call up further reserves of their 63rd Army.

Amid a general adjustment of UN forces along the Kansas Line and elsewhere, Brigadier Brodie addressed the extrication of the Belgians from the area of Hill 194, the so-called "Imjin Angle." The U.S. 65th Infantry Regiment repositioned and offered some cover along Route 33 above Hant'an as the plan for the Belgian withdrawal was put together. Although Brodie had proposed to General Soule that the Belgians destroy their vehicles and withdraw on foot along the rearward side of Hill 194, Soule asserted that the bridges could be utilized as a result of a counterattack by the 1st Battalion, 7th Infantry and the Philippine 10th Battalion Combat Team. This attack, launched at 2 p.m., targeted Hill 257 and Route 11 to the slopes of Hill 675.

Although the attack made little progress during the next four hours, the Belgian withdrawal from Hill 194 began with its opening advance. By 6:30 p.m., the Belgians were successfully out of immediate danger, their last vehicle crossing the Imjin. Belgian vehicles and foot soldiers made rendezvous near the junction of Routes 11 and 33 while those units that had facilitated their movements returned to earlier defensive positions along the Kansas Line.



Left: National Army Museum

Meanwhile, Carne's repositioned Glosters had benefited from a relatively quiet day in the Solma-ri area. Enemy patrols had clashed with the Glosters' own security patrols, particularly in the zone of Company B on the extreme right flank. However, the Chinese were diligently augmenting their strength south of the Imjin as elements of both the 63rd and 64th armies streamed in to threaten the front and flanks of Carne's command. Some of the Chinese reinforcements probed the 1st South Korean Division's perimeter and lost heavily to counterattacks from the infantry and tanks of the 73rd Tank Battalion. These clashes ebbed and flowed from late morning to mid-afternoon on the 23rd, and estimates of Chinese casualties topped 3,000.

Nevertheless, persistent Chinese advances began to encircle the Glosters on Hill 235. Chinese forces were observed crossing at the Imjin ford nearby and, though harassed by British mortar and artillery fire, large numbers managed to reach southerly positions. To the northeast, elements of the 187th and 189th Divisions exploited the gap between the Glosters and the Northumberland Fusiliers. By afternoon, the Chinese had reached Route 5Y and launched an attack against

the vital Gloster supply route. Therefore, Carne concluded that his positions at Hill 235 and Solma-ri were completely surrounded.

Chinese attacks that stretched into the early hours of April 24 further depleted the ranks of Company A, which by now was roughly half its original strength with every one of its officers either dead or wounded. A platoon of Company D was shredded in a vicious fight as the formation fell back to Hill 235. Company B was outnumbered 18-to-1 as the Chinese hurled themselves against its thin line half a dozen times. The Company B Glosters held, their commanding officer even requesting artillery fire on his own positions to break the back of one enemy assault, until just after 8 a.m. on the 24th. By then, only 20 infantrymen from Company B were left to reach their fellow Glosters at Hill 235. Meanwhile, the Chinese 188th Division mounted strong attacks

against the Royal Ulster Rifles and the Northumberland Fusiliers on the right of the 29th Brigade.

Exhausted, short of ammunition, and facing overwhelming odds, the Glosters at Hill 235 were on the cusp of a harrowing fight for survival, one that would test their mettle to the utmost and etch their names in the annals of the British military as one of the most heroic stands in its illustrious history.

Chinese spearheads penetrated the now four-mile gap between the Glosters and Northumberland Fusiliers, and the Philippine 10th Battalion Combat Team was ordered forward along with the 8th King's Royal Irish Hussars, the former committing four M24 Chaffee light tanks to the fight and the latter six Centurion Mk. IIIs. This support foray, however, stalled 2,000 yards from Hill 235 as Route 5Y narrowed to the extent that the Centurions could negotiate it no further. The lead tank had been disabled, blocking further progress—though two Centurions did squeeze past the crippled M24 while Filipino infantry engaged in a brisk exchange of fire with Chinese soldiers on the slopes of a defile along both sides of the road before pulling back.

Still full of vigor and command presence, Carne sent a message to Brigadier Brodie that aptly



ABOVE: A view of "Gloster Crossing" after the Battle of Imjin, with the wreckage of artillery and supplies left behind by an invasion force of 10,000 Chinese soldiers. OPPOSITE: "Crossing the Imjin," a watercolor by Gordon Nicoll, depicts Gloucestershire Regiment POWs crossing back north over the Imjin River under watch of Communist guards in Korea in 1951.

described the Glosters' desperate situation. "I understand the position quite clearly. What I must make clear to you is that my command is no longer an effective fighting force," he wrote. "If it is required that we shall stay here, in spite of this, we shall continue to hold."

Indeed, by the afternoon of the 24th the Glosters' numbers had dwindled to a mere 350 men capable of firing a rifle. But, stay they did, covering themselves in glory at a tremendous price.

Carne sent a party back to the Glosters' former headquarters in the valley, and some vital supplies and ammunition were recovered. The commander then directed mortar fire on the remaining

stores to prevent them falling into the hands of the Chinese. Carne also consolidated his positions at Hill 235 across the long, thin crest of the high ground, taking advantage of the steep terrain to help slow the expected Chinese attacks. When the enemy came forward, concentrated Gloster fire threw them back several times, but eventually a few Chinese soldiers did reach the crest from the northwest. The Glosters rallied and repulsed the Chinese from the summit. Other enemy attacks were broken up by Lockheed P-80 Shooting Star fighter bombers that decimated Chinese troop concentrations.

Two more attempts to reach the embattled

Glosters had failed by the early hours of April 25, and the larger tactical situation dictated that all I Corps forces were to execute Plan Golden A— withdrawing to a new line of defense entirely south of the Imjin and effectively leaving the Glosters to their fate. Even as Chinese pressure was unrelenting, Carne was allowed to choose whether to surrender to the communists or attempt to break out of the encirclement. The gallant officer passed the word that his men were allowed to attempt to reach the safety of the UN lines as they could.

Captain Mike Harvey led a group of soldiers in a desperate bid to avoid capture. In his book, *The War in Korea: The Battle Decides All*, Harvey later wrote of its concluding moments, "We then saw UN tanks ahead, and crawled and ran in turn eagerly ahead and got within 500 yards of them, but they mistakenly took us for Chinese and opened fire with HMGs and 75mm cannon, and our six leading men fell. Shouts from the rear of our thinning column told us clearly that Chinese were in pursuit and shooting and bayoneting the men at the tail, mercilessly killing what were now, unarmed soldiers. We were now compressed between the Americans and Chinese... The tanks, suddenly aware of their error, ceased firing at us and redirected everything they had onto the Chinese along the ridge... We reached the tanks and took cover behind them, using them as shields, and moving when they did, to keep them between us and the intense fire which still poured onto the tanks, rattling like kettle drums from the strike of the bullets."

When Harvey and his followers began their descent of Hill 235, which would forever forward be known as Gloster Hill, they numbered 104 men of Company D. Only 46 managed to reach the safety of the UN line. Harvey received the Military Cross for valor.

Despite the described incident of friendly fire, the presence of UN armor had been critical to the resistance against the Chinese spring offensive. While the Glosters held their position on Hill 235 for two critical days, the Centurions of the 8th Hussars, armed with QF 20-pounder (84mm) main guns and .30-caliber machine guns, fought to cover withdrawal and repositioning movements. At one point, swarms of Chinese soldiers had gotten among the tanks, attempting to pry their hatches open or disable them with grenades. The crews of the buttoned-up Centurions had actually turned their machine guns on one another, slaughtering the Chinese. In another incident, the Centurions had caught three Chinese platoons in the open as they crossed the Imjin riverbed, chewing them to pieces.

One Centurion commander recalled, "After about three hours of continuous firing, my



Soldiers of Gloucestershire Museum

machine gun barrel needed changing; my recoil system was so hot that it wouldn't run back and my loader/operator Ken Hall had fainted with the continual hard work and fumes."

When the fight at the Imjin River was over, I Corps commander Gen. John O'Daniel praised the 8th Hussars: "In their Centurions, the 8th Hussars have evolved a new type of tank warfare. They taught us that anywhere a tank can go is tank country, even the tops of mountains."

With the endgame at Hill 235, only Harvey's few had made good their escape from the Chinese encirclement. Carne and 459 Glosters were captured, and the beleaguered battalion had lost 620 men killed, wounded or captured—roughly 57 percent of the 29th Brigade's 1,091 casualties. In stark testament to the ferocity of the 29th Brigade defense and the heroism of the "Glorious Glosters" as they came to be known, the Chinese and North Koreans suffered more than 10,000 dead, wounded or taken prisoner.

The costly fight at the Imjin had slowed the communist spring offensive of 1951 such that United Nations forces were able to stabilize the front and ultimately thwart the enemy bid to recapture the South Korean capital. The Imjin engagement is regularly referred to as the "battle

that saved Seoul."

Carne survived the war, enduring months in communist captivity and lengthy periods of solitary confinement. He was released in September 1953 and a month later awarded the Victoria Cross for exceptional bravery and leadership in the most adverse of circumstances. His citation reads in part, "Throughout the time Colonel Carne moved among the whole battalion under very heavy mortar and machine-gun fire, inspiring the utmost confidence and the will to resist among his troops. On two separate occasions, armed with rifle and grenades, he personally led assault parties which drove back the enemy and saved important situations. His courage, coolness and leadership was felt not only in his own battalion but throughout the whole brigade."

Carne retired from the British Army in 1957 with the rank of colonel and died at age 80 in 1986. His Victoria Cross is on display today at the Soldiers of Gloucestershire Museum.

Further recognition of the heroism of the 29th Brigade at the Imjin River was evidenced with the award of the U.S. Presidential Unit Citation to the 1st Battalion Gloucestershire Regiment, C Troop, 170 Independent Mortar Battery, Royal Artillery, and the Belgian Battalion.

Captain Farrar-Hockley was one of four recipients of the Distinguished Service Order. Farrar-Hockley rose to the rank of general, honored with the Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the British Empire and as Knight Commander of the Order of the Bath, and serving as commander-in-chief of NATO forces in Northern Europe. He died in 2006 at age 81, always remembering those difficult days of April 22-25, 1951.

In his post-war history titled *The British Part in The Korean War*, Farrar-Hockley wrote of the 29th Brigade's conspicuous gallantry, "Brigadier Brodie entered into the Brigade operations log in a moment of high emotion, 'No one but the Glosters could have done it.' This was flattering but not true. The other members of the brigade fought no less well. Neither they nor the Glosters sought to be heroes; only to acquit themselves honourably and competently, one among another. That is the best of the soldier's calling."

At the foot of barren Gloucester Hill, a memorial was erected in 1957, commemorating the heroism of the fighting men who had struggled so tenaciously there. Four plaques, sculptures of the Glosters' beret and several of its soldiers on vigilant patrol, a memorial wall and garden mark a place of sacrifice and courage unsurpassed. ■



“George Rogers Clark on His Way to Kaskaskia,” a painting by famed American illustrator Howard Pyle (1854-1911). In the summer of 1778, Clark and fewer than 200 men traveled down the Ohio to the mouth of the Tennessee River (at present day Paducah, Kentucky), then 120 miles overland to capture the Illinois Country outposts of Kaskaskia, Prairie du Rocher, and Cahokia along the Mississippi River, near St. Louis. On July 4, Clark took the fort and town of Kaskaskia, once a small French-Canadian outpost without firing a shot. Though under British rule, these posts were populated by French settlers who had no great affection for the British.

The Revolutionary War in the West: George Rogers Clark and the Siege of Fort Sackville.

BY JOSHUA SHEPHERD

‘A Few Men Well Conducted’

Benumbed by months of cold and boredom, bleary-eyed British sentries stared over the ramparts of Fort Sackville in the Illinois Country as thick fog rolled in from the Wabash River. But for the barking of a handful of dogs in the adjoining French village of Vincennes, the evening of February 23, 1779, was quiet. The 8th Regiment of Foot had arrived at this backwater post the previous December and, after quickly capturing the American Rebels there, had expected little further action.

So when small knots of men began dashing through the village toward the fort, the sentries stared in disbelief. The running men were definitely not British soldiers, but didn't appear to be French civilians. Plumes of blue smoke, then the telltale popping of small arms fire, came from the village as lead balls thudded into the fort's wooden stockade or whined overhead. At an unlikely time, in the most unexpected of locales, the American Revolution had erupted with a savage fury.

The struggle for Fort Sackville was the bitter fruit of bloodshed, vendetta, and outright hatred. The Ohio Valley had for decades been the epicenter of a brutal clash of cultures. Multiple Indian nations, including the Miami, Shawnee, Delaware, and Wyandot united to confront the threat to their traditional homelands during the French and Indian War. From Pennsylvania to Virginia, indigenous war parties wreaked havoc on backcountry European settlers.

Although the end of the war resulted in a brief halt to the bloodshed, a clash over the land was all but inevitable. The 1768 Treaty of Fort Stanwix only worsened matters. Ostensibly, it secured all the territory south and east of the Ohio River

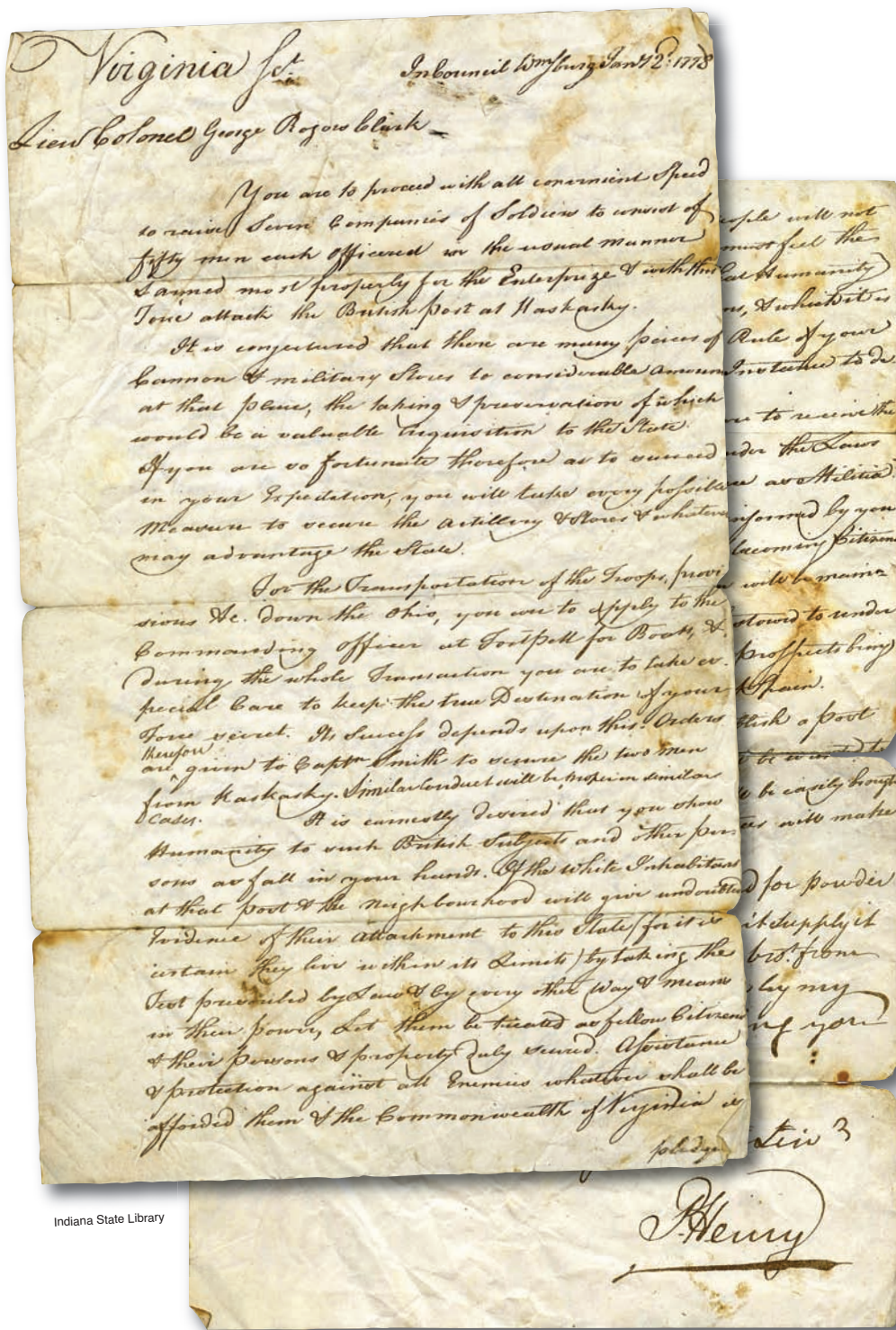
for Great Britain. But the tribal signatories to the treaty, the Iroquois of New York and Pennsylvania, held a dubious claim to the lands in question. Predictably, the natives of the Ohio Valley were outraged by the land deal.

As settlers poured into western Virginia and Kentucky, tensions mounted. By 1774, open warfare erupted with the Shawnee, but the majority of the tribes tried to maintain a fragile peace. Amicable relations were strained to the breaking point the following year, when the Revolutionary War erupted on the eastern seaboard. Tribal militants, sensing an opportunity to push back against the encroaching Americans, continually harassed the vulnerable farms and outposts of the sparsely settled frontier.

Matters were only exacerbated by a British presence in the Great Lakes. Foremost among the western posts was the grand entrepot of Detroit, which dominated the region's vital fur trade. For the tribes of the Ohio River basin, the trade goods available at Detroit had become a necessity of life. As the Revolutionary War intensified, the tribes increasingly gravitated into the British orbit. British officers continued to publicly advocate for tribal neutrality, but it became increasingly apparent that Indian participation in the war was all but inevitable.

By 1777, the British ministry reversed course and made a decision of epic magnitude. In official orders released that March, American Secretary Lord George Germain informed commanders in Canada and the Great Lakes that "It is His Majesty's resolution that the most vigorous Effort should be made, and every means employed...for crushing the rebellion." In simple terms, the





George Rogers Clark, 25, presented his plan to seize British frontier outposts to Virginia Governor Patrick Henry in Williamsburg on December 10, 1777. Henry provided Clark with authorization to conduct the military campaign, providing these secret documents dated January 2, 1778, to avoid alerting the British and their Indian allies.

gloves had come off; the Crown ordered officers on the ground in the American backcountry to openly court the help of Native American allies in “exciting an alarm” on the American frontier.

It was a decision that would have horrific consequences to both American settlements and

Native villages across the frontier. As the British army began to provide south-bound war parties with ample supplies of arms and ammunition, attacks on American homesteads increased at an alarming rate, leaving a terrifying trail of blood across the frontier. Kentucky, which at that time

possessed a mere handful of defensible stockades, suffered egregiously. The first year of sustained Indian war would forever be remembered as the year of the “Bloody Sevens.”

Although volunteer militias fought hard to stem the tide of enemy incursions, raiding parties operated with near impunity: killing isolated pioneer families, cutting off communications between settlements, and keeping homesteaders from working their fields. Little distinction was made between civilians or combatants, male or female. In the hinterlands of the far west, the Revolutionary War was a brutal and personal affair that degenerated to a horrific contest of revenge and reprisal.

But during the worst year of the fighting, a natural-born leader rose to prominence. At 25, George Rogers Clark was an obscure militia officer whose star was on the rise. A native Virginian, Clark had sought his fortunes in the west. Initially working as a surveyor, Clark cut his teeth in the military during the Indian conflict of 1774. Possessing a keen intellect, a forceful personality, and persuasive manners, Clark was quickly regarded as one of Kentucky’s foremost leaders.

In 1776, the settlers elected Clark to present their interests to the government of Virginia in Williamsburg. Clark was instrumental in securing Virginia’s recognition of Kentucky, and the Old Dominion agreed to absorb the Kentucky settlements into the state, creating three counties. Just as importantly, Virginia provided Clark with vital supplies—500 pounds of gunpowder—for the defense of the Kentucky settlements.

As British-allied natives ravaged American settlements south of the Ohio River, it became apparent to Clark that waging a reactionary defensive war against swift-moving Indian war parties would prove futile. By nature a reclusive thinker, Clark began contemplating a way to seize the strategic initiative and take the war to the enemy. He would prove to be the ideal man for the job.

Clark intuitively grasped that the Indian threat to Kentucky could never be stopped unless their ties to Britain, and access to vital war materiel, were cut off. Although Detroit was the logical prime target for the Americans, seizing subordinate British installations farther south would be an obvious first step.

Foremost among them were two posts in what was then known as the Illinois Country: Kaskaskia, near the Mississippi River and Vincennes, on the lower reaches of the Wabash River. The British forts at both locales regularly supplied south-bound Indian raiding parties. Hoping to gather firmer intelligence, Clark dispatched two men, Benjamin Linn and Samuel Moore, to Kaskaskia.

Posing as roustabout frontiersmen, the duo explored Kaskaskia undetected and gained a first

hand view of enemy defenses. The information they reported to Clark was irresistible. The town's defenses were in shambles. Although a British governor was present, he had no British troops under his command, and the town was defended by local French militia whose loyalties to Britain were decidedly lukewarm.

Armed with the information, Clark traveled to Williamsburg late in 1777 and sought authorization for an ambitious campaign to attack the British posts in the Illinois Country. Clark offered Virginia authorities control of a vital, if remote, region which commanded the trade routes linking the Great Lakes and the Mississippi Valley. British neglect left the area virtually undefended, inviting attack. Capturing the posts in Illinois would interrupt the enemy's fur trade, discourage the region's tribes from British alliance, and secure American communication with Spanish Louisiana.

Governor Patrick Henry was enthusiastic about the bold plan, but, fearful of losing the element of surprise, was hesitant to publicly seek legislative approval. Ultimately, Clark was given sealed orders for the expedition, and authorized to target Kaskaskia.

From the outset, Clark's campaign was to be a grim exhibition of vengeance. Clark's orders asserted that the western Indian nations had "without any provocation, massacred many of the Inhabitants upon the Frontiers of this Commonwealth, in the most cruel and barbarous Manner." The campaign into Illinois was intended "to revenge the Injury and punish the Aggressors by carrying the War into their own Country."

Dispensing retribution would prove to be a game at which Clark excelled. To carry out his orders, Clark set about recruiting the best that the frontier had to offer, a tough lot of men accustomed to the rigors of the wilderness. Clark's ranks would be filled with professional hunters, frontiersmen, and a good number of men who had seen action against the Indians. Largely recruited from across the Virginia backcountry, the men were to rendezvous at the Falls of Ohio River over the summer of 1778 before setting out for Kaskaskia.

Although recruiting proved painfully slow, Clark's force began gathering in the spring at the Falls of the Ohio (site of modern Louisville, Kentucky). Clark would eventually have an all-volunteer force of 175 men who knew the potential dangers of a wilderness campaign, but were eager to run the risks. While he gathered supplies and made final preparations for a push into the Illinois Country, Clark organized his troops into four companies under the command of trusted subordinates Captains Joseph Bowman, Leonard Helm, James Harrod, and John Montgomery.



Harvard University Portrait Collection

On June 24, Clark had his troops in motion. After receiving a fortifying ration of whiskey, the men manned a small fleet of bateaux (flat-bottomed wooden boats traditionally pointed at both ends) and headed downstream on the Ohio River, hoping to quickly close the distance to the Illinois settlements. At the mouth of the Tennessee River, his scouts stumbled across a party of American hunters who had recently visited Kaskaskia. The men informed Clark that the town's French militia were decidedly unenthusiastic subjects of the British monarch, and due to wild frontier rumors, the locals were terrified of the Virginians and regarded them as little more than barbarians.

It was a welcome bit of intelligence that Clark would capitalize on. When he reached the ruins of the old French Fort Massac, Clark hid his boats and headed overland on a grueling 120-mile march across the wilderness. On the final two days of the approach, the men pushed hard and went without rations. As the sun began to set on July 4, Clark's men were within sight of Kaskaskia.

Fortunately for Clark, he had succeeded in approaching the town completely unnoticed. Commandeering a handful of boats, the men crossed the Kaskaskia River under cover of darkness and spread out across the town. Clark led a party that secured the British fort, which was largely unmanned. Breaking into the commander's quarters, the Virginians captured the startled Governor Phillippe Rocheblave in his nightclothes.

For Clark, the capture of Kaskaskia had been a

LEFT: A portrait of George Rogers Clark in middle age. Clark, a brigadier general of Virginia troops during the American Revolution, was 25 when he began the Illinois Country campaign. This watercolor portrait by James Barton Longacre, painted about 1830, is based on an 1820 oil portrait by John Wesley Jarvis done two years after Rogers' death in 1818. INSET: Henry "Hair Buyer" Hamilton, British Superintendent of Indian Affairs at Fort Detroit, was commonly believed (without proof) to give Native Americans presents in exchange for settler's scalps.

bloodless coup. He moved quickly to consolidate his hold on the region, dispatching Captain Bowman with 30 mounted men to seize the nearby towns of Cahokia, St. Philippe, and Prairie du Rocher. The local French population quickly realized the Virginians were, in fact, not barbarians. They proved decidedly friendly to the American cause, particularly when Clark informed them of the recent alliance between the United States

and the Bourbon monarchy.

Clark also proved himself to be skilled at the subtle art of diplomacy. Calling together an Indian council, he defiantly offered the tribes either the white belt of peace or the red belt of war. Although in no position to confront the tribes, Clark's bluff worked. Admiring his bold posturing and recent capture of Britain's possessions on the Mississippi, the tribes of the Illinois Country agreed to a tenuous peace.

Despite his fierce demeanor, Clark was decidedly gracious to the French settlers of Illinois, and the approach paid off. The most influential Frenchman in the area, Father Pierre Gibault, enthusiastically cast his lot with the Americans and encouraged his parishioners to do the same. Gibault proved his loyalties by traveling across southern Illinois to the French town of Vincennes on the Wabash River where, remarkably, he convinced the town's inhabitants to switch their allegiance to the Americans.

Adjacent to the village, Fort Sackville was now ripe for the taking. Clark ordered Captain Helm to Vincennes, where he assumed command of the French militia on the Wabash River. In little more than two months, Clark had accomplished the unthinkable, capturing every British-held town in the Illinois Country and securing the good favor of the region's inhabitants.

The British were far from idle when the news

RIGHT: This sketch by Friedrich von Germann shows how a British soldier might be dressed in North America in the winter of 1778—in a blanket coat, with wool leggings, and fur-trimmed “Canadian cap.” **BELOW:** George Rogers Clark’s unit became a Virginia state regiment known as the Illinois Regiment and later recognized as part of the Continental Army. The men were issued uniforms as worn by the sergeant in this Don Troiani painting.



of Clark’s exploits reached them. Lt. Gov. Henry Hamilton in Detroit learned of the fall of the Illinois Country late in the summer of 1778. On a violent frontier where hate and retribution could all too often be a way of life, Kentuckians reviled Hamilton the most of all Britons. A cultured English gentleman who had initially scorned the use of Indian allies, Hamilton eventually found himself walking an uncomfortable tightrope by following a decades-old diplomatic tradition of providing victorious Indian allies with supplies and ammunition. While there isn’t any direct evidence, many believed that Hamilton’s “gifts” were in exchange for American scalps, earning him the unflattering sobriquet “Hair Buyer” from outraged settlers.

When informed of the British disaster in the Illinois Country, Hamilton immediately took steps to strike back before the American rebels could strengthen their gains. “It appeared to me expedient,” he later explained, “to attack them as soon as possible, & before they should be reinforced, or have time to engage the Indians in their interest.”

The governor assembled some 160 men composed primarily of Detroit militia, but including a solid core of 33 men from the 8th Regiment of Foot. The force was augmented by Indian auxiliaries, who were accompanied by 14 officers from the Indian Department. Hamilton’s force was well armed and well supplied from Crown stores in Detroit, and would enjoy a relatively easy, all-water approach to Vincennes.

In a small fleet of batteaux, Hamilton led his army onto Lake Erie, then up the Maumee River. After a short portage at the site of modern Fort Wayne, Indiana, Hamilton’s force gained direct access to the Wabash River, which would lead them directly to Vincennes. The 600-mile journey took more than two months.

Because the route went through the heart of major Indian settlements, Hamilton took his time, stopping in all the larger Indian villages he passed. A shrewd diplomat, Hamilton strengthened his alliances with the tribes with continued gifts, and his ranks eventually swelled as 350 warriors joined his army.

When Hamilton’s force finally reached Vincennes on December 17, it became readily apparent that they wouldn’t have to fight for Fort Sackville. Captain Helm commanded a fort in a miserable state of disrepair, manned by a force of just 25 French militia, who promptly deserted. While the British forces spread out and surrounded the fort, Hamilton sent a demand for surrender. Admirably defiant in the face of such overwhelming odds, Helm refused to surrender immediately, and asked for terms.

Hamilton graciously humored the young captain, allowing him to haul down his colors before



Courtesy Illinois State Historical Society

George Rogers Clark and his men trekked nearly 200 miles across what is now Illinois in February 1779. Creeks and rivers flooded by heavy winter rains ranged far beyond their banks, covering open grasslands with several inches of water. On the final push to Vincennes to capture Fort Sackville on the morning of February 22, they faced a vast chest-deep floodplain. Second-in-command, Captain Joseph Bowman kept a detailed journal of the campaign, detailing the difficult surprise march on the British outpost.

surrendering. After occupying the fort, Hamilton was forced to make a decision with far-reaching consequences. Rather than press his campaign toward Kaskaskia so late in the season, the governor opted to remain in Vincennes for the winter, gather fresh forces in the spring, and deal with Clark's main force in Illinois when the weather broke.

Not wanting to unnecessarily maintain such a large force over the winter, Hamilton also dismissed his Indian allies and the bulk of the Detroit militia. He then set about repairing the decrepit stockade of Fort Sackville. It was an imposing task, but with little else to do over the cold winter months, his work details made some progress.

In Kaskaskia, Clark received news of the disaster on January 29 when Francis Vigo, a St. Louis trader sympathetic to the Americans, arrived in town. Vigo not only reported the fall of Vincennes, but gave Clark the best information he had on the size of the remaining British force. For the small American army in Illinois, the loss of Vincennes was simply staggering. With the British in full control of the lower Wabash River, Clark's primary line of communication to the east—the Ohio River—was badly compromised.

Clark was in a perilous situation. He clearly

couldn't entertain the notion of abandoning his gains in Illinois, but if he simply waited until the spring it was obvious that Hamilton would reconstitute overwhelming force and crush the Americans along the Mississippi. True to character, Clark quickly decided to seize the strategic initiative and launch his own preemptive attack against Hamilton in Vincennes.

In a hasty letter to Virginia authorities, Clark reported his decision to gamble everything on a daring midwinter campaign. It was a decidedly risky decision, but Clark felt it imperative to strike Hamilton before his forces could consolidate in the spring. The situation was desperate, he informed Henry, but the Americans had only two choices: "quit the country or attack Mr. Hamilton."

Waiting for events to unfold was unthinkable for the audaciously aggressive young Virginian, whose boundless optimism proved contagious. His bold plan to attack Fort Sackville in the dead of winter was so unorthodox that it captured the imagination of the local French, who began to volunteer for the campaign in good numbers. Clark enlisted two additional companies of French militia to augment his own core force of Virginians. All told, Clark would lead a small but dedicated army of 172 men.

Hoping to move fast and free his men from the burden of excess baggage, Clark dispatched the armed supply boat *Willing* up the Ohio River. Its commander, Lt. John Rogers, was to guard the mouth of the Wabash River from enemy traffic and then join up with the main body near Vincennes.

On February 6, 1779, Clark and his men began a nearly 200-mile trek across what is now the state of Illinois, heading east towards difficulties that none could have foreseen. Heavy winter rains had pushed creeks and rivers far beyond their usual banks, covering open grasslands with several inches of water. Bottom ground was sometimes flooded to a depth of two to four feet. Clark, never one to be easily discouraged, wrote that the campaign degenerated to "a difficult and very fatiguing march."

That was a colossal understatement for his exhausted men, who struggled to make progress across miles of miry ground. Staying dry was nearly impossible for the footsore soldiers. Occasionally the little army would stop on high ground, make fires to cook provisions and dry out moccasins—before once again slogging across the flooded winter landscape. With few provisions, they largely subsisted off the land. Small hunting parties flanked the main body, scouring the coun-



tryside for deer, but the men grew famished as they expended far more calories than could be replaced.

Despite the hardships, morale remained surprisingly high. Exhibiting the best characteristics of a combat commander, the irrepressibly confident Clark led by personal example and offered constant encouragement for his beleaguered men. As they prepared for the final push to Vincennes on the morning of February 22, they faced a vast chest-deep floodplain. Undaunted, Clark grimly blacked his face with gunpowder and was the first into the water.

As Clark's half-frozen scarecrows trudged the last few grueling miles to their objective, it was clear that the troops were eager to get at the enemy. The men, Capt. Joseph Bowman recorded in his journal, were gripped with thoughts of "revenging the wrongs done to their back settlements."

On the afternoon of February 23, Clark's army was in sight of Vincennes. As he scanned the fort, Clark realized that he had achieved complete surprise, and immediately ordered his troops to unfurl their flags and march toward the village. As he neared the town, he ordered the troops to march repeatedly behind a small hillock—the simple ruse giving the impression his army was much larger than it actually was.

The men fanned out to secure Vincennes, and, using homes and outbuildings as cover, worked their way close to the stockade walls of Fort Sackville. When they were in position, they opened fire on the fort. The bulk of Clark's Virginia troops were armed with rifles, and they opened up a galling fire on the fort's defenders. Although the British had begun repairs to the stockade, they hadn't finished the work, and paid smartly for it.

Inside the fort, Hamilton and his men were in a state of disbelief that an American army had virtually appeared out of thin air. The startled governor later explained that a man could shove his fist between many of the logs in the palisade, which proved a decided disadvantage to his men. While his troops fired smoothbore muskets at well-concealed Americans, Clark's men unleashed a galling accurate fire at the British troops. Hamilton also opened fire with the fort's artillery, which produced a thunderous racket but made little effect on the Virginians.

During the first night's fighting, four of Hamilton's wounded were carried to the officer's quarters in Fort Sackville. Clark's men made it through the battle without a scratch. The decidedly one-sided fight was, crowed Captain Bowman, "fine Sport for the sons of Liberty."



Bridgeman Images

ABOVE: British Lieutenant Governor Henry Hamilton salutes George Rogers Clark after leading his men out of Fort Sackville to surrender to the rain soaked, and ragged frontiersmen. Hamilton and his men were marched in chains to Williamsburg, Virginia. OPPOSITE: This copy of a painting by Ezra Winter (circa 1933-34) shows George Rogers Clark and his men firing on Fort Sackville at Vincennes in February 1779 after British Lt. Col. Henry Hamilton refused Clark's first demand to surrender.

When fighting resumed at first light, the situation only worsened for Hamilton. Some of Clark's riflemen had worked to within 30 yards of the log walls, and maintained such an accurate fusillade that British troops were hesitant to even show themselves long enough to return fire. Three more Crown troops were wounded, and Hamilton's remaining French militia exhibited no taste for fighting. Amid an incessant whine of rifle fire, there was little that the fort's garrison could do.

At about 8 o'clock in the morning, Clark was confident enough to send a demand for surrender under a flag of truce. It was less than a cordial summons. Clark made no attempts to hide his disdain for Hamilton the "Hair Buyer" and demanded that he surrender his garrison as prisoners at discretion—with no honorable terms. The young colonel likewise warned that if Hamilton destroyed any papers or public stores "you may expect no mercy, for by Heavens you shall be treated as a murderer."

Hamilton, naturally, rejected such terms, and then paraded his garrison to announce his decision to resist the Rebels "to the last extremity."

Hamilton's British troops were inspired by his stubborn rejection of the Rebel ultimatum and were eager for more fighting. The Redcoats spontaneously cried out "God save the King!" and then unleashed three cheers. Unfortunately for Hamilton, his sheepish French militia hung their heads and confessed their unwillingness to continue the fight against their own relations in Vincennes, who were clearly aiding the Americans.

Hamilton was thunderstruck. Realizing that he only had about two dozen able-bodied men that he could rely on, the governor immediately came to the conclusion that he would surrender if given honorable terms. He met privately with his officers to reveal his intentions, but found them hesitant to give in so fast.

Hamilton's behavior was certainly a deflating display of indecision. Only moments before he had argued for a fight to the death, but now just as forcefully pleaded for capitulation. Hamilton's observations were gloomy indeed: the French militia were treacherous cowards, he insisted; seven of the English troops were already wounded, and Fort Sackville was 600 miles removed from any possible reinforcement.

Grudgingly, his officers agreed.

Fighting resumed for another two hours, and then Hamilton made a play for time. He sent out the captive Captain Helm with terms; Hamilton suggested a three-day truce, as well as a face-to-face conference within the walls of Fort Sackville. Clark refused, demanding nothing short of surrender at discretion, but he did make arrangements to meet Hamilton in front of the village church.

When it appeared that further pointless fighting would ensue, Hamilton experienced a setback at the worst possible time. During the lull in the fighting, a party of about 15 Indian warriors returned to the fort after a victorious raid into Kentucky. Since they heard no gunfire and could see the British flag still flying above the fort, the warriors confidently approached the village and fired their weapons in salute.

Clark sent out a party of troops to meet them; the Indians, assuming that they were being welcomed to town by French militia, had no idea what awaited them. From near point-blank range, the approaching Virginians unleashed a volley into the warriors; several were killed outright, a

Continued on page 96

DEATH AMONG THE DUNES

On May 28th, 1915, Ion Idriess, a trooper of the 5th Australian Light Horse Regiment, sat writing in his diary in a dugout at Gallipoli. “Snipers shot 15 Aussies this morning, and shrapnel got four of our regimental A.M.C. men,” he wrote. “They are bombarding us with shrapnel ... Their aim is getting startlingly close... Last report is that the Turks’ most vicious 18-pounder is silenced. We sincerely hope so.”

Ten months later, Idriess was singing a different tune.

“Sand, sand, sand, flying sand, blooming sand everywhere,” he griped to his diary in March 1916. “Sometimes, we have to sit in camp with our greatcoats over our heads. Some days it is impossible to see the length of the horse lines for flying sand... The Turks have not come yet, worse luck. Anything to relieve this cursed monotony and sand.”

Idriess was now stuck in a maddeningly boring routine of drills and sentry duty at a British Army camp on the Suez Canal while other Aussies were leaving for France. “How we wish we were going to France, too,” he wrote longingly. “Numbers of our men have volunteered for the infantry. Odd ones have cleared out to stow away with them. Anything to escape this flying sand.”

He would soon get his wish.

Even as he was writing those words, a Turco-German expeditionary force was gathering 125 miles away at Beersheba, in southern Palestine, that would soon collide in battle with Idriess and his Australian and New Zealand comrades. It would mark the beginning of the end of the Ottoman war effort and of the Ottoman Empire itself.

The Turks had entered World War I hoping to claw back former Ottoman provinces from its European rivals. In February 1915, the British halted an invasion attempt against one such country, Egypt, in a battle at the Suez Canal. Preparations for a second big attack on Egypt began immediately.

As Britain’s failed Gallipoli campaign was winding down in the fall, its military leaders also began considering next moves on the Sinai front in anticipation of a second attack. Debate over Middle East strategy centered around the Suez Canal’s function as Egypt’s main line of defense, particularly the wisdom of a static defense in light of the manpower required.

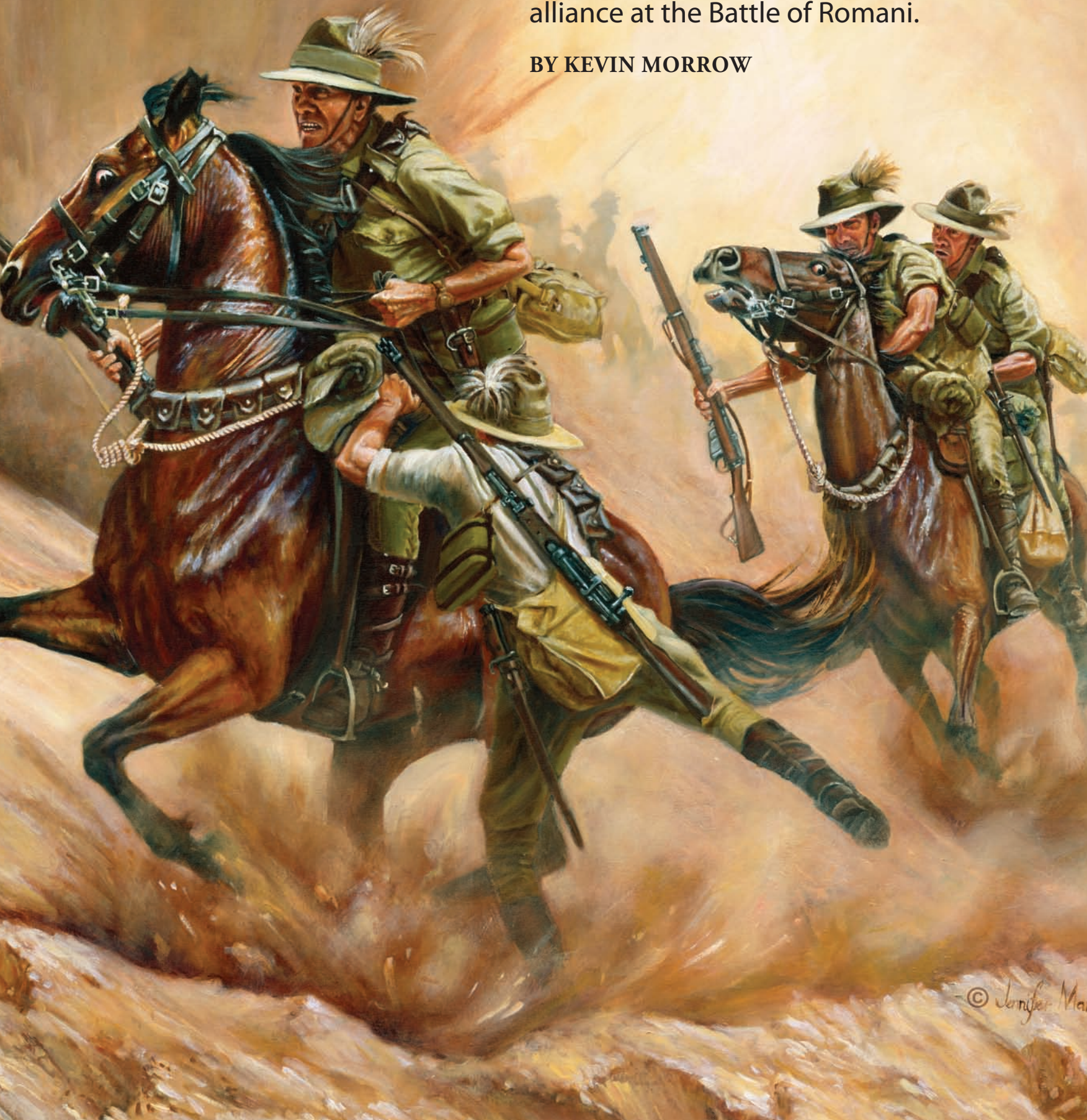
“Rescue and Retreat at Romani,” by Jennifer Marshall depicts Major Michael Shanahan of the 2nd Light Horse Brigade astride “Bill the Bastard” rescuing several soldiers at the Battle of Romani in Egypt. Shanahan was awarded the Distinguished Service Order for his actions on August 5, 1916.

www.lighthorseart.com.au



In the World War I ANZAC Suez campaign, mounted troopers from down under take on the German-Turk alliance at the Battle of Romani.

BY KEVIN MORROW



© Jennifer Morrow



Library of Congress

A Turkish infantry column halts on its march across the Sinai Desert to attack the Suez Canal defended by the British Egyptian Expeditionary Force in 1916. In the Sinai and Palestine campaign during World War I, the British Empire, the French Third Republic, and the Kingdom of Italy fought alongside the Arab Revolt in opposition to the Ottoman Empire, the German Empire, and the Austro-Hungarian Empire.

A new strategy began to emerge in January 1916 with the arrival of a new commander, Gen. Archibald Murray, who vigorously advocated for pushing British defenses out into Sinai towards the Ottoman frontier. Soon, the British began building an east-west railway parallel to Sinai's ancient northern coastal caravan route that became, in British correspondent W.T. Massey's words, "the keystone of our strategic structure in Eastern Egypt... the backbone, the arteries, the very life blood of the army."

Murray reorganized that army as the Egyptian Expeditionary Force (EEF), the most important element of which was the Mounted Division of the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps (ANZAC), commanded by Harry Chauvel. The ANZAC mounted troopers—the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Australian Light Horse Brigades—were country boys accustomed to life on horseback in hot, dry environments. Fiercely egalitarian, rowdy, and disdainful of army discipline, the ANZACs in Egypt gave their spit-and-polish British superiors endless heartburn, but they had proved themselves fierce in a scrap at Gallipoli and were "bursting with enthusiasm for a mounted cam-

paign unconfined by trenches and barbed wire," as the official Australian account of the Sinai campaign put it.

Battle was still a long way off, though and the Sinai Peninsula was empty in early 1916. When Turkish and Bedouin raiding parties began showing up in early March, the 5th Mounted Brigade (Yeomanry) moved out to the new forward base at Romani, 23 miles east of the canal, to step up patrolling.

Meanwhile, the enemy attack force was taking shape, the bulk of which consisted of the Ottoman 3rd Infantry Division plus a cadre of German-Austrian technical troops (designated Pasha I) consisting of machine gun companies, antiaircraft platoons, field hospitals, communication trains, and heavy artillery batteries. One particularly important element of Pasha I was the German air unit, Flight Detachment 300. "The arrival of the German airmen made the greatest impression not only on the troops but also on the population," expedition commander Col. Friedrich Freiherr Kress von Kressenstein remembered. "The whole expeditionary corps breathed a sigh of relief that we were finally no longer

defenseless against the attacks of the enemy planes. Above all, however, we could hope to be better served with news about the enemy in the future than had been the case hitherto."

At about this time, Bedouin agents informed Kress about the British desert railway. He consequently decided to carry out an armed reconnaissance foray to test British defenses with a 3,000-man force of infantry, camel troops, and artillery.

The first target was the Worcester Yeomanry Regiment encampment at the oasis of Oghratina east of Romani. As the Turks approached before dawn on April 22 (Easter Sunday), the fog was, Kress later remembered, "so thick and impenetrable at times, you could see not even five steps in any direction." Already alert at 4 a.m., British sentries heard the sound of water pumps 500 yards from camp. An officer ran downhill to investigate, almost running into 60 Turkish soldiers, upon which he rushed back and gathered his men together, who now began firing.

By 5:15 a.m., the whole camp was under attack on three sides. Shouting their signature battle cry—"Allah! Allah!"—the Turks drove forward relentlessly, inflicting 150 casualties in the next

few hours. Realizing that the men under his command faced destruction, the detachment commander surrendered.

Nearby at Qatiyeh, the Gloucester Hussars had already been alerted by the sound of the gunfire. At 8:45 a.m., a nearby infantry patrol spotted more than 600 enemy infantry and cavalry troops approaching. An hour later, mountain gun fire began falling on Qatiyeh, killing and maiming most of the horses in camp there, covering the Turkish infantry as they crawled forward to attack.

A dismounted relief force of Worcester Yeomanry from Hamiseh now joined the Gloucesters in pushing the enemy back, but they ran into heavy enemy rifle and machine gun fire. At 10:15 a.m., several squadrons of Gloucesters and machine gunners from Romani moved to intercept 500 Turks retreating from another attack at Dueidar, 12 miles away. Stumbling upon the Turkish artillery position north of er Rabah as it shelled Qatiyeh, the Gloucesters drove the artillery crew off. Half an hour later, the Gloucesters ran into heavy rifle fire near Hod Umm Ughba, forcing them to slowly retreat back towards Romani.

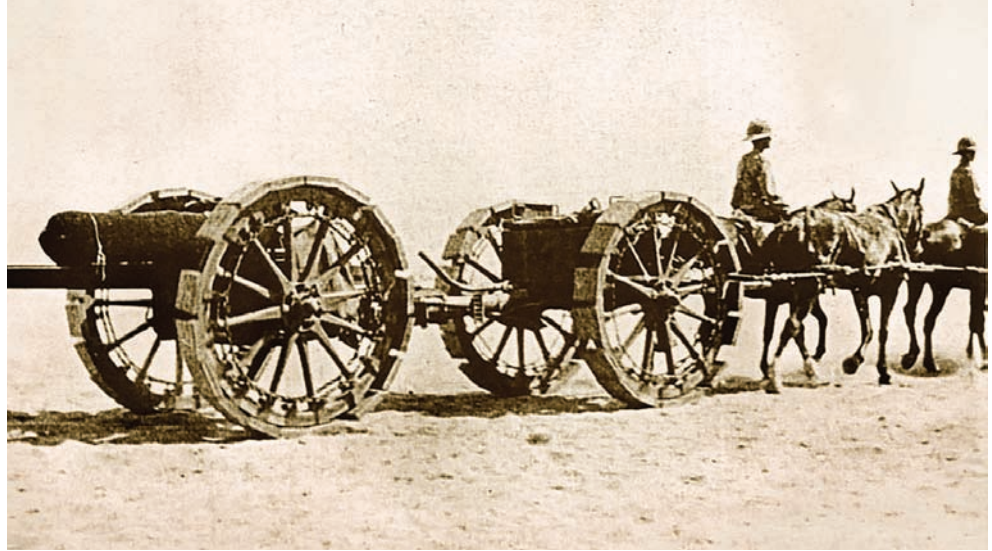
These relief attempts failed to cut the noose tightening around Qatiyeh, and by 1 p.m., the garrison was clearly doomed. The Turks resumed shelling followed by a bayonet charge, forcing the British to surrender at 3 p.m. The only silver lining to this disaster was the escape of 60 troopers led by a British squadron commander who had fainted from wounds during the battle and awoke just in time to lead the men away.

The Turkish assault on the 5th Royal Scots Fusiliers at Dueidar turned out quite differently. At 5:15 a.m., a barking camp dog alerted the Fusiliers to a large body of Turks carefully picking their way through Dueidar's barbed-wire defenses. The Fusiliers quickly repelled them with heavy machine gun and rifle fire, killing and wounding 100.

The Turks responded with a torrent of artillery and rifle fire and a southward flanking movement at 7 a.m., but incoming fire from fortified positions along the camp's eastern side wreaked havoc on the Turks. When a British airplane dropped a message that the enemy's main body was retreating leaving only 150 rifles on the firing line, the Fusiliers attacked at noon, driving the Turks off.

For the British, the raids were an utter debacle, and they immediately pulled the 5th Mounted Brigade off the line, replacing them with the ANZAC Mounted Division. When the ANZACs arrived at Romani, they found abundant evidence of the luxurious life the British had maintained there: bottles of whisky and gin, carpets, dressing tables, and the like. Gen. Granville Ryrie, commander of the Australian 2nd Light Horse

Imperial War Museum



Imperial War Museum



TOP: In the mud of France or the sands of Egypt, moving artillery is difficult work. Here a crew defending the Suez Canal pulls an 18-pound field gun fitted with "sand wheels" across the desert terrain in 1916. **ABOVE:** Led by their commanding officer on horseback, British troops from a Lancashire regiment march to the front in Egypt.

Brigade, later remarked derisively, "They were not the right people to put at this sort of job."

Recognizing the folly of trying to maintain scattered, indefensible outposts, the British now concentrated their troops together at Romani. This strategic line near the edge of a vast sea of sand hills ran southward from Mahamdiyeh on the coast, dropping off toward the east. A curved line

of natural defenses running southwest from Romani ran through the two largest dunes—Katib Gannit and Mount Meredith—to Hod el Enna, then pivoted northwest toward another giant dune, Mount Royston. Towering over all these hills in the center was Wellington Ridge, which sloped northward downhill toward the large ANZAC camp at Bir Etmaler west of Romani.



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ABOVE: Formed in 1916 from Commonwealth and British troops, the Imperial Camel Corps was attached to the Anzac Mounted Division. The Corps was organized into four divisions (Australian: 1st, 3rd; British: 2nd; New Zealanders and Australian: 4th) of nearly 800 men and 4,000 camels. Camels could carry 300 lbs. and go without water for up to five days, whereas horses needed water daily. **NEAR RIGHT:** The German Colonel Friedrich Freiherr Kress von Kressenstein, a main leader of the Ottoman Desert Command Force (DCF), twice crossed the Sinai from Palestine to capture or disable the Suez Canal. The second failed attack ended at the Battle of Romani 25 miles east of the canal. **FAR RIGHT:** General Edward Chaytor, commander of the New Zealand Mounted Brigade.



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Auckland Museum

Along a line of lower sand hills on the eastern front of the Romani heights were twelve defensive works 750 yards apart with another line of six works laid out in a hooklike configuration from the southern end of the line. Each position held about 100 rifles and several machine guns apiece.

From this home base, mounted troops now began regular, aggressive patrolling out into the desert to entice the Turks into battle. The British believed, rightly as it turned out, that given the Turks recent victories, they would not be content to passively occupy abandoned outposts close to British positions.

From May through July, though, few operations of note occurred other than dueling air strikes and the destruction of usable water sources

along the enemy's potential routes of advance. When the Turco-German expeditionary force finally left Beersheba on July 16, they headed right for the trap set for them—advancing along the northern caravan route as expected.

General Edward Chaytor, commander of the New Zealand Mounted Brigade, spotted the enemy vanguard on July 19 while aloft on a reconnaissance flight. The next day enemy forces, numbering about 18,000 men, were spotted widely dispersed between camps east of Romani.

Getting thousands of men, camels, and horses across the desert in August had been difficult. Dragging the heavy guns up and over the big dunes, for instance, sometimes took hours of exertion by man and beast, until German artillery offi-

cers hatched the idea of using a double plow to cut two parallel furrows for the gun wheels and filling them with camel weed brush. The army was also plagued by terrible thirst and delays in food provisions.

With the Turks on their front doorstep, the ANZACs redoubled forward patrolling now, with the 1st and 2nd Australian Light Horse Brigades taking turns heading out at 2 a.m. each morning toward Qatiyeh. Predawn patrols would camp in front of Qatiyeh until sunrise, advance to draw enemy fire, then return Romani at dusk, the other brigade repeating this maneuver the following day.

Meanwhile, the Turks were digging in at their main position, awaiting the arrival of their heavy



IWM ORDER Q 56441

Turkish troops man a German MG 08 machine gun during combat on the Palestine front. After three years of war with Italy and the Balkans (Greece, Serbia, Montenegro and Bulgaria), the Ottoman Empire was in shambles and looked to Europe for an alliance. Turned down by Great Britain, France and Russia, the Ottomans signed a treaty with Germany in 1914.

artillery, as their forward sentries and snipers clashed with Australian patrols. Turkish positions crept ever closer toward Romani until on the morning of August 3, their lines ran through Qatiyeh, its right wing only five miles away from enemy lines.

The British were themselves firming up their final defenses. The 52nd Infantry Division's 155th and 157th Brigades plus the 158th Brigade of the 53rd Infantry Division formed an eastern-facing battle line from Mahamdiyeh south to Katib Gannet, while the 1st Light Horse Brigade covered a thin line from Katib Gannet southeast to Hod el Enna. All told, the British had 14,000 men and 36 big guns at hand.

At this point, Kress hesitated. The British superiority in mounted troops and the impossibility of protecting his left flank from encirclement worried him. Also, while aerial reconnaissance had revealed much about British defenses, he knew nothing about overall enemy numbers. "If our ammunition and supply replenishment had been secured, I would have probably decided, despite

some concerns, to occupy and reinforce a position and to wait until the English attacked me," he later wrote. Unfortunately, delays in food provisions forced the men to go on half bread rations on July 29. The expeditionary force was far out ahead of their supply lines, and the clock was ticking. In the end, Kress decided that the only way to accomplish his mission was to attack.

The battle plan called for a series of infantry attacks around and behind the British right wing covered by artillery fire. In the north on the Turkish right, the Ottoman 31st Infantry Regiment would advance against the 52nd Infantry front. In the middle, the Ottoman 32nd Infantry was to take Wellington Ridge via Hod el Enna, then charge down and overwhelm the light horse camps at Etmaler and Romani before infantry reinforcements could arrive. The 39th Infantry Regiment were to attack the British right wing to the northwest and seize the terminus of the desert railway.

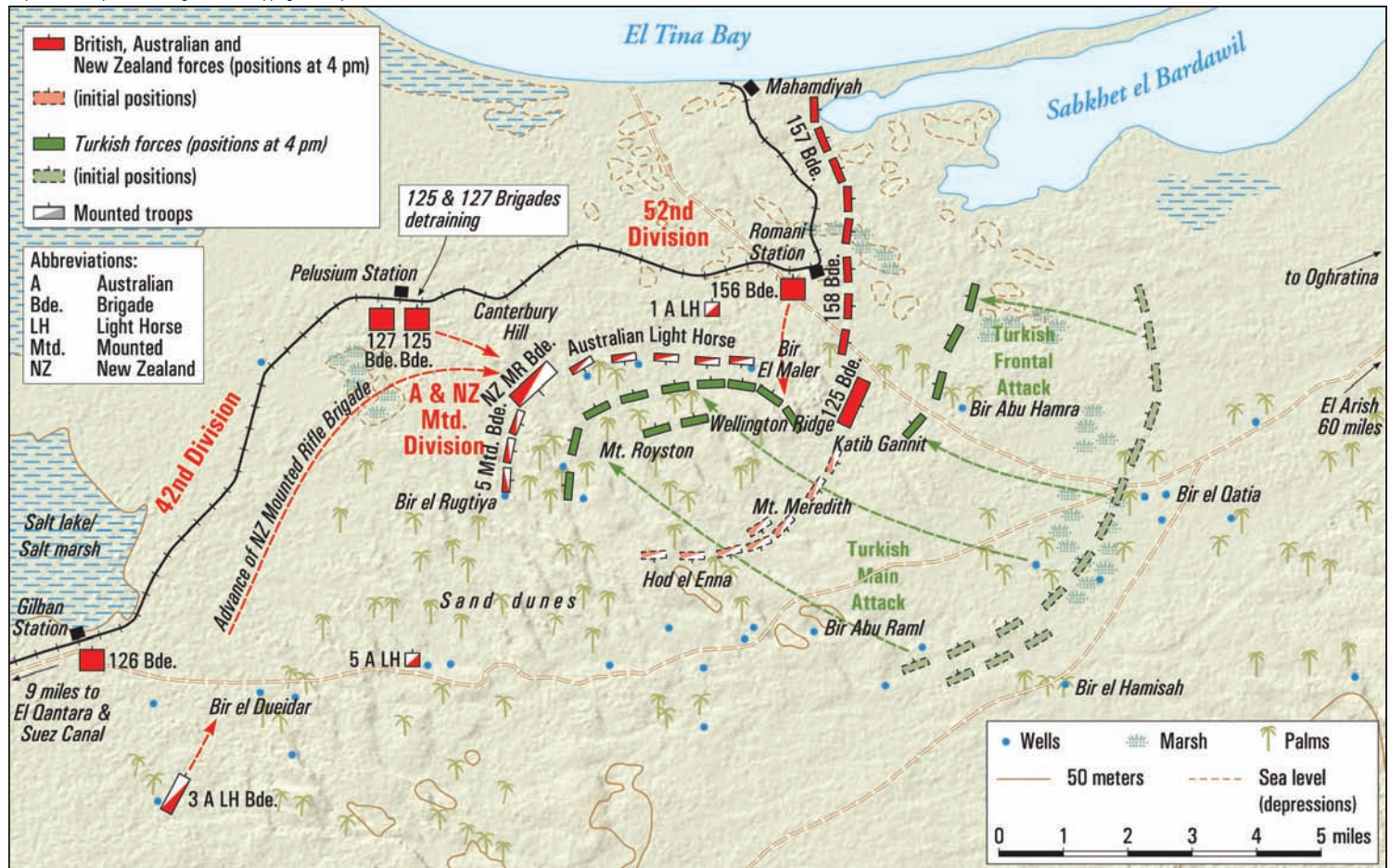
The British plan was to hold their thin forward lines as long as possible, then slowly retire northwards towards Etmaler, behind Romani, using

the 52nd Division's southern post on Katib Gannet as a pivoting point. This would lure the Turks into an area of deep, soft sand. Once the Turks had fully invested in the attack and worn themselves out, the British could then call up their reserves and destroy them.

By late in the night on August 3, all was ready.

At 10 p.m., gunfire on their southeast front put Australian sentries on the alert. All was quiet again until enemy troops appeared in front of the defensive line around midnight. This force had followed the 2nd Light Horse Brigade back from its nighttime patrol, slipping in behind it to get around the British southern flank, but the gullies they hoped to take up to Wellington Ridge were blocked by the Australians. The Turks now stopped to wait for orders and the arrival of the main force.

The Turks began pouring gunfire along the entire length of the British line at 1 a.m., pushing hard against the British right in the south with a bayonet attack toward Mount Meredith. When the attack came, the blockage of the gullies forced



After the Royal Flying Corp reported in mid-July that German Colonel Friedrich Freiherr Kress von Kressenstein was leading some 16,000 Turkish troops west across the Sinai, British command began preparing for another attack on the Suez Canal. At the Battle of Romani (August 3-5, 1916) the British slowed the enemy advance using screens made up of mounted units—Australian Light Horse, New Zealand Mounted Rifles and Yeomanry regiments—that slowed the Ottoman advance, then fell back to a series of strongpoints. When the main battle was engaged those same mounted troops attacked the Turkish flanks and rear.

the Turks to swing south and then west into the deep sand zone.

At Hod el Enna, the far southern endpoint of British defenses, W.T. Massey the war correspondent later wrote, “The Turks fixed bayonets and prepared to charge, yelling out the cry made for them in Germany: ‘Allah, finish Australia.’ To this the Light Horsemen rejoined, ‘Allah, you bastards, we will give you Allah,’ and with that they met with a clash. The Australians drive home the bayonet with the thrust of big-shouldered men, cheering the while and taunting the enemy to ‘try it again.’” Despite this spirited resistance, the Turks pushed to within about 40 yards of British defenses by 2 a.m. Still too dark to see their targets, both Australians and Turks had to aim and fire at each others’ muzzle flashes.

Mount Meredith between Hod el Enna and Katib Gannit now bore the full brunt of the attack. Charging barefoot without boots to run faster over the sand, the Turks lunged forward at 2:30 a.m., but were beaten back with heavy losses from machine gun fire. The Turks kept pushing

against the flanks, though, and by 3, Mount Meredith’s defenders were in retreat. At 3:30, the Australians south of the hill fell back northward toward their preselected secondary position, Wellington Ridge, covering their retreat with steady and accurate fire. As they retreated, Turkish infantry rushed toward them as machine gunners on the hilltop above raked them with fire.

At 4:30, Chauvel sent in the reserves, the 2nd Light Horse Brigade, but the enemy kept coming up the valley between Wellington Ridge and Mount Royston north of Mount Meredith, pushing the reinforced right flank back steadily. As the Turks tried to get around the Australian right, the light horsemen tacked further rightward to block them, the 52nd Infantry moving south to plug the growing gap on the Australian left. The mounted forces retreated gradually northward from Wellington Ridge with their backs now to the camp at Etmaler at 7 a.m. An hour later, the Turks began firing into the horse lines 700 yards away from the crest of Wellington Ridge.

The Turks had now gained one of their impor-

tant objectives, the rear area defenses of the southern flank, but stiff Australian resistance had delayed the capture of this ridge by six hours. The exhausted Turkish infantry now halted, allowing British artillery to drive them off an hour later.

The 1st and 2nd Light Horse Brigade skirmish line now stretched thinly east to west for 5,000 yards north of Wellington Ridge. They had suffered heavy casualties and had been fighting since midnight, but there was no rest for the weary yet. The Turks’ outflanking movement now surged northwestward up the slopes of Mount Royston and against the right flank of the 2nd Light Horse.

While all this was happening, a British counterthrust to protect their right flank was in progress. Between 5:30 and 7:30 a.m., the 5th Mounted Brigade was ordered to march on Mount Royston, elements of which were to advance through Dueidar to unite with the Auckland Regiment. Behind them, the 3rd Light Horse Brigade was moving to Hill 70, which the 5th had just vacated.

At 10 a.m., the newly reinforced line—comprising the 2nd, 3rd, 6th, and 7th Light Horse



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Auckland Museum

ABOVE: ANZAC (Australian and New Zealand Army Corps) trooper David Alexander Kirkpatrick, a member of the Wellington Mounted Rifles, on his way to Cairo. TOP: Australian snipers in the Sinai Desert at the Battle of Romani in August 1916. The British used mounted ANZAC troops to great advantage in the pivotal battle of the Sinai and Palestine campaign in the Middle Eastern theater of World War I.

Regiments, and two regiments of the 5th Mounted Brigade, the Composite Regiment and the Gloucester Hussars—faced south towards the dunes north of Mount Royston from a position 700 yards north of Wellington Ridge.

While the Turks were pounding the southern

flank, they were also assaulting the 52nd Division front in the north. Around 5 a.m., a squadron of German planes flew over Katib Gannit and dropped bombs on infantry defenses and the light horse camps behind them. Immediately afterward, a day-long heavy enemy artillery barrage on

this position began, seeking to cut a breach for the infantry, small parties of which now began creeping forward through hollows and behind small dunes. Thanks to heavy, accurate, and rapid British counter-fire, that Turkish attack and subsequent ones faltered, though some came within just 150 yards of British lines.

The EEF was standing firm under the pressure, but as morning wore on, its defense of Romani was increasingly threatened. The Turks had corralled the EEF into a triangular shaped front with their backs to the sea. Luckily, fortune was about to come to their rescue.

Chauvel's superiors, who had been informed of the situation, dispatched the New Zealand Mounted Rifles and 5th Yeomanry Brigade into the battle. While approaching the battlefield from the west, one squadron of the Gloucester Hussars descried the Turks' advance on Mount Royston through a gap in the Australian line. Marching toward the enemy, the Gloucesters helped plug the gap in the line for the next two hours.

Later in the morning, Chauvel devised a plan to envelop the Turkish left. The plan required the 156th Brigade to relieve the 1st and 2nd Light Horse to give them time to rest and rewater their mounts. The 1st and 2nd could then join the New Zealand Mounted Rifles Brigade and the 5th Mounted Brigade in encircling the Turkish left.

By the time the New Zealanders pushed off towards Dueidar to attack the enemy flank, the Turks had not only gotten onto Mount Royston but had swung around to face north toward Canterbury Hill, a dune northwest of Mount Royston. Just a mile before reaching Dueidar, the New Zealanders were diverted to Canterbury Hill, which they reached at 11:30 a.m.

At this point, Major J.H. Whyte, commander of the 2nd Light Horse Brigade, hailed their attention by heliograph. "Who are you?" he asked. "Chaytor," came the answer. After giving British and Turkish positions, he signaled, "Will you attack Mount Royston?" to which the reply was, "Attacking Mount Royston." Now, the New Zealanders moved to the attack, positioning themselves between the Australians and the Yeomanry on the line and advancing slowly on foot through heavy sand against enemy fire at 2 p.m.

At around the same time, the Turks came to a halt along the entire front. The enormous physical exertion involved in attacking through deep desert sand in the scorching midday heat was beginning to take its toll on the men. Going on the attack, the Gloucesters and Worcester Yeomanry took the southern spur of Mount Royston at a gallop, after which the Gloucesters gained the crest and killed the Turkish artillerymen manning an artillery battery down below.

Hearing of the threat to his left wing at 4 p.m.,



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ABOVE: The 1st squadron of the Australian Flying Corps was sent to bases in northeast Egypt: A Flight was stationed at Suez, B Flight at Sherika and C Flight at Kantara. They patrolled both sides of the Suez Canal in Australian B.E.2c aircraft. Some No 1 Squadron pilots flew with the Royal Flying Corps No 14 Squadron in the Battle of Romani in August 1916, thwarting the second and final attempt by the Turks to take the canal. **TOP:** Squadron leader Helmuth Felmy, left, in his "Albatross" aircraft in 1916. In World War II, Felmy was promoted to General der Flieger in the Luftwaffe. German planes, especially FA 300 (*Fliegerabteilung-Flight Detachment*) played an important role in collecting intelligence on enemy forces from the air.

Kress sent infantry and machine gun troops from reserve forces to reinforce them, but by 6 p.m., the New Zealanders, the Yeomanry, and the 127th Brigade had cut the attacking enemy column on Mount Royston in half, sending the other half into retreat. Five hundred Turks ran

up the ridge to surrender, hands up, and crying "Finish war!" and "Australia good!" Before the surrender, though, Turkish machine gun companies kept up their fire, escaping after destroying their weapons. The Anglo-ANZAC relief force now possessed all of Mount Royston, an utter

route of the Turks' flanking attempt in the south.

The retaking of Wellington Ridge followed next, beginning with a heavy artillery bombardment starting at 6:45 p.m. Shortly after this, the 7th and 8th Scottish Rifles left Etmaler, heading south to take the ridge, but the oncoming darkness and the rough terrain made it hard to find their way. The 8th Rifles got to within 100 yards of the ridge crest before getting pinned down by heavy rifle fire. Rather than retreating, the men hunkered down and maintained their fire throughout the night, the expectation being that they would take more prisoners that way than by allowing the Turks to scatter.

As the day came to a close, Flight Detachment 300 reported to Kress that British reinforcements were on the march toward the battlefield from Dueidar and the railway terminus. Realizing that the battle was lost, Kress halted offensive operations and ordered a retreat eastward to the ar-Rabah-Qatiyah-Bir el Hamisah line after dark. Unfortunately, the retreat order did not reach some units in the field, so parts of the 32nd Infantry Regiment and the 606th Machine Gun Company remained at their positions throughout the night. Eight hundred fifty of these men were taken prisoner at daybreak.

So ended the first day of action. Despite a bold and skillful attack, the Turks had failed. Though fighting well and still holding critical areas of the battlefield, they had been severely mauled, partly thanks to going without water for much of the day, with little or no food. On the other side, many of the exhausted light horse units had gone without sleep for almost an entire day and had suffered heavy casualties, but they had held the line against heavy Turkish assaults.

At daybreak on August 5, the 8th Scottish Rifles, accompanied by the 7th Light Horse, the Wellington Mounted Rifles, and the 7th Scottish Rifles—who had brought up 16 machine guns during the night for sweeping the slopes—advanced toward the crest of Wellington Ridge. At this point, 1,500 exhausted and thirst-stricken Turks, realizing they had been abandoned, surrendered, hands up and holding white flags. Other Turks pinned down by heavy fire at positions further north surrendered later that morning.

The British now realized that the Turks were retreating. Having been ordered to pursue, Chauvel, who now commanded all the mounted troops, gathered and remounted the troopers over the next several hours. The mounted advance against the Turks' main body, now at Qatiyah, began at 10:30 a.m. The infantrymen, though, were suffering from tremendous hunger and thirst, and it took time to distribute badly needed food and water and get going. Communication problems also seriously hampered the remobilization effort.



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Troopers with the Australian Light Horse. ANZAC (Australian and New Zealand Army Corps) horsemen were relentless in their pursuit of the retreating Turks.

While the infantry was getting itself together, the 9th Light Horse Regiment had already attacked the Turks at Hamisah just south of Qatiyeh. The mounted assault drove the Turks from their positions and netted 425 hungry and exhausted prisoners plus seven machine guns.

Nearby, the 1st and 2nd Light Horse and the 5th Mounted Brigades, having passed many bedraggled Turkish stragglers on the advance toward Qatiyeh, realized an opportunity to take large numbers of prisoners and guns with a fast, aggressive attack. Around 3 p.m., they attacked at full gallop toward Turkish positions with bayonets fixed and cheering loudly. Unfortunately, the swampy ground near the oasis checked their forward gallop, so the men dismounted and continued on foot. The resisting Turks showed none of the expected demoralization. Instead, the fire was intense and well directed, and the Turkish artillery outgunned the British's own artillery. At sunset, the mounted troops withdrew.

Both sides were truly at their last gasp from exhaustion and thirst. Some of the light horse troopers' mounts had not been watered in 60 hours, while some men had slept in their saddles as they rode forward. The Turks for their part struggled to make it back to Oghratina in the dark. It had been a tough two days, but the end had still not come.

The next morning, August 6, the troopers

pressed forward to attack the Turkish rearguard at Qatiyeh and cut off the retreat. The New Zealand Mounted Rifles and 5th Mounted Brigade going out toward Oghratina, as well as the 3rd Light Horse advancing toward Badih, found the Turkish rearguard solid, so little progress was made in either direction.

Meanwhile, infantrymen of the 42nd and 52nd Divisions marching toward Qatiyeh began fainting from heat exhaustion and delirium in the brutal heat, forcing the British to send out mounted troops and airplanes to search for them in the desert. At any rate, there would be no more marching that day by the infantry.

On August 7, the New Zealand Rifles, the 3rd Light Horse Brigade and the 5th Mounted Brigade unsuccessfully probed the impenetrable enemy position at Oghratina. Overnight, the Turks abandoned the position and fell back eastward to their staging camp at Bir el Abd.

On August 9, Chauvel sent the entire ANZAC Mounted Division eastward before sunrise, hoping that he could destroy the entire Turkish attack force with one bold attack.

Driving the Turkish outposts along the caravan road in retreat, the New Zealanders went first at 5 a.m., arriving on the high ground overlooking the Turkish camp at Bir el Abd. An hour later, the Turks surged forth from their trenches to counter-

attack. Despite withering supporting fire from artillery and machine-gun crews, the Turks pressed the ANZAC flanks hard. Another Turkish attack at 7:30 a.m. tried to exploit a gap in the line between the New Zealanders and the 2nd Light Horse Brigade, but the 5th Light Horse charged in to plug the gap, stopping the Turks in their tracks.

Shortly after this, observers spotted Turkish transport columns heading eastward from Bir el Abd and columns of smoke rising from burning stores, a sign that the Turks were beginning their escape. Despite renewed attacks by the New Zealanders, though, the Turkish frontal defenses stood firm.

Elated at this success in repelling their opponents, the Turks launched another attack on the New Zealanders and Yeomanry, but it was also repulsed. Nonetheless, by 2 p.m., the Turks widened their attack front to the British far left flank. They began shelling one British artillery battery heavily and immobilized it after killing many of its horses. The battery withdrew its guns just moments before the 3rd Light Horse Brigade began a series of retiring movements on the right flank that jeopardized the New Zealanders.

At 5:30 p.m., Chauvel ordered a general retreat, but getting away proved to be no easy matter. They pulled it off nonetheless, thanks to

Continued on page 97



New-York Historical Society

Intrigue and betrayal lead to the Visigoth's sacking of Rome in 410.

By Christopher Miskimon

Alaric the Goth spent years fighting the Roman Army under their Gen. Flavius Stilicho, then served as a Roman officer, leading a Visigoth army which helped defeat Roman foes. Despite this, the Romans declined to give him the recognition he felt he deserved. Such recognition would have given him legitimacy as a Gothic king.

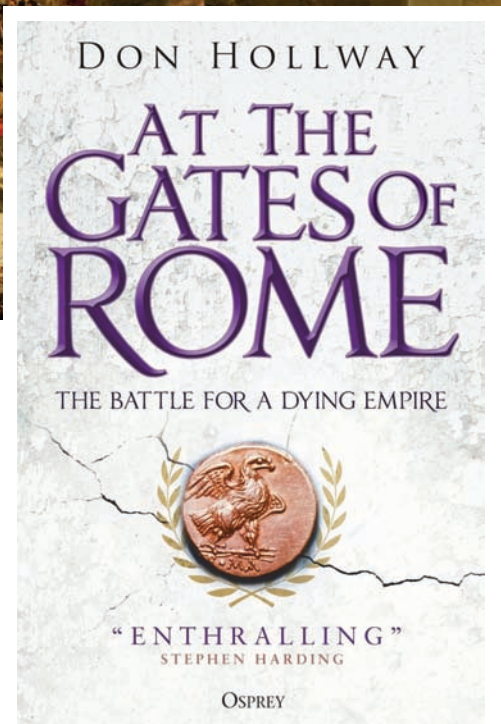
Despite being a sometime adversary of Stilicho, who was a power behind the Roman throne as well, the two proved able to cooperate and maintained a fragile peace for a time. However, when Alaric demanded a payment in gold to prevent him invading Rome, the Senate refused. Stilicho, knowing the situation, paid it anyway. That incident, along with several other military failures and Roman court intrigues, led to Stilicho's arrest and execution in 408.

Word of Stilicho's execution reached Alaric about a week later in his army's quarters, likely in Teurnia (Later, Tiburnia, whose ruins are in modern Austria). While Alaric probably did not mourn

Stilicho, he had been a foe worthy of respect. His death taught Alaric a lesson; if Stilicho, a Roman general, could not trust his own countrymen, the Visigoth's king, by Roman standards a "barbarian," certainly could not. Still Alaric wanted peace and asked for a token sum to preserve it, hoping to impress the Romans with his charity. Instead, they took it as a sign of weakness and fear.

Rebuffed, Alaric marched on Rome in 408 with an army of perhaps 30,000, marching down the east side of the Italian peninsula with no opposing force to stop him. Instead of making needed preparations, the Senate instead accused Stilicho's wife of inviting the Goths to invade. When Alaric's army arrived at Rome in October, they found it protected by formidable walls. The Goths blockaded the gates and placed archers and torchbearers along the Tiber River, through which Rome's food supplies had to pass.

The siege dragged on into 409, with the Roman citizenry starving. Eventually, they paid a heavy ransom and Alaric withdrew to Etruria to await



ABOVE: "Destruction" is the fourth of five paintings in English-born American painter Thomas Cole's "Course of Empire" series. Modeled after a historic sack of Rome, Cole wrote that the painting represented a "State of Destruction" where "Luxury has weakened and debased. A savage enemy has entered the city. A fierce tempest is raging. Walls and colonnades have been thrown down. Temples and palaces are burning."

further developments. More negotiations followed, with many of Alaric's demands quite reasonable under the circumstances, but the Romans lacked the unity to realize they should meet them. Another siege began in 409, ended badly for all, followed by a third siege in 410. This time, they entered the city and ravaged it.

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the Old Breed. An
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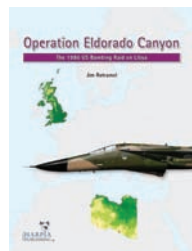
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PERMUTATED
PRESS

The story of Alaric's invasion and sack of Rome in the early 400s is a complex one, with not only combat, but intrigue, suffering and a large degree of vengeance, at least for Alaric. The story of Rome's fall, the personalities involved and the quite byzantine events which led to it are well-told in *At the Gates of Rome: The Battle for a Dying Empire* (Don Holloway, Osprey Publishing, 2024, 367 pp., maps, photographs, bibliography, index, \$22, SC)

Creating an accurate book on ancient conflict is a difficult process. There are numerous sources to be studied, some of which may have the writer's bias and be simply inaccurate. The author must compare this multitude of source material to find inconsistencies, then seek to confirm what they think is the most accurate narrative. Even then, it is difficult to be sure at times. In this new account of Rome's downfall, the author does excellent work weaving together numerous sources to create an engaging and thorough volume. Rome's fall was complicated, involving a large cast of characters; this work breaks it all down into a readable yet very literate chronicle.



Operation El Dorado Canyon: The 1986 U.S. Bombing Raid on Libya (Maj. Jim Rotramel, USAF, Ret'd, Harpia Publishing, Wien, Austria, 2024, 254 pp., maps, photographs, notes, appendices, bibliog-

raphy, index, \$64.95, SC)

During the 1980s, Libyan dictator Muammar Qaddafi began an undeclared war against the United States, supporting terrorist attacks and sponsoring various terror groups in the Middle East. His reasoning and actions became so chaotic even his allies considered him unstable. The situation became critical for the U.S. when a bomb exploded at the La Belle Discotheque in West Berlin, Germany, on April 5, 1986. In response, the USAF launched two dozen F-111 and five EF-111s from bases in the UK on April 14. They flew 3,500 miles after France and Spain refused to allow overflight of their territory. As they approached Libya the U.S. Navy launched a strike with 26 fighter and attack aircraft. These planes struck two military airfields, two barracks, and a terrorist training camp. The Libyans proved able to down a single F-111.

This new book is an excellent recounting of the U.S. air attack on Libya in 1986. It will be of great interest to military aviation enthusiasts in particular, due to the author's experience and familiarity with the operation, aircraft, weapons and systems used in the attack. The beautifully illustrated volume also has extensive political and military back-

SHORT BURSTS

1217: The Battles that Saved England (Catherine Hanley, Osprey Publishing, 2024, \$35, HC) This is the story of a relatively unknown French invasion that changed the course of British history.



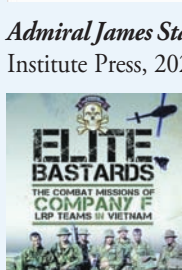
Barbarian Warrior Versus Roman Legionary: Marcomannic Wars AD 165-180 (Murray Dahl, Osprey Publishing, 2024, \$23, SC) The Marcomannic Wars saw the first invasion of Italy since the 1st Century BCE. This book assesses both sides and three of their major battles.



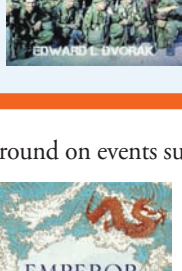
U.S. Seventh Fleet, Vietnam 1964-75: American Naval Power in Southeast Asia (Edward J. Marolda, Osprey Publishing, 2024, \$23, SC) Reveals how the Seventh Fleet fought the Vietnam War, with intelligence and tactical information.



The Soviet War in Afghanistan 1979-1989 (Ilya Milyukov, Helios & Company, 2024, \$29.95, SC) A detailed account of the Afghanistan War, rich with original photographs.



Confessions of a Weekend Warrior: Thirty-Five Years in the National Guard (Brig. Gen. Paul Smith, USA (Ret.), McFarland & Co., Inc., 2024, \$29.95, SC) Gen. Smith saw the National Guard transform from an underfunded "strategic" reserve to a warfighting force.



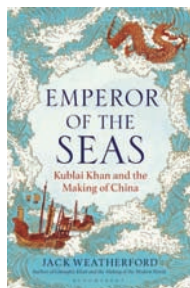
Putin and the Return of History: How the Kremlin Rekindled the Cold War (Mark Sixsmith, Bloomsbury Press, 2024, \$35, HC) Seemingly willing to engage with the West at first, Putin has evolved into an aggressive and confrontational ruler.

Admiral James Stavridis: Sailor, Scholar, Leader (Stanley D.M. Carpenter, naval Institute Press, 2024, \$29.95, HC) Covers the life of one of the modern U.S. Navy's most accomplished flag officers. This child of Greek immigrants rose to become Supreme Allied Commander of NATO.



Elite Bastards: The Combat Missions of Company F LRP Teams in Vietnam (Edward L. Dvorak, Pen Sword Books, 2024, \$37.95, HC) The author served in the 173rd Airborne Brigade in Vietnam before joining a long-range patrol unit. This memoir relates his combat service.

ground on events surrounding the operation.



Emperor of the Seas: Kublai Khan and the Making of China (Jack Weatherford, Bloomsbury Publishing, New York NY, 2024 369 pp., notes, bibliography, index, \$35 HC)

The Mongols were always a dangerous force on land, with massive armies of horsemen employing great mobility to defeat their foes. Genghis Khan

created the Mongol Empire, but his grandson Kublai solidified it into a formidable nation, unified and economically vibrant. Kublai defeated the Song Empire and went on to control the most powerful navy in the world, far beyond anything Europe would see for centuries. This navy enabled the Mongols to move not only troops, but goods and foodstuffs quickly over vast distances, beginning a trade empire as well. Unlike his predecessors, Kublai realized control of the seas gave you control of the land as well.

This new work by an expert on the Mongols reveals how Kublai made his empire a naval

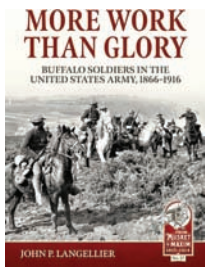
power. The author explains how the Mongols came to understand the value of waterways and seas as a military tool. Since navies are expensive and resource-intensive, the reader also learns how the Mongols organized their economy to afford such a powerful fleet. In-depth studies on the Mongols are less common in the Western world; this book is a welcome addition to that growing body of knowledge.



Fallen Comrade: A Story of the Korean War (Walter Howell, University Press of Mississippi, Jackson MI, 2024, 260 pp., maps, photographs, notes, bibliography, index, \$28, HC)

Waller King, Joe Albritton and Homer Ainsworth grew up in the same neighborhood in Clinton, Mississippi. They knew each other at school, in church and everyday life. Eventually, they all joined the same Marine Corps reserve unit in nearby Jackson. Soon after North Korea invaded South Korea in June 1950, these three young men were called to active duty and shipped to Camp Pendleton for training before being sent to Korea to enter the war. One of them died within two months of arriving on the Korean peninsula. The other two survived the war, though one died in a car accident soon after returning. Their stories reveal the experiences of Marines and soldiers fighting in the Korean War.

This book is mainly a biography of three young men from small-town America who served their country, but also a general history of the war. This gives the reader a good overview of why these three men went to war and the larger cause they fought for. The book is quite readable with an easy narrative that engages the reader and clearly explains the wider events and complications of the conflict.

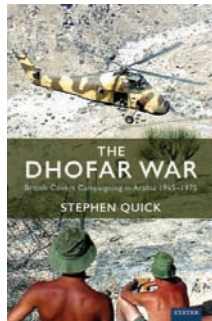


More Work than Glory: Buffalo Soldiers in the United States Army, 1866-1916 (John P. Langellier, Helion Press, South Yorkshire UK, 2024, 322 pp., maps, maps, photographs, bibliography, index, \$25, SC)

Soon after the Civil War, the United States Congress authorized the formation of six regiments of African-American troops, soon reduced to four. These units were the Ninth and Tenth Cavalry and the Twenty-Fourth and Twenty-Fifth Infantry. The army posted all four in the west, where they served for decades, fighting

numerous battles and skirmishes with various Native American tribes. The Native tribespeople nicknamed the black troops 'Buffalo Soldiers.' After the Indian Wars, these troops went on to fight in the Spanish-American War, the Philippine Insurrection and the expeditions against Pancho Villa in Mexico. Their presence and significance in opening the American West to outside settlement is notable, as was their bravery in action. Twenty Buffalo Soldiers received the Medal of Honor.

This new study of African American soldiers between the Civil War and World War I is well-written and illustrated with many period photographs. The author strives successfully to present their story by focusing on the soldiers themselves and the broader society and situation in which they served. He also presents facts about their service to counter prevailing misconceptions.



The Dhofar War: British Covert Campaigning in Arabia 1965-75 (Stephen Quick, University of Exeter Press, Exeter UK, 2024, 253 pp., maps, photographs, bibliography, index, \$123, HC)

From 1965 to 1975, the Sultanate of Oman fought a counterinsurgency campaign against a communist backed revolt in Dhofar Province, a remote and barren area. British military and intelligence agencies provided overt and covert support for the Sultanate. This war occurred largely out of the public eye, due to its location and world attention focusing elsewhere during the period. More than 700 British troops served there, including engineers, artillery, the Royal Air Force Regiment and members of the elite Special Air Service. While there were difficulties, this campaign succeeded, dealing a setback to communist influence in the world and further securing the supply of Middle Eastern oil for world markets. It stands as an example of a Cold War counterinsurgency campaign which did not go perfectly but nevertheless met its overall goals.

In this comprehensive and balanced account of the Dhofar War, the author's arguments are effectively presented and backed up with research. The book is interesting not only due to its non-political bent, but also that it informs the modern public about a war few of them are even aware of.

The Wars of the Roses: The Medieval Art of Graham Turner (Graham Turner, Osprey Books, Oxford UK, 2024, 288 pp., illustrations, bibliography, index, \$50, HC)

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By Joseph Luster

ARA: HISTORY UNTOLD

Genre: Strategy • **Platform:** PC • **Publisher:** Xbox Game Studios • **Available:** September

If grand strategy is your speed, you might want to keep an eye out for *Ara: History Untold*, which is currently in the works for PC and will also be available through PC Game Pass. This one aims to take players through every stage of human achievement, from the exploration of new lands to the development of arts and culture, diplomatic evolution, and clashes with rival civilizations. With no previously established paths to victory, there are myriad possibilities available to those who dream of experimenting with world creation and ruling.

Both the world and the people within *Ara: History Untold* have unique stories to tell. There are many different climates and landscape types to explore and even potentially develop, including vast deserts and tropical jungles. The citizens in your burgeoning community might even influence your next decisions with what they have to say. Combine those concepts with a procedurally generated environment and you have the recipe for countless possibilities that ensure no playthrough will be the same.

As your nation grows, you'll need to be able to defend it, which will put your leadership skills to the test along with all your other tasks. When you're not defending your nation, it will require your attention in more philosophical ways. Will you reap the strategic bonuses that come along with the construction of libraries, citadels and cathedrals? How will you invest your resources into efforts such as technological research? The direction your nation takes is up to you. This will either inspire you greatly or, if you're anything like me, lead to some serious decision paralysis.

The developers behind *Ara: History Untold* seem keen on offering what they call an "evolution in historical grand strategy." This entails a combination of the staples of the genre that have served as its foundation for decades, and some new features they hope will pave the way for the future of grand strategy. Some of those include the likes of a national crafting economy, true simultaneous turn resolution, cloud-based synchronous and asynchronous multiplayer, and a non-linear technology tree. The aforementioned countless possibilities this all presents sounds like the recipe for quite the time sink, so hopefully *Ara* will prove worthy of said time when the full version is available.



NORSE

Genre: Strategy • **Platform:** PC, PlayStation 5, Xbox Series • **Publisher:** Arctic Hazard • **Available:** Now

For a game that marries historical themes with strategy and a gripping narrative, *Norse* is on the way to bring the untamed beauty of ancient Norway to life in a new way. The Viking Age is in the



spotlight in this turn-based strategy game, which tells a tale of blood and betrayal.

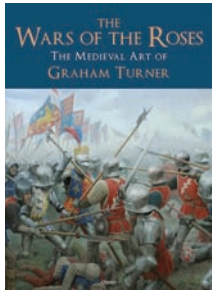
A few things stood out to us upon our first perusal of what *Norse* has to offer, particularly its in-depth sense of immersion. The main campaign tasks players with crafting their own set-

tlement from the ground up, gathering allies along the way, and training them to stand by your side when you need them most. Decisions you make as your settlement and people expand will shape a deadly landscape as you forge new bonds—while attempting to take down and fend off rival clans.

The story of *Norse* comes from award-winning and *Sunday Times* bestselling author Giles Kristian, known for his Viking-based Raven saga, among many other titles. A young warrior named Gunnar lies at the heart of it all. The treacherous Steinarr Far-Spear murdered his father, Jarl Gripr, and decimated his people, sending Gunnar out on a path of vengeance that starts with rebuilding and, if all goes according to plan, ends with justice.

It's clear from early looks at what *Norse* has to offer that a lot of work has gone into its visual design. While the animation of combat currently looks a bit stiff at times, the environments are lushly detailed and the character acting in cutscenes is befitting of the epic yarn it's attempting to weave. Despite the occasionally stilted battle animations, the fights themselves look appropriately tense, as raiders appear at the shore to loot and plunder, villages are sacked, and an immense amount of blood is spilled upon the land.

As long as the strategy of *Norse*—which will have you managing an entire community of craftspeople, farmers, and warriors while engaging in brutal battles—lives up to the pedigree of its narrative, we could have something special on our hands. ■



The period of conflict in the second half of the 15th Century, known generally as the Wars of the Roses, is one of the more chaotic and dramatic times in British history. It can be difficult for modern students to effectively visualize, as art of

the period is not visually realistic. The author, also the artist, visited Bosworth battlefield three decades ago and was inspired to create the images needed to impart a vision of the action.

This book contains over 120 of the author's paintings and drawings accompanied by a detailed written history of the conflicts. The imagery is vibrant and engaging, based on the best available information about weapons, armor, and clothing of the time. This coffee table book provides not only a written and visual history, but also many of the artist's notes and comments to add even more detail to his work.

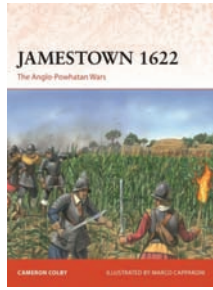


Fighting for the French Foreign Legion: Americans who Joined the First World War in 1914 (Nils Elmark, Pen and Sword Books, South Yorkshire UK, 2024, 257 pp., photographs, \$42.95, HC)

On August 24, 1914, 44 Americans joined the French Foreign Legion to fight the new war against Germany. They paraded through the streets of Paris to the cheers of crowds. David W. King, a 21-year-old Harvard dropout, spent four years in the trenches before becoming an officer in the U.S. Army near the end of the war. Alan Seeger was a 26-year-old intellectual from New York. He wrote the famous poem "I Have a Rendezvous with Death," and died during the Battle of the Somme in July 1916. Eugene J. Bullard, the son of a slave, worked as a boxer in Columbus, Georgia, before the war. Wounded at Verdun, Bullard was discharged from the Legion but became the world's first black aviator. He ran a bar in Paris after the war and fought for France again in World War II.

This book presents the experiences of Americans in the Foreign Legion through the eyes of these three men. It is an interesting look at how a few adventurous Americans influenced Franco-American relations through two world wars and beyond.

Jamestown 1622: The Anglo-Powhatan Wars (Cameron Colby, Osprey Publishing, Oxford,

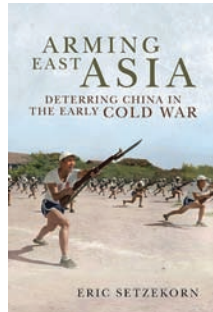


UK, 2024, 96 pp., maps, photographs, bibliography, index, \$25, SC)

English settlers arrived in North America and established the Jamestown colony in 1607. They hoped for fortune growing tobacco and maintained difficult relations

with the Powhatan Confederacy. The native leader, Chief Opechancanough, became concerned as each year, more English colonists arrived and their power grew. In 1622, he launched an attack on Jamestown which killed 347 English colonists in a day, a full third of the colonial population. Despite the heavy loss, the attack proved only the first battle in a decade-long war.

This new volume in Osprey's Campaign series examines one of North America's first conflicts between English settlers and Native Americans. It is thoroughly researched and readable, introducing all the major personalities and actions of the conflict. The book contains several pieces of original art and excellent maps.

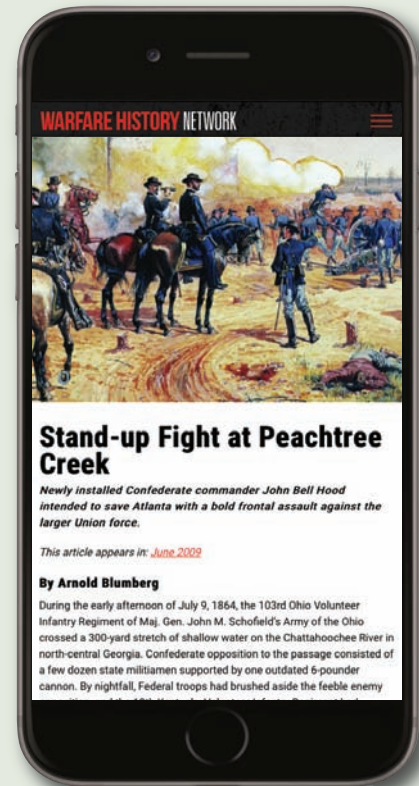


Arming East Asia: Detering China in the Early Cold War (Eric Setzekorn, Naval Institute Press, Annapolis MD, 2024, 306 pp., photographs, notes, bibliography, index, \$31.95, HC)

After China fell to Communist rule in 1949, it became a new threat to the West in the fledgling Cold War. Its participation in the Korean War only served to highlight this threat. After Dwight Eisenhower became president of the United States in 1952, his administration began an effort to contain China, much as the US did to the Soviet Union. Using military aid and advisory efforts, Eisenhower strove to keep East Asia free, rather than direct troop deployment as Truman, Kennedy and Johnson used. The US spent billions of dollars and extensive effort developing the militaries of Japan, South Korea, Taiwan, Thailand and South Vietnam. By 1960, these nations and others could field forces totaling over 1.4 million troops.

This book relates the efforts the US made to deter a major war in East Asia in the 1950s. The information the author provides is relevant to the conflicts of the 1960s throughout the region. It gives the reader insight into the strategic decisions which influenced later events. It convincingly argues Eisenhower's approach was a cost-effective and sustainable method of deterrence. ■

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After Korea, Millett went to the Infantry Officers Advance Course and Ranger School as a major and was then assigned to the 101st Airborne Division as an intelligence officer.

During the Vietnam War, Millett helped establish the Vietnamese Ranger School and the Commando training program in Laos before moving to the Command and General Staff College. He was also a military advisor to the controversial Phung Huang (Phoenix Intelligence Program) which sought “to attack and destroy the political infrastructure of the Viet Cong.” He retired from the Army in 1973 as a colonel.

In addition to the Medal of Honor, Millett also received the Distinguished Service Cross, the Silver Star, two Legions of Merit, three Bronze Star Medals, four Purple Hearts, and three Air Medals.

Millett also received the Combat Infantryman Badge, Ranger Tab, Good Conduct Medal, American Defense Service Medal, American Campaign Medal, European-African-Middle Eastern Campaign Medal, World War II Victory Medal, Army of Occupation Medal, National Defense Service Medal, Korean Service Medal, Armed Forces Expeditionary Medal and the Vietnam Service Medal.

Internationally, he received the Vietnam Cross of Gallantry, the Croix de Guerre, the United Nations Korea Medal and the Republic of Vietnam Campaign Medal.

At the National Infantry Museum at Fort Moore (formerly Benning) in Columbus, Georgia, “Millett’s Bayonet Attack” is part of an exhibit called “The Last 100 yards.” According to the museum, the U.S. Infantry has, since its formation in 1775, “owned the last 100 yards of the battlefield.” The exhibit features life-size dioramas of infantry battles through history, including Yorktown, Antietam, Soissons, Normandy, Corregidor, Soam-Ni (Millett’s bayonet charge in Korea), LZ X-Ray, and Iraq.

Millett’s Medal of Honor citation and tradition at Osan Air base in Korea hold that the hill he and his men charged up was 180. Subsequent research indicates that it was more likely Hill 80, some 12 miles further north near the town of Anyang. Annual services hosted by U.S. Army 35th Air Defense Artillery Brigade and the Colonel Lewis L. Millett Hill 180 Memorial VFW Post 8180 are still held at the air base at the Battle of Bayonet Hill/Hill 180 Memorial on “Millett Road” on Hill 180. Bayonet Hill is still used as an educational tool for leadership and building esprit de corps.

Millett died from congestive heart failure at the age of 88 on November 14, 2009, in Loma Linda, California. ■

few more staggered off into the nearby forest. Seven of the warriors were captured and escorted into Vincennes.

After viewing the Indians fresh off a raid into Kentucky, Clark was in no mood to show mercy. He was prevailed upon to spare the life of an 18-year-old brave, as well as two French partisans who had friends in Vincennes. The remaining Indians were condemned to a brutal exhibition of summary frontier justice.

The Indians were led to a street directly in front of the fort and forced to kneel. Realizing their fate, the warrior began to sing a death song. With little ceremony and in full view of the British garrison, the four Indians were coolly tomahawked in succession. In a harsh ending to the gruesome spectacle, the corpses were bound about the neck with rope, dragged through the mud toward the Wabash, and thrown into the river.

The brutal affair had rattled both Hamilton and his men, and clearly played on British fears that the frontier Virginians were little better than savages themselves. Just moments after the execution of the Indians, Clark arrived at the village church for his meeting with Hamilton. The young colonel, who was covered in blood, made a shrewd play at psychological warfare. Instead of immediately opening negotiations, Clark sat on the edge of a boat and proceeded to make use of a puddle to wash the blood from his hands and face.

Clark’s dark ploy clearly cowed Hamilton. Aware that he had the upper hand, the young Virginian behaved rudely toward Hamilton and warned the governor not to try bargaining for better terms. He also said he would soon have artillery brought up, and if he were forced to storm the fort, he would show no quarter. To drive home the point, Clark told Hamilton that he knew the French militia in the fort wouldn’t fight.

Hamilton was at pains to counter the arguments, and the two men agreed to meet again in 30 minutes. Clark remained defiant, but Hamilton was equally stubborn. After another round of useless arguing, Hamilton had had enough, and declared that he would fight it out; after shaking Clark’s hand, the governor began stalking back into Fort Sackville.

Junior officers from both sides were aghast. Captain Bowman, joined by the Loyalist Maj. Jehu Hay, pleaded with Hamilton to return to the negotiations and avoid further useless bloodshed. Clark and Hamilton finally came to terms; the governor was afforded the barest of concessions. The British officers would be permitted to keep their personal baggage, while the garrison

would be allowed to march out of their fort with arms and accoutrements.

The following morning, Hamilton led his troops out of the fort. All told, the Americans had 79 prisoners, so many that Clark and his men were “uneasy” guarding so many men. Hamilton confessed mortification over the entire affair. He was left in particular consternation over the appearance of the unkempt and unshaven Virginians. His entire garrison, Hamilton bemoaned, had been captured by “an unprincipled motley banditti.”

The governor and his men would face a humiliating imprisonment in Virginia, while Clark and his men strengthened their hold on the Illinois Country. The direct influence of British presence had been rolled back to Detroit and the Great Lakes. With Vincennes and Kaskaskia firmly in American hands, the tribes of the Illinois Country and lower Wabash Valley were drawn increasingly under American influence.

The strategic consequences of Clark’s campaign were mixed. One of the primary goals of the expedition, eliminating the Indian threat to Kentucky, had only partly succeeded. Although the tribes around Kaskaskia and Vincennes would remain neutral for the duration of the war, more intransigent tribes farther to the north, who had ready access to British supplies, would remain inveterate enemies of the Americans. The bloody frontier war in the American west would continue unabated.

Clark would face the thorny dilemmas of theater commanders throughout history—dismissive politicians and uncooperative bureaucracies. Although Clark continued to plead for greater material aid for the war in the west, his dream of ending the conflict by seizing Detroit once and for all would never materialize. An increasingly cash-strapped Continental Congress, preoccupied with seemingly greater threats on the eastern seaboard, turned a deaf ear to the needs of the sparsely populated western settlements. Due to unfortunate governmental inaction, Clark’s stunning victory would never be fully exploited.

Despite his frustrations, Clark’s legendary campaign to seize Fort Sackville remains one of the most audacious and daring operations in American military history. Against all odds and in the face of seemingly insurmountable obstacles of terrain and logistics, Clark and his men relentlessly pursued victory. By sheer force of will, Clark combined sound strategic thinking and inspiring leadership to accomplish the impossible.

He had voiced that boundless optimism at the outset of the campaign. “Who knows what fortune will do for us,” he had written, “Great things have been effected by a few Men well Conducted.” ■

BATTLE OF THE BOYNE

Continued from page 53

fight—until friendly cavalry, fleeing from Platin Hall, rode into the French “in Duleek Lane, enclosed with high banks, marching ten in rank.” The Irish horse “broke the whole line of foot, riding over all our battalions,” said John Stevens, a French brigade officer. “The horse came on so unexpected and at such speed, some firing their pistols, that we had no time to receive them, but all ... took to their heels, no officer being able to stop the men after they were broken.”

Having been bloodied twice, at Donore and Platin Hall, William’s force lacked the strength to continue an organized pursuit. Count Schomberg on the extreme Allied right, was also unable to mount an attack on the routed Jacobites. The Williamites at Oldbridge, after three hours of furious combat, reorganized and the reserve infantry crossed the Boyne. Consequently, the Allies were no longer able to mount a pursuit. The fleeing Jacobites did not know this and struggled to pass through the bottleneck at Magdalene Bridge.

The old stone arch bridge was only wide enough for six men abreast and the shoreline, steep and swampy on both sides of it, made fording impossible. The still organized cavalry stood in a position to hold off any pursuing troops and de Lauzun managed to consolidate the men to cross through the choke point. By about 5 p.m., the last of the Jacobite army had shuffled across.

The French brigade took up the rearguard position south of the bridge and Schomberg pressed them so hard they had to stop and deploy to secure the road. They slowly engaged in a fighting withdrawal for approximately three miles until they reached another river, the Naul. Tyrconnell gathered several infantry battalions and some cavalry on the south bank of the river to support the French as they crossed. The two sides faced each other until around 10 p.m., when William sent word to Schomberg to call off the pursuit.

Rumors had been reaching Dublin about the defeat, mainly fueled by the arrival of stragglers from the Jacobite cavalry. When James and his escort reached Dublin Castle, the Dubliners knew the rumors to be true. James felt, unjustifiably, that his defeat came about because of his Irish troops. “When it came to a trial they hastily fled the field, ... nor could they be prevailed upon to rally,” he ranted.

Early the next morning, James left Dublin, heading toward Duncannon Fort where he boarded a French frigate to Kinsale. From there, he took a ship to France and went into exile, never to return to Ireland or England. This secured the English throne for Mary II and William III. ■

YORKTOWN

Continued from page 61

the continuing rains. Twelve miles from Yorktown, the armies collided in battle at Williamsburg on May 5. This battle left the Union victorious so far as gaining the battlefield, but the Confederates slipped away toward Richmond. McClellan slowly moved up the peninsula after Johnston. By the end of May, the Union soldiers were close enough to the Confederate capital to hear the church bells of Richmond.

In order to save Richmond, Johnston confronted McClellan at the Battle of Fair Oaks (or Seven Pines) from May 31–June 1. The battle itself was inconclusive, but it had two major effects. The first was that, though he hadn’t defeated McClellan, Johnston had blunted the momentum of the Union campaign. The second was that Johnston was wounded badly enough to be replaced by Gen. Robert E. Lee.

For most of June, McClellan hesitated to press his attack while Lee strengthened Richmond’s defenses and prepared a new offensive. In one week, the ensuing “Seven Days Campaign” from June 25–July 1, Lee would unravel all the results of McClellan’s painstaking advance from Fort Monroe. Under Lee, who had a much more decisive style than Johnston, the Civil War in Virginia was set to enter a new and more exhaustive phase.

“Little Mac” survived a storm of criticism for his Peninsula Campaign and remained in command of the Army of the Potomac. He successfully halted Lee’s invasion of Maryland at the Battle of Antietam on September 17, 1862. Despite having possession of “the Lost Order”—a captured battle plan detailing the scattered and vulnerable dispositions of the Confederate Army—McClellan failed to defeat Lee on the field and led a lackluster pursuit that allowed the Rebels to escape to safety in Virginia. Lincoln removed McClellan from command on November 5.

During and after the battles of the Peninsula Campaign and the Seven Days, McClellan’s slow and hesitant maneuvering got him the nickname of “the Virginia Creeper.” At the time “Little Mac” and his 58,000 troops advanced toward and past Yorktown, 110,000 Union and Confederates troops were about to clash at the Battle of Shiloh in Tennessee on April 6 and 7. Such vast armies were still new to American military commanders. McClellan could certainly envision staggering numbers of dead and wounded soldiers, unprecedented in American history, should he act hastily or without sufficient care. At this early stage of the Civil War, a commander such as McClellan did not realize that the price of victory was just that: casualties on an enormous and once-inconceivable scale. ■

BATTLE OF ROMANI

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the New Zealanders’ tenacity and incoming nightfall, as well as covering fire from the 5th Mounted Brigade.

Concerned about the strength of the Turkish position and his troops’ exhaustion, Chauvel encamped his force just outside Oghratina, while the 3rd Light Horse Brigade kept watch on Bir el Abd.

That was the end of the battle and subsequent pursuit. The enemy abandoned Bir el Abd on August 12, and by August 14, the Turks had retreated all the way back to el ‘Arish.

After the end of the big battle, one brash Australian trooper approached a captured German officer who was talking with ANZAC officers. Butting into the conversation, the trooper exclaimed, “Say, old Hun, what do you think of the Australians now?” The German officer replied, “They are splendid fighters. Still, I do not think they are any better than they think they are.”

The ANZAC’s magnificent performance in combat against a tough opponent spoke loudly enough for itself—they had inflicted between 6,000 and 9,000 casualties and captured 4,000 men, as well as massive numbers of weapons, horses, mules, and camels.

This battle ended both the threat to Egypt and the defensive phase of the Sinai campaign. For the first time in the war in the Middle East, the British were on offense. Tough fighting still awaited the British in Sinai, Palestine, and Syria, but the victory at Romani was essentially a harbinger of ultimate doom for Turkish ambitions. The steady loss of the Ottoman Arab provinces over the next two years and the defeat of Bulgaria in September 1918, eventually made it clear to the Turks that the war was lost. On October 30, 1918, they signed an armistice with Britain at Mudros on the Aegean island of Lemnos.

The true significance of the battle of Romani, though, only became apparent at the Paris peace conference the following year. In the previous half century, other former Ottoman provinces in the Balkans had successfully broken away from the empire and established themselves as independent states. This, plus numerous wartime promises by the British of independence as a reward for defection, naturally inspired Arab hopes for nationhood.

But it was not to be.

Instead, the former Ottoman Arab provinces became part of the British and French empires. Subsequent postwar revolts against the Middle East’s new imperial masters followed by decades of homegrown dictatorships after the next world war plunged the region into a century of seemingly endless violence and turmoil that remains unresolved to this day. ■

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be heard until as much as a minute after passing overhead—at high altitudes for combat operations, it cannot be heard at all.

The array of stealth gadgetry is collectively known as “low observable technology,” and can be used on an as-needed basis. Upon entering hostile airspace, the pilot presses a button labeled “PEN” to activate the stealth wizardry.

“Just like any combat aircraft, when you’re near the threat you do a bunch of things to get ready to penetrate,” says Grant. “They won’t tell you the whole procedure, but it’s true. They do ‘stealth up’ when they come near the target area.”

As with conventional bombers past and present, most of the Spirit’s air time is spent monotonously droning to and from targets. A 2001 mission flown from Missouri to Afghanistan lasted a whopping 44 hours. The designers made allowances for such lengthy flights by incorporating a flat space with a cot behind the cockpit where pilots and co-pilots can take turns napping. There is also a stocked refrigerator, pantry, microwave and toilet. Such comforts help distract the crew from the fact that their bird has no defensive armament.

Spirit has successfully delivered bombs in the 1999 Kosovo war, the Iraq war in 2003, in the war on terror against the Taliban and Al Qaeda following 9/11 and in Libya in 2011. Logistical demands such as the need for constantly air-conditioned hangars restrict Spirit to a very few, accommodating locations. Her main base in Whiteman Air Force Base is 38 hours from Iraq, requiring four to five aerial refuelings. Anderson Air Force Base on Guam, and Royal Air Force Fairford in England can also cater to small numbers of the aircraft, which would doubtless be key in the event of strikes against North Korea.

While no B-2 has ever been destroyed in active military operations, one was lost in a 2008 crash taking off from Guam. Another Spirit was severely damaged by an electrical fire in 2010. After lengthy repairs it was cleared to return.

The Spirit is one of the most high-maintenance (and hence expensive) machines in any arsenal. Because of its very nature the plane requires well-trained logistics crews to keep it airworthy. As many as 36 hours of servicing are required between flights. Its fragile outer surface must be kept cool in order to maintain its cloak of invisibility. This requires hangars to be air-conditioned to the point of frigidity, further exacerbating operating expenses.

In addition to its high-tech and prestige, the small size of the Spirit fleet means that there are far more pilots who yearn to fly it than will ever be chosen to. Personality and overall compatibility requires meticulous screening throughout the

U.S. Air force



The next generation stealth bomber—the B-21 Raider—on a test flight at California’s Edwards Air Force Base. The B-21 will have a shorter wingspan and smaller payload than the B-2, but its radar-absorbent material (RAM) coating will make it even more difficult to detect.

selection process to ensure competent cooperation during missions of 40 hours or more in this massive plane with a crew of two. The ability to hold her steady from the unusually placed cockpit during landing and aerial refueling is paramount.

“It flies like a regular plane, but has some unique features,” Grant said. “When you fly her you’re right up on the front edge, so the perspective is very different, and it takes some real skill to refuel and to land.”

For Jack Northrop, creator of flying wing aircraft, the development of the Spirit came just in time. In April 1980, The Northrop Corp. got clearance to show a model of the B-2 stealth bomber to the 84-year-old, who reportedly said, “Now I know why God has kept me alive for the past twenty-five years.” Northrop died in February, 1981.

Upgrades to the B-2’s flight systems, communications and payloads are (and have always been) constant, keeping it in its long-established membership of the West’s triumvirate of nuclear deterrence with land- and submarine-based intercontinental ballistic missiles.

A successor for the Spirit, the B-21 Raider, is in the works, and should lift off before the end of the decade. It will fully incorporate all advancements since Spirit’s emergence four decades ago.

Raider is envisioned as the core of America’s future air power through an untouched degree of capability and flexibility made possible by its advanced integration of data, sensors and weapons. Outfitted for both conventional and nuclear payloads it will surpass all earlier systems in simple effectiveness via its ability to employ a wide spectrum of stand-off and direct attack ordnance.

The B-21 will be central in the support of the United States’ policy of strategic deterrence. There will be literally no target in the world that

will be out of the Raider’s range, and it will spearhead its country’s family of systems aiming at supplying intelligence, surveillance and reconnaissance, electronic attack and multi-domain networking. Its flexibility and versatility will make it the ultimate in the safeguarding of national/international security.

Stealth technology has even expanded into unmanned probes that provide invaluable eyes in the sky over hostile lands and keep the Free World apprised of what its enemies are up to. The 30th Reconnaissance Squadron was made operational on September 1, 2005. Utilizing the Lockheed-Martin RQ-170 Sentinel drone it has had far-reaching and significant impact.

Its deployment to Afghanistan and South Korea may have been specifically to monitor Pakistan and North Korea’s ballistic missile programs. During the May 2, 2011, assault in which the United States Naval Special Warfare Development Group killed Osama bin Laden an RQ-170 loitered overhead, watching for the possible approach of Pakistani military elements and listening to the area’s radio transmissions in case a hostile alert was sounded. Secure in the knowledge that the drone would sound the alarm if needed, the commandos were able to carry out their mission undistracted.

In April 2012 Iranian General Amir Ali Hajizadeh claimed during a televised interview his government had in its possession a captured Sentinel, and was using it to reverse engineer their own version of the spy craft. In September 2016 the Iranian Tasnim News Agency revealed the introduction of an armed drone it called Saegheh-2. In February 2018, during the Israeli-Syrian incident, the Israelis shot down one of these copies, and General Tomer Bar said it did indeed closely resemble the Sentinel. ■



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