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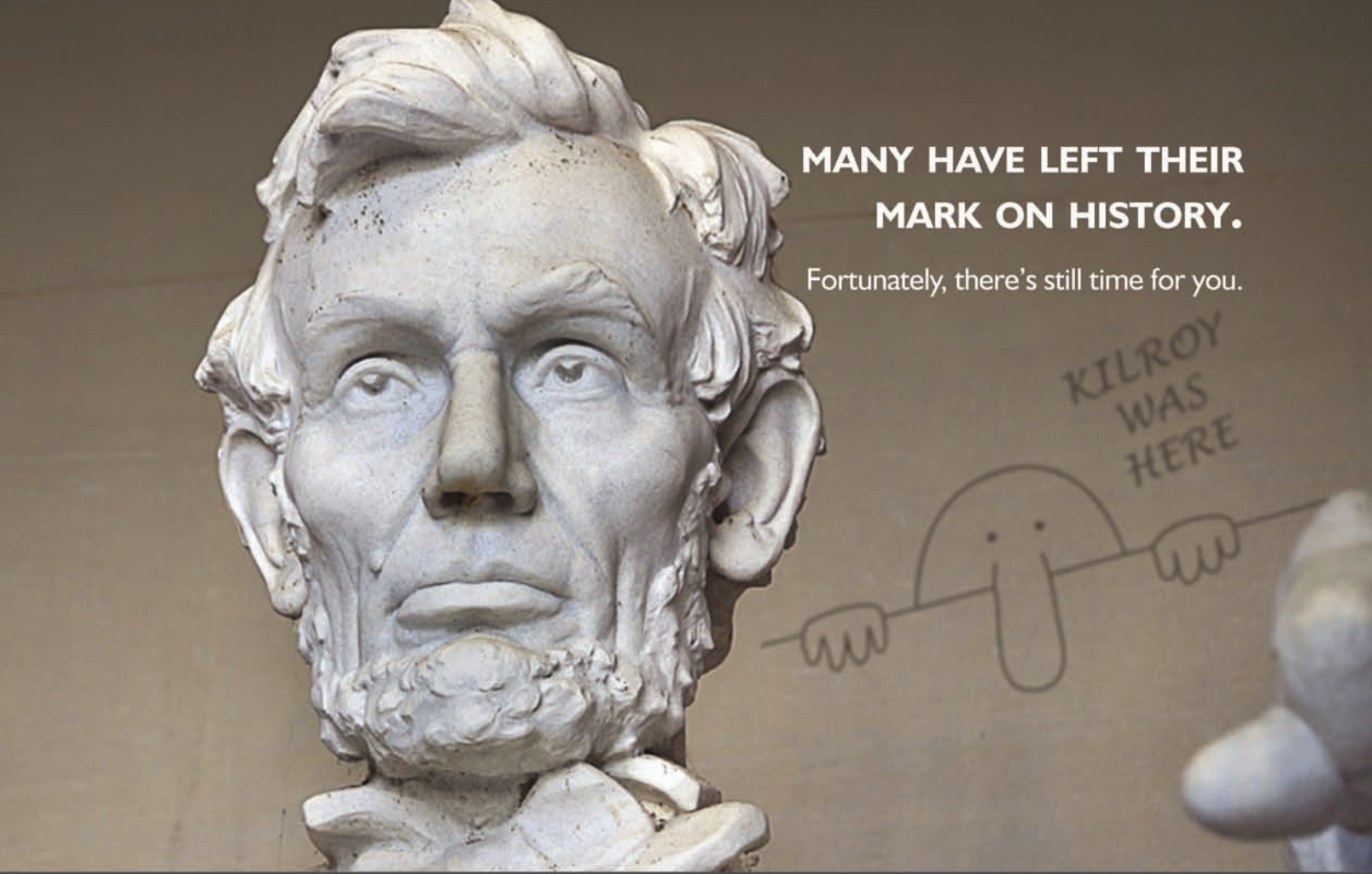

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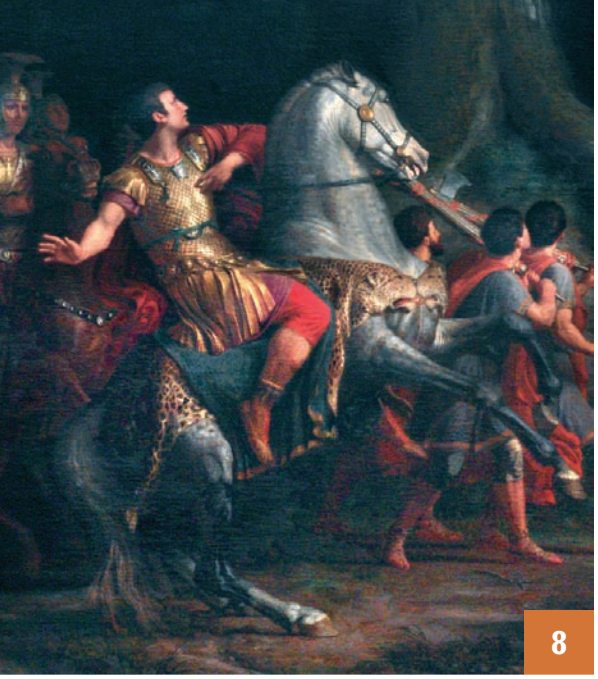

MILITARY HERITAGE

February 2011

features

columns

COVER: A German anti-tank crew prepares to fire during street fighting in Stalingrad in 1942. See the story on page 28. *Photo: ullstein bild/ The Granger Collection, NY*

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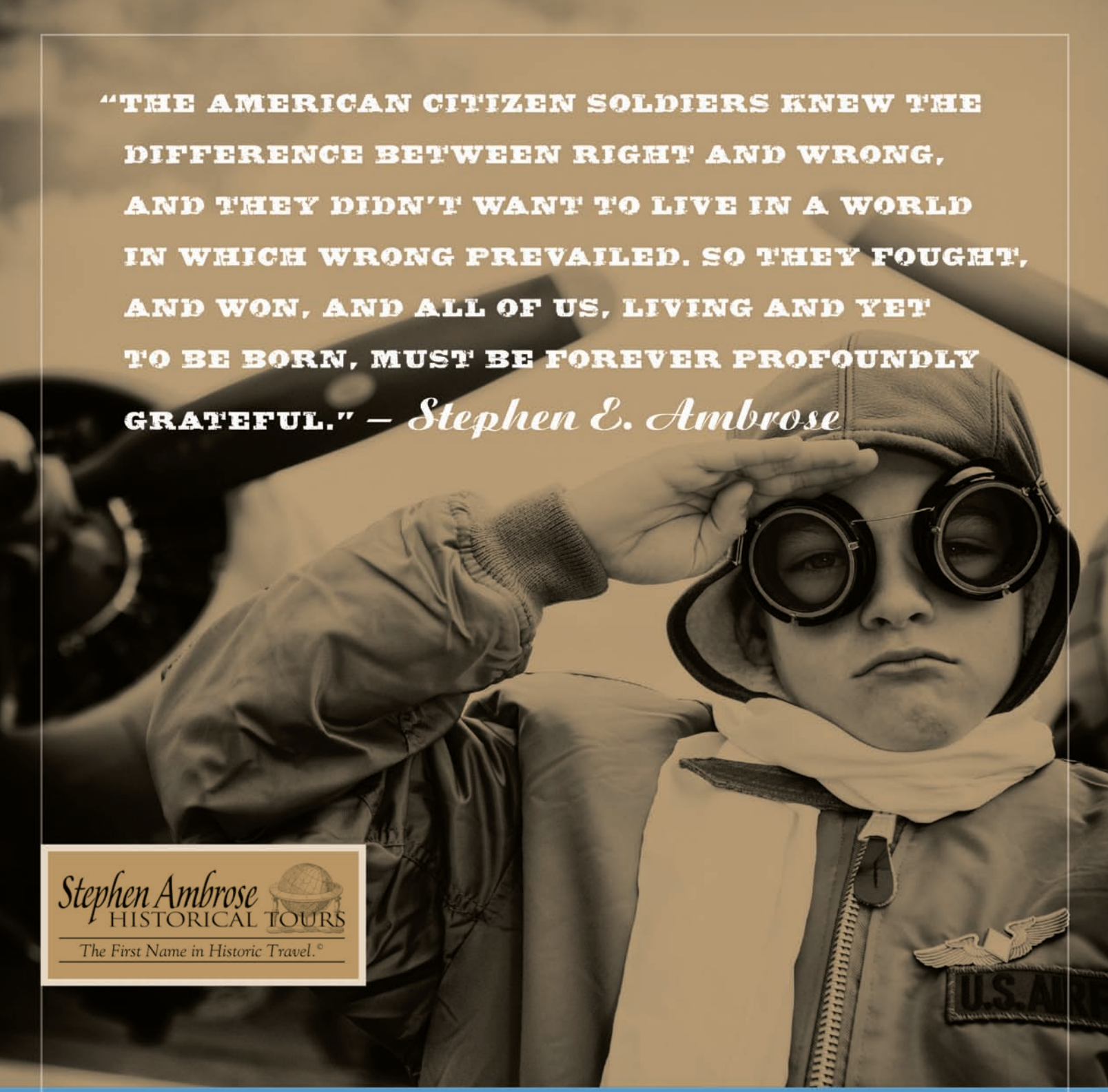

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John M. Chivington, a Union hero at Glorieta Pass, played a considerably less praiseworthy role in the Sand Creek Massacre of 1864.

MAJOR JOHN M. CHIVINGTON, COLORADO'S "fighting parson," played a large role in the Union victory at Glorieta Pass, New Mexico, in 1862. Considerably less praiseworthy, however, was his part in the infamous Sand Creek Massacre two years later. Indeed, the events at Sand Creek ended Chivington's military career and wrecked his once-promising political prospects. There were some limits to wanton brutality, even in the wild and wooly West.

Chivington, a Methodist minister who had left his pulpit at the beginning of the Civil War and literally strapped on the sword of judgment, was a protégé of Colorado territorial governor John Evans, himself a close friend of President Abraham Lincoln. Evans, who envisioned himself a future United States senator, wanted to ensure white control of the territory as a precursor to its admission into the Union. Chivington, with aspirations of following Evans into the House of Representatives, fully intended to make Evans' dreams come true.

Following the unprovoked slaying of Cheyenne chief Lean Bear and 28 of his followers by Chivington's men in the spring of 1864, open warfare broke out between whites and Indians in Colorado. Evans raised a new regiment of 100-day volunteers to quell the uprising and put Chivington in command. He gave the preacher a simple if chilling order: "Kill all the Indians you come across."

Leaving Denver at the head of his "Hundred Dazers," Chivington tracked Chief Black Kettle and his band of Cheyenne to Sand Creek, 35 miles northeast of Fort Lyon. They had been told to surrender by the fort's commander, Major Edward Wynkoop, and believed that they had done so by camping peaceably within his jurisdiction. Unfortunately for Black Kettle, the comparatively liberal Wynkoop was removed from command and replaced by a hardcore follower of Chivington, Major Scott Anthony.

While assuring Black Kettle of his good intentions, Anthony secretly called on Chivington for reinforcements. "There is a band of Indians within 40 miles of the post," he said, which was technically true but implicitly provocative. Not that Chivington needed any provocation—the Colorado press had been unmercifully ridiculing his new regiment as "the Bloodless Third" for its inactivity. When officers at For Lyon urged Chivington not to attack Black Kettle's camp, the parson exploded: "Damn any man who sympathizes with Indians! I have come to kill Indians, and believe it is right and honorable to use any means under God's heaven to kill Indians."

At daybreak on November 29, Chivington's force fell on Black Kettle's sleeping camp, slaughtering the Indians' pony herd first to prevent anyone from escaping. Urging his people to keep calm, Black Kettle had the group huddle beneath a giant American flag that he had been given as a token of friendship by the Commissioner of Indian Affairs. He ran up a white flag to underscore his peaceable intentions.

In the end, neither flag did any good. Chivington's men rode through the camp, firing side arms and swinging sabers at anyone who moved. The Indians, most of whom were old men, women and children (the younger men were off hunting buffalo), didn't have a chance. When the attack was over, 133 Indians lay dead on the banks of Sand Creek. Nine attackers had been killed, most by crossfire bullets from their own comrades. Black Kettle himself miraculously escaped, only to die four years later at the hands of Lt. Col. George Armstrong Custer's 7th Cavalry at Washita Creek in western Oklahoma.

By then, Chivington's own political career was equally dead—a victim of widespread public revulsion at the Sand Creek massacre and the horrific mutilations of Indian corpses afterwards. A subsequent report characterized Chivington's attack as "a gross and wanton outrage." It was that.

Roy Morris Jr.

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By P. Lindsay Powell

Drusus the Elder, Augustus Caesar's stepson, was the first Roman general to conquer Germania, founding many of the great cities on the Rhine.

ON A SULTRY SUMMER NIGHT IN 9 BC, THE 29-YEAR-OLD commander of Augustus Caesar 's army in Germania bolted upright in his cot, dripping with sweat. He was not sure whether he had just woken from a nightmare, had a premonition, or seen a ghost. For the first time during the four-year-long campaign, the confidence that had driven him to lead his 35,000 men through an extraordinary adventure to the banks of the Elbe River had suddenly deserted him. Should he continue on or turn back? His decision would change the course of history.

Decimus Claudius Drusus, born on January 14, 38 BC, was the child of Tiberius Claudius Nero and Livia Drusilla. Just months before, Livia had divorced his father, and the young boy and his older brother, also called Tiberius Claudius Nero, had gone to live with their father. Five years later, the father died and the boys were taken back into the care of their mother, who had since married the heir to the great Roman dictator, Gaius Julius Caesar. Formerly known as Gaius Octavianus Thurinus, Augustus Caesar accepted the boys as his own. Drusus received a good classical education, and when he was 20 he married Antonia Minor, daughter of *triumvir* Marcus Antonius.

With the patronage and sponsorship of his illustrious stepfather, Drusus was fast-tracked through the *cursus honorum,* the public service career ladder. Five years before the stipulated age, he was elected *quaestor* by the Roman senate, a position responsible for managing public finances. While serving in this role, Drusus received instructions from his stepfather to meet him in Gaul.

Augustus was a conservative man by nature, disinclined to take wild gambles and preferring to act only after he had planned his next moves thoroughly. In the 27 years since the assassination of Julius Caesar, Roman armies under his heir had doubled the size of the empire. Until 17 BC, Augustus, as head of state, seemed prepared to accept the Rhine River as the northern limit of his imperial ambitions in the west. That policy abruptly changed when he received news of the so-called Lollius Disaster.

Marcus Lollius was Augustus's hand-picked man in Gallia Comata, the newly Romanizing regions of France and Belgium. Germanic warriors had crossed the Rhine and raided deep into Gaul, pillaging and destroying villas and towns. Lollius set out to hunt down and punish the culprits. At the top of the list were the Sugambri, Tencteri, and Usipetes tribes, which had formed an alliance. The V (Alaudae) Legion, led in person by Lollius, had been ambushed and its prized eagle standard seized. The Romans saw this as shameful. Furious at the news, Augustus decided to go to Gallia Comata and personally take com-

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A startled Drusus and his legionnaires are warned by a ghostly Germanic apparition to leave her homeland in this 19th-century interpretation of Drusus's vision.

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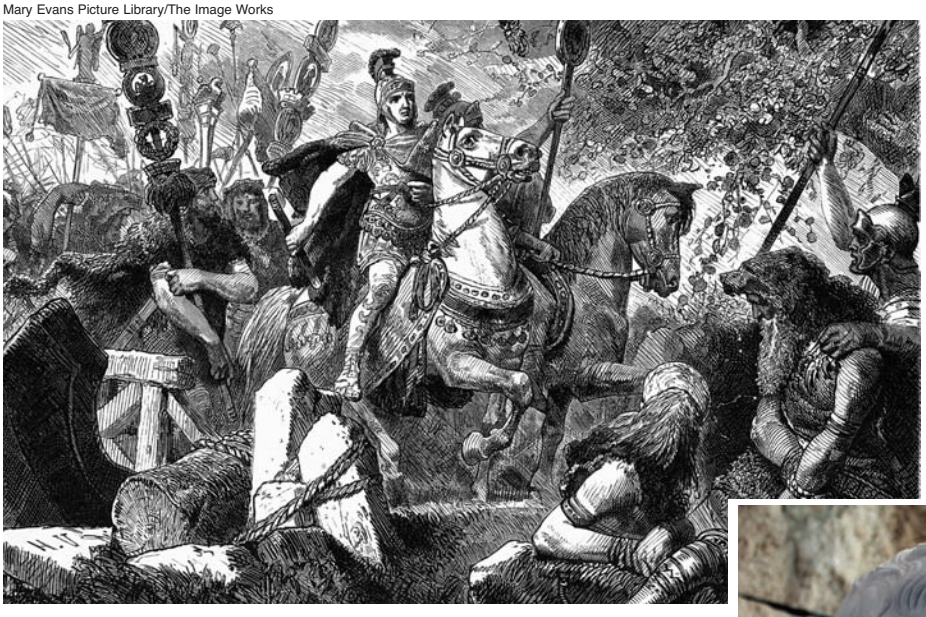

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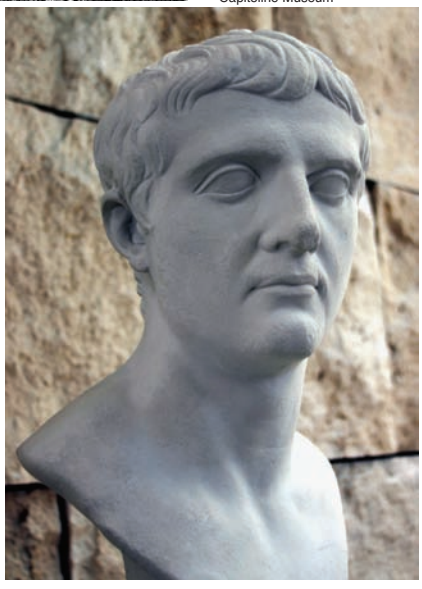

ABOVE: The 26-year-old Drusus leads his Roman army across the Rhine into Germania in 12 BC. He would die three years later in a riding accident. RIGHT: A Roman bust believed to be Drusus. His military accomplishments were celebrated long after his death.

mand of the situation.

In the spring of 16 BC, Augustus began a thorough reexamination of German frontier policy. The Rhine was not an impervious frontier. Roman merchants crossed the river to trade their wares for amber, hides, horses, and iron, and German tribesmen frequently came over in boats to raid the lands to the south. During his subsequent three-year sojourn in Gallia Comata, Augustus thoroughly reviewed the situation on the ground. He understood that the stability of the western end of his empire was closely tied to the intentions of the people across the Rhine. Augustus appointed the 26-year-old Tiberius to replace Lollius as governor and reorganized the region into Tres Galliae.

Before the conquest of Germania could begin, the central European alpine region would have to be subjugated. By annexing the Alps and the lands up to the Rhine and Danube, the Romans could better police the frontier and support the upcoming German campaign. Augustus appointed his younger stepson, Decimus Claudius Drusus, now 23 years old, to lead the campaign. Drusus was a novice in military affairs, but in the Alps he would quickly learn the arts of war.

At the time, northern Italy was not yet completely within the realm of Rome. Traders traveling between the Roman cities of Aquileia, Verona, and elsewhere in the region were regularly harassed by marauders from the Raeti, a collection of Celtic nations who lived on both sides of the Alps. In 15 BC, at the head of his legions, Drusus swept through the territory, defeating the Raeti at the Battle of Tridentum (modern-day Trento). He then entered the Alps from the south, following the Adige-Etsch River through the Reschen Pass to the Lech Valley and sweeping the remainder of the rebels before him. Several new auxiliary units were created from the men of the captured territories and deployed out of the region. Augustus rewarded Drusus with the title of *praetor,* a post responsible for administering public justice, which came with six bodyguards (*lictores*) and permission to wear the purple-bordered royal toga.

Tiberius joined Drusus in a second phase of the campaign, and their joint forces engaged the Vindelici, a tribe that lived in southern Bavaria near the Danube River. Despite stiff resistance, the Vindelici were squashed and Drusus founded a military base that would later become the tribal capital Augusta Vindelicorum (Augsburg). The two brothers marched eastward to the kingdom of Noricum in the Carinthia-Kärnten region of modern Austria. Famed for its high-quality iron and gold, Noricum was actually a Roman ally, but the Claudius brothers had orders to annex it. They took the capital at Magdalensburg without a struggle. In a single campaign season, Drusus had successfully completed his first mission, and his stepfather appointed him *legatus augusti pro praetore*. Drusus assumed governorship of the Tres Galliae from his brother, while Tiberius continued to Illyricum to prosecute the war there.

When Augustus left Lugdunum in 13 BC, a plan for the invasion of Magna Germania had already been worked out with his full support and agreement. The goal was to set the new limit of the Roman Empire at the Elbe River, but not necessarily to stop there. Over the next two years, Drusus oversaw the biggest buildup of military infrastructure of the age. Fortresses were established along the Rhine at Vechten, Nijmegen, Xanten, Neuss, and Mainz, with smaller forts scattered between at Moers-Asberg, Bonn, Koblenz, Bingen am Rhein, Speyer, and Strasbourg, all linked by military roads. A canal was constructed between the Ijssel or Vecht and Rhine Rivers to provide access to the Zuiderzee-Ijsselmeer as a way for ships to reach the Wadden Sea. The new route would save the Roman fleet from having to make a dangerous detour through the North Sea.

On a spring day in 12 BC, the war in Germania began in earnest when Drusus's army crossed the Rhine and engaged the Sugambri and Usipete tribes in the region. The swift move neutralized the tribes, and immediately afterward the Romans' audacious amphibious campaign was launched. Ships carrying as many as four legions sailed down the Rhine past Nijmegen into the Zuiderzee. Drusus completed a treaty with the Cananefates and Frisii tribes to pay tribute and provide men and supplies. The Frisii provided scouts and warriors and accompanied Drusus's army from that time on.

The fleet sailed into the Wadden Sea, overcoming armed resistance at Burchana before reaching the safety of the estuary of the Ems River. Part of the fleet sailed down the Ems, while the rest sailed along the coast as far as Jutland on an exploratory mission to reach the Caspian Sea, but had to stop after encountering bad weather. Meanwhile, in Germania, Drusus engaged the Chauci and forced them to sue for peace. With the summer drawing to a close, Drusus turned back, retracing the route home. While sailing along the Dutch coast, several of the ships ran aground and were marooned. Frisian allies helped free the

stranded ships, and the expeditionary army returned to the Rhine for the winter.

In 11 BC, Drusus turned his attention to the interior lands. From Vetera (today's Xanten), his army crossed the Rhine and followed the narrow Lippe River along a 158-mile-long course that wove through North Rhine-Westphalia region. Supported by river craft carrying supplies, the route took Drusus and his troops deep into the land inhabited by the Usipetes, Sugambri, Marsi, Bructeri, and Cherusci nations. Forts were established at Holsterhausen, Beckinghausen, and Oberaden, and a bridge was built over the Lippe. On their way to the Weser, Drusus's forces encountered the Chatti, who put up a fierce resistance but were beaten back. The Romans constructed a fort in the Taunus Mountains and settled in for the winter in preparation for a renewed campaign the following year. It was the first time that Roman troops had spent a winter on the right bank of the Rhine.

On the return journey, the army was ambushed by the Cherusci at Arbalo. It was a classic Germanic hit-and-run ambush, executed quickly using the forest for protection and surprise. The Roman army was in formation, strung out over many miles, with its baggage under guard but still vulnerable to attack. The Cherusci gained the upper hand during the attack, but did not press home their advantage. The Romans managed to fight the battle to a draw and continued retreating.

In an attempt to secure his gains, Drusus posted garrison forces at Oberaden and Haltern. He then led his battered army back to the Rhine, where the troops acclaimed him Imperator, or commander. This was a traditional honor bestowed on a military leader by his citizen-soldiers for bringing them an exceptional victory. At this time it was a purely military term and had not yet become synonymous with the *cognomen* emperor. Augustus granted Drusus further honors, allowing him to ride in triumph through the streets of Rome.

In 10 BC, Drusus advanced again into Germania, following the Main River and hoping to reach the Elbe. The route took them headlong into conflict with the Chatti. The Chatti had formed an alliance with the Sugambri, and their combined forces engaged the Romans near Mattium (modern-day Kassel) in the Taunus Mountains. The Romans punched their way through and made it to the Weser River and some distance beyond, but had to turn back when winter approached.

In recognition of his latest achievement, Drusus was elected consul in 9 BC. He returned to the front, more determined than ever to reach the Elbe. In a brutal slash-and- burn campaign, the expeditionary force marched single-mindedly to Mogontiacum, finally reaching the Elbe that summer. True to his nature, Drusus was eager to cross the river and drive deeper into Suebi territory. Then something out of the ordinary happened. He had what he evidently believed was a supernatural encounter. One night, Drusus said, he was visited by a fearsome giant, a female Germanic ghoul that demanded—in Latin—that he leave her homeland immediately, warning that his days were numbered. Rather than advance further, he ordered his men to erect a monument at Magdeburg, then return home. It was a literal turning point in his career.

It should have been a routine march, but somewhere between the Saal and Weser Rivers, Drusus was accidentally injured, falling off his horse, which collapsed on his leg. On receiving the news, his brother urgently rode from Pavia, covering hundreds of miles and arriving just in time to catch Drusus's last words. Thirty days after his fall, at a place that his troops fatalistically called Castra Scelerata, meaning "the Accursed Fort," Drusus died. He was 29 years old. Tiberius personally walked ahead of the funeral cortège along the entire route to Rome. Crowds turned out to watch and wail as the procession passed through the towns of Gaul and Italy. In Rome, the body laid in state in the Forum after a funerary procession toured the city. The body was burned and Drusus's ashes placed in Augustus's own mausoleum. The entire nation mourned. The senate proclaimed him *fecundi ingeni,* or fecund genius, and posthumously granted him the unique surtitle Germanicus, meaning "conqueror of Germania," an honor passed along to his two sons.

Romans looked back fondly at Drusus as a national hero. His memory was universally celebrated, and annual racing competitions were held in his honor throughout Tres Galliae. A triumphal arch and statues were erected in Rome, while in Mogontiacum soldiers erected the tallest tower north of the Alps as a memorial to him. After the Roman military disaster at Teutoburg Forest in AD 9, his eldest son Germanicus took command of military operations in Germania that were largely based on his father's earlier blueprints. When Drusus's youngest son Claudius became *princeps* in AD 41, he boosted his image by issuing a series of coins commemorating his father. Over the subsequent centuries, Drusus's celebrity and achievements have faded, but the towns and cities along the Rhine that make up the backbone of modern-day Germany and the Netherlands remain an enduring legacy. □

By Albert Mroz

The German-made Kettenkrad motorcycle-tractor hybrid saw extensive action in North Africa and on the Eastern Front.

ASIDE FROM A NUMBER OF PROTOTYPES AND EXPERIMENTAL vehicles, the Kettenkrad was one of the most unconventional vehicles built during World War II. It was officially known as Sonder Kraftfahrzeug Kettenkraftrad, or "special road vehicle half-track motorcycle." The Kettenkrad was a utilitarian, compact vehicle that lent itself to a number of off-road or towing applications. The limitations of its success lay more in execution than in basic concept.

While capable of reaching 50 miles per hour on level roads, the Kettenkrad's motorcycle-like front wheel was removed for off-road applications over rough terrain.

Although the front fork of the Kettenkrad had a steering function, the essential mechanism of the vehicle was in its transmission and differential system, which required a high degree of sophistication in manufacturing, especially in metallurgy and machining of gears. Despite ancient references going back thousands of years to the time of chariots, the modern vehicle differential was patented in 1827 by French watchmaker Onesiphore Pecqueur. This was the era when steam-powered transport was being extrapolated to function on the ground without rails, and the friction encountered by the drive wheels required a compensation of rotational speed when a vehicle made a turn so that the outer wheel could turn faster than the slower inner wheel. In 1832, Englishman James Roberts called his invention "the gear of compensation" for use in "road locomotives."

In 1876, James Stanley of Coventry invented the chain-drive differential, a design that was used only for a few years by Karl Benz in what is considered to be one of the world's first gasoline motor vehicles; the other early vehicle was built by Gottlieb Daimler in Germany. Further improvements included the use of spiral bevel gears to reduce noise, which were introduced in 1913 by Packard for mass production, as well as hypoid gears, using hyperbolic shape rather than simple conical spiral bevel, which began to be manufactured in 1926, also by Packard.

In 1940, after World War II exploded in Europe, German motorcycle manufacturer NSU was commissioned to build a small tractor. Located in Neckarsulm, NSU had already begun designing a light tractor in 1938. Inventor Heinrich Kniepkamp received a patent on June 29, 1939, for small half-track vehicle. NSU adapted as many motorcycle parts as possible, which included front fork, motorcycle wire wheel, seat, instruments, handlebars, and a 600cc motor. All but the instruments, headlight, seat, and handlebars proved inadequate in the final version. The first 70 of the finished NSU vehicles were delivered later that year.

Some early tracked vehicles such as the Holt used a design with a steerable front wheel. The steerable front wheel was abandoned during

National Archives

World War I, when tanks went through a design evolution that adopted much better steering control by effectively separating the power to each track using a differential, thereby steering the vehicle more accurately and allowing the tractor to turn within a small radius the width of the vehicle.

The mechanism for this type of control was often referred to as the Cletrac braked differential. It was the essential mechanism for steering tracked vehicles not using any steerable front wheels. Cletrac was the trademark name of the Cleveland Motor Plow Company, which was founded in 1916 by Rollin H. White and Clarence G. White. Until then, the conventional method of steering a tracked vehicle was to disengage one track or the other to make a turn. This meant losing traction. Cletrac used a planetary transmission controlled by a brake at each drive cog, which provided controlled power to each track without declutching.

Because the front wheel would leave the ground on uneven terrain even at slow speed, it meant declutching one track or the other to steer just when traction was most vital. If the front-wheel lifted off the ground, which was a common occurrence for any off-road vehicle of this type, front wheel steering was rendered inoperable. The Kettenkrad was capable of 50 mph at 4,000 rpm of the engine, so the front motorcycle fork-and-wheel were intended for steering at a considerably high speed for a tracked vehicle, although the top speed was possible only on level road. According to the operating manual, the recommended top speed was 38 mph at 3,000 rpm.

Kettenkrad's maximum carrying capacity was 3,250 pounds, while the designed axle load on the front wheel was 120 pounds. Moving the handlebars in either direction more than five centimeters (approximately two inches) activated the steering brakes. This allowed for gentle turns without brake steering. The gearshift lever was mounted between the driver's legs, while engine speed was controlled with a handlebar control grip. While the driver sat on a standard motorcycle seat, the clutch and brake were operated by foot pedal. This demanded an amalgamation of skills combining motorcycle- and automobile-driving coordination. The problem was that the Kettenkrad was too narrow for its speed capabilities in relation to its center of gravity.

The Kettenkrad's differential used spur gears. To control each track for steering, an internally expanding brake was used for each side. The drums were not fastened directly to the axles, but instead were driven from the differential spur gear pinions at higher speed through a set of gears for higher efficiency. The transmission had an Opel multispring, single dry-plate clutch mounted on the flywheel in conventional fashion, with three speeds forward and one in reverse. Additionally, an auxiliary high-low gearbox was incorporated. The entire arrangement was controlled by a long gearshift linkage and lever held in front within an H-shaped opening at the dashboard. To prevent accidental shifting into reverse, a hinged latch covered the gate.

Steerable wheels at the front of a tracked vehicle did not make for easy control, and this was also known to be true for larger half-tracks, especially without using a declutching or planetary differential. Half-tracks with two wheels in front had a reputation for being very stubborn vehicles to steer, on any type of surface. The front wheel of the Kettenkrad was designed to be removed for off-road conditions because the propulsion of each track of the vehicle could still be controlled separately for steering by left and right movement of the handlebars, which controlled the individual track speed. However, removing the front wheel greatly limited top speed on any road course.

Stability on rough terrain was one of the basic essentials for any good tractor, and this important feature needed to be balanced with adequate ground clearance. These two design elements have always been at odds with each other, and one solution to the problem has been to make the tractor wide enough to help with stability to prevent rollover. The Kettenkrad was a narrow vehicle, which made it much more maneuverable and nimble but also made it prone to rolling over, especially on a side slope.

The fact that many of the Kettenkrad's components were too flimsy became apparent only later through attrition in the field. One problem was that the tracks were designed to be more complex than they needed to be. Every link, of which there were 80, was designed to interconnect with a precision pin rotating inside a pair of needle bearings. Each link had a hollow guide hole as a grease point, and the vehicle required lubrication of all needle bearings and pins every 1,200 miles. This job could take hours—not a practical operation in a war zone.

The front fork tended to break, so it was first beefed up, then eventually replaced in 1942 by an entirely new unit with a hydraulic shock absorber. The wire wheel was also replaced early on by a single-piece disc wheel. The over-

Imperial War Museum

British "desert rats" hop a ride aboard a captured Kettenkrad during the North Africa campaign in June 1942. The versatile German vehicle also saw service on the Eastern Front.

all width of the Kettenkrad was 100 centimeters (just under 40 inches), which made it unstable and prone to roll over. This was exacerbated by the weight of the substantial water-cooled four-cylinder engine, which was a 1,478cc, 36hp Opel unit adapted from earlier Opel Olympia Model 38 automobiles after the 600cc motorcycle engine was deemed inadequate due to lack of horsepower and possible overheating. The vehicle had a three-speed manual transmission with reverse and a 75-watt belt-driven generator, as well as a two-speed transfer gear box for two ranges, providing six speeds forward and two in reverse.

In low range, the vehicle could crawl at one milr per hour. Reverse was used for recovering other wheeled vehicles stuck in terrain. At cruising speed on the open road, the Kettenkrad delivered up to 17 miles per gallon using two tanks with a nine-gallon capacity. It could ford still water to a depth of one foot, seven inches. Without a trailer, the Kettenkrad could climb a 24-degree grade, but only half that with a trailer attached.

A fully loaded Kettenkrad could weigh as much as 3,470 pounds and still be kept within manual-specified load limit. In addition, it was designed to pull a 1,000-pound trailer. In low range, the Kettenkrad would sometimes tow several trailers, exceeding the factory specs in wartime conditions. One advantage of the size and weight ratio was that it had a ground pressure of only .61 kilograms per square meter. The vehicle's carrying capacity of 325 kilograms (780 pounds) meant that three men with equipment qualified as maximum capacity—another combat environment shortcoming.

The Kettenkrad was first put through its paces on the Eastern Front during the Nazis' first winter offensive in 1941. There, the Jagerstruppe (infantry) and Gebirgstruppe (mountain forces) would quickly find that the Kettenkrad was ideal in snow and forest conditions for towing light antiaircraft, antitank, and infantry guns as well as mortars and machine guns, in addition to pulling equipment trailers and carrying officers. The Fallschirmjager (paratroopers) also found the Kettenkrad very useful.

Originally, the Kettenkrad was used for laying field communication cable by the Nachrichtentruppe (signal corps). For this use the vehicle was well endowed, and wartime photos show just such activity. Perhaps because of its superficial resemblance to a motorcycle, the Kettenkrad was also expected to assume many other roles during World War II. It was used in terrain varying from snow-covered mountains in Finland and Russia to dry deserts in North Africa, serving the functions of reconnaissance officer's car, recovery vehicle, ammunition carrier, personnel carrier for POWs, trailer, and gun and aircraft tow vehicle. Toward the end of the war, the Kettenkrad towed Me 262 jets as German airfields became increasingly makeshift.

For tropical areas, the vehicle was only slightly modified. The oil filler cap had a linen hood, and the cooling fan was driven 1.4 times faster. Instead of the Opel carburetor, a Solex unit was used that was equipped with an oil-bath air filter with precipitator. The starter had a solenoid instead of a mechanical actuator, and a larger generator was used. Linen hoods also sealed the transmission levers, and tracks had extension plates welded on for use in loose sand or swamp. Track brakes had covers welded on to minimize sand entry. The twist throttle grip was also sealed with linen at each end, but loosely enough for rotation. A gasoline can and water can were included in the tropical version, along with a 20-foot wire and tarp for camp.

Other upgrades included more substantial transmission housing, heavy-duty six-spoke idler wheels, mudguards, and a variety of cooling vents. For all its versatility and maneuverability, the Kettenkrad had a weakness in its steering brakes, which suffered oil contamination from a steering mechanism that was insufficiently sealed. This, in turn, resulted in the failure of the track steering system. Both steering brakes had small drain pipes for the oil to escape. NSU engineers knew of the problem but were unable to resolve it in the vehicle's short life span.

U.S. Army Art

In this 1943 painting by an unknown German war artist, paratroopers use a Kettenkrad to pull a trailer through the dusty streets of a Tunisian village.

NSU also built a five-seat variant of the Kettnekrad with a six-cylinder Opel Kapitan engine. Only 10 prototypes were ever built. There was also a wider radio-controlled version intended for use as a mechanized bomb vehicle. This version was called Mittlerer Sprengladungstrager Springer, and 50 were built, but only three saw any combat action. In all, at least 8,025 Kettenkrads were built during the war, including 4,490 in 1944 alone. About 500 were built after the war as forestry tractors, with NSU continuing production until 1948. In France, the Babiole Company converted a number of captured Kettenkrads to be used as vineyard and orchard tractors because they were narrow enough to fit between trees and lines of grapevines.

Metallurgical advances and material availability after the war allowed for the manufacture of sturdier transmissions, which were a big improvement over the flaccid earlier production units. With all its teething under extreme conditions, the Kettenkrad would finally emerge as a highly versatile and potent vehicle. But like many war machines, gradual and expensive design evolution, along with changing conditions, would also lead to its extinction. Nevertheless, the Kettenkrad served as an inspiration for many new designs, including small, four-wheel, all-terrain vehicles (ATV) and a new generation of fast ATV-tracked vehicles now being developed for all types of off-road applications. □

By Peter Suciu

The four-sided peak lancer cap, or shako, worn by the British cavalry in the Charge of the Light Brigade, remains highly prized by collectors today.

WHILE LIGHTLY ARMED CAVALRY ALREADY SEEMED ANACHRONISTIC by the time of the Napoleonic Wars, the success of the Polish lancers in that conflict convinced many nations to adopt a similar fighting force. Founded by Jan Henryk Dabrowski, the legion brought with it a form of square-topped shako that was already being used by Austrian lancers in Galicia. The Polish lancers, known as Ulans, fought not only with lances but also with sabers, pistols, and rifles. They wore a double-breasted jacket with a colored panel on the front, along with their distinguishing headgear. The square-topped shako evolved to resemble the traditional Polish cap and thus became known as a *czapka*, the Polish word for cap. The original cap dated back to the 17th century and was made of cloth and edged with fur.

By 1770, the lancer cap had evolved into the distinctive four-sided top cap that is most recognizable today. This evolved in the early 18th century into a cap that was supported with stiff ribbed sides with a peak added to the front. The Polish Legion was among Napoleon Bonaparte's earliest foreign troops, and these men saw action in numerous campaigns, including those in the West Indies, Italy, Egypt, and Russia. Throughout the wars, the forces of the newly established Grand Duchy of Warsaw used the *czapka* not only for its cavalry units but also for infantry and artillery units, where the Polish headdress was used in place of the typical shakos that were popular throughout the rest of Europe.

Author's Collection

A Polish Vistula lancer wearing the familiar four-sided lancer cap, or shako, crosses blades with an Austrian cuirassier during the Napoleonic Wars. RIGHT: This NCO helmet of the 12th Prince of Wales Lancers includes additional officer hardware and the Queen Victoria crown.

Library of Congress

The success of the Polish lancers inspired other nations to form their own legions. The standard 19th-century Polish cavalry version was a high, four-pointed cap with the regimental insignia on the front. Following the Congress of Vienna, the Duchy of Warsaw and other Polish lands were split up among Russia, Austria, and Prussia, with Russia gaining the lands and title of the Kingdom of Poland. Throughout the 19th century, both Russia and Austria fielded Polish units, with units on

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each side using the same tall *czapkas.*

Several versions of lancer caps were used throughout the 1830s and 1840s. The 1846 dress British Army regulations included the following description: "Cap-cloth; colour of the facings, eight inches and three quarters deep in front, nine inches and a half at back, and the top nine inches and a half square; gold cord across the top and down the angles; on left side a gold bullion rosette, with embroidered V.R., on blue velvet; round the waist a band, two inches wide, of gold lace, with a blue stripe; in front a gilt ray plate, with silver Queen's arms and regimental badges; peak and fall of black patent leather, braided with gold; gilt chain, fastening to lion's heads at the sides."

This was the cap that was used by the lancer regiments in the famous Charge of the Light Brigade during the Crimean War, but it was not the most commonly encountered version. This was the 1856 pattern of lancer cap and subsequent versions. As with the German models, over time the height of the British lancer cap was reduced, until it was just six and half inches high in the front and eight and a half inches at the top. From 1856 onward, feathers were generally worn on officers' helmets, while other ranks wore a horsehair plume; the color of each was determined by the regiment. And while the British lancers took part in combat in many campaigns after the Crimean War, none of these were in Europe, and the lancers never again wore the cap into battle. In its place, the foreign service helmet (pith helmet) was used, and that was what Winston Churchill wore when he took part in the last British cavalry charge in the Sudan in 1898.

The French Army, following the downfall of Napoleon I, ceased to use the *czapka,* but the hat was brought back into service with the reformation of a new Imperial Guard under Napoleon III. The cap was vastly different in that it was far shorter than the earlier version, but as with most lancer caps it retained the characteristic four-sided top, which resembled a mortarboard of academic dress. This cap was used from 1857 until the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War in 1870. With the downfall of yet another Napoleon, the Imperial Guard was disbanded for good, and although the Garde Nationale à Cheval used a full-dress uniform that included the *czapka,* the cap was taken out of service for good following the end of the conflict in 1871.

Although most lancer units throughout Europe retained the basic look of the early Polish units, including the famous *czapka,* there were a few notable exceptions. One of these was in Portugal, a nation that traditionally followed British lines when it came to uniforms. In 1885, spiked helmets were issued widely throughout the Army, and some officers were outraged by this. One officer wrote, "If they take away our *czapkas,* they should also take away the lance, as one makes no sense without the other." After a series of debates and disputes, the *czapka* was reintroduced in 1892 and modified in 1895. The new *czapka* retained the square top placed on the 1885 spiked helmet, but retained the rear peak, so that the result was not entirely a lancer cap but more of a lancer helmet, possibly the only such type of headdress in the world. These were used by Portuguese Lancer Regiments 1 and 2.

Pedro Soares Branco Collection

Pedro Soares Branco Collection

ABOVE LEFT: Portuguese 1852 pattern lancers officer's cap of the Queen's Lancers Regiment. This pattern cap was clearly influenced by the pre-1830 pattern of the British 17th Lancers, including the "flat" rayed silver plate. ABOVE RIGHT: This 1895 pattern Portuguese lancer helmet retains the basic shape of the Prussian-influenced Pickelhaube spiked helmet, complete with rear visor.

One other notable exception among lancer caps was used by the Paraguayan 4th Cavalry Regiment of Acà-Carayà, a unit that was first raised during the War of the Triple Alliance (1864-1870), which saw Paraguay face off against the forces of Brazil, Argentina, and Uruguay. Although the war went badly for Paraguay, the Acà-Carayà reportedly fought well, and was called into action again in the Gran Chaco War (1932-1935) against Bolivia. The cap was made of leather dyed red, white, and blue for the colors of the flag, with an ornamental strip of local monkey fur attached to the top and a horsehair plume in the back. These caps remain in use today with synthetic materials—fortunately for the monkeys of the nation.

But it was the British and German versions that lived on and evolved into the most recognizable modern lancer caps. Prussian and German armies of the 19th century are widely remembered for their Pickelhauben (spiked helmets), a type of headgear that spread throughout Europe as well as North and South America. In fact, the Prussians had adopted that helmet from the Russians, who in turn had adopted the *czapka* from the Poles. The Prussians progressed from a Polish-style tall helmet, the Model 1843, to the shape more familiar to modern collectors of Imperial German headgear of the World War I era. Known as a *Tschapka* in German, this headgear consisted of a body of pressed blackened leather with a short visor on the front. On the left front was worn the national colors via a cockade, and after the unification of Germany a state cockade was worn on the right. These caps originally closely resembled the tall Polish version, but beginning with the Model 1867, a major reduction took place in the height of the cap, with the *Wappen* (front plate) now placed on the front of the shell.

The appearance of the lancer helmet, which was first modified in 1889 and then again in 1915 during World War I, closely resembled the mortarboard of academic dress. During the war, several ersatz models of the German *Tschapka* were used, including some made of tin and even felt, although collectors should know that the later varieties have been highly faked in recent years. At the outbreak of the conflict, the helmets used in the field were a gray color.

Stuart Bates Collection

James LeBrasseur Collection

James LeBrasseur Collection

ABOVE LEFT: A blue-feathered British officer's lancer cap from the East Riding of Yorkshire Yeomanry. ABOVE RIGHT: An extremely rare 1873 model Bavarian officer's czapka. RIGHT: A World War I-era German *czapka* from a Guards regiment, so noted by the armed eagle Garde Wappen plate.

A new Polish legion was formed to fight alongside the French Army in World War I, and was known as the Blue Army. After the war, Poland was reestablished and the various units, regardless of which side they had served, retained the same basic traditions in the new Polish Army. By this time, the *czapka* was a headdress whose time had passed, but the Polish headgear lived on as it evolved from the tall leather *czapka* to the *rogatywka* (peaked cap). The asymmetrical, peaked, four-pointed cap was also based on the early square Polish caps that had been in use since the 14th century. While shorter and less rigid than the *czapka,* the cap retained the same basic shape.

The *rogatywka* was first used in the Polish-Soviet War during 1919-1920 and remained the ceremonial headdress of the Polish cavalry although the French-style Adrian helmet was used for combat. After World War II, the Polish Army adopted a more Soviet-style peaked cap, but in the 1980s the *rogatywka* reappeared as the primary headdress of the ceremonial honor guard at Belvedere Palace. Although it has been removed from widespread use, the modern Polish Army still uses the four-sided cap with certain orders of dress, retaining its ties to its historical past.

Following the success of the Polish Ulans, many nations adopted lancer regiments, complete with modified versions of the *czapkas*. By the outbreak of World War I, Germany, France, Austro-Hungary, Great Britain, Belgium, Portugal, Spain, and Russia all fielded lancer regiments, and most were still wearing the *czapkas* as dress caps. In the opening stages of the war, German, Belgian, and Austrian units wore the *czapkas* onto the battlefield. Special waterproof covers were used until the units were taken out of service as trench warfare made quick-moving cavalry a thing of the past.

While the Germans wore the caps onto the field during the Great War, their British rivals did not. By 1914, the lancer cap was reduced to use as part of the British Army's dress uniform. As with the other continental versions, the British lancer cap had also transitioned from a tall cap to a shorter version, but there is actually conflicting evidence as to when the first lance cap pattern was introduced. Examples of these earliest *czapkas,* which date to just after the Napoleonic Wars, are rare indeed. Several patterns were used, but few examples of these helmets remain, even in museums.

A Lancer cap of the 5th Royal Irish Lancers has a harp surrounded by shamrock sprays and a scroll inscribed "FIFTH ROYAL IRISH" on the helmet plate.

Stuart Bates Collection

At the outbreak of World War I, the British lancers were outfitted with peaked caps instead of their dress lance caps. After World War I, the lancer caps were generally retired by most nations in favor of more modern headgear, and even with dress uniforms the lancer cap was taken out of service in the British Army in 1939. Today, a few nations still carry on the tradition of lancers, which are now generally armored units, but the traditional lancer *czapka* saw its last charge 90 years ago.

Lancer caps were a unique form of headdress, but as with any item of militaria, they have been widely copied and faked. Because many of the parts are easy to remove and thus misplace, many examples are a mix-and-match of parts that don't really belong together. Additionally, while many nations, notably the British, used these only in ceremonial roles, their examples are more plentiful than those of other nations, such as Germany, that wore them onto the field of battle.

Some later variations, notably the mid-war felt versions from Germany, have been so widely reproduced that collectors are wary of trusting any as being real. Other examples, such as those from the Polish Legion during the Napoleonic Wars, are so uncommon that few exist in private collections. Collectors are advised to look to reputable dealers when seeking out these items. Unlike the later steel helmets that eventually replaced them, the lancer helmet—with proper precautions—can make a lovely collectible from a bygone age. □

By Mike Phifer

John Graves Simcoe led the most successful British partisan unit in the Revolutionary War, plaguing American forces from New York to South Carolina.

Carrying his ever-present sword, a wary John Graves Simcoe leads a troop of green-coated Queen's Rangers through enemy territory during the Revolutionary War. Painting by Don Troiani.

BRITISH ARMY OFFICER JOHN GRAVES SIMCOE WANTED TO COMMAND a corps of irregular troops. He believed that there were opportunities in "the service of a partisan" that taught a man habits of self-dependence and prompt decision making rarely found in the duties of a subordinate officer. In the winter of 1776-1777, just such an opportunity presented itself. Leaving Brunswick, New Jersey, where his unit, the 40th Regiment, was in winter quarters, Simcoe set out to see Sir William Howe in New York City about taking the command of the Queen's Rangers, which was vacant. Bad weather delayed Simcoe, and the command went to someone else. Undeterred, he wrote to Maj. Gen. James Grant, his 2nd Brigade commander, asking his help in attaining another command. Simcoe did not have to wait for long.

Painting by Don Troiani, www.historicalartprints.com

By 1777, Simcoe had been a soldier of the king for seven years. Born in Cotterstock, England, in 1752, he was the son of a naval officer who had died on the Quebec expedition in 1759. After receiving a good education, Simcoe at the age of 18 purchased an ensign's commission in the 35th Regiment. In 1775, he headed with his regiment across the Atlantic to the rebellious colonies. Arriving in Boston that June, the new lieutenant barely missed out on the bloodletting at Bunker Hill—he was still aboard a transport ship in the harbor.

In December 1775, Simcoe purchased a captaincy in the 40th Regiment, remaining with that unit for almost two years. After being wounded at Brandywine on September 11, 1777, he was offered command of the Queen's Rangers on October 15. With the provisional rank of major, Simcoe took over command of the Queen's Rangers near Germantown on October 16. Three days later, the rangers were

posted at Kensington, outside Philadelphia, on the right flank of the outpost line.

Simcoe's first responsibility in his new role was to reorganize the rangers and bring them back up to strength. A Highland company was added to the rangers, giving them 11 companies in all. Simcoe had been offered the assistance of dragoons, but as they wore red coats, he declined. Simcoe preferred to mount a dozen of his green-coated rangers instead. Green, he said, was "without comparison the best color for light troops with dark accoutrements; and if put on in the spring, by autumn it nearly fades with leaves, preserving its characteristic of being scarcely discernable at a distance."

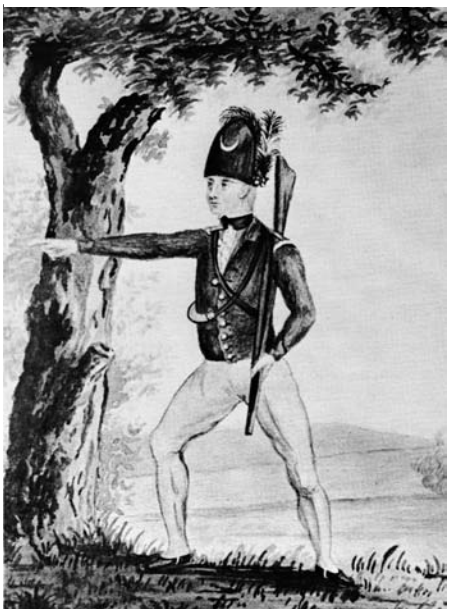
The rangers patrolled and skirmished against the Patriots. In early December Howe moved out of Philadelphia to engage George Washington's army at Whitemarsh. Simcoe's rangers attacked Daniel Morgan's rifle corps and the Maryland militia under Colonel Mordecai Gist, forcing them to retire. In May 1778, Howe was replaced by Sir Henry Clinton, who evacuated Philadelphia and marched overland to New York City. Newly promoted Lt. Col. Simcoe and his green-coated rangers acted as the advance guard for Clinton's left column.

On June 25, Clinton and his army reached Monmouth, New Jersey. While the army rested and scoured for supplies, Simcoe and his men were ordered to cut off an enemy patrol. They discovered and drove off a large body of the enemy behind a fence, but Simcoe received a painful wound in the arm. By the time the Queen's Rangers arrived at Staten Island, he was back in command. Positioned at the outpost near Kingsbridge on the Harlem River, Simcoe and his rangers continued to patrol and raid, working often in conjunction with Lt. Col. Banastre Tarleton and his recently formed British Legion.

In early August, Simcoe was nearly captured, along with Tarleton and Lt. Col. Andreas Emmerich, commander of Emmerich's Chasseurs. Warned in time, the three officers barely missed being taken by a group of Stockbridge Indians fighting for the Patriots. On August 20, the Indians were part of a force that defeated Emmerich's men. Word reached Simcoe that the Indians were elated at their success. Simcoe marched out the following day, August 31, and set up an ambush with Emmerich. A detachment of enemy light infantry and Stockbridge Indians pushed forward to investigate. The Indians spotted Emmerich's troops and attacked, but soon found themselves attacked in turn by Simcoe's grenadiers and mounted troops under

Both: Toronto Public Library

ABOVE: John Graves Simcoe sports the familiar green uniform coat of the Queen's Rangers in this formal 1791 portrait. BELOW: A period drawing shows an infantry private of Simcoe's Queen's Rangers wearing a short jacket, tight-fitting trousers, and a black helmet.



Tarleton. When the fighting ended, 40 Indians lay dead or wounded. The Loyalist forces had a handful of casualties, including Simcoe, who suffered his third wound of the war.

After a winter of being quartered at Oyster Bay on Long Island, Simcoe and his rangers were back at work in the summer of 1779, fighting alongside Tarleton's Legion. The Queen's Rangers were now formally renamed the 1st American Regiment. Word reached Simcoe of a Patriot attack on New York City involving 50 large boats assembled at Middlebrook, New Jersey, on the Raritan River. He proposed to Clinton that the rangers destroy the boats before they could be put to use; his request was approved.

With 300 rangers and other mounted Loyalist forces, Simcoe set out at 8 PM on October 25. After crossing from Staten Island to New Jersey by boats, Simcoe divided his command. While his infantry was sent to set up an ambush at the South River Bridge, Simcoe and 80 men rode off toward Middlebrook. He intended to destroy the boats there; after that he planned to draw the enemy into an ambush at the South River Bridge. Along the way, Simcoe encountered enemy militia at Quibbletown, but the Loyalists represented themselves as Patriots looking for escaped Tories. The ruse did not deceive everyone. One of the townspeople recognized Simcoe, and a messenger rode off to warn New Jersey's governor, William Livingston.

At Middlebrook, Simcoe found and destroyed 18 boats, then pushed on to Hillsborough to free three captured Loyalists. One of them looked as if he had been chained to a floor. Outraged at his condition, the troops torched the courthouse. Alarm guns were sounded and Patriot militia began gathering. Simcoe ran into the enemy near Brunswick. Pushing forward with the advance guard, he attempted to cut through a partially broken fence to avoid them. The Americans opened fire, spilling Simcoe and his bullet-ridden horse to the ground. Thinking their commander dead, the mounted Loyalists fought their way out and continued on.

After barely avoiding being bayoneted and shot, Simcoe was taken to Brunswick and held there. The local population was out for blood, seeking revenge for a popular Patriot officer who had been killed in the raid. Simcoe, however, was protected by Governor Livingston, who restrained the local residents from abusing him. Along with his regimental surgeon, who had come in under a white flag to see to his commander's condition, Simcoe was moved to Borden Town. For the next six months, he remained in American custody before being exchanged on December 27.

In the spring of 1780, Simcoe and his rangers headed south to join Clinton in besieging Charleston, South Carolina. After the Patriot forces surrendered, the rangers returned to Staten Island on June 21. That fall, Simcoe was mortified to hear that his friend, Major John

Continued on page 61

NO GLORY AT GLORIETA

IN JUNE 1861, two months after Confederate artillery fired on Fort Sumter to begin the Civil War, 44-year-old, Louisiana-born Henry H. Sibley arrived in Richmond, capital of the newly formed Confederate States of America. A career soldier, Sibley had come to offer his services—and a plan. An 1838 West Point graduate, Sibley had served in the Seminole War and had been stationed for many years in the West. He was with the 1st Dragoons in Taos, New Mexico, when the war broke out and quickly resigned his commission to join the southern cause.

The curly-haired Sibley was known in military circles as a competent soldier and a heavy drinker. In Richmond, he explained to Confederate President Jefferson Davis that he wanted to raise a force in Texas, start north from El Paso, and capture Union forts along the Rio Grande until he reached Santa Fe. His men could live off the land, Sibley said, and would be greeted as heroes wherever they went by secessionists in the territory. After taking Santa Fe and consolidating his forces, Sibley intended to march on Colorado and California.

Sibley's plan meshed well with ideas Davis himself had long espoused. The Confederate president believed strongly in western expansion, and he viewed the vast territory of New Mexico, which stretched from Texas to California, as particularly ripe for the expansion of slavery. As secretary of war under President Franklin Pierce, Davis had been instrumental in the 1853 Gadsden Purchase, which had brought the Southwest into the Union, and before leaving the War Department in 1857 to return to the Senate, Davis had gone so far as to import 74 camels from North Africa and the Middle East to test their usefulness in the newly acquired desert countryside. (The military considered the experiment successful, but the Civil War put an end to the exotic project.)

Sibley's plan, if successful, would give the Confederacy access to the fabulous gold and silver fields of California, Colorado, and Nevada as well as access to the Pacific Coast ports of California, which were not being blockaded by the Union Navy. Davis agreed that there were wide pro-Confederate feelings in most of the western territories. He gave Sibley a commission as a Confederate brigadier general, with command of the newly created Department of New Mexico. For the time being, that was all Davis could give him; the Confederacy had no supplies or equipment to spare. Sibley was on his own, armed only with vague orders to drive all Federal troops from his department.

Sibley's first problem was supply. Texas had seceded from the Union on February 1, 1861. At that time, the Federal arsenal in San Antonio and the whole Department of Texas was commanded by Brevet Maj. Gen. David E. Twiggs, 71, one of the four highest-ranking officers in the U. S. Army. When Texas seceded, Twiggs, a native Georgian with pro-slavery sympathies, began negotiations with the Texans over the arsenal and the matériel it contained. Twiggs repeatedly asked Washington for instructions and received ambiguous replies. He told fellow officers he would never fire on American citizens under any circumstances but that he would surrender the U.S. property in his department to the state of Texas "whenever it was demanded."

Finally, Twiggs wrote to Washington revealing his Confederate leanings and asking that he be relieved of command—he was the most senior officer in the Army to declare for the South. Orders were issued granting Twiggs's request and assigning his command to Colonel Carlos A. White of the 1st New York Infantry. Before these orders could be put into effect, however, a sizable force of Texans moved into San Antonio on February 16 and seized control of the arsenal and other Federal installations. Twiggs quickly surrendered his command and turned over all Federal property, supplies, and buildings—including 19 forts—to the State of Texas.

At about the same time, Confederate Lt. Col. John R. Baylor raised a 350-man regiment called the Texas Mounted Rifles, marched to El Paso, and accepted the surrender of the Union's Fort Bliss and the supplies it contained. Baylor then moved north along the Rio Grande to the village of Mesilla. Dressed in a blue jacket, red sash, and a silver belt buckle

Mounted Confederates, more cowboys than soldiers, ride through the forbidding southwestern desert in early 1862 in this Don Troiani painting, *Sibley's Texans.*

General Henry H. Sibley's grand strategy for seizing the Southwest for the Confederate cause initially met with success, but it bogged down badly at Glorieta Pass. BY CHUCK LYONS

embossed with the Lone Star of Texas, Baylor cut a distinctly piratical figure. He went on to capture Fort Fillmore, which had been abandoned after its supplies were burned. On August 1, Baylor formally declared the Confederate Territory of Arizona, installing himself as military governor and Mesilla as the capital. He then sent Granville H. Oury as Arizona's delegate to the Confederate Congress.

Sibley made his way to San Antonio, where he recruited another 800 men. By fall that number had grown to 1,100. Meanwhile, Baylor and his forces marched to El Paso, arriving in mid-December to find things already in motion for the Confederacy. Besides Baylor's gains, the Union garrison at Fort Thorn, 50 miles north of Fort Fillmore, had retreated to Fort Craig, and the garrison of Fort Stanton, east of the river, had fled to Albuquerque. Three days after New Year's Day, 1862, Sibley moved against Fort Craig, which was commanded by Colonel Edward R.S. Canby and defended by a force of 3,800 men, about one-third of whom were in the Regular Army. The remainder were militia and volunteers in various stages of training and discipline.

Canby, who had taken command of the Department of New Mexico when its former commander, Colonel William Loring, resigned his commission and switched to the Confederacy, was born in Kentucky and raised in Indiana. He had served in the Mexican War, during which he had twice been cited for gallantry, and in the Florida Indian wars. The two opposing commanders knew each other well. Canby had been at West Point with Sibley, had been best man at Sibley's wedding, and was married to a cousin of Sibley's wife. The two men had also campaigned together against the Navajo Indians in the northern part of the territory. A careful officer, Canby talked little but acted efficiently in the face of emergency.

Painting by Don Troiani, www.historicalartprints.com

Library of Congress

Texas Confederates enjoy provisions "liberated" from captured Union Army wagons in this engraving based on a sketch by artist Carl G. von Iwonaski, who traveled with the Confederates.

In mid-February, Sibley's force, with the addition of Baylor's men, headed north in sleet and snow to the vicinity of Fort Craig. On hand were Sibley's three regiments, the 4th, 5th, and 7th Texas Mounted Volunteers under Colonels James Reily, Tom Green, and William Steele, respectively. The 4th and 5th were each supported by two batteries of four 12-pounder mountain howitzers seized earlier from the San Antonio arsenal. Two companies of Green's 5th Regiment had been converted into lancers whose nine-foot-long spears were topped with colorful streamers and foot-long razor-sharp steel blades.

In addition, there were six companies from Baylor's army led by Major Charles L. Pyron and a newly formed company of volunteers—mostly gamblers, gunmen, and other unsavory characters—who had been collected in and around Mesilla. In all, about 2,500 Confederate troops headed out, trailing 15 pieces of artillery, including a battery of 6-pounders inherited from Baylor, a supply train, and a herd of cattle. A number of sick and dying men were left behind, along with a detachment of 630 men under Steele, who was charged with protecting the Mesilla-El Paso region. It was a decidedly motley force, armed mainly with squirrel guns, double-barreled shotguns, and Bowie knives and dressed in civilian clothes, Confederate gray, and even Union blue seized at the time of Twiggs's surrender.

Fort Craig was manned by 3,810 Federal troops including elements of the 5th, 7th, and 10th United States Infantry and companies of the 1st and 3rd Cavalry. The rest of the men were local volunteers, including 10 companies of the 1st New Mexico Regiment commanded by legendary frontiersman Christopher "Kit" Carson. The defenders had a battery of two guns at their disposal.

After a couple of days of maneuvering and slight skirmishes, Sibley crossed the river to the east side on February 19 and moved north in an attempt to circle the fort. Confederate reconnaissance had concluded that the fort could not be taken by direct assault without the support of heavy artillery. Sibley decided, at Green's suggestion, to initiate a circling maneuver to force Canby out of the fort and onto ground of Sibley's choosing.

Canby could not let Sibley block the road north to Albuquerque, and he sent infantry, cavalry, and artillery across the river on the 20th to check the Confederate advance. They found Sibley waiting on a high mesa at Valverde, and his massed cannon and rifle fire quickly broke the Union attack. During the night, Union Captain James "Paddy" Graydon, who had served as enlisted man in the dragoons before becoming a hotelier and saloonkeeper and who now commanded an independent scouting company of New Mexicans, had what to him at the time seemed to be an inspiration. He loaded wooden boxes of 24-pound howitzer shells onto two mules and led a small force toward the Confederate camp. When they neared the enemy camp, the men lit the howitzer fuses, slapped the mules, and ran for cover—only to find that the mules had also turned and were loyally following them. The men again tried unsuccessfully to steer the mules into the Confederate camp, finally gave up, and ran for their lives. They were able to get just far enough away to escape injury when the shells—and the mules—exploded. No Confederates were killed in the highly irregular attack, but a number of their own mules stampeded into the darkness and were lost.

That morning, Sibley sent the 5th and 7th Regiments to make a feint toward the fort while the 4th and a battalion of Baylor's troops moved upriver to seize the ford at Valverde. Canby dispatched 220 regulars of the 1st and 3rd Cavalry and four companies of mounted volunteers to stop them. The Union men suffered scattered casualties crossing the river but were able to force Sibley back to the far side of the mesa. From there, Sibley's men tried mounted charges against Canby's flanks and dismounted charges against the center of his line, but all the attacks were repulsed. About 10 AM, Canby sent 720 regulars, a company of Colorado volunteers, and eight companies of Kit Carson's 1st New Mexico troops to join the fighting.

At noon the feint toward the fort was discontinued, and Green with his 5th Regiment joined the fight at Valverde. Shortly after that, Sibley—feeling ill, possibly from too much whiskey—retired from the field, leaving Green in charge. Canby, freed from his duties defending Fort Craig, raced north to take command, bringing with him all his remaining troops except for a small detachment left behind to guard the fort.

About this same time, the Confederates launched a cavalry charge against the Union right that included 40 lancers from the 5th Texas, the only recorded instance of lancers being used in the Civil War. The lancers and cavalry encountered a devastating fire that finally broke the charge. In columns of four, banners fluttering and spears leveled, the lancers rode forth against the Coloradans. "Some of them came near enough," one of the Colorado volunteers wrote, "to be transfixed and lifted from their saddles by bayonets, but the greater part bit the dust before their lances could come in use." Union Captain Theodore H. Dodd shouted: "They are Texans, give them hell!" His men, who had no love for Texas residents, responded with withering fire. Only three of the 40 lancers got off the field unharmed.

In the afternoon, Green massed his cavalry with dismounted men behind and charged the Union batteries at both ends of Canby's line. The attack to Canby's right under Major Henry W. Raguet was easily repulsed, but on Canby's left the screaming Texans under Major Samuel

A. Lockridge broke through the defensive line and seized several of the guns in Captain Alexander McRae's artillery battery. Hand-to-hand fighting ensued, during which Lockridge and McRae were shot dead, possibly by each other. Canby sent in two reserve companies and tried to recover the guns, but the reserves were beaten back. Green prepared a counterattack to sweep the badly shaken Union forces from the field, but Canby judiciously sent a flag of truce and requested an armistice to care for the wounded and bury the dead. Remarkably, Green granted the request. Meanwhile, against accepted protocol, Canby withdrew across the Rio Grande to Fort Craig.

Federal casualties at the Battle of Valverde were 68 men killed, 160 wounded, and 35 missing or taken prisoner. Five of the Union's eight field pieces were also captured. Confederate casualties were 36 dead, 150 wounded, and one missing. It was a clear-cut Confederate victory, but the Texans had also lost numerous wagons and precious supplies. Many of the cavalrymen in the 4th Regiment had to convert to the infantry for lack of fresh mounts.

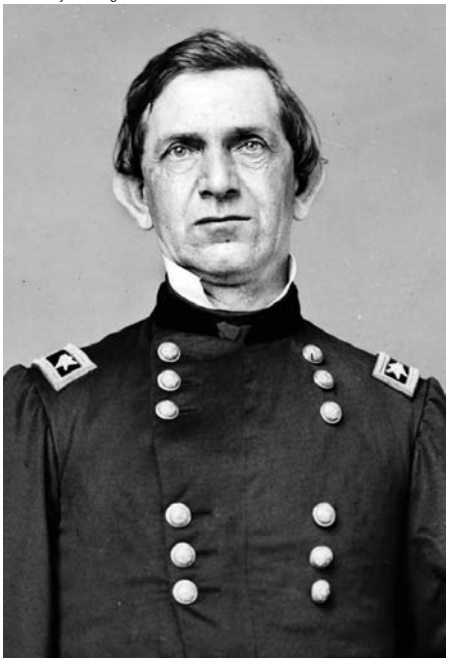
The next morning, Sibley demanded the surrender of the fort, but was rebuffed by his old friend Canby. After giving his men a day's rest, Sibley headed north, intending to live off the land until he reached Albuquerque and seized the Federal supplies stockpiled there. When he approached Albuquerque, however, he found to his chagrin that the garrison had burned all the supplies in the city before falling back to Santa Fe. Sibley moved into the city unopposed, but some $6 million worth of matériel had literally gone up in smoke. Four days later, on March 5, a detachment of 600 Confederates moved with equal ease into Santa Fe, the territorial capital. Once again, Federal troops had burned any supplies they could not take with them, and the territorial government had relocated to Las Vegas, near Fort Union.

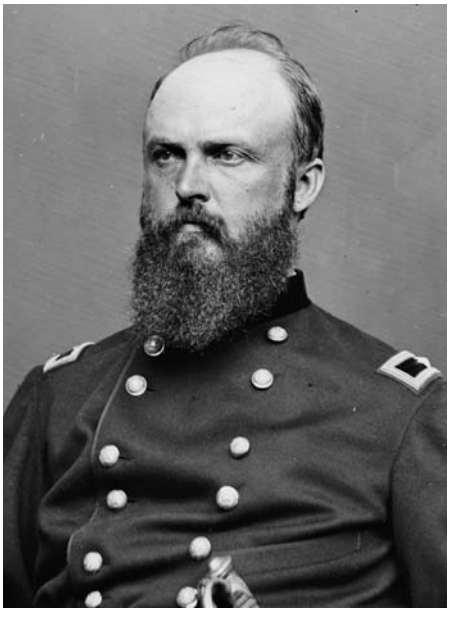
Sibley and his men soon felt the pinch of tight supplies and the indifference or outright hostility of New Mexico residents in the areas they had captured. Still, Fort Craig was an island of blue surrounded by southerners and cut off from any immediate aid. All that stood between Sibley and his triumphant march to California were the troops at Fort Union, 60 miles east of Santa Fe. Fort Union had become the gathering point for all the Union troops flushed out during Sibley's northern ride up the river, but Sibley, who had been stationed at Fort Union before the war, felt that he knew the fort's weaknesses and would have an easy victory once he reached it.

Unknown to Sibley, Federal supporters had begun making moves to reinforce Fort Union. Colorado's acting governor, Lewis L. Weld, ordered seven companies of the Union's 1st Colorado Volunteer Infantry Regiment stationed at Denver and three companies from the Indian country southeast of the city to march through heavy snow and relieve the fort. Thrashing through waist-deep snowdrifts, the troops covered the last 92 miles in 36 hours, a grueling pace that caused many horses and mules to drop dead in harness. The reinforcements, led by Colonel John P. Slough, arrived at Fort Union on March 11. One of the Colorado companies was mounted; the remainder of the 950 men had walked over 400 miles in 13 days.

On March 22, Slough left the fort, heading west with 1,342 men and two four-gun batteries. They moved along the Old Santa Fe Trail, leaving only a small detachment behind at the fort. Canby, unaware of Slough's arrival, had ordered Colonel Gabriel R. Paul to hold the fort until Canby joined him and to not engage in any major battles. Slough either did not receive, or else ignored, the order. Meanwhile, a Confederate force comprised of six companies of Baylor's troops, four companies of the 5th Regiment, three locally recruited scout companies, and a battery of two 6-pounders headed east under the command of Major Charles L. Pyron.

All: Library of Congress





ABOVE (l tor): Colonel Edward R.S. Canby. Colonel John P. Slough of the 1st Colorado.Brigadier General Henry H. Sibley.

Slough's force camped at the town of Loma. The next morning, Slough sent Major John M. Chivington ahead with 418 men to make a quick raid on Santa Fe. Chivington, a fire-and-brimstone Methodist preacher and a fearsome and experienced Indian fighter, originally had turned down a commission as a chaplain to take what he called a "fighting commission." Brash and irreverent, the six-foot-four, 260-pound Chivington had clashed repeatedly with Slough on the way from Colorado. In a letter to superiors, Slough wrote that half the regiment had "gone off to hell with a crazy preacher who thinks he is Napoleon Bonaparte."

Crazy or not, Chivington never made it to Santa Fe. On the morning of March 26, he and his men entered Glorieta Pass, a rocky defile through which the Old Santa Fe Trail twisted around

the southern edge of the Sangre de Christo Mountains. By afternoon they were approaching the western end of the pass when they entered a narrow valley called Apache Canyon and ran headlong into the startled vanguard of Pyron's column.

The Union men took cover in pine trees on the left, where Chivington quickly regained control of his troops and sent them scurrying up the steep sides of the canyon. Their firing forced the Confederates to retreat into a deep, narrow gorge, where they destroyed a log bridge over a dry streambed and set up their artillery. Firing from whatever cover they could find, the Union troops gradually pushed the Confederates back. "We've got them corralled this time!" shouted one Colorado volunteer. "Hurrah for the Pikes Peakers!"

Chivington rode among the men "with a pistol in each hand and one or two under his arms ... a conspicuous mark for Texas sharpshooters," Private Ovando J. Hollister of the Colorado volunteers later wrote. Looking like "a mad bull" in the words of another onlooker, the preacher-turned-soldier ordered a mounted Colorado company to charge. With pistols firing and swords gleaming in the sun, Captain Samuel Cook and his men charged up the valley, leaped the streambed, and engaged the enemy in hand-to-hand combat. "On they came to what I supposed certain destruction, but nothing like lead or iron seemed to stop them," one Texan wrote.

The Confederates were able to save their artillery and continued to fight as they retreated down the valley. Finally, with darkness coming, Pyron abandoned the fight. Chivington paused to gather up his dead and wounded, and a truce was called to tend to casualties. Confederate losses from the engagement were four dead, 20 wounded, and 75 captured. Chivington reported five of his men killed, 14 wounded, and three missing.

Pyron desperately called for reinforcements, and the 4th Texas Regiment and a battalion of the 7th under Lt. Col. William R. Scurry rode through the night, reaching Pyron's camp at Johnson's Ranch about 3 AM. Scurry, as ranking officer, took over command of the entire force, which had now grown to about 1,000 men. When a Federal attack did not take place the following morning, Scurry waited another day and headed back into the canyon on the 28th, leaving his supply wagons back at Johnson's Ranch. Meanwhile, Chivington had fallen back to Apache Canyon and joined Slough's main column.

Alerted that the Confederates were moving against them, Slough divided his command into two parts, each smaller than Scurry's force. Leaving behind one force to guard his supplies, Slough began moving up the canyon with about 850 men. Chivington, meanwhile, guided by Lt. Col. Manuel Chaves and a group of New Mexico volunteers, took 490 Coloradans and began climbing the mountains in an attempt to get behind enemy lines.

About 11 AM, Slough's and Scurry's men met at Glorieta Pass, which one Union lieutenant described as "a terrible place for an engagement." The pass was a narrow gorge with steep walls on each side. There was no room for maneuver, and the men grabbed what sparse cover they could. Slough formed a battle line by placing two batteries of guns, each supported by a company of infantry, across the road and partly up the northern slope. Scurry also formed a line. Fighting became intense as the outnumbered Union troops tried to advance. Confederate pressure flanked the Union left, and Slough pulled back 800 yards to form a new line, while Union artillery was able to knock out two of Scurry's guns and Union rifle fire kept Confederates from manning the remaining gun. "The Texas battery soon slackened its fire until it almost ceased," Hollister wrote.

The Texans charged but were repulsed with more hand-to-hand fighting on the right and in the center. The charge on the left, however, was able to flank the Union line and force Slough to fall back to a new position east of Pigeon's

Lieutenant Colonel William R. Scurry, waving his hat, encourages Confederate forces to attack Union troops around Pigeon Ranch at Glorieta Pass. Painting by Wayne Justus.

Painting by Wayne Justus, www.waynejustus.com

Ranch, where Slough's troops had first sighted the Confederates that morning. In the bloody conflict, Raguet was mortally wounded and Pyron had a horse shot out from under him. After six hours of heavy fighting, with both armies on the edge of exhaustion, Scurry suggested a truce, which was called about 5 PM.

Meanwhile, Chivington and his men had crossed 16 miles of treed country to a 200-foot bluff overlooking Johnson's Ranch. They descended the bluff with ropes and leather straps, surprised the guards left behind with the supply train, and captured the wagons. Then they burned 85 wagons and provisions and bayoneted the 500 horses and mules that had pulled them.

With the catastrophic loss of his supplies, Scurry had no choice but to call off the engagement and try to get his men back to Santa Fe and Albuquerque. Under cover of the truce, the Confederate troops left their wounded at Pigeon Ranch and slipped away from the field. Rather than chase and possibly finish off the Confederates, Canby recalled his troops to Fort Union, fearing an immediate attack on that facility. Slough obeyed the order grudgingly, then resigned his commission in disgust. Scurry reported losses of 36 killed, 60 wounded, and 25 captured at the Battle of Glorieta Pass. Union losses totaled roughly the same although Slough insisted that the Rebels had lost at least 275 men.

Four days later, on April 1, Canby, who had just been promoted to brigadier general, headed out from Fort Union with 1,210 regulars and volunteers. The two armies exchanged artillery salvos outside Albuquerque to little effect, then settled down to await further developments. Sibley was basically without supplies and had little prospect of living off the land. He had learned the hard way that he could expect little help from the indifferent or hostile locals.

He had no choice but to return to Texas. On April 12, Sibley began his retreat, burying eight brass howitzers near the Albuquerque town plaza and moving south along the Rio Grande. Canby pursued with reinforcements from Fort Union, and the two armies clashed briefly near the town of Peralta. When the engagement petered out, the Confederate forces continued to move south along the west side of the river, while Canby's forces shadowed them on the east bank. On the third morning, the Federal troops awoke to see the Confederate camp abandoned, its fires still burning. Sibley and his men had slipped away in the night, swinging west from the river around the base of the Sierra Magdalena Mountains on what would become a torturous 100-mile detour to avoid

Painting by Don Troiani, www.historicalartprints.com

Weary Confederates retreat after the Battle of Glorieta Pass in this painting by Don Troiani. Exhaustion and lack of provisions made them easy prey for trailing Apache Indians.

Fort Craig and whatever Union troops were stationed there.

Abandoning their remaining wagons and leaving their wounded to Canby's mercy, Sibley's men began the 10-day detour with less than a week's provisions strapped to the backs of their remaining mules. It was a trek they would remember all their lives. With little food or water, the men trudged across the barren desert, pulling their remaining artillery pieces by hand through dry gullies and over bare hills. Morale disintegrated, and what had begun as a military march quickly became an every-man-for-himself trek across the desert. Stragglers were easy prey for the merciless Dog Canyon Apaches who trailed their bloody footprints. After eight days, they completed their circle around Fort Craig and again reached the Rio Grande. A year later, Union scouts were still finding scattered pieces of bleached-out skeletons along the route.

What was left of the army returned to Fort Bliss in early May. Since the start of the expedition into New Mexico, the Confederates had suffered 1,700 casualties, many of them coming on the retreat around Fort Craig. In his report to Richmond, Sibley said bluntly: "Except for its political, geographical position, the Territory of New Mexico is not worth a quarter of the blood and treasure expended in its conquest." High-blown talk of the gold fields and of California ports was noticeably absent. On May 14, Sibley assembled the survivors of his expedition on the fort's parade ground, thanked them for their service, and continued his retreat to San Antonio, where the army disbanded.

Plagued by chronic illness and worsening alcoholism, Sibley went on to a number of small commands and no real achievements for the rest of the war. In 1869, he became a general of artillery for the khedive of Egypt, but later returned to the United States and died in poverty at Fredericksburg, Virginia, in 1886.

After his New Mexico service, Canby served two years as assistant adjutant general in Washington and commanded troops during the New York City draft riots in July 1863. A year later he was made a major general and given command of the Military Division of Western Mississippi. After the war, he commanded the Department of the Columbia on the Pacific Coast and was murdered by hostile Modoc Indians during a peace parlay in April 1873.

In the end, Sibley's ambitious plan had come to nothing. It had drawn some Union troops and some attention from the war in the East and had thrilled and excited people in the South, but in the end it had produced nothing concrete. The engagement at Glorieta Pass was so disastrous to Confederate hopes that some historians have labeled it the "Gettysburg of the West." In its way, it was at least as decisive in its far-reaching consequences. Jefferson Davis's long-standing dream of vast gold fields, expanded slave territory, and bustling California ports had been crushed in the rocky defile at Glorieta Pass, never to be renewed for the remainder of the war. □

APOCALYPSE ON THE VOLGA

When Adolf Hitler invaded Russia in the summer of 1941, he expected a swift and stunning victory. At Stalingrad, his troops ran headlong into the Russians' best commander: General Winter. BY JOHN WALKER

AFTER ADOLF HITLER'S audacious invasion of Russia finally ground to a halt in December 1941 on the forested outskirts of Moscow, the exhausted German Army stabilized its winter front in a line running roughly from Leningrad in the north to Rostov in the south. The strain of the harsh winter campaign upon the ill-prepared Wehrmacht, as well as the severe strain placed on the Luftwaffe in its prolonged efforts to air-supply the army's string of city-bastions along the front, was tremendous. But despite the horrendous losses they had suffered in the heavy fighting of 1941—a staggering 850,000 casualties—the Germans remained confident that they would master the Red Army once winter conditions no longer hindered their mobility.

National Archives

ABOVE: A battle-weary German lieutenant armed with a captured Soviet PPSh41 sub-machine gun peers cautiously out of the rubble at Stalingrad. OPPOSITE: Self-sacrificial Russian soldiers literally martyr themselves on the cross in this heroic painting, *Stalingrad,* by Soviet artist Boris Ugarov.

Hitler's decision to resume offensive operations on the Eastern Front crystallized in the early months of 1942 after his economic advisers convinced him that Germany could not continue the war unless it captured vital oil supplies, wheat, and ore from Russia's Caucasus region. Conceding that another all-out offensive was out of the question, Hitler limited the scope of the renewed offensive to just one flank, an idea that ran contrary to traditional German strategy. The Nazi armies in the center and left would hold their ground while the main thrust took place on the southern front near the Black Sea, a drive down the corridor between the Donetz and Don Rivers. After reaching the Don, German armies would turn south toward the Caucasus oil fields and advance east toward the great industrial city of Stalingrad, on the west bank of the Volga.

The capture of Stalingrad, a vital communications center that commanded the land bridge between the Volga and the Don and was a critical transport route between the Caspian Sea and northern Russia, was not part of Hitler's original plan. The advance to the Volga by General Friedrich von Paulus's Sixth Army was meant to provide strategic flank cover for the all-important advance into the Caucasus, where a successful offensive would complete the takeover of the Ukraine, interdict grain supplies from much of the Soviet bread basket, and cut off fuel to Joseph Stalin's war machine.

The drive into southern Russia could only be carried out if the Germans drew heavily upon their allies—the Romanian Third and Fourth Armies, the Italian Eighth Army, the Hungarian Second Army, and the 369th Croatian Legion—to furnish most of the rearward cover for the flanks of the advance. The problem was that the foreign units were clearly inferior to their German counterparts. The potential for the offensive's success improved considerably when a Russian Army numbering 640,000 men launched an overly ambitious offensive of its own on May 12, 1942, in the direction of Kharkov. The assault, which struck Paulus's Sixth Army, absorbed great numbers of Russians reserves. Two complete Soviet armies, plus parts of two others, were cut to pieces, and by the end of May some 241,000 Red Army soldiers had been captured. The failure of the Soviet offensive meant that few reserves were available when the Germans launched their own sledgehammer blow, code-named Operation Blue, on June 28.

National Archives

The German southern flank ran obliquely from the coast near Taganrog in the south, along the Donetz River north toward Kharkov and Kursk. It was a battlefront in echelon—the parts farthest back, on the left, were to move first, while the advance units on the right would wait for the left wing to come up before moving forward. On the German far right was the Seventeenth Army; next in line to its left and farther back, was the First Panzer Army. These two armies composed Field Marshal Wilhelm List's Army Group A, destined to invade the Caucasus. On its left was Field Marshal Fedor von Bock's Army Group B, which included Paulus's Sixth Army and the Second Army, the latter consisting of the German Fourth Panzer Army and the Hungarian, Italian, and Romanian satellite armies. The two panzer armies were to deliver the decisive thrusts against the Russians' most advanced positions, after which the infantry armies would follow.

A siege assault was launched against Sevastopol on June 7 as a preliminary to the main offensive. Despite fierce Soviet resistance, the fortress fell on July 4 and with it the whole of the Crimea, thus depriving the Russians of their chief naval base on the Black Sea. Meanwhile, the Germans forced the passage of the Donetz River, established a bridgehead on the north bank, and delivered a powerful armored stroke northward 40 miles to the city of Kupiansk, gaining invaluable flanking leverage to assist the easterly thrust of the main offensive, where heavy fighting raged for several days before the Fourth Panzer Army broke through between Kursk and Belgorod. After that the armored advance swept rapidly across a 100-mile stretch of plain to the Don River, near Voronezh. At Voronezh, three Soviet armies resisted fiercely against the onslaught of the combined forces of the Fourth and Seventeenth Panzer Armies and Paulus's Sixth Army, believing the attack was a prelude to a German advance upon Moscow. To avoid encirclement, the three Soviet armies withdrew eastward in the direction of Stalingrad.

National Archives

ABOVE: Russian civilians join soldiers during the defense of Stalingrad. By the end of the battle, only 1,500 citizens remained alive in the ruined city. OPPOSITE: German infantrymen follow their armored vehicles on the advance into Stalingrad. Few if any of the Nazi soldiers would survive the meat-grinder battle.

Now Hitler split Army Group South into Groups A and B. After the Hungarian Second Army came up and relieved the Fourth Panzer Army, the Fourth then wheeled southeastward down the corridor between the Don and the Donetz, followed by Paulus's army. The Sixth Army, the Fourth Panzer Army, and the Axis satellite armies then began their push east toward Stalingrad. As Army Group A pushed far into the Caucasus, its advance slowed as its supply lines grew overextended, and the two German army groups were not positioned to support one another due to the great distances involved. The Führer, obsessed and impatient to capture the Caucasus, had divided Operation Blue from a coherent, two-stage whole into two separate parts, changing the organization, timing, and sequence of the offensive, much to the chagrin of his top generals. Consistently underestimating the resilience of his Russian enemy, Hitler decided that the city of Stalingrad would have to be taken.

Marshal Andrei Yeremenko, commander of the Soviet southern front, searched for a strategy to keep the 700,000 soldiers in the Axis armies currently pushing toward Stalingrad from overwhelming South Russia's last natural line of defense, the Volga. As the Germans neared the city in August 1942, the primary defense of the city fell to the Soviet Sixty-second Army. Yeremenko, needing a commander with the spirit and tenacity to rally the Russians and hold the Volga at all costs, chose Lt. Gen. Vasily Chuikov. Yeremenko immediately issued a terse directive to his army commanders—"Not a step back"—and instructed the Soviet secret police force, the dreaded NKVD, to shoot anyone who failed to comply. (Soviet authorities eventually executed 13,500 soldiers during the Stalingrad fighting, the equivalent of a full division.) Chuikov, convinced that he could not match the Wehrmacht's firepower on the open steppes, laid plans for a street battle, picking out future strongpoints the enemy would be forced to pass en route to the Volga. He positioned his artillery in sectors where the Germans would be concentrated in the greatest numbers. The Soviet Sixty-fourth Army would defend Stalingrad's southern sectors.

At the time, Stalingrad was the Soviet Union's third-largest city, sprawling along a narrow band 20 miles long and five miles deep on the Volga riverfront. Although Soviet officials had

Imperial War Museum

considered evacuating children and nonessential citizens, some 600,000 of the city's population of 850,000 still remained. A massive, sustained Luftwaffe carpet-bomb attack on August 23 set downtown Stalingrad aflame, reducing much of it to rubble and killing thousands of noncombatants. The reason so many citizens and refugees still remained on the west bank of the Volga was typical of the Soviet regime: the NKVD had commandeered almost all river craft for its own use while allotting low priority to the civil population.

Joseph Stalin, deciding that no panic would be allowed, refused to permit further evacuation of citizens across the Volga. This, he believed, would force his troops, especially locally raised militia, to defend the city even more desperately. Throughout the region, the civilian population was mobilized; all available men and women between 16 and 55 years of age—nearly 200,000—were formed into workers' columns organized by their district Communist Party committees. As in Moscow the year before, women and older children were marched out and given long-handled shovels and baskets for digging antitank trenches over six feet deep in the sandy earth. While the women dug, Army sappers laid heavy antitank mines on the western side. Younger schoolchildren were put to work building earth walls around petroleum-storage tanks on the river. Those workers not directly involved in producing weapons were mobilized into special militia brigades. Some ammunition and rifles were distributed, but many men were able to arm themselves only after a comrade was killed.

The German Sixth Army, combined with two corps from the Fourth Panzer Army, was the largest formation in the Wehrmacht, with nearly a third of a million men. It pushed down the north side of the corridor between the Don and the Donetz rivers toward Stalingrad, supported by an armored drive farther south. At first Paulus made good progress. As the advance continued, however, its strength dwindled as more and more German divisions had to be detached to cover the ever-extending northern, or left, flank, which extended along the Don all the way back to Voronezh. Long, rapid marches in severe heat, as well as battle losses caused by stiffening Russian resistance, added to the German wastage.

On August 23, the Germans began the final stage of their advance upon Stalingrad. It took the form of a pincer attack by the Sixth Army from the northwest and the Fourth Panzer Army from the southwest. That night German mobile units reached the banks of the Volga, 30 miles above the city, and neared the bend of the Volga, 15 miles south. While Russian resistance kept the pincers from closing, German pressure on Stalingrad was intense. Attacks fell in endless succession, and the city became a hypnotic symbol for the Germans, and especially for Hitler who lost all sight of strategy and regard for the future. It was an obsession for which Germany would pay dearly.

THE GERMANS SLOWLY GAINED GROUND, AT AN ENORMOUS COST IN BLOOD, WHILE CHUIKOV'S DELAYING TACTICS WORKED WELL, BUT AT A TREMENDOUS COST OF RUSSIAN CASUALTIES.

Despite immense losses, the Soviets' reserves of manpower remained far greater than the Germans'. As the end of summer neared, an increasing flow of equipment came from Soviet factories to the east as well as from American and British suppliers, and the volume of new divisions arriving from Asia also increased. The Germans, being the attackers, suffered proportionately higher losses, which they could ill afford. Back in Berlin, General Franz Halder, chief of the Army General Staff, attempted unsuccessfully to warn Hitler of the potential dangers his armies now faced. As winter approached, the German concentration at Stalingrad drained reserves from the flank-cover, itself already strained to the breaking point. The general's warning to Hitler that it

Both: National Archives

ABOVE: Already showing the strains of continuous battle, these German soldiers clamber through captured Russian ordnance works in October 1942. Winter was coming soon. RIGHT: German General Friedrich von Paulus was promoted to field marshal mere days before he surrendered—the first of his rank ever to do so.

would be impossible to hold the line during the winter fell on deaf ears; all defensive considerations were subordinated to the aim of capturing Stalingrad.

By September 1, the Soviet Sixty-second Army was fully engaged throughout the city. With the panzers unable to maneuver quickly through the debris-choked streets, the traditional German war of rapid movement ended. Germans gains began being measured in feet and yards, as the determined Russians fought viciously for every house and building that remained standing. When Stuka dive-bombers hammered Russian strongpoints, inflicting huge losses, surviving defenders merely found new places to hide in the rubble. Although they were suffering horrendous losses themselves, the Germans systematically leveled the city, block by block, and pressed relentlessly toward the Volga. While it was still capable of production, the Krasny Oktybar plant continued to produce its formidable Soviet T-34 tanks, driving them directly from the production line into battle crewed by the very workers who had built them.

Chuikov struggled to maintain contact with his beleaguered forces as they were driven back through the city. Many Russians continued fighting for weeks without orders, reinforcements, or supplies, inflicting heavy losses on their attackers before running out of food and ammunition and being wiped out themselves. As reinforcements and supplies finally began flowing toward Stalingrad from every region of the Soviet Union, the struggle for the city became a test of wills between Stalin and Hitler. Ample matériel was available to the Soviets on the east side of the Volga, but with the Germans in control of the river to the north and south, everything had to be funneled through a single ferry landing into central Stalingrad. The east bank of the Volga became a vast marshaling yard for men and materials as well as the location of a huge field hospital and a launching point for batteries of newly developed Katyusha rockets. Dubbed "Stalin's organs," the truck-launched, 130mm rockets fired 16 at a time. Nearly five feet in length, the missiles were deadly accurate, and the horrific screech they emitted from launch to impact became a considerable psychological weapon as they rained down day and night on German-held sectors of the city.

The Soviet Air Force had finally been supplied with modern aircraft such as the Yak 1 and began to contest the Luftwaffe for air superiority over the city. For the first time in the war, German ground forces began receiving the same punishment from the air that the Luftwaffe had been inflicting upon their enemies. With bombs, rockets, and shells pouring into Stalingrad around the clock, the city cast a macabre glow that could be seen from 30 miles away at night. The gruesome pall of smoke and dust that churned up from the embattled city panicked many Russian reinforcements being ferried into the city from the Volga's east bank. Hoping to escape the fighting, hundreds jumped from the shuttle boats into the Volga's frigid waters, only to be shot by NKVD officers.

Both Paulus and Chuikov had ample forces at their disposal, but the Germans' narrow approaches to the city and the Russians' bottleneck at the river crossing forced both commanders to feed their units into battle piecemeal. The Germans slowly gained ground, at an enormous cost in blood, while Chuikov's delaying tactics worked well, but at a tremendous cost of Russian casualties. Chuikov worked to funnel and

fragment German massed attacks with "breakwaters," fortified buildings manned by infantrymen armed with machine guns and antitank weapons to deflect attackers into channels where camouflaged T-34 tanks and antitank guns waited, half buried in the rubble.

The battle was being closely monitored in Berlin, where Halder repeatedly expressed grave concerns to Hitler about the exposed German left flank. With no end in sight, Hitler in mid-October dismissed Halder, replacing him with General Kurt Zeitzler, a timid yesman, and announced prematurely to the German people that victory in the East was almost at hand. In Stalingrad, however, although the Soviet Sixty-second Army was being forced back into several small sectors of ground near the west bank of the Volga, the battle itself was far from over.

With German infantry and panzers in control of 90 percent of the city, Chuikov's troops struggled to hold onto their precarious footholds. Prolonged street fighting had reduced the city

almost entirely to rubble, and the smell of charred buildings and the sickly stench of decaying corpses was overpowering. Chuikov instructed his troops to close with the enemy and seek hand-to-hand combat at every opportunity, and the Wehrmacht was unable to call in artillery or air strikes for fear of hitting their own men. The battle became a vicious war of attrition involving hundreds of brutal, small-unit actions. If Paulus could bleed the Russian Army to death before the Volga froze over, he could take the city before the onset of winter. But Soviet artillery, snipers, and booby traps had already sent German casualty lists soaring far beyond what they had anticipated. If the German losses were heavy, Russian casualties were staggering: as many as 80,000 Soviet soldiers had been killed in action by the middle of October 1942. The combined toll on Russian civilians, Red Army soldiers, and Axis forces had already reached a quarter of a million people.

German infantry units now controlled the summit of Mamaev Kurgan, also called the Tartar Mound, a towering hill in central Stalingrad, as well as the southern suburbs, and had broken through to the Volga north of the city. With his command split, Chuikov held downtown Stalingrad, the all-important ferry landing, the Barrikady Metal Works, and much of the Krasny Oktybar plant, all of which were reduced to rubble. At one point, German ground forces pushed to within 200 yards of Chuikov's command bunker and were seemingly on the verge of victory, but isolated Russian strongholds thwarted the final conquest of the city. A platoon of the 42nd Guards took possession of a three-story downtown building that commanded all approaches to the Volga, turning it into an almost-impenetrable fortress bristling with machine-gun nests and snipers. With all its officers killed or incapacitated, Sergeant Yakov Pavlov assumed command of the platoon and held the building for 59 days before being relieved. He had discovered early on that an antitank rifle mounted on the rooftop could destroy German panzers with impunity, since a tank approaching the building could not elevate its barrel sufficiently to reach the rooftop.

By early September, the Sixth Army found itself trapped at the edge of a huge salient, with few reserves, fighting an intense battle of attrition and dependent upon a single railway line that crossed the Don at Kalach, 60 miles from the Soviet lines. Paulus had no illusions about the prospects of maintaining his army through the winter in a devastated city still contested by a stubborn enemy. By this time, he had already committed eight divisions to the fighting and 11 more manned nearly 130 miles of front stretching across various river bends and over the sprawling Russian steppes.

To bring an end to the exhausting battle, Paulus called in several battalions of elite pioneer combat engineers, experts in demolition and street fighting, and used them to spearhead a last major attempt to capture Stalingrad. In a furious assault on the burrowing Russians, the German engineers poured gasoline into sewers and ignited them, ripped up floorboards, and threw satchel charges into cellars to root out defenders. Paulus followed on November 11 with an attack by five divisions into the factory district. The ensuing breach in the Russian lines was expanded, and Chuikov's command was split in two. Still the Russians held on, despite appalling losses. Spent and exhausted, the Germans regrouped while Paulus pondered his next move.

Ice had begun forming on the Volga, and by November 14 all boat traffic ceased—the river was impassable. Efforts were made to air-drop supplies to the Sixty-second Army, but with the Soviet foothold reduced to such a narrow margin, most of the matériel fell into German hands. While Chuikov fought to hold the city until relief arrived, German reconnaissance planes and intelligence reports began detecting signs of a huge Soviet buildup northwest of Stalingrad. The exposed left flank that had worried Halder was showing unmistakable signs of becoming a ripe target for a massive Russian counterattack.

Back in Berlin, Hitler was made aware of the Soviet buildup, and his response was typical: remain on the offensive. On November 17 he sent a dispatch to Paulus urging him to quickly complete the conquest of the city. Paulus circulated the Führer's exhortation to his unit commanders, but they never had a chance to act on it. On the morning of November 19, the rumble of heavy artillery to the northwest could be heard rolling across the steppes. The deafening explosions were the opening salvos of a well-prepared, overwhelming Soviet counterattack, one that would seal the fate of Paulus and his men.

National Archives

A Russian soldier with the much-feared PPSh41 sub-machine gun crouches in the rubble of a ruined building in Stalingrad. Fighting was house to house and street to street.

While Chuikov had been fighting for time, Stalin, General Georgi Zhukov, and Soviet Supreme General Staff chief General Alexander Vasilevsky had assembled the forces necessary to close an impenetrable iron ring around Stalingrad. Massive Soviet forces had been clandestinely deployed in the steppes north and south of the city. To the north was the Southwest Front under General Nikolai Vatutin. Next was the Don Front under General Konstantin Rokossovsky, and to the south of the city was the Southeast Front under Andrei Yeremenko. While just enough men and supplies were funneled to Chuikov to enable him to hold the city,

over a million fresh troops, 1,500 tanks, 2,500 big guns, and three air armies deployed along a front almost 150 miles wide. The Soviets intended to attack the German flanks at their two weakest points—100 miles west of Stalingrad and 100 miles south of it—in sectors held by the Romanian Third and Fourth Armies.

On November 19, the Red Army unleashed Operation Uranus in a blinding snowstorm. The attacking Soviet units on Vatutin's front—three complete armies—swept southeast from the Serafimovich bridgehead, shattering the Romanian Third Army along a 40-mile-wide stretch of the Don on Paulus's northern flank. The next morning, a second Soviet offensive—two complete armies of Yeremenko's Southeast Front—got under way from the south of the city, advancing northwestward against positions held by the Romanian Fourth Army.

Under the sudden pressure of the massive Russian artillery and advancing tank columns, the Romanian forces collapsed almost immediately. The two Soviet fronts raced west in a huge pincer movement and met four days later near the town of Kalach, sealing the ring around Stalingrad. Meanwhile, troops of Rokossovsky's Don Front had spread over the country west of the Don in a multipronged drive southward into the Don-Donetz corridor, linking up on the Chui River with the left pincer thrusting in from Kalach. The movement dropped an iron curtain across the most direct routes that any relieving German forces might use to come to the aid of Paulus and his army.

A Russian Guards mortar team lobs shells toward the German lines. The immovable, well-supplied Russians gave the enemy no relief.

National Archives

As Paulus flew to a new command post to escape the onrushing Soviet tide, he saw for himself the extent of the rout and knew that it would be a matter of only days before the Sixth Army was completely surrounded and cut off. He radioed headquarters, urgently requesting permission to withdraw his forces 100 miles to the west before the Russian ring around his troops became unbreakable. Hitler dismissed the request and ordered Paulus to assume a "hedgehog" defense. The Sixth Army slowly ran out of time while Hitler moved his own headquarters to East Prussia to get a better look. In the meantime, he named Field Marshal Erich von Manstein head of the newly formed Army Group Don, which left Paulus under Manstein's operational control but did not materially affect the situation.

Hitler's decision to hold Paulus in place left no alternative but to attempt to sustain the Sixth Army from the air. Paulus, his army trapped within a tightening ring of Soviet armor, informed Hitler that he had only six days' worth of food remaining for his men. Morale, said Paulus, remained high, since the men believed they would be saved by other German armies. The Germans dubbed their position der Kessel—the kettle. General Wolfram von Richthofen, commanding Luftflotte 4, tried to fulfill Hitler's promise to sustain Paulus by air, but from the outset he realized the task was hopeless. Paulus needed a minimum of 500 tons of supplies daily just to sustain his army in a defensive posture and prolong the Soviet effort to liquidate the pocket.

When the Russians captured the Kalach Bridge on November 23, Paulus's army and a corps of the Fourth Panzer Army were sealed inside a pocket some 30 by 40 miles wide, the nearest German reinforcements more than 40 miles away. After expanding the corridor separating the Sixth Army and the rest of the German forces to a width of over 100 miles, the Russians moved 60 divisions and 1,000 tanks into position to attack Paulus's army. Fierce fighting began to shrink the pocket. Although convinced that Hitler's orders would lead to the total destruction of his army, Paulus remained intent upon obeying the Führer, saying simply, "A Prussian general does not mutiny."

Despite Richthofen's efforts, the airlift never had a chance for success. The shortage of aircraft, horrible flying weather, and the sheer distances involved doomed it from the outset. Pilot fatigue, improperly trained air crews, icy buildup, and Soviet fighters left a trail of

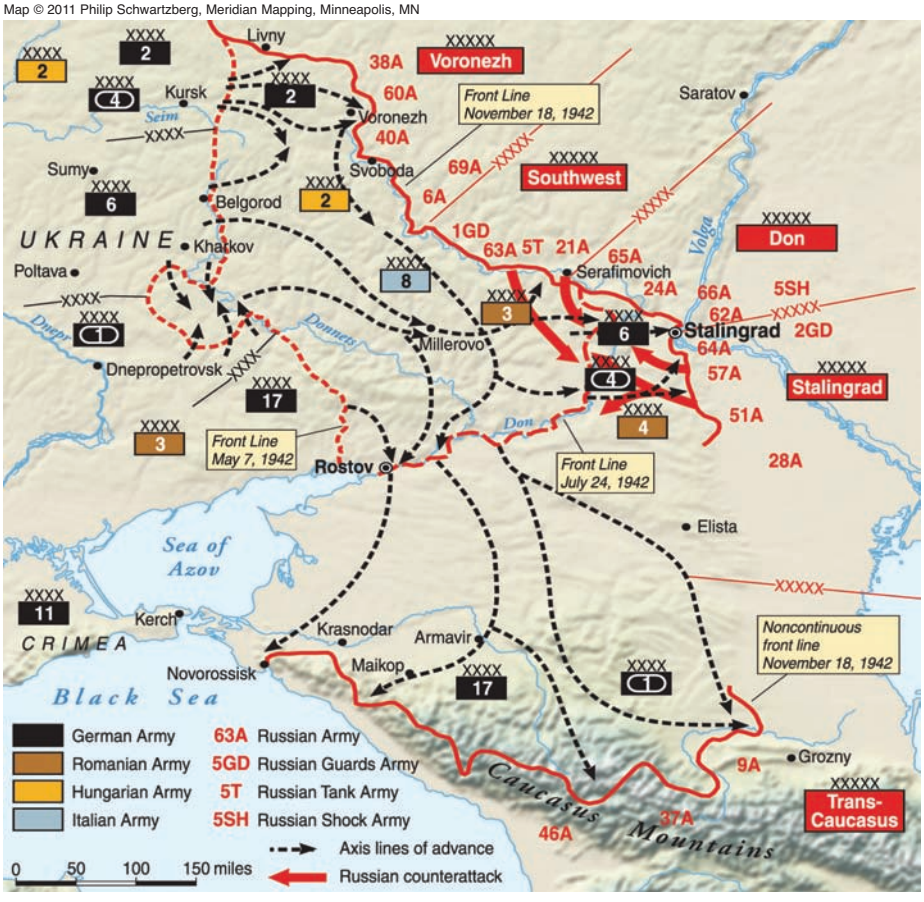
downed Luftwaffe aircraft strewn across the steppes on the approaches to Stalingrad. As the airlift sputtered out, Paulus cut his troops' rations in an effort to conserve food. Ammunition stockpiles were steadily depleted, and the Sixth Army's capacity to resist began to dwindle accordingly. Orders went out to return fire only when essential and then to take only "sure shots."

Although Hitler added to the confusion by issuing orders that were ever more absurd and self-contradictory, German morale received a boost when word spread that the Führer had ordered Manstein to mount a relief operation and open a supply corridor to Paulus by punching a hole in the encirclement. Operation Winter Storm, launched on December 16, proved as hopeless as the airlift. Manstein's division-size force of panzers was inadequate to pierce the ring of Soviet artillery and armor. Meanwhile, the Sixth Army's fuel and ammunition situation had deteriorated to the point that most heavy equipment, trucks, and armor would have to be abandoned if a breakout was attempted. Hitler steadfastly refused to consider the withdrawal of Sixth Army from Stalingrad, saying that without their heavy guns and armor such a retreat would have a "Napoleonic ending." In this, at least, he would prove correct.

As Christmas 1942 approached, the Sixth Army's situation became increasingly desperate. The relief column had retreated, supplies arriving by air were diminishing, and starvation had begun to thin the ranks. As the full impact of the harsh Russian winter set in, the trapped German Army rapidly ran out of heating fuel and medical supplies, and thousands of the Army's remaining effectives began suffering the effects of frostbite, malnutrition, and disease. With no fodder for their horses, the Germans began slaughtering the animals for food, and on Christmas Eve Paulus ordered the last of the horses killed to provide a makeshift Christmas dinner for his men. The following day, he ordered yet another cut in the men's rations; the food allotment for each man was now a bowl of thin soup and 100 grams of bread per day. German doctors, coping with an increasing number of wounded men and diminishing stocks of medicine with which to treat them, were forced to give first priority to wounded soldiers who stood the best chance of recovering and being returned to battle. It was a triage of the damned.

Rokossovsky and Yeremenko, meanwhile, tightened the noose around the Germans daily, shrinking the perimeter Paulus had to defend. Additional Soviet advances swept the Axis

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



ABOVE: Russian defenders trapped the German Sixth Army inside a giant pincer movement west of Stalingrad in late November 1942. Only 91,000 Germans were left to surrender. BELOW: Few airlifted supplies could reach German lines at Stalingrad. Luftwaffe General Wolfram von Richthofen called the Führer's relief orders "stark, raving madness."

National Archives

flank defenders—Romanians, Italians, and Hungarians—almost entirely out of the Don-Donetz corridor, threatening the rear of the German forces on the lower Don and in the Caucasus. Hitler at last realized the inevitability of a disaster even greater than that of the Stalingrad encirclement. The decision was made to withdraw from the Caucasus just in time for Army Group B to escape being cut off itself. That withdrawal made it clear to the world that the German tide of conquest was on the ebb.

National Archives

Victorious members of the Soviet Sixty-second Army advance through the rubble of Stalingrad in what is probably a staged photo taken after the battle.

On January 10, 1943, Rokossovsky issued a call for Paulus to surrender, promising food and medical treatment for all the defenders and allowing German officers to retain their badges of rank and decorations. Paulus radioed Hitler, asking permission to surrender and thus save the lives of his remaining men, but again the Führer refused, ordering Paulus to stand and fight where he was—to the last man and the last bullet, if need be. Hitler dispatched Luftwaffe Field Marshal Erhard Milch to the front to revive the flagging airlift effort, but not even Milch could figure out a way to stanch the bleeding caused by worsening winter weather and the dominance of Soviet fighters controlling the skies around Stalingrad.

As the attempt at resupply by air faded away, the proud army that Paulus had led to the edge of the Volga disintegrated. The elite soldiers of the German Sixth Army were now a tattered collection of emaciated, walking skeletons. With starvation, disease, and despair stalking the Army, desertions, unauthorized surrenders, and an occasional local mutiny diminished the Sixth Army's capacity for organized resistance. In the meantime, the Red Army relentlessly closed the ring around the city.

His demand for surrender rebuffed, Rokossovsky ramped up the pressure on the Stalingrad pocket. On January 10, the Soviets attacked the city with 47 divisions, and by mid-January the remnant of Paulus's command held an area just 10 miles square. Staff officers at Army headquarters in Berlin, tacitly admitting to themselves that Sixth Army was lost, tried to salvage what they could of its technicians and specialists while abandoning the rank and file to their fates. They stepped up evacuation of officers with rare skills and ability, giving them priority on flights out of the pocket ahead of the wounded. General Hans Hube, commander of the 16th Panzer Division, was one such officer. After being ordered to abandon his command and fly out of Stalingrad, Hube refused, only to be evacuated forcibly by a squad of Gestapo agents sent to the city. By the end of January, the starved, frozen, and exhausted survivors of the Sixth Army were on the verge of collapse.

Paulus dispatched an aide to speak directly to the Führer, hoping that a firsthand account of the dire situation might change Hitler's mind. Hitler was unmoved, replying that the Sixth Army's ordeal was tying down Soviet forces that might otherwise prevent the planned evacuation of the German Army Group then in the Caucasus. German airlift operations struggled on until January 24. Immediately after two Ju-52s managed to lumber off the runway at Pitomnik airfield, a Soviet T-34 tank broke through the outer defense ring of the airfield and began shooting up the control tower and makeshift airport facilities. More tanks and Soviet infantry followed, and the airfield fell into Soviet hands, bringing the German airlift to an abrupt and final halt.

With all hope of relief or rescue now gone, Paulus radioed a message to Hitler: "The troops are out of ammunition and food, effective command is no longer possible. There are 18,000 wounded without any supplies, dressings or drugs. Further defense senseless. Collapse inevitable. Army requests permission to surrender in order to save the lives of the remaining troops." Hitler gave the same response he had made to all similar requests: "Surrender is forbidden. Sixth Army will hold their positions to the last man and last round and by their heroic resistance make an unforgettable contribution towards the establishment of a defensive front and the salvation of the Western world."

In an unprecedented, if cynical, show of generosity, Hitler gave promotions to dozens of senior officers of the Sixth Army, most notably a field marshal's baton for Paulus. In the entire

history of the German Army, Hitler noted, no field marshal had ever surrendered or been taken alive. The implication was clear, but Paulus had no intention of throwing himself onto his own funeral pyre. A few days later, Soviet forces closed in on his command post, a cellar in the bombed-out ruins of a store in downtown Stalingrad. On the verge of collapse, dirty and unshaven, Paulus surrendered, and on February 2 the last German resistance in Stalingrad ceased. Of the nearly 350,000 soldiers who had followed Paulus to Stalingrad, barely 91,000 survived to surrender to the Soviets.

After Stalin announced to the world the news of Paulus's surrender and the Soviet victory at Stalingrad, a sense of foreboding fell over the Third Reich. The German people were finally informed of the loss of the German Sixth Army, and a three-day mourning period went into effect. While Paulus relaxed in a warm suburb of Moscow, the soldiers of the Sixth Army who had been promised food and shelter were not so fortunate. The Russians put 20,000 of them to work rebuilding the destroyed city, and the rest were dispatched to POW camps scattered from Siberia to central Asia. Many died shortly after the surrender from a typhus epidemic brought on by lice and the unsanitary conditions experienced during the battle. Many more would perish from malnutrition, disease, and neglect in the various Soviet prison camps. Of the 91,000 men who surrendered with Paulus, only 5,000 survived to eventually return to Germany in 1955.

For their role in the great Soviet victory, Chuikov and his Sixty-second Army received the highest honors the Red Army could bestow upon its soldiers. It was renamed the 8th Guards Army for the heroic defense of the city, and Chuikov led his men on a march across Europe that ultimately reached Berlin. His troops had the honor of capturing the Reichstag and planting the hammer and sickle atop the building in the fallen capital of the Third Reich.

From the Soviet perspective, the struggle for Stalingrad carried implications far beyond its borders. It defined the major, psychological turning point of World War II in Europe. By halting the advance of one of Germany's elite armies and ultimately defeating it, the Russians proved that the Nazis were not invincible, and in doing so they gained the confidence and skills they would need to ultimately defeat Germany. Conversely, the disaster at Stalingrad shattered the myth of Hitler's infallibility among the Germans themselves. Indeed, the path to the Soviet Union's rise to the status of a true superpower began on the banks of the Volga River.

SOVIET HEROES OF STALINGRAD

THE concentration of forces and the intensity of the fighting for Stalingrad in late 1942 and early 1943 were possibly unprecedented in the history of warfare. Divisions attacked in some sectors along a front of just a mile wide or less. Many key positions, such as the Tartar Mound, changed hands a dozen times or more, while the ruined city became a perfect killing zone for large numbers of expert snipers on both sides. Entire units were sacrificed in General Vasily Chuikov's last-ditch effort to hold the Russians' final line of defense, the Volga River.

One such unit, the elite 13th Guards Rifle Division commanded by General Alexander Rodimtsev, was rushed across the Volga in the early stages of the battle to repel a German attack near the city's center that threatened to turn the tide of the battle. Ordered to retake Mamaev Kurgan (the Tartar Mound) and Railway Station No. 1 on September 13, 1942, almost a third of the division's 10,000 soldiers were killed in action during its first 24 hours in battle. The railway station changed hands 14 times in six hours. Only 300 men survived the battle for Stalingrad, a staggering death rate of 97 percent, giving rise to the oft-repeated claim that the life expectancy of soldiers in the unfortunate division was one day for an enlisted man and three for an officer.

After being briefed by Chuikov on his assignment, Rodimtsev, a veteran of the Spanish Civil War and a national hero, declared: "I am a Communist, I have no intention of abandoning the city." One of Rodimtsev's junior officers was handpicked by the commander of the Soviet Sixty-second Army himself to carry out a vital, though suicidal, mission—to hold the railroad station in downtown Stalingrad. Lieutenant Anton K. Dragan received his orders from Chuikov in person. Gathering a platoon of 50 men, Dragan and his soldiers proceeded to frustrate the Germans for almost three weeks in an epic room-by-room struggle for control of the depot.

Breaking through walls, crawling over rafters, and burrowing under floorboards, the Russians grudgingly yielded portions of the building to the attackers, only to emerge elsewhere and resume the struggle all over again. Like Soviet soldiers elsewhere in the city, Dragan's men contested every inch of ground, even down to the sewer system. Combatants were reduced to a primitive, almost inhuman level of existence in the blasted, gutted ruins, fighting a war the Germans called *Rattenkrieg*, or rats' war, in a hellish, surrealistic tableau recalling scenes from Dante's *Inferno.* Exchanging gunfire down hallways, and lobbing grenades back and forth between rooms, Dragan and his men inflicted as many casualties as possible upon their enemies while selling their own lives dearly.

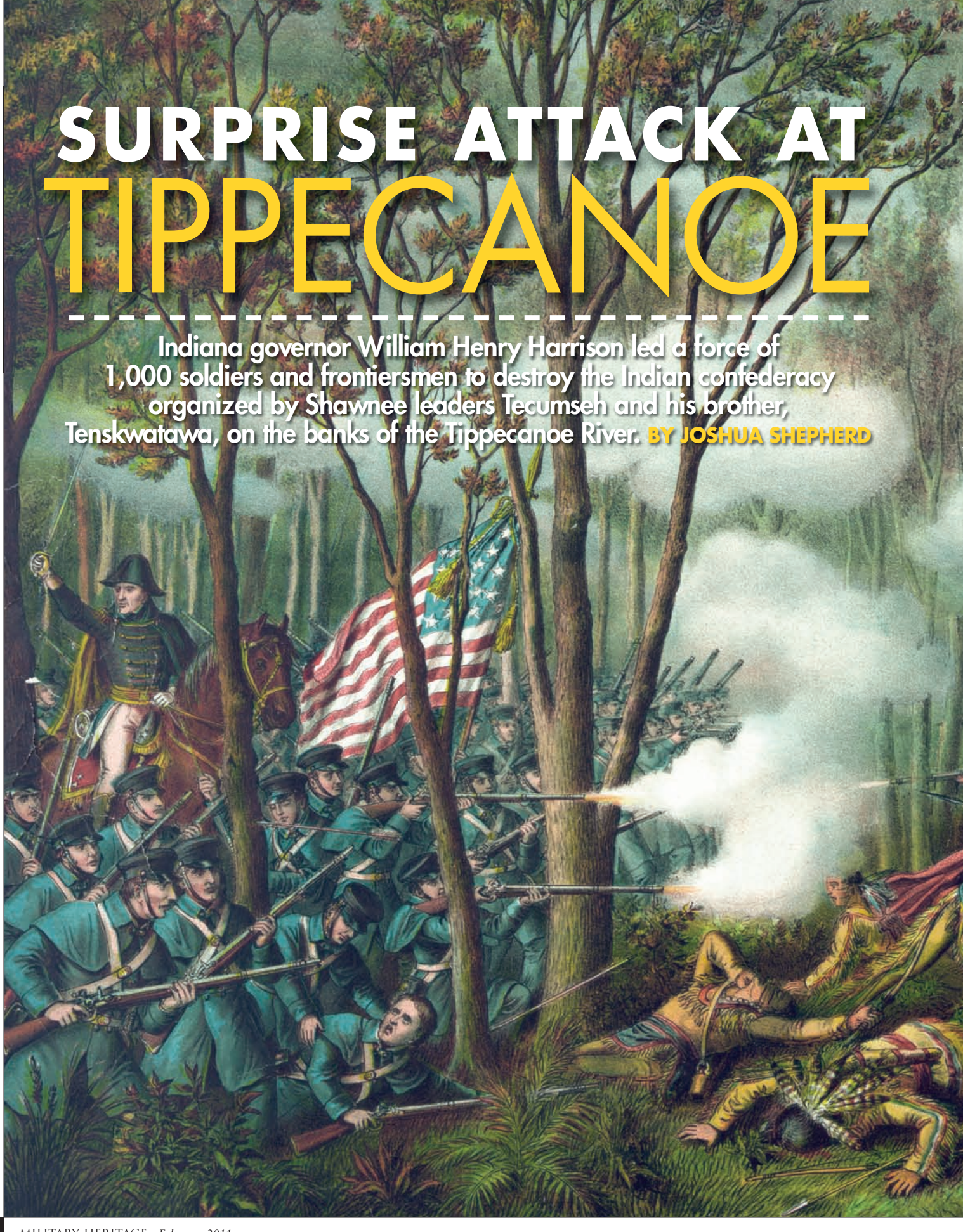
Despite its heroic resistance, Dragan's small force was eventually reduced to a mere handful of survivors. Running out of ammunition and rations, one of the soldiers took out a bayonet and carved on the wall, "Rodimtsev's Guardsmen fought and died for their country here." Under cover of darkness, Dragan and just five survivors slipped out of the building, made their way through enemy lines, and rejoined the fighting elsewhere in the city. □

The monumental scale of the battle lived on in the ruins of the shattered city. Although a panel of the Supreme Soviet determined that it would be easier to abandon the city and build a new one elsewhere, Stalin's ego and determination brought about the ultimate reconstruction of the city. But buried among the ruins was the horrendous price the Russians had paid for their victory. It will never be known how many people died at Stalingrad. Some postwar estimates claim that Chuikov lost over a million soldiers in his effort to hold the city, but that figure is almost certainly exaggerated. Still, the loss of life was appalling.

The casualty figures for the German Sixth Army, the Fourth Panzer Army, and their Axis auxiliaries that supported the march to the Volga were staggering. The Germans lost about 400,000 men; the Italians, Hungarians, and Romanians about 120,000 each. According to archival figures, the Red Army suffered a total of 1,129,619 total casualties—478,741 killed and missing and 650,878 wounded—in the greater Stalingrad area. In the city itself, 750,000 Russians were killed, wounded, or captured. The most horrendous toll fell on the city's civilian inhabitants. Of Stalingrad's estimated 850,000 residents in 1940, only 1,500 citizens remained in the pile of rubble that once was Stalingrad. □

SURPRISE ATTACK AT TIPPECANOE

Indiana governor William Henry Harrison led a force of 1,000 soldiers and frontiersmen to destroy the Indian confederacy organized by Shawnee leaders Tecumseh and his brother, Tenskwatawa, on the banks of the Tippecanoe River. BY JOSHUA SHEPHERD



FOR WILLIAM HENRY Harrison, the letter he received on October 12, 1811, constituted not only official orders, but something of a personal vindication as well. As the governor of Indian Territory, Harrison had been warning the War Department for more than five years of the dangerous threat posed by the Shawnee tribal leader Tecumseh and his brother, Tenskwatawa, called the Prophet. Although President James Madison had repeatedly urged Harrison to continue showing forbearance in dealing with the increasing number of border killings, Secretary of War William Eustis, on his own initiative, had issued a new set of instructions that granted the governor wide latitude in dealing with the Prophet and his followers encamped on the Tippecanoe River. "You will approach and order him to disperse," wrote Eustis. "If he neglects or refuses to disperse he will be attacked and compelled to it by the force under your command." Harrison had been anxiously preparing for such a move against the Prophet and quickly reported to Eustis that "nothing now remains but to chastise him and he shall certainly get it."

Harrison's repugnance for agitators came naturally. A scion of Virginia gentry, he was born on February 9, 1773, at the magnificent manor house of Berkeley Plantation on the James River. Commissioned an ensign in the United States Army in 1791, Harrison eventually served as an aide de camp to Maj. Gen. "Mad Anthony" Wayne. In that capacity Harrison saw action at the Battle of Fallen Timbers in 1794 and was present for treaty negotiations at Fort Greenville the following summer. The Treaty of Greenville, which secured to the United States the southern two-thirds of Ohio, pacified the belligerent tribes of the Northwest Territory after decades of continuous warfare, but likewise served as the genesis for future conflict.

From the outset, the peace settlement was not without its detractors. Opposition to the treaty was headed by Tecumseh, who had boycotted the negotiations. Although not a chief

General William Henry Harrison, on horseback, rallies his shaken forces at Tippecanoe as outgunned Shawnee warriors creep ever closer to the American camp in this 1889 Kurz and Allison print.

Library of Congress

in any official capacity, Tecumseh, just 27 years old in 1795, quickly gathered a following of disaffected tribesmen who were determined to resist further American expansion, and the group established its own independent village outside the aegis of tribal authorities.

Ironically, the treaty itself served to buttress the salient point of Tecumseh's resistance doctrine. Although it was customary to form agreements with a handful of tribes on the basis of territorial ownership, at Greenville the United States had succeeded in treating with more than 10 separate Indian nations at once, and virtually the entire native population of the Old Northwest had been represented. Although the provisions of the treaty could therefore be considered wholly legitimate, a dangerous precedent had been established by such tacit recognition of collective tribal ownership. Tecumseh insisted that the land was held in common by all the tribes and any further American attempts at territorial acquisition should be handled accordingly.

This concept was at loggerheads with official American policy. During the administration of President Thomas Jefferson, government officials increasingly implemented an aggressive system of territorial expansion aimed at extinguishing tribal claims. Jefferson consequently encouraged federal trading posts to extend unrestrained credit to the tribesmen and thereby foster a cycle of indebtedness among the natives. "When these debts get beyond what individuals can pay,"

THE FANATIC DEDICATION OF THE PROPHET'S **FOLLOWERS ALARMED BOTH HARRISON AND OLDER** TRIBAL LEADERS.... "I REALLY FEAR," WROTE HARRISON, **"THAT THIS SAID PROPHET IS AN ENGINE SET TO** WORK BY THE BRITISH FOR SOME BAD PURPOSE."

The Granger Collection, New York

Harrison and Shawnee chief Tecumseh almost come to blows at the stormy Vincennes peace council of 1810. Battle lines were drawn that day between the two sides.

observed Jefferson, "they become willing to lop them off by a cession of lands."

The point man in implementing Jefferson's policies was Harrison, who had been appointed governor of the newly created Indiana Territory on May 13, 1800. In addition to his duties as governor, Harrison assumed the roles of superintendent of Indian affairs and treaty commissioner; at the latter task he quickly set to work and proved immensely successful. Between 1803 and 1805, Harrison concluded some half-dozen treaties with individual tribes and secured nearly 30 million acres for the United States.

The incessant prosecution of land acquisition treaties did not go unnoticed by Tecumseh and his recalcitrant band, which had been inflamed by the steady depletion of Indian territory. In the summer of 1805, Tecumseh established a village beneath the very walls of old Fort Greenville in a defiant gesture to American authorities. Tecumseh's Greenville village grew steadily over the succeeding three years as he continued to attract natives disaffected by the appeasement policies of elder tribal leaders.

Tecumseh actively sought to blur tribal distinctions and promote a pan-Indian nationalism, and his efforts to attract a wider following were greatly aided by the activities of his eccentric, one-eyed brother, Tenskwatawa. Regarded as little more than a drunken miscreant in his youth, Tenskwatawa had supposedly fallen into a trance in 1805 and underwent a radical transformation. Assuming the mantle of a Shawnee tribal prophet, he began preaching an ascetic brand of native witchcraft, condemning liquor, intermarriage, and the adoption of American-style agriculture.

The Prophet quickly secured a broad-based cult following and tested the bounds of his power in the spring of 1806 by launching a virtual reign of terror with the aim of awing the natives into submission. Several Indians, including a Christian convert and an aged Delaware chief, were accused of witchcraft and burnt at the stake on the Prophet's orders. The fanatic dedication of the Prophet's followers alarmed both Harrison and older tribal leaders. Harrison dispatched an angry reprimand to the Delaware for the part they played in the executions and contemptuously pointed out the fact that no miracles had been performed by "this pretended prophet who dares to speak in the name of the Great Creator." An exasperated Harrison reported to the secretary of war in July of 1807 that war belts had been circulating through the tribes, and he hinted at the broader implications posed by potential hostilities. "I really fear," wrote Harrison, "that this said Prophet is an engine set to work by the British for some bad purpose."

Ever since the close of the Revolution, anger over British intrigue had enraged the frontier population. These suspicions were inflamed anew subsequent to the Chesapeake affair in June of 1807 and resulted in a heightened sense of impending conflict with Great Britain. Harrison warned the territorial assembly that they should be prepared for "the contest which is likely to ensue, for who does not know that the tomahawk and scalping knife of the savage are always employed as the instruments of British vengeance." Although the British had as yet offered no overt assistance to Tecumseh and the Prophet, British subjects circulated south of the

Great Lakes with impunity and Sir James Craig, the governor of Upper Canada, encouraged his agents to establish contact with the Prophet and privately impress upon the natives "with delicacy and caution that England expects their aid in the event of war."

By the spring of 1808 the suspicions of American authorities had been so aroused by his activities that Tecumseh sought a more isolated locale for his village and settled at the confluence of the Wabash and Tippecanoe Rivers in Indiana Territory. From his secluded base on the Wabash, Tecumseh began laying the groundwork of an Indian confederacy that would stretch from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico and would constitute the most ambitious effort of native resistance ever attempted on the continent.

Harrison had encouraged the disbandment of the village at Greenville and was pleased to receive a letter from the Prophet in July 1808 assuring him of the Tippecanoe settlement's pacific intent. The Prophet then met personally with Harrison, assuring the governor that "it is our intention to live in peace with our father and his people forever." In surprising testament to Tenskwatawa's hypnotic appeal, the governor was completely taken in by the deception. Harrison reported to the secretary of war that "the influence which the Prophet has acquired will prove rather advantageous than otherwise."

The rapprochement would prove to be short-lived. By the spring of 1809, Indians as far away as Missouri admitted that they had been courted to war against the frontiersmen, and Indian agent William Wells, convinced that the Prophet was in communication with British operatives, reported that Tenskwatawa had requested neighboring tribes to "receive the tomahawk from him and destroy all the white people at Vincennes." At last convinced of the Prophet's true motives, Harrison confessed that "my suspicions of his guilt have been rather strengthened than diminished."

The final breach came in the autumn of 1809. On orders from Washington, Harrison concluded yet another treaty at Fort Wayne on September 30. Meeting with delegates from the Miami, Delaware, Kickapoo, and Potawatomi tribes, Harrison acquired some three million acres lying north of Vincennes. The loss of this tract, referred to as the New Purchase, infuriated the Indians at Tippecanoe and contributed to a rapid destabilization of the frontier.

Hostilities escalated with the destruction of settlers' property as well as a handful of mysterious murders. Harrison opened an angry correspondence with the Prophet and offered forgiveness if the natives would be willing to

Both: Library of Congress

LEFT: Tenskwatawa, the Prophet, Tecumseh's brother. RIGHT: William Henry Harrison. Portrait by Rembrandt Peale, 1813.

repent. Harrison added an ominous threat that portended future trouble. "Do not think that the red coats can protect you," he warned, "they are not able to protect themselves." In response to Harrison's concerns, the Indians made arrangements for another conference, albeit not with the Prophet but with Tecumseh.

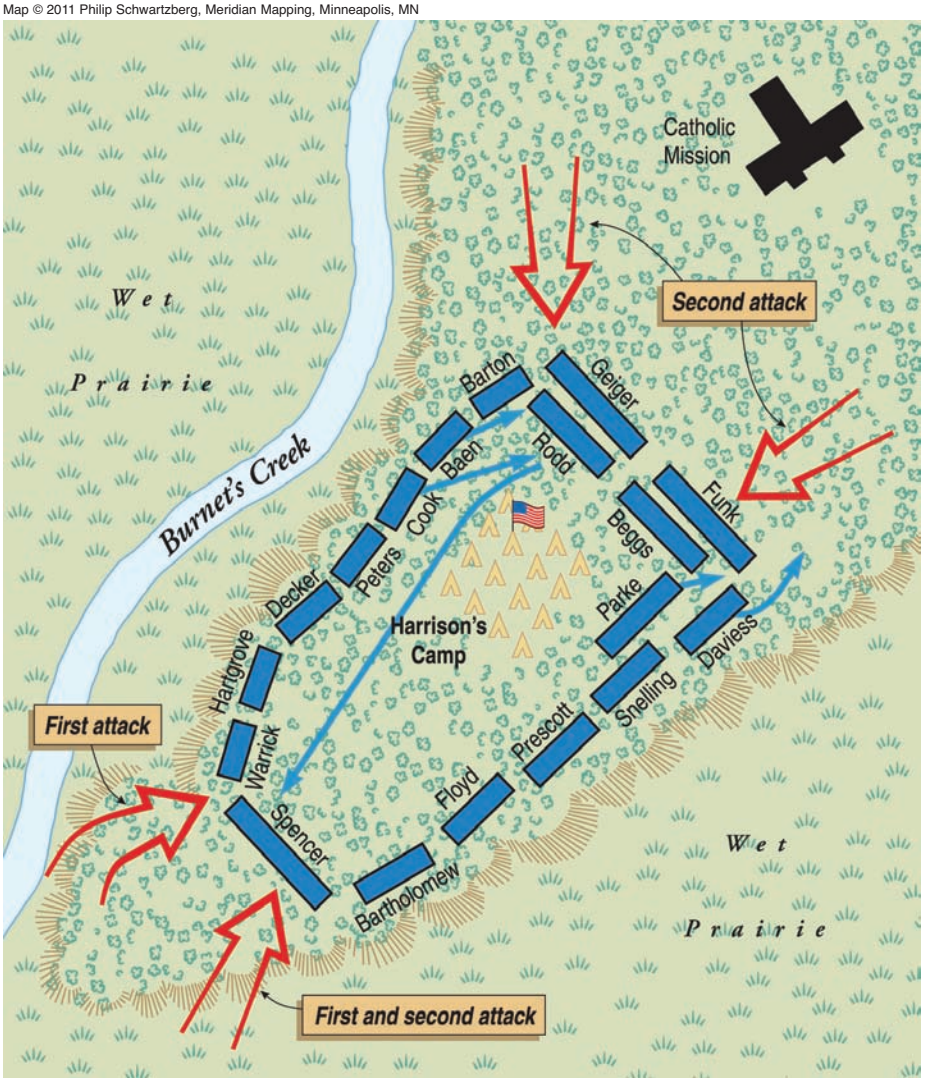
Although he had previously assumed a relatively inconspicuous role in comparison with his more flamboyant brother, Tecumseh proved to be the calculating brains of the duo. He had honed his skills as a masterful orator during his extensive travels to promote Indian unification. At the age of 42, Tecumseh was at the apogee of his power and cut an imposing figure. "Perhaps one of the finest looking men I ever saw," thought one Army officer, "about six feet high, straight, with large fine features and altogether a daring bold-looking fellow."

The council with the governor was set to open at Harrison's Vincennes estate on August 12, 1810, and resulted in a dramatic confrontation between their respective peoples' chief protagonists. From the moment it started, the council was an uneasy affair. Tecumseh, who had arrived at Vincennes with 80 warriors, made it clear that he was ill disposed for conciliation. In a lengthy harangue, he laid out his objections to American expansion, and although he insisted that he had no intention of going to war, he likewise avowed that the natives were "determined to make a stand, where they were." Tempers flared amid mutual accusations, and fighting almost erupted on the spot. Ultimately, Tecumseh refused to acknowledge the validity of the New Purchase, which Harrison was anxious to survey, and insisted that the governor was to blame for the recent troubles. "You try to force the red people to do some injury," he said, "but it is you that is pushing them to mischief."

Harrison was convinced that an armed confrontation was all but inevitable and requested instructions from Secretary of War Eustis regarding the disposition of troops, the survey of the New Purchase, and the construction of military installations to secure it. He likewise reported that it was Tecumseh, not the Prophet, who was "the Moses of the family" and therefore to be regarded as the real leader of the hostiles at Tippecanoe. "A bold, active, sensible man," wrote Harrison, "daring in the extreme and capable of any undertaking."

Eustis replied that given the precarious nature of Anglo-American relations, it was presently considered not expedient to run the boundary of the New Purchase. As Indian depredations and border tensions grew more intense, Harrison was at a loss how to proceed. "Our backwoods men are not of a disposition to content themselves with land of an inferior quality," he wrote Eustis, "when they see in their immediate neighborhood the finest country as to soil in the world occupied by a few wretched savages."

Events rapidly headed toward confrontation the following year. Indian depredations continued from Indiana to Missouri, and on June 24, 1811, Harrison penned a stern rebuke to Tecumseh.



In the trapezoid-shaped American camp above Burnet's Creek, the men slept with their loaded weapons—a wise precaution in Indian territory.

"This is the third year that all the white people have been alarmed at your proceedings," wrote Harrison. "You threaten us with war, you invite all the tribes to the north and west of you to join against us." Tecumseh replied that he would visit Harrison and "wash away all these bad stories." Again meeting the governor in Vincennes, Tecumseh adopted a conciliatory tone, and a bemused Harrison wrote that "one would have supposed that he came here for the purpose of complimenting me." Tecumseh continued to profess peaceful intentions and promised to consult with Harrison in the spring after he had made a visit to the southern tribes. Harrison remained unconvinced and felt certain that Tecumseh's purpose on the trip was "to excite the Southern Indians against us."

By informing Harrison of his trip south, Tecumseh unwittingly committed a grave strategic blunder. Harrison immediately informed Eustis that "his absence affords a most favorable opportunity for breaking up his Confederacy. I have expectation of being able to accomplish it without a recourse to actual hostility." Harrison's plan, as outlined to Eustis, was to advance to the northern boundary of the New Purchase, construct a fort, and thereby intimidate surrounding tribes to isolate Tenskwatawa and force the breakup of Prophetstown, as the village had come to be known. Although Harrison considered a peaceful resolution still possible, he nonetheless insisted that "to ensure success some military force must be brought to view." Bringing such a military force to view in the vicinity of Tippecanoe could very well invite attack, but Harrison was certain that Tecumseh's absence afforded a unique opportunity in a narrow window of time. "The Prophet is imprudent and audacious," wrote Harrison, "but is deficient in judgment talent and firmness."

Because President Madison spent much of the summer of 1811 at his home in Virginia, Eustis was forced to navigate the situation largely on his own. Ultimately, he authorized an expedition. "It is presumed," wrote Eustis, "no objection or difficulty will arise from crossing the boundary of the territory, if circumstances should require it." The ambiguous nature of the orders, which granted Harrison wide latitude in their interpretation, virtually guaranteed an armed confrontation.

Harrison quickly began organizing an armed force and ordered the 4th Infantry Regiment, which Eustis had stationed in Newport, Kentucky, to advance to Vincennes. The greater part of Harrison's force was composed of Indiana militia, and the regulars naturally viewed them with suspicion. Private Adam Walker thought the backwoodsmen sported "a savage appearance," garbed in "a short frock of deer skin, a belt around their bodies with a tomahawk and a scalping knife." Walker nonetheless grudgingly admitted that "the Militia from Kentucky and a few companies from Indiana were decent soldiers." Members of the Kentucky contingent to which Walker alluded, 60 dragoons under the command of Major Joseph Hamilton Daviess, had purchased their own sabers and horse pistols and were itching for a fight. Daviess was an enthusiastic, if eccentric, southern gentleman whose energies and personal ambition would prove a mixed blessing to the expedition. A United States attorney who had sought unsuccessfully to prosecute Aaron Burr, Daviess had a knack for making a spectacle of himself and had once worn a conspicuous red shirt to the capital "to make sure the Washingtonians knew he was in town."

Alarmed by the sudden display of force in Vincennes, the Prophet dispatched emissaries to calm Harrison, but the effort degenerated into a diplomatic farce. The Indian party inexplicably stole horses from a nearby settlement and an Army contractor, then fled north. Harrison ordered a pursuit, and although the horses were recovered, the Americans were fired on in a brief confrontation.

Finally armed with a provocation that justified a demonstration against Tippecanoe, the governor set his expedition into motion on the south bank of the Wabash on September 26. Determined to avoid an ambush, Harrison employed a marching formation he had learned under Anthony Wayne in the 1790s. A screen of scouts fanned out in advance of the main force, whose van, flanks, and rear were covered by dragoons and mounted riflemen. The main body of infantry, divided into two columns on

opposite sides of the trail, guarded the supply wagons and beef herd.

By October 3, the army had advanced 65 miles. Harrison halted the march to begin construction of the installation authorized by Eustis. Fort Harrison, as the post was christened, took the better part of a month to complete, and the expedition's progress was further stalled by the incompetent performance of Army contractors. Their axes were discovered to be of inferior quality, and flour was not forwarded in a timely manner, necessitating short rations for the men.

Increasingly, there was little doubt as to the Prophet's true intentions. A sentry was killed and a supply boat carrying corn was attacked four miles south of Fort Harrison with the loss of one man. On October 29, Harrison again put his men back in motion and sent out a party of peaceful Delawares to treat with the Prophet, who refused to meet with the delegation. Two days into the march, the men constructed a fortified baggage depot, Fort Boyd, before crossing to the north bank of the Wabash to make the final approach to Tippecanoe.

On November 6, the force was within five miles of the village and began seeing Indians.

Interpreters were thrown out to open parlay with the natives but, reported Harrison, the Prophet's warriors would "return no answer to the invitations but continued to insult our people by their gestures." Concerned that his men might be ambushed, Harrison closed the last few miles slowly and kept up constant patrols with his mounted riflemen, who cautiously probed timberland and ravines before the rest of the expedition was allowed to pass.

A mile and a half from the village, Harrison halted and began making plans to encamp. Daviess and a few other officers approached the governor and urged an immediate attack. Harrison declined, noting that his orders did not authorize him to attack if there was a reasonable chance that the Indians might peacefully disperse. A determined Daviess pointed to the hostile demeanor of the Indians already encountered. Harrison agreed, but again insisted that a preemptive attack exceeded his orders, and he wanted better intelligence regarding the terrain. Daviess insisted that he and his adjutant had already advanced to the edge of the village (he had actually only seen a few outlying lodges) and the Army could advance without fear of ambuscade. Harrison relented and made one final attempt at parlay. Toussaint Dubois, a Vincennes fur trader and Harrison's chief of scouts, volunteered to advance under flag of truce and establish contact. Once again, the Indians continued to menace and insult Dubois, who raced back to the Army when he observed the Indians were attempting to cut him off.

Harrison determined to attack the village, but the Prophet at last sent out three chiefs to speak to the governor. The Indians assured Harrison of their peaceful intentions and suggested that a council be held the following morning. Harrison agreed but did not like the looks of the ground south of the village, which was an open prairie ill suited to defense; better ground was to be had north of Prophetstown. Tensions mounted as the troops approached the village. Unsure of Harrison's intentions, 50 or 60 warriors rushed out of the camp and began preparing for battle. Harrison personally rode to the front and, through an interpreter, assured the villagers that he was only seeking wood and water for his men.

Harrison reported that "a mutual promise was again made for suspension of hostilities until we could have an interview on the following day." The army filed off to the west and went into camp around 4 PM. The site selected was the best defensive position in the area, a small plateau that rose 10 to 20 feet from the surrounding countryside. The camp commanded open marsh-

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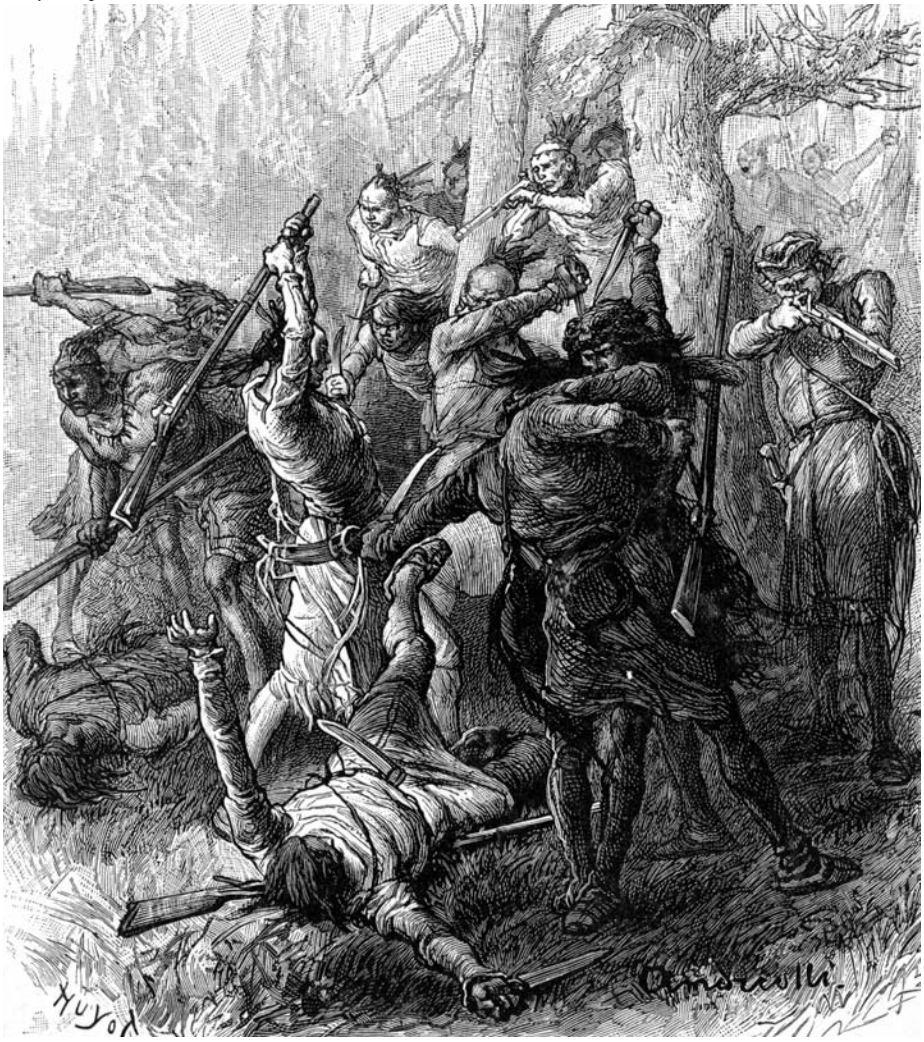


At the peak of the Battle of Tippecanoe, hand-to-hand combat between U.S. militia and Shawnees rose to eye-gouging, knife-slashing levels.

land, and to the west abutted a steep hillside that fell off into a creek bottom. The governor formed his troops into a hollow trapezoid to conform to the lay of the land and ordered the men to sleep on their arms. Harrison circled his camp with a sentinel screen, but he neglected to send out any scouts in the direction of the village. Due to the lack of good tools, the army likewise failed to erect breastworks.

Facing the creek, Harrison placed a battalion of Indiana militia under the command of Lt. Col. Luke Decker, as well as a battalion of the 4th under Captain William C. Baen. The left flank was

occupied by mounted riflemen under the command of Major Samuel Wells. Harrison's main line facing the direction of the village was held by a battalion of the 4th under Major George Floyd and a battalion of Indiana militia under Colonel Joseph Bartholomew. To cover his narrow right flank, Harrison placed Captain Spier Spencer's Yellowjackets, an Indiana militia company so named for their homespun uniforms. All told, Harrison was able to muster about 1,000 effectives.

In the ranks of Captain Frederick Geiger's militia at the northwest comer of the camp, friends Isaac Naylor and Joseph Warnock retired at 10 PM on opposite sides of a campfire. The previous night, Warnock had experienced a nightmare premonition that "foreboded something fatal to him." "Having no confidence in dreams," recalled Naylor, "I thought but little about the matter, although I observed that he never smiled afterwards." Samuel Pfrimmer, one of Spencer's Yellowjackets, remembered an old frontiersman named Bayard in his company. With a peaceful settlement in the offing for the following day, a number of soldiers were disappointed that they would see no action. The old man scoffed at such notions. "Sam, sleep with your moccasins on," advised Bayard, "for them red devils are going to fight before day."

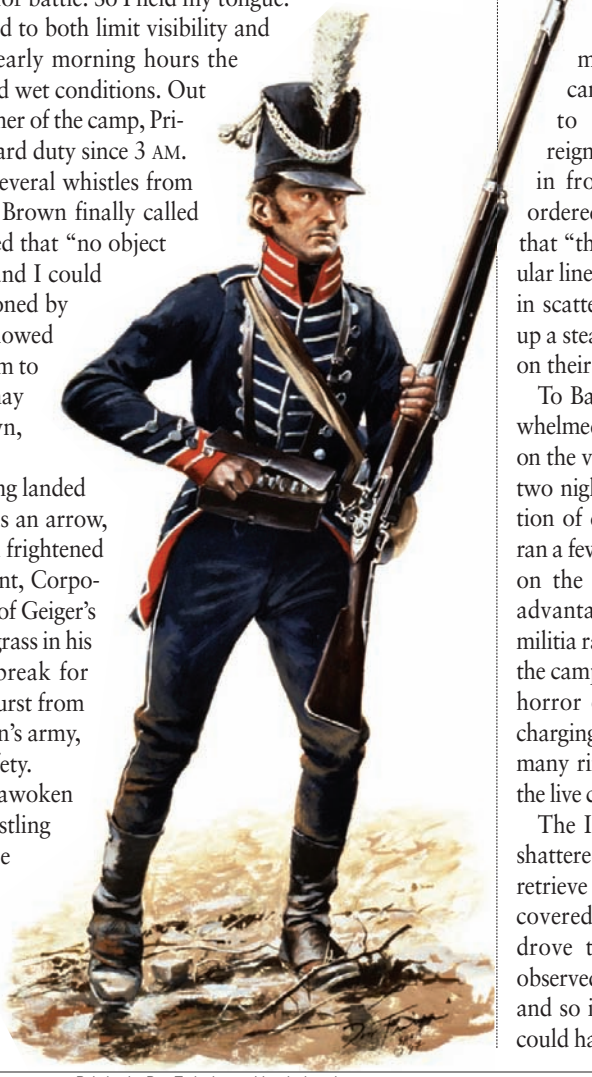
In the Tippecanoe village, the Indians were indeed making plans for an early morning assault. By "pronouncing some enchantment over a composition he had prepared," the Prophet had convinced his warriors that victory was inevitable and assured them that by means of his spell "half the army was already dead and the other half bewildered." Furthermore, he claimed, the Indians would be immune to gunfire; the Americans' powder had turned to sand, and the warriors had nothing to do but "rush into camp and complete the work of destruction with the tomahawk."

More experienced warriors knew better. Potawatomi chief Chaubenee, one of Tecumseh's trusted lieutenants, urged greater caution in confronting Harrison. The Americans were like great trees, he said, but "when a great tree falls, it crushes many little ones." The disappointed Chaubenee observed that "all of our chiefs were hot for battle. So I held my tongue."

A drizzling rain fell that night, which served to both limit visibility and muffle the sounds about the camp; by the early morning hours the Army's sentinels were bemoaning the cold and wet conditions. Out in front of Baen's regulars at the northwest comer of the camp, Private William Brigham had been posted on guard duty since 3 AM. Off to his left Brigham heard, and ignored, several whistles from fellow sentinel William Brown. A persistent Brown finally called out, "Look sharp!" although Brigham recalled that "no object could be discerned within three feet of me, and I could hear nothing except the rustling noise occasioned by the falling rain." In a few moments, Brown showed up "much alarmed" and pleaded with Brigham to fire their weapons and head for camp. "You may depend on it," assured a wide-eyed Brown, "there are Indians in the bushes."

While the pair debated what to do, something landed in the brush nearby, which they supposed was an arrow, at which time, Brigham said, they were "both frightened and run in without firing." At the same instant, Corporal Stephen Mars, a sentinel stationed in front of Geiger's militia, saw Indians approaching through tall grass in his front and discharged his weapon, only to break for camp when a swarm of screaming warriors burst from cover. Mars had succeeded in alerting Harrison's army, but was cut off and killed before reaching safety.

In the ranks of Geiger's militia, Naylor had awoken at 4 AM from a dream of "firing guns and whistling balls," caused, he thought, by the sound of the drizzling rain. He recalled that he was "engaged in making a calculation when I should arrive home" when he heard Mars's gunshot. He briefly entertained the notion that a sentry had fired mistakenly when he heard another shot, followed by the haunting and unmistakable war cry of some 600 hostile tribesmen.



Painting by Don Troiani, www.historicalartprints.com

Their movements masked by the morning's rainfall, the Indians had succeeded in closely approaching the Army's sentinel screen before launching their attack. One sentry, Daniel Pettit, barely made it back to camp alive. Closely and furiously pursued by a single warrior, Pettit cocked his rifle on the run, then suddenly spun around and jammed the barrel of his rifle into his pursuer's stomach. Both men fired simultaneously. The Indian fell with a shot through his body and narrowly missed Pettit, whose head scarf caught fire from the muzzle blast.

The initial Indian attack struck hard at the northwest corner of the camp. Captain Robert Barton's regulars were caught unprepared. Awakened by an awful yell, Sergeant Montgomery Orr and Corporal David Thomas grabbed their muskets and scrambled to exit their tent. Thomas fell back onto his companion, who barked, "Thomas, for God's sake don't give back!" But as Orr recalled, "He made me no answer, for he was a dead man."

When the attack had opened, a three-man detail was in the act of stoking the campfires, and their position was well lit to the onrushing natives. Confusion reigned, the men unsure if they should form in front or in rear of their tents. Barton ordered his men into line but reported later that "they were too much broken, and no regular line could be formed." Fighting stubbornly in scattered groups, Barton's regulars opened up a steady fire and maintained a tenuous hold on their position.

To Barton's right, Geiger's militia was overwhelmed by the ferocity of the attack and was on the verge of collapse. Joseph Warnock, who two nights earlier had experienced a premonition of death, was shot almost instantly. "He ran a few yards," recalled Naylor, "and fell dead on the ground." The Indians pressed their advantage and poured a deadly fire into the militia ranks, which were clearly illuminated by the campfires. One militiaman remembered the horror of the moment, as the Indians were charging "most furiously and shooting a great many rifle balls into our camp fires, throwing the live coals into the air three or four feet high."

The Indians pressed to close quarters and shattered Geiger's left. When the captain ran to retrieve an extra gun for one of his men, he discovered Indians rifling through his tent and drove them off. One of Barton's regulars observed that the militia was in great confusion and so intermingled with the enemy that they could hardly be distinguished from the Indians.

Library of Congress

ABOVE: Major Joseph Daviess falls mortally wounded while leading a successful counterattack of U.S. Army dragoons at Tippecanoe. "I am a dead man!" he shouted as he fell. OPPOSITE: A 4th U.S. Infantry soldier, painted by Dan Troiani.

The natives exploited the breach, and, as Harrison later reported, caused "great injury to Barton's Company." In the ensuing melee, Baen was rushed by a tomahawk-wielding warrior and was "shockingly mangled."

The rest of the Army escaped the brunt of the initial onslaught and was able to form up quickly.

The men frantically doused the campfires. Harrison, who was in the act of putting on his boots when the attack erupted, immediately sought out reinforcements to bolster the threatened sector of his camp. He pulled two companies of the 4th Regiment out of line from the relatively secure western side of the camp and ordered them to reform obliquely behind Barton and Geiger.

For the Prophet's warriors, the fight was not going as expected. While their leader sat in the rear and chanted incantations, his men were suffering heavy casualties in the face of unexpectedly stiff American resistance. Most of Harrison's men were firing charges containing 12 buckshot, which proved devastatingly effective in the low-light conditions. Although Harrison thought the natives "manifested a ferocity uncommon even with them," the Indians, for their part, were demoralized by facing such dogged resistance from the Americans.

One Miami warrior witnessed another Indian kill a soldier, kneel to pull his scalp, and then receive a severe wound on his posterior from the saber of a lone American officer. Four other Indians then rushed the officer and a desperate struggle ensued. Swinging his sword wildly, the American wounded three of his assailants and mortally wounded the fourth with a point-blank shot from his pistol that tore away all the flesh and muscles from the upper part of his arm. The officer was finally overpowered and killed, but, noted the Miami witness, he had proved himself "a stout warrior."

Forty-five minutes into the fight, Daviess had yet to see any action and his blood was up. His troop of dragoons was positioned in a supporting role in the northeast comer of the camp, and the major grew impatient with inactivity. The Indians in Floyd's front had found good cover behind some downed timber and were pouring a galling fire into the regulars. Daviess sought out Harrison and pleaded for his dragoons to be put to better use. Throwing up his arm in the direction of the enemy, he asked, "Will you permit me to dislodge those damned savages behind those logs?" Harrison demurred; a frustrated Daviess repeated the request, which was again refused.

Daviess stalked off but was determined not to be denied. He sent Harrison a third request to launch a counterattack, to which an exasperated Harrison replied: "Tell Major Daviess he has heard my opinion twice, that he shall have an honorable position before the battle is over. He may now use his discretion." The message was all the impetuous Kentuckian needed. He gathered a picked force of 20 dismounted dragoons and led them in a mad dash for the enemy. Daviess, wearing a conspicuous white coat, pulled ahead of his men and made an inviting target. He was quickly hit, and falling, was heard to cry out, "I am a dead man!" His demoralized troopers fell back, but succeeded in carrying off their stricken commander. The charge he had insisted on making had accomplished nothing.

A full company of regulars under Captain Josiah Snelling then launched their own counterattack and succeeded in clearing the enemy from the downed timber. The Indians expanded their attack around the camp's perimeter, probing for a weak spot, and found it on the Army's right flank. Occupied by Spencer's Yellowjackets, the flank was defended by 80 men spread out along a 75-yard front. Ensign John Tipton later recorded that the Indians opened up a continual fire that was particularly devastating to the company's officers. A friend at his side had his jaw shot away, recalled Tipton. "He suffered great agony, but soon died."

Lieutenants Richard McMahon and Thomas Berry were shot dead. Spencer received a wound to the head, encouraged his men to fight on, and then went down with a painful wound in both thighs. Two privates were detailed to remove the captain on a makeshift litter, but before they could reach the field hospital, another ball struck Spencer and passed lengthwise through his body, killing him instantly. Harrison rode up with his staff and drew the attention of Indian marksmen. His horse was hit in the head and another shot, said the governor, came "very near terminating my earthly career."

Harrison found the Yellowjackets hard pressed but holding their own under the command of Tipton. Harrison ordered Tipton to "Hold your own, my brave boy," and rode off to gather reinforcements. Harrison ordered two companies from the 4th and one company of Indiana militia to support the Yellowjackets. The men immediately executed a charge that, reported Harrison, put the Indians "to precipitate flight." Fleeing in confusion, numbers of warriors were exposed in the open prairie southeast of camp, and Harrison prepared to deploy his dragoons to sweep the field.

However, no dragoons were available. On his own initiative, Wells had launched an attack on the left flank. Bolstering his militia with regulars and the dragoons, he succeeded in driving off the Indians, who were disinclined to continue the fight in approaching daylight. The dragoons, however, were unable to follow up on their victory as the Indians fled through a swamp impassable to the horses. Seeing their enemy driven from the field, Harrison's battered troops unleashed a spontaneous shout of three huzzahs, and, just as quickly as it had begun, the battle was over.

In the frenetic moments after the horrific fighting, little quarter was offered the enemy. One warrior, isolated on the prairie, suddenly rose up from the tall grass and ran for cover in the woods to the east. A group of regulars fired at him and missed; an Indiana rifleman quickly sprinted a few yards into the clearing and killed him with one shot. Kentuckians then took his scalp, divided it among themselves and skewered the pieces on their ramrods. "Such was the fate of nearly all of the Indians found dead on the battle ground," remembered Naylor, "and such was the disposition of their scalps."

An Indiana militiaman searching the prairie discovered a wounded Potawatomi chief, nudged him with his foot, and was met with a plea of "Don't kill me" in broken English. Several regulars came up and snapped their pieces at him, but all misfired. An officer rode up on horseback and, brandishing his saber, told the men that "he would show them how to kill Indians." Harrison had been watching the scene unfold and dispatched a runner just in time with orders to take the Indian prisoner alive. His shattered knee and ankle were dressed by army surgeons, but the man adamantly declined amputation and likewise refused to give Harrison any information.

At 8:30 AM, Captain Peter Funk went to see Daviess. The Kentuckian had received several balls in the stomach, and his wounds were pronounced mortal. In "great pain and consternation," said Funk, Daviess expressed just one regret, "that he had military talents" but "was about to be cut down in the meridian of life without having an opportunity of displaying them for his own honor, and the good of his country." Fearing that the Army would retreat and abandon him to the enemy, the delirious Daviess extracted a promise from Funk that he would not be left behind. Expiring soon thereafter, Daviess was buried between two trees, his grave camouflaged to prevent desecration by the Indians.

"YOU ARE A LIAR. YOU TOLD US THAT THE WHITE PEOPLE WERE DEAD OR CRAZY WHEN THEY WERE ALL IN THEIR SENSES AND FOUGHT LIKE THE DEVIL."

Although they had severely mauled Harrison's troops, the impact of the defeat proved devastating to the Prophet's followers. As his disillusioned warriors returned to confront him, the Prophet, reported one witness, sat crestfallen, with his head tucked between his knees. "You are a liar," said a Winnebago chief. "You told us that the white people were dead or crazy when they were all in their senses and fought like the devil." Aware that his influence over the tribes was ruined, Tenskwatawa attempted to blame the disaster on his wife. Unbeknownst to him, he claimed, she had touched his sacred medicine bag during "the time of her monthly visitation" and thereby compromised its powers. He pleaded with the villagers to "suffer him once more to try his skill," but he was instead tied up and threatened with execution as a false prophet. Ultimately, the tribesmen chose to spare his life and await the return of Tecumseh to decide his brother's fate.

In the American camp, Harrison and his officers were content to simply hold their ground for another day. The Army had suffered heavy casualties, 68 killed and 126 wounded, and the troops were busied building breastworks and burying the dead, who were interred in shallow graves containing five to 10 corpses each. Although the Indians were observed to carry off many of their dead and wounded, the soldiers discovered 36 dead Indians scattered about the camp. The Americans were forced to endure another uneasy, rainy night without campfires, and Funk recorded that "the Indian dogs during the dark hours produced frequent alarm by prowling in search of carrion about the sentinels."

The next morning, scouts were sent out and reported that Prophetstown had been abandoned by the enemy. Advance details were sent into the village to search for food, and the hungry soldiers gathered up what little corn the Indians had left behind. One Indian woman was found hiding in the village and taken captive, and several fresh graves were discovered containing warriors killed in the battle. The soldiers set fire to the town and left. On the morning of November 9, the Army began the return journey to Vincennes. Back at Fort Boyd, the most desperately wounded were transferred to boats for the return trip down the Wabash. Most of the wounded suffered in wagons until they reached Vincennes on November 18. Two days later, Harrison delivered a message to the territorial assembly optimistically describing the battle as "a complete victory over the hostile combination of Indians." Hailed as a hero by the frontier population, the governor was execrated as a butcher by his political enemies; a full 20 percent of his troops had been dead or wounded, they whispered, to further Harrison's personal and political ambitions.

In truth, despite his personal heroism, Harrison's performance during his first independent command had been middling at best, and he had only narrowly succeeded in meeting the campaign's strategic objectives. His insistence on tight march discipline, often neglected by other commanders, spelled the difference between victory and defeat, but in a notable instance of personal negligence he had unnecessarily exposed his men and nearly brought disaster to his army. Harrison was no stranger to Indian fighting, and his failure to throw out scouts or erect breastworks on the evening of November 6 was an inexplicable and near-disastrous blunder.

In submitting Harrison's report to Congress,

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The Prophet, right center, vainly attempts to rally fleeing Shawnee warriors in the aftermath of their failed attack at Tippecanoe. No one would listen to him.

President Madison, who had not directly authorized aggressive military action, nevertheless expressed hope that the breakup of Prophetstown would result in "a cessation of the murders and depredations committed on our frontier." Ultimately, such hopes were misplaced. Indian attacks continued over the following winter and spring, and an editorial in the *Lexington Reporter* expressed the general sentiment of the frontier: "The British are the principal—the Indians only hired assassins." Such provocative language played into the hands of congressional War Hawks, who pointed to the unrest on the frontier as simply another example of British duplicity. When war was finally declared on June 18, 1812, it was done largely to resist heavy-handed British impressment policies at sea. But for the population of the trans-Appalachian west, British intrigue among the Indians was a far more immediate concern.

The War of 1812 constituted the last large-scale opportunity for tribal resistance east of the Mississippi, but it resulted in heartbreaking disappointment for Tecumseh and his followers. Upon his return to Prophetstown in the autumn of 1811, Tecumseh banished his disgraced brother and maintained control over a core group of hostiles, but he failed in his broader efforts to unite the tribes. His prestige, as well as all hopes for a grand Indian confederacy, had been shattered at Tippecanoe by the Prophet's ill-advised and inept attempt at military campaigning.

For William Henry Harrison, the Battle of Tippecanoe and the War of 1812 ultimately resulted in the personal advancement to which he was driven by his ambition. The brilliant campaign slogan "Tippecanoe and Tyler too" carried Harrison and his running mate, John Tyler, to victory in the presidential election of 1840, due in no small part to Harrison's military exploits 29 years earlier in the pre-dawn darkness at Tippecanoe. In a bit of irony that his old enemy Tecumseh would have enjoyed, Harrison caught pneumonia at his own inauguration and died one month after becoming president—by far the shortest term in American history.

As for Tecumseh, the Shawnee leader and his band loyally served the English Crown as effective auxiliaries but increasingly discovered that their goals ran counter to larger British war aims. Pursued by his American enemies and all but abandoned by his British allies, Tecumseh made a final stand near Ontario's Thames River on October 4, 1813. Harrison's troops easily brushed aside a token British force and then caught the Indians in front and flank. Among those killed was Tecumseh. With his death, tribal resistance in the Northwest collapsed. Over the succeeding two decades, any remaining Indian titles were largely extinguished and the natives forcibly removed to open the way for white settlements. Tecumseh's opposition to such expansion ultimately proved as futile as his efforts to effect Indian unification, but his staunch defense of his own way of life was no less compelling for being unsuccessful. The Great Spirit, he said, "gave this great island to his red children. He placed the whites on the other side of the big water. They were not content with their own, but came to take ours from us. They have driven us from the sea to the lakes. We can go no farther." □

THE GUNS OF FORMIGNY

ENGLISH KING HENRY VI SENT REINFORCEMENTS INTO NORTHERN FRANCE IN EARLY 1450. AT FORMIGNY, THE ENGLISH BOWMEN WOULD FACE A NEW, IMPROVED FRENCH FOE, ONE EQUIPPED WITH THE LATEST IN THE WAY OF WEAPONRY.

BY ERIC NIDEROST

IN THE FALL OF 1447, Edmund Beaufort, Duke of Somerset, was not a happy man. He was lieutenant general of France and Guyenne, a kind of viceroy who oversaw English possessions in France, and he was also a powerful and rapacious feudal magnate in his own right. King Henry VI had recently written him, ordering the duke to abide by the terms of an Anglo-French truce and give up the province of Maine, including particularly the key city of Le Mans. Somerset was reluctant to give the French such an important prize—and such an important source of revenue. He had been promised Maine in the past, and he wasn't about to surrender it to an upstart French king. Somerset dragged his feet, stalling for time by requesting a conference to settle the matter.

The French were rapidly losing patience, and in March 1448 a large army under John, Count of Dunois, appeared before the gates of Le Mans. Nicknamed the "Bastard of Orleans" because of his illegitimate birth, Dunois had won his spurs under the legendary Joan of Arc. Now he was one of France's most formidable commanders, and he had a large siege train equipped with the latest in artillery. Faced with a choice between surrender or siege, the English chose the former. The garrison marched out—only to find that no one would take them in. Most of the major towns in English-occupied France had large contingents of men-at-arms to enforce their rule, but each garrison greedily guarded its prerogatives. Local French townsmen were supposed to feed each garrison, and if the Le Mans garrison was added to the rolls, there might be shortages. The now-homeless English were left to their own devices.

Somerset's preoccupation with feudal acquisitions and his own basic incompetence proved to be his undoing. His capital was at Rouen, in Normandy, the very heart of English-occupied France. The English presence in the conquered territories was shrinking, and every man was needed if France was to be held. The Le Mans garrison could have bolstered Rouen's defenses. Instead, Somerset abandoned Le Mans, leaving the soldiers to their own devices. To survive, they established themselves at Saint-James-de-Beuvron and Mortain, two dismantled fortresses on

French King Charles VII, accompanied by Count John Dunois and Jacques Couer, enters Rouen on November 10, 1449, after citizens had thrown out their English occupiers.

the border of Brittany. The English soldiers repaired the battlements and used the towns as bases to plunder the countryside.

Francis, Duke of Brittany, protested. Although very much under English dominance, he was nominally independent and was forging ties with the French king, Charles VII. The homeless English soldiers, who had become little better than brigands, attacked and sacked the Breton town of Fougeres, an important center of the province. Somerset disclaimed all responsibility, but there was a good chance that he had some connection in the affair—perhaps even shared in the spoils. It was hard for Charles VII to believe that the leader of the sack, Francois de Suriennes, did not have at least Somerset's tacit permission. After all, Suriennes was one of the duke's senior commanders.

French grievances began to mount, and Charles VII grew tired of Somerset's delays and prevarications. Perhaps there was some method to Somerset's incompetence and lack of control over subordinates, the French monarch wondered. Perhaps those English soldiers had been purposely refused a home so that they would ultimately sack Fougeres and scare the Duke of Brittany into renewed loyalty to England. In any case, enough was enough. Charles decided to end English duplicity with an invasion of Normandy. The invasion, begun in July 1449, started the last phase of the Hundred Years' War.

The concluding chapter of the off-and-on war traced its roots to the ambitions of another English king, Henry V, 35 years earlier. Young, bellicose, relentless, and rapacious, Henry wished to renew England's dormant claims to the throne of France. The time seemed right, because the current French monarch, King Charles VI, was prone to intermittent fits of madness. Charles lived in a twilight world of mental illness, at one point refusing to bathe, shave, or change clothes for months on end; another time he believed that he was made entirely of glass. In the absence of a strong ruler, feudal magnates vied for power and France descended into political chaos.

In 1415, Henry V invaded France and took Harfleur after a brief siege. He then decided that

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the English Army would go on a *chevaunchee,* or extended raid, across northern France. But autumn rains drenched the invaders and rations grew short as they marched toward Calais. Sickness spread through the ranks, and dysentery laid many low. The French Army caught up with the English near the village of Agincourt. The English flanks were protected on each side by woods, but the French were confident of victory. They had around 30,000 men, while the English had around 6,000 diseased-wracked longbowmen and men-at-arms. Recklessly charging the English ranks, the heavily armored French nobles were decimated by showers of arrows launched by skilled longbowmen. Mired in the mud and pelted by hundreds of lethal shafts, the bunched-up French knights and men-at-arms died by the thousands.

Agincourt became more than just a victory against great odds—it became an English national epic, commemorated by story and song throughout the ages. The longbowmen, in particular, came to be celebrated for their steely performance at Agincourt. And indeed, the idea of a common archer bringing down the flower of French chivalry was something unique in medieval history.

Both: Library of Congress

In the years following Agincourt, Henry went from triumph to triumph. He signed an important alliance with Philip the Good, the ruler of Burgundy, a powerful state on the eastern flanks of France. By 1420, much of northern France was under English rule. Henry capped his battlefield successes with victory on the diplomatic front. The Treaty of Troyes made the English king the heir to the French throne after Charles VI's passing. Sad, demented Charles hardly knew where he was, much less the details of the treaty that disinherited his son, the Dauphin, in favor of Henry V. The pact was negotiated by Charles's queen, Isabeau of Bavaria, who also granted Henry the hand of their daughter, Catherine of Valois.

Henry's actions were those of a feudal lord seeking to gain more lands and revenues. There was no thought as to the culture, language, and traditions of the subject peoples. Peasant serfs were mere pawns in the larger game of dynastic chess. Henry meant to make his conquest of France permanent. If he succeeded, he would equal if not surpass the old empire of Henry II and Richard the Lionheart. But the king's calculations did not take into account the unsanitary conditions of the 15th century. In 1422, Henry contracted dysentery at the height of his power. Dehydration and death soon followed. Ironically, mad King Charles died a couple of months later, creating a dual monarchy under Henry's nine-month-old son, Henry VI.

For the next few years, it seemed as though the late king's dynastic dreams would continue without him. John, Duke of Bedford, became primary regent for his royal nephew. Bedford was a good soldier, and English fortunes in France flourished. By 1429, virtually all of northern France was under English or Burgundian rule. Regions south of the Loire River, however, were still loyal to the Dauphin, who considered himself Charles VII.

The strategic city of Orleans was the dam that blocked English progress in the south. Once Orleans fell, English and Burgundian armies could flood into the region, taking control of all of France. Orleans was put under siege, and the fate of France hung in the balance. Then, seemingly out of nowhere, Joan of Arc appeared on the scene. A 17-year-old peasant girl, Joan claimed that she was an instrument of God, sent to deliver France from the English and to see the Dauphin crowned king. Under her divine inspiration, the French miraculously lifted the siege of Orleans, and Joan did indeed see Charles VII crowned king at Reims before she was captured and eventually burned at the stake as a heretic and witch by her English and Burgundian enemies in 1431.

Joan had good strategic sense for a medieval saint. She recognized that the English had to be expelled from all of France. The Maid would accept no compromise. The "goddams"—a popular common term for the English, due to their habitual use of profanity—must go back to their island home. Prolonged truces that allowed them to control large territories inside France only prolonged the agony.

Joan also awakened something that was rare in the 15th century: a spirit of nationalism. France was a patchwork of feudal holdings, and most of its people were illiterate peasants. But there was also a growing sense of a French national identity, a feeling that the English were foreign invaders who were exploiting someone else's homeland. Henry V's dream of a great empire in which France would be incorporated into England died with the English defeat at Orleans. Yet the dream died hard, and the English were not going to leave without a protracted struggle. Normandy had been English until 1204, when it had been lost. Its possession seemed a coming home, not a conquest, to most Englishmen. England had its own national spirit, and English honor and prestige were at stake.

It all depended on King Charles VII, and he rose to the challenge. In his early youth he was considered a cipher, a nonentity, and there were

LEFT: The mousy Charles VII was never a charismatic leader. BELOW: King Henry VI of England hoped to duplicate his father's successes in France.

JOAN HAD GOOD STRATEGIC SENSE FOR A MEDIEVAL SAINT. SHE RECOGNIZED THAT THE ENGLISH HAD TO BE EXPELLED FROM ALL OF FRANCE. THE MAID WOULD ACCEPT NO COMPROMISE.

rumors that he might have been illegitimate, a by-product of Charles VI's unfaithful and promiscuous queen. He had done nothing to save Joan of Arc, which had also sullied his reputation. Yet Joan's inspiration, and his own slowly developing maturity, had transformed the former figurehead into a monarch of real substance. He was cunning and unscrupulous, and he had the invaluable ability to pick the right people for the right job. He realized that France's economy and military had to be reformed if the country was to have any hope of success against the English.

First, Charles scored a major coup on the diplomatic front. In 1435, Philip the Good abandoned the English alliance and came over to the French. This was a serious blow to the English cause. At the same time, King Henry VI came of age, but at 16 he was still too weak, tenderhearted, and overtly religious to rule effectively. Counselors such as Cardinal Henry Beaufort saw the handwriting on the wall, but English prestige would not permit a withdrawal from France.

Jacques Coeur, a merchant prince who was one of the richest men in Europe, was selected to oversee French royal finances. Coeur established a gold standard, stabilized the currency, and rid the country of the debased coinage that had been circulating for decades. This was a good start, but more was needed. Charles summoned an Estates-General in 1439, which gladly rubber-stamped a series of laws (*ordonnances*) that overhauled the tax system of the country. Taxes that once went into feudal lords' coffers now went directly to the king. Government revenue was boosted by 1.8 million crowns, and the power of the feudal nobility concomitantly diminished.

Now that there was money to pay for a permanent force, the Army could be reformed. Before the 1440s, the bulk of the French Army consisted of feudal levies, peasants who were called up for service in time of war. Untrained, literally fresh off the farm, they gave the Army bulk but not substance. Poorly armed, they might take to their heels at any time. The lesser knights and men-at-arms were better soldiers, but the French Army typically disbanded after a war, giving the professionals nothing to do. Unemployed and virtual outcasts, many turned to robbery to survive. Roving bands of soldiers-turned-brigands were as much a threat to the common people as the English invaders.

Charles was determined to change all that. In 1444, after the latest truce with the English, the king did not disband the Royal Army. Instead, Arthur de Richemont, the Constable of France, was directed to reform the army into a more

Mary Evans Picture Library

French cannons developed by the brothers Jean and Gaspard Bureau turned the tide in the Hundred Years' War. The guns were decisive at Formigny.

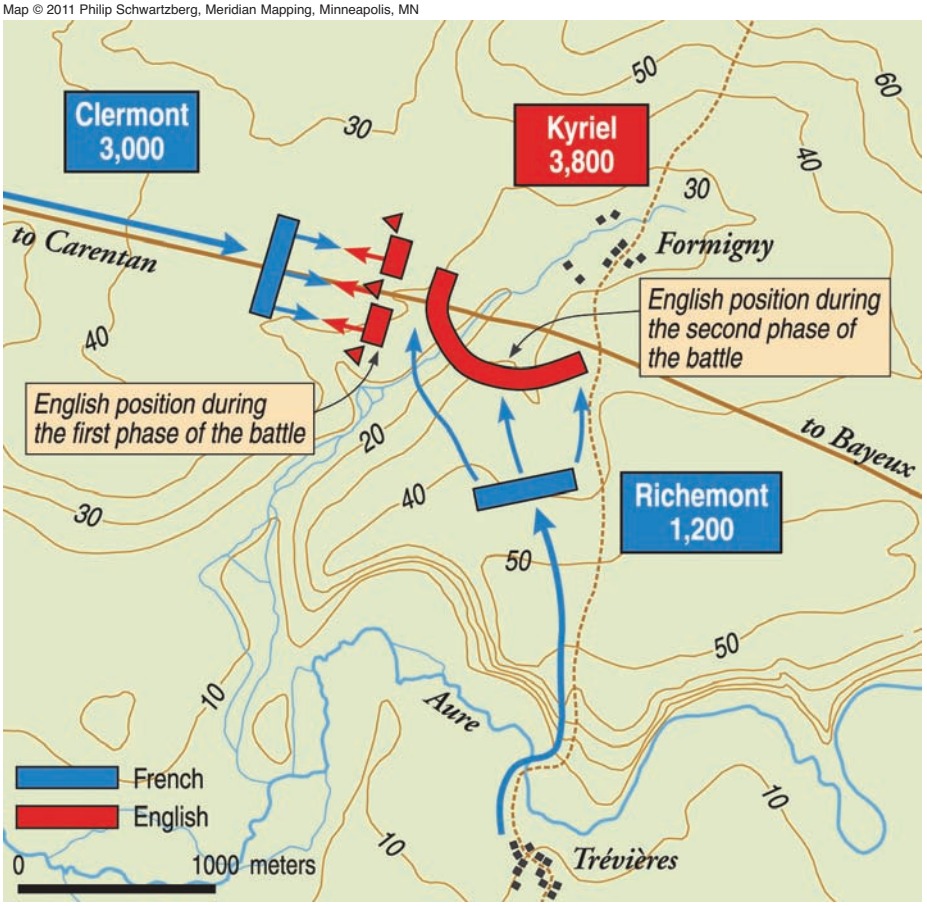
permanent and effective fighting force. Undisciplined soldiers, or those known to lapse into brigandage, were dismissed from the king's service. In November 1439, Charles declared that military recruiting was a royal privilege. No longer would nobles of dubious motives and questionable loyalty be permitted to raise men from their own lands. Men-at-arms would be trained troops, not peasant rabble, and permanent royal garrisons would be established throughout the country.

Taxes paid by local townsmen and landowners would support the maintenance of these garrisons. Most people gladly accepted the new rules, feeling that it was better to pay a tax than to be beaten and robbed by rampaging soldiers. For the first time, France had a permanent standing army. Charles felt that quality was better than mere quantity. The king's newly streamlined cavalry force was dubbed companies of the king's ordinance or *compagnies d'ordonnance*. They were organized into smaller groups, called *lances*. Each *lance* consisted of a man-at-arms, his servant or page, and three to five lightly armed attendants. In all, Charles counted 15,000 *lances* among his troops.

For infantry, Charles could rely on trained men-at-arms in the various garrison towns. At the same time, he issued an order that each parish in France pay for the maintenance of an archer. To entice bowmen to join up, Charles decreed that anyone who entered the king's service would be granted an exemption on all taxes. This gave rise to the name *franc-archers* or free archers for the men. The free archers were paid nine livres a year and up to four livres a month while on active duty. They were required to train once a week and had to be ready to assemble into their companies at a moment's notice. On paper, at least, the king could raise some 16,000 infantry when needed.

The king was fortunate to have the services of Jean Bureau and his brother, Gaspard. Jean had been serving as Charles's master gunner since 1439, making sure that France had the finest and most up-to-date artillery in Europe. In the 1440s, artillery was still primitive but was light-years ahead of what it had been before. Powder was improving, and after much trial and error the correct proportions of saltpeter, sulfur, and charcoal were more or less worked out. Corned powder was also a staple. It was discovered that when dampened, gunpowder formed into cakes. Someone hit upon the idea of grinding up the caked powder to see what would happen. Because the resulting mixture formed lumps with the consistency of grain, it was called "corned." The corned powder allowed more free oxygen to be present, thus enhancing the burning and explosive properties.

The Bureau brothers' artillery advances proved their worth in a series of sieges that battered down the walls of English garrison towns. Their *bombards,* or siege guns, were longer and more efficient, thanks to such innovations as hooped staves that strengthened the guns' barrels. There was less progress in field artillery, chiefly because of the difficulty of transporting some of the large iron monsters to the battlefield.



ABOVE: English commander Sir Thomas Kyriel arranged his men in a half-moon formation south of the Bayeux road. French forces fell on them from two sides. OPPOSITE: A contemporary illuminated manuscript shows the victorious French Army fighting under its familiar blue-and-gold fleur-de-lis flags at Formigny.

By 1449, Charles was ready to expel the English once and for all. The sack of Fougeres provided the French king with the pretext he needed to renew hostilities. The Normandy campaign opened with a three-pronged attack, with French forces coming in from the north, south, and east. Overall command was entrusted to John Dunois, the famed "Bastard of Orleans." The count was supported by John, Duke of Alençon, another of Joan of Arc's veterans, and together they made good progress. Before long, the city of Verneuil fell, along with most of central Normandy. At the same time, the counts of Eu and Saint-Pol recaptured much of eastern Normandy. The third wing was commanded by Arthur de Richemont, Constable of France, who was accompanied by his nephew, Duke Francis of Brittany. They took most of western Normandy, including Fougeres, which fell on November 5.

The French advance met little resistance. The English were demoralized, and many Norman towns simply opened the gates and joyfully admitted their French brothers. Once again, nascent nationalism trumped the feudal dream of foreign empire. The biggest prize was Rouen, capital of English Normandy and the place where Joan of Arc had been burned at the stake 18 years earlier.

The Duke of Somerset remained at Rouen, inert and seemingly powerless to stop the French advance. On October 9, a large French army commanded by King Charles himself hove into view. The Bastard was the real commander, but Charles knew how to play his royal part. The king would show up in armor, on horseback, encourage the troops, and not get in the way. Dunois tried to rush the walls, but the French were beaten back. Old habits die hard, and it was natural for the Bastard to favor old-style offensives. The people of Rouen took matters into their own hands and rioted against their English overlords. They were not about to suffer siege and death in behalf of the hated "goddams."

The English garrison, faced with enemies from without and within, retreated to the town's citadel. The people of Rouen opened the gates to Charles, and the French invested the citadel. Somerset had only 1,200 men and very little food. The English nobleman took fright when he saw the Bureau brothers' guns being brought forward. Stalling for time, Somerset called a truce, meeting King Charles while wearing a long robe of blue velvet trimmed with sable and accompanied by a retinue of 40 knights. Charles was unimpressed. No amount of display would deter him from demanding complete surrender.

After a lengthy negotiation, Somerset capitulated. The terms of the surrender were harsh by medieval standards. The duke was permitted to withdraw to Caen, but he had to promise to pay a huge indemnity of 50,000 gold pieces. To make sure that Somerset did not break his word, the renowned English commander John Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, was to remain behind as a hostage. King Charles formally entered Rouen in triumph on November 10. Other English-held towns were taken in turn, some battered into submission by French artillery. By the end of the year, the English retained little but the Cherbourg peninsula.

When news of the staggering setbacks reached England, there was a predictable uproar. Sir Thomas Kyriel began to gather an army at Portsmouth to reinforce what was left of English-held Normandy. Kyriel soon realized that he had a huge problem on his hands. The years of war had made many English soldiers coarse and brutal, a murderous rabble even given the low standards of the 15th century. Kyriel's troops went wild, drinking and robbing in the English countryside. When he tried to control them, they mutinied. Bad weather completed Kyriel's litany of woes.

Eventually, Kyriel restored order and landed at Cherbourg on March 15, 1450. He had only about 2,500 men with him. This was a minuscule force, even by medieval standards, and it was ludicrous to think that he could reverse English fortunes with such a small force. England simply did not have the old enthusiasm for war with France. No Englishman wanted to give up Normandy, but the will to fight—a will that a leader such as Henry V might have inspired—was sorely lacking.

Kyriel asked Somerset for more troops, and the duke did the best he could with his own meager resources. By April 1450, Kyriel's army had increased to around 4,000—800 men-at-arms and the rest longbowmen. Kyriel was originally supposed to march toward Bayeux, but he paused to besiege Valognes and take it from its Breton garrison.

On April 12, Kyriel began his march toward Bayeux. After crossing the estuary of the Vire River, the English camped near the village of Formigny, 10 miles from Bayeux. The morning of April 15 found the English still in camp. Meanwhile, the French had two small armies in

the area. The Count of Clermont and 3,000 men were at Carentan, 15 miles away. A second force of 2,000 was led by Arthur of Brittany, Constable de Richemont, who intended to block Kyriel if he could. The constable and his troops were about 19 miles southwest of Formigny.

Clermont, a son of the Duke of Bourbon, marched east with the intention of engaging Kyriel. Before setting out, he took the precaution of sending a message to Richemont, explaining the situation and requesting that they link up. Kyriel's outposts gave him advance warning of Clermont's approach, but for some reason he decided to make a stand. He could have found refuge in Bayeux, only a half-day march away. But the English still had confidence that their longbowmen could defeat any French attack. There was ample time for preparations, and the men worked with a will. Trees were cut down and sharpened into defensive stakes, and holes or trenches were dug with daggers and knives in front of the English position. It was hoped these hastily dug moats and cut battlements would stop the enemy in his tracks. They had served the purpose well at Agincourt.

Kyriel arranged his men in classic Agincourt formation—men-at-arms interspersed with wedges of archers. The English position was poor, with the men placed at the bottom of a small valley with no woods to protect their flanks. A small brook meandered immediately behind them, a small finger of water that was spanned by a single stone bridge in the rear of the English center.

The French appeared about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Clermont dismounted his men and attempted a frontal assault. For a moment it seemed that history would repeat itself. Each English archer drew his bow, muscles rippling as the bowstrings stretched to their full 80- to 120-pound draw weight. When the arrow reached to the back of his ear, each archer released the shaft, and thousands of arrows rained down unmercifully on the attacking French. Some of the French reached the English lines, but men-at-arms carrying bills and other pole arms made short work of the attackers. The battered French fell back to their original position. Clermont now tried a mounted assault on both flanks, but that too was beaten back.

The old tactics had failed to work, but the French had one more card to play—the Bureau brothers' improved artillery. They had two culverins, each mounted on a two-wheel carriage. The French set their guns just out of maximum bow range, about 300 yards. The culverins began to fire, and soon the English longbowmen got a taste of their own long-range medicine. Cannonballs smashed into human flesh, killing and maiming with disconcerting ease. More bowmen fell dead and wounded each passing minute.

After a lengthy pounding, the archers could stand no more. They rushed forward to capture the guns. The French, surprised that usually defensive bowmen were taking the offensive, were easy prey. The guns were captured, but the English did not have long to savor their small victory. French men-at arms counterattacked the English bowmen in flank, recapturing the guns and sending their opponents reeling back to their own lines.

In spite of their successes, the French themselves were just about spent. They had been decimated by English arrows, and although the culverins had hurt the enemy, their artillery had not entirely turned the tide. The French were on the verge of retiring when Richemont appeared in the proverbial nick of time with 1,200 additional mounted men.

Seeing the danger, Kyriel was forced to adopt a semicircular half-moon formation to ward off attacks from the west and south. Clermont and his men renewed their attack, heartened by Richemont's sudden arrival, and the constable's men joined the fray. The English were stretched thin, and their accustomed rain of arrows became a mere sprinkle. The English line buckled, then broke, after the defenders were hit on two sides by a French enemy that sensed a historic victory. The English made their last stand in some small gardens that lay on the banks of the stream.

French observers admitted that the English "held themselves grandly," refusing to surrender until all were cut down. It was a moot point because the French hated the English archers, and in most cases only knights or people of quality were spared for ransom. A small knot of survivors under

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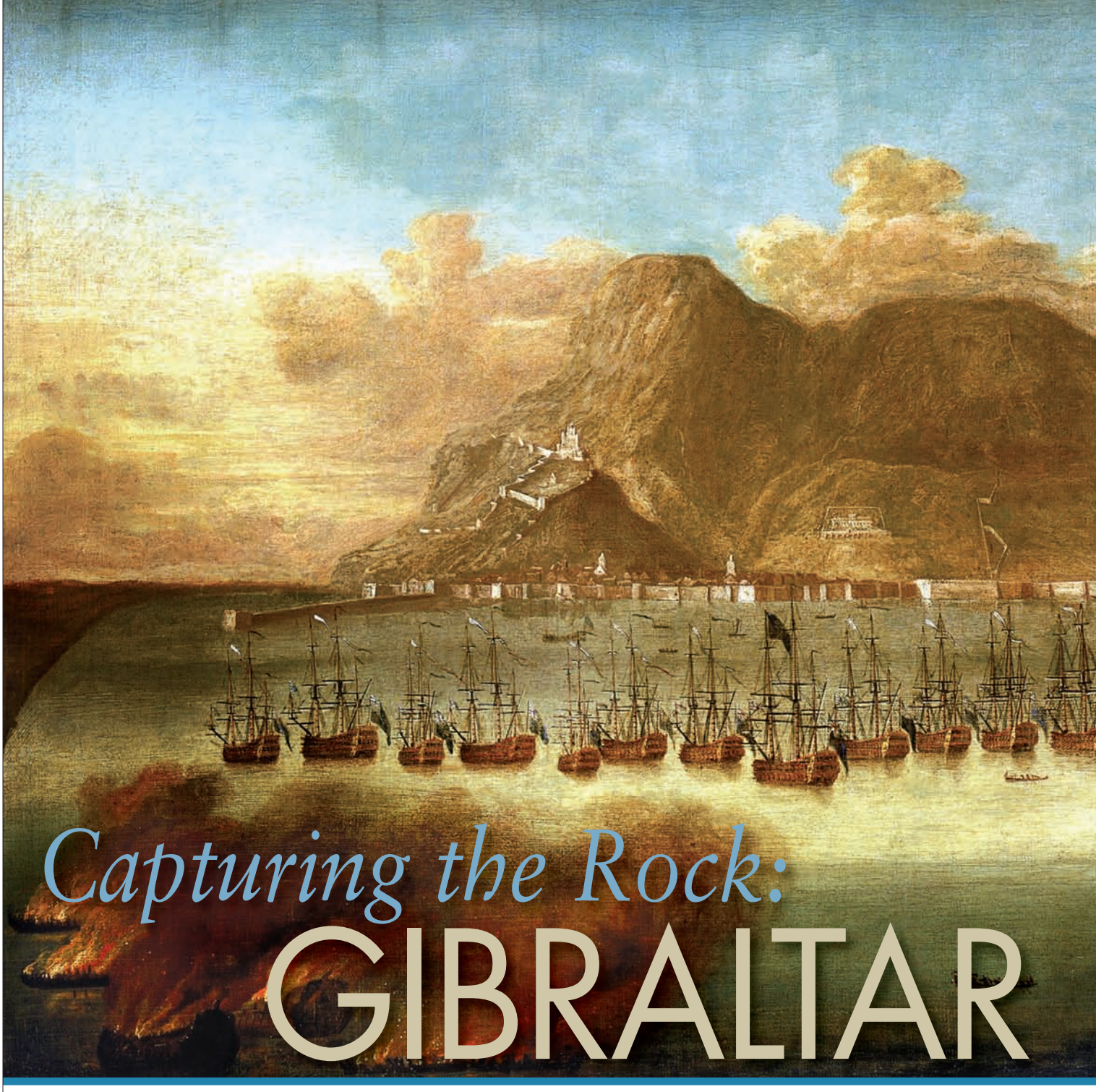
Kyriel's second in command, Sir Matthew Gough, managed to cut its way out and escaped to Bayeux. Kyriel himself was captured, but the rest of his army was slaughtered almost to a man. English casualties included 3,774 dead. The French lost only around 200.

Formigny, the greatest English defeat since Bannockburn in 1314, was the penultimate act in the ongoing drama of Charles VII's reconquest of France. Artillery played an important role in the battle, but it was the timely appearance of Richemont, not cannonballs, that ultimately decided the issue. Three years later, at Castillon, a much larger battery of 150 French guns helped slaughter an English Army led by John Talbot. After Castillon, the English were ready to make peace. The Hundred Years' War ended, and the age of gunpowder dawned. Longbows would be used well into the 16th century, but gradually firearms would replace them. At Formigny and Castillon, the newly inspired French had avenged Agincourt and put to rest the ghost of Henry V and his vaunted "band of brothers." □



Capturing the Rock: GIBRALTAR

AS SPANISH KING CHARLES II lay dying in Madrid in the autumn of 1700, worried diplomats in other European capitals brooded day and night over who would succeed the childless monarch. The frail, feeble-minded Charles was the last in the line of Spanish Hapsburgs, and his imminent death threatened to severely disturb the always delicate balance of power in western Europe and throughout the colonial world. The winds of war, never still for long, were beginning to swirl again. And, as had been the case for more than three decades, the vortex centered on French monarch Louis XIV, the formidable "Sun King," and his court at Versailles.

Louis's wife, Maria Theresa, was the elder half sister of Charles II, and through her Louis championed their grandson, the Duke of Anjou, to succeed to the Spanish throne as Philip V. A rival candidate was Archduke Charles, the son of Holy Roman Emperor Leopold I, who was also related by blood and marriage to Charles II through the Austrian line of Hapsburgs. After the Spanish monarch's death in November 1700, Philip V ascended to power with the grudging consent of the other European powers, but his French grandfather unnecessarily alienated England and the Netherlands by shutting off their sea trade with Spain. In turn, those nations sided with Austria in its claims to formerly Spanish territory in Italy and the Low Countries. Fighting erupted across western Europe, with allied forces winning several victories under the formidable Prince Eugene of Savoy and the Duke of Marlborough. Louis XIV had pinned himself into a corner.

In July 1704, the third year of what was

A 22-ship Anglo-Dutch invasion fleet under the command of Admiral Sir George Rooke invests Spanish-held Gibraltar in July 1704. A force of sailors and marines would soon storm the beaches.

1704

Spearheaded by the newly formed Royal Marines, Admiral Sir George Rooke led a joint English-Dutch assault on the Spanish-held bastion of Gibraltar. The fortress was key to controlling the Mediterranean. **BY ARNOLD BLUMBERG**

being called the War of the Spanish Succession, British Admiral Sir George Rooke, intent on taking the city, led a combined Anglo-Dutch fleet toward Cadiz, Spain. The 54-year-old Rooke had already won a significant naval victory at the Battle of Vigo Bay in 1702 when he sank the entire Spanish treasure fleet returning from the New World, but earlier attempts to capture Cadiz and the Catalonian capital at Barcelona had been unsuccessful. News that a formidable French fleet under Louis XIV's illegitimate son, the Comte de Toulouse, was sailing toward the Strait of Gibraltar gave added urgency to the allied cause. Archduke Charles, now styling himself Charles III of Spain, sent word from his court in exile in Lisbon, Portugal, that he wanted Cadiz captured immediately.

After arriving at the Spanish port, Rooke declined to launch an attack, citing adverse wind and tide conditions, which he feared would make an amphibious landing too hazardous. Instead, the admiral trolled his warships and troop transports along the southeast Spanish coast, looking for easier targets of opportunity. An excellent one presented itself at Gibraltar, 70 nautical miles from Cadiz. An English squadron under Vice Admiral Viscount George Byng of Torrington had been bombarding the Spanish-held strongpoint for two days; the enemy's response to the cannonade had been weak. On the recommendation of his land commander, Prince George of Hesse-Darmstadt, Rooke determined to use his foot soldiers to capture the place. Joining another mixed Anglo-Dutch squadron under Admiral Cloudsley Shovell near Cadiz, Rooke steered east toward

National Maritime Museum/The Image Works

Both: Public Domain

LEFT: Vice Admiral Viscount George Byng. RIGHT: Admiral Sir George Rooke.

Gibraltar, intent on taking the thinly held but strategically important Spanish base.

Gibraltar, on Spain's southern coast, is the geographical meeting place of the Atlantic Ocean and Mediterranean Sea and the bridgehead between Europe and North Africa. A promontory of limestone rock, two miles square and 1,400 feet high, it connects with the mainland by a flat, open, sandy isthmus. A town by the same name is located at its western base. To the south, the Strait of Gibraltar at its narrowest point forms a 15-mile-wide corridor separating two continents. The Rock, as it is popularly called, was occupied by the Muslims in AD 711 and first fortified by them in 1068. Now Spain held the place but had allowed its defenses—seawall, town, and artillery batteries ensconced in the mountain—to deteriorate. Regardless, nature had made the Rock a strong military position, with craggy heights shielding its northern and eastern sides, while swamps fronted the north of the town. To the south, swift ocean currents, sea cliffs, and soft sandy beaches made any attack from that direction difficult.

On July 24, the allied fleet arrived outside Gibraltar. In all, Rooke commanded 16 English ships under Byng and six Dutch ships under Rear Admiral Paulus van der Dussen. The ships positioned themselves inside the harbor, carefully out of range of the bastion's guns. Rooke directed matters from his flagship, *Royal Katherine,* at the entrance to the bay. Beginning with a brief covering barrage laid down by the guns of his fleet, Rooke launched an amphibious assault by 1,900 English and 400 Dutch marines. Their initial objectives were the main shore defenses, the Old and New Moles, and the fortified Teurto Tower.

From 500 yards out to sea, the attackers (soldiers with muskets and swords and sailors armed with cutlasses, boarding pikes, and pistols) clambered down from their transport vessels onto a variety of launches, ships boats, skiffs, and barges to make their approach to the objectives. Small cannons were also made ready to be sent ashore if needed. It was the first time that Rooke's floating armada had conducted an amphibious assault and the largest one ever attempted by an English force up to that time.

The English marines at Gibraltar traced their heritage from regular army units first authorized in 1664 by King Charles II to be recruited by the Duke of York and Albany for service with the British fleet. Although Queen Elizabeth's favorite sailor, Sir Francis Drake, had sometimes used infantry soldiers aboard his fleet as snipers in the riggings, it was not until 1672 that the term "marine" was officially used in government documents denoting the new maritime infantry. Between 1687 and 1698 seven marine regiments were raised, but subsequently disbanded for fiscal reasons. In 1701, 13 new regiments—seven regular infantry and six marine—were raised to act as soldier-sailors in the War of the Spanish Succession. Unlike their infantry brothers who

ROYAL MARINES AFTER GIBRALTAR

When Sir Arthur Wellesley, the Duke of Wellington, landed his men in Portugal in 1808, they were greeted by 300 Royal Marines already on a beach they had secured a few days before. The Royal Marines extended the concept of land operations beyond simply defending fixed points. Under the brilliant and resourceful leadership of Captain Lord Thomas Cochrane, the Spanish coast was struck repeatedly by commando-style raids that greatly disrupted French supply and movement.

On July 26, 1808, Cochrane landed fewer than 100 Marines at the Spanish village of Mataro and proceeded to destroy the road there to such an extent that no traffic could travel over it. He next took a French artillery position by attacking it from the landward side. The four 24-pounder cannons composing the battery were pushed onto the nearby beach and then hauled on to Cochrane's frigate, HMS *Imperieuse,* the next day. Twenty-four hours after that, he sailed farther along the coast and landed Marines at Canette, destroying another enemy gun emplacement and removing the pieces to his ship. Cochrane then had his men thoroughly demolish the nearby coastal road.

Far from finished, the captain continued to harass the French for the next month by cooperating with local Spanish guerrilla groups to obliterate the local coast road and capture isolated French garrisons stationed near the shore. His efforts in crippling French supply lines caused the French to retreat to France by year's end. They would not be able to return and finally occupy the province of Catalonia until well into the next year.

As the war progressed, the Royal Marine Corps was expanded to include the formation of battalions formed to fight the French on land. The idea was not new. It had been used to create temporary units of marines drawn from Admiral Horatio Nelson's fleet in 1801 that took their place in the line of battle with the British Army as it reclaimed Egypt from the French that same year. The marines suffered badly in the campaign, one officer remarking that his regiment had "not more than one man in ten left, and when we left Egypt we had buried nearly three hundred men and fourteen officers."

To field more units for the war in Portugal in 1810, 19 officers and 503 men were drawn from the four marine depots in England, formed into a permanent battalion, and shipped to Lisbon as part of the city's garrison. Another attempt to put more boots on the ground—or, in this case, hooves—was the organization of a mounted marine unit. First initiated in 1802, members of the marines who were proficient riders were recruited for the outfit. On

wore the scarlet uniforms of the British Army and were called "Red Marines" (and were derogatorily nicknamed "Lobsters" by sailors) marine gunners wore the blue uniform of the Royal Regiment of Artillery and were known as "Blue Marines."

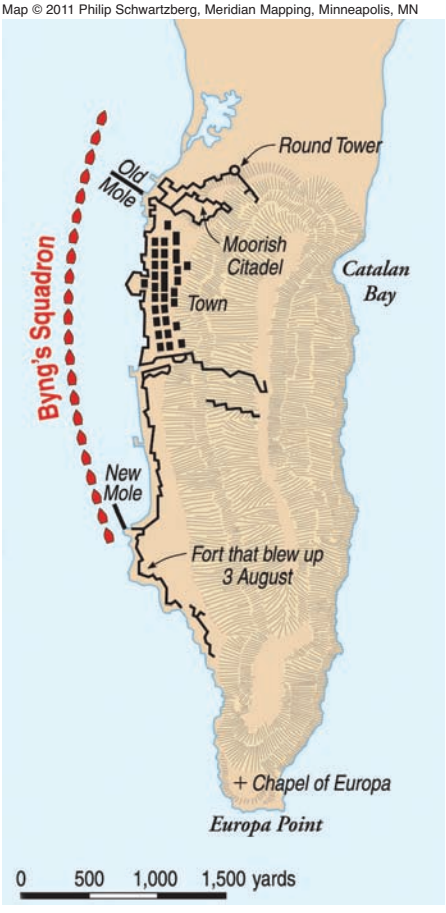
A lieutenant colonel commanded each marine battalion, assisted by an adjutant general who served as head of the colonel's staff. Initially, all marine field officers were Royal Navy officers. When on land, the marine units were commanded by a regular army field-grade officer. Marine officer commissions, unlike those in the British Army, could not be purchased; promotions were made on the grounds of seniority or merit. This greatly strengthened the esprit de corps of the marines, increased the bond between them and the Navy, and allowed talented Britons of the middle class to join the marine ranks.

All marine enlisted recruits were volunteers, with funding for the Marine Corps coming directly from the Admiralty. Their training was the same as that administered to regular army regiments. Royal Marine duties were varied and important. Their primary responsibility on board a warship was to serve as gun crews during sea battles. The number of marines assigned to a man-of-war depended on both the size of the ship and on how many guns it carried. Marines were not used to capture enemy craft at sea; boarding opposing ships was largely left to sailors who were better equipped and experienced at such tasks. To cross to another ship required nimbleness and surefootedness inherent in a sailor's experience and skill. Sailors' weapons—the cutlass, pistol, and boarding pike—were more effective for the close-quarters fighting required in the narrow confines found on or below the decks of a ship. Snappy drill and volley fire with long muskets would find no time or space in that confined combat environment.

Royal Marines rarely employed their small-arms shooting skills during naval engagements. Most would man the ship's guns, while other detachments would see to it that the rest of the crew was attending to their battle duties, helping to remove the wounded, and clearing away battle debris. Acting as sharpshooters (a function that their French counterparts also actively pursued) was problematic, given the pitch and sway of a ship as it moved through the water, the inaccuracy of the smoothbore muskets the marines were equipped with, and the general noise, jostling around, and chaos of combat at sea. As they were about to prove at Gibraltar, the marines were much more at home on solid land.

Within an hour after setting off from the mother ships, the invaders landed on the sandy isthmus at the northern end of the Gibraltar peninsula. After forming into columns and advancing a short distance to attack the New Mole Fort, the English were struck by a devastating setback. Either a mine was set off by the defenders or else a powder magazine accidentally detonated—no one could determine which—and the assaulting force was wracked by a powerful explosion that killed or wounded 100 attackers.

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



While allied warships blockaded the New and Old Moles, Prince George of Hesse-Darmstadt led an infantry force south to seize the town of Gibraltar.

Immediately after the deafening blast occurred, the surviving members of the landing party froze in their tracks, looking in shocked amazement at the loss of life and the wretched condition of the ground caused by the unexpected event. Unsure whether it was safe to carry on the attack, land, each marine had his own horse, although at sea one mount for every three marines accompanied the ships. The intention was for mounted marines to conduct raids on the Spanish and French coasts as far as 50 miles inland. No record exists indicating that any such operation using mounted marines ever took place. The only reported use of horse-borne marines occurred in the Dutch East Indies on the island of Java. There, 190 mounted marines disarmed 500 Dutch soldiers and captured a French general.

Anne S.K. Brown Military Collection

Royal Marines in action in Spain.

Amphibious landings became a specialty of the Royal Marine Corps. Most of these operations occurred against the United States during the War of 1812, mainly on the eastern seaboard. In March 1813, Rear Admiral George Cockburn arrived in the Chesapeake Bay with his English squadron. On board were the 1st and 2nd Royal Marines battalions recently released from service in Portugal and on the northern coast of Spain.

With no manuals and little or no practice in ship-to-shore landings under combat conditions, the marines had to make up the rules of amphibious warfare as they went along. They discovered that flat-bottom rafts and launches with a small draft, some armed with artillery, were the most suitable conveyances for travel on rivers and along the coastlines of the United States. Numerous raids by the marines during the years 1813-1814 spread terror and destruction to many parts of the Maryland and Virginia shore, causing great economic hardship, loss of property, and pressure on the Madison administration to pull troops away from the Canadian front and move them south to protect the mid-Atlantic region. □

National Maritime Museum/The Image Works

The Battle of Malaga in August 1704 ended in a tactical draw, but the French fleet would never again venture out from port during the war.

some of the men fell to the earth seeking shelter, while others ran back toward the landing boats. But most of the attackers simply remained stationary and silent. Those officers who remained alive and unhurt, along with hard-bitten sergeants and corporals, rapidly regained their senses and hurried to calm the men and put them back into some sort of formation.

As the English marines regained their composure and prepared to continue the advance, reinforcements came ashore. Soon the reorganized English-Dutch force headed for the fort. Encircling the installation and discharging their firearms, the allies stormed and took the place. Two columns of men were dispatched to surround the town. Meanwhile, sailors from the fleet secured the surrounding heights. They had been selected for the task because of the agility and speed with which they normally performed their shipboard duties. Soon the Spanish defenders began displaying white flags signaling their desire to surrender.

Prince George sent word to the governor of Gibraltar, Don Diego de Salinas, demanding that he surrender the entire garrison in the name of Charles III. Don Diego refused, pledging his loyalty to Philip V and insisting defiantly that he was prepared to "die like a gentleman." Privately, however, the governor had reason to doubt his own resolve. His earlier requests for reinforcements and supplies had been ignored, and, by his own reckoning, Don Diego had "no more than fifty-six men of whom there were not thirty in service." The few hundred civilian militia he had managed to raise were "of such bad quality that before [the allied fleet] arrived they began to run away." Of the 100 or so cannons scattered about Gibraltar, few were capable of being fired, and there were even fewer qualified gunners on hand to fire them.

Following Don Diego's refusal to surrender, Rooke directed Byng's 22-ship squadron to resume firing in earnest on the crumbling walls of the fort. Byng's ships had already warped themselves within musket range of the New Mole at the south end of the Rock, and a party of marines led by Captain Edward Whitaker from the *Dorsetshire* had attacked a French privateer anchored at the Old Mole that had been firing desultorily at the marines on the isthmus.

At 5 AM on August 3, the allied fleet began a massive bombardment of Gibraltar. Thousands of shells crashed into the fortifications over the next six hours. Meanwhile, a large group of civilian women and children had taken refuge at the south end of the peninsula, and were being sheltered by priests in the Chapel of Europa. When the bombardment ended, the civilians began returning to their homes, mistakenly believing they were out of harm's way. An English ship fired a warning shot at the civilians, but other ships in line took it as a signal to resume firing, and the bombardment began again. Simultaneously, Royal Marine reinforcements led by Whitaker landed on the east side of the peninsula at Catalan Bay (so named for the large number of Catalan volunteers who had joined Whitaker's group). The marines resumed advancing along the deserted ramparts into the town of Gibraltar, where Whitaker raised the Union Jack signifying English control of the town.

Following Whitaker's assault, Byng came ashore with several hundred more seamen to personally oversee the investment of the town from the south, while Prince George directed the efforts at the north end of the isthmus. The women and children stranded at Europa Point were rescued by the English sailors. Although Rooke had given firm orders that no Spanish prisoners were to be harmed, dozens of the

women were raped and otherwise mistreated by the sailors before Don Diego could formally surrender the entire garrison at Gibraltar and guarantee safe passage for the dazed and frightened citizens to the Spanish mainland.

Dash and boldness had characterized the successful assault on Gibraltar. Causalities among the invaders numbered about 150 killed and wounded, mainly from the explosion early in the operation. The enemy garrison sustained nearly 100 losses. As complete and successful as its occupation was, the initial taking of the Spanish bastion by the Anglo-Dutch would pale in comparison with the sustained, bloody, and heroic defense of the Rock by the English captors during the next nine months. The brilliant repulses of successive Franco-Spanish relieving forces during that and the next year would forever cast the Royal Marines as an elite and legendary military force.

About two weeks after the Rock was secured, Rooke prepared to sail back to the friendly port of Lisbon. His ships were in urgent need of repair and resupply, and bad weather and rough seas would soon visit that part of the Mediterranean Sea. But before the admiral departed for the west, he received word from English agents and foreign merchants in Spain that preparations were being undertaken by the Spanish and French to retake his recent prize. A French fleet under Count Toulouse and Victor-Marie d'Estrees had left the port of Toulon heading for Gibraltar. Rooke determined to intercept the enemy as the surest way to shield his new conquest.

Leaving nothing to chance, Rooke strengthened the 1,300 marines he had left behind to garrison Gibraltar with 60 pieces of artillery, mostly 2-, 3-, and 4-pounder guns, many without sea or land carriages. They would be emplaced in stationary sites to cover the ground on Gibraltar, but they would be unable to be moved once the fighting commenced. After a heated discussion and demands by Prince George and counterarguments from the fleet captains that they could not spare the men needed to crew their ships, Rooke compromised by leaving 200 sailors with the holding force of marines to man the cannons left on Gibraltar. The old English sea dog then pushed out to sea to find his prey.

On August 24, Rooke's battle fleet, in league with Byng's ships, engaged the French off the Spanish coast at Malaga. What would prove to be the largest naval action of the War of the Spanish Succession (59 British and Dutch ships versus 56 French) ended in a tactical draw, with no ships lost by either side. Strategically, however, the battle proved to be solidly in England's favor since the French fleet never ventured out from port for the remainder of the war. For the time being, at least, Gibraltar remained securely in English hands.

Finally understanding the urgent need to retake the vital gateway to the Mediterranean, a 7,000-man Spanish army, bolstered by 3,000 French marines, all under the command of French Marshal Comte de Fromlay Tesse, sailed from Cadiz in October 1704 and invested Gibraltar. In spite of fierce resistance by the now-isolated English marines, the enemy breached the sea wall defenses after repeated attempts and heavy loss of life. This breach of their frontline position put the British and Dutch marines in great peril. Although they had sustained only moderate casualties to that time, small-arms and artillery ammunition was running low. Even worse, water and food on Gibraltar for the besieged allied force was also running out.

Mary Evans Picture Library

A combined Spanish and French force counterattacked English forces at Gibraltar, but were unable to retake the fortress.

Fortunately for the defenders, instead of immediately following up their advantage, the Franco-Spanish besiegers stopped to regroup. The French commanders in charge of the operation were convinced that it would take only one more push to overcome the enemy positions. They wasted valuable time preparing for the final assault, all the while expecting their foe to see the hopelessness of his situation and surrender. While the French and their Spanish compatriots finalized their plans, British seaborne reinforcements slipped through the siege lines. In the nick of time, additional men, ordnance, and foodstuffs arrived to succor the beleaguered garrison. The Franco-Spanish advance went forward even after news of the resupply

Continues on page 61

By Joseph Luster

Call of Duty: Black Ops vs. *Medal of Honor*

A rebooted old favorite takes on a frnchise best-seller.

CALL OF DUTY: BLACK OPS

Is it really any surprise at this point that the latest *Call of Duty* title completely obliterated sales records upon its release? It shouldn't be, and there's good reason that the public invests so much confidence in the quality of the franchise.

PUBLISHER
Activision

SYSTEM(S)
Xbox 360, PS3, PC

AVAILABLE
Now

That said, this is yet another entry that puts developer Treyarch behind the wheel. Despite their decent output with games like *Call of Duty 3* and *Call of Duty: World at War,* they've always been considered second fiddle in many ways to the now-shaken-up *Modern Warfare* team, Infinity Ward. Well, if Treyarch left anyone in doubt of their ability to steer the ship before, *Call of Duty: Black Ops* should swiftly dash those dismissals.

Black Ops offers a welcome departure from what was an exciting, yet completely over-the-top, experience in *Modern Warfare 2*. Rather than pushing ahead to the not-so-distant future, the story is dispersed across various Cold War conflicts, spanning a small handful of characters fighting for their lives from Cuba to Vietnam. The way the narrative unfolds is much more interesting, and certainly less convoluted, than its predecessor. Where *Modern Warfare 2* occasionally and unnecessarily obfuscated its tale, *Black Ops* is straightforward, using a mysterious interrogation and campfire stories to thrust the player into past conflicts.

Beyond that, most everything about the game will be familiar to those who have been valiantly blasting their way through the series for years. This is both welcome and, in some ways, detrimental. On one hand, the meat of the game comes in the form of tossing the player right in the midst of explosive events, and the BIG scripted moments of *Black Ops* are some of the best yet. However, there's something to be said for the fact that a great deal of the campaign's action rely on infinitely spawning hordes of enemies that can only be halted with bold forward movement. Sure, that's exciting in some ways, but it's a design crutch that has plagued *Call of Duty* for as long as most can remember.

If that doesn't bother you—and it only should to an extent—then you'll be in for a hell of a treat. The same can be said for the multiplayer experience, which builds nicely off of the road paved over the course of the last few games. Additions like the currency system—which has soldiers blowing funny money on weapons and accessories—are certainly welcome shake-ups to the proven mold. Online firefights can be demanding affairs, at least if you hope to play on a level beyond "die all the time," but even dying isn't that bad a gig in such exciting situations. While millions of people absolutely can and usually are wrong about most things, *Black Ops* is another war-based winner for the majority.

MEDAL OF HONOR

For many people, myself included, *Medal of Honor* was the first "classy" World War II shooting experience available on consoles. As classy as a first-person shooter recounting events from a devastating war can be, of course, but classy nonetheless. For whatever reason, though, the series eventually fell from its longstanding reign and bowed politely as the jewel-encrusted scepter was handed to *Call of Duty.* Despite EA's attempt at retaking the throne via a delightfully expensive digital coup, the crown remains unshifted, but that doesn't speak ill of the quality of their latest outing in the least.

PUBLISHER
EA

SYSTEM(S)
Xbox 360, PS3, PC

AVAILABLE
Now

EA made a smart move in splitting development duties of the game's Campaign and Multiplayer between two teams. Danger Close took the reins of the campaign—a relatively serious excursion through the horrors of our ongoing war—while multiplayer duties were handed off to DICE, better known as the folks behind the excellent *Battlefield* series. They put the knowledge they gained in making *Battlefield: Bad Company 2* to good use here, nicely complementing the fairly routine but nonetheless entertaining single-player story.

Across both of the game's main modes, *Medal of Honor* presents a grand imitation. It's hard to hold anything against EA for cribbing ideas from the competition, and it's generally pulled off with the gusto expected of a true triple-A title. While the campaign doesn't offer much insight—or moral quandaries or, really, anything deeper than surface-level action and some admirable bravado—into the peril our soldiers are currently facing overseas, it's still done with enough respect to keep it from seeming terribly exploitative.

It's probably for the best that *Medal of Honor*'s release preceded *Black Ops* by a month or so, but don't let the shadow of Activision's beast steer you away from serving in this solid series reboot. If EA and its teams continue to expand on this foundation while making it even more distinct from other shooters on the shelf, *Medal of Honor*'s future has the potential to match *Call of Duty*'s success, in quality if not in sales. □

intelligence

Continued from page 21

Andre, had been captured shortly after meeting with Benedict Arnold about the surrender of West Point. At Arnold's urging, Andre had changed into civilian clothing on his return to New York City and was captured wearing his disguise, tried, and hanged as a spy. Simcoe ordered his men to wear black and white feathers in their hats in mourning for his friend.

If Simcoe had any hard feelings toward Arnold for playing a role in Andre's death, he did not reveal them. In December 1780, Simcoe accompanied Arnold on an expedition to Virginia to prevent Maj. Gen. Nathanael Greene from confronting Lord Cornwallis in the Carolinas. After enduring a battering gale, Arnold's armada reached Hampton Roads on December 30, minus four vessels that had become separated during the storm. With his reduced force, Arnold and his men headed up the James River in smaller vessels, reaching Westover on January 4, 1781. The following day, Richmond fell. At Westham, Simcoe and his men destroyed a foundry, mills, warehouses, and military stores.

Arnold and his men headed back toward Westover, which they reached on the 7th. From there, Simcoe led a patrol of 40 mounted troops toward Long Bridge, where he learned that about 200 American militia were at Charles City Court House. Not wasting time, Simcoe attacked the Patriots. While he attacked on the left, he sent two buglers to the right. In a loud voice Simcoe called out for his nonexistent light infantry to advance. The bugles rang out and the ruse worked, causing the militia to take off.

Arnold moved on to Portsmouth, where he stayed for the rest of the winter. Simcoe and his men did what they always did: patrol, forage, and skirmish against the enemy. On March 27, Maj. Gen. William Phillips arrived with reinforcements and took over command. On April 18, Simcoe and his men embarked for Williamsburg, where Patriot troops were stationed. Landing at Burrell's Ferry on the James River, the red- and green-coated soldiers quickly occupied Williamsburg while Simcoe and 40 cavalrymen rode toward Yorktown, capturing it as well.

Pushing back American resistance and destroying enemy mills and supplies, Phillips's force, with Simcoe in the thick of the action, moved on Petersburg, capturing it on May 9. It was none too soon—the Marquis de Lafayette and 1,200 Continentals were at Richmond, soon to be reinforced by 2,000 American militia. Two days later, Simcoe headed south to find Cornwallis's army and lead them back to Petersburg. On May 20, Cornwallis arrived at Petersburg, uniting with Arnold, who had replaced the now-dead Phillips.

With his combined force of roughly 7,200 men, Cornwallis set out to dislodge Lafayette before he could be reinforced. Lafayette retreated to the Rapidan River, and Cornwallis turned his attention elsewhere. On June 1, Simcoe and his rangers and the 71st Regiment headed toward Point of Forks, where the Fluvanna and Rivanna Rivers unite with the James. There, Baron von Steuben guarded a depot of military supplies with 500 to 600 troops. Simcoe deceived von Steuben into believing he was Cornwallis's vanguard, forcing the German to withdraw and abandon his stores.

After Tarleton returned from raiding Charlottesville, Cornwallis began his march toward Williamsburg. Simcoe followed two days behind as a rear guard, keeping watch for Lafayette and General Anthony Wayne, who had reinforced the Frenchman with 750 Pennsylvania Continentals. In all, the Americans numbered around 4,500 troops. After foraging for cattle and provisions, Simcoe's force stopped at Spencer's Ordinary, a tavern at a fork in the road, on June 26. Two shots rang out. Simcoe routed the Patriot cavalry, but prisoners led him to believe that they were the advance guard of Lafayette's force.

Believing a large Patriot force was close by, Simcoe withdrew hurriedly, leaving his wounded behind. Two miles into their march, they met up with Cornwallis, who positioned Simcoe across the York River at Gloucester with other units while Cornwallis continued on to Yorktown with the bulk of his troops. As the Patriots and the French began to tighten their relentless siege of Yorktown, Simcoe came up with a plan to mount his rangers and break through enemy lines, but Cornwallis denied permission for the daring exploit.

Hearing rumors that surrender was near, Simcoe wanted to evacuate his men by boat and head across the Chesapeake to Maryland. Cornwallis refused, stating that the entire army must share the same fate. The game was up. On October 19, the British surrendered. Simcoe, who was ill and bedridden, was allowed to leave by sloop for New York City. After arriving in New York, he was granted permission to sail to England to regain his health. For Simcoe, the war was over. After a brief stint in Parliament, Simcoe was selected to be the first lieutenant governor of Upper Canada and eventually was appointed commander in chief in India. He died in 1806 before he could take his new post. □

gibraltar

Continued from page 59

and reinforcement, but the result was a sharp repulse of the attackers by the reinvigorated defenders.

As the contest dragged into November, the English marines were reduced by battles losses and disease to fewer than 900 men. Dutch losses were correspondingly severe. Officer deaths and injuries were particularly heavy as they were the first to lead counterattacks and the last to vacate threatened posts. February 2, 1705, saw a surprise predawn enemy assault succeed in penetrating the first two lines of works beyond the beach. Fortunately for the defenders, the potentially decisive onslaught was stopped by a heroic stand at one of the main defense bastions, the Round Tower, which at one point was defended by only 17 marines under Captain David Fisher. Repeated attacks were launched by a force of 500 elite French grenadiers armed with short muskets and hand grenades and supported by artillery. The determined assaults were valiantly turned back. At the end of the action, only six Royal Marines were left alive, but the position remained in English hands.

Relief came to the defenders of Gibraltar with the defeat of a French naval squadron under Admiral Jean de Pointis by British Admiral Sir John Lake at the Battle of Marabella, within sight of the Rock, on March 10, 1705. Pointis's ships had been the vital seaborne support that Tesse required to maintain the siege of Gibraltar. With that support removed by the British, and with his own supply lines to Spain under threat, the French marshal could not carry on. In April, Tesse lifted the siege. Gibraltar was never again seriously menaced during the remainder of the war.

The Royal Marines' defense of Gibraltar during the War of the Spanish Succession was as magnificent an achievement as its initial capture had been. Secretary of State Sir Charles Hedges described the occupation of the Rock as "of great use to us for securing our trade and interrupting the enemy's." By securing the stronghold, the capture of Gibraltar had brought the unexpected bonus of discouraging further depredations by the dreaded Barbary Coast pirates, who aligned themselves with the British for the remainder of the war. In the words of the British official report regarding the defense of Gibraltar: "The garrison did more than could humanly be expected, and the English Marines gained an immortal honor." The Rock has remained securely in British hands ever since. □

By Al Hemingway

Although U.S. forces easily defeated the communists during the 1968 Tet Offensive, the battle lives on in myth and memory as an American defeat.

MANY WHO REMEMBER THE 1968 TET OFFENSIVE IN SOUTH Vietnam still believe that the U.S. military suffered a disastrous defeat at the hands of the North Vietnamese Army. In America's first television war, people watched as the media reported communist insurgents seizing the U.S. Embassy in Saigon, defeating the Marines at Khe Sanh, and overrunning nearly every major village in the country. Although there is an element of truth to all the above, the larger truth is that American forces handily defeated Ho Chi Minh's army. In fact, the South Vietnamese communist cadre, the Viet Cong, sustained horrific losses from which they did not recover for the remainder of the war.

Why then, if the United States and her South Vietnamese allies smashed the insurrection on the battlefield, was the Tet Offensive portrayed as a humiliating defeat? In his new book, ***This Time We Win: Revisiting the Tet Offensive*** (Encounter Books, New York, 2010, 364 pp., index, notes, photos, $25.95, hardcover), author James S. Robbins gives us some of the reasons why this happened—and why it is still continuing today.

Although the enemy wanted to send a message to get the Americans to the bargaining table, Robbins says, it was also a frantic attempt by Hanoi to attack the cities and major hamlets in the country and have the South Vietnamese rise up and overthrow the Saigon government the communists viewed as a bunch of "American puppets." However, despite the extreme severity of the attacks, the South Vietnamese did not join the enemy's ranks. Although battles such as Khe Sanh and Hue City lasted for some time, the majority of the uprising was quickly squashed.

The media played a major role in reporting to the American public that the Tet Offensive was a serious defeat, the author maintains. "The Tet story line is always lurking when U.S. forces are engaged against weak, unconventional enemies that lash out under limited and exceptional circumstances and briefly capture the attention of the media," writes Robbins. "Tet is then fought in these new guises, amplified in the media-political echo chamber."

Then-President Lyndon Baines Johnson, who with the help of the "best and the brightest," formulated America's flawed strategy during the war, was so shaken by Tet that he did not seek the Democratic Party's nod for reelection. Johnson, the consummate politician, could have used his Washington insider skills to diffuse the situation and vigorously pursue the enemy, who were literally on the ropes, says Robbins. Disillusioned and paralyzed by the turn of events, Johnson instead continued the strat-

Marines in Vietnam move through a hamlet after several days of intense fighting during the Tet Offensive in 1968.

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Myths About Israel and the Middle East (1)

Do the media feed us fiction instead of fact?

We all know that, by dint of constant repetition, white can be made to appear black, good can get transformed into evil, and myth may take the place of reality. Israel, with roughly one-thousandth of the world's population and with a similar fraction of the territory of this planet, seems to engage a totally disproportionate attention of the print and broadcast media of the world. Unfortunately, much of what the media tell us — in reporting, editorializing in columns, and in analysis — are endlessly repeated myths.

What are the facts?

■ **Myth:** The "Palestinians" are a nation and therefore deserving of a homeland.

Reality: The concept of Palestinian nationhood is a new one and had not been heard of until after the Six-Day War (1967), when Israel, by its victory, came into the administration of the territories of Judea and Samaria (the "West Bank") and the Gaza Strip. The so-called "Palestinians" are no more different from the Arabs living in the neighboring countries of Lebanon, Syria and Jordan, than Wisconsinites are from Iowans.

> "Peace will only come when the Arabs finally accept the reality of Israel. And that is not a myth — that is a fact!"

■ **Myth:** Judea and Samaria (the "West Bank") and the Gaza Strip are/were "occupied Arab territory."

Reality: All of "Palestine" — east and west of the Jordan River — was part of the League of Nations mandate. Under the Balfour Declaration, all of it was to be the "national home for the Jewish people." In violation of this mandate, Great Britain severed the entire area east of the Jordan River — about 75% of Palestine — and gave it to the Arabs, who created on it the kingdom of Transjordan. When Israel declared its independence in 1948, five Arab armies invaded the new country in order to destroy it at its very birth. They were defeated by the Israelis. The Transjordanians, however, remained in occupation of Judea and Samaria (the "West Bank") and East Jerusalem. They proceeded to drive all Jews from those territories and to systematically destroy all Jewish houses of worship and other institutions. The Transjordanians (now renamed "Jordanians") were the occupiers for nineteen years. Israel regained these territories following its victory in the Six-Day War. Israel has returned the entire Gaza Strip to the Palestinians. The final status of the "West Bank" will be decided if and when the Palestinians will finally be able to sit down and seriously talk peace with Israel.

■ **Myth:** Jewish settlements in Judea and Samaria (the "West Bank") are the "greatest obstacle to peace."

Reality: This is simply not correct, although it has been repeated so often that many have come to believe it. The greatest obstacle to peace is the intransigence and the irreconcilable hostility of the Arabs. Not more than 400,000 Jews are settled in these territories, living among about 1.4 million Arabs. How can Jews living there be an obstacle to peace? Why shouldn't they live there? Over 2 million Arabs live in Israel proper. They are not an obstacle to peace. Neither the Israelis nor they themselves consider them as such.

■ **Myth:** Israel is unwilling to yield "land for peace."

Reality: The concept that to the loser, rather than to the victor, belong the spoils is a radically new one. Israel, victorious in the five wars imposed on it by the Arabs, has returned over 90% of the territory occupied by it: the vast Sinai Peninsula, which contained some of the most advanced military installations, prosperous cities and oil fields developed entirely by Israel that made it independent of petroleum imports. For the return of Gaza, Israel was "rewarded" with constant rocket attacks. In the Camp David Accords, Israel agreed to autonomy for Judea and Samaria (the "West Bank") with the permanent status to be determined after three years. But, so far, no responsible Palestinian representation has been available to seriously negotiate with Israel about this.

All these myths (and others we shall talk about) have poisoned the atmosphere for decades. The root cause of the never-ending conflict is the unwillingness of the Arabs (and not just the Palestinians) to accept the reality of Israel. What a pity that those of the Palestinians who are not Israeli citizens have lived and continue to live in poverty, misery and ignorance. They could have chosen to accept the proposed partition of the country in 1947, would now have had their state alongside Israel for over sixty years and could have lived in peace and prosperity. They could have kept hundreds of thousands of refugees in their homes and could have saved tens of thousands of lives. Peace will only come when the Arabs finally accept the reality of Israel. And that is not a myth — that is a fact!

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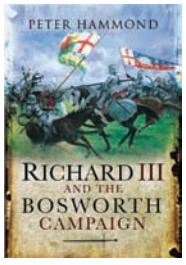
egy of limited war that had gotten him and his administration into the quagmire from the outset.

The events that followed the Tet Offensive doomed any chance for an American victory in Southeast Asia. After the Watergate scandal, resurgent Democrats passed the Foreign Assistance Act in 1974 that severed military aid to South Vietnam. The Paris peace talks deadlocked, and the communists watched with delight as America's political will dissolved. Emboldened, they began their master plan to seize the country, which finally succeeded in April 1975.

Today, with the wars in Iraq and Afghanistan, the legacy of the Tet Offensive of 1968 is still fresh in politicians' minds—for all the wrong reasons. The debate of whether or not we should have become involved in these countries is now a moot point. American leaders must stand firm and craft a successful policy of containment and disengagement, or else the country might endure another Tet Offensive and the humiliation of watching American personnel being airlifted off rooftops.



Give Me Tomorrow: The Korean War's Greatest Untold Story—The Epic Stand of the Marines of George Company by Patrick O'Donnell, DaCapo Press, Cambridge, MA, 2010, 261 pp., index, notes, photos, $26, hardcover.

It is always a pleasure to see another book published on the Korean War, especially one depicting heroic achievements that have long been forgotten. Such is the case of George Company, 3rd Battalion, 1st Marines, 1st Marine Division, which fought off hordes of Chinese during the rout of the Eighth Army at the Chosin Reservoir in November and December 1950. Led by the indomitable General Lewis B. "Chesty" Puller, the leathernecks endured a harrowing march, constantly engaging the enemy, until they reached the safety of the coastal city of Hungnam.

Author O'Donnell's book is not just about the epic struggle; it is also a testament to the bravery and fortitude of the American fighting man. George Company, like many others, was filled with numerous green recruits who had never seen combat. With a sprinkling of battle-hardened veterans of World War II, the unit gelled into one of the premier frontline companies in the division. Men from all walks of life, with absolutely nothing in common, were thrown together in one of the most famous campaigns in Marine Corps history. In all, 149 paid the supreme sacrifice during the war,

O'Donnell has followed the survivors of George Company after they left the Marines at war's end. He attended their reunions and was able to gather their personal observations and experiences at Chosin. O'Donnell used a similar format in his previous bestseller, *We Were One,* about the Marines of 3/1 who fought house-to-house in Fallujah, Iraq, in 2004.

Richard III and the Bosworth Campaign by Peter Hammond, Pen & Sword Military, South Yorkshire, UK, 2010, 166 pp., notes, index, photos, maps, $32, hardcover.

For 30 years, England fought a bloody civil war to decide who would rule the island kingdom. The conflict is referred to as the War of the Roses because of the badges worn by the opposing sides, the White Rose of York and the Red Rose of Lancaster, the two rival branches of the House of Plantagenet.

The author, a medieval historian, traces the origins of the final campaign of the 30-year war, the Battle of Bosworth Field. King Richard III of the House of York, who had gained the throne from Edward V in 1483, met his Lancastrian opponent Henry Tudor at Redemore Field, near Bosworth, in August 1485. To this day, the location of the actual battlefield is still under question.

In the end, Richard was slain in the fighting. There are varying accounts of how he met his death, one holding that he tried to flee but was surrounded and slain after his horse bogged down in a nearby marsh. However, most say that Richard fought valiantly beside his troops, urging them onward and giving them support and encouragement. "However Richard met his end," writes Hammond, "he was the only English king to die in battle."

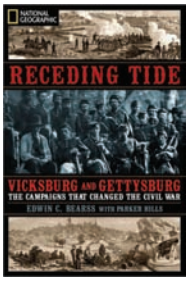
Although sporadic fighting continued, the campaign at Bosworth marked the end of the civil war that had lasted for three decades. The author not only describes the battle in great detail, he gives the reader a glimpse into the reign of Richard III, who, although only holding the crown for two years, has remained prominent—if not always praised—in English literature to this day. Indeed, one might argue that Richard's greatest defeat came at the hands of one William Shakespeare, 100 years after the king's death.

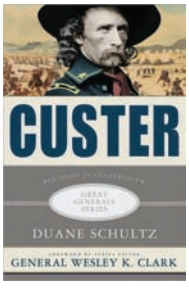
Receding Tide: Vicksburg and Gettysburg, the Campaigns That Changed the Civil War by Edwin C. Bearss with J. Parker Hills, National Geographic Society, Washington, D.C., 2010, 400 pgs., notes, maps, $28, hardcover.

Much has been written about the pivotal battles of Gettysburg and Vicksburg in the Civil War. However, when noted historian Ed Bearss writes a book on the subject, one must take notice. A wounded U.S. Marine veteran of World War II, Bearss in his own unique style has written an exceptional account of two of the conflict's battles that had a major impact on historical events.

As 1863 was dawning, the North was in a terrible way. With few exceptions, the Confederacy had whipped the Union forces on the battlefield. The northern newspapers were calling for peace talks to end the war and let the South go its own way. However, thanks to events in the western theater of operation and at a sleepy farming community in southern Pennsylvania, all that would change.

In late June 1863, Confederate General Robert E. Lee commenced his second invasion of the North (the first was turned back at Antietam nine months earlier) and crossed over into Pennsylvania. At the village of Gettysburg, Union and Confederate forces clashed in a bloody three-day struggle that saw Lee's army vacate the battlefield on July 3. In Mississippi, Union Maj. Gen. Ulysses S. Grant had laid siege to the city of Vicksburg, the last major stumbling block to controlling the Mississippi River. Ironically, the following day, Vicksburg surrendered. "The Vicksburg Campaign didn't cause Gettysburg, but Gettysburg was Lee's and the Confederate government's response to the Vicksburg dilemma," writes Bearss. "It was a response that failed."





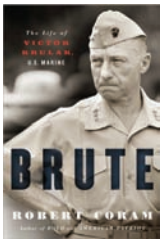
Custer: Lessons in Leadership by Duane Schultz, Palgrave Macmillan, New York, 2010, 206 pp., index, photos, $23, hardcover.

He was called the "boy general with the golden locks" by one admiring newspaper. His exploits were no less than amazing during the Civil War, but George Armstrong Custer's shining star soon became tarnished at war's end when the battlefield shifted from the East to the endless expanses of the American West, fighting a foe that had considerable expertise in

guerrilla warfare.

Although he had finished last in his class at West Point, Custer, through influence and political connections, made the rank of brigadier general at the tender age of 23. His bravery and daring while a cavalry officer in the Union Army are the stuff of legends. Bravery aside, Custer was a reckless man who never got over his little boy instincts throughout his adult life. He would end his letters to his wife Libby, "Your little boy, Autie." It was this rash behavior that would finally prove to be his demise at the Battle of the Little Big Horn when Custer and 225 of his troopers were slain by Sioux and Cheyenne warriors in Montana on June 25, 1876.

The author examines Custer's actions in both conflicts, as well as his leadership skills, his strategy and his interactions with his troops. While one can argue whether or not the boy general's actions on that fateful day in June 1876 were valid, no one can dispute one fact—Custer was born to be a soldier. And he died as one.



Brute: The Life of Victor Krulak, U.S. Marine by Robert Coram, Little, Brown, New York, 2010, 384 pp., notes, index, photos, $27.99, hardcover.

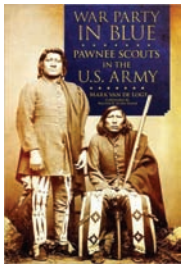
Although small in stature, Lt. Gen. Victor H. "Brute" Krulak was a giant in the Marine Corps. He received his nickname while attending the United States Naval Academy and it remained with him throughout his career. Born in Denver, Colorado, to Jewish immigrants, Krulak's early life is shrouded in mystery. He seems to have downplayed his Jewish faith, no doubt because of the rampant anti-Semitism of the period. His brief interval in Coronado, California, two different high school diplomas, and a short-lived marriage at the age of 16 still remain unexplained.

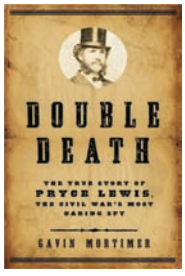
Despite his mysterious background, Krulak graduated from the Naval Academy in 1934. Again under mysterious conditions, he was granted a waiver because of his height and weight. When he pinned on the eagle, globe, and anchor, Krulak's dream of becoming a Marine was realized. Throughout his illustrious career, Krulak seemed to be always in the forefront. Krulak undertook secret missions to China, served as a paratrooper in World War II, and was a staunch advocate of the helicopter in the Korean Conflict and of counterinsurgency in Vietnam.

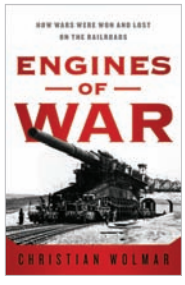
However, it would be a battle in the halls of Congress that would probably be Krulak's greatest contribution to his beloved Corps.

After World War II, many high-ranking Army officers and politicians, including President Harry S. Truman, wanted to drastically reduce the role of the Marine Corps. Krulak and other Marine officers formed a loose-knit group called the Chowder Society and eventually, through political connections, were able to prevent such a reduction from happening.

Coram's book is an intriguing account of a charismatic individual who, although he hides much of his personal life, is still a hero. As the author writes, "He was a hard man, who could make hard decisions."







War Party in Blue: Pawnee Scouts in the U.S. Army by Mark Van De Logt, University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 2010, 350 pp., notes, index, photos, $34.95, hardcover.

Although the Pawnee Battalion, as it was unofficially called, contributed much to the success of the U.S. Army's efforts to subdue Native Americans after the Civil War, very little is really known about this unique band. Their role in the Plains Indian Wars was much more than the standard scouting and tracking, although they excelled in both areas. They were in the forefront of major cavalry campaigns against their longstanding enemies the Sioux, Cheyenne, Arapaho, and Comanche.

For years, the belief was that cavalry officers taught the Plains Indians how to fight. Nothing could be further from the truth. The Pawnees, called "Wolf Men" by their adversaries, were already extremely adept at combat. It was often a bloody affair, and one that the Pawnee scouts fought on their own terms.

With the assistance of the modern Pawnee community, the author poured over numerous accounts and traveled to the various battle sites with descendants of the original Pawnee scouts. He has written a fascinating book about a mobile strike force that fought bravely and provided immeasurable assistance to the U.S. Army against Native American opponents in the West.

Double Death: The True Story of Pryce Lewis, The Civil War's Most Daring Spy by Gavin Mortimer, Walker & Company, New York, 2010, 304 pp., notes, photos, $26, hardcover.

Spying was still in its infancy at the outbreak of the Civil War. Both sides relied upon not only military spies, but also a motley collection of daring and resourceful civilians. One such individual was Pryce Lewis, a Welshman who immigrated to America in 1856 and was employed by private detective Allan Pinkerton when Pinkerton volunteered his services to President Abraham Lincoln.

Lewis first posed as an English lord traveling through West Virginia to assess the situation and report back his findings to Washington. His detailed findings led to one of the Union's earliest victories in the conflict. Lewis was eventually captured in Richmond by Confederate authorities, but escaped hanging because he was a British citizen. Another noted Union spy, Timothy Webster, was not so lucky. Betrayed by Lewis's traveling partner, Webster was hanged.

Throughout the years, many believed that it was Lewis who had informed on Webster. And because he was a British citizen, Lewis's attempts to gain a pension from the federal government were repeatedly denied. On a cold December day in 1911, a distraught Lewis climbed to the top of the Pulitzer Building in New York City and plunged to his death.

Gavin Mortimer has penned a wonderful, absorbing narrative o the life of Lewis. He also examines the early role of the Pinkerton Agency and the impact Great Britain had on the American conflict. It is an absorbing account for Civil War enthusiasts.

Engines of War: How Wars Were Won and Lost on the Railways by Christian Wolmar, Public Affairs, New York, 2010, 336 pp., notes, $28.95, hardcover.

During the initial phase of the Battle of Bull Run in July 1861, Union forces under Brig. Gen. Irvin McDowell had the Confederates outnumbered. As the Union Army pressured the southerners, Brig. Gen. Joseph Johnston ordered a retreat. However, when additional reinforcements arrived, the southern troops counterattacked, driving Federal forces from the battlefield in a panic.

Although this happens many times in war, it was the method in which Johnston's men arrived that turned the tide of battle—for the first time in American warfare it was via railroad. The author delves into the railroads and their huge impact during the conflict. With the help of railroads, armies could transport both men and matériel much more quickly than ever before. For more than a century, the military and railroads were inseparable. □

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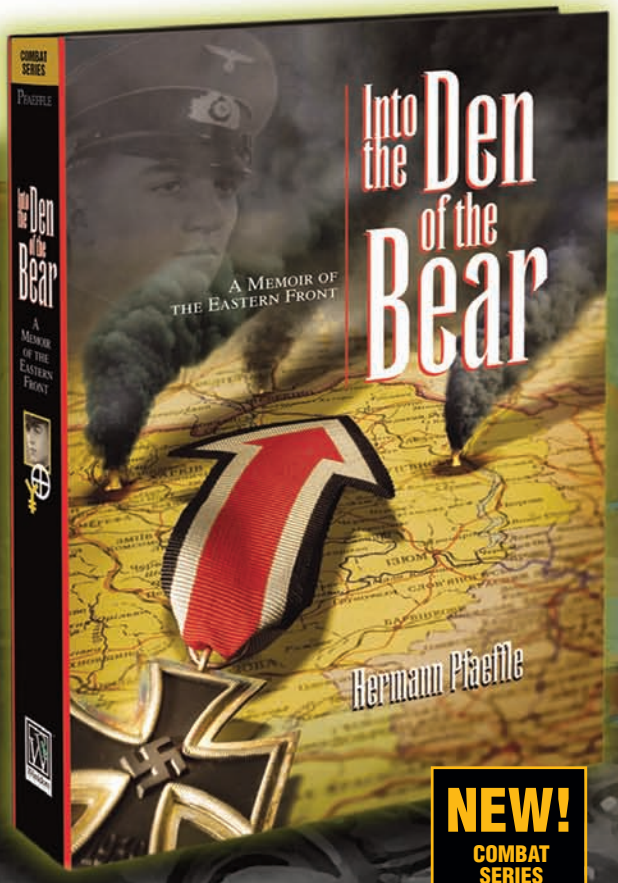

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